

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1866.



"THE CANADIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL HARP."

This is the title of a new Sunday School Singing Book which we have just published. In the last paper we printed one of the tunes. We know that the little readers of the *Sunday School Advocate* love to sing, and so we have provided one of the best collections of Tunes and Hymns that can be found. Children that learn to sing these Tunes and Hymns will be prepared to join in the great congregation, to sing the song of the Redeemed. We have sometimes looked at the little children in the Sabbath School, looking so bright, clean, and cheerful, and when we have heard them sing, though we never saw the angels of heaven, yet from what we have read of them in the Bible, we have been led to think that the little children must resemble them, if not in form and appearance, yet in practice. When the Saviour was a babe in Bethlehem, and an angel came to the Shepherds, who were watching their flocks by night, in the open field, and said, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;" immediately a company of angels, that had come from heaven, joined them and sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will toward men." These Angels went away to heaven; and when the Saviour ascended upon high, they sang, "Be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the king of glory may come in." And ever since He has been seated on his throne they have been singing, with the Redeemed, before His throne, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Now, it should be the great business of Sabbath School children to learn to sing, as Angels do, first on earth, and then in heaven. Children should never spend their time in learning to sing on earth, what they will wish to forget when they come to die, what they will have to unlearn, if they ever sing in heaven.

It is to help them to learn the Hymns of Zion, that we have, at great expense and labour, had this Book prepared and published. We hope the kind Teachers will procure the *S. S. Harp* for our dear little readers, and that they may all learn to sing with their hearts as well as with their voices; sing on earth, and then stand with the Lamb on the Mount Zion, and sing, "To Him that loveth us and washed us from our sins in His own blood—to Him be glory for ever and ever."—Amen.

A WORD FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a

kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, which can never be lost? Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this you will be sure to be beloved.

POWER BELONGETH UNTO GOD.

Ps. lxii. 11.

WHAT is power?—Being able to do things.

You know we often call God almighty, which means able to do *all* things; so you see God must have a great deal of power to be able to do all things. Is there anybody on earth that can do all things?—No; no one is almighty but God.

Let us think of some of the things which God can do. He can make things out of nothing. If I gave you a piece of paper, and a pair of scissors, and told you to cut me out something pretty, could you do it?—Yes, one says, I could cut out a dog.—And I a swan.—And I can cut out a man.

Very well; you could make those things, because I gave you something to make them with; but suppose I told you to make me a swan, and a horse, and a dog, and gave you nothing to make them from, could you do it?—No.

No; that would be creating, and no one but God can create; making things out of nothing is called creating. Tell me some things that God has created. Grass. Trees. Birds. Fishes.

Yes he created all these. He made the whole world out of nothing. When you have made your swan, your dog and your man, would they walk?—No.

Would they stand?—No.

Why not?—Because they are not alive.

And you couldn't make them alive, could you?—No.

No; God only can give life. He gave you life, and it is the life in you that makes you able to run about and play, to sing, to talk, to laugh. If you had no life, you could not move. Put your fingers on your wrist, just here, and tell me what you feel.—Something beating.

Well if that little beating were to stop for a moment you would be dead; it is only God that keeps it on; and every little beat tells you that one moment more of your life is gone; that you are getting nearer to heaven or hell.

Dear children, I hope you are all getting nearer and nearer to heaven; you may do so if you love Jesus and try to be like Him, for He says He is the way to heaven; so if we follow Him, we are sure to be right.

I have told you a great many things to show you God's power, and now I am going to tell you the best thing of all. He can wash away all our sins in the precious blood of Jesus, and make us pure and white and clean, and fit to live with Him in heaven. If your hands are dirty, what do you do?—Wash them.

And what good does that do?—Make them clean.

Yes; the nice pure water takes away all the spots, and makes them clean. But can water wash away sin?—No.

Why not?—Because sins are inside, and none but God has power to wash them away.

Have we any power?—No.

Yes; we have a little. We have power to walk and to talk, and to do a good many things, but we haven't any power but what God gives us; for

power belongeth unto God," and our power only reaches a very little way, but God's power has no end.

Dear little ones, ask Him to do the best thing of all for you—to wash you in Jesus Christ's blood, that you may be with him for ever; and then you can thank Him very much for shedding His blood that you might be washed and forgiven.

ROCKS.

A lad was taking his first trip by water, and as most boys do, rambled up and down the vessel, watching all about him with eager curiosity. By and by he stood beside the helmsman. Here and there over the water were scattered floating sticks of painted timber, and now he noticed that the vessel turned aside here and there to avoid them.

"Why do you turn out for those little sticks?" said the boy. "I would ride right over them."

The gruff old helmsman gave him only a glance from under his shaggy brows, and one word which seemed wrenched from the depths of his chest; one word, but it spoke a volume, "*Rocks!*"

The boy could see no danger. The water looked as fair about the buoys as at any other place. He thought in his childish wisdom that the old man was over particular; so he answered again, "I wouldn't turn out, I would go right straight ahead." The old man did not reply except by a glance which the boy has never forgotten even in his manhood. It seemed to say, "Poor foolish child, how little you know of rocks."

That boy has long been a faithful pastor, and he often tells the lambs of his flock about the hidden rocks in their course, rocks that have wrecked a great many bright hopes and precious souls.

The dancing school is one of these rocks. It may look very innocent and pleasant, but there are fatal reefs there that may sink your soul in everlasting despair. Don't sip a little wine. Don't go in the society of boys who now and then utter an oath. You must turn out when you come to these rocks. There are buoys enough to warn you, good counsellors to tell you of your danger. Do not neglect their caution. When an old helmsman says to you "*Rocks,*" be sure there is danger ahead.

Your Bible is your only sure chart. Here you will find the buoys and light houses all marked down, telling you where the rocks are hid.

AWFUL VISITATION.—A correspondent of the London *Morning Post* sends it the following remarkable narrative:—"A melancholy instance of the danger of taking God's name in vain, has occurred at Brighton. A few days since, as some boys were playing together in a court leading out of Edward street, in that town, a dispute took place between them about the number of "notches" one of them, a lad named Richards, had made whilst playing "cat and dog." Richards declared that he had scored more than his companions gave him credit for, and high words and bad language were indulged in on both sides. At length Richards flew into a violent passion and exclaimed, "May God strike me blind if I have not made more than twenty." He had scarcely uttered the adjuration when he threw up his arms and exclaimed, "Oh, I can't see," and begged of one of his companions to lead him home. This was immediately done, and on examination it was found that a thick film had overspread his eyes, completely obstructing the sight. In this pitiable condition he has remained ever since, and there is little or no hope of ever recovering sight. The affair has caused great excitement in the neighbourhood in which the occurrence took place. Richards is only thirteen years of age.

A warning to all wicked boys.