

*From the Christian Advocate and Journal.*

### STORY FOR CHILDREN.

I propose to tell a story to the little readers of the *Advocate*, for I love children and like to talk to them. I hope my story will please and interest you all; then I shall feel well paid for telling it. Years ago, when I was a child like some of you, I visited a dearly loved cousin whose name we will call Mary. She was a beautiful girl; every one loved her, and she loved everybody; her teacher at school, her fellow-playmates, her parents, brothers, and sisters loved her.—Would you like to know why she was such a favourite with every one? It was because she was good and never got angry, (like some of you,) nor spoke unkindly, nor disobeyed her parents. If she thought any one was displeased with her, she would raise her large blue eyes towards them with a pleading, sorrowful look, and the tears would stream down her cheeks; but no word of murmuring passed her lips. I remember, one bright and sunny afternoon, we obtained leave to go a strawberrying, and taking our



baskets upon our arms, away we went, clambering over fences and up hills, and having filled our baskets with the red and luscious fruit, we threw ourselves upon the grass, under the wide-spreading branches of a pine tree, and looking up to the clear blue sky, we wondered if heaven was there—if God lived

there—if he saw us then, and knew what we were talking about. Then we spoke of death, and shuddered at the thought of being buried up in the cold, cold ground; and then Mary said we must be good and love God, then we should go to heaven, where he lived, when we died; and we said we would be good. One day Mary complained of being sick. Her parents sent for a physician. When he came he felt her pulse and said, "Mary is very sick, but I will leave her some medicine which I hope will do her good." It did not; she grew worse and worse every day, and they knew she must die. Her mother saw she must part with her youngest child, her darling Mary, and she wept. Mary seeing her, called her to the bedside, and said, "Mother, do not cry for me, I am not afraid to die; I have got religion!" She folded her little hands, and her spirit winged its way to her Maker's presence, there to sing his praises forever.

My dear children, could you meet death thus calmly, and say, like little Mary, "I am not afraid to die!" Perhaps you think you are young, and shall not die until you are old! But Mary was young and she died; so may you! Remember Jesus saith, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and "they that seek me early shall find me;" and believe what I tell you, if you live to be old, you will never be sorry for loving God and giving him your heart while you are young.

A FRIEND TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

### SWEARING AND STEALING.

As Howard was one day standing near the door of a printing office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public house