

Sunday-School Advocate.

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DEATH OF A HEATHEN BOY.



ANY of you, my children, give your pennies to the Missionary Society. Don't you often wish to know what good heathen children get from the teaching of your missionaries? I will give you one fact, out of many, that will please you, I know.

There was a boy in India named RUNGIAH. He belonged to the lowest or pariah caste, as it is called there. He was very poor, but when he was taken into a mission school he believed in Jesus and became very rich in faith.

It pleased God that Rungiah should die. His father being too feeble to visit him at the mission, he was taken home to his poor pariah hut to die. He died a grand death. Listen to some of his last words!

"Weep not for me," he said, "I am not a heathen. I have been a great sinner, but I have been pardoned. Idols are nothing, caste is nothing, time is nothing; we are as the flower that withers. Leave your idols and go to Jesus."

That was grand talk for a poor pariah boy, wasn't it? But listen to him again. Said he:

"I am going now to God and heaven; you must not shed one tear for me, but you should rather rejoice."

That was triumphant faith, was it not? Now hear him as his feet touch the waters of the dark river. He cries:

"Hark! I hear the call of my Redeemer. It is all dark now. Farewell! O Lord Jesus, secure my soul; I come to thee."

These were his last words. A sweet smile settled over his face and he slept in Jesus. The poor pariah boy was gone where he became a king and a priest unto God.

Such, my children, are the fruits which grow on the missionary-tree. Be sure you put plenty of pennies at its root, and don't forget to water it with earnest prayers and loving tears.

IS THAT YOU, TEACHER?

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was expected home one Saturday night from a long journey. The village in which he lived was several miles from the railroad-station. There was no public conveyance, and not feeling able to hire a private carriage, he set out, cold and dark as it was when he left the cars, to walk home. As he plodded along he kept his spirits cheerful by thinking of the pleasant greeting he should receive from his class at Sunday-school the next morning.

While he was yet some miles from home he heard a voice cry through the darkness:

"Is that you, teacher?"

"What are you here?" he exclaimed, for he recognized the voice as that of one of his scholars.

"Yes, we are here," responded half a dozen boys as they seized his umbrella and carpet-bag and prepared to lead him home in triumph.

What made those boys walk so many miles on a dark winter evening to meet their teacher, think you? Because they loved him, eh? Ay, that was the secret. They loved him. Happy teacher! I wish all our teachers were as sure of their scholars' love as that good man was. How it would cheer them in their work!

My child, do you love your teacher? Show it by your good conduct, attention, and smiles. Depend upon it, your teacher values your love at a high price. He would prefer it to rubies or diamonds.

BOORISH BOYS AND GIRLS.

DID you ever see a well-dressed boy or girl compel a poor woman carrying a big basket or bundle to step off the sidewalk? I have, and I have also seen a glossy-coated boy or a silk-clad miss give such poor person a look of scorn which seemed to say:

"I am china, you are delf. Get out of my way! How dare you presume to stand in my path?"

"You civilized little boor," I have said to myself at such a sight, "you haven't a particle of politeness in you. If you had you would pity that burdened woman and get out of her way."

If I have such an impolite boy or girl among my readers, I wish he would take a lesson from the life of Napoleon. When he was on the island of St. Helena he walked out with a lady one day. A poor man with a heavy pack on his shoulders met them. The lady kept straight on, but the ex-emperor gently waved her on one side, saying:

"Respect the burden, madam."

Respect the burden! That's a good motto. You will find that most of your schoolmates and friends carry burdens of some sort. Not on their backs, perhaps, but in their hearts. Little Maggie, for example, carries a burden of bashfulness. Respect it by being kind and gentle to the little dearie. Your friend Robert, whom you call a "slow coach," carries a burden of dullness. Respect it by explaining his lessons to him. Your mother carries a burden of sickness, your father of care and work. Respect their burdens by giving them love, and obedience, and help. In short, you must respect everybody's burden whom you know, and thus help make the world happier. Do you understand? Yes? Very good. Then mind you respect the burden!



MY LETTER BUDGET.

I SAW a man plowing the other day. He drove a splendid team and had a fine plow. His furrows were nicely turned, and the fields around him looked as if they had been well cared for. It was a pleasure to look upon them. I paused in my walk to admire the farmer's skill and taste. "Ah," thought I, "that man puts brains into his land as well as manure." A queer thought for an editor, wasn't it? But queer though it was, it was true. Of course, you know I meant to say that the farmer thought as well as worked. He used his brains as well as his hands. If he had used his hands only his farm would have looked more like a nursery for weeds than like a cultivated farm.

Thousands of my readers live on farms. Happy children! There is no better place to live in the world than on a farm. Children can spend happier lives on farms than in city mansions, if they choose to be contented. Now I want my farmers' sons and daughters to be contented to love their homes, to make up their minds to till the ground like Adam, and dress the garden as Eve did in Eden, all the days of their lives. Don't pine for the city, ye children of the prairie and mountain. Men built cities, but God made the country.

But to enjoy your lives on farms you must fill your brains with good ideas or thoughts. You must read and think. You must gather up a store of good books as fast as you can. Get a library and read it, especially during the long winter evenings. We print lots of just such books as you need.

Among your books, children of the country, you should have those which tell you about land, trees, plants, and vines. I have two periodicals sent me as exchanges which are worthy a place in your libraries. One is the *American Agriculturist*, published by my friend and your friend, ORANGE JUDD, of New York. The other is *The Horticulturist*, published by WOODWARD & CO., also of New York.

The latter is best suited for your parents. It is a most excellent magazine of horticulture. The former will suit both you and your parents. It is the most useful paper that comes into my office. I never get weary of perusing it, and I always get new ideas from its pages. It treats of almost everything, from plowing a field to making a pie or pudding. I recommend every farmer's son and daughter to take it. Mr. Judd is your friend, I said; that is, he is a Sunday-school man. He is the author of "*Lessons for every Sunday in the Year*," three volumes of which most capital question-books have been published. But I must stop or you will be weary. Don't forget what I have said, however, about being contented with your lot, boys and girls of the country. Christ expects his disciples to cherish gratitude to him for every-day mercies, and where gratitude dwells contentment always pitches her tent.—Here are the answers to questions for bright children in our last:

The Old Testament has 39 books; the New, 27. Total, 66.

The Old Testament has 929 chapters; the New, 260. Total, 1,189.

The Old Testament has 23,214 verses; the New, 7,959. Total, 31,173.

The Old Testament has 592,439 words; the New, 181,253. Total, 773,692.

The Old Testament has 2,723,100 letters; the New, 838,380. Total, 3,561,480.

Here are some more questions about the Bible:

Which is the middle book of the Old Testament?

Which is the middle chapter of the Old Testament?

Which is the middle verse of the Old Testament?

Which is the middle book of the New Testament?

Which is the middle verse of the New Testament?

Which is the middle chapter of the entire Bible?

Which is the middle verse of the entire Bible?

Which is the shortest chapter in the entire Bible?

Which is the shortest verse in the entire Bible?

Which verse contains all the letters of the English alphabet?

Now, Corporal, open your budget, and let us hear from the children.

"I obey, sir. F. S. H., of D—, writes:

"The little girls and boys connected with the Methodist Sunday-school in this place desire their superintendent to notify you that they wish to become members of your noble Try Company. They number in all forty-six scholars, and are attentive to their lessons, obedient to their parents, and respectful to their teachers. I must say, however, Mr. Editor, that the little misses are ahead of the boys in good conduct; but there are only three who give us any trouble, and they promise to do better. I think you need have no fears in receiving them all.

"Let them all be admitted," says the Corporal, "and let those girls be honored more than the boys. Those three doubtful cases shall be received in faith. I will trust their honor that they will not disgrace either themselves or my company.—EMILY F. M. says:

"My pa is away on a long journey, and we don't hear from him very often. I hope he will be spared to come home again. Hurrah for our Canada Sunday-schools! I love the Sunday-school."

Yes, hurrah for the Sunday-school! But it is not enough to merely hurrah. Children must mind what is taught there, and live so that all who know them shall say, "There goes some Sunday-schooler. They are good children." Hurrah for good children! I hope Emily will soon be able to shout, "Hurrah, here comes papa!" What next, Corporal?

"ANNA W. C., of L—, says:

"I have four brothers and one sister. We can all but two read your paper, and take turns reading it to father and mother. We want to belong to your Try Company. We sometimes say 'I can't,' but will try to avoid it in the future."

Anna writes like a frank-hearted girl. I admit her and all the rest, beseeching them all to give their hearts to Jesus.

"FRANKIE H., of S—, writes:

"Please to accept this little gift from a boy of nine years, who is a member of the H— street Methodist Sunday-school and church, and who loves Jesus and wants to join your Try Company."

The gift is a book-mark, most beautifully done by Frankie himself. May heaven bless him! He shall go into the Try Company with the prayer of the Corporal that the world may be made better by Frankie's life and labor. The photo was sent, and the balance given to the Sunday-School Union.

