

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## COMING TO JESUS.

LITTLE JULIA used to think she would be very glad to belong to Jesus Christ and to know that he was her friend, but she did not know how to come to him, or she thought she did not; because when she went and asked him to make her a Christian child she did not feel any different afterward, and she grew discouraged and thought Christ did not attend to her, and it was of no use to come in that way.

It really was of no use to come to Christ and at the same time disbelieve all his precious words. You remember how pleased he was with the Syro-Phœnician woman because she persevered in asking. She did not believe Jesus really intended to cast her off. The tender, compassionate Lord who invites us to come, who says he will not cast us out, who is more ready to give us good gifts than our fathers are, how wrong it is to think he does not hear us and feel ready to accept us when we offer ourselves to him!

Julia had great confidence in her dear father. He stood for whatever was kind, and good, and noble in her mind. She used even to compare him with General Washington, and the great saviour of his country always appeared a little eclipsed by the excellences of her father in Julia's estimation. Julia had read the Bible through by course, and she must have read this text, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." She had learned to repeat the Sermon on the Mount, so she could not have missed this, "Or what man is there of you whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him."

But she went on, year after year, disbelieving her kind Lord who was waiting for her to trust his word, and bearing patiently with her until twenty years of her life had gone. Then she went to the Good Shepherd, just as she had done many times before, except that now she let go that sullen distrust of his word, and knowing that she sincerely wished him to receive her, she believed that he did receive her, and, without any great new light or overwhelming joy, began gladly to try to follow and to please him. She stretched out her hand to him, and he took her hand in his own. And though she has since many times in weakness and carelessness withdrawn her hand and tried to walk alone, she has found him ever the same, still ready to receive the repenting wanderer. It is always so. Of course, we cannot belong to Christ and still cherish and wish to keep our sins. But if we are sorry for grieving him, we shall find him ready to forgive.

UNA LOCKE.

## HOW TO GET KNOWLEDGE.

THAT is the question. Get it the same way the chickens eat their food—pick it up a little at a time. First, learn your letters, A, B, C; then spell little words; then read easy books, and next bigger and bigger ones. The gardener in digging takes up one spadeful at a time. The man sawing wood saws one piece at a time, and so the garden is dug, the field is plowed, and the load of wood sawed. They are done little by little, and little at a time.

And so must your lessons be mastered, long lessons or hard lessons, a little at a time. Do not pout, or cry, or think it is no use to try, and play away your time; but take heart when your book is before you, and by diligently learning a little at a time, the hardest lesson will soon become easy, and the longest lesson be finally conquered.

A capital plan this, my young friends. Try it!



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## THE DOG CLERK.

ROVER's master was a merchant and Rover was his errand-boy, or I suppose I should say his errand-dog. If anything was to be sent home, papers, letters, meat, or what not, Rover was the one to carry it. He would even carry an egg in his mouth and lay it down on the kitchen-floor without breaking it. Perhaps you think this was no great feat, but then Rover doubtless thought it was, for he liked eggs dearly, and to be obliged to carry one in his mouth without breaking it required some self-denial of his dog tastes.

Rover did a great many other useful things about the store, and once when his master was out he undertook to wait on customers. He went around behind the counter and put his fore-paws upon it, and looked at the ladies as if he expected them to tell him what they wanted. Then they stood, astonished, looking at him, and he stood coolly waiting to take their orders when the merchant came in. I think that must have been a funny sight.

A. J.

## THE HEART IS A BELL.

Your heart is beating day by day;  
If it could speak, what would it say?  
The hours of night its pulses tell.  
Have you, my child, considered well  
What means this little restless heart,  
That doth so well perform its part?

It is a little bell, whose tone  
Is heard by you and God alone;  
At your soul's door it hangs, and there  
His Spirit stays with loving care,  
And rings the bell, and deigns to wait  
To see if closed remains the gate.  
He rings and waits. O then begin  
At once your prayer, "Lord, enter in!"

## LUCY'S KITTEN.

"WHERE is Frank?" asked Mr. Gray one morning as he looked around on the little group at the breakfast-table.

Just at that moment the door was thrown open, and Frank was soon claiming his good-morning kiss from each member of the family.

"I thought you were up this long time, Frank," said Lucy; "Jane told me you were dressed before I was."

"So I have been up ever so long, but I've been very busy all the time, and of course I couldn't come to breakfast sooner if I had business."

Mr. and Mrs. Gray smiled at the busy air which Frank assumed.

"A little boy six years old to be too busy to come

to breakfast!" exclaimed Lucy. "I wish you had been too busy to hurt my kitten yesterday."

"There, Lucy, that's a shame," said George; "Frank told you that he didn't mean to hurt it."

Lucy was about to reply, when their father's firm "That will do, children," silenced them.

After prayers Mr. Gray called Lucy to him, and asked her what the trouble was between herself and her little brother.

"Why, papa, I'll tell you how it was. You know the kitten Aunt Maggie brought me the other day from the country. Well, yesterday when I came from school I put my books away, and then went out to play with it. And there Frank had it harnessed to draw his play-wagon, and that was filled with potatoes. So I took the kitten from him. It was my kitten."

"I only wanted to play market-man, papa," said Frank, "and I just tried kittie to see if it wouldn't seem like a real horse."

"But, Lucy, Frank told you he didn't mean to hurt it. I heard him say that as I came in the gate, and you said you didn't believe him. You didn't tell that part."

"Well, I didn't come to that part yet, George;—and, papa, Frank has wooden horses, so he need not take my kitten."

"Come, Lucy," said Mr. G. kindly, "you must not allow yourself to become so much excited about it. Your little brother did not mean to hurt the kitten, and I don't think he will go marketing again in that way,—will you, Frank?"

"No, pa. I thought kittie was as big as my wooden horse, and I thought she'd be so much nicer because she could walk herself."

"Remember, Frank, you must not do so again," said his father as he kissed the bright faces which were turned toward him.

"Come, Lucy, let's kiss and make up. I won't take kittie for a horse again. I wish I hadn't broken the wheels under my wooden horses you bought for me last week, papa. I tried to mend them this morning before breakfast. I did one, but I couldn't mend the other."

"I'll do that for you," said George; and away they all bounded with light steps and loving hearts.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.

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