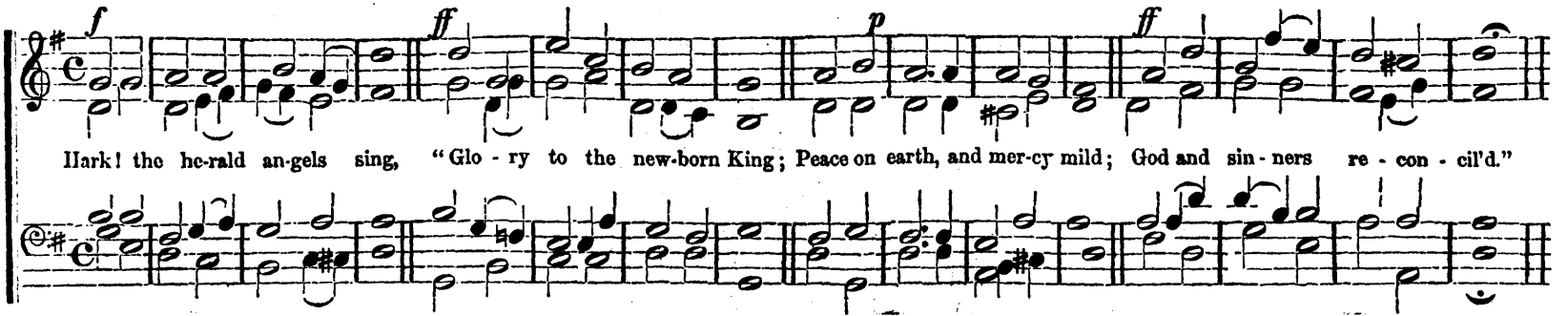


CHRISTMAS HYMN.

7's.

By His late R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, D.C.L.



Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

Mild He lays his glory by,
Born that men no more should die,

Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

A Series of Talks, by Old Huncks.

SECOND TALK.



BEGAN my last talk by telling you something about myself—something of the story-kind; and I ended by some very important inquiries. I shall begin this talk with a continuation of those serious inquires and directions, and end perhaps with something of a narrative kind.

First, I hope you have settled the question whether you are a Christian or not; if you think you have cause to fear you are not in a state pleasing to God, seek at once to gain his favour. How truly the Bible says, "His favour is better than life." It is a dreadful thing to have your father's displeasure, how much more your Heavenly Father's. But if you were to displease your earthly parent, and yet turn to him with sincere sorrow and ask his forgiveness, he would freely forgive you at once, nor let you lie down a single night under his displeasure. So also your Heavenly Father, who "knows how to give good things to them that ask him," if you confess and forsake your evil ways, and submit yourself with a willing heart to his service, will, for the sake of his Son, Jesus Christ, who died for you, freely forgive you; and "give you his holy Spirit," as the Saviour tells us—to give us to feel we are adopted into his family, and to change and sanctify our hearts, so that we will feel the loving disposition of children towards him. I hope before we meet for another talk, you will seek and find the Pearl of great price.

And to induce you to do what I have said, I will tell you what happened to a little boy in the school, I told you of in the commencement of my last talk. This little boy had had no religious opportunities, except those of the Sabbath School; and I am sorry to say, though not what would be called a bad boy,

yet he was not a real Christian. What was said to him in the school, was often applied by the Holy Spirit, and made him feel very much at times, and to wish to do better. But as none of his brothers were religious, and all his playmates, most of them older than he was, were wicked, his good desires were soon ended. And though he was once very much alarmed with a dream he had, and woke up crying and praying to God for mercy, and promised in the morning to serve God and be a good boy, yet, as he had no one to lead him to Jesus, the friend of sinners, from whom he would have got a new heart and strength to stand against temptation, he soon fell away again.

Not many months after, this little boy was called to die, and felt on his death-bed that he was not prepared to meet God. It was in this way that he died:—He, and his little brothers, and some neighbours' children, so far forgot themselves as to go to playing and making a noise on a Sabbath evening after they had been at Sunday School. His mother, who had lately begun to fear and serve the Lord, came out and forbade them. Unknown to her, they went further from the house, out of hearing, and began their play again. They all became very much heated with their play. And while thus heated, taking offence at a rude act of another boy, he quit the play, and threw himself on the grass, which was wet with the dew, where he lay till the others had done playing. They went home and went to bed. In the night he woke very ill, and said, "O, mother, get me a drink; I feel as if I were burning up inside!" He had taken a violent rheumatic fever, which settled in the hip and side on which he had lain on the cold ground. He became worse and worse, and in eight days he died.

But, oh the mercy of God! He continued the poor little boy's reason for several days, and gave him a heart to repent and pray for forgiveness. Then he found peace in his mind, and was very tranquil. Soon after, he lost his reason, and died.

We all felt it very much, especially when the funeral came. But his little twin-brother was so lonely after his death, that his heart was almost broken for a long time. One little school-mate, who loved him very much, cried all night after his burial; and went, next day, unknown to the dead boy's friend, and planted a pretty rose-bush on his

grave, where it remained for several years. I used to find the grave by the rose-bush.

This story may teach us:—1. Not to take offence too easily with our playmates. 2. Never play on the Lord's-day. 3. We learn the infinite mercy of God, who is willing to hearken and forgive us when we sincerely pray to him in our distress.

Seek Him at once, my dear children! and at another time, I will tell you more about our School.

A GOOD SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR.



NNIE YOUMANS was the daughter of Mr. H. Youmans, of Belleville. Annie's mother, a truly pious woman, was soon taken away from her, and she was placed under the care of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Cullingford, of Cobourg. In her new home she was most lovingly trained up and educated as fast as her opening faculties were developed. Annie was sent early to the Sabbath School, which she attended regularly for several years. She grew up a lively, cheerful, affectionate little girl; but after a few years, disease began to show itself in her system; she suffered much, and long; but her cheerful spirit and kind disposition never forsook her. She bore her sufferings with great patience. She began to talk of dying, and loved to speak of heaven, of Jesus, and of all the good people whom she wished and hoped to see there. Annie talked so much and intelligently of these things for weeks before her death, that her uncle and aunt saw that the Saviour, of whom she heard so much at home and in the Sabbath School, was preparing her for himself. And on the 15th day of October last, that Saviour did relieve her from her suffering, by taking her to himself in heaven.

Annie kept a little "Missionary Box," and some time before her death she directed that its contents should be given, with the "Juvenile Christmas Offerings," to the W. Missionary Society in Canada. The amount thus given is *seven dollars*, which will be acknowledged in the next Missionary Report.—Com.