

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1866.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."



SUNDAY School Scholars, let this be your daily, your unailing motto. This is true religion in principle and practice. As you sail over the ocean of life, look unto Jesus to steer at the helm, to command the winds and the waves, to give shelter in the storm, and peace in the tempest, to guide you clear of every reef and quicksand, to bring you to the desired haven. As you fight the good fight of faith, look to Jesus as your Captain, to command you, to help you, to provide the armour, and to bring you off more than conqueror. As a pilgrim travelling through this wilderness, look to Jesus for provision, for an open way, for safe progress, and for an ultimate entrance into the city of habitation. As a scholar, taking lessons in the school of life, look to Jesus, to teach you as no man can, in all the ways, by all the means, and upon all the subjects which His wisdom shall select. As one who has to form a character for Divine approval for ever, look unto Jesus as your example. God is ever well pleased in Him, and the nearer you approach Him in character, the more God will approve of you. As a sinner, look unto Jesus for the present, the free, the full, the everlasting salvation contained in His precious blood. In all your tribulation, look to Him for peace. In all your prayers, look to Him as your Mediator, to present them to God. In all your sorrows, look to Him for His joy. In all your cares, look to Him to bear them for you. In all your temptations, look to Him for grace to succour and to deliver. In all your disappointments and losses in life, look to Him for certainty in His promise and gain in His glory. In all the means of grace; at home, and with God's people, look to Him as the medium of all blessings. When your flesh and heart fail you, look to Him as the strength of your heart, and your portion forever. Thus, let looking to Jesus be the principle and practice of your religion.

THE SECOND TRIAL SUCCESSFUL.

ONE very cold winter's morning, a poor half clad man, old and lame, knocked at the door of a comfortable dwelling, where he hoped to find purchasers of his little stock-in-trade, consisting of a few oranges and nuts. The master of the house, Mr. Graham, was sitting by his bright fire in a cheerful room, but much depressed in mind; trouble had come upon him; he prayed for the Lord's help, but it was withheld and he felt very unhappy. Seeing poor Richard, whom he knew well, standing at the door, he went to open it himself. "Any good oranges and nuts to day, sir?" "None to-day, my good man, none to-day." "They are very good," pleaded poor Richard, opening his basket as he spoke. "I have no doubt of it, replied Mr. Graham "but really we do not want any to-day;" and he closed the door hastily, for the wind was cold and sharp.

Poor Richard's hopes died away. He had walked many miles that morning, trying to sell his oranges. He was both tired and hungry; as he had only taken a single penny, and this was the last house

in the village. Slowly, very slowly, he walked back to the gate. Mr. Graham watched him, and was surprised. "Why does not the man go?" he thought to himself, as he saw him, on reaching the gate, stand and look back at the house, finally return, and once more raise the knocker. Curiosity led him again to answer the summons. "I told you," he said, when he had opened the door, "that I should not buy of you to-day." "Sir," replied poor Richard, "I hope you will forgive me, it was bold to come back, but I can't sell my oranges. I have called at every house, and this penny is all I have got in the world; it is indeed."

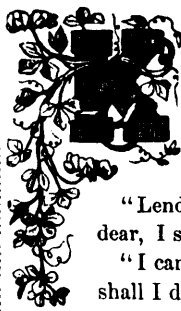
This second knock did the business. He left the house a happy man—his basket emptied, and a large slice of bread and meat in his hand; and Mr. Graham went back to his parlour a different man.

How faithless, he thought, I have been to think myself frowned upon and rebuked, because my prayer was not immediately answered. I will knock again. I must humble myself, retrace my steps, knock more earnestly, plead more fervently.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

- 1 God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!
- 2 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!
- 3 Crown'd by a nation's love,
Guarded by heaven above,
Long live the Queen!
Long may each voice exclaim,
Wide as Britannia's fame,
Long live Victoria's name,
God bless the Queen!
- 4 God bless our Queen and State,
Long make them good and great.
God save us all!
Grant to our schools success,
Teachers and scholars bless;
Pour on us all thy grace,
God save us all!

DISORDER—A THIEF.



KEEP CLEAR OF HIM.—"Where's my cap? I can't find my cap. I shall be late to school."

"I've lost my mittens. Who can tell me where my mittens are? Oh, I'm in such a hurry!"

"Lend me your slate pencil. Oh, dear, dear, I shan't get my sums done!"

"I can't sew, my thimble is gone. What shall I do?"

Do you know whose mouth this came from? I know: it is *Disorder*. A cross, fretful, troublesome creature, as every body knows who has the least acquaintance with him. He puts some things out of place, looses others, and if you keep his company, you will find him a terrible thief. "A thief! Is Disorder a thief?" Indeed he is; and the worst of it is, he steals the most valuable thing you have, that which you can never get back again, that which

a purse of gold cannot buy. He steals your *time*. He snatches it out of your hands, runs off wasting it, and there's no catching him; and I doubt if a constable could do much with him. Everything depends upon yourself.

He has been round here. I know a little girl who to-day lost her lessons in consequence of him; and I know of a fine knife he misplaced for a boy. He is very apt to creep into drawers and boxes and baskets, and he makes sad havoc. He is quite ready to attack children, I think; so I would warn them to be on their guard. Be careful constantly. Watch your drawers; put away your books on the right shelf; hang up your caps, hats, and coats. Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place. Take good care, and never let it be said that you cannot keep Disorder out of your house.

A SAVIOUR FOR NINE YEARS OLD.



LITTLE girl went to church one Sabbath. She listened with all her might. Mr. Adams preached to grown-up people; so I do not know how much of the sermon she took for herself; but when she came home, she said, "Mother, is Jesus a Saviour for a little girl nine years old?" Her mother, I

know, said, "Yes, indeed." And lest some other little child might think the same question, I want to say, "Yes, indeed." Jesus is a Saviour for a little girl nine years old. He was once nine years old Himself, and knows the sins and sorrows of nine years old. He knows just how you feel. He knows what vexes you. He knows your little trials and temptations. He knows what makes you glad, and when you are happy. He can feel for you. He can carry your little sorrows for you. He can take away the evil of your heart, and give you His Holy Spirit to make you good and happy.

He is a Saviour also for ten years and twelve years; and for a child of one year, and two years, and three, and so all the way up. He was a Babe in His mother's arms, and a Boy at His mother's knee; He worked and studied and played as you do, and knows all about you; and He died upon the cross to save you, my little one. You need not be afraid to go to him and tell him all your wants, and thank Him for all your enjoyments. He is not a stranger to you. There is nobody in the world so much interested in you as he is; nobody watches you so constantly or loves you so tenderly; and though Peter and John and the other disciples saw Him go up to heaven, yet He is still on earth, redeeming and blessing the children.

A PARROT IN COURT.—An English paper tells a story of a parrot which was claimed by two parties, each of whom endeavored to prove its ownership. Finally the bird was brought into court, and the real owner, from whom she had been stolen, made the bird whistle several tunes, and at the end of the performance placed his head near the cage and asked the parrot to kiss him, which she did very affectionately to the best of her ability. "That's no proof," exclaimed the other claimant, "she will do that for any body," and he immediately presented his own face to the bird for a like salutation. But instead of a kiss, Poll gave him a sharp snap, caught him by the lip, and held on, screaming with all her might, while the bystanders, could not restrain their laughter at seeing the thief thus convicted and punished by the knowing bird. She was forthwith restored to her owner on her own testimony.