

LITTLE TOTTY.

LITTLE TOTTY went to ma;
Ma was very busy,
Rocking in her old arm-chair
Little Sister Lizzie:
"Go to sleep, my pretty one,"
Patiently and cheerly
Sang she oft—for O, she loved
Little Lizzie dearly.

Soon to dreamland Lizzie went:
Then that happy mother
Thought that like her children twain
Never was another:
Baby was so cherub-like,
Totty was so sprightly,
Day or night to see them smile
Made her heart dance lightly.

Ah! but why o'er Totty's brow
Hangs that shade of sadness?
Why in rapture from her eye
Beams no ray of gladness?
Can it be on life's rough path
One so young hath started?
You shall hear her simple tale—
Totty is true-hearted.

"Dearest ma, as Fred and I
On the lawn were playing,
Naughtily I took a stone
In the pathway lying;
It was but a tiny thing,
So in sport I aimed it
At a little robin's head—
Hit it hard, and maimed it.

"Soon it died. 'Now let us haste
Secretly, and throw it
O'er the hedge,' said Cousin Fred,
'Ma will never know it;'
But behind your pretty vase
Carefully we hid it,
Purposing, when found, to say,
Little Tibby did it.

"And for such a wicked thought
Now my heart is smitten,
Though poor little Tibby be
But a silly kitten;
And I cannot sleep to-night
First without confessing:
Do you think that God again
E'er will grant his blessing?"

Clasping Totty to her breast,
Heaving with emotion,
Lifting up her eyes to heaven,
Beaming with devotion,
"Yes, my child," she softly said,
"Go to him in sorrow;
Tell him all, and joy shall be
Thine again to-morrow."

Little reader, when in fault,
Never seek to hide it;
Always to the God above
Faithfully confide it.

THE GOLD-DIGGERS.

A FINE gentleman went to Australia to seek for gold at the diggings. He took hammer and pickax with him; but being little used to work with them, he soon grew weary of his task; so, having scratched the ground, he declared that there was no gold to be had.

A laborer who had come out in the same ship, and who had been treated by the gentleman with scorn, set to work with his tools on the same spot. He at first found nothing, but after some hours of hard work came upon a vein of the precious metal. "Well done!" cried the gentleman, "let us go shares."

"No," replied the laborer; "you gave up with hardly a trial; mine has been the work, and this gold belongs to me and to my family."

We seldom obtain anything worth having without some labor; but the sluggard and the laborer can never go shares.

HE that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. Prov. xix, 17.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A LIVING GOD.

CAN you tell how you would feel if you did not know that there was a God? Did you ever think that there is no other being but God to whom you can turn in your soul and feel that he is always right there with you and knows all about you? None of your friends, not even those you love best, can do that. When you do what you know to be wrong, you feel that God knows it, and if you are very sorry for it you tell him of it in your heart, and when you are in trouble, or when you feel very sad, you can tell him about that too. Now how would you feel if there was no one right at home in your heart with you to whom you could talk about all these things? I think you would feel very lonely, almost as if a part of yourself was gone. I am sure if men thought carefully about this feeling they could never say, as some men pretend to, that there is no God. For my part, I don't think they half believe it themselves when they say so.

I have sometimes wondered how heathen children feel who never heard that there is a living God. Of course, they do not feel as they would if there were no God, because, as Paul says, he is very near to every one of us, whether we know it or not.

I have heard of one little heathen who wanted very much to learn to read, and he started for a missionary's school. On his way he saw where a big stone idol had fallen into the river, and a great many people were trying to get it out, but they did not succeed. As for the image, it could not help itself at all, of course. That set the little fellow to questioning, and he thought it very strange that a god that could not help himself could be supposed able to help other people.

After he got to the school he told the other children about it and they cried out:

"O, that is no god at all! That is just a piece of stone. Our God is a living God."

"Who is your God?" inquired the little stranger with opening eyes.

"Our God is the One who made everything."

"Where does he live?" continued he, eagerly.

"He lives everywhere. He is a spirit. He is all about us, and he knows everything, even the thoughts of our hearts."

The little inquirer concluded at once that such a God was very much better than a stone god, a

drowned god, that could not help himself. So he tore his beads off his neck and learned to love the God that had always been so near to him, even though he knew it not. And when he grew up and left the school, he went about from place to place in his native land telling his countrymen about the living God, the God that made everything and that can do all things, the God that lives in the hearts of those who love him. AUNT JULIA.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE LION.

A MISSIONARY in South Africa once set out on a long journey. When far from home he had to cross a wide plain, where he saw a lion at a distance. The lion saw him at the same time, and began slowly to follow him.

When the missionary walked fast, the lion walked fast; and when he stopped, the lion stopped! The missionary saw that the lion meant to follow him until dark, and then spring upon him.

He was not able to run away from the lion, for the lion could run faster than he could. So he thought of a plan to cheat him.

He came to a high cliff, below which was a deep hollow. Creeping down, he hid behind a rock, where the lion could not see him. Then taking a stick which he found among the rocks, he put on it his coat and his hat, so as to make them look like a man.

He then held the stick above the rock behind which he was hid.

Soon the lion came creeping slyly along. The moment he saw the coat and the hat he made a sudden spring at them. He bounded right over the place where the missionary lay, and falling down among the rocks, was killed!

The missionary was saved, and ere long he reached his own home.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

"My son," said the Rev. Legh Richmond, "remember you must die, and you may die soon, very soon. If you are to die a boy, you must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour, a boy's salvation; or else a boy's ignorance, a boy's obstinacy, a boy's unbelief, a boy's idolatry, a boy's destruction. Remember all this, and beware of sin; dread the sinfulness of an unchanged heart; pray for a new one; pray for grace and pardon, and a soul conformed to the image of Christ Jesus."

WHAT IS HIS NAME?

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

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