

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1871.

### Harry's New Year's Present.

A crowd of boys had gathered around Harry Smith, to see his New Year's present, some one said; but it seemed as if that could hardly be, as there were no loud expressions of delight; and only a few moments before, when Charlie was showing his beautiful new sled, there was a great confusion of tongues and many exclamations in its praise. Harry, little lame Harry, seemed almost to have forgotten his misfortune then, and was as interested as any of them, until one of the boys said, "I say, Harry, what did you get for a present? You haven't told us yet."

A pained expression passed over the little boy's face, and for a moment he seemed inclined not to answer. Then he lifted his blue eyes—"I got these," he said, taking from beside him a new little pair of crutches; "one of mine got broken last year, you know, and I had to have a new pair; so mother gave them to me."

"Did'n't you get any thing else?" said little Willie, who had received many presents; "nothing in your stocking, no sugar-plums, nor any thing?"

"I never hang up my stocking," replied Harry, looking down at his crippled feet; "I'm different from other boys, you know, and I don't like to see it hanging with the rest."

The boys were all quiet for a few minutes, and I thought they looked sobered and sorry, as I stood at the school-room window watching them.

"Shall I draw you home on my sled tonight, Harry?" I heard Charlie Rudd asking him after school. "I'd like the fun, you know," he added kindly, for Harry looked as if he didn't want to trouble him. "We'll go so fast; she's the clipper of the hill, you know; and oh, don't she go, though!" So, late that afternoon, when all the rest of the boys had gone off to the Town's big hill coasting, Charlie was seen drawing the lame boy carefully along, both of them looking merry and happy.

Children, do you know that doing a kind action makes everybody feel happier, especially when it is to benefit some unfortunate and afflicted person, and you have given up some pleasure on their account? Did you ever try it? If you never have, make the attempt, and see if you are not happier for it.

In the holidays many of you have received beautiful and costly presents. Can you not think of some poor little child, or some helpless old man or woman, who might be benefited in some way by what you received on those happy days? Perhaps there is some little Harry in your neighborhood who is unable to play as you do, because he is lame or sick, or else his parents are too poor to buy him such comforts as you have. Can you not share yours with him—your sled, your toys, or your books? How happy you might make him, and above all, how much you will please the dear Saviour, who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Let this new year be a happy one to you because you have made some one else happy, and obeyed the beautiful golden rule; but above all and first of all, give your heart to Jesus, and try and lead others to him; then you will love to do kind actions for his sake.

### The World.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,  
With the wonderful water round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—  
World, you are beautifully dress'd.

The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go  
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers  
that flow,  
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,  
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;  
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,  
A whisper inside me seemed to say,  
"You are more than the Earth, though you are  
such a dot:  
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"

### How to Obey.

Do it at once. Never wait to be told the second time.

Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way, even in part.

Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly, cross, peevish way. Don't fret, and grumble, and talk back. Only cheerful obedience can be pleasing to God and man.

### Is My Name There?

In a school which I attended, prizes were offered for the best maps drawn by hand, and I eagerly strove to win one of them.

The decisive day came. My name was not called, and disappointment filled my heart. I had come so near the mark. My work was pronounced excellent. One blot!—just one blot!—had caused the failure. Friends solaced me with the thought that next time I should be successful; but this gave me small comfort.

This incident has often served to illustrate to me things of more momentous import. I read of another book wherein are written names among which I would gladly have my own. And if it be not there written, there is no "next time" to look forward to for comfort.

How much time, how much thought do we give to these subjects of thrilling import? What eager strivings! what expenditures of time and comfort and money and even health are oft given to secure some earthly gain or honor; yet how little to this, our great, eternal well-being!

That blot, too, which had caused the blight of my fond hopes—how many lessons I learned therefrom. As I looked back upon my past life I could see no page without its blot; no day without its sin. I thought "How can I be saved; for 'if a man offend in one point he is guilty of all.' Can any good deeds ever efface those stains? Nay; but 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Precious words! Here and here alone is rest. Here and here alone I found peace. And I hope, one day, it will be my happiness to look upon "the Lamb, as it had been slain"—to remember the time when he sought me and called my name, and to cast my crown at his feet, and to sing my joyful song unto 'Him that loved me and gave himself for me.'

### Willie's Penny.

Willie's penny made heaven rejoice! It would not have bought more than a small stick of candy, or much helped a starving family. What did he do with it?

His sister was a missionary in Africa, and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another deposited their gifts, little Willie said, "I want to give my penny."

"What shall be bought with the little offering?" was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract, and write the history of the gift on its margin, and with a prayer for its success, send it on its distant errand.

The box arrived on mission ground, and among its valuable and interesting contents Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed, and for a while forgotten.

But God's watchful, all-seeing eye had not forgotten it. One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a school over the mountain where he was to be employed. He was well learned in the language, and was a valuable help to the missionaries, but alas, he lacked the knowledge that cometh from above. He was not a Christian, and had resisted all the efforts for his conversion. This was a great grief to the missionaries, but they continued to pray, and hope.

In looking over some papers Willie's tract was discovered, with the marginal explanation, and the fact that prayer had been offered in the beloved America for its success in doing good.

It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey. It opened his eyes, showed him that he was a lost sinner in danger of eternal hell, and that all his learning could not help him. It also told him of One who was able and willing to save, who had died for him, and was waiting to have his great love returned.

What years of Christian labor by the missionaries had not done, was now brought about by the penny tract. The strong man bowed in penitence and humble submission at Jesus' feet, and became a sincere Christian.

The missionaries to whom he went praised God for the change which had sent them a godly teacher. Those who put the tract in his hand were overcome with joy, for "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." So you see how little Willie's penny made heaven rejoice.

### A Woman's Temperance Speech.

In the Town of B—a meeting was called to agree how many licenses should be granted to sell liquor. A lawyer rose and moved that as many be granted as were given the preceding year, and asked a vote upon his motion, when a woman, dressed in old and poor mourning, arose and asked leave to say a few words. Permission was given, and she said:—

"A few years ago I had a good and tender husband, and four as lovely boys as ever blessed a mother's heart. Now they all sleep in yonder graveyard, in the drunkard's grave. You, Dr. B—, encouraged him by saying that 'a little was good for the health;' and you, Deacon R—, sold him the liquor, and you sold the rum to my boys that has made me widowed, and childless, and poor. You have got our farm, and Death and the grave have got them. You say, 'it is a lucrative business,' but you trade close by the door of hell. I go to the poor-house, which is now my only home, and I beg you all, when you vote, to consider what I have said."