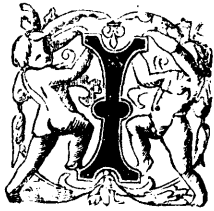


Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1866.

GOD IS LOVE.

1 John iv. 8.



Isn't this an easy little text? It is easy to learn and easy to remember. How many words has it in it?—(Three.)

I have told you sometimes about the gods which the poor heathen pray to. Do you remember anything I have told you about?—You said that people beat themselves, and cut themselves with knives to please them.)

Yes; so you see those gods were cruel, unkind gods. How different from our God, the true God! Is he unkind?—(No.)

He is very kind. Do you think it would please Him for us to hurt ourselves, or cut ourselves with knives?—(No.)

Why not?—(Because He is kind.)

Yes; what does our text say?—(God is love.)

He loves us, and He likes us to be happy. He made us to be happy, and He gave us a great many things to make us happy. Tell me some of them.

Don't you think the pretty flowers and trees, and the hills and clouds, and all those pretty things which God has made, ought to make us happy? They all speak to us of God, our loving, heavenly Father. The little stars, as they come out one by one in the blue sky, whisper to us that God is love; and the pretty little violets would tell us the same if they could speak. We ought to be happy. God likes us to be happy, and it is only naughtiness that makes people unhappy. And even naughty people are happy when they are sorry for being naughty, and God has forgiven them; for God loves us so much, that even when we have been naughty He will forgive us, if we're really sorry, for Jesus Christ's sake.

But what very great thing has God done to show His love to us? Do you remember the text you learned a few Sundays ago? If I begin it who will finish it?—"God so loved the world," etc.

Yes; wasn't that great love, to give His only Son to bleed and die for us, that we might be saved from hell? How very, very kind God is to us, and how good it is of Him to love us, though he is so great and holy! Don't you think we should love him very much? (Yes.)

Do you love Him? Do you ever thank Him for being so kind to you? Let us think of some of the things to thank God for. He has given you a father and a mother, and a house to live in, hasn't he, and a bed to sleep on? Some little boys and girls in Toronto have no houses or beds, but sleep in the streets, or on the step of a door. Isn't that miserable? Surely you will thank God for giving you a house and a bed, and food to eat, and clothes to wear, and for making you able to run about.

I saw a little boy the other day; he was twelve years old, and all the twelve long years since he was born he has been in bed; and not only that, but he isn't able to move in his bed, but has to lie always the same way, unless some one moves him, and then it is great pain to him to be moved. Poor little fellow! he has never gathered cowslips,—never run in the fields, or gone to the Sunday-school. Who made you different to him?—(God.)

I hope you will thank him for making you strong and well. And another thing God has done; He sends me here every Sunday to tell you about him.

I hope you will love him very much. And how

must you show your love? When you want to show me that you love me, what do you do?—(Bring you flowers.)

Yes; you try to do what you think I shall like, and we must try to please God, and never do or say anything that He would not like.

Do you think it would please God to quarrel and fight?—(No.)

He says in the Bible, "Little children, love one another;" and you wouldn't fight a person you loved, would you? The Bible comes from God; and it is full of love, because God is love. I hope you will try to learn to read very fast, and then you will see there all about God's great love to us. Will there be love in heaven? Yes; for God is love and so there is sure to be love there. All the people in heaven will love each other, and all will love God, and God will love them all. How nice to be where all is love! Describe a scene of love and one of hatred.

I hope you will pray to the God of love to make you love him on earth, and to make you love the Bible and prayer and Sunday, and at last to take you to His home of love.

LITTLE JOHNIE AND HIS MOTHER.



JOHNIE is the son of a widow who despised God's word, and spent the Lord's-day in reading wicked foolish novels, and never taught her little boy to pray. One day he happened to go into the minister's house, on an errand. The minister's wife told him the story of the Cross, how the blessed Redeemer died to save little children such as he was.

At first he smiled unbelievably, but soon listened with interest, and before he left, promised to pray. Three weeks after this he came to the catechism-class, looking very sorrowful, and requested an interview with the minister's wife. She called him into the study and said, "Well, Johnie, what is the matter?" "Oh!" said he, "I am a very great sinner, and want to be converted." She pointed him to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." After earnest prayer together, he left a little comforted. On the following Sabbath evening, at prayer-meeting, the Holy Spirit whispered,—Johnie, "thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee." He went home happy in the Lord, and called his mother up stairs and told her what God had done for him, and said—"Mother, I want to pray for you; you never pray for yourself." She said, "if you pray for me, I will hit you over the mouth;" and went down slamming the door after her to drown his voice, for he was on his knees praying for her. The next day he asked her to go to prayer-meeting. She was very angry, and said, "If I did go there, and you prayed, I would box your ears before all the people." Poor Johnie's heart was nearly broken, yet he had faith in God, and prayed on, believing she would be saved. One night he arose from his bed to pray for her; she saw him do it, and another eye that "never slumbers nor sleeps," saw him. The Great God of heaven heard the prayer of that little one, and sent his Holy Spirit to soften that hard heart. After he retired, she fell asleep, and dreamed a lovely being stood by her bed, with a countenance and raiment so gloriously beautiful and bright, that the room was filled with a halo of bright light; this Being bent over her, and with irresistible sweetness and earnestness said, "Pray, do pray." The next morning she awoke stricken with remorse and guilt, and was easily persuaded to go to the prayer-meeting. When there, Johnie prayed—"Oh, Lord, bless my mother;

she is a very great sinner!" The Holy Spirit conveyed it to her heart, and she, in a few evenings after, bowed with Johnie at the altar, to give herself to God. The wicked novels were burned, and her Sabbaths are now spent in reading the Bible and in going hand in hand with Johnie to the house of God.

Dear little ones who read this, go and do likewise.

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.

- A was an emperor, who gave a decree.—*Luke* ii, 1.
- B was a blind man, anxious to see.—*Mark* x, 46-52.
- C was a brother who did a great wrong.—*Gen* iv, 8.
- D was a teaser, who weakened the strong.—*Judges* xvi, 4-21.
- E was a twin son, less loved by his mother.—*Gen.* xxv, 28.
- F was a ruler, in place of another.—*Acts* xxiv, 27.
- G was a province, quite frequently named.—*Matt.* iii, 13.
- H was a tyrant, for cruelty famed.—*Mat.* ii, 16; xiv 3, 10.
- I was a country of mountains and rocks.—*Isa* xxxiv, 5.
- J was a shepherd, possessor of flocks.—1 *Sam* xvi, 11; xvii, 15.
- K was a place where the ark had repose.—1 *Sam.* vii, 2.
- L was a mountain, with turban of snows.—*Jer.* xviii, 14.
- M was a priest, with no pedigree found.—*Heb.* vii, 1-3.
- N was a hunter, greatly renowned.—*Gen.* x, 9.
- O was a helper, whose service was kind.—2 *Tim.* i, 16-18.
- P was a despot, of changeable mind.—*Exodus* viii, 28-32.
- Q was a speaker, provokingly rough.—2 *Kings* xviii, 19-25.
- R was a wretch, punished justly enough.—2 *Kings* xix, 35-37.
- T was a disciple, raised from the dead.—*Acts* ix, 36-41.
- U was a land, whence came Israel's head.—*Neh.* ix, 7.
- V was a wife who refused to obey.—*Esther* i, 12.
- Z was a father, whose sons went away.—*Matt* iv, 21-22.

A RICH POOR MAN.

One windy afternoon I went with a friend into a country almshouse. There was sitting before a feeble fire, a very aged man who was deaf, and so shaken with the palsy that one wooden shoe constantly pattered on the brick floor. But deaf, sick, and helpless it turned out that he was happy. "What are you doing, Wisby?" said my friend. "Waiting, sir." "And for what?" "For the appearing of my Lord." "And what makes you wish for his appearing?" "Because, sir, I expect great things then. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love his appearing." And to see whether it was a right foundation on which he rested that glorious hope, we asked old Wisby what it was. By degrees he got on his spectacles, and opening the great Bible beside him, pointed to the text, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Though you possess untold wealth, if you have not Wisby's faith you are a poor man; if you have that faith, "and are rich toward God," count it all joy if you are as poor as Lazarus or Wisby in worldly goods. Your inheritance is as sure as God's promise, and as glorious as a throne and a crown can make it. Better have Wisby's hope than Victoria's scepter, Lazarus's rags than Dive's purple. Better is poverty with piety, than riches with perdition.