

## WELCOME TO PAPA.

"PAPA will soon be here," said mamma to her three-year-old boy. "What can Georgie do to welcome him?"

And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.

"Make the room neat," replied the little one, understanding the look, and at once beginning to gather his toys into a basket.

"What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.

"Be happy to him when he comes!" cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness as he watched at the window for his father's coming.

Now, as all the dictionary-makers will testify, it is very hard to give good definitions; but did not Georgie give the substance of a welcome? "Be happy to him when he comes!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## ALFRED THE GREAT.

Boys and girls, as well as older people, always like to read about any one who is called great. They, like the little boy that asked his father about Alexander—why people called him great—want to learn the reasons why a man deserves this name.

Well, this Alfred was a little boy about eight hundred years after Christ, but he lived in England, and the people then were all very wicked and ignorant, and so Alfred did not have any Christ-like example to follow; but, in spite of all bad examples, he began to be great and good while he was a little boy. And even now this is true, that the good boy is much more apt to become a great and good man than the bad one.

In those days not only books, but men who could read them, were very scarce, and Alfred at twelve did not know his letters. One day his mother showed to him and his brothers a book of Saxon poetry, and told them she would give it to the one who first should learn to read. Alfred began the task with zeal and pursued it with diligence and gained the prize.

Just think, boys, what an obstacle he overcame when there were no teachers to help him! He never could have accomplished it if he had only kept up his zeal for a day or so, as you and I too often do; but he did it by keeping it up until the end. After that he became very fond of learning, and obtained every book that he could find; and even after he became king always carried one in his bosom, so that if he had a single spare moment he could read and store his mind with wisdom. This was one thing that made him great, for, in fact, he became one of the most learned men of his time. Another was, that although he lived among men who wasted and foolishly spent their time, he employed all of his conscientiously. He divided it into three parts, using one third for sleep and refreshment, one third in religious duties and study, and one third in taking good care of his kingdom. They had neither clocks nor watches in those days to measure time, but Alfred did not allow himself to guess at time and thus lose many moments, but he had small candles, painted with as many different colored rings as he had duties to perform, and burned one all the time, and when the blaze reached one of the rings he knew it was time to change his work. When the wind blew he found that the candle consumed faster, so he invented the lantern to prevent this.

Then he became great for his remarkable benevolence. He gave to the poor and needy even when he could supply his own wants only with difficulty. He and his wife, Elswitha, once gave half of their last loaf to a poor pilgrim. He was once so badly off that he became a herdsman's servant, and was scolded by his mistress for allowing the cakes to burn.



He was great also as a general, for he delivered his kingdom from a host of savage enemies.

Now, little boy or little girl, let us reflect. If this boy Alfred in his dark, savage time, when there were so few books, no teachers, no time-pieces, not much wealth, could become great in wisdom and in goodness, now in this age of books, teachers, time-pieces, and of a thousand other inventions and of millions of wealth, what ought I to do? What will I become? C. L.

## GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;  
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,  
And said, "Dear work, good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,  
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;  
She said, as she watched their curious flight,  
"Little black things, good night! good night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed;  
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;  
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,  
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"



She did not say to the sun "good night!"  
Though she saw him there like a ball of light!  
For she knew he had God's time to keep  
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;  
The violets curtsied and went to bed;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was day;  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## "WHERE SHALL I FIND MY FATHER?"

THIS is what a dear little girl said when she got religion. Her pious mother had been dead many years, and Mary knew that she was safe in heaven, and she hoped to meet her there when she died, but would her father be there too? Now, he was a soldier in the army, and he was not a Christian. As soon as Mary was converted she began to feel anxious about him; she wanted to know how he felt about religion; she wanted to know where his soul would be in the world to come. So she sat down and wrote him a letter, and told him that she had got religion, and when she died she expected to go to heaven and find her mother, and they would be together; "but O, papa," she said, "how shall we know where to find you? O, dear papa, I cannot tell you how happy I am since I have found Jesus, and how much I want you to find Jesus too! Then when we die we shall all know where to find you."

This is only a small part of the letter, but when she had finished it she took it to the chaplain, who was home on a furlough, and asked him to take it to her father.

That little letter stirred the father's heart to its very depths. He sought out the good man and with streaming eyes he asked:

"Chaplain, can you tell me where I shall look for them? If you will I will try to be where they shall find me. They shall not look in vain."

And he sought until he found that Jesus that was so precious to the heart of his little girl, and he expects to meet all his dear ones in heaven.

There are many young converts who do not know where to find their parents. Are they praying for them? Are they trying their utmost to bring them to Christ? If not, they may begin to ask when it is too late, "Where shall I find my father?"

## "SOWING LIGHT."

A BLIND girl came to her pastor, and gave him a dollar for missions. Astonished at the large sum, the minister said:

"You are a poor blind girl; it is impossible that you can spare so much for missions."

"True," said she, "I am blind, but not so poor as you think; and I can prove that I can spare this money better than those that see."

The minister wanted to hear it proved.

"I am a basket-maker," answered the girl; "and as I am blind I make my baskets just as easily in the dark as with a light. Other girls have, during last winter, spent more than a dollar for light. I had no such expense, and have, therefore, brought this money for the poor heathen and the missionaries."

## THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

## TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	45 cents per vol.
" 5 copies	" 10, " 40 " "
" 10 "	" 20, " 37 1/2 " "
" 20 "	" 30, " 35 " "
" 30 "	" 40, " 32 1/2 " "
" 40 "	" 50, " 30 " "
" 50 "	" 75, " 28 " "
" 75 "	" 100, " 27 " "
" 100 "	" 200, " 26 " "
" 200 " and upward,	" 25 " "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to REV. DR. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.