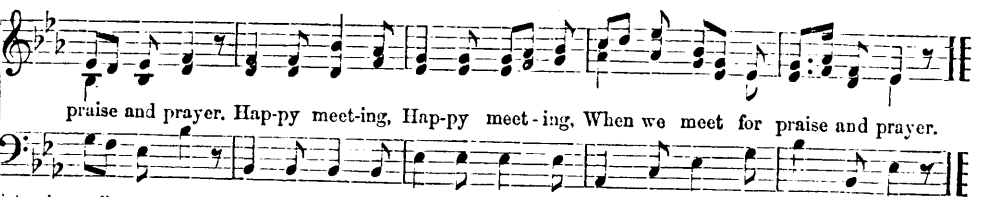
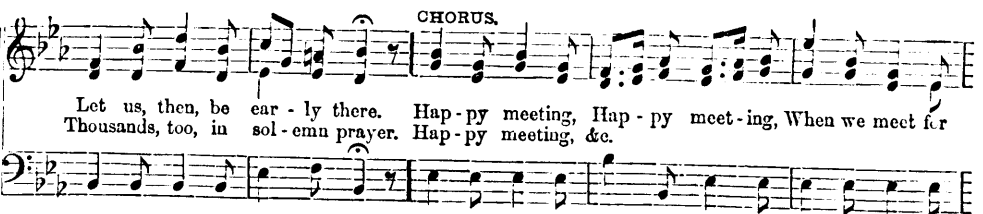
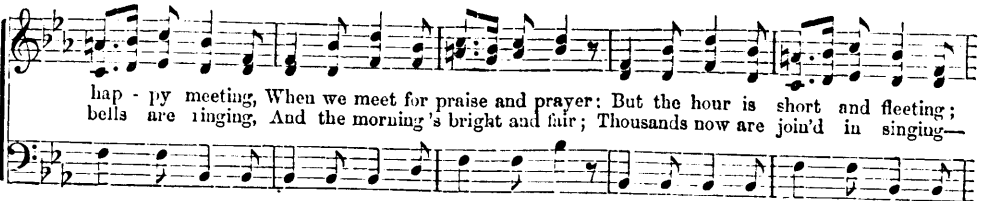
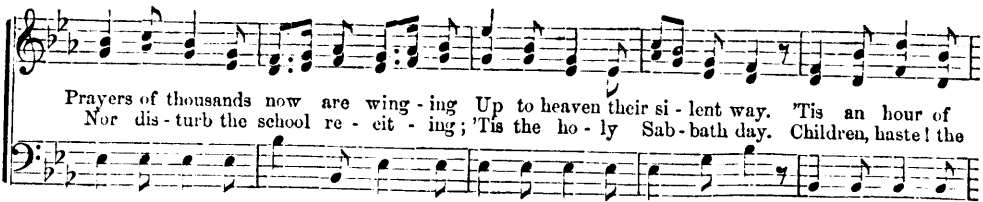
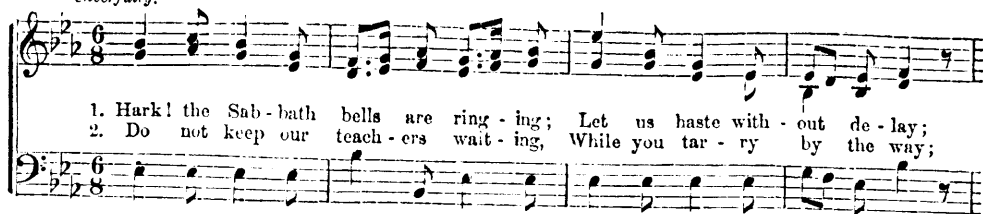


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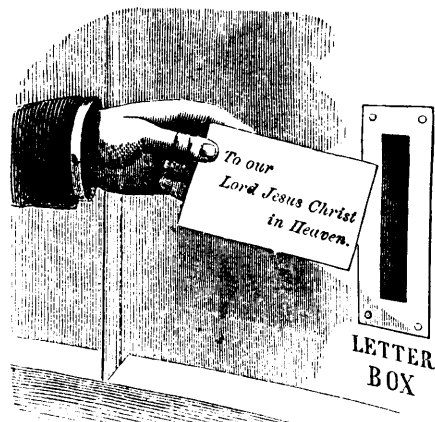
Happy Meeting.

E. C. Newons.

Cheerfully.



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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A LETTER TO JESUS CHRIST.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I would like to remind your youthful readers of the great privilege they enjoy of making known their wishes to their friends when absent from them by letter-writing, and to tell them about a little boy who thought he could make his requests known to the Saviour in the same way.

In the town of C., in Germany, there was a little boy who lost his father when he was very young, and as his mother was thus deprived of the chief means for their support and was very poor, she was unable to continue giving her little boy the same schooling as before, and I dare say, as his father was dead, his poor mother was often at a loss how to give him all the food and clothing she thought desirable for him. He was particularly desirous to be able to go on with his instruction, and wished very much indeed to be received into a school or institu-

tion he knew something about, which had been established by the Moravians, a society of pious people who have in many places instituted similar schools for educating little boys and girls, bringing them up in the fear of the Lord. His mother was also very desirous that he should go there, but she had no money and no friends to help her in this. Happily, however, this little boy had heard of Jesus, who is the friend of the friendless, and who has said in his precious word, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," and who also declares himself the "Father of the fatherless." He believed what Jesus said and wished to go to him.

"But how shall I go to him?" said he. "O! I know what I will do. I will write him a letter in which I will tell him all."

This he did nearly in the following words:

"MY DEAR SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST,—I have lost my father. We are very poor, but thou hast said in thy word that all we ask of God in thy name he will do it for us. I believe what thou hast said, Lord Jesus. I pray thee then, O my God, in the name of Jesus, to supply my mother with the means of placing me in the Moravian institution. I should like so much to continue to get instruction, I pray thee, very kind Jesus, do this. I love thee already, but I will love thee yet more. Give me also wisdom and every good thing. Good-by."

The child then folded up the letter and addressed it "To our Lord Jesus Christ in heaven." Then, quite in earnest, and his heart full of hope, he put it in the post-office.

You see this writing a letter was only another way of praying to God. He had not been taught, as my young readers have, that he might go and pray to

Jesus for what was in his heart, and that if his Father who is in heaven saw it was good for him he would give it him, so he wrote to him, which was the only way he knew of to ask anything from some one he could not see and speak to.

But you will see what happened to this little boy and his letter. The postmaster, when he was sorting the letters, on looking at the direction, concluded it came from a crazy person and threw it on one side; but after having finished his work he again took it up, examined the writing, and observing it was that of a child, opened it, and being touched by the simplicity of the childlike prayer, showed it to a Moravian brother of his acquaintance, who read it aloud at a meeting of the brethren. A rich lady, the Baroness of La Lippe, who was present on the occasion, when she heard the circumstances, thought the Saviour wished her to be kind to the little orphan for his sake, so, out of love to Jesus, she took the child under her care and placed him in the so-much-wished-for institution.

Thus, you see, the letter of this dear little boy may be said to have reached its destination, and his prayer of faith was fully answered. D. NASH.

[The above story was printed in the Advocate, if I do not mistake, a long, long time ago. But many of my present readers have never seen it, so I print it again.—Ed.]

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A poor cottage woman was returning from market on a winter's evening. Darkness came on; she lost her way, sunk in a deep ridge of snow, and died. So deep was the snowdrift that her body was not discovered till three days afterward, when the dog was found lying close to his mistress, with her basket of eatables untouched. It was then remembered—but too late—that the faithful animal had been in the village on the evening of the snow-storm, and, by whinings and pullings at their clothes, had in vain tried to induce some of the poor woman's neighbors to afford her relief. But, not knowing what it all meant, they drove the dog away, who quickly returned to the spot where the body of his mistress lay, and left it not till it was found and carried to her home.

ALBERT was a great rogue in school; feet, hands, and tongue were ever busy, oftentimes to the detriment of that quiet so much desired there. One day, being more troublesome than usual, his teacher became displeased with him, and pointing to a seat in the corner, she sternly commanded him to take it. Albert obeyed with a comical air, and with a flourish of infantile triumph, said, "Been wantin' to sit there all the mornin', but durstn't ask you."

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

TORONTO, C. W.

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