

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

HOW HARRY BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

A TRUE STORY.

Harry, a boy about thirteen years old, had been for a long time anxious to give his heart to the Saviour, and become a Christian; but there seemed to be something in the way. He did not know exactly what to do. He had been to talk with his minister a number of times, who had tried to lead him to trust in Christ, but he could find no peace. He carried a weary and troubled heart, until one day his teacher, hearing that he had been seeking the Saviour, took an opportunity to talk with him.

"Harry," she said, "I understand that you have been thinking about religion lately."

"Yes, I have," he replied. "I want to be a Christian—I want to give my heart to the Saviour, but I can't."

"Why, what is your heart, that you can't give it to Him?"

He looked up half astonished at so odd a question, and after a moment's consideration he replied:

"I don't know. I can't tell what it is."

"Well, then, Harry, get the dictionary, and we will see what it is."

So he got the dictionary, and found it to be the affections, the love.

"Yes, *the love*; now put that word in place of heart, and do you mean to say that you cannot love the Saviour?"

"Yes!" Harry said, looking as if he had got hold of a new idea; "but I want to love Him. I have prayed that he would give me a new heart—(correcting himself) a new love, but He does not give it to me."

"Why," how can He, when your old heart is full of something else; there is no room for the new love. There is something for you to do first. You must make a place for the new love, by repenting of your sins, by laying them upon Him. You must give up every thing for Him. Did you ever hear of the Indian and his missionary? The Indian wanted to be a Christian. The missionary said he must give up all for Christ, and then he would be a Christian. 'Well,' said he, 'I give up my blanket,' 'No, that is not enough.' 'I give up my gun.' 'Not enough yet.' 'I give up my dog.' 'More yet.' The Indian dropped his head and wept. He had nothing else to give. 'Are you sure that is all?'

At last, he said, 'I give myself to Him.' "Ay, that will do."

Harry understood it. "Yourself is your heart, and your heart is your love, Harry. You can give it to the Saviour; ask Him, and He will help you to do it. He is good, and has done much for you. He only asks you to love Him. Why, Harry, how can you help loving Him?"

"I don't know how I can help it?" he replied, "but it appears as if there was something in the way."

"Whatever that is, you must take it out of the way; you must open the door of your heart, and the Saviour will come in."

After a few minutes his teacher said, "Now, Harry, will you give yourself to the Saviour? Will you make up your mind to it?"

"Yes, I will," he answered.

He went home, and cried out on entering the room.

"O mother! I have given myself to the Saviour," and burst into tears.

His mother was overjoyed, although she could not help mingling her tears with those of her only son, and only child, for whom she had prayed so long.

May this account of Harry's experience lead some of the children who read this to do as Harry did. Go to Jesus and say, "I will give thee my heart, all sinful as it is. Take it, and give me a new heart, a new love, that I may grow to be like Jesus, and do His holy will day by day;" and the blessed Saviour will answer your prayer if you are in earnest; for he has said, "I love them that love me, and them that seek me early shall find me."

LOOK AT THE COPY.

When a boy is learning to write, his master either gives him a copy slip, or else writes the first line in the page for him. Now, I have often seen a boy write the next line with some care, looking at the letters he had to copy. But when he came to the third line, instead of looking at his *copy*, he looked only at his own writing just above. And what came of that? Why, he copied all his faults, and made more too, so that every line down the page was worse than the one before it! He never tried to make each line *more like his copy*.

So there are boys who never try to improve, but just seem to copy their own faults, day after day, and so really grow worse, more idle, more disobedient, and more careless. Instead of this, they should read their Bible, and see what the Saviour did; and try, by God's grace, to look at the Divine Copy, and follow His example.

THE BLIND GIRL OF BURGANDY.

Poor sightless Marie! how was she affected when I told her of Him who opened the eyes of the blind, and read to her how blind Bartimeus sat by the wayside begging, when he cried unto Jesus of Nazareth passing by, and received sight! Then an irrepressible longing, such as she had never known before, a longing for God's blessed gift of vision, seized upon the poor blind girl; not that she sighed to behold the blue heaven, or the golden light, or to look upon her mother's smile, or gaze in her young brother's laughing eyes. No, not these; but she longed to read the blessed words of Jesus, when He said, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

There dwelt then in Dijon a man of God, who had gathered around him a few blind, whom he had taught to read and work. I sought him out, told him of Marie, interested him in her, arranged that she should come an hour every morning to learn to read, and procured for her a Bible with raised letters for the blind.

You should have seen her delight as she started off next morning—a warm, bright August morning, one hand locked in her brother's, and the other fondly clasping the precious Bible, to take her first lesson. Alas! poor Marie! it requires a delicate touch to distinguish the slightly raised surface and nice outline of the letters, and her fingers were hard and callous with the constant plaiting of straw. Again and again was the effort made, but to no purpose. But one day, as she sat alone, sorrowfully chipping with her little knife the rough edges of the straw, a happy thought occurred to her. Could not she cut away the hard skin from her fingers, and then it would grow anew, smooth, and soft, like the rosy fingers of a child? And so she cut the skin from the poor fingers, heeding not the pain; was it not that she might read the word of God? But the straw work could not cease—it brought bread, and

the wounded fingers were slow to heal. When the reading lesson was tried again, warm drops trickled from the bleeding fingers along the sacred line. It was all in vain.

After the first bitterness of her disappointment, Marie strove hard to be cheerful. "God had opened the eyes of her soul," she said, "and ought she not to praise him?" And the new Bible! Ah, surely she must carry it back; some happier blind girl might pluck the fruit from this Tree of Life, and find healing in its blessed leaves. And holding the dear volume near to the beating of her heart, she knelt by her white cot to pray:—"Dear and blessed Jesus, who lovest the poor, and openest the eyes of the blind, I thank Thee that Thou hast not hidden Thyself from a poor blind girl. And since I cannot read Thy heavenly words, I pray that Thou wilt whisper them into my soul, that thy spirit may not be dark like my poor eyes. I can hear Thee with my ears, dear Jesus, and Thou knowest that I love Thee and love Thy holy book." And she touched the open Bible with her lips. O joy! to the soft lips the slight indentions of the raised surface are clearly perceptible; they trace the sharp outline of the letters with unerring accuracy. With a loud cry of joy, she passes line after line across her eager lips,—she turns the leaf, the lips lose not their power. It is all clear, all easy now. The lips could do what the toil-hardened fingers could not—they could read.

A twelvemonth after, I visited Dijon. The low kitchen wore its old look, but what a beaming happy face was Marie's, as she sat in her rude chair, her basket of straw at her feet, reading her beloved Bible! Blind, it was full of light. "Is it not blessed to kiss the sweet words as I read?" she murmured, in her rich musical tones. Dear, eloquent lips, which the cold clay kisses now, told me this little tale, and I listened with starting tears, thinking how the poor blind girl would rise up in the judgment to condemn the many who "having eyes see not."

Reader, do you love the blessed words of Jesus with a love heart-deep, heart-warm, as did the poor blind girl of Burgandy?

The Thief and his Little Son.

A man who was in the habit of going to his neighbour's corn-field to steal the grain, one day took his son, a boy of about eight years of age. The father told him to hold the bag while he looked if any one were near to see him. After standing upon the fence, and peeping through all the corn-rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his sinful work. "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropped the bag in a fright, and said, "Which way, child?" "You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God were noticing you." The father felt the reproof of the child so much, that he left the corn, returned home, and never again returned to steal.

Children, whenever you are tempted to do any thing that is wicked, look up, and say, "Thou God SEEST ME."

"In vain my soul wou'd try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye."

PATIENCE.

Mrs. WESLEY was once asked how she could have patience to teach the same thing twenty times over to one of her children? "Why," said she, "if I had said it only nineteen times, and given it over, I should have lost all my labour. It was the twentieth time that fixed it."