

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1866.

PICTURES FROM MEMORY.

"I LOVE JESUS."

WILL he come, mother? Did he say he would come?"

The little sufferer who spoke was a girl of apparently about twelve years of age. She lay gasping for breath on a comfortless pallet, whose scanty coverings seemed altogether insufficient to protect her from the cold of a December afternoon. Large drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, while a crimson spot burned on her shrunken cheeks, and her large dark eyes had now an unnatural lustre. The little room in which she lay, though scrupulously neat and clean, had a bare and poverty-stricken aspect. A small fire burned in the narrow grate scarcely sufficient to make any change in the raw, damp atmosphere, or to impart a cheerful glow to the darkening chamber. The scanty curtain had been drawn aside from the window, but revealed only the grey, leaden sky, unrelieved by the faintest streak of blue. Far and wide were seen innumerable roofs and gables, with their fantastic stacks of chimneys, and wreaths of smoke. Beyond these, in the dim distance, when the hazy atmosphere permitted, you might discern, here and there,—the flowing, mighty Thames. On and on it flows, through rich pastures and shady woodlands, past quiet hamlets and busy cities, bearing on its waters the untold wealth and mighty commerce of nations.

But to the little girl who lay there, on her last bed of suffering, the river had only whispered of green fields and sunny banks, where, in days gone by, she had loved to wander, and which she could now only picture to herself in her pent-up city home. Ah! she would see the flowers on its brink no more on earth, for she was on the brink of a darker river; but beyond, there were glimpses of ineffable glory, unchanging light, and love and blessedness! and, like a weary dove, she longed to "flee away, and be at rest."

"Mother, will the Minister come?" she repeated feebly, as, throwing off shawl and bonnet, and stifling a sigh, the poor mother sat down by her suffering child.

"Yes, darling, he will come soon," she replied; but the tears would no longer be forced back, and, covering her face with her hands, she wept bitterly.

"Mother, dear mother," said Elsie, faintly, "be comforted."

"O, it is hard work to lose you, Elsie! I could bear hard labour, and want, but this,—it is too much!"

"Mother, God will comfort you; I am sure of it. It is His will to take me, and it must be right. Dear mother, meet me in the blessed land where we shall have no more parting nor sorrow."

"Darling, I will try. I ought not to murmur. I will pray for resignation."

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is heaven," said Elsie, in low whisper. But she could say no more. A change had come over her, and the weeping mother, starting up, looked on with awe-stricken face.

Just then the Minister entered.

"This is death," he said, solemnly, as his eye rested on the shrunken features, uncertain whether or not the quivering life had fled. But at that instant Elsie opened her eyes, and, with a faint smile of recognition greeted her beloved pastor.

"Dear child," said he, "are you happy? Is the sting of death entirely removed?"

The power of utterance had failed; yet an indes-

cribable expression of peace rested on the wan face, as if no cloud intercepted the glorious vision of the "perfect day." Her hand rested on the coverlet, and, with one trembling finger, she traced the words, "I love Jesus;" then, without a sigh, the freed spirit escaped from its clay tenement, to be "for ever with the Lord."

What a change for Elsie! From that bare, cold chamber, to the "palace of angels and God!" From want, and sorrow, and poverty, to "fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore!" From pain and suffering, to immortal health, and peace, and blessedness! From the discords of earth, to the grand, full harmonies of heaven! "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them on to living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Do you, like this little Sunday Scholar, "love Jesus?" Perhaps you know some one who lives in a stately mansion; who possesses all that, in your estimation, is grand and desirable; who has lands, wealth, earthly honours, and distinctions; is great in the eyes of his fellow-creatures, and is tempted to look down with disdain on the throng beneath him, and you think him happy. True, he seems to possess all that can render life attractive; but if, in the depths of his soul, he has no conscious interest in the Saviour—if he cannot say, "I love Jesus," that poor child is far happier than he. His earthly honours and riches will be as nothing in the hour of death. The things of time will then appear as shadows, fading, passing away for ever, while those which are "spiritual and eternal" will stand out in all their awful reality. In that great day, when every one must give an account of himself before God, nothing will avail but this all-powerful love, wrought in the believing heart by the power and grace of the blessed Spirit."

AN ACROSTIC.

For the *Canada S. S. Advocate*.

Ever blessed Saviour hear us!
Lo! we at Thy footstool bend,
Mindful of Thy presence near us,
Strong to succour and defend.
Though our hearts from Thee have wandered,
Run in sin's alluring ways;
Early moments vainly squandered,
Early, precious youthful days,
Teach us, Father, to draw near Thee
With due reverence for Thy name;
Ever may we love and fear Thee,
Spread abroad Thy matchless fame.
Lead us by Thy gracious spirit
Evil influences to shun;
Yea, we ask it through the merit
And atonement of thy Son.
Nor would we forget our teachers—
May they all be taught of Thee!
Ever send us faithful preachers
True to Thy great mystery.
Hear us for our friends and neighbours!
Oh that all might know the truth!
Do Thou own and bless the labours
Instituted for our youth.
Sabbath Schools are Britain's glory,—
They shall spread on every hand;
Sending forth redemption's story
Unto thousands in our land.
News of life, and peace, and gladness,—
Drooping mourners' hearts to cheer,
And to tell them in their sadness
Your redemption draweth near.
Shall we not believe the tidings?
Can we any longer doubt?
He will heal our sore backslidings;
O, "He will not cast us out!"
Our high priest to Heaven ascended,—
Lo, he pleads before the throne.
And a Deity offended
Doth the offender's guilt atone.

T. WILSON.

Brampton, May 21st, 1865.

THE ANT-HILL.

What is George looking at? An ant-hill. How busy the little creatures are! It is not play; it is not an idle running here and there after nothing. They have a purpose to carry out, a work to do; and they are doing it with all their might.

There are three classes of ants,—males, females, and workers. The males and females have white glistening wings. In the pairing season you can see them strutting round among the workers. Should one try to escape his duty, and desert, he is looked after. We once saw one "getting beyond the lines" seized by three workers, who took him by the wings and marched him back.

The workers are the builders, masons, nurses, and marketmen of the colony; and faithful workers they are. You have, perhaps, read what wonderful houses the white ants of Africa build, sometimes fourteen stories high,—higher than a man; but our red and yellow field-ants prefer building underground. If you could take off the top of an ant-hill, that loose sand which is the roof, you would find all sorts of chambers, built in the nicest manner, snug, strong, warm, and water-proof; and a more busy community you never saw.

Going to market for such a family cannot be a small matter. I once saw an ant walk up to a piece of apple, and examine it on all sides. He saw it was too much for him, so he ran back and brought four ants to help him. They sawed the apple in two. Three took one piece, and two the other, and pulled it home. I do not believe they ever go out without some business on hand.

It was very wise in the Bible to tell idle, lazy people to go to "the ant and consider her ways." I do not know where we could find a more industrious, united, happy little people.

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

TWO boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with other boys to have a "good game." "Come," he often said to his shop-mate, "leave your old books; come with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments," answered the boy, "I shall lose what I shall never be able to make up."

While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State-house, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After a careful study he drew out his plans, and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; but still he thought "there is nothing like trying."

In about a week afterwards, a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

"No," said the carpenter, "no architect; but I've got an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him," said the gentleman.

The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

The studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in the country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the estimation of everybody; while his fellow apprentice can hardly earn his food for himself and family by his daily labour.