

ence in the garden of Eden. Guilt made him afraid. It put a gulf between him and his mother.

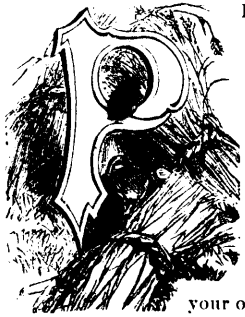
How did George get rid of his feeling of guilt and shame? He took the best, the only true way, by repenting and confessing it. His mother forgave him. He was restored to her confidence and love.

Just so must we do toward God. We must confess and repent of our sins, and pray God, for Christ's sake, to forgive us. Then we may taste the sweets of forgiveness, and be no longer afraid and far off from him.

## Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 10, 1863.

### A WILL AND A WAY.



PLEASE, pa, give me a penny to put in the missionary-box," said Edward Parry to his father. "This is missionary Sunday, you know."

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Parry, "I will give you a penny; but have you nothing of your own to put in? If you love Jesus, as I hope you do, I should think you would desire to give him something of your own, as well as to put my penny in the box."

Edward looked on the ground a few moments so earnestly that you might have guessed he was counting the pebbles. He was thinking. At last he looked up, rather sadly, and said:

"Yes, pa, I should. But I don't have money of my own very often, you know."

"Why don't you earn some, my son?"

"Earn some! I earn money! O, pa, how could I?"

"If you had a will, my son, you would find a way. A way almost always follows a will. I read once of a boy who wanted money for the cause of Jesus, and he invented a missionary mouse-trap to get it."

"A missionary mouse-trap, pa! How funny! What sort of a mouse-trap was it?" said Edward, with wonder in his large blue eyes.

"It was a common mouse-trap, my son, pressed into the service of Jesus. The boy's home was overrun with mice, and he asked his pa to give him half a cent a piece for all he could catch. His father consented and he went to work. How many do you suppose he caught in six weeks?"

"Twelve?" asked Edward.

"More than that. Guess again."

"Twenty?"

"Yes, and twenty more. He caught forty mice, and so earned twenty cents for Jesus in six weeks. It was a very humble way in which to do it, but the object he had in view ennobled it."

Edward's heart grew warm with admiration of the mouse-trap plan of raising money, and he half wished that his home was overrun with mice too, so that he might earn money by trapping them. But, luckily, it was not, because old Tom Whiskers, the cat, kept guard day and night over all the holes, by which a mouse could enter. So, after a moment or two of silent thinking, Edward looked into his father's face and said:

"I'll try to find a way, pa."

"That's right, my son. I'll try never fails."

Mr. Parry was right. "I'll Try" is a mighty genius. He can do almost anything. What he did in Edward's case was very clear the following Saturday afternoon when the boy entered his mother's kitchen lugging a big basket and saying:

"Buy any nice ripe barberries, ma'am?"

Edward had heard his mother wish for some barberries a few days before. He had spent his holiday picking a basket full, for which his mother paid him twenty cents.

"Now," said Edward as he put the little silver pieces cosily away in his wallet and smiled, "Now I can give Jesus some of my own money."

He did so on the next missionary Sabbath, saying on his return:

"I felt a great deal better putting my own money in the

box than I ever did when I put in the pennies you gave me, pa."

Edward was right. It is more pleasant to give your own money to Jesus than it is to give what belongs to pa and ma. If Edward's example should lead some of my readers to prove the truth of this remark and to invent some simple and right way of earning money for Jesus, he will make them happy, and help the cause of Jesus even more than he did when he earned his twenty cents.

I wish some of my little friends would write me how they earn money to put in the missionary-box.

### "I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE YOU SORRY."

I READ lately of a boy, you may name him John if you like, who ran into the house one evening and said:

"Mother, Willie played truant this afternoon and he wanted me to go too, but I couldn't."

"Couldn't? why not, my son?"

"Because," said little John, throwing his arms most lovingly round his mother's neck, "I thought it would make you so sorry, and that is why I couldn't."

I wish I knew that boy. I would go at least a mile to kiss him. There is something so lofty in his reason for not going with Willie that I really love him. You see it was not fear but love that governed him. He couldn't play truant because it would make his mother feel so sorry! Precious boy!

Now, my children, I want you to tread in John's steps, and even to go a little further in the good road. When you are tempted, say:

"I can't do that wrong act because it will make my pa and ma feel so sorry. It will make Jesus feel so sorry too. I can't do it."

Will you make up your minds to meet your tempters in this spirit? I give my blessing to every boy and girl who does so. I pray Jesus to give them his blessing too.

### THE BOY WHO DECEIVED HIMSELF.

I READ lately of a boy who asked his mother one Sunday if he might use one of his playthings. The good lady said:

"No, my son, it's Sunday. You mustn't do it to-day."

"Well, mamma," said Henry, a little chap who had just put on his first pair of pants, "I can do it, can't I? I'm littler'n Johnny and I don't know any better!"

Don't know any better! O, Harry, Harry! You do know that you have no better right to play Sundays than Johnny. Only you want to play, and so you pretend to be ignorant when you are not. I'm afraid, Harry, your heart is not as good as it might be.

Thus would I have answered Harry, and I want every little fellow in my Advocate family who tries to excuse himself for wrong-doing to apply my answer to himself. Little children, don't try to deceive yourselves!

### WHO BELIEVES A LYING CHILD?

LET no one touch the plums on that little tree," said a lady teacher to her pupils in a small country boarding-school. "They are very choice plums, and there are only six on the tree."

Two days later three of the plums were missing. Who had taken them? The servants said they had not. The scholars all said they had not. Who took them? That old thief, NOBODY, had for once found his way into the teacher's garden.

"Well, Miss Esther," said the lady to one of the girls, "I think you must have taken the plums. I can believe every one in the house but you. You have been caught lying so many times I cannot believe what you say."

Now, as a matter of fact, Esther had not touched the plums; but her word was good for nothing, because she had so often told lies. She was believed to be a thief because she was untruthful. Wretched girl!

Well, it is always so. Liars are not believed even when they speak the truth. Worse yet, "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Children, don't lie. Tell the truth always. Truth is beautiful. Cling to her and she will bless you.

### THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.



R. EDITOR, here is a capital letter from the Rev. D. B., giving an account of the death of MARY, one of our family who was converted under his labors two years ago, and who loved her class, her Bible, her Sunday-School Advocate, and her Saviour. She is gone

to heaven. I suppose you can't print the letter?"

No, corporal, I can't, but I will put it away with others of the same character until we print another volume of "Happy Dead." Possibly it may find a place there. What next?

"A Scripture puzzle for my Try Company. Here it is:

"Like many things, of dust I was composed,  
And to a master for his work disposed;  
This humble owner fixed my daily task,  
And holidays it useless were to ask.  
He made me grind his corn, when corn he had,  
And sound his griefs whenever he was sad:  
My master though quite absolute to me,  
His master had, for he was far from free.  
My master died; but, very sad to say,  
From work I rested scarcely for a day.  
Another owner claimed me for his prize:  
I fought his battles; he without allies,  
Whene'er he called me, ready to his aid,  
His potent foes in death I prostrate laid.  
But, jaded by his conquests, he was weak,  
And knew not where refreshment he could seek.  
Still at his service I poured forth a stream,  
That this bold warrior might his strength redeem.

"And here is the answer to the puzzle in our last number:

"(1.) Cesar, Acts xxv, 11. (2.) Cenchrea, Acts xviii, 18. (3.) Hanani, 2 Chron. xvi, 7. (4.) Haman, Esther vii, 10. (5.) Ellab, Num. i, 9. (6.) No, Jer. xlvi, 25. (7.) Hebrew, Gen. xiv, 13. The initials of these words spell RAINBOW, Gen. ix, 13, 14.

"Here is a word from CLARA, of Camden, which I must read. She is only eight years old and says:

"My sister says you cannot read my letter, but I wrote father a letter and sent it to California, and he read it. Mother and we children are going to California soon. Mother says if she has time when she gets to New York she will let me come and see you. We have a pleasant Sabbath-school here. I love to go. I put a cent in the missionary-box every Sunday, and earn it myself. I mean to try to be good and put something on to the heap of happiness."

That is not so bad for an eight-year-old girl, is it, corporal? Clara will write better when she is a little older. I commend her for putting her own money into the missionary-box. How many of my readers do that? I love her for working on the heap of happiness. I expect she will add a good deal to it before she dies. I will give her a kiss if she sees me on her way to California, but if not, I wish her a fine voyage. Wont her pa's heap of happiness grow when Clara is added to it!

"Now hear what MARY M. M'C., of Dewitt, writes. She says:

"I am a little girl fourteen years old. I am a member of the M. E. Church. I joined last winter. There were about twenty-five converted and joined the Church. About twelve of these were taken in on full membership. The probation of some of them was not out."

Mary's letter is good news for children. It shows that they may obtain God's favor and keep it, although some grumpy old-time people say they can't. Let the children all seek Jesus, join the Church, and serve God forever and ever!

"Let me read a scrap from M. E. F., of Mount Holly. She says:

"I have a good father and mother, and one brother and a dear little sister. I love them all very much. Brother and I go to the Methodist Sabbath-school. I have a very nice teacher and I love her dearly."

I suspect that many other children have a good father, mother, brother, and dear little sister as well as M. E. F. But it is not every child that knows their value as she does. I wish all my readers had her spirit. "Brother and I" are accepted by the corporal.

MOTTO FOR MY TRY COMPANY.—"Nothing is denied to well-directed diligence."