

Sunday-School Advocate.

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A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

Do you love to see rare and beautiful sights? Ah, I know you do, for if the tap of a drum should fall on your ear you would stop reading your paper and run to the window or door to see the procession. I will tell you of a beautiful sight which one lady showed to another one day.

"Please look there," said a lady to her friend, pointing to her kitchen.



THE GIRL WHO WORKED FOR HER MOTHER.

"I only see a very neat, nice looking girl," replied the lady's friend.

"Well, that girl works for her mother and supports her," rejoined the lady.

Now I think that girl was a sight worth looking at. Most girls who earn money spend it on themselves. They buy ribbons, hoops, breastpins, and other equally foolish things to make themselves look pretty. But, in my opinion, the girl who dresses like a queen while she neglects her mother is not half as beautiful as the girl in calico who works for her mother. What do you think?

THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.

"HERE is a lengthy paper about SARAH N., who went to heaven in triumph, giving as a reason why she was not afraid to die, 'Because I know that Jesus will carry me right home.'"

That was valuable knowledge, worth more than Mr. Astor's millions. It was given to Sarah by the Good Shepherd himself, who waits to give it to as many millions of children as desire it. What next, corporal?

"Six questions for bright boys and girls: 1. There was only one King of Israel who was a drunkard. What was his name? How did he die? 2. A celebrated Jew died on the top of a mountain in presence of three witnesses. What was his name? 3. A left-handed man was one of Israel's deliverers. What was his name? 4. A certain man made himself King of Israel by murdering seventy persons. What was his name? 5. A boy sixteen years old mounted the throne of David and reigned fifty-two years in the fear of the Lord. What was his name? 6. A certain patriarch had three daughters who were the most handsome ladies in their country. What were the names of the patriarch and his daughters?"

"And here is the answer to the anagram in our last: Moses, Samuel, Mephibosheth, Abijah, Josiah.

"Here is a letter to my Try Company from E. J. HUMPHREY, one of our missionaries at Shahjehanpore, India.

I will read it because it is a very nice letter. The writer says:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have recently received a package of S. S. Advocates, and I doubt if ever you felt greater delight in reading their entertaining pages than I have now felt in doing so. I perceive from the 'Letter Budget' that the Try Company is getting to be very large; in fact, I think there must be several companies now, nearly enough to form a regiment. I am glad so many children are thus early enlisting in this company, for I fear that these are 'trying times' to all, both old and young, in our beloved country. I presume many of you have dear friends in the great army that has to meet so many hardships and dangers in this fearful war that is now raging.

"You may now probably have ample opportunity to exercise yourselves in the peculiar virtues of the Try Company. You, my dear lads, can try to cheer your mothers and sisters, and by bearing up manfully under unaccustomed duties can relieve them somewhat from care and anxiety. You too, my dear little girls, can by your cheerful smiles and ready fingers give much comfort to your friends; and O, if any of you have to mourn a loved father or brother, fallen in battle, may our heavenly Father help you to bear the sad affliction with Christian fortitude and resignation. I will now tell you of a little Hindustani boy who I think deserves to be admitted to your ranks.

"It was near the close of the first year of the dreadful famine that has recently prevailed in the North-western provinces of India, where the missionaries you helped to send are laboring. The distress was terrible. Quiet, well-disposed people sometimes were incited by the pangs of hunger to commit thefts and get up riots, in order that they might be put into jail and thus get food. Parents often sold their little children for a few rupees in the streets of Budaon, where we were then residing.

"One bright morning I was startled by a sharp voice calling to me from the verandah: 'Menn sahib, we are dying from hunger. Please give us food.'

"I went out to them and saw at once that the two little boys before me were not professional beggars. The elder boy was apparently ten years of age, and although his color was a fine brown, yet to my eye he was a noble-looking boy. He had a frank, earnest countenance, and large black eyes. A bundle was tied round his neck, and in his arms was a poor little emaciated boy of about two years. 'Will you eat some nice white bread?' I asked of the larger boy.

"'O yes,' said he, 'I'll be very glad to, and so will my little brother, for he is almost dead because he can't eat the coarse cakes which the people sometimes give us.'

"I brought two slices of bread and told the boys to sit down and eat them, and afterward they might tell me what they wanted further. 'We want to stay here,' was the ready answer of the elder boy.

"'Well, eat your bread and then we will talk about it.'

"Meanwhile the little boy was busily examining a substance the like of which he had never seen before, namely, white bread. He came to the conclusion that it was to be eaten, though in what manner seemed to puzzle him. He attacked one corner of the slice, and finding it very good, desired to eat as much of it at once as possible, so he stuffed his mouth with it to such an extent that mastication was rather difficult. The elder lad commenced his bread with great apparent enjoyment, but seeing the little boy's dilemma, came to his aid. He gave his own bread into his little brother's hands, and taking the other piece, broke off small mouthfuls and kindly fed his little brother. It was a long process, and I felt sure as I watched him thus carefully tending his brother that that boy had a noble and tender heart. I did not feel certain that many little boys, Sunday-school scholars in Christian America, could be found who would show such a loving, unselfish spirit. The little fellow finally ate up all the bread, and told his brother in answer to his inquiries that he felt much better. The elder boy then began to eat his own bread again, and also to relate his sad story. 'A long time ago,' said he, 'I don't know how long ago, my father and mother died of starvation. They got weak and sick, and then there was no one to go begging for food except me, and could not get much, till one morning, when my little brother and I awoke, they were both dead. I took my brother in my arms and went away to a neighbor's house, and used to go with the poor people begging to the larger villages. The people were very kind, and would always share their food with us, and, till the grass dried up so that the cows gave no milk, they used to give my little brother milk occasionally. After the milk was gone I used to get a little rice and dal sometimes, and would boil it till very tender and give it to my brother; but some days I could not get anything but coarse cakes, and so my brother has become so very thin and ill. Two days ago a man told me that there was a padri-sahib in Budaon who took orphan children and gave them food and clothing, so I took my brother and have come as quickly as possible, and now you will let us stay, will you not?'"

"'You certainly may,' said I, 'if what you have said proves to be true, and I have no doubt in regard to it; but you must first go with a servant to the head police-officers and let them report to us if they know you to be real orphans.'

"They were well known to be real orphans, and their story proved to be true. So we gladly took them in,

clothed, and fed them. During the few days they remained with us in Budaon I had no occasion to change my good opinion of Goolab, for that was the Hindoo name of the larger boy. He seemed to take far greater delight in feeding his brother the nourishing food prepared for him, and in seeing the comfortable garments he was clad in, than in his own improved circumstances. In due time they were forwarded to the Boys' Orphanage in Bareilly, where they improved very rapidly and were considered very promising lads. They were baptized and received Christian names.

"Whenever I have visited the orphanage since they were admitted, Goolab, or William Jones as he is now called, used to bring his brother to me and call my attention to his fat cheeks and arms, and chubby appearance generally, so different from what it was when I first saw him. But I have very recently heard that this little boy has died. William nursed him with the greatest tenderness through his sickness, and when he died was greatly distressed. He has planted rose-bushes by his grave and often visits the spot. William will doubtless miss his sprightly little brother very much, and will never forget him; but I think it must be a great consolation and satisfaction to him to know that he was always so loving and tender a friend to his brother while he was with him.

"Now I ask you, children, ought not William P. Jones to be admitted to the ranks of the Try Company?"

"Of course," adds the corporal, "they will all vote to admit that noble Hindoo boy, and so I shall set down his name and expect him to do his best to become a good man if God spares his life."

I think that boy will make a good servant of the Lord Jesus. He certainly has the right sort of stuff in him, and if he will give Jesus his heart will be a good and noble man by and by. God bless him!

"Here is a note from a Middletown youth, who says:

"Here I humbly present myself for admission to your glorious Try Company. First, having just started in the way all children of God should go, I mean to try and persevere in that course while life shall last. Secondly, I mean to try and get others to travel that glorious path of which 'straight is the gate and narrow the way,' and which leads to eternal life. Thirdly, by the grace of God, I mean to show to the world, by my example, that there is a blessed reality in religion, and that the love of God shed abroad in the heart transforms a person who perhaps before was an envious, proud, passionate, covetous creature into a meek, lowly, long-suffering Christian."

That youth has noble purposes. He builds, too, upon a good foundation. May he seek wisdom, materials, and strength from Jesus the great Master Builder, and thereby grow into perfect Christian manhood!

"Here is a letter from a 'poor soldier' in camp near Yorktown, Va., who says:

"Having once had the privilege of perusing your excellent little paper, the Sunday-School Advocate, I could not help forming an attachment for it; indeed, it seemed a part and parcel of our charming little Sabbath-school. I have a lingering relish for it. I love it for the truth it always contains, and for the flavor it always seems to have of my old Sabbath-school."

May God bless that poor soldier and all his comrades who belong to the army of freedom! May his life be spared to return home rejoicing that the rebellion is put down and peace restored. What say you to that wish, corporal?

"I say Amen, and let all my Try Company say Amen too!"

What a loud Amen that would be, corporal. It would be heard above the roar of Niagara!

"WILLIAM, of Sarah Furnace, says:

"We have no Sunday-school here now. It broke up some time ago. I love to go to Sunday-school, but our books gave out and so we closed it."

That's a sad story for the good people of Sarah Furnace. The school closed because the books gave out, did it? Why didn't the people buy more? If they were too poor to buy why didn't the preacher ask help from our Sunday-School Union? I hope William will show him this paper and tell him that the corporal thinks he will be sorry when he meets his lambs at the judgment-seat that he didn't get books to keep their Sunday-school in operation.

"CHARLIE, of Vienna, says:

"I am twelve years old. My mother died when I was but two years old. There were some kind folks who took me, and I have been with them ever since. I have a brother and two sisters. I hope to meet my mother in heaven. I would like to join the Try Company if the corporal will admit me."

Charlie, dear, I hope you will keep that dear mother's image fresh in your memory as long as you live. Never do anything that it would pain her to see her dear boy commit. The corporal admits you.