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A PASSAGE IN THE YOUTH OF A GREAT MAN.

THIS beautiful picture is intended to represent a scene in the early life of a famous hero of the olden time. The story is in the Holy Bible, where it is told in language more beautiful than I can use. So, as you are all Bible-readers and have your wits about you, I shall leave you to find it out and read it for yourselves.

THE EDITOR.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

I ONCE visited the mansion of the President of the United States at Washington. It was the evening of a grand *levee*. The grand east room was crowded with gay people. Ladies in rich silk and costly satins were there with gentlemen in glossy broad-cloth and spotless cravats. The company was very large, and much of it was very fine.

Now if a poor boy and girl clad in rags and daubed with mud had been taken into that grand assembly how do you suppose they would have felt? Would they have trod the soft carpet with their muddy feet and brushed their dirty rags against the rich silks of the ladies without feeling that they were in the wrong place? Would they not have tried to get out as quickly as possible, that not being the right place for them?

You think they would, eh? So do I. Now, suppose that a child with a false, lying, filthy heart

should be taken into the glorious temple of our true and holy Saviour and his white-robed saints in heaven, would he feel any more at home than the beggar children in the President's mansion? Would he not feel himself to be in the wrong place? Of course he would. He would feel that his soul needed washing and to be clothed in a white robe. He would be very miserable there, and would want to get away as soon as he could.

Now let me tell you some good news, my children. You who are impure and sinful can have your souls washed and made white. You can have a white robe, and thus be made meet to feel at home in that pure temple of God. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." You can wash "your robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb." Isn't that good news? Go then, ye little ones, to Jesus and say:

"Please, Jesus, wash our sins away in thy most precious blood!"

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WISE CHILDREN.

SOLOMON, the wisest of men, said, "a wise son heareth his father's instruction." The children in the picture are drinking in the words of their teacher as thirsty oxen drink water, and therefore I call them wise children.

It is true that it is one thing to *listen* to instruction and another to *obey* it. I have, for instance,

seen a class of children listening to their teacher as if they were bound by some mystic spell, and half an hour later I have seen them romping and running through the street as noisily as a set of empty-headed idlers. Such children are not wise. They listened, not because they loved *instruction*, but because they were charmed by the pleasing voice, manner, or stories of their teacher. The *instruction* itself they despised. Solomon calls such children "fools." He says, "*Fools despise wisdom and instruction.*"

Suppose a boy was obliged to cross a strange prairie having a multitude of paths crossing each other in every direction, but no guide-boards. Before starting, an old settler, familiar with all the paths, says to him:

"My son, I know that prairie so well I could cross it blindfolded. A stranger to its ways, like you, is in danger of being lost. Listen to me a while. I will tell you how to cross it safely."

"Pooh, pooh!" the boy replies, "I'm not afraid of being lost. I don't want any of your counsel, old fellow. I shall come out all right."

What should you expect would be the fate of that boy? *He would be lost, hey?* To be sure he would, and he would deserve his fate. What then can we think of those children who when told that great dangers throng the path which leads to adult life, and who when offered instruction, without which they cannot escape those dangers, but which, if heeded, would surely guide them safely, "pooh, pooh" at their friends, and walk on in willfulness?