

Sunday School Advocate.

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"THE DAY OF REST."

"And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day . . . And God blessed the seventh day."—*Gen. ii. 2, 3*

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."—*Exod. xx. 8.*

It was a lovely Sabbath morning in early autumn. There was a beauty, beyond the power of men to copy, in the falling leaves already strewing the ground; and a yet deeper beauty in those that remained on the branches, where they had formed a rich foliage through the glorious summer that had just passed away.

All around was quiet, and seemed to invite rest and repose, as an invalid, gazing on the quivering of the leaves in the very gentle breeze that stirred them, and listening to the song of a little bird that nestled among them, turned on her pillow, and with a grateful heart thanked her heavenly Father for the quiet of the Sabbath morning.

But the sound of youthful voices from an adjoining garden fell on her ear. Some one was inviting the two youngest of a group to prepare for entering God's house, and a voice sounded harshly on the still air in reply,—"W—is not going to church!" And as the first speaker again sought to induce the little ones to follow her, again the voice exclaimed in louder tones,—"I tell you, W—is not going to church! Are you, W—? You *won't* go, will you?" The invalid could not hear the answer, but there was enough in those brief words to bring discord into the peace of that sunny Sabbath. The voice that had sounded so harshly, the invalid well knew belonged to one who, a little more than twelve months before, had in the sight of God and men professed himself a "willing soldier of Jesus Christ." Had he then so far forgotten that promise, and what was contained in it, as to feel no regret in wasting the hours of the Sabbath in idle amusements? Had the command of Him whose servant he professed to be, and who had said, "*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,*" become as a thing never known?

These thoughts, and many more, passed through the mind of the invalid; and the sounds of mirth that rose to her through the succeeding hours, grated sadly on her ear; and the words floated before her, that seemed to have passed away from those young minds, "*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.*" And the wish rose in her heart that she could go forth and speak of that loving Saviour to the little ones, and, perhaps, speak a word that should prove a word in season, to wake the slumbering memory of him who seemed to have forgotten his profession to be a child of God.

But it might not be that she should *speak* of Him whose day she loved so much. He who knows what is best for everyone whom his hand has made, had seen good that she should be shut out from the bustling world, and in weakness and suffering should learn His will, and listen to His voice. She might not speak for Him then! But the thought pressed on her as she listened to the thoughtless words that, not on that Sabbath only, but on many, had marred to her the peace of "the day of rest" as far as outward things could reach her,—Could she not write the message she might not speak? She had prayed often for the little group who now disturbed her quiet; but she felt that more was needed perhaps, and asking for her heavenly Father's guidance, she commenced writing a few of the thoughts that occurred to her, and would ask

her young friends to give her their attention a brief season. And first, the thought arose, Whose is the Sabbath day? And the answer came in the words of Jesus, "The Son of Man is Lord—of the Sabbath." The Son of Man! then it is the Saviour Himself, who gave His life for us and all who love His name and Word, for Jesus is one with God the Father. "*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.*" Remember, then, the sin of *forgetfulness* will be of no avail to us; for what God has commanded, He will never fail to give all who ask His help strength to perform.

But what has He bid us remember on the Sabbath day? "To keep it holy." Now, perhaps, you may ask, "How am I to keep it holy?" But God has not left us in ignorance of His meaning in anything He commands, if we read His Word. He says, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, *from doing thy pleasure* on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, *nor speaking* thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth" (*Isa. lviii.*). And Jesus, when on earth, went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day. So it would seem not doing *our own pleasure*, not *speaking* our own words, and entering God's house to worship Him there, is the way in which God would have us keep the day He has set apart as His own. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

But we must not think it is enough to go to our appointed place in His earthly courts on the Sabbath, with thoughts wandering on things around us; for "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." It is no use going to God's house on earth, then, unless we ask Him to give us His Holy Spirit in our hearts, that we may understand His Word and may *truly* worship Him *there*; may keep holy the "Sabbath day," the day on which He "rested," even as he would have us to do.

May the young friends of the invalid so live by His Spirit's teaching now, that when he who gave Himself, "the just for the unjust," as "a ransom" to all who will listen to His loving invitation, "Come unto Me," shall "come again" to judge the world, they may be found among those that shall rejoice at His approaching

"Remember!" for the one who speaks,
Is living now on high,
Yet loved thee with a love go great,
He came to earth "to die."

"Remember!" Jesus calls to thee,
"Come in the days of youth,
And learn the way of life from Me,
The Way, the Life, the Truth."

Remember then the day he blessed,
And in his house of prayer
Seek Him with humble, earnest heart,
And thou shalt find Him there.

Remember! He will come again,
When "every knee shall bow;"
And all who would not fear that day,
Must learn to love Him now.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Lambert is a well-grown boy, and able to do almost a man's work; but he does not think himself too big to go to Sabbath-school. He sometimes labors on the farm for his uncle, with whom he lives; and sometimes he works in the carpenter shop with his brother. But his work does not prevent him from having a good long Sunday-school lesson well prepared for every Sabbath.

One afternoon, when he had recited several hundred verses from the Testament and hymn book, his teacher inquired:

"Lambert, how did you manage to commit to memory so many verses last week, when you were, as I know, hard at work in the carpenter shop every day?"

Lambert replied: "I will tell you how I did it. I laid my book, opened, on the carpenter's bench, and as I passed by it, going from one end of the board I was planing to the other, I stopped long enough to read two or three lines, which I repeated while I was pushing my plane, until I knew them by heart; and thus through a good part of the day I worked and studied at the same time."

A few Sabbaths after, Lambert came to school again with a long lesson, which he recited very accurately. His teacher again inquired:

"How did you find time to get this lesson last week? I know that you were plowing every day early and late; and as you had no bench to put your book on, how did you contrive to commit so many verses?"

Lambert thus explained the mystery:

"Before I started with my plow, I tacked a leathern strap upon the plow-handle, and in that I stuck my book. Then when I came to the end of the furrow, while my horses were turning around, I caught up my book and read over a verse, and this I repeated to myself until I reached another turning place, when I could look at another verse. And thus I could learn as many verses as I ploughed furrows."

Let no scholar who reads this say to his teacher, "I have no time to get my Sunday-school lesson."

WHAT A SIXPENCE DID.

"My child," said a mother to her daughter one day, "what have you done with the sixpence which you got from your aunt?"

"I have given it to a bad boy, mamma."

"To try and make him good, my dear?"

"Yes, mamma; but tell me, do not the birds belong to God?"

"Yes, my dear, we and all other living beings belong to God, and he tells us in the Bible that not one, even of the smallest birds, is forgotten by him."

"Well, mamma, this bad boy had caught a little bird, and was taking it to the town to sell it. Poor thing, it cried as loud as it could, and tried to get away, but the bad boy held it by the beak that it might not cry. I think, mamma, he was afraid God would hear the poor little bird, and punish him."

"God hears every cry, my dear, and will punish the wicked. What did you do?"

"I gave the bad boy the sixpence, mamma, that he might let the bird fly away. O! if you had seen how happy it was when it was set free, you would have been pleased."

"Yes, and I am pleased at what you have done. God loves every thing that he has made, and we show our love to him by being kind to all things, great or small, which he has made."

THANKSGIVING.

Once more autumnal shadows
Are slowly gathering round,
And the dry leafy carpet
Lies thick upon the ground.
Again has come the summons
Our annual feast to keep;
To offer to our Maker
Our thanks, sincere and deep;
Thanks that we were permitted
The "Harvest song" to sing,
And to the festive table
Accustomed offerings bring.