

Well, she is contented and happy. Would you like to know what makes her so?

One day a lady to whom she was selling water-cress said to her:

"Can you read, Mary?"

"I can read a little in the Testament, ma'am," said Mary.

"Do you like to read the Testament, Mary?"

"Yes, ma'am, I should, but I haven't got one," replied the girl.

The lady gave Mary a Testament and invited her to Sunday-school. Mary went to school, learned to love the Bible better than ever, learned to love Jesus, learned to sit at the feet of Jesus as that Mary did who lived in Bethany in the days when our Lord was on earth.

It was that love for Jesus which made her happy. She had no earthly friend, but she had Jesus for her friend. She had no money, but she had the true riches; she was an heir of heaven. She had a poor earthly home, but in heaven she knew there was a glorious mansion ready for her use. Thus, you see, she was really a King's daughter in disguise. Do you wonder she was happy?

Children, I want you all to love Jesus. If you have rich parents you need Christ's love to enable you to enjoy the pleasant things they provide for you; if you are poor, you need it to make your poverty endurable. Rich or poor, sick or well, whoever or whatever you are, you need the love of Jesus to make you happy. Who will love the Saviour?

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.



HERE was a little boy who was easily vexed, and who did not love work. Idleness and a quick temper were his "easily besetting sins." But being a noble boy and anxious to conquer his sins, he used to pray for grace to help get the victory over himself. Here is a part of his prayer which

his mother heard him offer one night. Said he:

"O Lord, forgive me for being so angry with my schoolfellows who teased me this morning, and for not taking pains with my lesson this afternoon. O keep me from being passionate any more; and O help me not to like to be idle."

That was a good prayer. That boy was not only sorry for the wrong he had done, but he wanted help that he might not do wrong again. No doubt Jesus heard that prayer.

Every boy and girl have sins that they like to commit—sins that easily master them. They are easily besetting sins. They must be mastered by every child or they will lead him down to ruin. Who wants to conquer his sins? *All of you, eh?* Very good. Prayer is the sword that can slay them. Pray like the little boy and your sins will die. X.

## A BOY'S WILL.

THE *Foreign Missionary* tells this interesting story. A pious boy had a little property to be disposed of before he said his last farewell. At his request it was brought to him, and in a soft, sweet voice he desired that it might be expended for the conversion of heathen children. The whole sum amounted to thirty dollars. He had accumulated thus much by saving the pennies and dimes which he received for presents or rewards, instead of spending them on childish indulgences. It was lately sent to Ningpo to print a book of "Bible Stories in Verse," for the use of Chinese children. The little volume will be nicely embellished with pictures, and on the title-page it will bear this inscription: "Ih-go Sina nying ming-z kyioaleh Z. T. kwe Tin z-co, zi-loh dong-ding

hoa ing keh peng-keh beh Congi-woh siaonying kwe ka sing Yia sui" that is "A little boy named Z. T., on going to heaven, left behind him money to print this book, for the purpose of leading Chinese children to repent and believe in Jesus."



## "I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER."

"GRANDMA, I want to be a soldier. Whose company do you think I had better 'list in?' asked little Jasper.

"Well," said grandmother, thinking a minute, "I advise you to enlist under Corporal Try."

"And who shall I fight, grandmother?"

"One of your greatest enemies is General Sulks, Jasper. You would do well, the instant he makes his appearance, to give him battle, and if you can't kill him, drive him off the field as quick as you can. I hate the sight of his black, sour, scowling face; don't you, Jasper?"

"I hate the *feel* of him," said poor little Jasper in a pitiful tone, "I am sure I do. Do you think Corporal Try's company is strong enough, grandmother? General Sulks is so sly, and he's awful to hang on."

"Well," said grandmother, "you know there is the great Captain, the Captain of our salvation, the Lord Jesus. One of his tried soldiers said, 'I can do *all things* through Christ that strengtheneth me.' And he helps all those who put their trust in him."

"O grandmother," said the little boy with tears in his eyes, "will you ask him to 'list me?'"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## TURKS.



HOW many nations do you suppose live on the borders of the Mediterranean? Just count them up. I think you would find more than you could number on all your fingers and thumbs.

Do you ask if we shall visit them all? I doubt if we do. Why should we sail around the Mediterranean when we can just as

well sail over land as on water? We will take an airy sail across the channel to Turkey.

How many of you have seen pictures of the Turk? What, all hands up? Well, the Turk sits cross-legged, and smokes a pipe, and wears a turban just as he did when those pictures were made. Now what idea have you of the character of a Turk? That he is very fierce, "cruel," "a barbarian," "an infidel." Well, children, among you all, you make him out bad enough. But I am afraid he too

nearly deserves all that you have said about him. His character has not been good, but it is very much improved of late. As for the infidel, it happens that this is just the term that he applies to us. The Turks are Mohammedans, a sect who make converts by fire and sword. They have conquered large empires, and their religion extends over many countries of the East, but it is now on the decline.

The Turks are a lazy people so far as work is concerned. All they seem to wish to do is to lounge about, and loiter, and smoke, and sip coffee in their indolent way. Look at those fellows sitting at their places in the great bazaar! They are merchants if you please. What beautiful pipes and turbans and slippers are here! Look, too, at these swords splendidly set with gems, at these horse-trappings, these India shawls. Here are many rich goods at high prices, but then the man would take much less money than he asks for them. He expects to be beaten down. They make a great ado over a small bargain, order pipes and coffee, and, in short, treat you like a visitor.

The Turkish women like shopping as well as women in our country. See them going about in their high shoes peering at everything with their one uncovered eye. They are very ignorant creatures. The Mohammedan religion does not allow them any souls, so of course they are not educated nor very well treated. The Turk keeps several wives if he can afford to do so—has them shut up in the harem, but he looks upon them as very inferior, and does not even eat with them. They are often treated little better than slaves. Indeed, they are slaves in one respect, for the Turk buys his wives and pays for them. The handsomest of these are Circassian girls with faultless forms and complexions, who are brought here to fill the harems of those who are rich enough to buy them. As we are privileged characters we can peep into the salesrooms, where they are kept very choice and very retired. How young they all are! Some are mere children. And here goes a dark moustached Turk, like a Bluebeard, looking for some little beauty to please his fancy. White slaves! O let us hurry and get away, for I would not like to have any of my little travelers sold away from their mothers and their Sunday-schools.

It is hoped that there will be a general change soon in religious and social matters in Turkey. The present sultan or emperor is more liberal than his predecessors, and the country has been opened to Christian missionaries. Two have gone there from our Church and are making good use of the pennies that my little travelers put into the boxes on missionary Sundays. They have established schools for both boys and girls, and by and by I suppose the Turks will find out that women have souls, and then they will go on to civilization.

AUNT JULIA.

## "THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

A LADY came home from shopping one day and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, went into the yard, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than usual. The mother could not account for his manner.

When she was undressing him for bed, "Mother," he asked, "can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark?"

"Yes," answered the mother, "God can see everywhere and in every place."

"Then God saw me and he will tell you, mother. When you were gone I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake, and I am sorry, very sorry," and bowing his head on his mother's lap he burst out crying.

Poor little boy! All day he had been wanting to hide from his mother, just as Adam and Eve after they had disobeyed God tried to hide from his pres-