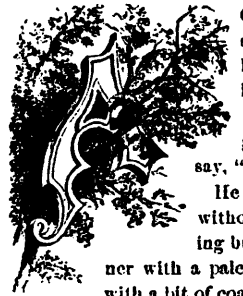


Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1863.

"DO TALK TO ME ABOUT JESUS."



GOOD man while visiting the sick poor in a high tenant-house noticed a ladder leading into a garret. He climbed the rickety steps, and, rapping gently, heard a feeble voice say, "Come in!"

He went in and found a room without a chair, table, or bed. Nothing but a bundle of hay in the corner with a pale, wasted girl upon it, covered with a bit of coarse matting. It was a bitterly cold day, and the snow was falling fast outside and drifting in through the broken windows, but not a spark of fire was on that naked hearth. The sight made the heart of the missionary sad. Going up to the bundle of hay he said:

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Emma, sir," replied the girl.

"Where is your mother, my dear?"

"I have no mother, sir."

"Where is your father?"

"Gone out to see if he can get work."

"Have you no brother, no sister, no one to take care of you?"

"No, sir."

"You will be glad then, I suppose," said the good man, "when your father comes back again?"

"No, sir, I don't want him."

"Don't want your father! Why not?"

"Because, sir, I am sorry to say, my father is a bad man. He swears and says wicked words," said the pale-faced child, sighing as she spoke.

"How do you know it is wrong to swear, my dear?"

"O, sir, I learned that at Sunday-school. My teacher told me that Jesus did not love those who used wicked words."

"Do you know anything about Jesus then, my dear?"

Then the poor girl raised herself on her bed of hay, and looking eagerly into the good man's face, said:

"O, sir, do you know anything about Jesus Christ? I do so love him, and I should so like to hear about him again. Do talk to me about Jesus."

The good man did so. He read to her from his Testament also, and then prayed. As he was about leaving she said:

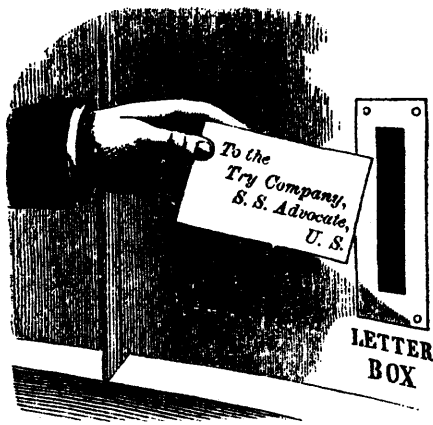
"O, sir, there is one thing more I should so like before you go. Could you sing a hymn? I am so fond of hymns. We used to sing them at Sunday-school, but I never hear any now. Do you know one which begins, 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds?' It is such a beautiful hymn."

The good man sung "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Emma joined in the singing as much as her strength would permit, and then the good man left her, promising to call again soon.

Touched by what he had seen, the gentleman went right to a kind-hearted lady and told her of Emma's piety and of her miserable garret. The lady gave him blankets, food, clothes, and many nice things to comfort her. Again he went up the rickety ladder, knocked, heard no reply, opened the door, went in, and found Emma—dead on the bundle of hay!

This account of poor little Emma is strictly true. Her lot was a hard one outwardly, was it not? But if I have one little girl in my Advocate family who would not rather be Emma, poor as she was, with her love for Jesus, than to be rich and have no love for the Saviour, I shall be surprised to find it out. If there is one such little girl among all my readers I don't want her to write to me. I should feel very bad to know that she preferred riches, health, and friends to my Saviour.

LITTLE FRETFUL.—I have a reader who spends more time in fretting than in eating, working, studying, or praying. Will some one tell me what benefit Little Fretful gains by fretting?



OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

WHAT are you doing, corporal?

"Dropping a letter into the box for my company. It is very short. Shall I read you a copy of it, Mr. Editor?"

Certainly, corporal. You couldn't write a stupid letter if you were to try; and then by reading it in council you will get it reported, so that those not of your famous Company will see it as well as those who have taken your pledge. Read on, sir, if you please.

"I hear and obey, Mr. Editor. My letter is addressed thus:

"TRY COMPANY, ATTENTION!—Spring, hopeful, frisky young Spring is with us once more, and the time for birds and flowers is nigh. I am glad of it, because I love birds and flowers dearly. I want you to love them too. I forbid you to kill or frighten the former—except crows and hawks—and I desire you to cultivate the latter. Many of you live in the country, and can obtain the use of a bit of ground by asking pa. I want you to do so. Then I wish you to dig, and rake, and sow that patch with your own hands. Sow it with flower-seeds—portulacaeas, caudytuffs, asters, pinks, petunias, mignonette, or anything else you may fancy. Keep your patch nicely weeded. The first bouquet you gather present to your mother as a love gift; the second place in a glass beside your father's plate at the breakfast-table some fine summer morning as your pledge of love to him; the third carry to your Sunday-school teacher as a symbol of your gratitude for his attention to you. Where a number of you belong to one Sunday-school I recommend you to put your pennies together and buy a vase to stand on the superintendent's desk, to



be filled every Sabbath morning with flowers from all your patches. The perfume and beauty of such a bouquet would be a delight to the senses of all in your school, while the loving gratitude expressed by their presence would charm the hearts of your teachers. Next to good order in a Sunday-school, few things please me more than to see a vase of beautiful flowers on the desk. I like to see them in the pulpit too, because they remind me that God is beautiful and delights to make his creatures happy. One thing more: as you cannot send me a bouquet you can press me a specimen of each kind you grow and send me in your letters. I will put them in a book, with the names of the givers under them, and keep them as mementoes of your affection for poor old CORPORAL TRY."

Bravo, corporal! That's a fine letter for an old soldier like you. I am pleased with your proposal, and hope that it will be the means of placing bouquets all summer on the desks of our thirteen thousand Sunday-schools. What next, corporal?

"Well, here is a Scripture enigma which all may solve who can. On those who cannot I confer the degree of V. L. D., or very lazy dunce:

"I am composed of eleven letters. My first is the initial of a monarch who feared but did not obey the truth; my second, sixth, and third is always on you if you love the Lord; my eleventh, eighth, and fourth once marked the face of a noble Jew when in presence of a mighty king; my fifth is the initial of an 'old disciple' mentioned in holy Scripture; my tenth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and third is what Christ wishes you to be without. My whole is a precept for which children ought to be very thankful to Christ.

"And here are the answers to questions in our last:

(1.) Elah. He was slain by Zimri. 1 Kings xvi, 8-10. (2.) Aaron, Numbers xx, 23-28. (3.) Ehud, Judges iii, 15. (4.) Abimelech, Judges ix, 1-6. (5.) Azariah, 2 Kings xv, 1-3. (6.) Job, Jemima, Kezia, Keren-happuck, Job xlii, 14, 15.

"Here is a note about the children in Sharon, Conn., who are doing a good work in the missionary cause. The writer says:

"We have a very interesting school numbering about one hundred and twelve children and youths. Late in the summer of 1861 it was suggested that the school be organized into a missionary society—a new thing to the children—but all entered into it with good cheer, so that when we opened the 'box,' just before I went to conference, we found about ten dollars there, the result of the weekly penny contributions. The children read with great interest the 'Letter Budget,' and we think they are worthy to be received into the ranks of your celebrated Try Company. Will you ask the good old corporal if he would receive so many at one time? I think they will make a valiant band. They are splendid singers, and would be a great addition to the corporal's 'band.' They all love the school, and are the most regular in their attendance of any I have ever had under my charge.

"I'll take that school, singers and all, Mr. Editor. I like to hear my company sing. Children's voices—especially if the singers are Christ's lambs—charm me and make me feel young again.

"SUSIE, of Winterport, says:

"I have long desired to write you a letter, and I will send myself this evening by our cosy fire and attempt to do so. We are having our first snow-storm here, and I am heartily glad to see it, for it reminds me that another merry winter will soon be here. I have taken your paper over a year. I like it very much, especially Frank Forrester's stories. I think they are very interesting."

"I guess that girl skates a little and coasts a good deal," observes Mr. Forrester, stroking his beard.

"And I think she romps some. I'm sure she carries a keen twinkle in her eyes. I'll enlist her," says the corporal.

"And I earnestly request her to call me by my right name, which is Francis Forrester, Esq., and not Frank. Frank, indeed! Pshaw! Call me Francis if you love me, Susie."

Mr. Forrester always ruffles his feathers when his name is mis-called. But give me your ear, Susie. Don't tell anybody, but wait just ten years before you write poetry. Then, if I am alive and edit a paper, I'll print your first poem, that is, if it isn't over eight lines long; but let that be a secret between us two, will you?

"RENA J. C., of Vienna, says:

"I am eleven years of age. We have had protracted meetings here, and several Sabbath-school children have been converted to God; but I want to see more. I have two brothers in the army, and I hope they will fight valiantly for the cause of freedom. I want to be a good girl and live a Christian, and try and do all the good I can in saving poor sinners. I will leave off saying 'I can't,' but I'll adopt a new motto, 'I will try.'

"Rena will do. She is fighting for Jesus while her brothers are fighting for freedom. The brothers of such a sister must be good soldiers."

Bravo, corporal! You are learning to flatter in your old age.

"AUSTIN, of Ipswich, says:

"I am seven years old. I try to be a good boy, and I would like to join the Try Company. Do you think that Corporal Try will accept me?"

Yes, my son, the corporal says he will, for he "knows there's good stuff in the Ipswich boys." The corporal has quite a fancy for old Ipswich. I suspect he lived there once, and that the people used him well.