



GOING INTO THE MINE.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"WHEN I GETS A LIGHT THEN I SINGS."

"WONDER if they'll have a band to-day?" said a little fellow at the gate of the church as several Sunday-schools were entering it on anniversary-day.

The question was answered as we entered the church. There was not a brass band, indeed, but something better—a band of singing children. Sunday-school children love to sing. The children of Jerusalem sang hosannas to welcome Jesus when he came to that city, and wherever little children learn of the Saviour they love to sing his praises. I read a short time since of a school numbering fifteen hundred children in Asia, in the city of Aintab. The gentleman that visited it was delighted to hear them singing in their own language the same beautiful hymns sung by our children in the United States.

In one of the deep, dark coal-mines of England a little lad was employed to open and close the door of one of the veins. He went down so early in the morning and came up so late at night that he was almost all the time in darkness. He sat in a little recess in the rocks, and when he heard the coal-wagons rolling along, he would open the door and close it immediately after they passed. A gentleman examining the mines came to the door-way where the little fellow was seated, and pitying his loneliness, stopped a few moments to converse with him. He was very much pleased with his good-nature and intelligence. To light up the darkness of the mines the miners had lanterns, peculiarly made and fastened to their caps, in which they carried candles. The gentleman noticed that the little lad had several small pieces of candle near him.

"What do you intend to do with them?" he asked as he turned his lantern upon his bright but smutty face.

"I beg the pieces of the men after they are done with them, and stick them together, and when I get one long enough I put it up in this place in the rock (pointing toward it) and light it. And," said the little boy, brightening up, "when I gets a light then I sings."

No wonder, sitting in darkness so much of his time as he did, that he broke out into songs when the feeble light of his candle dispersed some of the gloom around him.

Thousands of children are in the streets songless. They have never entered the Sabbath-school; they have never seen Jesus; they have never read the Bible. "Gather them in from the streets and lanes." "The entrance of thy word giveth light." Give

them the word of God; lead them to Jesus, who is the light of the world, and when they get a light they will sing.

A gentleman was preaching to a congregation in the grove in a new settlement in a western state, and at the close of his discourse encouraged them to form a Sabbath-school. He had a number of Testaments, he said, in his wagon, which had been given him for distribution, and if any persons in the company wished them he should be happy to give them each one. There was great eagerness manifested by the audience present to obtain them. They crowded around his wagon and seized them as rapidly as he could distribute them until the last one was gone. Just as his stock was exhausted he noticed a lame boy hobbling along upon his crutches over the rough seats of the grove, looking very anxiously toward him, and finally, before he reached him, saying:

"Save one for me. I never had a Testament of my own and I want one."

The gentleman, much affected by the earnestness of the lad, could only say, "I am very sorry that I have not another. They are all gone."

"O do give me one!" he repeated; "I want one so much."

The gentleman thought a moment, and then opening his carpet-bag, he took out his own gilt pocket Testament. "Here, my boy," said he, "you shall have a Testament if you desire it so earnestly. It is the one I carry for my own use."

When the gentleman first assured him that there was none left for him his head had fallen upon his breast, and he looked the picture of disappointment; but when the handsome book was found and handed to him, the cloud was dissipated at once, and sunshine broke all over his face. He looked upon one side and then upon the other, and pressing it to his lips, he lifted himself upon his crutches again and started for his home. That night there was a light in that dwelling.

Let us send the light of the Gospel wherever we can. Our example may be like the lamp in the cap of the miner, pouring out its rays into dark minds wherever we go. By gathering our contributions we may send the precious Bible everywhere—a light among the nations. And wherever these blessed rays fall upon human hearts they will sing, "Praise waiteth for thee in Zion."

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

P.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"HE KISSED ME."

LITTLE GERTY, a bright child of four years, was one day met by a gentleman friend who was in the habit of petting her. Drawing her to his knee he kissed her. Another person present then said:

"Gerty, kiss me."

But Gerty, not having a fancy for the gentleman, put on the air of offended dignity and declined. The gentleman pointed to his more favored neighbor and said:

"But, Gerty, you kissed him."

"No, I didn't," said the little fairy with a pretty pout, "he kissed me."

This was true, and Gerty's cute answer put the whole company into good-humor. Gerty was a charming child. She is in heaven now. X. X.

LOVE FOR MOTHER AND JESUS.

A LITTLE boy once had a canary-bird which he loved very much. His mother was taken ill, and the singing of the pretty bird gave her great annoyance in her weakness. The boy was told by the mother that his little bird gave her pain by its singing. He went at once and gave the bird away to his cousin, and then came home and told his mother that the canary would not disturb her any more, for he had given it to his cousin.

"But did you not love it very much?" said the mother to him; "how could you part with it?"

"It is true I loved the bird, mother," he replied, "but I love you much more. I could not really love anything that gave you pain."

Now, you must love God as this boy loved his mother, more than you love anything else, and also everything that grieves Him you must give up, however much you may like it.

"You love me," said a mother to her little child as she leaned over her in her bed, "don't you?"

"Yes," said the half sleeping child, "but I love God much more."

So we are to love parents, brothers, sisters, friends, and everything that God has made; but we must love him much more, *supremely*, with *all* our heart.



CHRIST, SAVE ME!

[ALL children will be in sorrow before they die. This hymn is a prayer for help. I advise every child to commit it to memory.—ED.]

Saviour, thou hast bid me come,
But bid me come again;
Till I reach my heavenly home,
My sinking soul sustain.

Walking on at thy command,
O'er danger's most tempestuous sea,
Save me by thine outstretched hand,
And lead me up to thee.

O may I cry for help to thee,
The moment I begin
To sink into the troubled sea
Or yield to my own sin!

I know, in answer to my prayer,
Thou would'st extend thine hand,
My soul above the billows bear
To the celestial land.

THE violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all the flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

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