

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## ANNIE LEE'S SELF-DENIAL.

ANNIE LEE was a lovely child. She had a fair face, with rosy cheeks, and a sweet little mouth that always looked as if it wanted to be kissed; she had large, thoughtful eyes, and a heart overflowing with love. This little girl loved to go to church and hear the good pastor preach about Jesus.

One Sunday morning his text was, "God loveth a cheerful giver." He made the duty of helping the poor so plain that little Annie understood him quite well. She had not a great deal of pin-money, for she was but a little girl; but in the afternoon she took all she had and put it in the missionary-box at Sunday-school. She was not satisfied with this, and often said to herself, "I would like to do something for Jesus, but I do not know what I can do."

That very week Thanksgiving-day arrived, and Annie's mamma had invited her grandpa and grandma, and her uncles and aunts, to come and spend the day with them. Great preparations were made, and Annie anticipated a deal of enjoyment. She followed her mother to the store-room many times a day to see the jellies, tarts, and other nice things that were arranged so temptingly upon the broad shelves. The night before Thanksgiving she went early to bed, kneeling first and asking Jesus to make her a good child and help her do something for him.

In the morning she arose and ran down into the kitchen. There was the great turkey, the chicken-pie, the oysters, salads, etc. The little girl's heart was filled with delight as she anticipated the coming feast. Soon the dear friends arrived, and the hours sped gleefully on. Annie was standing at the window, and she saw a pale-faced, ragged boy go down the basement steps. She ran to see if there was any food for him; but the cook said, "No, I'm busy and can't be bothered."

Annie went sadly back to the door, and then she thought of what the good minister had said about giving to the poor, and this noble little girl said to herself:

"I will give him *my* dinner; he is a poor little boy, and Jesus wants us to be good to the poor."

She looked back at the delicious food that was being prepared, and was tempted, after all, to send the lad away; but then she thought, "No, that would do, for 'God loveth the cheerful giver.'"

She brought him into the warm hall and told him that she would get him something to eat if he would wait. She went up stairs and whispered in her mother's ear that there was a little hungry boy down stairs, and she would like to give him her dinner. Mrs. Lee said she might give him some bread and cold meat, but Annie replied:

"Dear mamma, last night I dreamed that a beautiful angel, in robes like the golden sunshine, came to me and said, 'Child, what hast thou done for Jesus?' and I said, 'I am but a little girl, what can I do?' And the angel said to me, 'God's poor you have always with you.' Now, dear mamma, this little boy is one of God's poor, and I would like him to have my good, good dinner."

The mother's heart was filled with joy at this manifestation of the spirit of love and charity, and she gladly gave her permission to do as she liked. When they were seated at dinner and her plate was filled, she quietly slipped away from the table and carried it down to the waiting, hungry lad. Mrs. Lee told her husband not to ask Annie any questions about her dinner, so no one seemed to notice that the little girl was eating only bread and butter. When the dessert was brought on she bravely took her well-filled plate and descended again to the basement, and she felt well repaid by the boy's grateful "Thank ye, miss, that was good." He looked so bright and happy that she was very glad that she had given her dinner to him, and she said:

"Little boy, I have given you *my* dinner, and I have eaten nothing but bread and butter."

"Did ye now, miss? that's too bad."

Annie said, "Did you never hear about Jesus? He has done more for you than I. He loves you so well that he left his bright home in heaven, and came and lived here on earth. He was nailed upon the cross by wicked men, and died there that *you*, and I, and all might go and live with him in that bright world where he is now."

"I never heard tell o' that, miss. Is it true?"

"Yes, and if you will come to the Sunday-school the good teachers there will tell you all about it. Will you come?"

"Yes, I will, miss, and thank ye."

When he had gone she went up to the parlor, where the family and guests were sitting. Her mother had told the story of Annie's self-denial,



THANKSGIVING-DAY.

and as she came into the room her father held out his arms to her. She ran joyously to him, and as he seated her upon his knee he exclaimed:

"God bless you, Annie! You have done something for Jesus now, for he has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

In another week the bright angel came again to Annie's bedside and smiled upon the child, and when he returned to glory he bore upon his snowy wings the pure spirit of Annie Lee.

The poor boy went to Sunday-school, and was so attentive and punctual that his teacher became interested in him and found him a good situation. He was honest and diligent, and rose to a respectable station in life. He never forgot Annie Lee, and often said he hoped to meet her before the "great white throne."

AUNT HATTIE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## LITTLE JOSIE'S PRAYER.

I HAVE a little friend about four years old, whom we will call Josie, of whom many good things may be said. She has great faith in God, and has no doubt that he hears and answers prayer. One Sabbath evening it was stormy, and there was no prayer-meeting; so the family prayer-meeting was proposed instead.

In the family there was a lame aunt, who could not kneel and did not pray. When it came little Josie's turn to pray she was found ready for her part. So she offered up with great simplicity and fervor the following prayer:

"O Lord, bless grandpa and grandma; bless mamma, Brother Georgie, and Sister Tallie, and bless Aunt Mary, too, *dess'e* same, for you know she

is lame and *tan't* kneel down. So, Lord, bless her *dess'e* same."

What simplicity and faith! Do all the little children pray for their dear friends as honestly and faithfully as my little friend Josie did? N. C.

LEBANON, N. H., 1866.

## A TRUE DOG STORY.

OLD TARTAR was a favorite dog,  
Sagacious, faithful, true;  
And, though he was both wise and good,  
He had some whimsies too.

If in his master's house he saw  
No symptoms of *roast meat*,  
He straightway came to us to know  
What *we* had got to eat.

And after his repast was done  
Back to his home he'd trot;  
He always went, when told to go,  
Save *once*—when he *would not*.

Coaxing and threats alike were vain;  
He would not leave the door;  
'Twas very odd; he never had  
Behaved like this before.

So, wondering much at Tartar's whim,  
He was allowed to stay;  
The household all retired to rest,  
And wrapped in slumber lay.

But in the night his voice was heard;  
Most furious was he:  
He growled, and tore about the house;  
What could the matter be?

When morning came, 'twas found a bolt  
With crowbar had been bent:  
To get into the "counting-house"  
Doubtless was the intent.

But Tartar's unsuspected voice  
No doubt the robbers scared,  
Who surely had an entrance gained  
But for our faithful guard.

Say, was it chance which led the dog  
On that one night to stay;  
Or Providence, who kept him there  
To drive the rogues away?

## THE SNAIL AND THE BEES.

ONE day a snail crawled into a bee-hive. The bees soon crowded about her in great wonder. They could not make out what the lady with the house on her back could want.

As she was very much in the way, creeping along the road in their busy little town, they tried to turn her out; but all in vain. They could not get her to go out of the hive.

At last they tried another plan. They sealed up all the edges of her shell with wax, and so fixed it firmly to the bottom of the hive. The poor snail could not move. She soon died, and did not trouble them any more.

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