

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1865.

NOBILITY IN RAGS.

I READ the other day of a little girl who was one of a party of children out on a railway excursion. The hour for taking the return train had come, and she stood weeping and crying out:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

A poor boy named JONES, seeing her distress, asked her very kindly, "What are you crying about?"

"I've lost my ticket," she said, "and the conductor wont let me get into the car without it."

"There's my ticket," replied Jones, handing it to her; "now you can ride home."

The little girl looked the gratitude she lacked words to utter and jumped into a car. The boy walked down the platform, and, meeting his friend SMITH, told him what he had done. Smith, smitten by his good example, said: "Maybe some other girl has lost her ticket. Let us see."

They soon found another crying like the first over the loss of her ticket. Smith comforted her by giving her his ticket, and then he and Jones started on foot for home. It was a long walk, and they did not reach the end of their journey before two o'clock the next morning.

Those boys were poor, very poor. They wore rags on their bodies, but if any one should say their hearts were as poor as their bodies, I should say he was mistaken. They were noble little fellows. They deserved to be crowned with wreaths, and held up to the world as models of self-denial, kindness, and politeness. I do not mean that a boy need to imitate them by walking all night as they did, for I suppose a proper statement of the case to the managers of the excursion would have secured them a ride; but their spirit—their readiness to undergo toil and discomfort for the sake of those distressed little girls—is worthy of all imitation. Master JOE SELFLOVE would do well to take a lesson from those ragged little noblemen.

A MOTHER TURNED OUT TO DIE.

Do you see that poor woman upon whom those men are looking so earnestly? She was found in the woods, far away from any village, by Mr. Moffat, a missionary* in Africa. She was old, and thin, and weak, so weak she could not stand up. When she saw Mr. Moffat she was frightened, for she had never seen a white man before. But he spoke kindly to her and said:

"My mother, fear not; we are friends; we will do you no harm. How came you in this desolate place?"

After recovering her courage the poor creature replied, "I have been here four days! My children have left me here to die."

"Your children?" exclaimed the missionary.

"Yes," she said, "my own children, my three sons and two daughters. They have gone away to yonder blue mountain and have left me here to die."

"Why did they leave you?"

Spreading out her bony hands she replied, "I am old, you see, and therefore I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game I am too feeble to help carry the flesh; I am not able to gather wood for their fire, and I can no longer carry their children on my back as I used to do."

"Are you not afraid of the lions?" asked Mr. Moffat with tears in his eyes.

"I am so thin there is nothing on my bones for the lions to eat, and they wont take the trouble to touch me," said she.

Mr. Moffat would have taken her with him to his home, but he could not. So he left her some food, placed wood for her fire, and promised to return and get her as soon as possible.

After he left, her heartless children heard that Mr. Moffat had visited her, and fearing that he might be some mighty chief who would punish them for their cruelty, they went after her and took care of her as long as she lived.

* "ADVENTURES OF A MISSIONARY" is the title of the book from which this story is taken. It is a delightful volume. Ask your teacher to get it for your Sunday-school library, and then take it out and read it. For sale at the Book Room.



Don't you think those children were very cruel to their poor old mother? You wouldn't treat your dear mother so, would you? No, you love her too well for that. But do not some of you treat your mothers cruelly in other ways? What mean those cross words you say to her? What are those rebellious actions? those ugly tempers? those naughty frowns? Don't you know that they are arrows which pierce your mother's hearts and give them pain, which is almost as bad as hunger and fear? Ah, my children, you would not send your mothers into the woods to die, I know. Take care, then, that you do not wound them to death by wicked words, tempers, and actions.



MY LETTER BUDGET.

"He's sound as a nut," I heard one person say of another one day. "Sound as a nut," said I as I entered my editorial den. "Well, a nut that is sound is a good thing to eat. But who knows whether a nut is sound or not until he cracks it and looks inside?"

While thus thinking aloud my never-falling shadow, the Corporal, remarked, "Children are like nuts, Mr. Editor. Do you know why?"

"Because they are sweet when they are good?" queried I.

"Very well answered for an editor," rejoined the Corporal. "Good children are nice. O how I do love them! But there is another reason why children are like nuts. Can you state it?"

"Because you don't know whether they are sound or not until you try them?" I queried again.

"Well answered again!" exclaimed the Corporal, clapping his hands like the jolly old boy that he is. "Every smooth-faced, bright-eyed, laughing child isn't as good inside as he appears to be. Just as worms eat out the life and taste of the nuts, so do the bad desires, wrong feelings, and wicked tempers eat the beauty out of their souls. I expect that if we could see children's souls as God sees them, many of them would look almost as disagreeable to us as they do to him."

"That's a sad thought, Corporal," I replied, "but what a beautiful fact it is that wicked souls can be made good. A bad nut cannot be made good, but a bad child can be. Isn't that good news?"

"It's more than good, it's glorious!" shouted the Corporal.

Yes, my children, it is glorious news. Many of you rejoice in it, I know. I hope every one of you will prove its truth by going directly to Jesus and getting all the worms of sin taken out of your hearts, and having yourselves filled with peace, and love, and joy. Then you will be like sound nuts, fair to look upon without and all beautiful to the eye of Jesus within, and then you will go through life bearing your burdens as cheerfully as the laborer who rejoices in the fruit of his toils.



"I heard a good story the other day," says the Corporal, "which is a good cap for the heads of those silly folk who think more of people's clothes than of their real worth. A man with a seedy overcoat went into a big church and was about entering into a comfortable pew. 'Not there!' cried the jaunty sexton, 'you sit here,' showing him into a pew near the door. After a while the seedy overcoat was thrown off and the uniform of a general appeared. Then the sexton seeing that he had made a grand mistake, came and bowed low, and begged the officer to take a better seat. But the general shook his head and kept his seat near the door. Wasn't that fine?"

Yes, my Corporal, it was fine for the general, but killing to the sexton. I hope it taught him a lesson. It teaches your company not to judge people by the dress they wear. Jezebel wore fine dresses, but she had a vile soul; while Job's heart was loyal to God though his body was loathsome with ulcers. Many noble hearts beat under seedy coats. People should be respected for their worth and not for their garments. What else to-day, my Corporal?

"Here are some questions for bright children to answer:

"How many books are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"How many chapters are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"How many verses are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"How many words are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"How many letters are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"My letters, sir, must come next. Here is one from J. W. H., of W—, who writes:

"Little Lily, a sweet, merry girl, six years of age, was told by her parents when she desired anything of expense that she must first quit drinking tea and coffee. So, when the subject of raising funds for getting your paper was brought before the school and the children were told to bring along their money, that they should speak to pa and ma, and should save up their mites, Lily, full of the mighty theme, went home and told her father and mother, and said she would give up her tea and coffee if she would be allowed to give something toward paying for the Advocate. To reward her for her self-denial her parents consented, and she is allowed a certain sum every week for this purpose. I wonder if Corporal Try has a braver soldier in his company, and would he not accept Lily as one of his gallant band?"

The Corporal says, "I admire Lily's self-denial, and think the paper will do her more good than tea and coffee. These things may be well enough for old folk, perhaps, but for children there is nothing better than good sweet milk or sparkling cold water.—Miss R. W., of K—, writes:

"My cousin, Sarah B., and myself wish to join your Try Company. We started in the cause of Christ last January. My cousin started the eighth of January and I the fifth. We are both striving to serve our Lord and Master. We find more joy in serving Christ than we did in serving the wicked one. We like your paper, the Sunday-School Advocate. We have taken it, and are going to try to do something to raise money enough to pay for it again this year. We know that these are rather hard times, but we want to take your interesting little paper, therefore we will try."

Blessed are these children, for they have found Jesus! With Jesus they have peace and joy. Isn't it delightful? O that all the rest of my children would start for heaven with them!—Read the next letter, Corporal.

"MATILDA B. R., of S—, says:

"I am trying to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love and serve him so that I may meet him in that better land, for I hope that I have a father, and two little sisters, and three little brothers in heaven."

Heaven ought to be very precious in Matilda's eyes, it holds so many of her dear ones, but, better than all, Jesus is there. O how nice it will be for us all when we meet Jesus in the promised land!