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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE SUFFER

UNTO ME

VOLUME XIX.—NUMBER 24.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

WHOLE NUMBER 456.

Three Wishes.

THREE children once, on a bright summer day, Having fairly tired themselves out at play, Lay down on the banks of a rippling stream To dream of the future, as young hearts dream, And tell over, each to the other, again, The deeds they would do when they were men.

The first one carelessly lifted his head, And his dark eye flashed as he proudly said: "A few short years, and the sound of my name Shall ring through earth on the voice of fame! I will lead men on the field afar, I will come from thence with the spoils of war! A mighty power will I hold in my hand, Thousands shall wait on my least command; The fairest and bravest to me shall bend, Craving the life that is mine to lend; And the laurel wreath, and the sounding lay, And the rush of proud music shall greet my way!"

The second looked up, and his eye of blue Flashed prouder than his of the darker hue: "Boast of your slaves with their suppliant knee! You and your peers bend your souls to me; My life shall be like a beautiful dream, Toilless and careless, by thine, will it seem; I will send my fancy on gossamer wings, Roaming the earth for beautiful things; But the pen that I wield with my own right hand Shall mightier be than your strongest band; I shall master the heart with its exquisite skill; You shall laugh, you shall weep, hope, or fear, as I will!"

But the third had silently stolen away While his playfellows talked of the future day; For he feared, if he told of his choice on earth, It would only awaken their mocking mirth.



But a vision flitted across his thought Of happiness only by labor wrought. Care and toil he would willingly prove, Might it only be a "labor of love." For well he knew that the joys that spring From the power to remedy suffering, Come back to the heart in its hour of sorrow, With sweeter voice than fame can borrow.

tiful meadows of the country. Now these bees are very much alike in some respects, but equally unlike in others. They bear the same name, both gather honey, and deposit it in the cells of the beautiful comb, flying in the warm summer day from flower to flower. When irritated they have the same sting as a weapon of defense and for

Little one, cease from thy laughing glee, Listen a moment, and answer me; Now as I show these pictures three, Which of them seemeth the best to thee?

Picture Sermons.

We might print in full the different texts referred to in these picture sermons, but then they would not do you half the good they will if you hunt them out for yourselves. Read them verse by verse, and see what pictures belong to them. Learn what little things can do; learn what wisdom can do.

The Honey-Bee and Bumble-Bee.

A Fable.

BY H. D. RANNEY, M.D.

It is said that once upon a pleasant summer day a honey-bee and bumble-bee, while upon their busy rounds in search of honey, accidentally met, and after saluting each other, the one in a bold and blustering way, the other modestly and timidly, they sat down on the declining stamen of an open flower, and in the shade of its expanding petals chatted awhile together.

I don't know how their conversation came to be noised abroad, but report says that a squirrel, whose name was "They say," heard them, and wrote it down. Be this as it may, I am sure there is some truth in the story, for I have often seen such meetings among the flowers in the beautiful meadows of the country.

revenge. They sing apparently the same music, only one is the bass and the other the soprano. One is small, tender, and modest, the other large, bold, and strong.

They differ chiefly in what they do for the good of others in their lives. The little honey-bee is able, by its great industry, not only to provide for itself and offspring, but gives us also our own sweet, delicious honey. The bumble-bee imparts nothing, but lives for self only. The one is therefore petted, and is provided with little palaces to live in; while the other seeks an obscure place, often a deserted mouse's nest in a heap of stones, or under the dung-hill.

It is said that this is the cause of a great deal of jealousy on the part of the bumble-bee, and his little rival is often treated with coldness and contempt. But this day was so balmy, and the honey so plenty, that he condescended to sit down and talk over matters a little. So they thus began:

Bumble-bee, (pompously.) How do you do today? It is very pleasant. How is the queen and that large family of yours? I suppose you still live over yonder in that gentleman's garden in that little palace?

Honey-bee, (modestly.) I am very well, I thank you, and so are my family. We still live in the old place, although many of the children have left for new homes. I did not know that you knew my residence. Where do you live?

Bumble-bee. I have chosen, with Mrs. Bumble-bee, a mouse's nest in the yard next to you this year, in a safe place under a heap of stones. We don't want a glass house with different rooms incased in varnished boards, for we are not so foolish as you. What we gather we consume, and spurn the idea of laboring for others—gathering honey, only to be robbed of it in the autumn. If every body took good care of "number one," there would be no number two to rob, steal, and beg. We neither ask nor give any thing to any body. I think you are a fool!

Honey-bee. By no means. Our protector gives us shelter and safety, and if the season is bad and our stock of honey is short leaves it to us, and even feeds us with a substitute in the spring. It is a pleasure to make others happy; our happiness is increased thereby. We delight in it. I am now engaged in filling a few choice cells for a little daughter of the gentleman on whose premises we live. She often stands at the gate watching us. Real benevolence is heaven-born, while supreme selfishness is from below, and as it is from the pit it also leads to the pit.

Bumble-bee, (angrily.) Fie on your "benevolence." Don't preach to me, you little huzzy! There is no such thing in the world as disinterested benevolence. Selfishness, although often hidden, lies at the foundation of all our acts. All your acts too. You wish to please and gain the love of the gentleman on whose premises you live, for the sake of living there in his nice garden. And you seek to gain the love of that beautiful child for some selfish purpose, I know not what. Why, you are not half as wise as that little ant down there, who is commended and quoted as an example worthy of imitation. He is always busy, but gives nothing to any one. Indeed, he is worse than I am, for he destroys and I do not.

Thus the bumble-bee went on at great length; the honey-bee, from a natural modesty, and, indeed, from actual fear, hardly dared to reply, except to dissent from such principles, and deny false statements occasionally. Error and a weak argument generally carry with them the most words and the loudest.

At last the bumble-bee began to show signs of leaving, but finally said, (sorrowfully but scornfully,) "Before we part I want to ask you, my little friend, one question. It is this: Why are you and I so differently treated in the world?"

You are sheltered and caressed; no one raises a hand to do you injury. At the garden gate stand your admirers, often saying, 'The wonderful, beautiful, busy bee!' You have a place in books, and, what is better, in the hearts of all. On the other hand we are unknown, except to be hunted down and killed by bad boys. Nobody respects or loves us. We are larger, and I think better looking and better singers than you, and we mind our own business, but are very unhappy and much abused. What is the reason?"

Honey-bee. I will answer you frankly. I am glad you have asked me this question in parting. It is owing to the doctrine you have just been advocating, and the same you practice all through life. Love and good acts to others begets love and like deeds in others toward you. Virtue carries with it its own reward. Lay up one cell of honey even in your stolen mouse-nest for the boy who would kill you, and convince him of it, and you will make a friend out of every cell thus filled. You bluster through the world, apparently industrious, but the object is too low to commend you to the esteem of a living being.

Here the bumble-bee got very angry, and the little preacher flew away in order to escape bodily harm.

MORAL.

Supreme selfishness always looks with distrust on the best acts of others. Goodness will always find friends to commend it, even among the most abandoned. "He that watereth shall himself be watered." The direct road to the esteem and heart of another is by contributing something conducing to wealth or happiness.

We please God as well as man by our contributions. The best gift is that of the heart given unreservedly to him. An argument is not always gained by a multiplicity of words, and in the heart of some anger is the result of defeat, standing defiant where conviction and repentance should bring their rich fruits.

"Content Me."

BY REV. C. P. HARD.

THE little girl of Mrs. Ordway is playing alone, but at length gets tired of all the plans of amusement of which she can think. Then she says to her mother, referring to a neighbor's child, "I wish Mary would come over here and content me."

So we are reminded of the fact that a great many people are wishing that something would "content" them; would cause them to be really happy and have rest to their souls. Many of our little friends are in this number. Their plays, their books, the picnics, the visits which they make and receive, do not quite give them the comfort which they want.

In our search for happiness, we shall do well if we go directly at the removal of that which makes us fail to be happy, and if we earnestly seek Jesus as the source of joy.

We once saw a wise teacher teaching a class of boys in a teachers' meeting, so that others might learn how to instruct their scholars better. The subject was that which is contained in the story of the bad fountain whose waters were made good because of salt which Elisha the prophet cast into it. The course of a stream was marked on the board, and the scholars were asked if Elisha threw the salt into the stream at a distance from its fountain. They all agreed that he did not, but that he put the salt in "the spring of the waters." The teacher shaped the fountain into a heart, and wrote on the board, "My Life." If our lives are to be right, our hearts must be so. If we are to be

happy, our hearts must become good. Put the salt into the fountain! "Be converted," say Christ and the apostles. Then Jesus will make our hearts his home. Then we shall be happy. Charles Wesley writes a beautiful truth in this verse:

"When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! he saith, I quickly come
To fill and rule thy heart."

When Jesus dwells with us he fulfills the promise, "I will give you rest." He gives us faith, and we believe that a kind heavenly Father is guiding us, and is doing the best things possible for us. He grants us patience, which prevents many hasty words and actions which we would afterward regret. He fills our souls with love for the work which he has given us to do. He takes away many fears that had made us uncomfortable. We are able to "read our title clear to mansions in the skies." We are happy in thinking of the love for us which Jesus has shown in the past, the assurance of present help which he furnishes us, and the promise that in "a little while" he will give us heaven forever.

Jesus does "content" us.



The Women at the Mill.

THIS picture will illustrate the saving of the Saviour in Matthew xxiv, 41, and also in Luke xvii, 35, where he speaks of two women grinding at the mill. The work of grinding meal is in the East usually performed by the women, and is very laborious. Though occasionally one works alone, usually two work together, sitting on the ground with the millstones between them, and both taking hold of the handle and moving it entirely around to and from them.

The stones, as they crush the grain, send forth a grating sound. This is the "sound of the millstone," which is several times mentioned in the Bible. The women frequently sing also at this work.

Three Things Worth Remembering.

1. The nearest way to a man's heart is round by heaven.
2. The best place for quarrelers to meet is in the dust.
3. The next best place to being with Christ in the glory above, is to be with him in the gutter below.

HE who healed all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people is still the Great Physician, and can heal every malady of the sin-sick soul.



In a Bad Fix.

BY AN OLD COLD-WATER BOY.

THAT ox is in a bad fix. The mighty anaconda has got him sure. He may bellow, paw the ground, and writhe as much as he pleases, but he cannot escape. Anaconda is stronger than he, and will crush his life out, and then swallow him for his supper. Poor ox!

Yes, poor ox, indeed. Pity he had not sense enough to keep out of anaconda's way. If you lived in a country where such serpents hid in wait for prey on the trees, I guess you would keep a bright lookout every time you passed a tree. *Guess you would, eh? But do you? You don't live among anacondas, eh? Don't be too sure of that, my child. If I mistake not there is a cruel and powerful anaconda in your village. Its den is the rum-shop, and its name is—ALCOHOL!*



Here is a poor fellow who has been caught in the folds of this great American snake. The wretched man used to be good-looking, well-dressed, industrious, loving, and beloved. Now look at him! What a change has come over him. Cruel Alcohol has pressed all the vigor out of his brain, all the love out of his heart, all the respectability out of his life. Like the poor ox, he is in a bad fix, and will soon be numbered among the lost!

You mean to keep clear of Alcohol, eh? Good! Take the total abstinence pledge, and pray daily for strength to keep it. Steer clear of dram-shops and dram-drinkers. Hoist the temperance flag and stand by it boldly. Then neither Anaconda nor Alcohol will harm you. Down with Alcohol! Huzza for cold water!

The Lost Skeins of Thread.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. C. A. LACROIX.

EVA, the daughter of a farmer, had some nice skeins of thread which she had carefully spun herself. This she wished to whiten; so she spread it on the grass, and often sprinkled it with water that it might bleach faster. Barbery, a neighbor's daughter, and friend of Eva, admired the thread very much, and used to go and look at it when her friend sprinkled it.

One day Eva remarked that several of the little divisions of thread had disappeared. She imme-

diately suspected her friend, and ran to her hastily to accuse her and demand back her thread.

"You know, Barbery," said she, "that no one has entered into my garden but you."

Barbery protested in vain, and declared her innocence. Throughout the village she was decried as a thief.

A year passed away, when some workmen who were making repairs in the belfry of the church found in a last year's stork's nest quite a quantity of tangled thread. It was, then, a stork, and not Barbery, that had carried away Eva's thread!

Eva demanded pardon with many tears, and begged her friend to forgive her, which she certainly did; but it was much to hear the reputation, even, of a thief for a whole year, just for the too hasty suspicions of a friend. Often much of the evil around us arises from the unhappy suspicions of our own hearts, and we should remember that they not only make us unhappy, but may do great wrong to others.

The Little Bark Grinder.

BY L. M. O.

NINA was but nine or ten years old when it became necessary for her to help her father in the tannery. You may wonder what so small a girl could do in a tannery. There was a great deal of tan bark to be ground, and Nina could keep the great iron hopper filled with bark, while the steady old horse pulled the sweep around. It was light work, but not the most agreeable, as it was quite dusty. The old horse would often stop voluntarily. Nina would improve such occasions by slipping out into another apartment where her father was at work with his big leather apron on, handling huge sides of leather. After resting a little while—although she wasn't very tired—her father would say: "Go back to work now, it will soon be dinner-time."

How welcome was mother's voice as it echoed from the hill where stood the tanner's cottage, announcing that dinner was ready. Then father would place his little girl on the gentle old horse, and Nina would have the pleasure of a ride home round the lane.

Many long, tedious hours did Nina grind bark. Sometimes she would imagine her lot a hard one, but she generally had some pleasure in anticipation; such as the promise of a ride with father to some distant town, or a visit over to grandmother's. Sometimes Lydia, a little girl who lived at the big farmhouse close by, would call in and help Nina pile the bark into the old hopper, chatting all the while.

One afternoon as Nina was at her accustomed task, feeling rather lonesome and dejected, the lady at the farm-house, seeming to suspect something of the kind, gathered up some nice scraps of calico and a pocket-handkerchief, and writing Nina's name in one corner, sent them to her. The kind lady never knew what joy she created in that childish heart by that little act.

Long years have passed since Nina ground bark. The old tan-house has passed into other hands, and her dear father has long been resting from his labors in the better land. She never regrets having helped him, although the task was not a pleasant one, but looks back with pleasure to those bark-grinding days.

[Nina was a good girl to do as she did, but I think if she had been my little girl I would have found some other way to grind bark. Filling that hopper was not suitable work for a girl. I don't wonder it seemed hard to her. But she did right to do as she was bidden, and now enjoys her reward in the pleasant recollections she enjoys.]



Beauty.

BY UNA LOCKE.

You will hardly believe this story, or if you do, I am afraid your mamma will not; but it is certainly quite true.

Beauty was a most wonderful baby; not only in the way in which all mamma's first babies are so, but quite like something in a fairy-book. She was very, very handsome, with the most bewitching brown curls and starry blue eyes I ever saw, and so precocious that she walked and talked like a child of three or four years when only nine months old. She was the marvel of every body.

Now Lottie's papa had a spirited horse which he kept in a stable near the house, and the child went one day to the stable, and finding that by some accident the door had been left open, and the horse had unfastened himself, picked up the rope, and led him forth to drink! The little girl was delighted. Not so her papa and mamma, looking from the window. Her papa went toward her as fast as he could without startling the horse. In the meantime Beauty tumbled down, and the horse, suspicious and cautious, waited for her to pick herself up. In a moment she was on her feet again, the graceful little humming-bird that she was, and had arrived at the watering-trough with the spirited creature following, meek as a lamb, at the end of the rope, and had already set him drinking when her papa came up to her. Our Lord had given his angels charge over her.

She did not die young, as some people suppose all remarkable children do. She grew up a most charming and remarkable woman, doing good to all around her.

And the kind Lord and his holy angels have taken care of her to this day.



A Sensible Irishman.

BY QUEERSTICK.

"AND so ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said an Irishman to his fellow-workman.

"Indeed I have, and am not ashamed of it either," was the ready reply of the bold teetotaler.

"But did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" queried the dram-drinker.

"So he did," rejoined the cold-water drinker, "but my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach!"

Wasn't that a "poser" for the dram-drinker? I don't wonder he was silenced. Because Paul advised an overworked and infirm bishop to take a little unfermented wine as a medicine is a poor reason for pouring the burning poisons known, in these days, as alcoholic drinks down one's throat. Alcohol is a poison, boys and girls. Don't touch it! Drink the cool and sparkling water, or, if you live on a farm, the pure, sweet milk; but let wine, beer, whisky, and all the rest of the poisonous drinks, alone. Shout, Cold water forever!

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

Talks about the Ten Commandments.

BY UNA LOCKE.

THE third commandment is this: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain."

It seems strange that we should need this commandment, does it not? Strange that we should have any temptation to repeat the name of the great and high and good God, our Father, in any sort of a light, careless, irreverent way; but how much more strange that we should speak it in a passion, or with wicked feelings in our hearts! And yet we see that there was need for God to make a law about it. We hear wicked men not only call on God to destroy forever those with whom they are angry, but they ask him to destroy their own souls and their own bodies! O how dreadful! If they loved him with all their hearts would they do this? No, never. You are shocked at this, perhaps, and would be astonished if I were to hint that you too sometimes take the name of the Lord your God in vain. But do you not sometimes say your prayers at night and think of something else all the time? And don't you sometimes hurry through them, and feel a little relieved when they are done? Now what is this but taking the Great Name in vain?

For the Sunday School Advocate.

The Power of a Child's Tear.

A LITTLE girl was sitting by her mother in the presence of her father and three or four guests. In course of conversation one of the gentlemen spoke lightly of our Saviour. His words struck the little child's ear, and pained her heart. Tears began to course down her cheeks. This was quickly observed by her mother, who naturally inquired the cause of those tears. This only caused them to fall still faster. The little girl's heart was too full to find utterance. She was led from the room, soothed and caressed by her fond mother, when she told her tale of grief.

She said she "could not help crying when she heard that gentleman speak ill of Jesus, her dear Saviour."

The mother, much affected, led her child back to the company, and told the cause of her child's grief. The one who had been guilty of the sin that inflicted such sorrow on the heart of the child took her by the hand, expressed his sorrow for what he had done, told her he felt the reproach, and promised he would never speak ill again of that Saviour whom she so loved.

The child sweetly smiled through her tears, and was again happy. Not so the gentleman. That little child's tears sank deep into his heart, and gave him no rest till he had given himself to that Saviour she so loved, and he had used with such despite. He called upon the mother a few days after, and declared that her little child had been, in the hands of God, instrumental to his salvation. He is now a faithful follower of Jesus.

Children, let this encourage you. All those who truly love Jesus may and can do something to bring glory to his name.

Translated from the French for the Sunday School Advocate.

The Lily of the Valley.

A LITTLE girl who was a gardener's daughter, and whose name was Rose, once fell very sick. Louise, who was the daughter of the mayor of the village, took her every day a cup of broth, and this was the only nourishment the sick child could take. When Rose recovered she said to herself, "How much good this good young miss has done me during my sickness! How happy I would be if I

could do her some favor in return." By chance she learned that Louise was a great admirer of the little flower called the Lily of the Valley. One day early in May, she went into the forest to collect a first bouquet of these favorite flowers for her benefactress. After seeking long, she finally found several clusters on a side hill, and at the foot of an oak tree. Filled with joy, she set to work to collect and arrange them into a bouquet. While thus silently occupied, she suddenly heard the voices of two brigands who were talking together in a thicket near by. "Finally," said one, "the day has come when we can avenge ourselves on the mayor, who arrested and condemned my brother. This key is the key of his house, which the servant left in the door by chance." "Good," said the other, "we will kill him this night, and also his wife and daughter, and then we will carry away his safe, or all there is in it."

Rose, trembling with fear, glided away with her flowers, took them to Louise, and related to her all that she had heard. The mayor stationed armed men in his house, and watched with them himself. At midnight the murderers came, were seized, and soon after punished. The mayor then said to his daughter, "Thy charitable conduct has been of great value to us. Thou hast restored to health the poor little sick girl by furnishing a little broth, and she in return has saved the life of us all."



For the Sunday School Advocate.

My Pet.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A LITTLE BROWN toad,
With the loveliest eyes,
In color a rainbow,
A pin head in size.

When the soft summer eve
Shadows valley and hill,
And I silently sit
On the low cottage sill,

He hops up the pathway
That leads to the road,
And sits by my side,
The kind, neighborly toad.

When I catch his bright glance
In the green garden-rows,
I wonder how much
Or how little he knows.

In the day-time I watch
While he snaps at the flies,
They are eaten so soon
There's no time for surprise.

By the broad plantain leaves,
Or the lettuce, he waits,
And dines with no thought
Of the high market rates.

He seems to know me
By my black mourning guise;
I recognize him
By his beautiful eyes.

It is better to have one God on your side than a thousand creatures; as one fountain is better than a thousand cisterns.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"Not for a Hundred Dimes, Sir."

"HERE, my dear, drink a glass of wine," said a lady, as she handed a glass of sparkling champagne to a bright boy.

"No, thank you, ma'am, I belong to the cold water band," replied the boy.

"I'll give you a dime if you will drink it," said a gentleman, who wanted to test the little tottler's strength.

"O no, sir," rejoined the boy, "I would not break my pledge for a hundred dimes!"

Noble young tottler! How many of my readers are as true as he? Q.

I will go to Jesus.

"Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke xviii, 16.

Well pleased those little ones to see,
The dear Redeemer smiled;
O then he will not frown on me,
Though I am unworthy child.

If babes so many years ago
His love and pity drew,
He surely will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

A Saviour for Nine Years Old.

A LITTLE girl went to church one Sabbath. She listened with all her might. Mr. Adams preached to grown-up people, so I do not know how much of the sermon she took for herself; but when she came home she said, "Mother, is Jesus a Saviour for a little girl nine years old?" Her mother, I know, said, "Yes, indeed;" and lest some other little child might think the same question, I want to say, "Yes, indeed." Jesus is a Saviour for a little girl nine years old. He was once nine years old himself, and knows the sins and sorrows of nine years old. He knows just how you feel. He knows what worries you. He knows your little trials and temptations. He knows what makes you glad, and when you are happy. He can feel for you. He can carry your little sorrows for you. He can take away the evil of your heart, and give you his Holy Spirit to make you good and happy.

He is a Saviour also for ten years, and twelve years, and for a child of one year, and two years, and three, and so all the way up. He was a babe in his mother's arms, and a boy at his mother's knee; he worked and studied and played as you do, and knows all about you; and he died upon the cross to save you, my little one. You need not be afraid to go to him and tell him all your wants, and thank him for all your enjoyments.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

Raising Cucumbers for Jesus.

A BOY wanted to give some of his own money to the missionary cause, but the question with him was, how to get it.

Where there's a will there's always a way. This boy had the will. He soon found a way. He sowed some cucumber seed in his little garden, and when the plants bore fruit he sold it, and put the price in the missionary box. Thus did that boy raise cucumbers for Jesus.

Child, what are you doing for Jesus? Q.

Does thy Heart say this?

"Now, Lord, I would be wholly thine,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A little child like me?"

Hear the answer: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."