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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH CANADA GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER LITTLE UNTO M.C.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 6.

DECEMBER 23, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 246.

For the S. S. Advocate.

## PAINS, PATIENCE, AND PLEASURES.

"WHAT are these funny things, pa? They look like dry, dirty onions. What are they?"

"Lily bulbs, my dear," replied Mr. Hoper to his daughter Amelia, who was handling a number of bulbs which lay in a paper on the edge of a flower-bed.

"What are you going to do with them, pa?" asked the inquisitive child.

"Plant them, my dear," said her father as he dug up the border and carefully prepared the ground.

"When will they come up?" asked Amelia.

"Next July."

"Next July? O dear! That's a long time to wait. I like to plant things that come up directly."

"But suppose such beautiful lilies as those you admired so much last summer wont come up quickly, what then?"

"Well, then we must give them time or go without them," replied Amelia, who was as bright as she was impatient.

"Very well put, my child," rejoined Mr. Hoper, "and you will find that there are many other things more valuable than lilies which can only be won through toil and patient waiting. For instance, my Amelia wishes to become an accomplished lady by and by, but she can only obtain her wish by spending many years of her girlhood in hard, patient study. Learning and skill will not come in a moment in response to lazy wishes. They must be planted, watched, watered, and worked for through many years."

Amelia drew a long sigh and ran off. She knew her father was right, and yet she foolishly said in her heart, "I wish pa wouldn't talk such prosy stuff to me."

The bulbs soon went out of Amelia's thoughts, which were very much like butterflies, rarely dwelling long on anything. Autumn and winter passed



away too, like a morning dream. A new summer came. One beautiful evening in July, Amelia, while passing down the walk in the rear of the house, exclaimed:

"O, pa, see! What splendid lilies! Such beauties! Here are some magnificent ones, and here are some of the purest white ones I ever saw. They are perfectly beautiful. Where did they all come from?"

Mr. Hoper smiled as with his wife and little son he joined the enraptured girl on the border.

"Amelia," he asked, "do you recollect seeing me at work here last autumn planting bulbs!"

Amelia did recollect after a few moments.

"Can you call to mind what I said to you then?"

"Something about patient waiting and study, wasn't it, pa?"

"Yes. I told you that many precious things come to us only through toil and patient waiting. To enjoy the beauty of these lilies I had to dig last fall. I prepared the soil and covered the bulbs with leaves when the cold weather came. This spring I had to remove the leaves and loosen the soil. Here is the result. Some of the loveliest lilies you ever saw. Suppose I had been too idle to dig or too impatient to wait so many months, should we have enjoyed the pleasure of gazing on these lilies today?"

"No, pa, of course not."

"I am glad you see that so clearly, my child. Let it teach you to be willing to pay the appointed price of all that is good on earth. Good things can only be won through much toil and patience. Work is the price we must pay for our food and raiment. Work or starve is God's law. Hard, patient study is the price of learning; long practice must precede skill; and even right character, though in its beginnings the gift of the Holy Spirit, can only be brought to maturity by

means of much prayer, patient watching, and stern self-denial."

Amelia was not pleased with her father's words. Like thousands of other children, she wanted her good things at once and without effort. Foolish Amelia! She might as well have wanted daylight directly after sunset.

Let my children all learn to avoid Amelia's folly, and be willing to work hard and wait patiently for the good they desire. And let poor Thomas Plod cheer up. He spends all the evening over his arithmetic and grammar that he may not be marked deficient the next day, while young John Speedy gets his lesson up in half an hour, and laughs at

Thomas. Let him laugh, but let Thomas by all means plod away. Ten years hence the plodder will be out of sight of the easy student in the race of life. His work and patience will do more for him than smartness and hurry will do for John. Let him plod on then cheerfully, and let all my readers who wish to win the prizes of life learn to work and wait. Especially let them go to Jesus, get new hearts, and then "work out their own salvation," serving God with diligence, enduring their trials with patience, and God will give their "patient continuance in well-doing" the grand prize of "eternal life." X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### WHAT TOM SAID TO THE TEMPTER.

"Tom," said a Sunday-scholar to an old playmate, "Tom, you must be converted."

Tom did not know what being converted meant, but he said he would try to seek Jesus. Of course, he soon found him, for whoever really tried to find Jesus and failed? Shortly after Tom's pastor said to him:

"Are you happy in Jesus, Tom?"

"Yes, sir; I know that Christ is with me."

"Don't you have doubts about your conversion?"

"No, sir, not much," rejoined Tom.

"Does not the devil tell you you are not converted?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do you tell him?"

"I tell him," replied Tom, "that whether I am converted or not is none of his business."

That was wisely said for a poor boy trained as Tom had been. You see he put more faith in the Saviour's voice of pardon than he did in Satan's voice of temptation. Let Tom's faith encourage you, little Christian, to cling to Jesus in defiance of all temptation. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY R. CHIPPINDALE.

EIGHTEEN hundred years are gone  
Since the Saviour Christ was born;  
He was in a manger laid,  
Honors to him there were paid,  
To the infant Jesus.

Wise men came from lands afar,  
Guided by a beauteous star,  
Offered to him odors sweet,  
Laid them at his infant feet,  
At the feet of Jesus.

Angels beautiful and bright  
Sung sweet songs that glorious night—  
Peace on earth, good-will to men—  
Heaven and earth exclaimed, Amen!  
In the name of Jesus.

Jesus Christ is now our King,  
Let us to his glory sing,  
Serve him, love him while we breath,  
Then he'll be our friend in death:  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### ONLY THREE CENTS.

JAMES was an Irish errand-boy in a large store, and it was a part of his business to deliver small parcels and collect the pay for them. He was a bright, quick-witted little fellow, but he was poor and his wages were barely sufficient to pay his board, so he had very little pocket-money.

One day he carried home a package of goods for a lady and she paid him at the door. His quick eye soon saw that she had paid him three cents too much, and the temptation seized him at once to take this three cents for himself. No one would ever know it, and so he kept turning the matter over in his own mind and thinking how many things that he wanted could be got for three cents. But before he reached the store he took the wise resolution to



tell the merchant about it and give up the coveted three cents.

Now you can imagine how much more cheerful and light-hearted he felt than he would if he had kept the three cents and resolved to hide the matter. And how different he felt when that lady came into the store a few days later. In fact, he was busy, and he hardly noticed her, for he had almost forgotten about the three cents. But she recalled it to his memory, for she soon remarked, "I paid James three cents too much the other day."

Now, if he had kept it, his master would have called out, "James, how is this?" and then he would have been exposed, disgraced, and perhaps dismissed. As it was, the master's voice sounded to his ear like a strain of sweetest music as he replied, "O yes, so the boy told me; there it is."

That was the turning-point in the boy's career. He grew up to be a happy, a successful business man, and he finally bought out his master and carried on the business for himself, while he often told the three-cent story to his children.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### EDDIE'S MISUNDERSTANDING.



HERE are two boys belonging to the same Sunday-school who are intimate acquaintances. The first one is named Eddie and the other Willie. Eddie is naturally of a sensitive, excitable temper, while Willie is a very quiet and modest lad, and generally considers things coolly, and never

lets his temper rise.

Willie's parents not being wealthy, like those of Eddie's, were obliged to put him to work instead of sending him to school. He had got a situation as errand-boy in a dry-goods store, and worked very diligently there.

One day, while taking some goods home, he happened to pass Eddie, who was going to school. Eddie pulled off his hat and bid Willie a good morning, but just as he did so Willie's attention was drawn across the street where a policeman was arresting a drunken man, and by that means Eddie escaped his observation.

When Eddie observed Willie turning his head he thought he was angry at him, and wanted to avoid him. Eddie's temper arose then, and he thought to himself, "It's all right, Willie. You're mad at me

because I asked you to treat me the other day, and it would not have been much to have treated me but once, after all, having treated you to soda-water and ice-cream so many times. If you don't want to notice me it's all right. I sha'n't notice you for a while now, and I'll see how you'll like it. You'll miss many a nice treat, I'll guarantee."

Sunday morning came and the boys were in their class as usual. After services had been opened, Willie chanced to look down the aisle. He saw Eddie was looking at him, and he bowed in the usual manner, but Eddie did not return the compliment. After school Willie went to church, and there seeing Eddie, he bowed a second time, but Eddie would not notice him.

The Sabbath following Willie again bowed to Eddie, but he would not respond. Willie left church disappointed. He saw that Eddie was angry at him for some unknown cause, which he determined to find out and straiten. He again met Eddie the following Sabbath at church, and he thought it was as good an opportunity to speak to him as he could get. Just as soon as services were over he walked up to Eddie, and holding out his hand to him, said, "Eddie, I wish to see you for a few mo-

ments alone, if you have no objections."

Eddie replied in a very unbecoming manner, "I don't wish to see you, sir! I don't want to have anything to do with you."

Willie exclaimed, "Why, Eddie, there must be some misunderstanding between us. Wont you please tell me how I have wronged you? do, please, and don't be backward."

Eddie still refused to notice Willie, but Willie persisted in knowing the reason of Eddie's unkind treatment, and after a great deal of coaxing he at last got Eddie to make a confession.

"Didn't I know it?" Willie exclaimed; "just as I had anticipated."

He then explained his part, and Eddie at once saw where he had been wrong. He immediately grasped Willie's hand and asked him to be his friend as in former times. K.

It is good to correct misunderstandings between friends, but better not to fall into them.—ED.

#### THE DEATH OF THE WICKED.

"DOCTOR, how long shall I live?" gasped a young man who had been thrown from a carriage, and who lay dying.

"You will soon be dead," was the reply.

All was done to lead him to look to a Saviour that could be done, but all to no purpose; he had refused to listen when in health, and he died crying, "Lost, lost, lost!"

If such is the way in which the wicked die, then surely we cannot be surprised that Balaam's desire was, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

#### THE HABIT OF PRAYER A BRIDLE.

SOME bad boys tried to persuade a good little boy to play truant. "No, no; I cannot," said he.

"Why? now why?" they asked.

"Why?" answered the boy, "because if I do I shall have to pray it all out to God by mother's knee to-night."

"O, well," they said, "in that case you had better not go."

Bad boys expect of boys better brought up than themselves better things than they can practice. But you see what a *bridle* the *habit of prayer* puts on a little child.

A GIFT in secret pacifieth anger, and a reward in the bosom strong wrath.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

By His late R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, D.C.L.

7's.

Hark! the he-rald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con - cil'd."

Joy-ful all ye na - tions rise; Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an - ge - lic host pro-claim—"Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

|                                       |                                  |                                   |                                  |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace! | Light and life to all He brings, | Mild He lays his glory by,        | Born to raise the sons of earth. |
| Hail the Sun of Righteousness!        | Risen with healing in his wings. | Born that men no more should die, | Born to give them second birth.  |

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

A Series of Talks, by Old Huncks.

SECOND TALK.



BEGAN my last talk by telling you something about myself—something of the story-kind; and I ended by some very important inquiries. I shall begin this talk with a continuation of those serious inquires and directions, and end perhaps with something of a narrative kind.

First, I hope you have settled the question whether you are a Christian or not; if you think you have cause to fear you are not in a state pleasing to God, seek at once to gain his favour. How truly the Bible says, "His favour is better than life." It is a dreadful thing to have your father's displeasure, how much more your Heavenly Father's. But if you were to displease your earthly parent, and yet turn to him with sincere sorrow and ask his forgiveness, he would freely forgive you at once, nor let you lie down a single night under his displeasure. So also your Heavenly Father, who "knows how to give good things to them that ask him," if you confess and forsake your evil ways, and submit yourself with a willing heart to his service, will, for the sake of his Son, Jesus Christ, who died for you, freely forgive you; and "give you his holy Spirit," as the Saviour tells us—to give us to feel we are adopted into his family, and to change and sanctify our hearts, so that we will feel the loving disposition of children towards him. I hope before we meet for another talk, you will seek and find the Pearl of great price.

And to induce you to do what I have said, I will tell you what happened to a little boy in the school, I told you of in the commencement of my last talk. This little boy had had no religious opportunities, except those of the Sabbath School; and I am sorry to say, though not what would be called a bad boy,

yet he was not a real Christian. What was said to him in the school, was often applied by the Holy Spirit, and made him feel very much at times, and to wish to do better. But as none of his brothers were religious, and all his playmates, most of them older than he was, were wicked, his good desires were soon ended. And though he was once very much alarmed with a dream he had, and woke up crying and praying to God for mercy, and promised in the morning to serve God and be a good boy, yet, as he had no one to lead him to Jesus, the friend of sinners, from whom he would have got a new heart and strength to stand against temptation, he soon fell away again.

Not many months after, this little boy was called to die, and felt on his death-bed that he was not prepared to meet God. It was in this way that he died:—He, and his little brothers, and some neighbours' children, so far forgot themselves as to go to playing and making a noise on a Sabbath evening after they had been at Sunday School. His mother, who had lately begun to fear and serve the Lord, came out and forbade them. Unknown to her, they went further from the house, out of hearing, and began their play again. They all became very much heated with their play. And while thus heated, taking offence at a rude act of another boy, he quit the play, and threw himself on the grass, which was wet with the dew, where he lay till the others had done playing. They went home and went to bed. In the night he woke very ill, and said, "O, mother, get me a drink; I feel as if I were burning up inside!" He had taken a violent rheumatic fever, which settled in the hip and side on which he had lain on the cold ground. He became worse and worse, and in eight days he died.

But, oh the mercy of God! He continued the poor little boy's reason for several days, and gave him a heart to repent and pray for forgiveness. Then he found peace in his mind, and was very tranquil. Soon after, he lost his reason, and died.

We all felt it very much, especially when the funeral came. But his little twin-brother was so lonely after his death, that his heart was almost broken for a long time. One little school-mate, who loved him very much, cried all night after his burial; and went, next day, unknown to the dead boy's friend, and planted a pretty rose-bush on his

grave, where it remained for several years. I used to find the grave by the rose-bush.

This story may teach us:—1. Not to take offence too easily with our playmates. 2. Never play on the Lord's-day. 3. We learn the infinite mercy of God, who is willing to hearken and forgive us when we sincerely pray to him in our distress.

Seek Him at once, my dear children! and at another time, I will tell you more about our School.

A GOOD SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR.



NNIE YOUMANS was the daughter of Mr. H. Youmans, of Belleville. Annie's mother, a truly pious woman, was soon taken away from her, and she was placed under the care of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Cullingford, of Cobourg. In her new home she was most lovingly trained up and educated

as fast as her opening faculties were developed. Annie was sent early to the Sabbath School, which she attended regularly for several years. She grew up a lively, cheerful, affectionate little girl; but after a few years, disease began to show itself in her system; she suffered much, and long; but her cheerful spirit and kind disposition never forsook her. She bore her sufferings with great patience. She began to talk of dying, and loved to speak of heaven, of Jesus, and of all the good people whom she wished and hoped to see there. Annie talked so much and intelligently of these things for weeks before her death, that her uncle and aunt saw that the Saviour, of whom she heard so much at home and in the Sabbath School, was preparing her for himself. And on the 15th day of October last, that Saviour did relieve her from her suffering, by taking her to himself in heaven.

Annie kept a little "Missionary Box," and some time before her death she directed that its contents should be given, with the "Juvenile Christmas Offerings," to the W. Missionary Society in Canada. The amount thus given is seven dollars, which will be acknowledged in the next Missionary Report.—Com.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## BARBEKARK.

HE was an Esquimaux dog, good for drawing sledges and for hunting. He was not the same breed as our dogs, and did not look like them, as you see by the picture. He was a native of Greenland, and when Mr. Hall, an Arctic explorer, passed up he stopped and bought Barbekark and several other dogs to use in sledging.

When they could not get fresh whale meat, or something of that kind, Mr. Hall fed them on little dried fish that he kept for that purpose. He would call the dogs to him, and when they stood in order about him, he would go around and give them one fish each until they had enough. Now Barbekark was very cute, and while the dogs all stood eagerly waiting each one for his fish, he, after getting his, would back out and go down below two or three of the other dogs, and crowding in, would be ready for the second fish by the time Mr. Hall got to him. Of course, the hungry dogs were all glad to get their fish, and they wagged their tails gleefully; but when Barbekark found that his little trick worked nicely, he seemed more than twice as glad as any of the rest, and his eyes snapped, and he laughed dog-fashion as loud as he could.

None of the other dogs seemed to have comprehended his trick, and he was no doubt flattering himself greatly on his success in his dog wickedness, for he soon began to try to get three shares each time around. Mr. Hall then thought it time to put a stop to it. So when he came to Barbekark again he passed him without giving him anything. In vain the poor dog flew from one place to another in the line; he got no fish, and he was obliged to stand by and see the others eat their fish while he went without. Meantime his hungry stomach yearned for more, and perhaps he thought starvation stared him in the face. Besides this, he had some reason to fear that he had lost the friendship of his master, with whom he had always been a favorite. I suppose if dogs have proverbs like us, he must have said to himself, "After all, honesty is the best policy." At all events, he acted on that principle. He dropped his tail, and hung his head, and crowded close up to his master, and looked up at him with a very sorrowful face, as much as to say, "I have been a very bad dog. Forgive me this time and I will cheat my brother dogs no more."

After this Barbekark kept his place in the rank, took his share contentedly, and was restored to the good graces of his master.

But Barbekark was not like some shrewd dogs I have known, ready only for mischief. He was a superior guide and an excellent hunter. He more than once saved men from getting lost, and some time after the little occurrence related above he did a great feat in hunting. Some reindeer had been shot at but none of them killed, and the hunters gave up the chase, but the dogs followed on. After they had been gone a long time they came back to the ship. Barbekark, whose muzzle was somewhat stained with blood, excited much surprise by his antics, and at last he made them understand that he wanted some of them to go back with him. They went to see what was the matter, not supposing it possible that they could have captured a deer, but so it was. They had singled out one that had been

slightly wounded, and at last Barbekark had fastened on his throat and killed him. But none of the dogs touched the meat till some of it was thrown to them by the hunters. A knowing dog was Barbekark and a valuable one too. AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## DO YOU WANT TO GO?

OUR little three-year-old is a bright-eyed fellow, who has some ideas of his own, and remembers what is told him. The other day as I came in from work he came to me, his eyes sparkling with a new idea, and says:

"Pa, we are all going to God's house fen we die, if we are good. Pa, do 'oo want to go?"

What more eloquent sermon? what more touching appeal to thy heart, O man? The little prattler looks up in your face and says, "Do 'oo want to go?" God bless the children! C.



## MOTHER'S WORK.

TOILING at noon like the busy bee,  
Teaching the little ones A, B, C,  
Hearing the older ones read and spell,  
Smiling and praising when all goes well,  
Washing and brushing, 'twixt work and play—  
Such is a mother's work, day by day!

Sowing good seed in their path along,  
Sowing by action, by word, and song;  
Never once pausing to count the cost,  
Knowing that much that is sown is lost;  
Bearing a prayer in her heart away—  
Such is a mother's life, day by day!

Robing each form for its nightly rest;  
Hearing the faults of the day confessed;  
Thus at her knee, as her flower-buds nod,  
Sealing and giving the day to God.  
Now may good angels her watch essay—  
Angels have watched o'er her work all day!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A BEE'S FUNERAL.

YES, a bee's funeral. Why shouldn't a dead bee be buried. His life is spent in work, and he deserves a grave at his death. If the following statement be truth, and I think it is, then bees do sometimes have funerals. A Scotch writer says:

"While walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing between them the body of a dead comrade, with which they flew for a distance of ten yards. We followed them closely, and noticed

the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, the head downward, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterward pushed against it two little stones, doubtless in memoriam. Their task being ended, they paused for a minute, perhaps to drop over their friend a sympathizing tear, and then flew off from our sight."

Pretty good for a bee story. Did any of my readers ever see a bee buried? X.

## THE LITTLE BOY AND THE ROSE.

A LITTLE boy was allowed one day to ramble about a garden in which were many choice flowers, but he was desired not to touch any of them. He, however, soon forgot what was said to him, and seeing a pretty rose, he ventured to pluck it. In a few minutes his finger streamed with blood, for it was severely scratched; and he cried bitterly, and ran to his sister. She bound up the wound, but said to him:

"Ah, brother! if you had minded what was said to you, and not touched the rose, you would not have been wounded by the thorn."

## THE QUAKER BOY'S WISH.

WHEN Quakers have religious meetings they do not have singing, and prayers, and a sermon in regular order as we do. They all sit for a time in silence, and then if any man, or woman, or little child has anything to say, he or she gets up and says it; after that they all shake hands and leave the house. At one of these meetings nobody spoke for a long time; then one little boy rose and said these words:

"My friends, I wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left."

A great many sermons have not so much in them as that boy's wish.

## A BOY COMFORTER.

A POOR woman lost her husband, and she "took on" piteously, afraid lest her little family might be pinched with want.

"Isn't our heavenly Father living, mother?" asked her little son. "Indeed he is."

She forgot, but he remembered; and her little boy's gold-apple words comforted her.

COME lowly: he will help thee. Lay aside  
That subtle first of evils—human pride.  
Fear naught but sin, love all but sin, and learn  
How that in all things else thou mayst discern  
His forming, his creating power—how bind  
Earth, self, and brother, to the eternal mind.

—DANA.

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