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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE UNTO ME

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 1.

OCTOBER 13, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 265.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Going Through the Tunnel.

Out of the bright sunshine, and into the damp, dark tunnel rushes the engine with its train of cars. How dark it is there! The child turns to his father, hides his head in his bosom, and wishes him-

self through the gloomy passage. It is *not* pleasant to be in a tunnel. It *is* pleasant to get out of it. You understand that, my child, don't you?

Well, life has its tunnels as truly as railroads. I know a little girl, suppose I call her Annie, who had a very dear, fond mother. Annie loved her very dearly, more dearly than I can tell. She was

almost always with her mother, and was as happy in her mother's love as the midsummer days are long. Annie's life was passing very pleasantly, like a railroad train gliding smoothly between green banks in the clear sunlight.

But one day Annie's mother was touched by the finger of her heavenly Father, and his voice said to

her, "You must come home. Your work is done." Without a word the mother obeyed the summons, and Annie suddenly found herself motherless.

Annie was in a life tunnel now. O how cold, and dark, and dreary it seemed to her. No mother to caress her, to smile upon her, to kiss her, to talk to her, or to teach her how to live. Poor Annie! No wonder she wept, and sorrowed, and thought that henceforth no more sunlight would shine upon her.

But it did shine again. Annie did not stay long in the tunnel. She knew her mother was gone to Jesus, and that gave her comfort. She prayed to her mother's God, and he smiled upon her. She turned toward her father, her brothers, and her sisters, and found they all loved her. Thus by degrees Annie left the tunnel, and found herself in God's blessed sunlight, stronger and better, if not happier, than when she entered it.

So it will be with you all, my children. Every life has its tunnels, that is, its sorrows. Every one of you may be the better for those sorrows, if you will look to God for help and love in them. Finally, death is the tunnel at the end of life, and you will pass out of that into the blessed light of heaven, if you trust and love Jesus. X.



The Child's Comforter.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.
Isaiah lxxvi, 18.

O PLEASANT is the morning world,
Sweet are life's early hours,
With the banner bright of hope unfurled,
And the pathway strewn with flowers!

Yet, children, I have known the rain
Fall heavily at morning,
And drown the grasses of the plain
Without the slightest warning.

And I have seen the little child,
Whose very heart seemed breaking
At the sudden tempest, bleak and wild,
That greeted him on waking.

And, children dear, though happy now,
There really is no telling
How soon the sudden flood of woe
May o'er your path be swelling.

Sweeter than parents' kindest word,
To soothe the child tears falling,
In that dim hour there may be heard
The child-friend softly calling:

"As one his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you;"
For this is what your Saviour saith,
The Faithful and the True.

For the Sunday-School Advocate

Mina's Choice.

MINA, delicate, blue-eyed Mina, was reading the beatitudes to her mamma one day, as they are found in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. When she had finished her mother said:

"Mina, if you could have but one of these blessed tempers mentioned by our Lord, which would you choose?"

"I would choose to be pure in heart," replied Mina, after thinking several minutes.

"But why choose this before all the other blessings?" asked her mother.

"Because," rejoined Mina, "if I had a pure heart I should have all the other graces too."

Wise little Mina! No gray-bearded doctor of divinity could have made a better choice, or defended it with a better reason. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!" O. P. Q.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Child Harpers in Heaven.

HERE is a verse I want every child in the Advocate Family to commit to memory:

"There are many little children now
In heaven with harps of gold,
And harps on earth so beautiful
You never could behold.
And these little children play their harps
So tenderly and sweet,
That the angels love to listen
As they bow at Jesus' feet."

I expect to hear those little harpers play before a great while myself. I think it will make me very happy to stand with the angels and listen to the children's music. But do you think I shall see any children among those harpers, who when on earth refused to serve Jesus? Do you think Jesus takes willfully wicked children and makes harpers of them in heaven? No, no. Only those children who are sorry for their sins, and who learn to love the Saviour, are admitted into that glorious band of harpers. So if you wish to belong to it, my child, you must ask Jesus to give you a new heart. Will you do it? Now? Just now? X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Pleasant Brother.

BY UNA LOCKE.

"WHERE are you going, Brother Sam? Where are you going? Can't I go too?"

It was little Ira's voice. He was only four years old, and his oldest brother was already grown a man. Sam was the kindest of brothers to the younger children, and now could not bear to disappoint the little one. So instead of saying, "O don't you bother! How do you suppose you are going all the way to Centerville on horseback with me!" he took little Ira on his knee, and gave the refusal the form of a very pleasant, amusing chat. "Why, you see," he said, "it is very cold, and I haven't made any arrangements for making up a fire under my great-coat. I think it would be best for you to wait till we get that done, and then, only think! how comfortably you could sit under my great-coat on the horse by this good bright fire, and never feel one bit the frost that bites so!"

Ira was greatly diverted by the picture drawn to his imagination, but still more was he pacified and amused by the tone of Sam's voice, and the comical twinkle in his eye. He was not really deceived as to the possibility of building a fire under his brother's great-coat on horseback: but the pleasant way in which Sam talked, and the nice little sketch that seemed like a fragment of a fairy tale, made him quite happy to see his brother go without him.

And this occurred more than sixty years ago, and

Ira is an old man, but I have often heard him tell how freshly the event still remains in his memory, and how pleasantly it comes back to him. His brother went long ago into the better country, but he left behind him the remembrance of many little kindnesses and pleasantries which made his brothers and sisters happier in those old days, and have been a heir-loom which may be better than gold to the third generation after him. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Speak Kindly to Him.

A FARMER once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to the grateful fellow:

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy as the tears gushed from his eyes. "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

A kind word! Think of it. That farmer had it in his power to give that boy money, clothes, playthings, but the poor fellow craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the farmer had ever so little heart the boy must certainly have had his wish granted.

A kind word! You have many such spoken to you daily, and you don't think much of their value; but that poor boy in your village, at whom every other boy laughs, would think he had found a treasure if some one would speak one kind word to him. Suppose you speak it? The next time you meet him, instead of laughing at him, speak kindly to him. Then watch him, and see how he looks. See if his eyes do not brighten, and his lips smile. Try it.

Kind words! They are blessed things. Speak them, children, every day. Scatter them like sunbeams everywhere. They will bless others, and then return to bless your own hearts. Kind words forever! Y. Z.

The Greatest Teacher.

It is said that Victoria, the queen of England, when at home in her beautiful palace at Windsor, has a Sunday-school which she attends, and in which she has a class of children. Many little boys and girls would, no doubt, feel greatly honored to be taught by a queen. But, children, you may have for a teacher, if you wish it, the greatest of all kings—the Lord of lords and King of kings; for Jesus Christ has said, "Learn of me."

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1866.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

"My house is a house of prayer."—LUKE XIX. 46.

Now, little ones, these words you have just read are in the Old Testament; but can you tell me who speaks it in the New?—(Jesus Christ.) Yes; we are going to talk about the time when He spoke them. He had been staying all night at a village called Bethany with three friends whom he dearly loved. Only think how sweet, to be somebody Jesus loved! Should not you like to be one? Well, you may, for he wishes the little children to come to Him, and loves them all. But we are not going to talk of this to-day.

In the morning he set off from—where? With whom had He been staying all night? He was going to Jerusalem, and the road led over the mountain called the Mount of Olives. Bethany was on one side, and the path went up the hill, and over the ridge, and down the other side to a little brook at the bottom, and Jerusalem was just over this little brook. You could see it a long, long way below you, very soon after you got over the top.—Jesus saw it, and He stopped a little, and He wept because the people were so wicked, they would not believe Him nor love Him.

What made Jesus cry? Do you treat Him so? Do you make Him sorry? Oh, don't any more.—Come to Him now, and tell Him you want to love Him, and beg Him to give you His Holy Spirit to turn you to love Him.

Well, would not you have been very sorry to see that, and would not you have run to Him at once? You can't do this now with your feet any more than you can see Him with your eyes, or hear Him with your ears; but you can go to Him in your hearts whenever you pray to Him or think of Him. He is here now, and He sees which little hearts love Him, and which are like the naughty ones in that great city.

There were some little children that day on the road, who seemed to love Him, for they came running along just before Him, and singing glad praises to Him.

Soon Jesus and all the people with Him got down the hill, and crossed the little brook, and went into the city. The grand temple where the Jews worshipped God was on that side of the town, very near the brook; so Jesus went directly to it. But when he got there, He saw oh! such a sad sight. There, where people ought to have gone to worship God, He saw some buying and some selling, and some ready to give change to those who wanted it. Minding their worldly work in God's house—in His house of prayer. Then that gentle, loving Lord Jesus was greatly shocked, and would not suffer them to go on doing so wickedly. He made a scourge—what is a scourge?—and drove them all out, saying those words we read. Yes; He said, "It is written"—that is, in the Old Testament, which was all the Bible they had in those days—"My house shall be called a house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves.

You see, then, how angry and sorry Jesus was when he saw people doing things in God's house which they ought not to have done. Now tell me have we any places where we ought to go to worship God, and where we ought never to do any other things? Yes, and I dare say you think how shocking it would be to find people buying and

selling at church, as, indeed, it would be. And you think nobody now would do such dreadful things. But remember, when we come to God's house of prayer, that if we think and talk about other things, we are just doing the very same wickedness which these people were doing.

In God's house we should pray to Him, and thank Him for all His goodness; we should sing hymns of praise to Him; we should listen to His word, and think about him, and not about anything else; for if we do, Jesus, who is there, and can see all that is going on, will be angry with us, too, and bid us remember we are in God's house.

Now think, dear little ones; do you never offend Jesus thus? What was all that clatter of tongues heard last Sunday when you first came into church? What was all that pushing on out of your proper places as you went up the aisle? Were you remembering then, "This is God's house of prayer I am going into; Jesus will be grieved and angry if I do anything here but worship God?" Indeed, indeed, dear children, I fear very many of you had not one thought about God and your Saviour Jesus. Oh, if He had then appeared plain out among you, as He did in that temple at Jerusalem, how many of you would He have driven out, and said to you, "Make not My Father's house a house of play, and talk, and struggle for places?" Dear children, will you earnestly beg of Him to forgive you, and to make you very sorry for so forgetting what we ought to come to His house for? and to enable you never, never to do so any more, but always to remember when you are going in, "Ah, now this is God's house of prayer. Lord Jesus, keep me from talking, and laughing, and forgetting about God, lest Thou shouldst have to drive me out, and never let me come in again, either here or into Thy happy, happy home in heaven,—

"Where the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest."

THE SWEET TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling upon the heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, and captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its powers.

THE MINISTER AND A LITTLE GIRL.

A minister once went to preach in a western village where there was no house of God. He preached in the school house. A few people came, who did not seem to care much about God or his word. He preached a good many times; "and I had but one thing to encourage me," said the gentleman.

"What was it?"

"It was the attention of one little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed trying to understand every word I said," answered the gentleman. "She was a great help to me."

What! can a little child be a great help to a minister? Yes, O yes, How? By paying attention.

Think of that, my little ones, and when you go to church, fix your eye on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LITTLE FOLKS, DO YOU TEASE.

Tease your parents and friends? "May I do this!" or, "May I do that!" or, calling "Mother! mother! mother!" till even her ears are weary of your voices.

Some troublesome girls and boys always interrupt older persons when they are talking. They ask questions or make remarks, so that their elders cannot hear what is said. This is very rude and annoying.

Other troublesome ones are always complaining, "It is so hot, I'm almost melted," or else, "O, dear how my feet ache with the cold!" or "I've cut my finger; and how it aches!" and a thousand other complaints. Think a minute, little grumblers. If you live to grow up, you will have, probably, very serious pain to bear. You will very likely be obliged to endure more burning heat and sharper colds. If you complain now, what will become of you then? You need not say that you will be older then, and better able to bear these things. You will not be better able, unless you accustom yourselves to patience now.

Troublesome boys and girls may be amiable, generous, and obedient, and yet have very few friends, because their disagreeable ways will make them appear unlovely.

A little leaven of folly and discontent is sure to leaven the whole lump.

WANTING FRIENDS.

"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis with a yawn.

"Good friends! why, you have ten!" replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked down at his big, strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have—there are ten," said the lad.

"Then, never say you have not ten good friends. able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go to grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

BAD BOOKS.

Do not read bad books, for the same reason that you would not associate with bad men. They will corrupt you. For the same reason, do not permit your children to use them. How many do this, when they would not suffer them to associate with the profane, intemperate and obscene! and yet the former is the more dangerous. Your children or yourself might be disgusted with the latter, and be put on their guard against corruption, while in the case of the former the evil is accomplished inadvertently and unawares. As good company and good good books will improve your manners and your morals, so bad company and bad books will impair and ruin them. A single volume may contaminate and lead to ruin; it may be the starting-point of departure from rectitude; it may place the reader beyond recovery.

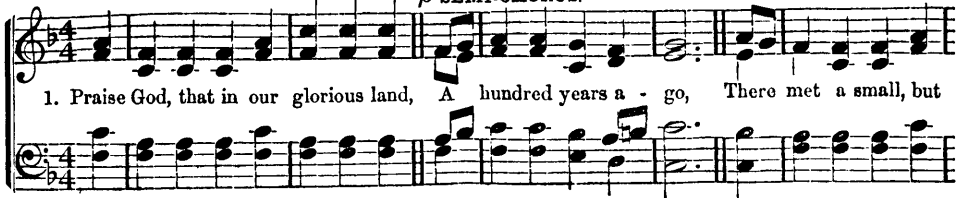
CENTENARY SONG. No. 1.

"A Hundred Years ago."

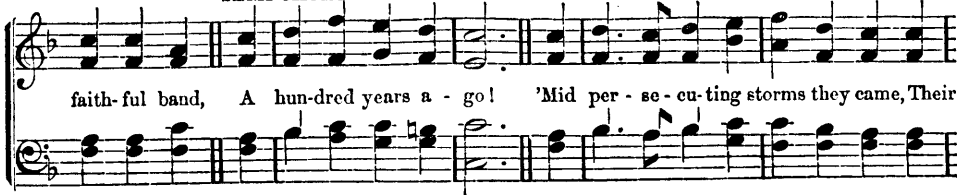
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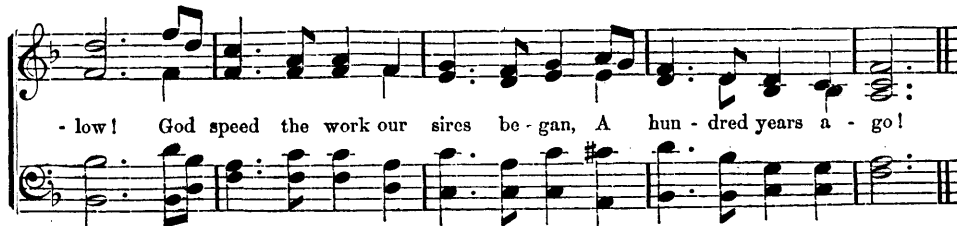
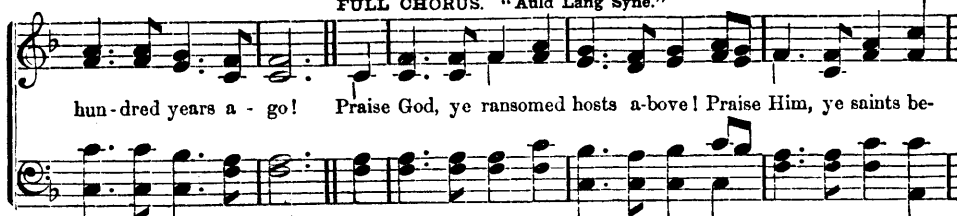
p SEMI-CHORUS.



SEMI-CHORUS.



FULL CHORUS. "Auld Lang Syne."



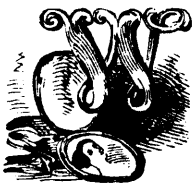
- 2. Their bark set out, for glory bound,
A hundred years ago,
Though angry billows surged around,
A hundred years ago!
That little bark, though tempest tost,
Praise God to-day! was never lost,
Urged on by winds from Pentecost,
A hundred years ago!—Chorus.
- 3. A seed was sown in doubts and fears,
A hundred years ago,
And daily wet with contrite tears,
A hundred years ago!

And from that germ a harvest sprang—
Oh! how the courts of heaven rang,
And how the saints and angels sang,
A hundred years ago!—Chorus.

- 4. The flame still burns that thrilled our sires,
A hundred years ago,
The spark that lit our altar fires,
A hundred years ago!
O may it spread that flame divine,
Till every soul shall sweetly join
The song that woke our native clime,
A hundred years ago!—Chorus.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Centenary Jubilee.



WELCOME to October at last! This is the month for our great Centenary celebration all through the Methodist Church, for it was probably some time in the fall that the first Methodist church was founded in New York by Barbara Heck and Philip Embury, as you learned in the *Advocate* last January. We hope that all our Methodist Sunday-schools will hold Centenary celebrations, and speak speeches, and sing songs, and bring in their thank-offerings.

We find upon our table a nice little book from Tibbals and Whiting to help them in their rejoicings. It is called "The Children's Centenary Memorial." It consists of a round of dialogues so arranged as to give a charming little sketch of the history and of the present standing of our Church. They can be spoken collectively, singly, or in parts,

and they are accompanied by introductory addresses, hymns, etc., etc. We think you will like them, for they are furnished by several of our best writers, and edited by Dr. Wise. If you cannot get up a Centenary celebration this month, have it next month, or in December, and send to the nearest Methodist depository for this book to help you. You will probably never see another Centenary year in which to thank God for Methodism.

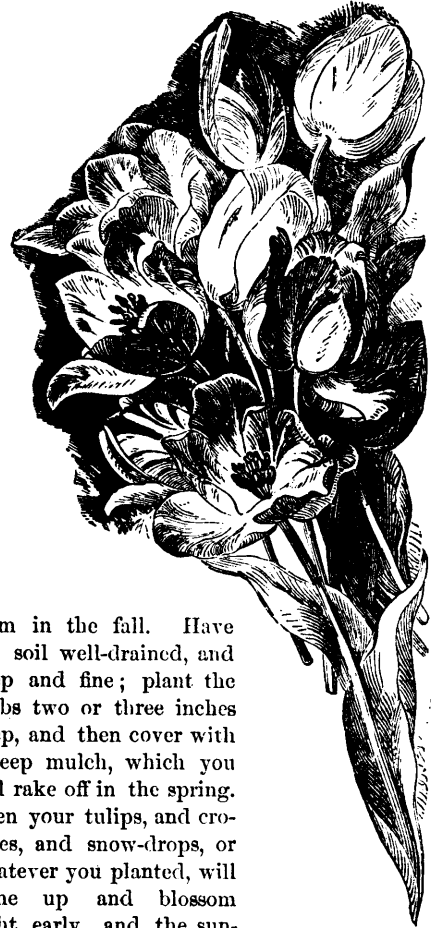
AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Sunshine.

THE sunshine works many wonders. It is an artistic painter of the widest fame, for it paints all the flowers in the world. You supposed they "grew so!" True, they do; but the sunshine put the colors on while they were growing, with such skill as human pencil can but feebly imitate. Would you like to see half an acre of such flowers as these tulips, for example? Well, then, call on Mr.

James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., next spring; or if you live too far away, send him fifty cents or a dollar, and you will get some bulbs to plant in your own garden. Tulips and many other bulbous plants are easily raised, but you must plant



them in the fall. Have the soil well-drained, and deep and fine; plant the bulbs two or three inches deep, and then cover with a deep mulch, which you will rake off in the spring. Then your tulips, and crocuses, and snow-drops, or whatever you planted, will come up and blossom right early, and the sunshine will paint them right lovingly with the brightest colors. It will rejoice your heart to see them.

The sunshine makes pictures too. I saw one the other day of a Sunday-school in California. The teachers and scholars all stood out of doors in front of the church, and the sun painted them all in a minute on a piece of paper that had been prepared for him. Would you like to know how to have it make pictures for yourselves? Well, I'll tell you some day, as well as some of the other wonders of the sunshine.

AUNT JULIA.

A LITTLE African girl, who lived in the missionary house in Africa, was requested by a woman to steal some soap and bring it secretly to her. The child replied, "What shall I say when God speaks to me about stealing? And when I burn, what shall I do?"

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TORONTO, C. W.

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