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CHILDREN · AND · FORBID · THEM · NOT · TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH · CANADA · GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE · UNTO · ME ·

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 3.

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WHOLE NUMBER 243.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### MISS FROLIC AND OLD TESTY.

MATILDA—TILDIE was the name she went by generally—is a nice, lively girl. Her brother says she is jolly. Her tongue is never still except when she is asleep. LOTTIE, her prim little sister, declares it isn't still then, for she affirms, very much to Matilda's disgust, that "Tildie talks in her sleep." I suspect Lottie is right, and that Tildie's tongue is a proof that those "foolish inventors" who are seeking to discover "perpetual motion" are not so very foolish after all. I shouldn't wonder if the secret of perpetual motion lies hidden beneath Tildie's tongue.

Matilda is a great romp. How she does run and jump! She is never happier than when she has a chance to scramble and tumble with her brothers on the lawn. She beats them all at running and laughing. By the way, her laugh is so pretty and silvery that I love to hear it. It charms my ears and thrills my nerves with delight. I always did love the laugh of happy children.

One day Matilda went with her little Brother Tommy to see her elder brothers skating on the lake at the upper end of the town. Her eldest brother, Arthur, was a splendid skater, and she heard many strangers remark, "How well that boy in the blue jacket skates!"

Matilda was very proud of her brother, and this praise of his skill filled her with rapture. Her spirits rose, and she romped round with Tommy until she became so wild that she acted more like a wild girl from the forests than like a polite, educated, Christian young lady.

In one of her frolics she ran away from Tommy, and darting round the corner of a house, plunged against a stout gentleman, and knocked his cane out of his hand.

"Hah, hah, hah! O, O, O!" laughed Tommy, who, being close at her heels, turned the corner in time to see the stout gentleman looking very red in the face and very cross.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" growled the stout gentleman. "Dear, dear! I never saw such rude children in my life!"

This rebuff brought a blush to Matilda's cheeks, and so chilled her spirits that she could not muster courage sufficient to offer an apology to the testy gentleman. So she took Tommy by the hand and walked quietly away.



Now I don't think much of that stout gentleman's temper. He was a testy old fellow, and ought to have made allowance for an accident brought about by excess of spirits and not by ugliness. But I cannot help blaming Matilda too. Girls should not carry romping too far. They should be lively, playful, ay, and merry too, if they feel like it; but they should not let their spirits carry them beyond the bounds of propriety. There is a time, even for girls, to be thoughtful and silent as well as to be gay and talkative. There is also a point in romping at which young ladies should pause. No girl should be so frolicsome as to tempt people to say, "She acts like a boy."

Do you understand my meaning, Miss Lively? I think you do. You know that I wish you to be just right. Not dull and mopish on the one hand, nor rough and rude on the other; but a lively, polite, happy, praying Christian girl. Seek to be such with all your might, and, aided by Christ's heavenly grace, you will soon correct your errors, win the approval of your own conscience, and of

THE CORPORAL.

A MAN that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. xviii, 24.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### BIG WISHING AND LITTLE DOINGS.

"O, how I do wish I had four times the strength of a woman, four pairs of feet, and four pairs of hands, wouldn't I work for you, mother! Wouldn't I earn lots of money for you!"

Thus spoke little Edith Cole one day when her widowed mother was weary with household toil. Before Mr. Cole died Mrs. Cole had servants to wait upon her, but now she was poor and had to do her own work. Not being very strong, her daily tasks burdened her, and often made her look pale and feel faint.

When Edith came in from school one afternoon her mother was suffering from one of those attacks of faintness, and then it was that she spoke the words I have printed above.

Mrs. Cole smiled, and stroking Edith's sunny curls, kissed her and said, "I am glad I have such a good daughter, so willing to help me. But, since you want to do the work of four women, I fear I shall hardly find enough to keep

your one pair of feet and hands busy."

"Please let me do something for you now, mamma?" pleaded Edith so earnestly that her mother, though surprised, really thought her little girl would feel bad if she did not give her something to do.

"Well," she replied after a moment or two, "since you want to help me so much, I will let you spread the tea-things and get supper while I go out for a short walk. Perhaps it will do me good to walk in the pure fresh air of this delightful evening."

"Yes, do go, mamma," rejoined Edith; "I will set the table. Wont it be nice work! I'll have tea all ready for you when you come back."

Mrs. Cole now put on her sun-bonnet and went down the lane for a walk. She was gone nearly an hour, and when she returned the sun was rolling through the western sky in a chariot of golden clouds. The widow paused at her cottage-gate to admire the splendor of the setting sun. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed. Then entering the gate, she passed down the gravel walk thinking half aloud, "How good my little Edith is to stay in and get supper for me. I am very, very tired. How a cup of tea will refresh me!"

But good Mrs. Cole's hopes of a cup of tea were soon dashed to the ground. Entering her cottage, she found no Edith there. The table stood uncov-



ered. The fire was out. It was clear that nothing had been done toward getting tea.

"Edith! Edith!" cried Mrs. Cole sharply.

But Edith made no reply. She was too far off to hear her mother's call. Where was she? Down at the cove with little Willie Jones, building a fort on the sand. Willie had called in for her directly after Mrs. Cole started on her walk, and forgetting all her big wishes to help her mother, she had gone with him.

Mrs. Cole dropped into a rocking-chair and sighed. She was too much exhausted to get tea until she had rested. Presently her daughter entered the cottage.

"Edith," said Mrs. Cole in a tone of reproach, "why did you not get the supper ready?"

"O, because Willie Jones wanted me to help him build a fort," replied Edith with a careless air and in a heartless tone.

"Ah, Edith, Edith," rejoined her mother, "an hour ago you wished you had the strength, the hands, and the feet of four women that you might help me. But I would rather have the help of one willing child than the big wishes of four stout women."

Edith hung down her head and blushed, but she did not go ahead and get supper. She waited until her poor tired mother did it, and then she ate and drank as heartily, and chattered as gayly as if she had not played the part of a heartless child.

I don't like Edith's conduct. It was very selfish. I wonder if there are many like her in our Advocate family. I hope not. If there is one let her stand up and learn that one ounce of loving service for father or mother is of greater worth than tons of idle wishes and big promises. Girls and boys who really honor and love their parents show their love in deeds, not in wishes. Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### A LAMB OF CHRIST.

BELOVED LITTLE ONES,—To-day I have seen a dear lamb of Christ. She is not yet eight years old, yet she gives to her Saviour her best love, her first thoughts. I called on her mother, who has long been sick. The first that led me especially to notice little Mary was her creeping up into her father's arms and clinging to him as though she could almost grow there. I heard her whisper, "I love you, pa."

"I know it, my darling," was his reply.

Then she whispered to him her desire to go and live with Jesus. He asked her if she was not will-

ing to stay here upon earth and to do God's will, and told her that her blessed Saviour did not need her with him yet, but would call her in his own good time.

Soon after this her father left the room, and she crept silently to the side of her mother and lay, softly moaning, until her mother asked the cause of her sorrow. She said she felt badly because she had such a wicked, sinful heart. The sweet lamb! Nothing but the searching power of the Spirit could have taught her this. According to human judgment, she was one of the best little girls in the world. Yet we all have wicked hearts, and nothing but the grace of God can make us what we should be.

Soon after this she came to me and nestled still as a mouse at my side. I put my arm around her, and she drew still closer and laid her little head lovingly against me. Her mother asked if she loved me. She said, "Yes." Then her mother inquired why she loved me. Looking up into my eyes with unutterable affection, she replied, "Because she loves the Saviour?"

Then I deeply realized that little Mary had been born again, and was being fitted for the kingdom of God.

My beloved little readers, you too may be Christ's lambs. He loves you with an unchanging affection. He never, never will forget you, nor turn away from your prayers. All your desires to do right and to lead good lives are caused by his Holy Spirit. When you say your prayers, never forget to ask your kind Father in heaven to give you the constant guidance of this blessed Spirit. C. P. W.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### SWEAR NOT AT ALL.

My dear boys, did you ever think, when our Saviour says, "Swear not at all," how much he meant by it? I cannot believe that any boys who go to Sunday-school and take this nice little paper ever do utter the dreadful words we sometimes hear in the streets. But do you not use expressions and words which sound like oaths, changing or transposing a few letters? Do you not sometimes use foolish and coarse expressions which now have no meaning, but stand in the place of profane language? I suppose many of these words were originally a part of sentences very wicked, belonging to dreadful imprecations; and even the "By George" which I have heard schoolboys say, probably means at full length, "I swear by King George," and was an English oath at first.

Aside from their vulgarity, I believe all these modes of speech to be very offensive to our Saviour. Would you not be extremely shocked at the very thought of "the child Jesus" swearing "by the temple" or "by Jerusalem?" These were common oaths in the days in which he lived. How much less did he ever take the name of his Father lightly and profanely on his young lips! It makes one shudder to speak of it; but if so improper for Jesus, who had a human nature and was a child and a youth as fully as you are, who came to set you and me a copy in his life which we are to follow as exactly as possible, then why is it not improper for you?

I can see only three reasons that can account for your yielding so readily to this sin. Either you are very angry, or impatient, and use these words to express your unpleasant feeling, or you think it manly, or you have caught the habit from others thought-

lessly. I have been speaking to boys; but I have known girls, I grieve to say, just as guilty. Not only is it extremely unladylike to exclaim, "Goodness!" "Mercy!" and the like, in order to express surprise or some other emotion, but it is, I believe, really wicked. These were at first, no doubt, sudden appeals to God, but have come to mean nothing in our minds but an equivalent to the expression, "You surprise me."

But Christ says, "Let your communication be, Yes, yes; no, no; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil," or of the wicked one. I fully believe that sudden temptations to profane speaking may come from wicked spirits who desire to make us as bad as themselves, and delight in hearing the language of the kingdom of darkness spoken by the lips of men, and especially by boys who are now forming the habits of men.

Now I wish you would commit to memory those verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew, in which our Lord speaks of swearing, and so thoroughly that you cannot forget them. Will you not? Begin at the thirty-third verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew. Then turn to the last chapter of James and learn the verse beginning, "But above all things, my brethren, swear not; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath." Then there is the third commandment, which you had better learn.

USA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### A SAD STORY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

SOMETHING dreadful has happened of late,  
It shadows the place like a cloud;  
Let me whisper the story to you,  
I'm ashamed to tell it aloud.

Half a dozen young boys who had friends  
And homes that were pleasant and bright,  
Have been tried in the law-courts for theft;  
Alas, what a pitiful sight!

Shall I tell how these boys, step by step,  
Have come down to crime and disgrace?  
The first step was straying from home  
With the bad, wicked lads of the place.

At evening, when home should have been  
Their refuge and happiness sweet,  
They would steal from its shelter to lounge  
In the stores, or to play in the street.

Soon they lingered a while by the doors  
Of the drinking and billiard saloons,  
And they hung round the low singing clubs  
To catch the coarse words and the tunes.

By little and little they lost  
Their fear of the law and its might;  
Every day they grew bolder in crime,  
More reckless and daring each night.

Now, locked in the prisoner's cell,  
If their words to your hearing could come,  
I am sure they this counsel would bring,  
"Boys, spend all your evenings at home!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### A CHILD'S FAITH.

WHEN the United States army was defeated at the battle of Bull Run, the news filled every Northern patriot's heart with great sadness. At Galena one party heard of it while at the dinner-table. The shock was too great to be expressed in words, and the company sat silent. Presently a little girl spoke and said:

"Well, if they have not killed God, it will be all right yet."

That impossible deed was not done, and the little girl's faith has been honored. It is all right. Liberty has triumphed. Rebellion is crushed. The slave is free.

It is a good thing, my children, to have faith in God. X.

PLEASANT words are as a honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. Prov. xvi, 24.

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

### HOW HARRY BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

A TRUE STORY.

Harry, a boy about thirteen years old, had been for a long time anxious to give his heart to the Saviour, and become a Christian; but there seemed to be something in the way. He did not know exactly what to do. He had been to talk with his minister a number of times, who had tried to lead him to trust in Christ, but he could find no peace. He carried a weary and troubled heart, until one day his teacher, hearing that he had been seeking the Saviour, took an opportunity to talk with him.

"Harry," she said, "I understand that you have been thinking about religion lately."

"Yes, I have," he replied. "I want to be a Christian—I want to give my heart to the Saviour, but I can't."

"Why, what is your heart, that you can't give it to Him?"

He looked up half astonished at so odd a question, and after a moment's consideration he replied:

"I don't know. I can't tell what it is."

"Well, then, Harry, get the dictionary, and we will see what it is."

So he got the dictionary, and found it to be the affections, the love.

"Yes, *the love*; now put that word in place of heart, and do you mean to say that you cannot love the Saviour?"

"Yes!" Harry said, looking as if he had got hold of a new idea; "but I want to love Him. I have prayed that he would give me a new heart—(correcting himself) a new love, but He does not give it to me."

"Why," how can He, when your old heart is full of something else; there is no room for the new love. There is something for you to do first. You must make a place for the new love, by repenting of your sins, by laying them upon Him. You must give up every thing for Him. Did you ever hear of the Indian and his missionary? The Indian wanted to be a Christian. The missionary said he must give up all for Christ, and then he would be a Christian. 'Well,' said he, 'I give up my blanket,' 'No, that is not enough.' 'I give up my gun.' 'Not enough yet.' 'I give up my dog.' 'More yet.' The Indian dropped his head and wept. He had nothing else to give. 'Are you sure that is all?'

At last, he said, 'I give myself to Him.' "Ay, that will do."

Harry understood it. "Yourself is your heart, and your heart is your love, Harry. You can give it to the Saviour; ask Him, and He will help you to do it. He is good, and has done much for you. He only asks you to love Him. Why, Harry, how can you help loving Him?"

"I don't know how I can help it?" he replied, "but it appears as if there was something in the way."

"Whatever that is, you must take it out of the way; you must open the door of your heart, and the Saviour will come in."

After a few minutes his teacher said, "Now, Harry, will you give yourself to the Saviour? Will you make up your mind to it?"

"Yes, I will," he answered.

He went home, and cried out on entering the room.

"O mother! I have given myself to the Saviour," and burst into tears.

His mother was overjoyed, although she could not help mingling her tears with those of her only son, and only child, for whom she had prayed so long.

May this account of Harry's experience lead some of the children who read this to do as Harry did. Go to Jesus and say, "I will give thee my heart, all sinful as it is. Take it, and give me a new heart, a new love, that I may grow to be like Jesus, and do His holy will day by day;" and the blessed Saviour will answer your prayer if you are in earnest; for he has said, "I love them that love me, and them that seek me early shall find me."

### LOOK AT THE COPY.

When a boy is learning to write, his master either gives him a copy slip, or else writes the first line in the page for him. Now, I have often seen a boy write the next line with some care, looking at the letters he had to copy. But when he came to the third line, instead of looking at his *copy*, he looked only at his own writing just above. And what came of that? Why, he copied all his faults, and made more too, so that every line down the page was worse than the one before it! He never tried to make each line *more like his copy*.

So there are boys who never try to improve, but just seem to copy their own faults, day after day, and so really grow worse, more idle, more disobedient, and more careless. Instead of this, they should read their Bible, and see what the Saviour did; and try, by God's grace, to look at the Divine Copy, and follow His example.

### THE BLIND GIRL OF BURGANDY.

Poor sightless Marie! how was she affected when I told her of Him who opened the eyes of the blind, and read to her how blind Bartimeus sat by the wayside begging, when he cried unto Jesus of Nazareth passing by, and received sight! Then an irrepressible longing, such as she had never known before, a longing for God's blessed gift of vision, seized upon the poor blind girl; not that she sighed to behold the blue heaven, or the golden light, or to look upon her mother's smile, or gaze in her young brother's laughing eyes. No, not these; but she longed to read the blessed words of Jesus, when He said, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

There dwelt then in Dijon a man of God, who had gathered around him a few blind, whom he had taught to read and work. I sought him out, told him of Marie, interested him in her, arranged that she should come an hour every morning to learn to read, and procured for her a Bible with raised letters for the blind.

You should have seen her delight as she started off next morning—a warm, bright August morning, one hand locked in her brother's, and the other fondly clasping the precious Bible, to take her first lesson. Alas! poor Marie! it requires a delicate touch to distinguish the slightly raised surface and nice outline of the letters, and her fingers were hard and callous with the constant plaiting of straw. Again and again was the effort made, but to no purpose. But one day, as she sat alone, sorrowfully chipping with her little knife the rough edges of the straw, a happy thought occurred to her. Could not she cut away the hard skin from her fingers, and then it would grow anew, smooth, and soft, like the rosy fingers of a child? And so she cut the skin from the poor fingers, heeding not the pain; was it not that she might read the word of God? But the straw work could not cease—it brought bread, and

the wounded fingers were slow to heal. When the reading lesson was tried again, warm drops trickled from the bleeding fingers along the sacred line. It was all in vain.

After the first bitterness of her disappointment, Marie strove hard to be cheerful. "God had opened the eyes of her soul," she said, "and ought she not to praise him?" And the new Bible! Ah, surely she must carry it back; some happier blind girl might pluck the fruit from this Tree of Life, and find healing in its blessed leaves. And holding the dear volume near to the beating of her heart, she knelt by her white cot to pray:—"Dear and blessed Jesus, who lovest the poor, and openest the eyes of the blind, I thank Thee that Thou hast not hidden Thyself from a poor blind girl. And since I cannot read Thy heavenly words, I pray that Thou wilt whisper them into my soul, that thy spirit may not be dark like my poor eyes. I can hear Thee with my ears, dear Jesus, and Thou knowest that I love Thee and love Thy holy book." And she touched the open Bible with her lips. O joy! to the soft lips the slight indentions of the raised surface are clearly perceptible; they trace the sharp outline of the letters with unerring accuracy. With a loud cry of joy, she passes line after line across her eager lips,—she turns the leaf, the lips lose not their power. It is all clear, all easy now. The lips could do what the toil-hardened fingers could not—they could read.

A twelvemonth after, I visited Dijon. The low kitchen wore its old look, but what a beaming happy face was Marie's, as she sat in her rude chair, her basket of straw at her feet, reading her beloved Bible! Blind, it was full of light. "Is it not blessed to kiss the sweet words as I read?" she murmured, in her rich musical tones. Dear, eloquent lips, which the cold clay kisses now, told me this little tale, and I listened with starting tears, thinking how the poor blind girl would rise up in the judgment to condemn the many who "having eyes see not."

Reader, do you love the blessed words of Jesus with a love heart-deep, heart-warm, as did the poor blind girl of Burgandy?

### The Thief and his Little Son.

A man who was in the habit of going to his neighbour's corn-field to steal the grain, one day took his son, a boy of about eight years of age. The father told him to hold the bag while he looked if any one were near to see him. After standing upon the fence, and peeping through all the corn-rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his sinful work. "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropped the bag in a fright, and said, "Which way, child?" "You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God were noticing you." The father felt the reproof of the child so much, that he left the corn, returned home, and never again returned to steal.

Children, whenever you are tempted to do any thing that is wicked, look up, and say, "Thou God SEEST ME."

"In vain my soul wou'd try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.

### PATIENCE.

Mrs. WESLEY was once asked how she could have patience to teach the same thing twenty times over to one of her children? "Why," said she, "if I had said it only nineteen times, and given it over, I should have lost all my labour. It was the twentieth time that fixed it."

## LITTLE TOTTY.

LITTLE TOTTY went to ma;  
Ma was very busy,  
Rocking in her old arm-chair  
Little Sister Lizzie:  
"Go to sleep, my pretty one,"  
Patiently and cheerly  
Sang she oft—for O, she loved  
Little Lizzie dearly.

Soon to dreamland Lizzie went:  
Then that happy mother  
Thought that like her children twain  
Never was another:  
Baby was so cherub-like,  
Totty was so sprightly,  
Day or night to see them smile  
Made her heart dance lightly.

Ah! but why o'er Totty's brow  
Hangs that shade of sadness?  
Why in rapture from her eye  
Beams no ray of gladness?  
Can it be on life's rough path  
One so young hath started?  
You shall hear her simple tale—  
Totty is true-hearted.

"Dearest ma, as Fred and I  
On the lawn were playing,  
Naughtily I took a stone  
In the pathway lying;  
It was but a tiny thing,  
So in sport I aimed it  
At a little robin's head—  
Hit it hard, and maimed it.

"Soon it died. 'Now let us haste  
Secretly, and throw it  
O'er the hedge,' said Cousin Fred,  
'Ma will never know it;'  
But behind your pretty vase  
Carefully we hid it,  
Purposing, when found, to say,  
Little Tibby did it.

"And for such a wicked thought  
Now my heart is smitten,  
Though poor little Tibby be  
But a silly kitten;  
And I cannot sleep to-night  
First without confessing:  
Do you think that God again  
E'er will grant his blessing?"

Clasping Totty to her breast,  
Heaving with emotion,  
Lifting up her eyes to heaven,  
Beaming with devotion,  
"Yes, my child," she softly said,  
"Go to him in sorrow;  
Tell him all, and joy shall be  
Thine again to-morrow."

Little reader, when in fault,  
Never seek to hide it;  
Always to the God above  
Faithfully confide it.

## THE GOLD-DIGGERS.

A FINE gentleman went to Australia to seek for gold at the diggings. He took hammer and pickax with him; but being little used to work with them, he soon grew weary of his task; so, having scratched the ground, he declared that there was no gold to be had.

A laborer who had come out in the same ship, and who had been treated by the gentleman with scorn, set to work with his tools on the same spot. He at first found nothing, but after some hours of hard work came upon a vein of the precious metal. "Well done!" cried the gentleman, "let us go shares."

"No," replied the laborer; "you gave up with hardly a trial; mine has been the work, and this gold belongs to me and to my family."

We seldom obtain anything worth having without some labor; but the sluggard and the laborer can never go shares.

HE that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. Prov. xix, 17.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A LIVING GOD.

CAN you tell how you would feel if you did not know that there was a God? Did you ever think that there is no other being but God to whom you can turn in your soul and feel that he is always right there with you and knows all about you? None of your friends, not even those you love best, can do that. When you do what you know to be wrong, you feel that God knows it, and if you are very sorry for it you tell him of it in your heart, and when you are in trouble, or when you feel very sad, you can tell him about that too. Now how would you feel if there was no one right at home in your heart with you to whom you could talk about all these things? I think you would feel very lonely, almost as if a part of yourself was gone. I am sure if men thought carefully about this feeling they could never say, as some men pretend to, that there is no God. For my part, I don't think they half believe it themselves when they say so.

I have sometimes wondered how heathen children feel who never heard that there is a living God. Of course, they do not feel as they would if there were no God, because, as Paul says, he is very near to every one of us, whether we know it or not.

I have heard of one little heathen who wanted very much to learn to read, and he started for a missionary's school. On his way he saw where a big stone idol had fallen into the river, and a great many people were trying to get it out, but they did not succeed. As for the image, it could not help itself at all, of course. That set the little fellow to questioning, and he thought it very strange that a god that could not help himself could be supposed able to help other people.

After he got to the school he told the other children about it and they cried out:

"O, that is no god at all! That is just a piece of stone. Our God is a living God."

"Who is your God?" inquired the little stranger with opening eyes.

"Our God is the One who made everything."

"Where does he live?" continued he, eagerly.

"He lives everywhere. He is a spirit. He is all about us, and he knows everything, even the thoughts of our hearts."

The little inquirer concluded at once that such a God was very much better than a stone god, a

drowned god, that could not help himself. So he tore his beads off his neck and learned to love the God that had always been so near to him, even though he knew it not. And when he grew up and left the school, he went about from place to place in his native land telling his countrymen about the living God, the God that made everything and that can do all things, the God that lives in the hearts of those who love him. AUNT JULIA.

## THE MISSIONARY AND THE LION.

A MISSIONARY in South Africa once set out on a long journey. When far from home he had to cross a wide plain, where he saw a lion at a distance. The lion saw him at the same time, and began slowly to follow him.

When the missionary walked fast, the lion walked fast; and when he stopped, the lion stopped! The missionary saw that the lion meant to follow him until dark, and then spring upon him.

He was not able to run away from the lion, for the lion could run faster than he could. So he thought of a plan to cheat him.

He came to a high cliff, below which was a deep hollow. Creeping down, he hid behind a rock, where the lion could not see him. Then taking a stick which he found among the rocks, he put on it his coat and his hat, so as to make them look like a man.

He then held the stick above the rock behind which he was hid.

Soon the lion came creeping slyly along. The moment he saw the coat and the hat he made a sudden spring at them. He bounded right over the place where the missionary lay, and falling down among the rocks, was killed!

The missionary was saved, and ere long he reached his own home.

## A BOY'S RELIGION.

"My son," said the Rev. Legh Richmond, "remember you must die, and you may die soon, very soon. If you are to die a boy, you must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour, a boy's salvation; or else a boy's ignorance, a boy's obstinacy, a boy's unbelief, a boy's idolatry, a boy's destruction. Remember all this, and beware of sin; dread the sinfulness of an unchanged heart; pray for a new one; pray for grace and pardon, and a soul conformed to the image of Christ Jesus."

## WHAT IS HIS NAME?

ONE there is above all others  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end!  
They who once his kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love.

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