



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## WONT YOU ENLIST?

WITHIN the past few months many men have been joining the army of the United States. They are going to fight in a righteous cause. You, children, are interested in seeing others go. You may have wished that you too could help your country, but you are too young to join this army.

There is an army I am going to urge you to join. It is a large army—larger than the army of the Potomac. There are many men in it, but there are children too. This army is fighting, we know, in a righteous cause. Our country's army may not be victorious. We know not what the end will be. But we know that this army will conquer in the end. Often in our army individuals, and large companies of men also, are taken captive by the enemy, and very many are slain. But in *this* army not a man is slain; though many are wounded, none mortally. Neither will any be kept for a long time in captivity. The enemy is very powerful, but *weak* in comparison with the Leader of this army. He can never be vanquished, and finally all his enemies will either willingly submit or be wholly overcome by his power, so that never again they will rise in rebellion.

Now do you know who is the Leader of this army? It is Christ, who is our King, and the Captain of our salvation. He will love to have you join his army, young as you are. Will you not rejoice to do so and bravely go forth, under "his banner, which is love," to fight against sin in your own hearts and in the world?

If you will join this army you will do more to benefit others, will be much happier yourselves, and, more than all, you will please the King, who has already done more for you than any earthly friend; who so loved you as to die for you. He, our Redeemer, now says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Will you not enlist in the company of those who bravely fight and patiently endure? Will you not join the King's army? Be a soldier of the cross! Then, at the end you can say, as did Paul, one of the bravest of the soldiers, "I have fought a good fight."

## A FAITHFUL DOG.

A SHEPHERD had driven part of his flock to a fair and had left his dog to watch the rest, expecting to return the next morning. Unfortunately, when at the fair the shepherd forgot both his dog and his sheep, and did not return home till the morning of the third day. His first inquiry was whether the dog had been seen. The answer was that he had not.

"Then he must be dead," replied the shepherd with a tone of anguish, "for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge."

He instantly went to the heath where he had left the dog. The poor animal had just sufficient strength left remaining to crawl to his master's feet and express his joy at his return, and almost immediately died.

## A PARROT'S ADVICE.

I WAS once on a visit to a friend who kept a parrot, said to be fifty years old, and which he had obtained from a manufacturer who employed a great many boys. I went up to the bird and said:

"Well, Polly, you have lived a great many years in this world; will you give me the result of your fifty years' experience, and advise me what to do?"

Polly listened attentively, and then, with a knowing look, turned her head and exclaimed:

"Go and work! go and work!"

Follow the parrot's advice, my young friends, and whatever you do worthy of your attention, do it, not carelessly, but in a workmanlike manner, and "work while it is called to-day."

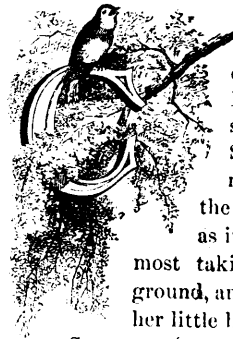
## SONG FOR A BLIND CHILD.

I CANNOT see the sunny gleam  
Which gladdens every heart but mine;  
But I can feel the warming beam,  
And bless the God who bade it shine!  
O Lord, each murmuring thought control,  
Let no repining tear-drop fall;  
Pour heavenly light upon my soul,  
That I may see thy love in all!

I cannot see the flow'rets bloom,  
All glistening with the summer showers;  
But I can breathe their sweet perfume,  
And bless the God who made the flowers!  
O Lord, each murmuring thought control,  
Let no repining tear-drop fall;  
Pour heavenly light upon my soul,  
That I may see thy love in all!

I cannot read the pages where  
Thy holy will is written, Lord;  
But I can seek thy house of prayer,  
And humbly listen to the word  
Which lifts my soul to that blest place  
Where I at thy loved feet shall  
Behold my Saviour face to face,  
And see and own his love in all!

## TALKING ABOUT IT.



RASH! crash! went the thunder in a great black cloud just overhead. Little Lulu was almost afraid she should be caught in a shower. She heard the loud wind go roaring and blowing among the tree-tops, and she felt it too as it came sweeping around, almost taking her little feet off the ground, and threatening to carry away her little bonnet and cape.

So patter, patter went the tiny feet as fast as they could go toward home; and just as a bright, blinding flash of lightning came streaking through the sky they stepped inside the door, carrying a little heart thankful enough to be under the shelter of the dear roof before the first drop of rain fell.

Mamma was very busy in the kitchen superintending the making of preserves and jellies; but, like a good, loving mother as she was, she did not forget her little daughter away at school.

"Bridget," she said, "I think you had better look out and see if Lulu is in sight."

But just then she heard the tiny feet come quickly up the walk and step into the hall; and presently a little rosy face peeped in at the kitchen-door, looking for "mamma."

"Does it rain, dear?" said her mother.

"Not yet, mamma," was the reply, "but it's talking about it."

## DUST WASTED.

A LITTLE girl watching the great clouds of dust which were stirred up and driven before a high wind, exclaimed to her mother, "See, there is dust enough wasted to make several people."



## "IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but bread and milk, when others have every sort of nice things," muttered Charlie after he had eaten the contents of his wooden bowl and thrown himself upon the floor in a fit of spleen. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow while others roll about in their coaches."

"It's a great blessing," said his mother, "to have food when so many are hungry; to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless. It's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering."

"Why, mother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his mother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."

"Will you do as we do on Christmas-day?" inquires Mr. Jasper of a troublesome acquaintance who is "fishing" for an invitation.

"O with pleasure!"

"Dine at home, then!"

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