

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## FAVORITES.

This picture is engraved from one of the popular paintings of the great English artist, Sir EDWIN LANDSEER. The design is very beautiful. That pretty pony looks so kindly upon you that you can almost fancy you hear it inviting you to mount and take a ride. The little dog looks very cute, and the old one appears to be in a brown study. The boy enjoys his task of holding the pony until his mistress comes, and, altogether, the picture is one you cannot help admiring. There are few persons living who could make such a one.

Yet there was a time when Sir Edwin Landseer could not draw a straight line, when he did not know how to paint a line of beauty. He once knew no more of his art than you now know. But he made a beginning. He learned little by little, line after line, tint after tint, until he became the greatest painter of animals in old England, and, for aught

I know, in the world. If he had not tried, toiled, and persevered, *you* would never have enjoyed the pleasure you now feel looking at this pretty picture. Let his example cheer you, then, my child. You are beginning your studies, and are often puzzled, and wearied, and vexed with your tasks. Cheer up. Never give way to weariness. Work on. Your little beginnings are as necessary to you as Edwin Landseer's were to him. Only get all your tasks well, and, may be, you will one day do something at which the world will wonder, and which will add to the happiness of many men, women, and children.

X. X.

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## THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

THE poor girl carried a heavy heart. She had very few friends, and no dear little playmates such as all girls like to have. She had not clothing suitable to wear to school, so she seldom went out any-

where. When she did venture out she often heard herself styled "The Drunkard's Daughter," and this would send her home with a sense of burning shame that destroyed all her comfort. She had a good mother whom she dearly loved, but their home was very poor, for her father spent all his earnings in the bar-room. And if they managed by hard toil to secure some little comfort, her father in his drunken fits would usually take it from them or manage to destroy it, so that her life was one of constant privation, toil, and sorrow, with very little to cheer it. Yet there was one ray of blessed light that shone down even into the drunkard's home and cheered the drunkard's daughter. Mary's mother was a true Christian, and through all her sorrows she had kept her trust in God and prayed for her family until at last Mary rejoiced in hope, and with a changed heart knelt by her mother's side.

After this Mary found great comfort in praying for her father. She did so hope that some day he would come to his right mind and be the dear, good