



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SAME GOD.

LITTLE Charlie was away from his home and his parents for the first time in his life when he was about four years old. When the lady with whom he was traveling went to put him to bed, she asked if he wished to say his prayers. He replied timidly that he did not know as he could pray in that strange place. The lady then talked very kindly about the journey, and all they had seen, and how the Lord had kept them, as his father had prayed in the morning, and then she asked him if he did not think that he ought to thank the Lord for thus answering his father's prayers. In a moment the little fellow sprang up, exclaiming, "Why, is it the same God here in L. that father and mother pray to in Boston?"

"Certainly it is, my child."

"O, I know him. He is my father and my friend, and I love him. Why, I didn't know it was the same God here," and clasping his hands devoutly he repeated his usual prayers.

"Now," he said, "you may take the light away, I'm not afraid. I know I'm safe since it is the same God," and so he sank sweetly to rest.

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PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.

Good old Bishop Hedding loved the children dearly, and they all loved him. The following is a story, which he often told with great gusto, about two little children of his acquaintance. They lived among the hills of New Hampshire, and the old gentleman and lady were shouting Methodists. The children tried to be good, and they were brought up to believe that they ought to give God the glory for all good things. Meetings were often held at their house, but the church was five miles distant, and it so happened that one Sunday afternoon it was thought advisable for the children to remain at home. They were charged to be quiet, to stay in the house, and to keep a good fire. So they piled up the wood in the big fireplace, and amused themselves very well for a while; but they finally grew restless, and went out to the barn to hunt for eggs. When they came back coals had fallen down, the floor in front of the fireplace was on fire, and the room was filled with flame and smoke.

But they did not lose their presence of mind. Willie ran for the water-pail, and threw on water; and Mary stood by and praised the good Lord, and the fire went out.

When the old folks came home they found the room sadly blackened with smoke, and a big hole burned in the floor, and they called the trembling children to account for it. Willie and Mary humbly confessed that they had done very wrong in leaving the house, and stated that the fire had caught in their absence.

"But how did you put it out?" inquired the old gentleman.

"O," said Mary, "Willie ran for the water-pail, and poured on the water, and I said 'Glory to God,' and he said 'Amen.' Then he ran and got some more water, and I kept saying 'Glory to God!' as fast as I could, and he kept pouring on the water

and saying 'Amen!' as fast as he could till it went out.

The old people were so thankful that the house and the children had been saved that they said "Glory to God" and "Amen" too.

And the children took good care the next time to do as they were bid, and learned to give glory to God for his mercy and grace in helping them to keep his commandments. C.

RESPECT FOR AGE.

A Russian princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss doctor of the last century, Michael Scuppach, when the marquis began to pass his jokes upon the long white beard of one of the doctor's neighbors who was present, and offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the dirty old fellow. The Russian princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, and deposited twelve louis d'ors, and sent it to the marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the peasant, saying, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country," and embracing, gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, saying, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SUNSHINE.

A song, a little child song,
Now sing I;
A song of grass and flowers
And blue sky.

Roses wild, and clove
By the well,
Daisies and buttercups,
And blue bell.

Of golden rods waving
On the hill,
Sunshine in the meadow,
Calm and still.

Sunshine at the hearthstone,
Bright and fair;
Sunshine blessing all things
Everywhere.

Father, may the sunshine
Of thy smile
Gild our elder childhood
All the while,

Till we dwell in glory,
Far above,
All amid the sunshine
Of thy love.

EMIL.

CHINESE PROVERBS ON CONTENTMENT.

The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall.
It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first.

True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.

The top strawberries are eaten the first.

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ANNIE'S BOUQUETS.



IN the season of flowers nothing suits Annie better than to make up little bouquets for her friends. To be sure she has what most people would consider a very small stock of materials—no greenhouse, no large flower garden, only a little front yard, and the range of the meadow and the wildwood; but she does manage to get

up some of the most witching little bouquets.

In putting them together she seems to know at a glance what will look pretty. Perhaps she has a good eye for colors; perhaps she has natural taste. Now do you draw a little sigh, and wish that you had taste and an eye for colors? Do not despair, they can be cultivated. Come all you that belong to the Try Company, and let us take a look at Annie's bouquets.

You will observe that she picks her flowers with long stems, and uses an abundance of leaves. In arranging them she puts those colors together which harmonize best, the blue with the orange, the purple with the yellow, and the buff with the violet. Then she selects the largest or most showy for the center, arranging the others around it according to their colors, filling in the spaces with small flowers or a few leaves, and surrounding the whole with green.

Now each of you go gather some flowers and leaves and grasses, make the prettiest bouquets you can and bring them in, and we will see if you cannot do as well as Annie. AUNT JULIA.

"KIND WORDS."

Kind words did it all! Was it not little rosy-cheeked Patty Morgan who went tripping along with her great jug, fell down, broke it all to pieces, and sent a river of milk flowing down the gutter? And what dried her tears and comforted her heart? *Kind words.* Susan Green ran to help the little maid; and while she picked her up, and wiped her pinafore, whispered: "There, there! don't cry. I'll go home with you, and tell your mother how it happened."

"Since God is God, and right is right,
The right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

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