

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AMOS AND THE NAILS.

THERE was a very bad boy by the name of Amos, who had a very good father. This father was grieved and troubled at the wickedness of his son, and had tried in vain to convince him of his sin and induce him to make efforts to reform and serve God. One day the father said to Amos, "Here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you, every time you do a wrong action, to drive one of those nails into this wall."

Amos said, "Well, father, I will."

Before long Amos came to his father and said, "The keg is empty. I have used all the nails. Come and see."

The father went to the spot and found the wall black with nails. He said to his son, "Amos, have you committed a wrong action for every one of those nails?"

"Yes, father," said Amos.

The father said sorrowfully, "What a bad boy you must be, Amos! Why will you not turn about and try to be a good boy?"

Amos remained thoughtful for a few moments and then said, "Father, I will try. I have been altogether too bad. I will try to be a better boy."

Said his father, "Take the hammer, and for every good act you do draw out a nail and put it into the keg."

In a few weeks the boy came again to his father and said, "Come, father, and see the nails in the keg again. For every good act I have done I have pulled out a nail. See, the keg is full again!"

"I am glad of it, my son; but, Amos, the HOLES are there!"

What did he mean, my little readers? Can you tell how these holes can be stopped up? (See Isa. xliii, 25, and 1 John i, 7.) D. NASU.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Little knees should lowly bend
At the time of prayer;
Little thoughts to heaven ascend
To our Father there.

Little hands should usefully
In employment move;
Little feet should cheerfully
Run on works of love.

Little tongues should speak the truth,
As by Scripture taught;
Little lips should ne'er be loth
To confess a fault.

Little ears should listen to
All the Bible says;
Little bosoms throb to do
What the Lord will please.

Little spirits should be glad
Jesus died to save;
O how cold, and dark, and sad,
Else would be the grave!

Little children sinners are;
But the Saviour says,
All that seek him now by prayer
Shall obtain his grace.

Little infants dying go
To the world above;
And our souls shall join them too
If we Jesus love.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE FAIR.

"I do wish I could go to the fair," said little Carrie with a yawn.

"What fair, my child?" inquired her mother, looking up from her work.

"Why, the Metropolitan Fair," said the little one; "it must be a grand sight with all the flowers, and the paintings, and the curiosity-shop," she continued, though she got things slightly mixed up.

"And how came you to know about them?" inquired the mother.



"Why, have I not been reading in the paper?" and sure enough, though she was only seven years old, she had waded through a long account of the fair. She leaned her head back and thought. "I wish I could do something for the soldiers, mamma," she said at last.

"Well, why don't you?"

"What?"

"Get up a fair."

"I, mamma? What should I put in it? O I know! I might put in my coral necklace, if you will let me, and the mat that I knit last week, and—" she hesitated, and when her mother looked up she saw her turning over thoughtfully a little gold ring, the gift of her uncle. "I was thinking, mamma, if uncle would let me, I could sell this ring—gold is worth so much now, and this does me no good."

"Ask him, then," replied her mother.

"But, mamma, one person—one little girl cannot get up a fair."

"Why not, my child?"

"Because, because," said she hesitating, "there are so many things to be done; and then, besides, where should I hold it, and who would buy the things?"

"Well, it might be held in the parlor, and there are uncle, and aunt, and Mrs. G., and other neighbors that would buy. And if you wish help, why not ask Hattie and Lina?"

"O so I will! so I will!" said Carrie, actually jumping for joy. "May I go and ask them now, mother?"

"Stop a moment, my child, and think whether or not you will carry this thing out. Are you willing to give up your visit to Aunt Myra's, and to spend your vacation and all your money for a month at least? It will hardly be worth while to take less time than that over it."

"O, mother, why should I not? There the poor soldiers are giving years and years without even going to visit their own families. Indeed, mother, I think I can."

"Well, I think so too, but I prefer to have you wait till morning, and then you will have time to think about it and make all your plans."

Busy little heads planned and busy little fingers worked all day long for many a day after this, and the result of it all was that Carrie and her little friends got up a fair that brought in nearly fifty dollars. And O, I tell you they were very happy little girls on the day when that fifty dollars was sent off to the Christian Commission. They reckoned up on their slates how many tracts and *Good News* it would buy, and how many cans of tomatoes, and how many pounds of sago and dried apples, until, in imagination, they had spent it all many times

over. But their imaginations fell far short of the reality. They would have been abundantly rewarded if they could have seen only one of the many poor tired and wounded soldiers that were refreshed and cheered by their bounty.

My little reader, can't you do something for the soldiers? There have been many big fairs for the Sanitary Commission all over the country; can you not get up a little fair for the Christian Commission? That takes care of soul and body too. Suppose you try it.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

WHAT EDDIE SAID TO TIDD.

"MOTHER," said little Eddie, "Tidd pulled my apron and tried to make me look at Brockie and play when father was praying this morning. I did not know what to do, so I said this verse that you had taught me to him: 'My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.'"

Now Tidd was a big boy that had a drunken father and a poor ignorant mother. He was

not used to going into the dining-room to prayers, and he no doubt felt very awkward, and looked around not knowing what to do, when his eyes rested on Brock, Eddie's big white dog, creeping into the room. He thought it was very funny, and did just as I fear many of our Sabbath-school boys that have Christian parents would have done. Perhaps little Eddie did not have charity enough for Tidd, and did not realize how thankful he ought to be to God for a Christian home. He thought Brockie did not know any better, and he knew that Jesus would not forgive Tidd's sins and bless him if he played at prayer-time. H.

DO WHAT GOOD YOU CAN.

I SEE in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery. Now, if I can take the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but, meanwhile, I will not neglect this.—REV. JOHN NEWTON.

IDIENESS is the dead sea, which swallows all virtues, and is the self-made sepulcher of a living man.—JOHNSON.

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