

## "MY JESUS."

THE children were talking about their favorite books. Each had her favorite. "This is mine," said Maggy, clasping her hands over the family Bible, "because it tells all about my Jesus."

"My Jesus too," said Willie.

"And mine," said Cousin Ellen.

"Mine," whispered Judy, the little negro at the door.

"Mine, I hope," added Uncle John, just made a judge.

Yes, the little black can call Jesus hers; the little white child can call Jesus his; the judge on his bench and the beggar on his crutch can call Jesus theirs, for Jesus died on the cross alike for all; and if we repent and believe in him, we are of *one* family, the blessed household of Jesus Christ.

## LOVE TO CHRIST.

A CONVERTED Hindoo came one morning to the missionary bringing his brass idols, and throwing them on the ground, said:

"Enough of these; I have done with them, and wish to have no more to do with them. I have read much and learned much in my heathen books, but I have found no rest. In Christ alone is rest."

He also took from his neck a silver chain bearing the name of his god, and casting it on the ground, said:

"Enough. Nothing but sin has cleaved to me all the while I have kept this close to me. Please, sir, take it. I know of something better—the love of Jesus. O how different from all this! I know I must be persecuted by my friends and relatives, but I don't mind that."

## GOD IS LIGHT.

SAID a little child to me,

"If God lives so very far

Up above the highest heaven,

Far beyond the brightest star,

"How can he be always near me,

Caring for me night and day?

Are you sure that God can hear me

When I lift my hands and pray?"

And I answered, "God has spoken

Holy words that we receive;

And he gives us many a token,

To persuade us to believe.

"Like the sun that shines around us,

Making all things bright and fair,

By the wayside, in the chamber,

God is with us everywhere.

"Trust him, darling, when he tells you

He is near by day and night;

Distance cannot part you from him,

Darkness hides not—"God is light."

## A CHILD'S REASON OF THE HOPE WITHIN HER.

A SHORT time since I passed by a cottage in the country. A little girl was in the garden, and I asked her, "Do you love Jesus?"

"O yes, I do," she said.

"Why do you love him?"

"Because he died for us," she answered.

Then I said to her, "Children as little as you die. You may die soon, perhaps to-night: what then?"

"O," she said, "then I should go to heaven."

## "ARE THE STRIPES THERE TOO?"

A BRIGHT little three-year-old was sitting in his mother's lap a few evenings since, when he suddenly asked, "Are the stars in heaven?"

The mother, of course, responded in the affirmative; when the little fellow put the further question, "Are the stripes there too, mother?"



## THE FOX AND THE DOG.

A FOX and a dog became fond of each other, and often went about together. The fox sometimes popped his head into a farm-yard and stole a fowl or a goose. One day he had made free with a fine goose, where he and the dog had often been seen together. All the other geese set up so great a cackling that the farmer went out to see what was the matter. He took his gun with him, which was well loaded with shot. When he saw the fox just clearing the gate and running off, with the dog close to his side, the farmer fired and the shot lodged in them both, so that he caught them.

"Thou shalt die, rogue as thou art!" said he to the fox as he knocked him on the head with the butt-end of his gun. "And so shalt thou," said he to the dog as he turned to him.

"O hold, I beseech you!" pleaded the dog. "I never stole a goose in my life."

"Why, then, did you keep company with such a rogue? I will not believe thee," said the farmer, and so he killed the dog also.

Avoid wicked children if you would wish not to be thought as bad as they are.

## THE BEE AND THE MISER.



AN old miser counted his gold while a bee buzzed out and in at the window. "Poor creature," he said as he locked his treasure away, "silly thing! don't you know that you are toiling all your lifetime for man?"

The bee stopped on her way. "Old man," she said, "small though I look, I am old too, and I know how happy the life of a bee is. True, we work for man, but man works for us."

"Works for you!" exclaimed the miser; "what does he do for you except eating your honey?"

"In the far Indies," said the bee, "man toils among the sugar-canes for us. He eats our honey, but we eat his sugar. It is true that I have sometimes thought he might leave us a little more of our honey than he does, but in the main he treats us well. Nay, he values us so much, that if a cold season comes and we have no honey to give, he feels us all winter through for nothing. But if your

store, old man, were to fail, who would feed you? Who? who?" And the bee buzzed away to her hive, humming these old words as she went: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

## DON'T BREAK THE SABBATH.

A YOUNG man lay tossing from side to side on a straw-bed in one corner of a dark room in a prison.

"What brought you here?" said one who went to visit him in his distress.

"Breaking the Sabbath," said he, "breaking the Sabbath. Instead of going to the Sabbath-school I went a fishing on the Sabbath. I knew I was doing wrong; my mother taught me better; my Sabbath-school teacher taught me better; my minister taught me better; my Bible taught me better; my conscience reproved me all the time I was doing it; but I hated instruction and despised reproof—and here I am in prison. I did not believe those who taught me and warned me. I had no idea that it would come to this—but here I am. Lost! Undone!"

But I hear some one say, "What harm can there be in taking a stroll in the woods or on the hills? What harm in just sitting down on the bank to fish?"

What harm! What harm! Why, this. God is disobeyed. He says, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." The moment you resolve to have your own way, and seek your own pleasure, instead of obeying God, you let go compass, rudder, and chart. Nothing but God's word can guide you safely through this life. *Forsake that, refuse to obey its teachings, and you are lost.*

## THE MAGPIE.

THE magpie resembles the daw, except that the breast and wings are white, and the tail very long. It is a very loquacious creature, and can be brought to imitate the human voice as well as any parrot.

The magpie feeds on worms, insects, meat, cheese, bread, milk, and all kinds of seeds. He is fond of hiding pieces of money or wearing apparel, which he carries away by stealth and with much dexterity to his hole. His cunning is also remarked in the manner of making his nest, which he covers all over with thorny branches, leaving only one hole for his ingress and egress, securing in that manner his brood from attacks of his enemies.

Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?

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