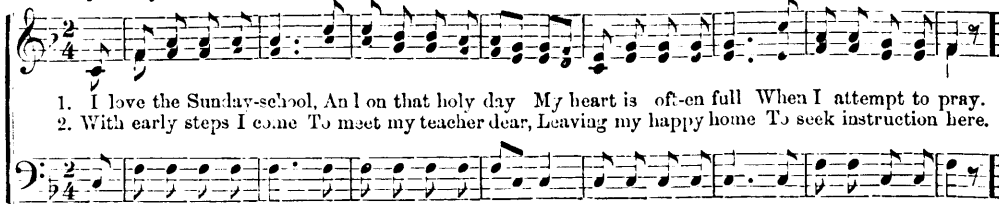


This tune is from our new book, "THE SWEET SINGER."

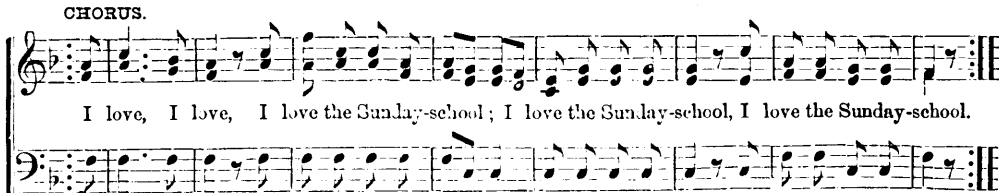
I love the Sunday-school.

Spiritedly.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.



1. I love the Sunday-school, An'l on that holy day My heart is oft-en full When I attempt to pray.
2. With early steps I come To meet my teacher dear, Leaving my happy home To seek instruction here.

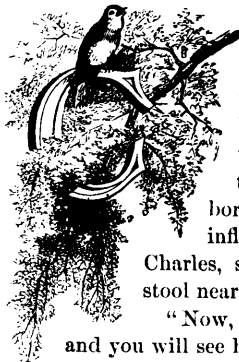


CHORUS.
I love, I love, I love the Sunday-school; I love the Sunday-school, I love the Sunday-school.

3. I love the Sunday-school,
The precious volume too,
Which is the only rule
To teach me what to do.—*Chorus.*
4. Within it I behold
The rays of gospel light,
Richer than gems or gold,
And most divinely bright.—*Chorus.*
5. I love the Sunday-school,
An'l wish that every child
Would here his name enroll,
No more be rude an'l wild.—*Chorus.*
6. Wasting his precious time,
Spending his idle breath
In folly or in crime
Along the road to death.—*Chorus.*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by CARLTON & PORTER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

CHARLIE'S SUM.



CHARLES was at school, and though only twelve years old, he was head of the class for arithmetic. His father had come home from his work, his mother was out that evening visiting a neighbor whose boy was very ill of inflammation in the lungs. Charles, sitting with his slate on a stool near his father, said:

"Now, do please give me a sum, and you will see how soon I will do it."

"Well, I will," his father replied. "Are you ready? A rich lady once found lying at her door, one summer morning, a little baby wrapped in an old shawl. She could not find who laid it there, but she resolved to rear it, and gave it out to nurse, keeping an account of all it cost her. When the little baby had grown up a fine boy twelve years of age she wrote out the account, thus: 'A nurse for keeping the infant for three years, at \$100 a year. Clothes, twelve years, at \$20 a year. Food, twelve years, at \$50 a year. Lodging, twelve years, at \$25 a year. Teaching, books, etc., for six years, at \$25 a year. Doctor and medicine when the boy was ill, three times, \$10, \$5, \$10.' Now tell me the sum of it?"

Charles, after a little explanation, set to work, and by multiplying, found out the figures marked opposite each article, and adding, found that the little baby had cost the lady \$1,615.

"How much money!" the boy exclaimed.

"Yes, it is indeed, Charles," said the father. "Do you think you could pay as much?"

"O no! I have just one half dollar grandpapa gave me."

"Well, but, my boy, do you know that you have to pay all that, and much more, to another kind lady?"

Charles stared.

"Yes! Are you not just twelve years old, and what kind lady nursed you, fed and lodged you, clothed and taught you? I thought Charles forgot who did all this for him, when he put on a sulky face this morning, and went so slowly on mamma's errand to the baker!"

The boy's face was bent downward, and his cheeks grew very red.

"Let me see your sum, Charles; there is some-

thing more to put down. For twelve years mamma has loved you, watched over you, prayed for you. No money can tell how much that love and these prayers were worth. When you grow up you might pay the \$1,615, but how will you pay mamma for her love?"

Charles's eyes filled with tears. "I will never behave so again! I can never pay what I have cost her!"

"Would you give her the half dollar, Charlie? I think you would. But you have more than that to give. You can *love* mamma and *obey* her, can't you? She asks nothing more, and that is what God means by honoring thy mother in the fifth commandment."

When mamma came home Charles crept near her and showed her the account. His father explained it. She kissed her boy and said, "O, if my Charlie grows up to be a good man I shall be well paid for all!"

WEATHER SAYINGS.

THE following are some of the couplet-sayings relative to the weather which are common in this country:

"An evening red, and next morning gray,
Are sure signs of a beautiful day."

"If the moon shows a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field."

"If the cock crows going to bed,
He will rise with a watery head."

"When the peacock loudly bawls,
We shall soon have rain and squalls."

"When the glow-worm lights her lamp,
Surely then the air is damp."

"A rainbow in the morning
Gives the traveler warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the traveler's delight."

MEMORY OF A HORSE.

A MILK-DEALER in this vicinity some thirteen years ago sold a horse to one of our citizens, which for some little time previous to the sale had been driven to a milk-wagon, and had become familiar with the several stopping-places about the city. The citizen who purchased the horse has kept him for a family horse the past thirteen years, refusing at one time the sum of one hundred dollars on account of his good qualities. Within a few days the horse, now over twenty years old, has returned to

the milk-dealer, and is again upon the old route. The very first day the horse appeared to be at home, and stopped of his own accord at all the places he had been accustomed to stop at thirteen years ago.—*Hartford Courant.*

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOBSTERS.



SOME animals are very ingenious; lobsters are not. Some time ago there was a landslide on some portion of the coast of England that pushed by its weight a portion of the bottom of the sea up out of the water. On this newly-made land were a number of lobsters that must have been very much surprised by this sudden ebb of the tide, that is, if they thought anything at all about it. At all events they waited for it to flow over them again, which, of course, it did not do, and they actually died there for want of water, though in some cases it was only a few feet from their noses. They really had not sense enough to tumble into it and save their lives. You would think that almost anything with life would have sense enough to find its way to the water if it had the power of motion. You see by this that this animal has but very little intelligence.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE GREAT HEART.

"LITTLE GREAT HEART" was the name given to a little girl, (mentioned in Mrs. Richard's new book,) because she is so thoughtful of the comfort and happiness of others and forgetful of herself. She was always devising some way of making her little brother and sister happy. She had one brother older than herself, who had a peevish temper through much sickness, and for him she made every sacrifice. One day they were at play together when he took a fancy to take away her toys. She loved her toys, but she gave them up one after another until they were all gone, and then she said so sweetly:

"Don't fret, Charlie; I haven't one left now to give you. Do, please, be dood now, and don't ky."

"How can you do the most good?" asked a lady of a little girl.

"By being myself as good a girl as I can be," was the reply.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address, 45 cents per vol.				
" 5 copies	" 10,	" " 40	" " "	"
" 10 "	" 20,	" " 37 1/2	" " "	"
" 20 "	" 30,	" " 35	" " "	"
" 30 "	" 40,	" " 32 1/2	" " "	"
" 40 "	" 50,	" " 30	" " "	"
" 50 "	" 75,	" " 28	" " "	"
" 75 "	" 100,	" " 27	" " "	"
" 100 "	" 200,	" " 26	" " "	"
" 200 "	and upward,	" " 25	" " "	"

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to REV. DR. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.