

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

Come to Jesus, Little One. *Karl Reben.*

Cheerfully.

1. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now; Hum - bly at his
2. Seek his face with - out de - lay; Give Him now your heart; Tar - ry not, but,

gra - cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow. At his feet con - fess your sin;
while you may, Choose the bet - ter part. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one,

Seek for - give - ness there; For his blood can make you clean: He will hear your prayer.
Come to Je - sus now; Hum - bly at his gracious throne In sub - mission bow.

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WILLIE'S WISH.



WILLIE was sick and a cripple. His world was the little chamber, which he rarely left. One Sabbath morning his friend Harry dropped in when on his way to school. Seeing Willie looking very grave, he said:

"Willie, what have you been thinking about these last few minutes?"

"I was thinking," replied Willie, "of the dream I had last night. I dreamed that two little shining angels came down and took me off my bed of pain and took me up to heaven, and O how happy I was, dear Harry! I cannot describe it to you. I thought I saw the great white throne and all the angels. I thought that Jesus took me in his arms, and O how loving he was! Dear Harry, I so long to go to heaven! I know that Jesus loves me, but I want to be embraced in his loving arms, he is so kind and good to me."

Willie's wish was a lofty one and has since been granted. Willie is in heaven now. K.

THE RAVEN AND THE RING.

In a village near Warsaw there once lived a pious peasant of German extraction, by name Dobry. Without any fault of his own he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out; and it was winter. He went to him three times and besought him in vain. It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family, when, as they sat there in their sorrow, Dobry kneeled down in their midst and sang.

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands."

And as they came to the last verse,

"When thou wouldst all our need supply,
Who shall stay thy hand?"

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window, the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious

stones. Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would take and show it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him and related the story. The king sent for Dobry and rewarded him, so that he was no more in need, and the next year built him a new house and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house-door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light!"

HOW TO RETURN A BLOW.

MR. MARSH, of Mosul, relates of an Armenian named John, that when living at Constantinople he was hired by persecuting Armenians to strike a watchmaker. The latter upon receiving the blow nobly prayed:

"May God bless you!"

This remarkable answer was effectual; for, said John in allusion to the affair, I could not strike again, and at night I said to the money, "Instead of my eating you, you will eat me."

John soon gave occasion for friends and foes to say of him, "Behold, he prayeth!" Thus was the power of "a soft answer" strikingly illustrated.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BOY THAT DID NOT LOVE GOD.

THE little son of a Presbyterian clergyman was stopping at my house. When class-time came, not wishing to leave him by himself or with the servants, I took him with me to the class-room. The leader knew the child was a good boy in school, a good boy on the way to school, and a good boy at home, and when he came to him he said:

"Albert, do you love God?"

We were greatly astonished to hear the boy answer:

"No, I do not!"

"You pray to God, do you not, Albert?"

"Yes, sir; but I do not love him," replied Albert.

After class we talked with Albert and he said:

"I should have told a lie if I had said I loved

God when I do not give my heart to him. Then

Jesus says, 'If you love me you will keep my commandments.' I want to love God, but I don't as long as I can't do as he tells me to. I like to go to Methodist Sunday-school and like the Methodist minister, and I am going to be a Methodist when I get to be twenty-one."

Now we just approve of Albert's views of loving God. We do not think any little boy or girl can love God without giving him their heart. But we do not agree with him in thinking he must wait until he is twenty-one to be either a Christian or a Methodist. He ought to love Jesus now, H.



A PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

KEEP me, Lord; O Lord, uphold me;
From the tempter safely fold me.
I am weak, on thee I call;
Christ, support me, or I fall.
Father, dangers round me throng;
I am feeble, thou art strong.
Over rock, and hill, and sea,
Guide me home to heaven and thee.

THE SABBATH.

A SABBATH well spent
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever is gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

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