

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUFFER

ONTO
M.S.

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Three Wishes.

THREE children once, on a bright summer day, Having fairly tired themselves out at play, Lay down on the banks of a rippling stream To dream of the future, as young hearts dream, And tell over, each to the other, again, The deeds they would do when they were men.

The first one carelessly lifted his head, And his dark eye flashed as he proudly said: "A few short years, and the sound of my name Shall ring through earth on the voice of fame! I will lead men on the field afar, I will come from thence with the spoils of war! A mighty power will I hold in my hand, Thousands shall wait on my least command; The fairest and bravest to me shall bend, Craving the life that is mine to lend; And the laurel wreath, and the sounding lay, And the rush of proud music shall greet my way!"

The second looked up, and his eye of blue Flashed prouder than his of the darker hue: "Boast of your slaves with their suppliant knee! You and your peers bend your souls to me; My life shall be like a beautiful dream, Toilless and careless, by thine, will it seem; I will send my fancy on gossamer wings, Roaming the earth for beautiful things; But the pen that I wield with my own right hand Shall mightier be than your strongest band; I shall master the heart with its exquisite skill; You shall laugh, you shall weep, hope, or fear, as I will!"

But the third had silently stolen away While his playfellows talked of the future day; For he feared, if he told of his choice on earth, It would only awaken their mocking mirth.



But a vision flitted across his thought Of happiness only by labor wrought. Care and toil he would willingly prove, Might it only be a "labor of love." For well he knew that the joys that spring From the power to remedy suffering, Come back to the heart in its hour of sorrow, With sweeter voice than fame can borrow.

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Little one, cease from thy laughing glee, Listen a moment, and answer me; Now as I show these pictures three, Which of them seemeth the best to thee?

Picture Sermons.

We might print in full the different texts referred to in these picture sermons, but then they would not do you half the good they will if you hunt them out for yourselves. Read them verse by verse, and see what pictures belong to them. Learn what little things can do; learn what wisdom can do.

The Honey-Bee and Bumble-Bee.

A Fable.

BY H. D. RANNEY, M.D.

It is said that once upon a pleasant summer day a honey-bee and bumble-bee, while upon their busy rounds in search of honey, accidentally met, and after saluting each other, the one in a bold and blustering way, the other modestly and timidly, they sat down on the declining stamen of an open flower, and in the shade of its expanding petals chatted awhile together.

I don't know how their conversation came to be noised abroad, but report says that a squirrel, whose name was "They say," heard them, and wrote it down. Be this as it may, I am sure there is some truth in the story, for I have often seen such meetings among the flowers in the beautiful meadows of the country.

Now these bees are very much alike in some respects, but equally unlike in others. They bear the same name, both gather honey, and deposit it in the cells of the beautiful comb, flying in the warm summer day from flower to flower. When irritated they have the same sting as a weapon of defense and for