

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

Thy Will be Done. C. M.

C. O. News.

Gently.

1. How sweet to be allowed to pray To God, the Ho - ly One; With fil - ial love and trust to say, "Fa - ther, thy will be done."

2. We in these sa - cred words can find A cure for ev - 'ry ill; They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.

3. O could my heart thus ev - er pray, Thus in - i - tate thy Son! Teach me, O God, with truth to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"

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THE SLY MAGPIE.

DR. STEVELLY, of Belfast, owned a magpie of which he tells this funny story:

"Our magpie was particularly fond of any shining article, such as spoons and trinkets; these he frequently stole, and we came upon his treasure-house in a remarkable way. There was an old gentleman, a great friend of my father's, who resided with us almost continually. He was of a peculiarly studious disposition, but from a deformity in his person he used generally to read standing, with his arms and breast resting on the back of a chair, and the book placed on a table before him. After having read for a while, it was his habit to take off his spectacles, lay them beside him, blow his nose, take a pinch of snuff, and after a few moments' pondering what he had been reading, resume his spectacles and proceed.

"One very warm day I lay reading at the end of a room in which there was an open glass-door leading to the greenhouse; in this room the old gentleman was most intently pursuing his studies at a little distance from me. My attention was soon arrested by seeing the magpie perched upon the chair near him, eyeing him most intently and with a very arch expression, and at length, in an instant, he had with a most active hop reached the table, secured the red-leathern spectacle-case, and was out of the glass-door with the most noiseless wing and with a very graceful motion. I remained quiet, resolved to see the end of the joke. After a few seconds' absence Jack was again at his post, eyeing the old gentleman with a most inquisitive and yet business-like glance. It was almost impossible to resist the ludicrous impression produced by the entire scene. At length off came the spectacles, and out came the pocket-handkerchief and snuff-box. Quick as thought, Jack had visited the table, and was out of the open door with the prize, which I have no doubt had from the beginning been the object of his covetous admiration while they were on the nose of the gentleman!

"At length, the period of rumination having elapsed, the old gentleman was about replacing the spectacles. As soon as his surprise had abated at not finding them with his hand beside him on the table, he removed the chair and groped about on the carpet, then raised the book and examined every

part of the table. Not being able to restrain myself any longer, I exploded in laughter, and of course I was instantly suspected of playing off a practical joke, and charged with taking the spectacles, but at length succeeded in convincing him that I had never risen from the sofa on which I reclined. After a good deal of laughing, and other members of the family having been attracted to the room by the noise, I was compelled to own that I had witnessed Jack's theft.

"The question then became serious how the articles were to be recovered. Some person suggested that a teaspoon should be left on the table and Jack be watched. This was done, but Jack's motions were so rapid that he eluded us all, seeming at first to pass completely over the house. At length, by placing two or three persons in favorable positions, he was 'marked' in a leaden valley, between a double part of the roof, and this having been closely searched a deposit was discovered, not only of the things which Jack had that day carried off, but also of other articles which had long been supposed to be lost, but respecting which a breath of suspicion as to Jack had never been entertained!"—*Wood's Illustrated Natural History.*

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.



Two little birds had a nest in the bushes in the back part of the garden. Julia found the nest. It had some speckled eggs in it— one, two, three, four. But she did not trouble the nest or distress the dear little birds. One day, after she had been away some time, down

she ran into the garden to take a peep at the four little speckled eggs. Instead of the beautiful eggs there were only broken, empty shells.

"O," she said, picking out the pieces, "the beautiful eggs are all spoiled and broken!"

"No, Julia," replied her brother, "they are not spoiled; the best part of them has taken wings and flown away."

So it is when a Christian child dies: its little body, left behind, is only an empty shell; while its soul, the better part, has taken wings and flown away.

BLACK YOUR BOOTS! WHY?

BRIGHTLY-POLISHED boots are cooler in warm weather and warmer in cold weather than dull and dusty boots; for in warm weather they reflect the heat of the sun, which dusty and dirty boots absorb; and in cold weather the clean boot does not allow the warmth of your foot to radiate freely, whereas the unclean boot does. Clean, bright boots are con-

sequently more comfortable, as well as respectable, both in hot weather and in cold. Not only will different substances, as iron and wood, give out heat or take it in, more or less, but the same substance radiates heat more or less actively as it is bright or dull, rough or smooth. Now, dirty boots are rough as well as dull. They have a surface of many little hills and valleys, so that, in truth, there is more surface for heat to pass through either way. As a rough surface is a larger surface, more heat from within than from without always passes through dull and dirty boots than polished ones.

BE LIKE JESUS.

To be like Jesus! O how sweet!
Living on earth as Jesus did!
Never to speak one angry word,
But always do as we are bid!

To be like Jesus! he, dear child,
With God and man in favor grew;
Never was known to tell a lie,
But always said just what was true.

To be like Jesus! when, O Lord,
Thou giv'st a holy heart to me,
Never shall I then wish to sin,
But always try to be like thee.

To be like Jesus! pure in thought,
And word, and deed! O help me, Lord,
Never thy Spirit more to grieve,
But always love thy holy word.

To be like Jesus! O how sweet!
When I go home to heaven above
Never shall I forget thee more,
But always dwell with thee in love.

THE fear of God and sweet content,
Yield riches that will ne'er be spent.

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