

MORNING SONG.

NIGHT is over; light is streaming;
Through my window-pane 'tis come;
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear happy home.
God has watched me through the night;
God it is who sends us light.

NIGHT is over; some poor children
Have been homeless, sleepless, ill;
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my chamber, warm and still.
Lord, I thank thee for thy love;
Raise my morning thoughts above.

NIGHT is over; heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin;
Let thy Spirit rule within.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AGGIE'S REPENTANCE.

YEARS and years ago a little girl at school heard one of the big boys say, "Sandy, you're a fool!" All that day she wondered and wondered what



the word could mean, for she had never heard it used before. At night grandmamma explained it, and she dwelt so much upon its wickedness that when Aggie went to bed she said to herself as she snuggled down under the cover, "I'll never, never call any one a fool."

Not long after this the little girl went to visit her mother. She had always lived with her grandmother, and one of the happiest things in her life was the yearly visit to mother, father, and little sister. One day during this visit her mother said:

"Aggie, I do not think it best for you to go down to the seaside with Margery to-day. I prefer to go with you myself when you go. We'll all go on Saturday afternoon, and then papa can go too."

"O, mamma," said Aggie, "but I've been thinking so much about it. Do let me go to-day, wont you?"

"No, my dear, I can't."

The little girl was very angry, and forgot all about her resolution. So, running up the stair-steps a little way, she drew the door nearly together, so that mamma could not reach her, and then said:

"Mamma, you're a fool!"

The mother did not attempt to reach her. She only looked at the little baby sister lying on her knee, and with tears filling her beautiful eyes, said:

"I wonder if this little daughter will ever call her mother a fool?"

The door was closed very hastily, and Aggie ran



up to her own little room crying and sobbing most bitterly. Such a punishment she had not expected. Until tea-time she stayed there, thinking and planning how she could best ask her mother to forgive her. "O, I have it at last!" she said to herself; "after I've said 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' I'll say, 'Mamma, I'm so sorry I used that ugly word to-day, and still more so that I've grieved you. Will you forgive me?'"

The prayer was said, and Aggie almost ready to apologize, when a wicked thought came in her mind that it was not of much consequence after all; she might as well wait till morning.

On the morrow many things happened to prevent her from carrying out her good resolution, and she continued to put it off from day to day. The last day of her visit came. "Now," she said, "just after James lifts me into the carriage will be a good time to apologize."

But her mamma was not well that day and did not go out of the door, and Aggie was borne rapidly away, wishing she were not proud, wishing she had asked mamma's forgiveness on that first night, and many other equally useless things.

Not long after a letter came from her mother saying, "Before I leave for India, which will be next week, I shall pay you all a farewell visit."

The little girl almost jumped for joy. She had really suffered whenever she had thought of what she had done, and she meant to apologize just as soon as she could. But whenever she was alone with her mother she was afraid some one would come in while she was apologizing, or something might happen by which grandmamma or papa would find out all about it, and she allowed such foolish excuses to delay her until it was too late.



Poor little Aggie! all her pride was gone when she saw the coach driven away with her mother for the Indian steamer. But she said, "Only for a year, and then I shall always live with mamma!"

Aggie resolved many times during that year that just as soon as she saw her mother, no matter who might be present, she would ask forgiveness.

If you had been on an outward bound steamer about a year from this time you would have seen how the little girl's face brightened up with joy whenever anything was said about meeting mamma.

"How happy I shall be!" she would say; "I shall always, *always* live with dear mother, and I'm sure

she'll forgive and forget too if I've ever been rude or naughty."

* * * * *

What a beautiful home it was, fairly hidden by lofty trees and clinging vines. But Aggie saw none of these things in her haste to meet her mother and ask her forgiveness before the rest of the party came up.

"Mamma! mamma!" but all was still. "Where is my mother?" and at last some one said, "Mamma is dead, Aggie!"

"Dead! Can I never say, 'Dear mother, have you forgiven me?'"

"Never, never, never!"

At length Aggie's repentance was most sincere, but it was too late! too late! Her mamma had been sleeping the long quiet sleep for many weeks.

Dear little ones, don't think it a sign of weakness to confess when you have done wrong. It's the truest manhood, the noblest womanhood.

ROSE MATTHEWS.

THE LINNET, THE SPARROW, AND THE JACKDAW.

"I'm glad that I am not a sparrow,"
(A little field-linnet thus spoke,
"To live in the streets dark and narrow,
And have my coat spoiled by the smoke."

"I'm glad that I am not a linnet,"
(The sparrow as pertly replied;)
"In a dull grove, with no people in it,
I never could bear to reside."

A jackdaw (who chanced to be present)
Said, "If you'll be counseled by me,
You'll try to find any place pleasant
Where you are appointed to be."

"Sometimes in a high city steeple
It has been my fortune to dwell,
Whence I looked down on hundreds of people,
And cawed to the sound of the bell."

"And sometimes to lone country places
And old ruined buildings I went;
But somehow, in both of these cases
I managed to feel quite content."

"Then listen to what I am telling,
(For that it is truth you will find,
Peace does not depend on the dwelling,
But on your own temper of mind."

The sparrow (convinced in a minute)
Chirped out, he his foolishness saw;
"And I was wrong, too," said the linnet.
"Good-by, then," croaked Mr. Jackdaw.

WASHING AND IRONING.

A LITTLE girl seeing the doctor take her brother from a warm bath and apply a warm flat iron to his feet was at a loss to understand the last operation. Her first artless question was:

"Well, doctor, you have washed him, now s'pose you are going to iron him?"

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