



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### WHAT GIVES COLOR?

In the hot noon daytime I love to lie on the green grass under the tree by the cool brook. The sun, which is so bright that I cannot look upon it, does not find me here. But it shines all around me. It paints the green leaves, the gay flowers, the wings of the little bug that crawls on the ground, and the scales of the trout that swims in the water. Without the light of the sun we should have no color. Things that grow in the dark have no color, and when the sun goes away at night it takes all the colors with it. It is true, then, that in the dark we are all of one color. We do, indeed, get some colors by the light of the lamp, but it is when the sun shines out that the whole world looks gay with color, and the very skies are painted with bright hues. I love dearly to be in the country, where I can see all the works of God. I will have my mind open to learn about him, my heart open to love him, and my lips open to sing his praise.

### ONE DROP AT A TIME.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming: one little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

### "PLEASE, DON'T."

"MOTHER," said a dying child who loved Jesus, "shall you cry much when Jesus takes me?"

"I am afraid I shall," replied the mother, tears filling her eyes.

"O please don't," entreated the child with a distressed look; "please don't; for you know whatever may happen to Jessie and John in this naughty world your little Effie will be safe. Sin and Satan can't snatch her from Jesus's arms, never, never. Wont that comfort you, mother? You never need worry about me."

Says little three-year-old Ruth: "Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston."

Sister Minnie, standing by, says: "You are too little to have a muff"

"Am I too little to be cold?" rejoins indignant little Ruth.

### FROM HERE AND THERE.

"Ah," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?"

Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible. Does thee believe it?"

"No; I can have no proof of its truth."

"Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?"

"Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others that have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see a man who did see them?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

This last question put a stop to the discussion.

### THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

YES, my native land, I love thee,  
All thy scenes I love them well;  
Friends, connections, happy country!  
Can I bid you all farewell?

Can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Home! thy joys are passing lovely,  
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;  
Happy home! I'm sure I love thee!  
Can I—can I say—farewell?

Can I leave thee,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Holy days, and Sabbath-bell,  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!  
Can I say at last—farewell?

Can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

In the deserts let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell  
How he died—the blessed Saviour—  
To redeem a world from hell!

Let me hasten  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
Let thy winds my canvas swell:  
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,  
While I go far hence to dwell,  
Glad I bid thee,  
Native land! farewell! farewell!

### THE WRENS' BEDROOM.



A LADY who was accustomed to attract great numbers of the feathered tribe to her garden by supplying them abundantly with crumbs, seeds, and other dainties, told me that when the weather became cold the wrens used to

gather themselves upon a moderately large branch of a tree, about four inches above which grew another branch.

In the evening the wrens assembled upon their resting-place, and perched themselves very comfortably for the night, piled three or four deep, apparently for the sake of warmth, the topmost bird always having his back pressed against the upper branch, as if to keep all steady! Pitying their forlorn condition, their benefactress provided a bedroom for them, being a square box lined with flannel, and with a very small round hole by way of door.

This was fixed on the branch and the birds soon took advantage of it, their numbers seeming to increase nightly, until at last upward of forty wrens would crowd into the box, which did not seem capable of containing half that number. When asleep,

they were so drowsy that they would permit the lid of the box to be lifted and themselves to be handled without attempting to move.

All these wrens were supposed to come from a number of nests which had been made in the gnarled roots of old hawthorn bushes which grew at the side of a narrow but deep brook running at the end of the garden.—*Rantledge's Natural History.*



### SOME OF BABY'S SORROWS.

Now I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are in a great mistake.

How should you like every morning to have your nose washed up instead of down? How should you like to have a pin put through your dress into your skin; then to have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to have a great fly light on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him with your fat little useless fingers?

How should you like to be left alone in the room to take a nap, and have a great pussy jump into your cradle and sit staring at you with her great green eyes till you were all of a tremble? How should you like to tire yourself out, crawling away across the carpet to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to spoil any baby's temper.

How should you like to have your toes tickled by all the little children, who *must see the baby's feet*?

How should you like to have a dreadful pain in your side, and have everybody call you "a little cross thing," when you could not tell what was the matter with you? How should you like to crawl to the top stair just to look about a little, and tumble heels over head from the top to the bottom?

O I can tell you it is no joke to be a baby!

CYRUS, the conqueror of Babylon, was once asked what a man gained by lying. He replied, "Never to be believed even when he speaks the truth."

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