



For the Sunday School Advocate.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR LIBRARY-BOOK?

Why, read it of course! Certainly, but when? As soon as possible. That is what Willie thinks over there in the next class. He made no small commotion when the librarian brought the books. He had his hands upon them before his teacher could fairly get hold of them, and I heard him say, "There, that's mine! No, no, this one!" loud enough to disturb all the classes around him. As soon as he opened it he exclaimed, "O see this picture! Say, Tim, yours ha'n't got such a nice picture as this! Let me see your book, Tim!"

But Tim knew better than to keep up a disturbance in that way, and he slipped his book under his jacket. So Willie soon settled himself to read his new book without noticing more than a minute the teacher's request that he should attend to the lesson. Your teacher has put your books away, I see, until you shall be ready to go home. I like that plan much better.

Carrie, I'm sorry to say, makes a regular practice of reading her book in church. She begins while the minister is offering prayer. I suppose she does not think that He to whom she ought to be praying looks with disapproval on this irreverence. And when the others stand up to sing the high praises of God, she sits and reads. And when the minister begins to talk to her and the others about their souls and the things that concern their eternal welfare, still she reads. What rudeness! Would she not feel very much hurt if, when calling on her pastor and talking to him, he should take up a book and begin to read without paying any attention to what she says? But she does the same thing to him right here in church, Sunday after Sunday, when he is talking about such solemn things too. She insults both her pastor and her Saviour. I am sure she never had such a superintendent as I had once or she would not do so. If this superintendent saw us reading in church she took our books away, and in most cases we did not get them again before the next Sunday. At the second offense we were certain to have the full extent of that penalty.

She used to say that after all the pains that were taken to get nice books for us we ought to know better than to insult the people and the pastor, and, above all, Him whom we came to worship, by reading them during the services of God's house. If people cannot pay attention to the services why do they come to the church? If we said that we "didn't think," she told us that was no excuse, and

we could not have even that pretense any longer. And she said it all so kindly and made it look so reasonable that we were not often caught the second time.

But you have no time to read at home? Then you have no need of a book. You are not obliged to take one. Books are for those that have time to read them.

I once had a little girl in my class that often lost her book, left it at home saying that she could not find it. That was because she had no place for it. Then she would ask to take another, saying that she would return them both on the next Sunday. But I could not allow that. I kept telling her that she must have a place at home to keep her book, either in the book-case, or on the mantel-shelf, or in a corner of her drawer, and when she was not reading she must put it away in its place. Well, but others wished to read it. Should she not let them? Certainly, but she could ask them to put it away in its place when they were through with it, and whenever she saw it lying about she must put it away. She tried to do as I said, and soon it came about that almost every Sunday morning she found her book in its place, and that bad habit was cured.

You have read that book have you, Chester? I am glad that you have kept it so nicely. I think you must have used it carefully. Perhaps you have a pride in returning your books in just as good a condition as you get them, no dogs' ears, no pencil-marks. Some children try to attract attention by writing their names in their library-books. But they display only their own coarseness and vanity, and when I see a name written thus in a borrowed book it always lowers the writer in my estimation.

Here's Eddie in a deal of trouble. There's a book charged against him and he cannot take out another. He has brought one in this morning, but it is not the one that is charged against him. This is Harry's book, and Harry has Eddie's book. Harry was to be here this morning and change back again, but he is not, and so Eddie must go without a book. That is a bad plan. Suppose Harry should lose that book now, Eddie could not get another until it is paid for. It is the best way for every boy to take care of his own book and then he has his affairs in his own hands. Besides, we trusted to his honor. He has no right to lend a borrowed book.

When boys and girls go to school they should not read too many books. They often have as many studies as they can attend to through the week, and in that case they want only a small Sunday-school book that they can easily read through on Sunday afternoon or in the evening. Do not try to read so much that you cannot remember it. That is bad for your memory. But when you get a good book read it carefully, and pray God to help you that you may be the better for having read it.

AUNT JULIA.

THE FIRST STEP.

MANY years since two men were executed at Carlisle for burglary. A minister then living in that city was moved by compassion for the men, and applied to the judge for a respite. He was informed that on account of the cruelty attending the robbery, capital punishment must be inflicted. His lordship recommended their humane intercessor to use the only means which could now be available to the culprits in preparing them by Christian instruction for the awful change which awaited them. In the course of his benevolent visits to this gloomy abode, he questioned the prisoners how they had been led from the path of honesty to commit such crimes. In answer to these inquiries, one of the unhappy men declared that his first step to ruin was taking a halfpenny out of his mother's pocket while she was asleep. From this sin he was led, by small but fatal degrees, to the crimes for which he was so soon to suffer a shameful death.



MY LITTLE BROTHER.

LITTLE brother, darling boy,
You are very dear to me;
I am happy—full of joy,
When your smiling face I see.
I'll be very kind to you,
Never strike or make you cry,
As some naughty children do,
Quite forgetting God is nigh.
Shake your rattle—here it is—
Listen to its merry noise;
And when you are tired of this
I will bring you other toys.

AN IRISHMAN'S SHREWDNESS.

SAID an Irishman to the telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?"

"No," said the operator.

"And do ye charge for signing his name, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, will you please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing the following: "To John M'Flinn—At New York—Patrick M'Flinn."

It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

TIME with all its celerity moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—BACON.

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