

GOD BLESS THE BABY.

WHILE at Washington we attended the anniversary of a Sabbath-school, which was addressed by four members of congress. One speaker, in showing that very little children could be taught to love God, related the following incident:

"There were two little brothers, one of which was a little baby that had just begun to talk. The elder came to his father one night, just as he was going to bed, to kneel down by his side and say his prayers.

"The baby came up and said, 'Papa, why don't you teach baby to pray?'

"The father told the dear little one to kneel down, and then taught it the simple prayer, 'God bless the baby.'

"By and by a messenger was sent to take baby away to heaven. Friends were all gathered there to see the little one die. Among them was a professor, who most tenderly loved the little one, and used often to come and have a nice play with 'the baby.' He was bending sorrowfully over his dear pet when it ceased to breathe, and all supposed it had passed away to the bosom of Jesus. Soon, however, it opened its eyes, and, seeing its father, said, 'Papa, good-by,' and again closed its eyes, and seemed to be all still in death. Again it opened its eyes, and, seeing mother, said, 'Mamma, good-by.' After another season of silence it opened its eyes, and, looking up to the dear friend still leaning over it, said, 'Good-by, professor.' It then lay some time, and all thought it was certainly dead; but once more it looked up and sweetly said, 'God bless the baby,' and died."

Let all the little ones, then, be taught to pray. Let their first lisplings be, "God bless the baby."—*Well-Spring.*

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

The world looks very beautiful
And full of joy, to me;
The sun shines out in glory
On everything I see.
I know I shall be happy
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus
All the way.

I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey's just begun;
They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey's done:
The world is full of sorrow
And suffering, they say;
But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

Then like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy or sorrow—
And lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away;
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus
Grief cannot come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way.—*The Little American.*

HE SEES, AND I SEE.

A BOY fills his pipe, and he sees only the tobacco; and I see going into that pipe brains, books, time, health, money, prospects. The pipe is filled at last, and a light is struck; and things which are priceless are carelessly puffed away in smoke.



A NIGHTINGALE.

KINDNESS OF BIRDS.

In a large aviary, in which there were many birds of different kinds, was placed a nest of nightingales; and a small plate, on which was a mess of small worms and ants, their proper food, was introduced. The father and mother, however, could not endure the confinement, but pined away, and soon died. A little one was left, which cried out piteously for a mouthful of food. A female canary was much affected by the sad spectacle of the starving orphan. It had evidently noticed the difference between the food which the parent nightingales had, before their death, given the young one, and its own food; it was desirous of feeding the young nightingale, but the worms and nasty mess disgusted it. Still there was the famishing orphan continually crying for lack of nourishment. The canary hesitated for some time, going from the plate to the little one, and back again from the little one to the plate; but at last, surmounting its repugnance, it seized hastily a billful of worms, rushed with them to the orphan, and immediately started off to the water to wash its own mouth out. This process it repeated three times, then, and for the future, regularly supplied the nightingale with food, until it grew up, and was able to take care of itself.—*M. Dupont de Nemours.*

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SCOFFING BOY'S WILLOW TWIG.

WILLIAM RYDER was a wild boy, one who had not had the best of home training, and was called by his associates by the rude title of "Bill" Ryder. At length God's Holy Spirit found its way to his heart, and he was converted. His companions made light of the matter, said they "guessed Bill's religion wouldn't last long," etc., and even his friends were somewhat fearful lest he should not hold out.

He united with the Church and was baptized. After the people had retired from the banks of the river where the solemn ceremony of baptism had been performed several of his old associates lingered, and one of them, cutting a willow-twig, walked out into the stream near the spot where the baptism took place, and placing the stick upright in the stream, with the lower end in the sand at the bottom, he walked out, remarking that "that stick

would stand there just as long as Bill Ryder's religion would last," expecting, of course, that it would soon go down stream, and also that Bill's religion would be as short-lived as that.

But the boy stood firm; and so did the willow-twig. As day after day and week after week passed, the willow began to show signs of life; leaves came out upon it, and then small branches. The deposit around its roots accumulated year after year until an island was formed which divided the river, so that half of the waters flowed on one side and half on the other side. And as the twig grew and flourished and became a mighty tree, so did William's piety grow deeper, stronger, brighter. He became a useful and devoted minister of the Gospel, labored successfully for many years, and the last fifteen years of his life was an invalid, suffering greatly, and finally died a triumphant, happy death. The tree still lives, a beautiful enduring monument of the piety of William Ryder.

JESSIE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE HENNIE.

WHEN our friends die we always call up the good traits of their character. Sometimes when I see little boys or girls behave very naughtily I wonder

what their parents will have to remember them by if they should be taken away. And I am sure it gives very deep pain to the fond parent to remember any naughty thing their little one did, even if they do not speak of it. But little Hennie's mother had this beautiful thing to say about her darling after he was gone: "He never disobeyed his parents. He would suffer anything from the bad boys at school rather than do that which would displease them."

Little reader, could your parents say that about you? What sort of memories are you laying up for your parents to think of in coming years? Suppose now you try to add some pleasant memories for every day—things that will make you happy to look back upon as long as you live, kindnesses to your parents that will comfort you if they should be taken away, and which they will be glad to remember if you should die. And, above all, remember that these loving words and kindly deeds are well-pleasing in the sight of God. K.

"No man in his senses will dance," wrote Cicero, a heathen. Shame on those Christian parents who advocate a cause by which many souls have become profligate and many daughters have been ruined!

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