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CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 18.

JUNE 25, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 210.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LITTLE MAN WHO MET WITH A GREAT CHANGE.

WHAT reader of the Advocate can fail to see at a glance what this picture means? Not one. Even

blue-eyed Nelly, upon whose curls only four summer
suns have shone, points to the little man in the tree
and says:

"That is ZACCHEUS!"

Yes, that is Zaccheus, my child. Little Zaccheus

who could not see over the heads of the people be-
cause he was so short. But there was a good deal
of curiosity in the little man's mind. He wanted to
see what Jesus was like. That's why he climbed
into the sycamore-tree.

Jesus, as you know, called Zaccheus from his greenwood perch and invited himself to dine at his house. Zaccheus was much pleased. He leaped from the tree and led the blessed Saviour home, and made him welcome there.

I don't know what Jesus said to Zaccheus; but his words must have been very full of sweetness and power, for they led Zaccheus to give up his sins and become a disciple of our Lord. Was not that a great change?

I wish my children would all ask Jesus home with them. I don't mean to dine, but to live with them in their hearts forever. Wouldn't it be nice to have Jesus dwell in your heart, little one? How happy you would feel! How good Jesus would make you! How peaceful your heart would be! Wont you invite him then? All of you? He asks you to do so in his holy word. Wont you open your hearts for him as joyfully as Zaccheus did his house and his heart? If you will, you too, though little, will experience a great change. X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A BRAVE BOY.

A LITTLE boy only eight years old, who did not know it was cruel to rob a bird of its eggs or of its little birdlings, once climbed a tall tree in search of a nest. Just as he seized his prize the branch on which he sat broke, and the little fellow fell to the ground.

He was taken up senseless, but was not much hurt. After he was able to speak his father said:

"Harry, did you feel afraid when the branch gave way?"

"No, pa," replied the boy, "I did not think of being frightened; I had too much to do in thinking of the eggs; for I was sure they would be smashed to pieces."

When Harry was twelve years old he saw a dog worrying his father's sheep. Instead of beating off the dog, as most brave boys would have done—a coward would have run away—he ran to a haystack and pulled out enough hay to twist into a strong band. Using this as a rope, he went near the dog, threw it round his neck, and choked him to death. Then throwing the carcass into a pond, he walked off as coolly as if nothing had happened.

"Bravely done!" you cry; but you ask, "Was it right to kill the dog?"

It was right to kill that dog. There is no way to cure a sheep-stealing dog. Nothing short of death will meet the case.

Young Harry was brave, was he not? You will not be surprised when I tell you that he became a soldier—a *Christian* soldier, I am pleased to add, for Christ made him as good as he was brave. When he became a general he had one day to conduct his troops on a steamboat up a broad river, past a fort which bristled with guns. Seeing the danger, he told his men to lie flat on the deck; but he jumped upon the paddle-box, that he might see the danger and give suitable orders. In that position he stood until the boat had passed the fort. Showers of balls rattled round him, but he was not touched by one of them.

Who was this brave general? you ask. GENERAL HAVELOCK! The brave Harry who fell from a tall tree without a thought of his danger, and who killed a fierce dog without fear, was afterward the renowned and pious General Havelock, a British officer who wrought wonders in putting down the rebel Sepoys in India a few years ago.

You wish you were brave, do you? That is a very good wish, but I don't know that you can have it gratified so far as to be like Harry Havelock. He was brave by nature. You may not be. Still, you

may be braver than you are. Harry told one secret of courage when he said *he did not think of his danger* because he was so anxious to save the eggs. You can practice that lesson. You can learn *not to think of yourself* when you are in danger. Think not of the danger, but *how to conquer it*. Attack it with all your might and you will grow braver while you strike. Remember, the more you think of danger the greater it becomes; the less you think of it the stronger you grow. Above all, forget not to trust in God, and he will "strengthen your heart." X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"GIVE IT TO LEWIS."

Our superintendent rang the bell; the scholars all closed their Bibles and folded their hands.

George Dawkins leaned forward and said to me, "Have the

Sunday-School Advocates come this week?"

I told him that I brought the bundle over from the parsonage and they would be given out soon. George leaned back and almost laughed aloud to think he would soon have his paper.

George had a little brother, Lewis, whom he loved very much, and Lewis was just as glad as George was to see the Advocate. Just then the librarian took up the papers and began to hand them to the children. As he came to my class he gave each boy his paper. George was reaching out his hand for his, when he drew it back suddenly and said:

"Please, sir, will you give the paper to Lewis to carry home?"

The librarian said, "You had better take it, George. Lewis might lose it."

George drew back and said, "If you please, sir, I think it would make Lewis glad."

So the librarian passed on, and pretty soon I saw Lewis take the paper, then look across the room to George and nod his head a little as if to thank him.

How happy little Lewis was to know his brother was so kind to him. It made his heart grow big, and the tears came just a little when he thought how much George loved him.

George did not know that I saw him, but after I went home I kept thinking, "Give it to Lewis!" And all the week when I've been tempted to be selfish, I could hear George say, "Give it to Lewis!"

Now, my little friends, when the librarian comes around with the S. S. Advocate in your school, and the sight of the fine pictures and thoughts of the pretty stories makes your eyes sparkle and your face laugh all over, think of the dear little brother or sister who would be so glad to carry the paper.

NEWTON.

HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

DURING the late Social Science Congress in Edinburgh a gentleman visited the city prison. After an interesting conversation with Mr. Nelson, the under-governor, as to the best means to be adopted for reforming criminals, the visitor remarked, "It appears to me that the *best* plan is to try and induce the working-classes to keep from drink."

"Ah, sir, *you've hit the nail on the head*," said the governor. "I never knew a teetotaler come inside this prison!"

"THE greatest comfort of my old age," said an old man, "is the pleasing remembrance of the friendly offices I have done to others. To see them easy and happy by my means makes me truly so."

FLOWERS OF LIFE.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE early yellow primrose,
With broad and open face,
Springs up all bright and cheerful,
In many a barren place!
While grander flowers are waiting
Till warmer days appear,
The primrose comes forth gladly,
The passer-by to cheer.

In garden, or in roadside,
It smiles alike on all;
It pines for no high station,
Contented to be small;
Nor does it even murmur,
Because unknown to fame;
Admired, or disregarded,
It blooms on just the same.

A little girl called Jessie,
With rosy cheeks and round,
Just like the cheerful primrose,
Within her home is found;
She tries to gladden others,
By winning word and smile;
And seeks by kind attentions
Their sorrows to beguile.

She waits not till she's older
Sweet virtues to display,
But puts forth all her efforts
In doing good to-day.
Life's little daily duties
She does, and does them well;
Will you not be like Jessie,
A primrose where you dwell?

Nor wealth, nor power, nor talent,
Nor rank you call your own;
But none, however humble,
Should live for self alone;
Fix on some deed of kindness,
And now at once begin it,
And let the world look brighter
Because you're living in it.

MYRA.

DEATH RATHER THAN FALSEHOOD.

WHEN Algernon Sidney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said:

"When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1864.

A BOY WHO WAS ANGRY WITH GOD.



READ lately of a boy who went to bed one night feeling very glad that a late frost promised to freeze the pond once more before the coming of Spring.

"Wont we have a nice time to-morrow morning!" cried he as he went to bed after getting his skates out and placing them at the head of the stairs.

But alas for Master Albert's hopes!

During the night the wind changed, and when he arose in the morning the soft south wind was melting the ice everywhere. Instead of hard roads he saw only mud; instead of clear smooth ice he saw nothing but water.

Then Albert's temper exploded like a powder magazine. "It's too bad!" he cried; "I wanted the frost to last just one week, only one, and here is this horrid thaw come just to bother me. Bother the thaw, I say!"

Having made this wicked speech, he kicked his skates down stairs and entered the parlor, scowling, and banging the door after him in the noisiest manner. Albert was in what his sister called "the tantrums," by which, I suppose, she meant a bad fit of foolish passion.

As soon as Albert became a little calmer, his sister—her name was Lottie—went up to him, and, placing her arm gently round his waist and pressing her cheek against his, said very soothingly:

"I'm very sorry, dear Albert, that you can't skate this morning—"

"Get out!" cried Albert, pushing her rudely away from him. "It's all very well for you to talk so. You are only a girl. You don't slide, throw snow-balls, and skate, or anything of that sort. Besides, you're glad it thaws, because you want your snowdrops to come up and your crocus-bed to bloom early. So you need not talk."

Lottie was pained to hear this unkind speech. So she said, "I dare say I am selfish, but—"

"But!" growled Albert, interrupting her, "but what?"

"I do not feel angry with God," replied Lottie in a quiet, solemn manner, "that is all."

O how that "all" did trouble Albert. He saw that he was angry with God for sending the thaw. How those three words did trouble him! *Angry with God!* The phrase pierced his heart like a javelin. **ANGRY WITH GOD!** Albert writhed. He felt wicked. He trembled to think that he, a sinful boy, should be angry with the great Jehovah. He was ashamed. I trust he repented and found mercy.

Is there an Albert in our Advocate family? I must send Q-in-the-corner in search of him if there is, so that we may get a pen-and-ink portrait of him as he appears when in his tantrums. I say *if there is*, for I would fain believe that no child taught in a Sunday-school and instructed by my pen ever gives way to his temper and gets angry with God as Albert did. If there is one, therefore, and I can get near to him, I will place my hands upon his head and say:

"O Lord, be merciful to this boy who is so weak that he lets his feelings rule him, and so bold he dares to get angry with thee! O Lord, give this bad boy a new heart!"

ONE OF CHRIST'S VIOLETS.

MILDRED MAY loved flowers. What little girl does not? One day as she was sitting in her mother's garden she said:

"Let me see, which of the spring flowers shall I be like? The crocus is pretty, the daffodil is very fine, but the violet that hides itself in the grass is the sweetest of all. O, I will be a violet!"

"And if you are a violet and hide yourself in the grass," cried her sister Lily, who was sitting in the summer-house near by, "I will come and find you."

The sisters laughed in great glee, and Mildred settled it in her mind that she would always be a sweet violet in her mother's house, filling the air with the rich perfume of kindness, gentleness, and love.

When I read of Mildred's purpose I was pleased, and



wished that every child in the world would also choose to be one of Christ's sweet little violets. What pleasant places their homes would be! Jesus would be sure to visit them, for he loves flowers, especially human ones like modest, happy little Mildred. Is he not the "Rose of Sharon?" Where can the violet find a better home than in the shadow of the Rose?

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

My children, do you ever think of the great love for you which dwells in the hearts of your parents? I am led to ask this question through a story by the poet Wordsworth, which I have often read, and on which I happened to stumble just now. The poet was walking out one foggy morning when he met a woman on the road. She was

"Not old, though something past her prime;
Majestic in her person, tall and straight,
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait."

This woman begged alms. The poet gave her money, and seeing something hidden beneath her cloak, he asked what it was. She said it was a singing-bird:

"And thus continuing, she said,
I had a son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away;
And I have traveled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

"The bird and cage, they both were his;
'Twas my son's bird; and neat and trim
He kept it; many voyages
This singing-bird had gone with him;
When last he sailed he left the bird behind,
From bodings, as might be, that lunged upon his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety;—there
I found it when my son was dead;
And now, God help me for my little wit!
I bear it with me, sir, he took such delight in it."

Don't you think this picture of the poor old woman carrying the bird so far because her son loved it is very beautiful? How that old lady must have loved her boy! But how much more does God love you? God gave his only Son to die for you! That is love indeed. Jesus gave himself up to death for you. *That* was great love, wonderful love. I trust you often think of God's great love for you. I hope you will all love him in return for his love to you.

REV. G. W. DUNN sends you the following riddle, which he received from a friend. Who can find it out?

"To be seen in any of the northern states, a strange and wonderful prophet, whose generations were before Adam was created; he was not the wandering Jew, nor the son of Noah, nor the old Levite, nor John the Baptist, for, as some people think, he was certainly before them. The Scriptures make mention of him very particularly in St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John, so that we may believe he is no impostor. He knows not his parents, neither did he ever feed from his mother's breast; his beard is as red as vermilion. He goes barefooted like a grave friar both winter and summer; he wears no hat, but may be seen with a crown on his head. His coat is neither knit or spun silk, nor hair, linen, or woolen; yet it is a most

beautiful color. He drinks only water; he had rather live in a barn than a king's palace; he is very watchful; he sleeps not in bed, but sitteth all night in a singular kind of a chair with his clothes on. He was with Noah in the ark, and was alive when Christ was crucified. His voice is so shrill and powerful that all the world heard it at one time. He once preached a sermon that convinced a man of his sins and caused him to cry. He is content to sit down with the insults of wicked men, yet when the Lord cometh to judge the world in righteousness he will not be charged with sin.

Note the Scripture references and what is the name of this wonderful individual."

Here are the answers to Bible questions about angels in my last:

(1.) To Daniel. See chap. viii, 16; ix, 21-23; x, 11. To Zacharias, Luke i, 11, 13, 19. To Cornelius, Acts x, 3-5, 22, 30, 31.

(2.) 2 Sam. xxiv, 16. In the pestilence in the reign of David. In the destruction of the Assyrian army before Jerusalem, 2 Kings x, 10, 35. In the miserable death of Herod, Acts xii, 23.

(3.) "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore that holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Luke i, 35.

(4.) "Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Luke ii, 10, 11.

(5.) "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said." Matt. xxviii, 5, 6. See also Mark xi, 6, 7; Luke xxiv, 5-7.

(6.) "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts i, 11.

(7.) Matt. iv, 11, after his temptation. In the garden of Gethsemane: "There appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." Luke xxii, 43.

(8.) See Matt. xvi, 27; xxv, 31; Mark viii, 38; 2 Thess. i, 7.

(9.) Gabriel and Michael. Dan. viii, 16; x, 13; Jude 9; Rev. xii, 7.

(10.) See Psa. xxxiv, 7, and xci, 11, 12.

(11.) See Luke xvi, 22.

(12.) "An innumerable company of angels." Heb. xii, 22. "The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." Rev. v, 11.

(13.) Col. ii, 18. See also Rev. xix, 10; xxii, 8, 9.

C. E. N., of —, says:

"Fifteen of the scholars here want to join your Try Company. Will you admit us? I have no brother or sister. I had a sister, but she died last fall. She always loved the Sabbath-school, and when she was sick and could not read the Advocate, she would want it all read to her. She sowed some flower-seeds for you and watched them with great care. When they blossomed she gathered some of them and put them in a book to press. Before they were ready to send she went to live with the angels. When she was dying she sung, 'I am going home to die no more.' She said her Saviour would soon lead her into green pastures and beside still waters. I want to be good and meet Sister Emma in heaven. I will send some of the flowers. Will you accept them? They are some that Emma pressed. After the older members of the Sunday-school had raised what money they could for the missionary cause the children tried what they could do, and in one week raised eight dollars. Don't you think they will do to join the Try Company?"

Thank you, my Carrie, for Emma's flowers. I shall keep them as sacred things, because they were grown for love of me by Emma. She is a flower in Christ's garden now. How beautiful she is! The corporal admits you and your mates into his army.—GEORGE M. H., of —, says:

"You said you wanted us to tell you what we thought of the picture on intemperance. I think it is very ugly. Those on the ground look like wild beasts. They don't look like anything that I ever saw. I never saw a man drunk. I never mean to drink ardent spirits unless for medicine. I have got two sisters and six brothers. My eldest brother is in California. As I was returning from school I fell and hurt my knee very bad, and broke the bone just above the joint. Two doctors came and fixed it up very good. They put me on the lounge more than six weeks ago and here I am yet. I hope I shall be able to sit in a chair soon. I am tired of the lounge. It is so pleasant out doors, I want to go out and see the lambs. I hope I can help father spread hay next summer if my leg is a little stiff."

Hurrah for Georgie! He is starting right. He has right principles and purposes. He has pluck too, and I guess he didn't scream very hard when the doctor set his knee. I trust that he will tread in the footsteps of his dear old grandfather, who has been a Christian sixty years. I guess he will have a good time spreading that hay. I should like to be there to help him.



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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