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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

UNTIL ME

SUPPER · LITTLE

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 23.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 263.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Cold Water Band.

The young folks in the picture are having a glorious time. The open air, the clear blue sky, the green fields, the shady woods, the gurgling brook, and the dashing waterfall minister to their pleasure. Now suppose some vile fellow should go among those cheerful groups and persuade them to drink wine, or ale, or any other strong drink, what would follow? I will tell you.

They would all be very jolly and very noisy for a while. The girls would talk faster than ever; the boys would brim over with funny sayings. The wine would, at first, seem to add to their pleasure. But this would last only a little while. In a short time some of the small children would grow languid and sleepy, others would become fretful. Their fun would be all over. Then the larger boys and girls would begin to quarrel. If they kept on drinking their heads would swim, and many of them would be sick, and lie down under the trees. In short, in less than one hour strong drink, like some wicked enchanter, would change those happy groups into knots of sick, sleepy, or quarrelsome children, tired of the picnic, of themselves, and of one another. It would spoil the beauty and pleasure of the entire scene. "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging."

Children, strong drink is a dangerous thing. There is a deadly charm in it which almost always makes those love it who learn to drink it, and those

who love it are ruined! You had better die to-day, just as you are, than to live and learn to love strong drink.

Now the surest way to escape the charm of strong drink is never to touch it. It cannot capture you if you never put it to your lips. Why, then, should you ever taste it? Its use is never necessary to health. Suppose, therefore, you form yourselves into "cold water bands," pledged to abstain from strong drink for ever? What say you?

Here is a pledge. If you like it, sign it, and put it in your Bible.

"I believe that the use of strong drink will injure my health, shorten my life, lead me into bad company, cause me to fall into gross sins, and most likely ruin me for ever. I do, therefore, solemnly pledge my word and honor that I will, by the help of divine grace, always abstain from the use of every drink which can intoxicate.

"Signed, A. B."

I will now print, with a few alterations, a song written for cold water bands by a minister who is now in heaven:

Come, all ye children, sing a song,
Join with us heart and hand;
Come, make our little party strong—
A happy temperance band!
We cannot sing of many things,
For we are young, we know;
But we have signed the temperance pledge
A short time ago.

COLD WATER BAND shall be our name,
The temperance star our guide;

We will not know the drunkard's shame—
All strong drink we'll avoid.
Cold water cannot do us harm;
Strong drink may bring us woe;
So we have signed the temperance pledge
A short time ago.

We'll ask our fathers, too, to come
And join our happy band;
True temperance makes a happy home,
And makes a happy land!
Our mothers we will try to gain,
And brothers, sisters, too,
For we have signed the temperance pledge
A short time ago.

We'll ask companions all to join,
We'll press them every one!
We'll get our neighbors, too, to sign,
And help our temperance on.
We'll sing and talk to all around,
And all our town shall know
That we have signed the temperance pledge
A short time ago.

And thus we'll spend our happy days,
Till we grow up to men;
Just like a full-grown sturdy oak,
We'll be the firmer then;
And if degraded drunkards should
Ask us with them to go,
We'll say we signed the temperance pledge
A long time ago.

Little Violet.

"I WANT to tell you something, papa," said Violet S., a child of five years.

The family were seated at the dinner-table—father, mother, Sarah, and John; and little Violet was in her high chair close by her father's elbow.

"I want to tell you something I know, papa. B stands for book—the book, and that means the Bible; and C stands for Christ, and Christ did lots of things for us; he made everything, and he made our little ducks! It tells about Christ in the Book; he came and lived here in the world, and then he died for everybody, for you, papa, and for me too!"

Mr. S. swallowed his dinner very fast, but he did not speak to little Violet or to anybody else; he could not, because he knew that he did not love Jesus Christ, and her simple words reproached him.

"It seems to me you know a good deal!" said her brother John, rather sharply.

"Of course I do," returned Violet, her blue eyes sparkling with delight; "of course I do; I go to the Sunday-school."

Violet was a little preacher, though she was unconscious that her simple prattling was really a kind of sermon to her papa.

GIVE God the first and last of each day's thoughts.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Jolly Joe.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

JOE SPOFFORD lived in a seaside village. His father was a fisherman, and Joe was beginning to learn his father's business. They did not have far to go for fish, for their fishing-ground was within a mile or two of the shore. Joe and his father caught codfish, haddock, and lobsters there, and sent them to market by a sloop which went to the neighboring city every day or two.

When Joe hauled up a larger fish than usual he used to exclaim, "What a jolly big one!" When he and his father carried home a good catch of fish, he would shout as he entered his cottage home, "Come, mother, see what a jolly lot of fish we've caught to-day!" Joe called everything that pleased him jolly. That is one reason why he was called Jolly Joe.

But there was still another and better reason why Joe went by that name. He had a kind heart and a merry voice. Wherever Joe went he carried a spirit of kindly fun. Even when at play he loved to be doing somebody good and making somebody happy.

There was a lame girl in the village named Patsy, who used to hobble about on crutches. The children about the place were very much given to playing in the sand on the seashore, the boys with little wheelbarrows, the girls with light carts. Poor Patsy used to hobble to the beach on her crutches, and watch the children at their play; but she could not play herself, except at making sand pies, and similar easy modes of childish sport.

One day it struck Joe that it would be "a jolly thing" to make a cart large enough for Patsy to ride in, and then to set the children to drawing her up and down on the hard sand. With Joe action always followed thought, and he went to work without saying a word to any one about his plans. In a little while Joe had a rough cart on wheels all ready for Patsy. As he gazed on his work he rubbed his hands, and said:

"Wont it be jolly, when Patsy gets her first ride?"

Joe had made it "jolly" for Patsy before, for directly after a big snow storm, which had buried up the west side of Patsy's home, Joe had made the boys dig a hole through the snow bank up to her window. Then, making a seat for her with their hands, they had carried her through the hole with such shouting and laughing, that Joe exclaimed,

"I never had such a jolly time in my life!"

Now that the cart was done, Joe invited some half dozen of the children to be at Patsy's at a specified hour in the afternoon, promising to show them "something jolly." Of course they were there, for they expected something good would go on. Very soon Joe came with his little wagon, Patsy was lifted into it, and while many a merry shout rang out in the air, Joe drew Patsy along the shady lane leading to the shore.

Poor Patsy! How she did enjoy that ride! I doubt if the pompous lady in her fine carriage enjoys her daily ride half as much as Patsy did that one and many others that succeeded it. When the party stopped to rest under a big tree, and the poor child was told that the cart was for her, and when the children all declared they would take turns to pull it, she shook Joe's hands, and looked into his face so gratefully, that Joe rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed:

"I never had such a jolly time in my life!"

When they reached the shore, and Patsy was lifted out and seated in a nook of a tall ledge, the boys began jumping over the little cart. They called this fine sport, and I suppose it was. Presently Joe picked up a bit of bamboo which had floated ashore, and waving it over his head, asked with a very sober face:

"Did you know that I am a famous wizard?"

"A wizard? Pooh! You are no more a wizard than I am," replied one of the boys.

"We'll soon see about that," said Joe. "You have been jumping over that cart, haven't you? Well, this is my mystic wand. After I have waved



it three times over the cart you wont any of you be able to leap over it. I shall stop you by my spell."

"You can't do it! you can't do it!" shouted the children.

Joe said nothing, but drawing the cart close to a niche in the ledge, he gravely waved his bamboo over it, and turning round said:

"There now, not one of you can jump over it. I've put a spell upon it."

"Of course we can't jump over it now, because we can't jump through the ledge," cried one of the boys, and then all of them burst into such laughter that the rocks echoed, and Patsy's cheeks were wet with happy tears.

"Isn't it jolly!" exclaimed Joe. "Aint I a famous wizard? Now I'll wave my wand three times again, and bring up something from the sea which grew on the land, was gathered from a tree, packed in a box, brought thousands of miles, and

thrown overboard from a ship, and yet no mortal eye ever saw it."

The children stared at Joe, and one of them said, "That's all brag, Mr. Joe, you can't do it."

"Can't I?" said Joe. "Behold my power then, you doubter!"

Then moving toward the sea-weed which was strewed on the land, he waved his wand three times, and stooping picked up a water soaked orange. "There!" said he, tearing it apart, and holding up the pip, "did not that grow in a garden thousands of miles away? Did any one ever see it before? Aint I a wizard?"

"You are a jolly fellow," replied one, while the rest shouted, and once more Joe rubbed his hands and said:

"This is the jolliest time I ever had in my life!"

You can now understand why the children called this merry fellow "Jolly Joe." What do you think of him? I confess I like him. Most jolly boys find their fun in mischief—in hurting something or somebody. But Joe's fun always did somebody good. He was a kind of laughing good Samaritan among the children. They all loved him, and he did them all good. He never taught them any bad lessons. His laugh came from a true heart, and it was as innocent as it was merry. I wish we had such a "Jolly Joe" in every school and in every household.

Come into Christ's Army.

COME into Christ's army, come join it to-day;
He calls us himself, so we must not delay.
What though we are children, we're never too small
To be soldiers for Jesus; so come one and all.
Christ gives us our watchword; 'tis written above
On the folds of our banner: that watchword is LOVE.

He gives us our armor, so shining and bright,
So let us fight bravely for truth and for right;
The foes we must conquer are strong ones indeed;
We must ask for His help, or we shall not succeed.
Christ gives us our watchword, etc.

We've plenty of trials and dangers to meet,
And Satan, our foe, oft will threaten defeat;
Temptation, too, often will lead us astray;
But our Captain stands ready to show us our way.
Christ gives us our watchword, etc.

He'll keep us in safety till life shall be o'er;
E'en death cannot harm us—Christ met him before;
We'll follow our Leader till yonder bright heaven
Shall ring with our praises for victory given.
Christ gives us our watchword, etc.

The Queen's Table.

A BRITISH peer, when dining with the queen, was challenged by a royal duchess to take wine with her. His lordship politely thanked her grace, but declined the compliment, stating that he never took wine. The duchess immediately turned to the queen, and jocularly said: "Please your majesty, here is Lord —, who declines to drink wine at your majesty's table." Every eye was turned to the queen, and not a little curiosity was evinced as to the manner in which the total abstainer would be dealt with by royalty. With a smiling and graceful expression, her majesty replied: "There is no COMPULSION at my table."

Pretty good for a queen! Better had she expelled wine from her table altogether.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A Coward.

I SAW a big boy punching a little boy's head as I walked along Mulberry-street the other day. I made him stop, and then walked on thinking, "That big boy is a coward." Did I give him his right name, think you?
Y. Z.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

A MOCKER—HIS END.

Nita must relate to the children a circumstance that occurred just after her return from the hills. It impressed her mind with the truth of what her dear father had often told her, viz: that it was wrong to mock anything sacred.

A kind and pious family lived just next door to Nita's home, and as her parents visited with these neighbors she also made their acquaintance.

Captain M—and his wife were both advanced in years, and their two daughters were not exactly young; but Nita loved every member of this dear family, even the Canary birds in their cages. The Captain was a half-pay officer, who had seen much foreign service; however, the last years of his military life had been spent in the Channel Islands, and consequently French was much spoken in the family. This advantage (to which were added their more important social qualities of good breeding and true piety) made Nita's parents glad to allow her to accept an invitation to pass with these worthy people every weekly half-holiday.

Oh dear! What bright spots in the child's week were those Saturday afternoons! There is a sunlight about their memory yet!

The Captain would amuse her by showing her curiosities, such as rare shells, weapons, &c., or by telling her tales of beautiful birds, or strange animals that he had seen abroad. The kind old lady would cut for her in paper such pretty trees and flowers; and the two Misses M— would teach her such nice kinds of fancy work! and once they actually helped her to embroider a doll's frock; and, what Nita's mama valued more highly, they taught her to speak French. No wonder the little girl delighted in their society. These people loved God, and were grateful to Him for His mercies; and they used a peculiar form of grace after their meals. They all stood up and sang the following verse:—

"For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every mercy here;
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere:
For the blessings numberless,
Which thou hast already given;
For the smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven."

The tears frequently came in the eyes of the dear old gentleman while singing the last lines, and he tried to conceal them by adjusting the front of his wig with his left hand, while he passed his handkerchief over his face with his right hand; and Nita has seen him occasionally turn his face to the wall, and at such times the bass voice was silent! But she is quite sure *that* voice is not silent now, nor are there any tears among the redeemed whom the happy spirit has long since joined.

Nita's mama explained to her that it was late in life when this gentleman became religious; and that his tears were those of joy at the near prospect of heaven, and of gratitude to God for having accepted him for Christ's sake at the eleventh hour. So the child learned to *look away from* the dear old face, and think about heaven, that sometimes seemed to her to be not "far off," while her friends were singing about it!

On her return from the hills she joyfully recommenced her accustomed visits to her neighbors. The Saturday afternoon was a lovely one in August. During the week Nita had overcome several difficulties at school. She had repeated her catechism without a mistake, had conquered the crotchets and quavers, also the French verb, "avoir," "to have," and had completed a detestable piece of needle work

which the lady of the school had compelled her to do, she said, to cure Nita of pride! *The experiment was a sad failure!* Only fancy the pretty cap which she had been embroidering for a baby, having been taken from her, and a great, coarse, grey linen kitchen cloth having been substituted, with orders to darn carefully seventeen yawning holes that appeared to grin at her!! Well, she had surmounted even that dark wave of trouble; and some writer says, that "Pleasure is in the debt of pain;" so, on this bright happy afternoon, Nita's spirits rebounded from the pressure, and were just up to alto!

After dinner and grace, as usual, the old gentleman and lady went to their easy chairs for their nap. The blinds were drawn down, and Nita was told to go and amuse herself in the drawing-room, and when tired there, to take a run in the garden and gather a bouquet for her mama. The ladies were going to make sweets for Sabbath day.

Now, this drawing-room looked out upon the lovely garden. The large bow window was open. The balcony was filled with fragrance, plants and flowers. The canaries were warbling their best. An open port-folio lay on the table before the window, and Nita had permission to look at the beautiful drawings. The sun-light was streaming in on the shells and flowers, and on the China and Indian curiosities. In short, everything looked lovely. Nita kept humming to herself, "For my life, and clothes, and food, and every mercy here." In this word "every," she included sunshine, birds, flowers, half-holidays, and friends. She had been singing the lines in the parlour, and she thought she was just then about the happiest little girl in the whole world, and that she ought to be very grateful. However, she was unwilling to sing aloud for fear of disturbing the dear old friends below stairs; and after some time, away she ran to the garden, and then her joyous spirit burst out into song as she flitted about gathering flowers.

All at once she was startled by a loud mocking laugh! When she looked up she saw a young gentleman and three young ladies on the other side of the low hedge. What was Nita's horror to hear the young man begin to mock the verse! screaming it away to some queer tune, while the young ladies appeared to enjoy the fun exceedingly. Nita was stunned; she dropped her flowers and fled into the house—a black cloud had fallen on her spirit. She shivered with fright. What! could it be possible that the very verse that often seemed to bring with it peace, and joy, and thoughts of heaven, was now wickedly mocked with peals of laughter! Besides, she feared she had herself been guilty of irreverence in singing in the garden; and perhaps she judged correctly in this respect. At all events, she was now very unhappy, poor child. She dared not return to the drawing-room, because that overlooked the scene of mockery, and she remembered the window was open, and she dreaded hearing any more wickedness; so she crept quietly into the darkened parlour, and remained still until the gentleman and lady awoke, which was very soon. A servant then entered, drew up the blinds, and brought in tea. Then came the two ladies, having finished their confectionery, and the party approached the tea table. Just as they were taking their seats, they were startled by a loud noise in the street. Every one hastened to the window to see what was the matter. Judge of Nita's surprise when she saw the *mocking gentleman* being thrust into a chaise by officers of the law! His face was pale as marble, and his head was bare, the hat having fallen off in the scuffle.

Captain M. sent a servant outside to enquire the particulars; this servant returned with the intelligence that the gentleman had been guilty of some

fraudulent act—that he resided in a distant part of the city—that he had lately come to the adjoining house to escape detection—that the officers of the law had got a whisper of his place of concealment—that they had been moving about the back streets all day watching for him, and that they were now bearing him to prison! The mob seemed to rejoice in his capture.

Nita then summoned up courage to tell her tale and Captain M. said, "I see how it was, he betrayed himself by his laughing and mocking! My dear child, God never prospers the scoffer." And now, dear children, NITA must bid you *farewell* for the present.

S. S. ADVOCATE.

The Canada Sunday School Advocate has been visiting the schools and families of its friends nearly another year—one more number and the volume ends. We hope it has pleased and profited its little readers. This has been its aim. Many have spoken very kindly of it, and have sent us their subscriptions to help us pay for the paper and the printing. For these expressions of good-will we thank them.

We expect to commence the new volume the first week in October, and shall be glad to have all the subscribers renew their subscriptions, and to get as many more subscribers as they can. Please let us hear from you, dear friends, as soon as the first of next month, that we may know how many papers to print. We ought to have 20,000. What say you to this? If you say yes, and help us, we shall have the number. Now, little readers, for a try!

BOYS USING TOBACCO.

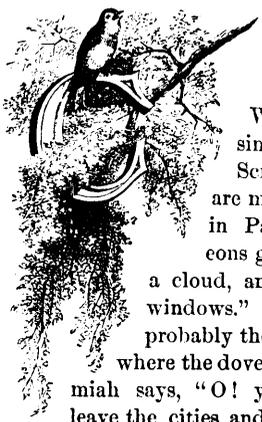
A strong and sensible writer says a good, sharp, thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco. It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. It injures the teeth. It produces an unhealthy state of the throat and lungs, hurts the stomach, and blasts the brain and nerves.

A WIDOW RELIEVED.

A poor but pious woman was left a widow some time ago with five small children. Her circumstances became very hard and straitened, notwithstanding her utmost care and industry. Yet she frequently comforted herself with the assurance that bread should be sure, and water should not fail. One Saturday evening, however, she set before her five hungry children all the food she had—being two threepenny loaves and a jug of water—telling them that was her Lord's fare, and that they must be thankful. Doubtless she retired to bed that night with her children in much anxiety about the morrow, having not one morsel for the dear babes in store. However, He that remembers the sparrows remembered her. That very night Divine Providence undertook her cause. A person, not one of the richest, dreamed that the pious widow was wanting bread for her family. The impression was so strong on her mind that she could get no rest, but hurried off her husband at the break of day with a loaf of bread. A knock at the door soon announced that "the Lord will provide" when pious wifely trust in Him.

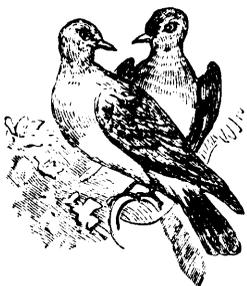
Prepared from "The Land and the Book."

Scripture Doves.



COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers."

WE take the most of our similes of doves from Scripture language. There are many varieties of the dove in Palestine. The wild pigeons go in flocks; they "fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows." These "windows" were probably the holes in the lofty cliffs where the doves make their nests. Jeremiah says, "O! ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the side of the hole's mouth." The turtle-doves make the olive groves their favorite resort. Their low, sad plaint may be heard there all day long at certain seasons, and in the solitary and shady valleys among the mountains. It is particularly noticeable among the vast orchards around Damascus, so subdued, so very sorrowful among the trees, where the air sighs softly, and little rills roll their melting murmurs down the flowery aisles. These birds can never be tamed. Confined in a cage they droop, and, like Cowper, sigh for



"A lodge in some vast wilderness,"

and no sooner are they set at liberty than they flee "as a bird to its mountain." "O that I had wings like a dove," says David, "then would I flee away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness."

Again David speaks of a dove whose wings were covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. This kind is now found at Damascus, and their feathers, all but the wings, are literally as yellow as gold. They are very small, and are kept in cages. Their note is so very sad as to be almost unendurable to a sensitive ear. They keep it up by night as well as by day. Nothing can exceed the plaintiveness of their midnight lamentation.

Solomon repeatedly mentions dove's eyes. "Thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks, which [the locks] are as a flock of goats." "His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk and fitly set." Doves delight in clear water brooks, and often bathe in them; and then their liquid, loving eyes, "fitly set" within a border of softest skyey blue, do look as though washed in transparent milk.

No other symbol, either in or out of the Bible, suggests so much precious instruction and spiritual comfort: pure and gentle, meek, loving, and faithful, it is the appropriate emblem of that Holy Spirit that descended from the opened heavens upon our blessed Lord at his baptism. O may that heavenly dove

"Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Dew Drops.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. H. THOMSON.

Bright little dew-drops,
Whence did ye come?
Was not the blue heavens
Your beautiful home?
Then why did ye leave it,
And seek this dull sphere,
Where your brightness will vanish
Ere noonday is here?

Ah! you know the sweet blossoms
Were drooping and sad,
And your bright presence only
Could make their hearts glad.
And the leaflets were thirsty,
And sighing for you,
Dear little dew-drops,
Clear, shining, and true.

And ye knew that each blade
Of the tender young grass
Was asking a drink
Of the clouds as they pass.
So ye left your blest home
In your beautiful blue,
For the warm love within you,
Ye bright drops of dew.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Daisies.

"The daisy is a general favorite," said Lucy's grandpapa as they were taking their morning walk. Its name signifies the eye of the day. As soon as the ice and the snow are gone in the spring we see here and there one, and we love its cheerful presence. Do you remember its language, my child?"

"I remember," replied Lucy, "the motto that you said the queen of Navarre adopted with the daisy for her emblem, 'Not following earthly things,' but I cannot see why it should have such a meaning."



"Because its little eye looks up to the sun, and follows him through his daily journey. So the Christian should keep his eye upon God, his sun, the giver of his life, and light, and happiness."

"Well, grandpa, I have heard this tall white flower called a daisy too, but it is not a bit like the charming little daisy we have been talking about."

"No, my child, no one loves that. It is called the ox-eye daisy. Have you ever heard the allegory about the proud ox-eye?"

"No, grandpa, but please tell it to me. I love allegories."

"I have it in a book here. Let us sit down on this log while I read it to you."

"It is said that the ox-eye, hearing how much people loved the daisy, and that poets sung its praises, put on airs, and stretched up its head, saying, 'I am a daisy. I always knew that sensible people admired me in spite of the slurs of common folks. I shall stay out here among the weeds by the roadside no longer. I shall take up my abode in the meadow, and spread so many flowers on the side of this gentle slope that all the passers by shall stop to admire and wonder. I shall entirely eclipse my would-be genteel little cousins, who are continually stepping

in between me and my admirers, though they are not half so large nor so showy as I am."

"So the ox-eye reached out its roots, and scattered its seed, and crept in among the grass, until the whole hillside was covered with its starry blossoms. And people pointed it out to each other as they went along, and sometimes they stopped and looked, and the ox-eye said to itself, 'See how greatly they admire me!' But if it had listened it might have heard them say, 'See how that otherwise beautiful meadow is spoiled by that hateful weed!' And the poor farmer mowed, and grubbed, and plowed, but all in vain, for the perverse ox-eye said, 'What a foolish man! How little taste to treat so rudely a flower which everybody admires.' And so the pestiferous weed grew and flaunted in spite of all, and made itself universally detested."

"Now, grandpa, for the lesson it teaches," said Lucy.

"The folly of pride, my child," replied her grandpa impressively. "We sometimes see it when a little girl puts herself forward to be admired. If her mamma has company she devises some excuse for coming to tease her; but the company, instead of admiring her, generally say to themselves, 'What a troublesome child!' In Sunday-school it is her great desire to find some errand to take her out of her seat, and make a stir, so that others may look at her. She wants to get a drink, or a catechism, or a paper; or she will get up and sit down again, and adjust her skirts again and again. She cares not how much disturbance she makes, only so that others will look at her. But people when they look at such a child do not admire her. They generally say to themselves, 'How vain and disagreeable that child is! Wherever we look she puts herself in the way!'"

The remainder of the walk home was pursued in silence. Lucy was carefully searching her own heart to find if she were at all like the vain ox-eye.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character; and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

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