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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

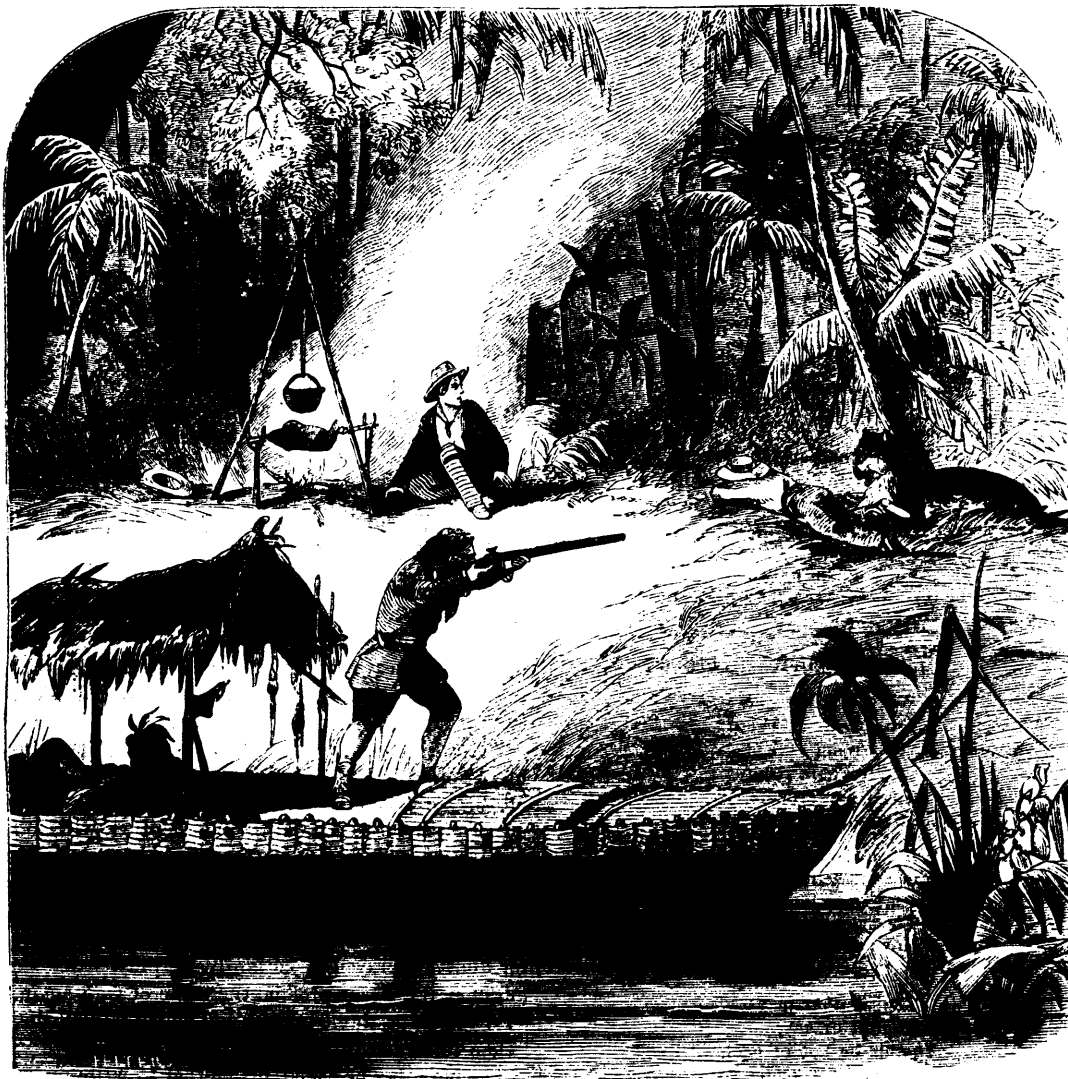
SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL M.C.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 14.

APRIL 22, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 230.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

CATLIN, the celebrated American traveler, was once voyaging with a few companions on a river in South America. One day they tied their boat to the shore, and began to prepare their mid-day meal. One of the party, weary with hunting, lay down on the grass, and soon fell asleep. Creeping softly from the woods a panther was seen near the spot. The creature began to touch the sleeper with his paws. At this moment Catlin, seeing the danger of his companion, hurried to the boat for his rifle. The head of the panther was behind the body of the sleeping man. Catlin whistled gently, and the panther looked up. In a moment the sound of the rifle was heard, and the panther was stretched lifeless by the side of his intended prey. Imagine the surprise of the sleeper when, awakened by the sound, he saw how narrowly he had escaped from the jaws of death. Catlin was the instrument in God's hand of saving the life of his friend, who, on bended knees in that

wild American forest, returned thanks to God for his escape from death.

"Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

"Plagues and death around me fly—
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE MARTYR'S DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. F. L.

ABOUT two hundred and three years after Christ there lived in North Africa a very holy Christian woman by the name of Perpetua. The heathen governor determined to destroy the infant Church in his territory, and threw her with several others into a dismal prison. She had strong faith in

prayer, and her good life had turned many to Christ. She lay some time in prison without knowing whether she would finally be released or only taken out to be put to death. But she prepared for the worst, and lived in happy communion with her Saviour, so that her dungeon became to her as pleasant as a palace.

We give in her own words the following incident of her prison experience: "Then," says she, "my brother came to me and said, 'Thou art greatly favored, so much so that thou mayest venture to pray for a vision in which it shall be shown thee whether thou art going to suffer death or be set at liberty.'

"Then I, who had been accustomed to have glad communion with God and to receive from him great favors, gave him the assurance that I would answer him the next morning. Then I prayed the Lord and he gave me the following vision: I saw a ladder of wonderful length, which reached to heaven, and was so narrow that only one person at a time could climb it. On the sides of the ladder at every step were fastened iron instruments, swords, spears, hatches, and knives, so that whoever ascended it carelessly, or without looking straight upward all the time, was sure to wound and tear himself on the iron snarcs. Under the ladder there lay a huge ugly dragon, which lay in wait for those coming to the ladder and tried to frighten them away. Just before me, friend Satarus was climbing upward, and when he was very high up he turned and said:

"Perpetua, I am waiting for thee, but beware that the dragon injure thee not."

"And I answered, 'He will not harm me; I walk in the name of the Lord Jesus.' And exactly under the ladder, just as I got to it, the dragon raised slowly his head as if to frighten me, and as I set my foot on the first step I trod on his head and ascended in safety.

"Then I saw a garden of measureless extent, in the midst of which sat a gray-haired man of large stature, in the habit of a shepherd, busily engaged in milking his sheep; and around him I saw many thousand men in snow-white garments. And raising his head he looked upon me and said:

"It is well that thou hast come, my child."

"Then he gave me a portion of milk, which I received and drank, and as I drank it all those standing by exclaimed, 'Amen!' At the sound of this word I awoke, and the sweet taste was still in my mouth.

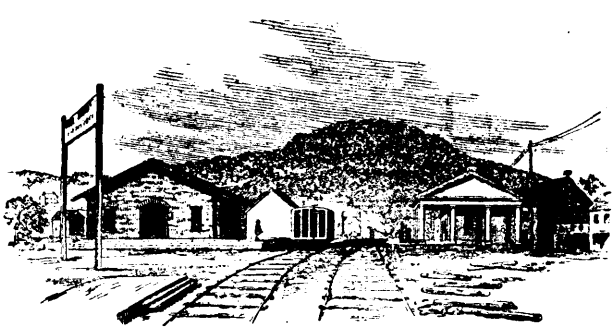
"In the morning I related this dream to my brother, and we well knew that death would soon come upon us, so that we ceased to fix our hope on earthly things."

Perpetua had seen in the spirit a picture of her triumph over evil and of her withstanding her last sufferings, and now, according to the promise, "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb," had richly enjoyed a supper in heaven and been informed of her speedy release from earth.

And, in fact, bitter persecutions did soon break

out and fall upon her. She was cruelly put to death, but her faith in Christ rendered her happy to the last. She spoke her last words to her brother. They were:

"Stand firm in the faith, and let not my sufferings stir you up to anger."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MAD MOLLIE.

"I don't care. It's too bad. I won't be quiet. I hate those men for going on without me."

Such was the language of little Mollie May as she wept and stamped on the platform of a railway-station, while her aunt was vainly trying to soothe her. She was in a terrible passion, "real mad," as children sometimes put it, because she and her aunt had arrived one minute too late at the station owing to an accident to their carriage on the way.

Mollie was going to visit her grandpa, and her disappointment was very great. There was no other train that day, and Mollie would have to wait until the next morning.

On their way back Mollie's aunt said to her:

"Don't you know, my dear, that it is very wicked to give way to your temper in this way?"

"I don't care!" said Mollie, snappishly.

"Let me tell you a story," replied her aunt. "A good man, named Mr. CHARLES, once went on board a ship bound from the coast of Wales to Liverpool. When he reached the deck he found that his baggage had been sent aboard another vessel. There was not time to remove it, because the vessel he was on would be off before he could get his baggage shifted. So he went ashore feeling very much grieved to be delayed until the sailing of the other ship. Now mark this, my little Mollie! The ship that sailed without Mr. Charles was lost and all on board perished. The mistake about the baggage saved his life!"

"O how strange!" exclaimed Mollie, forgetting somewhat her own grief in the interest awakened by her aunt's story.

"Yes, dear, it was strange. And who knows but that something good may grow out of our disappointment this morning?"

Mollie looked very sober a while. At last she looked up sorrowfully into her aunt's face and said:

"Aunt, I am sorry I was so mad just now. I'll try not to feel so any more."

"May the good Saviour help you!" replied her aunt.

There are many little girls in the land just like Mollie. They can't bear to be disappointed. They get very cross, "real mad," if they are. This is all wrong and should not be yielded to. What children and grown folks call disappointments are often blessings in disguise. So when we meet with them we should feel as we do when a fish nibbles our bait. We should say, "There is a blessing nibbling. I must try to catch it." Will you remember this, my children?

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DIDN'T QUITE DO IT.

"How was it? Tell me about it."

"Well, you know pa and ma have been away almost two weeks. And ma made me promise before she went that I would not go out in the boat at all while she was gone. Now, I love to go a boat-

ing above all things, and I can manage a boat just as easy! Pa says I am a natural sailor, but ma is always afraid something will happen to me. I did not like to promise a bit, but ma asked me and I had to say yes, of course. But on Saturday I was down by the dock, and there lay the boat close up, and no one was about. I thought it would be so nice just to take a turn down to the Point and back. I came close up to it and another step would have taken me right in, when I seemed to feel mother's hand on my hair, and I just turned about and walked straight away, saying out loud, 'No, I never have told my mother a lie and I won't begin now.'

"But may be nothing would have happened if you had gone in the boat."

"Yes, but how do you suppose I should have felt when ma came home last night? And when she held me off a minute and

looked into my eyes and asked me if I had been a good boy, what could I have said to her? Ah, don't you think I'm glad I didn't quite do it?"

A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SABBATH-SCHOOL SONG.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

SWEET Sabbath day!
Dear Sabbath day!
Blest day of all the week!
How should our tongues
With grateful songs
Thy hallowed influence speak.

With joy sincere,
We gather here,
To our own Sabbath-school;
With smiling face
Each seeks his place,
Obedient to the rule.

O did you e'er
Such music hear
As our young voices make?
Or ever see
A company
More pleasantly awake?

We would not stay
From school away,
Or idly roam abroad;
Our teachers pain,
God's day profane,
And slight his holy word.

No, no! for here
Our teachers dear
With gentle lessons come,
To make it plain
How we may gain
Our sweet eternal home.

The weather may
Be dull or gay,
The air be hot or cool,
It shall not keep
Our eager feet
Away from Sabbath-school.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DON'T BE LAZY.



LITTLE boy was once walking along a dusty road, the sun was very warm and oppressive, but, as was his usual way, he stepped along very quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey.

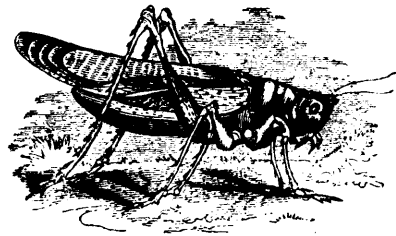
He soon heard a carriage coming, and when it had caught up with him the driver reined in his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride, which he gladly accepted.

When he was seated in the wagon the gentleman, a good old Quaker, said:

"I noticed thee walking along briskly, and so

asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walking lazily I would not have done so by any means."

Boys, think of this, and wherever you are, whatever you may be doing, never be lazy, and you will always be repaid for your trouble in some way if not by being picked up by a Quaker. ALPHA.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A GRASSHOPPER CHASE.

A LITTLE boy seeing a solitary grasshopper leaping about in a field, thought he would like to catch it. So he began to chase it with all his might.

What do you think came of that grasshopper chase? Why, that boy was led by it to a spot where lay a sweet babe whose wicked parents had placed it there to perish. He carried the baby home. It lived and became a man, a great merchant, and the builder of what was the first Royal Exchange in the city of London, England. Should you ever visit the present Exchange you will see the figure of a grasshopper on the top of the building.

Curious, wasn't it? Chasing a grasshopper saved a valuable life. A little deed brought a great result to pass. Let it teach you not to despise little things, for they are often the seeds of great results.

U. U.

WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.

A LITTLE boy came in from school the other day looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He had hardly spoken at supper-time, and ate very little. His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked again, "Willie, what ails you, dear?"

"Mother," said he, "mother, I swore. The minute I spoke it I was afraid of God and ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could. Mother, will God forgive me, ever forgive me for taking his holy name in vain? Pray for me mother," and Willie sank upon his knees and hid his face.

His mother did pray for him, and Willie did pray for himself—prayed to be forgiven—prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again. "I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than to be a swearer."

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing; he wanted the word of God on the subject; he said "he wanted to study it, and stick it on his mind, and carry it about with him everywhere;" so she found and copied this text:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain." Exod. xx, 8. This is the third commandment.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, have you heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of great towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence? What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the streets and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up your thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them, and they will grow into other thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in your path.—ELIHU BURBITT.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1865.

NOBILITY IN RAGS.

I READ the other day of a little girl who was one of a party of children out on a railway excursion. The hour for taking the return train had come, and she stood weeping and crying out:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

A poor boy named JONES, seeing her distress, asked her very kindly, "What are you crying about?"

"I've lost my ticket," she said, "and the conductor wont let me get into the car without it."

"There's my ticket," replied Jones, handing it to her; "now you can ride home."

The little girl looked the gratitude she lacked words to utter and jumped into a car. The boy walked down the platform, and, meeting his friend SMITH, told him what he had done. Smith, smitten by his good example, said: "Maybe some other girl has lost her ticket. Let us see."

They soon found another crying like the first over the loss of her ticket. Smith comforted her by giving her his ticket, and then he and Jones started on foot for home. It was a long walk, and they did not reach the end of their journey before two o'clock the next morning.

Those boys were poor, very poor. They wore rags on their bodies, but if any one should say their hearts were as poor as their bodies, I should say he was mistaken. They were noble little fellows. They deserved to be crowned with wreaths, and held up to the world as models of self-denial, kindness, and politeness. I do not mean that a boy need to imitate them by walking all night as they did, for I suppose a proper statement of the case to the managers of the excursion would have secured them a ride; but their spirit—their readiness to undergo toil and discomfort for the sake of those distressed little girls—is worthy of all imitation. Master JOE SELFLOVE would do well to take a lesson from those ragged little noblemen.

A MOTHER TURNED OUT TO DIE.

Do you see that poor woman upon whom those men are looking so earnestly? She was found in the woods, far away from any village, by Mr. Moffat, a missionary* in Africa. She was old, and thin, and weak, so weak she could not stand up. When she saw Mr. Moffat she was frightened, for she had never seen a white man before. But he spoke kindly to her and said:

"My mother, fear not; we are friends; we will do you no harm. How came you in this desolate place?"

After recovering her courage the poor creature replied, "I have been here four days! My children have left me here to die."

"Your children?" exclaimed the missionary.

"Yes," she said, "my own children, my three sons and two daughters. They have gone away to yonder blue mountain and have left me here to die."

"Why did they leave you?"

Spreading out her bony hands she replied, "I am old, you see, and therefore I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game I am too feeble to help carry the flesh; I am not able to gather wood for their fire, and I can no longer carry their children on my back as I used to do."

"Are you not afraid of the lions?" asked Mr. Moffat with tears in his eyes.

"I am so thin there is nothing on my bones for the lions to eat, and they wont take the trouble to touch me," said she.

Mr. Moffat would have taken her with him to his home, but he could not. So he left her some food, placed wood for her fire, and promised to return and get her as soon as possible.

After he left, her heartless children heard that Mr. Moffat had visited her, and fearing that he might be some mighty chief who would punish them for their cruelty, they went after her and took care of her as long as she lived.

* "ADVENTURES OF A MISSIONARY" is the title of the book from which this story is taken. It is a delightful volume. Ask your teacher to get it for your Sunday-school library, and then take it out and read it. For sale at the Book Room.



Don't you think those children were very cruel to their poor old mother? You wouldn't treat your dear mother so, would you? No, you love her too well for that. But do not some of you treat your mothers cruelly in other ways? What mean those cross words you say to her? What are those rebellious actions? those ugly tempers? those naughty frowns? Don't you know that they are arrows which pierce your mother's hearts and give them pain, which is almost as bad as hunger and fear? Ah, my children, you would not send your mothers into the woods to die, I know. Take care, then, that you do not wound them to death by wicked words, tempers, and actions.



MY LETTER BUDGET.

"He's sound as a nut," I heard one person say of another one day. "Sound as a nut," said I as I entered my editorial den. "Well, a nut that is sound is a good thing to eat. But who knows whether a nut is sound or not until he cracks it and looks inside?"

While thus thinking aloud my never-falling shadow, the Corporal, remarked, "Children are like nuts, Mr. Editor. Do you know why?"

"Because they are sweet when they are good?" queried I.

"Very well answered for an editor," rejoined the Corporal. "Good children are nice. O how I do love them! But there is another reason why children are like nuts. Can you state it?"

"Because you don't know whether they are sound or not until you try them?" I queried again.

"Well answered again!" exclaimed the Corporal, clapping his hands like the jolly old boy that he is. "Every smooth-faced, bright-eyed, laughing child isn't as good inside as he appears to be. Just as worms eat out the life and taste of the nuts, so do the bad desires, wrong feelings, and wicked tempers eat the beauty out of their souls. I expect that if we could see children's souls as God sees them, many of them would look almost as disagreeable to us as they do to him."

"That's a sad thought, Corporal," I replied, "but what a beautiful fact it is that wicked souls can be made good. A bad nut cannot be made good, but a bad child can be. Isn't that good news?"

"It's more than good, it's glorious!" shouted the Corporal.

Yes, my children, it is glorious news. Many of you rejoice in it, I know. I hope every one of you will prove its truth by going directly to Jesus and getting all the worms of sin taken out of your hearts, and having yourselves filled with peace, and love, and joy. Then you will be like sound nuts, fair to look upon without and all beautiful to the eye of Jesus within, and then you will go through life bearing your burdens as cheerfully as the laborer who rejoices in the fruit of his toils.

"I heard a good story the other day," says the Corporal, "which is a good cap for the heads of those silly folk who think more of people's clothes than of their real worth. A man with a seedy overcoat went into a big church and was about entering into a comfortable pew. 'Not there!' cried the jaunty sexton, 'you sit here,' showing him into a pew near the door. After a while the seedy overcoat was thrown off and the uniform of a general appeared. Then the sexton seeing that he had made a grand mistake, came and bowed low, and begged the officer to take a better seat. But the general shook his head and kept his seat near the door. Wasn't that fine?"

Yes, my Corporal, it was fine for the general, but killing to the sexton. I hope it taught him a lesson. It teaches your company not to judge people by the dress they wear. Jezebel wore fine dresses, but she had a vile soul; while Job's heart was loyal to God though his body was loathsome with ulcers. Many noble hearts beat under seedy coats. People should be respected for their worth and not for their garments. What else to-day, my Corporal?

"Here are some questions for bright children to answer:

"How many books are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"How many chapters are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"How many verses are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"How many words are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"How many letters are there in the Old Testament? How many in the New? How many in both?"

"My letters, sir, must come next. Here is one from J. W. H., of W—, who writes:

"Little Lily, a sweet, merry girl, six years of age, was told by her parents when she desired anything of expense that she must first quit drinking tea and coffee. So, when the subject of raising funds for getting your paper was brought before the school and the children were told to bring along their money, that they should speak to pa and ma, and should save up their mites, Lily, full of the mighty theme, went home and told her father and mother, and said she would give up her tea and coffee if she would be allowed to give something toward paying for the Advocate. To reward her for her self-denial her parents consented, and she is allowed a certain sum every week for this purpose. I wonder if Corporal Try has a braver soldier in his company, and would he not accept Lily as one of his gallant band?"

The Corporal says, "I admire Lily's self-denial, and think the paper will do her more good than tea and coffee. These things may be well enough for old folk, perhaps, but for children there is nothing better than good sweet milk or sparkling cold water.—Miss R. W., of K—, writes:

"My cousin, Sarah B., and myself wish to join your Try Company. We started in the cause of Christ last January. My cousin started the eighth of January and I the fifth. We are both striving to serve our Lord and Master. We find more joy in serving Christ than we did in serving the wicked one. We like your paper, the Sunday-School Advocate. We have taken it, and are going to try to do something to raise money enough to pay for it again this year. We know that these are rather hard times, but we want to take your interesting little paper, therefore we will try."

Blessed are these children, for they have found Jesus! With Jesus they have peace and joy. Isn't it delightful? O that all the rest of my children would start for heaven with them!—Read the next letter, Corporal.

"MATILDA B. R., of S—, says:

"I am trying to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love and serve him so that I may meet him in that better land, for I hope that I have a father, and two little sisters, and three little brothers in heaven."

Heaven ought to be very precious in Matilda's eyes, it holds so many of her dear ones, but, better than all, Jesus is there. O how nice it will be for us all when we meet Jesus in the promised land!



GOING INTO THE MINE.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"WHEN I GETS A LIGHT THEN I SINGS."

"WONDER if they'll have a band to-day?" said a little fellow at the gate of the church as several Sunday-schools were entering it on anniversary-day.

The question was answered as we entered the church. There was not a brass band, indeed, but something better—a band of singing children. Sunday-school children love to sing. The children of Jerusalem sang hosannas to welcome Jesus when he came to that city, and wherever little children learn of the Saviour they love to sing his praises. I read a short time since of a school numbering fifteen hundred children in Asia, in the city of Aintab. The gentleman that visited it was delighted to hear them singing in their own language the same beautiful hymns sung by our children in the United States.

In one of the deep, dark coal-mines of England a little lad was employed to open and close the door of one of the veins. He went down so early in the morning and came up so late at night that he was almost all the time in darkness. He sat in a little recess in the rocks, and when he heard the coal-wagons rolling along, he would open the door and close it immediately after they passed. A gentleman examining the mines came to the door-way where the little fellow was seated, and pitying his loneliness, stopped a few moments to converse with him. He was very much pleased with his good-nature and intelligence. To light up the darkness of the mines the miners had lanterns, peculiarly made and fastened to their caps, in which they carried candles. The gentleman noticed that the little lad had several small pieces of candle near him.

"What do you intend to do with them?" he asked as he turned his lantern upon his bright but smutty face.

"I beg the pieces of the men after they are done with them, and stick them together, and when I get one long enough I put it up in this place in the rock (pointing toward it) and light it. And," said the little boy, brightening up, "when I gets a light then I sings."

No wonder, sitting in darkness so much of his time as he did, that he broke out into songs when the feeble light of his candle dispersed some of the gloom around him.

Thousands of children are in the streets songless. They have never entered the Sabbath-school; they have never seen Jesus; they have never read the Bible. "Gather them in from the streets and lanes." "The entrance of thy word giveth light." Give

them the word of God; lead them to Jesus, who is the light of the world, and when they get a light they will sing.

A gentleman was preaching to a congregation in the grove in a new settlement in a western state, and at the close of his discourse encouraged them to form a Sabbath-school. He had a number of Testaments, he said, in his wagon, which had been given him for distribution, and if any persons in the company wished them he should be happy to give them each one. There was great eagerness manifested by the audience present to obtain them. They crowded around his wagon and seized them as rapidly as he could distribute them until the last one was gone. Just as his stock was exhausted he noticed a lame boy hobbling along upon his crutches over the rough seats of the grove, looking very anxiously toward him, and finally, before he reached him, saying:

"Save one for me. I never had a Testament of my own and I want one."

The gentleman, much affected by the earnestness of the lad, could only say, "I am very sorry that I have not another. They are all gone."

"O do give me one!" he repeated; "I want one so much."

The gentleman thought a moment, and then opening his carpet-bag, he took out his own gilt pocket Testament. "Here, my boy," said he, "you shall have a Testament if you desire it so earnestly. It is the one I carry for my own use."

When the gentleman first assured him that there was none left for him his head had fallen upon his breast, and he looked the picture of disappointment; but when the handsome book was found and handed to him, the cloud was dissipated at once, and sunshine broke all over his face. He looked upon one side and then upon the other, and pressing it to his lips, he lifted himself upon his crutches again and started for his home. That night there was a light in that dwelling.

Let us send the light of the Gospel wherever we can. Our example may be like the lamp in the cap of the miner, pouring out its rays into dark minds wherever we go. By gathering our contributions we may send the precious Bible everywhere—a light among the nations. And wherever these blessed rays fall upon human hearts they will sing, "Praise waiteth for thee in Zion."

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

P.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"HE KISSED ME."

LITTLE GERTY, a bright child of four years, was one day met by a gentleman friend who was in the habit of petting her. Drawing her to his knee he kissed her. Another person present then said:

"Gerty, kiss me."

But Gerty, not having a fancy for the gentleman, put on the air of offended dignity and declined. The gentleman pointed to his more favored neighbor and said:

"But, Gerty, you kissed him."

"No, I didn't," said the little fairy with a pretty pout, "he kissed me."

This was true, and Gerty's cute answer put the whole company into good-humor. Gerty was a charming child. She is in heaven now. X. X.

LOVE FOR MOTHER AND JESUS.

A LITTLE boy once had a canary-bird which he loved very much. His mother was taken ill, and the singing of the pretty bird gave her great annoyance in her weakness. The boy was told by the mother that his little bird gave her pain by its singing. He went at once and gave the bird away to his cousin, and then came home and told his mother that the canary would not disturb her any more, for he had given it to his cousin.

"But did you not love it very much?" said the mother to him; "how could you part with it?"

"It is true I loved the bird, mother," he replied, "but I love you much more. I could not really love anything that gave you pain."

Now, you must love God as this boy loved his mother, more than you love anything else, and also everything that grieves Him you must give up, however much you may like it.

"You love me," said a mother to her little child as she leaned over her in her bed, "don't you?"

"Yes," said the half sleeping child, "but I love God much more."

So we are to love parents, brothers, sisters, friends, and everything that God has made; but we must love him much more, *supremely*, with *all* our heart.



CHRIST, SAVE ME!

[ALL children will be in sorrow before they die. This hymn is a prayer for help. I advise every child to commit it to memory.—ED.]

Saviour, thou hast bid me come,
But bid me come again;
Till I reach my heavenly home,
My sinking soul sustain.

Walking on at thy command,
O'er danger's most tempestuous sea,
Save me by thine outstretched hand,
And lead me up to thee.

O may I cry for help to thee,
The moment I begin
To sink into the troubled sea
Or yield to my own sin!

I know, in answer to my prayer,
Thou would'st extend thine hand,
My soul above the billows bear
To the celestial land.

THE violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all the flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

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