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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNT · ME ·

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 14.

APRIL 28, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 254.

RONALD'S REASON.

THE boys stood round the master, eager with desire to save Ronald from disgrace.

"We teased him, sir," said Edward Thorold.

"We were all at him, sir," said Dick Mings.

"Any three of us," cried out a sharp little Irish lad called Paddy Blake, "any three of us will jump with joy to be flogged alive if you will let Ronald off this time, his first offense, sir, and here's my back, master, dear, ready and willing for a beating to begin with."

Of course, Paddy Blake's eloquence caused a laugh, but the master still looked stern.

"I hear," he said, "that this is not Ronald's only fault. You all accuse him of stinginess: you say he gives nothing, enjoys nothing, but hoards his money like a miser."

"Sir," said William Graves, "he says he has a reason for hoarding his money, and I could stake my life the reason is a good one."

"He is your friend, William," said the master, "so you are hardly a fair witness."

"Pardon, sir," said Graves, "I know him better than any of the other boys."

"Will he tell his reason?" said the master.

"I cannot, sir," answered Ronald.

"Then go to your room at once," said Mr. Downs, "and to-morrow I will decide."

A score of young eager voices asked for judgment at once or else a free pardon; but Mr. Downs was firm, and the school broke up for the night.

Early the next morning, before breakfast, Doctor Jay's buggy bowled up the drive.

Ronald was in his room, and if Philip had been there he would have seen the deep flush that crimsoned his cheeks; poor Phil had gone down with very red eyes, and in wonder how it was that Ronald could be in disgrace!

When breakfast was over Philip was sent for, and soon after Ronald was heard coming down

stairs, not with the slow foot of a culprit, but with the bound of a free boy.

There was something going on that the boys could not make out; the master sent for the usher, and the usher came back to the school-room, and told the boys to stand up as if for drill; then he placed the desk in a corner, and brought forward Mr. Downs's chair, and placed another chair by its side, and when this was done he again left the school-room.

Then in walked Mr. Downs and Doctor Jay, leading Philip by the hand—Philip erect as any other boy—his short leg made as long as the other,

or wished for; he has scraped, and hoarded, and grown cents into dollars; he has paid for what will, we are told, give his little friend ease of body and mind; and he has placed in Doctor Jay's hand a sum to meet all future charge and charges." Mr. Downs paused and then added, "The hardest part of this self-imposed duty arose out of the ill-treatment of this noble boy by his school-fellows."

"It was not meant, sir," said Ronald, "how could they know? They could not help thinking me mean."

"We thought," said one fellow, "he was hoarding for himself."

strapped up in some way that gave it strength; then came Ronald, looking very sheepish and rosy.

"You all know," said the master, "that Ronald, if he spent nothing on you, spent nothing on himself; if he denied you much, he denied himself more, and all for a reason—and now I will show you the reason.

"Our little friend Philip was lame, and our good doctor said the lameness could be cured, but the means of cure would be a great expense; an expense at first, and increased expense for some time, as these strengthening irons must, from time to time, be altered, and perhaps changed.

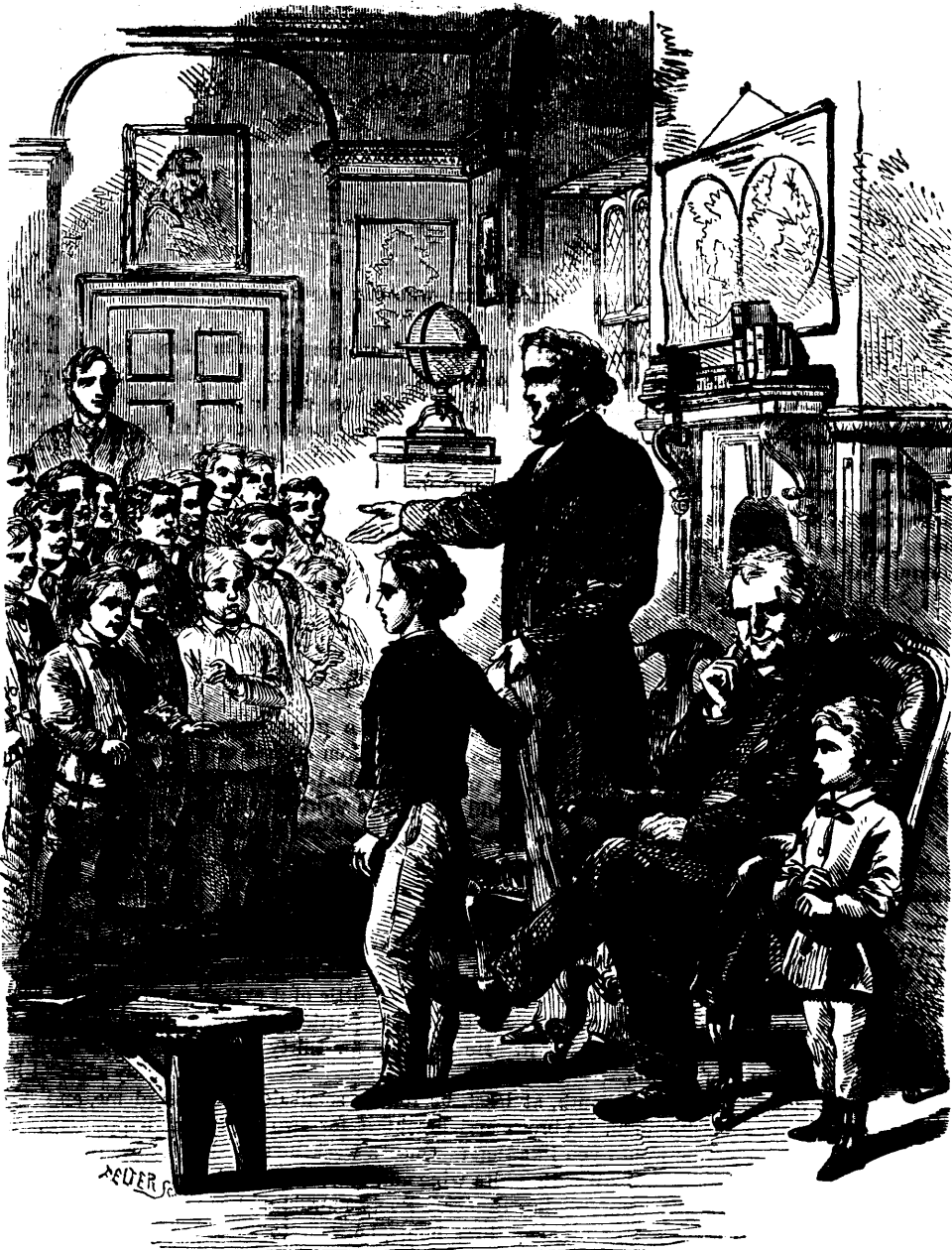
"Philip's father is dead, and his mother could not afford to incur this cost; dearly as she loved this child, he is but one of many for whom she is bound to provide.

"Was Philip to live out his life unlike other lads? Was he never to out-race the hill breeze? to cricket? to swim? Never to be able to rush to meet a friend? was the lame boy to become the lame man? No! please God, no! and who prevents it?"

He took Ronald's hand and placed him before him. "This boy prevents it."

The master laid his hand on Ronald's head, and O what a shout filled the school-room.

"There is the REASON why Ronald has firmly denied himself all things that he wanted



"Shame! shame!" roared the boys; ay, the very boys who had said the same thing.

"I really cannot to-day," said the master, "punish our hero for his breach of rule last night"—then came a shout—"and to please my friend Doctor Jay, I am happy to set you for to-day free from all lessons: to give you a whole holiday in honor of

RONALD'S REASON."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S BED-QUILT.

BY UNA LOCKE.

The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
COWPER.

WHEN my grandmother (who was eighty years ago a fair and energetic young girl) was married to go into the "new country," (that is, the State of Vermont,) she had, among the articles of her outfit, a pet bed-quilt. It was pieced from favorite bits and shreds, and being quilted most elaborately, was very handsome, even *elegant*, according to the ideas of the belles of that time.

It was not used in the log-house, being stored carefully against the time when a framed dwelling should appear in the clearing, the woods having given way to a hamlet.

But one day, being about to leave the log-home in the wilderness for a week-long visit among old friends, she tidied up her one room, and that it might look as inviting as possible to herself and husband on their return from the regions of civilization and comparative luxury, she spread on her bed this bed-quilt, showy as a bouquet of cardinal-flowers.

The week of visit passed quickly, but what changes may not occur in a week! Returning to their forest nest they found everything before entering in apparent safety; but glancing in at the window before they reached the door, what a scene of disorder met their eyes in place of the neatly-arranged room they had left! Lying on the bed was a fat swine which belonged to one of the settlers. It had pushed in the door by continued effort, had uncovered a vessel containing a large quantity of lard, and having eaten its fill, had freely anointed the furniture, not forgetting the beautiful bed-quilt, on which it had for some days taken its repose whenever so disposed. The young bride was heart-sick. The house could be put to rights again, but no ablutions could ever restore that bed-quilt. She was as unhappy about it as we are about the trials to patience and temper which assail our peace, our love of the beautiful, our sense of order and propriety, at this very day.

But how little does that incident of the old time interfere with her present happiness! Full of days, respected and beloved, she passed away from earth. Twenty years has a white rose-tree blossomed over her grave; twenty years, as we reckon, she has worn the white linen of the saints in the New Jerusalem. How like the merest trifles must now seem to her the annoyances and vexations of this life compared with the glory of her present state of existence! Cannot we, who still linger below, take a lesson from this?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ODDITIES OF A PHILOSOPHER.

LEARNED men are not always wise men. Many of them are wise in some things but not in others. Some of the most learned men in the world have had very curious whims about different things, and



AN AMERICAN PHILOSOPHER—WHO CAN NAME HIM?

have shown a great want of good common sense in some of the simplest matters of every-day life.

It is said that a very learned man once had a pet cat that he kept in his house. This cat used to stay in his study a good part of the time, but often troubled her master by mewing at the door when she wanted to go out, and mewing outside of it again when she wanted to come in. She and her two kittens made him so much trouble by coming and going that he cut a hole in the bottom of the door large enough for the cat to slip in and out. Close by this he cut a smaller hole for the kittens to go through. Would you have made a small hole as well as a large one? If not, why not?

Another philosopher, who wrote a great many learned books, and whose name is often spoken of by the wise men of the present day, had some very odd habits of which I will give you a short account. Perhaps if he were alive this day he would act differently; but you must remember that he lived three hundred years ago.

He often rode out in an open carriage in the rain in order to get rained on. He said it was wholesome. He thought that niter or saltpeter was very necessary to health. He therefore took a little of it every morning in warm broth, sometimes putting saffron in the broth with it. He did this for thirty years of his life.

Once a month, at least, he took a small dose of castor-oil in his broth and breakfast for two days. How would you like that? Once a week he mixed some rhubarb with white wine and beer, and drank it just before eating dinner. Every morning, after the sun had been up three hours, he went to some high place to breathe the fresh air. If he could at the same time get the smell of musk, roses, and sweet violets, he liked it all the better.

On leaving his bed he was anointed all over with oil of almonds, mixed with salt and saffron, and then his skin was rubbed hard in order to rub the mixture in. An iron dish was placed on the floor, and in this were put the powdered leaves of sweet-smelling plants, such as lign-aloes, bay, and rosemary. These leaves were set on fire, and the perfumed smoke filled the room. Once a week a little tobacco was put in.

He was fond of good living, eating freely of game, poultry, or beef. Every time he ate his table was

strewn with flowers and sweet herbs. Half an hour before supper he took a cup of wine or ale, hot and spiced. Once, during supper, he drank a glass of wine in which a piece of hot gold had been put.

When he went to bed he ate a piece of bread soaked in a mixture of wine, rose-water, and amber, and washed it down with a cup of ale. After this he covered himself with the bed-clothes and went to sleep. He said the drink made him sleep well.

What a curious man he must have been. Yet, in spite of these strange notions, he was considered one of the wisest men of his time. How strange it is that a man so wise should have so many oddities!

It is well enough to have book-learning. We cannot get along without it in this world. But we must study other things as well as books. Walk the streets, and fields, and woods with your eyes open, and see how many things you can learn there. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW THE LITTLE BOY WAS FORGIVEN FOR GETTING ANGRY.

A LITTLE boy some five years old, one day while at play with his brother, got vexed at him for some small offense, and, as little folks are apt to do when irritated, said some naughty words in return.

Now little children are fond of stories. This we all know. So this boy wanted a friend should tell him a story. The friend told him the story of his own naughty temper and words, and then asked him if he knew whom he meant. "Yes," said the little fellow, "you mean me!"

"Are you not sorry you got angry and said naughty words to your little brother?" said his friend.

"O yes, I am," said the little penitent.

"Then you ought to go and ask his forgiveness," said his friend.

The little fellow started off and asked the forgiveness of his little brother. This was a real victory, and his little heart was all full of sunshine.

"Now," said his friend, "God was displeased also, and you ought to go and ask him to forgive you too."

This he had not thought of before, but immediately consented to do so. He went away alone, and kneeling down, said, "O Lord, I am sorry I got angry with my little brother, and I want you should forgive me for being naughty to him."

Then his heart was perfectly happy, and he came out with a smiling face, and running to his friend, joyfully said, "I have told God all about it, and he heard me, and he said he would forgive me, and I am happy now."

Now, little children, it is very wrong to get angry, and you should be very careful when you feel angry not to say naughty words, but overcome your wrong feelings as soon as possible. If you try God will help you. And whenever you do any wrong thing you ought to confess your fault to God and pray for forgiveness, and he will forgive you as he did this little boy. If you say or do wrong to anybody, you ought, as this boy did, to confess to them you have done wrong, and ask them also to forgive you. Then God will love and bless you. N. C. LEBANON, N. H., 1866.

THE dove was the first newspaper carrier, when one morning it went and fetched a leaf for Noah. It contained a paragraph on the weather, notifying him that the heavy rain-storm was at an end.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1866.

LITTLE NITA AND HER COMPANIONS.

BY MRS. JANE HOLMES, ENGLAND.
For the Sunday School Advocate.



N that same year of the affair about the orange, was a very eventful one to little Nita.

In the first place, early in the summer she was snatched up by a kidnapper.

Nita was returning from a children's party; she had red shoes and a nice white frock, and probably the tall kidnapper had light enough to see the good clothes and covet them. At any rate the wretch snatched the child and tried to draw her into a dark lane, but Nita clung to the person who had charge of her, and a third party being present, the tall kidnapper ran up the lane and disappeared.

Poor Nita was so frightened after this, that she became afraid of almost everything. When the Summer holidays came on, a dear, kind lady who was fond of little Nita, invited her to spend six weeks in the country at her beautiful residence. There six weeks' play and open air cured the fearful child of her trembling and crying. The lady had a little son about Nita's age, called "James." Indeed, his Mamma used to call him "Diamond Bright," because he was such a sweet-tempered little fellow, and never took sulks or passions, or spake rudely. Nita and he agreed very well; they never quarrelled during the six weeks they spent together.

They were both honest, truthful children, and they could be trusted into the garden at any time. They never touched garden fruits or flowers without leave. They used to be sent to the hay-field sometimes, and, oh dear! what fun they had tossing about the hay, and playing hide and seek in it; and sometimes they got leave to ramble over the great green hill, and gather wild flowers, or chase butterflies. I am not sure that chasing butterflies is just a right thing to do; but I know they were careful not to hurt the beautiful creatures, only little James liked the pleasure of capturing the fly by placing his straw hat over it; the next instant he raised his hat, and let it escape. Nita never could cover the fly with her soft, muslin summer bonnet, as it just flapped and fell together quite limp; and she used to be sorry that she was not a boy to wear a round, firm hat. Sometimes the children gathered wild strawberries, and sometimes they gathered dogberries, to make necklaces for Nita, or at other times they gathered rushes, to make a grand rush cap for James. What funny figures they were coming home. Nita with her bonnet wreathed round with honey-suckles and wild roses, and her pinafore full of materials for jewellery; and James with a tall rush cap, and a fern in front by way of feather; a peeled rod in his leather belt for a sword, and his straw hat fastened by its narrow green ribbon to the front of his belt for a drum!

This he beat with a couple of twigs, but as the hat did not make sufficient noise to be martial, the two children supplied this want as well as they could, by singing out, "row de dow," all the way up the avenue. Doubtless this stirring music announced their approach, for they were sure to see Mamma standing waiting for them. She never would

allow them to bring their treasures into the Hall, but she would make them leave all on the garden seat, outside, assuring them that they would be quite safe, and that they must now come in and be washed and dressed for dinner; an operation by that time quite necessary. However, when dinner was over, the children would run out to take possession of their treasures, and oh dear, what sorrowful looks they did give—not a vestige left, all gone! The garden seat and the walk *clean swept*. On these occasions the tears would come in Nita's eyes, and "Diamond Bright" would say, "Never mind, Nita, we shall get more to-morrow."

I told you that these children were truthful and honest, and so they were allowed to shell peas and beans, and to gather and pick fruit for preserving, and to gather roses for making rose-milk. In short, they enjoyed many pleasures during this happy holiday; but all pleasures must come to an end, and when the six weeks had expired, Nita was obliged to return to the city and to school; but she had now rosy cheeks, and had ceased trembling and crying. The very day of her return home, Nita's papa bought her a piano-forte. This was the second grand event in that year, counting the escape from the kidnapper to have been the first.

I should have told you that "Diamond Bright" became a great man, travelled far, and wrote many valuable books, and was finally knighted by the Queen's uncle, and sent Governor to India.

In the autumn of this year, Nita's Mama took her to a stay-maker's to purchase a little corset. Mrs. B. accompanied them, and on entering the shop, the owner (a pleasant looking woman) requested them to walk into the parlour for a few minutes, until she had served some country customers who were in haste. Now, the afternoon was warm, and Nita had walked a great way, and she felt both tired and thirsty. There was a table placed under the window, and on this table an immense dish of large greengage plums! Oh, they did look and smell so temptingly. Mrs. B. said, "I shall take the liberty, dear little Nita, to hand you one of them, and tell the owner when she comes in that I have done so."

Nita said, "Oh no, pray don't Mrs. B.," and Nita ran behind the open parlour door, where she could neither see nor smell the plums. So the stay-maker entered in a few minutes, and Mrs. B. told her what had happened. The kind stay-maker said, "Well, then I shall just pick out the two very largest plums on the dish, and give them to the child myself!" So Nita made a little bow, the best she could, and she eat one plum herself, and brought the other home to her little sister Belle, who was just recovering from hooping-cough.

Now, this circumstance is not counted as a great event in Nita's life, but it is written to show you little ones that Nita lost nothing by shunning temptation, and even if the staymaker had not given her two plums, Nita would have been happier now to have been able to remember that she had kept her hands from picking and stealing all her life long.

(To be continued.)

"My MASTER IS ALWAYS IN."—"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a dry-goods clerk of his acquaintance, "you must give me good measure. Your master is not in."

Johnnie looked solemnly into the man's face and replied:

"My Master is always in."

Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God. Let every tempted child, ay, and adult too, adopt Johnnie's motto, "My Master is always in." It will save him from falling into many sins."

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because I am afraid I shall not "hold out?"

"He that hath begun a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Christ Jesus."

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

A RIDDLE.

BY LORD BYRON.

I am not in youth, nor in manhood, nor age,
But in infancy ever am known;
I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage,
And tho' I'm distinguished in History's page,
I always am greatest, alone.
I am not in the Earth, nor in the Sun, nor in the Moon,—

You may search all the sky—I'm not there;
In the morning and evening—tho' not in the noon—
You may plainly perceive me, for like a Balloon,
I am midway suspended in air.

I am always in riches, and yet I am told
Wealth ne'er did my presence desire;
I dwell with the miser, but not with his gold,
And sometimes I stand in his chimney so cold,
Tho' I serve as a part of the fire.

I often am met in Political life—
In my absence no Kingdom can be;—
And they say there can neither be friendship nor strife,

No one can live single, no one take a wife,
Without interfering with me.

My brethren are many, and of my whole race,
Not one is more slender and tall;
And though not the eldest, I hold the first place,
And even in dishonour, despair, and disgrace,
I boldly appear 'mong them all.

Though disease may possess me, and sickness and pain,

I am never in sorrow or gloom;
Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,
I am the heart of all Sin, and have long lived in vain,
I ne'er shall be found in the Tomb.

WOULD JESUS LIKE IT?—Little Carrie often asks, "Would Jesus like me to do this?" When inclined to dispute with her playmates, her teacher asks, "Who will be like Jesus? Who will give up?" Carrie is always the first to say, "I'll give up; the others may have it."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE DEAD CANARY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

DEAR little birdie!
All the bright hours
Of thy innocent life
Have gone like the flowers;
The fair transient flowers
That spangle the mead
A moment, then wither
And droop with the dead.

Sweet little Jenny!
Thy clear silver strain
Will welcome the morning
Ah, never again!
Or, when the red sunset
Shall brighten the west,
With soft trilling vespers
Invite us to rest.

All sinless and pure
Was thy beautiful lay,
And fair is the record
That marks thy brief day.
Thy work is well finished,
Thy life is complete,
And long shall we cherish
Thy memory sweet.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOOK OUT FOR THE TEETH.

CLARA, and HARVEY, and ELSIE were playing at blind man's buff with their cousins, who were visiting them.

"That's a grand old game!" said Uncle Elly, looking in upon them.

"Yes, but it is a very dangerous one," chimed in Aunt Kitty, peeping over his shoulder. "If you must play that, little folks, you should clear the room of all the furniture."

"But we can't carry the stove out, Aunt Kitty," said Harvey.

Just then, Clara, who was blinded, hearing his voice, jumped toward him, but he dodged and she ran against the stove and struck her mouth upon its edge with great force. O how it did hurt! though she soon became unconscious and fainted away.

When she recovered she found herself in bed, and then the doctor examined her teeth. Her new front teeth that had but just grown out full length were both badly injured. The corner of one was broken, and the other was so loose that it could easily have been pulled out with the fingers. However, the doctor put it in place and her face was bound up, and she got well, but the beauty of her teeth was gone. In a few years they showed disease at the roots and began to decay, and at the age of fifteen she was obliged to have them taken out and false ones put in.

"False teeth at fifteen!" shouts Master Careless.

"Well, let us look at yours, sir! Shocking! How can you keep so foul a mouth? How often do you clean your teeth? Haven't any tooth-brush? Get one, then. But you will need something harder

than a brush to clean your teeth. Get a soft bit of pine stick and a looking-glass, and clean them thoroughly, and scour them up with prepared chalk. Even common chalk is better than tooth-powders. Then use your brush every day.

What's that you are saying? Chew tobacco to preserve your teeth? Nonsense! Poison will not help the matter. Keep them clean, that is the great secret. Clara has learned this with all the trouble that she has had. She rinses them after every meal, cleans them thoroughly every night before retiring, and takes nothing into her mouth either very hot or very cold. Notwithstanding her misfortune, her teeth are in better condition now than those of her brother Harvey, and she will have the use of them long after his are gone.

Just look at him a moment. He is a man in the prime of life, but his teeth are so nearly gone that he cannot half chew his food. Consequently, he has the dyspepsia, and that makes him sick and unhappy, to say nothing of all that he suffers with his decaying teeth. Hear what he says:

"I tell you, children, it is worth while to take good care of your teeth while you have them. Begin this very day, and do not stop as long as you live, and you will save yourself much sorrow for it."

J. C.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE FIRST BOUQUET OF THE SEASON.

Lucy had a keen eye for the flowers. She was going down to the sap-bush one bright morning in early spring, not to get sugar, for the sugar season was over, but to fetch a basin that had been left there, when she spied a bunch of liver-leaf flowers in a sheltered nook where the sun shone brightly all the morning. Some of them were blue, some white, some pink, and some purple, and she gathered them all, only a dozen or so. Then she ran down to the far corner of the wood-lot, where the wintergreens grew, and picked some of their glossy deep green leaves to set off the tiny bouquet. In the afternoon, with her mother's consent, she went to carry this little treasure to her Sunday-school teacher.

It was a precious bit of spring to that young lady, for she had no leisure to go out into the woods herself. She was obliged to sew nearly all the time for the support of herself and her poor sick mother. But she had fine taste, and she knew how to make the most of Lucy's flowers. She cut the stems rather short and laid them in a saucer with a little water in the bottom, and turned a clear glass tumbler over them. It looked so like a piece of fairy-work that after Lucy went home she put up the very next flowers that she found in the same way, and placed

them upon the table in the sitting-room. Her mamma praised the device, and said that it was nice enough for the parlor center-table.

Some days later she carried another bouquet to her teacher, and to her surprise she found the first one still fresh and pretty. Her teacher then explained that the tumbler over the flowers had kept them moist and fresh. "People," said she, "often keep choice flowers fresh a long time in that way, but flowers are all choice to me. They are like smiles which God has scattered up and down the earth to make us happy and remind us of his kindness and love."

Then she brought a little magnifying-glass to show Lucy how delicately they were formed, and compared with them some artificial flowers. Lucy was amazed at the difference; the artificial flowers appeared coarse and ugly, while the natural flowers seemed even more beautiful than before. So it is with all God's handiwork; the more we look at it the more we find to admire. Lucy bade her teacher good-by that night with two happy thoughts in her little head. She never again would think artificial flowers the handsomer; and she resolved that just so long as she could get flowers she would carry bouquets to her teacher.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOD'S GIFT.

ONE bright summer morning when five-year-old Lizzie came to her mamma's bedside, her mamma told her very sweetly and tenderly that God had sent her a little sister. At first Lizzie wondered and felt shy, but soon she began to regard the darling babe as the greatest of treasures, and she was eager to tell every one about it.

"Now," said one of the neighbors where she had been unfolding the marvelous news, "that's just what we've been wanting at our house. Your folks can spare it as well as not. I think I'll go in and get it as soon as I get through my supper."

In vain the child argued the case, assuring him that they could not spare it on any account; but when he stood up to go she bravely choked back the tears that would come, and said in a resolute tone, "But God did not give her to us to give away."

The merciless teaser had nothing to answer to this, and Lizzie went home peacefully to her little sister.

J.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.—ADDISON.

WRITE injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published on the Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month by SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address, 40 cents per vol.				
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Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

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