

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE  
SUFFERUNTIL  
M.E.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 8.

JANUARY 28, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 224.

For the S. S. Advocate.

## THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

WHAT is that queer old fellow doing? He has a kindly face, and the birds don't mind him a bit. They act more like home pets than free birds of the air. They seem quite bold in their attacks upon that sheaf of wheat which the old man is tying to a pole. What does the picture mean?

The old man is a native of Norway. (Get your map and find where Norway is situated.) It is the custom in that country every Christmas to tie a sheaf of wheat to a pole over the barn that the birds may have a merry Christmas.

What a beautiful custom! How different it is here. Instead of feeding the poor birds in the cold weather we shoot them. Instead of trying to keep the little flying beauties alive until spring, when they would cheer us with their songs and work for us by eating the worms from our fruit-trees, we kill them. Shame, shame on every boy who goes round with a gun on his shoulder popping at every little bird he happens to meet. Boys, the picture says to you, Spare the little birds! Spare the little birds!  
U. U.

For the S. S. Advocate.

## CARRYING THE BASKET.

SOME forty years ago a party of half a dozen school-boys set off on a pleasant morning for an excursion. Their destination was an Indian mound about three miles distant. Their path lay through an unbroken forest. Their accoutrements consisted of a rifle, a shotgun, and a luncheon-basket, and we may well believe that they anticipated a delightful day. And this they would have had, but—there is almost always a "but" coming in to mar the best laid schemes for pleasure—in this party were a very haughty, pretentious boy, known as Pryor, and a new-comer, a plain,



awkward, but intelligent and manly boy from New England, whose name was Salmon. The latter was carrying the luncheon-basket, and with a companion called Edgar brought up the rear, so that Pryor, who was some distance in advance, did not see him at first. After a while he happened to spy him, and he called out, "I say, Ned, is that Yankee coming along?"

go hungry than eat the best dinner in the world and be imposed upon."

"Well," said Pryor haughtily, "right or wrong, I sha'n't go back. The basket may rot there for all I care. My mother taught me never to give up to anybody but her."

"My mother taught me," said Salmon quietly,

"Yeth, I thuppothe tho," replied Ned, trying to imitate Salmon's defective speech.

"Well," resumed Pryor, "we'll make him carry the basket; that's all he's fit for."

Salmon heard this coarse speech, and perceiving that he had already carried the basket his share of the way, he soon made a remark to that effect, and his companion offered to take it, who in due time passed it to the third. Ned with the other huntsman had gone on, so the basket was next offered to Pryor. He refused to take it, however, and after a few words the one who had carried it set it down in the path, calling out to Salmon that it was his turn. Salmon manfully replied that it was not his turn, and he should not take it. Edgar added that it was Pryor's turn to carry it, but the reply was made that Salmon must take it for Pryor would not. Hereupon Edgar proposed to carry it himself, but Salmon would not consent to that. He said that if the rest would be as firm as he, Pryor would be obliged to carry the basket. So they all went on and left it there in the path.

But when they overtook the hunters the basket was wanted, and then Pryor tried to bully Salmon. "You must go back for the basket," said he; "we shall have no dinner if you don't."

"Well," was the reply, "I shall not go back for the basket if we never have any dinner. If it belonged to me to do it, or if you had treated me decently and asked it as a favor, I'd go back twenty times if necessary, but I'd rather have my rights and

"never to give up when I was in the right and any important principle was involved, but always to make haste to give up when I was in the wrong, as you are now."

"Principle!" cried Ned; "what principle is involved here?"

"It is the principle which is at the bottom of all human society, that of doing to others as you would have others do to you—the principle of justice. Without that there is nothing but war among nations, and only two classes in society—tyrants and slaves."

"If you had said masters and slaves that is just what I believe in," exclaimed Pryor in the most overbearing manner. "There are born masters, and I am one. There are born slaves, white or black, it makes no difference; although the white haven't found their place yet. They'll find it in a few years though!" and he looked at Salmon in a way which said, "You are one."

Salmon was very indignant, but he did not deign a reply. Pryor would, after all, have been obliged to go for the basket himself if some other boy had not been foolish enough to save him the trouble, and he took his turn at carrying it afterward without further words. A few more encounters with Salmon taught him respect for his abilities and fear of his boldness. Of higher emotions he probably was not capable.

But what of the blustering prediction of this haughty Virginian? for such he was. What became of himself we know not, but the sturdy, manly New England boy whom he tried to bully *has* found his place, though perhaps he may yet attain a higher one. For the name of this uncouth, but noble fellow was SALMON P. CHASE. He became an upright and successful lawyer, a governor of Ohio, United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln, and is now Chief Justice of the United States Court. In the capacity of Secretary of the Treasury he did the nation untold service during the greatest crisis that has come upon us since the Revolution. I wish I had his likeness for you, but since I have not, get some one to show you a one dollar greenback and there you will see the calm, noble countenance of the man who has brought his boyish love of justice up through all his life, the man who in high places has for many years fought slavery, relieved the oppressed, and who now commands the honor and love of a great nation.

J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE BOY AND HIS BODY.



BOY'S body is the house which God has built for his soul to dwell in while it remains in this world. It is very curiously built, and its Builder has shown wondrous skill in its construction. It is made of very delicate materials, and if its owner does not take good care of it will give him a good deal of trouble and pain. If it is not kept clean, for example, the countless little pores which are in the skin will be closed and fever will follow: if it is exposed to a sudden chill when heated, if the feet are kept wet and cold, if too much or too rich food is eaten, if exercise in the open air is neglected, or if the brain is excited by novel reading, sickness of some kind is sure to follow earlier or later. Hence, the boy who would take care of his body will avoid all acts and habits which he is told by his parents and instructors are hurtful to health. He will not neglect to do those things which they point out as necessary to escape disease, but he will do his best to keep his body sound and in good health.

Why will he do this? Because his body belongs to God, and is only loaned to him as a home for his soul to dwell in until Death carries it to another

world. God expects every boy to take care of his body, because the soul cannot grow in health, strength, wisdom, and goodness in a sick body as rapidly and as well as it can in a well one. For his own sake, therefore, and for the sake of pleasing his Creator, a boy who means to be upright will take care to do no harm to his body, but he will try to keep the precept which says, "Glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." U. U.

### HOW TO BE WELL.

TAKE the open air—  
The more you take the better;  
Follow Nature's laws  
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go  
To the Bay of Biscay;  
Let alone the gin,  
The brandy, and the whisky.

Freely exercise—  
Keep your spirits cheerful;  
Let no dread of sickness  
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food;  
Drink the pure cold water;  
Then you will be well—  
Or, at least, you ought to!



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### GREATER THAN THE PHALANX.

DID you ever hear of the Macedonian phalanx? More than three hundred years before Christ lived ALEXANDER, a king of Macedon, in Greece. He was a great general and conqueror, and his astonishing and brilliant deeds are the admiration of men to this day. In the center of his army he was accustomed to place a certain body of troops called "The Phalanx." This was composed of sixteen thousand men, who were arranged in sixteen lines, a thousand in each line.

These men carried, each one, a thick brazen shield on his left arm, and with both hands he grasped a huge heavy spear sharply pointed with steel. The spears of those in several of the ranks behind projected in front, so that there was, bristled with points of steel, a thick wall of men which no power in those days could overthrow or withstand. The most fiery war-horses, the hugest elephants might dash against this wall, but it would only be to their own destruction. For these were men selected for their immense strength and power of endurance, as ship-builders select the stoutest oak for the buffet of the great sea waves.

As I read this ancient story I said, "It is very grand! An invincible front of living men, with such muscles and nerves, with such iron wills, standing like a granite mountain to receive the onset of the enemy, or moving forward like some gigantic monster of old fable, stopped by nothing, to crush and trample down everything that opposed it!"

But I will tell you what seems to me a great deal more wonderful and sublime than this. Two hundred years ago there lived in New England two men who had been appointed by the Lord Jesus to preach the glad news of salvation to men. These men were

JOHN ELIOT, of Roxbury, Mass., and THOMAS MAYHEW, of Martha's Vineyard.

New England at this time was a vast forest. Handfuls of Englishmen had settled here and there among the fierce, wild nations who peopled the wilderness, and they had their churches and their ministers. Now these two men whom I have named could not content themselves with preaching to those who had already heard the way of salvation. They felt an unspeakable pity and love for the poor heathen about them, and were so very earnest and anxious to rescue them from the kingdom of darkness that no hardship or self-denial, no danger or difficulty could stop them.

Thomas Mayhew was the son of the governor of Martha's Vineyard. He could speak the Indian language readily, and he went about among them showing them that he really loved them and winning back their love in return. Far into the night he would sit in their cheerless, disagreeable huts, telling them of the surprising love of the Lord Jesus, how he came among men and died to deliver them from the power of evil forever. You and I could scarcely endure to breathe for a moment the stifling smoke and disagreeable odors of these uncomfortable wigwams, for they had no chimneys; the fire was built on stones in the center of the hut, and the smoke found its way out as best it could. Wolfish dogs, with perhaps a tamed wolf, mixed around the fire with their half clad savage masters. If this governor's son had thought only of his own ease and comfort he would have staid in his father's house or gone back to beautiful England.

He *did* go back to England—rather, he made the attempt—but not for the enjoyment of the luxuries and pleasures of a courtly life. His whole soul was given to the work of Christ for these wild men of the woods. And they could not resist him. In 1662 there were almost three hundred who had given up their dark superstitions and become "praying Indians," as they were called, and among these were eight of their pawaws, or priests, which was the more to be remarked as they were at first violent opposers to the work, and hated Christ as the Jewish rulers did of old.

As I told you, he made the attempt to return to England. He went to obtain help from Christians there in printing the Bible for his people. But the ship was lost at sea, and God took him home. As soon as the tidings came back to New England, his good old father, the governor, who was then seventy years old, took his son's place as missionary. He would travel twenty miles on foot through the tangled forest to teach the way of life notwithstanding he had the duties of his office to perform. And when at ninety-two years of age the Lord called him away, another Mayhew took his place, and after him another, and then another and another, generation after generation, until more than a century had passed, bringing us almost to the time of the war of the Revolution.

I have not space to tell you of the fearless, noble John Eliot, who began his mission at the same time with the first Mayhew, laboring with wonderful success. But I must just tell you what reply he made to the enraged priests who threatened him with torture and dreadful death. He said:

"I am about the work of the great God. My God is with me, so that I neither fear you nor all the sachems in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare."

Compared with these men, how like a machine of mere wood and iron seems the Macedonian phalanx! Do you not think so? For Alexander was not fighting for some great principle as our Union soldiers are. It was only through his love of conquest and desire for self-aggrandizement that he did the deeds men call "great." But I am sure, in the sight of the Master, John Eliot and the Mayhews were far greater.

UNA LOCKE.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.

## Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1865.

### THOUGHTLESS SAMUEL.

It was early in the summer of last year that a group of boys went out to play ball in a field near their school-house. They were a merry set, as good, studious boys have a right to be when they are out of school, and they enjoyed their game right well. After a while they grew tired, and sought places of rest. Some sat on the fence, others chose rocks for seats; but SAMUEL KNOTT, a lad of twelve, and a noble little fellow too, feeling very weary, lay down upon a grassy knoll.

Samuel was warm and the grass was damp. What then? Nothing that was apparent that day, except that when Samuel got up he felt a slight stiffness in one of his hips. This was "nothing," he thought. Indeed, the stiffness soon passed off, and Samuel joined the next game of ball in rare spirits. The poor boy little thought that Death, lurking beneath that grassy knoll, had shot a fatal arrow into his body. Yet it was even so.

Two days after Sunday came, and Samuel went to Sunday-school and church in the morning. But in the afternoon he said, "I am not well. I have pain in my hip." The Death angel's arrow was beginning to trouble him.

The next week Samuel's hip grew worse. His pain was very severe. The doctor said he had *sciatica*, which meant that a nerve in the hip, called the *sciatic nerve*, was diseased. Through fourteen days his agony was very great, and then this noble boy died whispering,

"God bless my father! God bless my mother!"

What killed Samuel? "*Sciatica*," you reply. True; but what gave him that disease? "*Sitting on the damp grass*," you answer. Yes, that was it. Samuel had often been told by his mother, as you have by yours, that "it is dangerous to sit on the damp grass." He did not think of that when, in his weariness, he threw himself on that grassy knoll. If he had he would have chosen a safer place of rest, for he was a good, obedient boy. But he did not think, and so, for want of thought, he died.

Do many children die for want of thought? I think so. Some have worn thin shoes on bare ground in damp or cold weather. The Death angel, who always lurks under such ground, shot an arrow tipped with fever through their thin shoes, which set fire to their blood, and they died of consumption or fever. Others run from a warm room into the cold air out of doors without hat, cloak, or shawl. The Death angel shot them with a fiery arrow and they died. Others, for fashion sake, walked out in early spring or late in autumn with summer clothing, and the Death angel captured them in his arms and threw them into the grave very swiftly. Others—but I have said enough, I think, about the dead to make my reader say:

"I see. Boys and girls who wish to be men and women must learn to think about their health. They must be careful. I know I'm careless, and often get terrible colds because I don't think. I'll do better. I won't stand or lie down on damp ground again. I won't go to the door without my hat and cloak when Nellie and Jack go home in the evening. I won't get my feet wet by wading in the brook any more. Yes, I'll be careful. I don't want to die for want of thought."

Bravo! If my fact has led you, my child, to this wise resolve it must be good seed and your heart must be good soil. I'm glad I told you. Maybe I have saved you from dying before your proper time.

### FATHER'S COME!

Yes, father's come! After long absence father's come at last. O hour of joy and gladness! How long it seems since he went away. How lonely it has been in the old home since he left. How anxious we have all felt. How fearful lest in the day of terrible battle a deadly ball should deprive him of limb or life. How we have trembled when his letters have been delayed lest his silence was caused by his having been borne to the silent land. How often

ma has cried over his letters. But now father's come! father's come! Huzza! huzza!

Such are the words those children would speak if they could make you hear. Their brave father has been to the war a long and weary time. He had written that he was coming home, and they were all ready for him, and were going to meet him at the station. But he has arrived earlier than he expected, and just as the children are thinking of getting ready to go with their mother down to the depot, Maggie looks through the half open door and seeing him coming up the walk, exclaims:

"Father's come!"

Ah, how they all rush to meet him. How fondly they kiss the heroic man. They laugh, they cry, they jump round, they climb upon his knees, they are half mad with joy. Presently they run round to the neighbors, shouting, "Father's come! father's come!"



Among my readers there are many whose fathers are away from home. Some are in the army or navy; some are gone to other lands; some are digging in the far-off mines for gold. But let them be where they may, they are all eagerly expected home again. When they come they will expect to find home a happier place than ever. Will your father find his home happier, my child? He will if he finds you a better child than he left you. If you have conquered your faults and, by the grace of God, become a truthful, noble, generous, industrious, obedient, pious child, he will find his home happier than ever before. How is it? When you shall cry, Father's come! will he find you more worthy of his love than when he went away? I hope you will take care that he does.

### MY LETTER BUDGET.

"MANY very little ones see our paper, Mr. Editor," remarks the Esquire, "who cannot understand what you write for the larger ones. I have some very simple rhymes which I found in one of your exchange papers. I think they would please the little tots in your family who are just learning to read."

Read them my old friend. Mr. Forrester reads:

"Once there was a little kitty  
Whiter than snow;  
In a barn she used to frolic,  
Long time ago.

"In the barn a little mousie  
Run to and fro;  
For she heard the kitty coming,  
Long time ago.

"Two eyes had little kitty,  
Black as a sloe;  
And they spied the little mousie,  
Long time ago.

"Four paws had little kitty,  
Paws soft as dough;  
And they caught the little mousie,  
Long time ago.

"Nine teeth had little kitty,  
All in a row;  
And they bit the little mousie,  
Long time ago.

"When the teeth bit little mousie,  
Little mouse cried 'O!'  
But she got away from kitty,  
Long time ago."

Those rhymes are simple enough, Esquire, to please my four and five-year-old tots. For their sakes I will print them, with a request to all the big boys and girls who have small brothers and sisters that they will read them to their little folk just to give them a little harmless delight.

Now, Corporal, open your budget.

"Here are some questions for puzzle-solving boys and girls:

"1. Every child is the owner of a piece of property which the Scripture says is vile, which will one day be taken away, changed, and, after a time, restored to him. What is it?

"2. Every child owns a building which may become a temple for God to dwell in if the child so chooses. What is its name?

"3. Every child has something in his possession so valuable in the sight of God that he desires it to be offered as a sacrifice. What is it?

"To find the name of this wonderful piece of property put together the initials of the following words: 1. Of the name of something which once belonged to the patriarch Joseph, and which Moses carried with him out of Egypt. 2. Of two things between which a nation once halted. 3. Of a person to whom many nations once listened. 4. Of something that was, is not now, and never shall be again, but which is named by an apostle in his description of the Saviour's character.

"Here is a letter from a class of sharp little misses in —ville who call themselves 'Little Sunbeams.' They say:

"Being acquainted with you through the Advocate—prized by us very highly—we, as a class, wish to write you about ourselves and school. First, of our teacher, who we think is one of the best, and who has aided us very much in plans for gaining contributions for the missionary society organized in connection with our school nine months since. In that time we have raised twenty-six dollars, which was sufficient to make each of us a life member. Shall we tell you one of the plans by which we obtained this amount? It was the purchasing of a large number of photographs (among them many of Daniel Wise, do you know the gentleman?) at wholesale

and selling them at retail at an advanced price. Thus we were able, by our own efforts in part, to send aid to less favored children. We have also been selling the steel engravings of other well known persons. If we try hard we can sell a great many. Some of our class earned ten shillings, some twelve shillings, and some earned two dollars last month. In all we raised six dollars and fifty-two cents, and the whole school twenty-two dollars and fifty-two cents. Can you not come and visit us and teach us to do still more? We have a very interesting Sabbath-school which is the largest in the city.

"Yours respectfully,

"Nellie, Clara, Hattie, Mary, Hattie, Isadore, and Libbie.

"P. S.—The amount raised by the 'Little Sunbeams' was increased last evening three dollars. It is now a little over thirty dollars in ten months."

Selling a poor editor for missionary money, hey? Fine business for little western ladies! I wonder what will be the next invention in this line? Well, I submit, since I have been sold for the benefit of a good cause. Still, if I ever visit —ville I will give Nellie, and Clara, and Hattie, and Mary, and Isadore, and Libbie a good fatherly "smack" for coining me into money, see if I don't.

"Here is a note from the Rev. Dr. C., of —. He says:

"I send you the photograph of Brother S. G. Wheatley, a most diligent laborer among our soldiers. He calls himself Corporal of the Try Company. He has formed a company at — Barracks, and seven hundred and thirty-seven names are found on his roll. He is sixty years of age, and thinks that he is young enough to be admitted to your great company, especially as he has tried so hard to increase your forces."

The Corporal shakes hands with the venerable boy whose phiz is so full of energy and good-nature. May heaven keep his heart as young as his locks are gray! Huzzah for Corporal Wheatley!



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## MARY AND THE CHICKENS.

WHEN Mary first saw some chickens she was delighted. She had always lived in the city, but on her birthday, when she was four years old, her mamma took her to her aunt's in the country for a two-days' visit. It was the lovely month of June, and Mary was in a new world of wonders. She admired everything she saw, but most of all the chickens, such dear little dumplings of feathers and down; and then to see them eat! Was ever anything so funny? Her aunt was very indulgent, and permitted her to feed them as much as she liked, so that the chickens got enough to eat for one day at least. And then toward sunset she saw some of them flying up into the trees to roost, and with all the rest her kind aunt explained that to her. By and by, when it was time for Mary to be in the house, she was nowhere to be seen. Her mother looked about, and finally, in one corner of the garden, there sat Mary in the lower branches of a little cherry-tree, pretending to be asleep.

"Mamma," said she, "I am a little chicky. They always sleep in a tree, don't they?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother with a smile, "but that is no reason why you should. You are not a chicky."

And then she told her how God had made her to differ from the chickens, and that she had no claws to cling upon the perch while she was fast asleep. So Mary was persuaded that she could sleep better in bed. But she did not forget the chickens, and kept talking about them all the while she was undressing. And when she knelt down to pray, and had asked God to take care of her and bless all her loved ones, she remembered her newly-formed little loves. She wanted them also to be under his care, and so she added to her prayer, "God bless dear little chicky."

EDITH.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE MILLENNIUM.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Do you ever think of the millennium—of that happy time when the lamb and the lion shall lie down together, and when there shall be nothing that will hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain, which is the earth?

You will find an account of it in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, also in the twentieth chapter of Revelations. It is a time for which Christians have long looked and desired to have come, for then there will be no more wrong—no wars, no fighting, no

slavery. The spear will be beaten into the pruning-hook and the sword into the plowshare. You sing in Sabbath-school,

"Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
The Prince of Peace shall reign;  
And lambs shall with the leopards play,  
For naught shall harm in Zion's way."  
"The Gospel banner, wide unfurled,  
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;  
And every nation, bond and free,  
Shall hail the glorious jubilee."

But before you can rejoice in the coming of this glorious time on the earth it must have come to your hearts. Your wicked passions, anger, pride, revenge, and envy—which are worse than lions, bears, or tigers—must all be subdued until they can be led by a little child. This can only be done by your giving your hearts to Christ and becoming one of his humble, faithful followers. Then you will love to think of him, and seek to do his will in all things; and if you should live to hear the voice that proclaims Christ's second coming, you would hasten to meet him, and prostrate yourselves before him in glad adoration.

M. K.

## CHERRY-TREE BLOSSOMS.

"Why, Phebe, what are you doing?" said a mother to her little daughter. "You are stripping the blossoms from your cherry-tree to make a May-garland for the hall!"

"There are no flowers so pretty, mother. Ella has violets and primroses, wild anemone and cuckoo-flowers; but no one has such lovely blossoms, or can show such a garland as mine!"

"But remember, my child," said the mother, "that we cannot look for fruit in the summer if we pluck our blossoms in spring."

"Summer is far off," cried Phebe; "I will weave my May-garland now!"

But when the bright summer came, and mellow fruit loaded the orchard trees, and Phebe's little companions gathered clusters of sweet ripe cherries, sadly the poor child gazed on her own bare boughs, where not one round berry appeared! Where was her garland then? Alas, it had withered in a day! She had had her pleasure, it was past, and only regret was left behind!

If we live but for the pleasures and amusements of the present, we shall one day find to our grief that we cannot look for fruit in the summer if we pluck our blossoms in spring.

## A NON-SECTARIAN.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR tells this story of a little boy whose case is like that of many others who are lured to churches and Sunday-schools by the vision of picnics and sweetmeats. In answer to the question, "Where do you go to Sunday-school, Jimmy?" the little fellow replied:

"Why, marm, I go to the Baptists, and the Methodists, and the Presbyterians; but I've been a trying the 'Piscopals for two or three weeks."

"You don't seem to belong anywhere, then, Jimmy?"

"Why, yes, marm, don't you see? I belongs to 'em all, exceptin' the 'Piscopals; but I'm going to jine them too, now."

"Well, Jimmy, what's your idea in going to so many?"

"Why, you see, I gets a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I gets libberies and hymn books, and all that; and when they have picnics I goes to every one of 'em."

A LITTLE girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, saw one in Ohio. She lifted her fat hands in the attitude of devotion and exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"



## TRAY.

"MAMMA, was it not sly of Tray?  
When he felt sure he was alone,  
He to the garden crept away,  
And buried a great mutton-bone.  
Mamma, it is my firm belief,  
That our dog Tray is quite a thief."

"Nay, do not slander Tray's good name;  
His trick had naught to do with theft;  
He and all dogs would do the same  
E'en with the very freest gift;  
And in their doings we may trace  
A habit of much usefulness."

"God in his world allows no waste,  
And in his wisdom has decreed  
That dogs should have a curious taste  
On ofal, scraps, and bones to feed;  
And when with food too well supplied,  
Then instinct teaches them to hide."

"Thus dogs are nature's scavengers,  
To clear all useless things away;  
And even if their memory fail,  
Or better food falls in their way,  
And buried still the bones remain,  
Yet is their labor not in vain;

"For after they have lain a time  
Deep in the earth and unremoved,  
They turn into a sort of lime,  
By which the soil is much improved;  
And thus you see Tray's careful plan  
Produces benefit to man."

LET a boy accustom himself to frequently visit and indulge in the excesses of the dram-shop and Want will take up its abode in his home, rags will be his clothing, and destruction his end—destruction not of the body only, but of body and soul throughout eternity.

## THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

## TERMS.

|   |             |            |       |   |
|---|-------------|------------|-------|---|
| For 1 copy and under 5, to one address, 45 cents per vol. |             |            |       |   |
| " 5 copies  | " 10,       | " " 40     | " " " | " |
| " 10 "  | " 20,       | " " 87 1/2 | " " " | " |
| " 20 "  | " 30,       | " " 35     | " " " | " |
| " 30 "  | " 40,       | " " 32 1/2 | " " " | " |
| " 40 "  | " 50,       | " " 30     | " " " | " |
| " 50 "  | " 75,       | " " 28     | " " " | " |
| " 75 "  | " 100,      | " " 27     | " " " | " |
| " 100 "   | " 200,      | " " 26     | " " " | " |
| " 200 "   | and upward, | " " 25     | " " " | " |

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

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

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to REV. DR. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.