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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL
M.C.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 1.

OCTOBER 8, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 217.



"Tut, tut! you must not sob so over a dead bird," said her father, patting her head with a gentle hand. "Yet 'tis a pity," he added, stroking the bird's feathers, "for the beautiful creature has done her life-work well."

Those last words roused Isabel from her grief. "Yes," she said to herself, "my birdie's life-work was to be my messenger and to help save our city. It did it well. And now I must do my life-work. I must be a good girl. I must serve others as my bird served me."

Then Isabel dried her tears, kissed her father, and, taking a basket filled with food, went out into the city in search of the hungry poor. And after that, day by day did the little girl seek to do her life-work by trying to make everybody happy with whom she had to do.

Children, does Isabel's conduct please you? If so show it; show it by trying to do your life-work.

You can begin right where you are. Perhaps your mother is sick and tired. Go kiss her and say, "Ma, can I do anything to help you?" Perhaps baby is cross. Go play with him until he laughs with delight. Perhaps your playmate is in trouble. Go comfort him or her with kind words and gentle acts. That's the way to find and do *your* life-work. Who will do it and thereby show their approval of the conduct of my Isabel? U. U.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

THAT girl, Isabel, seems very fond of her pretty little dove. You need not wonder at that, for Isabel had saved the bird's life, and you know it is always easy to love creatures we have benefited.

You would like to know how Isabel saved the bird, would you? Well, her father found it one day bleeding on the grass. Some idle fellow had shot it. Isabel's father pitied the beautiful creature, and he gave it to his daughter. She bound up its wound and nursed it so carefully that it got well. It had been trained to carry messages, so Isabel often took it to her uncle's house in the city, and, tying a note under its wing, sent it back to her home in the country. In this way the dove became Isabel's messenger-bird. Nice to have such a messenger, wasn't it?

But it happened that war broke out in Isabel's country, and she was sent into the city to dwell with her uncle. The enemy besieged the city, and the little girl could not go to her father's house in the country, for the soldiers guarded all the roads. Then the dove did good service. It flew over the camps and forts of the foe and carried many pretty love-letters between Isabel and her father. It did more than this, for her uncle and father being both officers in the army, they used the dove to convey information to each other about the enemy. You will, perhaps, be pleased to learn that a combined movement between the army in the city and an army of relief was arranged by means of Isabel's dove, and the enemy was driven away.

The siege was ended. Isabel's father entered the city and there was great joy in the little girl's heart. But just then her bird died, and the child sobbed and refused to be comforted.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

"X. X.," on the fifth commandment, says "it is meant for children. It tells them to honor father and mother." I want to tell you why you should honor father and mother. And, 1. They love you more than any one else. You are their children, for whom they feel the warmest attachment. They

wish you to be happy. All their toil by day and night is for you. And when they ask or command anything of you, your happiness is bound up in your obedience, because they cannot ask, command, or prohibit anything of you but what is essential to your good. Their love for you makes this positive.

2. They have more knowledge of men and things, have more experience and age, and are, therefore, better prepared to say what is best for you; in other words, what will be most likely to make you happy. So that to their love for you is added their wisdom and experience in directing you in the road to happiness.

3. For these reasons *God commands* you to obey your parents, and only promises the blessing to the obedient. "Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Now don't you think God and your parents love you better than any one else? And don't you think they know best what you ought to do? And will you not forever hereafter obey without a murmur? God help you all to do so. H. J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ROSES AND CHILDREN.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

WHITE and crimson roses
Climbing on the wall,
Clinging to the network
Of the trellis tall,
Lift their pure sweet faces
To the evening dews,
Through the shaded dwelling
Spicy scents diffuse.

So do pleasant children
Grace a quiet home,
With their living beauty
Filling every room;
In the time of sorrow
Comforters they prove,
While they crown our pleasures
With the charm of love.

But along the rose-stalk
Grows the ugly thorn;
In the childish bosom
Wicked thoughts are born.
Each, its bent pursuing
Doth the wrong disclose,
Marring thus the beauty
Of both child and rose.

Let the sharp thorns flourish
On the pliant stem—
But the little children,
God hath need of them.
Bring the lambs to Jesus,
Lead them where he trod,
Love the little children,
Train them up for God.

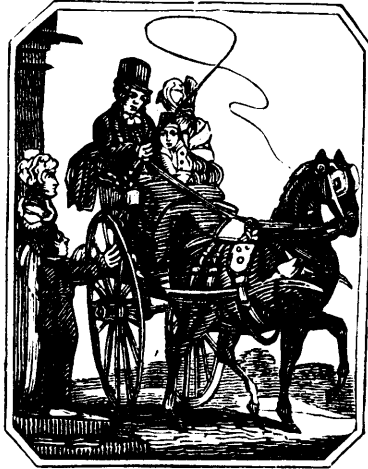
For the Sunday-School Advocate.

YOUR LIBRARY BOOK.

Don't you think it a fine idea to have a book to bring home to read every week from Sunday-school? Yes, I know you do, but I hear Tommy saying in a low tone that he would like it better if he could bring it home to keep. Ah, would you? So would the uncivilized Indians. I once heard a missionary teacher say that when she first introduced a library into her Sunday-school she had great difficulty in making the Indians understand the advantages of bringing the books back when they had read them to exchange them for others. In spite of all she could say, they would keep the books. Of course, this spoiled the library, and each one had only the reading of his own book. How would you like that?

Tommy does not wish to be compared to the Indians, eh? Well, then he must not be like them. Perhaps he would like it no better to be told that he is thirty or forty years behind the age. But I heard a gentleman say the other day that when he was a lad they had no books in Sunday-school to lend. They gave a few little rewards occasionally,

which, as Tommy says, the children were permitted to keep. But you get rewards now, and library books besides. I wish I knew who first got up a lending library in Sunday-school; I'd tell you his name, and we would raise a book monument to his memory. But this I know, that the first libraries that were put into Sunday-schools were not so nice as ours, because they could not get such books as we have to put into them. There were very few suitable books made for children, and after they had got all they could find of these, they put in old books and big books, books in fine print and books in coarse paper, and books with words so big that you could not get them out of your mouth, and sentences so long that you would get them all tangled up in trying to get through them. And then the illustra-



tions! Why, the figures in them looked like wooden dolls whittled out with a jack-knife. We have a few of those old books yet, and I have selected one of the cuts and contrasted it with one of our new



ones to show you the difference. It has fairly made my head ache to look over the frightful things.

The Youth's Library, now published in the Methodist Book Concern, was commenced in 1832 with a collection of fifty volumes. You that are quick at figures can tell how long ago that was. And during that time it has grown to seven hundred and thirty-nine volumes. Some time later the A Library was commenced. This contains little books for Sunday-scholars that have just commenced to read; and the B Library is for those a little further advanced. There are about two hundred and forty as pretty little books as need be in each of these libraries. Then there is the Young People's Library, which is for the grown-up scholars, and the Adult

Library for the teachers. So there are over thirteen hundred library books, besides reward books, and question books, and lesson books, so many that if you reckon them up nicely you will find that they have given you more than one book every week for all that long time. And it costs no small amount of labor to get up one such book. The author must write it, and the editor must read it and correct it, and the engraver must make cuts for it, and the compositor must set the type, and the proof-reader and editor must read the proof-sheets, and the pressman must print it, and the binder must bind it. Then your friends must collect money and send to the publishers and buy it, and the steamboats or railroads must carry it. All this and a great deal more in order to get library books for you to read. Ah, selfish Tommy, to want the book all to himself! AUNT JULIA.

THE DISCONTENTED NEEDLE.

LITTLE ELLEN had been given a long seam to do, and she had got out the neat work-box which her aunt had given her, and had threaded her needle and tacked her work, and left it all ready to commence when she came in from her morning walk.

"O," said the needle, "did anybody ever see such a long seam before! I am sure my back will be broken before I reach the end of it. Was there ever such a hard fate as mine, to be obliged to carry this long thread through this stiff calico so many hundred times; it quite frightens me to think of it. Why, when I have been through fifty times I shall have only come a little way, and how shall I ever reach the end?"

Then the good-natured thimble looked out of its little case and said:

"My dear friend, I will do all I can to help you, by pushing you through the holes; but if you will take my advice, you will not stop to count how many stitches you have done or how many more you have got to do, but just go on doing them as fast and as neatly as you can, and you will be quite surprised to find how soon the seam will be finished."

The needle took the good advice, and went on as swiftly and easily as possible to the end of the long seam. Then Ellen folded up her work and took it to her mother, who said, "How fast your needle has been going all this afternoon, my dear; you have finished your work very well and quickly."

Ellen looked pleased with her mother's praise, but neither of them knew of the wise counsel which the thimble had given to the needle.

STEPPING-STONES.

"HEIGH-HO! a weary life I lead of it," thought Martha Bean as she crossed the brook carrying home her milk-pail. "I'm sure 'tis work, work, from morning till night; I might as well be an African slave. There's poor mother crippled with the rheumatism, not able to rise from her chair without help, much less to look after the half a dozen children that my brother has landed upon us, so all the trouble and nursing and work come on me. I'm sure that to be kept awake half the night with a squalling baby, when I've to labor hard all the day, is enough to drive a girl wild. It's never a holiday I get; and as for a new dress or bonnet, where's the money to buy it, with all those children to feed and clothe? It's a weary life," Martha repeated as she entered the cottage where her sick mother sat wrapped up in flannels by the fire, with the baby asleep in a cradle beside her. Mrs. Bean was weak and full of aches and pains, but from those gentle lips no murmur ever was heard.

"Well, Martha, you're home early," she said, greeting her daughter with a smile.

"Yes, mother, because I have not now that long way to go round by the bridge."

"It was an excellent plan of the squire to put those convenient stepping-stones across the river," said Mrs. Bean.

Martha set down her pail on the brick-paved floor,

and threw herself on a chair with a weary sigh. "I wish that there were stepping-stones over the river of trouble," cried she, "for I don't see how poor folk like us are ever to get across."

"There are stepping-stones, dear Martha," said her mother; "and many a one has found them that would have been drowned in trouble without them."

"Stepping-stones! what do you mean?" cried Martha, looking with surprise at the quiet sufferer as she spoke.

"There are three, my child, that God himself has set in the dreary waters that his people may pass in safety over the difficult way. They are—prudence, patience, and prayer. By *prudence* we shun many a trouble which overwhelms the careless and giddy. By *patience* we get over those troubles which God sends to prove and to try us. And when the bitter waters rise high and we feel as if we must sink beneath them, then the Christian, trembling and weary, finds firm footing in *prayer*."

Dear reader, at some period of your journey through life you will have to pass the river of trouble; may you then seek and find these safe stepping-stones—*prudence, patience, and prayer*.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

A TRUE BOY.



LIKE *true* children. Children who stick to their principles as limpets stick to rocks, who cannot be laughed, or coaxed, or teased, or bought to do wrong, are true children. I wish all my readers were *true*. I will tell you of a boy who proved true when he was tried.

This boy was a German, named Hans. It was his business to watch sheep. One day a little youth richly dressed found him near the woods and asked him if he knew of a birdsnest thereabouts.

"Yes, I saw one this morning made of yellow straws, lined with moss, and five pretty eggs in it."

"Charming! charming!" said the rich boy. "Show me that pretty nest."

"I can't do that," said Hans, "because I promised old Maurice not to show it to any one."

Now this rich youth was a prince, and at this point his attendants came up, and on hearing his story they told Hans who he was, and commanded him to point out the nest.

"No," said Hans, "I can't break my promise."

Then the prince held out a large gold coin and promised it to Hans if he would tell. But Hans was firm. The gold was a great temptation, because it would buy many things for his poor father; but his word was worth more than gold, and he would not break it.

The prince's servants were angry, and one of them seized Hans by the collar and threatened to whip him very cruelly if he would not show the prince the birdsnest. But Hans thought he could more easily bear to be whipped than to break his promise, so he would not tell where the birdsnest could be found.

At last the prince's teacher said, "Perhaps if old Maurice knew the prince wished to see the nest he would give Hans leave to show it."

Hans thought he would, and promised to ask his permission in the evening. If he obtained it he would call at the prince's castle and conduct him to the nest the next day.

This was all the prince could persuade Hans to do. So he had to be content, and went away surprised to find the poor shepherd boy so particular about sticking to his word.

The next day Hans, having easily gained the consent of old Maurice to show the nest, walked to the castle. The prince went to see the nest and was delighted with the five little eggs, which he was wise enough to leave where they were, so that the little bird-mother might hatch them into birds.

The prince's father was so pleased with Hans that he took him from the sheep-fold and sent him to school. He wanted him to grow up into a true man, for he knew that very few such men are found in courts. The books say Hans stuck to his principles all through life, and became a learned and useful man.

I hope my children admire his conduct enough to resolve that, God helping them, they will stick to their principles all the days of their lives. Be *true*, be true, my children.



EDITORIAL COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

"Envious and spiteful, eh?" said Mr. Forrester the other day as he rested his chin on the top of his humble cane. Mr. Forrester, by the way, carries the homeliest cane you ever saw. Nobody ever gave him a gold-headed cane, so he carries an oak stick made from the timbers of the old Rigging Loft of famous Methodist memory in New York.

"Who is envious and spiteful? Nobody in our Advocate family it is to be hoped," whispers Corporal Try, wiping the sweat from his pale brow.

"I trust not," replies the Squire; "I would like to believe you have not a single child who would act as Gilbert Wakelin did."

"How was that, Squire?" asks the Corporal, who is as wide awake to hear a story as any Miss Merryface in our family.

"Well, you see, Corporal," said the Squire, "Gilbert had a school-fellow named Willie, who owned a most capital sled. The boys all gave it the name of being the best sled in the village. I think it was, for in all the sled-races Willie came in ahead of everybody. Gilbert didn't like this at all. He envied Willie very much. He might as well have put a live coal into his heart as this envious feeling, for it burned up all his peace and all his good feelings."

"Gilbert now teased his father to buy him a new sled. As soon as it came home he dragged it out, and, meeting Willie, said:

"See here, Mr. Will, I've got a sled that will beat yours all to nothing."

"Willie laughed and replied, 'I guess mine has too much iron in it to be beaten quite to nothing.'

"I guess my sled went run into snow-banks either," said Gilbert with a sneer, which Willie felt a little, because a day or two before he had run over head and ears into a snow-bank while sledding, very much to the amusement of all the boys. But he kept his temper and replied:

"Perhaps not. You will have the benefit of my experience."

"Well," rejoined Gilbert, feeling cross because Willie kept his temper, "we'll see how strong your sled is one of these days."

"When Gilbert's new sled was tried it proved to be so nearly a match for Willie's that it brought its owner in first half the time. This vexed the envious boy still more. He wanted to be first always and everywhere. So he brooded over the matter until he said to one or two of his chums one day, 'I'll break Willie's sled to pieces, see if I don't.'

"Phoo! you don't dare do that," replied one of the boys.

"Don't I? Wait and see," said Gilbert.

"Willie often left his sled in the hall of the school over night so that it might be handy for use at recess and after school. Gilbert knew this, and one morning he slyly carried the sled into the wood-shed, and taking the ax, broke it into fragments in presence of his chums, saying as he did it, 'There, didn't I tell you I'd do it!'

"Well, he was a spiteful fellow truly," observed the Corporal. "If he belonged to my company I'd call a council of war, try him by court-martial, and see if I could not get him drummed out of my noble army."

"Ah, Corporal! Haven't you a little spite in your own nature?" asks Mr. Forrester, laughing.

"Not a bit," replies the Corporal, "but I'm very much afraid of the *infection* of such tempers as those of Gilbert. Such a boy would corrupt and destroy a dozen others, and I would like to shut him outside of my company as they shut lepers out of cities."

"That's very well put for you, Mr. Corporal; but wouldn't it be better to keep him and make a good boy of him?" rejoins Mr. Forrester.

"If he wanted to be a good boy I'd keep him if he had as many faults as he has nails on his toes," says the Corporal; "but a boy who won't try to improve himself, who is indeed bent on doing wrong, I can't either keep in or admit into my company. No, sir. None of your willfully wicked boys for me. I want boys, and girls too, who are trying, by the grace of God, to be good boys and girls. I go for helping those who help themselves. All others I pity. I beg them to pity themselves, and begin trying for better things. Until they do that they can't come into my company."

The Corporal, no doubt, is correct. A boy who, like Gilbert, is bent on indulging his bad feelings is not a fit boy to admit to the Try Company. What say *you*, my children? Is a *willfully* wicked child fit to join our Try Company? Speak! all of you.

"No, sir!" is the answer I receive in my heart from hundreds of thousands of lips. The children and the Corporal agree. They know that conduct like Gilbert's should exclude any child from the noble army of trying ones. And the worst of the case is that such *willful* wickedness will exclude from the kingdom of Jesus. Let us all pray this prayer, "O Lord, give willfully wicked children right hearts. Grant also to help those who are trying to please, love, and serve thee."

Now, Corporal, read some of your many letters.

"J. L., of —, says:

"Your Advocate has been a gleam of sunshine during many dark and dreary hours, and especially your 'Conversation Corner.' We are delighted with the Corporal's remarks, and we have come to the conclusion that he intends to spend the remainder of his days in encouraging the children of our land to seek the Saviour while young. We trust that he will range the blissful fields of glory with many stars in his crown of never-fading glory. Our beloved pastor held a protracted meeting here last winter, and many of the teachers and scholars were among the seekers of religion. Now, we are happy to say that the most of them are living Christian lives."

That is good news, Miss L. The Corporal smiles one of his most pleasant smiles as he reads it. May the recruits soon become veterans in Christ's army!

"C. H. F., of —, writes:

"I joined the Church two years ago last March, but I have not lived as I ought all the time; but I will try to do better after this."

Charlie must keep on fighting until he enters heaven. If temptation conquers him to-day he must up and at it again. But he must not let evil beat. He need not. By praying hard and watching much he may gain strength to conquer first, last, and always. Courage! my Christian boy. You and Brother Albert must be valiant for Jesus.

"MARGARET V. writes:

"I have been sick more than a year. I cannot go to Sunday-school. I try to be good and love Jesus. 'Tis very hard to be sick, but I try to think it is all for the best."

It is hard to be sick through long weary months, but it is much easier to be sick with Christ in the heart to comfort than it is to be well and wicked. Nothing is harder than the service of sin. Margaret's photo and picture are all right.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

FROM A LOVER OF SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

A LITTLE girl sat by her mother watching the sun set. It was a beautiful evening, but sorrow filled the hearts of both. At length the little girl in a sorrowful, sad tone said:

"Ma, I can't see why I can't have good clothes, and nice new bonnets, and shoes like other little girls. And then, ma, you say I ought to be thankful. I don't know what I have to thank God for."

"Surely," replied the mother, "you have many blessings that many poorer children do not have, and you ought not to complain."

But the heart of the mother was touched and her eyes were filled with tears as she thought of her little daughter's sorrow. She could not make her little Jennie think that her lack of wealth was all for the best, and that she had many things to be thankful for. She folded her the more closely to her bosom, and as they sat thus they saw an old man approach and a little barefooted boy walking close by his side. As they came nearer they saw the old man was blind and the little boy was leading him. They came up to where they were, and when the old man found they were near this woman's home he asked if he and his little boy might stay all night.

They all went together into the house, and that night as Jennie sat upon her father's lap and heard the poor blind man tell his story she felt very sorry for him. He told them he once had a nice home and everything he wanted to make him happy. He said he didn't care much that he had lost all these things for himself, but he was sorry his little boy couldn't have good clothes and things that he wanted as he used to have. They talked a long time, and after the old man and the little boy had gone to sleep, little Jennie put her arms around her mother's neck and said:

"Now, ma, I can see what I ought to be thankful for. I am not blind like this poor man, and it isn't as hard for me to wear cheap and patched clothes as it is for this little boy, for he once had nice clothes and all he wanted, and I never had, and I can do without them better than he. And he has no good mother and no home. Now I won't be naughty any more and make ma cry and feel so sad, and God will love me if I trust in Jesus and thank him for what he has done for me."

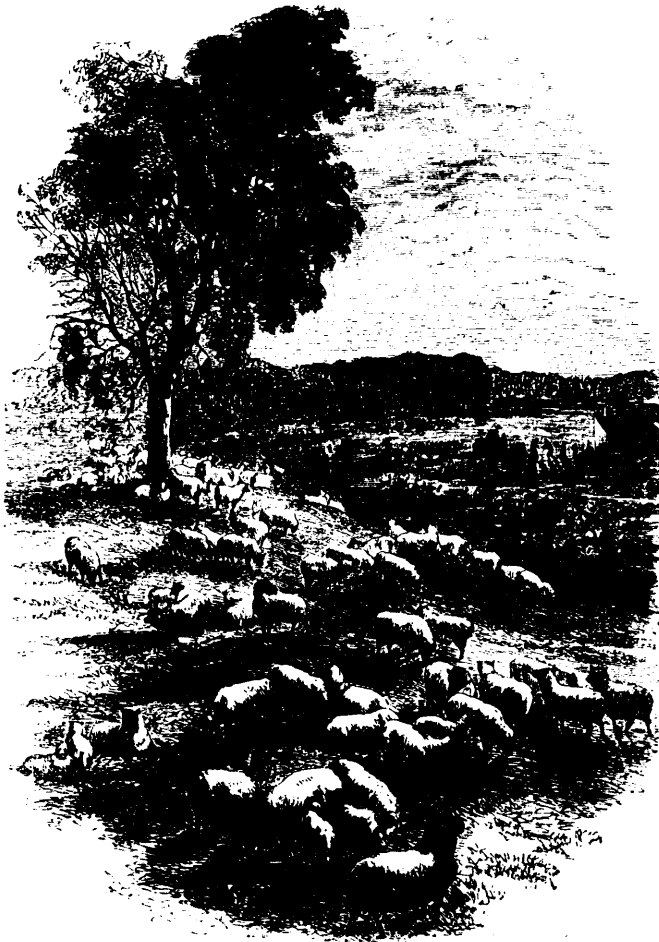
And little Jennie prayed longer than usual that night before she fell asleep, and in the morning she told her ma what a good dream she had had, and some time, maybe, we will tell you more about Jennie's dream and of the poor blind man and little boy.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT THE LAMBS DO.

"Up! in the morning's early light,
Up! in the morning early;
The sun is shining warm and bright,
And the birds are singing merrily."

SEE! the sun is just peeping above the tree tops in the distance. It easily breaks through the thin clouds and sends its warm and cheerful rays over the earth. How white and nice the backs of these sheep look in the sunlight. They are a company of early risers. Every one of them is "wide awake, and no mistake." They don't wait until some one comes to call them from their grassy beds. Just think of the little lambs quietly snoozing on the green grass, while the sun is getting up higher and higher, and the birds singing merrily in the trees, and everything around them awake and stirring. The little lambs sleep on, waiting for some good-natured old sheep to stoop down by their heads and



bleat in their ears, "Ba-a! ba-a! ba-a! Wake up, wake up, little chaps, wake up! The sun is shining, and the birds are singing, and the bees are humming, and the flies are buzzing, and it's high time for all the lambs to be up."

Ah! the lambs never wait for all that. As soon as it is daylight every one in the flock opens his eyes and gets on his feet. Is that the way you do, little reader? or do you lie in bed long after sunrise, waiting for some one to call you? "John, Sarah, Willie, Margaret, come, do get up." Then you yawn, and stretch, and get your eyes half open, and beg to lie a little longer, and then go to sleep again. Is that so?

How would you like to have father or mother come to your bedside to-morrow morning and say "Ba-a, ba-a, ba-a" to you as though you were a little sheep. I'll tell you what would wake you up. Let father bring a sheep into your room close to your bed, and let that sheep bleat in your ears. O wouldn't you jump then! You would very likely dream that you were a sheep out in the grass nibbling for your breakfast.

But if you want to rise as early as the sheep, be sure and go to bed as early as they do. Little boys and girls have no business to sit up until nine or ten o'clock at night.

You must not only be like the sheep in early rising, but you must be, like them, gentle and loving. Did you ever have a pet lamb? Mary did, you know. Now don't ask me what Mary, for I never knew her other name; but I heard about her a great many years ago, when I was a child, and you have heard of her too, I have no doubt:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

Pet lambs are very pretty creatures. Mary's lamb followed her everywhere, because it loved her. It did everything Mary told it to do; it was a gentle creature. So you are to obey your parents and love them, and love each other. And there is One other you are to obey and love. He made the little lambs and he made you. You know his name; do you love him?

Then there is One who is called in the Bible "the Lamb of God." Jesus is that Lamb, so loving, kind, and gentle. You want to be like him, do you not? Go find that pretty little hymn, "I want to be like Jesus." Sing it and *pray* it. If you are like Jesus, the loving Lamb, you will indeed be good.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"I WOULDN'T WORK SUNDAYS!"

"WELL, my boy, how much do you earn a week?" I inquired of a smart little fellow one day.

"Two dollars."

"Well, how much is that a day?" I queried.

"Thirty-three and one third cents."

"Ah! Are you not a little mistaken in your arithmetic?" again I inquired.

"Why, three times thirty-three and one third is one dollar, and twice that is two dollars."

"So you reckon but *six* days in a week; I thought that there were *seven*."

"Why, I don't work Sundays! I go to Sabbath-school," he said with a look of surprise.

"O yes, I see. But your mother would let you work if you didn't go to Sabbath-school?"

"*I wouldn't work Sundays unless she made me, and I know she wouldn't do that!*" was his noble answer.

Telling him always to "regard the Sabbath and be prompt at Sabbath-school," I slipped a fifty cent currency into his hand.

"What is this for?" he inquired with surprise.

"For your mother," was the reply.

"O thank you!" he said, and I left him at his work as happy and busy as a bee.

COUSIN GENEIE.

THE QUARRELSOME COCKS.

Two quarrelsome cocks fell out one day, and as they fought together, some tinker lads drew near unobserved. They parted the combatants and bore them away to their camp in the wood. Ere the day closed the poor cocks were swinging together in the tinker's cauldron, a warning to all of their nature and race.

Be sure, be sure when blinded by passion that danger is near.

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