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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · M6 ·

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 20.

JULY 25, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 188.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SCHOOLBOY AND HIS SPENDING-MONEY.

A CERTAIN father sent his son to a boarding-school. Knowing that he would need some spending-money, he placed a sum in the hands of the principal, to be given in weekly instalments. I do not know the amount, but it was quite as large as any good boy ought to spend while at school.

But this boy was very fond of pleasing himself. He loved to be eating nuts, cakes, ice-creams, and sweetmeats. He loved nick-nacks, too, and was always buying knives, toothpicks, rings, etc. In these ways his spending-money was soon gone, and the store-keeper, knowing his parents to be rich, trusted him. At the end of the term he owed quite a large debt.

"What will your father say about it?" asked his chum when he saw the bill.

"O he'll only blow up a little and pay it. It's no great matter for pap. He's rich," replied the spendthrift, laughing.

Did that boy do right? Was it no great matter? Perhaps the money was no great matter to his father, but was not his disobedience a great matter? After the indulgence shown him, was not his disobedience without the least excuse? If you think so—and I know you do—make up your minds that it would be a very great and serious matter for you to spend even a penny more than your parents told you to do. Remember, disobedience in little things is just as wicked as in great things. You must, therefore, in all things, "*Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*"

W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

CHARLIE THE MISCHIEF LOVER.

LITTLE CHARLIE is a "wide awake." I think he must be related in some way to old Neptune, for, like a wave of the sea, he is never still. But this is not the worst of his case. If it were, I should not blame the little fellow much, for healthy boys can no more help being active than slender grass can help waving in the wind. But Master Charlie is active in mischief, and that makes him a naughty boy.

If Charlie is allowed to go out on the sidewalk he will begin to throw stones at those who pass by. One day he threw a stone at a high-spirited horse,



hit it, and made it run away. O how Charlie did laugh when he saw the frightened creature dash down the street! But when the horse run into a carriage, upset his master, and did a great deal of damage to the two carriages, it was no laughing matter. What was fun to Charlie was loss and almost death to the man in the carriage. Isn't Charlie wicked?

When Charlie can get out for a run he is sure to make straight for the brook. He steps into it boots and all, until his boots, stockings, pantalettes, and feet are all pretty well soaked. Why can't Charlie play on the grass? Because he is thoughtless, and loves mischief better than anything else.

One day Charlie was taken to the sea-side. Almost the first thing he did was to make a boat of his hat and set it to sailing on the waves while he held it by the strings. Did ever little boy act worse than Charlie?

Charlie gives his friends plenty of trouble to take care of him. I hope he will grow better before he is much older. If he does not he will be like a thorn in the sides of his father and mother instead of being a source of comfort and blessing to them.

If Charlie should see this little sketch of himself I hope it will make him ashamed, and that he will go to Jesus and say, "O precious Saviour, please take the mischief out of my heart!"

Children, let us all pray for Charlie!

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE WISE WORDS OF AN IDIOT.

A POOR boy was struck on the skull. He had no skillful doctor to attend him, and so a small bit of the bone which ought to have been removed was left pressing on the brain. For this cause the boy became an idiot.

It may seem strange to you, but it was so, nevertheless, that although this boy could not learn his A B C, he did learn to love Jesus. If his teacher told him that any particular act would please Jesus, he would do it without regard to the obstacles in his way. If he was told that a certain act would offend Jesus, nothing could persuade or compel him to do it. In this the idiot was wiser than most boys.

When this idiot boy became a man in years and size, he remained a child in mind and feeling. Children were his companions and not men. He was very fond of the Sunday-school. It was his heaven on earth. He went about getting scholars for it, and was a very great help to it.

One Sunday many of the larger boys made up their minds to quit. "We are too big to go to Sunday-school," said they. Their teachers told them how foolish they were to talk thus. They even wept over the rebels. But it was all in vain. The boys had allowed an evil spirit to enter their hearts, and they would quit the school even though their folly should prove their ruin.

Then this poor idiot rose in the school and uttered words which made their ears tingle. Said he: "The Bible says, them that God has given much to he'll expect a great deal of. Now, boys, he haint given but a little speck to me, so he wont ask much of me; but if he gin me as much senses as he has you, I'd be afraid to look him in the face if I behaved as you do."

These wise words went right to the hearts of the rebels. They saw their folly and repented. The poor idiot subdued them.

I hope my readers will study the idiot's speech. God has given you much, my children, and he will require much at your hands. You know your duty. Kind teachers, loving parents, charming books, the Holy Bible have been your instructors. Jesus expects you all to be very obedient, very loving, very holy. Will you disappoint and grieve the blessed Saviour by being wicked? I hope not. W.

GOD resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.



THE DOCTOR VISITING EVA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

DEAR little Katy, usually so well and hearty, fell sick one day during Aunt Eva's visit, and in spite of all that could be done for her grew worse and worse. How a few days' sickness changes a child! All the bright laughter died away on her lips, and she felt too languid and ill to care anything about her old plays. All the family were alarmed, and her mother scarcely left her bedside. All night long she watched beside her, and in the daytime she was there too. Did you ever think how much your mother has done for you in the times when you were sick? How can a child ever be unkind or ungrateful to his mother?

One night Aunt Eva persuaded her sister to lie down while she took her place for a few hours.

"Do you think I am going to die, auntie?" asked Katy very anxiously as she sat alone with her in the lonesome midnight.

"I hope not, darling," said her aunt very gently; "but if it is God's will, would my little girl be afraid to go?"

"Yes, auntie, I should be so afraid. I have been such a naughty girl very often. I have been proud and I often get angry, and I think about my plays on the Sabbath, and O I can't tell you how bad I am in here," she said, laying her little pale hand on her heart.

"Katy, do you think anybody goes to heaven because they are good?"

"Why, yes, good people are the only ones who go to heaven, are they not, auntie?"

"Jesus Christ said to a thief, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' He had been a very wicked man."

"Yes, Aunt Eva, but he loved Jesus, and prayed to him even when he was on the cross."

"That was it, Katy. He believed in Jesus as a Saviour. He had *faith* in him. So he prayed that he would remember him when he came into his kingdom. It was not a good life that saved him, but faith in Christ, and everybody else must be saved in the same way. If my little girl will only turn her thoughts to Jesus, only believe what he says and give her love to him, he will surely save her. Whether you get well or not, Katy, you cannot begin too early to serve him."

Much more did Aunt Eva say to her little niece in that long, sleepless night-watch, and though she recovered at length very slowly, she seemed ever after to be a changed child. God can give a little

girl a new heart just as well as he can an older person, if they will only come to him in the right way to save them. If they will only trust all to Jesus Christ, and if they are really the Lord's children, they will be very careful to do everything exactly as Jesus would love to have them. They will be good because they love him.

Aunt Eva went home as soon as Katy was well enough, but her good teachings staid in the heart of the little girl through all her life. J. E. M'C.

THE FLY.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

BABY bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls—
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs!
There he goes
On his toes
Tickling baby's nose!

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread!
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck!
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes!
Three small pairs
Made of hairs—
These he always wears!

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down.
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste;
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
When it rains,
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

Catch him? No!
Let him go;
Never hurt an insect so,
But, no doubt,
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk!
Fie! O fie!
Foolish fly,
How will he get dry?

Flies can see
More than we—
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly
Ope your eye—
Spiders are near by!
For a secret I can tell,
Spiders never treat flies well!
Then away!
Do not stay—
Little fly, good day!

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE KAFFIR AND THE GHOST.

A POOR Kaffir was once very wretched. He was haunted, he said, by a ghost, which tormented him day and night, and brought all sorts of trouble upon him. Poor fellow!

Was he really haunted by a ghost? Of course he was not, because there are no ghosts in the world.

It was only his fancy. But the funny thing in his case was that he thought it was the *ghost of an elephant* that haunted him! He had once shot an elephant, and he fancied the spirit of the dead animal was seeking his ruin. Poor, foolish Kaffir!

What did he do? He killed an ox and laid it at the feet of the supposed ghost. A cloud happening just then to arise over the wood in which the ghost was thought to dwell and to send a shower down upon the earth, the poor man thought his sacrifice was accepted. His fear fled away, and he went home happier than he had been for a long time before.

It is to teach such poor men the truth, to save millions of children from growing up in such silly beliefs and from feeling such needless torment that we send missionaries to the heathen. Let us thank God we were not born heathen! Let us do all we can to send missionaries to instruct and save those who are in such darkness! W.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.—2 Tim. ii, 3, 4. See also Josh. v, 14; Psa. lxxviii, 9.

THAT poor soldier is having a hard time. The rain pours down upon him in torrents. It has soaked through his hat, it runs down his neck, it fills his boots. But he clings to his horse without grumbling. He knows it is a soldier's duty to endure hardship.

The young soldiers of Jesus have to endure hardships too sometimes. When a boy or girl nobly stands up for Jesus in the face of those who mock at their piety; or when a good child is teased, beaten, or abused for refusing to walk in an evil way, then he endures hardship like a good soldier.

THE BEE-FLOWER.

"O PAPA," said Arthur one day when he was taking a walk with his father, "do tell me what those pretty odd-looking flowers are called. They seem to have plenty of honey on their leaves; for see, papa, every flower has a bee upon it. How still they are! The quiet little rogues are making a rich feast there."

"Touch one of them with your little finger, Arthur," said Mr. Moore, smiling.

"I shall disturb it, papa, and I should not like to do that."

"No, Arthur, you will not disturb *that* bee," said his father, "so touch it."

Arthur placed his little finger as gently as possible upon it, and to his great astonishment he found there was nothing but the flower, the mere resemblance of a bee! He was then told that the plant was a species of *Orchis*, called on account of that resemblance the bee-flower.

"O papa," said Arthur with a modest blush, "I remember what you told me as we came along the road: 'Trust not too much to the outside show of things.'"

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1863.

SELF-WILLED RODMAN.

"RODMAN, my son," said Mr. Welsh to his son one evening, "take a light, go down cellar, and get me my hammer. You will find it in the tool-box at the foot of the stairs."

"Yes, sir," said Rodman, "I will."

Rodman arose, left the room, and began to go down the cellar-stairs. He took no light, however, for it was his way to do things as he pleased, and not just as he was told. He was a self-willed boy.

The stairway was dark, and having no light, Rodman did not see a water-pail which some one had left on the top stair. He stepped right into it and fell headlong down stairs, making a great noise as he fell.

The noise of his fall roused his father and mother. They ran with lights to see what had happened. Mr. Welsh found Rodman insensible on the cellar-floor. He carried him up stairs, and after much effort brought him to his senses. He proved to be not seriously hurt. A big bump on the forehead, however, remained several days to remind him of what his self-will had done for him.

Those boys and girls who, while they do not refuse to do what they are told, are in the habit of doing things in their own way, should learn a lesson from Rodman's fall. They had better let his bump teach them the wisdom of doing exactly what they are told. Disobedience is always dangerous. In obedience alone is safety.

A SEWED-UP MOUTH.

It is said that in the country of Siam if one is found guilty of lying the law dooms him to have his mouth sewed up! A queer punishment, truly. Now, suppose that everybody who told a lie in this country was sure to have his mouth sewed up with an invisible thread by an invisible needle, how many open mouths should we see in the streets? I wonder how many of my Advocate boys and girls would have sewed-up mouths.

"None of them!" shouts the corporal. O charitable corporal!

"Nine tenths of them would have threads in their mouths!" cries Esquire Forrester. O harsh Esquire Forrester!

Which is right, my children, the corporal or the esquire? For my part, I think the truth lies between them both. Many would have open mouths, for I believe many of you never have told a lie and you never will; but, alas! some of you have, and if you are ever sent to Siam and tried for lying your mouths will be sewed up tight as a bag of beans. I'm sorry. But by-gones are by-gones. Let those who have never told a lie stick to their love of truth. Let those who have lied repent and lie no more. Let all remember that

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight."

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

WALK in, corporal. Be seated, friend Forrester. The day is warm, very warm; yea, it is hot; but we must work for our children so long as we have any starch left in us.

"Truth, Mr. Editor," says the corporal, "and you must not be dull this hot weather. Your paper should be more full of spice at this season than at any other, because, you see, if you don't put ginger enough in it the boys and girls won't keep awake long enough to read it. By the way, did you ever see the children sleep over the Sunday-School Advocate?"

"No, sir, nor you either," replied the squire, "and if I should I'd shoot them as sure as a gun."

Shoot them, esquire? Shoot children?

"Yes, shoot them! I'd shoot them—with my tongue. I give them a loud call to the duty of listening when you, and I, and the corporal are speaking."

Pshaw! That's rather a flat speech for the squire. It smacks of the hot weather. Here is another

PICTURE PUZZLE.

Even them will I bring to my holy



and make them joyful in my



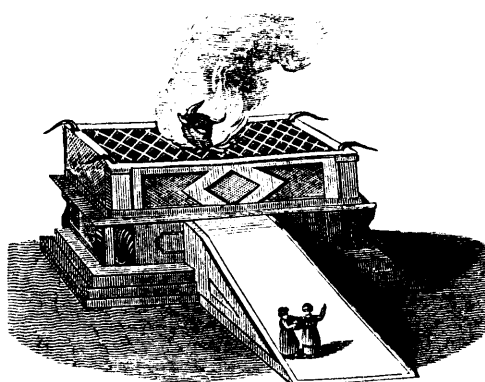
their



and their



shall be accepted upon mine



for mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people.

The answer to the picture puzzle in our last may be found in Psalms civ, 16-18.

"JAMES E. B., of Harvard, says:

"We have had a revival here this winter, and about twelve of the scholars have given their hearts to the Saviour and joined the class on probation. We hold prayer-meetings twice a week, in which we all talk and pray, and we hope your corporal will admit us into the Try Company, for, by grace assisting us, we are determined to be faithful soldiers in the army of the Lord. We are very much attached to our new Captain, and he has given each of us a splendid new uniform, consisting of the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, shoes for our feet, and the sword of the Spirit, and we hope to fight the old rebel Sin as long as we live, and we want the Try Company to pray for us.

"May those children never be found on Satan's ground again!" says the corporal; to which good wish I add mine, "May they conquer their own spirits, and leave no place in their hearts for GENERAL SELF!"

"N. ELLA P., of Batchelorville, writes:

"My little sister, five years old, has recently been very sick. She was very much pleased with the stories in the last paper, and I have read them to her again and again. There is no part of the paper but what she listens to with great eagerness. I have to go two miles on foot to Sunday-school, but I seldom stay away, for I love the Sabbath-school. There has been a revival in our Church this winter and about thirty have become Christians. My father, mother, and oldest sister are members of the Methodist Church. I do not think I am a Christian, but I have been trying this winter to be good with God's help. I should like very much to join the Try Company with my little sister. Do you think the corporal will take us? I think I will send you some flowers next summer.

"I'll take that pair of sweet sisters," says the corporal, "and shall beg a share of the flowers when they come. A girl who walks two miles to Sunday-school and is trying to give her heart to Jesus is a girl that I like."

My taste agrees with yours, corporal. What have you next?

"Here is some rhyme by ALICE. I'm not much in the habit of reading poetry, but I'll read you this. It runs thus:

"A dreadful thought to some, the thought of death,
To think that they shall go where Jesus saith
The wicked and ungodly all shall go,
Where the pure streams of joy do never flow.

"But pleasant thought to some, the thought of death,
To think they live just as they cease to breathe;
To think that they will go where Jesus is,
And they shall see him in the world of bliss.

"In pleasant groves they'll while away their hours,
And then lie down to sleep on beds of flowers;
There they will feel no sorrow, grief, or pain,
And their white garments shall be free from stain.

"It will be sweet to hear the angel song,
And see the Lord amid the seraph throng;
So then the good will never fear to die,
For they will go to heaven beyond the sky.

"I call that pretty fair for a girl scarcely in her teens," adds the corporal smiling. "She has the music in her soul, I judge, and if so it will come out by and by; but I don't know as it is best for her to hurry into print. Let her read, study, and wait a while."

Alice went thank you for that piece of advice, corporal.

"I suppose not; but when she is thirty years old she will say the corporal was a wise man, see if she don't."

When Alice is thirty years old the moss will most likely be growing on my brow; but read on, corporal!

"CLARA S., of Lisbon, says:

"MR. CORPORAL,—I would like to join your Try Company if you will please admit me. We have a very pleasant school of about one hundred, and the scholars seem to be doing all they can to make the school interesting. We have got the same superintendent we have had for four years, and we like him better every year. The most of our school take the Advocate, and we think we couldn't get along without it.

"Scholars who do all they can to make the school interesting are my delight," says the corporal.

He is right. I don't wonder they keep a superintendent four years. I think with such scholars I should make a good superintendent myself. Read on, corporal!

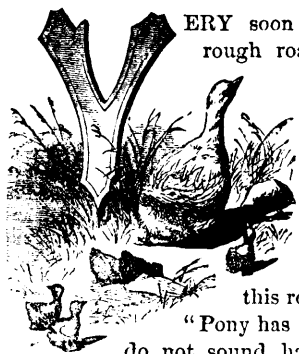
"F. A., of Logan, Ohio, says:

"I write for admission into the Try Company. I have formed a resolution never to say can't again, but my motto shall be, 'Try: where there is a will there is a way.'"

Of course you grant her request, corporal, and I approve the motto. But you must tell her that her story about "Our Willie" will not quite answer for my columns. If F. A. has a will to be clever under disappointment the way will be easily found.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE MORNING'S RIDE.



VERY soon they turned into a rough road which seemed to have been untrodden for a long time. The old snow-drifts had not been broken up, and the black pony tugged wearily with his little load.

"Why do you go in this road, papa?" said Alice.

"Pony has to go so slow the bells do not sound half so pretty as they did before."

"We must go where we can find poor people, you know," replied her father.

"Are there any sick people on this bad road?" Alice inquired.

"There is one very poor and feeble old lady not far from here, who lives all alone, with not even one little child to cheer her."

"And has she no one to bring her food?"

"No, Alice; I do not know that she has any friends in town who ever come to see if she needs food. She used to go out for it herself, but I have not seen her now for a long time, and I am afraid she is in great want."

"Poor old lady," said Alice; "I hope she is not sick all alone. But, O papa, it is not at that house you are going to stop! O, I cannot stop there."

They had just turned a corner in the road, and a poor old hut, half buried in snow, met their view. It was "Old Nan's" cottage.

Mr. Willis not answering, Alice sprang upon her feet in the sleigh, and looking up in his face imploringly said, "O, dear papa, don't you remember about my poor, dear little Frolic? Do let us go on as fast as we can."

But Mr. Willis had already reined pony as near the old house as possible, and as he took Alice in his arms to carry her through the snow he whispered:

"Does my little girl forget that Jesus said, 'Love your enemies?'"

The old broken door creaked wildly on its hinges as it was pushed open, and the dismal sight that met their gaze made Alice tremble. There was no fire upon the hearth, and the snow that had swept in from many a crevice in the walls lay yet upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a worn and soiled table, and a bed composed the furniture of the room.

A sharp voice called out to them from the bed, "What do you want? Don't come here to torment a poor dying creature."

Alice began to cry and beg her father to go; but he took her hand kindly and led her to the bed.

"We have come to make you more comfortable, Nannie," he said.

"Comfortable! There's no comfort for a miserable wretch like me. I'm freezing and starving! Go away! Why do you come to mock my misery?"

"I am going to make you a fire, Nannie, and then my little girl will warm you some broth we have brought for you."

"She warm me broth? No, no; I killed her lamb. She hates me. Go away and let me die, I tell you."

Farmer Willis soon found something with which he proceeded to build a fire, while Alice stood gazing upon the suffering old woman. She had raised herself in the bed and was clutching the tattered rags that formed its covering. Her face was dark and deeply wrinkled; her eye sunken but of a piercing black; her long gray hair was hanging in matted locks upon her shoulders, and her whole frame was shivering with cold.

"Why do you stand staring at me?" she muttered; "I was as young and pretty as you are once; and I used to have enough to eat and a good home. But my father was killed when I was no older than you are, and my mother went off and left me in the

almshouse, where everybody wished I was dead. People have always wished so since. And I shall be soon," she added as she threw herself back upon the soiled pillow and tossed her shriveled arms wildly above her head.

Alice's little bosom heaved with mingled emotions of terror and pity. She poured some broth in a tin cup and set it upon the coals that were growing bright and blazing. When it was warm she grasped her father's hand tightly as she carried it to the bedside. At first the poor creature refused to taste it. But when Alice's voice was choked with weeping as she ventured to lay her little hand lightly upon the withered arm and say, "Poor old lady, don't feel so bad. Only just taste this nice broth, and see if it is not good," she allowed herself to swallow the spoonful that was presented to her lips. Then she reached for the cup, and grasping it with both her trembling hands, she drank all its contents and returned it to Alice with almost a smile, saying, "Now go away."

"Shall we go home and leave her now?" asked Mr. Willis.

"Leave her?" said Alice with surprise; "O, papa, no. She will die with no one to take care of her. Poor, poor old Nannie!"

"But what must we do, Alice? There is no wood and no clothing for the bed, and we have no more food suitable for her, or any medicines to make her well. We must go home and provide all these things and return, if we would do her any good."

"And may I come back with you?" Alice asked imploringly.

"No, no, you will not come back!" cried the voice of old Nan. "Look at me once more and let me see a child pity me. There, go! You will not come back to see old Nan."

As they rode homeward Alice asked if they would not try very hard to make poor Nannie well, and if he would not teach her to be good so she might go to the blessed Jesus's arms when she died, where everybody would love her.

"And can my little daughter love everybody now?" inquired Mr. Willis.

"O, papa," replied Alice, "I thought I could not love old Nan because she was so wicked, and killed my pretty lamb, and looked so cross and bad to us all. But I am sorry I was so wicked; I want her to get well; I want her to be good. Yes, I do love her, and I want all the people to love her, because she is so poor and lonely."

"Do you remember, Alice, who it was that always loved those who were unkind to him, and tried to do them good?"

"I know it was the good Saviour who did so, papa, and I remember when the wicked people were killing him he prayed to God to forgive them, because he loved them. O I will never hate any one again. I will love all the world."

In the next Advocate I will finish my story of Alice.

AN UGLY HORSE CURED BY KINDNESS.

"We once had a very awkward horse to shoe," said a smith, "and I was punishing it severely to make it stand still. My shop was just before the kitchen windows, and my wife, who is a kind-hearted woman, came out and reproved me for my conduct to the animal. She went up to it, patted it, spoke kindly to it, stood close up to it, and it stood as quiet as a lamb, and we could have done anything with it."

O that people would try kindness. It is a mighty cure.

PA, YOU BLOWED MY EYES OUT.

Our little Kittie, two years old, says some funny things. On retiring to rest the other night we blew out the light, when she suddenly exclaimed, "There, pa, you blew my eyes out; that's too bad!"

On lighting the candle again she said, "There, I've got my eyes again."



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

WHAT can I give to Jesus,
Who "gave himself for me?"
How can I show my love to him
Who died on Calvary?

I'll give my *heart* to Jesus
In childhood's tender spring;
I know that he will not despise
So mean an offering.

I'll give my *soul* to Jesus,
And calmly, gladly rest
Its youthful hopes and fond desires
Upon his loving breast.

I'll give my *time* to Jesus;
O that each hour might be
Filled up with holy work for him
Who spent his life for me!

I'll give my *wealth* to Jesus,
'Tis little I possess;
But all I am, and all I have,
Dear Lord, accept and bless.

A SMART BOY.

"GRANDMA, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of a venerable lady who sat on the garden-seat knitting.

"No, my dear; why is it?" said grandma, bending her ear, eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the little pet.

"Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical search and grandma her knitting.

Wasn't Charlie a bright boy!

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