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CANADA
SUNDAY SCHOOL
ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · M.E.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 21.

AUGUST 12, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 237.



A PASSAGE IN THE YOUTH OF A GREAT MAN.

THIS beautiful picture is intended to represent a scene in the early life of a famous hero of the olden time. The story is in the Holy Bible, where it is told in language more beautiful than I can use. So, as you are all Bible-readers and have your wits about you, I shall leave you to find it out and read it for yourselves.

THE EDITOR.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

I ONCE visited the mansion of the President of the United States at Washington. It was the evening of a grand levee. The grand east room was crowded with gay people. Ladies in rich silk and costly satins were there with gentlemen in glossy broad-cloth and spotless cravats. The company was very large, and much of it was very fine.

Now if a poor boy and girl clad in rags and daubed with mud had been taken into that grand assembly how do you suppose they would have felt? Would they have trod the soft carpet with their muddy feet and brushed their dirty rags against the rich silks of the ladies without feeling that they were in the wrong place? Would they not have tried to get out as quickly as possible, that not being the right place for them?

You think they would, eh? So do I. Now, suppose that a child with a false, lying, filthy heart

should be taken into the glorious temple of our true and holy Saviour and his white-robed saints in heaven, would he feel any more at home than the beggar children in the President's mansion? Would he not feel himself to be in the wrong place? Of course he would. He would feel that his soul needed washing and to be clothed in a white robe. He would be very miserable there, and would want to get away as soon as he could.

Now let me tell you some good news, my children. You who are impure and sinful can have your souls washed and made white. You can have a white robe, and thus be made meet to feel at home in that pure temple of God. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." You can wash "your robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb." Isn't that good news? Go then, ye little ones, to Jesus and say:

"Please, Jesus, wash our sins away in thy most precious blood!"

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WISE CHILDREN.

SOLOMON, the wisest of men, said, "a wise son heareth his father's instruction." The children in the picture are drinking in the words of their teacher as thirsty oxen drink water, and therefore I call them wise children.

It is true that it is one thing to listen to instruction and another to obey it. I have, for instance,

seen a class of children listening to their teacher as if they were bound by some mystic spell, and half an hour later I have seen them romping and running through the street as noisily as a set of empty-headed idlers. Such children are not wise. They listened, not because they loved instruction, but because they were charmed by the pleasing voice, manner, or stories of their teacher. The instruction itself they despised. Solomon calls such children "fools." He says, "Fools despise wisdom and instruction."

Suppose a boy was obliged to cross a strange prairie having a multitude of paths crossing each other in every direction, but no guide-boards. Before starting, an old settler, familiar with all the paths, says to him:

"My son, I know that prairie so well I could cross it blindfolded. A stranger to its ways, like you, is in danger of being lost. Listen to me a while. I will tell you how to cross it safely."

"Pooh, pooh!" the boy replies, "I'm not afraid of being lost. I don't want any of your counsel, old fellow. I shall come out all right."

What should you expect would be the fate of that boy? He would be lost, hey? To be sure he would, and he would deserve his fate. What then can we think of those children who when told that great dangers throng the path which leads to adult life, and who when offered instruction, without which they cannot escape those dangers, but which, if heeded, would surely guide them safely, "pooh, pooh" at their friends, and walk on in willfulness?

What do they deserve? Of every one of them Solomon says, "He shall die without instruction: and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray."

I see many of these despisers of instruction every time I walk the streets of this great city. I know them by their faces, by their loud, wicked talk, by their walk and general manner. They walk proudly. Their air shows the big, swelling thoughts which fill their obstinate spirits. When I see them I seem to hear Solomon saying, "Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction."

Now, my dear children, I beg you to avoid the bad example of those who despise instruction. You are ignorant of much that your parents and teachers know. Without instruction you cannot help falling into sin, guilt, sorrow, perhaps death: therefore "Hear counsel and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in the latter end." X. X.

"I MUST DO MORE FOR MY MOTHER."

"Is there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as, with a glowing cheek, he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, though half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already," said his interrogator; "why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy, quietly.

"But you wish to leave; what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied, with half-reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice, "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the mean time, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered.

EARLY PIETY.

In the biography of Samuel Pomfret it is recorded that, having experienced the change of heart in his nineteenth year, "the remembrance of so large a portion of his life spent in impenitence ever after deeply affected his heart, and he used often to repeat the words of Austin, 'I loved thee, Lord, too late.'"



CORA AND GRACE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

CORA'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

ONE afternoon in August of the last year the express carriage brought to the door of a cottage in the country Cora Weeks and her mother. They had come from the city, and it was very refreshing after their warm, dusty ride to sit in the shady little parlor in the midst of green vines and climbing shrubs. But Cora was not willing to stay long in one place if she could help it. So Grace Stone, who was her young hostess, took her out to walk. They went down the long avenue to the fields, Cora all the way asking so many questions and so fast that Grace, who was not a talkative child, soon tired of answering them. But that was a small annoyance compared with what followed, for as they came to an orchard, Cora, without asking if it would be allowable, walked forward and helped herself.

"This orchard doesn't belong to my father," said Grace.

But that made no difference to Cora. "O my! what a nice apple!" she exclaimed, gathering one from a young tree which was bearing its first fruit.

Grace was troubled, for she knew this was choice fruit, and the owner wished to preserve it upon the tree till fully ripe.

"Don't gather any more," said Grace as politely as she could.

But Cora paid no heed, and it was not until her pockets, hands, and mouth were full that Grace succeeded in leading her away.

"Let's go up the street for a little walk now," said little Miss Weeks, eating apples and pears as she went.

"No, I wouldn't. I think tea may be ready," said Grace.

But Cora insisted and Grace yielded.

"Now we will go into that cemetery," proposed Cora, pointing to a small graveyard at some distance on.

Grace fancied that politeness obliged her to assent to every whim of her guest, so she yielded again, though she was certain it was time to go home, as it proved. Tea was over, and the ladies had begun to look anxiously for the children.

The next day it rained. Cora turned the baby-house upside down, to the secret unhappiness of Grace, persisted in eating all the candy the latter had been saving for her grandfather's birthday, broke her crayons sadly, daubed the pictures in the new *Repository*, carried Grace's poor, little kitten by the tail, fed the chickens with salt and killed one or more; all this time bright and cheerful enough and

never speaking one cross word, for crossness and ill-humor was not Cora's fault.

The next day was bright, and Cora was determined to have a horseback ride. She teased Grace's Aunt Mary till she was nearly distracted; for telling the young lady firmly she could not go made no difference with her. She renewed the attack as though she were battering down a stone wall.

"I must ride," she insisted.

"My dear, there is no horse at liberty."

"There is Firefly; let me ride on Firefly!"

"Firefly is not broken; he would throw you; you would be killed."

"Then I must ride Jennie."

"Jennie is lame."

Not satisfied with this refusal, she went to the man on the farm and coaxed and begged, "Do, please, put the saddle on one of the horses for me. Now do. Please do. Come, do. I can ride Firefly just as well as not. I should think you might ask Mr. Stone if I may. Do let me."

"I guess you wouldn't stay on Firefly long if she knew you were there," said the man; "but I can't stop to hear you tease, Miss Cora; it is milking-time."

"O I must milk! you must let me milk!" said the forward young lady.

But I shall have to leave you to imagine the rest, for I cannot tell you half the trouble her pertness and want of consideration made, all because she fancied she need not take the trouble to behave in a lady-like way in the country. But country people have rights as well as city people, and it is just as proper to remember the golden rule in a small place as in a large one. It was a day of rejoicing to all dwellers at the cottage and at the farm, from Grace's grandfather down to Pansy the kitten, when Cora Weeks left for the city.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

COME, children, thank the Lord with me,
That he has made us know
The words of love, which from above
In blessed Scripture flow.

We sit beside the living spring,
And taste the sacred stream;
In every line is grace divine,
And mercy reigns supreme.

The little pagan cannot read
This book of life and light,
For fast asleep in darkness deep,
He lies in horrid night.

No story of the Child Divine
The Gentile mother sings;
But I have heard the heavenly word,
Unknown to eastern kings.

Then let us ask, in these our lays,
That we may read aright,
And let us praise Him all our days
For blessed Bible light.

NELLY'S TEMPTATION AND PRAYER.

LITTLE NELLY was five years old. Her mother had taken great pains to instill into her mind principles of right and truth. One day she stood at the door of the dining-room looking with earnestness at a basket of fine peaches which was on the table. Nelly knew she should not touch them without leave, but the temptation was strong. Soon her mother, who was watching her from another room, saw her bow her head and cover her face with her hands. "What ails you, Nelly?" she said.

The child started, not knowing she was watched. "O, mother," she exclaimed, "I wanted so much to take one of the peaches; but first I thought I would ask God if he had any objection."

IDLENESS is the dead sea, which swallows all virtues, and is the self-made sepulcher of a living man.—JOHNSON.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1865.

IS IT FUN TO BE NAUGHTY?



"Are you a good child?" said I not long since to a bright little miss of four or five.

"Sometimes I am good and sometimes I am naughty," replied the sweet little puss with charming truthfulness. I smiled, and patting her head, said:

"You must ask Jesus to help you to be good always."

"No little girls are good all the time," said she with a very wise look.

Of course, I could not very well deny this, but I rejoined, "They ought to try to be."

My little lady then put on a very funny face and said:

"It's fun to be naughty sometimes."

Now that was a quaint idea to come from the lips of a child. I could not help smiling while I told her that "though being naughty might be fun at first, it brought sorrow at last." She gave me a very knowing look, which told me that she knew what I meant, and I then gave her a good-by kiss and left her, thinking of her remark, "It's fun to be naughty sometimes."

Yes, children, no doubt it is fun to be naughty sometimes. This is only saying that sin is pleasant at first. Tommy thinks it very pleasant to play truant; to escape punishment, when he tears his pants, by telling a lie; to tease little Sister May until she cries; to eat as much pudding as he pleases; and to do many other naughty things. I have no doubt that Tommy finds sinning quite a pleasant business at first. But how is it afterward? When the sin is committed the fun is over. Then comes guilt, shame, and punishment. The previous pleasure is lost in the present pain.

Children, sin is a cheat. It comes with smiles, kisses, and false promises, but it carries a rod beneath its robe. It pleases only that it may punish and kill. "The wages of sin is death." Beware, therefore, how you sin. "There is a way which seemeth right." That way is the way of wrong-doing. It ends in pain, ruin, death. Beware! Don't sin for the sake of the fun. There is no fun in being punished, as all sinners surely are, sooner or later.

STOP THAT SCRIBBLING!

STOP that scribbling, Master Thoughtless! Don't you know that public buildings were not meant to be covered with silly words, nor, indeed, with any other words? But you are always writing folly somewhere. Your name is on every side of the school-house. Your initials are carved on your desk. I saw them also on the railroad station-house one day. In fact, your scribbling and cutting is to be seen all over the village.

Please stop it, will you? None but boobies and idlers scribble their names as you are doing. You have no right to deface other people's property in this way. It does you no good, but it does cause you to be blamed by some and laughed at by others. You had better study harder, pray more, and so improve yourself that before you die you may be able to write your name on the hearts of men and cause them to bless you for your deeds of charity. What say you, Master Thoughtless?

MY EASY CHAIR.

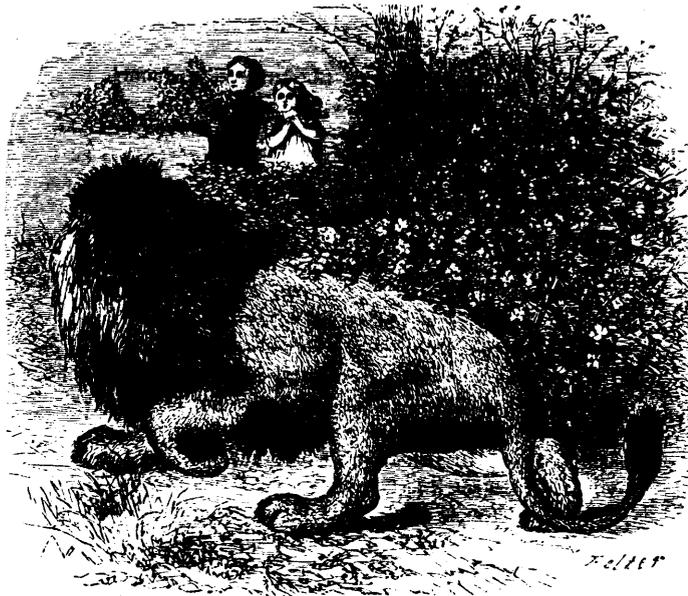
THE Corporal reports a large number of applicants for admission to the Try Company and he enrolls them all. One little boy wants him to get a medal for my company boys and girls to wear. The Corporal says the idea is a good one, but the Book Agents do not make such things as medals. It is not their business, and so members of the Try Company must show what they are by their deeds and not by a medal.

Another writer tells him how the subscriptions for the Advocate in his school were exchanged for a bank-bill which was a counterfeit, and the children lost their money and failed to get their papers. I wish I had that wretched counterfeiter in my office for an hour. Wouldn't I lecture him soundly! I would teach him the wickedness of living by such robbery. If he has a heart it would be touched, I think, when I showed him how much his crime disappointed those little ones who failed through him to get their paper. Shame on him! I'd rather be a caterpillar and rob apple-trees of their foliage than a counterfeiter who robs widows, orphans, and poor children.

I will now give the answer to the chaos of words in our last number. The text is: "Therefore let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober." 1 Thess. v. 6. The picture showed some asleep, and one noble Christian soldier watching for his Lord.

Here are some questions about lions to be answered from the Bible:

1. Which of the tribes of Israel are compared to a lion?
2. What great man once found honey in the carcass of a lion?
3. What two soldiers were said to be stronger than lions?



4. What does Solomon pronounce to be better than a dead lion?
5. What terrible personage is compared to a roaring lion?
6. Among whom did the Lord send lions?
7. Who is called the lion of the tribe of Judah?

Here is a letter from Rev. A. M. HOUGH. After stating that the Sunday-School Advocate had come to hand, he says:

"The happiest children I have seen for many a month were the children of this Sunday-school when I distributed the first package of papers among them. Many of them never saw a Sunday-School Advocate, and they could hardly restrain their pleasure. One little girl said, 'O what pretty pictures!' Another showed her paper to a playfellow who did not go to Sunday-school and she came the next Sabbath. A few of our scholars have been accustomed to see the Sunday-School Advocate at their homes many hundred miles away from these mountains, and they welcomed it as they would some very dear old friend whom they had not seen since they left their pleasant homes in the east to come out to this rude, wicked country.

"There are many things out here which I think would interest your little folks to know about, and, if you desire it, I will send a scrap now and then to the Sunday-School Advocate.

"We have two Sunday-schools on this charge which show a list of about one hundred and fifty scholars. At Helena, where Brother M'Laughlin is, he has a Sunday-school started, but not a book of any kind. I do not know the number of scholars."

We shake hands through the Advocate with the little ones in the far, far West. May they be as true and noble as the Advocate seeks to make them!—ALICE N. G., of C—, writes:

"Not far from where I live, in a little brown house near the shore of a pretty lake, lives 'Aunt Fanny,' an old lady now in her ninety-third year. Last May, while walking out, she stumbled and fell, breaking her hip-bone. Since then she has been entirely confined to her bed. The winter before she had a paralytic stroke, which confined her

to her room for a long time, and was just recovering from that so that she could walk about a little when she fell, receiving this injury. She has been obliged ever since to lie on her back, not being able to sit up or even to rest herself by lying on one side. Yet she is very patient, though she sometimes says she longs for the time to come when she will go from this world where she suffers so much. Since she has been sick there have been nearly two hundred persons in to see her, and that is quite a good many for a little country place. To amuse herself she makes little pocket pincushions for her friends. She has made over three hundred. I thought you would like to have one, so I asked her to make one for you. I think if we boys and girls of your Try Company were to be as industrious as 'Aunt Fanny' we might accomplish a great deal."

Aunt Fanny's pincushion nestles cosily in the Editor's vest-pocket, and little Alice shall have a place in his affections. May Aunt Fanny's mantle of patient toil fall on the shoulders of Miss Alice!—HENRY E., of M—, says:

"I am getting to be a big boy. I was five years old the 16th of April. My big brother has gone from home, and I have to help pa do the chores. I ride Freddie, the colt, to water while pa feeds Frank. I feed the chickens and help feed the pig, and go with my big sister to milk the cows. Pa gave me fifteen cents to get your picture, for I think you are a good man, and if I can't see your face I want your picture. I am trying to be a good boy and love my Saviour. I am going to Sabbath-school every Sabbath if I am well this summer. Will you please admit me and my little brother in your Try Company? Please excuse my printing, for I am just learning to print."

Bravo, my big little Henry! You have certainly earned a right to a place in the Try Company. Take care that colt don't throw you. Be sure you give those chickens plenty to eat. Be sure you love your Saviour with all your heart. Be kind to brother and sister, and obedient to pa and ma. The Corporal sends you a hearty kiss.—A. I. G., of W—, says:

"I have taken your little paper for ten years, long before I can remember. My parents took it at first for me to look at the pretty pictures your Advocate always has in it and they read it to me. I suppose you will think I should be a very smart little girl as I have always taken so wise an editor's paper. I am not very wise yet, but hope to be some time."

If Miss Alda has treasured up and will put in practice all the good things she has read in the Advocate she will be, if not the smartest, at least one of the best girls in the land. Better still, she will find her way to heaven. I send her my good wishes.—JENNIE M. S., of W—, says:

"I and Brother Artie go to Sunday-school. Three years ago this summer my dear papa was the superintendent, but at his country's call he left our little home and went away to be a soldier. When he had served two years he was taken sick. He was sick about three months. He got a furlough and was coming home. He came as far as grandpa's in Wisconsin. Three days after he got there he died, but he was prepared. He is in heaven now, and mamma says we will live forever with him in heaven if we are good. We are trying very hard to be good. I have three uncles in the army now, and one uncle died in the army. We are very lonesome, for dear papa he was so good and kind."

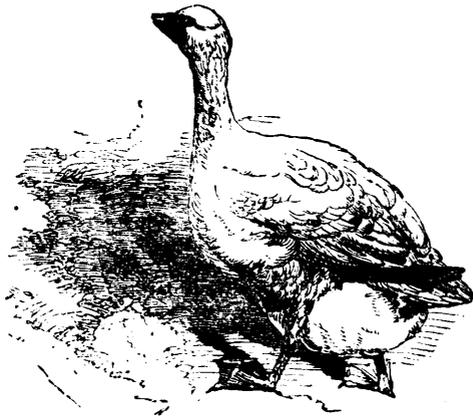
Jennie and Artie have this to comfort them in their lonely home—their papa died for his country. Greater comfort still have they in knowing that Jesus takes particular care of fatherless children. I trust that Jennie and Artie will do all they can to comfort their dear mamma.—HATTIE B., of M—, says:

"I sometimes get out of temper, but I pray to be forgiven. Don't you think Revelation is a beautiful book? I have read a great deal in it this evening. I got to reading and before I knew, so deeply absorbed in it was I thinking over it, I read six chapters, it is so beautiful. With a heap of love to you, dear, kind editor, I remain yours in faith."

Hattie's temper must be overcome or she will not be fit to dwell in the heavenly city. She must fight it, pray against it, watch it, and never give up until she feels that she is its mistress. Hattie will be a heroine when she conquers herself.—R. B., of B—, says:

"Twenty-two of our scholars have made a profession of faith in Jesus since the re-organization of our school, Nov. 6, 1864. We love the Advocate and hope its wise editor will long live to bless us with words of good cheer."

What a blessed thing it is that our children are coming to Jesus!



For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE BOYS AND THE GEESE.

SOME years ago, in England, two wicked boys on a certain Sabbath, instead of going to Sunday-school and church, laid a plan for stealing some geese from Mr. Bulmer, one of their neighbors. They went into his pasture-lot late at night and took sixteen of them. Some of them they killed and sold in the market the next day, and the rest they resolved to sell alive.

Mr. Bulmer went to market the next day, and seeing the geese in the possession of these boys, he had them taken up for stealing. The boys denied having stolen them, but professed to have got them from some man in the country for whom they were to sell them. The owner, however, was quite sure they were his, though some of his neighbors thought not. The difficulty was to prove his property, without which he could neither recover the geese nor punish the boys.

At last he thought of one way in which he might show that the geese were his. The boys had left a dozen or more geese in the pasture-lot. Now these were the companions, relatives, friends of the stolen fowls. He told the judge that he would like to bring the two parties together, and then the facts would come out, for if these geese were his they would instantly be known by those which were left in the lot.

The judge gave him permission to take the geese, with a constable and another man for a witness. A carriage was accordingly provided, and the three men with the geese drove off to the pasture-field. On their return the witnesses gave a very interesting account of the affecting interview between the two parties of geese.

As soon as the carriage arrived at the field, the ancient gander came out to welcome the approach of his lost family, and the cackling of other geese was heard from a distant part of the field. When they were released from their confinement in the carriage they hastened to join their old friends, and their joy was indescribable. Such kissing and cackling as were heard were truly wonderful. They stretched their long necks, and half running, half flying, hastened to meet each other.

The witnesses could not have any doubt that these two parties of geese were old friends and comrades. They had evidently seen each other and cackled together before. This being the case, it was very evident that the boys must either have taken the geese found in their possession from the lot, or else have obtained them from some one that did. And since they could not prove to the satisfaction of the court and jury that they came by them honestly, they must have stolen them.

It was a very laughable trial, especially where the witnesses described the interview between the two parties of geese. It is not a usual thing to have geese for witnesses in a court, but in this case they seem to have served a very good purpose. The jury found the boys guilty of stealing.

Had they been to Sunday-school on that Sabbath-day, instead of laying plans for stealing Mr. Bulmer's geese, it would have been much better for them. They thought that nobody knew of their

wickedness, and that it would never be found out. But God knew it all the time, although they did not think of that. They never thought that these poor stupid fowls could ever appear against them.

Open your Bible at the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy and the latter part of the twenty-third verse, and see if there is not something there illustrated by this story. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MY BABY SISTER.

MANY years ago, when I was a child, I had a curly-haired, blue-eyed sister, whose pet name was Mandie. We loved each other dearly and were always together. I was some years older than she, and I would very often read pretty stories to her from books and papers. She liked best to hear those from the Bible. She called it "God's big book." When I read to her about the Saviour's sleeping in a manger, she wished that he had her crib; and when I read and explained to her the story of the crucifixion, her large eyes filled with tears, she clasped her tiny hands and exclaimed, "Ise sorry they so naughty."

She was sick a long time. She suffered very much, and took a great deal of bad medicine, but she never complained. At last she was so thin that she was carried on a pillow. One day, when mother was thus carrying her about, she asked me to read her the story of the good man in "God's big book." I did not feel like it, and I replied peevishly. She turned her large, sad-looking eyes upon me and answered so gently and forgivingly, "Mandie loves Lulu."

That night she was taken worse, and the next day she went to rest in the Saviour's bosom. When they told me she was dead, I remembered that my last words to her had been spoken in anger, and had wounded her tender spirit; my grief was almost wild. I stole into the room where she lay robed in white. I could almost fancy that she was sleeping; but when I touched her cheek its coldness struck to my heart, and I sank down on the floor and prayed that I might die.

My wicked prayer came near being answered, for I was very sick for a long time; but the good Lord had pity on me, and spared my life and pardoned my sins. And now I am trying to serve God truly, and I am waiting patiently till he shall call me to go

"Over the river, the peaceful river,
Where my darling sister is waiting for me."

COUSIN LULU.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SUSIE'S FATHER.



SUSIE was very sick. The doctor said she would die. Her father was a bad man. He would get drunk and abuse his wife and children; but he loved them when he was sober, and now he was almost distracted. He flew to the bedside and said that he could not, would not part with her.

"O yes, father," said Susie, "you must part with me. I am going to Jesus. But now promise me that you wont abuse mother any more and wont drink any more whisky."

He promised, and Susie's face brightened with joy.

"Now, father, promise me that you will pray."

"I can't, Susie; I don't know how to pray."

"But kneel down, father, and I will show you how. I learned how at the Sunday-school."

So he knelt down and she began to repeat the words, and he began to repeat them after her, and soon he went on praying for himself till God heard and answered him.

When he had finished, there lay Susie with a smile on her face, but her soul had gone to Jesus.

A. J.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OUR GREEN PARROT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

HAVE you seen our green parrot?
He's the queerest old bird
That ever you heard,
And ne'er at a loss for a song or a word.

Our saucy green parrot!
He scolds and he frets,
He nicknames our pets,
And all the best rules of politeness forgets.

Our knowing green parrot!
He'll laugh in your face;
If you're in disgrace,
Or trouble, he'll tell it all over the place.

Our restless green parrot!
He cannot keep still,
He climbs where he will,
And walks wrong side up, with the aid of his bill.

Our meddling green parrot!
He'll question and quiz,
And poke his strange phiz
Into matters that can be no business of his.

Our noisy green parrot!
A stump-speaker he,
His cry "Liberty,"
And he deafens our ears with his songs of the free.

Alas, our green parrot!
With his voice shrill and clear,
With his quick, ready ear,
Our parrot is but a sad heathen I fear.

Our wicked green parrot!
He knows all our cares,
He hears us at prayers,
Yet sometimes, when cross, the old green parrot swears.

Long live our green parrot!
May he hate his one sin,
May repentance set in
And make him a model for all of his kin.

A GOOD RETORT.

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old; "you are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?"

"Why, they feed him more and kick him less," said the urchin.

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