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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
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SCHOOLM. C.
SUNDAY
SCHOOL

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 17.

JUNE 11, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 209.

For the S. S. Advocate.

A TROOP OF WARRIORS.

"GET out of the way, children! A troop of fiery soldiers is dashing on to the plains. Run for your lives!"

Such are the words I would shout in your ears, my children, if I saw you standing in the path of those wild horsemen in the picture. They are bold fellows, and care for very little but themselves.

Who are they? They are KURDS. They live on the eastern border of Turkey, in Asia, and on the frontier of the ancient kingdom of Persia. Get your map and find

the place. It is a land of mountains, with snow-capped peaks. In summer the Kurds live among the highest valleys of their mountains, where the rich grass feeds their flocks, and the sparkling water from the rills and brooks affords them drink.

When autumn comes they go down the mountains, camping as they go wherever they can find pasture. By the opening of winter they are on the plains, where they remain until the ensuing spring. Then they start again for their mountain homes, taking their cattle, sheep, wives, and little ones with them. As the Indian women in America carry their papooses on their backs, so do these Kurdish women carry their babes. The older children they place in sacks, with their heads peeping out, and sling them across the backs of their oxen. Rather a rough way of riding, eh?

How many Kurds are there? About two millions. *What sort of people are they?* They are wandering shepherds, fond of war, and always ready for a fight with their neighbors, the Nestorians. The Turkish government has hard work to keep them quiet.

They are good-looking people, with small bodies and thin faces. They wear big turbans made of shawls instead of hats. Their pantaloons are made very large. Their jackets are short, and they wear over them loose mantels of camel's hair. They are famous horsemen. A group of them makes a very pretty picture, as you see.

These Kurds believe in *Mohammed*, and in the false religion that impostor taught. It will please



you to be told, however, that missionaries from America are now preaching Christ to them and to their neighbors, the Nestorians, with some success. Let us both hope and pray that they may soon become Christians.

F. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW AN UGLY TEMPER LOOKS.

A QUICK-TEMPERED, sulky old man was once persuaded to have his photograph taken. When he saw the picture he was struck with the many sharp deep lines in his face. They seemed to him like letters which said to every looker-on, "This is a surly old man."

He felt ashamed. He had never *looked* at his temper before. In the secret chambers of his soul he felt sorry and said, "I wont look like this long. I'll conquer my temper."

On his way home what do you think he did? He actually bought a pocket-mirror! He meant to study his face and see if by keeping down his temper and being good-natured he couldn't get it to tell people a better story about him. I believe that by dint of praying and trying he succeeded, and that his face did finally become a very pleasant thing to look upon.

I wish every cross child would always run to a mirror the moment a fit of passion begins. It is my opinion that a peep at his face would bring the ugly fit to an end. It would fairly frighten the ugly out of his breast. Will you try it, Master Fierybreast?

Here, don't throw down the paper, little cross-patch. I have another question for you to think over. If ugly temper will make the face frightful, how must the heart in which it rages appear in the sight of God? **QUIERIST.**

For the S. S. Advocate.

SINGING THEMSELVES TO SLEEP.

THREE little brothers slept in one room. They were loving little fellows, very fond of going to Sunday-school, and very much in love with singing. When they went to their room at night, they always knelt quietly at their bed-

sides and said their evening prayers. They then slipped into bed and began to sing their favorite hymns. They sung one hymn after another until they sung themselves to sleep.

That was a pretty way of going to sleep, wasn't it? Some brothers, ay, and some sisters too, *quarrel* themselves to sleep. Which is the better way? *Singing*, eh? To be sure it is. Learn, then, to pray and sing yourselves to sleep. It will be easy to do so if you love the Saviour, for his love will make your heart so glad that you will be able to say with truth,

"My happy soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A LITTLE SOLOMON.

EDMUND, a little boy, was walking home from school with his playmate. They came to a spot which was very muddy. To go through this mud-hole they had to walk in Indian file across some stones. When Edmund was half way across, his playmate ran against him and pushed him off the stones into the puddle.

When Edmund had picked himself up he was covered with mud from head to foot. Taking a chip, he quietly scraped the dirt from his clothes. A third boy now came up and said:

"Ed, that Oliver Fry served you a mean trick.

If I was you I would push him into the puddle and let him see how he likes it."

"That would be wrong," replied Edmund. "But if it were not, what good would it do me to push him in? It wouldn't clean my coat, and there would be two suits to clean instead of one."

Do you think old King Solomon could beat the wisdom of that answer? It was wise and it was Christian too. Edmund had learned *not* to return evil for evil. Blessings on that little Solomon!

X.



WHITER THAN SNOW.

"CAN you tell me of anything that is whiter than snow?" inquired one who was addressing a Sunday-school.

"The soul that has been washed in the blood of Jesus," was the satisfactory answer of a little girl.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Psa. li, 7.

"These are they which . . . have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Rev. vii, 14.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i, 7.

SWEET WILLIAM.

A LITTLE boy, a very little boy, named William, was so affectionate and so thoughtful about others, that he used to be called after the flower of that name, "Sweet William." Before he was two years old he was shown some large Scripture prints; one of them was the lame man healed by Peter and John at the beautiful gate of the temple. He looked earnestly at it, and noticed that the lame man had no shoes on. What do you think he did? He took his own little shoes off his feet and said:

"Poor lame man can't walk; give him my shoes."

He thought the reason why the lame man could not move along was because he had no shoes on his feet, so he was willing to part with his own shoes that the poor man might be able to walk. Then little William tried to make his shoes fit on to the picture—he did not understand that it was *only* a picture—and he seemed sadly disappointed that he could not get the poor man to wear them.

Now you are wiser than this dear little boy was about pictures, but are you as wishful as he was to help others? I think you might learn from him a lesson of kindness and self-denial. How much less heavy would be the sorrow in our world if everybody tried to lighten it! Dear reader, are you doing *your* share?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BLUNDERING GRATITUDE.

A MISSION-SCHOOL was out on a picnic. One of the teachers was seated on the grass beneath a wide-spreading elm with an Irish woman, the mother of two or three of the school children. Her husband came up with his broad brown face wreathed in smiles, and, looking gratefully at the teacher, said: "May you live forever, and die happy!"

That was a genuine Irishman's blunder, but I like it, nevertheless, because it was the sincere expression of a true Irish heart. Gratitude is always beautiful, however homely and awkward the phrase may be in which it is expressed. Children, do you grow that lovely flower in your heart-garden? X.

THE OPEN DOOR.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread,
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the holy book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclosethe the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster* passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow smiling said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord,"
Then shut it fast once more.
For though no birds had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BAND OF HOPE BOY.



SOME years ago I knew a little boy whose name was Henry Thompson, a member of the Richmond Band of Hope. On Saturday evenings, when they met, it was customary for the children to sing some temperance songs and listen to a short address from some loving friend. Harry, for so we used to call him, here learned to feel for the children of drunken parents, and frequently brought in a new member.

Now, children, what do you think he used to do to get them to come? I will tell you of one way,

* The burgomaster is the mayor of a Dutch town or city.

and hope you will seek to imitate his example in this or some other way to increase the number of your Sunday-school.

One day going along the street he met a little boy, when the following dialogue took place:

Harry. Will you come to the Band of Hope next Saturday night?

Thomas, (the little boy.) I don't like to come. But what do you do there?

Harry. We sing nice songs, and some gentlemen tell us how to be good boys that we may get to heaven. Now, if you will come I will sing you one of our songs.

An affirmative answer being given, the song was sung, and Harry started off home.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE VAIN GIRL.

THERE was a little girl who was very fond of fine dress. Her name was Jane. Bright ribbons, big bows, and pretty feathers were her delight. When she was fixed up in her best things she walked with haughty steps and a toss of the head which was quite laughable. Jane thought that other children admired her as much as she admired herself. She was mistaken. Her playmates only laughed at her. Older folks pitied her. They knew that she was vain, and therefore likely to fall into trouble.

Jane did fall into trouble. I will tell you how. When she grew to be a young woman she went to live with her aunt. This aunt kept boarders. One of her boarders died of the cholera. The doctor, fearing the infection might be in her clothing, ordered it to be burned. Now Jane had seen this dead lady wear a splendid silk dress, which she coveted the first time she saw it. So when the clothes were taken into the yard to burn, she contrived to steal away the silk dress and secrete it for her own use.

A few days later Jane went home to see her mother. Then she "came out" in the dead lady's silk dress, which happened to fit her nicely. Now, I cannot say that the infection was in the dress, but it is a sober fact that Jane was taken sick with cholera while she had it on, and three days later was a corpse!

What killed Jane? Wasn't it vanity? If you think so don't you be vain. Don't be proud of little things. Vanity may not kill you, but it is sure to hurt you. It will hurt your soul, and make God angry with you. Be humble, therefore. Be plain. Be sure that your happiness depends more upon what you *are* than upon what you *wear*—more upon the goodness of your heart than the quality and make of your clothes. X.

SABBATH-DAY.

As a little boy not six years of age, a scholar in one of the schools in York, was going one Sabbath with his parents a short distance from that city, they were met by an aged gentleman on the road, near which place sat an old woman with fruit for sale. The gentleman said, "Well, Richard, my boy, you see here are nuts, oranges, and gingerbread, what shall I buy you?"

"Nothing, thank you, sir," was his instant reply. "And why, my boy, must I not?" added the gentleman. "Because," said the boy, "it is the Sabbath-day!" Sunday-scholars, we hope, will show in this way to the world that they have been taught that positive command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy!" Exodus xx, 8.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TOBONTO, JUNE 11, 1864.



MARK'S LAST DAY AT SCHOOL.

CHOOSING A TRADE.

"MARK, my boy," said a man to his eldest boy, "you are fourteen years old to-day. It is time you chose a trade. What would you like to be?"

"I should like to be a printer," said Mark.

"A very good choice, my son," rejoined Mr. Hollis. "Printing is a useful and honorable business. It gives you a chance to acquire knowledge and a living at the same time. Printers often rise in the world. Ben Franklin was a printer, you know."

So Mark, after spending another and last day at school, wished the boys good-by, and went into a printing-office. He soon left it, however, saying, "It makes my feet sore to stand all day at the case, and it bothers my brain to keep picking up and throwing down those vexatious little types. Printing is a dull business. I think I would like to be a gardener, and learn to grow nice vegetables and beautiful flowers."

"Be it so, my son," said Mr. Hollis. "I want you to be satisfied. Gardening is both a healthy and a profitable business."

Away went Mark to a gardener. He liked the fresh air and the smell of the flowers, but he did not like digging and weeding. So he soon grew weary of the garden, and went home saying, "Father, I don't like gardening. The sun scalds my head, stooping so much makes my back ache and almost breaks my knees. I think I should like to be a baker. It must be very pleasant to live in-doors and make cake and bread."

So Mark went into a bakehouse. He did not stay there long, but went home saying:

"Father, I don't like being a baker. You have to be up very early in the morning, and then you have to work near the oven, which is hot enough to roast you. I can't stand it. I won't be a baker. I should like to—"

"Stop, my son!" cried Mr. Hollis; "I have given you your choice three times, and you have given up three good trades because each had some unpleasant thing in it. You seem to want a trade which is all pleasant pastime. There is no such trade or profession on earth. Every condition in life has its hardships, its trials, its unpleasant duties. You must learn to make the best of what evil you find in your lot. I shall now choose for you. You will go into my shop and learn my trade."

Poor Mark looked chop-fallen, but there was no help

for him. His father was as firm as he was kind, and he took Mark into his workshop to teach him the art of cabinet-making. Finding that complaining would not help him, Mark soon gave his mind to his work, and in due time found it both pleasant and profitable. He is a good workman now, and if you ever visit his shop you may perchance hear him singing his favorite verse:

"Enjoy what God allows with thankful heart,
From things forbidden cheerfully abstain;
For every state of being will impart
Its own peculiar blessing and its pain."

Mark was foolish at first and wise at last, was he not? You think so, do you? Now why can't you all be wise both first and last? Why not spare yourselves that tramp into the ways of folly which he took? Let his folly make you wise. Let it teach you to do your unpleasant duties cheerfully, keeping in mind that the more you fret over hardships and trials the heavier they become.

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

CORPORAL, you seem pleased. What is the cause of those bright summer-like smiles which adorn your face to-day?

"I have just been reading a note from my friend, Q-in-the-corner," replies the corporal. "Its quaint wisdom pleases me much. Will you hear it?"

Certainly, certainly, my corporal. Whatever pleases you is sure to please me. Read on!

The corporal reads:
"In my travels the other day I saw two girls sitting in a garden-bower, or summer-house. One of them was making her bright little needle fly like a weaver's shuttle. The other had some work in her lap, but she was leaning back on her chair and playing with the rose-buds which peeped in through the lattice-work of the bower. As I stood behind the sweet-scented syringa which flourished near the door of the bower, I heard the busy sister say:

"Maud, why don't you go on with your dress?"
"Maud yawned and replied, 'If I had your knack of doing things, Mary, I would, but I haven't.'"

"Nonsense, Maud," rejoined Mary as she stitched away upon her work. 'You have as much skill as I have, and could work just as well if you would only try.'

"If I liked work as well as you do, Mary, I would try; but the fact is, I hate work, I hate trying, and wish things would do themselves—ha! what's that? A blue-bird? I'll make him fly—there!"

"O, Maud! You have broken that beautiful vase!" cried Mary, dropping her work and running out upon the lawn.

"Yes, the vase was broken—a delicate porcelain vase which stood upon a pillar. It was almost covered with moss-plant, mingled with the delicate blue-flowered lobelia. Maud had struck it with the stone which she threw at the harmless little blue-bird. As I peeped from my hiding-place and saw the sisters mourning over the fragments of the vase I thought of the saying of CATO—*Doing nothing is the way to learn to do evil.* Idle Maud was doing nothing, and that led her to break the vase. If you will teach that saying to your Try Company, Mr. Corporal, good may yet come out of Maud's evil.

"Truly yours, Q-IN-THE-CORNER."

A very good letter for peeping Q. That saying he quotes is worth remembering. It is as true as truth itself. Doing nothing is the way to learn to do evil. Why, there is not a child in the world who could try to do nothing for an hour without falling into mischief. Satan is always on the look-out for folks who do nothing. He knows how to use them. He can't do much with children who are "busy-bees." Hence, good children will keep themselves busy with work, or study, or innocent, healthful play. Let my children remember this and say,

"In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

"Here, Mr. Editor," says the corporal, "are some Bible questions about angels to help them carry out this purpose at once. Search them out!

"1. On what occasions do we find that God employed angels to convey messages to his servants in answer to their prayers?"

"2. When do we find them employed in executing God's judgments?"

"3. In what words did an angel announce the miraculous conception of Christ?"

"4. In what words did an angel announce the birth of Christ?"

"5. In what words did an angel announce his resurrection?"

"6. In what words did an angel announce his ascension and second coming?"



SHEPHERDS LISTENING TO THE ANGELS.

"7. On what occasions during our Lord's life on earth do we find them ministering to him?"

"8. Prove that they will attend him at his second coming."

"9. What angels are mentioned by name in the Bible?"

"10. Prove that God employs angels to watch over his saints."

"11. Where do we find them attending on a dying saint?"

"12. What do we read in the Bible of their number?"

"13. Where is the worship of angels forbidden?"

"Here is the answer to the Scripture enigma in my last:

"(1.) Felix, Acts xxiv, 25. (2.) Abraham, Heb. xi, 8-10, 17. (3.) Israel, Gen. xxxii, 28. (4.) Thomas, John xx, 24, 25. (5.) Hymenæus, 1 Tim. i, 19, 20.—FAITH, Heb. xi, 6; also Eph. ii, 8.

"Here is a lively line or two from J. S. A. Hear him. He says:

"Some fifteen or more years ago I became and have since continued to be a reader of the S. S. Advocate, but never dared before to speak to its editor, and perhaps should not now were it not that some of our little folks have got into a dispute about him. One thinks him a very corpulent, red-checked, white-haired man, who walks with a staff and smiles on all the children he meets. 'Not so,' says another; 'he is a small man, dark-haired, with black whiskers and smiling face.' None here can settle the dispute, and all have agreed that the only way to do it is to send for his photograph at once. The children here nearly all take the S. S. Advocate, and think a great deal of Francis Forrester and his 'ghost of a friend,' the corporal. By the way, please tell the old gentleman, Mr. Corporal Try, that there are a great many boys and girls here who desire to have their names enrolled as 'Volunteers for life, or during the war.' We hope very much that his ranks are not too full to admit them, for they are anxious to get into the work, and would like to be placed in the pioneer corps in more senses than one.

"One of the little girls in the infant class said to me lately, 'O, teacher, I do hope I shall get to the place where Jesus takes the good children.' 'Well, Ida,' said I, 'you can if you try.' Then she said she would try, and I believe she is doing so. Can't you put her name down, corporal? I have many more yet to send, but must wait to see if Ida May Foster is admitted. There's Ada, and Fred, and Frank, and Benny, and Alice, and Emma; Bell, Nettie, and Ory; Arthur, Willie, Tommy, and Jenny, and Hattie; Eva, Louis, Lucius, Jessie, Rena, and more than fifty more, all wanting to be enrolled for the war on old Giant Sin. The dreadful diphtheria angel is passing through our midst and plucking the little flowers on every side; but now I remember, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"That's what I call a good letter, Mr. Editor. It shows that the children are flocking into my ranks like doves to the windows. May God bless them! They are all welcome, and, what is still better, they are all welcome to enter the kingdom of heaven.—Here is a letter from EMMA C. D., saying:

"I have been made a member of the M. E. Church, and I am trying to do what is right. We have a very nice Sunday-school here, and a good pastor and superintendent, who are leading their flocks to the fold of Jesus, and I hope when I die I may go to see the blessed Saviour."

Emma seems to make religion her chief business. That is right. I trust she will be a good soldier in the corporal's army and a conquering heroine in the army of Jesus.

"CHARLIE C. O'KANE says:

"I am trying to be a good boy and obey my pa and ma. I have a little brother nearly two years old who is a mischief. Will you admit me in your Try Company?"

"Yes, Charlie, I will, and since your two-year-old brother is a mischief, I appoint you to set him a good example. Love him dearly. Be kind to him. Kiss him for me."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE RUDE LITTLE GIRL IN CHURCH.

My little readers, do you want to hear a story about a little girl I saw in church this morning with a pretty bonnet on? Well, then, when I walked out to church this beautiful Sabbath morning, so still and holy seemed the day that I felt as though God was walking among the leaves and smiling through the sunshine. As I walked slowly up the long aisle and took a seat in the house of God, the organ burst forth in varied strains of music. I felt as though heaven had pretty nearly opened to take us up into its bright mansions, until just then a little girl with a very gay bonnet on her head came tossing and flirting herself up the aisle as though there was scarcely room enough in the church to contain her little importance. She marched straight up to the head of the church, and threw herself into a seat so unlady-like that it took all ideas of heaven out of my head and brought me down flat into a red-cushioned pew, with a rude little girl in front of me. First she stared all around to see who was looking at her; then she would toss her head first on one side, then on the other. If she saw any one looking toward her, she would toss that side of her hat which had the feather on at them, and thus she acted so naughty that she reminded me of a breakfast I once heard a little boy ask for.

I was sitting at the hotel table, and as the waiter handed the bill of fare around to us all, a lady handed it in fun to her bright, rosy-cheeked boy, who was quite too small to read. He took it, and after looking over it very solemnly for a time, looked up to the colored servant and lisped out that "he would thake thum codfiss and thum ice-cream."

Now this rude little girl who had a pretty bonnet on her head just reminded me of "codfish and ice-cream."

When little girls go to church they should not think more about the pretty clothes they wear than of what the minister says of the blessed Jesus. Besides, if they act naughty and proud, some one may be looking at them, and thinking they look just like "codfish and ice-cream."

STELLA.



THE PEACOCK.

The self-applauding bird, the peacock, see;
Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he:
Meridian sunbeams tempt him to unfold
His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold;
He treads as if, some solemn music near,
His measured steps were governed by his ear;
And seems to say, "Ye meaner fowl, give place;
I am all splendor, dignity, and grace."

JESUS MY GUIDE.

I KNOW not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide;
And with childlike trust I give my hand
To the faithful Friend at my side;
And this is all I say to him
As he takes it, "Hold me fast;
Suffer me not to lose my way,
But bring me home at last."



THE INDEPENDENT FIDDLE.

"WHAT a grand thing it is to be independent," said an old violin, as it lay half in and half out of its richly ornamented case; "to be admired and praised by all; to be the means of giving forth such sweet sounds as to make my hearers weep or laugh at my master's pleasure, and yet to be independent, to have all this within one's self."

"Do you mean to say that *you* are independent?" said the bow, who had been listening impatiently to the violin's self-complacent remarks, and who was now in a very unamiable frame of mind. "You independent! Why, what would you be without me? Granting that you have the beautiful tone of which you speak, what is it, pray, that brings it out of you? Why, it is I; and is it not I that draws the weird howls and beautiful speaking tone out of you for which our master is so famous? You independent! It is I who deserve all the praise. You are simply a passive instrument; I do all the work."

"No, no, you don't," cried the four strings in chorus.

"I," cried Mr. G., "produce the beautiful speaking tone."

"I," cried Mr. D., "produce the weird howls."

"I," said Master A., "produce beautiful harmonies."

"I," said Miss E., "the highest natural notes."

"We all," said Mr. G., "can do these things more or less; indeed, without us you would both be useless; you are both dependent on us."

"Ay, ay, these things are all very true," said a little cake of rosin from the bottom of the case, who had been very quietly listening to all that had been said, "but you must not forget *me*; for, little and insignificant as I may appear, you are all dependent on me. Without me the bow would slip, the strings would not vibrate, and consequently there would be no sound at all; so you see that your independence—if there is such a thing in existence—must be very small indeed when it dwindles down to an insignificant piece of rosin."

"You are quite right," said a hoary old violoncello, who had gravely heard the discussion to its end; "there is no such thing as independence in this world; it never did nor never will have an existence among mortals. The most powerful king that ever lived was not independent. There is nothing in nature independent in itself; the smallest blade of grass cannot grow without air, rain, and sun. We may say with truth, nature abhors independence. And when nations on this earth boast of it, and even fight among themselves about it, they only show their own ignorance and foolishness;

for nations, like everything else in this world, cannot exist independent of each other. So you need not be surprised, my little friend," said the violoncello, turning to the violin, "at the ease with which your little friends have corrected you of the too common mistake. Apart from each other, as you have seen, you are all of little or no use; but combined, you give forth almost the sweetest melody and harmony that it is possible to listen to. And so it will be with the nations of this earth: as long as they are separated by feuds and contentions, there will be nothing but wars and rumors of wars; but when they all combine to work harmoniously together, they will give forth—figuratively speaking—the sweetest harmony and melody."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

To abstain from a thing is to avoid it. Wise people abstain from what is likely to do them harm. Sin is a thing from which we ought to abstain. But even this is not enough. We are told to abstain from all that looks like sin.

There is a curious Chinese proverb which says, "In a cucumber-field do not stoop to tie your shoe, and under a plum-tree do not wait to settle your cap on your head;" which means, if you do, some one may think you are stealing the cucumbers or the plums.

Bob Ross was very fond of learning his lessons up in the great apple-tree. He didn't touch the fruit; he only went there because he found it a nice quiet seat. But his little brothers thought that he went there to eat the apples, and as soon as they could climb they began to rob the orchard. All this came from Bob having forgot to abstain from the appearance of evil. Boys, beware!

G. L.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A BABE not old enough to walk was creeping on the floor. By and by a bright ray of sunshine fell upon the carpet. Baby saw it and crept toward the dazzling object. She looked at it, and crept all around it, with the greatest interest in her sweet face, and then putting down her little lips she *kissed* it. The bright little sunbeam lighted up joy in her heart, and she expressed that joy with a sweet kiss.

If you cannot *relieve* do not *grieve* the poor. Give them soft words if nothing else. Put yourself in the place of every poor man, and deal with him as you would God should deal with *you*.

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