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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER LITTLE

UNTIL 6

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 21.

AUGUST 11, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 261.

Selected from "Sunshine," and abridged for the Sunday-School Advocate.

Katie Foster's Mistake.

A LITTLE girl named Katie was once taken by her mother to visit a poor woman named Bruce. On her return home her father said:

"Well, Katie, and how do you like Mrs. Bruce?"

"Not at all, papa."

"Why not, Katie? what makes you dislike her?"

"I don't dislike her, exactly, papa, but there is nothing in her for me to like. She is old, and rather lame, and very un-nice looking; and she dresses so shabbily, and lives in such a poky little house."

"So when mamma gets old and loses her good looks, she must not be surprised at your not caring about her, especially if she should happen to be poorer, and live in a poky little house; eh, Katie?"

"O, but that is not the same thing, papa. Mamma would still be mamma wherever she was and however she looked; besides, she is a lady to begin with."

"And Mrs. Bruce is not a lady?"

"Certainly not, papa," said Katie, decidedly. "Why, she wears print—common print—dresses; and her furniture is very shabby, and she does all her own gardening!"

"And yet she seems to be a friend of your mamma's, Katie."

"Yes," answered the little girl, in a tone of perplexity.

She looked at her mother, but an amused smile was all the explanation she received.

"Mamma asked her to come and spend a whole day with us, papa."

"Did she?" said Mr. Foster, laughing at the evident disapproval with which the invitation was regarded. "I am glad of it, Katie; for it is always a real pleasure to me to see Mrs. Bruce."

"Then she is your friend too, papa!"

"She has been that a long time, Katie, and one of the best friends I have ever had."

"O, papa, I can hardly believe that!"

"Yes, Katie, I owe a great deal to Mrs. Bruce; for if it had not been for her I should never have had your mamma for my wife."

"Why not, papa? What could she have to do with it?"

"You must ask your mamma, Katie; she will tell you all about it."



assist her mother in the care of her younger brothers and sisters."

"Had they not any servants, mamma?"

"Only one, Katie; so that there was plenty of occupation for both mother and daughter; especially as the whole of the needlework, including the dress-making, was done at home."

"I should not have liked that, mamma," said Katie, who was already half tired of the strip of muslin that she was hemming.

"No, Katie, I am afraid some of the little ones would have fared very badly if they had had to depend upon you for the mending of their stockings or the making of their pinafores. But you have not been taught to do such things, and Margaret had."

"Is Mrs. Bruce's name Margaret?"

"Yes, dear. She was handy with her needle, and she was fond of work, so that she was a great help to her mother; and she has often told me how useful she found it in after life to be able to make and to cut out different articles of clothing. In-

deed, I scarcely know how she would have managed at one time without, for it seemed to be the only way in which she could earn money for her own support."

"But was she forced to earn money, mamma? Could not she always live at home?"

"Not always, Katie. She was nearly grown up when her father died suddenly, and they were left very poor."

"O, mamma, how bad it must have been for them! What did they do?"

"Kind friends came forward to help them; but they had many difficulties to struggle with. The boys were apprenticed to some trade, the girls went out as governesses, and the mother was assisted in opening a school."

"And did Mrs. Bruce become a governess?"

"Yes. At first she found the change exceedingly trying, for, in addition to the pain of parting from all her near relatives and going to utter strangers, she did not happen to get among nice people; but at length she was very comfortable, for a lady, with whom they had been intimate for many years, engaged her for her children, and treated her just as if she were one of themselves."

"Was she there long, mamma?"

"Two or three years; and she would have

remained much longer, but for a terrible accident, which almost cost her her life, and which disabled her a considerable period for any active exertion."

"O, mamma, what was it?"

"She was sadly burned, Katie, so sadly that her appearance was much altered by it."

"How did it happen, mamma? was she careless about fire or candle?"

"No, it was all through the fault of a little girl about your age, Katie, to whom she had been exceedingly kind."

"One of her pupils, mamma?"

"No, a little visitor who came to stay for some months in the family. She had lost her mother, and she was to remain there until it was convenient to an aunt to have the charge of her. Her name was Mary, and Margaret made quite a pet of her. I think it was because the little girl was motherless."

"And was not Mary fond of her, mamma?"

"O yes, she loved her dearly; and she would not on any account have done her the least harm. But it was her self-will and want of obedience which occasioned the mischief."

Katie was listening so intently that she quite forgot to go on with her hemming.

"It was a summer's afternoon, and Margaret and all the little girls were going out to a children's party. She dressed her pupils and sent them away, as they were finished, to wait in the parlor until she was ready. Mary was the eldest, so her turn came first, and when her blue sash was tied she ran merrily down stairs, and resolved to keep her promise of sitting still in order that she might not rumple or spoil her delicate white muslin frock."

"But she was something like you, Katie, she was not accustomed to sit still long together. She looked about in search of something to amuse her, and her eye unfortunately fell upon some sealing-wax, and two or three glass seals, which had been given to the children that morning. Impressions were to be taken of these seals the next time that candles were used, but Mary considered that this could not be till to-morrow, as they would be out that day till late in the evening. The thought came into her mind that she could get a light then, and drop some wax on a sheet of paper, for there was no one in the room to see or to hinder her. What should she have done with that thought, Katie?"

"I suppose she should have put it away from her," answered Katie slowly. "But why might she not try the seals, mamma? ought she to have waited for the others?"

"Yes, Katie, it was selfish of her to do it alone. But more than that, it was disobedient to do it at all; for the children were strictly forbidden ever to get a light, or to carry one about. But Mary, in her eagerness to prove how cleverly she could manage, hushed the voice of conscience, and reached the taper and match-box from the mantle-shelf. Fancying that she heard a step on the stairs, she hurriedly lighted the taper, but as she moved it toward the table she accidentally held it too near herself, and before she was aware, her frock came in contact with the light, and the thin book-muslin was presently in a blaze!"

"O, mamma, what did she do?"

"Screamed with all her might, Katie, and ran out into the hall; not knowing that by placing herself in a current of air she increased the danger. But Margaret was there almost as quickly as she was, for hearing her loud cries she had hastened to discover what was the matter. When she saw the poor child in flames she was much alarmed, but without a moment's delay she caught her up, snatched off the thick woollen table-cover, and wrapped it all around her."

"And did that put out the fire, mamma?"

"Yes, Katie, but not before she was very much burned, both on her hands and on her face; but she was one who never thought of herself when there were others to be cared for, and she evaded all inquiry about her own injuries until little Mary was

undressed, laid tenderly in bed, and the old family doctor sent for. The children's mamma was out, so Margaret took all the responsibility on herself."

"And did Mary get better, mamma?"

"Yes, dear. She suffered a good deal of pain, and was confined for some time to the house; but the doctor said that she had had a very narrow escape indeed, and that if it had not been for Margaret's promptitude in stifling the flames she must have been so much burned that it was scarcely possible she could have survived."

"How glad Margaret must have felt that she saved the little girl's life! How I wish I could do something like that! But was she ill too, mamma?"

"Indeed she was, Kate. She bore up bravely until Mary was attended to, and then she was quite overcome and fainted away. Her face was so scorched by the fire that it affected her head, and brain fever followed, which was only subdued with great difficulty, and which left her in a very weakened state. She was obliged to give up her situation, and to have complete rest and change of air."

"And all through Mary's not doing as she was told! She must have been very sorry, mamma."

"Yes, Katie, but her sorrow could not remove the consequences of her fault. It was a painful lesson, but it was a very useful one to her, for she really did try in future to be less bent on having her own way. She did not mind the pain which she herself had to bear, for she said that it was only what she deserved; but it grieved her to think that she should have brought such trouble upon her kind friends, for Margaret was for some months a prisoner on the sofa."

"Was she too weak, then, to walk about?"

"No, there was another reason why she was obliged to be still. In carrying Mary hastily out of the draught, she in some way sprained her own ankle, which never was thoroughly cured, and you perhaps observed when she walked that there was a very slight limp in her step."

"And was that the effect of the sprain, mamma?"

"Yes; and that large red scar on her cheek comes from having been scorched by the fire."

"Dear, what a pity! But I shall not mind looking at it now, mamma; for whenever I see it I shall think how nobly she behaved in putting out the fire from the little girl's frock. What became of Mary, mamma? is she still living?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Foster, with a pleasant smile, "and she is at this very moment talking to you."

"What, are you little Mary, mamma? O how delightful! I had no idea that you were all the time telling me about yourself. It is as good as a story in a book—indeed, much better, because it is all true."

"I am glad you like my story, Katie."

"Yes I do like it, mamma; and I like Mrs. Bruce now."

"What, with her print dress, and her shabby furniture?"

"Yes, mamma, just as she is. I should not have minded those things if I had first known all about her. You should have told me who she was, and what she had done, mamma, before I went to see her."

"No, Katie, it is better you should find out for yourself what mistakes you are likely to make about people if you only judge by the mere outside."

Kate was generally very strong in her opinions, and she was now disposed to admire Mrs. Bruce as much as she had lately depreciated her. She informed her papa, in a very grave, important manner, that she had quite changed her idea respecting the old lady, and instead of regarding her as a commonplace person, she considered that she was a real heroine. And when Mrs. Bruce came to the house, Katie ran to meet her, saying, "I am glad to see you, Mrs. Bruce."

Katie never forgot that it is not wise to judge peo-

ple by their looks. You would do well to learn the same lesson. Some people are better and some worse than they appear. We must not form hasty judgments.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Be Grateful.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I know three little bright-eyed boys
Who have a drunken father;
He whips and turns them out of doors
In cold and stormy weather.
I know a little sickly girl
Who has no loving mother,
No father's tender, watchful care,
No sister and no brother.

The little girl sits by herself
When gentle words are said
To other happier children near;
Poor child! her friends are dead.
Ah, little ones, with parents kind,
And brothers fond and true,
With loving sisters by your side,
God has been good to you.

I've often watched by yonder door
A little blind boy straying
Along the path to catch the sound
Of other boys a-playing.
The soft blue skies are dark to him,
He cannot see the flowers,
Or know how lovely God has made
This pleasant world of ours.

A little child with crippled limb
Goes limping down the street;
Glad, joyous sports are not for him,
They tire his halting feet.
Bright hoops whirl gayly down the way
Before his eager eyes,
And swiftly through the summer air
The ball or arrow flies.

Dear children, who have health and love,
And strength for happy play,
Think of the many hapless ones
Who suffer day by day.
Pity the stricken child, whose life
So much of ill endures,
And bring to cheer his darkened days
The sunny light of yours.

Be grateful and be pitiful;
You cannot tell how dear
And precious in the Saviour's sight
Those little ones appear.
He sees them in their low estate,
He hears each painful sigh;
For them he has a home prepared,
For them he stooped to die.

A Wise Speech.

ONE very little girl, belonging to an infant school, has a sister younger than herself who often makes remarks above her years. The child had noticed it, and said to her mother, "Mother, what makes sister say such wise things?" And then, without waiting for a reply, she continued, "O, I know. Teacher tells us to ask Jesus to give us wise and understanding hearts, and Nettie has asked him, and that is the reason she makes such wise speeches."

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1866.

PICTURES FROM MEMORY.

"I LOVE JESUS."

WILL he come, mother? Did he say he would come?"

The little sufferer who spoke was a girl of apparently about twelve years of age. She lay gasping for breath on a comfortless pallet, whose scanty coverings seemed altogether insufficient to protect her from the cold of a December afternoon. Large drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, while a crimson spot burned on her shrunken cheeks, and her large dark eyes had now an unnatural lustre. The little room in which she lay, though scrupulously neat and clean, had a bare and poverty-stricken aspect. A small fire burned in the narrow grate scarcely sufficient to make any change in the raw, damp atmosphere, or to impart a cheerful glow to the darkening chamber. The scanty curtain had been drawn aside from the window, but revealed only the grey, leaden sky, unrelieved by the faintest streak of blue. Far and wide were seen innumerable roofs and gables, with their fantastic stacks of chimneys, and wreaths of smoke. Beyond these, in the dim distance, when the hazy atmosphere permitted, you might discern, here and there,—the flowing, mighty Thames. On and on it flows, through rich pastures and shady woodlands, past quiet hamlets and busy cities, bearing on its waters the untold wealth and mighty commerce of nations.

But to the little girl who lay there, on her last bed of suffering, the river had only whispered of green fields and sunny banks, where, in days gone by, she had loved to wander, and which she could now only picture to herself in her pent-up city home. Ah! she would see the flowers on its brink no more on earth, for she was on the brink of a darker river; but beyond, there were glimpses of ineffable glory, unchanging light, and love and blessedness! and, like a weary dove, she longed to "flee away, and be at rest."

"Mother, will the Minister come?" she repeated feebly, as, throwing off shawl and bonnet, and stifling a sigh, the poor mother sat down by her suffering child.

"Yes, darling, he will come soon," she replied; but the tears would no longer be forced back, and, covering her face with her hands, she wept bitterly.

"Mother, dear mother," said Elsie, faintly, "be comforted."

"O, it is hard work to lose you, Elsie! I could bear hard labour, and want, but this,—it is too much!"

"Mother, God will comfort you; I am sure of it. It is His will to take me, and it must be right. Dear mother, meet me in the blessed land where we shall have no more parting nor sorrow."

"Darling, I will try. I ought not to murmur. I will pray for resignation."

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is heaven," said Elsie, in low whisper. But she could say no more. A change had come over her, and the weeping mother, starting up, looked on with awe-stricken face.

Just then the Minister entered.

"This is death," he said, solemnly, as his eye rested on the shrunken features, uncertain whether or not the quivering life had fled. But at that instant Elsie opened her eyes, and, with a faint smile of recognition greeted her beloved pastor.

"Dear child," said he, "are you happy? Is the sting of death entirely removed?"

The power of utterance had failed; yet an indes-

cribable expression of peace rested on the wan face, as if no cloud intercepted the glorious vision of the "perfect day." Her hand rested on the coverlet, and, with one trembling finger, she traced the words, "I love Jesus;" then, without a sigh, the freed spirit escaped from its clay tenement, to be "for ever with the Lord."

What a change for Elsie! From that bare, cold chamber, to the "palace of angels and God!" From want, and sorrow, and poverty, to "fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore!" From pain and suffering, to immortal health, and peace, and blessedness! From the discords of earth, to the grand, full harmonies of heaven! "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them on to living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Do you, like this little Sunday Scholar, "love Jesus?" Perhaps you know some one who lives in a stately mansion; who possesses all that, in your estimation, is grand and desirable; who has lands, wealth, earthly honours, and distinctions; is great in the eyes of his fellow-creatures, and is tempted to look down with disdain on the throng beneath him, and you think him happy. True, he seems to possess all that can render life attractive; but if, in the depths of his soul, he has no conscious interest in the Saviour—if he cannot say, "I love Jesus," that poor child is far happier than he. His earthly honours and riches will be as nothing in the hour of death. The things of time will then appear as shadows, fading, passing away for ever, while those which are "spiritual and eternal" will stand out in all their awful reality. In that great day, when every one must give an account of himself before God, nothing will avail but this all-powerful love, wrought in the believing heart by the power and grace of the blessed Spirit."

AN ACROSTIC.

For the *Canada S. S. Advocate*.

Ever blessed Saviour hear us!
Lo! we at Thy footstool bend,
Mindful of Thy presence near us,
Strong to succour and defend.
Though our hearts from Thee have wandered,
Run in sin's alluring ways;
Early moments vainly squandered,
Early, precious youthful days,
Teach us, Father, to draw near Thee
With due reverence for Thy name;
Ever may we love and fear Thee,
Spread abroad Thy matchless fame.
Lead us by Thy gracious spirit
Evil influences to shun;
Yea, we ask it through the merit
And atonement of thy Son.
Nor would we forget our teachers—
May they all be taught of Thee!
Ever send us faithful preachers
True to Thy great mystery.
Hear us for our friends and neighbours!
Oh that all might know the truth!
Do Thou own and bless the labours
Instituted for our youth.
Sabbath Schools are Britain's glory,—
They shall spread on every hand;
Sending forth redemption's story
Unto thousands in our land.
News of life, and peace, and gladness,—
Drooping mourners' hearts to cheer,
And to tell them in their sadness
Your redemption draweth near.
Shall we not believe the tidings?
Can we any longer doubt?
He will heal our sore backslidings;
O, "He will not cast us out!"
Our high priest to Heaven ascended,—
Lo, he pleads before the throne.
And a Deity offended
Doth the offender's guilt atone.

T. WILSON.

Brampton, May 21st, 1865.

THE ANT-HILL.

What is George looking at? An ant-hill. How busy the little creatures are! It is not play; it is not an idle running here and there after nothing. They have a purpose to carry out, a work to do; and they are doing it with all their might.

There are three classes of ants,—males, females, and workers. The males and females have white glistening wings. In the pairing season you can see them strutting round among the workers. Should one try to escape his duty, and desert, he is looked after. We once saw one "getting beyond the lines" seized by three workers, who took him by the wings and marched him back.

The workers are the builders, masons, nurses, and marketmen of the colony; and faithful workers they are. You have, perhaps, read what wonderful houses the white ants of Africa build, sometimes fourteen stories high,—higher than a man; but our red and yellow field-ants prefer building underground. If you could take off the top of an ant-hill, that loose sand which is the roof, you would find all sorts of chambers, built in the nicest manner, snug, strong, warm, and water-proof; and a more busy community you never saw.

Going to market for such a family cannot be a small matter. I once saw an ant walk up to a piece of apple, and examine it on all sides. He saw it was too much for him, so he ran back and brought four ants to help him. They sawed the apple in two. Three took one piece, and two the other, and pulled it home. I do not believe they ever go out without some business on hand.

It was very wise in the Bible to tell idle, lazy people to go to "the ant and consider her ways." I do not know where we could find a more industrious, united, happy little people.

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

TWO boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with other boys to have a "good game." "Come," he often said to his shop-mate, "leave your old books; come with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments," answered the boy, "I shall loose what I shall never be able to make up."

While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State-house, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After a careful study he drew out his plans, and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; but still he thought "there is nothing like trying."

In about a week afterwards, a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

"No," said the carpenter, "no architect; but I've got an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him," said the gentleman.

The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

The studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in the country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the estimation of everybody; while his fellow apprentice can hardly earn his food for himself and family by his daily labour.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

First Work and then Play.

"So there is no school to-day?" said Mr. Clark, while they were all sitting at breakfast.

"No, father, and we hope you will give us a holiday," replied Charlie.

"What do you wish to do, my son?"

"O I have been wanting to go a fishing this long time, and this is just the right kind of a day for it. Can't I go?"

"And what does Leonard wish to do?" inquired Mr. Clark, with a glance toward his elder son.

"Just what father pleases," was the dutiful reply.

"Then you don't care for a holiday," was the gentle response. "You have no project on hand?"

"Well, father, to tell the truth, I did very much wish to go to the village, for our minister said if I would come over some day he would lend me Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition. But I thought perhaps you might want me to work in the garden."

"You are very considerate, my dear boy. And since I had been disappointed of the man whom I had engaged to do some gardening, I had concluded to set you and Charlie to work to-day."

So after breakfast Mr. Clark took the boys out to



the garden, and gave them each a vegetable bed to spade up, which with moderate application would take them four or five hours. The remainder of the

day they were to have to themselves. And as he would be gone all day, they might choose their own time for doing their work, but he advised them to work first and play afterward. At all events he should expect the work to be done.

He was soon gone, and Leonard took his spade and manfully commenced his task. At first he worked slowly, not tiring himself with violent exertions; and twice he threw himself down on the garden bench, and talked to Rover while he rested. When he had spaded up the whole bed he went to the house to get the rake, and he found it was just eleven o'clock. His mother gave him a draught of fresh buttermilk, and he drew for her a couple of pails of water. Then he raked over the bed thoroughly, and gathered out all the stones, and had a little time to rest before dinner.

All this while he had seen nothing of Charlie.

That rather selfish boy had, it seems, availed himself of his father's permission to time his work to suit himself, and had concluded to do his fishing first; and he excused this course by saying that he would perhaps be able to bring his mother some fish for dinner.

But the sun came out brightly, and he caught no fish; and instead of being wise enough to go home, he kept staying "just a little longer," until he was finally aroused by a slap on the shoulder from his Cousin Fred. He had then caught only three little fishes five or six inches long.

"What nonsense!" said Fred. "Why you don't catch enough to pay for your board. Aint you hungry?"

Charlie confessed that he was, and he was very much surprised to learn that it was four o'clock.

While they were going up to the house, Fred told him about his new pony which his father had got for his birthday present, and his sister had one too. Charlie expressed a great desire to see them.

"Well," said Fred, "we came over to-day on purpose to give you and Leonard a chance to try them, but we could not find you, so Leonard went out on my pony with sister Fanny."

Charlie was sadly mortified. Above all other things he delighted to handle horses. And to add to his chagrin just then they came in sight of Leonard's nicely finished garden bed, and his own lying beside it untouched. He could do nothing to it then. He must entertain Fred.

It was nearly six o'clock before the riders returned. They had been to the village, and got the books that Leonard had been wishing for. Then they sat down to supper. Charlie was too hungry to forego that, and as the young visitors were obliged to leave soon afterward, all that Charlie could do with the ponies was to take a little turn up and down the road.

Then he had to meet his father's reproachful looks, and to understand that he would be expected to do his neglected task in the garden, out of school hours during the coming week.

Charlie took a lesson from all this, and many times afterward he was known to quote and to act upon the motto, "First work and then play."

AUNT JULIA.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Baby Florence.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

You'd better believe she is pretty,
Our baby, our beautiful girl!
With her eyes full of innocent mischief,
With her hair just beginning to curl.
With her tiny feet constantly tripping,
For she is just learning to walk;
With her lips full of musical prattle,
For she is just learning to talk.

I watch her sometimes at the window,
She stands on the tips of her toes;
Outside you can see her eyes sparkle,
And the end of her little pug-nose.
She mimics the dog's solemn bow-wow,
She catches up every light word;
She mews, and she crows, and she whistles,
As shrill as a wild forest bird.

Only just a year old is our baby,
So pure and so happy is she,
That we long to enchant her, and keep her
Forever as young and as free.
But we might as well prison the sunshine,
Or stay the sweet growth of the flowers,
Or bind up the spray of the fountain,
Or fetter the swift-flying hours.

(God gave her, our beautiful baby!
He made her so sweet and so pure;
He gave her the undying spirit
That will to all ages endure.
God keep her! May Israel's shepherd,
Who carries the lambs in his breast,
Be near her in joy and in sorrow,
And guide her safe home to his rest,



Spikenard.

AFTER LAZARUS had been raised from the dead, he and his sisters and friends were so thankful to Christ that they wanted to show it out in some way, and so they made him a great supper. And they invited many people to it, who came in crowds, for they wanted to see Jesus, who had done this strange thing, and also Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. For the story about Lazarus had caused great wonder.

Now the sisters of Lazarus felt as though nothing was too good for Christ. "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." This was a perfume often used by kings and queens, and Mary looked upon Christ as the King of kings. It was probably because she loved him so reverently, and worshiped him so devoutly, that Christ said that this grateful deed that she had done should be told throughout the whole world wherever his Gospel should be preached. Christ looks at the heart, and no mere outward worship, however costly, will please him.

The spikenard plant, which formed the basis of this precious ointment, is represented in the above cut. For a long time learned men did not know where it grew, but they have recently discovered it in India. It was made up with other fragrant spices, oils, and gums, and put into onyx or alabaster boxes, and sealed. It is probably this seal that Mary broke instead of the box, as it reads in Mark. It is still used in some countries of the East.



There's not a heath, however rude, but hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude, and scent the evening hour;
There's not a heart, however cast by grief and sorrow down,
But has some memory of the past to love and call its own.

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