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CHILDREN · AND

FORBID · THEM · NOT

TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

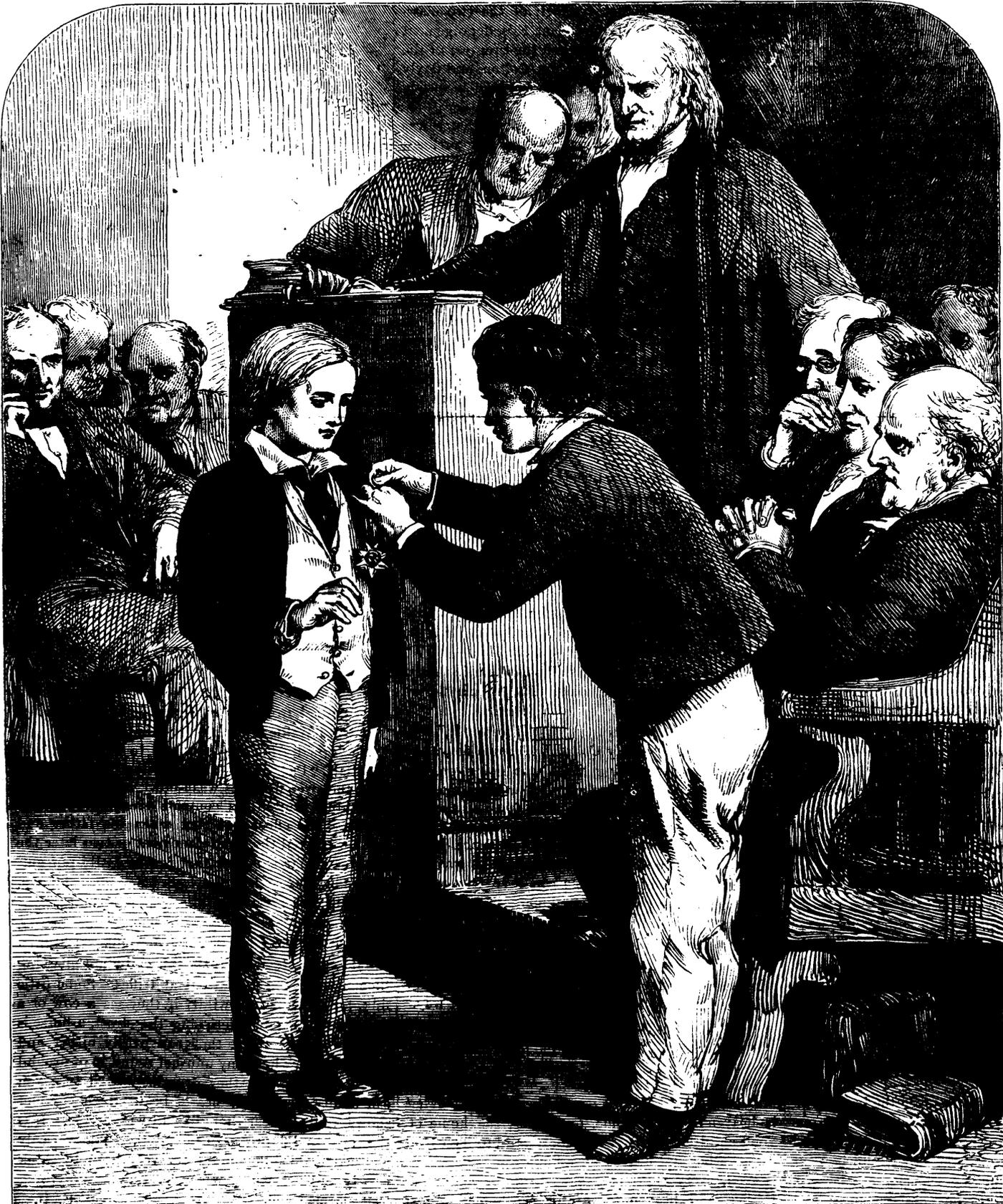
SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 13.

APRIL 8, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 229.



## THE GOLDEN STAR.

"MOTHER, mother!" exclaimed Charlie Morris as he rushed into the house after school in great excitement, "what do you think we are going to do in school?"

"Study, I hope," said his mother while the little boy stopped to take breath.

"We shall have to that's the fact," said Charlie, "but that is not what I wanted to tell you, mother. You know there are six weeks before examination, and they are going to give certificates to the very best scholars, who have most excelled in study and conduct during the term."

"And you mean, of course, to rank among the very best if you can," said Mrs. Morris.

"Of course I do, mother; but there is one thing more. The boy who has been at the head of his classes for the longest time is to have, besides the certificate, a golden star to wear on his breast. He will be called the star scholar, and will rank highest in the school."

"So you are aiming at this bright particular star?"

"Yes, mother, and *will have it too*—you shall see! Dr. H. says it is a more honorable

distinction than the Legion of Honor. Wont you be proud, mother, to see me wearing it at the evening exhibition?" Mrs. Morris smiled. "Wont you be glad, mother?" asked Charlie, eagerly.

"Glad I shall certainly be of the scholarship that has won the honor, if it is fairly earned," replied the mother. "But what are your grounds of expectation?"

"Why, mother, I am at the head of all my classes but one, and in that there is no one above me but Henry Colton; I don't suppose there will be any hope of going beyond him if he is always there, but he is sometimes absent at the hour we recite, and so he wont have as good a chance of keeping his place in the class."

"What is the cause of his absence?"

"He has to do errands for his mother. She takes in sewing, and they are too poor to have a servant, so Henry carries the bundles home."

"Mrs. Colton has made great efforts to keep her boy at school. He is a good scholar, is he not?"

"Yes, mother; I don't know a boy that studies harder than Henry Colton."

"Not even Charlie Morris?"

"No, mother; but then I am not obliged to study so much, because I have been to school more regularly than he has, and then I have more time to myself at home. Why, Henry is up and studying before any one else is stirring in the morning, and always sleeps with his book under his pillow at night."

"Then, if he fails to obtain the highest rank in the school it will not be for want of diligence, or even of scholarship, but from the mere accident of his outward circumstances. But he will, doubtless, make a great effort to be punctual these six weeks to come."

"He will if he knows of the plan," said Charlie, moodily.

"He learns his lessons at home, does he not, so as to keep up with his class, though he should be absent a single day?"

"Yes, mother; but to-day we had a special explanation of something in arithmetic that I know he cannot work out by himself."

"Is my boy conscious of the spirit he is indulging?" asked the mother gently. "Does he really wish to gain the prize for himself at the expense of one who desires it full as much, and deserves it, perhaps, even more?"

"Then you don't want me to get the star after all, mother?" said Charlie after a few moments' silence.

"You will not doubt your mother's interest in your improvement, even if she should be less solicitous about this particular honor," Mrs. Morris replied; "you know all the ambition I have in the world is centered in my children. I would see them active, energetic; foremost, if possible, in the pursuit of every honorable attainment. And yet there is a 'more excellent way,' which I would have them follow, an attainment higher even than mental wealth—without which, though possessing 'all knowledge,' they are nothing."

Charlie's glowing ambition had somewhat cooled during his mother's calm but earnest conversation. He was listening attentively as he sat in his favorite place at her feet, though his eyes were downcast and a sense of shame stole over him.

"You remember the passage in which this 'way' is described?" asked his mother.

Charlie took down the little well-worn Bible, in which he always loved to read to his mother. Turning to the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians he slowly read the first six verses.

"Do you think, mother," he asked, "that this forbids seeking any honor for one's self? It says 'seeketh not her own.'"

"It is not necessary for us to settle the bearing of this on the question of prizes at school. But one question comes nearer to the case in hand. Do you think that, in strict honesty, the star would be *your own* if you gained it, not by superior scholarship, but by your more prosperous circumstances and

Henry's hinderance through his mother's necessities? The only value of the sign is in the thing signified. To me this badge would mean, not that my boy was a better scholar than Henry, but only that his father was richer than Henry's mother."

"Mother, I don't want that star at all," said Charlie with a resolute effort, "that is, if Henry can get it. I am going round now, if you are willing, to show him about the arithmetic, and to ask his mother to arrange, if possible, so that he can attend the school constantly the next six weeks."

Mrs. Colton's consent to the latter arrangement was easily gained, especially when Charlie had begged permission to assist in doing the errands after school-hours.

The obstacles in arithmetic were cleared away, so that the two rivals started on their friendly race with a fair field and no favor to either. Henry had been at the head of the class just the same length of time that Charlie had been before him, when, three weeks before examination, he was taken ill. It would be difficult to say which of the two classmates was most disappointed at this derangement of their plans. Charlie watched the progress of the fever almost as anxiously as Mrs. Colton, and dayly beset the doctor, to learn the prospect of a speedy recovery.

The third week had arrived before Henry was able to be dressed and breathe the outer air for a few minutes of the day. Examination-day came, and by Charlie's earnest entreaties the invalid was permitted to be present on the important occasion.

He sat next his friend, and leaned upon him when too weary with the effort and excitement. After many interesting exercises, the president arose, and, with some words of explanation, proceeded to confer, as he said, the highest mark of honor ever conferred in the institution. The star was awarded "to Charles Morris, for punctuality of attendance, propriety of deportment, and success in scholarship."

There was a moment of almost breathless attention through the crowded audience as Charlie walked to the foot of the platform and was seen to address a few words to the president. Those who were nearest could hear him say:

"The star, sir, does not rightly belong to me; Henry Colton has worked harder than I to obtain it. He is a better scholar, and but for his illness would have been at the head of his classes."

After a moment's consultation with the gentlemen on the platform the venerable-looking president replied:

"The examiners, Morris, prefer that you should retain the star, as you have literally fulfilled the conditions prescribed."

"It would not be right, sir," said Charlie firmly, though with a trembling voice; "I beg you will give it to Henry."

"In that case you must yourself bestow it," said the president. "Henry Colton will come forward."

Henry, not suspecting what was going on, advanced, his pale face flushed with wonder and excitement. Charlie, stooping down, fastened the star upon his breast, and then supported him back to his seat. The noisy applause of the audience jarred almost painfully upon his heart, full as it was of a deeper joy than earthly fame can give—the joy of obedience to the precept, "In honor preferring one another."

In his mother's loving smile he found a full reward for the sacrifice of his selfish ambition. Coveting earnestly the best gifts, he had found in the spirit of brotherly kindness "a more excellent way."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### OUR FATHER AND HEAVEN.

*Our Father!* Who is our Father? God. What is heaven? God's home, our home, the home of good children. Isn't it nice for a child to have God for a Father and heaven for a home?

Well, every child may have God for *his* or *her* Father, and heaven for *his* or *her* home. Why?

Because Jesus died for every child, prays for every child, offers help to every child, forgives every child who calls on his blessed name.

Dear boy, sweet girl, is God *your* Father? Is Jesus *your* Saviour? Is heaven *your* home?

QUESTIONER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### JOHNNIE'S RESOLUTION.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I'm trying to be good;  
I have a father dear,  
A kind and gentle mother  
Whose counsels I revere.  
'Twould grieve them very much  
If I should wicked prove,  
If I should slight their wise commands  
Or scorn their tender love.

I'm trying to be good;  
For only goodness lends  
To us the real beauty  
Which wins and keeps dear friends.  
I might be very fair  
In figure or in face,  
But I can gain no real love  
Without that sweeter grace.

I'm trying to be good,  
That, when I come to die,  
I may be happy as an angel  
Above the starry sky.  
Bad children cannot go  
Up to that holy place,  
So while I am a little boy  
I'll seek the Saviour's face.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE BOY WHO HAD PRESENCE OF MIND.



WILLIE HINTON carried a lighted candle to his chamber one night and set it upon the table near his bed. After disrobing and saying his prayers he blew out the candle, and jumping into bed, soon went to sleep.

In putting out the candle Willie did not notice that he blew a spark from

the wick into the folds of the bed-curtains. This spark did not go out, but sinking into the muslin slowly set it on fire. The smoke filled the chamber and woke the boy from his first nap. Starting from his pillow, he saw flames rushing up the bed-post!

What did he do? Most boys of his age would have rushed from the room screaming frantically. What did Willie Hinton do?

He leaped from his bed, ran to the door, and shouted, "Pa! pa!" Then closing the door, he took the ewer from his wash-bowl, and standing on the table, poured its contents steadily upon the flames. The effect was that when his father and mother entered the room a moment or two later the fire was so far subdued that it was easily put out. Willie had saved the house from being burned down.

Willie had *presence of mind*; that is, he thought clearly and acted wisely in a moment of danger. This quality of mind is very desirable. Children should cultivate it in little things by not allowing themselves to be frightened at trifles. Some little folk, for example, act wildly if they see a cow or a dog near them; if, in crossing the street, a horse is coming toward them, they run wildly hither and thither; if they hear any unusual sound in or around the house at night, they grow so scared that you can almost hear their hearts beat. Such conduct shows want of clear thought and wise action. It is the reverse of presence of mind. Those easily alarmed little folk should try very hard to think clearly and act wisely whenever they see anything that alarms them.

U. U.

## Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1865.

### THE SPIRITED WORKING BOY.



MANY years before the readers of this paper were born there was a boy in Ohio who worked in a country store for twenty-five cents a week. Besides his work in the store he did chores in the house for his mistress. He cut wood, made fires, fetched water, and scrubbed floors early in the morning before going into the store. He did all this work barefooted and meanly clad, for he was too poor to buy shoes or to purchase many garments.

This boy did his work well, for he was a boy of principle. But his mistress was an old scold, and one morning after he had finished his chores she said to him:

"You are an idle boy. You haven't done your work."

"I have done what I was told to do," replied the boy respectfully.

"You are a liar!" rejoined the scold very angrily.

The boy was indignant at these insulting words, but did not get into a passion. Rising to his full height he said, "You will never have the chance of applying that word to me again."

With these words he left the house, and without a penny in his pocket started out into the world friendless and alone. After walking some distance he met a teamster, to whom he said:

"I will drive the leader if you will only take me on."

The man looked at him with surprise a moment or two and then replied:

"I don't think you'll be of any use to me."

"O yes I will," said the boy earnestly. "I can rub down and watch your horses, and do many things for you if you will only let me try."

"Well, well, my lad, get on the horse," said the man.

That was a poor start in life for a fatherless boy, wasn't it? Now what do you suppose that boy accomplished in his after life? *Not much?* Ah, you mistake greatly. Listen to some of his deeds. First, he became a scholar by dint of hard study at West Point, to which he soon gained admission as a cadet. Next he was assistant professor at West Point, U. S. Then he became an officer in the army. After that professor in a college. Then a lecturer on astronomy, the founder of an observatory, a civil engineer; and finally, as a general in the United States army, he fought in many glorious battles for the Union. He died in his country's service. Better than all these achievements is the fact that he loved Jesus.

That is a grand record for a boy to make who had such a poor start in the world, wasn't it? Don't you wish to know this boy's name? It was ORMSBY M'KNIGHT MITCHEL. You have all heard of General Mitchel? Now you know how he began the race of life.\*

Gen. Mitchel's success in life should encourage every poor boy to look hopefully on the future. I don't mean dreamy, lazy, ugly boys, for there is nothing in young Mitchel's early career to encourage them. He worked, studied, thought, and prayed with all his might. He wasted no time. Indeed, he does not appear to have cared much for play. Work was his delight, and work and prayer made him a great, useful, happy, beloved man. Now I don't know whether working and praying will cause the poor boys who read my paper to become great men. Neither do I care much about that. But I do know that praying and working will make them useful, beloved, and happy. Isn't that a prize worth working and praying for?

### KILLING A NEIGHBOR.

THAT woman with the basket is killing the one who stands within the fence. "Killing her?" you ask; "she don't look like a murderer. She has neither gun nor pistol, and her face don't look as if she had an 'evil eye.'"

\* A very excellent biography of Gen. Mitchel for boys has been published by W. H. Appleton. It is called "The Patriot Boy; or the Life and Career of Major General Ormsby M. Mitchel, by Rev. P. C. Healdy." It is a good book for a boy's library.

You don't understand me, I perceive. Listen, then. That hatchet-faced creature over the fence is a regular scold. Her tongue is tipped with fire, for her bitter words shoot from it hissing hot. Her heart is full of gall, and pours out unceasing tides of hatred, envy, and spite. She is, in short, a most unhappy, disagreeable creature, and one of the worst of neighbors.

The other woman is her neighbor, and has suffered very much annoyance from her. In fact, she has borne so much that she has made up her mind to bear no more. She has resolved to kill the scold. Mark! the scold, not the woman.

Her weapon is *kindness*. Kind words and kind actions are the shots she hurls at the scold. She sends her flowers and vegetables. She speaks gently to her. She never answers back the scold's angry words. She has even watched over her in her recent sickness, and has given the scold so many wounds that she is almost dead. Why, she is actually asking the kind woman a kind question. She is saying:

"How are you off for sass?"

The kind woman did not need any "sass," but knowing



that accepting a favor would help the scold to die, she took a few beans.

Well, the scold died but the woman lived. Kindness killed the former, and warmed the latter into beautiful life.

Do my children understand? Of course they do. Very good. Now let them go to work killing all the ugly folk they know of—with *kindness*, mind! That's the weapon for children. They soon learn to shoot grandly with it. If they are out of ammunition, there is plenty to be had in the arsenals and magazines of Jesus. Prayer is the key to his magazines. They have but to pray, "Please, Jesus, fill our hearts with love for all the ugly people in our village," and they will soon have large stores of loving feelings, kind words, and gentle deeds with which to kill off every scold, every passionate and hateful thing in their neighborhood. It may require several battles to do it, but if they keep fighting they will do it. If you doubt, read and then commit to memory the following text:

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Rom. xii, 20.

### MY LETTER BUDGET.

"I HAVE written you three times and you have not published either of my letters," says a sweet little girl, pouting her pretty lips and looking as if she had a great mind to be cross with the editor, the Corporal, the Squire, and the Advocate.

I am sorry the little puss is cross, but what can I do? I have more letters than I could print if the Advocate was as large as the front of the cathedral at Montreal. Will my children be angry because I cannot do what is impossible?

I think not. They will be content to know that I read all their letters, print what I can, and kiss all the writers in my heart. Is not that enough?

Here is the answer to the enigma in the last number of the Advocate: *Thongs*, Acts xxii, 25; *Incense*, Exod. xxx, 1-10; *Manna*, Exod. xvi, 15-21; *Elders*, Num. xi, 16, 17.—TIME.

"*Thongs*—upon the Apostle Paul Cruelly his limbs enthrall:  
Time can no man bind or clasp,  
Ever slips it from the grasp.

"*Incense*—rising pure and sweet,  
Earth delights its Lord to greet:  
O! may time to heaven bear  
Love and faith, and praise and prayer.

"*Manna*—left upon the ground,  
Melting, was no longer found:  
Time misused is lost for aye,  
Ne'er returns a wasted day.

"*Elders*—men accounted sage,  
Wise by reason of their age:  
Time-taught they to honor rise;  
Time-taught may we win the skies!"

ISRAEL W. CLOWES, of L—, says:

"I have consented to act as scribe for my four younger brothers and Sister Sarah. I must tell you that James is safe at home after an absence of more than three years. Sister Mary, aged five years, Sister Hephzibah, eighteen years, and Sister Emma, twenty-one years, have gone to the 'happy land.' They all belonged to the Try Company. Poor Emma was burned to death in a great fire here. The last hymn she sung on earth was 'I would not live away;' and dear Heppy, when dying, called us to her one by one, and kissed us and said, 'Meet me in heaven.' Father sung, 'All is well! All is well!' Dear Mary died saying, 'I love Jesus! Sing, pa, 'I love Jesus.'"

"James belongs to the Try Company. He joined in Philadelphia, U. S., at five years old. Israel, sixteen years, and Frederick, fourteen, both belong to the Try Company; but, dear sir, will you not take dear Brothers George, Stephen, and Sumpter, and Sister Sarah into your Try Company? They promise father and mother to try. Father and mother have been in the Try Company for more than twenty-five years. Father is a local preacher, and says some of the bravest soldiers that ever fought for King Jesus will come out of the M. E. Sunday-school Try Company.

"But we have the best to tell you. We are having a gracious revival here. Very many have found the Saviour, and quite a number of the Sunday-school boys and girls have found the 'pearl of great price.' I have often seen father and mother happy, but when Brother Fred and I found the Saviour there was great joy. We have a delightful Sunday-school, a dear superintendent and assistant, the best of teachers, and near two hundred scholars, a beautiful organ, and a Sunday-school teacher to play it. We can sing near all the hymns in the 'Golden Chain.' It is one happy place. We have a good library, but are going to get more books. And then we have the dear little Advocate. Mother says it is the best in the colony. We shall raise in the Sunday-school more than one hundred dollars for the missionary cause this year. The Rev. W. B— is our minister. He is always at Sunday-school. Father says, 'He is a captain in the King's own.' We send one dollar out of our family fund to help to send the Advocate to poor boys and girls."

"That is a real family letter," the Corporal remarks. "They appear to have plenty of joy and sorrow. Well, that is what we must all expect here. Happy are they who know where to find joy in grief."

HATTIE E. P., of —, says:

"I have no sister, only a little Brother Johnnie, who is delighted with the pictures and the poetry in the last number. I read it to him. He said, 'That's good; read that again.' So I read it three or four times, and now he says it every day. We do not have any Sunday-school here in winter. We do in summer and then I go. My brother and I want to join your Try Company. We will try hard to do right. I won't feel disappointed if you do not print this, only send me yourself, please."

Hattie writes like a girl who knows how to be useful to her brother. May she be to him as a guardian angel all through life. All sisters can be such angels to their brothers if they try hard and right.

KATIE M. P., of J—, says:

"I have one little sister in heaven, and I am trying to meet her there. I do not go to school this winter. I attended Sunday-school last summer and pa was the superintendent. I have one little brother Eddle. He says he would like to join your Try Company. So would I, if you will accept of such a sinful creature. I send you eighteen cents for your phiz."

Katie must go to the fountain opened for sin. The blood of Jesus will wash her soul white, and then when her earthly life ends she will be sure to meet her sister in heaven. My "phiz" went to Katie in the mail.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE BEAUTIFUL DANCER.

HER name was Salome. She lived more than eighteen hundred years ago, and not on our side of the world, but far in the East. Yet she *really lived*, as much as you or I, and breathed the same air that circulates about this earth, and talked, and laughed, and sung as you do now.

Did you ever think, when your minister or Sunday-school teacher talks to you about coming to Jesus, that if you could only have lived in the very time and the very country of our dear Lord it would have been far easier to become his disciple? I have known children who thought this, but they were mistaken. Salome lived at this very time and in this very land of Judea. But she was very far from making it her great joy to follow Jesus, very far from wishing to sit at his feet or to minister to his wants. Instead, she lived a life of pleasure, just as many do in these days. She dressed and danced gracefully for the purpose of pleasing wicked men.

Once, on the king's birthday, when he and his nobles and courtly guests were feasting and drinking wine, Salome came in and danced to entertain them. This might have been through a deep-laid plot of her mother, who was an artful and extremely wicked woman. For this mother of Salome's had murder in her heart, and against one of the best of men; against John, who was a preacher, and who baptized our Lord. She hated him because he reproved her sins, and she had been trying to induce the king to take his life; but the king did not dare kill so good a man. He went so far, however, as to put him in prison. And now when Salome danced before these men it happened as her mother hoped it would. The king was so delighted with the girl that he told her, binding his promise by a great oath, that he would give her *anything* she might ask if it were not more than half his kingdom. Salome ran to her mother and said:

"What shall I ask?"

Would you have believed a mother could have instructed her daughter to ask for the head of a prisoner to be brought her on a dish as a present? And this was the end of that dance!

How much one would rather have been in the place of that little Israelitish girl who lived long before in the same country, and was carried away from her dear home and friends captive into Syria! She did some good in the world. She was the means of the healing of the nobleman on whose wife she waited of a dreadful disease, and thereby of introducing the knowledge of the one true God to those idol-worshippers.

How much better even to be like Pocahontas, the heroic Indian girl you read of in your history, who saved the life of Capt. Smith by throwing herself between him and the war-club, who saved the life of many others by going in the dark and storm many miles through the wilderness to put them on their guard against the savages, and who from loving the white man came to love the white man's Saviour.

But we are not in the place of any of these. God

our Father has given us a place in life which no one but ourselves can fill. When he created each one of us he had a plan for us. If we come to him in prayer, believing in his love and willing to become what he wishes, he will show us what he intends us to do for him in the world. UNA LOCKE.

## THE MAGPIE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A MERRY and sly  
Little magpie am I;  
(For I will not my faults and my fallings deny;)  
My plumage is bright;  
Very keen is my sight;  
And I chatter and chatter from morning till night.

For, like girls and boys,  
I am fond of a noise,  
And find in loud talking the chief of my joys.  
It's all very fine,  
As a song-bird to shine,  
But I'd rather by half have a tongue such as mine.

But then when I go  
To my work, you must know,  
I'm as still as a mouse, or else whisper quite low;  
And that is how you  
Should endeavor to do;  
When your duties are weighty, your words should be few.

Some folks when they see  
My large nest in the tree,  
Pronounce it a great deal too spacious for me;  
But I should suppose  
A magpie best knows  
How to fashion the dwelling he wants for repose.

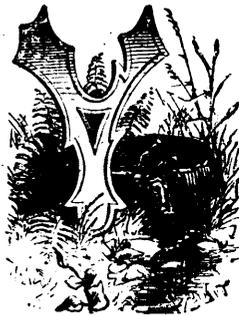
I build mine with sticks,  
And thorns round it fix,  
In order to keep off the boys with their tricks;  
For now if they come,  
They are sure to get some  
Of these sharp little points in their finger and thumb.

Six eggs, or else eight,  
Small in size and in weight,  
Are laid in the spring by my excellent mate;  
And no one can tell  
The glad feelings that swell  
In our breasts when our young ones burst forth from their shell.

A merry and sly  
Little magpie am I,  
Enjoying myself as the moments glide by;  
As happy and free,  
Dear young folks, may you be,  
As I am, and also much "wiser" than me.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## LITTLE YAN THE "DUCKIE DOCTOR."



AN was the pet name of a little girl whose father lived among the "Granite hills" of New Hampshire. He had horses, cattle, sheep, turkeys, hens, geese, and ducks. Her brothers had a big dog, and she what she called the "very nicest little Kitty that ever was." And a fine time they all had.

When Yan was a little girl she used to think the mothers of the little chickens and ducklings very unkind and cruel because they did not take care of them when sick and give them medicine to make them well as her mother did her.

But as she grew older she learned better. She learned that when God created man he breathed the breath of life into him, "and man became a living soul." But to the beasts and fowls he gave life only to the body. And because they have no souls she knew they could not think or reason as even a little child may. And though for this reason she did not now blame the mothers for not taking care of their sick children, yet she did not cease to pity them. After using the power of thought that God had given her, she concluded to try and doctor them herself.

She got along so nicely in her new profession that



her brothers gave her the name of "Duckie doctor." She did not like this name very well, but so long as she could relieve the little sick creatures of their suffering she did not mind it.

Once in a while one would die in spite of all she could do. But this did not discourage her. Instead of sitting down to mourn over it, she said, "Well, I'm glad if I can save any. May be they would all have died if I hadn't taken care of them."

Now, dear children, do you think the name "Duckie doctor" was a disgrace or an honor to little Yan? I think it was an *honor*, for in her case it meant a "relief angel."

I would rather be a pauper, and have a heart to relieve the pain of body or mind of my fellow-creatures, than be a queen on her throne and have a *hard, selfish heart*. What do you think, Miss Bright-eyes? And you, Master Love-fun? LILLA.

## A BOY'S RELIGION.

"My son," said the Rev. Legh Richmond, "remember you must die, and you may die soon, very soon. If you are to die a boy we must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour, a boy's salvation; or else a boy's ignorance, a boy's obstinacy, a boy's unbelief, a boy's idolatry, a boy's destruction. Remember all this and beware of sin; dread the sinfulness of an unchanged heart; pray for a new one; pray for grace and pardon, and a soul conformed to the image of Christ Jesus."

WHEN we see the rapid motions of insects at evening, we exclaim, "How happy they must be!" So inseparably are happiness and activity connected in our minds.

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