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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTO ME

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 11.

MARCH 12, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 203.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TAKING AIM.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

THAT little boy with the long bow is learning to take aim. His big brother is teaching him. The little fellow is half afraid he shall fail to hit the bird, which you may see hanging from the pole; but he is so earnest and so patient, I think he will succeed after a few trials if he misses at first.

Now, my merry-hearted children, I want to do for you what that big boy is doing for his little brother. I want to teach you to "take aim," to aim at the right object, and to hit it.

"We have no long bows, or cross-bows, or guns, and we don't see how we can learn to take aim," you reply, do you? And I hear bouncing Miss Mary twittering like a bird and saying, "What is our dear old Uncle Forrester thinking about? Does he forget that more than half of his readers are girls? Does he want to teach girls to use guns, and long bows, and cross-bows?"

No, my blue-eyed Mary, no, not in the Sunday-School Advocate, though, by the way, I think the use of the cross-bow is very becoming in a young lady; but I want to teach you to take aim with your

minds. You know that you must all be either good or wicked, idle or industrious, useful or hurtful, happy or miserable in this world, and that you must go either to heaven or to hell when you die. You can *easily* be miserable, idle, hurtful, and wicked *without aiming to be so*, but you can't be good, industrious, useful, or happy without making up your minds to be so. It requires no effort to be wicked, idle, etc., because it is natural, and therefore easy; but to be good, useful, industrious, and happy is not easy. You must make up your mind very firmly and work harder than beavers to be the latter, or you will never, never succeed.

Now, *making up your mind to be good, useful, and happy*, is aiming at goodness, usefulness, and happiness. When a child says, "I will be good if Jesus will help me," that child "takes aim" at goodness just as truly as that boy in the picture takes aim at the bird when he points his bow toward it and sets his mind on hitting it.

A boy was once visiting his aunt. He saw in her house the picture of a man dressed in robes of office. Said he:

"Aunt, who was that man?"

"Your uncle, my dear," replied the lady. "See what a great man he is in his robes of office!"

"Why was he great?" inquired the boy. "What made him so?"

"Because," said the aunt, "he was fond of study, just as you should be. Look at those books by his side. He was always reading, and reading, and reading, until he had learnt all he wanted to know, and so he became a great man; and so may you, too, if you are only as fond of books as he was."

The boy thought much of his aunt's words. He often stood before the picture and said to himself, "What a fine thing it would be if I could be as great as he was. I will try it. I will study hard."

When the boy said those words what was he doing? He was aiming at learning and greatness, wasn't he?

Now I want you all to aim at learning too, for learning is a fine thing. Say, then, each of you, "I will study hard and learn all I can."

But learning is not the only thing you must aim at. You must aim at being useful to others and at being happy; but, most of all, you must *aim to be good*. If you are good you will be happy and useful too. You will also rise to heaven at last. Aim at goodness, then. That's the only object really worth hitting. Aim at it, my child, daily and hourly. Begin just now by saying in your heart:

"O, Jesus, I have a naughty, wicked heart. I want it made new and good. If you will help me, O Jesus, I will be good forever. I will think good thoughts, speak good words, do good acts, at all times and forever. O, blessed Jesus, teach me to be good! Make me good!"

I hope every member of our vast Advocate family will say this prayer and thereby begin to aim at goodness and glory. May God bless you all, my very dear children, and incline you to set your hearts firmly on this blessed object.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

WHEN WASHINGTON IRVING (an author whose books you will all want to read when you grow older) was a little fellow only ten years old he took part in a school exhibition. It was a great time with the boys, you may be sure, and they recited parts of the tragedy of CARO. Young Irving was to speak the part of Juba. But while waiting at the back of the curtain for his turn, he began eating a honey-cake. Just as his mouth was filled with the sticky substance he was called forward.

Poor boy! There he stood in presence of the crowd of spectators unable to speak, vainly trying to swallow his cake, for the honey in it had glued his jaws together. The audience, seeing what was the matter, began to titter. That made young Irving

desperate; he put his finger into his mouth and began to rake out the sticky stuff. At this the people broke into a roar of laughter, and the poor boy almost broke down in his part. He bungled through it, however, but there was no more fun in that exhibition for him.

That was a "tight place" for a boy to be in, wasn't it? But how came he into it? *For want of thought.* Mark that! It was very thoughtless to eat hot cake just as he was going to speak. Had he thought for only a moment, boy though he was, he wouldn't have done it. Learn to think before you act, my children, for, believe me, most grown people, as well as children, get into their tight places for want of thought.

THE CORPORAL.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE WASTED FLOWERS.

On the green bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rose-buds was twined round her head. Her face was radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it, and her voice was as clear as that of the birds which warbled at her side.

The little stream went singing on, and with every gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood she flung them to the sparkling tide until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then, seeing her loss, she sprang to her feet, and bursting into tears, called aloud to the stream, "Bring me back my flowers."

But the stream danced along regardless of her tears, and as it bore the blooming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin; and long after, amid the wailing of the breeze and the fitful bursts of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry, "Bring me back my flowers!"

Merry maiden, who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, see in the thoughtless, impulsive child an emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings to all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent Giver. Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the weeping child, "Bring me back my flowers!" And the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy Past, "Bring me back my flowers!"

EVELINA.

FOUL WEATHER.

A SEASIDE SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

THE women weep, the children wail,
Scarcely knowing why;
And men are watching (fix'd and pale)
A fishing-smack, with dripping sail,
Just rolling nigh.

The surf leaps high upon the shore
In cruel sport:
The wild winds in the caverns roar,
The weary fishers ply the oar
To gain the port.

The breakers crash, the seagulls screech;
No hope! No hope!
How is that fragile boat to reach
Across such surf the shingly beach?
O for a rope!

'Tis vain. The boldest and the best
Turn back in fear:
The strongest swimmer dare not breast
Those breakers with the foamy crest,
For life is dear.

The surf leaps high upon the shore—
So high! So high!
The boat obeys her helm no more;
The weary crew lay down the oar
To die! to die!

Nay! man may fail, though wise and strong,
Yet God can save.
A brave dog dashes from the throng,
And throws his shaggy length along
The boiling wave.

The billows suck him in. Ah me!
Not lost! Not lost!
Light as a buoy upriseth he,
And, battling with the greedy sea,
The surf hath cross'd.

No strange caprice, no desperate whim,
No senseless hope!
Round, round the boat they see him swim,
With pleading eye and struggling limb:
"Fling him a rope!"

He grasps the hawser with his teeth;
His suit is won.
Back, back through surf and foamy wreath,
Through 'whelming surge, for life or death,
His task is done.

The rope is strong, the hands are stout:
"Aho! Aho!"
Like ocean shell, the trembling boat,
Sore toss'd about, now in, now out,
Is hauled ashore with cheer and shout,
And breathless joy!

Then women's tears of happiness
With praises blend:
And old men lift their hands and bless,
And strong men fondle and caress
Their shaggy friend.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BOYS AND THEIR NOTIONS.



HEN WASHINGTON IRVING was fourteen years old he used to stand on the wharfs and watch the departing ships with longing eyes, until a strong desire to be a sailor grew within him.

He had heard that sailors lived chiefly on salt

pork, a thing which he detested. So bent was he on going to sea, however, that he made up his mind to overcome his dislike and learn to eat pork. So, whenever it was on his father's table he forced himself with a martyr's courage to eat it.

He had heard, also, that sailors sleep on hard couches. To fit himself for this he quitted his bed and slept on the bare floor. These efforts to prepare for the hardships of sailor-life soon cured him, for his palate and stomach turned from the pork more and more strongly every time he ate it, and the bare floor was too much for his sore bones. So, like a

sensible boy, he went back to his bed, ceased eating pork, and gave up his fancy for the sea.

Young Irving was wiser than most boys who get foolish fancies into their heads. He tried, in a very original way, to fit himself to endure what he knew he should not like, and the trial killed his fancy; but most fanciful and notional boys make light of the hardships connected with the things they seek. They plunge into trouble and are sorry when sorrow is too late. Boys had better yield to their parents' wishes than to their own notions. Parents are wise, but boys' notions are of all things most foolish and dangerous.

X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"I'LL PAY HIM FOR THAT."

"I'll pay him for that!" cried Harold one day as he stood with flushed face and outstretched arm prepared to throw a big stone at a boy who stood in the distance laughing at him.

"Pay him for what, my son?" asked the gentle voice of a man who at that moment stepped up and placed his hand softly on Harold's shoulder.

"Why, for hitting me in the head with a stone," replied Harold, trying to escape from the hand which now grasped his shoulder firmly.

The boy alluded to had from sheer spitefulness thrown a stone at Harold and bruised his head.

"Stop, my son!" said the stranger; "take care you don't do yourself more harm than you have suffered."

Harold dropped his arm, looked wonderingly into the stranger's face, and asked:

"How can I do that?"

"The boy has only hurt your head, my son," replied the man; "but if you let your wicked temper get the mastery you will hurt your soul. You will offend that good Saviour who tells you to love, and not to hate your enemies. Throw away that stone, my son, and ask the good Saviour to give you grace to love the boy who threw one at you just now."

Harold's heart was touched by the kind manner and gentle spirit of the stranger. He dropped the stone and his anger also. Walking away into his chamber he sat down before his writing-table and thought about the stranger's words until his heart melted, and he said to himself:

"I was wicked when I let my temper rise. The Bible says we must do good to those who despitefully use us. I'm sorry I was going to return evil for evil. I'll pray to be forgiven, and for grace to forgive, and love those who do harm to me."

Children, what think you of Master Harold and the stranger? If you think he did right to resist his temper and to suffer wrong instead of revenging one wrong by doing another, say ay! Ay it is! Good! Now prove your votes sincere by overcoming all the evil you may suffer with good.

X.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1864.

A MANLY BOY.



ARTHUR ALLEN is a jolly little fellow full of racket and fun, and, what is rare in such lively boys, seldom falls into mischief. I cannot say he never does, for I doubt if there is a boy in the land who does not sometimes do a mischievous deed. If there is one who does not I should like to see him, shake hands with him, and pronounce him a "rare bird."

Arthur's father had some choice pear-trees in his garden. They were dwarf trees; that is, they threw out their branches quite near the ground. A little boy could easily climb into one of them. Arthur had been often told not to do so lest he should break the slender branches.

One day when the pear-trees were covered with beautiful blossoms, Arthur went into the garden with a playmate. After looking round a while, they agreed to play bo-peep. This was fine fun for little boys, and they ran behind the currant-bushes, and the apple-trees, and cried bo! a great many times. At last Arthur, forgetting his father's wishes, stepped up into the branch of a sweet little pear-tree, and pushing his face in among its white blossoms cried bo! bo! bo! and laughed as merrily as a bobolink.

His friend Bob ran up to the tree and tried to catch him. He jumped down, and in his haste pulled so hard upon a branch that it broke off and fell to the ground.

"O dear, what will pa say!" exclaimed Arthur, casting on the branch a look of grief and despair.

"You need not tell him," said Bob; "maybe he will think the wind blew it off."

"He won't think any such thing," replied Arthur, "and if he should I should be a mean, wicked boy not to tell him the truth. I'll go and tell him now."

Without stopping to hear what Bob was going to say, Arthur ran straight to his father, who was in the barn, and said:

"Pa, I'm very sorry, but I broke one of your pear-trees. I didn't mean to do it. I'm so sorry."

Mr. Allen patted his son's head softly and drew from him all the particulars of the accident, after which he said:

"My son, you have grieved me by breaking my tree, but you have delighted me by coming in such a manly way to confess it. I forgive you, and may our heavenly Father give you courage to tell the truth at all times and in all places. God bless you, my noble boy!"

Do you admire Arthur's honor and courage? I know you do. But suppose he had taken Bob's advice? Then he would have been mean and false, wouldn't he? Now, as you admire Arthur's conduct and know it to be right, I want you to resolve to imitate it. Make up your minds that, aided by God's grace, you will never do a false, mean, or wicked deed. Be honorable, truthful, and manly, children.

He that hath tasted of the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.—CHARNOCK.

WHY LOUISA WISHED TO LIVE.

"Do you desire to recover, Louisa?" said a loving father to his dying daughter one day.

Louisa thought over the question a few moments and then replied, "I should like to recover for one reason, papa—that I might serve the Lord more! I seem to have done so little for him."

Was not that a beautiful reply? Louisa did not care to live for her own sake, nor even for the sake of the friends she loved so well, but only for the sake of the Lord Jesus, whom she loved the best of all. But the Lord had work in heaven for Louisa, and therefore he took her to himself.

A FOOLISH FATHER.

A FOOLISH father once handed his little son a glass of whisky, saying:

"Here, my son, taste this!"

The boy, not knowing what the glass contained, put it to his lips. But a taste was sufficient. He put down the glass, clapped his hands to his mouth, and cried in an agony: "O papa, papa, it will kill me!"



That boy was wiser than his father. He told a truth which was being illustrated in his father, who was literally killing himself with whisky. Yes, whisky kills. All alcoholic drinks kill. They have killed millions. They will kill millions more. They will kill you, my son or daughter, if you learn to drink them.

The character and effects of alcohol are curiously shown in the odd picture accompanying this article. Study it and write me what you think about it, and what you intend to do if any one offers you strong drink.

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

WHAT is the matter to-day, my corporal? You look glum, almost vexed, indeed. What troubles you?

"I am as much vexed, Mr. Editor," replies the corporal, bringing his cane heavily to the ground, "as I ever allow myself to be. I find a story in the Sunday-School Advocate for January 23 about wolves, which, if not signed 'Aunt Julia,' I should have taken to be a paper fished up from among the remains of Baron Munchausen."

By Baron Munchausen, hey? That is, in plain terms, you believe the story to be a ridiculous fiction, eh, corporal?

"Just that and nothing less, Mr. Editor. Aunt Julia describes the wolf-hunters as dragging a pig by a line after their troika, with the horses at a gallop. How long do you suppose a pig would stand such treatment?"

I suppose he would be a dead pig in one or two minutes, and a pretty well mashed-up carcass in two or three more.

"No doubt of it, sir, no doubt of it. But Aunt Julia's pig was dragged miles at a gallop, and then hauled into the troika alive. It's a fiction, sir! Then, sir, the horses are said to travel fifteen miles in six minutes. Faugh!

Aunt Julia must have been reading the 'Arabian Nights tales.'"

Don't be too severe on Aunt Julia, my corporal. She is usually very careful in her statement of facts, and I have no doubt was deceived in this case by the original writer of that wolf story. But here is a note of explanation from Aunt Julia herself. She says:

"I am really annoyed to discover what a mistake I have made, and, of course, it is too late to correct it. But I must apologize to you, at least. You will remember that in our last balloon sail I told the children a story of a wolf hunt that I had read. Now, Mr. Editor, you know how particular I am about authorities, and how much I sometimes search and hunt to find out the truth of one little item. But it is not always possible to search out the truth of a narrative, and I supposed that my authority for this was good. And that is where I was mistaken. That fifteen miles in six minutes was a slip of my pen in converting the Russian measure into English miles, and I did not give it a second look or I should have seen that it was wrong."

"That's frank, Mr. Editor," says the corporal. "I'm satisfied Aunt Julia did not mean to misstate or overstate her facts, only she was for once caught napping. She will be careful next time, I'm sure.—Here is a letter from AR-

BIE M., a girl whose mother is 'gone home.' She says:

"Your dear Advocate sheds warmth like the sunshine into the hearts of its readers. My mother died five years ago. I have one sister. She is trying to serve the Saviour and meet her in heaven. We have had a pleasant exhibition here for the purpose of obtaining money to replenish our library, in which both young and old took a part. We received as a reward for our labors fifty-six dollars. We have a good pastor and superintendent, who are leading their flock to the fold of Jesus. They and the members of our school wish to enlist in the Try Company, and if the corporal will be so kind as to enroll us we will try to be faithful soldiers.

"Enroll them by all means, Mr. Scribe," adds the corporal, turning to Esquire Forrester.

The squire asks, "How can I enroll them without knowing their names?"

"You can't, surely," rejoins the corporal. "Put down Abbie's name. The others are unknown quantities.

"Here is a puzzle in rhyme that no booby sublime Could solve with his wits in a long lifetime:

The name of a woman who lived in a tent,
The name of a man who a hunting went;
The name of a man of folly and might,
The name of a warrior killed in fight;
The name of a woman who fed our Lord,
The name of men who delight in discord,
The name of a youth who died while asleep,
The name of a man for whom many did weep,
The name of a man whose learning was deep.

The first letters of these names arranged well,
Contain a short sentence from our Lord's Gospel.

"And here is the answer to the Scripture puzzle in our last:

"Quail, Exodus xvi, 13; Num. xi, 32. Urim, Exodus xxviii, 30. Emmanuel, Isa. vii, 14. Embroiderer, Exod. xxxviii, 23. Nettles, Prov. xxiv, 31.—The Queen of Sheba, 1 Kings x, 1.

"HATTIE, of —, says:

"I go to Church every Sabbath day, and I have a brother and little sister who go with me. We have a very good minister. We have a juvenile missionary society in our Sunday-school. We have raised about \$25 for the missionaries. Our school is small but quite interesting. We love our teachers and superintendent very much. We all give your Advocate a happy greeting, and are trying to profit by its teachings.

"Hattie looks on the bright side of things, and is, I think, a good girl. She and her brother and sister may join our company."



For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE DISCONTENTED LEAF.

WE have a large old cherry-tree in our lane, and all summer long it has been full of interest to me. Several families of robins and other birds have built their nests in it, and their little ones took their first flying and singing lessons among its branches. At the very top of the old tree was a little leaf which seemed to enjoy itself greatly, for it was the first to catch the sunshine as it came peeping over the old house-roof in the morning. It would dance all day with the gay, frolicsome wind, and even when the little birds were all asleep it would continue its sport in the moonlight.

So passed the summer, and autumn has come. The sunshine is not so warm, and the winds are stronger and rougher. The little leaf grew discontented, and thought it rather dull to be tied fast to that old tree. So the tree one quiet evening told all its children (the leaves) to stay by their parent as long as they could, for if they went away from her they would fall upon the cold ground, or into the pools and rivers, and be destroyed. But this little leaf could not be satisfied, and I heard it whispering to the wind, "Come at midnight, gay wind, cut me from this ugly branch that holds me so tightly, and we will fly off and have a joyous frolic together. It is so stupid to stay fastened to this old tree."

So the wind came at midnight, cut the leaf loose, and away they went over fields, now high in air, now down where the meadow-larks had their nests. All went gayly until the wind stopped to catch breath, when lo! the poor little leaf fell down into the dark river that lay beneath. It floated for a little time and then sank to the bottom.

Now, how many little boys and girls are getting tired of the Sunday-school tree. If you are, my little reader, remember the poor leaf and its folly. Keep tight hold of the old tree, and if any wind of temptation comes to coax you away, think of the dark rivers of sin and folly, and the ocean of eternal death. B. C. R.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

GOD puts the oak in the forest and the pine on its sand and rock, and says to men, "There are your houses: go hew, saw, frame, build, make." God builds the trees; men must build the house. God supplies the timber; men must construct the ship. God buries iron in the heart of the earth; men must dig it, and smelt it, and fashion it. What is useful for the body, and still more, what is useful for the mind, is to be had only by exertion—exertion that will work men more than iron is wrought, that will shape men more than timber is shaped. Clay and rock are given us, not brick and square stones. God gives us no clothes; he gives us flax, and cotton, and

sheep. If we would have coats on our backs, we must take them off our flocks, and spin them, and weave them. If we would have anything good or useful we must EARN it.

MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL.

MRS. GRAMMAR, she gave a fine ball
To the nine different parts of our speech;
To the big and the small,
To the short and the tall,
There were pies, plums, and pudding for each.

And first little Articles came,
In a hurry to make themselves known—
Fat A, An, and The;
But none of the three
Could stand for a minute alone.

The Adjectives came to announce
That their dear friends, the Nouns, were at hand,
Rough, Rougher, Roughest,
Tough, Tougher, Toughest,
Fat, Merry, Good-natured, and Grand.

The Nouns were indeed on their way—
Tens of thousands and more I should think,
For each name that we utter—
Shop, Shoulder, or Shutter—
Is a Noun; Lady, Lyon, and Link.

The Pronouns were following fast
To push the Nouns out of their places—
I, Thou, You, and Me,
We, They, He, and She,
With their merry good-humored old faces.

Some cried out, "Make way for the Verbs!"
A great crowd is coming in view—
To bite and to smite,
And to light and to fight,
To be, and to have, and to do.

The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,
Behind them as footmen they run;
As thus, to fight badly,
Then run away gladly,
Shows how fighting and running were done.

Prepositions came—In, By, and Near,
With Conjunctions, a poor little band,
As either you or me.
But neither them nor he—
They held their great friend by the hand.

Then in with a hip, hip, hurrah!
Rushed in Interjections uproarious,—
"O dear! Well a day!"
When they saw the display,
"Ha! ha!" they all shouted out, "Glorious!"



BIBLE READING.

"GRANDMAMA," said little Harry, coming to his grandmother's side as she sat reading, "why do you read the Bible so very, very often?"

"Because I need it, my dear. Why do you take bread and milk, and soup, and such kinds of food so very, very often?"

"Grandma, we must take food often, you know, or else we will die."

"What has God given to you, Harry, and to me besides our bodies?"

"Our souls, grandma."

"What would die without food?"

"Our bodies."

"But I feel that my soul needs food as well as my body—now, where am I to find that?"

"O, I understand now. We must read the Bible every day to get food for our souls, grandma, just as we take food for our bodies."

"Quite right. And if you were to refuse to take

your breakfast and your dinner to-morrow, what would be the reason?"

"I would be sick or ill."

"Yes; and so when we do not care for studying the holy word of God, it shows that our souls are not in good health. Other books may feed our mind and understanding, but only the book of God, or what good men have written to explain it, can nourish and strengthen the soul. Now, here are two verses about this which you may sit quietly down and learn."

So Harry learned Jer. xv, 16: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." Psalm cxix, 103: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth."

A SNOW-BIRD.



A GENTLEMAN, called out early one morning after a severe storm, met no one in the streets but a young lad plowing his way through the snow with a big basket on his arm. "Well, my boy,

what has turned you out so early?" asked the gentleman.

"O, I'm a snow-bird carrying crumbs to breakfast a poor family on. Elijah had ravens, but father sends by snow-bird," said the boy laughing.

The little fellow's name, sure enough, was Snow Bird. But can't we all be snow-birds in this good work? I hope there are large flocks of them among our little readers.

WHERE THE SUN GOES.

"MOTHER, I know where the sun goes to when it goes down," said little Eddie one day.

"Where, my child?"

"Why, it goes down, down, till it strikes the earth, then it all breaks to pieces, and all the pieces fly off, and they are what we call the stars. Then, in the night God gathers them all together and puts them yonder," pointing to the east, "and starts it again."

Eddie is not so wise as he thinks himself to be. When he grows older he will know that his notion about the sun is all wrong.

A LITTLE boy, playing with a dog, discovered for the first time that the animal had claws; whereupon he ran into the house exclaiming with open-eyed wonder:

"O, mother, Fido has got teeth in his toes!"

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