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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 7.

JANUARY 14, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 223.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

FAVORITES.

This picture is engraved from one of the popular paintings of the great English artist, Sir EDWIN LANDSEER. The design is very beautiful. That pretty pony looks so kindly upon you that you can almost fancy you hear it inviting you to mount and take a ride. The little dog looks very cute, and the old one appears to be in a brown study. The boy enjoys his task of holding the pony until his mistress comes, and, altogether, the picture is one you cannot help admiring. There are few persons living who could make such a one.

Yet there was a time when Sir Edwin Landseer could not draw a straight line, when he did not know how to paint a line of beauty. He once knew no more of his art than you now know. But he made a beginning. He learned little by little, line after line, tint after tint, until he became the greatest painter of animals in old England, and, for aught

I know, in the world. If he had not tried, toiled, and persevered, *you* would never have enjoyed the pleasure you now feel looking at this pretty picture. Let his example cheer you, then, my child. You are beginning your studies, and are often puzzled, and wearied, and vexed with your tasks. Cheer up. Never give way to weariness. Work on. Your little beginnings are as necessary to you as Edwin Landseer's were to him. Only get all your tasks well, and, may be, you will one day do something at which the world will wonder, and which will add to the happiness of many men, women, and children.

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

THE poor girl carried a heavy heart. She had very few friends, and no dear little playmates such as all girls like to have. She had not clothing suitable to wear to school, so she seldom went out any-

where. When she did venture out she often heard herself styled "The Drunkard's Daughter," and this would send her home with a sense of burning shame that destroyed all her comfort. She had a good mother whom she dearly loved, but their home was very poor, for her father spent all his earnings in the bar-room. And if they managed by hard toil to secure some little comfort, her father in his drunken fits would usually take it from them or manage to destroy it, so that her life was one of constant privation, toil, and sorrow, with very little to cheer it. Yet there was one ray of blessed light that shone down even into the drunkard's home and cheered the drunkard's daughter. Mary's mother was a true Christian, and through all her sorrows she had kept her trust in God and prayed for her family until at last Mary rejoiced in hope, and with a changed heart knelt by her mother's side.

After this Mary found great comfort in praying for her father. She did so hope that some day he would come to his right mind and be the dear, good

father that he was so many years ago, before she had ever heard the dreadful taunt of "Drunkard's Daughter."

One day he staid in the house much later than usual, and Mary, after having helped her mother below all she could, went up stairs and saw him lying on the floor in a drunken sleep as she supposed.

"My poor father," said she as she stood for a moment at the door looking at him. Then she turned away, and going into her own room she knelt down by her little bed, and with streaming tears she begged God to bless her dear father and make him a good man. Hearing her broken, sobbing voice, her father came to the door and listened, and then he went noiselessly out of the house.

That evening, as they sat at their scanty supper, the husband and father came in sober, very much to their surprise. He sat down to the table with them, but before he commenced eating he handed a paper to his wife and requested her to read it. To their great joy it proved to be a temperance pledge with his signature. He then told them that he had heard Mary's prayer, and had resolved, by God's help, that he would be a better man. And God did help him, and his wife helped him, and Mary helped him, and he helped himself, and by the blessing of God he became a Christian. Joy smiled once more on that household, happy days came back to them, and Mary is no longer known as the "Drunkard's Daughter."

NELLIE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT JENNIE SAID TO HER MOTHER.



SWEET little Jennie was dying in the seventh year of her age. Her mother stood gazing upon her pale but happy face, and was so moved by the anguish of love that she cried:

"O, my child, what shall I do without you? What shall I do without you?"

Jennie smiled and replied:

"Why, mamma, I shall not be far from you. I shall be where I shall look down upon you. I will watch you and be near you. So don't cry, dear mother, because I am going to heaven. I know I am."

Jennie went to heaven, and her mother was comforted by the child's words. Heaven, as Jennie said, is not far off; but whether our loved ones who are there do see us who are left behind I cannot say. Perhaps they do. Perhaps they do not. But if not, Jesus does, and he can tell them all about us. What a blessed thing it must be to dwell with Jesus in heaven! And how blessed a thing it is also to have Jesus to care for us while we stay on earth!

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"I GAVE IT TO YOU."

"GIVE me one, Gertie," said a gentleman one day to a little miss of four, whose hands were filled with lozenges.

The child promptly handed him a lozenge, and then skipped away to her play. The gentleman laughed, and put the lozenge into his vest-pocket.

The next day they met again. The gentleman took the lozenge from his pocket, and holding it between his fingers, said:

"Take this, Gertie."

The child drew up her plump little form into its most dignified proportions, and with a queer toss of her little curly head replied:

"I gave that to you."

That was pretty good for a four-year-old miss, wasn't it? She had no idea of having her own gifts returned in that way, and she meant to rebuke the gent who pretended to be liberal with her lozenge. Bright little Gertie is with the angels now.

U. U.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW WILLIE'S RIDE WAS SPOILED.

MR. GIBSON very kindly let Willie Jones have his pony for a ride. Willie was very fond of riding, and expected to have a fine time. When he was mounted and ready to start, he politely lifted his cap and was about to say "Good-by" to Mr. Gibson and his wife, when Mr. Gibson said to him:

"Willie, I don't know but you ought to have a pair of spurs. Tom is so used to them that he may not be free to go without them."

The spurs were sought for but could not be found. They had very likely been put where little boys' caps, and little girls' bonnets, and boys' and girls' school-books are so often put—in the wrong place. And I suspect that Mr. *Nobody*, the same old chap that puts things out of order in so many houses and plagues people generally, had put the spurs down where they ought not to have been.

All this time Willie waited at the gate, talking kindly to Tom and patting him on the neck. Tom seemed to think it was time to go, but Willie held him in until Mr. Gibson returned.

"Willie," said he, "you'll have to go without the spurs, for I can't find them. But when you want Tom to go fast just draw your heels down as if you had spurs on and he'll start off."

So Willie lifted his cap again, said "Good-by" to Mr. Gibson, and "Get up" to Tom, and off he started.

Tom, who had become tired of waiting, trotted a few paces, and soon broke into a fine canter. But he got over his hurry after going about half a mile, and from a canter he came down to a dog-trot, and from that to a slow, lazy walk.

Willie let him walk a short distance and then said, "Get up, Tom! you're getting lazy." As he said this he brought both his heels suddenly to the pony's side. Mr. Pony, supposing the spurs were there, started again on a lively canter. But he knew his master was not on his back, and pretty soon he became lazy again. Then Willie brought his heels down again, and once more started him off.

This was done several times, until by and by Tom found out that the spurring was all a sham. Nothing but the heels of Willie's boots touched him, and he was not afraid of them. So he did about as he pleased. He trotted when he wanted to trot, he cantered when he felt like it, which was not very often, and he walked when he did not care to do anything else, which, unfortunately for poor Willie, was the most of the time.

It was in vain that Willie brought down his heels hard on Tom's sides. Tom only turned his head and walked slowly on, as if he meant to say, "No you don't! I don't like spurs, but I am not afraid of boots."

So Willie's ride was spoiled because he had no spurs.

I think I have seen children very much like Tom the pony. They need the spurs before you can get them to work, and the reason of this is, they are troubled with Tom's complaint—they are a *little lazy!*

F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SUSIE AND HER DIME.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

In other days, when silver coin
Was passed from hand to hand,
And used as lawful currency
All up and down the land—
There was a dime, a silver dime,
A dime entirely new,
Fresh from the mint, and it belonged
To generous little Sue.

It was a birthday gift to her
From Dinah, her old nurse;
And it was waiting patiently
In Susie's netted purse,
Until some pitying impulse sweet
Should stir her gentle heart,
And bring it forth, its meed of joy
And comfort to impart.

One day a little ragged child
Came crying to the door,
Her neck and arms were red with cold,
Her feet were bruised and sore.
She lived close by, for very near
God brings his suffering poor,
That we may pity their distress,
And help them to endure.

It was the mother's skillful hands
That dressed the aching feet;
But it was Susie's gentle voice
That fell, like music sweet,
Upon the poor child's eager ear
And bade her terrors cease;
It soothed the quick, suspicious fear,
And whispered hope and peace.

And when the little vagrant child
Was comforted and fed,
And clean warm clothes replaced the rags
Which she had worn instead,
With cheerful step she sought her home,
And (be it told in rhyme)
A bright gift filled her little hand,
'Twas Susie's silver dime.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A CRUEL MOTHER.



NONE day a city missionary, named CHRISTY, saw a ragged little girl about eleven years of age crying bitterly in the street. Her mother had turned her out of doors because she would not steal! The missionary begged and coaxed the mother to take back her child. "I won't!" said the hard-hearted creature.

"Take her for the sake of humanity," pleaded Mr. Christy.

"No!"

"Take her for Christ's sake then," said the man of God.

"No!"

"Take her for your soul's sake."

"No," said the woman monster, "I won't!"

Then the good man took the forsaken child to his own home and became a father unto her.

O ye little girls who have loving mothers, be grateful and obedient both to them and to that God who cast your lots for you in such pleasant homes. Be grateful! Be grateful!

X.

EXCELLENCE is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence that success may be the reward of industry, and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace.—COWPER.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1865.

"I DON'T WANT TO."

HENRY, take this parcel and carry it to Mrs. Smith for me," said a lady to her son one afternoon.

"I don't want to," drawled Henry in a snarlish tone. He was very busy rigging a little boat, and did not wish to leave it until it was done.

Mrs. Coats sighed. She was used to this disobedient answer, and had often been obliged to use stern words, and sometimes blows, to compel him to obey her. Henry heard the sigh. It ought to have melted his stubbornness; but it did not, for his heart was very hard, and he kept on with his play.

"Henry!" said Mrs. Coats, after a painful pause of several moments, "do as I told you."

"I won't!" replied the boy, knitting his brow and compressing his lips.

Again the mother sighed, but more deeply than before, and a big tear rolled down her hollow cheek. Henry looked up and saw the tear, but even that did not subdue him. His heart was very, very hard.

"What shall I do?" said the poor woman to herself. "How can I conquer this willful boy? Ah, me! I fear my heart will be broken by his obstinacy."

Then Mrs. Coats rose from her chair and walked toward the door of her little chamber which opened from the sitting-room. When she arose Henry looked up again, for he thought she was going to get a rod with which to whip him; but when he saw her enter the chamber-door, he sneered and went on with his play. He knew his mother was going to tell the story of his rebellion to God. That surely ought to have subdued his will. It did not. Wasn't he a stubborn son?

Very soon he heard the whispers of his mother's prayer. O how earnest her words seemed as she poured forth her great heart-sorrow into the ear of the great Father above! Those whispers troubled Henry, but he would not yield to the call of duty. He threw down the rigging of his boat in a pet, said "bother!" in an angry tone, and left the house, more resolved than ever not to take the parcel to Mrs. Smith. Wasn't he a very wicked boy?

Yes, Henry was very stubborn. He had the will of a mule, and seemed to take delight in disobeying his widowed mother. She had often tried the rod, had tried coaxing, had tried praying, but neither love nor severity had been able to overcome his self-willed nature.

Having left the house, it came into his evil heart to go to a tall cliff in the neighborhood which rose up from the river bank more than a hundred feet in height. Wild grapes grew between the rocks of this cliff, and Mrs. Coats had often begged Henry not to venture near it as it was a very dangerous place for boys. To-day Henry, for the first time in his life, resolved to descend the cliff. His heart beat with wicked delight at the thought of being able to do something which his mother had begged him not to do. Disobedience, like an evil spirit, had taken possession of him.

Borne along by these bad feelings, Henry began to descend the cliff, searching for grapes as he slid from rock to rock. It was a hard place to descend. There was no path. Many of the rocks jutted out and overhung those beneath. The boy had to grasp the roots of trees and lower himself from point to point. It was a perilous route, and became more and more dangerous as he proceeded. After a while his heart began to fail him for fear he should fall. And fall he did, for having in his alarm grasped a rotten root, it broke, and away he went, tumbling down the rocks like a peddler's pack. When he reached the bottom he was senseless.

Luckily for him, there was a boatman on the river's bank, who picked him up, sprinkled water into his face, and as soon as he revived bore him gently to the nearest cottage. There the doctor and his mother visited him. He was suffering severe pain. His face was scratched and torn by brambles, his body was sore all over with bruises, and, worse than all, his left arm was badly broken.

They carried him home on a litter. His arm was set and bound up, and through many days and nights he lay wearily suffering the rewards of his disobedience. His thoughts were even more painful than his bodily hurts, and the sight of his quiet, gentle mother sitting ever beside his bed and looking so lovingly upon him, finally began to move his heart. "I am a wicked fellow," said he to himself one night; "I wonder what would become of me if I should die? O dear! O dear!"

These thoughts were doves from heaven sailing into his heart and wooing it from its evil ways. After resisting them many days he at last gave way to their power, and looking into his mother's face said:

"Mother, I'm so sorry for my disobedience. Will you forgive me? Will you pray God to make me a better boy?"

Was his mother glad? Did she forgive him? Did she pray for him? Of course she did. It is just like mothers to forgive and love. Did Henry become a better boy? He did, and when he was well again and the old phrase "I don't want to" leaped from his heart to his lips, a thought of his tumble down the cliffs, and of his heavenly Father's eye, and of his mother's loving face, drove both the evil words and the evil thoughts from his lips and heart. Henry was conquered by the mighty power of God.

How do you like my picture of Henry's disobedience? It is not a pleasant study, I know; yet if you are disobedient to your parents it is a pretty correct picture of your heart as the great God and your parents see it. I beg you not to carry your disobedience so far as to meet such punishment as Henry did. Better yield at once. Come to Christ now, just now, and ask him to take away your stubborn will and give you a kind, gentle, loving, pure, obedient heart. Will you?



EDITOR'S CABINET.

"You look glum this morning, Mr. Forrester; what troubles you, sir?"

This question is put by the Corporal to the Esquire, whose face is a little longer than usual. The old man looks up with his wonted smile and replies:

"I was thinking, noble Corporal, of a boy whose conduct troubles me. He is so fickle you can't do anything with him. At school he was so careless of his studies that, though naturally bright, he was counted almost a dunce. Since he left he refuses to settle down to anything. He has been in a store, and that was too tiresome he said, and left it. He was then sent to a watchmaker to learn his business, but he soon gave that up, saying his fingers were too clumsy to handle the little wheels, pins, and screws of a watch. Next he went into a machinist's shop, but the work there was too hard for him. His last place was with a tailor, whom he left because the boys laughed at him and called him the ninth part of a man."

"If he don't alter his course he won't make the ninety-ninth part of a man!" exclaimed the Corporal sharply as he brought his cane to the floor with a thwack which startled us, and then he added after a brief pause, "He is a rolling stone, a rolling stone, sir."

"He is, sir, and rolling stones gather no moss," rejoined

Mr. Forrester, "and therefore I am troubled about the boy. I fear he will be useless and unhappy all the days of his life."

"It is a hard case," said the Corporal with a sigh. "Such boys are a curse to themselves, to their parents, and to society. But if the boy will make a hard bed for himself he will have to lie upon it and suffer all the penalties of his conduct. I'm sorry for him, but if he won't help himself there is no help for him."

Those are true words, O Corporal. If a child will do wrong nothing can save him. He will suffer, suffer, suffer for his folly all the days of his life, and bring sorrow upon all who love him.—But to your letters, noble Corporal. What have you to-day?

"First, I find two books in my budget called the 'History of the M. E. Church in the United States of America, by A. Stevens, LL.D.' What have you to say of them, Mr. Editor?"

They are books of rare interest and value, my Corporal. Every boy and girl in your company, every Sunday-school teacher, and every person in the Church should read them. I hope they will be placed in every Sunday-school library in the land.

"That is high praise, Mr. Editor, but the books will bear it and more. Here is a splendid volume in appearance called 'The American Boy's Book of Sports and Games; a Repository of In-and-out-door Amusements for Boys and Youth, with over Six Hundred Engravings.' What say you of that, sir?"

It is not a Sunday-school book in any sense, but it is a book for week-days that boys will esteem among their best treasures. Besides much that relates to boyish sports, it contains much valuable information concerning birds, rabbits, fowls, dogs, horses, and fish; also concerning carpentry, boat-building, gardening, etc. I am sorry to see its value diminished, however, by a chapter on games of chance—such as backgammon, bagatelle, tennins, etc.—games which awaken a taste for gambling, and lead those who love them into dangerous associations. With this exception, I can strongly recommend the book as a week-day book for boys, who must play as well as work and study.

"Very good, sir. Here is a letter from G. S. G., of —, which calls on your children to pray for our gracious Queen Victoria. It says the children ought to do this morning and evening, because it would help them to think about and to love their country, and because God would hear their prayers and help the queen do her duty amid all her trials and sorrows. What say you to that, sir?"

It is good advice, my Corporal. Every Christian child should pray daily for the rulers of his country. The Bible requires this of all who read its sacred pages. Hence, I indorse the call of G. S. G., and entreat all my children to say in their daily prayers, "Please, God, bless Victoria, our gracious queen, with all her counselors, and help her put down evil men, maintain our laws, and lead our country safely in the paths of liberty, prosperity, and religion."

What next, Corporal?

"Here is the answer to the Christmas puzzle in our last number:

"(1.) Cyrenius, Luke ii, 2. (2.) Herod, Matthew ii, 1. (3.) Simeon, Luke ii, 25. (4.) Mary. (5.) Angels, Luke ii, 13, 14. (6.) Shepherds, Luke ii, 15, 16. (7.) Inn, Luke ii, 7. (8.) Rama, Matt. ii, 18. (9.) Turtle-doves, Luke ii, 22-24. Name of the happy day—CHRISTMAS.

"A miss who writes with a sharp pen and calls herself a Sunday-school cadet, says:

"We have a large Sunday-school and the very prince of superintendents. His term of office expired last spring, and, as he is a very timid, bashful little man, he wished some one else put in his place, but as all the scholars voted to re-elect him, he could not refuse to serve. He is the very man for the place, and we would not exchange him even for your Corporal Try, begging your pardon for saying it. All he needs is a little more self-confidence. We also elected a chorister at the same time, but though we all voted for him, our votes did not have the same effect on him as on our superintendent, for he does not attend, and we are left to do the best we can for singing. Now, Corporal, cannot either you or Mr. Forrester tell us some way to remedy this evil? We will try it faithfully if you will."

Pray for the chorister, my bright little cadet. He wants a little more divine love in his heart which would make him want to sing and to help you sing too. Of that bashful superintendent whom you prefer to the Corporal, I have only to say that he is a fortunate man. The children love him, and the Corporal says he is not a bit jealous, for he is sure that children who love their teachers keep a warm place in their hearts for him.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LITTLE WRENS.

Just over the door of a parsonage two pretty wrens built a nest, and not long after had a brood of five young birds, which soon grew and were fledged, so that as the September winds began to blow the family in the house expected the family of birds would soon take their departure to a warmer climate, but, to the grief of the children, it was found that the mischievous old cat "TAB" had killed both the old birds, and the little ones flew about and chirped so piteously that some one immediately wrote the following "Song of the Little Birds to the Children in the Parsonage." [I print the song in prose form, suggesting to my readers that it will amuse them to copy it and change it into verse.]

"Farewell! farewell! ye children dear who in the parsonage dwell, we now must go and leave you here, we'll therefore sing, Farewell! We've heard you sing, and laugh, and play since we were nestled here, and during all our pleasant stay we never had a fear that either one of you would harm or frighten us away, and so we've staid without alarm and passed the time away. Our mother dear and father, too, who taught us all to sing, who for our comfort and our good were ever on the wing, had thought to start with us to-day to find a southern clime, but O, that cruel cat of yours, at this unhappy time has caught them both, and killed them too, without regard to us. And now we ask, What will you do to Tab, that cruel puss? We're lonely orphans in the world, and know not where to go; our hearts are full of misery, our cup is full of woe. How long your parents both will live no one on earth can tell; the day will come when they must say, 'Dear children, all, farewell!'" G.

"I'M GOOD FOR SOMETHING."

A YOUNG man, whose bluntness was such that every effort to turn him to account in a dry goods store was found to be unavailing, received the customary notice from his employer that he did not suit and must go.

"But I'm good for something," remonstrated the poor fellow, loth to be turned into the street.

"You are good for nothing as a salesman anyhow," retorted the principal, regarding him from a business point of view.

"I am sure I can be useful," repeated the young man.

"How? Tell me how."

"I don't know, sir; I don't know."

"Nor do I," and the principal laughed as he saw the eagerness the lad displayed.

"Only don't put me away, sir; don't put me away. Try me at something besides selling; I cannot sell. I know that I cannot sell."

"I know that too; that is what there is wrong."

"But I can make myself useful somehow, I know I can."

The blunt boy, who could not be turned into a salesman, and whose manner was so little captivating that he was nearly sent about his business, was accordingly tried at something else. He was placed in the counting-house, where his aptitude for figures soon showed itself, and in a few years he became not only the chief cashier in the concern, but eminent as an accountant throughout the country.

Boys, be sure and be "good for something."

NEVER DESPAIR.

An ingenious young man, having come to London in the hope of getting some employment, was unsuccessful in his attempt, and being reduced to extreme poverty, came to the awful resolution of throwing himself into the Thames. On passing near the Royal Exchange to effect his desperate purpose, he saw the carriage of the late excellent Mr. Hanway, under the arms of which was the motto, "Never

despair." The singular occurrence of this sentence had, under Providence, such an effect on the young man that he immediately desisted from his horrid design. He made renewed efforts to gain employment, and soon afterward was engaged in a large city establishment. Many years afterward he died in good circumstances, and, it is hoped, with a firm trust in Christ Jesus.



HUMILITY.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn:
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head,
While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well
For its sweet and pleasant smell,
And would rather call it ours
Than so many gayer flowers.
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn:
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet;
Be as gentle, be as mild;
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize—
Like a summer flower it dies;
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past;
And the Saviour from above
Views a humble child with love.

ONE OF PETER'S BEGINNINGS.



"HAT is that?" said Mrs. Haines to her daughter Edith as they came to some earth thrown up in one corner of the garden, where nothing but grass had previously been seen.

"O it is one of Peter's beginnings," said Edith. "He was going to have flower-beds to make bouquets for the market; he

worked here a part of one afternoon, and then quit it, as usual, for something else. I do wish he would stick to something."

Mrs. Haines said nothing. She was sorry to see another indication of the unfortunate habit of her son of beginning things and then abandoning them. There were a great many illustrations of this habit

about the place. There were boxes, and wagons, and wooden guns, begun and left in that state. It was said that Peter was never known to finish anything.

His beginnings were not confined to material objects. He was desirous of mental improvement, and formed a great many plans of mental improvement and entered upon them. Now he marked a plan of reading and entered upon it with great zeal; but in a day or two his zeal would flag, and he would leave the plan for another. Then, perhaps, he would form a plan for improvement in composition. He would write a composition every week. Among his papers there would be found a composition begun; it was never finished, nor would he proceed any further in the execution of his plan. His prospects for success in life were very poor. Men succeed by energy and perseverance. If habits of energy and perseverance are not formed in youth they will never be formed.

Young persons should not hastily form plans of any kind. Think about a thing before you resolve to do it. Having resolved to do a thing, do it, unless you discover that it is wrong. Form the habit of finishing whatever you begin. The habit cannot be formed unless you always finish what you begin. Do not say, "I will finish all important things I begin." Finish everything. Do not leave a thing because you get tired of it. Finish it for the sake of the habit.

WHOSE CHILD ARE YOU?

Two cousins were on their way to school. It was a sharp morning, and the snow was crisp under their feet. Do you want to know what they said? "I am going to try to do my best to-day and all the days," said one little cousin.

"I too," answered the other, "for God wants us to, doesn't he?"

"We are Satan's children if we are cross," said one.

"We are God's children if we are humble and love good," said the other.

What a lovely temper to begin the day with.

A YOUTHFUL SAGE.

"Would you like to be a judge?" said a gentleman one day to a very precocious five-year-old boy.

The child gravely replied, "I think I should like better still to teach the children about Jesus, and how he hung upon the cross for them, for that would make them love him; and if they loved him they would be good, and not need to be judged at all."

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