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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER LITTLE

UNTIL ME

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 4.

NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 244.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE TRUANT BOY IN PRISON.

THERE are several boys in one of our city prisons. "Why are they in prison? What bad deed have they done?" you ask. You may well ask what *bad* deed, for *good* deeds do not get boys into prison. A jail is a place for evil-doers, not for good boys.

These boys are thieves. One of them—he is only nine years old!—robbed his sister's trunk of one hundred and twenty dollars, which belonged to his uncle. The others helped him hide it at first and to spend it afterward. They are all of them in prison and will be tried for their crime.

Isn't it sad? How came it to pass? What made those boys steal and spend stolen money? They were not thieves when they were babies and little children. They learned to steal somewhere. How was it?

Their first step was disobedience. They would not mind their parents. They would have their own way. Instead of keeping at home evenings, they would play at street-corners with bad boys. Then they played truant, and then they stole, and now they are in jail. Alas, poor miserable boys!

O bad boy, beware! You are beginning just as they did, by being disobedient, self-willed, obstinate. Take care! You are in a bad road. It leads to sin, crime, shame, and death. Take care! take care! Quit your evil ways. Go to the Lord Jesus, and become his little loving, happy disciple. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHISKY AND THE BIBLE.

How calm and bright is that sick boy's beautiful face! The light of heaven shines upon it. There is peace in his heart and heaven in his eyes. The book in his hand is the Holy Bible. It speaks comfort to his soul; it makes him brave to endure the pains of sickness, and bold to meet the coming of the Angel of Death. Happy, happy boy!

But the other side of the picture has nothing pleasant in it. Only the darkness of sin is there. See that threatening fist! Mark those frightened children! Behold that terror-stricken mother! You understand it all. The fist belongs to the drunken father of those children. His brain is full of the fire of whisky, his heart burns with the fury of wicked passion. He is full of drunken madness. The sight of his dying boy does not affect him. Whisky has taken his human heart away and given him the heart



of a brute. Don't you think whisky is a terrible thing?

The picture shows you the difference between loving the Bible and loving whisky. The sick boy has been to Sunday-school and learned to love the Bible. It gives him light, joy, love, and hope. It even helps him to bring a little bit of heaven into the wretched hovel he calls his home. See him! He is almost in heaven. The angels who will carry him to Jesus are not far off. Isn't he a diamond shining in the dirt? A flower blooming on a dunghill? A saint in prison? A ray of light shining in darkness? Blessed Bible! Who would not love a book which can give such comfort and beauty to a child dying in the home of a drunken father?

How different are the effects of that whisky-bottle! Darkness, rags, misery, want, passion, and woe have come out of it. It has proved to be a nest of venomous serpents, a stream of deadly fire, the mother of many curses. Cursed be the whisky-bottle! It is a curse to all who learn to love it.

Children, love the Bible and abhor strong drinks. Read the former, avoid the latter. Cling to God's word. Pledge yourselves never to drink the drink that's in the drunkard's bowl. In the former is light, peace, heaven; in the latter darkness, guilt, hell. Hurrah for the Bible! Down with strong drink! Y. Z.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

GOD'S LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Now, Aunt Helen, I'm all ready for fun," said Willie Hunter when he had brushed the dust from his clothes and rested a little after his journey into the country.

Willie had come down from the city to spend the summer with his little cousins, and though his kind Aunt Helen was very glad to see him, and meant to try and make him very happy, yet she had some fears lest he might lead her little boys into evil. She was thinking about this when Willie came into the room, and so before he went into the garden where his cousins were playing, she called him to her side and asked him about his journey. He told her all about it, especially how he had seen them making up a freight train at a station where they were stopping.

"It was so strange, Aunt Helen," said he; "the men would go to a great heavy car and push against it, and at first it would just move along the least mite and then go faster and faster, till by and by it would rush along as if it had an engine to pull it, and run down where the others were standing. You see it was a

down grade, and when the cars were once started they would go themselves."

"Yes," said his aunt, "I have often seen them making up trains that way, and it always makes me think of the way people begin to do wrong and walk in wicked ways. They take such little steps at first that they scarcely seem to move, but they go faster and faster all the time, till at last they are rushing away to ruin. Sometimes, if there is a switch just at the right place, they get turned off on to another track, but it is always hard work after they get fairly started."

Willie looked at his aunt and laughed, saying, "I suppose that's because they get too big to be *switched*, like Howard Miles; his mother can't do anything with him."

"There are different kinds of switches," said Aunt Helen; "but isn't it sad, Willie, to think what a little push may start somebody on a '*down grade*?' You wouldn't like to know that you had done such a thing?"

"No, indeed, auntie," said Willie, glancing toward the garden where he could see his cousins at play.

"I was thinking about Fred and little Charlie," said his aunt; "did you know they were God's little children, Willie?"

Willie looked at his aunt as if wondering what she meant.

"I mean," said Aunt Helen, "that when they were tiny babies I promised the Lord to train them up for him, and afterward I stood up before a great congregation of people and told the Lord that if he would take these little children for his own, and give me wisdom and strength to lead them in the right way, I would try to bring them home to him at last. And so every morning I ask him to take care of his little children, and to keep us all from leading them into sin. Will you do this too, Willie?"

Willie looked very sober, but he did not speak.

"You are older than they are," his aunt went on to say, "and they will be very likely to try and do just as you do, so if you set them a bad example they will be very likely to follow it. And if you tease and trouble them so as to make them angry, that will be a sin for you as well as for them. You know what Jesus said about those who cause the little ones to offend. Now remember, Willie, in all your play, these are God's little children, and you must be careful about leading them into sin."

Willie Hunter stayed nearly all summer with his Aunt Helen, but he could not forget this conversation. Whenever he was tempted to do anything that was wrong before his cousins, he would think, "They are *God's little children*, he will be very angry with me if I make them naughty," and then he would remember the freight train, and how slight a push would sometimes start people on a *down grade*, and when once started how hard it was to stop or turn them. Think of that, boys and girls, you elder brothers and sisters, to whom the little ones look up in confidence. Be very careful that your hands never start them on that down grade toward ruin.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ONLY A COBBLER.

DR. CAREY, while at dinner one day with the Governor-General of India, heard an officer ask if Dr. Carey had not once been a shoemaker.

"No, sir," replied Carey; "only a cobbler."

That was a brave reply. Few men who rise from small beginnings to prosperity have either sense or courage enough to glory in their early poverty.

I have known boys to be ashamed of their business because it was humble. Foolish shame! I would rather be an honest cobbler than a dishonest merchant. Nay, I would rather be an honest rag-picker than a wicked king. Character, my children, not business, makes the noble boy or man.

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

It was such a *little* thing—
One slight twist of crimson string—
But 'twas stealing all the same;
And the child who took it knew
That she told what was not true,
Just to screen herself from blame.
First a theft, and then a lie,
Both recorded up on high.

It was but a *little* sip,
Just a taste upon the lip,
But it left a longing there;
Then the measure larger grew,
And the habit strengthened too,
Till it would no curbing bear.
So the demon *Drink* decoys—
Soul and body both destroys.

It was but one *little* word,
Softly spoken, scarcely heard,
Uttered by a single breath—
But it dared to take in vain
God's most high and holy name,
So provoking wrath and death.
Soon the lips, once fresh and fair,
Opened but to curse and swear.

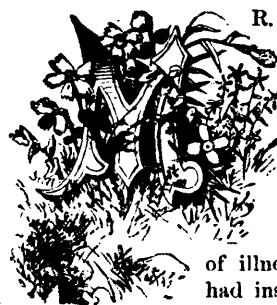


It was but one *little* blow—
Passion's sudden overflow—
Scarcely heeded in its fall;
But, once loosed, the fiery soul
Would no longer brook control,
Laws it spurned, defied them all,
Till the hands, love-clasped in vain,
Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah, it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
That destroy the tender vines;
And it is the spark of fire
Brightening, growing, curling higher,
That across the forest shines.
Just so, step by step, does sin,
If unchecked, a triumph win.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE INFIDEL AND HIS DYING CHILD.



R. EUSTON HASTINGS had a dear little daughter named Eve, who was taken ill with scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of sadness and of gloom had passed, and as his wife, Evelyn, had shown symptoms of illness through the day, he had insisted in the stillness of the following night that she should retire to bed, while he sat alone watching with a trembling heart the disturbed sleep of his little Eve. It was near midnight when that disturbed sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked Mr. Hastings in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma? Eve want mamma to say 'Our Father.'"

Euston Hastings had often looked on the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother to lisp her evening prayer, and since her illness commenced forbade her rising from bed. He had seen Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly murmuring words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase "to say our Father."

"Mamma is asleep," he said; "when she awakes I will call her."

"No, no, papa, Eve sleep then," said the little one. "I will call her at once then, darling," and he

would have moved, but the little hand was laid on his to arrest him.

"No, don't wake poor mamma. Papa say 'Our Father' for Eve," she said.

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak, then, my darling," he added, finding that though the hands were clasped and the sweet eyes were closed she remained silent.

"No, Eve too sick, papa. She can't talk so much. Papa, kneel down and say 'Our Father' like mamma did last night, wont you, papa?"

The father could not resist that pleading voice, and kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped hands of his child, and for the first time since he had uttered it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave expression to those hallowed words of prayer. At such an hour and under such circumstances it could not be uttered carelessly. Mr. Hastings understood its solemn import, admitted God's rule over all things, and the surrender of all things to him. He understood this, we say, but he trembled at it. His infidelity was shaken, but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear while "thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven" fell slowly from his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard in that room for days, she exclaimed:

"Papa, papa, see there! up there, papa!"

Her own eyes were fixed upon the ceiling, as it seemed to him, for to him nothing else was visible; while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upward as to some visitant from the skies.

"Eve coming!" she cried again; "take Eve."

"Will Eve leave papa?" he said while unconsciously he passed his arm over her as if dreading that she would really be borne from him. With eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last breath and strength in an effort to rise from the bed, she whispered in broken tones:

"Papa come too—mamma—grandpa—little brother—dear papa."

The last word could only have been heard by the intensely listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh, and Euston Hastings felt that while he still clasped her cherub form and gazed upon her sweetly smiling face, that his little Eve had indeed left him forever. And yet not forever. He straightway sought the Lord, and has now followed her to glory.

Let my young readers of the Sunday-School Advocate never omit saying the Lord's prayer, whether sick or well, at home or abroad. "Our Father" will hear them.

D. NASH.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

A GREAT boy in a school was so abusive to the younger ones that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him except one, who was scarcely five years old. Yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him.

"Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher.

"Because if he is expelled perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still."

"Do you forgive him, then?" said the teacher.

"Yes," said he; "papa and mamma and you all forgive me when I do wrong; God forgives me too, and I must do the same."

A LITTLE girl twelve years old said at the close of her short life, "O, mamma, I know I am very unworthy, but I have tried to do something for Jesus with my poor feeble talents, and through his precious blood I am hoping soon to hear him say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

"A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."



SOLDIER in a European army, whose life and conduct were anything but Christian, was brought to Jesus in a singular way, which may serve to illustrate the truth, "A little child shall lead them." He was quartered some weeks, in the winter, with a pious farmer and his family. They were kind and hospitable, and truly religious. His first meal in that house made an impression upon his mind.

Before eating, the parents, children, and farm servants, each stood behind a chair, and bowed the head while the father asked a blessing. After they had eaten, all did the same, and the father returned thanks. All went to their occupations, the children to school, except Johnny, the youngest. The soldier sat down after dinner, gazing from the window on the surrounding objects, feeling impressed with this thought—these people love God.

While thus meditating, the little boy came up lovingly, looked into his eyes, and said, "Tell me something about the dear Jesus." Rather startled at this request, he began talking about dogs, horses, cows, and other things. When he stopped, the little one looked into his face again, and said, "Do tell me something about Jesus." Somewhat ashamed, the soldier replied, "I don't know anything about Him." Johnny, much surprised at this answer, replied, "And you so big, and don't know anything about Jesus Christ? If you don't love Him and serve Him, when you die you won't go to heaven." The soldier could not reply. This was an arrow from God. He soon left the house, and joined his comrades in the village. In vain he tried to forget the child's words. "And you so big, and don't know anything about Jesus." He lingered till dusk, and returned to the farm-house, hoping that he might avoid the praying. The careful wife had reserved his supper, and as he sat down to the table, his little friend said, "Pray first, then eat." Quite discomfited by this rebuke, he laid down his knife and fork, not knowing what to do. The little fellow, seeing his embarrassment, folded his hands and asked God's blessing on the soldier's supper. Strange thoughts passed through his mind while eating.

When the table was cleared, all the family were seated for evening worship, and each one was supplied with a Bible. All united in reading the Scriptures, the good father making a few comments. The soldier read with them. All joined in singing a hymn. The father prayed, and did not forget the soldier. They then retired for the night, all except their guest, and the farmer and his wife. They spoke kindly to the young soldier and read other portions of Scripture, and prayed, and then showed him his room. The strangest kind of feelings came over him. The spirit of God was shedding light on that dark mind. He was ashamed, troubled, hardly knew what to do. So he knelt down by the bed and prayed, "O God of this house be my God." The first prayer he had offered for many years. He now prayed for mercy. He was led to the sanctuary, found peace in believing in Jesus, and is now a devoted disciple of Christ, labouring for the extension of his kingdom.

LOVE BEGETS LOVE.

Passing along the street the other evening, I overheard a little girl say to a young lady with whom she was walking, "I DON'T LIKE HER." "Don't like her," said the lady, "Why not?" "Because she does not like me!" Was this a sufficient reason for dislike? Love attracts, and hate repels. We love those who love us; and like the little girl, we do not like those who dislike us. But God is not like us: He loves those who are enemies to him. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." And, children, is not here a reason why we should love God? He LOVES US! Would you like to know this? "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." We should love him, "because he first loved us." To each little boy and each little girl, God says, "My son, my daughter, give me thy heart in return for my love to thee." Shall we not each cry out to Him,—

"Here's my heart, O! take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above." J.

A TROUGH TEACHING.

While travelling one day I saw a watering-trough at the road-side. Kind hands had placed it there, so that any thirsty horse might drink, when passing. From a bountiful spring near by, the water was conveyed to the trough, and the evident intention was to have the trough always full, always overflowing. To my surprise, the trough was nearly empty, and the water came only in slow and scanty drops. Another look, and the reason was plain—there was a leak. The trough was good; the supply was plentiful; but instead of running along the right channel, to fill the trough, only a few drops reached the trough, the rest passed uselessly away through the leak.

Now, thought I, here's a lesson for the boys and girls of Canada. God has given you weeks and days, hours and moments. Why are some not wiser? Why does that trough called memory contain so little? Because days and hours run through a leak called Laziness, or another leak called Play, while only a few scattered moments are given to the work of putting verses and hymns, and rules and lessons in the memory. Why are some boys not better? Why are some so easily conquered by General Pride or Captain Wilful? Why are some almost as useless as that empty trough? Because the most of their time, and thoughts and efforts have been given to profitless amusements and bad company, and very few moments or none at all to prayer. And prayer is the channel through which goodness comes from God to the heart.

There is a lesson for older people. When a young man can spend money on the costliest broadcloth, or the best cigars, or the strongest of strong drinks; yes, and time, too, and nothing, or next to nothing, in improving his mind, adorning his heart, and thus blessing the world—there's a leak.

When a young woman spends most of her time contriving plans for the adornment of the body, and most of her money in carrying out such plans, thereby neglecting to adorn her mind with Bible thoughts and her heart with Bible feelings—there's a sad leak.

When a man devotes nearly every waking moment,

nearly all power of thought, nearly all strength of body to acquire money, pleasure, and earthly good, and neglects the soul and the endless future—What a sad leak!

The leak made the trough useless. Once the thirsty pony gladly hailed its welcome music, as with unceasing song and tireless industry it furnished an ever-plentiful and welcome supply. But the leak came; the usefulness ended. Let us stop the leak. Boys and girls, stop the leak. Parents, stop the leak. Professed disciples of the ever-pleading Jesus, stop the leak. Yes, stop it, and our Sunday Schools shall never die for want of skilful Teachers and large Libraries. Stop it, and many a mother who begins to fear for her child would soon begin to hope. Stop it, and turn all the consecrated energies of God's united people into the channel of holy usefulness, and soon, very soon, the waters of life would gladden every thirsty land.

G. W.

A CHILD'S GOSPEL.

A minister preached a sermon, founded on these words:—"And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me. And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

When the sermon was ended, a little girl who heard it, ran home with joy in her heart, to her sick mother, and as she entered her room, cried, "Oh, Mamma! I have heard THE CHILD'S GOSPEL TO DAY."

So said another, six or seven years of age, when on her death-bed she asked her eldest sister to read the same passage to her. The text being read, and the book closed, she said, "How KIND! I shall soon go to Jesus; He will soon take me up in his arms; bless me, too; no disciple shall keep me away." Her sister kissed her, and she said, "Do you love me?" "Yes," she replied, "but don't be angry, I love Jesus better; He first loved me."

Little reader of the *Advocate*, commit to memory the beautiful words of this text, and then sing,—

"Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound."

FILIAL FEAR.

A little boy was tempted to pluck some cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said his evil companions, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is too kind to hurt you." "Ah," said the brave little fellow, "that is the very reason why I would not touch them; for though my father would not hurt me, yet I should hurt him by my disobedience."

Think of this, children. When you are tempted to disobey your KIND parents, YOU HURT THEM. And as your Heavenly Father has commanded children to "obey their parents," if you are disobedient to them, you GRIEVE your Heavenly Father.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA S. S. ADVOCATE.

MR. EDITOR,—

I have thirty-six in my infant class who wish to be enrolled in your TRY COMPANY, Haty, Minnie, and Willie and Frank, all wish to be officers; they are all trying to love the Lord Jesus.

PORT DOVER, 31st Oct., 1865.

W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE RICHEST MAN IN AMERICA.

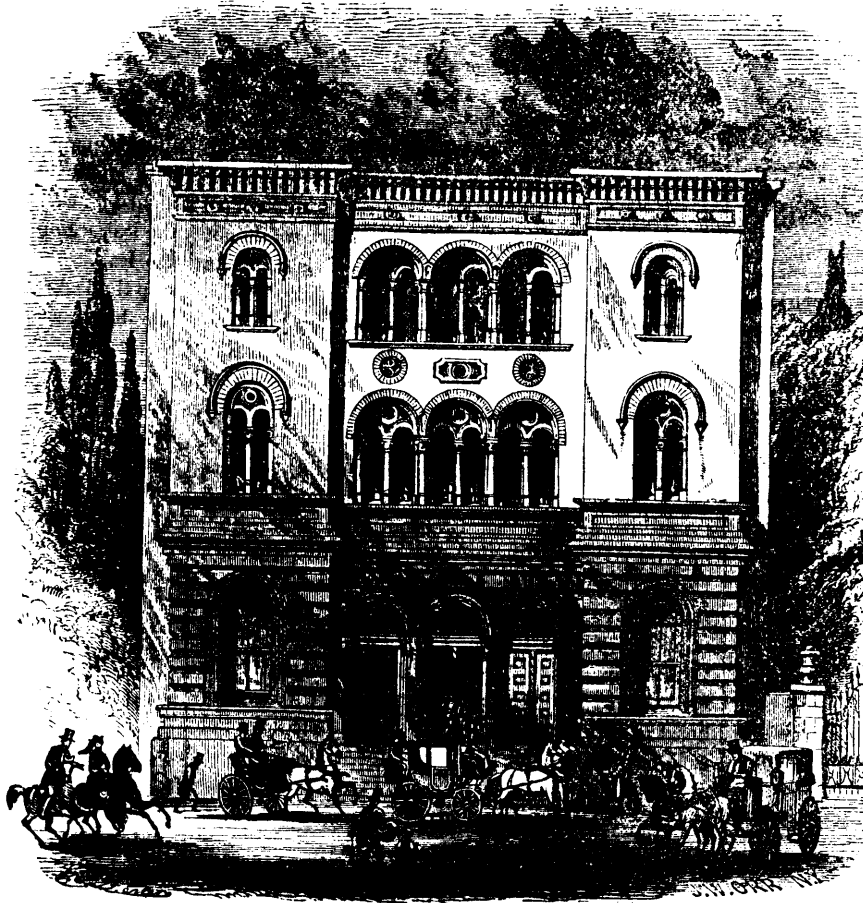
Did you know that John Jacob Astor was born in Germany? Well, he was, and his father was one of the poorest men you could find in the poor little village of Waldorf. He was a butcher by trade, not rich enough to keep a shop, but when anybody had an animal to kill they got Jacob Astor to come and do it for them. Then he and his family had something to eat, and the rest of the time they got along without much! Perhaps they would have done pretty well, but the father drank up some of his scanty earnings, and, altogether, made his home so miserable that his older sons made haste to get away and do for themselves. One went to London and one to New York, and little John Jacob was left at home to help his father, and to take care of his little half sisters. His own good, patient, and industrious mother was dead, and I dare say the poor little fellow often wished he was dead too, for he was very unhappy.

However, he had a good school-master who comforted him, and while he was still quite young he made up his mind to go to the New Land, as the Germans in those days called America. But just then — there was going on the war of the Revolution, and John Jacob waited to see how it would go with them. His brothers would write letters to tell them all about it, and once the little fellow walked forty-five miles to get one of these precious letters. The news of the surrender of Cornwallis came when he was seventeen years old, and then he determined to start. It was hard to part with them all, for he loved his friends and his native village. But he had a brave heart, so he wrapped his spare clothing in a little bundle, took a few shillings in his pocket, and set out on foot. When he got out to a hill he stopped to look back on the village, and then on to the future, and there he made three resolutions—to be honest, to be industrious, and not to gamble.

He walked to the Rhine, worked his passage on a boat to the sea, and found his way to London. Here he went to work for his brother, who was engaged in making pianos. He worked early and late, learned the English language, picked up all the information he could about America, and saved up his money. And how much do you suppose he was able to save in two years? Just \$75. Only think of John Jacob Astor working two years to save \$75!

When at last the treaty of peace was signed he started for America. He paid \$25 for his passage, carried along seven flutes which cost him \$25, and \$25 in money. He had a long and tedious voyage, and when within a day's sail of port the ship was frozen in and lay in the ice two months. "Bad luck," you say. Not a bit of it. For here he improved the acquaintance of a man in the fur business, which was far the most profitable thing in America in which a poor man could engage. So, when he had found his brother in New York and talked the matter over, he engaged with a furrier, and soon afterward went into business for himself. After a while he was able to send furs to London, then to China, and then he became a tea-merchant and had ships of his own. Then he bought lands and speculated on them, and in the end he was worth twenty millions of dollars.

Now, would you like to know the secret of his great success? It is this—whatever he did was



done well. He learned all that he could about his business. When he first commenced with his furs he made them his study. He talked with everybody about them. He asked questions of the hunters, and trappers, and traders, so that in the end he might always know just the best thing to do and how to do it. If you want to prosper in anything, learn all that you can about it and do as well as you know.

But Mr. Astor was very close in his dealings; he drove very hard bargains, and he had the name of being stingy even after he became very rich. Perhaps it was some excuse for him that he saw so many hardships in childhood, and that his first earnings came so hard. Still, they were great faults in his character, and I hope if you are tempted to copy them you will look up and remember that God loveth a cheerful giver. It is not necessary that you should become very rich, for "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," but it is necessary that you should have the favor of your heavenly Father. You can't very well get along without that.

When Mr. Astor made his will he gave some large sums to worthy objects. He did not forget little Waldorf. He gave \$50,000 to the poor of his native village. But the largest item was \$400,000 to establish a public library in the city of New York. The above is a picture of the first building in which it was kept. It was opened to the public in 1854. Another building has been added of the same size, and they contain a very fine collection of books and papers, and any one can go in and examine them and sit down and read as much as they like in the middle of the day. If you go to spend any time in New York, be sure to visit the Astor Library. It is in Lafayette Place, not far from the American Bible House and the Cooper Institute, which are in Astor Place. You will be well repaid for visiting that neighborhood.

AUNT JULIA.

THE GENTLE BOY.

"Be very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. B., as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out long before a cry was heard, and presently J. came in and threw down his hat,

saying, "I hate playing with girls! there's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing with your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk; you have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle? Boys can't be gentle, mother. It is their nature to be rough and hardy; they are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It is very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous!"

"And yet, J., a few years hence you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle-man."

"A gentle-man! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy?"

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavor to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril; be manly when called upon to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you are with females or men; be gentle toward all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which, perhaps, you will not so greatly object to."

"I see what you mean, dear mother; and I will endeavor to be what you wish—a gentlemanly boy."

TRUE OBEDIENCE.

"I wish I could mind God as my pet eagle minds me," said a little boy, looking at his feathery friend. "He always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the eagle thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of everything we have?

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