

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH CANADA GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER LITTLE UNTO ME

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 5.

DECEMBER 8, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 269.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Evening Prayer.

THOSE children are preparing for their nightly sleep. The good God has kept them from danger all day, has fed them, clothed them, and given them friends to care for them. They are thanking him for these mercies. Is not that right? Would it not be wrong to sleep without thanking him?

Then those children know that they have done some wrong acts, thought some evil thoughts, spoken some evil words during the day. They are sorry now, and are asking God to forgive them for Jesus' sake. Is not that right? Would it not be wrong to sleep without asking for pardon?

Again, those children know that dangers of many kinds will be around them while they sleep. Fire may burn their home, thieves may break in, disease may smite them, or death may force its way into their chambers. They are asking God to preserve them from these and all other dangers. Are they not right? Wouldn't it be wrong not to do it?

As I look upon them, I think of other children who rush from their evening play to their chambers, lay aside their day dreams, and tumble into bed like wild colts, without one thought of God, or one word of prayer. How ungrateful! How wicked!

Which children do you approve? The *praying ones*? Good! Prove the sincerity of your approval by imitating their example. Let your voice be heard by the Great Father every night, ay, and every morning too, offering grateful praise, asking for pardon, and seeking for preservation from the dangers of the day and of the night. He will hear your prayers, and keep you, pardon you, and bless you for evermore. Will you pray to him morning, noon, and night?

P. Q.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Little Gate Opener.

BY QUEERSTICK.

LITTLE GATE OPENER is a small sprite which hates children with all its powers. I have often seen it through a pair of old spectacles which I keep very carefully among my treasures. It is not homely in form nor ugly in manners, as you might readily fancy, but it is a light-footed, smirking, graceful thing, always ready to do anything for boy or girl.

Let me tell you some of its ways.

Moses, who was the son of a rich man, one day came to the gate leading from his father's estate. "O dear!" drawled the boy, "how I do hate gates. I wish somebody would open this gate for me."

"I will," said Little Gate Opener, stepping forward from under a tree, and pushing the gate open.

"That's right," replied the lazy boy, as he went whistling away to school, the little sprite following at his heels.

After school began, Moses took his slate and his arithmetic and wrote down the first figures of a sum. After a few moments he yawned so loud that the teacher heard him; and then he whispered to himself:

"Plague on these sums. I can't do them. I wish somebody would help me."

"I will," whispered Gate Opener, slipping to his elbow, taking his pencil, and setting down the work of the sum.

Next came a composition. "I can't write it. I hate compositions worse than vinegar," whined he.

"I'll write it for you, Mose," whispered the sprite, taking his pen, and writing a composition.

Thus this smirking sprite helped Moses to open every gate he came to until

the boy fell in love with the creature, and declared it was splendid. The sprite replied with a mocking laugh to the boy's praises, and kept busy helping him open all the gates that stood in his path.

By and by, at the end of his school days, Moses came to the *prize* gate. He begged the sprite to open that as he had all the others; but the creature only mocked and giggled, and said, "You must open that yourself."

Of course he couldn't do that. Had he made his arm strong by opening *study* gates for himself, he would have been able to open the prize gate too; but

now he was too weak to do it, and *prize* gate was opened by other boys.

When Moses went into business he found *Prosperity Gate, Honor Gate, Useful Gate, and Happy Gate* all shut, and his poor lazy arms too feeble to open them. Little Gate Opener stood perched on their arches and mocking him as he came up to them one after the other, but would never help him in his efforts to open them. Thus the boy who wanted and accepted help at work gate and study gate was never able to open the gate of reward, honor, usefulness, or happiness. Finally he stood at the gate of ruin, and there he found Little Gate Opener ready enough. Poor Moses! The help of Little Gate Opener ruined him.

Do you understand my story, boys and girls? I think you do. You know the Gate Opener to be that spirit of mistaken kindness which makes your parents, teachers, or friends smooth all the rough places for you. Their helps are ruining you. You must help yourselves, or be worse than nobodies all the days of your lives. Learn to help yourselves. Tell the Gate Opener to go to the drones; you are a working bee, and don't want him.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Wheat or Chaff.

A LADY teacher, while hearing her class read those solemn words of Jesus about the wheat being gathered into the garner and the chaff being burned in unquenchable fire, asked her scholars:

"What is wheat?"

Now these poor children had been brought up in a city. They had never seen wheat growing. They did not know wheat from corn, or oats, or buckwheat, and they made no answer. She then asked:

"What is chaff?"

"Impudence, ma'am!" replied the children in concert.

Poor things! They knew no other meaning than that for the word chaff. In that sense they understood it too well. You know chaff to be the husk of the wheat. It is useless, and is therefore burned with fire, or cast into the manure heap.

When Jesus speaks of his wheat he means his disciples. Good children are wheat. By chaff he means those who will not love him. Wicked children are chaff. The wheat will be taken to heaven at last. The chaff will be cast into the fire of hell.

You see it is of great importance to you to know whether you are wheat or chaff. It is very easy to

know this. If you love Jesus, if you pray daily, if you obey your parents and teachers, if you are truthful, honest, and pure, you are wheat—Christ's wheat. If you are prayerless, hateful, false, quarrelsome, disobedient, and vile, you are chaff.

My child, which are you? Chaff or wheat? I pray that you may be wheat, so that you and I may meet in heaven, which is Christ's granary. We shall be very happy there always; but if you are chaff, and will not let Jesus change you into wheat, you will never be happy, but always, always miserable. My heart prays, O Lord, make all my children pure wheat! W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"An Inch too High."

FREDDIE walking in the garden,
A bunch of cherries did espy;
And reaching up his hand to get them,
Found them just an inch too high.

Vainly standing on his tiptoe,
Did the little fellow try,
And still, much to his vexation,
They were just an inch too high.

"Only one inch more," said Freddie,
And a tear stood in his eye;
But that did not help it any;
Still they were an inch too high.

Suddenly a bright thought struck him,
And to the house he soon did hie.
"I will get them," cried he gladly,
"If they are an inch too high."

Returning soon with cane in hand,
Quickly down a branch did fly,
And tumbling, off the cherries came
If they were an inch too high.

Proudly bore he off his treasure,
While triumph glistened in his eye;
"I have conquered though so little,
And they were an inch too high."

Little persevering Freddie,
Great's the lesson that you teach;
For you tried until you conquered,
Though you thought them out of reach.
"IRENE."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Truth in the Heart.

THIS afternoon, when Mary was standing in the hall door, I heard a little voice from the next yard call out:

"Mary, have you got company?"

"Yes," was Mary's reply in a low voice hesitatingly.

"What did you say? Have you got company?"

"Yes, I have got company," replied Mary, with some more assurance in her tones.

"Who is it?"

But Mary did not choose to let it be known that she heard this question, so she closed the door, and came into the room where I was sitting.

"What company have you, Mary?" I inquired gently.

Mary blushed and stammered, and at last she said, "Why, auntie, I have you and sister Hattie."

"Was that what Diantha meant? I suppose she knew we were here, and she does not call us company."

"Well, you are all the company I want just now."

"Why did you not tell Diantha who your company is?"

"I did not hear her ask, and besides I wanted her to think I really had company, because she was going to come in here if I hadn't, and I don't want her to come in."

"Well, then, you wanted her to believe a lie, did you?" I inquired very seriously.

"O auntie!" exclaimed Mary, shocked at the word I had used. "You know I wouldn't tell a lie for anything. I did not say there was anybody else here."

"No, but you wanted her to think so, and you told her what you believed would make her think so. Now did you speak the truth in your heart?"

Mary was silent, and I continued: "I used to think that my little niece was very truthful, and I felt pleasure in trusting her."

"Well, auntie," she exclaimed earnestly, "you don't think I'd deceive you, do you?"

"Did you not try to deceive me a minute ago, when you told me you did not hear Diantha ask who your company is? And besides, how can I trust you when I know that you try to deceive others?"

Mary's pride was very much hurt now, and she



put her hands to her face, and the tears began to trickle through her fingers. But I was determined to show the little girl her own heart, and so I continued:

"I am sorry to say that more than once of late I have noticed you carefully studying your words, so as to be able to use those which will make a false impression without laying yourself open to the reproach of telling a lie. You wish to have the advantage of the lie without the responsibility of telling it. But you do tell it in your heart, and that is where Christ says all the wicked things come from. And when the lie is made it is very easy to speak it. Just as a few minutes ago you made a lie for the purpose of leading others to think that you did not hear Diantha's last question. You then acted it out by shutting the door, and when you found that was not enough, you spoke it out to me, without thinking that you had told a lie. Ah, the guilt came when you made it in your heart. Now, my dear little niece, such a course of conduct will make you false-hearted, unhappy, and wicked. I hope from this time forward you will cease making lies in your heart, and studying how best to tell them. Rather study how to speak the truth without hurting the feelings of others, and to endure inconvenience rather than displease God."

I ceased speaking, but Mary's shame was so great that she did not know how to break the silence. So I gently put into her hands my little Bible, opened at the fifteenth psalm, the first two verses of which read as follows: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." She looked at them attentively a few minutes, and then in a low voice asked me if I would lend her the book. I did so gladly, for I think she wanted to spread it out before the Lord, and ask him to so purify her heart that she might be one of those who can live near to him.

BREA.

From the "Sunday School Harp"

86

Unison.

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flock by night,
 3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vis - ions beam a - far;

Ye who sang Cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light.
 Seek the great de - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen his na - tal star.

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
 Waiting long with hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord descending,
 In his temple shall appear.
 Come and worship, &c.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,—
 Justice now repeals the sentence,
 Mercy calls you—break your chains.
 Come and worship, &c.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

"SPARE ROOM."

"And yet there is room."—*Luke* xiv. 22.

In a garret, on a stump bedstead almost surrounded by lumber, an old woman lay a-dying. It had fallen to her lot in life to know a great deal of sorrow; wearisome days and nights had been appointed her. She had seen better days,—at least those who had known her during her life might have said so—by which we mean days *apparently* better. She had once lived in her own home, surrounded by her husband and family.

Her children had most of them grown up to be men and women, and then been removed by death; and now another stroke, more distressing, had come upon her: her husband had been taken away almost suddenly. In the midst of this deep trouble she was all but led to ask the question, "Why all this?" She had long known the Lord as her Friend; was this the action of a friend? Was all this needed? Ah, yes, there was a "needs be" for it; "for whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth" (*Heb.* xii. 6); and though "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." (*Heb.* xii. 11).

And so in her case it proved. She knew it came from her *Father's* hand; and she knew that *He* cared for. And now she feels her end is nigh. Her sister is called to see her, and to her she says, "If I should die in the night, don't be alarmed; I'm going to Jesus."

Happy thought, that! Going to Jesus, in heaven, where no more tears are shed, no graves are dug, no coffins made; "for there shall be no more death."

Would you not like to go there? I know if I came round to each one, I should get but one answer to that question—Yes.

But suppose an angel came here this afternoon, and said, "Heaven is full; there is not room for one more." Ah, would not that be sad news? I should see you turn pale, and instead of looking cheerful, bright, and happy, I should see you weeping. Yes; you would not like the thought of heaven being full, because you would then know you could never enter there. But I have not such a message for you this afternoon.

Who was the first person that went from earth to heaven? What, don't you remember what was his first name whom his brother slew?—Yes; it was Abel. Ah, that was nearly six thousand years ago. Since that time, what vast multitudes have entered heaven! I imagine its pearly gates are never shut, for some are continually entering there.

"Millions have reached that blest abode,
 And millions more are on the road."

"And yet there is room." What a cheering thought! There is room for each one of you; there is room for me; and go home and tell your fathers and mothers there's room for them in heaven, and there is nothing to pay to enter. And tell your companions, and those children who wander in the fields and attend no Sabbath-school, go and tell them "there is room."

You remember the rough weather we had a short time since; and many of you perhaps heard of the fate of that almost-new steam-ship, *The London*, how it went down with many people on board. Amongst the rest was a young lady, about twenty-three years

of age, who, pallid with fear, stood upon the deck and cried to those escaping in the boat, "A thousand guineas if you'll take me in!" But, alas, money was not of much value then: there was no room. Not so is it with heaven. We are permitted to tell you this afternoon, "*yet there is room.*"

"In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are entering there,
 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

But are we all going to heaven, or are we going down, down to eternal misery in the bottomless pit? To one of these places we are all going. We are now on our journey thither. There are but two ways, and two places. It is a serious matter; let us think about it. None of you need go into outer darkness; you are invited to heaven; and *Jesus* has bid you come. Why delay any longer? Will to-morrow be better than to-day? Will your sins be less than they are now? And,—

"If you tarry till you're better
 You will never come at all."

Do you ask, "But if I come, will He receive me?" Yes, He has said, *Him that cometh* unto me I will in *no wise* cast out" (*John* vi. 37). Come now, and He will receive *you*; to-morrow may be too late.

May the Lord, by the influence of His Holy Spirit, incline you each to come to Him and accept His offer of mercy, and we will ascribe to Him all the praise! And now sing,—

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he cal'd little children as lambs to his fold,—
 I should like to have been with them then:
 I could wish that his hands had been placed on my
 head,
 That his arm had been thrown around me,
 And then I might have seen his kind look when he
 said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Wallace and the Whip.

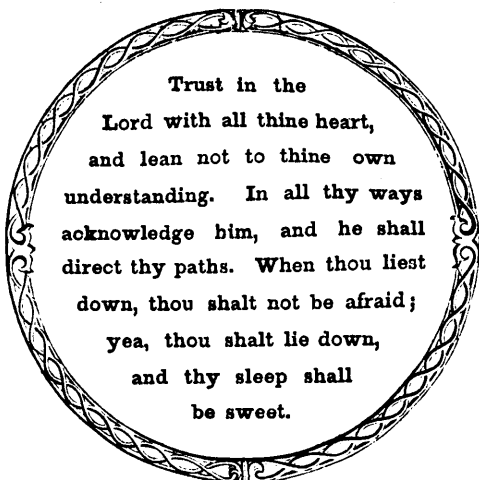


WHEN Wallace was twelve years old, it so happened that he had to drive team, and do a great deal of work in that way. By this means he helped his widowed mother, and it made him very glad to be able to do so. But still he was a boy, and he had a boy's tastes and notions, and among other things he thought he really needed a whip. He said nothing about it for a long time, but at length, one day when he was to take some things to town to sell, he spoke to his mother about it. She loved him dearly, but she knew that it would not hurt him to deny himself, and besides she really needed every cent of the money to buy necessary clothing for the other children. So she kindly represented the true state of the case to him, and he cheerfully gave up the anticipated pleasure. He went to town, made his sales and his purchases, and was about to start for home, when he passed a harness shop where there were a great many whips. He stepped in without stopping to think, snapped and tried some of them, and asked their price, just because he was interested in whips, and without reflecting that he was putting himself in the way of temptation. There was no one in the shop but a boy, and he soon went into the cellar, leaving Wallace entirely alone. Then the thought occurred to him that he could take a whip and step out, and no one would know it. He stepped to the door. There stood his team ready, he had only to jump in and ride off with the coveted whip.

Just then the thought of his dear good mother, and her counsels and prayers, came up before him as if she had been personally present, and he threw down the whip, sprang into his wagon, and drove off, a conqueror. He grew up to be a good man, and a great comfort to his mother, but he could never think of that moment of temptation without a shudder. If he had yielded then, and gone astray, it would probably have changed the whole course of his life. It is never safe to do wrong; it is always safe to do right. J.

The African's Prayer.

A LITTLE African was one day heard to pray thus: "Lord Jesus, my heart bad too much. Me want to love you, me want to serve you, but my bad heart will not let me. O Lord Jesus, me can't make me good. Take away this bad heart. O Lord Jesus, give me new heart. O Lord Jesus, me sin every day. Pardon me sin. O Lord Jesus, let me sin no more."



Trust in the
Lord with all thine heart,
and lean not to thine own
understanding. In all thy ways
acknowledge him, and he shall
direct thy paths. When thou liest
down, thou shalt not be afraid;
yea, thou shalt lie down,
and thy sleep shall
be sweet.

The Snow.

"For he saith to the snow, be thou on the earth." Job xxxii, 6.

God sends the feathery snow-shower down
To warm the frozen ground;
On fields and gardens, hills and trees,
It falls without a sound.

It keeps the trees and plants alive
By sheltering the roots;
And from the biting frost it saves
The early little shoots.

And when the snow is on the ground,
No blades of grass we see;
No worms and insects creep or fly
On earth, or plant, or tree.

What will the little birds do then?
How will they all be fed?
The hungry ones will come to us
And beg for crumbs of bread.

And in the fields the sheep will wait
So patiently each day,
Until the careful shepherd comes
With turnips or with hay.

But while we think of birds and beasts
We'll not forget the poor;
Nor send away the starving child
That's begging at the door.

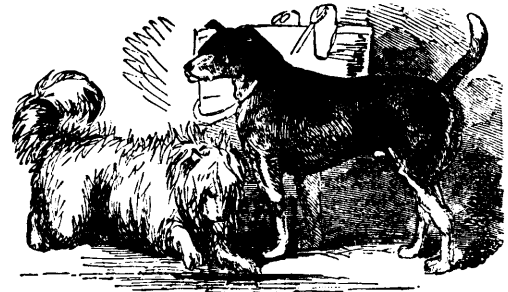


God gives us everything we have,
Not for ourselves alone,
But that, to others, we may show
The kindness he hath shown.

And while you are a little child,
And have not much to give,
Ask God to make the rich man kind,
And help the poor to live.

A Good Mother.

A LITTLE girl of five years old was one evening very rude and noisy when visiting with her mother at a neighbor's house. The mother said, "Sarah, you must not do so." The child soon forgot, and went on with her bad behavior. The mother said, "Sarah, if you do so again I will punish you;" but not long after Sarah did so again. When the time for going home arrived, the child began to think of the punishment that awaited her with great sorrow. A woman beside her said to quiet her, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to punish you." "O," said Sarah, "that will do no good; my mother never tells lies."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Rory's Tricks.

RORY was an Irish dog, that is, he was raised in Ireland; he had an Irish name, and some Irish humor, and he loved fun as well as any Paddy. He was of the terrier breed, not a very large dog himself, but he seemed to have conceived a supreme contempt for lap dogs, and he took particular delight in terrifying them. One day he met a very fat lap dog, the property of an equally fat old lady, waddling along the street. Rory looked at it demurely for a minute, and then gave it a pat which rolled it over on its back. Its mistress immediately snatched it up, and put it upon her muff; whereupon Rory erected himself upon his hind legs, a trick in which he was very expert, and walked by her side, making occasional snatches at the lap dog. The terrified old lady struck at him with her fur neck tie, which Rory caught in his mouth, and carried off down the street in an ecstasy of delight, now and then tripping over it, and rolling heels over head.

If he had possessed good sense like a boy, I should have given him a lecture for browbeating dogs that were smaller than himself, and for annoying old ladies; but, being only a dog, he probably would not understand the morality or the good taste of such advice. It is reserved for human beings like my readers to know better than to play such tricks, and to teach their dogs better. But Rory had his good tricks too. He had learned to shut the door, to ring the bell, to bring his master's slippers, and to put the cat down stairs. This latter feat he accomplished by pushing her down each successive stair with his nose. When his master was at college, he was accustomed to sit with him at the breakfast table, dressed in cap and gown, where his deportment was very proper, and afforded a good example to some of the guests. AUNT JULIA.

LITTLE DOTIE was intensely fond of her baby brother, and, with her arm round his neck, she would sing,

"Little brother, darling boy,
You are very dear to me;
I am happy, full of joy,
When your smiling face I see."

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published on the Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month by SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	40 cents per vol.
" 5 copies	" 10, " 85 "
" 10 "	" 20, " 85 "
" 20 "	" 30, " 88 "
" 30 "	" 40, " 80 "
" 40 "	" 50, " 28 "
" 50 "	" 75, " 27 "
" 75 "	" 100, " 26 "
" 100 " and upward,	" 25 "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

All communications to be addressed to REV. SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.