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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 20.

JULY 22, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 236.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A PICNIC.

WHAT a nice time these folk are having! They are at a family picnic. Chicken-pie, plum-cake, pears, grapes, a jug of water, bottles of milk, and I know not how many other good things, are being spread upon the white cloth which covers the green grass. How happy they all look! There is not a cross face in the party. Sam, with the pie, looks as jolly as a farmer at harvest-time. Ned, with the cake, looks as important as if he carried a queen's jewels in his hands. George, down in the corner, is pointing out the best places for the cake and pie with as much earnestness as a general telling his men to "charge bayonets!" Mollie, with the fruit-dish on her head, is charming. Nellie is as happy as a May Queen over that pile of plates, and the whole party are evidently bent on having a first-rate time. Don't you hope they won't be disappointed?

I think they will have a grand time because they are all good-natured. As I said before, there is not a cross-grained face in the party. If there were their fun would soon be spoiled. I have seen one selfish person destroy the happiness of a score of good-natured people. Suppose, now, that Sam should say to George, "I won't put my pie down there! What right have you to meddle with me?" Would not that display of temper make all the others miserable? Or suppose Ned should kick his aunt, who sits in front of him, and say, "Get out of my way, will you, and let me put down my cake!" Would not that streak of ugliness flash uncomfortably over all the others? Of course it would. Any one of that party could easily spoil the pleasure of all the rest—and his own too.

To make a picnic joyful every one in it must be kind, gentle, and cheerful. There must be no jostling for the best place at the feast, no fretting because something happens to be out of joint, no finding fault, no crying, no display of ill-temper, no greediness. *Each one of the party must try to make all the others happy.*



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LETTER FROM A LADY MISSIONARY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I have had the pleasure of being counted among your missionaries in India for seven years, but have been obliged to return home for awhile in order to recover my health.

But I do not lose my love for the missionary work in the least, and I shall count it the happiest hour of my life if I ever set my feet upon the soil of India again.

Do you understand *why* we love the missionary work so well? It is *not* that we prefer to live in a hot climate, among strangers and people of another color, who worship idols and hate Christians and the Christian's God—of course not. We'd much rather live at home, where we can have the dearest blessings of life—religious associates and kind friends.

But then, many of those heathen become Christians when they hear of the true God and of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. So we love to be the bearers of these "good tidings of great joy," which you recollect the angels said should be "to *all* people,"—since God directed us in that way. I receive letters occasionally from the ladies of the India Mission, and as they know what a deep interest I take in the people there, they are so kind as to send me many interesting items of information.

In a letter which I received recently from Mrs. Thomson, who has over one hundred and twenty-five little Hindoostanee orphan girls under her care, she says:

"The girls are doing very nicely indeed, and we have every encouragement we could ask in regard to their progress in their studies, and in almost all kinds of needle-work. They now make, mark, and mend all their own clothing, and do knitting and crochet very nicely. We have sold this last year about seventy dollars' worth of their work. They presented Bishop Thomson with a handsome Cashmere choga, (a long, embroidered outer garment,) purchased with the proceeds of their labor, worth

Mark this last sentence. It is my recipe for making a happy picnic. I want you to try it at your picnic this summer. It is a sure thing. All recipes are not sure, as your mother has often found to her sorrow when she has tried a recipe for making cake or cooking in some new-fangled fashion. But my recipe never fails. I will print it in capitals. Mark it well! **TO MAKE A HAPPY PICNIC EACH ONE OF THE PARTY MUST TRY TO MAKE ALL THE REST HAPPY.** There it is, short, plain, and certain. Who will try it? F. F.

The greatest conqueror is he who conquers himself.

ten dollars. Piyare, one of the oldest girls, wrote a letter in Hindoostanee in behalf of all the girls, and Joel, a native preacher, translated it for the bishop, who was very much pleased, and wrote the girls a nice letter in reply."

Now, I think that was a very pretty thing for those dear little girls of our orphanage in Bareilly to do. It shows they have warm, loving hearts, and begin to realize how much cause for gratitude they have to Christians in America, and, more than all, to the merciful God who put it into their hearts to send missionaries to lift them out of their ignorance and darkness. God bless those dear girls, and in all their learning may they learn the way of salvation thoroughly.

Speaking of the Boy's Orphanage, Mrs. Thomas writes: "We heard of the death of Willie Wheeler a few days ago. You remember Willie, the sweet singer of the Orphanage. He died of consumption. He was very happy, and even triumphant, in view of death. When Brother Waugh went to see him Willie said that he knew he was going to die, and was happy in prospect of living in heaven; he was not afraid, for he believed Jesus had washed away his sins."

Now, do you not think, dear children, that the missionary work pays when boys who have been taught for ten years to worship hideous images and trust to the water of the Ganges for salvation can learn in five years to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and rejoice in the prospect of a home with him in paradise? But it doesn't take *five* years. Many learn that great lesson in a few months, and even *weeks*, and I presume Willie learned it some time ago.

How well I remember Willie Wheeler. When he came to us in 1858 we were living in a place called Nynce Tal, (which means "little lake,") away up on the Himalaya Mountains. Willie was a mountain boy—the plains-folk don't often have consumption—and when he came to us he was a wild-looking little lad about nine or ten years of age. His hair was matted, and he had no clothing except a filthy black woolen blanket. But even then his eye was bright, and his little round face wore a winning expression. Of course, his name wasn't Willie Wheeler then, but some queer Hindoo name instead, Gunga Deen, or Nundoo, or something of that sort. After he was dressed in nice clean clothes and closely clipped and washed he looked like another boy. He was baptized and named William Wheeler.

Somehow everybody who knew Willie always loved him. There was a sweetness and earnestness about him that touched all hearts. I was particularly drawn toward him as the clear ringing voice in which he sang our hymns reminded me of a dear brother at home.

I have no doubt that Willie is now singing the Saviour's praises "On the banks beyond the stream," and it seems to me, children, that if I am ever so happy as to reach that blessed country, and through divine grace I hope to, I should rather meet Willie Wheeler and others who have been saved from among the heathen first of all the blood-washed throng.

God grant, dear children, that we may appreciate our privileges better, and feel a still deeper sympathy for those who are sitting in the region and shadow of death. E. J. HUMPHREY.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"I NEVER ASK ANY ONE TO LOVE ME."

SAID sweet little Isabella to her mother one day, "I love every one and every one loves me, and yet I never ask any one to love me."

To be sure not. What is the use of asking for love? If Isabella had been unloving, selfish, and ugly, do you suppose any one would have loved her if she had said, "Please, love me?" Not at all. Love is not to be obtained by begging for it. It can only be won as Isabella won it—by being loving and

lovely. She said truly, "I love every one and every one loves me." That's it, my child. If you want others to love you, you must love them. I know only one lovely being who asks for love, and that is He who says, "My son, give me thine heart." He loves us and yet we won't love him. O how wicked we are! May he give us better hearts! X.



THE CANARY.

MARY had a little bird,
With feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs; upon my word,
He was a nice young fellow.

Sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary:
Often when his cage was hung,
She sat to hear Canary.

Crumbs of bread and dainty seeds
She carried to him dally;
Seeking for the early weeds,
She decked his palace gaily.

This, my little readers, learn,
And ever practice duly;
Songs and smiles of love return
To friends who love you truly.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE OLD SCOTCHMAN AND HIS "LADDIES."

It's hard work sometimes to make old people believe that they are old, or that they cannot get along about as well as ever. There was once an old Scotchman by the name of John Gordon, who had lived to be *one hundred and thirty-two years old*. That was quite young compared to Methuselah, but for these times it is doing pretty well. All the travelers who chanced to put up at the neighboring village tavern were urged by good Dame Wallace, the landlady, to go to the cottage of the patriarch, where she said they would see "the aldest man i' Banffshire—ay, or in a' the world."

One day, about the close of harvest-time, a young Englishman, who had heard much about the old man, thought he would like to see him. So he started from Dame Wallace's tavern, and after walking a mile or two he came to a small, humble looking cottage, at the door of which was seated a venerable looking old man, taking his comfort and at the same time knitting stockings.

The young man stood and looked at him for some time, thinking of how much he must have seen and felt in one hundred and thirty-two years. What a sight to see so aged a man! and to find him still active, and able to knit!

"My old friend," said he, "I'm glad to see you. I've heard a great deal about you, and, being in the neighborhood, thought I would come over. Is it possible that you can see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is a rare old age."

"Why, mon," said the old pilgrim, "it'll be my grandfather ye're seeking. I'm only seventy-three. Ye'll find him round the corner o' the house."

On turning the corner of the house and coming to a back door of the cottage, the stranger found a very old man sitting in an arm chair and leaning on a staff with both head and hands. He did not move as the young man came near him. His eyes were closed, and he was either asleep or meditating. Not wishing to disturb him, the visitor stood gazing at him for a few minutes, thiaking of the many wonderful things so old a man must have seen, when the venerable man raised his head and saw him.

"I beg pardon for intruding," said the stranger; "I hope I have not disturbed you."

"What's your wull, sir?" said the old man, who was quite deaf.

"I have only come to see you, as it is so seldom one sees a man one hundred and thirty-two years old." This the young man spoke in a loud tone, and close to the ear of the other.

"O it's not me ye want. I'm only ninety-five. Ye'll be wanting my father I reckon. He's i' the yard there."

The stranger now went into the garden, where he found the old man whom he was seeking busily employed in digging potatoes and humming some ancient tune.

"I've had hard work to find you, my old friend," said the young man. "I have seen your son and your grandson, each of whom I mistook for you. Indeed, they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one of your advanced age."

"It is," replied the aged man, "but I'm thankfu' I'm able for't, as the *laddies*, puir things, are no' very stout now."

Seventy-three and ninety-five make rather old "laddies," yet to this old man they still seemed but as children. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BIG GIRL AND LITTLE LADY.

I MET a little lady in the car the other day. I do not know her name, but it was the same one I told you about that persevered in following the car until she overtook it. That was quite a while ago, and I had not seen her since till now. I felt very much like asking her who she was, and how old she was, and where she lived; but she seemed so lady-like that I feared it would appear rude. So I sat still and observed her.

All the seats in the car were full when she came in, and when a seat was vacated she waited a moment before taking it to see whether any one else wanted it. After a while another person came in—I was going to say another lady, for she was old enough and big enough to be a lady, and she was finely dressed in furs and velvets, but she did not act like a lady, and so I will call her a big girl. When she came in she looked around very sternly for some one to get up and give her a seat. This the little lady did not see, for she sat partly behind her, but she quietly slipped off her seat, and pulling the big girl's cloak to attract her attention, she offered her the place where she had been sitting. The big girl very coolly sat down. The little lady looked up modestly in her face, but the big girl did not seem to know enough even to say, "Thank you." Then the little lady took no further notice of her, but stood patiently until it was time for her to get off, and then she tripped lightly away to school.

My dear readers, which do you admire most—the big girl or the little lady? You can take your choice, and pattern after which you please.

AUNT JULIA.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1865.

A LITTLE ACT THAT WAS NOT LITTLE.



"MEAN to do some great thing when I am a man," says earnest NAT. Well, Nat's purpose is not a bad one in itself, and yet I think the boy hardly understands how great things are done. He thinks a boy can't do a great thing, and that men who do great things never begin to do them when they are boys. These are false notions. Boys can do great deeds, and men who do famous actions most always begin to do them while they are boys. I will tell Nat a story by way of showing him what I mean.

A poor boy was once apprenticed to a mechanic. As the youngest boy in the shop, he had to do many errands for the workmen and senior apprentices. Among other things they sent him for beer and liquor. He did not like doing this, but would not refuse because it was part of his duty to run on errands. But when they asked him to drink he said "No." When they urged him he still replied "No" with greater firmness. They laughed at him, but he would not touch the poison. They then mocked and threatened to beat him, but his answer was still "No, I won't drink a drop of your poisonous drink!"

Now that was a great act done by a boy. It was great because it was right; because it showed pluck, firmness, and perseverance. That boy did right and stuck to it like a hero.

Mark what followed! Every one of those drinking shopmates became miserable drunkards. What became of our hero? He grew up a sober youth, became a master mechanic, employing a hundred men, all of whom he taught to be cold-water men, and finally he made a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars.

Now my friend Nat can see what great deeds are and how they are done. They are done by putting forth right acts which appear small but which are really great—great because they are right, and because they often grow into great results. Let Nat and all earnest boys and girls mark this and begin the great things they aspire to by doing little deeds of right every hour *with all their might*. Stick a pin here, my dear Nat—do what you do WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT!

CHILDREN'S TALK.

Two children are playing in the graveyard while Jessie, their young aunt, is watching them. One of the children, pointing to a short grave, says:

"Look! on the grass, between the little hills,
Just where they planted Amy."

The aunt with an astonished look replies:

"Amy died—
Dear little Amy! When you talk of her
Say, she is gone to heaven."

The other child rejoins:

"They planted her—
Will she come up next year?"

The first child then makes answer:

"No, not so soon;
But some day God will call her to come up,
And then she will. Papa knows everything—
He said she would before we planted her."

Papa was right. Amy was planted when she was buried, and will come up again when it shall please God to call her. In like manner all the dead are only planted when they are buried, and they will all come up in the day of the resurrection, for Jesus hath said, "The hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

Many of the dear ones whose eyes used to light up with

pleasure when looking on the pages of our little Advocate have gone with Amy to be planted. Many other pairs of bright eyes were clouded with tears, and many little hearts beat quickly with pain the day those sweet forms were put into the ground. Let these sad hearts be cheered and these wet eyes be dried, because the little bodies placed in the ground are sure to come up when Jesus calls them. And they will be more beautiful than they were at the time they were planted. Blessed Jesus! I thank thee that my buried ones are *only* planted, and that they are sure to come up again.

EASY CHAIR.

THE easy chair is a very pleasant place now the hot summer days are come. There is plenty of room to move about in it. But even the easy chair is not without its faults. It has the bad habit of trying to persuade its occupants to go to sleep. Now it won't do for an editor to fall asleep in his chair, because if he does his paper will be dull and stupid, and his readers will yawn at him—which is very ill-mannerly, you know—and say, "You ought to go to Sleepy Hollow and stay till the frost comes to make you lively." But I don't mean to let my children catch me napping in my easy chair. If I did, the 'Squire would pull my beard, while the Corporal would tickle me with the corners of your letters, and, worse than all, you



would lose your interest in our dear little Advocate. But if I resist the hot weather for your sakes, you must do the same for mine. Rub your eyes, therefore, you sleepers, and brighten up your wits, you dullards, that you may unravel the letters below, which I have purposely made into the hardest knot you ever saw. The above curious picture contains examples of two classes of persons who are spoken to in the text which is contained in the following chaos of letters:

wwrrrrrrhtelcofeestonplesesadoohstesiteltswtahendabes boe.

Put these letters in order and they will give you a valuable text which will explain the picture. Attention, Try Company! and let me see what you are worth. Here are the answers to questions about snow in our last Advocate:

1. Num. xii. 2. 2 Sam. xxiii. 3. Job xxxvii. 4. Job ix. 5. Psa. cxlviii. 6. Psa. cxlvii. 7. Psa. li. 8. Prov. xxvi. 9. Isa. i. 10. Jer. xviii. 11. Psa. lxxviii. 12. Isa. lv. 13. Dan. vii. 14. Matt. xxviii. 15. Prov. xxv.

Here is a letter from one of my older children named JESSIE. She says:

"Although I am out of my 'teens' I am still an interested reader of your little paper, and consider myself as one of your *older children*. I trust the Advocate has done much and is still doing a great deal of good among the children. I am quite sure that it had a great influence upon my own childhood in awakening and deepening the better impulses of my wayward heart. I would like to tell you how grateful I feel for the many precious lessons you have taught me in this dear little paper. I shall always love it for the good it has done me, and also for what it still does, for I seldom read a copy of it now without learning something good or new.

"I suppose you feel interested for all of your Advocate family, and want to have them all do right. I am sorry to tell you of one who does not seem to profit by your instructions. It is a little girl of ten or eleven years of age, who lives with a kind aunt who takes great pains to train her aright. I do not know whether she is a member of

the Try Company or not, but she is a reader of the Advocate and a regular attendant at the Sunday-school. As she has a great respect for you, I think that anything you might say to her would have more weight than what any one else might say.

"One morning she went to her aunt's tea-box, and taking out a handful slyly put it in her pocket, and taking her basket of dinner, started for school. At the noon recess, while the teachers were gone home to their dinner, she succeeded in persuading one of her little schoolmates to go with her to the house of an old woman who professes to tell fortunes. Handing her the tea, Jennie, as I will call her, for I should hardly want to tell you her real name, told her they had come to have their fortunes told. A cup of tea being a luxury seldom enjoyed by the fortune-teller, she very readily promised to gratify the silly little girls. They waited with breathless curiosity while the preliminaries were gone through with, and then listened to a senseless, foolish 'lingo' until little Mary declared she would stay no longer, (she having come with a vague sort of idea that she was doing wrong,) and ran back to school, leaving Jennie to hear the rest of the wonderful things that were 'surely to happen to her.' Now, Mr. Editor, I will leave her case for you to deal with as you may see fit."

Jennie robbed her aunt when she took that tea from the box, which was a great sin. When she went to the "fortune-teller" she did a foolish thing, for the words of "fortune-tellers" are as vain as the quack of geese. She should be ashamed of the latter act and penitent for the former. Let her confess her fault first to her aunt and then to Jesus, and not rest until she is forgiven. As for Jessie I give her my blessing. May she teach others what I have taught to her!—I. N. R. says:

"While passing from my morning appointment to my appointment for the afternoon, thought being my only companion, I heeded not the distance I had gone until my attention was attracted by a little girl of scarcely eleven years, to all appearance awaiting my approach. Upon my arrival opposite where she was standing she gave me a very cordial invitation to call the evening prior to my next appointment. Josephine, for that was her name, was a member of our Sunday-school during the summer months, for we of the country, as some of the little readers of the Advocate know, are not blessed with the Sunday-school during the winter. She was loved by all that knew her. She loves the Advocate, and prominent among her choice photographs is that of its editor. I called at the appointed time, and almost immediately she brought me the last copy of her paper, and called my attention to that beautiful little piece called 'The Little Girl's Fair,' and

then said with great zeal, 'I want to do something for the cause,' evidencing an earnest desire to carry out the spirit of the piece referred to. After some little advice the subject was dismissed and almost forgotten. About one week before conference she handed me fifteen dollars, to be used, she said, in sending papers and other necessities to poor schools, and I wish the dear readers of the Sunday-School Advocate could have seen how good she looked just as she handed the moneys over for the benefit of our poor children. I was surprised at the largeness of the amount, and I could but say, 'God bless the Sunday-School Advocate in its mission of love! God bless the children who read its impressive truths! God bless the editor in simplifying truth to meet the wants of the children! Inclosed you will find five dollars sent to you by the request of the little girl before mentioned, to be used in sending proper reading matter to poor children.'

That little girl is building her house on a rock, for she is a *doer* as well as a hearer or reader of the truth. The five dollars have been applied to the payment of our bills for papers, etc., sent to those who need them. May that dear little girl live to be the Dorcas of her generation!—MIRIAM F. FISHER writes:

"I joined your Try Company and the Lord has blessed my soul. I have a little sister and she says she wants to seek the Saviour. I hope you will pray for me and my little sister. I had a sister who was seventeen years old, but she died, and she said she was going to heaven, and if she only could take mother along she would be satisfied. We have a Sunday-school, but we can't attend it regular, for it is three miles from our house."

May Miriam and her sister be like Deborah of old—full of sacred joy.—H. V. G., of N—, writes:

"I am trying to read the Bible through every year, and to be a good boy. I want to join your Try Company, I see so many others have joined it. Pray for me that I may be faithful. I was converted last winter at my father's protracted meeting."

Henry must be a valiant soldier of Christ, and he will be sure to train well in the Try Company.

GOD BLESS THE BABY.

WHILE at Washington we attended the anniversary of a Sabbath-school, which was addressed by four members of congress. One speaker, in showing that very little children could be taught to love God, related the following incident:

"There were two little brothers, one of which was a little baby that had just begun to talk. The elder came to his father one night, just as he was going to bed, to kneel down by his side and say his prayers.

"The baby came up and said, 'Papa, why don't you teach baby to pray?'

"The father told the dear little one to kneel down, and then taught it the simple prayer, 'God bless the baby.'

"By and by a messenger was sent to take baby away to heaven. Friends were all gathered there to see the little one die. Among them was a professor, who most tenderly loved the little one, and used often to come and have a nice play with 'the baby.' He was bending sorrowfully over his dear pet when it ceased to breathe, and all supposed it had passed away to the bosom of Jesus. Soon, however, it opened its eyes, and, seeing its father, said, 'Papa, good-by,' and again closed its eyes, and seemed to be all still in death. Again it opened its eyes, and, seeing mother, said, 'Mamma, good-by.' After another season of silence it opened its eyes, and, looking up to the dear friend still leaning over it, said, 'Good-by, professor.' It then lay some time, and all thought it was certainly dead; but once more it looked up and sweetly said, 'God bless the baby,' and died."

Let all the *little* ones, then, be taught to pray. Let their first lisplings be, "God bless the baby."—*Well-Spring.*

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

THE world looks very beautiful
And full of joy, to me;
The sun shines out in glory
On everything I see.
I know I shall be happy
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus
All the way.

I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey's just begun;
They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey's done:
The world is full of sorrow
And suffering, they say;
But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

Then like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy or sorrow—
And lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away;
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus
Grief cannot come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way.—*The Little American.*

HE SEES, AND I SEE.

A BOY fills his pipe, and he sees only the tobacco; and I see going into that pipe brains, books, time, health, money, prospects. The pipe is filled at last, and a light is struck; and things which are priceless are carelessly puffed away in smoke.



A NIGHTINGALE.

KINDNESS OF BIRDS.

In a large aviary, in which there were many birds of different kinds, was placed a nest of nightingales; and a small plate, on which was a mess of small worms and ants, their proper food, was introduced. The father and mother, however, could not endure the confinement, but pined away, and soon died. A little one was left, which cried out piteously for a mouthful of food. A female canary was much affected by the sad spectacle of the starving orphan. It had evidently noticed the difference between the food which the parent nightingales had, before their death, given the young one, and its own food; it was desirous of feeding the young nightingale, but the worms and nasty mess disgusted it. Still there was the famishing orphan continually crying for lack of nourishment. The canary hesitated for some time, going from the plate to the little one, and back again from the little one to the plate; but at last, surmounting its repugnance, it seized hastily a billful of worms, rushed with them to the orphan, and immediately started off to the water to wash its own mouth out. This process it repeated three times, then, and for the future, regularly supplied the nightingale with food, until it grew up, and was able to take care of itself.—*M. Dupont de Nemours.*

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SCOFFING BOY'S WILLOW TWIG.

WILLIAM RYDER was a wild boy, one who had not had the best of home training, and was called by his associates by the rude title of "Bill" Ryder. At length God's Holy Spirit found its way to his heart, and he was converted. His companions made light of the matter, said they "guessed Bill's religion wouldn't last long," etc., and even his friends were somewhat fearful lest he should not hold out.

He united with the Church and was baptized. After the people had retired from the banks of the river where the solemn ceremony of baptism had been performed several of his old associates lingered, and one of them, cutting a willow-twig, walked out into the stream near the spot where the baptism took place, and placing the stick upright in the stream, with the lower end in the sand at the bottom, he walked out, remarking that "that stick

would stand there just as long as Bill Ryder's religion would last," expecting, of course, that it would soon go down stream, and also that Bill's religion would be as short-lived as that.

But the boy stood firm; and so did the willow-twig. As day after day and week after week passed, the willow began to show signs of life; leaves came out upon it, and then small branches. The deposit around its roots accumulated year after year until an island was formed which divided the river, so that half of the waters flowed on one side and half on the other side. And as the twig grew and flourished and became a mighty tree, so did William's piety grow deeper, stronger, brighter. He became a useful and devoted minister of the Gospel, labored successfully for many years, and the last fifteen years of his life was an invalid, suffering greatly, and finally died a triumphant, happy death. The tree still lives, a beautiful enduring monument of the piety of William Ryder.

JESSIE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE HENNIE.

WHEN our friends die we always call up the good traits of their character. Sometimes when I see little boys or girls behave very naughtily I wonder

what their parents will have to remember them by if they should be taken away. And I am sure it gives very deep pain to the fond parent to remember any naughty thing their little one did, even if they do not speak of it. But little Hennie's mother had this beautiful thing to say about her darling after he was gone: "He never disobeyed his parents. He would suffer anything from the bad boys at school rather than do that which would displease them."

Little reader, could your parents say that about you? What sort of memories are you laying up for your parents to think of in coming years? Suppose now you try to add some pleasant memories for every day—things that will make you happy to look back upon as long as you live, kindnesses to your parents that will comfort you if they should be taken away, and which they will be glad to remember if you should die. And, above all, remember that these loving words and kindly deeds are well-pleasing in the sight of God. K.

"No man in his senses will dance," wrote Cicero, a heathen. Shame on those Christian parents who advocate a cause by which many souls have become profligate and many daughters have been ruined!

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	45 cents per vol.
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