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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

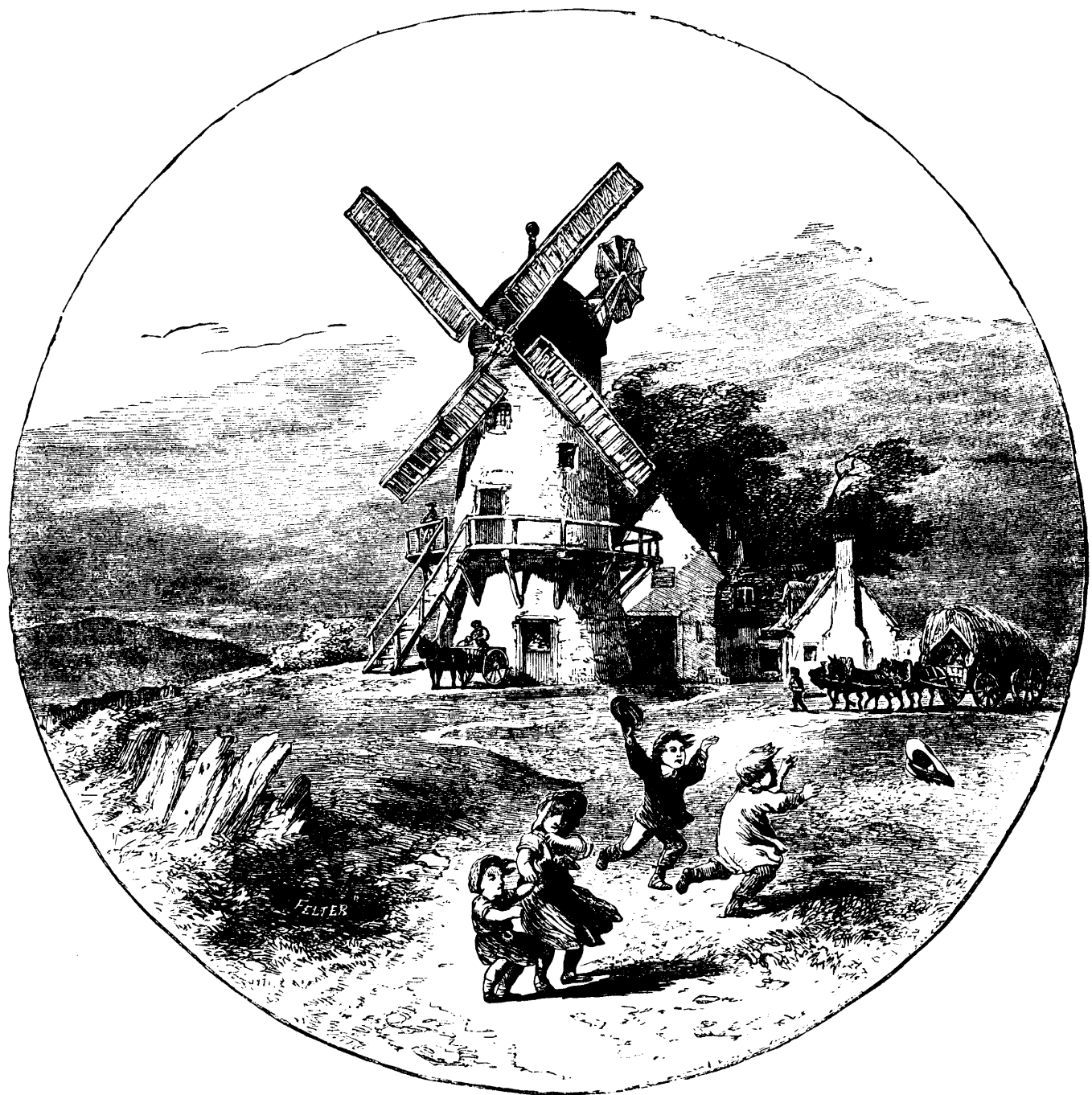
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VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 16.

MAY 28, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 208.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THOUGHTLESS WILLIE.

LITTLE WILLIE was a miller's son. He lived in a cottage near the big windmill in which his father ground grain for the farmers.

Willie loved to watch the long canvass-covered arms which, rolling over and over, turned the mill. When the wind blew very hard those stout arms flew round like race-horses. When the breeze was soft and gentle they moved slowly, like fat, well-fed

cows lazily walking home to be milked. When there was no wind at all they stood still and quiet. As Willie watched those arms he often said to himself, "I should like to take a ride on one of those arms. I wonder how I should feel."

This was a foolish thought, and when Willie found it creeping about in his brain he should have thrown it out. But he didn't. He rather liked it, and kept it there playing with it, as you have seen little girls play with their dolls, until he felt a burning desire to take a ride once round, at least.

One day, when the old mill-sweep stood perfectly still, Willie crept up to the arm that was nearest the platform, and found that he could just reach it by standing on tiptoe. As he stood trying to touch it, his father came out of the cottage on his way into the mill. Seeing what Willie was about, he said:

"Willie! come away! If the breeze should rise you may be knocked over."

"Yes, pa," said Willie, moving a little aside. But Willie's "Yes, pa," was not sincere. He did not mean to quit the dangerous spot. His father

was no sooner in the mill than Willie went straight under the arm of the mill-sweep again, and, aided by the railing which ran round the platform, he climbed up into the sail, which was fastened to the lowest arm of the sweep.

"I wish it would move," said Willie.

The boy had his wish. Just then a light breeze touched the windsails and they began to turn slowly round.

"Aint it nice?" said Willie to himself as he clung to the slowly rising arm. Yes, it was nice enough for a few moments, as doing wrong usually is at first; but very soon the arm rose high up into the air. Then Willie's heart began to go pit-a-pat. In another moment the arm began to descend with Willie underneath. Then he screamed, and in his fright let go his hold and fell to the ground senseless.

"I'm afraid my boy is dead!" cried the miller as he picked his disobedient Willie up and carried him into the cottage.

But Willie was not dead, only badly bruised and his leg broken. That was bad enough, and after being many weeks a prisoner he was able to go out again, a wiser if not a better boy. You may be sure he kept very clear of the mill-sweep after that.

But Willie was not yet as wise as he needed to be. What little boy or girl is? One very hot day Willie and his brothers played race-horses until they were so hot and thirsty they scarcely knew what to do. "Let us go to the spring," said Willie, running toward a spring of very cold water that bubbled up from a rock in a shady spot near the mill.

"Pa told us not to drink this water when we're hot," said Willie's sister.

"I know," replied Willie, "but I'm very dry. I must drink some."

There was no *must* in the case, and Willie knew it, but he would drink. After drinking all he wanted, he threw himself, hot as he was, upon the ground in the shade and went to sleep. What do you think followed? What else could follow such foolish conduct but sickness? Willie had a fever and came very near dying.

"Ah!" said Willie as he tossed about upon his sick-bed, "who would have thought that nice cool water would make one so sick?"

"It was not the spring, my Willie, that made you sick, but your unwise use of it. Had you kept your desire for water under proper control the spring would have done you no harm."

When Willie was again well enough to study, his father taught him the following verse, which you would also do well to commit to memory:

"God, in the fullness of his love,
Has all in mercy given;
But pride and lust to curses turn
The choicest gifts of heaven."

You see that in Willie's case having his own way cost him a broken leg and a fever. Costly business, wasn't it? Well, having one's own way generally is a costly business in the end. It always brings sorrow and pain. Sometimes—sometimes? ay, very often, it brings death! Dear child, beware how you persist in having your own way. Better let your parents guide you. Better let Jesus lead you. Will you? W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

Who was frightened to death? A girl who lives less than a thousand miles from me rushed into the kitchen the other day pale as a corpse crying:

"A ghost! a ghost! I'm frightened to death! O! O!"

Had she seen a ghost? So she said. She described it as tall and white, and having its head crowned with light. What was it? A wicked fellow-servant had wrapped himself in a sheet and put a lantern brightly lighted on his head. The girl was not quite *frightened to death*, but she was most fearfully scared. I think the man who acted the part of ghost deserved to be locked up in a tight

place and fed on bread and water for six months. Don't you?

Girls and boys sometimes play ghost. At a certain young ladies' seminary some of the girls dressed one of their number in white, and put a broom covered with drapery on her head to make her appear very tall and frightful. A timid miss whom they sought to frighten with this wicked mummery saw it and *went raving mad!* Wasn't it terrible!

Never try to frighten each other, my children. It may be fun for you to give a shock to the nerves of your playmate, but it is very cruel, and may be fatal to him. You may say he ought not to be so frightened, because ghosts and hobgoblins are mere notions. That may be so, but your playmate can't help being frightened and shocked by your idle joke. You have no right to seek amusement by alarming and frightening him. If you should frighten him to madness or death you would be guilty of murder before God. So don't frighten each other, but let love guide you in all things, even in your play.

F. F.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOLAR IN CHURCH.

You go to Church, little reader, of course you do. You would rightly consider yourself almost a little heathen if you did not. But why do you go? Now I have set your thinkers to work. I doubt if half of you can give a reason. Ah, but the hands are coming up! Well, Addie goes to church because it is Sunday, and Sidney goes because his parents wish him to, and Minnie goes to hear the music, and Oscar goes because the superintendent makes him, (for shame, Oscar!) and Sammy goes because he likes to, and Hattie goes to see all the folk, and what! a whole row of girls without a hand up? Well, probably they did not put on all those fine flowers and gay feathers for nothing; but, for my part, I think other places more suitable for show-rooms than the house of God. And here is a very little hand. Well, Mary, you "does to be dood," do you? Blessings on you, my darling, and may you get what you go for!

But I think our reason for going to church should be to worship God. I heard the matter very well put last Sunday. A young girl came and occupied a seat near me. I saw by the books in her hand that she was a Sunday-scholar, and as she bent her head reverently for a minute after taking her seat, I concluded that she was also a Church-member. I saw nothing out of the way about her until after the commencement of the sermon, when she quietly be-

gan to eat candy. I thought if she was doing that to keep herself awake, she would accomplish the object much better by listening to the sermon. But she evidently did not care to hear the sermon, for soon she settled herself in the corner, opened her library-book in her lap, and commenced reading. After a minute, a lady who sat next to her put down her head and said gently:

"My dear, did you come here to worship God this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you think that is the best way to do it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, then, my dear, act up to your convictions."

I was glad to see the girl promptly close the book and put it away. She needed only to be reminded of what was right in order to do it. And the lesson was one we may all remember and profit by. If we go to church to worship God we shall be likely to behave about right. It is a solemn thing to appear before God. We should try to do it with childlike love and godly fear, and worship him "in the beauty of holiness."

AUNT JULIA.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

How many poor children I see every day
Who have no one to teach them aright;
No wonder in vice they should wander astray,
And in all that is evil delight.

But I, who have got a nice Bible to read,
And teachers so good and so kind,
Shall prove myself bad and ungrateful indeed,
If I still am perversely inclined.

These blessings will rise at God's terrible bar,
If I do not grow better by them;
And my Bible, neglected, will also be there,
And my friends and my teachers condemn.

Then let me attend, and make haste to improve,
With every fresh season that's given,
And pray to the Lord of all mercy and love,
To train me for virtue and heaven.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BOASTFUL DUCK.

THERE is a fable in one of my books which says that in the olden time a fat old duck stood on the edge of a pond talking aloud and saying to itself:

"I am a rare bird. No other creature hath such powers as mine. I can walk on the earth. When I'm tired of walking there I can fly in the air. When I'm weary of flying I can swim in the water. Am I not a wonderful duck?"

"Hiss! hiss!" said a cunning snake which happened to hear the duck's idle boasting. "Hiss! you brag too much. Suppose you can walk on the land, the stag can beat you hollow at that. Suppose you can fly a little, the falcon can leave you out of sight in almost no time.

"In the water, too, the trout
Will beat you out and out.

"You with neither can compare."

That was a wise speech for a snake. If Master Harry and Miss Molly Boastful will consider it spoken to them, it may teach them to be a little more modest when they talk about themselves. Miss Molly, who brags how pretty she is and how fine her clothes are, may be made to see that she is not half as beautiful as a rose, nor half so well dressed as the lily or the butterfly. Master Harry, who brags of his father's riches and his own learning, may learn that his father is a poor man when compared to many others, and as to his own knowledge there are hundreds of boys who have forgotten more than he ever knew.

Don't be boasters, my children. If you are ever tempted to do so think of what the snake said to the duck and keep silence.

PHEDRUS.

"TROUBLE me not, Satan, for I am none of thine! I am the Lord's. Christ is mine, and I am his!"—
Last Words of Joseph Alleine.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1864.

LITTLE MABEL AND THE BROWNIES.

In the olden time, when your great grandmothers were little girls, most people believed that fairies and brownies haunted the woods and streams, and danced beneath the shade of the toadstool. But those tiny little folk never did live anywhere, but in the fancies of people. They were *imaginary* creatures, as you are wise enough to know. But your great grandmothers believed in them, and told many curious stories about them to their children. I will tell you one of the stories they used to tell.

They said there was a little maiden named MABEL, whose mother said to her one midsummer's morning:

"Mabel, you must go wait on your grandmother to-day. Carry her this wheaten cake and this nice pot of butter. Tell her I can't see her to-day because your father is away, and because our poor Amy is very sick. You must wait upon her, must spread her table, feed her bird, make her bed, fetch her water, carry in the wood, and milk the ewe. But listen, my Mabel! This is midsummer-day, and the fairies are about. When you go to the glen

"Do not pluck the strawberry-flower
Nor break the lady-fern.

"Do not think of the fairies at all, but of poor Amy and how you love us all. When you go to the pine-wood do not break the living branches, but pick up the dead boughs. Think not of the wicked brownies, but only of the good Father in heaven.

"And when thou goest to the spring
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offense.

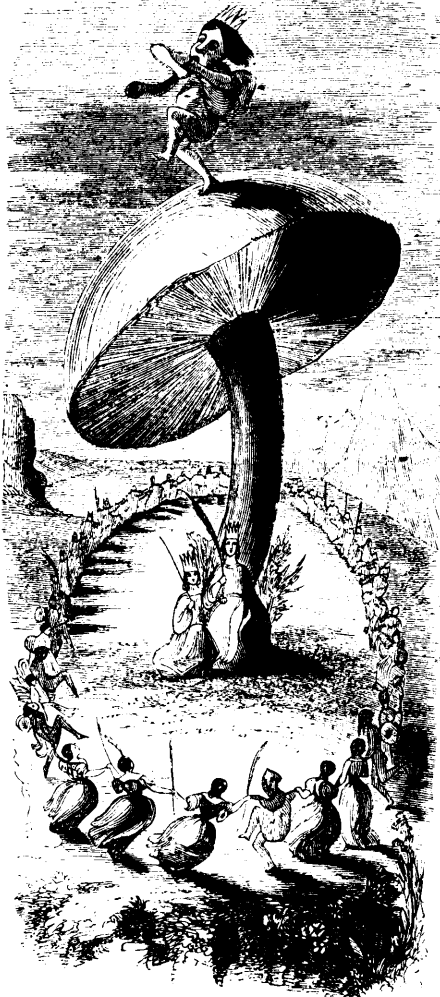
"For the queen of all the fairies,
She loves that water bright;
I've seen her drinking there myself
On many a summer night.

"But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear."



Now Mabel had not the least doubt but that these fairies and brownies were in the glen and the wood. So, like the good girl that she was, she replied:

"Now all this will I heed, mother,
Will no word disobey;
And wait upon my grandmother
This livelong summer-day."



Away tripped Mabel down the lane and past the mowers with light heart and willing feet. She did all her grandmother's work blithely and then went to the spring. There she was careful to fill her pitcher without spilling a drop or stirring up the water. This pleased the "little bright lady," the fairy queen, who, "clothed in green and white," sat by the spring. She praised Mabel's care and said to her:

"Thou shalt do well what'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved away."

Mabel was next sent to the wood after some dry sticks for her grandmother's fire. There she saw the wicked brownies, but keeping good thoughts in her mind and being careful not to break the living branches from the trees, she won their favor as she had that of the fairy queen. The brownies admired her "little gown of blue," her "kerchief pinned about her head," and her "little shoe." They threw a "good-luck penny" in her path.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
'Twill buy her clothes of the very best
For many and many a year."

Again Mabel was sent out to milk the mother-ewe,

"And when she came to lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern."

Then the fairy folk gathered about her, and a little voice said:

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry flower unta'en!
What shall be done for her, who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy cake," said one,
"Grant her a wish," said three;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be."

Thus Mabel won the blessing of both good fairy and wicked brownie. Her kindness, industry, and willingness to obey brought her good fortune.

A pretty story, is it not? I have written it to let you see what people believed in the olden time. You know that there are no fairies except the birds in the glen; nor

brownies, except they be squirrels, in the woods. No, God never made such creatures as fairies and brownies. He is everywhere himself, can care for you everywhere, and loves to see you kind, industrious, and obedient. He will give you his blessing, too, whenever you tread in the footprints of Jesus. He will be grieved when you do not.

Are you not glad to live in an age which is too wise to believe in fairies and brownies? If you are you will show it by living a better life than the children of the olden time. For, though there be neither fairy nor brownie in the world, yet

"'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind."

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

"Mr. Editor," says the corporal, "I have just examined a new invention from Mr. Craig which delights me exceedingly. It is called the 'Bellevue Stereoscope.' It is portable, and when folded fills a box only six inches long and two inches wide. It is as powerful a magnifier as the most expensive stereoscopes, and is far preferable, because, having a slide, the focus can be adapted to every eye. It is a splendid invention, sir."

That Mr. Craig is a public benefactor. His cheap microscope is doing much toward furnishing children instructive amusement. This stereoscope is a step in the same direction. I recommend it most heartily. Parents cannot purchase the means of so much instructive amusement for the same money in any other way.* Now for the letters, corporal.

"Here is the answer to the anagram in our last Advocate: 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God,' Psa. lxxviii, 31. And here is a Scripture enigma which I found in a magazine:

"Within the Christian's heart I dwell, his guide and inner light,
His anchor on life's stormy sea, his lamp in sorrow's night.
Viewed by my light his griefs are known as blessings, and by me
He looks beyond the things of time, and sees eternity.
Who seek to read my name aught the initials must combine—

Of one who trembled, taught by me the power of truth divine;

Of one who more than other men in trial I sustained;
And one, made strong by me in prayer, who a new name obtained;

Next one, who knew me not; to him the truth did seem a lie—

A Saviour risen from the grave impossibility;
Last one, who having held me, shipwreck made and let me go,

On whom the apostle in his zeal pronounced a fearful woe.

Who read my name aright, by finding names of these,
Must ask this 'gift of God,' if God they seek to please.

"Here is a line from FRANK, of —. He says of himself and his school:

"We have taken three pledges: 1. That we would always go to Sunday-school. 2. That we would always abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. 3. That we would never use tobacco. The whole school wants to be admitted into the Try Company.

"Fall in, my lads and lasses!" says the corporal with a most gracious smile, and he adds, "I have no fear that you will bring disgrace on my notable army—only to make you really first-class soldiers I wish you to add another pledge to your list, namely, We do all give our hearts to Jesus Christ."

I approve your suggestion, my corporal. Read on, sir!
"JULIETT D. S., of —, writes:

"As Daniel was a wise man in his day to solve questions, we would ask our wise editor's opinion. We have a small society in this place, and no place but a school-house to worship in. Five young ladies have united and pledged themselves to pay a stated sum monthly, to solicit donations on all suitable occasions, and to work for a festival to be held once a year for the purpose of erecting a church in this place. Don't you think we ought to belong to your Try Company? We all take your paper—please let us know through its columns."

My five pretty punsters are respectfully informed that the corporal thinks very highly of their endeavors, enlists them, and promises to promote them to the rank of sergeants if they succeed in building a chapel without leaving a heavy debt upon it. Is not the corporal as wise as Daniel?

*The "Bellevue Stereoscope" costs \$2 50. With six views the price is \$4 50; with twelve it is \$6 00. Address Henry Craig, 180 Center-street, New York.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"GO AWAY!"

NEVER, perhaps, did two sisters live in more unbroken harmony and love than my sister Caroline and I; and never, perhaps, were two sisters more unlike each other than were we. She was a frail, delicate creature, and as she moved dreamily around the house, she looked more fit to be a companion for angels than an inhabitant of this cold world. Although four years younger than my elf, she was my superior in everything except education, which her poor health had prevented her from acquiring. She was a serious, calm, and thoughtful girl, never saying or doing anything save in its proper time and place, while I was a strong, healthy, laughing, romping creature, always making blunders, (as soon forgotten as made.) But still, rude as I was, I had an affection for my delicate sister which always prompted me to treat her tenderly.

On one occasion, however, I was very busily engaged with a most difficult example which I had been trying for more than an hour to work out on my slate. Just at the most critical moment, when it was conquer or be conquered, my sister came to me, and in a low, pleasant tone, requested me to perform some trifling act of kindness, which could have been done in a few moments, when I could have resumed my studies, and saved the harsh words that have been a source of regret ever since. "Go away!" said I in an unpleasant tone, without looking up from my studies.

She looked at me for a moment; then her large, mournful eyes filled with tears, her lip quivered, and in a tremulous voice she said:

"Sister, did you mean to speak cross to me?"

O I would have given worlds at that moment if I could have recalled those two harsh words! My slate was immediately laid aside. I went to my sister, drew my arm closely around her, and spoke kindly to her while I carefully attended to her little wants.

Years have rolled into eternity since then; that loved sister has long since slept beneath the clods of the valley; and yet, often does that slender form rise up before me, and I think I hear again that sad, sweet voice, saying, "Sister, did you mean to speak cross to me?"

Many and bitter are the tears which I have shed over those cold, harsh words hastily spoken in an evil moment, but repented of for a lifetime. O that I could blot out that one dark spot from the bright pages of our life's happy history! But this is impossible. I can now only warn others against placing the same thorn in their pillow.

Beware then, young friends, how you speak unkindly to your associates, and especially to your brothers and sisters. Remember that kind words leave no painful remembrances, while harsh, unpleasant words may cause many days and nights of sorrowful reflections when those to whom they were addressed have passed away from earth. Kind words cost no more than unkind words, and who can tell how many an erring one may be persuaded back to the path of rectitude by kindness. Remember, then, young friends, speak kindly to all.

MARY I. B.

THE MAGPIE.

MR. THOMPSON tells an amusing story of a tame magpie, which struck up a friendship with a peculiarly long-wooled sheep. The bird was accustomed to sit on the back of his friend, couching upon the long thick fleece, and making short excursions among the sheep for the purpose of pecking their legs, and making them run about. He also employed the fleece of his friend as a treasury of stolen goods, being accustomed to hide his pilferings among the thick wool and mount guard over them.



THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

Two friends went out one morning to hunt chamois on the Alps. One of them fired and hit the chamois, which, wounded and bleeding, ran away and met the other hunter in a narrow pass between two immense blocks of rock. This man took aim and pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire. With quick decision he then threw his gun away, sprang upon the chamois, caught him by the horns, and allowed the angry animal to drag him over rock and turf, until, just on the edge of a fearful precipice, it fell down exhausted. Two or three steps more would have dashed them both over. After a second a new struggle began on the brink of the cliff. The hunter caught firm hold of a tough bough of fir-wood with one hand, while he grasped the chamois' horns with the other. He waited in this position for some minutes till his companion came up, and, with a few stabs from his knife, killed the still-resisting animal.

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

ONCE, in the silence of the night,
The lamp of God was clear and bright;
And there, by holy angels kept,
Samuel the child securely slept.

An unknown voice the stillness broke,
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke.
He rose—he asked, "Whence came the word?
From Eli?"—no: it was the Lord!

Thus early called to serve his God,
The paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions filled his breast,
And Israel, taught by him, was blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
O, let thy voice now reach our ear;
Speak, Lord, and let thy servants hear.

And ye who know the Saviour's love,
And all his mercies richly prove,
Your timely, friendly aid afford,
And teach us how to serve the Lord.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A DREAM.



WISH to tell the readers of the Advocate a little dream. 'Tis the dream of a very good and wise German lady named Rahel Varnhagen Von Ense. She says:

"In my seventh year I dreamed that I saw God quite near me. He stood above me, and his mantle was the whole sky. On a corner of this mantle I had leave to rest, and lay there in peaceable felicity till I awoke. Ever since, through my whole life, this dream has returned. In the worst times it has been present in my waking hours and given me heavenly comfort. I had leave to throw myself at God's feet on a corner of his mantle. He permitted it."

How beautiful was this dream! How true the lesson it taught! The cloak of God's love is indeed as large as the sky, and we may all lay our weary heads and hearts upon it.

C. J. LACROIX.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

As the armies of the North and South march back and forth through the states in rebellion against the United States, of course they wish to know whether the people whom they meet are friendly or hostile to them. And the inhabitants on their part are obliged to be very careful what they say and do, for if they are friendly to the Union and appear glad to see the northern soldiers, and try to help them, some of their secessionist neighbors may take their time after the soldiers are gone to play them some ugly trick.

The poor blacks have their full share of the suffering, and soon learn to be cautious. An amusing instance of this occurred recently in a town in Louisiana. An old negro sat on the fence by the roadside watching the entrance of the northern troops, when a soldier coming up to him rather suddenly, inquired whether he was in favor of the Confederates or the Yankees. The old man looked very smiling, but he would not say that he was pleased.

"Why, you see, master," said he, "it aint for an old nigger like me to know anything about politics."

"Well, let me know what side you are on any way," said his questioner rather sternly.

The negro at once put on a serious look and replied:

"I'm on de Lord's side and he'll work out his salvation; bress de Lord!"

He told the truth, no doubt, and he showed himself altogether too sharp to be caught even by a Yankee.

C.

A SHORT SERMON FOR A CHILD.

Now, children, if my watch has lost its mainspring where shall I go to get it mended? To the tailor's? No. To the blacksmith's? No. To the watchmaker's? Yes. Why? Because he makes watches, and knows how to mend them. Now, if your hearts are bad, where will you go to have them healed? To your parents? No. To the priest? No. To Jesus Christ? Yes. Why? Because he made the heart, and knows how to heal it.

He who bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again and ten times more.

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