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CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · WE ·

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 15.

MAY 14, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 207.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LEARNING TO PRAY.

THAT mother is teaching her child to pray. That shows she loves her child as a mother should. Some mothers only love their children's bodies, and they therefore only feed them, dress them, pet them, and treat them pretty much as they would a pet lamb, a pet kitten, or a pet bird. But the mother in the picture loves the whole of her child—her body and her soul. And that is why she is teaching the child to pray. She knows that the little one can never be either safe or happy unless she is brought to love and serve the great Being who made and preserves all things. Is she not a good and wise mother?

The child looks as if she loved to pray. Mark her earnest face! Can't you see that she is thinking of God by her solemn air! Do you think God hears her—that little child—pray?

No doubt he does, for he hears even the whispers of every child in the world. Yes, when your heart whispers ever so softly, so that you hardly hear yourself think, God hears. Of course, then, he hears that little child's prayer.

Does God answer the prayers of little children? No doubt of it. Do you suppose he would tell children to pray if he did not intend to answer them? Of course not. But has God asked children to pray? He has. Would you like to see his request? Here it is: "WILT THOU NOT FROM THIS TIME CRY UNTO

ME, MY FATHER, THOU ART THE GUIDE OF MY YOUTH?"

Is not that a kind request? What do you say to it, my child? Will *you*, like the little one in the picture, say yes, by beginning to pray?

You have begun, have you? Happy child! Keep on in the path of prayer and it will lead you to eternal life.

Here is a very short prayer which you may commit to memory:

O that I, a little sinner,
Feeble, helpless little sinner,
To the cross may find a passage,
Find a passage to thy throne.

Praying ever, ever trusting,
May I travel to death's gateway;
Ever near me let me find thee,
Ever let me fondly love thee.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

WAS FANNY A THIEF?

FANNY FOWLER's mother was dead, and Fanny had a little brother, named Willie, of whom she was very, very fond. But it pleased the great lover of children, Jesus, to call Willie to his home in heaven.

Of course, Willie's death made Fanny very sad. To show her love for him, she wanted to put some flowers in his coffin.

"Where can I get them?" she asked herself. "Pa has no garden, and he would not give me money to buy them. Where can I get them? Ah! I know."

Why did Fanny say she knew where to get flowers? Because she thought of a beautiful garden

in the city which belonged to a very rich man. So, putting on her bonnet, she went down to that garden, and, standing in front of the rails, peeped slyly in. She then looked up and down street, and seeing no one, she crept under the rails and plucked a handful of beautiful roses, geranium-blossoms, petunias, and amaranths.

Having crawled beneath the rails back into the street, she was about to run home, when a hand was laid firmly on her shoulder. Looking up she saw a lady, who said in a very kindly voice:

"Was it right, my dear child, for you to gather those flowers?"

"Yes, it *was* right," said Fanny in very positive tones.

"It was right? What do you mean, my dear?" asked the lady a little sternly.

Fanny blushed, and her eyes shot angry glances at the lady as she answered:

"You would have thought it right to gather these flowers if you had a very dear little brother in his coffin!"

The mention of her brother brought all Fanny's grief into her heart, and she burst into a violent fit of weeping. The lady soothed her tenderly, and then by a few kind questions drew her story from her lips. After dwelling on dear Willie's goodness and her love for him, she closed by asking the lady: "Now, was it wrong to gather the flowers to put in the coffin of such a good little brother?"

"Let me ask you a question," replied the lady. "Why did you look first this way and then that before plucking the flowers?"

"Because I was afraid the gardener would see me, and because the little board yonder says we are not to gather the flowers; but I knew in my heart that I wanted them."

"But were they *your* flowers?"

"No, ma'am."

"God says, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Now stealing is taking anything that belongs to another. Have you not, therefore, stolen those flowers?"

"I never steal, ma'am," said Fanny with a frightened look and trembling voice. "I only wanted these flowers to show my love for Willie and not for myself, and God knows this."

"Yes, he knows that. He knows how much you love Willie. He knows, too, how bad you feel because of Willie's death. He pities you, and will comfort you if you try to please him. Still, he says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Fanny now saw that she had done wrong. Could she have restored the flowers to their stems she would have done so. But, since that was impossible, she did all she could to undo her evil deed. She pushed them under the rails and left them in the garden. Then the lady led her to her own garden and gave her some lovely bunches of flowers to place in Willie's coffin.

Did Fanny *steal* those flowers she took from the gentleman's garden? Was she a *thief*? She did not mean to be a thief. She only meant to show her love for Willie. Was she really a thief?

She was. She took flowers that belonged to another without his consent. True, she meant to make a good and loving use of them. But that did not make it right for her to take them. It did not make her less than a thief. Fanny did what many other mistaken persons have done—*she did evil that good might come*—which was wrong. God does not wish any person, young or old, to break one of his laws for the sake of keeping another.

Will you stick a pin here, my child? Will you please note this truth down in your memory? Let me write it in capitals: **IT IS WRONG TO DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.** Then if you are ever tempted to join in a raffle at a fair held for a good object, or to steal that you may do good with the money, or to tell lies to save somebody from suffering—or to do any wrong act whatever for the sake of pleasing those you love, you will have an answer ready for your tempter. You will say, "**I MUST NOT DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.**" May the Lover of children help you to stick to this precious truth! X.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

THE servants of Lord — having been greatly impressed, and evidently reformed, under the preaching of the Gospel, his lordship was one day jeered by some of his friends upon the change. The noble lord replied:

"As to the change of their religion, or what their religious sentiments are, I cannot tell; but one thing I know, that since they have changed their religion they have been much better servants, and shall meet with no opposition from me."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"COZ HE COULD TRUST HIM."

A TEACHER was once telling the scholars in a mission school about Cornelius (see Acts x) sending a devout soldier with a message to Peter. She asked them:

"What is a *devout* man?"

"One who has family prayer," was the not entirely inappropriate answer.

"Why did Cornelius send a *devout* soldier?" inquired the teacher.

"'Coz he could *trust* him, teacher," replied the pupils with great emphasis.

That was well said. Pious men and pious children *can* be trusted. Will my children write me *why*? X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MARCO AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

A FRENCH nobleman had a tame old bear. He kept it in a small cabin, or hutch, placed within his barn. One winter night some poor people stole into the barn to sleep on the hay. Among them was a little boy, who, seeing the bear's nice quarters, crept in and lay down near the bear.

Marco, though tame, was not used to such freedom. It is surprising he did not eat the little fellow for his supper. It is still more surprising that, instead of doing that, he with great good-nature drew the boy gently with his paws close up to his shaggy breast and kept him warm and snug until morning. The poor child liked his bed and the next night returned to it, and was received by Marco in the same gentle manner.

The boy kept up his visits to the bear's house, and the animal seemed to grow quite fond of him, for after his second night he saved part of his sup-

per for his little friend's use. The hungry child eat it with gratitude, and was quite content with Marco's friendship.

After some time the poor child died. Marco missed his coming and was uneasy. He ate very little for a long while, thus showing that even a bear can grieve enough to spoil his appetite.

Master Gruffy may, I think, take lessons from old Marco. If Gruffy's brother or sister happens to be in his little rocker when he comes in from play, he cries, "Get out of my chair, will you?" If little Frankie, his youngest brother, happens to want a bit of his cake, he screams, "Put down my cake!" There is not half so much kindness in Master Gruffy as there was in old Marco. I would appoint Marco to be his teacher did I not know that he may be a pupil in the school of the great Teacher. What say you, Master Gruffy? Will you go to the school of kindness and learn of that loving Teacher who taught us how to love one another by loving us himself even unto death? X.

THE POWER OF LITTLES.

GREAT events, we often find,
On little things depend;
And very small beginnings
Have oft a mighty end.

Letters joined make words,
And words to books may grow,
As flake on flake descending
Forms an avalanche of snow.

A single utterance may good
Or evil thoughts inspire;
One little spark enkindled
May set a town on fire.

Wee words are very often
Full of weal or woe,
Joy or grief depending
On saying "Yes" or "No."

What volumes may be written
With little drops of ink!
How small a leak, unnoticed,
A mighty ship will sink!

A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.

A daily penny—saved—
A fortune may begin;
A daily penny—squandered—
May lead to vice and sin.

Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,
As little streamlets joining
Form the ocean's tide.

Our hours and days, our months and years,
Are in small moments given;
They constitute our TIME below—
ETERNITY IN HEAVEN!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A PLEASANT MESSAGE.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL was once on an excursion in the country. Some of the children amused themselves by running down a green hill-side. One little girl, about to start with her companions in the race, paused, turned to her teacher, and said:

"Teacher, if I fall down hill and get killed, please tell mother I died happy."

That little girl was a Christian. She carried Jesus in her heart while she played. That's the right way to do, for Jesus is just as willing to go to the play-ground with his little lambs as he is to go to Sunday-school or Church with them.—But how many of my readers could send such a pleasant message to their mothers? Q.

If the spring put forth no blossoms in summer there will be no beauty and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, middle life will be without usefulness, and old age miserable.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1864.

MY VISIT TO A HAUNTED HOUSE.



ONCE visited a house which was haunted by a spirit. This ghost was a queer fellow—I believe every ghost is queer. I mean, it had queer ways. Instead of visiting one room and walking at night as most ghosts are said to do, this one walked all day and visited every nook and corner of the house, turning everything topsy-turvy. In the parlor, for example, I found the hearth-rug tumbled into ruffs, the ornaments on the table and mantel were all askew and out of place, the chairs were in the middle of the room, the music-books were under the piano, and the curtains were half off the rollers. In the library the books were huddled together on the shelves, the big ones crushing the little ones; newspapers and pamphlets were stuffed in between them or scattered over the floor. The carpet and walls were stained with ink-splashes, and shreds of cotton, linen, silk, cloth, etc., were lying everywhere around. The bedrooms looked still worse. Everything was in a heap. The bed-clothes looked as if a bear was snoozing under them. The drawers were half open, and their contents looked like piles of rags stuffed in at random and jammed together by pushing the drawer. Broken brushes, bits of comb, hair-oil bottles, pomade jars, and worn-out tooth-brushes were plentifully strewn on the tables and wash-stands. When I sat down to dinner I found this vexatious ghost skipping over the table, spilling the gravy, upsetting the salt, sprinkling bread crumbs about, and brushing potato-skins and bits of meat and pudding from the table to the floor.

All this was the work of the ghost that haunted the house in which I was visiting. Wasn't that ghost a queer fellow? Would you like to know his name? I will tell you. It was

DISORDER!

Does the fellow haunt your house, Master Sharpstick? Is he in yours, Miss Lively? If so I beg you to turn him out. Just make a place for everything and keep everything in its place, and that ghost will run from your home with a quicker step than little Bush-tail, the squirrel, ran up the walnut-tree last summer when old Tompkins's dog tried to catch him.

WHAT MADE A LITTLE GIRL HAPPY.

A LITTLE girl appearing to be very happy was asked: "What gives you your peace? Is there anything in your past life gives you comfort?"

"No," said she. "What gives me comfort is knowing that Jesus loves me, and that I am washed in his precious blood."

Happy girl! I wish all my children were as happy and for the same reason. Are you, my sweet face?

BUYING A BIBLE WITH PUDDING.

A POOR boy, having learned to read by going to Sunday-school, had a great desire to own a Bible. He had no money to buy one and no means to earn money, for he was an apprentice, with no pay only his board and lodging.

But his fellow-apprentice owned a Bible, though he never read it. Our poor boy, knowing that his mate was very fond of a particular kind of pudding which was given them on Sundays only, said to him one day:

"If you will let me have your Bible I will give you my share of pudding for as many Sundays as you like."

The bargain was struck. The Bible changed hands. Its new owner fed upon it and became a child of God. The pudding-eater grew more and more selfish. The Bible boy lost his Sunday pudding but saved his soul.

The pudding-eater filled his stomach but lost his soul. Which was the wiser boy?

Have I child among my readers who would pay such a price for a Bible? If so I would like to grasp his hand. Not being able to do that literally, I do it in my heart.

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

"MR. EDITOR," says the corporal, throwing his old felt hat on the table and dropping into his chair, "I want to know what you think about the war in the United States. When will it be over?"

I can't tell—this summer, I hope. I wish it was over now, my corporal, for war is a cruel and terrible thing. It has already slain and wounded thousands of fathers, sons, and brothers of our neighbors over the line, and carried sorrow into many, many happy homes. Still, I think the harvest that will grow from these fields of blood will be worth all they will cost. The precious lives lost will not have been lost for nothing. The dead and wounded Northern soldiers are freedom's martyrs. From their heroism will come freedom to millions of slaves, the release of the government of the United States from the clutches of the great and wicked slave-power, and the



blessings of Almighty God upon humanity. That the children now in the United States will reap the good fruits of this war when we are in our graves, corporal, I have no doubt. Let us then pray, ay, let *all the children* pray, Good Lord, deliver our neighbors and the world from war and slavery, and every other national evil.

"Amen!" responds the corporal solemnly.

"Amen!" adds Mr. Forrester. "I like that prayer. I hope every child will put it into his morning and evening prayer, and that every little Canadian will constantly cry, From war, and from slavery, and from all evil, good Lord deliver the world!"

"And now," says the corporal, "I will read the answer to the last puzzle: (1.) Lemucl, Prov. xxxi, 1. (2.) Judas, Matt. xxvii, 3. (3.) Laebish, 1 Chron. xi, 9. (4.) Jubilee trumpet, Lev. xxv, 9. (5.) Kir, Isa. xv, 1. (6.) Manasseh, Num. i, 35. (7.) Mills, 1 Kings ix, 24. (8.) Latan, Gen. xxxi, 36. (9.) Luz, Gen. xlviii, 3.—The son of Isaiab, Maher-Shalal-hash-baz, Isa. viii, 3.

"Below is an anagram which contains the principal word of an ancient prophecy that is now being rapidly fulfilled by the help of wicked men who desire to prevent its fulfillment. Here is the anagram: 'O, pa, I hit E.'" The prophecy is finely illustrated in the above picture.

"HOMER P. says:

"DEAR CORPORAL—(although I think it ought to be captain)—I am authorized to impart to you tidings which I know cannot but bring joy. Way out here in the bush, where most people think no person except barbarians live, (I exclude you from that number,) is one of the nicest Sunday-schools that ever existed, not because I attend, but because we have such good teachers and officers, all who know the many souls to be saved and work with a right good zeal. For three weeks there has been a revival in the Church, and great numbers have been converted, which extended to the Sunday-school. Teachers and scholars together sought and many found the Lord, while others are daily striving to find him. Will you please put my name down upon the list of your Try Company, which must be exceedingly large? I don't see how you can command so many, but I know they all have faith, and what

can accomplish more than faith? I have been a very bad boy, but I hope the new leaf which I have turned over is without a blot to stain its brightness, which is not forgiven. We have marched against Satan and routed him, but O what a struggle!

"Here is a line from MARY M'C.:

"I cannot tell you how much I would like to have your picture, but if I had my choice between having it and the love of God in my heart I should take the latter, for you know that when I meet you in heaven (which I hope to do) I can see you there and sing praises to the Lord with you, but I could not get the love of Jesus on the judgment-day, for the time of repenting will be over. All our school is trying to get to heaven. The Sabbath-school is so much more pleasant, and we all feel so much better since we all know that if we keep in the straight and narrow path we will meet Jesus in heaven. Perhaps I am selfish, but I cannot tell the joys of others as well as my own. Dear corporal, I am so happy that I cannot express myself. If you want to know what kind of meetings we have, just imagine a large church full of people, some praying for mercy, some praising the Lord, some shouting and laughing, and Jesus pouring his Spirit out upon all. Of course, there is some hard-hearted ones, but we hope that there will be none soon."

Homer, Mary, and their happy schoolmates are now pilgrims to the city of our God. I hope they will all keep their faces set like flints toward the gate of the new Jerusalem. I trust to walk its golden streets in their company by and by. What next, corporal?

"MATTY V. M., of —, writes:

"I am trying to be a Christian. The first thing I did this year was to read the Bible, and my rule is to read two chapters a day. I love to read the S. S. Advocate better than anything I ever read, except the holy Bible, which I put before all. I gave my heart to Jesus when I was but four years old, while Auntie Bevans, my Sunday-school teacher, was praying for her class. Just when she asked the Lord to help these little lambs to give their hearts to Jesus I gave him mine. O that was a happy day to me! I love Auntie Bevans very much, and I expect to meet her in heaven. I was very happy then, but it soon came into my mind that my pa, who is a minister, would not like it, for he called me his pet lamb; but I felt I had done it, and that I ought to do it, and I never have been sorry for doing it. I was very glad when pa said I did right.

"That's pretty and sweet," adds the corporal, smacking his lips as if he just tasted honey. "Matty shall have her name written in large letters on my roll, and Auntie Bevans shall be made a commissioned officer in my corps."

The Captain of our salvation will not forget Auntie Bevans when he rewards his faithful soldiers. May he clothe Matty with armor of proof, that she may be able to withstand all her enemies!

"Master C. R. L., of —, says:

"I belong to a Sunday-school, and O the pleasant times I have there! The scholars all seem to love their dear Saviour so, but a dark cloud has been hovering over our little band. Yesterday and to-day two of our dearest scholars died—Johnny and Sarah; but O how pleasing it is for their parents to know that they died and went to the arms of Him who loves them, and O how satisfying it is for our dearest of preachers, Mr. Gregory, to see two of his little flock go to the Saviour who loves them! O, Mr. Corporal, he is a dear, good man! I pray that he may always be so. O if you could only hear how pretty he talks to us you would unite with me in saying that he is really a friend to us boys and girls that he has charge over.

"GEORGE P. D. says:

"I have no brothers or sisters on earth, but I have a pa and three sisters in heaven. I am trying to be a good boy and meet them there. I have a dear grandma ninety-two years old, and I have got one of the best mothers that ever was."

George has much to grieve over and much to be glad about. I hope he is "tear-preventer" to that dear old grandmother and to that best of mothers. May he be true to his Saviour!

"Miss C. F. W. says:

"I have a sister in heaven and I am trying to meet her. I have united with the Church in full connection. I am trying to be good. Will you please enlist me in your Try Company? I have read the Bible through, and am reading it through again."

Charlotte is doing a good work. May she be a Bible Christian as well as a member of the corporal's most noble band, to which he admits her most cheerfully. I wish all my children would love Jesus and join the Church too. Why don't they? Can any child give a good reason for not loving Jesus?

This tune is from our new book, "THE CHURCH SINGER."

Thy Will be Done. C. M.

C. O. News.

Gently.

1. How sweet to be allowed to pray To God, the Ho - ly One; With fil - ial love and trust to say, "Fa - ther, thy will be done."

2. We in these sa - cred words can find A cure for ev - 'ry ill; They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.

3. O could my heart thus ev - er pray, Thus in - i - tate thy Son! Teach me, O God, with truth to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"

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THE SLY MAGPIE.

DR. STEVELLY, of Belfast, owned a magpie of which he tells this funny story:

"Our magpie was particularly fond of any shining article, such as spoons and trinkets; these he frequently stole, and we came upon his treasure-house in a remarkable way. There was an old gentleman, a great friend of my father's, who resided with us almost continually. He was of a peculiarly studious disposition, but from a deformity in his person he used generally to read standing, with his arms and breast resting on the back of a chair, and the book placed on a table before him. After having read for a while, it was his habit to take off his spectacles, lay them beside him, blow his nose, take a pinch of snuff, and after a few moments' pondering what he had been reading, resume his spectacles and proceed.

"One very warm day I lay reading at the end of a room in which there was an open glass-door leading to the greenhouse; in this room the old gentleman was most intently pursuing his studies at a little distance from me. My attention was soon arrested by seeing the magpie perched upon the chair near him, eyeing him most intently and with a very arch expression, and at length, in an instant, he had with a most active hop reached the table, secured the red-leathern spectacle-case, and was out of the glass-door with the most noiseless wing and with a very graceful motion. I remained quiet, resolved to see the end of the joke. After a few seconds' absence Jack was again at his post, eyeing the old gentleman with a most inquisitive and yet business-like glance. It was almost impossible to resist the ludicrous impression produced by the entire scene. At length off came the spectacles, and out came the pocket-handkerchief and snuff-box. Quick as thought, Jack had visited the table, and was out of the open door with the prize, which I have no doubt had from the beginning been the object of his covetous admiration while they were on the nose of the gentleman!

"At length, the period of rumination having elapsed, the old gentleman was about replacing the spectacles. As soon as his surprise had abated at not finding them with his hand beside him on the table, he removed the chair and groped about on the carpet, then raised the book and examined every

part of the table. Not being able to restrain myself any longer, I exploded in laughter, and of course I was instantly suspected of playing off a practical joke, and charged with taking the spectacles, but at length succeeded in convincing him that I had never risen from the sofa on which I reclined. After a good deal of laughing, and other members of the family having been attracted to the room by the noise, I was compelled to own that I had witnessed Jack's theft.

"The question then became serious how the articles were to be recovered. Some person suggested that a teaspoon should be left on the table and Jack be watched. This was done, but Jack's motions were so rapid that he eluded us all, seeming at first to pass completely over the house. At length, by placing two or three persons in favorable positions, he was 'marked' in a leaden valley, between a double part of the roof, and this having been closely searched a deposit was discovered, not only of the things which Jack had that day carried off, but also of other articles which had long been supposed to be lost, but respecting which a breath of suspicion as to Jack had never been entertained!"—*Wood's Illustrated Natural History.*

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.



Two little birds had a nest in the bushes in the back part of the garden. Julia found the nest. It had some speckled eggs in it— one, two, three, four. But she did not trouble the nest or distress the dear little birds. One day, after she had been away some time, down

she ran into the garden to take a peep at the four little speckled eggs. Instead of the beautiful eggs there were only broken, empty shells.

"O," she said, picking out the pieces, "the beautiful eggs are all spoiled and broken!"

"No, Julia," replied her brother, "they are not spoiled; the best part of them has taken wings and flown away."

So it is when a Christian child dies: its little body, left behind, is only an empty shell; while its soul, the better part, has taken wings and flown away.

BLACK YOUR BOOTS! WHY?

BRIGHTLY-POLISHED boots are cooler in warm weather and warmer in cold weather than dull and dusty boots; for in warm weather they reflect the heat of the sun, which dusty and dirty boots absorb; and in cold weather the clean boot does not allow the warmth of your foot to radiate freely, whereas the unclean boot does. Clean, bright boots are con-

sequently more comfortable, as well as respectable, both in hot weather and in cold. Not only will different substances, as iron and wood, give out heat or take it in, more or less, but the same substance radiates heat more or less actively as it is bright or dull, rough or smooth. Now, dirty boots are rough as well as dull. They have a surface of many little hills and valleys, so that, in truth, there is more surface for heat to pass through either way. As a rough surface is a larger surface, more heat from within than from without always passes through dull and dirty boots than polished ones.

BE LIKE JESUS.

To be like Jesus! O how sweet!
Living on earth as Jesus did!
Never to speak one angry word,
But always do as we are bid!

To be like Jesus! he, dear child,
With God and man in favor grew;
Never was known to tell a lie,
But always said just what was true.

To be like Jesus! when, O Lord,
Thou giv'st a holy heart to me,
Never shall I then wish to sin,
But always try to be like thee.

To be like Jesus! pure in thought,
And word, and deed! O help me, Lord,
Never thy Spirit more to grieve,
But always love thy holy word.

To be like Jesus! O how sweet!
When I go home to heaven above
Never shall I forget thee more,
But always dwell with thee in love.

THE fear of God and sweet content,
Yield riches that will ne'er be spent.

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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