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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

FACE ON EARTH CANADA GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER LITTLE UNTO M6

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 19.

JULY 14, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 259.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

## The Right Style of Boyhood.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

THAT boy's face pleases me. It is quiet, but earnest. There is neither sadness nor nonsense in it. His dress is somewhat out of fashion, but his expression belongs to a boy of the right style. Who is he?

His name is WILLIAM MULREADY. He is an Irish boy. He was born eighty years ago. In the picture he is taking the first step of a great and honorable career. Shall I explain?

The boy thinks he is an artist. He has been trying his best to make a picture on that roll you see in his hand. He had been told that Mr. THOMAS BANKS, a sculptor, and member of an academy of art, was very friendly to young students like himself. Armed with his roll of drawings, young William went to the home of the sculptor and rang the bell. The servant opened the door in an ill-humor and said:

"How dare you come making a dirt and noise here? Be off with you! Do you hear? Don't stand there, but go when I tell you."

The little artist did not like this rough treatment, but he was too well bred to retort in the same style. So he stood still, gazing at the servant with a quiet but determined look. She was about to renew her wordy assault, when the sculptor stepped forward and said:

"What is it, my little man?"

"Sure, I want you to get me into the Academy, if you please, sir," replied the boy with genuine Irish good-nature.

"Time enough for that; but let me see what you can do. Come in."

Thus invited, William trudged through the hall with his muddy shoes, very much to the annoyance

of the servant. In the studio he handed his roll to the artist.

"Ah!" said Banks, after glancing at its contents,

tried again, and tried once more. That made him an artist. It will make you a scholar, a merchant, a mechanic, a farmer, a minister, an artist, or indeed



"plenty of time for the Academy. Try again. Go home, make another drawing of this figure, and come to me in a month."

William bowed, gathered up his papers, and, with the dignity of a man, left the room. In a month he returned, and was again ushered into the sculptor's studio.

Banks looked carefully at the drawing a while, and said, "This is much better; but you must try again. See if you can make a better drawing than this! Students in art must not mind work."

"It's not the work that will frighten me, sir," replied the stout-hearted little fellow as he replaced his roll under his arm and walked away.

In one week he stood once more in the studio, and his heart beat high when he heard the admiring artist say:

"This is, indeed, an advance. You must come into my studio and work here—but you have not yet told me your name."

"William Mulready, sir."

"Then, William Mulready, attend to me. Always strive as you have done lately, and your name will be an honored one indeed; but mind, never leave off trying again."

William followed this excellent counsel, and his paintings are now to be found among the works of the most eminent artists. He died, crowned with the honors of his profession, three years ago.

Boys, I like the style of William Mulready's boyhood. It was adorned with soberness, work, pluck, patience, good-humor, perseverance. These are precious and beautiful ornaments for boys. I want you all to wear them, especially the last. He tried,

anything to which you may be called in this life. Better still, if the same spirit is applied to religion it will make you a Christian.

"Give me the dauntless boy  
Who flinches not from labor or fatigue,  
But moves right on upon the path of duty.  
God will stand by the boy who boldly stands  
By God's command; God will give him energy  
And courage now, and afterward success."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### God's Three Helps for Children.

"It's very hard to do right," said a little boy to his mother one day. "I don't think God will punish children for doing wrong when they *can't* help it.

Freddie thought this argument a good apology for sinning. But his mother thought it was no apology at all. So she said:

"But children *can* help doing wrong if they use *God's helps*."

"God's helps!" exclaimed the boy with a look of wonder. "What are God's helps? I never heard of them before."

"Perhaps not by that name, my son," rejoined the lady, "but you do know them, I think. They are, 1. The *Bible*, to show you what is right. 2. The *Holy Spirit*, to give you strength to do it. 3. Your *conscience*, to chide you when you do wrong, and to cheer you when you do right. These are God's three helps for children."

Freddie went to the window, looked up to the blue heavens, and thought the matter over in silence for several minutes. Then turning round he said:

"Yes, I think God does help children, and it isn't his fault; but *why then don't they do right?*"

"Because they don't use God's helps," replied his mother.

"I see it now," said Freddie, with tears in his eyes. "Boys can help doing wrong if they choose. It is not God's fault at all if they don't."

I hope Freddie used God's helps after that time, but I don't know. But whether he did or not, I trust my Advocate family will. Let them study the Bible for instruction, pray to Jesus for the Holy Spirit to help them, and be obedient to the still small voice—the soft whisper in their hearts, and they will find that children can help doing wrong. God's mighty arm of Grace can help them keep his holy commandments.

Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### Gratitude for Half a Cake.

SOME Christian people once had a picnic in a pleasant grove. After they had eaten as much as they wished, they sent the food which remained to the poor in the neighborhood. Half a cake was sent by a boy to a poor old negress. She took it, rolled her eyes heavenward, and said:

"My Fader, me tanka dee. You nebber forget me. Me hungry, you gib me bread. Lord Jesu Christi bless de minister who tink ob me."

That old negress had a grateful heart and a thankful tongue. How is it with you, my child? God makes you rich with his great mercies. Is your heart grateful? Do your lips praise him? Q.

### Behavior in Church.

LITTLE children must be quiet  
When to holy church they go;  
They must sit with serious faces;  
Must not play or whisper low.

For the church is God's own temple,  
Where men go for praise and prayer;  
And the great God will not love those  
Who forget his presence there.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### The Black Drop of Sin.

THE Turks believe in a false prophet named MOHAMMED. Their books tell some curious stories about him. Among other things, they say that when he was a little boy he went out to walk with his nurse. Two angels dressed in white met him, tore him open, seized his heart, and took out a *little black drop of sin*. They then put his heart back into its place, cured his wounds, and left him a sinless boy.

You are all wise enough to know that such a thing as this could not occur, although millions of poor ignorant Turks believe it did. No doubt Mohammed had what they call a *little black drop of sin* in his heart, but angels could not take it away in that or any other fashion. Nothing but the blood of Christ can take sin out of any heart.

Did it ever occur to you that the *black drop of sin* is in your heart? What is it which makes it easier for you to do wrong than right? The black drop of sin? What is it that causes you to love to do wrong? The black drop of sin. What is it that makes you dislike obedience? The black drop of sin. What makes you dislike to pray, to think of God, and to become a Christian? The black drop of sin.

The girl in the water was told by her parents never to cross that stream on the stepping stones, but to go round by the bridge. The black drop of sin led her to disobey her parents, and as you see, she is tasting the wages of sin.

This black drop of sin means a heart in love with sin, as yours is if Jesus has not washed your sins away. Let me tell you good news which is true. Jesus loves to take this black drop of sin out of children's hearts. Take yours to him. Tell him the black drop of sin troubles you, makes you naughty, and that you want it taken out. He will hear you. He will answer you. W.

DISTRUST oft makes the thief. Say-well is good; do-well is better.

### Longing for Heaven.

A LITTLE child during her last illness was wont to say to her mother, "I long to be there," meaning heaven. "There we can praise him all the time; and the blessed Saviour will rejoice to hear us too; it makes me feel very happy."

"Zion! how glorious to behold!  
We shall be there ere long;  
O let the timid now be bold,  
And let the faint be strong!"

"Sing, sing ye pilgrims on your way;  
Let joy fill every breast;  
Our King will all our toils repay  
When we have gained our rest."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### The Flint and the Steel—A Fable.

THE *flint* and *steel*, which had long acted together in perfect friendship, kindling many a tinder box by willing co-operation, quarreled one day. The steel was furious because the flint bruised his sides. The flint said, "You have chipped my side, too, and made me look old and battered. I won't stand it."

"Very well," said the spunky steel, "let us part. Good-by."

"O good-by," replied the flint, "I guess you won't amount to much when I'm gone."

"And you won't be worth a spark without me," retorted the steel.

And so flint and steel parted. While acting together they had been useful, but separated they were valueless, and both found their way into separate rubbish boxes.

Let children who quarrel and despise each other learn a lesson from this fable. God did not make them to quarrel, but to act and play and live together, just as he made the steel and flint to act together in the production of sparks. It is by loving and helping each other that children help one another to grow wiser and happier. When they quarrel and live apart they hurt themselves, and rob each other. Better live in friendship, and then, as the flint and steel by harmony make sparks, so they will make their homes bright and beautiful with the holy lights of love and kindness. W.

### About Tobacco.

"HERE, Carlo, will you take a smoke?"  
Asked little Tommy Carr,  
As in Sir Doggy's mouth he put  
The end of a cigar.

"Bow, wow," cried Carlo; "master dear,  
You surely mean a joke;  
I never knew a dog so lost  
To shame that he would smoke."

"Then I will give it to the pig,"  
Said little Tommy Carr,  
And at the sty he offered her  
The end of the cigar.

The dignity of Mrs. Pig  
Was sorely wounded now;  
"Ugh, ugh! my little man," she cried,  
"No dog, nor pig, nor cow,

"However hungry they may be,  
The dirty weed will touch;  
How folks with reason smoke or chew  
I wonder very much!"

"I'll run and wash my hands," cried Tom,  
"And never, never more  
Touch a cigar, though uncle drop  
A dozen on the floor."

If from tobacco senseless brutes  
Away disgusted turn,  
That 'tis not fit for human mouth  
We cannot fail to learn.

—Songs for my Children.

From the Canada Sunday School Harp.

THE INQUIRY.

1. How can I be a hap - py child Where waves of troub - le roll, And drink of pleasures  
2. How can I be a ho - ly child, And shun the downward road, Where Sa - tan reigns and

Chorus. 'Tis found in Je - sus: Yes, 'twas he With blood the bless - ing bought: 'Twas dear to him, 'tis

un - de - filed That sat - is - fy the soul? For all with - in and all around Is doomed to droop and die; Then  
sin has spoiled The noblest work of God? How shall I tread enchanted ground, And keep my garments white; And  
free to me; It costs the sin - ner naught.

where shall happi - ness be found, And who the want sup - ply?  
where shall conqu'ring grace be found, And armor for the fight?

3 How can I be a useful child,  
And feel for others' woes,  
And make the desert drear and wild  
To blossom as the rose?  
I'll pray and toil and do my part,  
And ne'er to slumber yield;  
But where's the strength to keep my heart  
From fainting on the field?

Now, children, you are to imagine a large 117 ground floor apartment, in a paper-mill, boxes piled up against the walls, a few short forms placed a little in advance: here are seated about a dozen poor scholars, conning their tasks—a small table, in the centre of the room, on which are placed a Bible and Prayer-book—apart from the other learners stands Big Tom, near the table—the bright and slanting sunbeams of a July afternoon are finding their way through the high casements, and falling on the ground, near Tom's place—in fact, they touch his feet: his brogues none of the best, his feet stockingless, his patched corduroys too short, and his father's coat too long—his linen clean, his face glowing, and his great eyes dancing with some untold joy!—the whole man surmounted by a shock of raven-black hair, obstinately radiating in every direction.

Now, imagine his left shoulder *unnecessarily* thrust up to his ear, to afford a hiding-place for some treasure which he has concealed under his left arm, and which he grasps firmly with his right hand!

After the collect for the day has been read (heads bowed in prayer,) the children recommence their lessons, and Mrs. E. says, "Tom, you will spell for these ladies, and

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1866.

LITTLE NITA AND HER COMPANIONS.

BY MRS. JANE HOLMES, ENGLAND.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

**D**URING the year in which Nita worked the age "Seven" on her sampler, (for little girls *did* work samplers in those days,) several events occurred in her child-life which interested her greatly—such as her escape from the late kidnapper; her long and happy holiday among the Hills, with the dear Mamma of "Diamond Bright," and some other circumstances which you shall hear.

One is a story far more important than anything concerning herself could possibly be; and, although strange, is *true*. It made a lasting impression on Nita's young mind, and she only regrets her inability to present her little readers with a pencil sketch of the scene in the Mill. For a year previous to this time, she had been in the habit of amusing herself trying to make little drawings of objects or persons that struck her fancy; and her Mamma had kindly supplied her with paper, pencils, and India rubber, for this purpose; but the scene in the Mill far surpassed little Nita's artistic skill *then*, and does so *still*—so she must only endeavour to convey some idea of it with her pen.

Soon after her arrival at the Hills, Mrs. E. took her little son, "Diamond Bright", and her little guest, Nita, out for a walk. On their way they saw a number of poor boys at play: Mrs. E. stopped to speak to some of them whom she knew.

There was then no public Sunday School in the neighborhood, and this good lady, during her summer residence in the country, used to collect a few poor children into an adjoining Paper Mill to teach them to read the Bible, and to talk to them on sacred subjects.

On the occasion of this walk, she observed a tall stupid-looking boy standing apart, sullenly leaning against a hedge. She enquired why he was not playing with the others; he only stared at the

beautiful lady in white, but made no reply. She asked him his name—still no answer; but, if possible, a wider stare!!

Mrs. E. then turned to a merry-looking little fellow, with a kite in his hand, and said, "Bill, who is that poor dumb boy?" "He's my big brother Tom, ma'am, and he's *not* dumb; he's only a *natural*." "And you say he can speak?" "Yes, ma'am, when he chooses, and that's very seldom!" "Can he hear?" "Quite well, ma'am." "Then, Bill, bring him with you to the mill, on Sunday afternoon."

Then there was a smothered laugh among the children, at the idea of "big Tom, the *natural*," going to school! The lady walked back to the dull boy, shook hands with him, and said in her own sweet tones:—"Tom, you are to come to me on Sunday." Tom coloured up very red, and pulled his hair, by way of making a bow.

Well, Tom *did* come on Sunday, not knowing a letter of the alphabet: the lady placed him beside herself, and Diamond Bright and Nita stood close to her while she gave Big Tom his first lesson. *On that day six weeks, the reputed "natural" read aloud slowly and distinctly, in that mill, the second chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel!*

Of course, during the intermediate Sabbaths, he had learned to spell words of one, two and three syllables; and, better still, by paying attention to the lady's simple addresses to her scholars, Tom had learned the grand Gospel truth, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had come into this world to save sinners; and that, consequently, there was a possibility of even poor Tom reaching heaven at last, through the merits of that Saviour! Tom's face glowed and his eyes sparkled, and the lady, seeing the deep interest which he took, presented him with a copy of the New Testament, at the close of the fifth Sabbath lesson; saying, "Tom, I shall begin to teach you to read in this chapter, the story of the birth of Jesus Christ, when you come, next Sunday."

Meantime, visitors arrived at the Hills; and at table, on the sixth Sunday, Mrs. E. was talking of the strange boy, who had been considered an idiot, but who had suddenly shown such ability to learn. The visitors were interested, and they accompanied Mr. and Mrs. E. to the Mill, in the afternoon, to see and hear this wonderful boy.

let them hear what progress you have made." "Please, ma'am, I can read *that* chapter." (Tom gives a significant nod, and emphasizes the word "that.") "Oh, no, Tom! not yet; but you soon will." "Hear me, ma'am, I spelled *at it* all the week, and I know it, every word." Without waiting for permission, Tom pulls down the hidden Testament, and begins to read, pointing as he goes along!

Mrs. E., in mute astonishment, clasped her jewelled hands, and, approaching the boy, places her interlaced fingers across his shoulder, bends her head, and drops tears! the tram of her white dress escapes from her arm, falls to the ground, and catches the sunbeams! The visitors form a semi-circle—the two children gaze in wonder! The little scholars mount the forms and boxes to see *overhead*, and the hush is something awful while Tom proceeds with the chapter distinctly and emphatically

The moment for the artist would have been when Tom, sympathizing with the wise men in their "exceeding great joy," exultingly stretches himself up to his full height! Here, with a beaming face, he looks around to see if every one is as much delighted as he is, at the discovery of the infant Saviour!

Tom proceeds to the end of the chapter, reading as if by inspiration! At the conclusion, the visitors press forward to shake hands with him, and to express their cordial participation in the hallowed joy of their guests. And who will venture to say that there were not present unseen visitants, rejoicing in the awakened intellect of an immortal spirit. As to the dear lady herself, her smiles and tears were many—her words few: just, "Thank God!"

The reputed idiot received a suitable secular education, and became a sensible and respectable tradesman.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

A little girl in Yorkshire, when water was scarce saved as much rain-water as she could, and sold it to the washer-women for a cent a bucket, and in this way cleared nearly five dollars for the Missionary Society. When she brought it to the secretary she was not willing to tell her name.

"But I must put down where the money came from," said he  
"Call it, then," replied the little girl, "Rain from heaven."

May the Lord and his little pilgrims send a plentiful shower of such rain upon our mission!



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Spider's Web.



WHEN I was at work in the garden this morning I saw a spider's web on the trellis, and I went to look at it. It was of the kind made by the geometrical spider, so called because its web is made with so much regularity. I always like to look at these webs, especially when the dew is on, for then the silken threads look as if strung with the purest gems.

But there was something else on this web—a fly's wing and a dead beetle. And when I touched the trellis down came Mr. Spider himself, hanging by a thread. I did not jump

nor scream, but I stepped back rather sprily. I dislike spiders. I always did. I am not afraid of them, for there are very few in this country

that are poisonous; but they are so fierce and so cruel and so quarrelsome that I cannot like them. Some of them fight each other like demons, and the victor eats up the vanquished.

It is even said of some kinds that the young ones eat up their own mothers! I declare, it is too horrible to think about.

There are many kinds of spiders. Father Long-legs is one kind. They do not all spin webs to catch their prey.

Some spin only just enough to swing themselves about on from place to place. Their silk is very curious. It is so fine that it would require thousands of the little cords to make a rope as large as one of your hairs; yet each cord is made up of thousands of strands. Talk of your six cord spool cotton! It is not worthy of mention compared with this. Above is a picture of a spider's spinning machine greatly magnified.

The web made by the silkworm can be wound off, and spun and woven. It is much coarser than the spider's web. One man in France tamed eight hundred spiders, which he kept for the sake of their silk. It is used in single threads for some scientific purposes, but people have never been able to make it into gauze or handkerchiefs or ribbons. It is much more available for catching flies and stringing dew-drops.

J. C.

Be Kind.

A GENTLEMAN had two little girls who in fine weather went out every day in a little carriage. Now there was a boy who lived near by, who did all he could to tease them every time they went out

to ride. At last he was so bad that their father thought he would call on the parents of the boy, and tell them about it. But that very day while they were out Mary said to Carrie, "I don't love little Thomas because he throws stones, and is a naughty boy."

"O, but mamma says we must love everybody, so I try to love little Thomas."

"Well, then, I will try too," said Mary.

So when they saw Thomas again Carrie said, "I love you, little Thomas."

Then Thomas went away, and they saw him no more that day.

The next day when they saw him they nodded to him, and said again, "I love you, little Thomas." A day or two after that they gave him some fruit that they had, and he soon became their fast friend.

have put in some seed. When you were eating that nice Spitzenberg this spring, or that golden pippin last fall, or that rich-melting Bartlett, what a nice thing it would have been to save the seed and plant it. Where? Why in the corner of the garden, or out behind the wood-shed, or all along the roadside.



If you should be continually putting in plum or pear, peach, cherry, or apple, and put stakes around them, and look after them a little, you might be able while yet a boy to line the roadside with fruit trees all along your father's farm, and perhaps your neighbor's farm too. If all my *Advocate* nephews should do so we would have lanes of fruit trees all through the country. I wonder if when I am old and gray-headed I shall be permitted to see such lanes in riding through the country, and think that some of my *Advocate* readers put them out!

And the girls can do the same too if they like, or they can perhaps get a corner of the garden to plant out a vine, or a bed of strawberries, or raspberries, or blackberries.

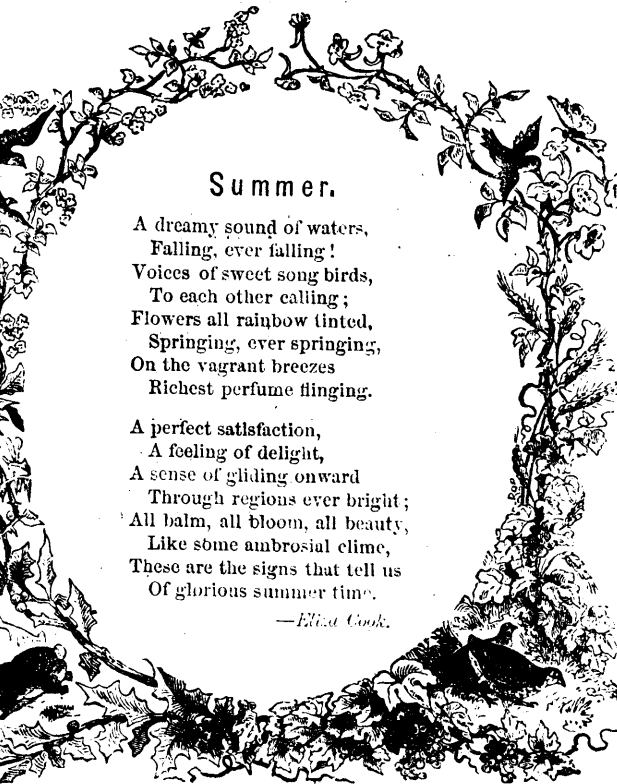
But pray do something every year, if it is only to stick down some currant

slips. It will be pleasant to see them grow, and to think that some day you or some one else will eat the fruit of them.

AUNT JULIA.

THE king's favor is toward a wise servant; but his wrath is against him that causeth shame. Prov. xiv, 35.

Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker, and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished. Prov. xvii, 5.



Summer.

A dreamy sound of waters,  
Falling, ever falling!  
Voices of sweet song birds,  
To each other calling;  
Flowers all rainbow tinted,  
Springing, ever springing,  
On the vagrant breezes  
Richest perfume flinging.

A perfect satisfaction,  
A feeling of delight,  
A sense of gliding onward  
Through regions ever bright;  
All balm, all bloom, all beauty,  
Like some ambrosial clime,  
These are the signs that tell us  
Of glorious summer time.

—Ellis Cook.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Our Northern Fruits.

The time of fruits has come again. Strawberries, cherries, and currants are ripe. Raspberries will soon follow, then blackberries and huckleberries, tomatoes and plums, peaches and melons, grapes, and pears, and apples. What a rich list is this! When you see oranges, pine-apples, and bananas, that come from warm latitudes, are you sometimes tempted to complain that we cannot raise many kinds of fruits in this country? If so just look over the above list once more.

I have heard ladies from South Carolina say that they do not have nearly so many kinds of fruit as we have here in the latitude of New York. Their apples were almost worthless, currants they never saw, and many of their smaller fruits were not so good as we have them. This might have been because they did not take sufficient pains to cultivate them, though I believe it is a fact that they cannot raise good apples there. And I would not exchange our northern apples for any other fruit in the world. Other fruits are very nice occasionally, but I do not know of any other that I could eat every day from August to April and not tire of it. I believe God has given to every latitude the fruit best suited to its climate. And our climate makes nobler men and women than the tropics do.

If we do not have fruit enough here it may be our own fault. What are our little folks doing to aid in its cultivation? Lucius, what did you plant this year? Nothing? You had no land? Was there not some neglected corner that you could beg? You had no trees? Well, then you could

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