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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · MORN ·

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 11.

MARCH 10, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 251.

RONALD AND HIS SCHOOL-MATES.

"I SHOULD like an orange, and a fig, and a bunch of grapes quite as much as you, Edward, but I cannot afford to buy them."

"What a prudent fellow you are, Ronald. Prudent or stingy—which is it?"

"I think I should prefer being the first," replied Ronald; "Lesson said the other day that Jack Hornton was not a boy to be trusted—he had no prudence; so, Edward, I should like to have what Hornton wants. I do NOT think I am stingy."

There were four or five little lads standing round Edward and Ronald while this chatting went on, and they broke into a chorus of "No! No! No! Ronald is not stingy—No! No!"

"Proof!" shouted Dick Mings, (Dick was always noisy.) "The proof is he is not stingy of his time, for he has often got up at four in the morning to help me to learn my lessons."

"Ronald," said James Bligh, "is the best coach in the school for stupid chaps," and this raised a laugh against dull Master Mings.

"He is not stingy of his money," said Lanty Browne; "the last time I lost my purse, with one dime, three cents, and a burnt dime therein, Ronald gave all he had, and never asked me for it that whole term, and what's more, never spoke of it, though he had nothing for ice-cream, or cakes, or anything."

"He is not stingy in anything," cried the small piping voice of little Sandy Crab; "he likes to hear us all praised, and does not care for praise himself."

"Hold hard there, wee Sandy," cried Ronald; "I do care for praise, I care for it awful."

"A fine! a fine!" shouted Edward Thorold; "the usher said more than once that Ronald never talked slang. Now, I leave it to you all if 'awful,' used in that way, is not slang? The master, as you all know, will not have what he calls 'impure English' talked in the school. We are forced to pick our

words as young ladies pick their steps. Let Will Graves sit in judgment: he took first grammar prize last term: come, Will, is Ronald guilty or not guilty? Guilty or not guilty?" he said over and over again.

William Graves was a long, lanky, pale boy with a well-formed head, small twinkling eyes, and a twisted nose that gave him a comic yet clever look.

William sprang on the lawn roller, and then looking very grave, he said, "'Awful,' so used, is absurd. I heard a boy say a rose smelt awful sweet, that sprats smelt awful bad, that his sister was awful

pretty, the apples awful sour, the taffy awful burnt, and his tea awful strong. Now, fellow-pupils of the jury, I think all this might be called awful nonsense."

"Ay, ay," shouted the lads, and clapped their hands wildly.

"But," added Will, "as this is, I think, Ronald's first offense, what say you? Guilty?"

"Jury cannot agree."

"Well, then, let him who never used a slang word name his fine."

The lads looked at each other, and laughed, and leaped into the air, and then made a great rush to the cricket-ground.

I grieve to say that during this brief talk Edward had eaten his orange, fig, and grapes, and had not shared them even with little Phil, dear little pale Phil, a sick child who was much loved by the great boys, who, in turn, carried him on their shoulders when they went to the wood, for Phil could not walk like his friends, one leg being a little shorter than the other, and the limb smaller. The surgeon, who saw him now and then, said that there was something that would give him great comfort and make him walk almost as well as other lads, and that he might perhaps play cricket. Poor Phil did so long to be able to run, and jump, and play.

The boys of whom I write were all pupils at a school called Temple Chase. The

master's name was Downs. If they were not happy there it was their own faults, but I am sorry to say there are some boys—and girls as well as boys—who are very thankless for the good they receive at schools or anywhere else.

You shall hear more about these boys in my next.

LIE not; but let thy heart be true to God!
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TALK ABOUT THE HEATHEN.

WHEN I was a child I used to love to get pennies for the missionaries, so that the heathen might have the Bible and know about *my* dear Saviour who wanted to bless and save them too. And so do many of you, dear romping boys and sprightly girls. You stop sometimes in the midst of a "royal frolic," and the laughing face grows sad while mamma or auntie tells about the little ones—fond of life as you are, with eyes and hands like yours, and who, like you, are "so afraid of the dark," but who are yet sometimes buried alive. O how you wish you had their bad gods! you "would burn them up, every one of them!" And you want to be grown up so that you can tell them about your loving God. You can easily do without "sour balls," and make your dollies of paper or rags, can't you, if your pennies will help to make these poor little things happy and send them to heaven when they die? Now, stop reading for a moment, little fellow, and pray, O God, save the poor heathen, for Jesus' sake. God hears prayer.

Do you hear sometimes about the other heathen too, nearer to you, whose children are far worse off than if they were buried alive or thrown to the river-god? Or do you, as I did once, think they all live "across the big water," with their houses full of idols?

Now listen while I tell you. There are some just around the corner, in that house you pass on your way to school. That little beggar you think so ugly, and dirty, and saucy is one. Yes, Jesus loves her so much that he died to save her, and is praying for her now; but she knows nothing about it. Don't dislike her so much next time you meet her, but think about this and ask God to bless her. Some of these young heathen, ah, perhaps some of the old ones, are like the little boy I heard of who begged the policeman to release him, saying he would like to be good, but nobody showed him how. Poor little fellow! But some one tried to show him after that, and he was not so naughty again.

Perhaps if you will tell this to papa or some friend they will help these poor people to be good. Why, you can do it yourself; aren't you glad of that? You can tell them about your Sunday-school and about Jesus while the cook is hunting up scraps for them. Ask God to help you; it will do more good if you do.

There are other heathen, rich ones, who live in some of those splendid houses where you think they must be all so happy. You can help them, too, by prayer. O, my little fellow, it is wicked not to pray for all these.

Are you tired of Sister Em's talk now? Run away, then, and be happy, but don't forget. Some other day, if your "dear Mr. Wise" says so, I will talk to you again, perhaps.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SUGAR BOILING.

ONE of the pleasant things in the life of the northern farmer is sugar-making in early spring. When OLD WINTER lets go his stern grip upon nature, when graceful, coquettish MISS SPRING, with her smiles and tears, her merriment and her scolding, comes to melt the snows, unbind the rivers, woo the buds to swell, and the flowers to bloom, then the farmer goes into his maple groves with his rude sap-troughs, his pails, and his kettles. Then he inserts little tubes or spouts in the trees, through which the clear sap trickles into the troughs. This sap he carries off in pails to his camping-ground. After he has enough sap he makes it into sugar by boiling it. I like maple sugar, don't you?

When "sugaring-off-time" comes all the young folks go to the sugar-camp to taste the syrup and nibble at the sugar-cakes. They have a *sweet* time then and enjoy it finely. Look at some of them in



the picture! Don't they look happy? I should like to join them, and give my opinion about the quality of that syrup which the good farmer has just put into the bowl, shouldn't you?

The farmer has to work hard, but then how independent and healthy he is! I know his hard work often frightens boys and girls, and they say, "We wouldn't like to live on farms." They think city life is easier. They would rather live in shops and sewing-rooms. They are mistaken. City people have to work very hard to get a bare living. Rich men work as hard as poor ones, and generally die younger. In fact, everybody who gets along honestly in this world must work hard somehow. On the whole, I think a farmer who loves God and cultivates his mind as well as his land, is in the most pleasant place on earth. You know, God made the first man a farmer and gardener, and the first woman was a farmer's wife. Be content, therefore, O child of the country. Learn to till the soil. Be a reader, a thinker, above all, be a Christian, and you will find the dear old farm the happiest corner of the world for you to live and die in. ADAM.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MAKING CHIPS TALK.

A MISSIONARY in one of the South Sea islands was one day attending to some work at quite a distance from the mission-house when it happened that he wanted more tools. So taking out his pencil, he picked up a large smooth chip of wood, wrote his wishes upon it, and requested one of the natives to take it to the mission-house and he would receive the required tools. The native was not a little surprised to be asked to carry a *chip*; perhaps he thought it very silly; but when he saw the missionary's wife look at it attentively and then hand him the very tools that were wanted, he changed his mind, begged permission to keep the chip, and then hung it about his neck, showing it to every one he met, and telling the marvelous achievement of the English, who could "make chips talk."

But this is not a whit more marvelous than it is to make paper talk, and we would think just as strangely of that if we had never seen it done before. But however common it may be, it still is wonderful. Only think of sending your thoughts, your words just as you utter them, away over long distances and make people understand what you would say just as if you went yourself. Then, again, you can shut them up in a book and keep them, so

that people who shall live many years afterward may know just what you thought, and felt, and said.

But the most wonderful of all is that God, whose voice we cannot hear, has put down *his thoughts* and his wishes about us in a book that we can read, and it is just what he would say to us if we could see him and hear his voice. O that is far more wonderful than for a man to make chips talk! We should keep the precious book by us and look in it often, and ask him to help us to understand and love the things he has written for us there. A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WILLIE'S PROMISE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

YES, I remember very well,
'Tis scarce one year ago,
That Willie sat upon my knee—
Dear child! I loved him so.
And I was telling him how bright
And beautiful was heaven,
And how to happy children there
Sweet, holy joys were given.

I told him of the Saviour's love;
How little ones were brought
To share his blessing, and to hear
The lessons that he taught
And that a host, by him redeemed,
Dwelt in that region fair,
And throngs of childish worshippers
Were with the blessed there.

Ah, little one, I said, when I
Shall reach that happy place,
And free from sorrow and from pain,
Shall only sing of grace,
I'll wait beside the pearly gates
To greet your coming too.
"Perhaps I'll get there first," he said,
"And then I'll watch for you."

His full lips showed the rose of health,
His eyes were bright and clear;
Yet ere five fleeting months were gone
He was no longer here.
With weary feet we slowly tread
The path that leadeth home,
Remembering that promise sweet,
To watch until we come.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW MARY WENT HOME.

LITTLE MARY died well. She had long been a Sunday-scholar, and though, like other children, she expected to live and grow up, yet when she heard the summons to go she was ready. Her illness was short but severe, yet she thought of all around her with tender affection. She distributed her little treasures with perfect composure. She knew that she would need them no longer. When her pa expressed his fears that she was dying, she replied promptly that she was not afraid to die, and begged her mamma not to weep for her when she was gone, because it would make her sick.

During her last agonizing sufferings she begged her pa to tell her what to do. His reply was, "My dear, we have done all we can to help you; there is only one help now, ask God to help you."

She immediately put up her hands and with touching simplicity said, "Dear heavenly Father, if you will take away this pain and make me well I will serve you all my life; but if I am to die, please take me now."

The pain immediately ceased, and she lay easily upon her side waiting for an hour or more, when she passed quietly away to be forever with the Lord. O.

WHEN we devote our youth to God
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1866.

THE CRUEL TAVERN KEEPER.



JUST nearly opposite the window of the Office in which I am, is a tavern, called the *Ontario House*. On one holiday, as I was not very busy, I sat by the window, and watched those who were passing on the street. Soon, I saw three or four men go into the "Bar-Room" of this tavern, and after a short time, I heard loud talking, laughing and singing, and I could see them "playing for the drinks."

Perhaps you don't know what "playing for the drinks" means, so I will tell you. It is this:—the men play some games, and the one who loses calls for something for *all* the players to drink, and he pays for it.

After some time these men got so drunk that they could not walk without staggering, and then the *very kind* tavern keeper, who had made all the money out of them that he could, took them by their shoulders and put them out of the door on to the side-walk, to get along as best they could—afraid, I suppose, that they, by being drunk in his house would take away its *legal respectability!!!* I don't know what became of them, but very likely the constables put them in the cells; for the same law that allows the tavern keeper to make men drunk, sends a man to gaol for getting drunk.

Another day I saw a man who was standing in front of this tavern, and who looked very much like the tavern keeper, strike a little boy who was selling him a newspaper, because the paper did not suit him. He hit the little fellow on the side of the head, then threw the paper on the side-walk and made him give him another. I felt very sorry for the poor child, who did not seem to be more than eight years old, for he went away so sad, and I thought that perhaps he had no home and nothing to make him happy.

A week or two ago, this tavern keeper got drunk, and while trying to harness a span of horses to a carriage, became angry at one of the horses and beat it most cruelly, hitting it over the eyes and kicking it very savagely.

But saddest of all—a few days ago I saw crape on the "Bar-Room" door, and heard that the tavern keeper was—dead. The papers say he died of *delerium tremens*.

Now what was the cause of all this misery and crime? *Strong Drink*. We see a man who, perhaps, once was kind and affectionate, getting a living by making men drunk, and when they could not take care of themselves, turning them out on the streets—perhaps to perish—striking a child who had done him no wrong—cruelly beating a horse that could not defend itself, and at last reeling into a drunkard's grave. "*It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*" Truly, "wine is a mocker, and strong drink raging." Let us then pledge ourselves to "touch not, taste not, handle not the accursed thing." I have done so—will you? Those of you who would like to take a pledge "not to use intoxicating liquor as a beverage," might give in your names to your Sunday-School Teachers, who no doubt will be very happy to form Temperance classes.

"NED."

Every one has his weak side; let us learn what that is, and take care of it, for the same thing does not work alike upon all.

A Series of Talks, by Old Huncks.

TALK FOURTH.



HAVE been thinking, that before I tell you any more about our Sunday School I had better tell you something more about the good man who persuaded the people to begin it.

It was, I think, in the summer of 1815 or '16, that a grave looking gentleman in black, perhaps thirty-five years of age, came in to a week-day school, taught by a Mr. Barber, near the corner of what are now called Yonge and Richmond Streets, in the now city of Toronto. It was not a regularly built school-house, for there was not one single building then in the town put up for a school-house, where now there are so many and such fine ones. It had been built for a saddler's shop, which it was for a good while, but it answered *pretty* well for a school-house for all that. It had a long window in front, almost the whole side of the house. The building was rather new and clean, and it was painted red. I used to think it very pleasantly situated. North and east of it there was playground enough. A fence, bounding Captain Magill's farm on the south, ran on the north side of what you now call Richmond Street, on the inside of this fence there were some very tempting blackberries, which the boys used to pluck.

Well, we were better at picking berries than at our books. But, as I was saying, while we were all engaged in the school one day, the above mentioned gentleman made his appearance, and asked the privilege of talking to the scholars. He spoke of God and religion, and he prayed. I dare say there were a good many there, besides myself, who had never heard a public address of a religious kind, or a prayer before. My heart was very much softened, and I wept; but some little boys boasted afterwards that they plucked his coat-tail, and pulled the handkerchief out of his pocket. If they had been taught and trained in Sabbath-school, as you are, they would not have been so naughty.

He spoke then about a Sabbath-school, but he did not get the people persuaded to go about it till two or three years after. I told you about its beginning in my first talk. I am rather going to tell you about the *man himself* this time; for he came often, for a great many years, till I knew him well, and learned to love him. He was very mild and gentle, with a soft, pleasant voice. I think he used to travel along the whole frontier of Canada, and away around the south side of the Lakes in the state of New York as well. Perhaps you had better get down your Atlas, and follow him around; and read all about the places abutting on these waters. The country was all very new then, or newly settled. There were no railroads, nor even macadamized roads, and very poor carriage roads of any kind. He went on horseback, and carried his clothes and a great many nice books for little boys and girls in a large pair of leather saddle-bags, which lay across the saddle, and in a leather valise, strapped on to what they call a mail-pad, behind. As he usually stopped where I lived a good many years, I got to know OLD DICK (that was his horse's name) pretty well. I often rode him to pasture, and to water, too; and when he came off one of those long journeys he was always tired, and his legs were stiff, and he did not want to go fast. I fear that I was, little boy like, often thoughtless, and made him trot or canter when he would rather have walked.

That was rather cruel of me, and I am sorry for it now. But sometimes he had a better time than his master. I heard *Mr. Osgoode* (that was the gentleman's name) telling at our place on his arrival one time, that, somewhere on the other side of the Niagara River, in taking a short cut through the woods, so as to get to some place where he wished to lodge, he missed his way, and had to sleep all night in the woods. He said, "I could not browse so well as my horse." If you do not know what browsing means, look in your dictionary and find out—that is what a dictionary is for. Mr. O. had to go without his supper, and breakfast too, till late the next day. Yet as a Christian who loved his Master, Christ's work, he did not mind it much. Old Dick was, what they call, a sore horse. I thought you would like to know.

Mr. O. always loved little children very much, and continued going about doing good, in Ireland, England, and Scotland, (where he died) as well as Canada and the United States, until he became a very, very old gentleman. He would talk to very little children, and teach them a little prayer in verse that they could easily remember. Here is one of his, if you do not know it already, you had better learn it:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Teach me how to come to thee."

He used to give tracts and children's hymn books to the young people where he staid; and sometimes it did a great deal of good. This is a way of doing good that even a child might copy. He could get the attention of children; and he would go into Roman Catholic schools, and address them without giving them offence, and very much to their delight. He would tell them of the "Son of the blessed Virgin, who was so good when a boy, and would never throw another little boy's hat over the fence;" and he would advise them to practice temperance, (which you must also) from the example of Father Mathew, the great apostle of temperance in Ireland.

Though he died very poor, thousands, if I remember right, attended his funeral. No doubt he is now in heaven, and you may go and see him there. Will you try?

ANTICIPATE THE CHOLERA.—Be at peace with yourselves. Be at peace with your stomach. Be at peace with the world. Above all, be at peace with God.

CLEANLINESS.—Be clean in person, clean in appetite, clean in manners, clean in speech, clean in dealing; but above all, be clean in heart. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and heart cleanliness is the highest type of godliness.

TEMPERANCE.—"Be temperate in all things;" temperate in eating, temperate in drinking, temperate in speaking, temperate in desire, sober in heart and life. "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

DON'T BE IN A HURRY.—Take time to eat, time to work, time to rest, time to read, time to think, time to be good-natured, time to be honest; above all, take time to love and serve the Lord.

BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS.—Why, what harm will these books do me? The same harm that personal intercourse would with the bad men who wrote them. That "a man is known by the company he keeps," is an old proverb; but it is no more true than that a man's character may be determined by knowing what books he reads. If a good book cannot be read without making one better, a bad book cannot be read without making one worse.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ANNIE LEE'S SELF-DENIAL.

ANNIE LEE was a lovely child. She had a fair face, with rosy cheeks, and a sweet little mouth that always looked as if it wanted to be kissed; she had large, thoughtful eyes, and a heart overflowing with love. This little girl loved to go to church and hear the good pastor preach about Jesus.

One Sunday morning his text was, "God loveth a cheerful giver." He made the duty of helping the poor so plain that little Annie understood him quite well. She had not a great deal of pin-money, for she was but a little girl; but in the afternoon she took all she had and put it in the missionary-box at Sunday-school. She was not satisfied with this, and often said to herself, "I would like to do something for Jesus, but I do not know what I can do."

That very week Thanksgiving-day arrived, and Annie's mamma had invited her grandpa and grandma, and her uncles and aunts, to come and spend the day with them. Great preparations were made, and Annie anticipated a deal of enjoyment. She followed her mother to the store-room many times a day to see the jellies, tarts, and other nice things that were arranged so temptingly upon the broad shelves. The night before Thanksgiving she went early to bed, kneeling first and asking Jesus to make her a good child and help her do something for him.

In the morning she arose and ran down into the kitchen. There was the great turkey, the chicken-pie, the oysters, salads, etc. The little girl's heart was filled with delight as she anticipated the coming feast. Soon the dear friends arrived, and the hours sped gleefully on. Annie was standing at the window, and she saw a pale-faced, ragged boy go down the basement steps. She ran to see if there was any food for him; but the cook said, "No, I'm busy and can't be bothered."

Annie went sadly back to the door, and then she thought of what the good minister had said about giving to the poor, and this noble little girl said to herself:

"I will give him *my* dinner; he is a poor little boy, and Jesus wants us to be good to the poor."

She looked back at the delicious food that was being prepared, and was tempted, after all, to send the lad away; but then she thought, "No, that would do, for 'God loveth the cheerful giver.'"

She brought him into the warm hall and told him that she would get him something to eat if he would wait. She went up stairs and whispered in her mother's ear that there was a little hungry boy down stairs, and she would like to give him her dinner. Mrs. Lee said she might give him some bread and cold meat, but Annie replied:

"Dear mamma, last night I dreamed that a beautiful angel, in robes like the golden sunshine, came to me and said, 'Child, what hast thou done for Jesus?' and I said, 'I am but a little girl, what can I do?' And the angel said to me, 'God's poor you have always with you.' Now, dear mamma, this little boy is one of God's poor, and I would like him to have my good, good dinner."

The mother's heart was filled with joy at this manifestation of the spirit of love and charity, and she gladly gave her permission to do as she liked. When they were seated at dinner and her plate was filled, she quietly slipped away from the table and carried it down to the waiting, hungry lad. Mrs. Lee told her husband not to ask Annie any questions about her dinner, so no one seemed to notice that the little girl was eating only bread and butter. When the dessert was brought on she bravely took her well-filled plate and descended again to the basement, and she felt well repaid by the boy's grateful "Thank ye, miss, that was good." He looked so bright and happy that she was very glad that she had given her dinner to him, and she said:

"Little boy, I have given you *my* dinner, and I have eaten nothing but bread and butter."

"Did ye now, miss? that's too bad."

Annie said, "Did you never hear about Jesus? He has done more for you than I. He loves you so well that he left his bright home in heaven, and came and lived here on earth. He was nailed upon the cross by wicked men, and died there that *you*, and I, and all might go and live with him in that bright world where he is now."

"I never heard tell o' that, miss. Is it true?"

"Yes, and if you will come to the Sunday-school the good teachers there will tell you all about it. Will you come?"

"Yes, I will, miss, and thank ye."

When he had gone she went up to the parlor, where the family and guests were sitting. Her mother had told the story of Annie's self-denial,



THANKSGIVING-DAY.

and as she came into the room her father held out his arms to her. She ran joyously to him, and as he seated her upon his knee he exclaimed:

"God bless you, Annie! You have done something for Jesus now, for he has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

In another week the bright angel came again to Annie's bedside and smiled upon the child, and when he returned to glory he bore upon his snowy wings the pure spirit of Annie Lee.

The poor boy went to Sunday-school, and was so attentive and punctual that his teacher became interested in him and found him a good situation. He was honest and diligent, and rose to a respectable station in life. He never forgot Annie Lee, and often said he hoped to meet her before the "great white throne."

AUNT HATTIE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE JOSIE'S PRAYER.

I HAVE a little friend about four years old, whom we will call Josie, of whom many good things may be said. She has great faith in God, and has no doubt that he hears and answers prayer. One Sabbath evening it was stormy, and there was no prayer-meeting; so the family prayer-meeting was proposed instead.

In the family there was a lame aunt, who could not kneel and did not pray. When it came little Josie's turn to pray she was found ready for her part. So she offered up with great simplicity and fervor the following prayer:

"O Lord, bress grandpa and grandma; bress mamma, Brother Georgie, and Sister Tallie, and bress Aunt Mary, too, *dess'e* same, for you know she

is lame and *tan't* kneel down. So, Lord, bress her *dess'e* same."

What simplicity and faith! Do all the little children pray for their dear friends as honestly and faithfully as my little friend Josie did? N. C. LEBANON, N. H., 1866.

A TRUE DOG STORY.

OLD TARTAR was a favorite dog,
Sagacious, faithful, true;
And, though he was both wise and good,
He had some whimsies too.

If in his master's house he saw
No symptoms of *roast meat*,
He straightway came to us to know
What *we* had got to eat.

And after his repast was done
Back to his home he'd trot;
He always went, when told to go,
Save *once*—when he *would not*.

Coaxing and threats alike were vain;
He would not leave the door;
'Twas very odd; he never had
Behaved like this before.

So, wondering much at Tartar's whim,
He was allowed to stay;
The household all retired to rest,
And wrapped in slumber lay.

But in the night his voice was heard;
Most furious was he:
He growled, and tore about the house;
What could the matter be?

When morning came, 'twas found a bolt
With crowbar had been bent:
To get into the "counting-house"
Doubtless was the intent.

But Tartar's unsuspected voice
No doubt the robbers scared,
Who surely had an entrance gained
But for our faithful guard.

Say, was it chance which led the dog
On that one night to stay;
Or Providence, who kept him there
To drive the rogues away?

THE SNAIL AND THE BEES.

ONE day a snail crawled into a bee-hive. The bees soon crowded about her in great wonder. They could not make out what the lady with the house on her back could want.

As she was very much in the way, creeping along the road in their busy little town, they tried to turn her out; but all in vain. They could not get her to go out of the hive.

At last they tried another plan. They sealed up all the edges of her shell with wax, and so fixed it firmly to the bottom of the hive. The poor snail could not move. She soon died, and did not trouble them any more.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

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

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Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

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

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