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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPER LITTLE

UNTIL M.C.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 5.

DECEMBER 10, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 221.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

THE above picture and the one in your last paper represent the beautiful parable of Jesus, which is recorded by St. Matthew in these words:

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto

the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came: and they that were ready, went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

Isn't that beautiful? Do you understand it? No? Do you want to understand it? Yes? Very good. Read on. Who are the ten virgins? All people who call themselves Christians. You are one of them, because you are a Christian boy or girl.

Who are the foolish virgins? Persons who are Christians in name only and not in heart. Such

persons carry a lamp, (of profession,) but have no oil in their vessels; that is, no grace in their hearts. The Spirit of Jesus does not dwell in them. Wise virgins are those who are Christians both in name and reality.

The bridegroom is Jesus. His coming is the end of the world. Then the foolish virgins will be refused admission to his beautiful heavenly city, and the wise ones will go in to enjoy it forever. How joyful they will be! How sad the foolish ones will be!

I hope you are one of the wise virgins, my sweet little maiden, and you, too, my noble little boy. Are you? Yes? Praise the Lord! No? I'm sorry. I beg you to pray, "Lord Jesus, make me a wise virgin by putting thy Spirit into my heart."

U. U.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE FIRST MARTYR OF METHODISM.

"PA," said Henry Lennox, "I read the other day of the *first martyr of Methodism*. I didn't know before that Methodism ever had any martyrs."

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Lennox, "Methodism has had its martyrs both in this country and in England. People hated its doctrines, its zeal, its warfare against sin just as they hated the same things in the times of the primitive Church, and therefore they persecuted its preachers and professors."

"But did they really kill anybody, pa, for being a Methodist?" asked Henry.

"They did not try and sentence any one to the stake or gallows, my son, as they did in earlier and ruder times. But they ill-used Methodists, beating and stoning them very cruelly, so that many died. THOMAS BEARD, a preacher and companion of John Nelson, was so ill-treated that he died in a hospital at Newcastle. He has been called the 'Protomartyr (the first martyr) of Methodism.' Others were afterward killed by mob violence, especially in Ireland; and even in America a DAUGHADAY, and, in later times, a BEWLEY, have lost their lives for uttering the truth as held by the Methodists. Many, no doubt, have suffered the mental pains of martyrdom in secret places."

"Well, pa," rejoined Henry, "I should not like to be a martyr, but I would rather die than deny what I believe to be true."

"Bravely spoken, my Henry. That is the true martyr spirit. Cherish it, my son. You may, even in this age, have need of it before you die."

Mr. Lennox was right. There is need enough of that spirit which is ready to die for the truth, which prefers death to dishonor. May Jesus give it to every member of my happy Advocate family!

U. U.

LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB AND ARISE WITH THE LARK.

How sweet is the evening, when shadows are long!
How fresh is the morning, when daylight is strong!
How good is the lesson, for dawning and dark,
"Lie down with the lamb and arise with the lark!"

The lamb is an emblem of Him whom I praise;
The lark may instruct me my music to raise:
Whatever the business in which you embark,
"Lie down with the lamb and arise with the lark."

Lie down in sweet lowliness, simple and meek;
Arise with devotion, Christ's praises to speak;
But resting or rising, this maxim remark,
"Lie down with the lamb and arise with the lark."

Thus lamb-like and lark-like my days I would spend,
All peaceful and joyful, till all my days end;
If, then, you have ears for my parable—hark!
"Lie down with the lamb and arise with the lark."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW LITTLE EDWARD COMFORTED HIS FATHER.

EDWARD'S father was a minister, and he and his older brother had been taught to pray to our heavenly Father to take care of them and their dear father and mother. They had been told that he would hear their prayers and help them whenever they were in trouble. The good minister, Edward's father, was taken sick. He grew more and more feeble, month after month. By and by he began to think that he should never get well again. He was so weak that he was obliged to give up his preaching, and he was confined to his house. He had no means of obtaining bread for his little family except by preaching, and now that he was too sick to do this, he could not see how his family was to be fed.

The mother of Edward, too, was not strong, and often was quite ill. The afflicted father's money was almost gone. One day he was sitting upon his



bed feeling very much discouraged. For a moment, as he thought of himself and his suffering wife, and his little children, who might soon be left without a father, the tears began to start from his eyes. Edward's mother, ill herself and very much affected by the sorrow of his father, wept also, and the older brother, who could understand the reason why his parents felt so badly, sat near them and mingled his tears with theirs.

Little Edward saw it. He was playing quietly in the sick-room. It made him feel badly to see the tears of his father and mother. Edward had always been remarkably fond of prayer. He loved the Saviour, and enjoyed going to him to tell him all his troubles, and to seek his blessing. There was comfort somewhere for his parents, but he was too small a boy to know how to give it to them. He had a feeling in his heart that the blessed Jesus could make them happy and take care of them all, even if father and mother should be sick. He played a little while silently about the room, while the weeping continued, then he went into the next chamber, leaving the door open. In a very few moments his little voice was heard singing aloud, but tenderly,

"O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end."

It was like a voice from heaven to the fainting father. Jesus was his friend. He would give him grace to conquer. He would keep him to the end. It brought a beam of heavenly sunshine into the sick-room. Jesus wiped away their tears, and the little boy and his parents rejoiced together. These words are now as a voice from heaven to these parents. The little boy has since that singing gone to Jesus. The Saviour said to his parents, "Suffer the little boy to come unto me," and they gave him to Jesus, for it was better for Edward, although their hearts were made sad. He speaks to them from heaven and says:

"O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend."

Jesus has in a wonderful manner been their friend, taking care of them during all the long months of their sickness.

If we have Jesus for a friend we shall never want for a home, or food, or comforts; he will help us to overcome all our temptations, and he will keep us to the end.

There will be some one that we can speak to in a moment if we are in trouble; one that is ready and

pleased to hear us, and one that is able and willing to help us.

"One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end." P.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE OPEN DOOR.

A poor widow in Holland was out of food. Evening came, her children were crying for bread and she had none to give them. But she knew where to go for help. She gathered her little ones about her and laid their case before their heavenly Father. When they rose from their knees one little boy of eight called up the story of Elijah, who was fed by the ravens in the wilderness.

"Yes, my child," said the mother; "but that was a great while ago."

The little fellow did not see what difference that made. He thought that what God had done once he might do again, and so he opened the door to let the birds in if they should come.

Pretty soon a neighbor passing by, stopped to inquire why the door stood open so at night. The widow told him that it was a childish fancy of her boy's. He thought perhaps

the ravens might come in and bring some food to satisfy their hunger.

"Ah," said the good man, "have you nothing to eat? I'll be your raven then. Come home with me, my lad, and you shall get a plenty."

Soon the boy came back with an abundant supply of food for his little brothers and sisters, and when it was disposed of he went to the door, and looking up, said reverently, "Many thanks, good Lord."

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

ONCE upon a time, during a famine in France, a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house and said to them:

"In this basket is a loaf for each one of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled, and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend.

Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner.

On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home her sick mother cut the loaf and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins!

The mother was alarmed and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has, no doubt, got into the bread by some mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he, "it was *no mistake*. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find throughout life blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf of bread."

SLOTH makes all things difficult, but industry all easy: and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

FIBBING.

"What, Neddie, where have you been?" inquired Mrs. Stepney of her son Edward, a boy of ten, as he entered the parlor a little flushed with running. "It is six o'clock and your school closes at four. What have you been doing since school, my son?"

"O ma," replied the boy, "when we play base-ball we have such jolly good fun we don't think at all about the clock, or tea-time, or anything else. Is tea ready now?"

This answer led Edward's mother to conclude that he had been playing base-ball. What else could she think?

But had he been playing that game with his school-mates? Not at all. He had been "kept in" by his teacher for bad lessons, and was ashamed to confess his disgrace. So he made his mother believe that he had been playing.

"What a shame and a sin it is for you to deceive your good mother so!" said Neddie's conscience as he sat eating his nice supper.

"I don't care," replied the boy to this faithful but troublesome voice. "I don't care. I didn't tell her a lie. I didn't say I had been playing base-ball."

"But you said words which made your mother think you had, and which you meant should make her think so," replied conscience.

But Edward was stubborn. He had entered the wrong path, and so he went to bed leaving the false impression on his mother's mind.

Children, did Edward lie or not? *Of course he did, sir, I hear you reply.* You are right, my children. Edward did not squarely lie, because he did not say he had been playing base-ball, but he used words which deceived her, just as he meant they should. He intended to deceive her, and that intention made his words a lie. Indeed, it was a very bad sort of a lie, because it was dressed up in the livery of truth.

Some children would call Eddie's lie a *fib*. Nonsense! A fib is a lie. Every word you utter, my child, with an intention to produce a false impression on some person's mind is a lie. So be careful of your words. Always tell the exact truth, for no character is more hateful either to God or man than that of the liar.

THE BIBLE BOY'S DRUM.

THERE is a drummer-boy in the United States army who loves Jesus. I wish all drummer-boys and all other boys had the same love in their hearts. Now it happened that amid the marchings and battles of his regiment this boy lost his Bible. Some boys would not have cared much for such a loss, but this boy did, for he regarded his Bible as a letter from his beloved Saviour to himself, and was very fond of reading it. What do you think he did? He began to make a Bible for himself! Queer, wasn't it? You don't see how he did it, eh! I will tell you.

He had formerly been a Sabbath-school boy, and his head was well filled with choice Scripture texts. Those texts he began to write on his drum one after another until it was written all over. I don't suppose Uncle Sam ever had such a drum in his army before. Yet I don't suppose those texts hurt its sound a bit, and I'm quite sure the young drummer is none the less faithful to his duty for having the word of the Lord before him when he ples his drum-sticks and marches into the smoke of battle. God bless that Bible-loving drummer-boy! Let all the children say amen to this prayer.

Listen, Master Lazybrain! You often say you don't see the use of learning Scripture texts. Suppose that drummer-boy had said so when he was at Sabbath-school, wouldn't he have lost the comfort and courage those remembered texts have given him since he lost his Bible? Now you may live to be placed where you will have no Bible, or you may become blind. Then you will feel the need of those texts you now refuse to remember to comfort and guide you. Ah, my son, those texts you despise are precious things. They are worth more than diamonds. They are seeds of nobleness, truth, manliness,

courage, and piety. Despise them no more. Study them. Write them on your mind. Engrave them on your memory. Let them sink into your heart and give shape to your actions and life.



MY LETTER BUDGET.

"MR. EDITOR," says the Corporal, "I want you to tell me what ought to be done to a great lot of a boy named HAROLD, who teases and torments almost everybody and every thing he comes near. For instance, he saw a dear little sparrow one day flying round his father's grounds in search of a few worms for its dinner. In a moment the idle fellow threw a stone which brought down the poor creature so badly wounded that it died after an hour or two of suffering. This cruelty the fellow called 'fun.' Then he has a habit of hunting Snowdrop, his sister's favorite kitten. He drives it round the house with a fury that makes the little creature tremble with fright, and excites all manner of unhappy feelings in the breast of its mistress. The other day he entered the parlor so softly that no one heard him until Pussy, seeing her enemy, cried Me-o-w, and sprang into the arms of her mistress. Etta ran off. Harold rushed after her, knocking down an old-



fashioned fire-screen in his haste, very much to the annoyance of his mother.

"These are only specimens of Harold's misconduct. He is like a wasp, buzzing round everybody's ears and

stinging every person he touches. He is the tormentor of his family. What ought to be done with the fellow?"

"He ought to be made to suffer a little himself," says the 'Squire, who, by the way, is not apt to be very severe on any one. But to-day his words are sharp, for he cannot endure such boys as Harold. "I would like," he continues, "to send that boy to Africa for treatment."

"To Africa, 'Squire? Why to Africa?" inquires the Corporal.

"In that country, I am told, they rub red pepper into the eyes of disobedient boys. It is a tough punishment, and I would not apply it myself. But if any boy ought to be so treated it is a cruel one. Perhaps the only way to teach such a boy to be kind to others is to make him suffer pain."

Perhaps so, 'Squire, but not such pain as must follow the use of red pepper. That is torture. None but savages would resort to it. You refer to it merely to illustrate your point strongly, I presume?

"That's all," replies the 'Squire.

So I thought. If there is a Harold in my Advocate family I beg him to note the feelings of the Corporal and the 'Squire. His conduct pains them, excites them to anger, calls forth words which rarely fall from their lips. How does Harold like standing so low in their estimation? Let him remember that as they feel toward him so do his parents, his brothers and sisters, his schoolmates. Harold is a disliked boy. God, who loves the merciful, cannot love him so long as he is cruel, unkind, and unmerciful to others. How does Harold like his position? *Not a bit, hey?* Let him repent, then. Let him seek a new heart, and then he will love everything and everybody too well to torment even a fly. Now, my Corporal, bring out your letters.

"Here is a capital letter from —. It says:

"CORPORAL TRY,—The Sunday-School Advocate has long been a welcome visitor with us, and through its columns we have heard of the wonderful Try Company. We have talked a great deal about this company, and thought it would be a nice thing to enlist and help fill up the ranks. Accordingly, a few Sabbaths ago quite a number of us gave in our names and wished to have them added to your list, provided you would receive us; but, taking a second thought upon the subject, we came to the conclusion that if you would receive our whole Sabbath-school, superintendents, teachers, and all, we would like to enlist as a regiment, (and a large regiment we will make,) and fight together against the many trials and temptations that beset soldiers. With 'I will try' for our motto, we hope to conquer all difficulties, and never be found idle until our great Captain shall proclaim our warfare ended. Now, Corporal, will you accept our regiment and give us a place in your large army? We are anxiously waiting for an answer.

"Stand to your arms, ye sons and daughters of the Lord! Allow no skulking around Idle Corner or Alcohol Den. Put on the armor of God, and fight for Jesus, all of you, until the cross triumphs over land and sea!" Such is the Corporal's first order to this regiment of Western boys and girls.

"VICTOR C. W., of —, says:

"I have commenced reading in the First Reader, and was four years old last February. I go to Sabbath-school, and have learned the ten commandments and Lord's prayer. I have a little sister Lizzie in heaven. I was so lonesome after she died, I prayed to God to send me another sister, and he did. I love her very much, and I want to be good so that I can see my other sister again.

"Victor is smart to be in the First Reader at her age," the Corporal remarks, and he adds, "I guess we must let her enlist. She will do for a place among my reserves."

All right, Corporal, and I want Victor to kiss that new sister for me. Read on, sir!

"CLARA and ALICE, of —, write me very prettily. Alice asks:

"MR. CORPORAL,—When we find out the answer to a puzzle can we send it to you, or do you answer them yourself? I find them out a great many times."

The Corporal answers his own puzzles. His company are expected to find out the answers as soon as they can, and then look into their next paper to see if they are right. The letters of Clara and Alice please the Corporal very much, if I may judge from the smile he has on his lips just now.

"SARAH and LYDIA, of —, say:

"We are twin sisters, ten years of age. We belong to the Try Company, and are trying to be good."

May these dear girls stand up for Jesus with strong, united hearts. The goodness they seek can only be found at the cross of Jesus.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR LIBRARY-BOOK?

Why, read it of course! Certainly, but when? As soon as possible. That is what Willie thinks over there in the next class. He made no small commotion when the librarian brought the books. He had his hands upon them before his teacher could fairly get hold of them, and I heard him say, "There, that's mine! No, no, this one!" loud enough to disturb all the classes around him. As soon as he opened it he exclaimed, "O see this picture! Say, Tim, yours ha'n't got such a nice picture as this! Let me see your book, Tim!"

But Tim knew better than to keep up a disturbance in that way, and he slipped his book under his jacket. So Willie soon settled himself to read his new book without noticing more than a minute the teacher's request that he should attend to the lesson. Your teacher has put your books away, I see, until you shall be ready to go home. I like that plan much better.

Carrie, I'm sorry to say, makes a regular practice of reading her book in church. She begins while the minister is offering prayer. I suppose she does not think that He to whom she ought to be praying looks with disapproval on this irreverence. And when the others stand up to sing the high praises of God, she sits and reads. And when the minister begins to talk to her and the others about their souls and the things that concern their eternal welfare, still she reads. What rudeness! Would she not feel very much hurt if, when calling on her pastor and talking to him, he should take up a book and begin to read without paying any attention to what she says? But she does the same thing to him right here in church, Sunday after Sunday, when he is talking about such solemn things too. She insults both her pastor and her Saviour. I am sure she never had such a superintendent as I had once or she would not do so. If this superintendent saw us reading in church she took our books away, and in most cases we did not get them again before the next Sunday. At the second offense we were certain to have the full extent of that penalty.

She used to say that after all the pains that were taken to get nice books for us we ought to know better than to insult the people and the pastor, and, above all, Him whom we came to worship, by reading them during the services of God's house. If people cannot pay attention to the services why do they come to the church? If we said that we "didn't think," she told us that was no excuse, and

we could not have even that pretense any longer. And she said it all so kindly and made it look so reasonable that we were not often caught the second time.

But you have no time to read at home? Then you have no need of a book. You are not obliged to take one. Books are for those that have time to read them.

I once had a little girl in my class that often lost her book, left it at home saying that she could not find it. That was because she had no place for it. Then she would ask to take another, saying that she would return them both on the next Sunday. But I could not allow that. I kept telling her that she must have a place at home to keep her book, either in the book-case, or on the mantel-shelf, or in a corner of her drawer, and when she was not reading she must put it away in its place. Well, but others wished to read it. Should she not let them? Certainly, but she could ask them to put it away in its place when they were through with it, and whenever she saw it lying about she must put it away. She tried to do as I said, and soon it came about that almost every Sunday morning she found her book in its place, and that bad habit was cured.

You have read that book have you, Chester? I am glad that you have kept it so nicely. I think you must have used it carefully. Perhaps you have a pride in returning your books in just as good a condition as you get them, no dogs' ears, no pencil-marks. Some children try to attract attention by writing their names in their library-books. But they display only their own coarseness and vanity, and when I see a name written thus in a borrowed book it always lowers the writer in my estimation.

Here's Eddie in a deal of trouble. There's a book charged against him and he cannot take out another. He has brought one in this morning, but it is not the one that is charged against him. This is Harry's book, and Harry has Eddie's book. Harry was to be here this morning and change back again, but he is not, and so Eddie must go without a book. That is a bad plan. Suppose Harry should lose that book now, Eddie could not get another until it is paid for. It is the best way for every boy to take care of his own book and then he has his affairs in his own hands. Besides, we trusted to his honor. He has no right to lend a borrowed book.

When boys and girls go to school they should not read too many books. They often have as many studies as they can attend to through the week, and in that case they want only a small Sunday-school book that they can easily read through on Sunday afternoon or in the evening. Do not try to read so much that you cannot remember it. That is bad for your memory. But when you get a good book read it carefully, and pray God to help you that you may be the better for having read it.

AUNT JULIA.

THE FIRST STEP.

MANY years since two men were executed at Carlisle for burglary. A minister then living in that city was moved by compassion for the men, and applied to the judge for a respite. He was informed that on account of the cruelty attending the robbery, capital punishment must be inflicted. His lordship recommended their humane intercessor to use the only means which could now be available to the culprits in preparing them by Christian instruction for the awful change which awaited them. In the course of his benevolent visits to this gloomy abode, he questioned the prisoners how they had been led from the path of honesty to commit such crimes. In answer to these inquiries, one of the unhappy men declared that his first step to ruin was taking a halfpenny out of his mother's pocket while she was asleep. From this sin he was led, by small but fatal degrees, to the crimes for which he was so soon to suffer a shameful death.



MY LITTLE BROTHER.

LITTLE brother, darling boy,
You are very dear to me;
I am happy—full of joy,
When your smiling face I see.
I'll be very kind to you,
Never strike or make you cry,
As some naughty children do,
Quite forgetting God is nigh.
Shake your rattle—here it is—
Listen to its merry noise;
And when you are tired of this
I will bring you other toys.

AN IRISHMAN'S SHREWDNESS.

SAID an Irishman to the telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?"

"No," said the operator.

"And do ye charge for signing his name, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, will you please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing the following: "To John M'Flinn—At New York—Patrick M'Flinn."

It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

TIME with all its celerity moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—BACON.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

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