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# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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## Milly's Doves.

THE way that Milly came to have the doves was this. She lived in the country, where there were pleasant trees, and lakes full of white water-lilies, and fields full of daisies. The place where Milly's father lived was nicer and pleasanter than I can take time to tell you; and it was called Rose Lawn, because, in the summer-time, the air was scented with the fragrance of red and white roses that bloomed everywhere.

Milly had one little sister younger than herself named Julia, called so after an aunt of the two little girls, who lived in the city, and who came to visit them every summer. This aunt always brought something pretty to Julia, as she was her namesake; but she very seldom thought of bringing anything to Milly, because, as she said, Milly was such a quiet little thing, always poked away in a corner, that she forgot about her, unless she was right under her eyes. But, some time or another, Milly should have something wonderfully nice.

But Milly thought to herself that "some time or another" was a long way off. Not that her Aunt Julia was an unkind person purposely, but that she always said and did what pleased her best, and people seldom took offense, simply, I suppose, because it wasn't worth while; for if they did, she laughed and said, "O that's my way, you see." I think "that's my way," however, is just the meanest excuse anybody can make for being unkind; and I suppose that all of us only do make it when we mean to be selfish and please our own dear selves.

This summer, when Aunt Julia opened her trunks, she took out a large box, and calling to Milly's little sister, said, "Come here, little blue-eyes!"

"Aunt Julia is calling you," said Milly to her little sister, "so take my hand, then we can run up stairs fast. I think she's got something beautiful for you this time."

"Maybe there's something for you too, Milly," said the little one.

But Milly shook her head; patient waiting had made her wise.

When Julia opened the long box in her aunt's lap, her eyes dilated very wide with surprise and delight, for it held a wax doll that had come from Paris. Her hair was curled, and she had wax hands and feet, and bright, black eyes that opened and shut. She had on a fine dress of silk and lace, and had six other dresses besides, and bonnets, and even a small parasol to keep her complexion from the sun when she went out to walk. Altogether, she was



such a very fine lady of a doll that little Julia was almost afraid to take her in her arms, for she had always been contented with "rag babies" until now.

"There, now!" said Aunt Julia, looking at Milly with a face of dismay, "I forgot to bring you anything. If you only wouldn't keep yourself poked away in a corner, child—. But, never mind; I'll remember the next time."

Milly was used to this, so, looking at Julia's doll, she said, "Isn't she a beauty! What are you going to call her?"

"I don't know. What would you call her, Milly?"

Milly drew a long breath, then said, "I should call her Queen Rose."

"Queen Rose, of Rose Lawn, eh?" said Aunt Julia. "I fancy you won't be in a corner all your lifetime, Milly, after all. But run along now. I'm going to unpack."

So the two children came to their mamma to show what Aunt Julia had brought her namesake.

"Mamma," said Milly, "Julia's doll is called Queen Rose, of Rose Lawn; and Aunt Julia says I won't be in a corner all my lifetime, because I

named her Queen Rose. Isn't she funny, mamma? I don't stay in a corner at all, only Aunt Julia thinks so."

"Never mind, dear; that's your aunt's way."

So the two children went away to play; but Milly ran back a minute to say, "Mamma, I'm to have something the next time."

Mamma laughed, then shook her head at Milly, for this was a little joke between them, for they knew that "next time" would be a long while on its journey.

But Milly's mamma saw in all this how that her little daughter was neither sinful nor envious, but was pleased that her little sister was remembered, though she was forgotten, and that no shade of ill-nature had disturbed the sweetness of the child's manner.

When Milly's father heard how bravely Milly had behaved, and how, in her unconscious child's fashion, she had shown herself contented with "such things" as she had, he made up his mind that his little daughter should have something that should be as dear to her as "Queen Rose, of Rose Lawn," was to her sister Julia.

So one afternoon he called to her from the garden, "Milly, little daughter, come here!"

Milly ran fast, as she always did when she heard her father's voice, and found him standing beside a long box, made with little wooden bars, and out of the box came a soft sound of cooing and rustling.

"O my!" said Milly, and peeping between the bars she counted one, two, three, four, five pretty doves.

"They are for you, my little daughter. Do you like them?"

"For me!" said Milly, and then because she was so happy—she could do nothing else—she climbed up into her father's arms and kissed him so lovingly that he declared she was a little dove herself, and that he would have to put her in the box with them.

Milly made up her mind that she would keep her doves in the barn, because then she could watch them better. So after shutting them up a few days until they became accustomed to their new home, she opened the barn door and let them fly in and out just as they pleased.

Milly named her doves, one after the other, as soon as she found what name would suit each one best; but the prettiest, because it was pure white, she called Pearl. I think you would all like to have had Pearl for a pet, she was so gentle and tame, and looked so cunning, feeding out of Milly's hand, with her little red feet clasping the rim of the saucer.

Julia, however, cared but little for the doves, which she said were pretty enough, "but not half as charming as her beautiful Queen Rose."

But Milly had a little playmate whose name was Bertie, and he liked the doves almost as well as Milly, and used to come to see them every day, and because he was kind and gentle always, Milly liked him very much.

But one day Bertie did not come, but instead he sent a sheet of paper, folded up in the shape of a boat, and when Milly looked closely she saw there were words written upon it; so she smoothed out the sheet of paper, and found printed upon it in large capitals—for Bertie had not yet learned to write—"COME AND SEE ME, I AM SICK."

"Poor Bertie!" said Milly, "I'll go and see him, and take Pearl with me." So Milly's mamma gave her a little basket, with some fruit in it, for Bertie; and then, just before she started, she went out to the barn, and said gently, "Pearl, Pearl, come here." There was a rustling of white wings, and then Pearl flew down and perched on Milly's shoulder. Then Milly took her in her arms and covered her over with her little white apron, and walked out of the gate toward Bertie's house, which was not very far distant.

Pearl kept perfectly quiet, for two reasons: because she felt quite safe with Milly, and because, if you hide their eyes, doves will keep quiet, and you can carry them so for a good while.

Bertie was sitting up in bed with his playthings around him when Milly came in. As soon as he saw Milly he smiled and clapped his hands; for he liked her dearly.

"Guess what I have brought you, Bertie?"

"O, cherries! I see their red cheeks in the basket."

"Yes; but what I mean is much better than cherries."

"Is it under your apron?"

"Yes."

Then Bertie guessed everything you could mention; but Milly shook her head, and then took off the apron, and there was Pearl looking at Bertie with all her might out of one of her bright yellow eyes.

"O, but she'll fly back again, Milly! Doves won't live by themselves, you see."

"I know it; but I have given Pearl to you because you are sick; and you are to keep her always. But, then, she must stay with my doves, for it would break her heart to be all alone; she is too fond of society for that."

So Bertie was very well contented; and when Milly was going home with Pearl under her apron, he kissed her, and said thoughtfully, "I like you, Milly, just as well as if you were a boy," which remark Bertie meant for very high praise indeed.

Soon Bertie was well again, and when his birthday came, he invited Milly and Julia to come and see him; but this time he did not send the invitation folded up in the shape of a boat, but on gilt-edged note-paper, for he was going to have a party, and have tea in the summer-house; and the children knew they would all have a pleasant time, for Bertie's mamma loved little children, and tried to make them happy.

"I am going to take Queen Rose with me," said Julia, "for she has not been to a party since she came from Paris." So she dressed her doll in her finest clothes, and then the two sisters set off together—Julia holding Queen Rose's parasol carefully above her face, so that "the sun might not injure her complexion," as she said.

"See, Milly," said Julia, "I am a great deal better off than you; for I can take Queen Rose about with me, and everybody will admire her; and you have to leave your doves at home."

"O, but they love me, and I love them; and so I can carry them about in my heart wherever I go."

It was only a child's saying, but it's true for all that; for anything we love truly we may take with us in our thoughts wherever we go; and it really belongs to us far more than gold, or diamonds, or

houses, or lands. So I think those people are richest who love the most. The Lord Jesus Christ thought so, as you will see if you will open your little Bible, and read the seventh chapter of St. Luke, beginning at the thirty-sixth verse.

So the children came to Bertie's house, and found other children there; and they played together in the beautiful garden, and were very happy.

Julia was not disappointed, for everybody admired Queen Rose. But, by and by, Julia was tired of carrying her doll, so she placed her upon one of the rustic seats that were in the garden, and began to play. Julia, in her haste, forgot to notice that she was leaving Queen Rose where the hot July sun would beat down upon her wax face of red and white, until she began to do what grown-up people sometimes threaten to do—"melt with the heat."

But little Julia, forgetting poor Queen Rose, played on with the others, until Bertie, taking Milly by the hand, said, "Come into the summer-house." So they all followed, and there was a feast spread for the children, with a birthday cake in the midst, frosted over, and set about with roses.

Presently Julia heard patter, patter, patter on the roof, and cried out, "Dear me, it rains! and Queen Rose will be all wet."

So she ran with all her might, but it was too late. When she came to the rustic seat where she had left her doll, Queen Rose was indeed in a doleful plight. The hot sun had melted her nose in the first place, and then the rain had washed away her pretty red cheeks, and drenched her fine attire.

Julia was loud in her lamentations. "O my beautiful Queen Rose is all spoiled! nobody will admire or look at her any more."

The rest tried to console her, but no one could do anything with her but Milly, into whose wise little head had darted a famous plan. Soothing Julia's hair, she said, "Don't cry, dear little sister! If you will be good and patient, I am very sure Queen Rose will come back to you as pretty as ever."

Then Milly brought the doll where Bertie's kind, good mamma was, and put her arms around the lady's neck, and whispered to her a long time; for Milly knew how good she was, and that she would do almost anything to please a little child.

Then Milly came back to Julia, and told her, "Queen Rose is coming back to you a week from today."

And Julia, who believed all that Milly told her, took her hand, and began to smile once more, though she couldn't tell how it was all going to happen.

Sure enough, a week from that day Queen Rose came back to her little mistress, almost as pretty as ever; for Bertie's mother, who understood all about such things, had painted her cheeks, and made her another nose of wax, and then Milly dressed her, and brought her to Julia, who said, "O, Queen Rose, I'll be careful never to leave you in the sun or rain again."

But Milly thought to herself, "My doves are the best; the sun cannot melt them, the rain cannot wet them. I can love them, and they can love me." Then the little girl went out to feed them, and they flew down to her, and brushed her with their shining wings, cooing softly, and nestling against her bosom. And loving so, and being loved, Milly's heart was overbrimming with a most sweet and gentle content. Then Milly's father, finding her thus, laid his hand upon her head, saying, "God bless thee, my little daughter!" and repeated very slowly those lovely verses that were made by a great poet:

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the great God, who loveth us,  
He made, and loveth all."

"Will you try not only to pray 'well,' but to pray 'best,' dear little daughter?"

And Milly, looking up into her father's face with a bright, dear smile, answered, "I will try every day so long as I live to pray 'best.'"—*The Quiver*.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### The Baptismal Covenant.

Dost thou renounce the devil and all his wicked works?  
This world's vain pomp and glittering glory, too?  
And covetous desire which in thy bosom lurks?  
And fleshly lusts? Yes, renounce them all I do.

#### THE FAITH.

In God, the Father, I believe,  
And in his own begotten Son,  
Once slain, the guilty to relieve,  
To save the world by sin undone.  
I know he lives that I might live;  
If I his best commands obey,  
The Holy Ghost he'll freely give,  
And bear my many sins away.  
To me eternal life is given,  
In Christ, who conquered death and hell;  
And lo! he comes, the Judge from heaven,  
To "raise me up" with him to dwell.

#### BEING BAPTIZED INTO THIS FAITH I VOW.

God's holy word I will obey,  
And walk therein from day to day,  
While life's brief journey passing o'er;  
Christ helping me, I'll sin no more.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### Which are You Like?

**YONDER** is a lamb. It is meek, playful, harmless. It neither bites, kicks, nor scratches. It is its nature to be gentle and good.

**YONDER** is a cat. Touch him and he will scratch you. Try to play with him, and he will bite your hand. He is ugly and spiteful. It is his nature to be so.

Now you have your nature as well as the cat and the lamb. If you fight, brawl, scratch, and use angry words, your nature is selfish and wicked. If you are mild, gentle, and loving, your nature is good. How is it? Are you like the cat or the lamb?

If you are ugly and selfish like the cat, you can become good and gentle like the lamb. Jesus can change your selfish nature and make it loving and kind. Isn't that good tidings? If you think so, go to Jesus and ask him to make you loving and gentle as a lamb. Y. Z.

### The Good Boy.

I AM a very little boy,  
But love my parents well,  
Far more than I love any toy,  
And more than I can tell.

I'll try to be most kind to all,  
And act a good boy's part;  
For that I know will always call  
Joy to my parents' heart.

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1866.

### "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

Genesis xvi. 13.

Now, little ones, repeat the text—

"THOU—GOD—SEEST—ME."

Many hundred years ago, long before the Saviour was born, a beautiful and fruitful land was inhabited by several wicked nations. Now God hates sin, and will punish the sinner if he continue in his wickedness: He therefore resolved to destroy these wicked nations. They were not destroyed by a flood, nor by fire from Heaven, like Sodom; but God gave their land to a chosen people, the descendants of a good man He had promised to bless; and they were to go and fight against them, and destroy them, and take possession of their land. The first city they took was very strong, and their enemies fought very hard. But the Lord helped them, and caused the walls of the city to fall down flat before them.

Can you tell me the name of that city?—(Jericho.)

Who fought against Jericho and took it?—(The children of Israel.)

What good man were they descended from?—(Abraham.)

Another place the Israelites came to was Ai; but here, to their surprise, their enemies overcame them. This caused them great trouble. There was a reason why they could not stand before their enemies; and when Joshua, their leader, mourned before the Lord, He told him there was sin in the camp. When Jericho was taken, the children of Israel were commanded to destroy everything except the silver and gold, and the vessels of brass and iron, which were to be dedicated to the Lord. But one among them, Achan, stole a wedge of gold, some silver, and a garment. He took them and buried them under his tent. The eye of God had seen it, though Joshua had not. God knew when the wicked thought entered Achan's mind; God knew how he had listened to the temptation; and how, at last, he took these forbidden things when he thought no one saw him. God saw how he hid them in the earth, thinking he would not be found out. You see he was found out, and punished with death.

Now what do we learn from all this?—That God sees us.

God sees and knows all we do. Can you think of a text which teaches us the same thing?—"Thou God seest me."

Yes; Hagar fled from her mistress, and went into the wilderness. She was wrong in going away, though she had not been kindly treated. And there she was alone, with none to pity or help her. Yet God saw her, and comforted her, and told her to go back to her mistress. So when we are in trouble, with none to pity, God sees and knows all.

Do you know what the Lord said of Nathanael?—"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Guile means deceit.

He was surprised that Jesus knew him, and said, "Whence knowest thou me?" And what did Jesus say?—"When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee."

Most likely Nathanael went to that quiet spot to pray; and there the eye of Jesus had been upon him. He knew his heart, and calls him an Israelite indeed. And so He knows what is in our heart. We can hide no secrets from Him. He knows if our prayers are sincere, if we try to please Him, or if we listen to the temptation to do wrong. When you are tempted, think of these four words, "Thou God seest me."

Read what David says about this. [Ps. cxxxix.

7-12.] What does this teach us?—That God sees us in the dark.

David says that wherever he should go, he could not get away from the presence of God, and that the darkness cannot hide from Him.

God is in heaven, and He is on the earth. He hears the songs of angels, and He hears the simple prayers of the youngest child. I hope you will try and remember this,—that wherever you are, God sees you; whatever you do, God knows it.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." (Prov. xv. 3.)

### STOP! FOR YOUR SOUL'S SAKE, STOP!

A bold boy, while rambling among the Alps, saw some flowers on the side of a fearful precipice. The guide saw him standing on the dizzy edge, and shouted:

"Come back!"

"Not yet; I see some flowers just below, which I want to get," replied the boy.

"Stop!" responded the guide; "you will be lost."

"I must have the flowers," rejoined the boy.

The guide, with the boy's friends, hurried toward the infatuated boy, as he leaned over the edge of the dreadful gulf. They heard him say, "I almost have them;" and then, "I have them;" but the words were scarcely uttered before he lost his hold, and fell a thousand feet upon the pitiless rocks below. He had given his life for a flower, for a flower that perished with him!

"Shocking!" exclaims my young reader. I am glad to see it so, because it may help you to see your own danger. Are you not seeking, at greater risk, to pluck a flower? What is that desire you cherish for a place in that circle of giddy youth to which you are invited? What is that habit which brings a blush to your cheeks whenever it is hinted at? What is that resolution to enter the charmed ring of forbidden amusements? Are not these things your flowers?

Are not your desires the reachings of your soul over the edge of innocence? Dear youth, take care! The gulf below your flowers is bottomless. It is hell!

If you pluck your flowers, you will fall, and perish with them in that fearful realm of darkness and death. Seek them no longer, therefore, but stop! for your soul's sake, stop!

### THE BOY WHO PRAYED OVER HIS LESSON.

"There," said a little boy, "I have committed my lesson sooner than ever; I believe that it does good to pray over my books."

He was asked what he meant by his exclamation.

"Well, when I came home from school, and looked over my lesson, I found how difficult it was. At first I said it cannot be committed in so short a time as I have; but then I remembered what my Sunday-school teacher had told me about Daniel and his three companions, so I thought that if prayer aided them, it might help me; and I prayed over my lesson, asked God to help me to make my memory retentive, and I learned my lesson in half the time."

This little boy adopted an excellent method; and if he continues to look to God for a blessing on his studies he will not ask in vain. And why not ask divine aid in one's studies as well as in anything else? Study is not easy work, and we need God to help us. Our minds are under his control, and he can make the memory retentive, and enable us to do more work in one hour than we would otherwise do in two hours.

If some boys would pray more and complain less over their books I am certain that they would make better progress, find study easier work, and make much better recitations. If you have never prayed over your lessons, my young friend, try it, and learn its virtue.—Selected.

### FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Joshua ii. 5.

Chafed and worn with wordly care,  
Sweetly, Lord, my heart prepare;  
Bid this inward tempest cease;  
Jesus, come, and whisper peace!  
Hush the whirlwind of my will,  
With Thyself my spirit fill;  
End in calm this busy week,  
Let the Sabbath gently break!

Sever, Lord, these earthly ties,  
Fain, my soul to thee would rise;  
Disentangle me from time,  
Lift me to a purer clime;  
Let me cast away my load,  
Let me now draw nigh to God;  
Gently, loving Jesus speak,  
End in calm this busy week!

Draw the curtain of repose  
While my weary eyelids close;  
Seal my spirit while I rest,  
Give me dreamings pure and blest!  
Raise me with a cheerful heart;  
Holy Ghost, Thyself impart!  
Then the Sabbath day will be  
Heaven brought down to earth and me.

### "OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABIES."

When Mr. Whitefield was preaching in New England, a lady became a subject of Divine grace, and her spirit was peculiarly drawn out in prayer for others. She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter, about ten years of age. After a time, it pleased God to touch the heart of the child, and give her the hope of salvation. In a transport of holy joy she then exclaimed, "O, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbours, and tell them that they may be happy, and love my Saviour!"

"Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless; for I suppose that, were you to tell your experience, there is not one within many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion."

"O, mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker, and tell him. He will believe me."

She ran over, and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and he was a sinner; and that she too was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven her all her sins; and that now she was so happy, she did not know how to tell it.

The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears fell down like rain. He threw aside his work; and, by prayer and supplication, sought mercy. The neighbourhood was awakened, and within a few months, more than fifty persons were brought to the knowledge of Jesus, and rejoiced in the power of His grace.

### A WISE ANSWER.

A little boy in an infant class one day said to his teacher, "Our little baby's dead!"

After speaking about it for a few minutes, the teacher asked the scholar, "Would you like to die?" He replied, "Not yet."

The teacher thought he wished to live till he was grown up or become a man; but the child was thinking of something else, for when asked what he meant by saying "Not yet," he said, "Not till I have a new heart." Perhaps some older scholars could not have given a better answer.—Biblical Treasury.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

**Pictures of Health.**

THE sun not only paints the flowers and makes pictures in the camera, but it will make you a picture of health if you will permit it to do so. It will paint roses on your cheeks, and cherries on your lips; and if it add to the groundwork a tint of brown, that may but increase the richness of the picture.

I am sometimes both amused and surprised to see people so much afraid of the sunshine. Pale and puny though they may be, and bleached out with living in the dark, and needing the sunshine ever so much, as soon as a ray of it rests upon them they jump up and shut it out as though it were poison. They close every window against it, and when they go out of doors they screen themselves from it with umbrellas.

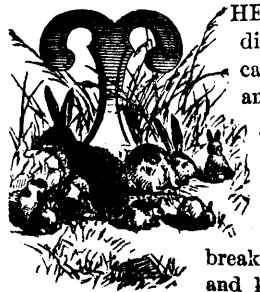
But the blessed sunshine does not seem to mind it at all. It goes right on, shining everywhere it can, creeping into every little nook, and purifying and blessing all within its reach. It has lately been found out that the sun is a wonderful restorer of health. In hospitals the patients on the sunny side of the house get well much sooner than others. In some modes of treatment they are placed where the sunshine falls full upon them, and that without the least danger of sunstroke. It is only in the hottest summer weather that we need to shield ourselves from the heat of the noonday sun. Perhaps then it would not hurt us much if our mode of living were correct. It is mostly men that drink, or use tobacco, or that work too hard, who suffer from sunstroke.

We ought neither to live nor to sleep in a room which the sunshine does not enter and purify every day. Even the senseless little flies will not stay where the sun does not shine, and why should we make for ourselves an atmosphere so bad that the flies will not live in it? Indeed, the sunshine is the best friend to all animal and vegetable life. God, who knows just what we want, made it purposely to give to all life and health and strength. The Scriptures recognize it as one of the greatest blessings when they glorify the divine impartiality that bestows it upon both the evil and the good. Let us then welcome it, and rejoice in it, and profit by it, as one of the best gifts of a gracious Providence.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

**The Otter.**



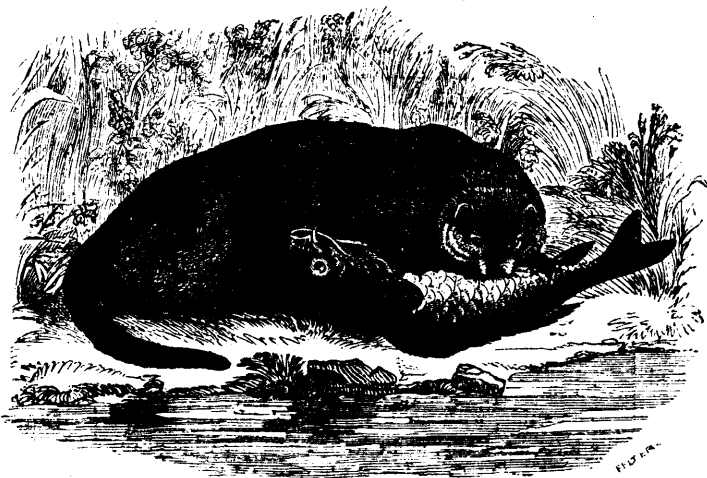
HE otter is a fisher. He dives in the water and catches his prey with teeth and claws. This one has just caught a fine large fish, and when he gets it well up on the bank he will turn it over, take what he wants for his breakfast out of the shoulder, and leave the rest for any one

that is fortunate enough to find it. Some of the poor people in Scotland, where otters are numerous, go out every day to get the deserted fish, and thus the wasteful habits of this animal serve the wants of human beings.

But those who prefer to do their own fishing are not pleased to have the otter waste their supply, and when they discover his haunts they get up a grand hunt to destroy him. It requires great skill and patience to do this, for he hides very shrewdly in the bushes or grass, or in holes, and if that will not screen him enough, he dives into the water, swims off to a distance, quietly puts the end of his nose up by some lily leaf on the surface to breathe,

and there, with the rest of his body under water, he waits for the dogs to find him. When they do this he darts off in some other direction, and tries the same trick elsewhere; and with all the rest, he is not very readily killed after he is caught.

Otters are sometimes tamed as pets, or taught to fish for their masters. The American otter is about four feet and a half long, and is found mostly in



British America, but occasionally elsewhere in almost every part of the continent. Its fur is of some value, and is made into caps and gloves.

J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

**Going Barefoot.**

BY MRS. ANNIE E. H. THOMSON.

The grass is up now fresh and green,  
The sun shines bright and warm;  
I'll take my shoes and stockings off,  
I'm sure 'twill do no harm.  
The frost has melted out the ground;  
The ice, the sleet, and snow  
Have gone with winter to his den  
A long, long time ago.

The pretty birds up in the trees,  
Now singing gay and sweet,  
Have neither shoes nor stockings on  
Their nimble little feet,  
And neither have the tiny chicks  
Which play about the yard;  
There is no mud or dampness now;  
The ground is dry and hard.



And I have grown a great stout boy  
Since summer last was here;  
I don't believe I'll catch a cold,  
Of thistles I've no fear.

And what if I should stub my toe,  
Or tread upon a stone?  
'Twill only hurt a little while,  
And I'll not cry nor groan.

O dear! how soft and cool the grass,  
And velvet mosses too;  
And look, my feet are sparkling o'er  
With gems of shining dew.  
I know the king upon his throne  
Wears none more bright than those  
Upon his royal hands and brow  
Than I wear on my toes.

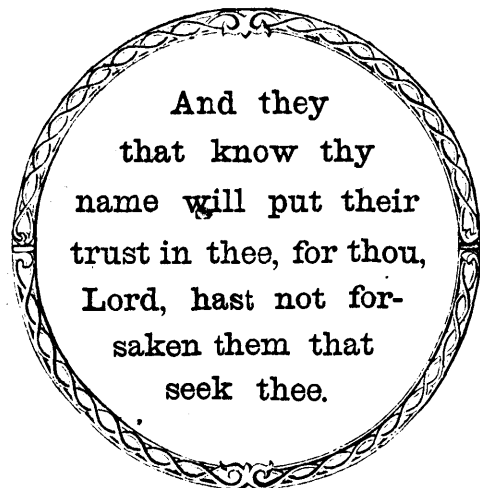
And now they're covered o'er with dust;  
I've been out in the street;  
I guess I'll run down to the brook,  
That sings so clear and sweet,  
And wash them clean and white again,  
Then dry them in the sun;  
This playing out doors barefoot, boys,  
Is the rarest kind of fun!

**The Right Kind of Fear.**

"You are afraid to throw a stone through that window," said one boy to another.

"I am afraid to do wrong," was the brave reply, "and I hope I shall always be."

Such fear is right. It is what the Bible calls the fear of the Lord. The more of it we have the better.



LITTLE hands can bring gifts to Jesus; little hands can be lifted to him in prayer; little hands can be active in serving him; little hands can receive the harp of gold, and make music on it in heaven forever.

**THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE**

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