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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · M · C ·

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 18.

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WHOLE NUMBER 234.



Selected for the S. S. Advocate.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY R. P. S.

She sleeps upon an outside stair,
Although the night is bleak,
And on a hard and stone-propped board
She pillows her pale cheek.

The door is closed. Within the house
No sound of life, no light.
Why sleeps the little girl outside
On such a bitter night?

Alas! the answer tells a tale
Repeated oft each day,

And will be told while over men
Drink wields despotic sway.

Nine years ago John Somerville
Was married to Jane Brown;
And for a while a happier pair
Lived not in Barlow town.

John toiled from morn till night; he was
A carpenter by trade,
And unto no one in the shop
Were higher wages paid.

Jane loved not illness; she kept
Her children neat and clean;
And for the house—a tidier home
Has never yet been seen.

John's wages were not very great,
But she with frugal care,
Had for the savings bank each week
A tidy sum to spare.

When her loved husband from his toil
At evening's hour returned,
Her smiles were brighter than the fire
That on the clear hearth burned.

And as he sat within its warmth
And drank his cup of tea,
Surrounded by his happy wife
And merry children three,

It seemed as if their lives would pass
Like some sweet summer day,
When, without cloud or rain, the hours
Roll pleasantly away.

A sad change came. John took to drink;
Wages grew less and less;
The once glad home became a scene
Of want and sore distress.

Sickness and death soon followed want;
Their youngest daughter died;
And in another month their boy
Was buried by her side.

Only poor little Nell was left
To see, for many years,
Her father's wild and wicked ways,
Her mother's woe and tears.

Then came Nell's time of bitter grief—
Her mother passed away,
Killed by the sorrow and distress
She suffered day by day.

Her death wrought ne'er a change on John:
He went from bad to worse;
Seldom was food within his door,
Or money in his purse.

For days he never worked, for nights
His drear home saw him not;
Poor Nellie mourned his wicked ways
And her own weary lot.

Nell sleeps. The midnight hour is past.
Hark! 'tis her father's tread.
She stirs not, but lies cold and pale
As if she had been dead.

While staggering he gropes his way
Unto the outside stair,
The moon breaks through a cloud and shows
His daughter lying there.

He starts and groans, and for a while
Stands conscience-struck and dumb;
She opens her eyes and faintly sighs,
"Father, I'm glad you're come."

He bears her in and chafes her limbs,
Kisses her pale cold brow,
And weeping, calls himself hard names,
Ah! he is sobered now.

"Father," again in pain she speaks,
"I came out to the stair;
I could not stay within the house,
All was so lonely there.

"I fell asleep and dreamed I saw
My mother standing by;
She looked on me with such a look
Of pity in her eye!

"Wee Jeanie lay within her arms,
Willie stood by her side,
And O! they looked as beautiful
As on the day they died."

"Tell me no more, my Nellie dear!
The hour has come at last!
Never or now!—I hope the time
Of pardon is not passed—"

"God helping me, I'll change my life;
The accursed drink no more
Shall turn me to a beast, and drive
All comfort from my door."

"Kiss me, my Nell—yes, once again;
My heart is like to break;
I'll love you till the day I die
For your dear mother's sake."

He slept; but from his troubled rest
He woke ere break of day,
And wept again to hear his child
In whispered accents pray,

"Almighty God, who art in heaven,
And Jesus kind and true,
Help father to amend his life,
And bless and keep him too."

The heartfelt prayer even of a child—
Was never prayed in vain:
John Somerville is now a good
And sober man again.

His house, for long years desolate,
Is now so neat and clean,
A home more cheery there is not
In all our village green.

And then, when night lies on the world,
When beams the morning sun,
Kneel John and Nell to thank the Lord
For all that he hath done.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

JACQUELINE'S FAULT AND HER REMEDY.



LITTLE girl named Jacqueline had a great fault which stood in the way of her improvement and of her happiness. I dare say some of you, little readers, have this same fault, so I am going to tell you about it, and inform you what means Jacqueline took to cure herself.

The fault was impatience. It manifested itself in various ways. Sometimes she would become very angry if any one, not quite understanding something she had said, asked her to repeat it. Now it happened that her Aunt Sabra was a little deaf, and if Jacqueline spoke turning her back toward her, as she was very likely to do, or had something in her mouth which did not belong there, as her fingers or chewing-gum, which was also quite possible, it was not strange if Aunt Sabra could not understand, and I do not see that it was unreasonable for her to ask to have the question or remark repeated.

But Jacqueline seemed to think so, and became very impatient at such times. Then she would become angry with herself for not comprehending her arithmetic, or for playing false on the piano, or for being unskillful in her drawing lesson; and I am ashamed to tell you what impatient words she used, to the surprise of her teacher and the mortification of her mother. She was *enraged*, one might say, so vehemently impatient was she with her little brother if he would not attend to her on the moment, or give her or tell her something at once. Her uncle's harmless and merry banter would make her forget herself so far as to speak very fiercely, as though she were some sort of a wild animal in a cage instead of a reasoning and reasonable child. But at length her mother's prayers for Jacqueline were answered, and she began to love her Saviour, who loved her so as to give his life for her. And then she wished to please him and to give up all her sinful habits. It was hard work to keep herself quiet and look pleasantly when people tried her patience. It is very vexing to impatient children, you know, not

to have everything or to know everything they desire the minute they wish to do so.

Now, you know, the true way to cure ourselves of any fault is to pray to the Lord Jesus, who is more ready to help us than we are to ask him; and then we must *expect* his help, while at the same time we must do the part he has given us to do, which is to *watch* against sudden temptation, to be like a soldier who is set as sentinel, constantly on guard against surprises from the enemy. Into this true way Jacqueline has entered, and she learns all the texts she can find in the Bible against anger and in favor of patience and long-suffering, which is nearly the same thing. And all about the blessed Lord who, when he was reviled reviled not again.

Don't you think it would be a good plan for you to do the same? UNA LOCKE.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

STUDYING FLOWERS.

PLEASANT task! as good as play! Don't you think you would like to stay out in the garden and hear curious stories and facts about plants and flowers, especially if you could have so kind a teacher?

Little Carl loved it dearly, even when only four years old, and his good father took great pains to teach him. They lived as much as a hundred and fifty years ago in the cold country of Sweden, in the north of Europe. But they had a nice garden and a green-house, and there are some fine wild flowers in that country too if it is cold.

Carl loved them all dearly, and his father thought to make him a botanist. So at the age of six years he was set to study the Latin names of the flowers. Carl did not fancy this part of botany. It was very like hard work to commit to memory long lists of difficult names, and I am sorry to add that he said "can't" and "don't want to" more than once. But his father was both wise and kind, and he would neither take Carl out to walk in the forest nor give him his lesson in the garden until he had finished his task.

So by and by Carl succeeded in learning his list of names every day. By this means he cultivated his memory, which was of great use to him afterward. And he learned, too, the great lesson of perseverance, without which he would never have become a great man. For he was obliged to struggle hard in order to get a good education. His father was so poor that he could give him only forty dollars a year, and Carl worked his way through college on this sum. He was almost starved sometimes, but he persevered. He worked, and studied, and became a physician, but his love

for botany and natural history were so great that he devoted the most of his time to them. He wrote many books on those sciences, and showed that he knew so much about them that he was appointed professor in the same university where he worked and studied so hard to graduate.

Finally, the king made him a noble with the title "Von Linné," but we know him best by his Latin name of Linnæus. Every student of botany knows the name and loves it whether he knows anything about the nobility of it or not. A lordly title could not add much to the widespread fame of Linnæus. He made the study of botany far easier and more interesting than it ever was before. He wrote many books about it, and his system of names has been in use now over a hundred years. Those who study botany now have many new words to learn the meaning of, but they do not have to sit down and commit to memory a long string of Latin names as Linnæus did when he commenced.

Botany is now so easy that you can set about it and learn it by yourself, even without a teacher, if you have perseverance enough. I knew a young girl who did that once, though she had no one near her who was able to give her any assistance. It is true, she was obliged to study hard, but enjoyed it exceedingly, and she found afterward that she had learned more about it than the most of those who study it in school. That was because she gave it close attention and studied it all out for herself. She had to contend, too, with the difficulty of having very poor text-books. If she could have sent, as you can now, for Gray's or Wood's beautiful Manuals, she would have saved herself many a fruitless search and gone on much faster. But she, too, learned the lesson of perseverance, and that is a good lesson for everybody to learn. Will you try it?

A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TRUE LOVE.

"RENOUNCE Christ and you shall be saved," said a persecuting magistrate of the olden time to a poor woman who stood at his bar accused of being a Christian.

"Never, never!" she replied.

"If you will not renounce him you will be burned."

"Mark me," said she to the magistrate, "if I stood on the brink of a river rolling with fire, and saw my Saviour on the opposite bank calling me, I would wade through the flames to reach him."

Wasn't that a noble speech? Didn't that woman love Christ, think you? Ay, that she did. How many of my children, think you, would walk through a river of fire to Jesus? Only those who love him very truly, you may be sure. Do you love him well enough to die for him, my child?

Q. Q.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A GREAT QUESTION WELL ANSWERED.

"WHEN should children give their hearts to Christ?" asked a teacher of her scholars one day.

"When we are thirteen," replied Mary.

"When we are ten," said Rachel.

"When we are six," said Annie.

"Just as soon as we know who God is and that we have sinned against him," said poor hump-backed little Faith.

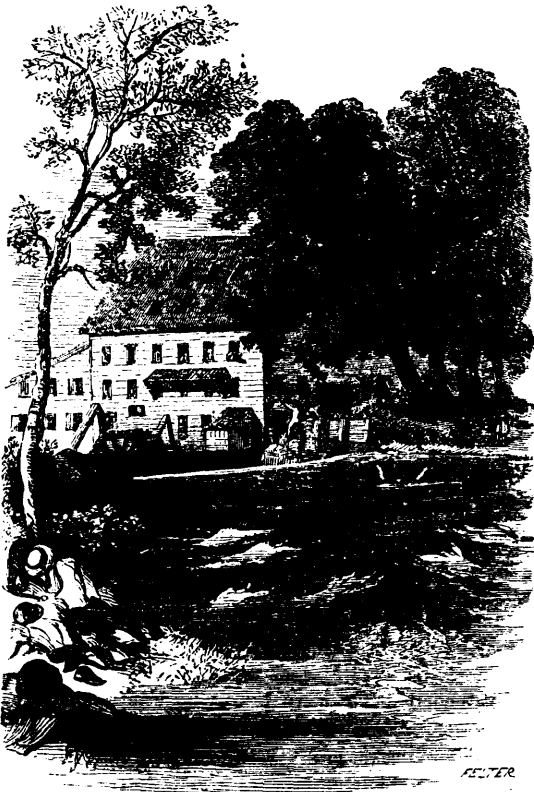
Which was right? I think Faith was. If any of you think otherwise you can write to the editor and give him reasons for your opinion. U. U.

"CAN TRY."

A SABBATH-SCHOOL speaker out West says that the Sabbath-school men have a new way of spelling the word "can't." They find the *t* a crooked thing when alone at the end of a word, and so they add two more letters to it, and make a word of it to be used with the word "can." The whole makes "Can try."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1865.



DROWNED, BUT NOT LOST.

On a fine afternoon in June last John Payson W. Clark* asked and obtained permission of his friends to bathe with his schoolmates in Damon's Pond, Northampton, U. S. On his way he said to a fellow-student:

"I have only three more Latin lessons to get before the term closes, and I am glad of it, for I am about tired out; then I shall go home and have a good long rest."

Payson did not say this because he was lazy, but because he was really weary and unwell. Perhaps he was more ill than he supposed himself to be. On going into the water he declined swimming across the widest part of the pond with the others, and struck out for a nearer point on the dam.

"Good-by, John," shouted his companions gleefully as he left them.

"Good-by," replied he with equal cheerfulness.

He reached the dam safely, and having rested a while, started to swim back. He had not proceeded many yards before he was seen struggling, and heard calling for help. None but small boys were near, and before the larger ones could reach him he sunk in eighteen feet of water.

The alarm was given. The gate of the mill-dam was closed. Large boys dived after him. Strong men came to the rescue. But all was vain. His body could not be found until the waste-gate was opened. Then it floated through and was taken up, wearing a sweet smile on its dead face, by the loving hands of the school-teacher, who loved Payson very tenderly indeed.

This was a sudden death for a boy to die, wasn't it? If he had been a bad boy it would have been awful, because in that case he would have been lost as well as drowned. But though drowned, Payson was not lost. He was a Christian boy. He had no bad habits. His life was pure. He had high and noble qualities. God loved him, his parents loved him, his teacher loved him, his schoolmates loved him; he was beloved by all that knew him. Happy boy! Death was victory to him; it opened the gate of heaven to his immortal soul.

Read what his teacher, Mr. G. B. Manley, said of him at the time of his death. Said he:

"To me this is the saddest hour of all my life as a teacher. My noble boy, my beautiful boy, the boy upon

* Payson, a Model Boy; or, Recollections of John Payson Williston Clark. By his Father. A True Story for Boys. Such is the title of a new book recently issued at the Book Rooms. It is a volume that every boy who wishes to do his duty should read and study. It will show him how dutiful a Christian boy can be, and how much a really right-minded boy is loved by his friends.

whom neither teacher nor schoolmate ever looked but with honest pride and affection; the boy against whom no whisper was ever heard, but all his schoolmates testified that he 'never did anything wrong;' the boy whom none ever envied the honors he bore so modestly, but all acknowledged them fully merited, and rejoiced in them even as though they had been their own—this lovely and beloved boy is taken from us. He went out yesterday at the close of school full of physical life as of nobleness of soul, and in scarce half an hour his body lay lifeless at the bottom of the stream where he was bathing with his companions. So suddenly has the stroke come upon us, and it overwhelms us with sadness. Less than sixteen years of age, he possessed maturity of judgment beyond many men. His intellect was of a superior order, mastering with completeness whatever he undertook, and he had a remarkable power of expressing in the clearest language whatever he had learned. Yet his great beauty was in the perfectness of his moral and Christian character. His truthfulness was beyond suspicion even in the minutest particular. He was looked up to involuntarily by all his schoolmates as a model of a noble, earnest Christian youth in the school-room, on the play-ground, everywhere. For me he was a staff upon which I could rely, and I have long been conscious that his silent influence in the school was an invaluable aid to me in maintaining its discipline and efficiency. I loved him as a son, or rather as a younger brother, for I never had occasion to exercise over him the authority of a father. What he was to his parents, and to the family of our esteemed fellow-citizen whose name he bore, and who had taken him under his care, I can well imagine; and in their loss I can deeply sympathize. I have no fear that the unqualified praise of these few hasty sentences, the outpouring of a full heart, will cause a thought of jealousy to any of his young companions. They will unanimously accord it as only the just due of John Payson Williston Clark."

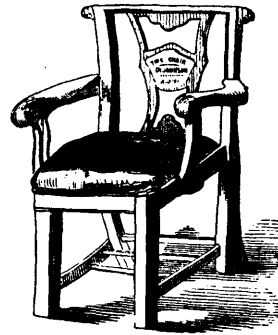
His schoolmates showed their regard for him in various ways. Among other things, they proceeded to his grave at the close of the school term and crowned it with flowers. At its head they placed a wreath of evergreen, at its feet a cross of evergreens and roses. They sorrowed deeply over his death.



Don't you think it is a pleasant thing to be loved? No doubt you do. There is no other pleasure on earth equal to that of loving and being loved. Money is nothing compared to the love of friends and companions. A child that is loved by everybody can afford to be poor. In fact, he is not poor, for love is riches.

It pleases me to tell you that you can all attain to these riches. Only be loving yourselves, be gentle, be true, be diligent, be good, be pious, and your friends will be sure to give you their love. Dr. Doddridge's little daughter said everybody loved her because she loved everybody. Mark that, and be sure that if you are not beloved by others you are not loving yourself. Do you understand? If not write to me about it.

EASY CHAIR.



talk to me as I sit in my easy chair. I will, however, first treat them to an old puzzle:

R H M
K O M

If these letters are properly arranged they will give you the name of something which has been the cause of misery to millions of people.

Here is a puzzle "of my own composing," as the parish clerk said when he read his own hymn:

C L N
S T N

Place these letters aright and they will tell you the name of every child's worst enemy.

Now, Mr. Corporal, open your letter-bag and fish up as many letters as we can print in this column.

"Here is a letter from LILLIAN, of —, who says:

"We have taken your Sunday-School Advocate for a year and like it very much. It was so that we could not go to Sunday-school for several Sundays, and the teacher or superintendent was so kind as to save and send them to us. What a nice lot of stories and pictures we had all at once! We want to join your Try Company if you will take us. I suppose the members of that company are expected to try to do right things and not give up; is that it, Mr. Corporal? I have a little Sister Evvie. She found out what I am writing about, and she says she is old enough to join the Try Company too, and I don't know but she is, for she has the most perseverance of any of us children. We live by the side of the river. We love the river, its bright sparkling water. We love to hear it sing as it flows gently along; but we never play close to its brink, for our parents do not love to have us go too near. We have lots of tame rabbits, but we have to keep them shut up, for else they will destroy the fruit-trees. We should love, if you were near, to bring you a basket of nice fruit when it gets ripe."

The Corporal would like to visit Lillian and Brother Johnnie and Evvie on that river bank, and play with those rabbits, and the editor would like some of that nice fruit when it ripens; but they both like still better that love which those little ones cherish for them. May they all do right things, and right things only, so long as they shall all live!—What next, Corporal?

"CHARLES E. C., of B—, says:

"I like to read the Sunday-School Advocate. I have read all the letters in it. I like to read the letters from China, India, etc., for I like to hear about the poor heathen. We have got a very good Sabbath-school here, but we have not got many scholars, but what few there is love to attend. We have got a first-rate superintendent. His name is Mr. C. L. King. We all like him and he likes us. I want to be admitted into your Try Company. I will try to be good and obey my parents. I like to read the Bible. I think it is the best of books. I have read it partly through. I think I can send you a lot of recruits for your Try Company by and by."

Charlie promises many good things in this letter. Will he do one other still more important thing—give his heart to Jesus? That is the corner-stone of well-doing. Will my dear boy do it?

"C. H. K., of H—, says:

"I am twelve years of age. We have had a revival here this winter. It began about the middle of November, and I was converted about the first of December, and my sister at about the same time, and we are now striving to be faithful Christians. I want to join your Try Company."

Charlie had a blessed Christmas gift last December when Jesus entered his heart and poured out his love. May he put on the whole armor of God and fight for Jesus bravely to the end!

THE TRAVELERS AND THE BEAR.

Two men were going through a forest. "I am afraid," observed one, "that we may meet with wild beasts; I see the tracks of their paws on the ground."

"Fear nothing, friend Quickwit," cried the other, whose name was Braggart. "In case of an attack we will stand by one another like men. I have a strong arm, a stout heart, and—"

"Hark!" cried the first in alarm, as a low growl was heard from a thicket near. In an instant Braggart, who was light and nimble, climbed up a tree like a squirrel, leaving his friend, who was not so agile, to face the danger alone!

But Quickwit's presence of mind did not fail him. He could not fight, he could not fly; but he laid himself flat on the ground and held his breath, so as to appear quite dead. Out of the thicket rushed a huge bear, and at once made up to poor Quickwit, while Braggart looked down trembling from his perch in the tree. One may guess what were the feelings of Quickwit when the bear snuffed all round him, coming so near that he could feel its warm breath when its muzzle was close to his ear! But Quickwit did not wince nor move; and the bear thinking him dead, plunged again into the thicket, leaving him quite unharmed!

When Braggart saw that the danger was over he came down from the tree. Somewhat ashamed of his cowardly desertion of his friend, he tried to pass off the matter with a joke.

"Well, my friend Quickwit," he said, "what did the bear say to you when he whispered into your ear?"

"He told me," replied Quickwit, "never again to trust a boaster like you!"

The hour of danger often shows that the greatest boasters are the greatest cowards. Let courage be proved by deeds, not words.

ILLUSTRATIVE STORY.

"Yes, Mary, now that I am at home, you can walk anywhere with me and fear nothing!" cried Marmaduke, whisking off the heads of the dandelions in the field with his cane as he sauntered along with his sister. "If a highwayman were to attack us now, or two, or half a dozen, I would—"

"O dear!" exclaimed Mary suddenly, "I had forgotten that this is the field in which the farmer keeps that vicious dun cow! There she is!—she has caught sight of us!"

"Run! run for your life!" shouted Marmaduke, as with leveled horns, and tail in the air, the dun cow came rushing toward them.

Both the children began to fly at their utmost speed, making for a stile which was not far distant.

"Stop, brother, O stop!" cried poor Mary; "a bramble has caught my jacket! set me free, O set me free!"

The only answer which came was a bellow from the cow, which made Marmaduke run the faster, and alarmed Mary so that she wrenched away her jacket by main force, leaving half a yard of lace on the bramble.

Panting, she reached the stile, and scrambling over in a moment, joined her brother on the safe side.

The ill-tempered cow gave another bellow, seeing the children beyond reach of her horns.

"What does she mean by that roar?" cried Marmaduke, shrinking back at the sound. However valiant he might be against absent highwaymen, he was mightily afraid of a cow.

"I suspect," laughed Mary, who had recovered from her fright, "that her bellow means much the same as the whisper of the bear to the traveler in the fable, 'Let courage be proved by deeds, not words!'"

A. L. O. E.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOOD QUEEN BESS.

If you had lived in England about three and a quarter centuries ago you would have heard people talk about the Princess Mary, the Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Edward. These were then the royal children, and their father was Henry VIII., the first Protestant King of England. He was not a very good man, however, and probably the reason why he was a Protestant was because he quarreled with the Pope.

Mary was his eldest child, and at first he arranged that she should be queen after his death. By and by he liked Elizabeth better, and he willed that she should be queen instead of Mary. But when a son was born he had the preference; that is always the way in royal families.

I suppose these little folks did not care much about all this; at all events they loved one another dearly. When Edward was two years old, Elizabeth made him a birthday present of a cambric shirt, which she had made herself, though she was only six years old. They were together a great deal until the death of their father, when the little brother became king under the name of Edward VI. After a reign of six years, he died at the age of sixteen, and then Mary was crowned queen. She was a Catholic, and she wished all the people to become Catholics. She had many of them put to death because they would not do as she wished, and that gained her the name of "Bloody Mary."

All this while Elizabeth was a young lady attending to her studies. She learned several languages, and pursued various other studies; but she chose to pay most attention to history. Some of my little readers now will wonder that a princess, who could do as she liked, should make such a choice as that. But Elizabeth knew what was good for her. I suppose she said to herself, "I may be queen yet some day, and I shall want to know how to govern my people well. I will read history to see how others have done." So every day she spent three hours in reading history.

Some wicked people tried to make Queen Mary think that Elizabeth wished to reign in her place. So she treated her badly, and shut her up in prison; but Elizabeth kept on reading history. And in time she had a chance to use all her knowledge. Queen Mary died, and Elizabeth reigned in her place. She restored the Protestant religion, she strengthened her kingdom within and without, she

encouraged learning and all sorts of improvements, and was very kind to her people. She had many faults, but, altogether, she was the best sovereign that England had for many years. And there is no doubt that she owed much of her greatness to the knowledge that she gained in reading history. She reigned forty-six years, and people speak of her to this day as "Good Queen Bess."

"Well, it's nothing to me if Queen Bess did read history. I shall not be a queen nor a king either, so I don't want history."

Who was it said that? One of those bright little boys yonder? Yes, but if he is an American boy he will be one of those that help govern this people. He is one of our sovereigns. He cannot know too much, and if he studies history well he will find a great deal that will be of use to him when he gets to be a man. Try it, boys, and girls too, and you will never be sorry for it.

AUNT JULIA.

TO BOY SMOKERS.

A PHYSICIAN writes: "Let me give two or three hints to boys who use tobacco. Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental energy. I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison."

"A few weeks ago a youth arrived in this city to prosecute his studies with a view to professional life. A week or two after his arrival he was seized with paralysis in both legs, which advanced upward, till nearly the lower half of his body was benumbed and apparently lifeless. There is but little hope of his recovery. The cause of his disease was *tobacco-smoking*—a habit which he had early acquired, and persisted in to the time of his attack."

GO AND SEE GOD.

MAGGIE S. was a dear little girl, who loved to talk of God and heaven. When nearly three years old she was one day talking with two sisters who were older than herself, when she said she would go and see God. They told her that she could not see God till after she died. She was much grieved, and inquired of her mother if what her sister told her was true. Several weeks after she was very ill, and it was supposed that she could not recover. The same little sisters told her that her father said she would die.

"Then," said she, her face brightening with joy, "I will go and see God."

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