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CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL M. S.

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 14.

APRIL 23, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 206.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TRYING THE PIANO.

WHAT a pretty little girl! How pleased she looks! The note she has sounded pleases her ear. It is all the sweeter because it has come from the action of her fingers on the keys. Judging by her looks, I should think she has an ear for music, and will, if she has patience to practice thoroughly, become a fine player by and by.

Mark! *If she has patience to practice thoroughly.* Everything depends on that. She may be gifted with musical power, but that will not make her a good player unless she spends many, many long

hours in practice. "Practice makes perfect," you know. It will do much for a dull child, it will do wonders for a gifted one.

AMELIA — is a gifted girl, but she is lazy. She don't like to stick to anything long at a time. Her teacher says she might excel if she would persevere. But she won't. When told to practice her "scales" she sits down, runs over them once or twice, and then begins to thrum "Pop goes the weasel," "Yankee doodle," or some other equally simple air. Hence, Amelia makes no progress. Her mother coaxes, commands, threatens, and promises rewards. But nothing succeeds. Amelia will not practice, and so, with ability to fill her home with

sweetest strains, she will grow up a musical dunce and blunderhead.

How do you like this portrait of Amelia? Does it resemble yourself? Is a lack of perseverance your *fault*? Do you slight everything you touch? Are you in consequence of this habit a backward scholar, a slipshod sewer, a poor tool at everything? I'm sorry for you. I fear you will be counted in the awkward squad all your lifetime. That will be a very unpleasant thing for you, and the worst feature of the case will be that it will be your own fault.

How do you like your prospect, Miss Do-everything-in-a-hurry? How do you like it, Master Slipshod? You don't like it a bit, eh? Neither of you? I am glad you don't. That's a good sign. Show me a slipshod child who stands at the stupid end of all his classes without blushing—a child who is content to be counted a know-nothing, and I will show you a child who will be a good-for-nothing all his life. But there is hope for a child who has sense enough not to feel easy at the prospect of being written down among dullards and boobies. But one thing more is wanting, namely, a strong resolution to do your duty always—to be thorough and persevering in every right thing.

Make that resolution and stick to it, trusting the grace of God, and you will take rank with the world's benefactors and worthies.

THE CORPORAL.

TOM'S TRIAL.

It was a pleasant day in that particularly pleasant part of summer-time which the boys call "vacation," when Tiger and Tom walked slowly down the street together. Nearly a year ago, on Tom's birthday, Tiger arrived as a present from Tom's uncle, and as he leaped with a dignified bound from the wagon in which he made his journey. Tom looked for a

moment into his great, wise eyes, and impulsively threw his arms around his shaggy neck. Tiger, on his part, was pleased with Tom's bright face, and most affectionately licked his smooth cheeks. So the league of friendship was complete from that hour.

Tom soon gave his schoolfellows to understand that Tiger was a dog of superior talents, and told them that he meant to give him a liberal education. So when Tom studied his lessons Tiger too was furnished with a book, and, sitting by Tom's side, he would pore over the pages with an air of great profundity, occasionally gravely turning a leaf with his paw! Then Tiger was taught to go to the post-office and bring home the daily paper. He could also carry a basket to the baker's for crackers and cake, and putting his money on the counter with his mouth, he would wait patiently till the basket was filled, and then trot faithfully home. Added to all these graces of mind, Tiger had shown himself possessed of a large heart, for he had plunged into the lake one raw spring morning and saved a little child from drowning. So the next Saturday Tom called a full meeting of his schoolmates, and after numerous grand speeches to the effect that Tiger was a hero as well as a "gentleman and scholar," an enormous brass medal was fastened around his neck, and he was made to acknowledge the honor by standing on his hind legs and barking vociferously. Old Major White had offered Tom ten dollars for Tiger; but Tom quickly informed him he "wouldn't take twenty!"

As I have already told you, Tom had a pleasant, round face, and you might live with him a week and think him one of the noblest, most generous boys you ever knew. But some day you would probably discover that he had a most violent temper. You would be frightened to see his face crimson with rage as he stamped his feet, shook his little sister, spoke improperly to his mother, and, above all, sorely displeased his Father in heaven.

To be sure, Tom was soon over with his passion, and was very repentant; but then he did not remember to be watchful and struggle against this great enemy, and the next time he was attacked he was as easily overcome, and had many sorrowful hours in consequence. Now I am going to tell you of one great trial on this account which Tom never forgot to the end of his life. As I was saying a little while ago, Tiger and Tom were walking down the street together when they met Dick Casey, a schoolfellow of Tom's.

"O Dick!" cried Tom, "I'm going to father's granary a little while. Let's go up into the loft and play."

Dick had just finished his work in his mother's garden, and was all ready for a little amusement. So the two went up together and enjoyed themselves highly for a long time. But at last arose one of those trifling disputes in which little boys are apt to indulge. Pretty soon there were angry words, then (O how sorry I am to say it!) Tom's wicked passion got the mastery of him, and he beat little Dick severely. Tiger, who must have been ashamed of his master, pulled hard at his coat and whined piteously, but all in vain. At last Tom stopped from mere exhaustion.

"There, now!" he cried; "which is right, you or I?"

"I am," sobbed Dick, "and you tell a lie."

Tom's face flushed crimson, and darting upon Dick, he gave him a sudden push. Alas! he was too near the open door. Dick screamed, threw up his arms, and in a moment he was gone! Tom's heart stood still, and an icy chill crept over him from head to foot. At first he could not stir; then—he never knew how he got there—he found himself standing beside his little friend. Some men were raising him carefully from the hard sidewalk.



"Is he dead?" almost screamed Tom.

"No," replied one, "we hope not. How did he fall out?"

"He didn't fall," groaned Tom, who never could be so mean as to tell a lie; "I pushed him out."

"You pushed him, you wicked boy!" cried a rough voice. "Do you know you ought to be sent to jail, and if he dies maybe you'll be hung."

Tom grew as white as Dick, whom he had followed into the warehouse, and he heard all that passed as if in a dream.

"Is he badly hurt?" cried some one.

"Only his hands," was the answer. "The rope saved him. He caught hold of the rope and slipped down; but his hands are dreadfully torn—he has fainted from pain."

Just then Tom's father came in and soon understood the case. The look he gave his unhappy son, so full of sorrow, not unmingled with pity, was too much for Tom, and he stole out followed by the faithful Tiger. He wandered into the woods and threw himself upon the ground. One hour ago he was a happy boy, and now what a terrible change! What had made the difference? Nothing but the indulgence of this wicked, violent temper. His mother had often warned him of the fearful consequences. Tom fell on his knees and prayed God to spare Dick's life; and from that time forth, with God's help, he promised that he would strive to conquer his wicked passion.

Then, as he could no longer bear his terrible suspense, he started for Widow Casey's cottage. As he appeared at the humble door Mrs. Casey angrily ordered him away, saying, "You have made a poor woman trouble enough for one day."

But Dick's feeble voice entreated: "O mother, let him come in. I was just as bad as he."

Tom gave a cry of joy at hearing those welcome tones, and sprang hastily in. There sat poor Dick with his hands bound up, looking very pale, but Tom thanked God that he was alive.

"I should like to know how I am to live now," sighed Mrs. Casey. "Who will weed the garden and carry my vegetables to market? I am afraid we shall suffer for bread before the summer is over," and she put her apron on her eyes.

"Mrs. Casey," cried Tom eagerly, "I will do everything that Dick did. I will sell the potatoes and beans, and will even drive Mr. Brown's cows to pasture."

Mrs. Casey shook her head incredulously, but Tom bravely kept his word. For the next few weeks Tom was at his post bright and early, and the garden was never kept in better order. And every morning Tiger and Tom stood faithfully in the market-place with their baskets, and never gave up,

no matter what sort of day, till the last vegetable was sold, and the money placed in Mrs. Casey's hand.

Tom's father often passed through the market and gave his little son an encouraging smile, but he did not offer to help him out of his difficulty, for he knew if Tom struggled on alone, it would be a lesson he would never forget. Already he was becoming so gentle and patient that every one noticed the change, and his mother rejoiced over the sweet fruits of his repentance and self-sacrifice.

After a few weeks the bandages were removed from Dick's hands; but they had been unskillfully treated, and were drawn up in very strange shapes. Mrs. Casey could not conceal her grief. "He will never be the help he was before," she said to Tom; "he will never be like other boys; and he wrote such a fine hand, now he can no more make a letter than that little chicken in the garden."

"If he had only had a great city doctor," said a neighbor, "he might have been all right. Even now his fingers might be helped if you took him to the city."

"O I am too poor, too poor!" said she, and Dick burst into tears.

Tom could not bear it, and again rushed into the woods to think what could be done, for he had already given them all his quarter's allowance. All at once a thought flashed into his head, and he started as if he had been shot. Then he cried in great distress:

"No, no, anything but that; I can't do that!"

Tiger gently licked his hands and watched him with much concern. Now came a great struggle. Tom rocked backward and forward, and, although he was a proud boy, he sobbed aloud. Tiger whined, licked his face, rushed off into dark corners, and barked savagely at some imaginary enemy, and then came back, and putting his paws on Tom's knees, wagged his tail in anxious sympathy. At last Tom took his hands from his pale, tear-stained face, and looking into the dog's great honest eyes, he cried with a queer shake in his voice:

"Tiger, old fellow! dear old dog, could you ever forgive me if I sold you?"

Then came another burst of sorrow, and Tom rose hastily, as if afraid to trust himself, and almost ran out of the woods. Over the fields he raced with Tiger close to his heels, nor rested a moment till he stood at Major White's door, nearly two miles away.

"Do you still want Tiger, sir?"

"Why, yes," said the old man in great surprise; "but do you want to sell him?"

"Yes, please," gasped Tom, not daring to look at his old companion.

The exchange was quickly made, and the ten dollars in Tom's hand. Tiger was beguiled into a barn and the door hastily shut, and Tom was hurrying off, when he turned and cried in a choking voice:

"You will be kind to him, Major White, wont you? Don't whip him, I never did, and he's the best dog—"

"No, no, child," said Major White kindly. "I'll treat him like a prince, and if you ever want to buy him back you shall have him."

Tom managed to falter, "Thank you," and almost flew out of hearing of Tiger's eager scratching on the barn-door.

I am making my story too long, and can only tell you in a few words that Tom's sacrifice was accepted. A friend took little Dick to the city free of expense, and Tom's money paid for the necessary operation. The poor crooked fingers were very much improved, and were soon almost as good as ever. And the whole village loved Tom for his brave, self-sacrificing spirit, and the noble atonement he had made for his moment of passion.

A few days after Dick's return came Tom's birthday, but he did not feel in his usual spirits.

"How different from my last birthday!" thought Tom. "Then Tiger had just come, and I was so happy, though I didn't like him half as well as I do now." Tom sighed heavily; then added more cheerfully, "Well, I hope some things are better than they were last year. I hope I have begun to conquer myself; and, with God's help, I shall never give up trying while I live. Now if I could only earn money enough to buy back dear old Tiger."

But while Tom was thinking, and gazing up into the blue sky through the delicate green leaves, he heard a hasty, familiar trot—there was a crushing among the bushes, and with a quick bark of joy Tiger himself, the brave old dog, sprang into Tom's arms!

"Tiger, old fellow!" cried Tom, trying to look fierce, though he could scarcely keep down the tears, "how came you to run away, sir?"

Tiger responded by picking up a letter he had dropped in his first joy, and laying it in Tom's hand.

Tom opened it, and read in Major White's trembling hand:

"MY DEAR CHILD,—Tiger is pining, and I must give him change of air. I wish him to have a good master, and knowing that the best ones are those who have learned to govern *themselves*, I sent him to you. Will you take care of him, and greatly oblige
Your old friend,
MAJOR WHITE."

And then Tom read through a mist of tears:

"P.S.—I know the whole story. Dear little friend, 'be not weary in well-doing.'"

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1864.



WHAT SPOILED A PICNIC.

"Did you have a good time at the picnic?" said Nelly White to her friend Agnes the day after a picnic in the woods, from which Nellie had been kept by a fit of the toothache.

"No," said Aggie, "we didn't enjoy ourselves one bit."

"Why, Aggie!" exclaimed Nellie; "how could that be?"

"None of us enjoyed it because Milly Gray was there and wanted to have her own way in everything. I declare I'll never go anywhere with Milly again. She always spoils everybody's pleasure."

Do you hear that, Milly Gray? You are a nice-looking little miss. Your blue eyes and brown ringlets are pretty enough in their way, but nobody likes you for all that. You have often wondered why you have so few friends among the girls. Now you know, for Agnes has let the cat out of the bag. And an ugly cat it is. You want your

own way too much, Milly Gray. Mark that, Milly! and if you wish to be loved by the girls learn to give up to their wishes once in a while at least. Do you hear, Milly Gray? Will you mind, Milly Gray?

THE LAMBS OF JESUS.

CHILDREN who love Jesus are his lambs. He loves them very dearly. He watches over them by day and by night, leads them through the ways of life, protects them from danger, comforts them in their sorrows, makes them strong to resist evil, lifts them over rough places in his arms, and finally gives them a home on the banks of the beautiful river under the trees which bloom in unfading beauty. Isn't it a nice thing to be one of Jesus's lambs?



OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

How are you, my corporal? What has become of your friend, Q-in-the-corner?

"Q is a queer, quick, quizzing little fellow," replies the corporal. "Here is a note from him. He says:

"The other day I was walking slowly along the street of a village in which you have a hundred readers, when the clock struck twelve. A troop of girls and boys rushed out of a schoolhouse yard who looked as if they 'snuffed' not battle, but good dinners not far off. Among them was a sweet little miss with a thin, pale face, who was lame. She limped very badly indeed, and I pitied her very much, for I judged from the iron-bound boot she wore that she was most likely lame for life. Judge, then, of my pain and grief when a rosy-cheeked boy, to whom God had given straight feet and good health, planted himself in front of the pale child, and imitating her gait, said, 'Aint I an elegant walker? Haven't I got a splendid little foot? Don't I wear a pretty boot?' The lame girl's face flushed a moment, then grew paler than before. I saw that she felt wounded and hurt, for a deep sigh escaped her and a big tear rolled like a pea down her cheek. I felt just like tweaking that boy's ear, but just then a burly-looking man who was passing grasped the boy by the collar, twirled him round as if he had been a cabbage, and plumped him down on the next door-step, saying, 'Sit there, you mocking bird! Why should you make sport of that child's misfortune? You may have rosier cheeks and prettier feet than she has, but I'm sure your soul isn't half as beautiful as hers. In fact, I doubt if you have much soul any way. If you had you wouldn't make fun of that dear child's misfortune.'

"This rather stern speech struck the boy into a heap, and I really believe if he had been a snail he would have crept into his shell out of sight. What do you think of him, Mr. Corporal Try?"

"Think of him? I think him sillier than any goose I ever saw, as cruel as the boy who tears off flies' wings, and quite as wicked as any boy I ever knew. A healthy boy mocking a sickly little girl! Pshaw! How mean and cowardly! He thinks himself smart. Perhaps he is in some things, but I would rather see a boy half as dull as a donkey and half as slow as a wheelbarrow than to have his sort of smartness. He's got a bad heart. Don't you think so, Mr. Editor?"

Yes, my corporal, I do. If he grows up he'll never be like the young man who, when writing to his mother in a far-off land, was asked to inclose his letter in the envelope

of a friend who was writing to another person in the same town. "No," said the young man; "if it be sent separately it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend, and *perhaps it may save her a tear.*"

"That was a beautiful thought!" exclaims Mr. Forrester. "It was the blossom of a loving heart—of such a tender love as I wish all my children to cherish for each other and for all their friends. O if they would all study to be *tear-preventers* and *smile-makers* how much good they would do!"

Tear-preventers and smile-makers! I like that, squire, and I hereby appoint the reader "tear-preventer and smile-maker" to his or her mother, father, brother, sister, companions, and especially to every sick, lame, and sorrowful child within his or her reach. Who accepts the appointment?

"Here is Q's answer to his puzzle in our last:

"(1.) Elymas, Acts xiii, 8. (2.) Paphos, Acts xiii, 6. (3.) Ephron, Gen. xxv, 9. (4.) Nobah, Num. xxxii, 42. (5.) Ed, Joshua xxii, 34. (6.) Tola, Gen. xlvi, 13. (7.) Ulai, Dan. viii, 2. (8.) Shuah, Gen. xxxviii, 2.—*Epenetus*, Rom. xvi, 15.

"Here is a Scripture enigma for my company to work out or be reproved in a general order:

"I contain eighteen letters.

"My 1 is the third letter in the name of a king of whom little is known but his name.

"My 2, 7, 10, 13, and 17 is the fourth letter in the name of a notorious transgressor who died a violent death.

"My 3, 6, 12, and 14 is the middle letter in the name of an ancient city situated not far from Jerusalem.

"My 4 is the sixth letter of a sound heard by the Jews only twice in a hundred years.

"My 5 is the third letter of the name of a city in Moab.

"My 6 and 14 are the fifth and sixth letters in the name of a Jewish tribe.

"My 9 and 11 are the third and fourth letters in the name of a tower built by Solomon.

"My 16 is the middle letter in the name of a chief who disputed with a Jewish prince.

"My 18 is the last letter of the name of a city in Canaan famous as the scene of a heavenly manifestation.

"My whole is the name of a celebrated prophet's son.

"A W— boy sends me some verses which he calls poetry, but I am afraid if I were to print them my little folks would say that the boy's poetry machine is rickety, that it needs to have a grammar and spelling cog put into it, and that, in short, this dear boy had better wait a while and study hard before he tries to write verses again. What do you think, sir?"

That you are right, my corporal. That boy *may* write a good poem ten or fifteen years hence, but, plainly, he can't do it now. What next?

"ELLA and FANNIE write:

"We have a pleasant little school numbering upward of two hundred scholars. Our superintendent, Brother Burnham, is a very good man, and does all in his power to make our school interesting, and what is of more importance, to win our souls to the Saviour. During the year quite a number of our school through his influence have been induced to embrace the Saviour and have connected themselves with the M. E. Church, and we are happy to say we are among the number, and our earnest prayer is that we may ever live faithful to that Saviour whose cause we have espoused. We would like to join your Try Company if you deem us worthy of occupying such an honorable position."

A very sweet and modest note, corporal.

"Very. Ella and Fannie have begun right. They went to the Saviour before enlisting in my company. I have faith in their endurance. By trusting in Christ they will be enabled to hold out to the end. May Jesus bless them!—WILBER N. says:

"We don't have very good singing sometimes in our school, but that don't make the Sunday-school go down by any means. We get along with the singing some way. We have a very good preacher here. We have a large Sunday-school, but some of the scholars don't come because it is winter. I think they are foolish, don't you? It shows that they are afraid of getting cold. I don't think they will learn much good. We have not many teachers, but a good many scholars. This is too bad, but we can't help it."

There are some good ideas in Wilber's head and some fine feelings in his heart. If the "Sweet Singer" was used in his school the singing might improve. The corporal says he won't have those scholars in his company who are afraid of the cold. He wouldn't give a fig for ten thousand recruits who haven't pluck enough to face the winter's cold for Christ's sake. I believe the corporal is more than half right.

"MY JESUS."

THE children were talking about their favorite books. Each had her favorite. "This is mine," said Maggy, clasping her hands over the family Bible, "because it tells all about my Jesus."

"My Jesus too," said Willie.

"And mine," said Cousin Ellen.

"Mine," whispered Judy, the little negro at the door.

"Mine, I hope," added Uncle John, just made a judge.

Yes, the little black can call Jesus hers; the little white child can call Jesus his; the judge on his bench and the beggar on his crutch can call Jesus theirs, for Jesus died on the cross alike for all; and if we repent and believe in him, we are of *one* family, the blessed household of Jesus Christ.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

A CONVERTED Hindoo came one morning to the missionary bringing his brass idols, and throwing them on the ground, said:

"Enough of these; I have done with them, and wish to have no more to do with them. I have read much and learned much in my heathen books, but I have found no rest. In Christ alone is rest."

He also took from his neck a silver chain bearing the name of his god, and casting it on the ground, said:

"Enough. Nothing but sin has cleaved to me all the while I have kept this close to me. Please, sir, take it. I know of something better—the love of Jesus. O how different from all this! I know I must be persecuted by my friends and relatives, but I don't mind that."

GOD IS LIGHT.

SAID a little child to me,

"If God lives so very far

Up above the highest heaven,

Far beyond the brightest star,

"How can he be always near me,

Caring for me night and day?

Are you sure that God can hear me

When I lift my hands and pray?"

And I answered, "God has spoken

Holy words that we receive;

And he gives us many a token,

To persuade us to believe.

"Like the sun that shines around us,

Making all things bright and fair,

By the wayside, in the chamber,

God is with us everywhere.

"Trust him, darling, when he tells you

He is near by day and night;

Distance cannot part you from him,

Darkness hides not—"God is light."

A CHILD'S REASON OF THE HOPE WITHIN HER.

A SHORT time since I passed by a cottage in the country. A little girl was in the garden, and I asked her, "Do you love Jesus?"

"O yes, I do," she said.

"Why do you love him?"

"Because he died for us," she answered.

Then I said to her, "Children as little as you die. You may die soon, perhaps to-night: what then?"

"O," she said, "then I should go to heaven."

"ARE THE STRIPES THERE TOO?"

A BRIGHT little three-year-old was sitting in his mother's lap a few evenings since, when he suddenly asked, "Are the stars in heaven?"

The mother, of course, responded in the affirmative; when the little fellow put the further question, "Are the stripes there too, mother?"



THE FOX AND THE DOG.

A FOX and a dog became fond of each other, and often went about together. The fox sometimes popped his head into a farm-yard and stole a fowl or a goose. One day he had made free with a fine goose, where he and the dog had often been seen together. All the other geese set up so great a cackling that the farmer went out to see what was the matter. He took his gun with him, which was well loaded with shot. When he saw the fox just clearing the gate and running off, with the dog close to his side, the farmer fired and the shot lodged in them both, so that he caught them.

"Thou shalt die, rogue as thou art!" said he to the fox as he knocked him on the head with the butt-end of his gun. "And so shalt thou," said he to the dog as he turned to him.

"O hold, I beseech you!" pleaded the dog. "I never stole a goose in my life."

"Why, then, did you keep company with such a rogue? I will not believe thee," said the farmer, and so he killed the dog also.

Avoid wicked children if you would wish not to be thought as bad as they are.

THE BEE AND THE MISER.



AN old miser counted his gold while a bee buzzed out and in at the window. "Poor creature," he said as he locked his treasure away, "silly thing! don't you know that you are toiling all your lifetime for man?"

The bee stopped on her way. "Old man," she said, "small though I look, I am old too, and I know how happy the life of a bee is. True, we work for man, but man works for us."

"Works for you!" exclaimed the miser; "what does he do for you except eating your honey?"

"In the far Indies," said the bee, "man toils among the sugar-canes for us. He eats our honey, but we eat his sugar. It is true that I have sometimes thought he might leave us a little more of our honey than he does, but in the main he treats us well. Nay, he values us so much, that if a cold season comes and we have no honey to give, he feels us all winter through for nothing. But if your

store, old man, were to fail, who would feed you? Who? who?" And the bee buzzed away to her hive, humming these old words as she went: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

DON'T BREAK THE SABBATH.

A YOUNG man lay tossing from side to side on a straw-bed in one corner of a dark room in a prison.

"What brought you here?" said one who went to visit him in his distress.

"Breaking the Sabbath," said he, "breaking the Sabbath. Instead of going to the Sabbath-school I went a fishing on the Sabbath. I knew I was doing wrong; my mother taught me better; my Sabbath-school teacher taught me better; my minister taught me better; my Bible taught me better; my conscience reproved me all the time I was doing it; but I hated instruction and despised reproof—and here I am in prison. I did not believe those who taught me and warned me. I had no idea that it would come to this—but here I am. Lost! Undone!"

But I hear some one say, "What harm can there be in taking a stroll in the woods or on the hills? What harm in just sitting down on the bank to fish?"

What harm! What harm! Why, this. God is disobeyed. He says, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." The moment you resolve to have your own way, and seek your own pleasure, instead of obeying God, you let go compass, rudder, and chart. Nothing but God's word can guide you safely through this life. *Forsake that, refuse to obey its teachings, and you are lost.*

THE MAGPIE.

THE magpie resembles the daw, except that the breast and wings are white, and the tail very long. It is a very loquacious creature, and can be brought to imitate the human voice as well as any parrot.

The magpie feeds on worms, insects, meat, cheese, bread, milk, and all kinds of seeds. He is fond of hiding pieces of money or wearing apparel, which he carries away by stealth and with much dexterity to his hole. His cunning is also remarked in the manner of making his nest, which he covers all over with thorny branches, leaving only one hole for his ingress and egress, securing in that manner his brood from attacks of his enemies.

Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?

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