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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNT · M · 6

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 7.

JANUARY 10, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 175.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

The poor girl in the picture sells water-cress in the streets of the greatest city in the world, London. She has no father, no mother, no friend in the world

but a poor aunt. She has to rise very early in the morning, because the people of London love to eat the cress for breakfast. She has to trudge the streets in all kinds of weather until her feet are sore. Yet, with all her toil, she can earn very but

money. She has barely enough to eat, very little to wear, and her home is poor and comfortless. But, in spite of all this, you see that her face is bright and cheerful. She looks like a happy and contented girl.

Well, she is contented and happy. Would you like to know what makes her so?

One day a lady to whom she was selling water-cress said to her:

"Can you read, Mary?"

"I can read a little in the Testament, ma'am," said Mary.

"Do you like to read the Testament, Mary?"

"Yes, ma'am, I should, but I haven't got one," replied the girl.

The lady gave Mary a Testament and invited her to Sunday-school. Mary went to school, learned to love the Bible better than ever, learned to love Jesus, learned to sit at the feet of Jesus as that Mary did who lived in Bethany in the days when our Lord was on earth.

It was that love for Jesus which made her happy. She had no earthly friend, but she had Jesus for her friend. She had no money, but she had the true riches; she was an heir of heaven. She had a poor earthly home, but in heaven she knew there was a glorious mansion ready for her use. Thus, you see, she was really a King's daughter in disguise. Do you wonder she was happy?

Children, I want you all to love Jesus. If you have rich parents you need Christ's love to enable you to enjoy the pleasant things they provide for you; if you are poor, you need it to make your poverty endurable. Rich or poor, sick or well, whoever or whatever you are, you need the love of Jesus to make you happy. Who will love the Saviour?

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.



HERE was a little boy who was easily vexed, and who did not love work. Idleness and a quick temper were his "easily besetting sins." But being a noble boy and anxious to conquer his sins, he used to pray for grace to help get the victory over himself. Here is a part of his prayer which

his mother heard him offer one night. Said he:

"O Lord, forgive me for being so angry with my schoolfellows who teased me this morning, and for not taking pains with my lesson this afternoon. O keep me from being passionate any more; and O help me not to like to be idle."

That was a good prayer. That boy was not only sorry for the wrong he had done, but he wanted help that he might not do wrong again. No doubt Jesus heard that prayer.

Every boy and girl have sins that they like to commit—sins that easily master them. They are easily besetting sins. They must be mastered by every child or they will lead him down to ruin. Who wants to conquer his sins? *All of you, eh?* Very good. Prayer is the sword that can slay them. Pray like the little boy and your sins will die. X.

A BOY'S WILL.

THE *Foreign Missionary* tells this interesting story. A pious boy had a little property to be disposed of before he said his last farewell. At his request it was brought to him, and in a soft, sweet voice he desired that it might be expended for the conversion of heathen children. The whole sum amounted to thirty dollars. He had accumulated thus much by saving the pennies and dimes which he received for presents or rewards, instead of spending them on childish indulgences. It was lately sent to Ningpo to print a book of "Bible Stories in Verse," for the use of Chinese children. The little volume will be nicely embellished with pictures, and on the title-page it will bear this inscription: "Ih-go Sina nying ming-z kyioaleh Z. T. kwe Tin z-co, zi-loh dong-ding

hoa ing keh peng-geh Congi-woh siaonying kwe ka sing Yia sui" that is "A little boy named Z. T., on going to heaven, left behind him money to print this book, for the purpose of leading Chinese children to repent and believe in Jesus."



"I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER."

"GRANDMA, I want to be a soldier. Whose company do you think I had better 'list in?' asked little Jasper.

"Well," said grandmother, thinking a minute, "I advise you to enlist under Corporal Try."

"And who shall I fight, grandmother?"

"One of your greatest enemies is General Sulks, Jasper. You would do well, the instant he makes his appearance, to give him battle, and if you can't kill him, drive him off the field as quick as you can. I hate the sight of his black, sour, scowling face; don't you, Jasper?"

"I hate the *feel* of him," said poor little Jasper in a pitiful tone, "I am sure I do. Do you think Corporal Try's company is strong enough, grandmother? General Sulks is so sly, and he's awful to hang on."

"Well," said grandmother, "you know there is the great Captain, the Captain of our salvation, the Lord Jesus. One of his tried soldiers said, 'I can do *all things* through Christ that strengtheneth me.' And he helps all those who put their trust in him."

"O grandmother," said the little boy with tears in his eyes, "will you ask him to 'list me?'"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TURKS.



HOW many nations do you suppose live on the borders of the Mediterranean? Just count them up. I think you would find more than you could number on all your fingers and thumbs.

Do you ask if we shall visit them all? I doubt if we do. Why should we sail around the Mediterranean when we can just as

well sail over land as on water? We will take an airy sail across the channel to Turkey.

How many of you have seen pictures of the Turk? What, all hands up? Well, the Turk sits cross-legged, and smokes a pipe, and wears a turban just as he did when those pictures were made. Now what idea have you of the character of a Turk? That he is "very fierce," "cruel," "a barbarian," "an infidel." Well, children, among you all, you make him out bad enough. But I am afraid he too

nearly deserves all that you have said about him. His character has not been good, but it is very much improved of late. As for the infidel, it happens that this is just the term that he applies to us. The Turks are Mohammedans, a sect who make converts by fire and sword. They have conquered large empires, and their religion extends over many countries of the East, but it is now on the decline.

The Turks are a lazy people so far as work is concerned. All they seem to wish to do is to lounge about, and loiter, and smoke, and sip coffee in their indolent way. Look at those fellows sitting at their places in the great bazaar! They are merchants if you please. What beautiful pipes and turbans and slippers are here! Look, too, at these swords splendidly set with gems, at these horse-trappings, these India shawls. Here are many rich goods at high prices, but then the man would take much less money than he asks for them. He expects to be beaten down. They make a great ado over a small bargain, order pipes and coffee, and, in short, treat you like a visitor.

The Turkish women like shopping as well as women in our country. See them going about in their high shoes peering at everything with their one uncovered eye. They are very ignorant creatures. The Mohammedan religion does not allow them any souls, so of course they are not educated nor very well treated. The Turk keeps several wives if he can afford to do so—has them shut up in the harem, but he looks upon them as very inferior, and does not even eat with them. They are often treated little better than slaves. Indeed, they are slaves in one respect, for the Turk buys his wives and pays for them. The handsomest of these are Circassian girls with faultless forms and complexions, who are brought here to fill the harems of those who are rich enough to buy them. As we are privileged characters we can peep into the salesrooms, where they are kept very choice and very retired. How young they all are! Some are mere children. And here goes a dark moustached Turk, like a Bluebeard, looking for some little beauty to please his fancy. White slaves! O let us hurry and get away, for I would not like to have any of my little travelers sold away from their mothers and their Sunday-schools.

It is hoped that there will be a general change soon in religious and social matters in Turkey. The present sultan or emperor is more liberal than his predecessors, and the country has been opened to Christian missionaries. Two have gone there from our Church and are making good use of the pennies that my little travelers put into the boxes on missionary Sundays. They have established schools for both boys and girls, and by and by I suppose the Turks will find out that women have souls, and then they will go on to civilization.

AUNT JULIA.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

A LADY came home from shopping one day and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, went into the yard, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than usual. The mother could not account for his manner.

When she was undressing him for bed, "Mother," he asked, "can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark?"

"Yes," answered the mother, "God can see everywhere and in every place."

"Then God saw me and he will tell you, mother. When you were gone I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake, and I am sorry, very sorry," and bowing his head on his mother's lap he burst out crying.

Poor little boy! All day he had been wanting to hide from his mother, just as Adam and Eve after they had disobeyed God tried to hide from his pres-

ence in the garden of Eden. Guilt made him afraid. It put a gulf between him and his mother.

How did George get rid of his feeling of guilt and shame? He took the best, the only true way, by repenting and confessing it. His mother forgave him. He was restored to her confidence and love.

Just so must we do toward God. We must confess and repent of our sins, and pray God, for Christ's sake, to forgive us. Then we may taste the sweets of forgiveness, and be no longer afraid and far off from him.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 10, 1863.

A WILL AND A WAY.



PLEASE, pa, give me a penny to put in the missionary-box," said Edward Parry to his father. "This is missionary Sunday, you know."

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Parry, "I will give you a penny; but have you nothing of your own to put in? If you love Jesus, as I hope you do, I should think you would desire to give him something of your own, as well as to put my penny in the box."

Edward looked on the ground a few moments so earnestly that you might have guessed he was counting the pebbles. He was thinking. At last he looked up, rather sadly, and said:

"Yes, pa, I should. But I don't have money of my own very often, you know."

"Why don't you earn some, my son?"

"Earn some! I earn money! O, pa, how could I?"

"If you had a will, my son, you would find a way. A way almost always follows a will. I read once of a boy who wanted money for the cause of Jesus, and he invented a missionary mouse-trap to get it."

"A missionary mouse-trap, pa! How funny! What sort of a mouse-trap was it?" said Edward, with wonder in his large blue eyes.

"It was a common mouse-trap, my son, pressed into the service of Jesus. The boy's home was overrun with mice, and he asked his pa to give him half a cent a piece for all he could catch. His father consented and he went to work. How many do you suppose he caught in six weeks?"

"Twelve?" asked Edward.

"More than that. Guess again."

"Twenty?"

"Yes, and twenty more. He caught forty mice, and so earned twenty cents for Jesus in six weeks. It was a very humble way in which to do it, but the object he had in view ennobled it."

Edward's heart grew warm with admiration of the mouse-trap plan of raising money, and he half wished that his home was overrun with mice too, so that he might earn money by trapping them. But, luckily, it was not, because old Tom Whiskers, the cat, kept guard day and night over all the holes, by which a mouse could enter. So, after a moment or two of silent thinking, Edward looked into his father's face and said:

"I'll try to find a way, pa."

"That's right, my son. I'll try never fails."

Mr. Parry was right. "I'll Try" is a mighty genius. He can do almost anything. What he did in Edward's case was very clear the following Saturday afternoon when the boy entered his mother's kitchen lugging a big basket and saying:

"Buy any nice ripe barberries, ma'am?"

Edward had heard his mother wish for some barberries a few days before. He had spent his holiday picking a basket full, for which his mother paid him twenty cents.

"Now," said Edward as he put the little silver pieces cosily away in his wallet and smiled, "Now I can give Jesus some of my own money."

He did so on the next missionary Sabbath, saying on his return:

"I felt a great deal better putting my own money in the

box than I ever did when I put in the pennies you gave me, pa."

Edward was right. It is more pleasant to give your own money to Jesus than it is to give what belongs to pa and ma. If Edward's example should lead some of my readers to prove the truth of this remark and to invent some simple and right way of earning money for Jesus, he will make them happy, and help the cause of Jesus even more than he did when he earned his twenty cents.

I wish some of my little friends would write me how they earn money to put in the missionary-box.

"I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE YOU SORRY."

I READ lately of a boy, you may name him John if you like, who ran into the house one evening and said:

"Mother, Willie played truant this afternoon and he wanted me to go too, but I couldn't."

"Couldn't? why not, my son?"

"Because," said little John, throwing his arms most lovingly round his mother's neck, "I thought it would make you so sorry, and that is why I couldn't."

I wish I knew that boy. I would go at least a mile to kiss him. There is something so lofty in his reason for not going with Willie that I really love him. You see it was not fear but love that governed him. He couldn't play truant because it would make his mother feel so sorry! Precious boy!

Now, my children, I want you to tread in John's steps, and even to go a little further in the good road. When you are tempted, say:

"I can't do that wrong act because it will make my pa and ma feel so sorry. It will make Jesus feel so sorry too. I can't do it."

Will you make up your minds to meet your tempters in this spirit? I give my blessing to every boy and girl who does so. I pray Jesus to give them his blessing too.

THE BOY WHO DECEIVED HIMSELF.

I READ lately of a boy who asked his mother one Sunday if he might use one of his playthings. The good lady said:

"No, my son, it's Sunday. You mustn't do it to-day."

"Well, mamma," said Henry, a little chap who had just put on his first pair of pants, "I can do it, can't I? I'm littler'n Johnny and I don't know any better!"

Don't know any better! O, Harry, Harry! You do know that you have no better right to play Sundays than Johnny. Only you want to play, and so you pretend to be ignorant when you are not. I'm afraid, Harry, your heart is not as good as it might be.

Thus would I have answered Harry, and I want every little fellow in my Advocate family who tries to excuse himself for wrong-doing to apply my answer to himself. Little children, don't try to deceive yourselves!

WHO BELIEVES A LYING CHILD?

LET no one touch the plums on that little tree," said a lady teacher to her pupils in a small country boarding-school. "They are very choice plums, and there are only six on the tree."

Two days later three of the plums were missing. Who had taken them? The servants said they had not. The scholars all said they had not. Who took them? That old thief, NOBODY, had for once found his way into the teacher's garden.

"Well, Miss Esther," said the lady to one of the girls, "I think you must have taken the plums. I can believe every one in the house but you. You have been caught lying so many times I cannot believe what you say."

Now, as a matter of fact, Esther had not touched the plums; but her word was good for nothing, because she had so often told lies. She was believed to be a thief because she was untruthful. Wretched girl!

Well, it is always so. Liars are not believed even when they speak the truth. Worse yet, "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Children, don't lie. Tell the truth always. Truth is beautiful. Cling to her and she will bless you.

THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.



R. EDITOR, here is a capital letter from the Rev. D. B., giving an account of the death of MARY, one of our family who was converted under his labors two years ago, and who loved her class, her Bible, her Sunday-School Advocate, and her Saviour. She is gone

to heaven. I suppose you can't print the letter?"

No, corporal, I can't, but I will put it away with others of the same character until we print another volume of "Happy Dead." Possibly it may find a place there. What next?

"A Scripture puzzle for my Try Company. Here it is:

"Like many things, of dust I was composed,
And to a master for his work disposed;
This humble owner fixed my daily task,
And holidays it useless were to ask.
He made me grind his corn, when corn he had,
And sound his griefs whenever he was sad:
My master though quite absolute to me,
His master had, for he was far from free.
My master died; but, very sad to say,
From work I rested scarcely for a day.
Another owner claimed me for his prize:
I fought his battles; he without allies,
Whene'er he called me, ready to his aid,
His potent foes in death I prostrate laid.
But, jaded by his conquests, he was weak,
And knew not where refreshment he could seek.
Still at his service I poured forth a stream,
That this bold warrior might his strength redeem.

"And here is the answer to the puzzle in our last number:

"(1.) Cesar, Acts xxv, 11. (2.) Cenchrea, Acts xviii, 18. (3.) Hanani, 2 Chron. xvi, 7. (4.) Haman, Esther vii, 10. (5.) Ellab, Num. i, 9. (6.) No, Jer. xlvi, 25. (7.) Hebrew, Gen. xiv, 13. The initials of these words spell RAINBOW, Gen. ix, 13, 14.

"Here is a word from CLARA, of Camden, which I must read. She is only eight years old and says:

"My sister says you cannot read my letter, but I wrote father a letter and sent it to California, and he read it. Mother and we children are going to California soon. Mother says if she has time when she gets to New York she will let me come and see you. We have a pleasant Sabbath-school here. I love to go. I put a cent in the missionary-box every Sunday, and earn it myself. I mean to try to be good and put something on to the heap of happiness."

That is not so bad for an eight-year-old girl, is it, corporal? Clara will write better when she is a little older. I commend her for putting her own money into the missionary-box. How many of my readers do that? I love her for working on the heap of happiness. I expect she will add a good deal to it before she dies. I will give her a kiss if she sees me on her way to California, but if not, I wish her a fine voyage. Wont her pa's heap of happiness grow when Clara is added to it!

"Now hear what MARY M. M'C., of Dewitt, writes. She says:

"I am a little girl fourteen years old. I am a member of the M. E. Church. I joined last winter. There were about twenty-five converted and joined the Church. About twelve of these were taken in on full membership. The probation of some of them was not out."

Mary's letter is good news for children. It shows that they may obtain God's favor and keep it, although some grumpy old-time people say they can't. Let the children all seek Jesus, join the Church, and serve God forever and ever!

"Let me read a scrap from M. E. F., of Mount Holly. She says:

"I have a good father and mother, and one brother and a dear little sister. I love them all very much. Brother and I go to the Methodist Sabbath-school. I have a very nice teacher and I love her dearly."

I suspect that many other children have a good father, mother, brother, and dear little sister as well as M. E. F. But it is not every child that knows their value as she does. I wish all my readers had her spirit. "Brother and I" are accepted by the corporal.

MOTTO FOR MY TRY COMPANY.—"Nothing is denied to well-directed diligence."



BE GENTLE TO THY MOTHER.

BY G. W. BETHUNE.

Be gentle to thy mother; long she bore
Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth;
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
Thy cradle prayed, and taught thee lisping truth.
Yes, she is old; yet on thy manly brow
She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother; close to her warm heart
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest;
Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
Exulting in thee fledging from her nest;
And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
Whose strength was thine, in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother; brief perchance the time
May be that she will claim the care she gave;
Past are her hopes of youth, her harvest-prime
Of joy on earth; her friends are in the grave;
But for her children, she could lay her head
Gladly to rest among the precious dead.

Be tender to thy mother; words unkind,
Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
To that fond bosom where thou art enshrined
In love unutterable, more than fang
Of venomous serpent. Wound not her strong trust,
As thou wouldst hope for peace when she is dust!

O mother mine! God grant I ne'er forget,
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
I owe thy love; but find my sweet employ,
Ever through thy remaining days, to be
To thee as faithful as thou wast to me!

THE MILK-WHITE DOVE; OR, LITTLE JACOB'S
TEMPTATION.

WILL you have a story, darling?
I know one, very old,
For when I was a little child
I used to hear it told.
It is about a little boy
And the pigeons which he sold.

His mother, she was very poor,
And kept a rich man's gate;
Until the carriages passed through,
There Jacob had to wait.

Now Jacob was a patient lad,
A loving, faithful son:
Of all the things the rich man had
He wanted only one.

A pigeon with a crested head,
And feathers soft as silk,
With crimson feet and crimson bill,
The rest as white as milk.

He had some pigeons of his own,
He loved them very well;
But then, his mother was so poor,
He reared them all to sell.

He kept them in a little shed
That sloped down from the roof:
Great trouble had he every spring
To make it water-proof.

He used to count them every day,
To see he had them all:
They knew his footstep when he came,
And answered to his call.

And one—a chocolate-colored hen—
Was prettier than the rest,
Because there was a gloss like gold
All round its throat and breast.

You know the little birds in spring
Build houses, where they dwell.
And feed, and rear their little ones,
And love each other well.

So the black pigeons Jacob had
Were mated with the gray;
And crested-crown and ring-neck made
Their nest the first of May.

For God hath made each little bird
To love and need a mate;
And so the little chocolate hen
Was very desolate.

And Jacob thought if he could get
The rich man's milk-white dove,
And keep it always for his own,—
Now, listen to me, love.

He wanted that which was not his;
That which another had;
And so, a great temptation grew
Around the little lad.

The rich man had whole flocks of birds
And Jacob reasoned so:
"If I should take this one white dove,
How can he ever know?"

"Among so many can he miss
The one which I shall take?
Among so many, many birds,
What difference can it make?"

But, darling, even while his heart
Throbbled with these wishes strong,
A something always troubled him—
He knew that it was wrong.

So time passed on, he watched the dove;
How every day it came
Nearer and nearer to the shed,
More gentle and more tame.

He watched it with a longing eye:
At last, one summer day,
He saw it settle on the roof
As if it meant to stay.

Now Jacob seemed a happy boy:
Said he, "It has a right
To choose a dwelling anywhere
Most pleasant in its sight."

And so he scattered grains of corn
And crumbs of wheaten bread,
Because he thought the dove would stay
Where it was kindly fed.

Well, time passed on—the milk-white dove,
Well-pleased with Jacob's care,
Soon learned to know him like the rest,
And seemed right happy there.

One morning he had called them all
Around him to be fed;
And on the ground he scatter'd corn,
And peas, and crumbs of bread;

When, all at once, he heard a man,
Outside the road-gate, call:
"Boy, if these pigeons are for sale,
I think I'll take them all."

All! how it smote on Jacob's ear!
"I see there are but eight;
If you will take eight shillings down,
I'll pay you at that rate."

Now, at that moment, all the birds
Were feeding in the sun,
But Jacob, in his startled heart,
Could think of only one.

And never since the milk-white dove
Had joined the chocolate hen,
Had he felt in his inmost heart
As he was feeling then.

"Come, hurry, hurry!" said the man:
"I have no time to lose;
Between the shillings and the birds
It can't be hard to choose."

Poor Jacob, having once begun
To do what was not right,
Forgetting he was standing in
His heavenly Father's sight,

And knowing how his mother had
A quarter's rent to pay,
Felt, in his heart, the sense of right
Was fading fast away;

When, from the open cottage-door,
There came a murmuring low;
It was his mother's morning hymn,
Solemn, and sweet, and slow.

He listened, and a holy fear
Was awakened in his heart,
And strength was given him that hour
To choose the better part;

And, turning to the stranger man
A frank, untroubled eye,
He said, "But seven birds are mine:
But seven you can buy."

"O," said the man, "they go in pairs,
And will not suit me then;"
So Jacob sold him only six,
And kept the chocolate hen.

And when the evening shadows came,
And dew was on the grass,
He watch'd outside the garden-gate
To see the rich man pass:

And in his hand the milk-white dove
He held with gentle care;
And many a soft caress he laid
Upon its feathers fair.

And when, at last, the rich man came,
Poor Jacob, render'd bold,
By feeling he was in the right,
His artless story told.

And, after he had owned to all
The wrong which he had done,
And the worst wrong he wished to do,
He lifted to the sun

A happy, open, fearless face,
Which won the rich man's love;
And so he bade him always keep
For his the milk-white dove.

And Jacob, once more good and true,
Stood in his mother's sight,
The struggle of temptation past,
The wrong all turned to right.

And Jacob with a heart at rest
Lay down upon his bed;
And whiter wings than his white dove's
Were round his pillow spread.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE and pray
Night and day,
God loves to hear what infants say;
He bows the ear
To children's prayer,
At any hour and everywhere.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the
Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN,
Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address, 45 cents per vol.					
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