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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL

ADVOCATE

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

UNTIL WE

SUPPER LITTLE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 18.

JUNE 23, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 258.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

Poor little Effie is sick and needs medicine. She knows it is bitter, and therefore she shrinks from taking it. Ma, who knows what Effie needs, is coaxing her to drink it, promising her a sweet orange to take the taste out of her mouth. Read what mother says to Effie, as stated by a poet:

“Come, darling Effie,  
Come, take the cup;  
Effie must drink it all—  
Drink it all up.

Darling, I know it is  
Bitter and bad;  
But 'twill make Effie dear  
Rosy and glad.

Mother would take it all  
For her wee elf—  
But who would suffer then?  
Effie herself.

If Effie drinks it,  
Then, I can tell,  
She will go out to play  
Merry and well.

Drink, and then, darling,  
You shall have this—  
Sweet after bitter;  
Now, first, a kiss.

Ah, darling Effie,  
God also knows,  
When cups of bitterness  
His hand bestows,

How his poor children need  
Urging to take  
Merciful draughts of pain,  
Mixed for their sake.

He, too, gives tenderly  
Joy after pain,  
Sweet after bitterness,  
After loss, gain.

Effie takes the medicine. It only costs her a moment or two of unpleasant taste, and then she

enjoys her orange, and then—*gets well*. Wouldn't Effie be foolish to refuse the medicine?

Yes? Right, my son. Please apply the case to your own conduct. Perhaps your *lessons* are *your* bitter medicine. They are hard, you say. They make your head ache. You wish there were no lessons. Hush! You are like Effie shrinking from what is necessary to your happiness. You must study or be a dunce, perhaps a poor weak noodle, all the days of your life. Be a man. Take *your* medicine. The pleasure of mastering your difficulties will be *your* sweet orange.

Perhaps *your* bitter medicine, my dear child, is something else. It may be you have to work at some task you don't like; or you are poor and have to go to school less finely dressed than your school-mates; or you are religious and have to bear the mockings of wicked children. These things *are* bitter, but never mind. They are medicines. Drink them up. They will do you good, make you strong, fill you with gladness hereafter. Take your medicine. The bitter taste will not last long. The sweet will come after. God will take care of that. He always does.

Who among my readers will learn to take his bitter drinks? He that does will be happy and useful; when he who does *not* will be a poor, miserable good-for-nothing.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE PANTHER AND THE RABBIT.

BY UNA LOCKE.

God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.—COWPER.

On the highest point of the Berkshire hills there stood, seventy years ago, a small cabin made of un-hewn logs. Here lived a man and his wife, who, having but their sturdy arms and willing hearts with which to make themselves a place in life, had left the more advanced civilization and luxury of the valley, and had gone back into the wilderness, where there was land enough for whoever took the pains to mark out a homestead and lay claim to it by actual settlement, with only the nominal price to government of a dollar and a quarter an acre.

There were no newspapers or libraries to help beguile the loneliness; neither were there neighbors near enough to give a pleasant break to the monotony. They heard instead the howls and screams of wild beasts which infested the wilderness about.

The cabin had but one room; it had no floor excepting the earth; and the window was a square hole in the logs, which could only be closed by a board shutter. The furniture was meager and poor, yet there was something in the scanty room which made it a palace to the solitary woman, filling it with delightful thoughts and fancies. This was a rude cradle where a baby lay, blue-eyed and fair,

and more precious to the mother than all the kingdoms of the earth.

One rainy evening late in autumn, when darkness settled down so early that the father was not yet home from his work, the mother made ready his supper, and sat down by the side of little John's cradle to her flax-wheel, spinning by the light of a blazing pine knot. This was much brighter than gas, though it stood in the rough stone fireplace leaning against the huge backlog instead of flaming out from a gilded burner. And the room was far lighter at night than in the daytime, with only one small window; for pine knots were plenty as gold and silver at Jerusalem in the time of Solomon, and to be had for the cutting.

There was no door to the cabin, but across the doorway an old bedquilt was hung to keep out the evening dampness and chill. The room was probably quite warm enough without a close door, for in those times it was fashionable for a fireplace to occupy half one side of a room, being almost a room of itself, and then the people used to pile it full of great backlogs and foresticks, enough at a time to keep one of our air-tights in wood for a week. Wood was only an encumbrance, and the faster it was burned and out of the way the better.

Suddenly, as the mother sat busily spinning on her droning wheel, and the baby lay kicking and crowing, the curtain at the doorway stirred, and a white rabbit came from under it, and flashing across the floor, crouched, trembling and frightened almost out of its life, in a corner of the great fireplace. Directly after it bounded the dark figure of a panther, glaring with wild hungry eyes at the rabbit, at the mother, and at the laughing baby. Then he turned and instantly disappeared, cowed by the blessed fire that crackled and flamed up the wide chimney, quite unconscious of the salvation it had wrought for three lives.

How frightened the mother must have been after the sudden danger was past, and she had time to comprehend it! How she trembled for her husband till he was safely at home, and how closely she clasped her baby in her arms that night, thinking with a sickening shudder of the death which came so near him.

When this baby was about two years old he was very ill of scarlet fever, and before the fever went it somehow wrought a sad wrong.

We know the soul itself can never become weak from age, wear out, or cease to grow wiser and stronger. Yet we know, not understanding why, that sometimes the body, which should be only the servant, becomes its master, and while getting larger and more powerful shuts up the soul in some way, like Casper Hauser in his dungeon, and keeps it still a child. So it was with John. He grew to be a man in form and stature, his arms were strong to labor and his feet to carry him about, but in thoughts and capacity he was always a two-years child. He outlived all the friends who cared for him, and, though his father left at his death nearly enough for John's support, there was no one to look after it for him, so the parish took it and him and cared for both.

It was a sad, sad fate for a bright-eyed promising boy to thus become a half idiot, with nobody to love him, and no power of adding to any one's happiness, and yet when he died last year I thought perhaps it was a merciful fate after all; who can know? because our Saviour died for all who, though born in sin, have never rejected him, as we believe; and John, who was really only two years old, was therefore sure of a glorious awakening in the city whose builder and maker is God, being made pure in the blood which cleanseth from all sin.

If his mind and power of acting had been left unclouded he might not have accepted the atonement which is of no avail to so many of the children of men. So it might be that, as the brightness of the glowing fire saved the white rabbit from the panther which pursued it, the burning fever which left his

spirit in the simplicity of infancy may have saved him from the blackness of heavy guilt, thus becoming a great blessing in insuring him a part in the first resurrection and life everlasting. Compared with this, the gift of the most powerful intellect and strongest mind for threescore and ten little years upon the earth is as nothing.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE BLUE-BIRD AND ROBIN.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

'Twas a morning in May,  
A little blue-bird  
Sang the prettiest song  
That ever was heard.

Then Robin Red-breast  
Just tuned up his throat,  
And beat the blue-bird  
With his silvery note.

More sweet than at first  
Sang the blue-bird again,  
And the red-breast once more  
Piped his wonderful strain.

Then both sang together  
A duet so clear,  
I hushed my own breathing  
Their music to hear.

So often I hear them,  
Blue-bird and red-breast,  
But never can tell you  
Which song I like best.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### KNOWING TOM, BELIEVING MARY, DOING ROBERT.

"THOU God seest me," was Tom's text at family prayers one morning. He said it correctly, and then, going out of doors, he climbed into old John Doe's garden and stole a pocketful of pears. Tom knew God saw him. Did he believe it, think you?

Mary's text was, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good." She recited it, and then, going to the store on an errand, saw a dollar lying on the floor. She picked it up, thinking, "Nobody sees me pick up this dollar—yes, God's eyes are in this store. He sees me. I'll give it to Mr. Measure." Mary knew God saw her as well as Tom, but she believed also, and so was saved from keeping the merchant's money. Mary's knowledge did her good because she believed the truth of what she knew.

Robert's text was, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord." He said it, and when on his way to school met a poor old blind woman. He

had received a gift the day before from his uncle, and now, thinking of his text, he said to himself:

"I will lend a dime of my dollar to the Lord."

Then going up to the blind woman he silently placed the dime in her trembling hand, and walked on with the old woman's blessing sounding like sweet music in his ears.

Robert knew, believed, and did the will of the Lord. Now pretty much all my readers know a good deal about the will of God. How many of them believe it, like Mary, and do it, like Robert? As to Tom, I trust he has not one imitator in all my Advocate family.

Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE LITTLE DAUGHTER'S REPROOF TO HER FATHER.

A LITTLE daughter of a physician, some five years old, who had been spending some time with her grandfather, a Methodist preacher, where family prayer had been offered to heaven every day, on returning home, where no family altar had been erected, felt the loss of the precious privilege.

One day some accident occurred, for which the family felt very sorry, and to which they frequently referred. The little daughter rather mournfully remarked to her father, "Why, father, all the trouble with you is you do not pray as they do up at grandmother's. If you only prayed as they do there you would not have such trouble."

What faith in God who heareth prayer! Very often this little daughter had faithful talks with her dear father on the subject of religion. Very soon the father commenced to pray in his family, and gave the blessed Jesus his heart, and not long after died a happy Christian. Before he died he said to his wife, "What my little girl has said to me, and her faith for me, has had more effect upon my religious feelings and course than all other influences combined."

O what power have you, little children, over your parents. It may be some of my little readers have parents who do not pray in their families, and do not love the Saviour. Why not try, as this little girl did, and lead them to Christ? You must be good children, and encourage others to be good, and God will bless you.

N. C.

LEBANON, N. H., 1866.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THAT MONEY?

"See here, Charlie! Aint I rich?" said little Eddie, showing his friend a handful of pennies.

"Why, where did you get all that money, Ed?" replied Charlie, opening his big blue eyes as widely as possible.

"That's my secret," rejoined Eddie with a mysterious look.

"I hope you didn't steal it," said Charlie, looking gravely in the face of his friend.

"Steal it! I never stole a penny in my life, and I never will!" was Eddie's noble rejoinder.

Eddie had come honestly by his pennies. Eddie steal, indeed! Not he. Thieves are not made out of such as he. He was a genuine Christian boy, and was not ashamed to say so. He was right, and pledged to remain so. Hurrah for Eddie and all like him!

W.

### KEEPING HIS REPUTATION.

"You are in a hurry this morning, Thomas; what is the matter? You seem determined that the grass shall grow under your feet."

"Matter!" said Thomas, smiling, "nothing's the matter; but teacher calls me one of his 'early birds,' and I don't care to lose my reputation."

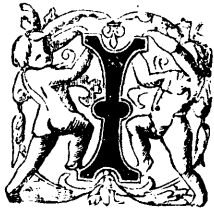
"BETTER a wee fire to warm you than a big fire to burn you."

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1866.

GOD IS LOVE.

1 John iv. 8.



ISN'T this an easy little text? It is easy to learn and easy to remember. How many words has it in it?—(Three.)

I have told you sometimes about the gods which the poor heathen pray to. Do you remember anything I have told you about?—You said that people beat themselves, and cut themselves with knives to please them.)

Yes; so you see those gods were cruel, unkind gods. How different from our God, the true God! Is he unkind?—(No.)

He is very kind. Do you think it would please Him for us to hurt ourselves, or cut ourselves with knives?—(No.)

Why not?—(Because He is kind.)

Yes; what does our text say?—(God is love.)

He loves us, and He likes us to be happy. He made us to be happy, and He gave us a great many things to make us happy. Tell me some of them.

Don't you think the pretty flowers and trees, and the hills and clouds, and all those pretty things which God has made, ought to make us happy? They all speak to us of God, our loving, heavenly Father. The little stars, as they come out one by one in the blue sky, whisper to us that God is love; and the pretty little violets would tell us the same if they could speak. We ought to be happy. God likes us to be happy, and it is only naughtiness that makes people unhappy. And even naughty people are happy when they are sorry for being naughty, and God has forgiven them; for God loves us so much, that even when we have been naughty He will forgive us, if we're really sorry, for Jesus Christ's sake.

But what very great thing has God done to show His love to us? Do you remember the text you learned a few Sundays ago? If I begin it who will finish it?—"God so loved the world," etc.

Yes; wasn't that great love, to give His only Son to bleed and die for us, that we might be saved from hell? How very, very kind God is to us, and how good it is of Him to love us, though he is so great and holy! Don't you think we should love him very much? (Yes.)

Do you love Him? Do you ever thank Him for being so kind to you? Let us think of some of the things to thank God for. He has given you a father and a mother, and a house to live in, hasn't he, and a bed to sleep on? Some little boys and girls in Toronto have no houses or beds, but sleep in the streets, or on the step of a door. Isn't that miserable? Surely you will thank God for giving you a house and a bed, and food to eat, and clothes to wear, and for making you able to run about.

I saw a little boy the other day; he was twelve years old, and all the twelve long years since he was born he has been in bed; and not only that, but he isn't able to move in his bed, but has to lie always the same way, unless some one moves him, and then it is great pain to him to be moved. Poor little fellow! he has never gathered cowslips,—never run in the fields, or gone to the Sunday-school. Who made you different to him?—(God.)

I hope you will thank him for making you strong and well. And another thing God has done; He sends me here every Sunday to tell you about him.

I hope you will love him very much. And how

must you show your love? When you want to show me that you love me, what do you do?—(Bring you flowers.)

Yes; you try to do what you think I shall like, and we must try to please God, and never do or say anything that He would not like.

Do you think it would please God to quarrel and fight?—(No.)

He says in the Bible, "Little children, love one another;" and you wouldn't fight a person you loved, would you? The Bible comes from God; and it is full of love, because God is love. I hope you will try to learn to read very fast, and then you will see there all about God's great love to us. Will there be love in heaven? Yes; for God is love and so there is sure to be love there. All the people in heaven will love each other, and all will love God, and God will love them all. How nice to be where all is love! Describe a scene of love and one of hatred.

I hope you will pray to the God of love to make you love him on earth, and to make you love the Bible and prayer and Sunday, and at last to take you to His home of love.

LITTLE JOHNIE AND HIS MOTHER.



JOHNIE is the son of a widow who despised God's word, and spent the Lord's-day in reading wicked foolish novels, and never taught her little boy to pray. One day he happened to go into the minister's house, on an errand. The minister's wife told him the story of the Cross, how the blessed Redeemer died to save little children such as he was.

At first he smiled unbelievably, but soon listened with interest, and before he left, promised to pray. Three weeks after this he came to the catechism-class, looking very sorrowful, and requested an interview with the minister's wife. She called him into the study and said, "Well, Johnie, what is the matter?" "Oh!" said he, "I am a very great sinner, and want to be converted." She pointed him to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." After earnest prayer together, he left a little comforted. On the following Sabbath evening, at prayer-meeting, the Holy Spirit whispered,—Johnie, "thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee." He went home happy in the Lord, and called his mother up stairs and told her what God had done for him, and said—"Mother, I want to pray for you; you never pray for yourself." She said, "if you pray for me, I will hit you over the mouth;" and went down slamming the door after her to drown his voice, for he was on his knees praying for her. The next day he asked her to go to prayer-meeting. She was very angry, and said, "If I did go there, and you prayed, I would box your ears before all the people." Poor Johnie's heart was nearly broken, yet he had faith in God, and prayed on, believing she would be saved. One night he arose from his bed to pray for her; she saw him do it, and another eye that "never slumbers nor sleeps," saw him. The Great God of heaven heard the prayer of that little one, and sent his Holy Spirit to soften that hard heart. After he retired, she fell asleep, and dreamed a lovely being stood by her bed, with a countenance and raiment so gloriously beautiful and bright, that the room was filled with a halo of bright light; this Being bent over her, and with irresistible sweetness and earnestness said, "Pray, do pray." The next morning she awoke stricken with remorse and guilt, and was easily persuaded to go to the prayer-meeting. When there, Johnie prayed—"Oh, Lord, bless my mother;

she is a very great sinner!" The Holy Spirit conveyed it to her heart, and she, in a few evenings after, bowed with Johnie at the altar, to give herself to God. The wicked novels were burned, and her Sabbaths are now spent in reading the Bible and in going hand in hand with Johnie to the house of God.

Dear little ones who read this, go and do likewise.

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.

- A was an emperor, who gave a decree.—*Luke* ii, 1.
- B was a blind man, anxious to see.—*Mark* x, 46-52.
- C was a brother who did a great wrong—*Gen* iv, 8.
- D was a teaser, who weakened the strong—*Judges* xvi, 4-21.
- E was a twin son, less loved by his mother.—*Gen.* xxv, 28.
- F was a ruler, in place of another.—*Acts* xxiv, 27.
- G was a province, quite frequently named.—*Matt.* iii, 13.
- H was a tyrant, for cruelty famed.—*Mat.* ii, 16; xiv 3, 10.
- I was a country of mountains and rocks—*Isa* xxxiv, 5.
- J was a shepherd, possessor of flocks.—1 *Sam* xvi, 11; xvii, 15.
- K was a place where the ark had repose—1 *Sam.* vii, 2.
- L was a mountain, with turban of snows.—*Jer.* xviii, 14.
- M was a priest, with no pedigree found.—*Heb.* vii, 1-3.
- N was a hunter, greatly renowned.—*Gen.* x, 9.
- O was a helper, whose service was kind—2 *Tim.* i, 16-18.
- P was a despot, of changeable mind—*Exodus* viii, 28-32.
- Q was a speaker, provokingly rough.—2 *Kings* xviii, 19-25.
- R was a wretch, punished justly enough.—2 *Kings* xix, 35-37.
- T was a disciple, raised from the dead.—*Acts* ix, 36-41.
- U was a land, whence came Israel's head.—*Neh.* ix, 7.
- V was a wife who refused to obey.—*Esther* i, 12.
- Z was a father, whose sons went away.—*Matt* iv, 21-22.

A RICH POOR MAN.

One windy afternoon I went with a friend into a country almshouse. There was sitting before a feeble fire, a very aged man who was deaf, and so shaken with the palsy that one wooden shoe constantly pattered on the brick floor. But deaf, sick, and helpless it turned out that he was happy. "What are you doing, Wisby?" said my friend. "Waiting, sir." "And for what?" "For the appearing of my Lord." "And what makes you wish for his appearing?" "Because, sir, I expect great things then. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love his appearing." And to see whether it was a right foundation on which he rested that glorious hope, we asked old Wisby what it was. By degrees he got on his spectacles, and opening the great Bible beside him, pointed to the text, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Though you possess untold wealth, if you have not Wisby's faith you are a poor man; if you have that faith, "and are rich toward God," count it all joy if you are as poor as Lazarus or Wisby in worldly goods. Your inheritance is as sure as God's promise, and as glorious as a throne and a crown can make it. Better have Wisby's hope than Victoria's scepter, Lazarus's rags than Dive's purple. Better is poverty with piety, than riches with perdition.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

### BOUQUET MAKING.

SPRING is the time for flowers. Forest and field, and garden and road-side, are all gay with the little banners inscribed with the wisdom and goodness and love of the God that made them. It is true that we have flowers all the season until cold winter comes again, but at no time are they so sweet, so delicate, and so numerous as they are in the spring and early summer. Mother Earth seems to be laughing outright to find that warm weather has come back again.

The children have charming rambles now. I fancy some of you are gathering flowers for the bouquets that I was to show you how to make. But I would prefer to have each of you try it for yourself. I see Alfred has taken me at my word. Here he comes boisterously with his bouquet already made. He put it together as he went along, picking the flowers with short stems, packing them close together without regard to color, and then patting them down with his hand to make them nice and even! It has not so much as a green leaf in sight. Well, that is a boy's bouquet, and he will learn better after a lesson or two. It has one merit, the flowers are fragrant.

I see that Anna has brought her flowers in a basket. She cut them with a knife, which is better than scissors, since it does not bruise the stems. This allows the water to rise in them more easily, and the flowers will keep fresh longer. She places the stems in water, and providing herself with a knife and twine, she selects the top piece, which in this case is a fine cluster of white phlox. Below this she puts a circle of pink phlox, interspersed with nodding sprays of grass, winding the stems with the twine as she proceeds. Next come blue buttons and buttercups some small white flowers, then roses with leaves and buds, interspersed with clusters of violets, ever and anon giving the twine a turn, and finishing off with plenty of leaves to fall over the edge of the vase.

"Well, but what kind of leaves are those? They look so pretty!" remarks the inquisitive Melissa.

Hold your ear close till I whisper. They are carrot leaves, and they finish off the bouquet nicely.

But the one-sided bouquet for the mantle-piece is much more easily made, and quite as pretty in its place, only you should not put white at the top, if it is to set against a white wall. Here is one with a branch of arbor vite for its background, upon which the flowers are carefully arranged and tied, with a nasturtium for the center. Here is another with a big thistle on either side and a poppy in the middle. Really it looks very pretty. With the exercise of a little taste one can make a passable bouquet out of almost any kind of flowers.

"Except these with the weak stems," says a little voice at my side.

Poor timid Maggie! She has not even ventured to

show her flowers. Bring a soup plate or a deep platter with water in it. We do not intend to eat the flowers however. Now spread out these beautiful ferns on the edge, with the stems down in the water. Then lay these frail flowers over them. We want more white. Run, Maggie, to the roadside and get me some May flowers.

"O, but they're so common," says Maggie, "and they do not smell nice."

Never mind, they look pretty, and the leaves are really elegant. Now put this beautiful water-lily in the center. By to-morrow they will hold their heads as erect as they did when growing in the fields.

"Please, ma'am, I could get nothing but a rose," says Mina; "mother had but one."

Well, my child, that is just the thing for this slender little vase. It will look far more elegant than if crowded with a dozen flowers. And notice also—where you have but one flower alone with leaves—some shade of red is the prettiest that you can choose.

"O dear!" sighs Sophia, "here is all this morning lost. I ought to have been studying my algebra."

Then why are you here?

"Because I thought I should be able to learn something valuable."

That is no reason why you should neglect your school lesson.

"I am sure that I have learned a great deal that is valuable," says Minerva. "I believe God wishes to have us admire and make the most of the beautiful things that he gives us, always thanking him for them all. And if I can make bouquets as beautiful as Anna's it will greatly please my dear sick mother. The doctor says that a pleasant hour does her more good than medicine."

Yes, my child, you will often be able to make your home brighter, and to cheer the lonely hours of many a sick person, by a little skill in bouquet making. You should never neglect your duties for your own pleasure; but giving pleasure to others often becomes a duty, and it is worth the while to study the best way of performing it, even in the simple matter of making bouquets. AUNT JULIA.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHILE the editor is looking another way Aunt Julia slips in Cousin Kate's

### CHAT WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,—Don't you love this sunbeam—the Advocate—which enters your homes every fortnight?

How mindful of the little ones was that honorable body, the General Conference, to give us so *Wise* a friend to warn us of evil, and with his great heart overflowing with kindness for his numerous family, to tell us of a Saviour's precious love for the lambs of the flock. O, I think we have just the editor!

His love for us is truly made manifest in supplying us such a capital paper, which richly merits the warm affection of our hearts. We guess he must

possess a bit of your love, judging from the entertaining missives published in one corner of the *Advocate* from time to time.

When I was a wee toddling of perhaps three or four summers, our first Sunday-school was organized in the quiet little village of A—— by Brother Lawton, who is now telling of Jesus's love in the far, far West, on the shores of the Pacific. He dearly prized the Sunday-school, and quickly saw our need of one.

At that time the *Advocate* was first introduced to us. Its pages have ever proved interesting, and have, we hope, influenced us to good. We never let any of its numbers pass unread, and nowadays its contents are rehearsed to little sister Mabel, who is a great lover of stories. Her heart beat feelingly for little lame Philip, and she thought Ronald was "such a good boy" to deny himself so much for another. The little boy's prayer for the missionary enlisted her sympathies, for she is strongly attached to a missionary friend in India. After repeating the story to her, she looked up with the big tears just ready to flow from her bright eyes, saying, "Kate, won't the bears catch Brother S——?" but quickly rallying her faith she added, "O, I know! The Good Man up in the skies will take care of him."

COUSIN KATE.

### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,  
And the longest walk is ended;  
One stitch and then another,  
And the largest rent is mended;  
One brick upon another,  
And the highest wall is made;  
One flake upon another,  
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,  
By their slow but constant motion,  
Have built those pretty islands  
In the distant dark blue ocean;  
And the noblest undertakings  
Man's wisdom hath conceived  
By oft-repeated efforts  
Have been patiently achieved.

—Methodist Protestant.

A BENEVOLENT COBBLER.—In a lonely village in Scotland, there is a good old shoemaker, who, during the last sixty years, has been the school-master to upward of *fourteen hundred children*; receiving *no pay*, except the joy of trying to do good! Although he is now eighty-two years of age, still he continues to "cobble" and hear lessons.

LOVE not sleep, lest thou come to poverty: open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread.—PROV. xx, 13.

WHOSO stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.—PROV. xxi, 13.

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