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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 4.

NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 220.



This beautiful picture represents a part of one of the parables of Jesus. Which is it? The remaining part will be illustrated and both parts explained in the next Advocate.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

JEANNETTE'S SELF-DENIAL.

THE Germans tell a story about a little girl named JEANNETTE, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a capital place from which to see the soldiers pass, and was looking to see them march, when she noticed a poor old woman in the crowd behind her trying very hard, but trying in vain, to get where she could see the soldiers. Jeannette pitied her, and said to herself:

"I should like to see the soldiers march, but it

isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honor old age and I will."

So Jeannette called the old woman, and placing her in the nice seat, fell back among the crowd. There she had to tiptoe, and peep, and dodge about to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene which she might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place. Some of the people said she was a silly girl and laughed at her. Was she sorry for giving it up? No. She was glad, because she knew she had given pleasure to a poor old woman. Thus

Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age.

A few minutes later a man covered with lace elbowed his way through the crowd and said to her:

"Little girl, will you please come to her ladyship?"

Now Jeannette could not imagine who her ladyship was, but she followed the dandy serving man to a scaffold within the crowd. A fine lady met her at the top of the stairs and said:

"My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the

old woman. You acted nobly. Now, sit down here by me. You can see everything here."

Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honoring old age by denying herself. You are glad, are you not? You admire her conduct, don't you? *Yes, but you don't think you would have given up your seat to a strange old lady?* That's an honest confession, though I am sorry your heart compelled you to make it. I think you need to take a lesson not only from Jeannette, but also from the pure and blessed Jesus. He denied himself enough to quit his heavenly throne and come to earth to die for you. Surely you ought for his sake to deny yourself little pleasures when by doing so you can add to the enjoyment of the poor, the feeble, the sick, or the aged. If you will your heart will grow glad under the smile of Jesus, and if no rich lady or gentleman rewards you here, yet in the great Fatherland above Jesus will say to you:

"I saw you give up your own pleasure to make another happy. I was pleased with you. Sit down on my throne."

That will be a glorious reward, won't it? Be self-denying, then, that you may gain Christ's approval—but mark! you will not be saved for doing such deeds—Christ's blood alone can save you, but having trusted in Christ, you will be saved in keeping his commandments. U. U.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

HATTIE was between three and four years of age. Her little bed was in the room where her parents slept. She noticed every morning that her father, before he went down stairs to his study, went into the next room for a short time. One morning the father was kneeling by his chair in the room by himself, offering his morning prayer, when the door opened very carefully, a soft little step was heard approaching him, and in a moment he felt the tender form of his little girl kneeling by his side. Not a word was spoken. She did not ask her father what he was doing. He did not ask little Hattie to pray with him; but she bowed down her head in the chair and commenced her prayer. She had been accustomed to offer her little prayer aloud, and after a moment of silence her trembling voice began to be heard, saying:

"God bless Hattie and make her a good girl. Please not to let the bad angel come to her to-day. Send the good angels to her to watch over her. Bless her dear papa and mamma, and Brother Charlie, and Brother Henry, and keep them all alive, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Her little prayer was ended; but she remained quietly kneeling, with her hands folded and eyes closed, until her father rose from his knees. She then took his hand and smiled very sweetly. Jesus had met her in her prayer and blessed her. It was a happy beginning of the day. Every morning after this for a long time, without waiting for an invitation, whenever the door opened to the place of the morning prayer, the little daughter and her father retired together. It was a blessing and a comfort to both. Little Hattie would much sooner forget or give up her breakfast than her morning

prayer. She is older now, and she does not pray aloud; but there is not a morning when that little form is not seen quietly kneeling by the bedside.

How can we forget to thank our heavenly Father when he has watched over us all the night long, and how can we forget to ask his blessings when he alone can keep us alive through the day?

"Mother," said a little boy, "I believe I sha'n't pray to-night."

"Why not, my son?" asked his mother.

"Because I can't think of anything that I have done wrong to-day."

"But does not my little boy wish to have God watch over him and keep him when he is asleep to-night?"

"O yes; I never thought of that."

"Does he not wish to have God take care of his father out upon the ocean and bring him safely home? And does he not wish to have his mother live, and little baby brother to be kept from being sick?"

"O yes," said the little boy, "and there is Father Stickney. I promised to pray for him every night."

This was an old minister who loved little children, and who once asked the little boy to pray for him when he prayed for his papa and mamma.

The little fellow found there was much to thank our heavenly Father for, in giving him food and clothes and loving parents, in keeping him from sickness, and making him so happy all the day long. He had much to ask God for—to make him a good and obedient boy, to preserve him and his friends alive, and to take care of him day and night.

Before saying our prayers we should try and think how much we have to be grateful for, what we wish to ask God to do for us, and what he has promised in the Bible that he will do for us if we love him and pray to him. This will help us in thinking what to say, and we shall not merely repeat the prayers that we have learned, but shall ask of God, in our own language, just what we need, and thank him for just what we feel that we have received.

P.

CRADLE SONG.

HITHER sleep! a mother wants thee!

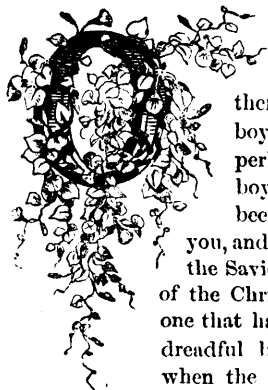
Come with velvet arms;
Hold the baby that she grants thee
To thy own soft charms.

Bear him into Dreamland lightly!
Give him sight of flowers;
Do not bring him back till brightly
Break the morning hours.

Close his eyes with gentle fingers,
Cross his hands of snow!
Tell the angels where he lingers
They must whisper low.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"TELL MY MOTHER THAT I WAS BRAVE."



INCE in a while we hear about the boys in the American army. For there are many boys there—boys no older than you are perhaps. They are drummer-boys, and some of them have been Sunday-school boys like you, and they have learned to love the Saviour. One of the delegates of the Christian Commission found one that had been wounded in that dreadful battle before Petersburg when the mine was exploded. He was wounded through the lungs and could hardly talk, but when the delegate took his hand he pressed it faintly.

"My dear boy," said the man, "you are severely wounded."

"Yes, I am going to die."

"Wouldn't you like to have me write to your mother?"

"O yes! O do!" said he eagerly. "Tell my mother I've read my Testament and put all my trust in the Lord. Tell her to meet me in heaven, and my brother Charlie too. I'm not afraid to die."

That was all that he had strength to say, and his head fell back and his eyes closed. Tears trickled down the faces of the soldiers who had gathered around to hear these touching words. What a sweet thing it was for him to trust in Jesus then. After a while he opened his eyes again.

"Tell my mother that I was brave, that I never finched a bit."

Noble boy! Who could say more? Brave young Christian soldier! We wish that we knew his name that we might tell it to all the Sunday-schools in the land. But Jesus knows it. It is written on his hands. And his mother, too, has the consolation of knowing that her boy has served his country well and gone home safe.

If any of you, my readers, have lost dear ones on the field of battle, be comforted. They have served their country well. They have done the work that was given them to do and not in vain. X. X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SEEDS.

"A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

"Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow."

Do you understand these beautiful lines? You know what seeds are. Well, words, looks, and actions are like seeds, because they bring forth fruit after their kind. Suppose you meet an old man who cannot step over the gutter. You smile and help him. Your action is a seed and springs up in the old man's heart at once. He feels pleased and grateful, and says, "Thank you, my dear."

But if, instead of helping that old man, you laugh, make faces at him, and cry, "There goes old Daddy Crooked-legs!" your laugh, and looks, and words are seeds, and they bring forth the fruit of pain and anger in the old man's heart.

Thus you see how words, looks, and actions are seeds. You see, too, that good words and actions are good seeds, bringing forth fruit like themselves, good. Bad words, looks, and actions are bad seed, and they bring forth bad fruit.

Now read the lines at the top of this article again, and if you don't understand them write the Corporal about them. U. U.

AN ITALIAN EPITAPH.

The following inscription is found in an Italian graveyard:

"Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

GILBERT LESLIE'S FRIENDS.

EARLY in the spring, some seven weeks or so after Gilbert's talk with Alice, the boys of the Academy were clustered together at noon on a sunny knoll which was sheltered from the north winds by a group of evergreens. It was near the short spring vacation, and Gilbert was very anxious to be foremost at the examination, especially in Algebra. Hence, while most of the boys were at play around the foot of the knoll he was busy over his slate a few feet above them.

Among Gilbert's classmates was one named Peter Vanbroek, who always appeared very friendly to him, but who really hated him. Peter was sly, was envious of Gilbert, was bent on doing something to bring him into evil repute among the boys. So, seeing him busy over his sums, he took his slate and sat down beside him, saying:

"I believe I must follow your good example, Gil, and work at my sums while the other fellows play."

"Do," replied Gilbert, smiling, "and when examination comes you will get a prize while they will get nothing."

Peter pretended to work a while; but when Gilbert finished his sum he turned to look at it, and, watching his opportunity, dropped his knife into the pocket of Gilbert's coat. The next moment, clapping his hand on his friend's (?) shoulder, he cried, "Well done, Gil!" and jumping up, ran down the knoll and began playing with the other boys. A few moments later Gilbert followed him.

After playing until recess was nearly over, Peter suddenly put his hand into his pocket, and looking very blank and troubled, cried:

"I have lost my knife!"

"Where?" "When did you have it last?" "How came you to do that?" "What a pity!" "What, that splendid new knife!" with other similar questions and remarks were uttered freely by the boys.

"I had my knife in my pocket when I came out of school," said Peter, "and it must be here somewhere."

"Let us all hunt for Peter's knife," cried Gilbert, as he began to look around the foot of the knoll.

The boys joined him in the search, which was, of course, a vain one. After a few minutes Peter put on a very injured look and said:

"I'll bet that I dropped it and somebody has picked it up."

"Don't you say that again!" cried Tom Collins, somewhat angrily. "Do you think we are thieves?"

"Thieves or not, I'm sure I dropped my knife here, and since we can't find it, somebody must have picked it up," retorted Peter.

"I'm sure I haven't for one. See here!" said Gilbert, turning the pockets of his trousers inside out.

Most of the other boys said and did the same. But Peter, turning to Gilbert, said, "You haven't turned out your coat-pocket, Mr. Gil. Let us see if my knife isn't there."

Gilbert felt a little angry, but putting the reins on his temper, he pulled out his coat-pocket, when, to his great surprise, Peter's knife dropped out. Gilbert looked very blank, so did the boys generally. Peter pretended to be very angry, and said:

"I always thought you would steal if you had a chance, Gil Leslie."

"Gil Leslie is a thief!" cried half a dozen boys. "Let's cut him!"

"I did not steal that knife," said Gilbert; "I don't know how it got into my pocket."

"I believe you, Gilbert," said Eddie Stout, placing himself beside Gilbert with the spirit and manner of a champion.

"Thank you for that word, Eddie," said Gilbert. "You are a true friend. Have I no other friend among you all?" and he thought of Alice and her fable.

"We won't be friends with a thief," said Tom Collins, and the other boys ranged themselves by his side.

Just at that moment the school-bell rung, and the boys rushed from their play-ground to their studies. Peter, bent on doing Gilbert all the mischief he could, went to the teacher and charged Gilbert with stealing his knife.

The teacher heard him tell his story through. He then turned to the scholars and asked:

"How many of you believe that Gilbert stole Peter's knife?"

Every hand was raised except Eddie Stout's!

"Well, Gilbert," said the teacher, looking into the boy's troubled face, "it seems that they are all against you but Eddie and I, for I do not believe you guilty of the crime charged upon you by Peter."

O how gratefully Gilbert looked as he lifted his eyes and gazed upon the teacher. The boys looked at each other. Peter turned pale. Eddie smiled on Gilbert. The teacher after a few moments' silence resumed:

"I do not believe Gilbert is a thief, because as I crossed the play-ground by the path which runs through the clump of evergreens I saw Peter drop his knife into



Gilbert's pocket. Why he has been guilty of so much deceit and lying I cannot imagine, but such a boy is too dangerous to be kept here, and I pronounce him expelled from school. I trust his punishment will lead him to repentance, and that hereafter you, my children, will be careful not to trust too much to appearances. There was much in this case to make Gilbert appear guilty, and yet had you known all the facts you would not have condemned him as you did. Now, boys, to your studies!"

After school the boys gathered round Gilbert with many words of kindly greeting. He received them civilly, but said little. His heart turned toward Eddie Stout, and placing his arm round his waist he walked homeward with him, feeling that among all the boys whom he had thought his friends this one alone had proved himself to be truly such in the hour of trial.

When Alice heard his account of this affair she smiled and said:

"Now, brother, be careful! You have learned that all are not friends who appear friendly, but don't let that make you mistrust every boy you know. While many are false, a few are true as Eddie was. Seek to find out the true ones and be true to them. Be kind to all, but count those your friends only whom you find after trial to be noble and good."

This was good advice, and I commend it to all my young readers, who will find out by and by that true friendship is not quite as common as blackberries, and yet there is enough of it to make life pleasant.

MY LETTER BUDGET.

"WELL, Mr. Editor, you look tired to-day," says the Corporal, as I sit down upon my tripod in my editorial den.

Yes, I reply, I am a little weary, Corporal. I have just returned from Pittsburgh—smoky but good-hearted Pittsburgh—where the anniversary of the S. S. Union of the M. E. Church (U. S.) was held. We had a fine time, Corporal. Bishop Simpson, Dr. Reid, Dr. Wiley, Dr. Baird, and other fine men were there to speak and preach. The people turned out grandly, the children came in crowds, and for two days we had a grand time about Sunday-schools. Pittsburghers love the Sunday-school, I'm sure, and I hope the anniversary did them good. I think it did.

My own part was to preach in the morning at Christ Church, to speak to a crowd of boys and girls in Smithfield Church in the afternoon, and in South Common Church, Alleghany City, in the evening. On Monday I tried to give a report at the anniversary, but my voice broke down, and I had to whisper hoarsely what I had to say—but, Corporal, open your letter-bag.

"I obey, Mr. Editor, without a word. L. R. says:

"My little brother is the sweetest little babe you ever saw. O, Mr. Editor, I wish you could see him. He just commences to talk. I have a little brother in heaven too. My pa is away from here and has been sick in a hospital for six months. Ma got a letter from his nurse about a month ago that said my pa could not live. O how my ma did cry! She got sick, and we had to have the doctor to her. We thought she could not live. I prayed for her a great deal, and ma prayed for pa too. The nurse said that my pa told him to tell ma that he was resigned to the will of God. He said, 'Come life or death, I fear not to die if it is God's will to call me from this world of affliction.' I pray night and morning, and whenever I do wrong mother takes me into her room and prays for me, and I pray for myself too. Now, Mr. Editor, we want to join your Try Company, will you take us? Our names are Libbie, Ellie, and Frankie, and do take my aunt too. I know you would if you knew what a good girl she is. She prays night and morning, and she says she loves the Saviour, and I know she does, for she is so good. Her name is Phebe Ann.

"P. S.—My pa is better now. We will adopt your resolution never to play a practical joke on any one. I read my paper and then send it to pa."

Libbie has a kind heart I know. She has a wise mother, and I hope Libbie won't make those visits to her room necessary very often. Better be good without them. I am glad her pa is better. May he live to return with his brethren in arms! That aunt shall be enlisted on Libbie's recommendation. I give Libbie an editor's blessing.

"D. B. II., of —, writes:

"I thought I would try my hand at recruiting, so yesterday in our Sunday-school I called for volunteers to join the Try Company. There were fifty-four volunteered, and two of my children were detained from going to Sunday-school by sickness, and when I came home last night they volunteered. What says the Corporal to that? Will he muster us in? He may think we are a queer-looking company. The superintendent, teachers, and scholars all wish to be mustered in together. Our ages are from fifty-six to six years. I think if he could see us on dress-parade of a Sabbath-morn he would take us. We do not know how good soldiers we shall make, but we are bound to try and do our best. We want the Corporal to let us know whether he will take us or not. If he don't take us we shall form a regiment of our own, but we shall call it 'Try,' for we are bound to try and be good here, and we hope to meet the great Try Army in heaven. Pray for us that we may not try in vain. Farewell."

A pretty good haul that, my Corporal. If you get recruits at that rate, I think old "I Can't" might as well give up, for your army will soon be big enough to surround him and capture him, arms, ammunition, bag, and baggage.

"That's just what I want, Mr. Editor. Flank movements are good enough when you can't do better, but I believe in an all-round movement that captures the old enemy."

You are a wise commander, my Corporal! Read on!

"MARIA L. B., of —, says:

"I am ten years old this very day. I go to Sabbath-school. I think we have a very kind superintendent, and you will think it no wonder when I tell you he is my father. I am going to send fifteen cents in this letter for your photograph, which I hope you will send me. I think you must be a very good man or you could not make such a good paper for us. I also wish to join your Try Company. I hope you will let me. I will try to be good and love the Lord, so if you please write down my name."

Ah, ah! no wonder Maria likes her superintendent. I wonder if he is ever a little blind when Maria is putting her lips to her neighbor's ears telling that wonderful secret. The corporal says it is his opinion that Maria never whispers in school, and he will enlist her. All right.

"S. B. E., of —, says:

"Will you admit me with the boys? I am only forty-eight years old. I see you admit some older than I am. I have been a member of the Sunday-school about forty years, and over thirty years a member of the Church. I am trying to follow Captain Jesus. Will the Corporal let me march along with the boys to the heavenly land? I have studied tactics a little. I will try to help along all I can and be a good soldier."

S. B. E. must go into my brigade of veterans, where the "boys that are boys" can look at him as an example that it is possible to keep trying and doing all through life. Three cheers for this "old boy!"



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MORE ABOUT CHOOSING A LIBRARY-BOOK.

Yes, I said a library-book. Some of you call your books "libraries." That is wrong. A library is a collection of books, and any one of these is called a library-book, because it is a book belonging to a library. Don't be afraid of wasting your breath in calling things by their right names.

About choosing a book from the library: does it ever give you any trouble? If not you may put yourself down on the list of fortunates, (a very small list it is,) and you may stand one side and listen while I talk with the thousands that think they have trouble. There's Charlie has not had a book for six weeks. He has put down the numbers for "Harry Budd," and "Guy Carlton," and "The Giant-Killer," and two or three other nice books every Sunday, and has not got one of them. And so you go without a book because you cannot get those particular ones? Have you read all the other books in the library? Why don't you take "The Fatal Feud," or "Travels in Africa," or "Pierre and his Family," or the "Commandment with Promise?" You don't like such old-fashioned books? How do you know before you have read them? A boy that will go without a book and leave such books unread deserves to look sour, and that's what I should call a great punishment. Charlie looks slightly foolish now, for they have a large library in his school, some seven hundred volumes, and the names of the books are all printed in catalogues and given to the scholars to select from. True, it is a large school, and very likely some other scholar has the book that he wishes; but he is very foolish to go without a library-book when there are so many other good ones.

Charlotte wishes she had such a library to go to, for she has read every book they have in theirs. Really, Lottie, you must have a very small library, then. How many books are in it do you suppose? About three hundred, eh? Well, at the rate of one each week it would take you six years to read them, and you have taken library-books only four years. But even if you have read them all, some of them must be worth re-reading, the histories and biographies for example. O, you never read them? You've no taste for them! That accounts for the lack of books in your library. Now, my child, let me advise you to cultivate a taste for them. You like to read stories, histories of things that never happened, stories that somebody spun out of their own brain. Why not read about things that really have happened? men, and women, and children that really have lived? Try it faithfully and you will learn to

like histories and biographies, and will get a great deal of good yet out of your little library.

Really, Miss Alice, how nicely you have kept your book. Why do you smile? O, you've not read it! You did not like it, eh? Why did you take it, then? Because you fancied the title. It is a taking title, truly, and you have nothing else to judge by. But I think you should have read some of it. A word in your ear about titles, though. This is where many mistakes are made, and scholars lose the reading of hundreds of nice books because they do not fancy the titles. Now I advise you to use a little more wit in reading the titles, and you may find some books that you will be delighted with. I remember that when I was a Sunday-scholar I read a most interesting little book with the uninviting title of "Decision and Indecision." It was the story of two girls, one of whom decided to become pious and the other did not. Another, "Filial Piety Recommended," is made up of striking accounts of what children in various countries have sometimes done for their parents and how they have been rewarded. Simple facts they are, but some of them will make you cry, unless your hearts are much harder than I think they are. That reminds me of another little book that I have cried over more than once. It is called "Be Kind." Indeed, all those little books, "Be Courteous," "Be Patient," etc., are very touching. There are many others, but I mention these just to show that many books which you would like to read may be hidden away under very plain titles. How are you to find them? Well, as I said, use a little more wit in studying your catalogues, and then talk your books over with your schoolmates. Ask advice of your teacher. He may have read some of them. Go on little exploring expeditions of your own. Make a venture once in a while. Or, some Sunday your whole class might select books that none of you have seen, and you would be pretty sure to find something you all would like to read. To do this you should come early, say ten or fifteen minutes before school-time, and get it all arranged so as not to interfere with the time that should be devoted to the lesson. But, on most occasions, it is best to make your selections at home when you can do so, and then bring the names or the numbers with you on a slip of paper.

In getting your books from the library or the librarian make as little trouble as possible. If you happen to get one that you fancy will not suit you, do not take it back to get it changed. Take it home with you, and you will be almost certain to find something in it worth reading and remembering. Obey all the regulations of your school whatever they are. They have been very kind to get books for you, and you should show your gratitude by prompt and gentle obedience. AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

KING EDWARD'S LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."

I HOPE all the Advocate children love the precious Bible. It is a letter which our heavenly Father has sent us from his home in the skies to tell us of his love toward us and of that glorious home he has prepared for us in heaven. This book we should always use with much reverence. It is made with ink and paper just as other books are made, but the truths it contains are so great we should always handle it with reverence.

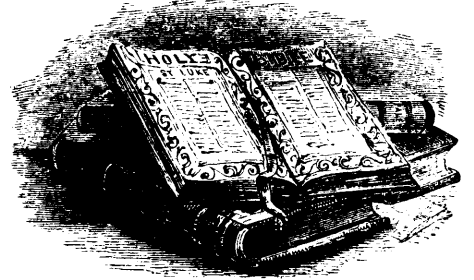
When King Edward of England was quite young, he and some other children were playing in the royal palace, when something was wanted that was too high for them to reach. One of the king's playmates took a large Bible that was in the room and laid it on the floor to stand upon. This the young king saw with much regret, and at once took up the Bible and laid it carefully aside as being too sacred to be used as a footstool by a king.

I knew a young lad who took the Bible in his

hand with his hat on his head, when an aged man who had read the Bible perhaps for sixty years said, "Young friend, I never read the Bible without taking my hat off."

I have reason to know that the reproof was never forgotten, for I have known the boy ever since.

I hope all the children of the Advocate family will always remember that the Holy Bible is the word of God. UNCLE HENRY.



THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.*

The word of God to man: its praises sing!
The word of God to man good news doth bring.
The word of God is mercy from above,
The word of God, glad token of his love!
The word of God brings gracious news from heaven,
The word of God reveals our sins forgiven.
The word of God great comfort doth impart,
The word of God can heal the broken heart.
The word of God, sweet music to our ears,
The word of God can banish all our fears.
The word of God, that bright and shining light,
The word of God illumines affliction's night.
The word of God gives cordial to the soul,
The word of God makes broken spirits whole.
The word of God doth consolation bring;
The word of God can blunt death's sharpest sting.
The word of God affords great consolation,
The word of God shows CHRIST our one salvation.
The word of God can guide our souls to bliss,
Where Jesus Christ our blessed Saviour is.
O may this blessed word be our delight,
Our meditation—morning, noon, and night;
May it refresh and cheer us on the road,
Till we arrive at home, at peace with God. T. R.

* This little poem may be used at Sunday-school anniversaries as many children as there are lines may learn it, each reciting a line until the nineteenth is reached. That and the twentieth must be recited by one speaker. The last four should be spoken in concert by all the speakers.

"I SAY my Sabbath-school hymns every day to myself," said a little Sabbath-school scholar, "so as not to let Satan snatch them out of my mind."

An excellent plan. If you think so, my reader, imitate it.

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