

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Page 64 is incorrectly numbered page 94.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA
SUNDAY SCHOOL
ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

VOLUME XIX.—NUMBER 16.

MAY 23, 1874.

WHOLE NUMBER 448.



Being Useful.

I'm only quite a little girl,
But once was smaller still;
I used to cobble up my work,
And do it—O so ill!

And yet I always took such pains,
And thought I worked so well!
Perhaps you don't admire it yet,
Only you will not tell.

I can't quite thread my needle yet,
They make the hole so small;

Mother's the only one that can,
For Grannie can't at all.

And father says he can't see how
We women ever can;
The needles have such little eyes—
But then he is a man.

I am but quite a little girl,
But I am useful too,
For mother says so; I know how
Quite many things to do.

The cradle I can rock, and sing,
And carry baby out
A little way, and then I let
Him creep and trot about.

The dinner I can help to set,
And put away the tea;
And many things there are to do,
Just fit for Tom and me.

Sometimes we play at sweeping up,
And making all things neat;

We'd like to set the world to rights,
And have it clean and sweet!

Put people laugh when we say so,
And say, "It can't be done;"
But Granny sighs, and says it might
If "each one mended one."

A Brother's Charge.

ONE day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the field.

I said, "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over these stones which lie between us and the house?"

"O, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her up when she came to a stone so that she would not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand that beautiful text: 'He shall give His angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand now?"

"O yes, sir, and I shall never forget it while I live."

Can one child thus take care of another, and cannot God take care of those who trust him? Surely he can! There is not a child who may read this story over whom he is not ready to give his holy angels charge.

Excuses.

ELLA FARWELL is called a very amiable girl. She is never out of temper, and never sulky, and always has something to say. She has very soft, caressing manners, and professes a great deal of affection for all her friends.

But Ella, I fear, uses these gifts of hers most for her own selfish ends, rather than for the sake of giving pleasure to others. She is skillful in coaxing; and she has acquired to perfection the very undesirable art of shirking her own duties on to the shoulders of other people. She always has some good reason why she cannot mend her clothes just then, and is sure that dear sister will do it for her just once. She is so anxious to get on with her practising, that she can not do that errand for her father right away; and won't James, who is always so obliging, just lay aside his book and go down town in her place? She is so busy, and her head feels like aching; and Laura, her intimate friend, darling Laura, who is always so sweet, will look up those places on the map, and tell her where they are before class time. Ella is sure that she would do three times more than that for Laura any day. But if the day ever comes when she might oblige Laura in turn, if it is the least inconvenience, Ella has always some excellent excuse, which she offers in her sweetest manner, why it is just then quite impossible to do what she is asked.

Ella has no idea that she is not quite a pattern girl, and succeeds in deceiving herself by her excuses even more than she does others; and every day, in spite of outward sweetness, grows more and more unlike Him who came not to do His own will.

Brave Little Tom.

"MOTHER!" said Bessie Stanford, "where shall we go? who will care for us now?"

These words were spoken by a little girl, as she clung to her mother's side one autumn evening: mother and daughter were standing by a newly-made grave, in which but a few days before he who had been their earthly comfort and support had been laid.

For a few moments the widow's heart was too full of grief for her to reply to Bessie's words, till again the child, raising her tearful face, exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, who will care for us now?"

"Our Father in Heaven," answered Mrs. Stanford. "He knows our sorrow, He watches over us at this very moment, and for the Saviour's sake He will guide and direct us, if we trust in Him." Then, with one last look at the grave, Mrs. Stanford took her little daughter's hand, and turned her steps towards her home.

Though Bessie could not thoroughly understand all that her mother's words implied, yet they gave her some comfort; and as she walked on by her side she began to talk more cheerfully of their intended journey on the morrow, and to wonder how their strange uncle would welcome herself and younger brother Tom. For Mrs. Stanford was going to leave the village where she had lived ever since her marriage. Her husband's long illness, previous to his death, had compelled her to part with all her furniture to pay off their debts; they had no near friends or relatives in the place, there seemed no way by which she could support herself and children, so she had resolved to seek a home with a younger brother, who was head gardener in a gentleman's family, about thirty or forty miles away. This brother was unmarried, and had always been much attached to her. Not only that; Mr. Holland, the gentleman for whom he worked, would, she knew, do all he could to befriend herself and children, and put her in the way of earning a livelihood.

The next morning at daybreak Mrs. Stanford quitted the cottage in which she had lived so many years. As she passed down the village she left the key at the landlord's, who had bought her furniture, and then set out on her journey. The two children walked along, pleased enough with the thought of a change; but Mrs. Stanford was too full of sorrow to heed their childish prattle. Her strength had been much tried during her husband's illness, and by anxiety since, and she feared lest it should fail her before she could arrive at Holland Manor.

She had intended to walk about ten miles that day, so as to reach a farm-house where she was known, and where she knew they would give her a night's lodging. It was quite late when they came to the farmgate, for Tom, who was only six years old, had become very tired, and had scarcely been able to get along. Very thankful were they for the welcome they received, and were soon asleep after the fatigues of the day.

"If it wasn't harvest time," said Farmer Rogers next morning, "I could give you all a lift for a few miles on your way; but my horse is overworked as it is—better stay a day or two with us, you don't look fit for much just now."

But Mrs. Stanford was very anxious to see her brother as soon as possible; she did indeed feel very ill, but that only made her more desirous to place her children under their uncle's care without delay, so that, should she be taken away from them, they might not be without a protector. It added much to her anxiety that she had not heard from her brother for some time, for at the time of my story people did not write so many letters as they do now, and travelling was much slower and more expensive. This was why Mrs. Stanford had determined to walk most, if not all, of the way to Holland Manor; leaving such little property as still was hers in the care of a friend in the village she had left.

Bessie and Tom would gladly have had their mother accept the farmer's kind proposal, but, for the reasons I have said, Mrs. Stanford determined to continue her journey at once; so, thanking Mr. Rogers warmly for his kindness, she left the farmhouse directly after breakfast.

By the evening of the third day they were still six miles distant from Mr. Holland's house. Tired and footsore, Mrs. Stanford sat by the roadside to rest; Bessie leant her head upon her mother's knee, while Tom peeped through the hedge at the cows in the fields beyond, and wished that his mother would have stayed for the night in the little village they had passed through about an hour before. He was not so weary as the others, for his mother had sometimes carried him a little way, and once a lad with a donkey-cart had found room for Tom among his baskets, &c., and so had helped him a mile or two on the road.

While Mrs. Stanford was thus resting, there passed by a waggoner; he came from the direction our friends were taking, and as he looked pleasantly at the little group Mrs. Stanford was tempted to ask him a question—

"How far is it to Holland Manor?" said she, "and is there not a shorter road to it across the fields?"

"Yes," answered the man "there is. But what be you wanting at Holland Manor?"

"My brother is head gardener there—Squire Holland knows us well—I want to get there to-night."

"There is not much use in your going, misses. Why, didn't you know as the old Squire be dead? Died four months past, and the family be all gone away, servants and all, and the place well-nigh shut up."

"But my brother will be there, surely," cried Mrs. Stanford. "He has been with them for years."

"May be," answered the waggoner, "but I doubt you will find no gardener there, only two old folks left in charge of the empty house. I tell you the Squire is dead, and the family right gone away. Better come back with me to Amherst and get a night's lodging somewhere."

"No, thank you," answered Mrs. Stanford, rising, "I am too anxious; I must go on at once; I must find out where my brother is," and taking up the small bundle she was carrying with her, she and the children began to walk on.

[To be concluded in our next.]

HAVE a care of your temper, for a passionate boy rides a pony that runs away with him. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it; therefore again I say have a care of your temper. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

The shortest verse in the Bible, "Jesus wept;" the sweetest verse, "God is love."

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1874.



Love the Birds.

LISTEN, children, to the voices
Of yon feathered songsters gay;
How each golden tongue rejoices
This sunshiny summer day.

Richer now their notes and fuller
As they feel the glow of spring;
And bedeck'd with brighter color
Swells each throat and flits each wing.

And not fair alone, but clever,
For with only beak and feet,
And without a teacher ever,
Nests they weave—round, warm, and neat.

They are full of life and gladness,
Bright and busy all day long:
What have they to do with sadness?
What have they to fear of wrong?

Who their shining eggs would plunder?
Who their charming songs would still?
Who would tear their homes asunder,
Built with so much care and skill?

God has made them for enjoyment—
Not their own alone, but ours;
Who would stop their sweet employment,
Singing, nesting, in the bowers?

Who would rob them of their pleasure?
Who would blight their busy days?
Who would take from birds their treasure,
And from God such songs of praise?

Children, guard them, love them dearly;
Learn yourselves from birds to sing,
As they warble sweetly, clearly,
Like the angels to their King!

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds.

WHEN Fred Evans was a boy he lived in the country. I had almost said in the woods. Newspapers were not so common then as now, and I suppose he never even heard Mr. Bergh's name mentioned; so his "society" was an entirely original idea.

Fred had five brothers, some older and some younger than himself, and there was quite a number of small boys in the neighborhood besides. Such good times as they had in the fields and woods! Bird-nesting, squirrel-hunting, nutting,—the year indeed was full of delightful diversions.

Fred loved the woods and everything in them with all his heart, and the cruelty that was often

shown the dear, patient little birds hurt him more than he could say. He had often wished he could do something to prevent it; and one day, as spring was coming on, meditating and whittling, he thought it all out. There was no use "preaching" to the youngsters; they would only laugh and go their own way; and so Fred, wise in his generation, caught them with guile. Some square bits of white pasteboard were procured, and neatly prepared for invitation cards. They were painted in a round, boyish hand, and cost Fred a great deal of trouble: "You are invited to come to a meeting to form a society, Saturday afternoon, at one o'clock. Be sure and come early."

Saturday came; and so did all the boys in the neighborhood, full of curiosity to learn the object of the "meeting." Fred had kept it a profound secret, even from his brothers.

Very properly, the exercises were opened with a speech. Fred was the speaker: "I say, boys, we ought to have a society,—a regular society, you know,—with a president, and all that." It wasn't a very long speech, but Fred knew his audience better than some older orators do theirs. "Hurrah!" "Jolly!" "Good for you!" "Just the thing!" were some of the exclamations which showed Fred that he had the public ear.

"What's it to be called?" "What's it for?" were questions that speedily followed. Encouraged by the interest displayed, Fred plunged at once into the middle of things.

"Well, boys, I go for the birds, and I don't care who knows it; and what's more, I don't believe there's a feller here mean enough to want to hurt one of the little things if he only stops to think. They don't never do nobody any harm, and I think the wood wouldn't be much 'count without 'em."

Joe Wilkins gave a prolonged whistle, but nobody minded him.



"Now, lets' have a reg'lar society for taking care of the birds. We'll 'lect a president, and have a meeting every week, and then every boy'll tell how many birds'-nests he has found, and where they are, and whether they're all right or not. The president'll keep an account in a book of the number of nests that each boy has the care of, and when the summer's over, the boy that's had the most nests'll be the best fellow, and we'll 'lect him for our next president. What do you say? Let's take a vote."

Fred was a leader among the boys, and the vote was unanimous in favor of his plan. He was duly elected president, and the society entered at once upon its humane and civilizing work. Meetings were regularly held during the summer; birds' rights were carefully considered, and nothing was allowed to interfere with their life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness so far as could be prevented by the society; and any fair-minded person will

acknowledge that such a society has a good deal of power.

Fred's hopes were more than realized in the success of his plan, and I am sure that he grew into a nobler and better man for putting his kind impulses into deeds. When I last saw him he was an earnest, influential minister of the gospel, and still continued to teach the children to be kind to the birds, and also to all God's creatures which are exposed to the carelessness and cruelty of wicked persons.

The Shepherd's Dog and the Sheep.

It is said that on the large sheep farms of Scotland, a shepherd often has the charge of from three thousand to six thousand sheep. The shepherd is usually aided by two shepherd's dogs, to drive the sheep out to pasture, and to bring them in.

Often in driving flocks from one pasture to another, one sheep will turn the wrong way, and all the others will be sure to follow as fast as they can run. So the shepherd must send one of his dogs to turn them back. The careless keeper, no matter how hot the day, would order his dog to rush down the narrow lane, through the flock, frightening the sheep, and often crushing or killing some of the tender lambs. But the wise shepherd directs his dog to go upon the other side of the hedge or fence, get ahead of the flock, and bring it back, taking care not to frighten the sheep. The dog will trot off so quietly, that the sheep do not notice him, and occasionally he will peep over or through the hedge, until he is sure of being ahead of the flock, then he will come out gently in advance of the sheep and turn them back without scaring or harming them. But if the sheep will not be turned by this gentle course, then the dogs must bark or bite them.

So when young persons turn down the wrong road leading into sin and danger, the Good Shepherd would bring them back by kind, gentle, and loving means. He sends affectionate Christian parents or kind teachers to show them their danger, and to point out to them how to find the safe paths. How careful should youth be to heed all such gentle warnings! How quick to return from every evil road, and walk in the way of God's commands! Then they need not fear any sharp judgments, and Jesus can treat them as the wise shepherd does his obedient flock.

Good-Night Kisses.

"MAMMA!" cried Georgie, in a plaintive voice. It was dark, and Georgie had been an hour in his trundle-bed.

"I thought you were asleep, Georgie, long and long ago," said she, coming into the chamber where Georgie lay in his little white bed.

"You never kissed me to-night," said Georgie, stretching out his arms; "I can't go to sleep without my bestest mamma's good-night kiss. Won't you kiss me, mamma?"

Mamma gave it with great joy. She hugged Georgie, and Georgie hugged her. "I want you to be a good boy as well as a dear boy, Georgie;" that is what she always said; and as often as she said it, so often his little heart said back, "I will be a good boy."

Do you pity the little children who have no good-night kisses, and no good mothers to give them any? They are poor indeed.



The Fast Word.

In South Africa a Caffir chief sent some of his men fifteen miles to ask a missionary if the word he had taught them about the Lord's-day was the "fast word,"—that is, whether or not it came from God, and was a command that they must strictly keep.

The reason why he had sent was this: An English trader had brought his waggon near their village, and was asking the native people to buy and sell, although it was the Lord's-day. The trader said that "he had no Sunday," at which the Caffirs wondered much. The chief, however, answered that the missionary must decide the question, but that the trader might let his oxen graze, and make himself comfortable till the messengers came back.

When the messengers came to the missionary's house they said, "How can this be? The man was a white man! Where was he born that he has no Sunday?"

The missionary sent back word to the chief that it was a "fast-word," for it was God who said, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," and that this word was binding upon all men of every nation.

When the chief received this message he said to the Caffirs who had crowded around him, waiting for the missionary's answer, "Do you hear that now! The missionary must be right, because he has the book," meaning the Bible.

The trader was then told that he must wait until the next morning, when they would be glad to trade with him, for they would have nothing to do with him on the holy day.

It is very sad to think how many there are in our Christian country who neglect the "fast word" which these Caffirs had learned, and who "buy and sell and get gain" on the Lord's day, instead of using it for the holy purpose for which the wise and loving God has given it.

How Mollie Helped Mamma.

There was once a bright, spirited little girl, whose hard-worked father was taken suddenly away from his little family, leaving the whole burden of their support on the mother. A kind lady questioned this child, but six years old, as to how they got along.

"Oh," said little Mollie, "mother and I do all the work now, and we do it first-rate."

"But what can you do to help, with such little hands as those?" asked the lady.

Mollie held up her plump little hands, and turning them over again and again, said:

"Oh, I can do lots and lots! I set the table, and wash the dishes, and shake up the cradle-pillow, and blow the whistle for the baby. Some times mamma gets tired washing, and she cries.

Then I go and lift baby out of the cradle—he is awful heavy—and hold him right up before mamma. Then she always laughs and takes him, and that rests her, you see."

Be Content.

"Oh, dear! I don't see what you buy me such thick shoes for," said little Jennie Ray; "they are only fit for clod-hoppers. Why can't I have a pretty pair of French gaiters like Annie Swift's?"

"We buy such things as we can afford and think suitable for you," answered her mother. "I am sorry that, instead of being thankful for them, you should fret so. I wish you were like the man who said, 'I never grumbled but once; and that was because my shoes were worn out and I had no money to buy new ones. Soon after, I met a man who had no feet; and I went home contented with my bare ones.'"

"I am not so bad off as either of them," said Jennie; "so I'll be glad I have got thick shoes to cover my bare feet, and that I have feet to be covered."

Willie's Heroism.

This blue sky was covered with dark thunder-clouds and the air was still and hot.

In the little school-house "on the green" a patient teacher was trying to make her scholars bend their anxious eyes on their books; but the little faces would keep turning towards the window.

She had promised to tell the story of William Tell that afternoon to her geography class; and, finding it so difficult to turn their minds from the shower, she called out that class before its turn, and told them the story about how William Tell had to fire his arrow through an apple which had been placed on the head of his son, and how brave the boy was, and how he cried, "Fire, father! I am not afraid!" for he was sure his father's arrow would never miss its mark.

Just as she was saying this there came a sudden flash of lightning and a loud crash of thunder. Some of the children screamed, some began to cry, and some ran to the teacher for protection; Willie Hawthorne kept his seat, and his eyes were fixed quietly on his book.

"Why, Willie!" asked his teacher, after the shower was over, "why were you not afraid like the other children?"

"Because, Miss McLean, I knew the arrow was in my father's hand; and how could I be afraid?"

I believe the children never forgot Willie's bravery; and now, when you are afraid of the lightning, little reader, you can remember Willie's answer, and be as brave as he.



NEW MUSIC BOOK.

THE CANADIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGAN.

A Choice Collection of Music for the Sunday School, Prayer Meeting, and Social Circle, Selected and compiled with great care from the Works of the best Composers, old and new.

The Best Book yet Issued. Over 7,000 Copies Sold in a few Days!!

Work Songs, Prayer Songs, Praise Songs, Faith and Hope Songs, Joy Songs, Festival Songs, Home Songs, Heaven Songs.

PRICE:
SINGLE COPY 50 CTS
PER DOZEN 5 00

Sample Copy will be sent to any Address, free of Postage, for the Price, 50c.

Address REV. S. ROSE,
Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER FOR 1874,

ENLARGED and IMPROVED!

THIS PERIODICAL has been before the public sufficiently long for its principal characteristics to be clearly understood. It is our intention to make the BANNER for the coming year increasingly useful to Sunday-school teachers. Each issue will consist of **Twenty-four Pages** printed on good paper and will contain,—

One or more papers, selected or original, on some important features of the S. S. work;

Hints on various topics of interest to S. S. workers;

Editorials on general matters connected with Sabbath-schools;

Lessons for every Sunday in the year. The Scheme of Lessons used is the "INTERNATIONAL SERIES," edited by the Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., of New York;

A Choice Selection of SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC, suitable for Anniversaries and other special occasions.

The name and address of any person who desires a Specimen Copy of the BANNER, will be thankfully received by the Publisher.

A few select advertisements will be inserted on the cover at reasonable rates.

Subscription price of the BANNER is SIXTY CENTS a year and postage. Postage on a single copy, 6 cents per year; each additional copy, to one address, at the rate of five cents per copy.

REV. S. ROSE,
Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

The Canada Sunday-School Advocate,

TORONTO, PROVINCE ONTARIO.

The Canada Sunday-School Advocate is published on the Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month by Samuel Rose, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

1 Copy and under 25, to one address, 30 cents per vol.
25 Copies and upward to one address, 25 cents per vol.

POSTAGE.

1 copy.....	twice a month,	13 cents per vol.
2 copies & under	10,	26
10	19,	52
19	27,	78
27	37,	1 04
37	46,	1 30
46	54,	1 56
60	70,	1 95
70	80,	2 25
80	90,	2 60
90	100,	2 90
100 copies		3 00
200		6 00

Subscriptions (including postage) to be paid invariably in advance.

Hereafter subscriptions to the SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE may commence with the first numbers of April, July, October, or January. But all subscriptions must expire with the last numbers of September or March. Those commencing with April or October may run six or twelve months. Those commencing with July or January may run three or nine months. We cannot agree to furnish back numbers.

All communications to be addressed to the Rev. S. Rose, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.