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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

UNTIL WE

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER LITTLE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 1.

OCTOBER 14, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 241.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

PASSING BAD MONEY.

BY THE CORPORAL.

ANNIE SHAM was one day presented with a bad quarter of a dollar—it was before the days of paper currency. She showed it to her mother, who, seeing its baseness, said:

“It will do for a plaything, Annie; but be sure you never attempt to pass it.”

“O no, I should never think of such a thing,” replied Annie, who, by the way, was a Sunday-scholar, and appeared to be quite studious and serious.

Perhaps Annie meant what she said at the time. If so she did not know what was in her heart; for not many days after she happened to notice that the fishwoman who kept a stall near her home took many pieces of silver without appearing to notice them much. Then her heart said:

“If I was to put my bad quarter into her dirty hands she wouldn’t know it from a good one. Guess

I’ll try it the next time mother sends me to buy fish.”

Now if Annie had been a disciple of Jesus she would have driven that wicked thought out of her heart with the whip of earnest prayer. Instead of that she gave it a home and let it build a nest in her breast, until it made her feel impatient for a chance to cheat the poor fishwoman.

That chance was given her in a few days when she was sent by her mother with a nice bright “quarter” to buy some fish for dinner. This she hid in her pocket, and with a bold face she handed the bad one to the woman. The dealer saw it was bad in an instant, and throwing it on her table angrily said, “That’s counterfeit!”

“Yes, that’s a counterfeit clearly,” added a gentleman who stood by, and who knew both Annie and her mother; “but give the girl the fish, her mother will want it. I will lend her a good quarter.”

Guilty Annie stood trembling and overcome with shame while her mother’s friend was paying for the

fish and restoring the bad quarter to her hands. She was too much confused to take the good money from her pocket, or to offer a word of explanation. Blushing and silent, she held down her head and walked home.

Some of her Sunday-schoolmates had been witnesses of her shame, and had run ahead to tell her mother that she was in trouble about offering bad money. The good woman understood it all, and was pained beyond my power to describe. She felt that her daughter had been guilty of a great sin.

Annie’s self-conceit was crushed by this affair. She now saw that she was a sham. Her mother saw it. Her companions saw it too. What was a still more serious matter, Jesus saw it also. In truth, he had seen it before, for who can hide herself from his searching eye?

Now let me tell you of a boy named George, who had a bad quarter given him for a pocket piece. One day he went into a store which was tended by a boy who looked very much like a greenhorn.

"Offer him your bad quarter. He wont know it. Nobody will know it," whispered the tempter.

"Yes, God will know it," replied George. "I wont offend him by cheating this poor boy."

Then George ran out of the shop, hurried home, dug a hole, and buried the counterfeit quarter. "There," said he, stamping the ground with the heel of his boot, "you shall never tempt me or anybody else again."

"Put the crown on George's head," say I. And you, my children, are all crying "Amen," I feel sure. George conquered. He had the ring of a true boy. But what shall we do with Annie? *Tell her to repent, ch?* Yes, that's it. Repentance is what she and every other sham needs. She, with all like her, have much need to repent. Trying to pass a counterfeit coin was bad enough, but being a counterfeit herself was worse. Surely she needed to repent in dust and ashes.

Children, be true. Be true to yourselves, to each other, to God. Appear to be what you are. Never make false pretenses. If you are not right inside, ask God to make you so, and then you will be as good current coin before God and man.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

JAMES was a junior clerk in a wholesale dry-goods store. A customer, who had just concluded a bargain with the head salesman for a large lot of goods, asked James if they were perfect. The honest boy told him the truth: he acknowledged that they were damaged. So the man did not take them.

Soon the head salesman came along and began to rate James soundly. "I sold him the goods at a good price for *cash*," said he, "and now he will not take them."

"He asked me about the goods," replied James, firmly, "and I told him the truth. I cannot tell a lie for all the goods in the store, and I will not."

"I am very sorry to say that I must report you to the firm," rejoined the salesman, "but I feel it to be my duty to do it. I cannot be balked in this way when I have done a good thing for the firm, to have it all upset by your squeamishness. I must go back to the counting-room and report you."

"Very well," said James, "I will go with you, and go *now*. I shall tell them honestly the whole transaction, and we will see what they have to say to your fleecing a customer in this way."

This was a new view of the case, and the salesman found it convenient just then to have his attention attracted in some other direction, and so he put it off with "Wait a minute," and that was the end of the matter. He was a little afraid that the Christian man who was at the head of the firm might not approve of his doings when the case was examined.

I wonder if he stopped to think what the Great Master will say when he comes to take account of all his stewards.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE FIRST LETTER.

Do you remember writing your first letter? To whom did you write it? Or, perhaps you have not written it yet, and you are thinking to whom you shall write it. Can't you think of somebody that you want to be good and love God? If you write to them perhaps God will make it as useful and do as much good as he did little Mary's first letter. Let me tell you about it.

Mary's father was a soldier in the army, but he was not a religious man. His pious wife used to write him religious letters and he did not like them; sometimes he would not read them. But one day there came a little letter in one of them; it was Mary's first letter to her papa. It told him that his

sister, Mary's aunt, was dead, and that when she was dying she had called little Mary to her side and asked her to meet her in heaven. And Mary had started for heaven and begged her papa to go along with her. The father's hard heart was melted by this little letter, and he made up his mind to go to heaven with his little daughter.

A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LETTY BANKS AND HER MOTTO.

WHY is it that people love plain Letty Banks so much better than they do beautiful Bell Hamilton? You say, perhaps, if you do not know the two girls, that it is because the one is amiable and the other is not, meaning by amiable cheery and good-humored. But Bell Hamilton is a very pleasant girl, cheerful



as the morning, and smooth in her temperament as a leaf of velvet geranium. Then God has made her so beautiful it is a pleasure to look at her. Her face is fair as a blossom, and she has dark, handsome eyes like the purple-blue petals of the pansies in color, while her hair is full of sunshine. She is very unselfish, *in a way*; she will bestow on you any treasure she has if she thinks it will please you; she will do all sorts of skillful and useful work for the needy; she will deny herself, *in some respects*, for the good of others.

But with all this she is so very obstinate, "so very set in her way," the girls say, that you can do nothing with her. If you ask her to do anything she does not choose to do, though she speaks pleasantly enough about it, you cannot move her an inch. No expostulations, no representations of the fitness of what you ask, no coaxings or appeals to her affection will induce her to yield if she has once made up her mind to the contrary. If you ask her not to do anything she has determined to do—and her plans always amount to *determinations*—she goes quietly on and does it.

I could give you many instances of the inconvenience and unhappiness she has occasioned her friends and companions by this disposition, but I would rather tell you of dear Letty Banks. Nobody ever thought of calling her beautiful, but there is the greatest charm about her, and I have discovered wherein it consists, and, better still, the foundation of it. Letty loves our Lord and tries to please him, and she has taken this for her motto: "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not himself." And she has found that she can please Christ many times a day by giving up her own way for the pleasure of those about her; and this is very sweet to her, so that her face is always radiant with happiness and you love to be near her.

Do you not think it would be pleasant to please your Saviour by making your friends happy in every way which is right? Of course, if one asks you to do a wrong thing, you must not yield for the sake of pleasing. Keep Christ in mind and you cannot go far out of the way.

UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

PATIENCE AND THE PEAR.

It is wise to wait until fruit ripens before we eat it. It seems hard, though, to be kept from the tempting morsels that hang a little above our heads, and children *have* been known to knock down a rosy apple or a peach that looked fair a week, or even two, before it really was ripe.

One year there hung one pear on a small tree that stood a few steps from our kitchen-door—a choice variety of fruit. We children had admired the blossoms, and as they fell—it was the first year of its bearing—we regretted that no more fruit was promised; but we determined that the promise contained in that one tiny, rough ball should not be nipped by a late frost, and we took good care that nothing should disturb it.

O how we watched that pear! A week passed; we could hardly perceive that it had grown any; it had a very little. Another week passed, a month, and as we passed that tree a dozen times a day, we stopped to examine the pear, or looked curiously at it without stopping. You children who live in the country need not smile. In a small city garden one growing pear was a great curiosity.

How slowly it grew! We saw it slowly becoming a very large pear. How would it taste? It was a new kind, and when the tree came from the nursery it had attached to it by a string a new name. We had heard it praised as the best pear that was now cultivated; and, considering the care that had been bestowed upon the improvement of fruits, it was a question which even our parents could not settle whether Adam himself had ever tasted anything more luscious. Well, the pear was yet green and hard, and we supposed it was bitter. We would not have plucked it for anything. We felt a family interest in that pear. How soon would it be ripe? we asked. If we would wait a month longer and nothing happened, was the answer, we might try a piece of it.

One day—we were not then thinking about the fruit, but the week before we had thought it looked quite mellow—one day father said, "Now, let us go and pluck the pear."

It was so large and heavy that we had twined a string around it to prevent the little branch that held it from breaking. We just untied the string and touched the pear, and it fell, or would have fallen if we had not caught it, a great ripe, juicy pear. There were a good many of us children, and yet as with father and mother we each took our slice—it was a fine large piece and tasted so delicious—we enjoyed it much.

Now you think, I suppose, that pear was gone, and all our waiting and watching had ended in just one mouthful of delicious pear. But you are mistaken. We had been learning a great lesson unconsciously. Nature—no, our heavenly Father, who loves to teach us through nature—had been pointing us to that pear, and as he sent the golden sunshine to sweeten it, and the cold winds to strengthen it day after day, and month after month—O how patient a teacher God is!—he had been saying to us, "See! good fruit takes time to ripen; be patient, my children." That pear, well learned, was a better lesson than any we had learned from our school-books during those five long months. It was God's book we had been studying, and he himself had been our teacher.

The world is God's orchard. There is hardly a fruit in it, I don't think there is any, that he will

not give us if we will only wait until it is ripe. How after a little patient waiting does each day bring some new fruit to our longing lips; how is every taste of the soul gratified, and every element of our nature suited as we patiently wait, and then accept the ripe, rich boon at God's willing hand! Sometimes we may have to wait and watch a long while before the hour to enjoy comes, but the longer we patiently wait the choicer will be the blessing.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

With this issue we commence the new volume of the SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE, which will be printed and published at the Office of the *Christian Guardian*, and will be on sale at the Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

By this new arrangement we have ventured to offer the paper at a reduced rate; but this reduction in the price is made with the conviction, that as home and cheap publications are more highly valued than imported, we shall secure a large addition to our subscription list.

We therefore earnestly and affectionately urge on the Ministers, Superintendents, Teachers and Sabbath School Scholars, to use their best efforts to give this friend of the Sabbath Schools as warm and extensive an introduction to their schools and families as possible.

No labour or expense will be spared to make this semi-monthly visitor, as heretofore, a messenger of "PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD-WILL TOWARD ALL MEN," and to cause the trumpet to continue to echo the soul-charming invitation uttered by the Saviour of all men, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

Earnestly do we pray that the combined effort may awaken in the hearts of parents the response—

"We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be."

Increased Interest taken in the Sabbath School.

The Conference at its last Session, in the City of London, recommended the formation of Wesleyan Sabbath Schools, wherever six or eight children could be gathered together, and that the Wesleyan Sabbath School Libraries and Catechisms be introduced as far as practicable into these Schools, and into the families of our people: and that the *Sunday School Advocate* should be preferred to any other similar publication.

It also directed the observance of the Rule of Discipline which requires, "That every Superintendent, or his colleague, shall preach at least one Sermon, at each appointment on his Circuit or Mission, during the year on the importance and advantage of Sunday Schools."

There are, in connexion with the Wesleyan Church in Canada, 749 Sabbath Schools; 6513 Officers and Teachers; 3743 Bible Class Scholars; 46572 Scholars;—379 of these are meeting in class;—and 109,444 Volumes in the Libraries.

Should these Schools take on an average each, 15 copies of the *Sunday School Advocate* it would amount to 11235 copies. The Book Steward will be happy to furnish this or a larger number immediately. A good supply of the Sunday School Books are also on hand at the Book Room, which will be forwarded to order.

The Editor of the *Sunday School Advocate* will be very glad to receive articles for the paper, addressed to him at the Wesleyan Book Room in Toronto.

FADING LEAVES.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

Did you ever think of the wonderful change that Spring makes in the forest? In the Winter, the trees all stand naked and leafless, creaking as they sway in the frosty blast. No birds sing in their branches, and no boys and girls take shelter under their shadows. Then Spring breathes in the soft zephyrs of May, and the whole scene is changed. Every tree wears a splendid robe of green. The streams that were silent and frozen, during our stern Canadian winter, sing and sparkle in the sun; and the birds in the groves lift up their voices, and sing as sweetly as the children at a Sunday-School Anniversary. The greatness and goodness of God is displayed in these wonderful changes of the seasons; for all these events are under his direction, and take place in obedience to the laws by which he governs all created things.

But the glory of Summer soon passes away. Every bright and beautiful thing in this world only lasts a little while. Perhaps there is no country in the world where the fading leaves are more beautiful than in Canada; especially those of the maple, the oak, and some kinds of the ash. Some seasons they are more beautiful than others—that depends upon the time of the first visits of Jack Frost; they are most beautiful when the frost comes late. I have read the statement, that it is the first touch of frost that dyes the leaves with these beautiful colors. I do not think this is correct. I don't think our surly friend, Mr. Frost, can paint so well. I believe the frost tends to make the leaves brown and brittle; and the change in the color of the leaf is the result of its failing to receive a fresh supply of the sap, which contains the coloring matter in solution. When several colors are blended, to form a new color, the withdrawal of any one of these will, of course, change the mixed color to something else.

But I must not fail to remind you, that in the Bible a leaf is given as an emblem of man: "WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF." All the emblems used in the word of God to represent human life, remind us that it is short and uncertain. The life of man is compared to "a flower of the field;" to "the grass that withereth;" to "a vapor that appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away;" to "a dream" that is soon forgotten; and to "a shadow" that flits past and is seen no more.

Now, you will understand that when human beings are compared to these things, it does not mean that they are like them in all respects. A man does not look at all like a leaf or like a flower—but he is like them in this one respect, that in a very short time he fades away, and all his strength and beauty crumbles into dust. Do not forget this, that when one thing is said to be like another, it does not mean like in all respects, but in some one respect only.

When THE BIBLE says, "We all do fade as a leaf," it teaches us many important lessons—all the leaves fade. So all must certainly die. The beech leaves rustling in the wintery breeze, after all the rest have fallen, seem like some aged persons that linger behind the rest of their generation; but they, too, soon follow the rest—the life of the leaf is short—it soon fades. So our stay is very short in this world, compared with the length of eternal life. The Bible says, "Here we have no continuing city." Now, if life is so short and uncertain, we should BE HUMBLE; for we are all dependent upon God, and we "know not what a day may bring forth." We should BE DILIGENT in doing the work of God, while he spares us; for "there is no work nor device in the grave whither thou goest."

We should BE PATIENT under all our sorrows; for the time in which we will have to suffer is short "Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning." We should THINK MORE ABOUT HEAVEN, and less about this world; "for the things that are seen are temporal; but the things that are not seen are eternal." I have not mentioned where the texts of scripture I have quoted are to be found; because I want the children to find them all out them-

selves, before they get their next *Advocate*. Now, if the children like what I have written this time, I will try and write a little more some other time; and if they don't like it, I will just resign in favor of some one who can do better.

Toronto, Oct., 1865.

UNCLE EDWARD.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Well, here we are at last, Uncle Alick, said a curly-headed little boy of some seven summers to a fine white-headed old man, here we are in the gallery at last, and what a number of pictures! Here is one very much like the picture that hangs in Uncle George's parlour, which he, says my Mamma, painted when she was living with him. Yes, said the old man, very like it indeed. It is a representation of the "Virgin and Child;" but can you tell what this represents, pointing to a very excellent painting of the "Worship of the Wise Men?" O yes! said Fred: that is the Saviour in the manger—there are the oxen—and there is the star that went before them—and there are the camels, that carried the presents—and there is Mary and Joseph—and here are the wise men worshipping him—just as in the second chapter of St. Matthew. Here is another, you can tell what that is by the card, "The Flight into Egypt." Yes, that is in St. Matthew, too. But this Fred continued Uncle Alick, appears to be the best of this series. O yes! said Fred: we read about that in Luke, it is the picture of "Christ in the Temple." Our teacher, last Sunday, told us about it—that when Joseph and Mary were going home from Jerusalem, the child Jesus tarried behind, and they thought he was lost, but afterwards found him in the temple, among the lawyers and others, hearing them and asking them questions; and I wondered what the questions would be about,—did you ever hear about them in your big Bible, Uncle Alick? Well, said the old man, I never found anything in my Bible about it; but a good many years ago, when I took a great interest in the conversion of the Jews, I read an old book that contained some very strange information about the Lord Jesus Christ, and there was something about the subject of this picture which I will relate to you as we walk home. It is said that when Jesus was in the temple, the learned doctors were disputing about rest. There was, it is said, the Rabbi Judah, and his brethren, called the Seven Pillars of Wisdom. One said, that rest for the soul was found by the man who had obtained sufficient wealth without sin; another said, it was fame, and the praise of all men; another said, it was power to rule the state; another said, it consisted only in a happy home; another said, that rest was found in old age, rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children; a sixth said, that all these were vain, unless a man kept the ceremonial law of Moses; and Rabbi Judah said, "Ye have all said well; only, in order that ye may find rest, it is necessary that ye keep the traditions of the elders."

But in the court upon the pavement sat a little child, and He said—"But, Fathers, he only findeth rest who loveth God with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and loveth his brother as himself. This is greater than fame, and wealth, and power; and he who has it is happier than a happy home; happy without it; better than honoured age; he is a law unto himself, and above all traditions." Then were the Seven Pillars of Wisdom astonished, and they said, "When Christ cometh, shall he tell us greater things than these?" And they were all embarrassed when he said to Rabbi Ben Israel—"Rabbi, when the Messiah cometh, which is called Christ, will he teach ceremony or love?" Rabbi, tell me, if you please, what is the law that converteth the soul? Rabbi, thou hast said, that when Messiah cometh he shall sit on the throne of David,—how then shall he grow up as a root out of a dry ground? Then said the Seven Pillars of Wisdom, thou hast led us to the gate of difficulty. Fred lost not a word of what his Uncle Alick had related.

AMY WILSON'S EXPERIMENT.



"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Little Amy Wilson was reading to her mamma; when she came to these words she put down her book, saying earnestly:

"How can that be, mamma? I am always so pleased when you give me anything; I don't think it would make me as happy to give away."

"Try it, my darling," said her mamma. "I know you give money to the poor, but then, as all your wants are supplied, there is but little self-denial in that; but if you possess any article you really value, and seeing another person who needs it more than you, deny yourself and give it up, then you will taste the blessedness of giving, and feel much happier in parting with your treasure than you did at first in possessing it."

Amy was but a little girl, so this appeared a difficult lesson; but as it was mamma who spoke, she knew it must be true.

Amy finished her chapter and went away to her play-room, took her favorite doll—as large almost as a baby, with a beautiful waxen face—out of its cradle, and began to dress it. But she was thinking of what her mamma had said, and sat a long while with the doll upon her lap, until a servant came to say her mamma wished her to come to the nursery. Amy ran down; her mamma was there, and a nursemaid who had left them some time before to be married. She had called to see the children, and brought a little baby of her own to show them, a little tiny creature a few weeks old. Amy was pleased to see Hannah, who had always been very kind to her when she lived with them; but Amy noticed she was not so well dressed as she used to be, and the baby had no bonnet on; the shawl in which it was wrapped was put over its head.

Amy took the baby in her arms and kissed it. As she was looking at it she thought, "Hannah must be very poor, or surely she would have bought it a little bonnet."

Amy's mamma allowed her pocket-money for her own use; it was given to her every month. A part the little girl always gave in charity, and the rest she spent as she pleased. It happened this month she had given and spent all her money.

So Amy sat looking wistfully at Hannah and her baby, till on a sudden she brightened up, and running to her mamma, whispered:

"Mamma dear, Hannah's baby has neither bonnet nor hood; may I give her that blue bonnet I bought last week for my best doll?"

Her mamma readily consented, and seemed quite pleased with her for thinking of such a thing.

So Amy scampered up stairs to fetch the bonnet. It was a real baby's bonnet of dark blue satin, with a white lining and a pretty little border of lace inside. As she took it out of the box her countenance fell, it did look so very pretty; her lip worked a little, and she felt as if she were going to cry.

She tried it on her doll for the last time. O, the doll did look so nice in it, Amy wished for a moment she had not spoken to her mamma about it. She shut her eyes close to keep back the tears that would come, as she untied the bonnet and put her doll back in its cradle.

"Perhaps she will be gone by the time I get down," thought Amy; then, quite ashamed of herself, she said, "But what would mamma think?"

She hurried down stairs with the precious bonnet in her hand, and running up to the baby, put it on her head.

Poor Hannah was quite delighted, and so grateful Amy did not regret the sacrifice she had made. When they left she watched them from the window, and saw how proudly Hannah was carrying her baby.

Amy turned to her mamma with a smiling, happy face, and said:

"I am so glad I gave away the bonnet; Hannah wanted it more than I did. Now I know that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Here is a lesson for you, dear reader. Will you lay it to heart and try for yourself Amy Wilson's experiment?



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ALICE WILD.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

You may search the village through,
Every dwelling, old or new,
Every walk where the sunset shadows quiver,
And you'll find no sweeter child
Than our own dear Alice Wild,
Who lives down the lane beside the river.

She is not a beauty, no,
Though her features seem to glow
Like the sunbeams breaking through the morning mist,
And her eyes are soft and blue,
Save when feeling shades the hue
And darkens them to purple amethyst.

All the smiles and winning ways
That compel our loving praise,
And the voice whose gentle utterance is love,
Tell of light and peace within,
Show a loveliness akin
To the soft and graceful beauty of the dove.

Would you have this charm so sweet?
Seek it at the Saviour's feet;
If you ask, it will graciously be given;
Seek forgiveness for all sin,
Ask for purity within,
For a spirit that on earth shall breathe of heaven.

Earthly beauty fades away,
It is doomed to sure decay,
It is made to bloom and sparkle for an hour;
But the beauty of the heart
It will never more depart,
It will never lose its luster or its power.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MORE THOUGHTLESS THAN IGNORANT.

"WHEN will the 7.45 train start?"

"At a quarter to eight, ma'am."

"Bless me! You are always changing the time on this line."

You smile, don't you, at the apparent stupidity of the questioner in this dialogue? Yet she probably knew as well as you do that 7.45 is a quarter before eight. But she was hurried, and therefore confused. She did not pause to ask herself what 7.45 meant. So with regard to the first question.

She wanted to know how long it would be before the 7.45 train would start. But confusion of thought led to a question which contained its own answer.

Confusion of mind comes to people, young and old, when they go into new and strange scenes. I doubt not, many of my children know what it is to appear stupid because they are confused when they are thrown among strangers. It is a very troublesome feeling. It comes from thinking about themselves and about what others are thinking of them. To cure it they must rally their minds, be calm, and think not of how they appear to others, but of what is right and proper for them to do and say under the circumstances. X.

A SUGAR-STEALING BEAR.

MANY years ago, Archdeacon Cockran was traveling with a brother missionary and a party of natives through the woods, in Rupert's Land, when, having traveled all the morning without having fairly seen daylight, owing to the thickness and extent of the forest, they suddenly came to an open space of two or three acres, in the midst of which stood a noble spreading tree. They were all hungry, and all agreed that the place invited them to breakfast. They saw traces of bears, and they therefore looked carefully round, and beat the bush in all directions, to be assured that they should have no unwelcome companions. They omitted, however, to look up; where, stretched on a large branch of the tree, lay a huge bear, very observant of all that was passing below! They soon lighted a fire, got out their camp-kettle, set up their camp-table, and began to arrange their meal. No sooner had they placed on the table a basin containing brown sugar, (for which these animals have a special fondness, and which they can scent a long way off,) than the bear suddenly dropped from the tree, seized the sugar basin, and clumsily waddled away on his hind legs toward the bush! The archdeacon and his companion burst into laughter; but the Indians, not so disposed to yield the prey, seized a gun, followed and shot the bear, whose hams were cut off and broiled for their repast.

BENNY'S DEATH.

A LITTLE girl in this city, says the *Boston Journal*, who had learned that human beings have souls, but that animals have not, recently lost her pet squirrel. She mourned his death bitterly, and when her mother suggested that she ought not grieve so much at the loss of an animal, she said pathetically, "I shouldn't care, mother, if Benny went anywhere. He just died, and didn't go anywhere."

The answer was a touching evidence of the consolation derived from the Christian's belief in the immortality of the soul.

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