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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 12.

MARCH 26, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 204.

For the S. S. Advocate.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE BOY.

DID you ever see a boy in a more uncomfortable situation than this fellow? Everything about him seems out of place and out of joint. His uncombed hair looks like a mop. His shoulders are lop-sided. His dress is out of shape. His socks have fallen about his heels. His boots are unlaced. His slate lies smashed on the ground. There is nothing about him that you can admire. Even his face, which looks as though it was meant to be good-looking, is out of shape. His eyes look angry. His cheeks are puffed up. His lips are pouted into crooked lines. Did you ever see such a looking boy in your life?

You don't see what I wanted to print such a chap as that in the Advocate for? You don't, hey? Ah Charlie, Charlie! I know why you throw that stone of complaint at me. You have an idea that the picture is meant for you. You don't feel quite sure on that point, however, because you don't know exactly how you do look when your temper is up. You never peeped into a mirror when you were in a fit of sulks. But I assure you the picture is yours and that it suits you to a T. It is you, Charlie Fiery, as others see you when little Will is roused and you are put out with everything and everybody, your precious little self not excepted.

How do you like your picture, Master Fiery? *You don't like it a bit, eh? It isn't your picture, eh?* Well, it would be a laughable matter for a boy not to know his own likeness if being a cross, sulky fellow was a trifle. But it is not a trifle. It is a very serious thing for you, a sad thing for your parents, brothers, and sisters, and a vexatious thing for your playmates. It makes you miserable. It makes you hearing her repeat the ten commandments many, many times, used to repeat to himself almost continually the words, "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."



makes your friends unhappy, it makes the great God angry with you.

You wish you had a better temper, do you? I'm glad to hear you say that. That's the sort of talk that goes before improvement. There's hope for you, because it is just as certain that you may become a sweet-tempered, lovely boy as it is that you are not such a boy now. *How do I know that?* Why, because I know that many ugly boys have been changed into good ones, and what boys have done boys may do again. Besides, I know that Jesus, the lover of children, is waiting to change you by his mighty power, which, you know, can do all things. Only resolve, then, to be what you wish to be; ask Jesus to make you so; believe that he will do what you desire, and it will be done. When it is done, this picture will not make you angry, for then it will be your mirror no longer. When you have won this great victory write me about it that I may rejoice with you.

THE CORPORAL.

For the S. S. Advocate.

LITTLE BILLY JONES.

BILLY JONES was a little idiot boy. The children called him "Silly Billy," which was a true enough name, but they said it to tease him, and that made it wrong for them to call him so. Billy's mother taught him all he was able to understand about God and his laws, and Billy, after

One day in going to a rich man's house Billy

picked up a silver spoon under the kitchen window. He put it up his coat sleeve and walked into the house. Then he told the servants he "must see the lady." They asked what he wanted with her; but Billy would say nothing but "I must see the lady."

He was allowed to enter the parlor. It was full of company. Billy held down his head as if frightened to see so many fine people. The lady seeing his confusion, said kindly:

"Well, my little boy, what do you want?"

Billy pulled the spoon from under his sleeve, put it into her hands, and said slowly:

"Thou—shalt—not—steal!—Thou—shalt—not—steal!"

The company, surprised at the child's words and manner, formed a circle round him and asked him all sorts of questions, but they could get no reply from him except "Thou shalt not steal."

At last the lady of the house took him gently by the hand and said:

"Tell me, my dear, where you got this spoon?"

"Under—the kitchen window—Billy found—Thou—shalt—not—steal."

They then understood that Billy, silly as he was, knew that he ought not to keep that spoon because God had said, "Thou shalt not steal." No wonder the company admired his conduct, for there are many boys in the world with far brighter brains than Billy who would have kept that stray spoon in spite of the law, which says, "Thou shalt not steal."

If I knew that boy I should call him "wise Billy." He has more heavenly wisdom than many. I commend his example to that boy who found his school-mate's knife last month and keeps it hid among his own playthings. That boy is a thief, but "silly Billy" is an honest boy. God bless him! F. F.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

RIGHTS OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

TELL me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of human laws that sanction such a claim. There is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all time, such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages and opened to one world the source of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another all unutterable woes; such as it is this day. It is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man.—**LORD BROUGHAM.**



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE IDLE SQUIRREL.

Do you like fables? If not, don't read this article. If you do, read on.

A noble horse, docile and swift, was dashing round a spacious plain when a sharp-eyed squirrel, which had been watching his motions, said:

"My dear horse, you need not be proud of your speed, for

"With equal spirit,
Just such gambols
I can do and even more."

I can curvet, and run, and leap as lightly and gracefully as you can."

The horse paused, bent his ears forward, laughed, and replied:

"No doubt you can skip, and come and go. You can turn, and twist, and play more idle freaks than all the horses in the world. But what does all your turning and twisting amount to? To what use can you be put? I serve my master. My life is worth something, but what is yours worth?"

The squirrel was dumb. He blushed, hung down his tail, and crept into a rotten log. He felt that his life was one long frolic and nothing else.

Which part are you playing, Miss Rosy-cheeks? Idle or useful, which are you? If the former you had better hide yourself in some dark corner and ask the Unseen One to make you good for something. If you are useful, if you are a joy in your household, a help to ma, a comfort to pa, a blessing to brother and sister, and a sunbeam in the ways of life, you may shake hands with me; yes, you may do more, you may kiss my old cheeks and take my blessing with you.

The child who does nothing but frolic and play,
Like a squirrel, is wasting his life away;
The child who is busy as busy can be
Shall frolic enjoy and real pleasure shall see.

THE CORPORAL.

KATY AND HER MISSIONARY CHICKEN.



NOT long ago a little girl in the Sunday-school heard a missionary tell about the heathen children, especially the little heathen girls, how cruelly they were treated because they were girls; put to the hardest work, and then beat if their strength gave out and they could not do it; their fathers al-

ways rough to them and their brothers never kind; no pretty plays, no sweet kisses, no beautiful books, no pleasant schools, no God but an old stone or an ugly block, no lovely spirit of forgiveness, no dear child's prayers, no "Now I lay me down to sleep," no knowledge of Jesus, the precious Saviour of the world; all rude, miserable, and down-trodden, BECAUSE Jesus was

not there. He would put things right and mend the homes of these little girls and boys, and no one else could. And he had already sent them word what to do.

"He sent word by Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, and Paul. But Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, and Paul cannot get there without your help," said the missionary to the Sunday-schoolers. "Wont you help these to go and preach the gospel which tells how sin can be washed away?"

The Sunday-schoolers looked at the missionary with "I am sure I want to help" in all their eyes. One little girl said to herself, "O I must help; I WILL." She went home thinking, and said to her mother:

"Suppose, mother, I was a poor heathen; should I not think it very hard if Sunday-school children here did not send me the word of Jesus—didn't TRY to save my soul?"

So upon the Christian principle of doing as she would be done by, she began to think what she could do. She was very poor. She had nothing to give. She was sickly and could earn nothing. She could pray. Yes, a little child can do that; and she did; but that only made her the more want to do something besides.

The next morning her mother took care to wake her up pretty early, and the first question she asked was, "Mother, is Pet mine to KEEP?"

"Yes," answered her mother, "Pet is yours to do what you please with."

Pet was a little motherless chicken about a month old, which a neighbor gave her, and which the little girl named and loved dearly. She never had a pet before. And Pet loved the little girl. It knew her voice, and used to run after her wherever she went like a little dog. This was the little girl's treasure, her "all."

"Mother," she said with a sweet seriousness, "I am going to give Pet to the missionary. I've nothing else, and I'll carry it to the minister's house this morning."

"Well," said her pious mother, "do, Katy, as you think best."

Katy gave chicken its breakfast with tears in her eyes. It pecked so cunningly, and these were its last crumbs from her hand. But mother did not like to interfere. If the Holy Spirit was teaching and strengthening her little child to give its all to Christ she should not stop the work. So Katy stirred up the wool in Pet's basket and put it in. Pet did not want to go in, it had rather run about the kitchen, as it was used to; for, of course, it did not know it was to be a missionary-chicken, and if it had been told, I dare say it would not have been able to understand it. Katy took the basket in her arms and set off to the minister's. Poor Katy!

I do not know what happened in the minister's study, where Katy told her story. I only know that a tear dropped from the good man's eye on the study-table, and he said:

"Who of my parish will give their ox, or a cow, or a sheep, or a barrel of apples, or a load of hay to preach Christ to the heathen?"

The minister bought the chicken. He paid sixpence for it. She put the sixpence in the mission-box on the minister's table, and was about to take leave of her dear Pet, when the minister said:

"I've nobody to take care of the little chick in my house, Katy; wont you carry it home and keep it for me?"

"O yes, sir!" she cried, and home little Katy trudged with basket and chicken as happy as child could be. She was faithful in little, and God fulfilled his promise in making her "faithful also in much."

A ROMAN emperor once said, "I cannot relish a happiness which no one shares in but myself." The way to increase our own joy is to share it with others.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1864.

A STORY ABOUT A NUT.



READ the other day of two tired boys who one autumn day threw themselves down upon the grass under the branches of a noble walnut-tree. While they were resting there a big nut fell between them.

Will Sharp seized it, saying:

"That's mine; finding is keeping, you know, Jack."

"No it isn't," replied Jack Slow, trying to snatch the nut from his friend's hand. "I saw the nut before you did. Give it to me."

"I'll see you put to sleep in a crow's nest first," said Will, pushing his playmate away. "I've got it and I'll keep it."

The boys now struggled with each other, rolling over one another like two fighting bears, and saying words which ought never to fall from the lips of either boys or girls. In the midst of the "scrimmage," a big boy known as "Bully Brag" came and said:

"What's this fight about, eh?"

The boys ceased their struggle and told their story. Bully Brag heard them through and then said:

"Hand me the nut. I'll settle the trouble for you."

Will Sharp gave him the nut. Bully took it to a rock, cracked it, divided the shell into two parts, and, giving one part to Jack, said, "That's for you because you saw the nut first." Then giving the other part to Will, he said, "That's for you, Will, because you picked it up. I shall eat the nut myself to pay me for my trouble in deciding this important quarrel."

Bully Brag now walked off munching the nut. Will and Jack looked after him, then at each other, and then looking very flat they walked off in opposite directions without saying a word.

When I read this story I liked it so well that I said to myself, "I'll write this story for my Advocate family. Maybe it will teach my children that there can be no profit, but that there may be much loss in a quarrel. And maybe some of them will be so tickled by it that they will never forget it. When they grow up it may keep them from going to law, lest the lawyers should get their nuts—their property—and leave them nothing but the shells of their fortune."

These were my thoughts about that nut story. What are yours, Master Quarrelsome? And yours, Miss Black-eye Spitfire?

THE BOY WITH A BAD MEMORY.

"It's no use, I can't learn that hymn anyhow. My memory is just like a sieve."

Thus spoke a boy to himself one evening as, throwing his Sunday-school hymn book on the table with a dash, he lolled back on the sofa and curled himself up as if he meant to take a comfortable snooze.

At that moment his Aunt Sally entered the room. She was very fond of her nephew, but not blind to his faults. Fixing her merry eyes upon him she said:

"Carlos, do you really think your memory is a sieve? Won't it hold anything?"

"Nothing at all, aunt. I shall never know anything as long as I live. Everything goes through my mind as water goes through a sieve."

"How old are you, Carlos?" asked his aunt.

"Eleven years, five months, and three days," replied Carlos, wondering what this question had to do with his memory. "Soon be a man, shall I not?"

"If you live long enough you may be; but, Carlos, where were you born?"

"In Hickston."

"In what year?"

"In the year 1853, on the 10th of January."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Aunt Sally. "Your memory is a sieve that holds water after all, Carlos."

"What do you mean, Aunt Sally?" inquired Carlos, blushing like a boy who feels he has been caught napping.

"I mean," rejoined Aunt Sally with a quiet laugh, "that poor as your memory is, it holds some things pretty well. It don't let the date and place of your birth, nor your age

slip through. I'll be bound it also holds the hour for dinner, the date when vacation begins, and hundreds of other things besides. If it be a sieve it must have something in the bottom of it."

"O, I don't mean that I can't remember such things," said Carlos. "It would be queer for a fellow to forget when or where he was born."

"Not if a fellow's memory were a sieve," said Aunt Sally. "My opinion is that your memory only needs to have some P. P. wires put into it to make it hold hymns, texts, rules, and anything else you wish to put in it."

"What are P. P. wires, aunt?" said Carlos.

"The first P stands for *purpose*, the second for *perseverance*," said Aunt Sally. "I mean to say that my Carlos can make anything stay in his memory that he really wishes to put there if he will but persevere in his efforts to get it into his brain."

Carlos laughed, yawned, and went to sleep. He did not like the P. P. wires, and so I suppose he will keep on blaming his memory instead of himself. How many of my readers are like Carlos?

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

"You are quite merry this morning, esquire," observes Corporal Try to Mr. Forrester, upon whose face the bright rays of humor shone like sunlight on a flower.

"I was laughing at this picture," replied the squire. "Here is a man trying the impossible task of running through a cane-brake with a bear at his heels. His looks show him to be in a great fright. He is certainly in one of the most awkward situations imaginable."



"Awkward enough," rejoins the corporal, smiling, "but luckily for the soundness of his bones, the bear seems quite as anxious to run from him as he is to run from the bear. They are a pair of cowards running away from each other. I wonder who the fellow is."

He is a French naturalist who once visited that great lover of nature, Audubon, who stands in the back-ground armed, and laughing at his companion's fright. The Frenchman wished to go through a cane-brake. Audubon accompanied him, and while working their way through the tall, tangled cane they started a huge bear, which, luckily, rushed past them instead of at them. The Frenchman felt himself to be in a tight place, and did not recover his composure until he was fairly out of the brake.

"I guess he didn't care about exploring a cane-brake again," observed the corporal. "He was like some children I have heard of who are very plucky in the parlor under the gas-lights, but very much given to faint in the dark."

Just so, corporal. Carpet courage is very cheap stuff. True courage, such as Audubon possessed, is rare and precious. It is pure gold. I recommend my readers to study Audubon's life. It is full of adventure and very in-



structive.* Here is another picture showing how he moved his family and "household gods" two hundred miles down the Ohio river.—Now, corporal, let us hear from your letter-bag.

"Hear the answer to my last puzzle first. Here it is:

"(1.) Jael, Judges iv, 17. (2.) Esau, Genesis xxv, 27. (3.) Samson, Judges xvi, 29. (4.) Uriah, 2 Samuel xi, 21. (5.) Susanna, Luke viii, 3. (6.) Whisperers, Prov. xvi, 28; Rom. i, 29. (7.) Eutychus, Acts xx, 9. (8.) Paul, Acts xxi, 12, 13. (9.) Tyrannus, Acts xix, 9. The sentence—Jesus wept.

"Here, too, is another puzzle. Take the following words, put the letters into their proper order, and they will give you one of the sweetest truths ever taught to mankind: Fy, Tomsun. Ma. Hers? Nay, mine? No. As hares I.

"My letters are legion. I have read them all with pleasure, and you shall hear one or two of them. Here is one from a Montreal boy, who sends me a solution to the puzzle in verse published some time since. The answers to the puzzles are always given in the next number, so that these answers from readers always come too late. The Montreal boy has my best wishes. May his life be as long as—the St. Lawrence.—L. H. W. writes:

"We are five brothers and one sister. My oldest brother takes your dear paper, and we all love it. I have one little brother two years old, named Freddie. He is very fat. We showed him the picture of Freddie in your last paper and he said it was himself. We have a baby brother two months old, and we all love him dearly."

Give fat Freddie a kiss for me, Liston, and another for the corporal. We adopt him for our pet.

"Here are some simple lines about death. I find them in one of your exchanges. They tell what a little child said when her baby brother died:

"Tell me, mamma, if I must die
One day, as little baby died;
And look so very pale, and lie
Down in the pithole by its side?"

"Shall I leave dear papa and you,
And never see you any more?
Tell me, mamma, if this is true?
I did not know it was before."

"'Tis true, my love, that *you must die*;
The God who made you says you must;
And every one of us shall lie,
Like the dear baby, in the dust.

"These hands, and feet, and busy head
Shall waste and crumble quite away;
But though your body shall be dead,
There is a part which can't decay.

"That which now thinks within your heart,
And made you ask if you must die,
That is your soul—the better part—
Which God has made to live on high."

* See "Life in the Woods: or, the Adventures of Audubon," By B. K. PLUCKE."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ABOUT SEEDS AND TREES.

IN the spring of 1861, while going across lots to visit some of the people of my charge, I came to a gentleman who was setting out an apple-tree nursery. He had removed the stumps and stones from the ground, had also plowed it deep and fine, harrowed it well, and made straight drills some three feet apart, into which, aided by a boy, he was setting the tiny young trees. He told me that they were all grafted, and that he and his wife had put three thousand grafts into as many stocks or roots during the previous winter.

"And *where* and *how* do you get the stocks?" said I.

"We go," said he, "to the cider-mills and get the seeds; we then sow or plant them, and after one year's growth we take them up, cut off the little trees near the roots, and put the roots into the cellar; then we get our grafts from the best bearing trees and of the best varieties, and in February, March, and April do our grafting."

Now, little readers of the Advocate, I do not mean to tell you all the conversation I had with this nurseryman; but I wish to tell you some of the thoughts which it suggested. And first, I thought that all those little roots came from the worst kind of apple-seeds, for people do not usually make their cider of apples that are very good for any other use. I also thought that the grafting them with good varieties, and setting them out into nurseries, and caring for them there with pruning-knife, and plow, and hoe, and generous culture, would not, *could not*, make them fruit-bearing trees. No; they must be set out into orchards and cared for there.

Then I thought, so is it with good men and women. They were all very bad once; they had bad tempers in bad hearts; but God in his good providence sought them out by religious nurserymen, and they were brought and set in the Sunday-school, the Church's nursery, where the principles of religion were instilled into their minds, and the "engrafted word" began to grow and bear fruit to God's glory, and beautiful for the eyes of angels to look upon.

And again I thought, as trees in the orchards die the demand for trees from the nurseries continues. So with the Church—God's orchard. As the fathers and mothers in it pass away, this orchard can only keep its numbers good by demands upon its nurseries.

Little brothers and sisters, you are now in the nursery. God and good men, and women too, are laboring to cultivate you into healthy, vigorous trees. You were not designed to be in the nursery forever, but to become "trees of righteousness." *Where will you go when you leave the nursery?* Many of you have been in it long enough to go into the orchard. The trees there are dying and you are needed there. You will soon go into the Church or into the world. Which shall it be? Little trees have no choice, but you have. *Make it*, then, asking God and the good to help you, and may a blessed eternity of fruitfulness be yours "in the Eden above." Amen. S*****

TURNED OUT OF HEAVEN.

LITTLE EDDIE is a smart boy of seven summers. One day, after being in a thoughtful mood for some time, he said:

"Mother, did God ever turn any one out of heaven?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What for?" was the next question.

"For being wicked."

"Well," said Eddie, "if I ever get there I am afraid he will turn me out some time."

Eddie's reply showed that he felt the evil in his heart. He did not know, however, that Jesus stood ready to give him a new heart which would not want to sin either on earth or in heaven.

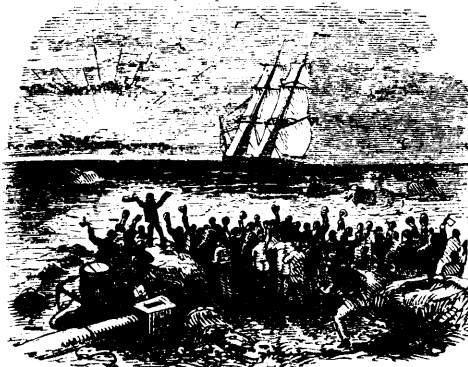


EARLY RISING.

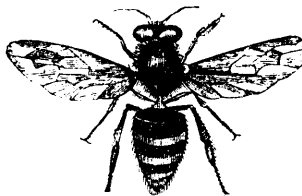
"Up! up!" cries the wakeful cock,
"Did you not hear the village-clock?
I have been up for an hour or more,
Crowing aloud at the stable-door.
Dobbin has gone with the boy to plow,
Betty has started to milk the cow;
Sure there is plenty for all to do,
And all are up, young friend, but you."



"Up! up!" cries the soaring lark,
"Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark.
O let it never, never be said
You wasted the morning hours in bed.
Out of the window glance your eye,
And see how blue is the morning sky;
Open the casement, your slumber spare,
And smell how fresh is the morning air."



"Up! up!" cries the busy sun,
"Is there no work, little friend, to be done?
Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,
That you lie dozing the hours away?
That you would give light to the world below
If I were idly to slumber so?
What would become of the hay and corn
Did I thus waste the precious morn?"



"Up! up!" cries the buzzing bee,
"There's work for you as well as for me.
O how I prize the morning hour,
Gathering sweets from the dewy flower.
Quick comes on the scorching noon,
And darksome night will follow soon;
Say, shall it chide you for idle hours,
Time unimproved, and wasted powers?"

THE LION AND HIS KEEPER.

THERE was in the menagerie at Brussels some years ago a large lion called "Danco," whose den happened to require some repairs. The keeper brought a carpenter to mend it; but when the workman saw the lion he started back with terror. The keeper entered the animal's cage and led him to the upper part of it while the lower part was re-fitting. The keeper then amused himself for some time playing with the lion, and, being wearied, he soon fell into a sound sleep.

The carpenter, having full reliance on the vigilance of the keeper, pursued his work with rapidity, and when he had finished it he called him to see if the repairs were properly done. The keeper made no answer. Having repeatedly called in vain, he began to feel alarmed for his situation, and resolved to go to the upper part of the cage, where, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and the keeper sleeping side by side. From the impulse of the moment, the astonished carpenter uttered a loud cry. The lion, awakened and surprised by the sudden yell, started on his feet and stared at the mechanic with an eye of fury, and then, placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, lay down to repose again. At length the keeper was awakened by some of the attendants, but did not appear the least apprehensive for his own safety, but took the lion by the paw and then quietly led him to his former residence.

"I FEEL BAD."

A LITTLE boy who had seen but four summers ran to his father a few Sabbaths since and, overcome with grief and his eyes full of tears, said to him:

"Papa, I feel bad!"

"And what is the matter, Frankie?" said the father.

"I have been a naughty boy. My mamma told me not to play on the holy Sabbath day for it was displeasing to God. I did play, and I feel bad because I hurt God's feelings?"

"But how do you know that you have hurt God's feelings?" said his father.

"Because," said the little boy, "my conscience bites my little heart."

"I SPOKE TO MY HEAVENLY FATHER."

A LITTLE girl gasping for her last mortal breath, said, "Father, take me!"

Her father, who sat dissolved in tears by her bedside, lifted her into his lap. She smiled, thanked him, and said, "I spoke to my heavenly Father," and died.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

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