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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 XI.—NUMBER 17.

JUNE 9, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 257.

For the S. S. Advocate.

CHILDREN WORKING FOR JESUS.

THE children in the picture represent a rich man's children. They were very happy together one cold new year's eve in their father's house. Seeing them so joyous, their father said:

"Children, the year will be gone in a few hours. A new year will soon begin. How do you mean to spend the new year? Of course, you will have to study and to play. Still, you will have an hour or two to spare every day. Could you not spend those spare hours in doing something for Jesus?"

"What can we do?" inquired the children.

"You can do something to help the poor. Ask God how and he will show you a way."

The idea pleased the children, for they really loved the Saviour and wanted to work for him somehow. So in their prayers that night they asked God to teach them how to help Christ's poor.

The next day they went out for a walk. As they crossed their father's lawn, they noticed that it was strewn with fallen boughs which the wind had blown from the big old trees. One of them cried out:

"O papa, may we not gather up these sticks, and give them to some of the poor old women



who live down the lane? Wont that be working for Jesus?"

Their father said it would. So they went to

work in the afternoon and picked up heaps of dry sticks. They then gathered the heaps in baskets and carried them to some poor sick old women,

who received them as gifts from heaven. They were so grateful that the children's hearts were made to know the sweetness of that truth which says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

How many of my readers have tasted the honey of that text?
F. F., Esq.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE TAVERN-KEEPER'S DOG.



THERE is a tavern-keeper in a certain town who keeps a sly but savage dog. I cannot tell you how many people the cur has bitten, though I am sure that it has fastened its teeth in a very, very large number. Among them

are several lads. They went there to learn to smoke. At first they lounged about the stoop, but finally they went inside, and the dog gave them grips which made them feel very great pain.

"What makes the man keep such a dog?" you ask.

Because it *pays* him. The dog is very peculiar. Somehow people love to go where it is. They even pay for every *nip* they get. They don't exactly like being bitten, because the bite hurts badly, and yet they like to go and play with the dog so well that they pay the tavern-man for the privilege.

You don't understand, eh? Perhaps if I tell you the dog's name the case will be clearer. It is *intoxicating drink*—that's the TAVERN-KEEPER'S DOG. You understand now, as I see by your smile. Very good! I advise you to give the creature a "wide berth" by keeping as far away from the tavern and rumselling-grocery as possible. Beware of the tavern-keeper's dog!

QUEERSTICK.

ANGRY GRACE.

I SEE our pretty, peaceful lake
Putting on her stormy look,
All into angry billows break,
Like some child by passion shook.

I see an ugly, scarlet face—
Surely this can never be
The little girl that we call Grace,
Raging like a stormy sea!

"No, I cannot! no, I cannot!"
From her angry voice I heard;
"No, I will not! no, I will not!"
Would have been a truer word.

The fishers draw their boats on shore,
And the swans their island reach,
So that the waters toss and roar,
Quite deserted on the beach.

And we will leave this storming child
Like the lake in solitude,
Until her passion, fierce and wild,
Is repented and subdued.

"Good-by, good-by, poor angry Grace!
We are leaving you with pain,
Until a happy, smiling face
Asks us to return again."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"MOTHER, HAS FATHER LEFT THE METHODISTS?"

SOME years ago I heard an aged Methodist local preacher in a love-feast, with very deep emotion, say:

"Soon after I joined the Church I became somewhat cold in religion, and neglected family prayer. But God raised up a preacher where I least expected it. I had a little boy who had been noticing my neglect of duty in my family and mourned over it, though I knew it not, till one day he came to his mother and earnestly inquired, 'Mother, has father left the Methodists?'"

"Why no, my son," said his mother; 'what makes you ask such a question?'

"Why," said he, 'I thought Methodists prayed in their families, and I see father has stopped praying in his family, and I thought he had left the Church!'

"When my wife," said the old man, "told me this I felt reproved, and thought, if even my little boy saw how inconsistent it was for me to neglect my family altar and belong to the Church, I would neglect my duty no longer."

Now this little son reasoned like a philosopher. He saw what his father's duty was, and how inconsistent it was for him to neglect it. I hope none of my little readers have parents who belong to the Methodists so inconsistent as to neglect to pray in their families, but if you have, perhaps you can say some kind word to them which will arouse them to duty. And I hope you will pray for them, and be careful not to stumble by their neglect. N. C.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

FLY, LAD, FLY!

WITH what daring speed that young man dashes along the road! On the bridge yonder two men are in pursuit of him. What is the matter? He don't look like a criminal. Why does he fly?

He is a *Christian* youth fleeing from persecution, my children. He lived when it was death to believe in Jesus, and having given himself to Christ, he is obliged to fly or be put to death. His name was VICTOR. You will be glad to know that he escaped and became a useful preacher of Jesus in places where his followers, though persecuted, were not destroyed.

You are in no danger of being put to death for believing in Jesus. No. Jesus reigns over this land, and you are safe from such persecutors as those who pursued Victor.

But other persecutors are after your souls. Satan has many servants who seek to allure you to the edge of the "bottomless pit," that you may fall into it and perish. You must flee before them or they will make you their captive.

Who are they? Wicked companions, swearers, smokers, liars, mockers of religion, Sabbath-breakers, lovers of strong drinks, fighters, open sinners are your pursuers. Fly from them, my dear boy, fly! Remember the word of God, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the *ungodly*, nor standeth in the way of *sinners*, nor sitteth in the seat of the *scornful*." Consider these words, my son, and fly from the paths of wicked lads. Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"PLEASE TAKE MY HAND."

A LITTLE boy who sleeps in a crib next to his papa's bed sometimes wakes in the night, and, finding it dark, is afraid. Putting his hand on his father's bed, he cries:

"Please take my hand, papa."

The father takes the little trembler's hand and his fear flies away, and he soon falls into a quiet sleep. He feels his father is near, why should he be afraid?

Children, this little boy shall teach you. You have a HEAVENLY as well as an earthly FATHER. The latter cannot always be with you, nor can he protect you from all evil. The former is always near you, by night and day. He is able to help you in every place of danger, for he is Almighty. He is willing to help you because he so loved you that he gave his only beloved son to die for you. Now, as that little boy put his hand into that of his earthly father, so do you put yours into your heavenly Father's hand. Whenever you feel afraid, when you feel sad, when you have to do a duty, when you are tempted, send your cry up to him, saying:

"Please take my hand, O my heavenly Father."

If you do this earnestly, sincerely, God will take your hand, give you strength, and fill your heart with the sweet peace of his beautiful love. Who will do it?
Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE MABEL.

BY UNA LOCKE.

SWEET little Mabel was a missionary child. She was born in India. From under those burning skies her dear mamma passed suddenly away to the golden city above, leaving Mabel with her papa to take the place of both while she was but little more than a year old. A few months passed and Mabel's papa decided it was his duty to bring the little child to their friends in America. So all the way from that far-off land—by ship, on the back of the camel, through the strange cities of Egypt, and again by rail and steamer, the little one came in her father's arms, clinging continually to him.

Her father was ill, and had it not been for the sweet, strong trust and affection she had for him, if she had not believed everything he told her and clung to him fully, if she had been at all afraid of her papa, do you not see he could not have saved her from that terrible climate that took the life of her mamma? For there was no one else to whom to intrust her on her journey. But she came safely to the loving hearts of her grandmamas and aunts, and never knew a moment's loss of love.

Just so we must cling to Christ. If we fear him and will not trust his love, if we disobey him, he cannot save us. But as surely as we believe he is our dear loving Friend, knowing what is best for us, and never allowing anything to happen to us that is not really for our good; as surely as we strive to leave off sinning in order to please him, he will carry us safely in his arms, and leaning on his bosom, through all the dangers of the journey of this life. And then, when we reach the beautiful home he means for us, how happy we shall be! How glad we did not think Christ was unwilling to have us, and so refuse to allow him to carry us! You know we are just as unable to walk alone through life as little Mabel was to come alone from India. Whether we wish it or not, Christ watches over us; but if we do not trust ourselves to him, he cannot, as I said, save us from our sins and bring us to the beautiful country at last. Let us all begin now to trust in him as little Mabel trusted her dear papa.

"WHAT is whisky bringing?" asked a dealer in that article.

"Bringing men to the gallows, and women and children to want," was the answer.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1866.

JESUS AND THE HAPPY FAMILY.

John xi. 5.



AM now going to tell you about a very happy family who lived at Bethany, a little village a short distance from Jerusalem. Why were they so happy do you think? "Perhaps," you say, "they were very rich." No, dear children, *that* would not have made them so happy. One little verse tells us how it was: "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister and Lazarus;" and he often staid at their house when He was near Jerusalem. Those must be happy whom Jesus loves.

The first time we read anything about Martha and Mary was when Jesus was travelling, and they received Him into their house. As soon as Jesus had sat down, He began to speak to them of the things of God. Mary was eager to catch every word which fell from the Saviour's lips. She sat at His feet, and heard His word.

Now Martha was really a good woman too, and no doubt loved Jesus; but she did not show her love in the best way. She was so anxious to provide a good meal for her Lord, that she had her mind too much taken up with making it ready. At last she became quite vexed that her sister did not help her. She came and begged that Jesus would send her to assist. Hear how Jesus answered her: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things *but* (or only) one thing is needful."

Ah, dear children, you know that is the care of the soul. It is not wrong to attend to the business of this life. No. God has told us that we must not be slothful in business; but we must still be fervent (or earnest) in spirit, serving the Lord. Jesus Himself tells us not to seek what we must eat, or what we must drink, but to "seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness." (Matt. vi. 33). This was just what Mary had done; and no doubt she had learnt such sweet lessons from our Saviour's lips as she could never forget.

A short time after this, Martha and Mary were in great trouble. Their dear brother, Lazarus, became very ill. Jesus was a long way off, beyond Jordan, but they sent directly to tell Him. I am sure you think that Jesus would go at once and heal him, and I dare say they expected it too. No. Jesus could show His almighty power more wonderfully by waiting a time. After He knew, therefore, that Lazarus was sick, He remained two days longer in the same place where he was. During this time Lazarus died. Do you not think his sisters must have wondered that Jesus had not come to them in their trouble?

At last Jesus set out towards Bethany. As he was journeying, He told His disciples plainly that Lazarus was dead. When they reached Bethany, they found that he had been buried four days. Many of the Jews came from Jerusalem to comfort Martha and Mary. Some of these took the first news to the poor sisters that Jesus was coming. As soon as Martha heard this, she ran to meet him; but Mary sat still in the house.

When Martha met the Saviour, she cried, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother would not have died. But *even* now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, He will give it Thee." Jesus said, "Thy brother shall rise again." Martha thought Jesus meant that he should rise again at the last day.

Then it was that the Saviour spoke those wonderful and blessed words which are now used in our burial service every time a body is committed to the grave. "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die" (John xi. 25, 26). Jesus asked Martha if she believed this. She answered. "Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God."

And now Martha became quite uneasy at Mary's absence. She sent to call her secretly; and then Mary arose and came to meet Jesus.

He had not gone into the town, but was still in the same place where Martha had met Him. Many Jews followed Mary, thinking she was going to the grave to weep there. When Jesus saw her weeping and the Jews that were with her weeping, His tender spirit was much troubled, and "Jesus wept." The Jews talked together as they went along. Some said, "Could not this man have prevented his dying? He opened the eyes of the blind; surely He might have saved Lazarus."

At last they came to the grave. It was a cave, and a large stone was laid on it. Jesus said, "Take away the stone." Martha told him that, as the body had been four days in the grave, it must be already in a state of decay. Jesus only answered her by repeating that, if she would believe, she should see the glory of God. The stone was taken away. Jesus prayed for a moment, and then cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus come forth." Immediately, he that was dead came forth, bound round with grave-clothes, and his face covered with a napkin. Jesus said, "Loose him, and let him go."

Do you not know, dear children, that a day is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear the Saviour's voice, and shall come forth? (John v. 28). Oh, what an awful call will that be to those who have died in their sins! but oh, how blessed to those who have loved the Saviour here on earth! How joyful y will they rise to meet Him when they hear His voice! They will not come out of their graves in the same poor, vile bodies which they had before they died. Those will have turned to dust; and instead of them, Jesus will give them glorious bodies like His own (Phil. iii. 21), and they shall be with Him and be like Him for ever.

Dear children, pray that you may learn to love Jesus now, and it will not signify whether you are alive when He comes again, or whether your poor bodies have lain in the grave for a few years. When He does come, those who have died in the faith and love of Jesus shall rise *first*; then His own people who are alive on the earth shall be caught up together with them, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord (1 Thes. iv. 18).

You have now heard of three dead bodies which were raised to life by the power of Jesus. Try and remember who they were.

1. The little daughter of Jarius—she was only just dead.
2. The young son of the widow at Nain—he was being carried to the grave.
3. The third had been buried four days—this was Lazarus.

I think you will wonder very much when you hear that only *some* of the Jews who had seen Lazarus raised from the dead believed. The rest went to the Pharisees, and told them what was done. They were more enraged than ever against Jesus, and were determined He should be put to death.

THE WRONG SIDE OF HEAVEN.—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven be so glorious, what must the right side be."

THE STAR AND THE CHILD.

A maiden walked at even tide
Beside a clear and placid stream,
And smiled as in its depths she saw
A trembling star's reflected beam.
She smiled until the beam was lost,
As 'cross the sky a cloud was driven,
And then she sighed, and then forgot
The star was shining still in heaven.
A mother sat beside life's stream,
Watching a dying child at dawn,
And smiled as in its eye she saw
A hope that it might still live on.
She smiled until the eyelids closed,
But watched for breath until the even;
And then she wept and then forgot
The child was living still in heaven.

"I WISH I WAS A CANDLE"



O said Harry Hopeful as he sat one winter evening at the table learning his lesson for the next day. "I wish I was a candle."

His mother, who was at her needle-work on the other side of the table, presently said:—"That is rather an odd wish, my boy; but why would you like to be candle?"

"Because it would be so nice to give light-mother!"

"You are quite right, Harry; but the kind of light you have been thinking about *you* can never give. Yet you may shine and give light. I will try to tell you how. Jesus, the children's friend, when teaching the people on the mountain, said, 'Ye are the light of the world. Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven.' Jesus meant that those who know and love him are like lights set up in a dark world, while his words also teach us that those who do not know and love God are living in darkness. If you really love God, the light has shined into your heart, and you have learned that your heart is very wicked, and the danger to which those who love sin are exposed; and you have asked for forgiveness, and prayed God to help you not to do wrong any more. God has taught you that you are a sinner in his sight, and need pardon and forgiveness; and you have seen the evil of your ways, and resolved to show your sorrow for sin by not wilfully offending again.

"Now, if all this is true, dear Harry, and God has given you to see the evil of sin, and shown you the way to escape from its punishment, others will be sure to notice it, and may be led to seek the same change which you have felt; and thus your light will shine and others will be able to see it."

We cannot tell you all that Harry's mother said to him: but this much we know, that he felt afterward more than ever anxious to prove that he loved Christ, by so behaving himself that others were obliged to confess that he was what he professed to be, a pious boy: and some even desired to imitate his example.

LIGHT AT THE LAST.—A little boy, aged four years, blind from his birth, died, a short time ago, of scarlatina. About an hour before the little sufferer departed he exclaimed, "Papa, I see now; darkness is all gone; day is come." In a few minutes he was with the angels.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SAME GOD.

LITTLE Charlie was away from his home and his parents for the first time in his life when he was about four years old. When the lady with whom he was traveling went to put him to bed, she asked if he wished to say his prayers. He replied timidly that he did not know as he could pray in that strange place. The lady then talked very kindly about the journey, and all they had seen, and how the Lord had kept them, as his father had prayed in the morning, and then she asked him if he did not think that he ought to thank the Lord for thus answering his father's prayers. In a moment the little fellow sprang up, exclaiming, "Why, is it the same God here in L. that father and mother pray to in Boston?"

"Certainly it is, my child."

"O, I know him. He is my father and my friend, and I love him. Why, I didn't know it was the same God here," and clasping his hands devoutly he repeated his usual prayers.

"Now," he said, "you may take the light away, I'm not afraid. I know I'm safe since it is the same God," and so he sank sweetly to rest.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.

Good old Bishop Hedding loved the children dearly, and they all loved him. The following is a story, which he often told with great gusto, about two little children of his acquaintance. They lived among the hills of New Hampshire, and the old gentleman and lady were shouting Methodists. The children tried to be good, and they were brought up to believe that they ought to give God the glory for all good things. Meetings were often held at their house, but the church was five miles distant, and it so happened that one Sunday afternoon it was thought advisable for the children to remain at home. They were charged to be quiet, to stay in the house, and to keep a good fire. So they piled up the wood in the big fireplace, and amused themselves very well for a while; but they finally grew restless, and went out to the barn to hunt for eggs. When they came back coals had fallen down, the floor in front of the fireplace was on fire, and the room was filled with flame and smoke.

But they did not lose their presence of mind. Willie ran for the water-pail, and threw on water; and Mary stood by and praised the good Lord, and the fire went out.

When the old folks came home they found the room sadly blackened with smoke, and a big hole burned in the floor, and they called the trembling children to account for it. Willie and Mary humbly confessed that they had done very wrong in leaving the house, and stated that the fire had caught in their absence.

"But how did you put it out?" inquired the old gentleman.

"O," said Mary, "Willie ran for the water-pail, and poured on the water, and I said 'Glory to God,' and he said 'Amen.' Then he ran and got some more water, and I kept saying 'Glory to God!' as fast as I could, and he kept pouring on the water

and saying 'Amen!' as fast as he could till it went out.

The old people were so thankful that the house and the children had been saved that they said "Glory to God" and "Amen" too.

And the children took good care the next time to do as they were bid, and learned to give glory to God for his mercy and grace in helping them to keep his commandments. C.

RESPECT FOR AGE.

A Russian princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss doctor of the last century, Michael Scuppack, when the marquis began to pass his jokes upon the long white beard of one of the doctor's neighbors who was present, and offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the dirty old fellow. The Russian princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, and deposited twelve louis d'ors, and sent it to the marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the peasant, saying, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country," and embracing, gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, saying, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SUNSHINE.

A song, a little child song,
Now sing I;
A song of grass and flowers
And blue sky.

Roses wild, and clove
By the well,
Daisies and buttercups,
And blue bell.

Of golden rods waving
On the hill,
Sunshine in the meadow,
Calm and still.

Sunshine at the hearthstone,
Bright and fair;
Sunshine blessing all things
Everywhere.

Father, may the sunshine
Of thy smile
Gild our elder childhood
All the while,

Till we dwell in glory,
Far above,
All amid the sunshine
Of thy love.

EMIL.

CHINESE PROVERBS ON CONTENTMENT.

THE ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall.
It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first.

True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.
The top strawberries are eaten the first.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ANNIE'S BOUQUETS.



IN the season of flowers nothing suits Annie better than to make up little bouquets for her friends. To be sure she has what most people would consider a very small stock of materials—no greenhouse, no large flower garden, only a little front yard, and the range of the meadow and the wildwood; but she does manage to get

up some of the most witching little bouquets.

In putting them together she seems to know at a glance what will look pretty. Perhaps she has a good eye for colors; perhaps she has natural taste. Now do you draw a little sigh, and wish that you had taste and an eye for colors? Do not despair, they can be cultivated. Come all you that belong to the Try Company, and let us take a look at Annie's bouquets.

You will observe that she picks her flowers with long stems, and uses an abundance of leaves. In arranging them she puts those colors together which harmonize best, the blue with the orange, the purple with the yellow, and the buff with the violet. Then she selects the largest or most showy for the center, arranging the others around it according to their colors, filling in the spaces with small flowers or a few leaves, and surrounding the whole with green.

Now each of you go gather some flowers and leaves and grasses, make the prettiest bouquets you can and bring them in, and we will see if you cannot do as well as Annie. AUNT JULIA.

"KIND WORDS."

Kind words did it all! Was it not little rosy-cheeked Patty Morgan who went tripping along with her great jug, fell down, broke it all to pieces, and sent a river of milk flowing down the gutter? And what dried her tears and comforted her heart? *Kind words.* Susan Green ran to help the little maid; and while she picked her up, and wiped her pinafore, whispered: "There, there! don't cry. I'll go home with you, and tell your mother how it happened."

"Since God is God, and right is right,
The right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

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