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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 7.

JANUARY 9, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 199.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

FAITHFUL ROSA.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"Rosa, I am going out this morning and shall leave the children in your care. Be sure you don't take them beyond the lawn, or leave them until I return."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Rosa.

Rosa was a nurse girl, and it was her mistress, Mrs. Bosworth, who gave her this strict charge about the children.

The morning was balmy and pleasant. Rosa took the three children out on the lawn, where they found plenty of amusement, while she sat under a noble old oak reading.

Presently there came to Rosa a girl named Lottie, who said:

"Rosa, there is a man down in the village who plays four instruments at once. He plays a drum, a mouth organ, a triangle, and a barrel organ—"

"What! all at once?" said Rosa.

"Yes, all at once," replied Lottie.

"I don't see how he does it," said Rosa.

"Well, the drum is on his back, and the stick is fastened in such a way that he uses it by jerking his foot. The mouth organ is stuck in his bosom, and he plays that with his mouth. The barrel organ hangs by a band round his neck, and he turns it with one hand while he plays the triangle, which is fixed to the organ, with the other."

"That's funny!" said Rosa. "Does he make good music?"

"Capital!" replied Lottie. "I could have listened to it all the morning; but I thought you would like to hear him, so I came to tell you about it."

"You are very kind, Lottie, and I thank you for coming; but I can't go, because Mrs. Bosworth told me not to take the children outside of the lawn, and I promised I wouldn't."

"Did she? Well, suppose I stay with them while you go and hear a tune or two. Besides, I forgot to tell you the man has one of the funniest monkeys you ever saw. It wears a cocked hat with a feather in it, a jacket and pants, and it looks like a queer little man."

"I should like to see it, really I should," rejoined Rosa; "I always like to look at monkeys, they are such knowing creatures and so cunning."

"Go, then, and if you don't like to take the children leave them here and I will stay with them until you come back," said Lottie.

"No, thank you, Lottie. I promised Mrs. Bos-



worth not to leave the children, and I won't," replied Rosa firmly.

"You are too nice by half," rejoined Lottie pettishly. "Just as if any harm could happen to those children while you run down to the village square and I stay to watch them. You can't trust me, I suppose?"

"Yes, Lottie, I could trust you, and I'm not afraid of any hurt coming to the children, but I should hurt myself."

"Hurt yourself! O my, what nonsense!" exclaimed Lottie, laughing outright. "Just as if you couldn't run half a dozen rods without getting hurt. O, Rosa, you talk like a child."

"You don't understand me, Lottie," said Rosa. "It's not my *body* I'm afraid of hurting, but my *mind*. I should break my promise, and that would be wrong, and make me feel guilty."

"O, that's it, is it?" said Lottie with a sneer, and turning on her heel she left Rosa to her thoughts and duties.

Was Rosa right? I appeal to all the Advocate family for a verdict. Ay or nay, my children? Ay! you cry, your united voices coming up from your countless homes like a mighty peal of thunder. That's as it should be. Rosa would have been an unfaithful, lying girl if she had acted otherwise. Doing as she did, I hold her up for your admiration and—mark the word—*admiration*. As for Lottie,

what can be said in her favor? *She was kind, was she?* I am not so sure of that. Was it kind in her to tempt Rosa to do wrong? Ah, no. Lottie was a wicked girl, and I pray that none of you may ever be like her.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

INVITING THE MOON TO SUPPER.

ALBERT, a sweet little boy, went home with his father and mother one evening from a visit. It was a charming night. Nature was still, and the full moon shone in all her beauty upon their path. On entering the parlor Albert was crying.

"What is the matter, Albert?" asked his mother.

"O, mamma!" replied the boy, sobbing, "I did not think you and papa could be so ungrateful!"

"Why, my dear child? In what have we shown *ingratitude*?"

"Why, mamma, it was very ungrateful not to invite Mr. Moon to come in and have some supper after he so kindly lighted us home."

You smile at little Albert's simplicity, don't you? Well, it is amusing to see a boy simple enough to believe, as Albert did, no doubt, that Mr. Moon could quit his cloud palace, come down to earth, and eat supper. But can't you see something in Albert to admire as well as to laugh at? Don't you think he showed a *grateful spirit*? He could not feel right to receive a benefit without making a return. If you all felt so what heaps of services you would perform for your friends. Your fathers, your mothers, your teachers are working for your good every day, and if you feel as Albert did toward the moon, you want to do them some little service daily in return. Still more, you will be doing service for your heavenly Father, who is heaping benefits upon you every moment. Blue eyes, how much have you done to show your gratitude to your friends, your teachers, your God? W.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

SAY "NO."

If your companions ask you to smoke tobacco, say "No!"

If you are ever asked to take strong drink, say "No!"

If you are asked to break the Sabbath-day, say "No!"

If you are ever tempted to lie, say "No!"

If you are ever asked to disobey your parents, say "No!"

If you are ever tempted to use wicked words, say "No!"

Whenever you are enticed to do any wrong, say "No!" Say it firmly, and stick to it.

If you always say "no" to temptation and "yes" to God's commands, then when you knock at the gate of heaven and ask, "May I come in for Jesus's sake?" Jesus will reply, "Yes, you have trusted, loved, and obeyed me. You can come in and dwell with me forever."

That will be nice, won't it? If you want it to be so mind and say "no" to temptation.

SAY "No."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IS IT A "LOW BUSINESS?"

DEAR CHILDREN,—I heard a voice one day saying to me, "Don't you think Mr. Wise is in rather *low* business making himself so intimate with children, writing to and receiving letters from them all the while? I should think an editor would want to be more thought of."

"O no, indeed," cried I, quite touched at the insult offered our kind friend, "I think Brother Wise is acting a glorious and honorable part, while he is obeying his Master's words, 'Feed my lambs.'"

It will be shown to the world, and angels too, by and by, who are the honored ones. O may we all, with our dear editor, be among them. Lord Jesus, help us!

M. A.

I am obliged to M. A. for his defense of my work. He may tell his friend that I would rather commune with my children through the S. S. Advocate than wear a bishop's miter, command an army, or sit in the presidential chair.

THE SOLDIER'S DYING FAREWELL.

THE following lines were found in a soldier's Testament by Rev. A. K. Burnell. The soldier had exchanged it for one with a larger type while on his death-bed. The lines are very touching:

"On the field of battle, mother,
All the night alone I lay;
Angels watching o'er me, mother,
Till the breaking of the day.
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
Till to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again, I seem to roam.

"He to whom you taught me, mother,
On my infant knee to pray,
Kept my heart from fainting, mother,
When the vision passed away.
In the gray of morning, mother,
Comrades bore me to the town;
From my bosom tender fingers
Washed the blood that trickled down.

"I must soon be going, mother,
Going to the home of rest;
Kiss me as of old, mother,
Press me nearer to your breast.
Would I could repay you, mother,
For your faithful love and care;
God uphold and bless you, mother,
In the bitter woe you bear.

"Kiss me for my little brother,
Kiss my sister, loved so well,
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them how their brother fell.
Tell to them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country,
All from love to her and God.

"Leaning on the merit, mother,
Of the One who died for all,
Peace is in my bosom, mother—
Hark! I hear the angels call.
Don't you hear them singing, mother?
Listen to the music's swell!
Now I leave you, loving mother—
God be with you! Fare you well!"



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"IT DOESN'T PAY."

A YOUNG lad was walking very quickly along the street with his eyes down and one hand in his pocket, and he was shaking his head and muttering to himself, "It doesn't pay! No, it doesn't pay!"

"Who is it? What is he talking about?" said one who met him. "I'll get in his path there and make him look up. It is bad enough to have business men get lost in a brown study and talk to themselves—why, I declare, it is Charlie Reed! but I should hardly know him. Why, Charlie, where is that frank, happy smile you always carry? What has happened to you?"

"O it has cost me that too, has it? I was just saying it did not pay. Well, I am very much ashamed, but come this way and I'll tell you all about it."

They turned down a quiet cross street and Charlie took out a nice pear from his pocket, and placing it in the hand of his companion, said:

"There, I have been getting that pear and I have paid too dear for it. It is a bad bargain."

"Why, Charlie, that is a real Bartlett, worth at least five cents. What did you pay for it?"

"Indeed, I paid no money at all, but I paid what is worth far more. I wonder I never thought of it in that light before, but we boys don't often have five cents that we can afford to spend for a pear, and then, besides, they all think it is something cute to rob Goldie, that is the fruit man just around on the avenue there. He keeps a great deal of fruit out in front, but there is always some one on the look-out, and the boys generally get caught if they try to pick up any of it."

"But I did not think that you would stoop to such a trick as that, Charlie."

Charlie's cheek crimsoned with shame.

"I never did before, sir," said he, "and I did not think of doing it now till I was passing this morning and saw that no one was on the look-out. I had often wished for one of these pears, and I just picked it up and put it right in my pocket; but I felt so mean and thief-like when I got to the corner and glanced back to see if any one was after me—yes, after me for stealing—that I just made up my mind that it doesn't pay. Why, sir, I have lost my self-respect, I have broken the laws of God and man; my parents would be grieved about it, and all my friends that I care most about would despise me if they knew it, and, as you say, it makes a difference in my looks already. Why, sir, I'd work days and days to regain all I have lost. But then I was just thinking when I met you that several days' work

would bring me money enough to buy ever so many pears, and here I have only one pear, which I would have to go into a corner to eat, and choke it down at that. And I just made up my mind that it doesn't pay."

"But, Charlie, you know that most persons would consider it only a trifle."

"Just the reason why I should not pay so much for it then. I don't know any sum of money that would tempt me to sell my good name or my peace of mind, much less would I part with them for a paltry pear. So now I'm going right back to give Mr. Goldie his pear, and think myself happily rid of it. And if I am ever tempted again to take what does not belong to me, I shall remember that 'it doesn't pay.'"

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DON'T KNOW HOW TO PRAY!

Two little girls, whose pious mother had taught them to pray, had an irreligious father. One day one of them asked the question, "Does papa pray?"

"No, dear," was the reply.

"O isn't that wicked!" was the quick response.

The sister indignantly took it up. "No," said she, "papa is not wicked; he don't know how to pray!"

The first speaker stood thoughtfully for a few moments and then said gently, "I wonder why papa's mother did not teach him to pray?"

Ah, there is the root of the matter! Be thankful, little readers, if you have praying mothers, and remember to pray when you are grown up. But if your parents do not pray, there is so much the more need that you should pray for them and yourself too. And, now-a-days, we have Sunday-schools where all may learn how to pray, even those little neglected children whose mothers' knee was never made their praying-place. Ask your teacher to teach you, and then seek out some quiet place and ask God to help you, for it is a sad thing to grow up without knowing how to pray.

THE CROSS SCISSORS.



HY must we always keep together, fastened up tight by that tiresome screw?" so cried one of the two sides of a pair of scissors. "How much more work could we do apart! Each of us has a sharp point, each has a round ring at the end to hold a finger

or thumb, and each has an edge for cutting. We don't care to

keep together; we don't choose to keep together. If we can't get rid of that screw, we'll be as wide apart as we can!"

So the two points of the scissors were stuck out on each side as wide as they could go, and so were the two round rings. But the silly pair of scissors soon found out what a great mistake had been made. Some silk was placed between the two points, which it was their duty to divide; but it was very clear that no cutting could be done while they remained apart. "After all, I can't get on without you," said the right side to the left.

"Let us kiss and be friends," said the left hand to the right. So the two rings touched, and the two tips kissed, and the silk was divided with ease.

Little brothers and sisters, who do not love or help one another, who like to keep as much apart as you can, both in your work and your play, remember the story of the scissors! Be glad of the tie that binds you; join little hands, join little hearts, so your work will be done more quickly and your play more merrily enjoyed!

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1864.



THE LISTENER.

Do you see that boy behind the door? He is a listener or eavesdropper. I don't like him.

Why not? Because he is a mean boy. Isn't it mean to filch the words from another's lips—almost as mean as to filch money from his pocket? Those two men are having a serious talk together. They don't wish any other persons to know what they are saying to each other. What right then has that boy to sneak behind the door and steal their words? Isn't he mean?

A boy of honor will no more listen than he will peep into a letter or steal cents from his grandmother's old wallet. He is above all such acts, because he knows them all to be wrong. Are you a boy or girl of honor, my reader? Then you never listen. You would rather run a mile to get out of hearing than to hear what others wish to hide from you.

If I knew that a boy was listening to me I would soon make him run. How? Would I whip him? Yes I would, and smartly too—but my whip should have no cords in it; it should be made of words well laid on. I would begin to draw a picture of his character. I guess that would make him run away as hard as if he had a bear at his heels. Ha, ha, wouldn't he smart under the strokes of my whip!

A COWARD'S TRICK.

WHILE strolling along a narrow lane one evening I saw a little boy pass me quickly with a bundle under his arm. He seemed to be in a hurry, as if he wanted to do his errand and return before it grew dark.

"That is some poor mother's little man of business," said I to myself as I walked slowly on.

By and by I sat down upon a grassy bank which was shaded with the foliage of a fine old walnut-tree. Very soon I heard an earnest voice saying:

"Don't! please don't! Do let me pass!"

Looking down the lane I saw that my "little man of business" had been stopped by a big blustering boy. The big, loutish fellow had a wheelbarrow, and was running it from one side of the road to the other so as to stop the little boy. There was a high bank on each side of the road, so that the small boy could not pass on either side. Presently I saw that the big boy, having wearied himself with the barrow, had seized the little one by the collar and was brandishing a big stick over his head, causing him to cry with terror.

I arose and walked quickly down the lane. As soon as he saw me the big lout let the little boy go, and seizing his barrow, began to trundle it toward me.

"Are you not ashamed of your own cowardice?" said I to him when we met. "No brave boy will ever tease or frighten a little one. It takes a coward to do that."

The fellow held his head down and passed me as fast as his awkward legs could carry him.

Don't you all despise that big lout's conduct? I know you do. I hope your scorn is strong enough to keep you from imitating it. Remember, any big boy or girl who teases, hurts, or wrongs a little one is not only a wrong-doer, he is a coward—a mean, despicable coward. I trust I haven't such a coward in all my Advocate family.

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

THE corporal opens the council to-day saying, "Let me read you a letter from Q-in-the-corner. He writes:

"DEAR CORPORAL.—On the last evening of December I was standing in front of a fancy store looking at the toys and playthings which were spread out in tempting array in the window. 'O, O,' thought I, 'there is much pleasure in store for the boys and girls who are to get a share of those toys. Wont there be fun in the houses to which those toys will go to-night?'

"While I was drawing thought-pictures of happy children and their stockings full of gifts from the liberal hands of old Santa Claus, I noticed a man and his wife coming up to the window. They stopped, talked about the toys, and what they should buy for their little ones at home. 'Tom wants a drum, Nelly has set her heart on a wax doll, Fred is crazy for a humming-top, and Mary would be delighted with that sweet little tea-set,' said the woman.

"We could hardly buy all those things with the candies and oranges which must go with them for less than five dollars," replied the husband. 'We cannot afford so much while everything is so dear.'

"I know," rejoined the wife, 'it is a good deal for us to spend on presents; but think, dear husband, how happy it will make the children. I will go without that muff you promised me if you will buy the things I named.'

"Ah!" thought I, 'how that woman loves her children. Blessed are the children of such a mother!'

"After some further talk they went into the shop and bought the drum, doll, tea-set, and top. Feeling curious to see the children of such loving parents, I followed them home, slipped into their house, saw the four stockings stuffed with oranges and candies, the presents, duly marked, hung up beside the stockings, and then, tucking myself up in the rug before the stove, I slept till morning.

"Just at daylight I was waked by a chorus of voices on the stairs, and then came a rush. The children drove in so quickly that I had scarcely time to hide behind the sofa. Tom seized his stocking and drum, shouting, 'A drum! I've got a drum! Hurrah! hurrah!' Nell screamed with delight over her doll, Fred danced over his top, and little Mary fairly cried with joy over her 'sweet little tea-set,' as she called it.

"Well," thought I, 'that five dollars bought a big heap of happiness,' for, simpleton that I was, I supposed those children were going to be happy all that day at least. But alas! alas! ten minutes had scarcely passed before Fred, growing weary of his top, was tugging at Tom's belt and whining, 'Let me beat your drum.' Tom hit his brother on the head with his drum-stick and shouted, 'Let go my drum! Play with your top!' 'I wont!' cried Fred, stamping on the floor. 'You're an ugly fellow not to let me have the drum a little while.' While this quarrel was going on between the boys Mary was crying for Nelly's doll, and Nelly was screaming, 'Mother! mother! Mary has broken my pretty wax doll!' Such a hubbub you have seldom heard four children make, Mr. Corporal. Of course, the father and mother came in to see what the noise meant. After making each child take a seat apart and commanding silence they sat down, looking very full of sorrow. 'You haven't gained much by giving up your muff for the sake of these ungrateful children, my dear,' said the husband. 'No,' replied the wife, 'I have gained nothing but disappointment and pain. The things we bought to make our children happy they have perverted into instruments of quarrel and misery. O dear, dear! We have planted roses and plucked nothing but thorns. Our New Year is spoiled already.'

"Just then the bell rung for breakfast. When they were all gone I quietly slipped out. Having seen a copy of your paper in that house I judged those children belonged to your company, and so, sir, as in duty bound, I report the facts to you. Truly yours,

Q-IN-THE-CORNER.

"That's a terrible letter," says the corporal, sighing like a furnace—almost—and bringing his cane down upon the floor with a loud thump, "a terrible letter, Mr. Editor."

It is, corporal, a very terrible letter indeed—at least, it paints a picture of very shocking misconduct in those children.

"They are shamefully ungrateful," observes Mr. Forester, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I pity the mother who has such children."

"And I pity the father too," adds the corporal. "I wonder if they really belong to my company. Esquire, look over our roll-book, will you? See if we have that Tom, Mary, Nelly, and Fred on our army list. They live in the city of —."

The squire obeys, reports the offenders members of the company of over twelve months' standing, and asks, "What will you do with them, corporal?"

"Do?" rejoins the corporal; "I don't know what to do. I don't like to turn them out lest they go on from bad to worse, and perish at last. I can't keep them in lest they corrupt and disgrace my company. They puzzle as much as they pain me. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Suspend them!" suggests the squire.

"Ah, yes, that will do," cries the corporal, eagerly catching at the suggestion. "I suspend them until they repent and confess their sin to their parents and to God."

Do you hear that, you ungrateful Tom, and Fred, and Nelly, and Mary? You who on New Year's day turned the sweet wine of parental love into vinegar; you who quarreled over your New Year's presents; you who wouldn't let the New Year bring happiness to your parents; you are suspended from our noble Try Company until you repent and confess your sinful folly. Until then your names stand blackballed thus ● on the corporal's army list. Now, my corporal, forget that evil band, cheer up, and read your letters!

"Here is the answer to the question in verse in our last:

Isaiah R. Genesis xlix, 14, 15.
S amari A. John iv, 4.
A bija H. 1 Kings xiv, 1-18.
A mas A. 2 Samuel xix, 13.
C ale B. Numbers xliii, 1-6.

ISAAC. Genesis xvii, 19.
RAHAB. Joshua ii, 1-13; Heb. xi, 31.

"ANNA L. W., an eight-year-old miss, writes:

"DEAR CORPORAL, (for I do not know what else to call you.)—I have two sisters and one brother living, and two sisters in heaven. Ma says that if I try to love and serve God I shall meet them in heaven. I have collected money twice now for the Missionary Society, and have been made a life member of the Missionary Society. I must tell you the prayer of my little baby sister, who is just three years old. She says, 'God bless me; make me a good girl. Amen.' I am trying to be a good girl.

"Anna may call me anything she pleases," adds the corporal. "I like her letter so well that if she was here I would allow her to kiss me, and it isn't every Anna who could be allowed that honor. If Anna goes on as she has begun she may become as good and wise as Anna the prophetess, who served God day and night in the temple. Goodness is the glory of a little girl as truly as the goodness of our Queen Victoria is her brightest ornament and glory."

I should like to see all the girls who love you, corporal, give you a kiss. What a smacking there would be! Ah, my corporal, you must be a happy man to have so many boys and girls in love with you. Don't blush, sir! You're an old man, you know, and if all the little girls and boys in Canada kissed you it wouldn't hurt you or them. Read on, sir!

"S. H. A., of —, says:

"We are fixing our church now and we have about done; but you see an old Bible in a new church wouldn't look well, so our superintendent proposed that we should take the collections for four Sundays and buy one. Well, we did so and raised over \$26, but the boys raised the most of it.

"That was doing well," adds the corporal; "but it would be doing better still if every boy and girl in that school would set to work in earnest to obey the Bible—to be Bible boys and girls. What think you, Mr. Editor?"

I think you a very wise corporal, and I agree with you exactly. Read on, sir!

"MARY JANE S. writes:

"We have about seventy-five scholars and eleven teachers. We have driven Satan from our ranks, and have put on the bright and shining armor to fight in the army of the Lord. Mr. Corporal, will you admit me into the ranks of your noble little Try Company, that I may go marching along with that happy little band, battling and conquering, and at last reach that fair happy land.

"Mary has the spirit of a Try Company soldier. She mistakes though when she calls my company 'little.' I guess it is as large as the army with which the noble Wellington whipped the French at Waterloo.



WHAT THE TREES TAUGHT.

AUTUMN is the time when apples and pears are ripe in the garden and orchard. When the trees are shaken showers of beautiful fruit fall to the ground.

"Father, I think I can tell you something that the trees said," said Milly one day as she was walking with her father in the garden.

"What is it, Milly?"

"I took a very large apple from my tree yesterday, and my brother wanted it to take to school with him; but I would not give it to him till I seemed to hear the trees say, 'Be generous, Milly. Do you not see how we give in abundance?'"

"I suppose you gave James the apple, then?"

"How could I help it, father? I could not have the trees do better than I."

"You are right, my little Milly; and I am sure you will have your heavenly Father's love and blessing if you continue to heed the lessons that you learn from his word and works. But I have something else for you, my darling."

"Tell me, father."

"When bad fruit drops from the trees and is suffered to lie about the orchard on the ground, there comes a grub, or worm, that will do harm perhaps to the whole orchard; so the careful farmer goes about and takes away all the bad fruit that drops."

"And if I do not try to put away all my evil deeds, father, they will do harm to James, and to all my brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, dear Milly. One naughty act has a very bad effect upon a whole family of children; and I would have my little girl to live so that she may be a bright example to all around her."

SWEET PEACHES.

A MAN was carrying some peaches in baskets covered with cloth, and slung over his shoulder. By some means one of the covers became loosened, and some of the peaches rolled down upon the pathway, and the man went on without knowing the loss. A poorly-dressed boy, about ten years old, who was walking a little way behind, observed them, and at once ran and picked them up. We expected to see him put them in his pocket and run away; but we had mistaken his character.

"Here! here!" he shouted to the man, who stopped, and the honest little fellow restored him his fruit. He was rewarded with one of the finest of the peaches; but just then he met two companions and divided his peach with them.

We could but look upon him with respect, ragged and dirty though he was. The part of the peach he had for his own portion was sweetened by honesty, by kindness, and generosity, and was more luscious than the most costly fruit could have been if obtained dishonestly.

THE SWEETEST WORD.

"I THINK the sweetest word is 'Home,'" Said little Annie Price,
"Because it always makes me think
Of things so good and nice.
I never feel so happy
As when dear father comes;
And ma and Willie are so kind,
So the sweetest word is 'Home.'"

"The sweetest word, I think, is 'Mother,'" Said little Jennie Lowe,
"Though I hardly can remember mine,
She died so long ago:
But I often wish I had her here,
When I feel so tried and sad;
If I only had a mother
I should be so very glad."

"I think the sweetest word is 'Heaven,'" Said little Emma Gray,
"Because I know that there we have
Our tears all wiped away.
And little Johnny's gone, I know,
To walk the golden street,
Because he told us, when he went,
That there we all should meet."

"The sweetest word of all is 'Jesus,'" Said good Amelia Ray,
"Because I know he died for us,
To take our sins away.
'Twas he who gave us all a home,
A mother, and a heaven;
But, better than all gifts of earth,
His own dear life was given."

Sweet Hattie Bent was last to speak;
She raised her gentle eye,
And a tear stole down her pale, thin cheek,
As she answered quietly,
"I think, even more than home or heaven,
Or any word I know,
That 'whosoever' is the best—
Do you not all think so?"

"O no," said little Jennie Lowe.
"What is it makes you say
That 'whosoever' is the best?"
Asked little Emma Gray.
"No word is half so sweet as 'Jesus,'" Said good Amelia Ray;
"I'm sure that I hear nothing sweet
When such a word I say."

"The Bible tells," sweet Hattie spoke,
"Whosoever will may come."
Do you not think that sweeter
Than Mother, Heaven, or Home?
It tells so much of Jesus' love
To sinners such as I,
Else I could never go to heaven
When I shall come to die.

"It tells me that he casts out none
Who come to him in love;
It tells me heaven may be my home
Ever with him above.
Ah, yes; it is the sweetest word,
It brings all good to me;
Home, Mother, Saviour, there I've found
All—for eternity."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OSSIE'S TEA-PARTY.

SEATED by my window, looking through the beautiful ivy which clammers up the side of my dwelling, I observe three little folk gathered beneath the foliage of the garden preparing for a social picnic. The party consisted of curly-headed Ossie, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Irvie, and as a third personage the dog Hec.

They had assembled for a tea-party, and it was given this time by Ossie, Irvie and old Hec being invited guests. They had a little bench with their tiny plates thereon for the table and its adornments, and on the plates were distributed a bountiful supply of good cake which Ann that day had baked



OLD HEC.

for the picnic. Little tongues were running with pleasure over the good time coming, while old Hec as company observed a solemn and dignified air, well worthy an honest dog, as all hearts were beating in high expectation of the rich enjoyments in reserve for that afternoon.

The company was called together and seated on the green grass, on which the table and its refreshment stood. Ossie, Irvie, and Hector drew near to eat; but before doing so Ossie said it would not do to eat without asking the blessing, to which Irvie readily assented, while Hec also seemed to approve thereof by his stately and sober mien. The little boys shut their eyes and folded their hands, while Hec kept very still as Ossie said, "O Lord, please to bless our supper. Amen."

Eyes were opened then, and they were going in for the cake, when suddenly it was observed it was all gone, for the dog Hec had been watching while the little boys had been praying, and the naughty fellow had devoured the refreshments as the blessing was being asked, and was just then putting away the last piece. Each comforted the other as best they could. Old Hec was turned out of the party and sent into the house, and the moral illustrated that one wrong oftentimes destroys much of good.

W. H. W.

NEVER trouble others for what you can do yourself.

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