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CHILDREN · AND · FORBID · THEM · NOT · TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH · CANADA · GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE · UNT0 · M6 ·

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 3.

NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 219.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

EDITH AND THE TIGER.

I shouldn't like to be so near to a tiger as that girl and that woman are, should you? No, you reply, not unless there were some pretty stout iron bars between us.

You are a very sensible child and have very sharp eyes, I doubt not. Yet keen as you are, you cannot see what it is that protects little EDITH TULLER from that tiger. It is something stronger than the strongest iron. If that tiger was in the stoutest den ever built by the hands of men, Edith would not be

more safe than she is in that jungle with nothing visible between her and the savage, growling beast. What was her protection?

Edith lived in India. She had a nurse, or ayah, named MOREE, a Hindoo. Edith had tried hard to teach her ayah about Jesus, but without success. "One day," says the writer from whom I get this story, "as Edith was playing outside, near the edge of a jungle or thicket, her attention was attracted by a beautiful little fawn that seemed almost too young to run about, and which stood timidly gazing at the child with its soft dark eyes.

"Pretty creature, come here," cried Edith, beck-

oning with her small white hand; 'have you lost your mother, little fawn? Come and share my milk and bread—come and I will make you my pet, and love you so much, pretty fawn!'

"As all her coaxing could not lure the timid creature to her side, Edith advanced toward it. The fawn started back with a frightened look, and fled into the jungle as fast as its weak, slender limbs could bear it.

"The merry child gave chase, following the fawn and calling to it as she ran, pushing her way as well as she could between the tall reeds and grass, which were higher than her own curly head.

"Motee soon missed her charge, and quickly hurried after Edith. So eager, however, was the child in pursuit of the fawn, that she was some distance from the tents before the ayah overtook her.

"O, Misse Baba," cried the panting nurse, "why you run away from your Motee?"

"I want to catch the pretty fawn; I want to take it to mamma; it is too little to be by itself; I'm afraid the jackals will get it!"

"I'm afraid that the jackals will get Misse Baba," cried the ayah, catching the little girl up in her arms. "Misse must come back to the beebie directly."

"Edith was a good little child, and made no resistance, though she looked wistfully into the bushes after the fawn, and called out to it again and again in hopes of luring it back. Motee attempted to return to the tents, but did not feel sure of the way—the vegetation around grew so high that she could scarcely see two yards before her. She walked some steps with Edith in her arms, then stopped and looked round with a frightened air.

"Motee, why don't you go on?" asked Edith.

"O, Misse Baba, we're lost!" cried the poor Hindoo; "lost here in the dreadful jungle, full of wild beasts and snakes!"

"Edith stared at her ayah in alarm, yet at that moment the little child remembered her mother's lessons. 'Don't be so frightened, Motee,' said the fair-haired English girl; 'the Lord Jesus can save us, and show us the way to mamma.'

"There was comfort in that thought, which the poor heathen could not have drawn from calling on Vishnu and the thousand false gods which the ignorant Hindoos adore. The little child could feel, as the woman could not, that even in that lonely jungle a great and a loving Friend was beside her!

"Again Motee tried to find her way, again she paused in alarm. What was that dreadful sound, like a growl, that startled the ayah, and made her sink on her knees in terror, clasping all the closer the little girl in her arms! Motee and Edith both turned to gaze in the direction from which that dreadful sound had proceeded. What was their horror on beholding the striped head of a Bengal tiger above the waving grass! Motee uttered a terrified scream—Edith a cry to the Lord to save her. It seemed like the instant answer to that cry when the sharp report of a rifle rang through the thicket, quickly succeeded by a second, and the wild beast, mortally wounded, lay rolling and struggling on the earth! Edith saw nothing of what followed; the shock had been too great for the child; senseless with terror she lay in the arms of her trembling ayah!

"Edith's father, for it was he whom Providence had sent to the rescue, bore his little darling back to the tent, leaving his servants, who had followed his steps, to bring in the spoils of the tiger. It was some time before Edith recovered her senses, and then an attack of fever ensued. Mrs. Tuller nursed her daughter with fondest care, and with scarcely less tenderness and love the faithful Motee tended the child. The poor ayah would have given her life to save that of her little charge.

"On the third night after that terrible adventure in the woods came the crisis of the fever. Mrs. Tuller, worn out by two sleepless nights, had been persuaded to go to rest, and let Motee take her turn of watching beside the child. The tent was nearly dark; but one light burned within it. Edith lay in shadow; the ayah could not see her face; a terror came over the Hindoo. All was so still she could not hear any breathing. Could Misse Baba be dead! Motee during two anxious days had prayed to all the false gods that she could think of to make Misse Edith well, but the fever had not decreased. Now, in the silence of the night, poor Motee Ayah bethought her of the English girl's words in the jungle. Little Edith had said that the Lord could save them—and had he not saved from the jaws of the savage tiger? Could He not help them now? The Hindoo knelt beside the charpoy (pallet) on which lay the fair-haired child, put her brown palms

together, bowed her head, and for the first time in her life breathed a prayer to the Christian's God: 'Lord Jesus, save Misse Baba!'

"O, Motee! Motee!" cried little Edith, starting up from her pillow with a cry of delight and flinging her white arms round the neck of the astonished Hindoo, 'the Lord has made you love him. I knew he would, for I prayed so hard, and O how I love you, Motee, more than ever I did before!'

"The curly head nestled on the bosom of the ayah, and her dark skin was wet with the little child's tears of joy.

"Edith, a few minutes before, had awoke refreshed from a long sleep, during which her fever had passed away. And from that hour her recovery was speedy; before many days were over the child was again sporting about in innocent glee. And from that night the ayah never prayed to an idol again. Willing she now was to listen to all that the beebie could tell of a great and merciful Lord. Of the skin of the tiger that the sahib had slain a rug was made, which Edith called her praying-carpet. Upon this, morning and night, the white English girl and her ayah knelt side by side and offered up simple prayers to Him who had saved them from death."

Now, do you know what it was that saved Edith? "Her father!" cries a bright-eyed boy.

"God's care, for none but God could have sent Edith's father into the jungle just at the right moment," says a meek-eyed little dove of a girl.

The girl is right. God's power stood between Edith and the tiger. God sent her father at the very moment when he was needed to save her. And is not God's power a better protection than bars of iron?

My child, God's power is around you. You cannot see it, but it is about you always, and is mightier than a tower of brass. If you trust and love God nothing can do you any harm without his permission.

X. X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GONE HOME.

This was my grandmamma's room—that was her chair. Yes, the place looks pleasant, for when grandmamma was here her smile lighted it up as with golden sunshine, and the halo of it is here yet. How we used to like to come here when mamma would let us, and Harry, who was a noisy little fellow then, would do his best to keep quiet, for just so soon as he began to make a noise mamma would call him out. You would laugh to see him fold his arms and purse up his mouth, and when he could keep quiet no longer grandmamma would give him a slate and he would make pictures like an artist.

That queer machine, as you call it, was grandmamma's flax-wheel. She had spun whole webs of cloth on that wheel. But since I can remember she has only now and then spun a little thread, for she used to say that no thread that could be bought was so good as that which was made on the old flax-wheel. And while she spun Dickey would tune up his song higher and higher, as if he were trying to sing louder than the wheel.

Every morning she went out to walk in the gar-

den, and when she came in she would take her Bible down from the shelf and read such beautiful verses as I never heard anybody else read. I could not find any half so sweet, and when one day I got her to show some of them to me, and I went away to read them by myself, they did not sound the same at all. She had such a way of drawing the sweetness out of them. I shall always remember her reading one day about a beautiful mansion that her Father had built and fitted up for her close by his own, her "other home," as she called it, and she said that some day she was going to live there. And when I cried to think of her going away she comforted me, and said that I should come to her if I were a good girl.

And that is where she is gone now. True, her sweet, pale face and her trembling limbs lie under the pansies in the church-yard; but I know that herself has gone to that other home, and that some day I shall go there too, for I found the promise of it in her Bible, where she marked it for me before she went away.

J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE BILL.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"COME, come, my son, I've called you once,

And you are playing still;

The bell has rung—be off to school!"

"I won't!" said little Bill.

He said it softly, but he shook

His naughty little fist,

And threw the sand up till the air

Was like a dirty mist.

But Bill was sure that ugly words,

And cries, and tears, would fall

To gain a respite from the school,

So, like a spunky snail,

As slowly as his feet would go,

He loitered up the path,

With pouting lips and eyes aglow

To show his boyish wrath.

"Come here, and let me wash your face!

Don't twist about! Hold still!

Just let me brush your tangled hair!"

"I won't!" said little Bill.

"Then I must call in Dr. Birch,

And ask for his advice;

He'll understand the case at once,

And cure it in a trice."

Bill knew the doctor very well;

He scarcely spent a day

At home, at school, or anywhere,

Whether at work or play,

Without a call from Doctor Birch;

And though he did not care

To see the doctor's face at all,

He found it everywhere.

It is not strange that little Bill

Has scarcely any friends;

God loves good children, and to such

The gift of love he sends.

The ugly-tempered boy or girl

Who cares not to obey,

Had better keep back in the shade,

They're always in the way.

A BIT OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.

"You are made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is to forgive than to have a great fist."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.



THE BOY WITH MANY FRIENDS.

"I BELIEVE every boy in school is my friend," said Gilbert Leslie one day to his sister Alice. Gilbert had just returned from the capture of a snow-fort, at which the boys on both sides had declared he was the "bravest fellow in school," and was therefore in good humor with himself and everybody else.

"Then you are a remarkably fortunate boy, Gilbert," replied Alice, laughing, "or else your schoolmates are a set of very uncommon boys."

"Why so?" asked Gilbert, who felt puzzled by his sister's words.

"Because," rejoined Alice, "it is a rare thing for any one to have so many real friends as you have if what you say is true, and it is still more rare for so many boys to be true friends to one of their number. You remind me of the fable of the hare and her many friends. Do you remember it, Gilbert?"

"No. Tell me about it," said the boy.

"Once upon a time there was a hare so civil to all other beasts that they all professed great friendship for her. But one day the hunters and their hounds pursued the hare until she was nearly exhausted with her efforts to run from them. Panting, faint, half dead with fear, she met a horse which had been one of her friends. Speaking to him in the language of beasts she said:

"Let me mount your back. Your feet are swift. You can save me from those terrible hounds."

"Poor Puss," replied the horse, "it grieves me to see you in so sad a plight. But cheer up! your friends are at your heels."

"Cut to the quick by this cruel irony, the hare turned to a stately ox and besought his aid. But the ox replied:

"Everybody knows how sincere my wishes are for your welfare, and I would help you if your friend the goat were not so near. He will assist you."

"The goat, seeing the hare's distress, declined to take her on his back lest he should hurt her, and told her to ask a sheep, which was grazing quietly near by. The sheep declined, saying:

"I am very feeble, and have to carry a heavy load of wool. Besides," she added, "you know dogs eat sheep as well as hares."

"The poor hare now turned to a gay young calf for help. But he refused, saying:

"My heart pities you; but I fear those older friends who have refused to help you would take offense if I, who am so much younger than they, should do it. The dogs are coming. Good-by!"

"And so you see, Gilbert," said Alice as she finished

her version of the fable, "of her many friends not one helped her in the hour of need. I fear it would be so with you and your friends if you needed help, for, as Mr. Gay, the author of the fable, says:

"who depend
On many, rarely find a friend."

"I don't believe any such nonsense," retorted Gilbert. "I believe every fellow in school would help me if I was in trouble."

"Well I don't," said Alice, "and maybe you will find out before you leave school that your ideas of friendship are not quite so correct as mine."

Gilbert Leslie was one of those good-natured, pleasant boys who are kind and civil to everybody. That made him popular with his schoolmates. He sowed smiles and good words among them, and therefore he reaped a plentiful crop of smiles and good words in return. How much real friendship the boys felt for him had never been proved up to the time of this talk with Alice. Not long after an event occurred which brought that question to a test. If you would know what that event was you must look for it in the next number of your Advocate. Meanwhile, I advise you to discuss with each other the point in dispute between him and Alice.

MY LETTER BUDGET.

"Mr letter-bag is very, very full, Mr. Editor," says the Corporal as he turns a big heap of letters out upon the table of my editorial den. "There are enough of them to fill a ream of paper printed on both sides. What will you do with them, sir?"

The case is very clear, my Corporal. If it be true that there is enough to fill a ream of paper, then they would fill one thousand nine hundred and twenty Sunday-School Advocates. So that if we should print them all, the Advocate would contain nothing but letters for the next eighty years. You must be mistaken as to the number.

"Perhaps I am a little, but I feel quite sure that you can't print one in a hundred of these letters."

I'm sorry that ninety and nine out of every hundred of my dear little correspondents will be disappointed at not seeing their letters printed; but seeing there is no way to prevent, I bow to the fact, knowing that "what can't be cured must be endured." Draw out one and let us hear what it says.

"The first that comes to hand is this:

"PUZZLETOWN, STATE OF EYES-OPEN.

"MY PRECIOUS OLD CORPORAL,—I read not an hour ago the story of a Frenchman whose business it was to catch vipers for a noted chemist. One day he carried home a number of these reptiles, and putting them into a barrel in his chamber, lay down to sleep.

"The poor man forgot to cover the barrel, and during the night the vipers crept out and made their way into the bed. When the man awoke in the morning he found that vipers were coiled round his neck, round his arms, and round his legs. 'Ah!' thought he, 'I am a lost man, the vipers have escaped!'

"The man had the good sense to keep still. Calling for help, he told the person who replied to his call to make haste and set a kettle half full of lukewarm milk in the middle of the room. His wish was obeyed. The vipers smelling the milk, withdrew from the bed and crept into the milk-kettle. Then the man breathed freely, sprang from his bed, and, after killing the reptiles, thanked God for his deliverance, and gave up the business of catching vipers forever.

"Now, Mr. Corporal, you have a Try Company which is bound by its rules to extract truth from everything. Now, there are several grand truths suggested by this story, and I want to see if your company really do try to think. If they do, let them answer you these questions: 1. Is there any resemblance between the conduct of the viper-hunter and their own actions? 2. What may the vipers represent? 3. What lesson may the hunter sleeping while the vipers crawled into his bed teach? 4. What does his fright on awaking represent? 5. What may his device for escaping from the vipers teach us? 6. What should we learn from his acts of killing the vipers and quitting the business of catching them? Now, Mr. Corporal, if your Try Company is not a humbug let its members answer my questions. Yours, PETER PUZZLEHEAD."

Pretty good! Corporal, your army must answer Peter's questions or I shall dissolve my connection with you and your company. I can't sustain a corporal whose troops are allowed to flinch before such wooden guns as those fired at your boys and girls by this upstart, Peter Puzzlehead.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Editor. My army will give wise answers to all his questions. If not, then I'll cut the stripes from my sleeve, break my sword, give up soldiering, and remain nothing but a digger after heavenly gold in the mines of Bible truth. Attention! Try Com-

panies, do you hear what I say? Send me answers to Peter's questions."

I'm glad you have faith in your boys and girls, Corporal. You will never run away in the battle-hour and leave your troops to fight or fly as they can. You will face the music I see. I love you for that. Dip into the budget again.

"Here is a letter asking you to publish some verses about an 'old man good and brave,' who lost his life at Elmira, U. S., while in the act of rescuing others from a burning church. The church was crowded with people attending a fair of the Sanitary Commission. A jet of gas fired the decorations, and the building was soon in flames. This brave old man, though out of danger himself, could not listen to the cry of suffering women and children without an effort to save them. Rushing through the fire, he carried several persons to a place of safety. At last, scorched beyond endurance, he could do no more, but exclaiming, 'I am ready now to go,' he ascended from the scene of his heroic death to the home of all true heroes in heaven. Will you print the verses, sir?"

No, my Corporal, I have not space for them. Such a man needs no verses to celebrate his conduct. Your simple statement of his deeds is enough. He ranks with the martyred dead whose noble examples live to instruct the children of all coming generations. Tell me the old man's name.

"M. M. CONVERSE."

May the mantle of his heroism fall on all my readers and inspire them with a lofty purpose to live and, if need be, to die for others! What next, my Corporal?

"Here is a letter in rhyme from E. B. M. It tells how two little girls went out in a field to see their father plow. They sat down upon an old log which had long lain on a shady knoll, to rest from their play. Soon two cousins came up, and in their playfulness pushed aside a slender strip of wood which had kept the log in its place. The brace being removed, the log rolled down the knoll and over the little girls, killing one of them in a moment and badly bruising the other. The writer closes the verses in these words, which you can put into rhyme if you try: 'Remember life's uncertain length, give God your hearts to-day; for death may take you any hour from sleep, or work, or play.'"

A sad story with a good lesson, my Corporal. My children should also learn from it a lesson of thoughtfulness. If those cousins had *thought* they would not have pushed the strip of wood from before the log. When children are about to do a thing they should ask, What will follow if we do this? Read on, my Corporal.

"S. A. P., of —, writes:

"Our baby is as mischievous as he can be, but for all that he is as dear to me as he can be. We live in a very nice place right by the river-bank. It is so pleasant to go out and sit on the porch evenings and look at the river."

I'm glad Sarah has such a nice home, but she may have a nicer one in heaven by and by if she will love Jesus. The Corporal sends that kicking, crying baby a kiss.

"Here is a note from NELLY filled with good advice. Nelly may write again if she pleases:

"DEAR CHILDREN OF THE ADVOCATE FAMILY,—Will you not welcome Cousin Nelly if your wise and good editor will give you permission? I love little children dearly, and I love Jesus too. Dear children, will you not love Jesus? Love him, serve him, and obey him, and you will be happy—happy in this world and in the world to come. I hope if I ever get to heaven I shall meet all the children of the Advocate family there. How it would pain me to miss one dear face. Children live for Jesus; all earthly things will pass away, but his love and mercy 'endureth forever.'"

"Here is the answer to the Scripture comparisons in our last:

"The following emblems are used to illustrate the WORD OF GOD in some of its many characteristics: Dew, Dent. xxxii, 2. Rain, Isa. xlv, 10, 11. Hammer, Jer. xxiii, 2, 9. Lamp, Psa. cxix, 105. Gold, Psa. xix, 9, 10; cxix, 72, 127. Sacred Songs, Psa. cxix, 54. Sword of the Spirit, Eph. vi, 17. Fire, Jer. xxiii, 29. Seed, Luke viii, 11. Honey, Psa. xix, 9, 10; cxix, 103. Milk, 1 Pet. ii, 2. Light, Psa. cxix, 105; Prov. vi, 23.

The paper is nearly full, Corporal, and you must read and then consign the most of that heap of letters to the waste-basket. I'm sorry it must be so, but the children will be satisfied to know that you read their letters.

"All right," says the Corporal, "and now the cold weather is coming, I hope our Canadian boys and girls will make up their minds to spend the long winter evenings in useful reading. Most of them will grow an inch taller in body before next spring, and they may grow much wiser in mind and better in heart if they will make good use of their evenings."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AMOS AND THE NAILS.

THERE was a very bad boy by the name of Amos, who had a very good father. This father was grieved and troubled at the wickedness of his son, and had tried in vain to convince him of his sin and induce him to make efforts to reform and serve God. One day the father said to Amos, "Here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you, every time you do a wrong action, to drive one of those nails into this wall."

Amos said, "Well, father, I will."

Before long Amos came to his father and said, "The keg is empty. I have used all the nails. Come and see."

The father went to the spot and found the wall black with nails. He said to his son, "Amos, have you committed a wrong action for every one of those nails?"

"Yes, father," said Amos.

The father said sorrowfully, "What a bad boy you must be, Amos! Why will you not turn about and try to be a good boy?"

Amos remained thoughtful for a few moments and then said, "Father, I will try. I have been altogether too bad. I will try to be a better boy."

Said his father, "Take the hammer, and for every good act you do draw out a nail and put it into the keg."

In a few weeks the boy came again to his father and said, "Come, father, and see the nails in the keg again. For every good act I have done I have pulled out a nail. See, the keg is full again!"

"I am glad of it, my son; but, Amos, the HOLES are there!"

What did he mean, my little readers? Can you tell how these holes can be stopped up? (See Isa. xliii, 25, and 1 John i, 7.) D. NASU.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Little knees should lowly bend
At the time of prayer;
Little thoughts to heaven ascend
To our Father there.

Little hands should usefully
In employment move;
Little feet should cheerfully
Run on works of love.

Little tongues should speak the truth,
As by Scripture taught;
Little lips should ne'er be loth
To confess a fault.

Little ears should listen to
All the Bible says;
Little bosoms throb to do
What the Lord will please.

Little spirits should be glad
Jesus died to save;
O how cold, and dark, and sad,
Else would be the grave!

Little children sinners are;
But the Saviour says,
All that seek him now by prayer
Shall obtain his grace.

Little infants dying go
To the world above;
And our souls shall join them too
If we Jesus love.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE FAIR.

"I do wish I could go to the fair," said little Carrie with a yawn.

"What fair, my child?" inquired her mother, looking up from her work.

"Why, the Metropolitan Fair," said the little one; "it must be a grand sight with all the flowers, and the paintings, and the curiosity-shop," she continued, though she got things slightly mixed up.

"And how came you to know about them?" inquired the mother.



"Why, have I not been reading in the paper?" and sure enough, though she was only seven years old, she had waded through a long account of the fair. She leaned her head back and thought. "I wish I could do something for the soldiers, mamma," she said at last.

"Well, why don't you?"

"What?"

"Get up a fair."

"I, mamma? What should I put in it? O I know! I might put in my coral necklace, if you will let me, and the mat that I knit last week, and—" she hesitated, and when her mother looked up she saw her turning over thoughtfully a little gold ring, the gift of her uncle. "I was thinking, mamma, if uncle would let me, I could sell this ring—gold is worth so much now, and this does me no good."

"Ask him, then," replied her mother.

"But, mamma, one person—one little girl cannot get up a fair."

"Why not, my child?"

"Because, because," said she hesitating, "there are so many things to be done; and then, besides, where should I hold it, and who would buy the things?"

"Well, it might be held in the parlor, and there are uncle, and aunt, and Mrs. G., and other neighbors that would buy. And if you wish help, why not ask Hattie and Lina?"

"O so I will! so I will!" said Carrie, actually jumping for joy. "May I go and ask them now, mother?"

"Stop a moment, my child, and think whether or not you will carry this thing out. Are you willing to give up your visit to Aunt Myra's, and to spend your vacation and all your money for a month at least? It will hardly be worth while to take less time than that over it."

"O, mother, why should I not? There the poor soldiers are giving years and years without even going to visit their own families. Indeed, mother, I think I can."

"Well, I think so too, but I prefer to have you wait till morning, and then you will have time to think about it and make all your plans."

Busy little heads planned and busy little fingers worked all day long for many a day after this, and the result of it all was that Carrie and her little friends got up a fair that brought in nearly fifty dollars. And O, I tell you they were very happy little girls on the day when that fifty dollars was sent off to the Christian Commission. They reckoned up on their slates how many tracts and *Good News* it would buy, and how many cans of tomatoes, and how many pounds of sago and dried apples, until, in imagination, they had spent it all many times

over. But their imaginations fell far short of the reality. They would have been abundantly rewarded if they could have seen only one of the many poor tired and wounded soldiers that were refreshed and cheered by their bounty.

My little reader, can't you do something for the soldiers? There have been many big fairs for the Sanitary Commission all over the country; can you not get up a little fair for the Christian Commission? That takes care of soul and body too. Suppose you try it.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

WHAT EDDIE SAID TO TIDD.

"MOTHER," said little Eddie, "Tidd pulled my apron and tried to make me look at Brockie and play when father was praying this morning. I did not know what to do, so I said this verse that you had taught me to him: 'My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.'"

Now Tidd was a big boy that had a drunken father and a poor ignorant mother. He was

not used to going into the dining-room to prayers, and he no doubt felt very awkward, and looked around not knowing what to do, when his eyes rested on Brock, Eddie's big white dog, creeping into the room. He thought it was very funny, and did just as I fear many of our Sabbath-school boys that have Christian parents would have done. Perhaps little Eddie did not have charity enough for Tidd, and did not realize how thankful he ought to be to God for a Christian home. He thought Brockie did not know any better, and he knew that Jesus would not forgive Tidd's sins and bless him if he played at prayer-time. H.

DO WHAT GOOD YOU CAN.

I SEE in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery. Now, if I can take the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but, meanwhile, I will not neglect this.—REV. JOHN NEWTON.

IDIENESS is the dead sea, which swallows all virtues, and is the self-made sepulcher of a living man.—JOHNSON.

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