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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUFFER

UNTIL
MAY

VOLUME XVI.—NUMBER 16.

MAY 27, 1871.

WHOLE NUMBER 376.

The Willful Goat.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"PLEASE, pa, do give me the money to buy Ed Norris's goat?" said Lionel White one day as he stood by his father's side in the library.

"I doubt, my son, the fitness of a goat to be a pet," replied Mr. White, stroking his son's head.

"Please do, papa! Nannie is a splendid creature. She has such a beautiful fleece, and it is real fun to see her hunt at the dogs. And I want her to draw Bell's carriage, as Cesar did before he died. Please do buy her, papa!"

"I think you will be disappointed in Nannie, Lionel," rejoined Mr. White, "but I will buy her because I want to give you a practical lesson on the folly of having your own way. But I warn you that you will soon wish you had not been so determined to have your own way."

Lionel blushed a little at this pointed hint at his willfulness, but his heart was so set on owning the coveted goat, that gladness on account of the success of his plea, soon triumphed over the pain caused by his father's rebuke. He thanked his father, took the money, ran down to Ed Norris's home, and was soon the joyful owner of the goat.

His joy was, however, of very short duration, for no sooner did he try to lead Nannie away than she proved to him very clearly that she had a will as strong as her horns. Instead of following him quietly along, she pulled this way and that; she tried to hunt him; she showed fight to every dog she met, and she cut up so many odd capers that, when Lionel finally got her home, he was so tired and so vexed that, after trying her to a post, he sat down on the grass,

wiped the sweat from his brow, and exclaimed, "Bother the goat!"

Then he thought of his father's warning, and the small voice in his heart whispered, "Your father was right. His way is better than yours."

Before he had time to attend to this honest voice his sister Bell came out of the house, exclaiming:

"Give me my whip, while I harness her into your little carriage."

Bell went for the whip. Lionel led Nannie to the carriage-house, and after a long time made out to get the restive creature harnessed to the miniature carriage. After much plunging and stopping, and many attempts to run away, Nannie was led round to the house. Bell mounted the seat. Lionel, whip in hand, cried "Get up!" Nannie reared, and tried to turn round. Lionel applied the whip. The creature reared and plunged still more. The boy whipped her still more severely. She became furious, bunted at him, and finally, dashing suddenly forward, knocked him down, ran the carriage against a tree, upset poor frightened Bell, broke the harness and the thills, and ran off.

This was a bad spill truly. Lionel picked himself up, helped his sister—she was not much hurt—into the house, righted the little carriage, and went in search of Nannie. When he found her he saw, to his great horror, that she had begun to strip the bark from a beautiful young magnolia on the lawn. He chased her, and after a long run, and when Tom the gardener had come to his assistance, caught the ugly goat and led her to the barn, where he chained her to a post, heartily wishing he had never coaxed his father to help him buy her of Ed Norris.

At the tea-table Mr. White, who had been an unobserved witness of Nannie's tricks from his study window, asked, while a merry twinkle played about his eyes, "How did you enjoy your play with the goat, Lionel?"

"I wish I had never seen the creature!" replied the boy rather curtly. "She is as ugly as sin, sir."



"O, Lionel, have you really bought Nannie? Isn't she a beauty!"

She then began patting Nannie's head, but the creature did not fancy strangers, and resented the liberty by poking her horns at Bell, who started back, saying:

"O what an ugly thing she is!"
"She feels strange," replied Lionel, "but I'll bring her into order after awhile. You go and get

"Ugly, is she? What has she done, my son, beyond having her own way, eh?"

Lionel looked glum and remained silent. Mr. White resumed:

"Goats are independent, willful animals. They love their own way, and for that reason, perhaps, the Bible calls wicked people *goats*. Wicked people choose their own way, and will not walk in God's way. They have the leading quality of the goat. This makes them wicked. But good people follow God's way just as docile sheep follow their shepherd, and are called sheep. I hope, my son, you will remember this, and let the experience of to-day teach you to pray God to take you from among the *goats*, and by destroying your self-will, put you among the sheep, giving you a heart to choose, love, and serve him."

Lionel blushed, looked very thoughtful, and finally said, "Please, papa, will you sell Nannie?" From that time the boy was observed to be less self-willed than before. The goat had taught him the ugliness of self-will. He prayed, too, that he might be helped to submit to the will of Jesus, of his parents, and of his teachers. I trust his prayer was answered, and that he became one of the sheep of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep.

Let every goat in our Advocate flock go and do likewise! I want you all to be lambs in the flock of Christ.



The Three Friends.

BY ELIZABETH HEYWOOD.

I SUPPOSE you think I mean three little girls or boys who were good friends to each other, but I do not. I mean a dog and a cat and a little girl! You may laugh, for I do so as I write this true story. Annie Bailey was a little girl who lived with her uncle and aunt in the country. Her uncle kept the village store, and she had to go every day and call him to dinner. She did not go to school, but learned lessons at home, and recited them to her aunt, for she was only seven years old, and the school was at too great a distance for her to attend it.

One day her uncle brought home "such a cunning little dog," as Annie said, and told her she must feed it and train it till large enough to go into the store as a watch-dog. It was brown, with a yellow breast and black nose. She called it Carlo, and said she would "bring him up tight."

When Carlo was partly grown, a nice young lady brought Annie a beautiful spotted kitten, such as we call a tortoise-shell cat. Annie said she was perfectly delighted now, and called it Spotty. And she was a beauty! The black spots of her fur were so very black they looked like velvet, and the yellow spots *so yellow*, and the white spots as white as snow. And she was full of play. Carlo did not like such a pretty rival, and turned up his nose at her; but Annie made him "know his place," and by and by he grew quite friendly with her, and they would play together, and only quarrel when they had to eat out of the same dish. Then Annie said she would teach them better manners, so, when Carlo, who always began the quarrel, snapped at Spotty for taking her share of the meat, or lapped up her milk as quick as he could when Annie's back was turned, she shut him up in the cellar till Spotty had done eating, and then let him out to see the empty plate. He soon learned "to behave himself," and then he and Spotty were great friends, and ran races together through the kitchen and rolled over each other like two kittens; and Carlo would growl and snap at her, as if they were really in a fight, but never hurt her, and Spotty would raise her back and spit at him, and Annie had great fun watching them "make believe" as children do in play.

But in a few months Carlo was so big that he had to go into the store, and then he "put on airs." He still came to the house to his meals, and would rush in as if he had not a moment to spare from business, and if Spotty were lying asleep by the fire he would give her a toss over with his nose, as if to say, "O you lazy thing!" and Spotty would snarl and give him "a dig" with one of her claws, when he would yelp as a great boy does when struck by a little one, as if he were nearly killed when he is not hurt a bit. Then Spotty began to envy this great business man, and thought it was time for her to do something for a living, so she hunted in the cellar for mice. She caught little ones at first, and would come and lay them at Annie's feet to be praised for her smartness. Then Annie would pet her, and Spotty would walk around the little mouse so proudly, and rub herself against her mistress, and Annie would tell her she was the best pussy in the world, and then off she would run into the cellar to eat up the little mouse.

She grew famous as a hunter, and could catch birds. Annie thought this was out of her line, and the first one Spotty brought to her to be praised for the daring feat Annie gave her a good scolding, and taking the bird buried it, saying, "You naughty kitty, don't you know birds were made to sing, not to be eaten?" After that Spotty never brought any thing but mice to lay at her mistress's feet. Then Annie would say, "You are a good kitty not to catch birds any more. I will give you an extra saucer of milk." And Spotty would purr around her, and take all the praise; but I had seen her catch birds many a time, and run under the thick currant-bushes to eat them, so that Annie should not see. She was sly, you perceive, like some naughty children who steal sugar or fruit or raisins out of their mother's pantry, and hide away to eat it.

In the country, as most little folks know, there are no meat stores, but people are supplied from a butcher's wagon which comes around once or twice a week. The butcher of this place came twice, and Carlo and Spotty by some means knew the days as well as we did. He came on Tuesday and Friday, and on those days Carlo would not go back to the store till he arrived. He would lie down by the fire as if completely worn out, and all his master's whistling and coaxing could not get him to stir out of the house. He would keep his eyes shut close, but knock his tail on the floor as if to say,

"I hear, but do let me stay till the butcher has been here," and Mr. Bailey would say, "O you old rogue!" and go off without him.

And Spotty was just as cunning. She knew the butcher's ring at the door. Perhaps she would be lying asleep beside Carlo, or sitting washing herself, for not a step did she go from the fire either on the "butcher's day," and when the bell rang up she would start and rush to the front door, and begin to mew with all her might; and Carlo would be wide awake too now, and follow her up and begin to bark, and as Annie went to open the door she would say she never saw such a time. Then the good-natured butcher would say, "O I'll serve those good customers first!" and gave them some scraps as he cut the meat for the house.

I should like to tell you more about Carlo and Spotty and Annie, how they grew up, and how they "turned out," and perhaps I will some time; but now I must not take up all the paper, for there are other folks who like to write for children as well as myself, and I must give them a chance to say something.



Spring Carol.

THE morning's bright, our step is light,
Our hearts are full of glee;
We'll hie away to meadows gay
Wild flowers fair to see.
With hand in hand, a merry band,
We tread the dewy way;
Happy are we as song birds free
Who join our joyous lay.

Father above, we read thy love
Where'er we turn our eye;
In vernal green, in sparkling stream,
And on bright azure sky.
In forest shade and grassy glade,
Where bloom the flowers fair,
Whose robes of white and colors bright
Reveal thy loving care.

Thus in life's morn we would adorn
With love our pathway here;
Lord, give us grace, each in our place,
Some pilgrim hearts to cheer.
And may our life be free from strife
As this fair morning's calm;
And sweet our lays of ceaseless praise
As its unwritten psalm.

THE Bible has never made a good man bad; but, by the blessing of God, it has made millions of bad men good.—Fletcher.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1871.

Harry's New Year's Present.

A crowd of boys had gathered around Harry Smith, to see his New Year's present, some one said; but it seemed as if that could hardly be, as there were no loud expressions of delight; and only a few moments before, when Charlie was showing his beautiful new sled, there was a great confusion of tongues and many exclamations in its praise. Harry, little lame Harry, seemed almost to have forgotten his misfortune then, and was as interested as any of them, until one of the boys said, "I say, Harry, what did you get for a present? You haven't told us yet."

A pained expression passed over the little boy's face, and for a moment he seemed inclined not to answer. Then he lifted his blue eyes—"I got these," he said, taking from beside him a new little pair of crutches; "one of mine got broken last year, you know, and I had to have a new pair; so mother gave them to me."

"Did'n't you get any thing else?" said little Willie, who had received many presents; "nothing in your stocking, no sugar-plums, nor any thing?"

"I never hang up my stocking," replied Harry, looking down at his crippled feet; "I'm different from other boys, you know, and I don't like to see it hanging with the rest."

The boys were all quiet for a few minutes, and I thought they looked sobered and sorry, as I stood at the school-room window watching them.

"Shall I draw you home on my sled tonight, Harry?" I heard Charlie Rudd asking him after school. "I'd like the fun, you know," he added kindly, for Harry looked as if he didn't want to trouble him. "We'll go so fast; she's the clipper of the hill, you know; and oh, don't she go, though!" So, late that afternoon, when all the rest of the boys had gone off to the Town's big hill coasting, Charlie was seen drawing the lame boy carefully along, both of them looking merry and happy.

Children, do you know that doing a kind action makes everybody feel happier, especially when it is to benefit some unfortunate and afflicted person, and you have given up some pleasure on their account? Did you ever try it? If you never have, make the attempt, and see if you are not happier for it.

In the holidays many of you have received beautiful and costly presents. Can you not think of some poor little child, or some helpless old man or woman, who might be benefited in some way by what you received on those happy days? Perhaps there is some little Harry in your neighborhood who is unable to play as you do, because he is lame or sick, or else his parents are too poor to buy him such comforts as you have. Can you not share yours with him—your sled, your toys, or your books? How happy you might make him, and above all, how much you will please the dear Saviour, who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Let this new year be a happy one to you because you have made some one else happy, and obeyed the beautiful golden rule; but above all and first of all, give your heart to Jesus, and try and lead others to him; then you will love to do kind actions for his sake.

The World.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dress'd.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"

How to Obey.

Do it at once. Never wait to be told the second time.

Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way, even in part.

Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly, cross, peevish way. Don't fret, and grumble, and talk back. Only cheerful obedience can be pleasing to God and man.

Is My Name There?

In a school which I attended, prizes were offered for the best maps drawn by hand, and I eagerly strove to win one of them.

The decisive day came. My name was not called, and disappointment filled my heart. I had come so near the mark. My work was pronounced excellent. One blot!—just one blot!—had caused the failure. Friends solaced me with the thought that next time I should be successful; but this gave me small comfort.

This incident has often served to illustrate to me things of more momentous import. I read of another book wherein are written names among which I would gladly have my own. And if it be not there written, there is no "next time" to look forward to for comfort.

How much time, how much thought do we give to these subjects of thrilling import? What eager strivings! what expenditures of time and comfort and money and even health are oft given to secure some earthly gain or honor; yet how little to this, our great, eternal well-being!

That blot, too, which had caused the blight of my fond hopes—how many lessons I learned therefrom. As I looked back upon my past life I could see no page without its blot; no day without its sin. I thought "How can I be saved; for 'if a man offend in one point he is guilty of all.' Can any good deeds ever efface those stains? Nay; but 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Precious words! Here and here alone is rest. Here and here alone I found peace. And I hope, one day, it will be my happiness to look upon "the Lamb, as it had been slain"—to remember the time when he sought me and called my name, and to cast my crown at his feet, and to sing my joyful song unto 'Him that loved me and gave himself for me.'

Willie's Penny.

Willie's penny made heaven rejoice! It would not have bought more than a small stick of candy, or much helped a starving family. What did he do with it?

His sister was a missionary in Africa, and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another deposited their gifts, little Willie said, "I want to give my penny."

"What shall be bought with the little offering?" was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract, and write the history of the gift on its margin, and with a prayer for its success, send it on its distant errand.

The box arrived on mission ground, and among its valuable and interesting contents Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed, and for a while forgotten.

But God's watchful, all-seeing eye had not forgotten it. One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a school over the mountain where he was to be employed. He was well learned in the language, and was a valuable help to the missionaries, but alas, he lacked the knowledge that cometh from above. He was not a Christian, and had resisted all the efforts for his conversion. This was a great grief to the missionaries, but they continued to pray, and hope.

In looking over some papers Willie's tract was discovered, with the marginal explanation, and the fact that prayer had been offered in the beloved America for its success in doing good.

It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey. It opened his eyes, showed him that he was a lost sinner in danger of eternal hell, and that all his learning could not help him. It also told him of One who was able and willing to save, who had died for him, and was waiting to have his great love returned.

What years of Christian labor by the missionaries had not done, was now brought about by the penny tract. The strong man bowed in penitence and humble submission at Jesus' feet, and became a sincere Christian.

The missionaries to whom he went praised God for the change which had sent them a godly teacher. Those who put the tract in his hand were overcome with joy, for "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." So you see how little Willie's penny made heaven rejoice.

A Woman's Temperance Speech.

In the Town of B—a meeting was called to agree how many licenses should be granted to sell liquor. A lawyer rose and moved that as many be granted as were given the preceding year, and asked a vote upon his motion, when a woman, dressed in old and poor mourning, arose and asked leave to say a few words. Permission was given, and she said:—

"A few years ago I had a good and tender husband, and four as lovely boys as ever blessed a mother's heart. Now they all sleep in yonder graveyard, in the drunkard's grave. You, Dr. B—, encouraged him by saying that 'a little was good for the health;' and you, Deacon R—, sold him the liquor, and you sold the rum to my boys that has made me widowed, and childless, and poor. You have got our farm, and Death and the grave have got them. You say, 'it is a lucrative business,' but you trade close by the door of hell. I go to the poor-house, which is now my only home, and I beg you all, when you vote, to consider what I have said."

Only Once.

'Come let us go and get some violets,' said John to Henry, who had come to spend the afternoon of a fine day in spring with him. 'There are oceans of them over there in the green meadow.'

'Oceans of them!' said Henry, with a look surprised. 'The ocean is a great way off.'

'I know it is,' said John, 'but the violets are not: come on.'

Henry stood still, as if filled with thought.

'What are you thinking about,' said John, noticing his looks.

'No matter,' said Henry. His countenance cleared as he said this, and he began to follow his young friend.

The truth was, it took Henry a little time to find out what John meant when he said there were oceans of violets. He had been away from home but very little, and there he only heard his parents say just what they meant, and he was taught to speak in the same manner; and he did not know but that other boys were taught to do so too. He thought everybody meant what they said, and hence he was puzzled to make out John's strange way of speaking.

A fine meadow lay between the house before which the boys were standing, and the green lane where the violets grew. The grass had grown very high, and would therefore be injured by any person's passing through it. John's father had told him that he must not go through it any more, but must go around it when he wanted for violets. It was a little further round.

When John had said to Henry, 'Come on,' he began to climb the fence to get over in the meadow. Henry was a thoughtful boy, and asked him if his father would like to have him go through the grass?

'He told me not to, but I will go through this once only.'

'I would not if my father had told me not to.'

'Why it won't do any hurt to go through once—only once.'

'It will be disobeying your parent, and that is enough. If the good Lord makes violets grow for us, I think we ought not to disobey him while we are getting them. Come, it is but a little way round.'

Thus urged, John got down from the fence, and went round with Henry.

This only once is the cause of a great deal of mischief in this world. When a person resolves to do what he knows to be wrong only once, he cannot tell how many times he will do it. The way that Satan gets men quite in his power is by tempting them to do some sinful act, only once. He knows it will be easier to get them to do it a second time, and so on till they are led captive by him at his will. If Henry had followed John when he said, 'Come on,' or had urged him to go through the meadow, John would have disobeyed his father, would have sinned before God, and perhaps have laid the foundation for his ruin.

The boys entered a shady corner of the land, which they would not have thought of visiting if they had gone through the meadow. In this corner they found the ground richly spread with violets.

'O, I'm glad you wished me to come round; I should not have thought of coming to this thick spot,' said John.

'Father says we always fare the best when we do right,' said Henry. 'We are never to do wrong if only for once. Only once is a great mischief-maker.'



I WILL PRAY.

I will pray, I will pray,
Night and morning, every day;
Fold my hands, and lift my eyes
To my Jesus in the skies.

I will pray, I will pray,
'Jesus wash my guilt away;
Make my spirit pure within,
Keep my soul from every sin.'

I will pray, I will pray,
'Jesus help me to obey
All thy wise and holy will;
All thy wishes to fulfil.'

I will pray, I will pray,
At my work and and at my play,
All to help, and all to love,
As the angels do above.

I will pray, I will pray,
When I'm sorry, when I'm gay;
If my precious Saviour smile,
I am happy all the while.

I will pray, I will pray
Even in my dying day:
"O'er the stream so dark and wild,
Jesus, take thy little child."

Good looks.

Most young men care for their personal appearance. They like to make themselves agreeable to their companions, and one way of doing this, they very well know, is to dress in a neat and becoming manner, and to make the face and the manners as pleasant as possible.

But when a young man gives himself up to drink, he very soon loses his good looks. He loses, too, his self-respect, so that he no longer cares to appear well to others. He goes with his person filthy, his hair unbrushed, and his clothes soiled and carelessly put on. More than that, the strong drink disfigures his face, blotches his skin, and inflames his eyes.

Is it right for a young man whom God has made comely in person thus to destroy himself? No, indeed. The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," means as much that we must not murder others.

God holds us to account for the care we take of our bodies. He expects us to serve him with these as well as with our souls, and while we live here in this world, it is only through those that our souls can act and show our love and obedience to God. The Bible says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

We are therefore bound to take care of our bodies, these temples of God. But this no drunkard does. He defiles, injures, destroys it. What will he answer in the day of judgment?

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