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PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPER · LITTLE

UNT · O · M · E

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 24.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 240.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

PERT CHILDREN.

I READ lately of a country boy who was visiting his city cousins. Walking out alone, he noticed a lawyer's office, into which he walked and asked:

"What do you keep to sell here?"

The lawyer's clerk looked quietly at the boy a moment, and thinking him to be very stupid and very green, replied, "Blockheads."

"Pretty good business," rejoined the country boy with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Pretty good business; I see you have only one left."

That was a pretty sharp hit. It showed that if the country boy was *green* he was not stupid. Nay, it showed that he only needed culture to make him smarter than the knowing young clerk whose *pertness* he so well snubbed. *Pertness* does not require much brain, but a flash of real wit does.

Pertness is a fault with many boys and girls. They give *pert* answers because they wish to pass for smart children. They do not gain their object, however, because sensible people know the difference between *pertness*—*impertinence* would be the better term—and wit.

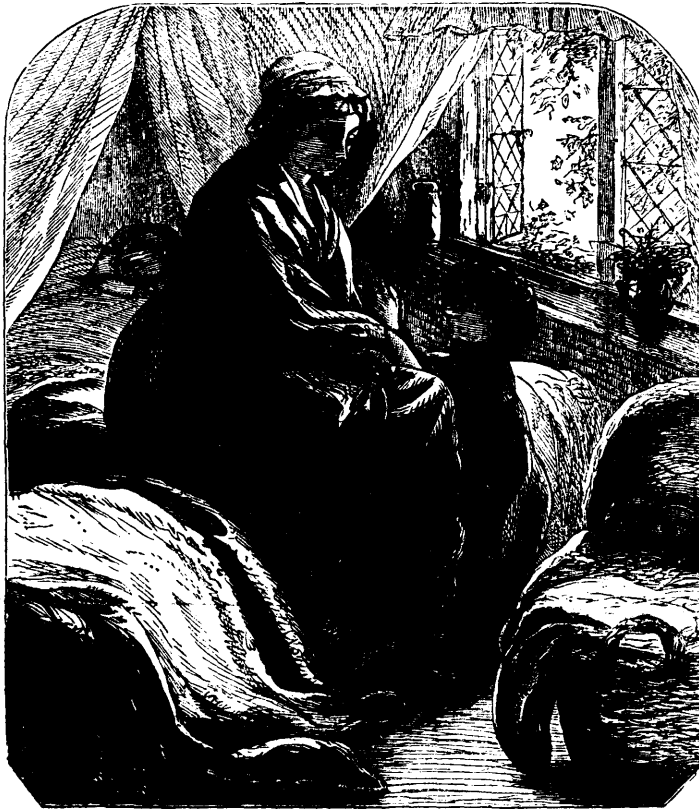
Don't try to be *pert*, my children. Speak kindly and modestly to every one. It is better to be modest than *pert*. People will respect and love you if you are modest and kind. They will dislike you if you are *pert*. X. Y.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A PRESIDENT'S FIRST EARNINGS.

WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a boy he worked hard for a living. His folks were what Southern people call "scrubs," that is, they owned neither land nor slaves. Young Abe, however, by dint of hard work, raised enough stuff on their hired land to carry some of it to market. While getting ready to go down the river to New Orleans, two travelers asked him to carry them on his raft to a passing steamer. He did so, and they gave him a dollar for his services. This was the first money he ever earned.

Who thought then that the little "scrub" would ever become the head of a great nation and a second WASHINGTON? Not a soul on earth dreamed it possible. Learn then, my child, to respect yourself, for, poor and unknown as you may be to-day, God may have great things in store for you hereafter. Learn, also, to despise no one, not even a "scrub," for the hard hand and uncombed head of the scrub may belong to a heart so full of heavenly things that the King of kings chooses it for one of his earthly homes. X.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

First beside my mother kneeling;
Through the hushed-up silence deep
Hear the double whisper stealing:
"If I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

And the angels o'er me bending,
Sent by God my soul to keep,
Through the purple night descending,
Wide-arched wings above me spread
Heavenly shelter round my head.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

No wild dreams could break that slumber—
I had prayed for God to keep—
Blessed visions without number;
Glory caught from heavenly things
Showered from those angel wings!

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

O my God! when I am dying,
Hear me pray that old-time prayer,
On my quiet death-bed lying,
From the old dreams let me wake—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

WHAT JESUS DID FOR ME.

O WHAT has Jesus done for me?

He pitied me—my Saviour.
My sins were great; his love was free;
He died for me—my Saviour."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ONLY JUST ONCE AND NO MORE.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"Now, boys and girls," said Mr. Raynor to his children and their visiting cousins, "you may play anywhere you please in the garden, but don't go into the green-house."

"Thank you, uncle," "We wont go into the green-house," and similar replies leaped from the lips of half a score of cherry-checked masters and misses who were all alive with fun and frolic as they ran from the house-door toward the garden-gate.

Up and down the garden-walks, in and out among the currant-bushes, round and round the pear and cherry-trees, those merry children raced, romped, shouted, and played for an hour or more, until they were getting tired. The day was hot, and most of them were city children visiting their cousins, Robert, George, Mary, and Harriet Raynor at their country home. When they were pretty well wearied out, one of the cousins, named Joe, cried:

"Let us sit down behind the green-house in the shade and rest a while."

"I go in for that," replied Robert.

"We've played very hard and I'm real tired."

"Let us sit round that pear-tree, it's so nice to be under the branches of a big tree," said laughing Alice, another city cousin.

A few moments later these happy children were all seated on the grass under the pear-tree, as Alice wished, where their tongues made merry music, like the clatter of many joy-bells.

After some time Cousin Joe moved to the green-house, and, mounting a stone, peeped in through the glass. A few minutes later he shouted:

"My! what beautiful flowers! Why, there are more lady's eardrops than I can count; and such whoppers too!"

This exclamation brought all the group to his side. All the city cousins shared the enthusiasm of Joe; but George Raynor, who was used to green-house flowers, replied:

"Pooh! pa always has lots of fuchsias. There's nothing very wonderful in them."

"Let us go inside and look at them," said Joe.

"So we will," replied George.

"Pa said we mustn't," said sweet little Mary Raynor.

"And we promised him we wouldn't," added the meek-eyed Alice.

"Well, what if we did?" retorted Joe. "We wont hurt the green-house. We will only just walk round it once. Uncle Raynor wont know it; and if he does he wont mind, if we don't touch the flowers. What do you say, Cousin Robert, shall we go in?"

"I don't care if we do," replied Robert; "but we must only walk round once and then go out just as quick as we can."

"That's all! We will walk round just once, only once round and out. Come, let us go in."

They went in, all but Mary and Alice, who went back to their seat on the grass beneath the big branches of the old pear-tree.

The city cousins were delighted with the long rows of fuchsias which rose one above the other on the shelves of the green-house. They all passed slowly along, making various remarks, and laughing, until they forgot they were treading forbidden ground. At the end of the house they saw a collection of *cactuses*, which amused them very much.

"What queer things!" cried Harriet.

"There's one that looks like a snake!" said Robert.

"See!" cried Joe, pointing to one in bloom, "what a glorious flower there is on this crooked chap!"

Joe now touched the flower with his fingers. As he did so Harriet brushed past him and pushed him toward the step which ran along in front of the shelves. He tripped forward, and his hand striking heavily on the flower, it dropped from its stem to the ground.

"Now you've been and gone and done it, Master Joe," said Robert Raynor. "That plant cost my pa five dollars. He sent it home only yesterday morning. Wont he be vexed. I wish we hadn't come in here."

"It was Harriet's fault, she pushed me," said Joe.

"Let's go," said Harriet, running toward the door of the green-house.

"What, my children, in the green-house!" said Mr. Raynor in a stern voice as he met them on the threshold.

"We only walked round it just once," said Joe by way of apology.

"Didn't I tell you not to go into it at all?" asked Mr. Raynor.

"Yes, sir, but we only meant to go round it once," persisted Joe.

"Only once? Wasn't that as truly a violation of my command and of your own promises as if you had gone round it a hundred times?"

"Yes, sir," said Joe, blushing; "but we didn't mean to do any harm."

"Joe, I'm ashamed of you," said Mr. Raynor in a voice more stern than before. "Isn't disobedience and lying harm?"

Joe was silenced. Harriet then stepped up and said, "Mr. Raynor, we broke one of your flowers, but we didn't mean to, sir. It was an accident. We are very sorry."

Mr. Raynor was vexed when he saw the cactus flower lying on the ground, but his vexation was lost in the grief he felt at seeing how easily his children and nieces had trampled upon his wishes and their own promises. Leading them to the pear-tree, he sat down among them and said:

"Children, you have allowed your curiosity to control your consciences. It was very natural you should desire to see the inside of my green-house, and I meant to gratify you at a proper time; but you ought to have let my wish and your promises control that desire. As for Joe's plea about your purpose to go round the house *just once*, it isn't worth a copper button. Doing a wrong thing only *once* does not make that wrong thing right, but it does make it easier to do it again. If a thing isn't right to do twice, thrice, or oftener, it isn't right to do *once*. That 'only once' is a miserable cheat, and has led millions into the ways of evil and death. On the contrary, if you refrain from doing a wrong only once you are safe. If you don't enter a path you can't walk in it. If you don't begin to do wrong you can't go on in sin. I hope, therefore, that henceforth you will never be cheated into committing sin by that miserable sham of a fellow called 'Only once.'"

Mr. Raynor's advice was true wisdom. It is just

as good for my children as it was for his nephews, nieces, and children. Who will accept and practice it? Let all who will say in their hearts:

"God helping me, I will never do a wrong thing only once; I will never do it at all."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AUNT HELEN'S ADVICE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Do you know any willful, saucy girl,
Who will not mind her mother,
Who does not care for the tears she sheds,
Or the grief she tries to smother?
Keep away from her—she's a wicked child;
Her footsteps fear to follow;
A merry companion she may be,
But her heart is false and hollow.

Do you know a boy who is not ashamed
To stand on the corner smoking,
Who fills the air with tobacco fumes
Though the passers-by are choking?
Keep away from him—he's a filthy lad;
Don't let his arts beguile you;
And never touch with your young fresh lips
What only can defile you.

Are there boys at school who at recess time,
When the others sport and ramble,
Hide away from the teacher's watchful eye
To toss up cents and gamble?
Keep away from them—never stoop to meet
Those lads with a cordial greeting,
Or join in a play that leads astray,
And only thrives by cheating.

In the play-ground is there a boy or girl
Whose lips are used to lying,
Who boldly speak what they know is false,
God's holy law defying?
Keep away from them—for the lightest touch
Of their unclean hands will stain you;
If you linger near them, alas! how soon
Will the falsehoods cease to pain you.

Have you heard little angry children swear?
Did you ever sadly listen
And, shuddering, think of the God they dare,
As you watch their fierce eyes glisten?
O children, dear, keep away from these!
Ask God to keep and guide you;
You are only safe from pollution here
While Jesus is beside you.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE RUNAWAY.

MANY of you have read a book from your Sunday-school library entitled "Archie Aldie." It is about a little boy that was so wicked as to run away from his dear mother, who was a widow, and go to sea. He was gone a long time, but at last, after get-

ting tired of his sinful ways and of the cold world, he decided to return to his mother and ask her forgiveness, and a good resolution it was too. But it was made *too late*, for when he got to his old home his mother was a long time dead.

Let me tell you of a very similar occurrence that transpired within the four years of our terrible war for the Union, Freedom, and Right.

A little boy, altogether too young and small, wished, as many of you have done, to go to war. He only thought of the bright blue uniform with its gay buttons, and the gay times that he would have. He thought not of the long marches, the hospital, the terrible field of conflict!

His name was Benson, and, like Archie Aldie, his mother was a widow. He would tease her to let him go. But she knew that he was too young, and of course told him that he could not. If he had been a good boy this would have been sufficient; but he was not, and so after finding out that it would be useless to tease her longer, like Archie Aldie, he determined to run away.

So one night, after all was still in the house, he went softly down stairs with his little bundle of clothes in his hand, unlocked the door, carefully closed it, and then hurried off to the city. He reached it by morning and at once went to one of the many recruiting-offices stationed there, where they were so anxious for recruits, or, rather, for the money that they got for them, that they readily passed little Benson.

He was at once sent to camp, and instead of his own nice, soft bed, prepared by a loving mother, he slept on the hard ground that night. For a few days he enjoyed the novelty of being a soldier, but his blue uniform with its bright buttons did not give him as much pleasure as he anticipated, for they had been *dearly bought*, and before the regiment left the state he was heartily sick of it and wished himself at home with his kind mother, whose heart was breaking for her boy. But it was *too late!*

He had been disobedient to his mother and he now suffered for it. For, as he had been disobedient at home, so was he here, and many times he suffered severe punishments for disobeying orders. At last he was taken sick, and was for a long time in the hospital. While there, through the instrumentality of a good man, he was led to the Saviour. Most bitterly did he repent of his folly.

His health did not improve fast, and at last, through the influence of this gentleman, he got his discharge. He was just able to ride home, whither he immediately went. He could but just walk from the station, and had to sit down to rest many times. At last he got to the door. Poor boy! how his heart beat at the thought of seeing *mother*. But *she* did not open the door with her loving hand—she did not embrace the prodigal! A neighbor opened in answer to his timid knock. His mother has *just died!*

The shock was too much for him in his feeble condition, and in a few days they made another grave by the side of hers!

Boys, many of you were too young to go to war. But there are rebels of the worst kind for *you* to fight. Noble soldiers are needed to fight intemperance, profanity, Sabbath-breaking, and all the host of evils. Will you enlist? Your cousin,

GENBIE BELMONTE.

A GRANDCHILD'S REBUKE.

SOME time ago a gentleman on Long Island was making too free with the Bible, and brought forward his strong argument against it, declaring, in the face of all present, "I am seventy years of age, and have never seen such a place as hell, after all that has been said about it."

His little grandson, of about seven years of age, who was all the while listening to the conversation, asked him, "Granddaddy, have you ever been dead yet?"

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

"NO, NOT FOR ONCE!"

"WHAT shall you do with yourself to-morrow, Harold?" said a dandyfied lad to a less spruce fellow-clerk who was busy brushing his boots one Saturday evening.

Harold was fresh from his country home. He had been admitted only a few days before as a clerk in a large house, and was what his fellow-clerks called "very green." But in my judgment he was not quite so green as they fancied. Looking up from his shining boot, he replied very modestly:

"I shall go to church, Frank."

The youth laughed and replied, "What a greeny! Why, none of our fellows think of going to church. We are going to the fishing-grounds down the bay in a splendid steamer. You had better go. It wont cost much."

"It will cost more than I can afford to spend," rejoined Harold, brushing his boot quite vigorously.

"You are on the poor list, hey?" asked another of the clerks, named Clement, in a sneering tone. "Out of cash, eh?"

"I'm not rich, certainly," rejoined Harold quietly. "Still, I have a few dollars of my own, and expect to have a monthly allowance from home until I begin to receive a salary here."

"You're stingy, then?" queried Clement.

"Not exactly," replied Harold.

"But you said you couldn't afford to go fishing with us to-morrow," said Frank, "when the trip, dinner and all, needn't cost you over a dollar."

"It was not the cost-in money that I meant to say I could not afford," replied Harold.

"What did you mean then? It wont cost anything else," retorted Frank, sharply.

"Yes it would," said Harold very solemnly.

"It would cost me a guilty conscience."

Frank looked surprised at this bold speech, but Clement laughed, and said with a bitter sneer:

"Take care, Frank, you've caught a saint."

"I do not profess to be much of a saint," said Harold, "but I believe it is wrong to break the Sabbath and I wont do it."

"But, Harold," pleaded Frank, "it can't be very wrong to take a trip on the water Sundays, after being shut up in a store all the week. Come, go with us to-morrow, just for once."

"No, not for once," replied Harold. "My pa has often told me that sin is like the camel which asked the cobbler to let him put his nose into his stall. The cobbler gave his consent, and then the camel, after putting in his nose, pushed in his head, and then his foot, and, finally, he walked in and turned the cobbler out. I mean, if I can, to keep out the camel's nose. I wont begin to do wrong."

"Well, you *are* a saint and no mistake," said Clement.

"I guess you wont do for our set."

"I suppose not," replied Harold quietly as the others left the room.

The victory was won. Harold's fellow-clerks saw that his face was set like a flint to do right, and though they laughed at him and called him a saint, they did not again try to persuade him to join their Sunday parties. Had the boy been less firm at first, they would have plied him with arguments and entreaties, and, most likely, have drawn him into their evil net.

Let Harold's good sense and firmness teach every other young Christian to set his foot down firmly against the first temptation. Let him say no to every tempter at once, and he too will save himself from the hands of sinners.

MY LETTER BUDGET.

THIS is the last number of another volume. How swiftly and pleasantly the year has flown! What a happy family mine is! Half a million of readers with merry smiles and happy hearts to sit round my editorial table! May God bless you all, my dear ones, and help you to profit by the good words you find in your paper! Of

course, you all mean to read the next volume. You will, therefore, hunt up your pennies and make ready to hand in your names and money to your teacher. I want you to tell your teachers and elder brothers and sisters that CARLTON & PORTER, of New York, U. S., have just issued the first number of the *Sunday-School Journal* for teachers and young people. Tell them I want them all to take a copy. I mean to make it to them what the Advocate is to you. It will not only tell teachers how to teach you, but it will also teach young people the way to happiness in this life and in the life hereafter. It is to be a monthly at forty cents a year, and for all copies over five, to one address, thirty-five cents. Be sure you tell them about it. I want fifty thousand subscribers for it within three months.

Here is the key to the Bible acrostic in our last:

1. D oeg 1 Sam. xxii, 9, 18, 19.
2. A biathar 1 Sam. xxii, 21.
3. V ial 1 Sam. x, 1.
4. I mage 1 Sam. xix, 13.
5. D aniel 1 Chron. iii, 1.

Here is a beautiful picture representing the scene of a



glorious miracle. You may see in it a tiny stream, a celebrated prophet, and a couple of unclean birds. Find the name of the stream, of the prophet, and of the birds.

Here is a letter from A. J. G., who says:

"About seven years since I kept a dry-goods and grocery store in the village of T. R. One day a bright-eyed little girl of about ten summers came in to buy a pound of butter, and while I was in the back store getting the article, my attention was attracted by a noise. On looking through a crack in the door I saw the little girl pulling a stool up to the counter, on which was a glass case filled with fancy articles. She got up on the stool, surveyed every part of the room save the ceiling, she did not look up, and seeing no one, put her hand in the case and took out two or three little buttons and a thimble and put them in her pocket. Then she got down and pulled the stool silently away. I came out and spoke to the little girl as kindly and pleasantly as I could, asking her at the same time what she had in her pocket. At first she said she had nothing; but I insisted on knowing, and finally she put her hand in her pocket and brought out the buttons and thimble. I asked her where she got them, when she said the buttons came off her little brother's coat and the thimble was her own.

"O I wish I could show all you little folks just how guilty and bad that little girl looked when I made her acknowledge her fault!

"Now the first sin the little girl committed in that act was that she gave way to temptation and took what was not her own without leave. The second sin was one which is almost certain to follow the first. She told a lie to get clear of being detected in her crime. The articles the little girl took were of but little value; but the sin she committed was in the sight of God very great indeed, and her conscience accused her and made her feel very wretched."

That little girl was wicked indeed. I am sure you all feel so disgusted with her conduct that you are saying, "O Lord, save us from the hateful sins of stealing and lying!"

JENNIE C., of V—, says:

"I am an orphan, and am in my fifteenth year. My parents died when I was only four years old. They became Christians about one year before they died, and I know they have gone to that 'beautiful land' we read so much about in the Bible which is called heaven. I go to Sabbath-school and read the 'story of Jesus' over and over, but never get tired. I am trying to be a good girl so that I may some day meet my long-lost parents. Now I would like to join your Try Company if it is not full already."

"Jennie gives such a good account of herself," says the Corporal, "that I think she will make a good Try Company soldier. Enter her name!"

Jennie's name is written, and I hope she will daily tell Jesus all there is in her heart, and beg him to direct all her steps. By so doing she will surely find all the help necessary to guide her to the "promised land" and to her glorified parents.—L. J. F., of Y—, says:

"I am most eleven years old and Tizzy is eight. I want to be good and when I die go to meet my little Brother Havelock, who died last summer. He was six years old, and O I loved him so well, he was so good and funny.

One day he was going down to the well with father, (the well is a good way off, and father sometimes buys old houses when he builds new ones and hauls them home to burn,) and he said, 'Stop, father!' So father stopped and Havey said, 'Father, why don't you buy some old well and have it hauled home?'

"Havey thought father could buy an old well and haul it home just as well as he could an old house."

Havelock is wiser now than Laura. He is learning from the lips of Jesus. I hope L. and Tizzy will one day share both his wisdom and his joy.—ABBY DILLENBECK, of O—, writes:

"A year ago I thought I would write to you, but I couldn't make up my mind to do so; but now I have peace of conscience and the holy fear of the Lord in my heart, I can and will promise to try to be a good girl, and will strive hard to win the victory over Mr. I Can't. I think that he is a miserable old fellow, and I will invite Mr. I Can Try into my humble home, for I think that he is worthy of dwelling with any one who wants to be happy and make her home pleasant. I have a good home, kind and loving parents, two brothers at home and another one that has been in the army, whom I expect to see before long, and four, I trust, in heaven, and I hope to meet them there. I have one sister also. We take your beautiful little paper. I wish it was a great deal larger than it is."

Welcome to my army, Abby. Make yourself the joy-bird of your home; and that you may be so be sure you go to Jesus every day for grace to help you in your hours of need.—

WILLIE, of R—, says:

"I am a little fellow who loves to go to Sunday-school. I attend regularly at the Mount Olive Sunday-school. I have a sister and three brothers who also attend. We have a very nice school, numbering about seventy. Our superintendent takes delight in instructing and interesting the school. We all love him very much. Nearly all the school who can read the Bible have started with the first of the year to read it through in twelve months, and our superintendent asks us questions every Sunday about what we've read during the past week, and it would do you good to hear them answer. I am trying to be a good boy, and would like to join your Try Company."

Hurrah for Willie! He talks right up, and is, I trust, a true Bible boy. May heaven bless him! The Corporal does.—W. F. H., of P—, says:

"Our superintendent asked us one Sunday how many of us would like to join the Try Company, and you ought to have seen us. The whole school, except a few who thought they were too large, arose on their feet."

"Welcome, O my children, to my busy ranks. Remember, you are all pledged to greater effort in doing right than you ever made before. As to those who were too large to join my ranks, I have only to say that I hope they are not too large to try with the best of you to win in the race after excellence." Such is the Corporal's welcome to the P— Try Company.—Three "Buckeyes" say:

"We are appointed a committee to write to you that our Sunday-school is very prosperous, and we have recently formed ourselves into a Try Company and a 'Juvenile Temperance Club.' We would like to join your great army. A large number of us have joined the Church and have been admitted into full connection."

That band of recruits makes a good showing. The Corporal accepts them right cheerfully. Piety, temperance, and hard trying are three powerful helps through this world of temptation.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

COMING TO JESUS.

LITTLE JULIA used to think she would be very glad to belong to Jesus Christ and to know that he was her friend, but she did not know how to come to him, or she thought she did not; because when she went and asked him to make her a Christian child she did not feel any different afterward, and she grew discouraged and thought Christ did not attend to her, and it was of no use to come in that way.

It really was of no use to come to Christ and at the same time disbelieve all his precious words. You remember how pleased he was with the Syro-Phœnician woman because she persevered in asking. She did not believe Jesus really intended to cast her off. The tender, compassionate Lord who invites us to come, who says he will not cast us out, who is more ready to give us good gifts than our fathers are, how wrong it is to think he does not hear us and feel ready to accept us when we offer ourselves to him!

Julia had great confidence in her dear father. He stood for whatever was kind, and good, and noble in her mind. She used even to compare him with General Washington, and the great saviour of his country always appeared a little eclipsed by the excellences of her father in Julia's estimation. Julia had read the Bible through by course, and she must have read this text, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." She had learned to repeat the Sermon on the Mount, so she could not have missed this, "Or what man is there of you whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him."

But she went on, year after year, disbelieving her kind Lord who was waiting for her to trust his word, and bearing patiently with her until twenty years of her life had gone. Then she went to the Good Shepherd, just as she had done many times before, except that now she let go that sullen distrust of his word, and knowing that she sincerely wished him to receive her, she believed that he did receive her, and, without any great new light or overwhelming joy, began gladly to try to follow and to please him. She stretched out her hand to him, and he took her hand in his own. And though she has since many times in weakness and carelessness withdrawn her hand and tried to walk alone, she has found him ever the same, still ready to receive the repenting wanderer. It is always so. Of course, we cannot belong to Christ and still cherish and wish to keep our sins. But if we are sorry for grieving him, we shall find him ready to forgive.

UNA LOCKE.

HOW TO GET KNOWLEDGE.

THAT is the question. Get it the same way the chickens eat their food—pick it up a little at a time. First, learn your letters, A, B, C; then spell little words; then read easy books, and next bigger and bigger ones. The gardener in digging takes up one spadeful at a time. The man sawing wood saws one piece at a time, and so the garden is dug, the field is plowed, and the load of wood sawed. They are done little by little, and little at a time.

And so must your lessons be mastered, long lessons or hard lessons, a little at a time. Do not pout, or cry, or think it is no use to try, and play away your time; but take heart when your book is before you, and by diligently learning a little at a time, the hardest lesson will soon become easy, and the longest lesson be finally conquered.

A capital plan this, my young friends. Try it!



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE DOG CLERK.

ROVER's master was a merchant and Rover was his errand-boy, or I suppose I should say his errand-dog. If anything was to be sent home, papers, letters, meat, or what not, Rover was the one to carry it. He would even carry an egg in his mouth and lay it down on the kitchen-floor without breaking it. Perhaps you think this was no great feat, but then Rover doubtless thought it was, for he liked eggs dearly, and to be obliged to carry one in his mouth without breaking it required some self-denial of his dog tastes.

Rover did a great many other useful things about the store, and once when his master was out he undertook to wait on customers. He went around behind the counter and put his fore-paws upon it, and looked at the ladies as if he expected them to tell him what they wanted. Then they stood, astonished, looking at him, and he stood coolly waiting to take their orders when the merchant came in. I think that must have been a funny sight.

A. J.

THE HEART IS A BELL.

Your heart is beating day by day;
If it could speak, what would it say?
The hours of night its pulses tell.
Have you, my child, considered well
What means this little restless heart,
That doth so well perform its part?

It is a little bell, whose tone
Is heard by you and God alone;
At your soul's door it hangs, and there
His Spirit stays with loving care,
And rings the bell, and deigns to wait
To see if closed remains the gate.
He rings and waits. O then begin
At once your prayer, "Lord, enter in!"

LUCY'S KITTEN.

"WHERE is Frank?" asked Mr. Gray one morning as he looked around on the little group at the breakfast-table.

Just at that moment the door was thrown open, and Frank was soon claiming his good-morning kiss from each member of the family.

"I thought you were up this long time, Frank," said Lucy; "Jane told me you were dressed before I was."

"So I have been up ever so long, but I've been very busy all the time, and of course I couldn't come to breakfast sooner if I had business."

Mr. and Mrs. Gray smiled at the busy air which Frank assumed.

"A little boy six years old to be too busy to come

to breakfast!" exclaimed Lucy. "I wish you had been too busy to hurt my kitten yesterday."

"There, Lucy, that's a shame," said George; "Frank told you that he didn't mean to hurt it."

Lucy was about to reply, when their father's firm "That will do, children," silenced them.

After prayers Mr. Gray called Lucy to him, and asked her what the trouble was between herself and her little brother.

"Why, papa, I'll tell you how it was. You know the kitten Aunt Maggie brought me the other day from the country. Well, yesterday when I came from school I put my books away, and then went out to play with it. And there Frank had it harnessed to draw his play-wagon, and that was filled with potatoes. So I took the kitten from him. It was my kitten."

"I only wanted to play market-man, papa," said Frank, "and I just tried kittie to see if it wouldn't seem like a real horse."

"But, Lucy, Frank told you he didn't mean to hurt it. I heard him say that as I came in the gate, and you said you didn't believe him. You didn't tell that part."

"Well, I didn't come to that part yet, George;—and, papa, Frank has wooden horses, so he need not take my kitten."

"Come, Lucy," said Mr. G. kindly, "you must not allow yourself to become so much excited about it. Your little brother did not mean to hurt the kitten, and I don't think he will go marketing again in that way,—will you, Frank?"

"No, pa. I thought kittie was as big as my wooden horse, and I thought she'd be so much nicer because she could walk herself."

"Remember, Frank, you must not do so again," said his father as he kissed the bright faces which were turned toward him.

"Come, Lucy, let's kiss and make up. I won't take kittie for a horse again. I wish I hadn't broken the wheels under my wooden horses you bought for me last week, papa. I tried to mend them this morning before breakfast. I did one, but I couldn't mend the other."

"I'll do that for you," said George; and away they all bounded with light steps and loving hearts.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.

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