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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER LITTLE

UNFO M.C.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 20.

JULY 23, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 212.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

HERE is a picture of Moses standing amid the glory of God on the holy mountain. He has just received two tables of stone from the hand of the Lord. God had written the ten commandments upon them with his own finger. Can you recite the ten commandments?

The ten commandments are a perfect law. They do not cover much space. They are so few and simple that any bright child of six years old can easily commit them to memory. But, brief as they are, they contain all the law that is needful to guide your conduct. This is a very wonderful fact. When men make laws they use many words. The laws of one state or kingdom often fill many large volumes;

but the law of God, given to tell all the people in the world what is right and what is wrong, is all written in ten short commands. This is one way in which God shows his wisdom.

Do you know what the *first* command teaches?

It says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me;" which means, that you are to believe, worship, serve, and love the true God only.

Do you know what the *second* command forbids? It forbids the worship of images, which is idolatry. What does the *third* command teach? It says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;" which means that you must neither swear, nor use the name of the Lord in a light or trifling manner.

What does the *fourth* command teach?

It tells you to observe the Sabbath as a day of public worship. It forbids you to play or work on that holy day. It is God's day. Its hours are holy.

What does the *fifth* command teach?

The fifth command is meant for children. It tells them to honor father and mother. This means that they are to respect, obey, and love their parents.

What does the *sixth* command forbid?

Murder. This word stands for the highest injury you can do to the person of another. The command includes all lesser injuries. It means that you are to do no harm to any one.

What does the *seventh* command forbid?

Adultery. This is a word you do not understand; it is enough for you now to know that this law forbids you to use naughty words or to do filthy actions.

What does the *eighth* command forbid?

Stealing.

What is forbidden in the *ninth* command?

All lying. The *words* of the command refer to taking a false oath, but its spirit teaches you that you must never tell a lie to any one.

What is taught in the *tenth* command?

That you must never covet nor wish to possess anything that belongs to any one else. If you do covet you will be tempted to steal. So you must keep your heart pure from all desire to take that which belongs to another.

Such are God's ten laws. Write them on your memories, my children. Let them be to you a string of precious pearls. Obey them! But fail not to keep in mind the great truth that the power to keep them must come to you from the Holy Spirit. You must pray to and trust in Jesus and he will send you that kind helper called the "Comforter."

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"NEVER TREAD ON A SORE TOE."



"Of course, I wouldn't do that; it would be cruel," says Master JOHN CRITIC, and yet the Yankee guesses that John trod on his sister's sore toe no longer ago than yesterday. I will tell you how it happened.

John's sister—her name is Alice, and a sweet little thing she is too—can't endure the piano. I really believe she hates it with all her heart. Hence, you may be sure, her mother has hard work to make her "*practice*." Well, yesterday when John came rushing into the parlor after school he saw Alice sitting on the piano-stool and pouting. Turning to her, he said:

"How do you do, Miss Handel?"

Alice knew that Handel was a great musical artist and that John was poking fun at her. So she burst into tears. Didn't John tread on her sore toe?

But John has a sore toe as well as Alice. He is afraid of dogs. He will go a block out of his way to avoid passing a dog. Of course Alice knew this, and after crying a moment or two she looked up, and, smiling through her tears, said:

"Bow-wow! bow-wow!"

John's sore toe was bruised now. He didn't like it. It was all very well, he thought, to hurt Alice's sore toe, but when she came to hurt his he was angry, and muttering "Get out!" left the room.

Now you know what "treading on a sore toe" means, don't you? I guess you all have sore toes yourselves. Isn't it so? Haven't you all some fault or weakness about which you don't like to be

twitted? Well, that is your *sore toe*. You don't like to have it trodden on, do you? *Of course not!* Very good. Then don't forget that the sore toes of your brothers and sisters and playmates are just as tender as yours. Don't tread on them. It is not kind to do so. It is not doing to others as you wish them to do to you. "Never tread on a sore toe."

YANKEE.



PRAYING AND SAYING PRAYERS.

JEMIMA was a little girl
Who many prayers could say;
But O! she had a wandering heart,
And, therefore, did not pray.

She'd kneeled beside her little bed
"Our Father" to repeat,
The while she twisted into knots
The corner of the sheet.

Her roving eyes, as there she knelt,
Were never closed at all;
She'd count the roses on the rug,
The stars upon the wall.

And, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
Her careless tongue would say,
When all her thoughts were of the doll
That on the pillow lay.

Ah! 'twas no wonder that she grew
Ill-tempered, proud, and rude,
For if a child should never pray,
How can a child be good?

Dear readers! shun Jemima's fault,
And heed the words I say:
When you kneel down to say your prayers,
Be certain that you pray!

WHAT IS IT TO BE AN ORPHAN?

PASSING near the steps of an orphan asylum, I saw a company of rosy-cheeked little girls amusing themselves with the sports of childhood. I lingered to witness their hearty, healthy exercise, and inquiringly said, "Are those all *orphans*?"

"O no," replied one, and she turned toward me her beautiful animated eyes, "I am not an *orphan*. I have got an *aunt* and *cousins*."

Little readers, nestled in your comfortable houses, with parents, brothers, and sisters around you, do you ever think of the lone orphans? No one to meet them with an approving smile—no one to cherish them *for the love they bear them*. Charity, it is true, has gathered many of these little outcasts into comfortable shelters, where they are clothed, fed, and educated; but many are still wandering without an earthly eye to watch and love them. O when you kneel before your heavenly Father to thank him for the mercies he bestows on you, forget not the *orphan*.

THE ARCHER AND THE ARROW.

AN archer complained of his arrow because it did not hit the mark. "If you had directed me right," said the arrow, "I should not have failed."

We too often blame others when the fault is in ourselves.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"PUNISH ME."

IN a certain school there was a boy whom I will call ANDREW. He was an idle fellow, full of mischief as a monkey, and gave his teacher much trouble. One day his conduct was so bad that his teacher felt obliged to punish him. But just as the rod was uplifted, his brother, about four years older than himself, sprung from his seat and stood by his side.

The teacher's arm fell. The scholars looked on filled with wonder. For a moment there was silence in that schoolroom, which was broken at length by the teacher saying to the elder brother:

"Well, William, what do you want?"

"Please, sir," replied the noble boy, "will you punish me instead of my brother?"

"Punish you!" exclaimed the teacher; "you have done nothing to deserve the rod."

"Perhaps not, sir," rejoined the boy, "but I do not like my brother to be whipped. Please do punish me and not him."

Seeing that William was in earnest, and thinking that it might be the means of winning the idle Andrew to obedience, the teacher punished the innocent boy.

Don't you think William loved his brother very dearly? Don't you think Andrew's heart ought to have melted into love? *He must have been a very wicked boy if that love didn't win him!* So I think. But stop! Don't hasten on. Haven't you an elder brother who once bore punishment for you? Didn't Jesus die to save you from being punished for your sins? How is it then with you? Has the love of Jesus won your love? Has his love won you over to the side of goodness? If not, then are you not a very, very wicked, ungrateful child? How is it?

W. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BURIAL OF THE DRUMMER-BOY.



AT the battle of Bean Station, in East Tennessee, the Union troops were beaten and driven off. The Confederates, who were left in possession of the field, acted more like brutes than like human beings. They neither buried the dead nor permitted others to do so. They even shot those who came for that purpose, while they roamed over the field insulting the dead and robbing them of their clothing.

It so happened that they left the body of a little drummer-boy thus shockingly robbed near an humble house on one side of the field. Two poor young girls who lived here looked on with pitying eyes, and resolved to try what they could do. Perhaps the thought of some brother of their own who might yet be left thus destitute moved them to the task. With sisterly care they gathered up such materials as they could find, and when darkness came on they carried them to where lay the body of the poor drummer-boy. Tenderly they wrapped it up in garments that they had brought from their own scanty wardrobes, gently they laid it in the rude box they had contrived to put together. Then they dug a grave with their own hands, lowered the body into it, and buried it away out of sight.

It was a scene to touch the hardest heart; and even some rebel soldiers, who had come to see the cause of the hammering, stood by without offering to interfere. And when the simple rites were performed each went his own way in silence, leaving the remains of the poor drummer-boy in their sacred resting-place. There may they rest in peace; and may those tender-hearted sisters in the day of their extremity hear the voice of the Heavenly One saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." A. J.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1864.

THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

WHAT is a practical joker?

A practical joker is an idle fellow, a player of tricks on his friends, a mischief-loving imp, a pest, a dangerous boy or girl, a—well, he is a silly, selfish fellow, who seeks sport in doing something to his friends which makes them feel awkward. The Corporal wouldn't have a practical joker in his company.

Yonder is a burly lad slyly creeping behind a quiet little boy who is on his way to school. Suddenly the big fellow snatches the little boy's cap from his head and twirls it over the fence into a clump of shrubs in front of a house. The small boy starts, fails to discover his cap, and bursts into tears over its loss. The big lad laughs and passes on. He is a practical joker.

Down on the beach is another lad who suddenly spies a group of little boys playing in a boat. He goes to the bow of the boat and slyly unties the anchor-rope, pushes the boat into deep water, and laughs to see the dismay of the little ones when they see themselves borne by the tide out into the bay. He, too, is a practical joker.

On board a British steamer is a man standing with a group of passengers on the quarter-deck. Seeing one of his friends about to sit down, he pulls away the chair. The gentleman falls down upon the deck, while the air rings with the laughter of his tormentor—the practical joker.

Now you know what a practical joker is, tell me how you like him, my children.

"Don't like him a bit." "He is a selfish fellow." "He isn't a Christian." "He deserves to be whipped."—Such are the replies which come to me from my readers. They are right. A practical joker is not a Christian, because Christians are kind. He is selfish, because he seeks to amuse himself by giving other persons pain. He does deserve to be whipped, because he has hardly sense enough to feel the force of any higher argument. I think, however, I could cure him without the whip. If I had all the girls in my Advocate family together I would form them into a vast circle, put the practical joker in the center, and say, "Now, girls, laugh at him for five whole minutes!" Wouldn't the girls laugh all the mischief out of him?

Don't be practical jokers, my children. It is small as well as selfish business. Any boy can whirl a little boy's cap over a fence, push a boat-load of children into deep water, or pull a chair away when one is about to sit down. Besides, practical joking is always painful, and sometimes a serious matter to those upon whom the joke is played. Think how badly that boy felt about his cap! What agony those poor children in the boat endured before they were picked up! They were actually borne out to sea, and were found the next day cuddled together at the bottom of the boat by some men in a fishing-smack. The man in the steamer broke his arm when he fell down, and was so excited lest his broken arm should hinder him from the pursuit of his business that he was thrown into a fever and died before the vessel reached Halifax. Hence you see that the practical joker may destroy life in his sport. His fun may be costly. His joke may be an arrow winged by the dark Death angel. I now wish to propose a resolution for you to adopt. Here it is:

Resolved, I will never play a practical joke upon any one.

(Signed)

Now if all my children will sign that resolution and stick to it the world will make the world's heap of sorrow smaller and its happiness heap larger. Who will sign it?

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

CHILDREN, your editor is to write for you four years longer—that is, if God shall spare his life and health so long. He is glad because he loves you very dearly, and would rather be your editor than wear a miter or a crown—the crown of life only excepted. Are you glad also? The editor thinks you are. He invites you to continue among his readers, and to make up your minds to follow the good advice he gives you. It is his wish to guide you to the blessed city of God.



Of course, Mr. Forrester, the Corporal, Q-in-the-corner, Aunt Julia, and all the rest of my shadows and helpers will remain in or about my editorial den. You will hear from them as heretofore. They will be glad to know that you welcome them also. They all join me in good wishes for your prosperity. Heaven bless you all!

Here is a letter from Q-in-the-corner. He says:

"MY DEAR CORPORAL,—Last Sunday I was at — Church, and was enjoying the sermon very much, but hearing a noise in the pew before me I looked for its cause, and saw a rosy-checked miss fast asleep. She had just pushed over a cricket with her foot, but she slept on as though she was one of the famous seven sleepers. I confess that I lost the rest of the sermon through looking at her. I felt some curiosity about what she would say of the sermon to her parents. So after service I followed her home. 'Well, Anna, dear, how did you like the sermon this morning?' said her mother as soon as her daughter had taken off her things.

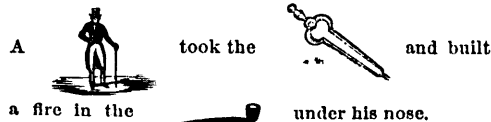
"Very much indeed," replied Anna. "It was a beautiful sermon. Mr. S. talked sweetly about Saul and David, Timothy and Paul, and other famous people."

"Now, corporal, there was not a word in the sermon about those persons, and it was clear to me that Anna knew no more of what the preacher did say than did King Bomba in Africa. Anna made that up to hide the truth that she had slept all through sermon time. What do you think of her, sir?"

"What do I think of Anna, eh?" replies the Corporal sharply, "I think she is like a bad nut or a worm-eaten apple. She is a cheat. I think she has no respect for God, for her parents, or for herself. It is bad enough to sleep in church, but lying about the sermon afterward is worse still. I would as soon take a leper into my house as Anna into my company. If she does not repent she will never get into heaven, I'm sure. There is no gate to the celestial city big enough to admit a hypocrite."

The Corporal is hard on Anna, but she deserves it. Don't you think so, my children?

Here is a picture puzzle for my Try Company:



A sorrowful mother writes:

"I have three little daughters in heaven. I have no children left. My husband is away in the service of his country. I hope he will fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life. My Emma had a very remarkable dream about two weeks before she was taken sick. She dreamed of starting for heaven and Satan stood up to resist her, but she told him to go away, she would go to Jesus. She thought she came to a river, and Jesus took her in his arms and carried her through, and Satan appeared again; but she resisted him, and Jesus told her she was one of his sweetest little lambs."

That was a curious dream for a child. May the Saviour who took the child to himself comfort the sorrowful mother!—JENNIE S., of —, says:

"I am not permitted to attend the Sabbath-school. I lie here in sight of the church, where I can see many others going, for which I feel very thankful. I love to see little children go to Sabbath-school. They always look so pleasant, don't they? Wouldn't it be nice if they would

be so all the time? I fear some don't. Last summer they carried me on my bed up to Sabbath-school and preaching. I was almost charmed just to hear so many sweet young voices mingled together, singing sweet praises to God. It was the first time I had been in the church for eighteen months. I have been afflicted several years. I have not walked a step since the 18th of last February two years. At times my sufferings are great. But I enjoy the comforting influence of the Holy Spirit. What a blessed thing religion is!"

Let the children mark well what Jennie says. The love of Jesus makes her happy though she is sick and full of pain. Could anything else do that? Let us all pray for Jennie S.—OLIN, of —, says:

"I send you fifteen cents to pay for your photograph, and my mother says I may put it in her album. I have gathered and pressed some wild flowers for you. There are a great many beautiful flowers in this region growing in the valley and upon the hills. Now, Mr. Corporal, my brother and I want to join your Try Company. We intend to try to be good boys and then we shall be good men. So, if you please, write down upon your list the names of Wilber L. and Olin M'Kendree Hunter."

The names are written, the photo sent, the flowers placed among my precious things. May the souls of these boys be as pure and beautiful as the flowers they send me!—Here is a line from H. S. P. giving Lollie's ideas about a picture of the cross boy which was in the Advocate some time ago. She says:

"We have a little Lollie, as we call her, twenty months old, who is learning to talk. She cannot put words together very correctly, though she speaks quite distinctly. She sat in my lap while I showed the picture to her little brother and talked to him about it, and she seemed as much interested as he did. Not long after, in the evening, some friends called, and the little girl was tired and unusually fretful, so I apologized for her by saying that she was not well and was having teeth. The next morning she took the Advocate and looked earnestly at the picture till her face was covered with scowls. She said without looking up from the paper, 'Boy coss, me coss!' and then with a droll, self-satisfied look that was ludicrous enough, she added, 'Boys teef (teeth) comin'—me teef comin'!' Mothers are very apt to explain a baby's bad conduct by saying that 'it is teething,' but I think it not common for babies to do it themselves."

"A teacher," writing from —, says:

"One of our little boys, eight years old, came down to his mother's room one evening before going to bed, and, putting his arms around her neck, said, 'Mother, I told sister she was a fool. I didn't mean to do it. I let my heart slip. I won't do so again.' Another little boy, three years old, one day before going to Sabbath-school for the first time was asked by his mother if he would read the Bible to his teacher. He said, 'No, I will read to God. God wants me to read to him.' The same little boy one day asked his mother if God kept dogs; and on another occasion wished to know if God would kiss him when he went to see him. Several of our scholars have spoke in regard to joining your Try Company, and I think before long they will make applications to that effect."

The little fellows spoken of in this letter appear to be quite original in their thoughts and views of things. Their spirit of inquiry is good, and when joined to wisdom, as it will be by and by, will lead them into the paths of knowledge, which, by the way, are very pleasant places, though some boys and girls don't think so. They will make good Try Company boys without mistake.—Here is a line from STELLA D., a six-year-old miss of —. She says:

"I read the Testament through before my birthday. May I join your Try Company? I will try to be a good girl. I love to go to Sabbath-school and love to read about Jesus, because he loved little children. We have a large Sabbath-school, and a good one, too. Our teacher is Miss Ella Hughes. I love her dearly. I have only missed two Sundays in a year. I have two little brothers, Henry and Johnny; but my little sister Celeste is dead. My Uncle Henry died last fall. He was a good man and loved God. When he was dying he said, 'Tell them at home that I died happy in Jesus.' I pray for my pa every day."

Blessings on your curly head and loving heart, my pretty Stella! May you shine a bright particular star in the crown of Jesus. The Corporal accepts you.—ADELBERT writes:

"We have no Sabbath school in winter, so you see we cannot get along without our little paper. Our dear mother has been an invalid for ten years. My oldest brother died one year ago. He was a dear, good brother."

I am very glad to know that the Advocate is a comfort to that invalid mother in the distant West as well as to her boys. I admit Adelbert and Edgar on condition that they be their mother's comforters and tear-preventers, which, I trust, every Canadian boy who reads my paper is purposed also to be.

This tune is from our new book, "THE SWEET SINGER."

Come to Jesus, Little One. *Karl Rehen.*

Cheerfully.

1. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now; Hum - bly at his
2. Seek his face with - out de - lay; Give Him now your heart; Tar - ry not, but,

gra - cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow. At his feet con - fess your sin;
while you may, Choose the bet - ter part. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one,

Seek for - give - ness there; For his blood can make you clean: He will hear your prayer.
Come to Je - sus now; Hum - bly at his gracious throne In sub - mission bow.

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WILLIE'S WISH.



WILLIE was sick and a cripple. His world was the little chamber, which he rarely left. One Sabbath morning his friend Harry dropped in when on his way to school. Seeing Willie looking very grave, he said:

"Willie, what have you been thinking about these last few minutes?"

"I was thinking," replied Willie, "of the dream I had last night. I dreamed that two little shining angels came down and took me off my bed of pain and took me up to heaven, and O how happy I was, dear Harry! I cannot describe it to you. I thought I saw the great white throne and all the angels. I thought that Jesus took me in his arms, and O how loving he was! Dear Harry, I so long to go to heaven! I know that Jesus loves me, but I want to be embraced in his loving arms, he is so kind and good to me."

Willie's wish was a lofty one and has since been granted. Willie is in heaven now. K.

THE RAVEN AND THE RING.

In a village near Warsaw there once lived a pious peasant of German extraction, by name Dobry. Without any fault of his own he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out; and it was winter. He went to him three times and besought him in vain. It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family, when, as they sat there in their sorrow, Dobry kneeled down in their midst and sang.

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands."

And as they came to the last verse,

"When thou wouldst all our need supply,
Who shall stay thy hand?"

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window, the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious

stones. Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would take and show it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him and related the story. The king sent for Dobry and rewarded him, so that he was no more in need, and the next year built him a new house and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house-door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light!"

HOW TO RETURN A BLOW.

MR. MARSH, of Mosul, relates of an Armenian named John, that when living at Constantinople he was hired by persecuting Armenians to strike a watchmaker. The latter upon receiving the blow nobly prayed:

"May God bless you!"

This remarkable answer was effectual; for, said John in allusion to the affair, I could not strike again, and at night I said to the money, "Instead of my eating you, you will eat me."

John soon gave occasion for friends and foes to say of him, "Behold, he prayeth!" Thus was the power of "a soft answer" strikingly illustrated.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BOY THAT DID NOT LOVE GOD.

THE little son of a Presbyterian clergyman was stopping at my house. When class-time came, not wishing to leave him by himself or with the servants, I took him with me to the class-room. The leader knew the child was a good boy in school, a good boy on the way to school, and a good boy at home, and when he came to him he said:

"Albert, do you love God?"

We were greatly astonished to hear the boy answer:

"No, I do not!"

"You pray to God, do you not, Albert?"

"Yes, sir; but I do not love him," replied Albert.

After class we talked with Albert and he said:

"I should have told a lie if I had said I loved God when I do not give my heart to him. Then

Jesus says, 'If you love me you will keep my commandments.' I want to love God, but I don't as long as I can't do as he tells me to. I like to go to Methodist Sunday-school and like the Methodist minister, and I am going to be a Methodist when I get to be twenty-one."

Now we just approve of Albert's views of loving God. We do not think any little boy or girl can love God without giving him their heart. But we do not agree with him in thinking he must wait until he is twenty-one to be either a Christian or a Methodist. He ought to love Jesus now, H.



A PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

KEEP me, Lord; O Lord, uphold me;
From the tempter safely fold me.

I am weak, on thee I call;
Christ, support me, or I fall.

Father, dangers round me throng;
I am feeble, thou art strong.

Over rock, and hill, and sea,
Guide me home to heaven and thee.

THE SABBATH.

A SABBATH well spent
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever is gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

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" 30 "	" 40,	" 50,	" 32 1/2
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