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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · M · E

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 8.

JANUARY 24, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 176.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

CIRCISSIANS.

DOUBTLESS you all recollect the beautiful white slaves that we saw in the slave-market at Constantinople. Would you like to see their mountain-homes? They are in a wild and romantic region, and the Circassians themselves are a wild and warlike people. Their very name is said to mean "highway robbers," though they call themselves Adighe, or, The Noble.

Up here in the mountains we shall find their homes, poor log huts, easily built, and often deserted. Their only wealth is the costly regalia of their fighting apparatus—splendid fire-arms, and sabres, and horse equipments, with their horses and a few cattle. They have very little money.

They are fine, well-made men and handsome women. But the women are badly treated and obliged to do all the drudgery. So it is said that the Circassian girls, many of them, prefer to be sold as slaves, thinking that they will have an easier life in the harem of some wealthy Turk. They hear glowing descriptions of the beauty and luxury of these places, and often beg their parents to sell them to the distant market. It is a strange fancy, don't you think so? Doubtless the poor creatures find a much harder lot than they expect under the rule of their Turkish lords. We cannot expect these peo-

ple to become civilized until they treat their women more kindly.

Their religion is a mixture of Mohammedanism, Paganism, and Christianity. The only trace of the latter is a sort of superstitious reverence for the cross.

This is a perfect Switzerland of a country. Do look at the wild mountains! Not far away are the mountains of Ararat, where the ark rested after the flood. In the plain near them is the supposed tomb of Noah. Whether our great ancestor was ever really buried here or not we cannot now tell, but thousands of people believe so, and come every year to pay their respects to the place.

All through these mountains the wild tribes of Caucasus range and fight for their freedom. Their principal enemy is Russia, against whom they are constantly waging the most desperate warfare. They have the advantage of the Russians in their own country as they are so much better mountaineers.

Sometime since they had a notorious leader named Schamyl, whom the Russians were desirous of capturing. So, with over three thousand men, they attacked him in his mountain fastnesses, defended by five hundred Circassians. The pass was very narrow, so that a few men could easily defend it. Hundreds of the Russians were slain there. At last the Russians, after storming their intrenchments, entered the fortress and found that Schamyl had escaped. They soon gained information that he was hid in a cave

near the river, and they immediately started in pursuit. They besieged the cave from a height near by, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the little company concealed there rush out upon a raft and try to escape down the river. Of course, they followed the raft impetuously, and when they were gone Schamyl came out of the cave, leaped into the river, swam across, and escaped.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE MISSIONARY BOY.

A LITTLE fellow only five years old hearing that a neighbor who was captain of a ship was about to sail to the West Indies, said:

"O let us send some Bibles to the poor black children, and tell them they are sent by a little boy who loves Jesus."

Pleased with his beautiful spirit, his parents sent twenty copies of the Bible. When told what they had done, he looked very solemn and said:

"Ask God to bless his word to the little children."

When he was six years old another of his acquaintances was going to Australia. Said he:

"Let us send some Bibles there, and tell them they are from a little boy who loves Jesus."

When he was twelve years old he died. Just before his death he "made his will," leaving all his money—he had over two hundred dollars—to send Bibles to heathen children as a gift from the little boy who loved Jesus. I need not add that he died joyfully. Children who love and work for Jesus as he did always die well.

I have called this sweet child a missionary boy. Don't you think he deserved that honorable title? I know you do, because, you see, he had the true missionary spirit. First, he loved Jesus himself. Then he loved heathen children for Jesus's sake. To prove his love he did what he could to send them the Gospel. Surely, he was a missionary boy indeed.

Are you a missionary boy or girl, my child? Do you love Jesus, and do you help send the Gospel to heathen children for Jesus's sake? If so, please imagine my hands laid gently upon your head and my voice saying, "God bless and keep thee, and give thee much means to help send the Gospel to heathen children for Jesus's sake." W.

WHAT THE INDIANS SAW AT THE THEATER.—Once there was a party of Indians invited to attend a theater, and when they were asked about it they only said, "One man played the fiddle, and another man played the fool."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT A THOUGHTLESS CHILD SAID.

CHILDREN often say funny things which are as foolish as they are funny. Here is a case which I have just cut from an exchange paper:

A kind aunt was teaching a little child of five years the Lord's Prayer. When she came to the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," the little one stopped short and said:

"Aunt Libby, I'll pray for bread for grandma, but I don't want bread, I want meat."

The same child on another occasion was asked by his aunt if he did not want to say his prayers.

"O no, Aunt Libby, not to-night; wait till some other night," he said.

"But don't you want the angels to watch over you?"

"Well, aunty, Topsy is a very good dog. She watches over Uncle George, and I think she can watch over me to-night."

"But don't you want your daily bread?"

"Yes, aunty, but grandma can get that in the morning at the baker's!"

These speeches are *cute*, aren't they? But if that little boy had stopped to *think* he would not have made them. By thinking he would have seen that "our daily bread" in the Lord's prayer means everything we need to eat; that dogs are poor guardians if God is not our protector; that if God did not give "grandma" money she could not buy bread of the baker; and that if God did not make the grain grow the baker could not make bread. Little children must try to *think* before they speak so that they may speak wisely as well as cutely. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LESSON IN PUNCTUATION.

As the following sentence is punctuated it is nonsense:

"He enters on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare."

Now let my Try Company put the "stops" in their right places, and see if they can turn it into a readable sentence. THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE POISON-BUSH.



LITTLE boy in one of the Bahama islands once sought refuge from a heavy shower of rain under a bush called the Poison-bush. The rain, however, dropped from the leaves upon him, and the poison struck into his limbs so that he soon died. Poor little fellow! He did not know the bush was poison.

But, though poisoned, this boy might have lived had he known that close to the poison-bush there grew another bush—it is always found there on those islands—which was its antidote. Had he rubbed himself with the leaves of this bush the other would not have killed him. Wasn't it a pity the little boy didn't know about both bushes?

You wouldn't like to live where poison-bushes grow, eh? Well, it isn't pleasant to be among such dangerous things. But suppose I tell you there is a very deadly poison-bush growing near, perhaps in, every one of your homes, what would you say? You don't like the idea, but would like to know about it if it is so, eh? Wisely spoken, my children! SIN is the poison-bush in or near your homes. The precious blood of Jesus is the antidote which cures it. Do you understand? If, therefore, you have slept beneath that poison-bush, as I fear you all have, and you do not wish to die an everlasting death, go to Jesus

and ask him to heal your souls. Will you go? All of you? Will you go *at once*? You will, eh? Very good! May I meet you all by and by round the tree of life in the realm of glory. W.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

One evening, after a little girl had been listening, with her eyes full of tears, to a story of some colored children near them, who were very poor and distressed, she carried her trouble to her heavenly Father—surely the little ones teach us—and after repeating her usual evening prayer, added this petition:

"O God, you have made these poor children *black*, and now will you please make white people *kind* to them."



WINTER.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE ROSES HAVE FADED.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

THE roses have faded,
O sweet sister May!
The beautiful roses
Have withered away;
I searched long this morning
In each garden-bed,
But found them all lying
There, yellow and dead.

I sat down beside them
And bitterly cried,
To think my loved roses
Had faded and died.
O why should they perish,
Why sink to decay,
So fragrant and beautiful,
Sweet sister May?

Because, Bessie, darling,
Fair summer has gone,
And without her sweet presence
They cannot live on;
Their work having finished
God gave them to do,
He bade them lie down
With the last summer too.

Weep not, little darling,
They will come back again.
When winter has fled
With the frosts, snow, and rain,
And summer trips out
With her tresses of gold,
The sweet, blooming roses
Again you'll behold.

And you, like the roses,
Must soon fade and die,
In the cold, quiet grave
Must soon slumbering lie;
But to waken again
On that radiant shore
Where the sweet summer roses
Will bloom evermore.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

STICK TO IT!

Do you see that little boy across the way there? He cannot get the gate open. He tries the latch. It will not yield. He pushes, he pulls, he kicks, but without success. He walks back and forth, but there is no other way in. He will not give it up so. It is plain that he has made up his mind to get in.

And now, with all the rest, there comes the dog. "Bow wow, wow, wow!" he says very sharply. I wonder if he will bite? Why don't the boy go away now? He might tell his mother that he could not get in, and that the dog would bite him if he did.

But no, I see plainly that he is not going away with any such foolish excuse. There! he has opened the gate at last! How bravely he walks right in past that noisy dog! I wonder if he is not a bit afraid of him? One thing is certain, he is not going to let him scare him out of his errand. He rings the bell. What! he does not even go in. All that fuss just to deliver a message! Well, now, I like that little fellow. That's what I call real bravery. What a fine soldier he'd make! Yes, and he has perseverance too. He'll make a fine man in any good business. And as for being a soldier, I'm pretty certain he belongs to the "Try Company" already.

Three cheers for the "Try Company!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE CLOUDY.

Who is "Little Cloudy?"

Little Cloudy has a frown on her brow, a pout upon her lip, a tear in her eye, and a fretful word upon her tongue at least ten times in a day. Little Cloudy always carries a full "peck of troubles" in her pockets, and she sheds so many tears that if they all flowed into one channel I really believe they would turn a very tiny mill-wheel. Little Cloudy seldom laughs. She has very few friends, for the little folks love her just as they love a "stick tight," a sting-nettle, or a thistle. I pity Little Cloudy very much, don't you?

Do any of you know where Little Cloudy lives? If you do you may get her photograph and send it to me. Maybe I'll print it and maybe I won't.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE PROFIT OF LYING.



DO you know that lying is a sin that pays a *very great profit*? The liar gains a guilty conscience, the scorn of his friends, the anger of the great God, and a "portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

CYRUS, a heathen prince, used to say that by lying a man gained this—"Never to be believed when he speaks the truth."

Such are the *profits* of lying. Terrible profits, are they not? You don't think they are profits at all, eh? Well, I won't dispute with you about words. The things I have named grow on lies just as fruit grows on a tree. So, if you don't like the profits—*fruits* I mean—you mustn't grow the tree, you must not lie. Let your motto be, "I will never tell a lie. I will always tell the truth, even at the cost of property or life."

THE CORPORAL.

HAPPINESS.

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 24, 1863.

THE PROUD SON.

In an ancient city of our mother England there was an old man who kept a book-stall in the market-place. This aged book-trader had an only son named Samuel whom he sent to college. Samuel was a bright lad, quick to learn, and apt to remember what he learned. In fact, he was the wonder of the college and his father's pride. The old bookseller never grew weary of talking about "my remarkable boy Sam."

One stormy day the ancient book-trader, feeling sick and jaded, shrunk from his daily task of standing in his stall. Turning to his son, he said: "Sam, my boy, I'm not well. I don't feel quite able to go out to-day. Go to the market and mind my stall for an hour or so. Maybe I'll feel better by and by."

Sam blushed, hesitated, coughed, and then, summing up all the evil in his heart to help him, replied:

"I really can't go, father. What would my classmates say if they saw me in your stall? They would make me the butt of their jokes for months. I really can't think of the thing, and, to be plain, I won't go!"

These rebellious words struck heavily on the old bookseller's heart. They so pained him that he could not speak. Sighing deeply, he cast one long, sad look of disappointment on his darling boy, wrapped his coat around him, and, sick in mind and body, went to his stall beneath the wall. Poor old man! He mourned bitterly all that day over the cruel return his son had made for all the love and money he had lavished upon him.

How did Master Samuel feel while his good old father was mourning in the book-stall? Bad enough. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He saw how wicked and cruel his conduct was. He even wept over his ingratitude. "What if my father should die!" he exclaimed. "It's too bad. I'll go and mind the stall for him."

But Pride was mighty in Sam's heart. "What will your classmates say?" it whispered, and Sam's good resolutions all melted like vapors in sunshine.

With night came the ancient bookseller to his home. His step was heavy, his face pale, his eye dull. He took to his bed, grew very sick, and in a few days died, blessing the proud, selfish boy whose unkindness had shortened his days.

His father's death brought Samuel to his senses. His sin sat on his heart in the form of a great sorrow which would not depart. He carried this great sorrow with him into the walks of life. It abode with him all his days. He was learned, he became wealthy, he was esteemed, applauded, and honored; but he was also a sorrowful man. His father had forgiven him, God had forgiven him, but he could not forgive himself.

At last he too became an aged man, as old as his father was on the day of his death. Then Samuel made a pilgrimage to his native town, and standing all day bare-headed under the wall where once his father stood, wept over the recollection of his great unkindness. The people stared, wondered, and whispered as they passed, but he cared not. He was keeping a vow he had made to spend a day, when of his father's age, in the market-place and turn back to that sad page in his life when, by an act of proud disobedience, he broke his father's generous heart.

What do you think of Samuel, my children? *Very mean and wicked to treat his father so, eh?* Exactly so. It was very mean and very wicked conduct. I hope there is no Samuel among you. I fear there may be though, for there are many boys and girls who owe all they have and are to their parents, while they despise their father's trade, their mother's looks, or treat their relatives with contempt. Silly children! In my opinion there is nothing more contemptible than a child who is too proud to honor his parents or to follow the business by which they obtained the means to educate him. If there is such a boy in our Advocate family the corporal says we must drum him out, and that God will shut him out of heaven.

I WILL BE GOOD WHEN I GROW UP.

I mean to be a good man like Mr. — when I grow up. You do, eh? Yes, sir, I do. *I mean to be good, to join the Church, to give away lots of money, and to do everything in my power to make people happy.*

That is a good resolution, my son, certainly. But do you really mean what you say? Yes, sir, as much as I ever meant anything in my life. Well, let us see. If you were to see a boy walking toward Cincinnati when he professed to be going to Chicago, to which place should you think he really meant to go? To Cincinnati, of course. Exactly so. The way his face was turned would be stronger evidence of the purpose of his mind than his words. Hence, if you really intend to walk in the road to heaven when



you become a man your face must be that way now. Do you understand? If you really mean to be a good man you are trying to be a good boy.

How is that? Are you a good boy? Do you believe in Jesus Christ? Do you love your Saviour? Do you pray? Do you avoid evil ways? Do you do good? Are you loving, kind, gentle, obedient, unselfish? If so I will believe that you really mean to be a good man by and by. If not I really can't do it. When I see your sweet boyish face set toward heaven I will believe you mean to walk in that road hereafter.

If you think I do not judge you fairly write me about it.

THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.



R. EDITOR, here is a notice of a Christian named NANCY, who was never known to tell a falsehood, and who loved the cause of missions so well that she not only gave money to it while living, but at her death left all she had (one dollar and fifty cents) to its treasury. She died happy, of course.

Such a child couldn't help dying well. Another letter tells of DAVID, a boy who loved Jesus, and who, when dying, pointed upward and said to his unconverted parents, 'Father, there is room enough for you! Mother, wont you meet me in my heavenly home?'

"Here is a Scripture exercise for ingenious boys and girls: There are quite a number of persons mentioned in

Holy Scripture whose names are spelled with only three letters. I will tell you what twenty-one of them were. 1. A King of Hamath and an ally of King David. 2. A king whose heart was perfect. 3. A patriarch who was the son of a patriarch. 4 and 5. Abraham's nephews. 6. A good man who had wicked sons. 7. A very ancient lady. 8. A patriarch whose children were rich in cattle. 9. A son of Joel. 10. A noted priest. 11. The grandfather of a celebrated hunter. 12. A son of Zephaniah. 13. The son of a noted priest. 14 and 15. Kings of Midian. 16. A man famous for piety, wealth, and sorrow. 17. A just man who lived among wicked people. 18. The father of a great soldier. 19. A King of Assyria. 20. One of David's ancestors. 21. A porter. Your work is to find their names. To your Bibles, O Try Company, and work out the exercise!

"For the answer to the Scripture puzzle in our last my Try Company will see Judges xv, 15-19.

"Here is a letter from an old friend of yours, Mr. Editor. It expresses the sorrow of a father's heart under the loss of his dear boy, Charlie —."

Ah, I remember the sweet little fellow, for I was at his pleasant home less than a year ago—but I cannot print the letter, corporal.

"I suppose not, but let me read you an extract:

"One little incident is deeply engraven upon all our hearts. Soon after coming to this place I was so ill that for a number of weeks we were unable to do more than regulate a few rooms just to render us comfortable for the time being. I think it was on the first Sabbath in May I was lying on my sick-bed, with my family around me, when the church-bells rang out their call of welcome to the house of God. While listening to their vibrations I looked around upon my little charge so dear to my heart, and as I thought of the contrast in our present condition and surroundings and the times when I had led them to the house of God and preached to them there, and as I thought of the probability that my wife would soon be a widow and my children be left homeless among strangers and without a father's care, such a tide of agonizing grief rolled over my soul that for a moment I lost my self-control, and gave vent to my feelings in strong crying and tears. Of course, this touched a sympathizing chord in the hearts of my family, and we all wept together as though we had not a friend in heaven or earth. I said *all*—no, not all. Charlie, whose sympathetic heart was usually touched by the slightest manifestation of sorrow, remained perfectly calm, but seemed very grave and thoughtful. Judge of our feelings a moment after when we heard his sweet voice in the next room singing, 'O do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend,' etc. It was to our sad hearts like music from another world, and it seemed to us as though heaven was speaking to us through our darling boy. Verily, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.' It was the more striking to us as we had never heard him sing the like before, and were not aware that he was familiar with it. Often have I been sad since that day of blessed memory, but never have my feelings overpowered my self-command as they then did; for when I have walked the prison-floor of my sick-chamber, as painful thoughts have come thronging upon my mind, I have seemed to hear the echo of that music floating down to me from the heavenly world, 'O do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend.' . . . Charlie's sage remarks, apt replies, and felicitous expressions were often instructive and sometimes not a little amusing. In conversation with his brother, much older than himself, he made some remark which drew forth the exclamation of astonishment, 'Charlie, you are wise above your years.' With a peculiar twinkle of his eyes he promptly responded, 'Of course, my eyes are above my ears!'"

That will do, corporal. Charlie is better off with Jesus than when he shared the love of his father and mother, tender and warm as it was. His death has robbed earth of much of its beauty to them, but it has made heaven more desirable. Saviour, be their comforter!

"JOHN W. M., of Centennial school, Philadelphia, says:

"Our school is a very young one, but two years old. We were very much in want of books, so we concluded to get up an exhibition. The dialogues were conducted by Brother Jacob Walker, the superintendent. It was repeated, and was a grand success. We think our children can't be beat. We cleared \$120, which sets us on our feet. We intend to fill our library-cases with good books. We take thirty-five copies of the Advocate, and expect to increase our subscription. We intend to apply to Corporal Try for admission into his company. Do you think he will accept of us?"

Most likely he will. He says, "Boys and girls who can draw \$120 out of the public pocket for a library are not to be sneezed at."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WONT YOU ENLIST?

WITHIN the past few months many men have been joining the army of the United States. They are going to fight in a righteous cause. You, children, are interested in seeing others go. You may have wished that you too could help your country, but you are too young to join this army.

There is an army I am going to urge you to join. It is a large army—larger than the army of the Potomac. There are many men in it, but there are children too. This army is fighting, we know, in a righteous cause. Our country's army may not be victorious. We know not what the end will be. But we know that this army will conquer in the end. Often in our army individuals, and large companies of men also, are taken captive by the enemy, and very many are slain. But in *this* army not a man is slain; though many are wounded, none mortally. Neither will any be kept for a long time in captivity. The enemy is very powerful, but *weak* in comparison with the Leader of this army. He can never be vanquished, and finally all his enemies will either willingly submit or be wholly overcome by his power, so that never again they will rise in rebellion.

Now do you know who is the Leader of this army? It is Christ, who is our King, and the Captain of our salvation. He will love to have you join his army, young as you are. Will you not rejoice to do so and bravely go forth, under "his banner, which is love," to fight against sin in your own hearts and in the world?

If you will join this army you will do more to benefit others, will be much happier yourselves, and, more than all, you will please the King, who has already done more for you than any earthly friend; who so loved you as to die for you. He, our Redeemer, now says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Will you not enlist in the company of those who bravely fight and patiently endure? Will you not join the King's army? Be a soldier of the cross! Then, at the end you can say, as did Paul, one of the bravest of the soldiers, "I have fought a good fight."

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A SHEPHERD had driven part of his flock to a fair and had left his dog to watch the rest, expecting to return the next morning. Unfortunately, when at the fair the shepherd forgot both his dog and his sheep, and did not return home till the morning of the third day. His first inquiry was whether the dog had been seen. The answer was that he had not.

"Then he must be dead," replied the shepherd with a tone of anguish, "for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge."

He instantly went to the heath where he had left the dog. The poor animal had just sufficient strength left remaining to crawl to his master's feet and express his joy at his return, and almost immediately died.

A PARROT'S ADVICE.

I WAS once on a visit to a friend who kept a parrot, said to be fifty years old, and which he had obtained from a manufacturer who employed a great many boys. I went up to the bird and said:

"Well, Polly, you have lived a great many years in this world; will you give me the result of your fifty years' experience, and advise me what to do?"

Polly listened attentively, and then, with a knowing look, turned her head and exclaimed:

"Go and work! go and work!"

Follow the parrot's advice, my young friends, and whatever you do worthy of your attention, do it, not carelessly, but in a workmanlike manner, and "work while it is called to-day."

SONG FOR A BLIND CHILD.

I CANNOT see the sunny gleam
Which gladdens every heart but mine;
But I can feel the warming beam,
And bless the God who bade it shine!
O Lord, each murmuring thought control,
Let no repining tear-drop fall;
Pour heavenly light upon my soul,
That I may see thy love in all!

I cannot see the flow'rets bloom,
All glistening with the summer showers;
But I can breathe their sweet perfume,
And bless the God who made the flowers!
O Lord, each murmuring thought control,
Let no repining tear-drop fall;
Pour heavenly light upon my soul,
That I may see thy love in all!

I cannot read the pages where
Thy holy will is written, Lord;
But I can seek thy house of prayer,
And humbly listen to the word
Which lifts my soul to that blest place
Where I at thy loved feet shall
Behold my Saviour face to face,
And see and own his love in all!

TALKING ABOUT IT.



RASH! crash! went the thunder in a great black cloud just overhead. Little Lulu was almost afraid she should be caught in a shower. She heard the loud wind go roaring and blowing among the tree-tops, and she felt it too as it came sweeping around, almost taking her little feet off the ground, and threatening to carry away her little bonnet and cape.

So patter, patter went the tiny feet as fast as they could go toward home; and just as a bright, blinding flash of lightning came streaking through the sky they stepped inside the door, carrying a little heart thankful enough to be under the shelter of the dear roof before the first drop of rain fell.

Mamma was very busy in the kitchen superintending the making of preserves and jellies; but, like a good, loving mother as she was, she did not forget her little daughter away at school.

"Bridget," she said, "I think you had better look out and see if Lulu is in sight."

But just then she heard the tiny feet come quickly up the walk and step into the hall; and presently a little rosy face peeped in at the kitchen-door, looking for "mamma."

"Does it rain, dear?" said her mother.

"Not yet, mamma," was the reply, "but it's talking about it."

DUST WASTED.

A LITTLE girl watching the great clouds of dust which were stirred up and driven before a high wind, exclaimed to her mother, "See, there is dust enough wasted to make several people."



"IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but bread and milk, when others have every sort of nice things," muttered Charlie after he had eaten the contents of his wooden bowl and thrown himself upon the floor in a fit of spleen. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow while others roll about in their coaches."

"It's a great blessing," said his mother, "to have food when so many are hungry; to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless. It's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering."

"Why, mother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his mother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."

"WILL you do as we do on Christmas-day?" inquires Mr. Jasper of a troublesome acquaintance who is "fishing" for an invitation.

"O with pleasure!"

"Dine at home, then!"

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