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CHILDREN · AND

FORBID · THEM · NOT

TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 16.

MAY 26, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 256.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HEN AND CHICKENS.

WHAT pretty, playful things chickens are! They run after the bugs and flies, pick up stray seeds, feast on the little earth-worms, and when tired or afraid run beneath the wings of their brave old mother. Her wings are their bed and hiding-place. The old hen is willing it should be so. See how she spreads her wings! Mark her eye! How pleased it looks! If cat, or rat, or hawk should come near her brood, with what courage she flies to

the attack, braving all danger to save her chicks. Is not this love and care of the hen for her children a very beautiful trait in her character?

Jesus uses this love and care to illustrate his love and care for those who trust him. As a hen gathereth her chickens, so he always stands ready to gather and protect his little ones. If you are in trouble, go and tell Jesus. He will take you to his breast and comfort you. If you are in danger, go to Jesus. He will protect you. If you are tempted, go to Jesus. He will give you strength to overcome. As

wouldn't it serve them right? What say you, children?

QUESTIONER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOUSES IN TREES.

WOULD you like to live in a tree? I suppose not. Yet, if it were an apple-tree, or peach, or plum, or cherry, you would be willing to live there just long enough to get your fill of fruit. Some boys love to climb trees whether there is any fruit on them or not. If you should ask them why they climb, the

the hen gathereth her chickens he will gather you. Don't you love him dearly for that sweet promise?

Now let me write you a story about some hens and chickens which had their home in a good henary, and were nicely fed every day. Their master loved them, and to please them let them run out in the afternoons to eat grass and pick up worms. Now these hens had plenty of space to run where they could do no harm. But, not satisfied with this, they would run on their master's asparagus-beds and scratch the dirt off the top of his plants. When the strawberries began to ripen they would go on to his beds and nip the sweetest berries. If there was only one place in the garden where they could do mischief, they were sure to be found on that spot. Their master bore this bad conduct until he was weary, and then shut them up all the time.

Don't you think those hens were very foolish? Didn't they deserve to be shut up? Yes? You are right. What, then, shall we say of those children who always abuse their liberty? In the parlor they scratch the tables, kick the chairs, and mud the carpet. In the garden they trample the beds, hack the trees, pluck the flowers, and break down the trellis-work. What shall be done with them? If they are kept out of the parlor and garden

only answer they could give you would be, "Just for fun!"

The truth is, a growing healthy boy wants to stretch his limbs. He does not like to be kept cramped up in the house all day; he would soon get sick. So he hops, and skips, and jumps, and runs, and dances, and slides, and skates, and climbs. He goes down hill on his sled, and he turns somersaults, sometimes on the grass and sometimes in the house. He thinks he does it for fun. He is really doing it because he can't very well help it. He must move. And nobody can object to it if he does not break his neck, or become rude and get in the way of others.

But to climb a tree once in a while "just for fun," or to get fruit, is quite a different thing from living in a tree night and day and all the year round. Not many of our little folks would like that, I am sure. There are people, however, who live in trees. They build houses there and eat and sleep in them.

Mr. Moffat, who was for many years a missionary in South Africa, was one day traveling from one of his mission stations to another, when he saw a very large and beautiful tree. It stood in a narrow place at the edge of a long and deep ravine between two high mountains. He saw some negroes sitting under its shade, and as he was going up to speak to them he looked up into the tree and there he saw houses!

They were not such houses as we see, three or four stories high and built of brick or of stone. They do not have such houses in that country. But they were small huts, each about high enough for a short man to stand up straight. The width across the floor was a little more than the height. The floor was round, and the sides went up from the floor to a point in the top. It was thus shaped something like a strawberry or an old-fashioned bee-hive.

A long floor of sticks was first laid on some of the thick, strong branches of the big tree, and then the hut was built at one end of this floor or platform. A few sticks were put up as the frame and covered with grass. Thus the house was made. It was not large enough for a family of a dozen children, but it would answer very well for two or three if they did not quarrel.

There were seventeen of these houses in this tree, and three others unfinished. There were notches or steps cut in the trunk, by which the people could easily go up. Mr. Moffat climbed up and went into one of the houses. He found some hay on the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowlful of locusts.

There was a woman with a baby sitting by the door. As Mr. Moffat had not eaten anything that day he was very hungry, and asked the woman for some food. She gave him the bowl of locusts, and then got some other locusts that had been pounded to a powder. You would not like to eat locusts, would you? Perhaps if you lived in Africa and could not get anything else you would not mind it much.

These huts were built in the tree to keep off the lions, which are plentiful in that country. The lions would break into their little huts if they were on the ground, but they will not climb trees. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON SAID.

THREE little children were at play one day. We will call them Clara, Azro, and Bessie. Bessie had not been much in Sunday-school, nor very well trained at home, and in the play became offended with her playmates because they did not play to suit her, and rather angrily said, "I don't like you!"

"You must not say so," said Clara, "for my Sunday-school lesson says, 'Little children, love one another.'"

"And mine," said Azro, "says, 'Be kindly affectioned one toward another in brotherly love.'"

"Well," said Bessie, "I did not mean so. I only meant, I do not like your actions."

"Then," said Clara, "let us say the Lord's prayer together."

They then all joined together and repeated in concert, "Our Father which art in heaven," etc. When through with it all their unpleasant feelings were gone, and they went as pleasantly on with their plays again as if nothing disagreeable had occurred.

Now, children, was not this beautiful? What a powerful effect had their Sunday-school lessons produced on their little hearts! You see how good it is to have your Sunday-school lesson in your memory. It may save you from doing wrong when tempted to go astray, and teach you to be forgiving when others wrongly accuse you. N. C.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LAST EVE IN MAY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Look out where the buttercups
Star the terrace-bank!
Pearl-white daisies glimmer
'Mong the grasses rank.
Crimson clover-blossoms
Cluster by the way;
All the hills and meadows
Wear the bloom of May.

Softer grows the sunset
In the glowing West;
Homeward come the swallows
To their gentle rest.
There's a tiny bird-house
On a low roof near,
Where the purple martens
Gather without fear.

Have you heard them chatter?
Have you seen them play?
Reckless little gossips,
Talking all the day;
Never growing weary
Of the tale they tell,
Though the old-time martens
Know the story well.

Little kittens playing
By the open door,
Wrestling with each other,
Rolling o'er and o'er,
After straw or leaflet
Scampering so bold,
Graceful little creatures,
Must they too grow old?

'Tis a pretty picture;
Not a shade of strife
Mars its peaceful beauty;
All is happy life.
And the blue sky, bending
O'er this life and bloom,
Tells its own sweet lesson
Of the life to come.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW ELLA'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

LITTLE ELLA R. is somewhat of an invalid, and often, when other children are sporting happily, is obliged to remain within doors, sometimes suffering greatly. A few weeks before Christmas she was taken sick, and confined to her room for what seemed to her a long time.

One day, in looking over a paper and trying to amuse herself, she came across an advertisement of a little book, the description of which interested her greatly, and she began to wish she could read it. The more she thought about it the more she wanted the book, till at last she began to cry and tease her good mother. Now Ella is a little Christian and tries never to do anything she thinks would not please Jesus; but she wanted the little book so bad that she forgot this time, and continued her teasing and crying till she annoyed her kind mother not a little. At last she said:

"Ella, you don't want the book unless the Lord is willing, do you?"

Ella thought a little and said, "No."

"Well, then," said the mother, "go and ask him about it."

This wise mother knew that by turning Ella's attention in this direction she would learn to be patient and resigned to the Lord's will. She intended, when she should have time, to look at the advertisement, and, if possible, send for the book, so that Ella's prayer might be answered. But it was not so to be. Cares took up her attention, and the little incident passed from her mind, she not even knowing the name of the coveted book.

As Christmas drew near, the friends of the Sabbath-school of which Ella is a member concluded to give the little folks a Christmas-tree, and when they questioned Mrs. R. as to what kind of a present Ella should have, she replied, "O a book, by all means," not even then thinking of Ella's wish for a particular book, but, knowing her fondness for reading, she thought a good book would be most acceptable. So a number of books were ordered and arrived, and were labeled by the committee with the names of different ones.

At last the eventful evening came, and the children were of course on hand with sparkling eyes and happy faces, as all good children have, and little Ella, too, was there. I cannot tell you about the tree, but it was very beautiful, and every one was remembered. Little Ella got her share of the beautiful things and a book with the rest, and, little Bright-eyes, what book do you suppose it was? Yes, the kind Father above had strangely answered her prayer and sent her by Santa Claus the very book she had asked him for a few weeks before.

Now some will say this was chance, and only wonder at it; but, children, we know better, don't we? We know that God rules over all, and Jesus told us when he was here that "the very hairs of our head are all numbered." Let us all, then, bring to him our wants and cares, and trust him to give us all things profitable and right.

Cousin MARIETTE.

"I FEEL BAD."

A LITTLE boy who had seen but four summers ran to his father a few Sabbaths since, and, overcome with grief, and his eyes full of tears, said to him, "Papa, I feel bad."

"And what is the matter, Frankie?" said the father.

"I have been a naughty boy. My mamma told me not to play on the holy Sabbath-day, for it was displeasing to God. I did play, and I feel bad because I hurt God's feelings."

"But how do you know you have hurt God's feelings?" said the father.

"Because," said the little boy, "my conscience bites my little heart."—*The Myrtle*.

HE who swims in sin will sink in sorrow.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1866.

BAD WAGES, AND GOOD GIFTS.

Rom. vi. 23.



WAGES. Do you all know what that word means?—(What masters and mistresses give to servants for their work.)

So then for wages there must be a master to give them, and a servant to work for them. Some of you have older brothers and sisters "out in place," who get wages. And do they like to have a good place, and get good wages? Suppose they were to hear of a master whose only wages were so many kicks or lashes with a whip every week, and the more work they did for him, the more kicks he gave them for wages; would your brother or sister go and be his servant, do you think?

What, not even if he promised them some pleasures in the week; perhaps plenty of clothes and food, and a run in the field now and then? No I think not, indeed. They would say, "We can get plenty of masters to give us food and money for clothes, without kicks; and how could we enjoy our bits of pleasure in the week if we were always dreading the terrible whipping that was to come on the Saturday night?" You would not take such a master, would you?

Then suppose, besides that, you all knew very well that at the end of the "term," or year, he always made it a bargain that he should kill his servants—throw them alive into the fire, and burn them to death! What then? What would you say of one of your brothers, if he were to say, "Oh, well, I'll agree: I should so like all the nice pleasures, the fun, the play, the good things to eat; I'll go—I won't mind the kicks, and the being burned to death at the end?" Ay, you may stare and say oh? You think it is quite impossible. Edward would be quite mad if he did. Yes he would indeed.

But now, dear children, listen; for I am going to tell you a true and very solemn thing. There really is such a master, and he gets lots of servants too; and he does burn them all at the last. Oh, how very, very dreadful! You can scarcely believe me? Well read this text, till you know it well.

Now here, you see, are some wages spoken of; so there must be a master to give them, and servants to earn them. Now what are the wages?—(Death)

Yes: DEATH! death eternal in the fires of hell! And who is the master who gives them?—"Sin."

Yes: that is the Devil, who is beginner of all sin. Then who are the servants? Don't know? What do all servants do?—(Their master's work; what their masters bid them.)

Well, all wickedness, all badness, lies, passion, thefts, disobedience, Sabbath-breaking—all such things are the Devil's work, what he bids his servants do.

Now then, who are the servants?

Yes; all who do the bad things the Devil bids, all such agree to be the Devil's servants, although they know the dreadful wages he gives. Terrible fears, like lashes, here; and oh, everlasting burning at the end of the term; that is, when we die!

Then how mad, how silly for any one to agree to be the Devil's servant and earn his wages. Then will *you* be his servants, the servants of sin? Remember you told me that those who do a man's work for him, do what he commands them, are his

servants. Then if you are willing to do bad things, if you like to be naughty, *you* are the servant of sin, and *you* will get the wages. There is no getting off.

Perhaps Edward might say, "Oh, I'll run away just before the end of the year, and so get off the burning." But is there any getting off the Devil's burning? Oh, no; if you will do his work, you must have his wages. Think then, are you his servants? are you willing to be his servant—to do as he wishes—to do bad things? Oh, don't be foolish any longer. Get another master. Go and tell Jesus you are frightened to be the Devil's servant any longer, and beg of him to get you safe away, and make you His dear little servant, wont you? For the Devil is so strong, you will never get away from him, unless you get Jesus to help you.

And now do you want to know what wages Jesus gives? Oh, such good wages! All manner of heavenly riches at the end, if only you could do all His work. But supposing I were to offer enormous wages to any girl who liked to come and do all my work, you might be very willing to come; but if I found you did not, and could not do my work, what then? Should I give you the wages? No; because I should say, you have not earned them. But if I were to say, "Well, little Fanny, you are not strong enough to do my work, and you are always making mistakes, always forgetting; but I love you very much; if you will come to me you shall be my dear little daughter, and I will give you all that great riches that I promised for wages, all for nothing, and plenty, plenty more besides, just as if you had really earned it. Will not that be better than going to be a servant to that bad master, who will kick you, and lash you, and burn you? I make all my little servants my children too, and I give them riches all for nothing; then they love me, and like to be my little servants, and try to please me, and do all they can for me—not for wages, because they know they have got them all safe, but in order to show me how grateful they are, and because they like to please me, and to see me smile at them." Well this is just what Jesus does, and God for Jesus' sake. If you go to Him, and say, "Oh, do not let me be the Devil's servant any longer, let me be Thy servant," He says, "Yes, you shall be; and because you are not able to earn My wages, I will give you a 'free gift;' you shall be My little daughter, or My son, and My little servant too."

What is a free 'gift'?

Which will you have then—the Devil's work and the Devil's wages, or God's gift, which is eternal life, and heavenly riches? Then pray earnestly to God to send His Holy Spirit into your heart, so as to make you hate sin, which is the Devil's work; to get you safe away from that bad master, and make you to be His dear little servant and child.

Now say again the verse I taught you above; and try to persuade all those you love, not to be the Devil's servants.

THE "SENSITIVE PLANT."



Our gardens grows one of the most curious little plants, called the "sensitive plant." Did you ever see one? It has little long stems, with small leaves growing out on both sides like the locust or acacia, and it bears modest pink flowers.

What makes it curious is, that it seems to *feel*. If you touch it the leaves shut up and it lies down, therefore it is called the "sensitive plant." It cannot bear to be handled. It acts as much as to say, "You hurt me, I shrink from your rude touch." It is a delicate plant, and God gave it this shrinking nature to keep it from being injured.

If you keep touching it, however, it loses for a time this power, and does not seem to care.

Now, my children, did you know that in the garden of your heart God has put a little sensitive plant? You do not know it by that name, perhaps, but you will when I tell you it is *conscience*. If properly cultivated it will shrink from the very touch of evil. It will say, and *immediately*, "Be off! quit me! I don't wish to have anything to do with you; you will only injure me." Such a conscience, you see, is a great blessing to anybody. It will keep one pretty effectually out of harm's way. A boy or girl who has that and *minds* it will go straight. Bad companions can never lead them astray.

There is danger, however, of conscience losing its sensitiveness. If you should come in contact with evil too often; that is, if you allow yourself to see or hear what is wrong, or to go at all with bad associates, or put yourself in the way of temptation, conscience will become *insensible*; it will get into the habit of not feeling nor caring, which is very dangerous, because then a child may go very far astray almost without knowing it.

Take good care, then, my children, of this precious plant. God put it in your bosom to warn you of every approach of sin. Let nobody tamper with it. Keep it quick and tender, and you will ever have reason to bless God for its faithful cautions.

THE VALUE OF A LITTLE.

Do thy little, do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin and cover shame.
Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made,
"Gathered fragments" when He bade.
Do thy little; never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile
Mock and taunt thee for a while.
Do thy little; never fear
While Thy Saviour standeth near;
Let the world its javelin's throw,
On thy way undaunted go.
Do thy little; God has made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring;
God employeth everything.
Do thy little; and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled thy vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death;
Then the little thou hast done,—
Little battle's thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favours kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne;—
These shall crown the pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise,
Far beyond the smiling skies.
These to thee shall all be given
For thy heritage in heaven:
These shall all perfume the air,
When thy spirit enters there.
Yet they still will linger here,
And thy name shall long endure;
For a legacy shall be
In their deathless memory.

MORNING SONG.

NIGHT is over; light is streaming;
Through my window-pane 'tis come;
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear happy home.
God has watched me through the night:
God it is who sends us light.

NIGHT is over; some poor children
Have been homeless, sleepless, ill;
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my chamber, warm and still.
Lord, I thank thee for thy love;
Raise my morning thoughts above.

NIGHT is over; heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin;
Let thy Spirit rule within.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AGGIE'S REPENTANCE.

YEARS and years ago a little girl at school heard one of the big boys say, "Sandy, you're a fool!" All that day she wondered and wondered what



the word could mean, for she had never heard it used before. At night grandmamma explained it, and she dwelt so much upon its wickedness that when Aggie went to bed she said to herself as she snuggled down under the cover, "I'll never, never call any one a fool."

Not long after this the little girl went to visit her mother. She had always lived with her grandmother, and one of the happiest things in her life was the yearly visit to mother, father, and little sister. One day during this visit her mother said:

"Aggie, I do not think it best for you to go down to the seaside with Margery to-day. I prefer to go with you myself when you go. We'll all go on Saturday afternoon, and then papa can go too."

"O, mamma," said Aggie, "but I've been thinking so much about it. Do let me go to-day, wont you?"

"No, my dear, I can't."

The little girl was very angry, and forgot all about her resolution. So, running up the stair-steps a little way, she drew the door nearly together, so that mamma could not reach her, and then said:

"Mamma, you're a fool!"

The mother did not attempt to reach her. She only looked at the little baby sister lying on her knee, and with tears filling her beautiful eyes, said:

"I wonder if this little daughter will ever call her mother a fool?"

The door was closed very hastily, and Aggie ran



up to her own little room crying and sobbing most bitterly. Such a punishment she had not expected. Until tea-time she stayed there, thinking and planning how she could best ask her mother to forgive her. "O, I have it at last!" she said to herself; "after I've said 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' I'll say, 'Mamma, I'm so sorry I used that ugly word to-day, and still more so that I've grieved you. Will you forgive me?'"

The prayer was said, and Aggie almost ready to apologize, when a wicked thought came in her mind that it was not of much consequence after all; she might as well wait till morning.

On the morrow many things happened to prevent her from carrying out her good resolution, and she continued to put it off from day to day. The last day of her visit came. "Now," she said, "just after James lifts me into the carriage will be a good time to apologize."

But her mamma was not well that day and did not go out of the door, and Aggie was borne rapidly away, wishing she were not proud, wishing she had asked mamma's forgiveness on that first night, and many other equally useless things.

Not long after a letter came from her mother saying, "Before I leave for India, which will be next week, I shall pay you all a farewell visit."

The little girl almost jumped for joy. She had really suffered whenever she had thought of what she had done, and she meant to apologize just as soon as she could. But whenever she was alone with her mother she was afraid some one would come in while she was apologizing, or something might happen by which grandmamma or papa would find out all about it, and she allowed such foolish excuses to delay her until it was too late.



Poor little Aggie! all her pride was gone when she saw the coach driven away with her mother for the Indian steamer. But she said, "Only for a year, and then I shall always live with mamma!"

Aggie resolved many times during that year that just as soon as she saw her mother, no matter who might be present, she would ask forgiveness.

If you had been on an outward bound steamer about a year from this time you would have seen how the little girl's face brightened up with joy whenever anything was said about meeting mamma.

"How happy I shall be!" she would say; "I shall always, *always* live with dear mother, and I'm sure

she'll forgive and forget too if I've ever been rude or naughty."

* * * * *

What a beautiful home it was, fairly hidden by lofty trees and clinging vines. But Aggie saw none of these things in her haste to meet her mother and ask her forgiveness before the rest of the party came up.

"Mamma! mamma!" but all was still. "Where is my mother?" and at last some one said, "Mamma is dead, Aggie!"

"Dead! Can I never say, 'Dear mother, have you forgiven me?'"

"Never, never, never!"

At length Aggie's repentance was most sincere, but it was too late! too late! Her mamma had been sleeping the long quiet sleep for many weeks.

Dear little ones, don't think it a sign of weakness to confess when you have done wrong. It's the truest manhood, the noblest womanhood.

ROSE MATTHEWS.

THE LINNET, THE SPARROW, AND THE JACKDAW.

"I'm glad that I am not a sparrow,"
(A little field-linnet thus spoke,
"To live in the streets dark and narrow,
And have my coat spoiled by the smoke."

"I'm glad that I am not a linnet,"
(The sparrow as pertly replied;)
"In a dull grove, with no people in it,
I never could bear to reside."

A jackdaw (who chanced to be present)
Said, "If you'll be counseled by me,
You'll try to find any place pleasant
Where you are appointed to be."

"Sometimes in a high city steeple
It has been my fortune to dwell,
Whence I looked down on hundreds of people,
And cawed to the sound of the bell."

"And sometimes to lone country places
And old ruined buildings I went;
But somehow, in both of these cases
I managed to feel quite content."

"Then listen to what I am telling,
(For that it is truth you will find,
Peace does not depend on the dwelling,
But on your own temper of mind."

The sparrow (convinced in a minute)
Chirped out, he his foolishness saw;
"And I was wrong, too," said the linnet.
"Good-by, then," croaked Mr. Jackdaw.

WASHING AND IRONING.

A LITTLE girl seeing the doctor take her brother from a warm bath and apply a warm flat iron to his feet was at a loss to understand the last operation. Her first artless question was:

"Well, doctor, you have washed him, now s'pose you are going to iron him?"

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

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