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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

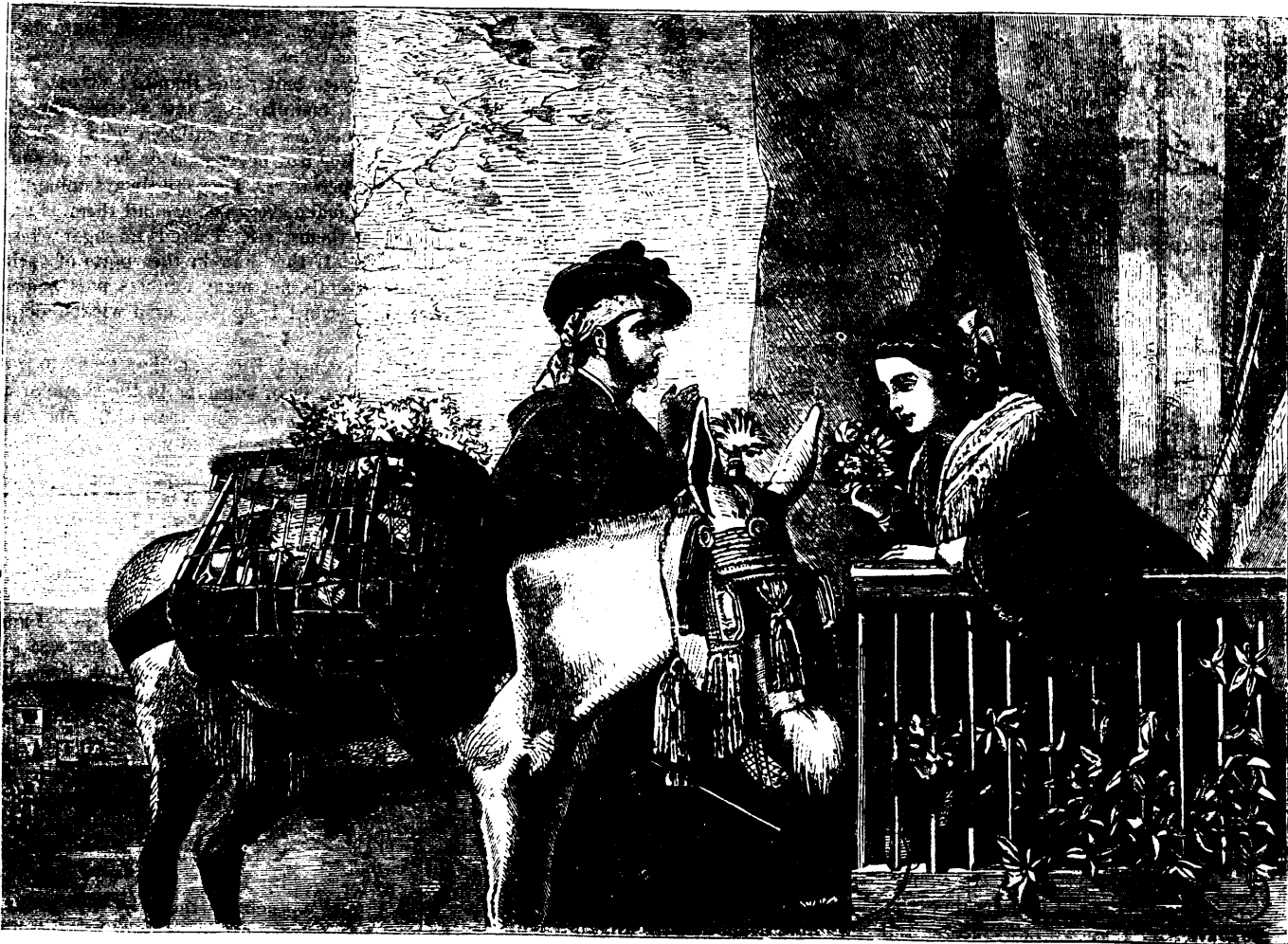
LITTLE
SUFFER
SUPPER

UNTIL
M.C.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 2.

OCTOBER 22, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 218.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SELLING FLOWERS.

You never saw such a flower-seller, did you? You have not unless you have lived in Spain. The picture is meant to show you a Spanish lady, a Spanish flower-dealer, and a Spanish mule.

Spain is a beautiful land, but the people are not as happy as they are here. Why? Because they are Roman Catholics. Once they were a brave, powerful, rich, liberty-loving people, but a set of priests, called Jesuits, stole into the country, quenched their love of liberty, put out the lights of learning, trampled upon the true religion, and made the Spaniards boasters, bigots, and almost slaves to their kings and queens. Pity the Spaniards, my children, and pray to your heavenly Father to save this glorious land from ever being ruined by that great enemy to all that is good—the Roman Catholic Church.

X. X.

WRITE your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SABBATH-BREAKER AND HIS PUNISHMENT.

God says, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," and he means just what he says. It breaks his commandment, and is displeasing to him whenever we forget that it is a holy day. He does not forget it; and although he may not punish us at once, it is written down, and we shall hear from it again at the judgment. His name and his day are sacred, and he will not hold him guiltless that takes his name in vain or forgets the day he set apart for himself.

He does not always immediately punish persons, young or old, who break this commandment; he reserves the punishment until after death. But to show how particularly displeasing it is to him to have the holy day made a scene of pleasure, he often permits the most serious judgments to fall upon those who forget or disobey his command.

In the seat above mine, in the gallery of the church, where I had a class of children, were two little brothers. Their mother was dead, and their father attended the same church on the Sabbath.

The Sabbath-school was held just before the afternoon service. A little while before the public service commenced the Sabbath-school was dismissed, and those that desired to do so could go out into the air a few moments. The Sabbath-school children then sat together in the gallery, with some of the officers of the school to watch over them. The father of the two little boys, I have already mentioned, sat in his pew in the lower part of the church. It is always better and pleasanter, when it can be so, for children to sit with their parents. If this had been the custom in the church where we then worshipped the sad event I am about to relate would not have happened.

It was in the seaport town of N., and the wharfs were not very far from the church.

On a very beautiful Sabbath in the summer, after the weather had become quite warm and it was rather sultry in the house, instead of going back again into the church after the short intermission, as they should have done, these brothers, with other boys, started for the water. The father thought his little boys were above him in the gallery as usual, and felt no anxiety for them during the service.

There was a dam built between two of the wharfs, or piers, with a gate, and when the tide came in the gate was shut, so that when the tide was down the water inside of the dam was much higher than the water on the outside. There was a mill upon one of the piers with a high, wide wheel. When the dam was full the water was permitted to run out over the floats of this great wheel. This turned the wheel around quite rapidly and moved the machinery of a grist-mill. When the tide was all out the wheel would be dry. At such times, if the owner were willing, boys could stand in upon the floats of the wheel and turn it round with their feet and hands, as squirrels sometimes turn their round cages very rapidly with their feet and paws. Down to this mill came these boys on this memorable Sab-

bath afternoon. Their parents knew nothing of it, and for the moment they thought no other eye was upon them. A nice time they would have together! But no one of those boys ever forgot that occasion. "Let us get into the wheel!" they shouted. Several entered, and round and round they went shouting merrily.

Now little Robert, the younger of the brothers, entered the wheel. For a few moments everything went delightfully; but forgetting his danger, Robert put his head far out of the wheel to look at something as it was moving round with tremendous force. Suddenly his head struck against the heavy timber that supported it, and in an instant was crushed into a shapeless mass!

Who can describe the terror of the boys or the agony of the older brother! They drew the little lifeless body away from the wheel, and hurried after a physician and for help. The physician came, but there was nothing for him to do. The little fellow's life had been utterly extinguished by the heavy blow. A man came down to the wharf with a cart, and the body was placed upon it. Quite a company followed sadly behind it as it passed up into the town on the way to the boy's residence. Just as it passed by the church the people were coming out from the service. The cart moving slowly on, with the sad people behind it, attracted the attention of all, and they hurried to it to learn what had happened. Among others was the father of the boys. O what a dreadful moment when he learned that his own little Robert, who he thought was in the church during the service, was now a mangled corpse! It was almost too much for him to endure. The people could not restrain their tears as they looked upon the scene.

I need not describe the funeral, but it was an hour never to be forgotten. Every member of that Sabbath-school felt that it was a fearful thing to break the fourth commandment, and had written, as if by the finger of God, upon the "fleshy tables of their hearts," *"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."* P.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF GETTYSBURGH.

BY MARY BYNON REESE.

"Would you do as much for your country's sake?"
'Twas a low, sweet voice, unshaken by tears;
The speaker a veteran, when judged by deeds,
Though only a child by the measure of years.
"Would you do as much?" and he held aloft
His shattered arm with a glow of pride,
While the red drops fell whence the hand had been,
On the useless drum at the brave boy's side.

"Yes! and more than this!" he shouted again;
"My other hand I would willingly give;
Life, all that I have, for my country's sake.
And yet," he added, "I want to live!"
Then tears gushed up from their hidden founts,
And a sob burst forth as he gasped for breath,
While his cheek grew white, that had scarcely paled
'Neath the loss of limb or the fear of death.

"My father was one of the first to start
When Freedom summoned her sons to come;
Together we marched to the battle-fields,
He with his musket, and I with my drum.
In our far-off cottage—how quiet it was!—
My darling mother is watching alone;
For my father sleeps at Antietam now,
Then who would befriend her if I were gone?"

A brighter halo encircled the stars
When the tide of invasion was met and stayed;
A more than Mecca henceforth the spot
Where heroes and graves almost countless were made.
More firmly the Temple of Freedom stands
Since that offering of life, and hope, and joy;
Nor least of the price on her altar laid,
Was the good right hand of the drummer boy.

BE frugal of your time; it is one of the best of your jewels.—SIR M. HALE.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SUGAR IN SUNSHINE.

Do you believe that any sugar can be had out of sunshine?

"That's a queer idea," says one. "I have heard of sugar made of sugar-cane and of beets, but never heard of any made out of sunshine."

"Then there's maple sugar," says another, "and sorghum sugar; but *sunshine sugar!* who ever heard of it?"

"Sugar out of sunshine!" says a third. "There's light in sunshine, as all the little birds know, and there's heat in it too, as we all know, in midsummer especially. But sugar in sunshine, or out of sunshine, is something I never heard of."

"How do you get it out?" says a fourth. "Do you put it in a press like a cider-press, or could you squeeze it in a lemon-squeezer?"

Now, my little fellow, you are making fun of it. I think your name must be Merryman. Lemon-squeezer, indeed! Just think of squeezing a lemon over a tumbler and then going out of doors and squeezing sunshine into it! Don't you wish you could do it, when sugar is twenty-eight cents a pound? Do you like strawberries, cherries, peaches, melons, grapes? Ah! how your mouth waters at the bare mention of their names.

"Like them!" say you; "just try me and see."

Well, come along with me to the peach-orchard. Here is a fine large peach, try that. Hard, is it? and sour? Why, I thought you liked peaches?

"Yes," say you; "but I don't like sour peaches. I want sweet and ripe ones."

But what is it that makes peaches ripe? that changes sour ones to sweet? is it not the sunshine? Now you begin to see what I mean by "sugar in sunshine." When the weather in May and in June is cold the strawberries do not ripen fast and they are not sweet. But if the weather is warm they ripen quickly and are delightful to the taste.

We should have no sweet ripe fruit of any kind were it not for the sunshine. The sun looks down with his great burning eye upon the berries and fruits, and they swell, and ripen, and become sweet. There need be no lemon-squeezer, Mr. Merryman, to catch the rays of the sun and press them into the

fruit. The sunshine finds its way without that. Have you not noticed a large number of very little holes covering the outside of some berries and fruits? A microscope would show you these on every kind of fruit. They are like the little holes you see in your skin. We call them *pores*.

These little holes in the outside of the fruit are open, just as I have seen the mouths of children open for mother to put some sugar in. The sun, like a good mother, drops a little sunshine sugar in every fruit-mouth and makes it sweet. What a blessed thing the sunshine is, making the fruits ripe and filling our hearts with gladness.

I know some children whose faces are always bright and beaming as the sun, and they make everybody happy wherever they go. They come into the house like sunshine; the place is lighter for their presence. The words they speak, the acts they do, are kind, and gentle, and loving. They have "sunshine-sugar" in them, and everybody is happier on account of them.

How much better this than to be cross, and surly, and complaining, and quarrelsome. I have sometimes seen children who look as though they had never seen or heard of sunshine in their lives. They are always unhappy, and they make every one around them as unhappy as themselves. There is no sugar where they are. If they join in the sports of their young friends, not many minutes pass before an angry word is spoken, or a wicked deed is done.

Just now my bell rang, and on going to the door I found a streak of sunshine in the shape of a black-eyed little girl about four years old. She was a stranger to me, but she looked up lovingly in my face and said:

"Will you please to give me a few flowers?"

"What do you want flowers for?" I asked.

"O I like them!" said she.

She told me her name was Lily—a good name for a little girl that loves flowers. I gave her some roses, which seemed to make her very happy. I am sure she made me feel happy, because she was so cheerful and pleasant. Don't you think there is sugar in sunshine?

How different this from what I saw in the street the other day. Two ragged, dirty boys were fighting and swearing, while a number of bad boys and a few bad men were looking on. I stepped up to the boys, and, seizing each of them by the collar, held them at arms' length, and tried to get them to settle their dispute without fighting. One of them, I think, was willing



to do this, but the other wanted "satisfaction out of that feller!" O how angry he was! His face was red, and sweaty, and dirty, and bloody. There was no sunshine there, no sugar. Sugar, indeed! Gall and vinegar would be more like it.

The sight of those angry, wicked boys made me very unhappy. Would you not rather be like little Lily with her bunch of roses? F.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

It is said of the late Mr. Benn, of Highgate, the evening before his departure, he desired all his children to come into his chamber, and placing them around his dying bed, thus addressed them:

"You all know that I am soon going out of this world into a better. I hope I shall there be permitted to watch over you, and I trust that you will soon follow me. You all know the road. Where is it to be found?"

The children all instantly replied, "In the Bible."

The dying man proceeded, "Keep hold of that chain; it will never mislead you. When you are in doubt whether this or that be right, ask your Bible; see if your Saviour would have done so."

Addressing the elder children, he said, "Remember, you are to teach the younger; tell them all we have taught you, and try to make it a pleasure."

To his eldest son he observed, "When you go into the world and are exposed to persons who, perhaps, will ridicule the Saviour's name and the Bible, do not listen to them. Seek that society which will help you to practice your Bible: this book will provide comfort for you when your friends forsake you. When you are in pain or suffering, write upon it, THE ROAD TO HEAVEN."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1864.



AUNT HEPSEY.

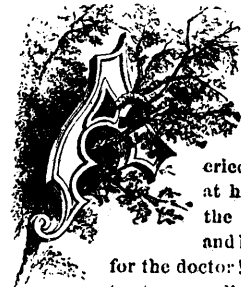
SOME aunts are cross and snappish, especially if they have a host of teasing nephews and nieces to deal with. In such a case some aunts are apt to feel as if they lived among mosquitoes, wasps, or even worse. Then they become cross, fretful, and sometimes even passionate, and the children wish they had no aunt to scold and drive them round. Of course, such cross aunts ought to keep good-natured. Still, I don't much pity the children who spoil their aunt's temper. They don't deserve an aunt if they don't treat her kindly.

But some aunts are never cross. Aunt Hepsy is one of them. Look at her! You can see by her face that she loves children. She enters into the feelings of those boys about their boats as if she was only a girl. The fact is, Aunt Hepsy hasn't forgot how she felt when she was a child. I rather think that is one reason why her nephews and nieces love her so well. She enters into their little joys and griefs as if she was one of them. That's the secret of her power, and O how those boys, and little Ella there by the fence, do love her. They never tease Aunt Hepsy. Not they. They love her too well for that.

I wish all the Aunt Hepsy's known to my Advocate family were loved as she is. In fact, I wish they were all like her, and that all nephews and nieces were as good as hers. If any of my readers have a cross aunt, I advise them to try if love won't make her into another Aunt Hepsy. Speak gently and lovingly to her, obey her cheerfully, try to please her, and I really think you will

find you have one of the best aunts in the world. She has a heart that sighs to love you and to be loved by you. Suppose you go to work and try to find out how much good there is in your aunt's heart.

MIND WHAT YOU EAT.



FEW months since a boy whose chubby form and rosy cheeks told that he was brim full of healthful life, was suddenly taken sick.

"What can be the matter?" cried his anxious mother, startled at his now wild and glaring eyes, the sudden paleness of his cheeks, and his deep groans of distress. "Go for the doctor! Quick, Ernest! Tell the doctor to come directly!"

The doctor came, and after standing over the child a few moments with a grave countenance he said:

"The child has been eating something that hurts him. What was it?"

The doctor was right. Dear little thoughtless Charlie had been eating the blossoms of the locust-trees. The doctor did his best to empty his stomach and save his life, but his skill was vain. Charlie died through eating locust-blossoms.

Let Charlie's fate teach every Willie, Charlie, Minnie, Jessie, and all other children in our great family not to eat things which were not made to be eaten. Some children have a habit of tasting almost everything they find. They chew vines, blossoms, flowers, leaves, twigs, or anything else that comes in their way. The practice is a bad one. There is poison in many things, and many others not strongly poisonous are not fit to be put into the mouth, but will disturb the stomach if they get into it. Learn, then, O thoughtless boy and girl, to avoid eating everything which you know was not made to be eaten.

THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.

"WHAT a shocking fact this is in my paper," says the Corporal, laying the *Tribune* on the table with a look of grief on his amiable face.

"What is it, another railroad accident?" asks the Squire.

"No; worse than that," replies the Corporal. "A lad in the employ of a New York publisher brought the letters of the firm from the post-office one morning. On looking over their letters the firm found one which belonged to another party. They sent the boy back with it to the post-office. Instead of taking it back he opened it, and finding a draft in it for a sum of money, he kept the letter, and sent the draft to the parties on whom it was drawn for the money. They suspected something wrong, and, putting the police on the track, found out the thief. Isn't that a shocking fact?"

"Very shocking, very shocking, indeed!" replies the Squire. "I would rather follow a child of mine to the grave than to know he had done such a deed as that."

"You are right there, Squire," rejoins the Corporal; "death is better than crime and disgrace. Now that boy has ruined himself. He will probably go to prison for his crime; but if through a false pity he is not punished in that way, what can he do? Nobody will employ him. There is a black spot upon him which years of good conduct will scarcely wash out. Poor, foolish boy! How I pity him."

So do I, and I hope his example will warn other boys. Now that boy did not open the letter without first *thinking* of what he was going to do. When that bad thought came into his heart he should have treated it as he would a wasp or a spider had it lighted upon his neck or face—brushed it away in a moment. That's the way to keep out of evil. *Put away the first bad thought on the instant.* Say no to it as soon as it comes into the mind. Mind that, my children. Bad thoughts are the seeds of bad actions. When Satan sows an evil thought don't let it stay and spring up, but cast it away at once. Don't give it room or time to grow. Out with it! and as you throw it away pray this prayer: "O Lord, please keep me from doing this evil and wicked deed for Jesus' sake."

Now, Corporal, what do your little letter-writers say to-day?

"JOHN S. C., of —, writes:

"I am twelve years old, and have no father or mother to care for me. My father was a soldier, and I was a drummer in the same regiment, but being hurt, I got my discharge last week. I am living with a man here who gives

me my board, and I make baskets for him. He is very kind to me, but he is poor and has to work hard for a living. I send my love to all your printers, because my father was a printer before he became a soldier, and I love printers. You must put my name on your company roll as a drummer, for I always want to drum. I wish I was well, so I could drum for my old regiment. I love my God first of all, my country next, then the old regiment next."

Brave boy! You may drum for the Try Company all the days of your life. The Corporal desires every boy and girl to enter his army, so that you have a fine chance to get recruits, and every recruit for the Corporal's company is in a fair way to become a candidate for admission to the ranks of the great Captain Immanuel. May God make you a faithful soldier in the army of his Son!

"LESLIE and F. P., of —, say:

"We have been trying to be good boys. We get the Advocate, and O how glad we are to see it come! Our pa and ma love it too. We want you to be sure and place us on your list of those who belong to your Try Company. If you will take us we will try and be good boys. We want you to send us your photograph, for which find money in letter. You say you would like to have the likeness of some of your readers of the Advocate. We send you ours.

"Two nice looking boys," says the corporal, handing me the photographs, "though I think from their mouths they often have to fight hard battles with *LITTLE WILL*."

Very likely, Corporal, but trying and praying will help them to conquer. What next?



"Well, here are some Scripture comparisons to test the Bible knowledge of my Try Company:

- "What is it makes the lovely flowers to grow?
- What in the heavens reflects the beauteous bow?
- What is it breaketh up the hardest stone?
- What is it which the way of life makes known?
- What is it man doth seek for here below?
- What cheers the pilgrim in this vale of woe?
- What will the Christian soldier well defend?
- What will the hardest metal quickly bend?
- Whence does each tender plant and floweret grow?
- With what did fertile Canaan once o'erflow?
- What is it sheds a bright and heavenly ray
- To guide the Christian pilgrim on his way?

These questions answer, and twelve emblems you will find Of one most precious gift of God to human kind.

"Here is a letter from —. It says:

"MR. EDITOR,—Allow us the pleasure of introducing to your readers our Sabbath-school, which we hold in the Old B. Church. We say 'Old B.' because she is the Mother Church for many miles around, and has many children truly which 'rise up and call her blessed.' We found after opening our school in the spring that we were very much in need of books, so we proposed a strawberry-festival. After paying our expenses we were in possession of about \$120, which will stock our library for a long time. Although our name is not 'legion,' yet we would be numbered as one of the bright stars which shine around you in the Sabbath-school cluster, with a hope that our light may never grow dim while Sabbath-schools exist."

Well done, old B.! May she long live to shine as a bright particular star amid those clusters which, having parted from her, are shining in the glory of our common Lord.

LITTLE BETTIE.

"HAND me some water, Harry, will you?"
"In a minute, Bettie."

And Bettie's feverish cheeks were pressed again to the pillow; and little Harry's hands went on as busily as ever with the trap he was making, and at length he entirely forgot the request.

"Please get it now, Harry," he at last heard, and scattering knife and strings in his haste, he was soon holding a cup to her pale lips. But she turned her head languidly from it. "Not this, please, but some fresh and cold from the well," she said.

"O don't be so particular, Bettie; this is fresh, and I am so busy I can't go now: wont this do?"

She no longer refused, but quietly took the cup which he offered; and it was the last, *last* time she ever called upon her brother for an act of kindness. Ere another day had passed she stood beside the River of Life, and drank its cool waters, never to thirst again. And of all who wept over that little brown coffin there were none who shed more bitter tears than the little boy who could not forget that he had refused the last request of his little sister.

Little children, are you kind to one another, or are you cross, selfish, and fretful? Remember, then, the time may come when they will be beyond your reach; and then, O how gladly would you give all you possess to have them back again! It would not bring them back. Henry was a kind-hearted boy, and dearly loved his little sister; and she had only been sick a little while, so that he did not consider her dangerously ill; but this was no comfort to him when she was gone.

"O mother!" he would say, "if I had only brought that water for her I could hear it; but now she is where I can never, never wait on her again."

Think of this when you are tempted to quarrel, to be selfish, or unkind; for do you know if one of you should die the rest would remember every act of unkindness, every bitter word which had fallen from your lips; but then it would be too late to recall it; too late to ask forgiveness!

WORK FOR ALL.

The drops of rain and the rays of light
Are small themselves; but when all unite
They water the world, and they make it bright.

Then do not say, "Of what use am I?"
We may each do good if we will but try;
We may soothe some grief, or some want supply.

We can lend to the poor a helping hand;
We can cheer the sick as we by them stand;
We can send God's word to a heathen land.

We can speak to others in tones of love;
We can dwell in peace like the gentle dove;
We can point the weary to rest above.

O how sweet to think that in life's young days
We may live to show forth our Saviour's praise,
And may guide some feet into Wisdom's ways.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THUNDER-BULLETS.

A SEVERE storm of wind, with thunder, rain, and hail, recently passed over this place. A little girl had been sent by her mother on an errand and was overtaken by the tempest. With difficulty she reached home, tossed by the wind, wet with the rain, pelted with the hail, and perhaps some frightened. She rushed into the house exclaiming:

"O mother! the *thunder-bullets* have hit me on my head and almost killed me!"

She had never seen a hail-storm before.

TRYBAN.

A GIFT in secret pacifieth anger, and a reward in the bosom strong wrath.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"BLESS THE LORD!"

"MAMMA, what makes grandpa say, 'Bless the Lord' so much?" asked little Willie Pratt, who always kept his eyes and ears wide open when he was not asleep, and loved to ask the "reason of things." "Grandpa says 'Bless the Lord' when you tell him good news, and in meeting he says it a great deal."

"That's certainly because he is hearing good news, my son," replied Mrs. Pratt. "The news of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ is the best news he could hear."

"Well, but why should he say it at all?" persisted Willie.

"O, grandpa has a grateful heart, and with him 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' as the Saviour said, you remember. You can generally tell what kind of a heart a person has by the exclamations they use habitually. Even a child will manifest its character by this habit. Impatient, cross, and fretful exclamations generally come from a wrong spirit. This would be a happy world if every one had such a glad and thankful heart as your dear old grandfather, who says 'Bless the Lord' so often."

"But, mother, it would not sound well if I said it as often as he does, would it?"

"You need not say it often unless you choose, Willie, but I hope you will *think* it often, and if you let it take the place of some of your exclamations which pain me sometimes it would be a commendable change."

Willie smiled, looking a little conscious of deserving reproof, and kept silent, but in his young heart arose an earnest desire to lay aside every petulant and unkind exclamation and substitute his grandfather's and the Psalmist's better words, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!" P. A. H.

THE DANDELION.

"UGLY flower! I wont pick you!" said little Harry as he pulled the daisies and buttercups in the meadow and suddenly came to a fine large dandelion.

The dandelion had done its best to look bright and gay all day, and it was very sad to hear its happy broad golden face found fault with like this.

"I wonder why nobody likes me," it thought sadly; "every other flower is taken notice of, and I am left neglected and forlorn. I did not make myself, and I do not want to be disagreeable. I wonder

if anybody will ever care about me, or shall I shut up my petals and die."

"No, no," whispered the breeze which passed over it, "keep on hoping."

And just then a large bee came buzzing through the long meadow grass, and it rested on the yellow dandelion and found some honey in its heart, and said, "Beautiful flower, I am glad I found you out;" and the dandelion held up its golden face to the sun, and said, "I have not lived for nothing."

God has given us all the power of being a comfort to somebody.

UNFORTUNATE CAUTION.

A FRENCH paper gives a curious chapter of accidents in which each person did exactly what he or she should have done, and yet the result was nearly the destruction of a family:

A fire, attended by a singular accident and loss of life, happened a few days ago at Guiche. A girl living as servant with a grocer named Duguet, on entering a bedroom, accidentally set fire to the window-curtains. She immediately raised an alarm, and commenced tearing down the burning material, which she threw out of the window. The grocer, on hearing the cries of fire, rolled into the street a barrel of gunpowder, weighing about fifty pounds, which he had in the shop. At that moment a piece of the burning curtain fell on the barrel, some of the staves of which were damaged, and the powder exploded, blowing down the house, in the ruins of which five persons were buried. The wife of the grocer received such injuries that she died shortly after; the man himself had to undergo the amputation of one of his legs, while the servant and two lodgers were seriously hurt."

A coroner's jury sitting on the above case would, without question, bring in a verdict of no blame attaching to any one. And who can controvert it?

A MISSIONARY CAT.

At a missionary meeting on one occasion a child whose heart was touched could think of nothing to give except a favorite cat, and brought poor Pussy to the clergyman as a contribution! Though somewhat amused, he accepted the offering, and on telling the story Puss soon found a purchaser, and the price being put into the list of contributions as the sale of a "missionary cat," she went by that name for the rest of her life.

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