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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPORT LITTLE

UNTO M.C.

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 22.

AUGUST 22, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 190.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TRUTHFUL ANNIE.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"WHERE'S my knife? Have you seen my knife, Annie?" said Quimby, the fisherman, to his daughter one evening as she came up from the shore of the cove to the doorway of her cottage home.

"No, father," said Annie, "I haven't seen it."

Now Annie was very much in the habit of taking things from the house to the beach and leaving them there when she was tired of playing with them. The fire-shovel, the hoe, the hammer, the broom, her little cricket, and I don't know how many other things, had at various times been so left. Indeed, some of her mother's household utensils had been washed out to sea through Annie's habit of taking them out to play with and then forgetting to return them to their places. You need not wonder, therefore, that her father suspected her of having taken his knife. He seemed, in truth, to be sure of it; for, after hearing her denial, he said:

"Are you sure, quite sure, child, that you haven't taken my knife down to the beach and left it there as usual?"

"Yes, quite sure, as sure as I can be," replied Annie, blushing as she called to mind the many things she had left there at different times.

Her father mistook the meaning of the blush on her cheeks. He thought it was a mark of guilt—that Annie had lost his knife and was telling a lie to hide her fault. I don't think he did right to suspect her, for Annie had never been known to tell a lie. But he was in an ill-humor just then, because he wanted to use the knife on the net he was mending. And ill-humor, you know, brings many other evil feelings with it. Hence, with a little sternness in his tone, he said:

"Come here! Let me look at your tongue!"

Now Annie had been taught to believe the foolish and false notion that if a child told a lie a pimple would rise on the tongue. But knowing she was innocent, she stepped boldly up to her father's knees, shut her eyes, and put out her tongue.

"There is a pimple on it, Annie," said her father holding up his hand, "a large red one. You have certainly told me a lie."

Annie drew back, opened her eyes, and looking her father fully in the face, replied:

"Indeed, father, I haven't seen your knife to-day."

Fisherman Quimby could not doubt that firm voice, nor those clear blue eyes which gazed so earnestly at him. Of course, he knew the pimple notion to be a deception, gotten up in the olden time by foolish people for the purpose of frightening their children into telling the truth. It was a very queer and a very wicked notion to invent one lie for the purpose of discovering another. I think the fisherman felt ashamed for having used it to frighten his truth-telling child, for he resumed his work on the net, muttering:

"It's very odd about that knife!"

As the fisherman was taking up his net his hand struck against something hard in the corner of his jacket-pocket. He felt it. It was his knife. It had worked through a hole in the pocket and had lodged between the lining and the cloth of the coat.

Wasn't Annie glad, and didn't her laugh ring merrily out on the air when she saw her father take out his knife, think you? She was glad, indeed, for the knife was proof of her innocence. Wasn't her father a little ashamed and not a little sorry for having suspected his Annie? He was, and he felt still worse when his child said:

"Father, don't little girls who never tell lies have pimples on their tongues sometimes?"

Fisherman Quimby took Annie into his strong arms and pressed her most lovingly to his broad breast. He then told her that the saying about the pimple was a mere scarecrow; that there was nothing in it but a foolish falsehood; that he had done wrong in using it; that his Annie was his sweetest and dearest treasure on earth, and that he hoped she would always cling to the truth as the limpet does to the rock.

This, of course, made Annie feel happier than ever. If her example should make you resolve on the one hand not to be so thoughtless as she was in leaving things about, and on the other hand to love the truth and stick to it, my story will not have been written in vain. Will you make such resolutions? You will? Very good! May God help you to keep it then! May you be a thoughtful, merry, truth-telling child!

MARY ATCHISON.

Nor many years ago a little girl eleven years old, named Mary Atchison, might have been seen on a cold, stormy winter's evening walking through the streets of New York with a small bundle under her arm, apparently seeking for shelter. Many a weary step she took, not knowing where to go nor what to do. No door would open at her ring to admit her to the cheerful warmth and comforts of a home. At length she turned into a newly erected building and

sat down upon the floor of the hall. She wept bitterly, both from cold and hunger. This was the second day and night she had passed homeless and unfriended in the streets. She sat and wept until at length she fell asleep. What Christian father would choose to have his daughter sleep in such wretchedness?

"It seemed," she afterward declared, "as if an angel told me where to go in the morning," and as soon as she awoke she inquired the way to the Mission at the Five Points.

Very early in the morning the poor child stood at the door of the office with a sad face and her little bundle under her arm, and modestly said:

"I have no home, sir. My father and mother are dead, and I have nowhere to go, because the lady with whom I lived has gone to the country. I have had very little to eat for two days, sir. I can read and write. My mother was a Christian woman."

Mary found kind friends at the Mission. She was clothed, sent to school, taught the truths of the Bible, and made acquainted with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. She was a kind, modest, obedient little child, and everybody loved her and wished her well.

After a few months it chanced that a gentleman saw her and became so much interested in her history that he offered to adopt her as his own child. He had no children of his own. The proposition pleased Mary and her friends very much, and the arrangements were soon completed. A few days afterward the gentleman went to his home and Mary went with him.

"Go, Mary, my child," said her friend. "Be a good child, fear God, and keep his commandments. May God bless you!"

"I will try to be a good girl, sir," she answered, as the tears and sobs told her love for those who had cared for her. One after another she kissed the little ones, and went away to try the uncertainties of a new home and new friends. Poor girl! she had not friends enough to lightly part with those she was leaving.

She was lovingly received by the lady whose adopted daughter she had become. All was strange at first, and occasionally she would long for her lost home; but the lady was kind, and Mary soon won a place in her affections, and became a loving daughter.

Years have passed since, and you would scarce recognize in the beautiful girl that meets you in the parlor the poor little child who wandered cold, hungry, and miserable through the streets of New York city. She is now heir, not only to all the property of her adopted parents, but also to all their love and sympathies.

But, better than all, she has since given her heart's best love to Jesus, is an accepted servant of the Divine Master, and is faithfully laboring to do good to the poor and glorify the precious Saviour, who found her in her distress and brought her out of all her troubles. She has recently established a Sunday-school, and is toiling earnestly there for the good of souls.

Now, dear children, is not *reality* stranger and more encouraging than *fiction*? May you not do what Mary Atchison has done? She was kind, modest, obedient, and everybody loved her. May you not be *kind, modest, and obedient*? She gave her heart to the Saviour—will you not do the same? You will thus secure the happiness of a peaceful conscience here and the bliss prepared for those who love God hereafter.—*New York Examiner*.

HEAR instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.



THE CHILD AND THE RILL.

CHILD.

BEAUTIFUL rill,
Sparkling and bright,
Gliding so still
From morn to night,
Who taught thee to flow,
Who ordered thy course
And thy fount below,
Who gave it its source?

RILL.

'Twas God, my dear child,
Who gave me my source;
He taught me to flow,
And ordered my course,
'Neath the shade of the trees,
By the side of the hill,
'Midst the grass and the flowers,
So gentle and still.

And this is the place
For me to do good;
At the foot of the hill,
In the shade of the wood,
I water the herds;
I refresh the tall trees;
I nurture the flowers,
And cool every breeze.
And if, my dear child,
God e'er fixes your lot
At the foot of the hill,
Come, O come to this spot.
Hear the beautiful birds
Sing among the thick bowers,
And see the blithe bees
Sipping sweets from the flowers.

See what beauty and love,
And what happiness too,
Spring up by my side,
And your pathway pursue:
Nor sigh to be great
Like the ocean or flood,
But like the small rill,
Be content to do good.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW CHARLIE WAS CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND.

I LIVED in an old farm-house away off in the country. I was the youngest of four brothers. Merry times we had together. I often wandered off with them. One morning, I remember it well now, though I was but six years old, they called me to get my

cap and walk with them. We started in high glee. We went through an old forest path. After we had walked a long distance, my oldest brother, who had carried with him his gun and was anxious to use it, proposed that we should go to a distant pond where he might find some game "worth shooting." I was tired and did not want to go. My brother Charlie, next older than myself, said we would stop together not far from where we were by a pleasant stream.

So we were left alone. Brother Charlie was a quiet, thoughtful boy, and when we had reached the little stream he took from his pocket a favorite book. After asking me if I did not wish to gather the berries that grew near me in the moss, he was soon buried in his book. He was sitting on a smooth stone that lay in the sand which formed the margin of the stream.

After gathering the bright red berries, I saw at a distance some beautiful flowers that my mother, I was sure, would like. I went for them, and then went back to my mossy seat. As I looked at Charlie I saw that he was as deeply engaged in his book as ever. I thought that his stone seat was a very low one. I would have a softer one than his on the green moss. I tried to arrange the flowers for mother.

Then I looked up again and I saw that the stone on which Charlie sat was lower than before. The top of it was on a level with the sand around him.

"Charlie," I said, but he did not notice. "Charlie!" I called again.

He looked at me, then at his book again. "Very pretty," he said, "don't trouble me."

He thought I wished him to look at my flowers. Then again I called, "Charlie, the stone is getting buried up! Your feet are, too!"

His feet were stretched out on the sand. He looked at them and saw they were sinking into it. He started—stood up. He could hardly move his feet to do so, the sand held them so tightly.

"What can be the matter?" said Charlie.

I was stooping to pick up my flowers, which had fallen, as he spoke. I looked toward him again. The sand was rising round him higher than ever.

"I must get off this sand," he said, and as he tried, each movement that he made brought the sand higher.

"O, Charlie," I called, "come away! There is going to be an earthquake and you will be swallowed up if you stay."

As he saw that he was sinking deeper his face turned pale. "It is quicksand!" he said, and then shouted for help, but none came.

Charlie knew I could not help him, and only tried to help himself. But the more he tried the faster he sank. So he stood still and shouted with all his strength. We were in the midst of the forest, and he knew no house was near, nor did any road pass that way. For a long time Charlie shouted, I know not how long—it seemed many hours to us—and all the time he was sinking deeper and deeper.

At length an answering shout was heard, and we saw three men coming toward us. When they saw Charlie they ran to rescue him. They at length drew him out. Then they helped us home.

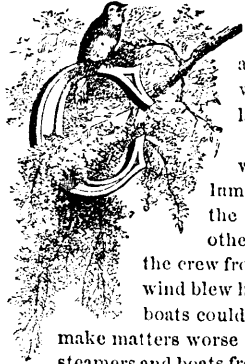
Our mother was told of all, and you may be sure she was thankful that her boy was saved. In the evening she called us to her, and told us of other escapes like Charlie's of which she had heard, and how some poor men had been buried alive in just such dangerous quicksands. Then she told us that she was sure we none of us should ever forget Charlie's danger, and that as long as we remembered that, we must remember that evil habits were just

like quicksands; that difficult as it was to leave those sands, so hard was it to leave those evil habits; that unaided we never could escape from them; God only could deliver us; and she bade us remember the quicksand daily when we prayed to our heavenly Father to "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." ELI.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1863.

THE BOY HERO.



AN a boy be a hero? Of course he can if he has courage and an opportunity to display it. I will tell you of one boy who lately played the hero nobly.

His name is JOHN GAFFY. He was on board the steamer Columbia when she was wrecked on the coast of North Carolina. Another steamer sent boats to take off the crew from the sinking vessel. But the wind blew hard. The sea was rough. The boats could not get up to the wreck. To make matters worse the rebels began to fire on the steamers and boats from their shore batteries. What can save the sinking crew now?

Look at the poor ship as the sea breaks over her! See her crew huddled together on the deck with hopeless faces. Plainly, they expect to be drowned. But see! A little boy pulls off his round blue jacket, ties a line to his waist, and leaps into the frothy waves. It is John Gaffy. What is he about?

Watch him! He is swimming through the rude waves toward the nearest boat. How he toils! Will he ever reach her? He will, for his heart is brave and his arms are strong. Ah! he has reached her. See! the sailors are lifting him in. Now they pull on the line which they take from his waist. It is joined to a stout rope. This rope is made fast to the wreck. By means of it the crew leave their foundering bark and reach the boats. John Gaffy has saved thirty lives! Isn't he a hero? Shout, my children, for this boy hero! Give three cheers for this noble boy!

Will you be heroes too, my children? I don't mean by doing just as John did. Some of you couldn't do that. There's little Nell, and pretty Ella, and laughing Sue; they would make queer work at swimming in a rough sea, wouldn't they? Some of my boys, too, would feel not a little faint-hearted about leaping overboard as John did. But you can all be heroes without doing such deeds—moral heroes, I mean. You can all stand up for the right. You can all stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer or die rather than do wrong. To do such things is to be heroic. May God help you all to be heroes—moral heroes—girls and all!

THE RULE OF CONTRARY.

You have all heard of the "Rule of Three," I doubt not. Have you ever heard of the "Rule of Contrary?" Perhaps not. Let me give you a few examples of it, and then you will understand all about it.

"John, my son," said Mr. Quiet to his eldest boy, "run down to Mr. Nance's as quick as you can and get me a pound of tenpenny nails. Make haste!"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

John began to obey his father by slowly rising from the floor on which he had been seated counting his marbles. Then he carried his marble-bag up to his bed-chamber. After that he went down stairs and began fumbling among a heap of coats and hats in the clothes-press in search of his cap. Having found it, he went slowly down the street, dawdling along, and stopping to look in at every store-window, and to talk with every boy he met. He spent at least ten minutes talking with Willie Isaacs, the cobbler's boy, about the way shoes are made. With ordinary smartness he might have got the nails in ten minutes from the time his father spoke to him. Had he been quick, as his father wished him to be, he might have got them in six or eight minutes. As he actually went for them, it was



just one hour before he put them into his father's hands. That was working by the rule of contrary. His father wished him to be quick. He was very, very slow.

Let me give you another example.

Four little girls are playing with their dolls. Their mother enters the room just after dark and says:

"My dears, it is time that all good dolls, and especially all good little girls, were in bed. Come, put the dolls away and get ready for bed!"

"O mamma," replies Emma, "do let me cut this cape first."

"O mamma," cries Ellen, "do just let me fix my doll's hoops before I go."

"O mamma," whimpers Esther, "I must comb my doll's hair first."

"O mamma—"

But mamma cut Anna short by saying, "I can't listen to your 'O mammams.' It is time to go to bed and you must go. Come, put away your dolls!"

Then one little girl pouted, another frowned, a third made faces at her doll—I fear she meant them for her mother—while little Anna cried right out. But it was all useless. Mamma was firm, and the girls had to go to bed.

Those girls worked by the rule of contrary. You understand the rule now, don't you? I hope you don't work by it. You see it is a bad rule. It makes a boy go slow when he ought to go quick, and quick when he ought to go slow. It makes a girl wish to stay up when she ought to go to bed, and to lie in bed when she ought to get up. In short, it makes children do just contrary to what they ought to do. That is the rule of contrary. It is a very bad rule, and one which always leads those who work by it into trouble.

I don't like children who walk by the rule of contrary, but I do like boys and girls who work by the rule of right. Yes, the RULE OF RIGHT. That's the rule I love. That's the only safe rule. It keeps children in the path of duty, which, you know, is the path of beauty leading to heaven. Walk by that rule.

"In the darkest night, my child,
Canst thou see the right, my child?
Forward, then! God is near,
The right will be light to thee,
Armor and might to thee;
Forward, and never fear!"

Hurrah for the rule of right!

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

I WRITE these lines, my children, with a sad heart. This is July 17, and for the past four days this great city has been full of riot, robbery, and death. Armed men, wicked men, men who are neither fit for life nor death, have gone about our streets stealing, burning, and killing. What for? They say it is because they don't like the law which drafts men into the army which is trying to put down the rebels in the South. The truth is, these rioters are rebels in heart, and they don't want the rebels in the South put down. O wicked men! May God for-

give their sins and save their souls. May he also save our city and country! Let all the children say, Amen!

"Here is a Scripture puzzle for Bible-reading boys and girls to solve:

"There is a king mentioned in the Bible who was crowned while he was yet a boy. He became a noted warrior, a great farmer, a large builder, a patron of inventors, a mighty monarch, a leper, a sacrilegious man, and died a prisoner in his own palace. Find his name, what he built, where he farmed, what the inventions he patronized, how he became a leper, and wherein he was guilty of sacrilege.

"Here are the answers to questions about cups in our last Advocate:

(1.) Pharaoh's cup, Gen. xl, 11. (2.) Joseph's cup, Genesis xlv, 2. (3.) The cup of trembling, Isaiah li, 17. (4.) Babylon, Jeremiah li, 7. (5.) Jesus, Matt. xxvi, 39. (6.) The sacramental cup, Luke xxii, 20.

"Here is a letter from KU-NIONG, a Chinese miss, which you must hear read. She says:

"If a little group of girls who try to be good but sometimes get naughty were to ask to serve under Corporal Try would he let them? They say the 'be-good children' are blessed, but then perhaps the Corporal would not like to take 'other kingdom men' whose words he cannot understand. The 'Full Moon' thinks he will not refuse her, as she is little and will not take up much room nor make a noise. She does not intend to ask until she has finished learning the Ten Commandments, for she thinks they will be a great help to her. These children say if the corporal only knew how much evil and how little good they have known nearly all their lives he would not be hard with them till he had tried them. They do not worship idols any more, but pray to the 'true God.' To be sure, some of them have 'heavenly feet,' but it is the custom of the country, and their parents have bound them because they will not do differently from what their forefathers have done. If the corporal will take them they will be happy and will try to do him honor; but if he cannot they propose getting up an opposition Try Company and inviting all the little heathen to join."

An opposition Try Company, indeed! Will you permit such a thing, corporal?

"No, indeed. I prefer to enlist those dear little ones in China in my old army. 'Full Moon' or 'half moon' girls, with or without 'heavenly feet,' 'Ku-niong,' and all the girls in China who will try to obey our great Captain Jesus are welcome to my ranks. I give them all my blessing, and hope to hear from 'Ku-niong' again."

Spoken like yourself, corporal! What next?

"MARY L. BELL has sent me a paper in which she says:

"I was once called to see a dying schoolmate. When I reached her bedside her breath had almost gone, but as soon as her eyes rested upon me she threw her arms around my neck, kissed me for the last time, and said, 'Mary, give your heart to the Saviour and prepare to meet me in heaven.' The minister, who stood by her bedside, asked her if she was afraid to die. 'Afraid to die!' said she; 'why no; death is but the servant Jesus sends to call me to his arms.' She then bade her parents and friends goodbye, and took her flight to her heavenly home. Let us prepare ourselves so that when we are called to die we may die such a death as my schoolmate did, so that we may all meet in that land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Mary gives excellent advice in this letter. Let us all attend to it by getting close to the side of Jesus.

"EMORY W. M., of Sullivan, says:

"My mother died before I can remember her, and I have had to seek a home and friends among strangers. Some are kind to me and some are unkind. Some tell me of Jesus, while others curse the dear name. At present I am permitted to attend Sabbath-school, where I love to hear of the love of God. And when I see other children blessed with parents and homes, where they can live with their brothers and sisters, I think how they ought to love God and give him their hearts. I am trying, by the grace of God, to be a good boy, and wish to be admitted into your Try Company."

Poor motherless boy! You have my best wishes, my son, for your prosperity. Don't fret over your loneliness, but trust in the orphan's Friend, act well your part wherever you are, and hope—hope always, hope ever. Don't envy other children who are outwardly better off. Be cheerful, my son. Be thankful to the friends you have, and thereby express your gratitude to God for raising them up. Be patient toward the unkind. Try to do everything well that you have to do. Dig potatoes, hoe, chop wood, do "chores" better than anybody else. Learn all you can. Seek to know Jesus. Do these things ten years and you will then be twenty-one years old, and if we both live till then write me the result if you know where I reside. I shall really like to know what sort of a man you make, Emory.

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

Happy Meeting.

E. C. Stevens.

Cheerfully.

1. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing; Let us haste with-out de-lay;
2. Do not keep our teach-ers wait-ing, While you tar-ry by the way;

Prayers of thousands now are wing-ing Up to heaven their si-lent way. 'Tis an hour of
Nor dis-turb the school re-cit-ing; 'Tis the ho-ly Sab-bath day. Children, haste! the

hap-py meeting, When we meet for praise and prayer: But the hour is short and fleeting;
bells are ringing, And the morning's bright and fair; Thousands now are join'd in sing-ing—

CHORUS.
Let us, then, be ear-ly there. Hap-py meeting, Hap-py meet-ing, When we meet for
Thousands, too, in sol-emn prayer. Hap-py meeting, &c.

praise and prayer. Hap-py meet-ing, Hap-py meet-ing, When we meet for praise and prayer.

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Jesus for what was in his heart, and that if his Father who is in heaven saw it was good for him he would give it him, so he wrote to him, which was the only way he knew of to ask anything from some one he could not see and speak to.

But you will see what happened to this little boy and his letter. The postmaster, when he was sorting the letters, on looking at the direction, concluded it came from a crazy person and threw it on one side; but after having finished his work he again took it up, examined the writing, and observing it was that of a child, opened it, and being touched by the simplicity of the childlike prayer, showed it to a Moravian brother of his acquaintance, who read it aloud at a meeting of the brethren. A rich lady, the Baroness of La Lippe, who was present on the occasion, when she heard the circumstances, thought the Saviour wished her to be kind to the little orphan for his sake, so, out of love to Jesus, she took the child under her care and placed him in the so-much-wished-for institution.

Thus, you see, the letter of this dear little boy may be said to have reached its destination, and his prayer of faith was fully answered. D. NASH.

[The above story was printed in the Advocate, if I do not mistake, a long, long time ago. But many of my present readers have never seen it, so I print it again.—Ed.]

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A poor cottage woman was returning from market on a winter's evening. Darkness came on; she lost her way, sunk in a deep ridge of snow, and died. So deep was the snowdrift that her body was not discovered till three days afterward, when the dog was found lying close to his mistress, with her basket of eatables untouched. It was then remembered—but too late—that the faithful animal had been in the village on the evening of the snow-storm, and, by whinings and pullings at their clothes, had in vain tried to induce some of the poor woman's neighbors to afford her relief. But, not knowing what it all meant, they drove the dog away, who quickly returned to the spot where the body of his mistress lay, and left it not till it was found and carried to her home.

ALBERT was a great rogue in school; feet, hands, and tongue were ever busy, oftentimes to the detriment of that quiet so much desired there. One day, being more troublesome than usual, his teacher became displeased with him, and pointing to a seat in the corner, she sternly commanded him to take it. Albert obeyed with a comical air, and with a flourish of infantile triumph, said, "Been wantin' to sit there all the mornin', but durstn't ask you."

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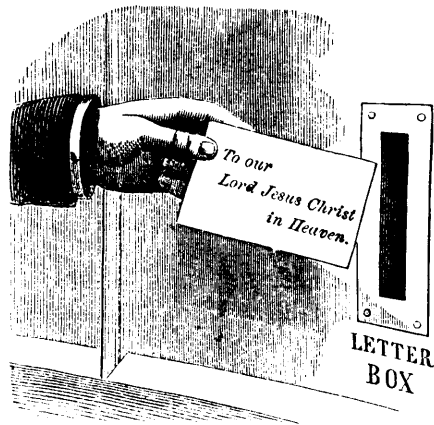
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All communications to be addressed to REV. DR. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A LETTER TO JESUS CHRIST.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I would like to remind your youthful readers of the great privilege they enjoy of making known their wishes to their friends when absent from them by letter-writing, and to tell them about a little boy who thought he could make his requests known to the Saviour in the same way.

In the town of C., in Germany, there was a little boy who lost his father when he was very young, and as his mother was thus deprived of the chief means for their support and was very poor, she was unable to continue giving her little boy the same schooling as before, and I dare say, as his father was dead, his poor mother was often at a loss how to give him all the food and clothing she thought desirable for him. He was particularly desirous to be able to go on with his instruction, and wished very much indeed to be received into a school or institu-

tion he knew something about, which had been established by the Moravians, a society of pious people who have in many places instituted similar schools for educating little boys and girls, bringing them up in the fear of the Lord. His mother was also very desirous that he should go there, but she had no money and no friends to help her in this. Happily, however, this little boy had heard of Jesus, who is the friend of the friendless, and who has said in his precious word, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," and who also declares himself the "Father of the fatherless." He believed what Jesus said and wished to go to him.

"But how shall I go to him?" said he. "O! I know what I will do. I will write him a letter in which I will tell him all."

This he did nearly in the following words:

"MY DEAR SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST,—I have lost my father. We are very poor, but thou hast said in thy word that all we ask of God in thy name he will do it for us. I believe what thou hast said, Lord Jesus. I pray thee then, O my God, in the name of Jesus, to supply my mother with the means of placing me in the Moravian institution. I should like so much to continue to get instruction, I pray thee, very kind Jesus, do this. I love thee already, but I will love thee yet more. Give me also wisdom and every good thing. Good-by."

The child then folded up the letter and addressed it "To our Lord Jesus Christ in heaven." Then, quite in earnest, and his heart full of hope, he put it in the post-office.

You see this writing a letter was only another way of praying to God. He had not been taught, as my young readers have, that he might go and pray to