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CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOODWILL TOWARD MEN

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE  
SUFFERUNTIL  
M.E.

VOLUME XIII.—NUMBER 9.

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WHOLE NUMBER 297.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## The Cuckoo.

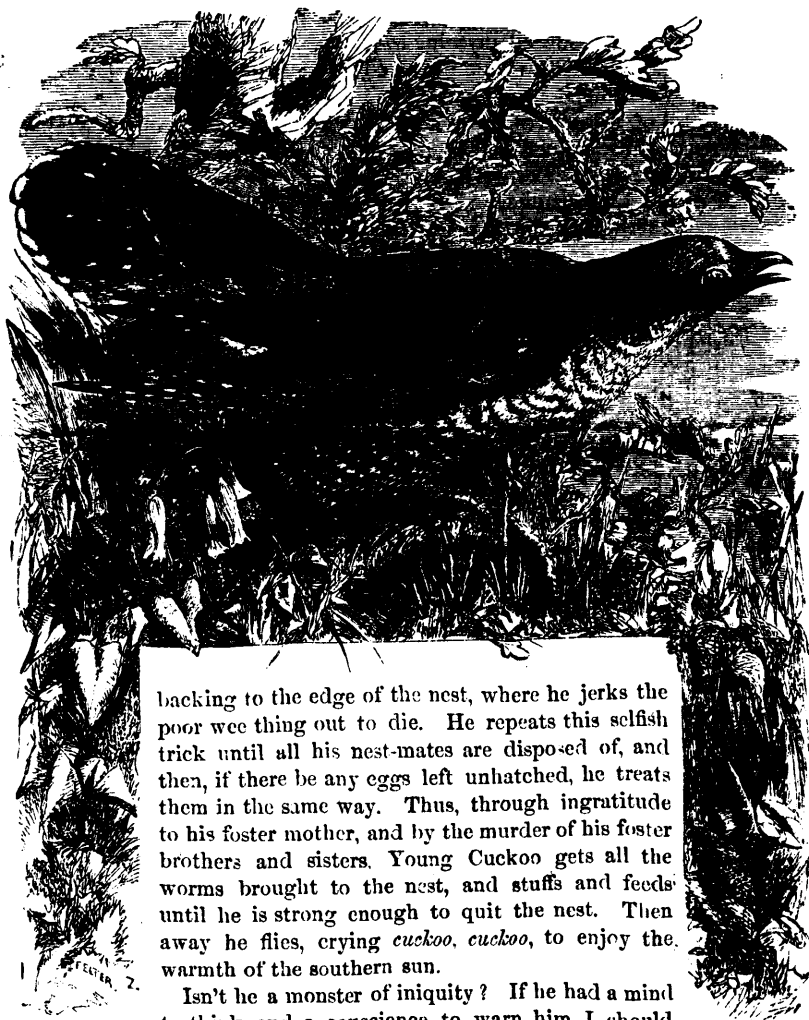
BY THE CHILD'S PHILOSOPHER.

You never saw this bird, I dare say, my little friend, for the very good reason that it is not a native of America. We have, to be sure, the CAROLINA CUCKOO, sometimes called the cow-bird, because its note sounds like *kooc, kooc, kooc*. Then we have the RED-HEADED GROUND CUCKOO, which is found in our swamps and thickest woods. But the cuckoo proper never emigrated from the old world. He sticks to our fatherland. He makes Spain, Italy, and Southern France his home. Yet he takes a summer trip to England, and other northern countries, and gives the people a few specimens of his musical powers, stays long enough for his lady to lay her eggs in the nests of other birds, and then away he flies back to warmer climes.

Mrs. Cuckoo is not a very good mother. She never hatches her own eggs, but drops them very slyly into the nests of other and smaller birds, and leaves them to be hatched out by a foster mother. Why she does this I cannot tell you. Perhaps, because Mr. Cuckoo is too lazy to build her a nest; or, may be, because she is too restless to stay long enough in one place to rear a brood of young cuckoos: or, possibly, because she is in a hurry to get back to warmer regions. But whatever may be her motive, it is clearly her habit to intrude her eggs into the nests of other birds, one here and another there, and then leave them to take their chances.

What do the other birds do? They hatch them, poor innocent things, because they don't know them from their own. They can't count, you know, and the cuckoo's egg is about the same size as their own, although they come from a mother nearly four times as large as they are. Hence the strange egg is not suspected, and the little bird sits upon it as patiently as if it were her own.

Now a cuckoo's egg hatches quicker than the eggs of the little bird which warms it into life. So it comes to pass that the cuckoo is born first, and gets all the worms which the father bird brings to the nest. By and by the other eggs are hatched, and then the greedy young cuckoo pokes his tail under one of the little fellows, and, by the help of his wings, hoists him on his back. He then goes



backing to the edge of the nest, where he jerks the poor wee thing out to die. He repeats this selfish trick until all his nest-mates are disposed of, and then, if there be any eggs left unhatched, he treats them in the same way. Thus, through ingratitude to his foster mother, and by the murder of his foster brothers and sisters, Young Cuckoo gets all the worms brought to the nest, and stuffs and feeds until he is strong enough to quit the nest. Then away he flies, crying *cuckoo, cuckoo*, to enjoy the warmth of the southern sun.

Isn't he a monster of iniquity? If he had a mind to think, and a conscience to warn him, I should reply, Yes. But, you see, he hasn't. He has nothing but his instincts, and doesn't know nor care a button about right and wrong. And, therefore, while we can't love his naughty ways we can't blame him.

Now if you were to act toward your protectors and companions as the cuckoo does to his, you would be wicked indeed. You know that ingratitude and cruelty are big crimes. Your heart tells you that. God made you to be grateful, kind, and loving. I hope you will be all this, and that you will never fail to love Him who gave you the noble nature you possess, to be grateful to your loving parents, and kind to all your brothers, sisters, and friends.

## A Smile.

LITTLE Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of *smile*. "O yes! I know," said the child, "it is a whisper of a laugh."

## What Ella Saw in the Fire.

"O, ELLA, do come and help me make this dress for dolly! Look, I can't cut out the sleeve right, and I know nurse showed you how to do it the other day."

It was Ella's little sister Annie who spoke.

"I can't," said Ella; "I'm busy."

"But this wont take you a moment, and it does not matter when you finish that story-book."

"I can't do it, I tell you, Annie," returned Ella, crossly.

"Then I must ask nurse," said Annie. "Nurse," she continued, turning to a kind-looking woman who was rocking baby in her arms, "will you cut out this sleeve for me?"

"Not just now, Miss Annie; I am afraid baby will cry again if I put him out of my arms. Perhaps Miss Ella will do it for you."

"Ella says she can't, nurse."

"Miss Ella," said nurse, "you surely will help your sister, as I am busy with baby. It wont take you long, and you will be doing a great service to her and to me."

"I don't care if I shall," said Ella; "I want to go on reading my book."

"O, Miss Ella!" said nurse, gravely, "don't you know that we are all put into the world to help one another, and that we should

always be ready to do so? Not one of us can get on alone. Think what you would do if nobody helped you."

Ella did not speak, but sat pouting by the fire. "I remember a beautiful story," continued nurse, "that my mother used to tell me when I was a little girl. It is about helping one another."

"Will you tell it us, please, nurse?" asked Annie.

"Yes, if you wish it," replied nurse; and then she began the story.

"Once upon a time a man went a long journey. His road lay through beautiful valleys and over high mountains. All of a sudden he came to a part of the road where there was a large piece of rock that entirely blocked up the way. He tried to get over it, but it was too large. He tried to roll it away, but it was too heavy. While he was thinking what to do next, another traveler came. He, too, tried to move the stone. But he was not strong enough. At length two more travelers came to the

stone, and they, too, tried to move it in vain. Then they were all very frightened; for it was getting dark, and there was no other road by which they could get home. At last one of the travelers said, 'Let us ask God to help us.' So they knelt down and prayed. When they rose from their knees, the same traveler who had spoken before said, 'We have each tried separately to move the stone, and we find that we are not strong enough. Perhaps if we push together we could move it. Suppose we all try.' Then they all pushed the rock together, and moved it away, and they were able to continue their journey."

"I wonder they did not think of pushing together before," said Annie, who had listened very attentively.

"But you see, Miss Annie," returned nurse, "people so very often don't think of doing the best thing. If they did, I am sure they would be more ready to help one another. Now, Miss Ella, wont you help Miss Annie with her doll's dress?"

Ella was still pouting, but she shut up her book and moved slowly toward the table.

"Give me the stuff and a pair of scissors, Annie!" she exclaimed.

Annie handed her what she had asked for, and she began to cut out the sleeves. Now Ella was impatient, and was not thinking of what she was about. Therefore she cut the sleeves the wrong way.

"O, Ella," said Annie, "that is the wrong shape. It wont do."

"Then you should not have asked me to cut



them out. I can't help it if they wont do," cried Ella, going out of the room in a very ill-tempered mood.

She went down stairs into the dining-room, and sat down in front of the fire. There was no one in the room.

Ella felt very unhappy, for she knew she had acted unkindly. She sat gazing into the bright fire till tears came into her eyes. Suddenly she saw what seemed to be beautiful mountains between the bars of the grate. The mountains were composed of bright, shining rocks, which the sun seemed to have tinged with his golden rays. Under the rocks were caves, all different shapes and sizes, and all shining and sparkling like the rocks. Then Ella saw that these caves were built by fairies (she chose to fancy they were fairies) dressed in gold and silver. They moved about so quickly in doing their work that Ella could not see how big they were, or what their faces were like, or even if they

had any faces at all. She could only see that they were dressed in dazzling silver and gold. She saw that their employment was to build the beautiful grottoes and caves with large, black-looking stones. First they clambered one after another—sometimes a whole train of them at once—up the walls of the shining caves; then they flew round and round the dull black stones till they molded them into pretty shapes, and caused them to form part of the walls of the grottoes. Then the sun seemed to shine upon them and make them bright.

What struck Ella as being most peculiar in this curious scene was that not one fairy worked alone.

I have already said they were seen in trains or groups; but sometimes these groups would join together. Not one fairy worked alone. If one was seen alone for a moment another was sure to come and join it.

While Ella watched, the work they had in hand seemed to be coming to an end. Nearly all the black rock was used up to form the caves; and bright, dazzling caves it had made. Ella thought it had been worth the little fairies' while to work to have produced anything so pretty.

The fairies seemed to think so too, for they all joined hands and danced with glee on the top of the sparkling grottoes, while their gold and silver dresses seemed tinged with a delicate blue color.

Ella wondered what it could all mean, and bent forward to look more closely at the fairies, when lo! they all disappeared; the pretty grottoes and shining rocks were gone; there was nothing left but the bright fire in the grate.

What could it have been that Ella had seen?

You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that it was nothing but the fire.

But so it was. You see her eyes were full of tears, and they made the bright flames look like busy fairies, the red cinders like pretty grottoes, the black unburnt coals like pieces of unhewn rock.

The black coals were gradually burnt, for Ella had sat there a long time looking at them, and became bright and red, like the rest of the fire, forming, as Ella thought, more caves and grottoes.

Ella laughed heartily when she thought of the curious picture she had made out of the fire. But she became grave when she again thought of the fairies; for she remembered how they had all seemed to help one another. Then she thought of the story nurse had just told her and Annie, and of her unkindness to poor Annie.

At last she got up and said, "I will be like the fairies. I will go and help Annie, and I hope our work may turn out as pretty as theirs."

She ran up to the nursery, and said, "O, Annie, I am sorry I cut the sleeves wrong. Will you forgive me, and let me do it again?"

Annie threw her arms round Ella's neck, and said she should be very glad if she would.

So Ella cut out the sleeves again, and she and Annie sat down and made dolly's dress.

It was a very pretty dress; even nurse was quite surprised.

"Now, Miss Ella," she said, "you see what people can do by being kind and helping one another. You have made the frock very nicely."

Ella's eyes glistened with tears of joy. She thought she felt as happy as the little fairies did dancing on their grottoes. I cannot tell you whether the dress was as pretty as the caves, because one can hardly compare such things; but I can tell you that the two sisters looked as bright and happy as any fairies.

MARIET.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### Fat Queens.

In the UNYORO country, which is on the south side of a river that is now called the SOMERSET NILE, in Africa, a lady is never thought to be

beautiful unless she is very, very fat. The king of that land has many wives, and, of course, they are expected to be beautiful, that is, fat. To make them so, each one is fed with a gallon of curdled milk every day. If any of these sable queens object to this sour diet, they are whipped until they drink their allowance.

Pretty treatment for queens, isn't it? Which of my Advocate girls would not rather be a farmer's daughter in America than a great, fat squab of a queen in Unyoro? But mark this, girls! The reason of the great difference between America and Africa is that the former country enjoys the Gospel, the latter does not. If the Unyoro people had had the pure Gospel for the last five hundred years they would not be what they are now. Their king would have only one wife and no woman would be whipped for not drinking sour milk. Be thankful, then, O my daughters, for the Gospel. Be sure also to ask Jesus to make you truly Christian children. X.



Translated from the French for the Sunday-School Advocate.

### The Violet.

LITTLE EMMA did not know that there were any other kinds of violets than the blue. One day she chanced to find in a garden some that were blue, and some that were white as snow, and, what astonished her more, some that were red like fire. She gathered one of each and ran with them joyously to her mother. Her mother said to her: "These three kinds of violets are not so rare as you think; however, I am glad that you have found them such wonders, if it may only impress upon your heart this triple emblem. The humble blue violet is, as you know, the symbol of modesty; let the white violet be to you a symbol of innocence, and let the red one always remind you that you ought to cultivate in your heart an ardent love for all that is good."

The daughter was charmed with this explanation. The same evening her mother gave her a small pattern for embroidery. The pattern was the three violets, of the colors blue, white, and red, and underneath were these words: The best traits of youth are, to be innocent and pure, to be modest and good.

We should not have the charity which says to Ruth, "Glean after the young men," but forgets to say to the young men, "Let fall some of the handfuls on purpose for her."

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

A STRANGE HOUSE WITHOUT ANY LIGHT.

About a year ago I was in the habit of instructing a very interesting class of boys in a Sunday-school. One Sunday a little fellow said to me, "If I could always live in this world I should be perfectly happy. He was a bright boy, and his fine dark eyes sparkled as his fancy pictured a world upon which the shadow of death never rested.

"Perfectly happy, Johnny?" I slowly repeated.

"Yes, if I could have as much money as I wanted."

"But why can you not be happy now?" I asked.

"God has given you everything you need, and he will let you live as long as he has any work for you to do." The child did not reply, so I repeated the remark.

"Why," he answered at length, "I don't see any use in studying, or working, or anything else, when we must die so soon; and why should we love any body, when perhaps as soon as we have got to loving them they will die or else we shall!"

"Are you afraid to die, Johnny?"

"Yes," he sadly replied.

"Why, my child?"

"Because it seems," said the lad, somehow like going into a strange house in the night without any light."

"And yet, Johnny, there have been people who have been not only fearless when death came to them, but were very glad and thankful to leave the world. Do you understand how it could be?"

As he looked perplexed and shook his head, I tried to explain it to him. I spoke of strong men, delicate women, and even tender children, after terrible sufferings, calmly falling asleep, because they trusted in Jesus; how loving mothers had left helpless children in the world without pain, because they believed that God would fulfill and keep all his promises, and they felt him very near them. Then in a low tone while the piercing eyes of the child fastened on my face, I told him how Christians toiled, studied, and loved in this world that they might do much for Christ, and rest with him throughout a blessed eternity; and even while they work thus for their Master, they feared to live more than they dreaded to die. Before he had time to reply the hour came for closing the school, and I said "Good-bye" to my class. Ere I met those dear boys again the heat of summer had faded into the chill of autumn, sickness having called me away.

One day, soon after my return, some one rapped at my door; a note was handed to me which I found to be from Johnny's mother. She said her dear boy was very ill, and wished most earnestly to see me. As soon as I possibly could I went to the house of his parents. As I entered the room I saw a sight which I hope never to forget. The dying child, whose countenance was perfectly radiant with holy joy, reclined in the arms of his father, while the mother, who was sobbing convulsively, held his hand. The setting sun illuminated every corner of the apartment; while a little canary whose cage hung in the window, warbled his joyous music. It was a strange sound in that chamber of death. Yet why should it seem so? Surely triumphant songs are meet when the narrow stream of time widens peacefully into the ocean of eternity. As soon as the child's fast dimming eyes met mine he exclaimed: "I am not afraid to die now, dear teacher; Jesus, who was with the martyrs, is right here, and

he makes it very light." I pressed my lips to his brow, but spoke no word.

"Sing, father," said he, "sing, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.'"

The father endeavoured to do as he requested, but his strong voice failed him, and he stopped; but the mother, with faltering utterance, commenced the hymn. The first verse she sang through alone, but in the second the manly tones of the father guided her. When they had finished they looked long and earnestly into their boy's face. With the sound of earthly hymns still in his ear he passed away, while angels' songs would seem but the echo of his mother's voice. On the headstone marking his resting-place you may read, "Not lost, but gone before."

Dear reader, are you afraid to die? Does eternity seem to you like going into a strange house in the night without any light? Go where Johnny went, to the foot of the cross; and with Christ for your light, you need not dread the darkness of the tomb; it will be but the earthly shadow on the entrance of that city which hath "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,  
Will my hair—which my sisters say is like gold  
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,  
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?  
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow  
As he, when he told us this tale of woe?  
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?  
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?"

"He said—but I knew not what he meant—  
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.  
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,  
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest,  
And he told how his kindred there were laid  
And the friends with whom in his youth he played  
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,  
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

"He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,  
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;  
And followed afar, with a heart as light  
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;  
And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath  
the beams

Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;  
Yet he left all these through the earth to roam!  
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!  
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;  
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn  
grey,  
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!  
There is a land of which thou hast heard me speak,  
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;  
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—  
It was there the old man longed to be.

"For he knew that those with whom he had played,  
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—  
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth  
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—  
Whose names from our world had passed away,  
As flowers on the breath of an autumn day—  
He knew that they with all suffering done,  
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!  
"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,  
Where Want with his pale train never may come,  
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,  
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;  
For He who hath made them poor may soon  
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,  
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!  
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

FIVE CENTS.

BY MRS. F. W. BEECHER.

What a lovely Sunday! The lilacs were out and full of fragrance, and our six maples had each the flag of a red leaf to fling out on their naked bodies in token of what *would* be. Other people's maples were full of leaf and ripple. Our little garden-mounds had each a ring of sweet grass, and an inside flowering thing. But many a flower bloomed around in neighbor's beds and gardens, and yesterday's rain yet swelled and ran in lines of silver between sweet breasts of green. Children, like morning themselves, went by in the bright air to Sunday-school; little boys hugging up their books to clean jackets, and little girls as fresh and clean as the summer but more in crimson, and blue, and pink, and orange than summer or morning. One little boy—well, what was he doing? He had a basket on his arm, at any rate; and he had—no, not a new cap on his head, an old, a shabby one, and a shabby jacket and trousers. And he was holding up no Sabbath-school book to his little breast; but on he trudged, with the sunshine in the fringes of his hair, and kind to him, and sweet all over upon him, as if he had been a Sunday-school scholar, just the same. Was the sunshine right? On a sudden, as we looked, the little fellow stopped on the sidewalk. What was the matter with him? Not to smell our handful or bushful of lilacs, not to see the blossoming, flowering things we had in our circles of deep grass, not even to swing our new gate, with its fascinating fixture and iron tassel which so many boys had stopped to swing. No, he has lost something. It is something of importance, for he is troubled and sets down his basket. He is coarse and homely, this little boy; he has a coarse mouth, and he begins to talk to himself with it, and to be more and more troubled, looking around him for something.

It is a little stick he looks for, and he pokes with it in one of the cracks of the sidewalk. Oh, it must be his money has rolled away. He was going to buy bread to put in that basket, or something which his parents have sent him for; and now his money is all gone, and he don't know what to do.

The mouth is coarse; but when it begins to tremble and look sorry, and when the big tears come, and the poor little dirty jacket sleeve goes up to wipe them off, that the poor little eyes may see plainer to peep in the crack, who would care for that? I don't know anybody that would. Anybody would have ran out quick to say, as we did:

"Little boy, what have you lost?"

"Five cents."

"Oh, five cents. Never mind. Don't hunt for it. You never can get it out of there. You never could, you know. You shall have another five cents, don't cry."

The big tears stopped rolling; the basket was picked up; and with another five-cent piece in his hand Tommy, or Tony, or whatever his name was, stepped on at peace again. I saw him come back with his basket filled. I saw him stop thoughtfully at that memorable crack—the grave of his five-cent piece—as though he never could get over it. I know he will ruminate, and stop every time he ever crosses it. But I saw the Sunday sun follow him kindly as he trudged; and I saw the young red leaf of my maples swing when he was gone; and I was glad so slight a thing had healed his broken heart.

There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, but more slips after the cup has been drained by the lips.

Teach this to children as soon as they can

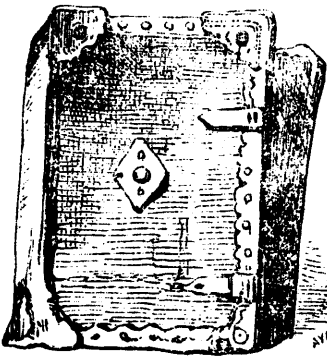


For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The First Settlers of New England.

We now call them the Pilgrim Fathers. In England they had been classed among the Puritans. Their mode of Church government was Presbyterian. King James I. wished all his subjects to belong to the Church of England. But some of them thought they had a right to worship God according to their own consciences, and they refused to conform to the Church of England. That gave them still another name, Nonconformists. I am telling you these names, so that when you read about them in history you will remember that these were the same people from whom the present Yankees of New England are descended.

King James tried hard to make them do as he wished, and when he found that arguments and commands would not answer he punished. He burned two at the stake, but that made so much



talk that he preferred to shut others in prison and let them die there. Many left the kingdom. Some fled to Holland, and quite a large congregation settled with their minister in Leyden. They could worship God here as they thought right, but they disliked the government and the manners of the Dutch, and especially their loose way of keeping the Sabbath. It was rather devoted to pleasure than observed as a day sacred to the Lord. But the worst part of the case was that their dear children, whom they wished to bring up in the fear of the Lord, mingled with the people of the land and practiced their customs, and became as wicked as they were. So they began to look about for a better home.

This happened a little more than one hundred years after the discovery of America. Some settlements had already been made there, and these people began to look to that as to a land of

promise. They thought that they could live there under the protection and the laws of England, while they would not be likely, at that distance, to be troubled about their modes of worship. So they at last selected a location in New England. They wished to send only a part of their number first, to open the way and to report to the rest. These were mostly young men, or those in the prime of life, with their families, in all one hundred and one souls. Their good pastor and many of their friends came

down to the seaport, Delft Haven, to see them off. They had a sad time at leave-taking, for it was a great task to cross the ocean. It takes from eleven to fourteen days now; it often took as many weeks in those times. They sailed on the fifth of August in two small ships, but a severe storm soon drove them back and made one of the vessels leak so badly that they were obliged to leave it and all go on board the other, the famous Mayflower. They had very severe storms on the way, but they would not turn back, and it was the ninth of November before they came to land at Cape Cod. This was not their desired haven, for they intended to go to the southwestern part of New England, or what is now New York; but the Dutch had some notion of making a settlement there, and so they had bribed the captain of the Mayflower to take these people further north. They were much disappointed, but it was late in the season, and they did not wish to keep their wives and children any longer shut up in the crowded ship. So they sent out men in a boat to find a good place to live in. They were out several days, one of which was Sunday. This they spent, under the rude shelter of boughs, among the snow as quietly and sacredly as if they had been in comfortable homes. The very next day they found a good place for a settlement



and then they went back to the ship. They all landed at Plymouth on December 20, 1620.

It was very cold weather, but they all went to work bravely and built a large house and got their stores into it from the ship. But the cold and the exposure made many of them sick, and soon their house burned down and they lost some of their stores. After that they built smaller houses; but they had a very hard winter of it, and about half their number died. The Indians around them were few and scattered, so that they could neither help nor hurt them much. They had recently been killed off by some pestilential disease. But if the pilgrims had gone, as they intended, to the mouth of the Hudson River, the strong Indian tribes there would probably have fallen on the little band and cut them all off. So God often makes our seeming misfortunes a blessing to us.

In spite of all their troubles they liked their new home so well that when the Mayflower returned to Europe in the spring not one of the pilgrims returned with her. They had no minister with them at first, but a good elder in the Leyden Church, named Brewster, conducted divine service for them many years. The chair which he used is still preserved. Above is a picture of it, and also of a Dutch Bible which they brought with them, and one of their window panes lighted with oiled paper instead of glass. The latter was too expensive for them. Some other relics also remain, which we may mention at another time.

AUNT JULIA.



The Children's Sabbath Pathway.

There's a pressure to-day of many feet  
Left on the meadow soil,  
And the step which sounds in the city street  
Is not the tread of toil.  
They come in groups and they come in pairs;  
What errand this Sabbath-day is theirs?

They are children's feet. But all forgot  
Is childhood's sportive play;  
The wild flowers smile, but they lure them not,  
Nor tempt them from their way.  
Quick, yet happy, cheerful, yet slow,  
Further and further the children go.

A chastened look is on each young cheek,  
And a calm upon the brow,  
Which seems of the Sabbath peace to speak,  
Resting on Nature now.  
And the ringing voices are only heard  
Whispering softly some sacred word.

Over the snow in its waste so white,  
Down the summer lanes so cool,  
Through the autumn cornfields, yellow and bright,  
They pass to the Sunday-school,  
Waiting to welcome them, waiting to hold  
The scattered lambs of the Shepherd's fold.

At the open door they enter in,  
Their teacher's love to share;  
And the teacher's task is for God to win  
The young hearts gathered there;  
To break the furrows and sow the seed,  
And then before God for the harvest plead.

O, little ones, happy as thus ye meet,  
God's grace be o'er ye shed!  
His blessing shall rest on the willing feet  
This Sabbath road which tread:  
And many shall find when this life is past,  
It has led to the golden gates at last.

M. K. M.

Little Sunshine.

Who is Little Sunshine? The child who does not pout, or frown, or say cross words, but who goes about the house laughing, smiling, singing, saying kind words, and doing kind deeds—that child is Little Sunshine. Does anybody know Little Sunshine? Where does Little Sunshine live?

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