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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNT · O · M · G ·

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 19.

JULY 9, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 211.

For the S. S. Advocate.

THE BROKEN GLASS.

ONE day, when David was going to the store on an errand, a friend of his mother's gave him a peach. As peaches were very plenty, and it would be no rarity to those at home, he ate it while standing in the store waiting to be served. This was well enough, but instead of going to the door and throwing away the stone, he tried to throw it out from where he stood. But it went against a pane of glass and broke it. When the merchant asked who broke the glass, David answered that he did it, for he was a truthful boy.

But when he learned that he must pay for the glass he was in great trouble. He had no money, and he did not like to tell his father about the broken glass for fear of his displeasure. So he put it off, but the longer he waited the worse he felt, and at last he summoned courage and went and told his father of the accident. His father received him very kindly, and gave him money to pay for the glass. Then what a change there was in his feelings! "Were I to live a thousand years," said this little boy afterward when telling the story, "I could never forget the load that was taken off my heart when I had confessed to my father what I had done, and he said, 'Well, my son, I will give you money to pay for it.' I felt like another person. My heart fairly leaped for joy when I heard the kind tones of my father's voice."

He saw then that he had been very foolish to wait so long, and he made up his mind that he would never do so again. If anything troubled him he would go to his father or his mother at once and confess it all. And if our earthly parents are so kind, how much more will our heavenly Father forgive us and pay our debts for us when we make our confessions unto him. And let us remember, too, that the longer we wait the more trouble we make for ourselves. Jesus is ready even now to say, "I have paid the debt for thee. Go in peace and sin no more." J.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

GLEEFUL CHILDREN.

THESE children are having a merry time of it under the greenwood-tree. They enjoy their game of bo-peep hugely. That is right. Children, good ones I mean, ought to be happy. Why should they be otherwise?

Children remind me of the flowers, for, like those pretty things, they are beautiful, fragile, and free from care. I love to look in the clear eye and upon

the smooth, plump, rosy cheeks of a child just as I do upon a rose, a lily, or a fuschia. I love to see its careless joy, because, like the flower, it knows no care. It lives, and grows, and laughs, and sings, fearless of want or hurt. It trusts pa, and ma, and God for all it needs. O happy, happy child!

Children ought to be happy. Why? Because they are so dearly loved. Pa and ma love them. They love each other. Grandpa and grandma love them. Uncles and aunts love them. Better than all, Jesus loves them. From his throne in heaven he looks down with smiling face and says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thus love, pure, careful, gentle love, meets children everywhere. Ought they not to be happy?

Play on, then, O happy children! Let your harmless laughter ring out upon the ears of careworn men and women. Be merry, my little ones, but O be good! Sin will spoil your laughter and turn it into grief. Be good, therefore, and then your joy will last forever. Your faces will grow old and your bodies feeble, but goodness will keep your hearts young and fresh forever. X.

For the S. S. Advocate.

MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN AND OLD FOLK.

I READ the other day of a medicine that is said to be a sure cure for a disease which is very common all over the land. I guess that many of

my readers often have it. Some of them have it very badly I fear. What is it?

Well, it is something worse than the toothache, the headache, the rheumatism, or the gout. It is very painful, and the patient gives a good deal of trouble. What do you think it is? You can't think, eh?

Here, Miss Talkative, let me whisper its name in your ear. It is the disease of grumbling.

"Ha, ha, how funny!" cries Johnny Merriman. "Grumbling! Why, it's worse than fits. There's

old Ma'am Screwface, down Whichway Lane; she is always grumbling. She grumbles about the weather, about her house, about trade, about people, and my! how she does grumble about us boys! She says 'boys are worse than the savage Injuns used to be.' It gives me fits to hear her talk. Guess I'll carry her some of the new medicine if I can find out what it is. What can it be that will cure grumbling?"

The remedy is very simple, Johnny. It consists of two well-known articles, one of which is to be taken in pretty large doses three times a day, and the other as much as the patient can bear every time the fit comes on.

"O that wout suit Ma'am Screwface," rejoins Johnny; "she'd grumble about the expense and wouldn't buy it."

No, Johnny, I don't think she would, for these medicines cost nothing, and the old lady can always keep them in the house if she chooses. They are called *prayer* and *singing*. If the old lady, or anybody else, will pray three times a day and begin to sing whenever a desire to grumble rises the cure is sure. The disease can't stand it. Prayer and singing will cure the worst case of grumbling ever known, Ma'am Screwface not excepted.

Who objects to my medicines for the cure of grumbling? They are certainly as sweet and as pleasant to take as they are cheap. Let every grumbler in my Advocate family try them and let me know the result. W.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

A GREAT many of the slaves in the southern part of the United States have been freed since the commencement of the rebellion. They run off to the Union lines whenever they can get a chance. And the United States government gives them food and clothing to make them comfortable; and in many places, as at New Orleans, La., Beaufort, S. C., and Newbern, N. C., the northerners have established schools for them and sent missionaries among them. It is no easy task to teach in these schools, but there are many ready to undertake it for the love of doing good. And the schools are filled with men, and women, and children all eager to learn, for when they were slaves they were not permitted to read. And they learn very fast, and show themselves as bright as anybody. The American Tract Society at Boston publishes a paper purposely for them, and in it is a story about a colored boy only six years old.

His teacher asked him if he loved God.

"O yes, missus, I love God a heap."

"What makes you love him?"

"Mammy says he gives me breath every day, and he helped us to run off from old massa. He give me good strong legs."

"Yes, John, God has been very kind to you and made you free, and sent you books and teachers. But how are you going to show your love to him?"

John stopped to think a minute and then said:

"I bring you flowers and eggs, and I'se going to give you some sweet 'taters when they's grown; but I can't give sich to God, can I?"

"No, my little boy. We have to show our love

to him in another way. I will tell you how, by trying to please him in all we do."

"Please him? How?"

"By doing just what he tells us to do, and by not doing what he forbids."

"O, well, I'd do that if I only knowed."

"He says you must never tell a lie. Will you mind that?"

"But I telled a lie to-day. I tore the book; but I was afeard you'd whip, so I telled you no."

"O that was very wicked; John, God was not pleased then."

"I'se sorry, but I didn't know. I'll never do so no more—never."

"And God says you must not steal. You must never take the least thing that belongs to another."

"Not a red cent?"

"No, nor a nut, nor a paper, nor anything."

"I wout then, never no more."

"And God says you must obey your parents. You must mind them the minute they speak, and never do what they tell you not to."

"Hi! reckon that's hard."

"No matter if it is hard. You must do it to please that good God who has been so kind to you. Will you try?"

"I'll try, right smart."

And John did try, and it was really wonderful to see the change in him. He prayed every day that God would help him do right, for, you know, we can do nothing without God's help. And the good Spirit was sent into his heart to teach him the right way. And he was a very happy boy, for God always makes those happy who try to please him and do his will. He says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

FLOWERS OF LIFE.

THE VIOLET.

HAVE you observed in spring-time

A small but welcome flower
Which blooms in shady places
Or in some rustic bower?
It seems to shrink from notice,
Beneath its leafy shields;
But you are sure to find it
By the sweet smell it yields.

The violet! ah, you know it,
The pretty, modest thing;
In town, as well as country,
Fair herald of the spring!
Tied up in tiny bunches,
The sick one's room it cheers,
And by its lovely perfume
Itself to all endears.

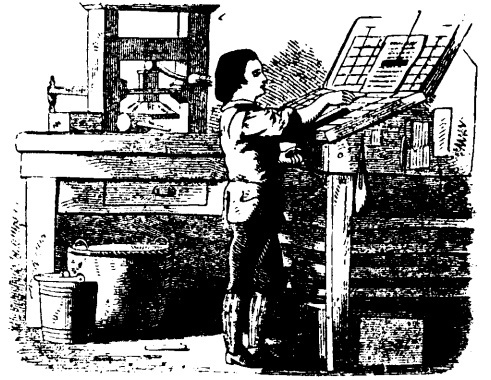
A shy, sweet little creature,
Guileless in all her ways,
Our blue-eyed Lucy dreams not
How oft she winneth praise.
When strangers gaze upon her,
Close to our side she clings,
Unconscious of the fragrance
Which all around she flings.

By kind and loving actions,
By winning words and smiles,
She fills our home with gladness,
And every care beguiles.
Thus meek and unassuming,
All thoughts of self put low,
Our humble little Lucy
Does like the violet grow.

A MAN THAT SWALLOWED FIFTEEN COWS.

Just as I was passing a crowd that had collected together to listen to a working man who was addressing them, the speaker said: "I met a man the other day who had swallowed fifteen cows! You may think this strange," continued the speaker, "but I will tell you how it happened. When I first knew him he was very well to do in the world. He had a comfortable home, and a very good dairy, consisting of fifteen cows. But at length he took to drinking,

until first one cow went, then another, and another, and another, until at last, by the drink which he sold the cows to procure, he swallowed the whole fifteen, and he is now an inmate of an almshouse."



LITTLE JOSEPH.

LITTLE JOSEPH lost his parents when he was only seven years old. They had taken great care of him, and had taught him to fear God. He had been early told that he must work for his bread, and had learned the texts, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat;" and, "In all labor there is profit."

Little Joseph did not wish to beg, and so he tried to find work. He went into a printing-office, and said to the foreman, "Sir, I am very hungry. I have had scarcely anything to eat for two days; will you give me work?"

The foreman asked why his parents did not take care of such a little boy as he was.

"I have neither father nor mother," said poor Joseph.

"But what can you do, my poor child?"

"I can do anything you like, sir. I can run errands, and clean your boots, and do whatever you bid me."

"Well," said the printer, smiling, "there is sixpence; go and spend it for me."

The child hastened away and returned in a few minutes. He brought what he had been told to buy, and gave back a few halfpence which he had received in change.

"Have you anything more for me to do, sir?" said he, eagerly.

Touched by his honesty, and his anxiety to work, the foreman gave him something to eat, and told him to go into the work-room, which was then almost empty, as the workmen had not returned from dinner. The little boy began to sweep and clean it, to the best of his ability. When the printers returned, they were amused to see such a small boy at work; and when they heard his story, they were so sorry for him that several of them gave him money.

When the office was closed the child disappeared, but he returned early in the morning to begin his work. Surprised to see him, the foreman asked him where he had slept.

"I went," said Joseph, "to the houses of poor people, and I asked them if they would take me in for the night. At several places they refused me, but at last I found a kind woman who let me sleep in a corner on a little straw."

The honest answers of the child, his frankness, his gentleness, and his earnest desire to be useful, so interested the printer and his wife in his favor that by degrees they grew very fond of him, and at length took him to live in their own house.

Thus the poor orphan, who had trusted in God, was not forsaken by Him to whose care his parents had committed him; for the promise of God is sure: "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive."

It is now many years since Joseph became a printer, and he is now so skillful that he is able to earn good wages. He has never forgotten the lessons of his pious parents, and is a true Christian, as well as an excellent workman.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1864.



THE OLD MAN BEFORE HE BECAME A BEGGAR.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"I've a dog, a pony, and lots of money; see here!" said ULRIC WEST, holding up a steel purse, well filled with bright cents and small silver coins, to the admiring gaze of a group of boys and girls.

"Yes, you are a rich fellow, a regular Cræsus," replied HAROLD VANNOT with a sneer; "but what good does it do you? You never let the fellows play with your dog nor ride your pony. You never spend your money if you can help it, and every boy in Lindenvale knows you're as mean as dirt—a regular miser. I shouldn't wonder if you grow up into a real mean skinflint, like that old Dan Dancer, who had lots of money and yet died in a sack because he was too mean to use his bed-clothes."

"That's right, Harold!" "Give it to him!" "He deserves it all!" cried the boys and girls, who were much pleased to hear Harold give such a "setting down," as they called it, to Ulric, who was both the richest and meanest boy in the school.

At that moment an old man in a very much worn dress limped up to the group, and touching his hat said:

"Please give a poor old man a penny?"

"Get out with you!" said Ulric haughtily. "It's against the law to beg in the streets. Get out!"

Now this old man was not a common vagrant, but was really poor and deserved help. He was lame, and had outlived all the friends of his earlier years. He once had a quiet home, in which he read his Bible and served God. He was quite venerable, too, in spite of his threadbare garb. His hair was like silver threads, his brow was marked with deep furrows, his face wore a sad but quiet look, he was such a man as would incline a generous heart to pity and help him. At any rate, all the children in that group, except Ulric, were moved to pity, and every one who had a cent in his pocket took it out cheerfully and put it into the old man's hand—all but Ulric. He kept his hand in his pocket tightly gripping his purse. Seeing the rest give only made him vexed, and he said with a bitter sneer on his lips:

"What a pack of fools you are to throw your money away on that old beggar!"

"For shame, Ulric!" said KITTY PARSONS, "you may be old and poor yourself one of these days, and then perhaps you'll be sorry you called this old man hard names."

Without appearing to notice Ulric's remark, the old man thanked the children for their gift and said:

"If you will listen to an old stranger and will let me sit down on that rock yonder I will tell you a story."

"A story! a story!" cried the boys; "let's hear it! let's hear it!"

The old man sat upon the rock, the boys and girls gathered round him, and the old man said:

"Once on a time some soldiers marching through a village asked for a guide. A poor man who knew the way offered to go with them, but, as it was bitterly cold, he begged some one to lend him a cloak. No one heeded his request but a poor old blacksmith, a stranger in the place working for hire. He pitied the guide and loaned him his old cloak.

"The guide started with the soldiers. At the next village they found another company of soldiers under the command of an officer who, on seeing the guide, turned pale and asked, 'Where did you get that cloak?' The guide told him. The officer ordered his horse, rode to the village from which the guide had come, and inquired for the poor old blacksmith. You may judge of that old man's surprise when he saw an officer in splendid uniform, with the cross of the legion of honor sparkling on his breast, standing before his shop. He looked at this grand officer a moment, and then exclaiming, 'O it is my own son, Rudolph!' he sprang out and threw himself into the young soldier's arms.

"Now Rudolph had joined the army when his father lived in another place and was pretty well off. He had been with the army several years far away from home, and had by great bravery risen to honor and command. His father, meanwhile, had been very unfortunate. There were few post-offices and mail-routes in those times and in that country, so that they had not heard of one another. But the son remembered his father's cloak when he saw it on the guide's shoulders; and then the father's kindness in loaning it to his poor neighbor led to the discovery of his son and to his own relief, for you may be sure that Rudolph did not leave him to toil unhelped at his anvil and bellows.

"The people wept for joy when they heard of the old blacksmith's good fortune in finding his brave son, and they said, 'As the old man had compassion on others, so God has had compassion on him and has let his son find him again, who has delivered him from all his necessity.'

"And now you have heard my story," continued the old man, rising from the rock to resume his weary walk, "I give you my blessing, and may Heaven help you to remember that

"The gracious Lord his soul will bless
Who helps the stranger in distress."

Then the old man bowed to the children and limped away, followed by such cries as, "Good-by, old gentleman!" "Thank you for your story." "Hurrah for the old blacksmith!" etc.

"There, Ulric, you're hit—why, where is Ulric? I declare he is gone!" said Harold.

Ulric had quietly slipped away while his companions were cheering the old man at his departure. He was, most likely, ashamed of himself, and so he slunk out of sight.

The lesson of this story is, "Don't be mean and selfish, but be generous, children. Pity the deserving poor and help them. Don't keep all your good things to yourselves, but share them with others. Be noble! Be large-hearted! Be kind! Go through life scattering smiles, blessings, and gifts all along your pathway."

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

NOT long ago a son was born to the Prince and Princess of Wales—the prince, you recollect, paid a visit to Canada a few years ago. When the babe was born some one wrote a simple prayer in verse for the little heir of royalty. Here it is:

God save the little prince,
God bless the little prince,
God save the prince!
May he sin's ways forsake,
May he thy grace partake,
Save him for Jesus' sake,
God save the prince!"

That is a good prayer, is it not? I have printed it because I suppose you wish well to the baby-prince, and because I want to parody or change the lines into a prayer which you may use every day:

God save my guilty soul,
God bless my sinful soul,
God save my soul!
May I sin's ways forsake,
May I thy grace partake,
Save me for Jesus' sake,
God save my soul!

Will you learn this prayer? Will you repeat it daily? Will you do so sincerely?

Here is a note from E. L. HOWARD, of —, saying:

"My father is a temperance man and I mean to follow his example, for I think it is a dreadful thing to be a drunkard. I hope all of my young schoolmates will be good temperance boys and shun evil."

Emory is right. It is a dreadful thing to be a drunkard, and the only sure way of escape from it is not to drink the first drop. The first drink is the most dangerous of all.

And here is the answer to Brother Dunn's riddle: The cock. Gen. i, 20; Matt. xxvi, 34, 74, 75; Mark xiv, 30, 72;



Luke xxii, 34, 61; John xlii, 38; xviii, 27; Gen. vii, 8; (his voice was heard by Noah and his family, hence the whole world;) Luke xxii, 62.

LOUISA D., of —, says:

"I used to live in the states. My father died there more than six years ago. Over three years ago my Aunt Mary brought me home with her, and I have lived here ever since. My Uncle William is a very good man, and he is superintendent of our school. I have a brother John, aged seven. He and my mother came up last summer to make us a visit. We kept John to spend the winter with us. He is here still and attends Sabbath-school. Aunt Mary teaches the infant class. He is in her class. Last week Aunt Mary invited her class and Mrs. Persons's (the class that I am in) to spend the afternoon with her. There were thirty-three of us. We had a splendid time. I was ten years old the eleventh of this month. I am very busy most of the time. We go to school every day, and our teacher, Mr. Newell, drives us right along. I am as far as bankruptcy in arithmetic. I study grammar, history, and spelling. Uncle William has a maple grove and makes sugar every spring. They gave me a cake, which I send to you as a token of my love to you for your love to so many children. My brother and I want you to admit us into your Try Company. Aunt Mary says we don't half try to be all we should be, but if you accept us we promise to try harder than we ever have done. I wish you would write in your next paper all that you want your company to try to do or to be. Do you ever travel for pleasure? If you do just take a trip up to our lakes this summer, (the scenery is most beautiful,) and come and see us and spend the Sabbath with us if you can. My Uncle William would like very much to have you come and talk to the children face to face."

"Bless that fatherless maiden in the house of her good uncle and aunt!" cries the corporal, smacking his lips over that big lump of maple-sugar which came with this note. The sugar is nice, indeed, and I prize it for the sake of the love which led my dear little Louisa to send it to me. Of course, she and her brother go into the corporal's ranks. They must try to do all things they are told to do in the Advocate, especially to love Jesus and obey Aunt Mary.—FRANCIS W., of —, sends me a long list of recruits, and closes his letter by saying:

"I want the appointment of recruiting officer in your ranks. I think I can recruit quite an army for the Try Company if you will give me the appointment."

Since Francis wants to be an officer for its work and not for its honors, I give him the appointment of lieutenant of the Lyons Try Company. May he be an officer likewise under the Captain of our salvation!—J. N. C., of —, under date of April 17, writes:

"Will you allow me to propose the name of Miss Ada Layton as a suitable person to become a member of your Try Company? She has been reciting verses all winter, from two hundred to five hundred each Sabbath; but two weeks ago she recited one thousand, and the following Sabbath nine hundred and ninety. Thus you see that I have some grounds for recommending her, and I hope that you will place her name on your list. I may send you others yet, for I promised to send you the names of all that would recite one thousand verses."

Yes, Miss Layton is admitted with honor to our Try Corps, but the corporal begs J. N. C. not to press his pupils to such efforts of memory as are required in reciting one thousand verses a week. It is too much for the brain of any child in the world.

THE LAZY ANT.

HEAR a little fable my own dear mother told me of a little ant who set out from his home in a bank in search of food. He crept along the warm ground, and up the buttercup stalks, and once even fell asleep in the bottom of a bluebell. He was woke up by a fierce bee, who was humming and trying to stab him with his sting. He ran down as quick as he could, and found that the golden carpet the sun had spread on the grass was rolling up, that he had scarcely any time to hunt up some prize. He had left half a dozen little flies, because too heavy, he thought, to carry, and now he found a little gnat under a daisy leaf. He pulled it once or twice, and in a fury rushed at it and drove his sting in its slim body; but he soon gave up trying, and set off home empty-handed. An old ant saw the prize he forsook, and quietly laid hold of it and marched after him. All the ants were angry at the one who brought nothing, and when the old ant brought in the gnat and told his tale, they one and all turned the reckless little fellow out. In great fear he crept into a little cave under a stone, and would have given up in despair had not a good-natured glow-worm, who stretched his fiery string across the cave, given him hope and good advice. The ant next morning set off, determined to try and not yield to idleness. He did try, and went home in triumph, and became A 1 in the busy town of ants he lived with.

So you see "try" is the word, try the secret of success. A boy is a poor stick indeed if any little thing breaks him.



PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

BLESSED JESUS, kind and mild,
Stoop to hear a little child:
At thy feet I come to pray;
Saviour, cast me not away.

Take away my load of sin,
Make me clean and pure within;
Teach me all I need to know,
Be my Shepherd here below.

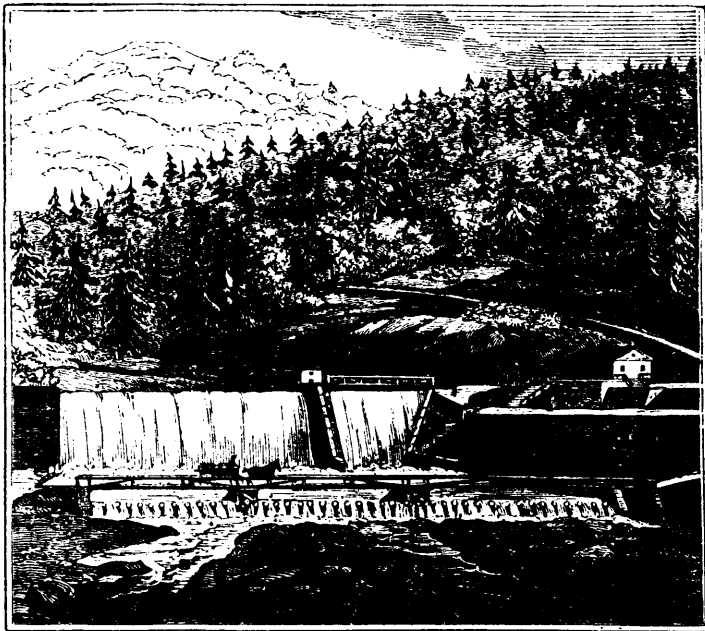
In my childhood may I be
Gentle, meek, and pure like thee;
Help me every sin to leave,
Lest thy loving heart I grieve.

Tender Jesus, thou didst call
To thine arms the children small;
Lo, I come, and humbly pray,
Cast me not from thee away.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOD'S ORCHARD.

DEAR CHILDREN,—In the Advocate of March 26 we told you something about "Seeds and Trees;" in this we want to tell you what becomes of the trees that die in God's orchard. They are all set out again, not on earth, but in the rich soil of heaven. And O how they will grow *there*, and how fruitful they will become *there*! Their fruit will be pleas-



ant, and rich, and fair, and beautiful; ever fresh and ever glorious, whose dropping will make music in the ear of God forever.

"Flowers of fadeless beauty there,
Trees of life with foliage fair;
Fruits the most inviting grow,
There is where I want to go."

O you would all like to be trees of the Lord's planting in heaven! Let me tell you, then, that if you would be you must be grafted here, and learn to bear what St. Paul calls "the fruit of the Spirit," Gal. v, 22, 23. There you learn that each tree in God's orchard bears *nine* varieties. What trees! They yield their fruit not only "every month," but every day. Do you doubt this? Let me assure you that it is really so. You say, "I have known Christian trees that did not bear such fruit as is mentioned in the text above." That is possible, and I will tell you why. I saw that nursery after the time when I saw the man and the boy setting it out, and I noticed that some of the roots had sprouted *below* the grafts, and I thought, "These must be destroyed or they will rob the grafts of the sap which is necessary to their growth and maturity." So it is with *some* of the trees in God's orchard. "Roots of bitterness" still remain, and rob the trees of their beauty and their fruits; and it needs a great deal of care and pruning to keep his orchard all right, and healthy, and fruitful. But God is watching over it, the Holy Spirit waters it, the blood of Christ nourishes it; and, under these, ministers, pious superintendents and teachers, and all the really good are working *in and for* it, and if it is not as beautiful, and perfect, and fruitful as infidels think it ought to be, we will remind them of the fact *that there is nothing in this world like it*; and that it is not, nor does it claim to be what it shall be when it shall take root and grow in heaven. S*****.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

RUM AND TOBACCO.



WO of your worst enemies, boys. You know that, eh? Well, do you act up to your knowledge? You may have heard it said fifty or a hundred times and not know it yet. If you knew a boy or a man that was your deadly enemy, trying to find out some way to kill you, would you play with him, or keep his company, or obey his bidding? And yet you do all this with rum and tobacco and then say that you know they are your enemies!

The right way to treat such enemies is to fight

them. Let me tell you about a boy who did that. He lived many years ago and his name was Amos. He went as a clerk into a store where it was the practice to treat the customers and drink with them. Amos saw that the owner of the store as well as the clerks often became tipsy before the day was over. They patted their enemy on the back, called him a good fellow, and he overcame them.

Amos saw that if he would conquer this enemy he must fight him, and not "put him in his mouth to steal away his brains." Total abstinence societies had not been heard of then, but Amos got one up on his own account and for his own benefit. He determined never to drink. He was abundantly ridiculed about it, but he knew that he was right and the others were wrong. They went on drinking, and long after *every one of them* had died drunkards Amos was living, a wealthy, honored merchant-prince of Boston.

You may never have heard his name before, but I'll tell it to you now, and you will hear it many times more if you live. It was Amos Lawrence. As you might suppose, he never used tobacco, but he bought a great many of Uncle Toby's Stories on Tobacco to give away. He also gave away large sums of money for benevolent purposes. I have a very grateful remembrance of him, for, many years ago, when schools were scarce in the West, he gave a handsome sum of money to the Methodist Church to establish a university in Wisconsin. And I, who had long been waiting for such a chance, was one of the first students in the Preparatory Department of *Lawrence* University. And would he have made such a name for himself if he had taken to drinking as his fellow-clerks did? No; he would have died a drunkard as they did, and his name would have been forgotten, his good deeds undone, and his soul lost. Boys, which will you do, court these enemies or fight them?

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"I WISH I COULD DIE!"

LITTLE SIDDIE, a six-year-old member of an infant class, while sick with diphtheria, said to his ma, "I wish I could die!" He was asked why he wished to die, and he said, "I want to go to heaven and see the angels."

In about four hours that wish was granted. Happy little SIDDIE!

TRUE happiness is to be found in God only.

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