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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · M ·

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 24.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 264.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

First Steps.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

BABY is learning to walk. Brother TIM is saying, "Don't be afraid, NELL;" and sister CORA adds, "Come, Nell, I'll catch you." Thus encouraged, fat little Nell takes her first step. She is not quite certain she can keep on her feet, but she is trying, and, on the whole, does pretty well—as well as you and I did, Master SPRUCE, when we took our first lesson in walking, so you needn't laugh at her one bit.

First steps! Did you ever think what important

things they are? You know TOM STANLEY, don't you? You call him "bandy legs" because his legs are bent out like bows. Do you know why they are bent in that manner? It is because he was made to take his first steps too early. His mother was in a hurry to see him walk, and she put him on his feet too soon. He learned to walk very early, but it was at the price of spoiling his legs for life. So you see that Tom's first steps were costly ones for him.

First steps! You don't know WILLIAM — ? Of course you don't. No matter. He took a first step one day which cost him much pain. He was about ten years old, and was considered quite a fair boy. He was going to school on a bright

summer's morning, when the thought popped into his head that it would be nice to go a little out of his way to look at some men working in a field.

William's conscience tried to drive the naughty little thought out of his head by saying, "No, no, you ought not to stop. You ought to go straight to school."

But the naughty thought was as nimble as a flea, and it kept leaping about William's brain until it finally hopped right down into his heart. It was Willie's master then, and it made him turn aside from the road and walk into the field. These were *first steps in a wrong direction.*

"Pooh! That wasn't doing anything very bad," you say. Wasn't it? Wasn't it an *act of disobedience* to his mother, who had just said to him, "Go straight to school, Willie?" And wasn't disobedience to his mother a sin against God? Don't tell me it wasn't doing anything very bad. Shame on you! Moreover, it was a first step. Mark what came of it!

William ran into the field and watched the men. In a little while he began to gather the wild flowers which grew around. Then the naughty thought roused itself and swelled larger, and said, "This is better than being shut up in the hot school-house." "So it is," shouted William, "and I won't go this morning, whip me if I do." Wasn't it much to take those first steps? You see how they led William to the second step—to playing truant. Wasn't that *much?*

But that was not all. A sudden but heavy shower came and wet the boy to the skin. "Served him right!" you say. No doubt it did. But it put him into a dilemma. He dared not go home or to school, so he stayed in the open air all day to dry himself. At night he went home, and told a lie or two to account for the dampness of his clothing.

The next day his head ached, and he was allowed to stay at home. In the evening his teacher called to learn the cause of his two days' absence. That brought the ugly story of his truancy to light, and also brought him a sound flogging from his father's hands. William's first steps were getting to be costly, weren't they? But worse things were yet to come.

The next day he was quite sick. His wetting had given him a cold which now became a rheumatic fever. Then followed the doctor, boluses, pains, aches, and groans for many days. At last the fever left him, and he left his bed; but he was partially deaf, and had pains which trouble him even now that he is an old man. Didn't his *first steps* cost him a pretty big price?

Beware then, my children, of first steps! Don't

tell a first lie, or commit a first act of disobedience, or a first theft, or take a first smoke, or a first drink of strong liquor, or any other wrong act. First steps almost always lead to second ones, and they to third; and so it is that first acts, which seem trifling, often end in ruin and death. Will you not then beware of first wrong steps?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

How a Little Boy Hurt Himself.

"PLEASE do my sum for me, Caroline," said a round-faced boy to his sister one afternoon, as he held up his slate for her inspection.

"You have begun wrong," said Caroline. "You should have commenced with the right hand column, not the left."

"Well, you do it for me," pleaded Albert.

"I would if I didn't want to hurt you," rejoined his sister.

"Hurt me doing my sums? Ha! ha! I should like to be hurt that way every day. Come, do my sum, there's a dear, good sister, do."

"No, I can't do it. I love you too well. If you don't learn to help yourself over the hard places and things you meet, you will be a dunce and a weakling all the days of your life. Come, rub out those two figures on the left, and begin to subtract the right column. One from three, how many remain?"

"I won't tell you. You are a great big lump of ugliness. I don't like you one bit. I'll go and get Tom to help me."

With these big, swelling, naughty words, Albert ran off in a pet to his brother Tom's room. Tom was bought with a few marbles to do the sum, and thus Albert hurt himself.

Yes, *hurt himself*. Hurt his *mind*, helped break down his own nerve, pluck, and spirit to overcome difficulties. Of course, if Albert always treats himself in this way he will be a dunce in learning, a weakling in mind, and a coward in soul. He may live to be a hundred years old, but he will never be a real man. If you know any other way to become strong and useful than by bravely facing the music of hard study and hard work I would like to hear from you.

There is no other way. If boys and girls want to be worth anything to themselves or any one else, they must learn to help themselves. By overcoming difficulties they become strong. By crying, whining, and getting helped over all the hard places they become pigmies, nothings, boobies, babies, and most always something worse even than that.

QUEERSTICK.

Child's Idea of God's Power.

A TEACHER of an infant-class in Sabbath-school had the little ones, about ten in number, gathered around her while she instructed a new scholar as to the character of God and the creation. When she said, "This great God made the water and ground, the grass and trees, the birds, the fish, and all animals, out of nothing," one of the number, who had previously heard the story, looking earnestly into the new-comer's face, and with a gesture of his closed fist, which seemed to say, "And still more wonderful," exclaimed, "Yes, and he had no tools either."—*Lutheran Sunday-School Herald*.

"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent. "But, mamma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as neatly as I do, and has lots of toys." "I cannot help that, my dear," responded the foolish mother; "her father, you know, is a shoemaker." "But I don't play with her father, I play with her; and I'm sure she aint a shoemaker."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Berrying.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

THEY are off to the pastures wild,
Where the shadowy wood
Has for ages stood,
And the forest flowers have smiled.

They stop by the little brook,
They kneel by its brink
For a cooling drink,
And into its clear depths look.

In the dimpled, sun-browned hands
There are baskets bright,
Plaited red, and white,
And blue, in patriot bands.

Far over the hills they go;
Like fluttering wings
Seem the gay hat strings
That out in the breezes blow.

I know little Nell is there—
I can tell her dress
And every tress
And curl of her bright brown hair.

The sisters Lily and May,
With eyes as blue
As the violet's hue,
And smiles like the dawn of day.

Little Nat is there, I suppose—
Indeed, I just know
That he always will go
With his beautiful twin-sister Rose.

There are more girls and boys
In the merry group,
And the whole gay troop
Is full of laughter and noise.

They know where the berries hide,
And grow in the shade,
As if half afraid
In the sunshine to abide.

They frolic with laughter and song
By the singing rills,
O'er the fair green hills,
The rich-freighted bushes among.

On the childish, dewy lips
Are the purple veins
Of the berry-stains
That color the finger tips.

O childhood, happy and free!
With its swift-winged years,
With its smiles and tears,
Its innocent beauty and glee!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Boy's Reproof.

As I was walking out one afternoon I saw some men and boys huddled together looking eagerly downward. I drew near the group, and saw that what created so much excitement was a mouse drowning in a pail of water. How the poor little creature struggled! But it was all in vain; his strength was fast failing, and no one seemed willing to help him. Presently a voice was heard, and turning my eyes in the direction of the speaker, I saw a boy—nearly a young man—whose face was flushed with indignation, and bearing the expression of pity.

"Why do you torture that poor creature thus?" said he in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"He deserves it," answered one of the men.

"No animal deserves torture, sir," responded the brave boy. "If that little mouse has nibbled your cheese you cannot convince it that it has done a wicked thing. It does not know that your cheese cost you labor or money. If it be necessary to kill an animal in order to save your property, do it at once. Will you teach other mice not to steal by killing this one by slow degrees? Sir, this is nothing but *cruelty!* there is no excuse for it—no reason but that you delight in the sufferings of a poor little mouse."

At length a kind-hearted shoemaker, hearing our young hero, said, "Such treatment of a poor mouse is wrong, that's a fact."

The crowd was silent and evidently ashamed. I went about my business, and in a minute returned, and saw that the boy's plea had prevailed. The water had been thrown into the street, and the mouse saved from drowning.

Children, study to be kind to brutes. Cruelty to them is proof of a want of kind feeling to human beings. Cultivate this kindness by considering two things: first, that they suffer like you; and second, that it is your bounden duty to be kind and tender toward them. An eminent Christian said a man's religion was not worth much if his dog did not fare the better for it.

BROTHER TIM.

Declamation for a Little Boy.

LITTLE MICE.

I'm a little fellow, but I'm going to talk upon a big subject. 'Tis not too big for such as we either. Some men laugh about little boys and girls forming Cold Water Armies, and say, what good can they do? I will tell you.

You have read about a little mouse that a lion helped out of a little trouble, and laughed at him because he said something about returning the favor; well, this great lion got into a hunter's net, and he roared, and growled, and bit, and that was all he could do. By and by the little mouse came along and gnawed off, one by one, all the cords of the great net, and let the lion go. That is what we mean to do; we may be little mice, but we are going to gnaw off every thread of the great net that has bound down our country for so many years. The net is intemperance, and our cold-water pledge cuts off all the deceiving threads that look so pretty and delicate, as wine, beer, cordial, cider, as well as the stouter cords, rum, gin, brandy. Now don't you think we can do something? We know we can. Intemperance shant catch us, at any rate.—*Cold Water Army*.

ATR is a dish which one feeds on every minute, therefore it ought always to be fresh.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

"I WISH I WAS A CHRISTIAN."

You do, little friend? Why are you not a little Christian, a meek and lowly follower of Jesus? What hinders? Who's in the fault? The Lord is more desirous for you to bow the knee in humble submission to his will, confess your sins and put them away, than you can possibly be. He gave his precious life for you. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. xxi: 17.

"They that seek me early shall find me," saith the Lord.

Let children to the Saviour come,
From cottage and from hall;
For in his Father's house is room,
And in his love for all.

Many, many times did little Anna think this wish in her heart, and say to herself, "I wish I were a Christian."

Why was she not a Christian? She had excellent parents, and many pious friends. She had been taught a great deal about God and heaven and all good things. She had often read the story of the blessed Saviour's life and death. She knew very well that to be a Christian was the best of all things.

Anna thought she did not know how to be a Christian. She often said, "I read my Bible every day; I pray to God, and ask him to give me a new heart; I try to please him and do right, and I very often give myself to him as I have been taught. But still I am not a Christian; and I don't know how to be one." Anna was very sincere, and it was all true. She did read her Bible, and try very earnestly to please the Lord; and he saw in her heart the beginning of a holy life, though she did not know it.

How do you think Anna at last became a Christian? After thinking a great deal about it, and praying a great many times to the Lord to teach her, and shedding a great many tears over her naughtiness, she one day made this resolution:

"I don't know that ever I shall be a Christian," said she, "but this I will do: I will give myself to the Saviour every day of my whole life. I will read my Bible, and pray that my sins may be forgiven; and then I will act just the way that Christians do. I will, the Lord helping me, do no wrong thing; and I will do all I can to help my little brothers and sisters to do right and love the Saviour; and I will love him dearly, because he is so good, whether I am his child or not."

So Anna commenced to do as she had said, and the blessed Saviour listened to her prayers, and forgave her sins, and accepted her when she gave herself to him, and loved her dearly as she loved him.

Thus little Anna became a Christian and walked in newness of life.

The little child who loves to pray,
And read his Bible, too,
Shall rise above the sky one day
And sing as angels do;
Shall live in heaven, that world above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.
Look up, dear children, see the star
Which shines so brightly there;
But you shall brighter shine by far
When in that world so fair;
A harp of gold you each shall have,
And sing the power of Christ to save.

"PRAY FATHER."

A little Indian girl, seven years old, was wasting away with consumption. She had heard the Missionaries preach, had been a constant attendant

upon the Sunday-school, and for some months had given good evidence that she was a lamb of the Saviour's flock. Her father, a proud, hard man, had once professed to be a Christian, but for some time had been a backslider, whose case was regarded as almost helpless.

The little girl had been failing rapidly for several days. One afternoon, when she seemed better, she begged that her father might be called. He came. Then looking up to him with her bright but sunken eye, she said,—

"I want to be carried out of doors, father. I want to go to the brook once more. May I go?"

He could not refuse; and, without saying a word, he wrapped her up, folded her in his arms, and carried her out through the yard, across the green meadow, down to the little brook that wound its quiet way over sand and pebbles, among the alders that skirted its banks. He sat down in the shade, where the little girl could see the water, and the bright play of light and shadow between the alders. She watched them a moment, and then, turning away her wasted face, she said, earnestly,—

"Pray, father."

"O, I can't, my darling," he said, hastily.

"But do pray, father; do pray," she pleaded.

"No, no; how can I? No, no."

"Father," said she, laying her little thin hand upon his arm, "father, I'm going to heaven soon, and I want to tell Jesus Christ, when I see Him, that my father prays!"

The strong man's head was bowed, and there went up from that brook side such a prayer of repentance, and confession and supplication for forgiveness, as must have thrilled with joy the courts of heaven. He unclosed his eyes,—the little one was dead! Her freed spirit had fled on the wings of joy and faith to tell the Saviour, "*My father prays.*"

Wake up! Solomon.

"Sol, wake up! It's time to get up," shouted young Harry to his sluggish brother one fine July morning as he began dressing himself.

"What time is it?" yawned Solomon.

"Nearly six," replied his brother, "and mind, Sol, we start at seven."

"It's too early to get up yet," said Solomon; "I'll snooze till a quarter to seven."

So the lazy fellow turned around and was soon fast asleep again. When he awoke his room looked very full of sunshine. The house was very quiet, too, and rubbing his eyes, he muttered,

"I wonder if it is seven o'clock yet?"

Crawling out of his bed, he dressed himself and went down stairs. There was nobody in the parlor, nobody in the sitting room, nobody in the dining room. "What can be the matter," thought Solomon.

"Where are they all?" he asked.

"Gone to the city," replied the maid; "they started two hours ago."

"Why, what time is it?"

"Nine o'clock!"

"But why didn't they call me?"

"You were called at six o'clock and wouldn't get up. Your father wouldn't have you called again. He said he would teach you a lesson."

"It's too bad!" cried Solomon, dropping his head upon the table and bursting into tears.

It was too bad that the lazy boy did not learn the lesson of that morning so as to turn over a new leaf in the book of life. I am sorry to say he did not. He loved sleep. He hated work. He was the slave of lazy habits, and is so to this day.

What sort of a man will Solomon Slowcoach be? Well, if he don't die of idleness before he becomes a man he will be a shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow.

He won't have any knowledge, because he is too lazy to study; nor any money, because he is too lazy to work; nor any good character, because he is too lazy to conquer himself.

Wake up! Solomon. Wake up, my dear boy! Shake off the chains that are upon you! Be manly, be wide awake, be something! If you don't wake up you will be a lost boy. Wake up, Solomon, wake up! If you don't, you will make a shipwreck of your life.

STEADFASTNESS OF MARTYRS.

In the persecution under Queen Mary there was a good woman who was brought before "bloody Bonner" (then Bishop of London) for her religion. He threatened that he would take away her husband from her. Said she:—

"Christ is my husband."

"I will take away thy child."

"Christ," she replied, "is better to me than ten sons."

"I will strip thee," he then said, "of all thy outward comforts."

"Yea, but Christ is mine," was her answer; "and you cannot strip me of Him."

The assurance that Christ was hers bore up her heart, and quieted her spirit under all.

"You may take away my life," said Basil; "but you cannot take my comfort; my head, but not my crown. Yea," said he, "had I a thousand lives I would lay them all down for my Saviour's sake, who hath done abundantly more for me."

John Ardeley declared to Bonner, when he told him of burning, and how ill he could endure it, "that, if he had as many lives as he had hairs on his head, he would lose them all in the fire before he would lose his Christ."

A martyr who was brought before the Roman Emperor, was a beautiful example of true Christian courage. The Emperor threatened him with banishment if he would still remain a Christian. He replied:—

"Thou canst not; for the world is my Father's house; thou canst not banish me."

"But I will slay thee," said the Emperor.

"Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of the faith again; "for my life is hid with Christ in God."

"I will take away thy treasures."

"Nay, that thou canst not," was the reply; "for I have none that thou knowest of. My treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there."

"But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left."

"Nay, and that thou canst not," once more said the faithful witness; "for I have a Friend in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee: there is nothing thou canst do to hurt me."

When the executioner went behind Jerome, of Prague, to set fire to the pile, "Come here," said the martyr, "and kindle it before my eyes; for, if I dreaded such a sight, I should never have come to this place, when I had a free opportunity to escape." The fire was kindled, and he then sang a hymn, which was soon stopped by the encircling flames.

Your character is a stream, a river, flowing down upon your children hour by hour. What you do then and there to carry an opposing influence is at best only a ripple that you make upon the surface of the stream. It reveals the sweep of the current; nothing more. If you expect your children to go with the ripple, instead of the stream, you will be disappointed.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Ben the Boot-black.



Ben's father and mother were dead, and he supported himself by blacking boots.

He was a rough little fellow, but always merry as a lark. At night he used to curl himself down on a doorstep, and once in a great while he would sleep on a load of hay. Oftentimes too he would go around nearly a whole

day without getting any work, and then he couldn't have anything to eat. One Sunday there was going to be a camp-meeting near Bramley Friars, where Ben lived. "What fun we will have!" said he to the other boys; "we'll help the people sing, I tell you!"

On Sunday morning the boys reached the camp-ground just in time to hear a story which a little pale-faced man was telling to the children. It was about a little girl who couldn't remember the long prayers, and so she used to say instead, "Lord, help me!" Ben liked stories, and although he really meant to make fun of the little pale-faced man, he thought he'd wait until after the story was done. "Now," said the man, "I want every girl and boy who can remember little Mary's prayer, and who will use it when in trouble, to raise a hand?" Instantly up flew a shower of little hands, and among them the brown dirty one of Ben the bootblack.

After that the boys didn't like to tease the minister or people, and soon they went away.

Oftentimes the winter following, when cold or hungry, Ben would say, "Lord, help me!" and somehow the thought that the dear Lord would help him, tempered the cold and the hunger.

Not very long ago, there was a great gathering of Sunday-school children and teachers at Bramley Friars. Superintendents were present from many schools; but the superintendent in whom all were most interested, was introduced to them as a former townsboby, one whom all had known as "Ben the boot-black." That short prayer had saved him.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Picnic.

A REGULAR tea-party! Really, they go at it like old toppers. I fancy I can hear the would-be hospitable mistress of the table saying, "Miss Grace, do you take milk and sugar in your tea?"

"No sugar, if you please, and just the least drop of milk," responds Miss Grace. "There, that's plenty!" she adds, eyeing the operation critically.

Miss Florabel has taken hers clear, and she sips it with an almost caressing gesture as she says languishingly, "O dear, I really don't know what I should do without my tea! I do have such excruciating headaches sometimes, and nothing helps them in the least but a good strong dish of tea. But dear me, Frank, how can you take so much sugar and milk? That would quite spoil it for me. I want mine clear, and just as hot as I can drink it. Pray, Miss Clara, can't you fill up my dish with some that's a little warmer?"

Frank avers that the sugar and milk are the best part of it, and I think he is right, for they will not be likely to give him any of those excruciating headaches of which Miss Flora complains. Poor girl, she little thinks that the greater the excitement she gets up over a strong cup of tea the greater the reaction, and the more violent the next headache.

And here comes Robert with the cake. Yes, Miss Flora will take a small piece, and Mr. Frank will take a large piece, for they all follow their tastes, and not their judgment.

Now I'd just like to get the picture maker to slip me into that little tea party. I'd empty their cake and cheese under the table, and pour their tea on the ground in a twinkling. In another minute I'd heap up the empty plates with fruit, and nuts, and crackers, and fill their cups with pure sparkling water, and I fancy every one of them would thank me for it. Don't you? Ah, I see the hands come up now. Boys and girls like fruit, and I can't imagine why they don't have it to take to their picnics. It is cheaper and better than rich cake, and more wholesome for everybody.

But I see Artie putting on a long face over that. He has been told that fruit hurts him. So it does as he eats it, between meals or after dinner, when he has already eaten enough. But let him take it as a part of his regular meals, and remember that



he should not eat too much of anything. Nuts are quite hearty, and should be eaten more sparingly.

And when you need a drink at any time, take pure soft water, just as God prepared it for us. Man with all his contrivances has not been able to get up a better drink than that. Long live the tea-totalers!

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Praise the Lord.

I HEARD the song of a bird
As he soared beyond a cloud,
And this I thought was the chorus sweet,
That he piped so clear and loud,
"Praise, praise the Lord."



A breeze came murmuring by,
Laden with perfumes rare;
It shook the boughs of the somber pine,
And methought it whispered there,
"Praise, praise the Lord."

Come, children, then unite
In harmony to sing,
'Till every land, far, far or near,
With the glorious words shall ring,
"Praise ye the Lord!"

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

D. C. S.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Little Girl's Wish.

It was a bright morning in early summer when Myra and Lizzie went with their father to the cemetery.

This was a place they always loved to visit, for here the remains of many of their friends had been laid to rest.

These little girls were not afraid of death, though they were not more than six or eight years of age. They had been taught that death is the gate to endless joy, and none who trust in God

need fear to enter there. So on this beautiful morning they came with pleasant thoughts to visit the graves of their loved ones, and walk through the peaceful city of the dead. It raised their minds to the land of the blessed, where the souls of the departed were now dwelling in happiness, and they talked of the beauties of that land, and wondered if its trees and flowers were like those that grew on earth. They could hardly be more lovely, they thought, than some of these which the hand of affection had planted in this charming place. One of the sweetest was a beautiful rose that spread the richness and fragrance of its bloom over the grave of a young cousin, and the sight so impressed little Myra that she exclaimed, "O, papa, when I die you bury me by a rosy!"

Dear child, may she so live that her memory shall be fragrant as the rose long after she has been transplanted to the garden of God.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Let them Laugh.

THE boys laugh at you, do they? Well, let them laugh, as long so you know that you are doing right. Satan himself would laugh if he could get you to do wrong. If you do that which is well pleasing in the sight of God, his smile will rest upon you, and if God smiles let devils sneer. They cannot hurt you.

Two little girls who were cousins, being at play, began to quarrel; but presently one of them, who was in general a very good child, said to her cousin, "Do not we know that Jesus Christ died for us? why then should we fall out?"

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