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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

CANADA

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

UNT · O · M · E

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 15.

MAY 12, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 255.

For the S. S. Advocate.

## THE BLIND PIPER.

This man's name is Davie. He lives in Scotland, and gets his living by wandering from haulet to hall and from village to village playing the bagpipes. The girl upon whose shoulder he leans is his grandchild. Her name is Alice. She is guiding him over the bridge of Corrie, and he is telling her how he came to be blind.

It was a sad story. Would you like to hear it?

When old Davie was young he learned to love "the drink that's in the drunkard's bowl." Having a fine voice, and was sung well, and was popular with the young and the gay. They loved to listen to his songs and music at their merry-makings. They rewarded his skill with bursts of applause and drinks of whisky. Thus Davie became a confirmed lover of whisky and a drunkard.

One very dark and stormy night, as he was going home staggering with the effects of whisky, he fell off the bridge of Corrie into the mad waters which rushed, and rolled, and tumbled over the rocks below. Through the mercy of the good God a stunted tree caught his plaid, and he hung by it between the rocks above and the waters beneath all night. In the morning his cries drew



some one to his aid and he was saved.

That was an awful night for Davie. Death, like a horrid demon, stared him in the face. The rain wet him through. The waters roared. His danger soon made him sober. His sins flitted about him like a crowd of fiends. He trembled like a poor dying sinner at the door of hell. He cried to God for mercy. He vowed, if spared, never to touch strong drink again. O how slowly the long dark hours passed! But they did pass, and Davie was saved—snatched from the very jaws of death!

Yes, Davie was saved, soul and body. He became a Christian and a teetotaler. Strong drink never passed Davie's lips again. From that time he was the servant of Christ.

But Davie is carrying the marks of that awful night with him to the grave. The cold he took settled in his eyes. For many years they were weak and sore. Gradually he lost his sight, and being unable to work, was forced to take his pipes and wander over the country begging his bread, with his bonnie grandchild, ALICE, for a guide.

Poor Davie paid a big price for the pleasure of drinking whisky, didn't he? His poor grandchild had to bear part of his punishment too,

for it was a hard life for her to wander for years among the hills and heaths of Scotland begging for a blind old grandfather. But that is always the way with Sin, especially with the sin of drinking. It makes its servants hurt others as well as themselves. Believe me, Sin is a cruel monster.

Children, Davie's blind eyes speak to you from the picture. They say, "Strong drink closed us. Strong drink made our owner blind. Don't touch it."

The blind eyes give good advice. I advise you to heed it and to sign and keep this pledge:

"Strong drinks are poisons: they destroy life. Strong drinks are thieves: they steal people's senses, brains, happiness, money, and friends. I, therefore, solemnly promise that, Jesus helping me, I will never taste them unless ordered to do so by a physician."

Who signs this pledge?

Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### HER MOTHER IS DEAD.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

O PITY her! Do not turn coldly away;

Life's heaviest sorrow rests on her young head;  
She feels not the beauty and warmth of the day,  
She sees not its light, for her mother is dead.

Look, how her lips quiver with anger suppress;  
The dark eyes are heavy with heart-tears unshed;  
O weep with her! win her to trust and to rest;  
Speak sweet words of cheer, for her mother is dead.

There is no sight so sad as a desolate child,  
The love and the hope of whose childhood has fled;  
On whom the soft eyes of a mother once smiled,  
Who sorrows alone, for its mother is dead.

Let us think of her loneliness, think of her pain;  
Our feet may in fair, pleasant pathways be led,  
But the sweet joys of childhood will never again  
In their fullness be hers, for her mother is dead.

At night, when the day's busy actions are done,  
And gently thy mother kneels down by thy bed,  
O remember to pray for the motherless one,  
The poor little orphan whose mother is dead.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### "ISAAC IS CONVERTED!"

In a recent revival a young man was converted. On the return of his Christian brother to his home that evening he said to his mother, "Mother, I have good news to tell you: Isaac is converted!"

She rejoiced on hearing this. In the morning, in the midst of their rejoicings, the father (an unconverted man) said to the mother, "It would seem that your cup of joy ought to be full."

"No," said little Joseph, a child of eight years and a Sabbath-school scholar, "it lacks *just one inch* of being full, and that is *you*, father. If *you* will seek the Lord, Davie (a brother a little older than himself) and I will, and then our cup of joy will be full."  
A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE HAPPY BEGGAR.

THERE was once a man who had been a preacher for eight years, but during all this time he knew but little of true religion. He was learned and eloquent, still he could not find in his heart the happiness he needed. He was not able to find the way of peace himself, even though he tried to preach to others.

One day as he passed by his church he saw a poor old beggar clothed in ragged garments. Being a kind-hearted man, he stopped to speak to the poor man.

"God grant that this may be a pleasant morning to you," said he.



"Sir," said the beggar, "I do not recollect that I ever had an unpleasant morning."

The unhappy preacher instantly thought of the many sorrowful days he had seen, and said to the beggar:

"What is this you say? I hope that God may confer every favor upon you as long as you live."

"Sir," replied the beggar, "God's favors have always been upon me."

The preacher did not know what to make of this. Here was a poor man who seemed to be about as wretched as any man well could be. He was old, and sick, and friendless, and ragged, and poor, and yet he seemed to be happy and contented with his lot.

"I don't understand how it is that you are so happy," said the preacher to him. "Will you tell me, that I may be happy too?"

"Certainly I will, and that most cheerfully," answered the beggar. "You first wished me a pleasant morning. I told you that I never had an unpleasant one, and this is true. This is the way I am happy: When I am hungry, I praise God; when I am cold, I praise God; when it rains or snows, when it thunders or lightens, I praise God; no matter what the weather is, I always praise the Lord. This is the reason why I have never had an unpleasant morning."

"A very good reason, truly," said the minister; "but tell me how it is that God's favors are always upon you?"

"That I can easily do," said the beggar. "I commit myself into the hands of God, and am certain that he does all things for the best. Everything, therefore, that God permits to come upon me, whether it be sweet or sour, joyful or sorrowful, fortunate or unfortunate, I look upon as meant for my good, and take it with thankfulness. This is because I know that all things must work together for the good of them that love the Lord."

The minister was very much astonished at such language from a poor beggar. But he asked him another question, "What would you do if God should cast you into hell?"

"Cast me into hell!" said the beggar; "that God will never do. But if he were to cast me into hell I have two arms: an arm of faith and an arm of love. With these I would lay hold on God and cling to him so firmly that I would take him with me down to hell. And surely no evil would befall me then, for I would rather be with God in hell than to be in heaven without him."

Thus the unhappy preacher learned from a ragged and forlorn beggar that the way to happiness and to heaven is to trust in God at all times. This beggar, with his strong faith in God, was happier than many who live in fine houses.

The very best time to begin to trust God is in early life. Don't wait until you become men or women. You will find it hard work then. But go to Jesus just now in the days of childhood and say, "Here, Lord, I come, a feeble child. Take me and make me thy child, and keep me even unto death." That is the true way to happiness. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### BETTER THAN TOBACCO.

BY UNCLE PETER.

"JOHNNIE, dear, what are you doing?" said Mrs. White to her son, a dashing boy of ten.

"Smoking," replied Johnnie rather curtly.

"Smoking!" exclaimed Mrs. White. "My dear boy, what could put such an idea into your head?"

"All the fellows are learning to smoke," replied Johnnie, looking a little sheepish under his mother's glance.

"The fellows had better be doing almost anything else," said his mother. "Smoking is a bad habit: bad for the body, bad for the mind, bad for the heart. It kills the first, weakens the second, and

hardens the last."

"Whew!" said Johnnie; "how you do pitch into a fellow, mother!"

"Pitching in are vulgar words, my son. I have no doubt you learned them from some of the fellows, as you call them, who are learning to smoke."

"That's so," replied Johnnie. "Jem Ward is always talking about pitching in."

"Johnnie, how would you like to own my speckled hen?" asked Mrs. White.

"How? It would be first-rate. She is a beauty. The best hen in the lot."

"Well, if you will promise me to quit smoking I will give you that hen."

"You will?" said Johnnie with an eager glance at his mother.

"I will," replied the lady, "and you may do what you please with her eggs."

"It's a bargain, then," said the boy. "I don't care much about smoking. It makes me awful sick, and it will cost a good deal for cigars when I get older. I'll take the hen and let the smoking go."

Johnnie kept his promise. The hen became his hobby. He sold her eggs until he had change enough to buy another. Then he set one of his hens and sold the chickens. In the course of a year he saved money enough to buy a pig. Then his pig brought him ten little squealers. He sold them and bought a cow. Then he sold milk to the neighbors, saving the money until he was able to buy a second cow. Thus from year to year Johnnie went on making and saving money until he became a young man. Then, when his mother was unable to take care of herself, he kept her in great comfort.

"Ah," said John one day when he had counted a pile of money which he poured into his mother's lap, "this is all your money, mother. If you hadn't bought me off from smoking with the speckled hen I should not have been worth a dime. I should have smoked all my money away instead of saving it."

"And most likely, my son, you would have added drinking to smoking. The cigar and the bottle, tobacco and rum, are almost always found in company."

"You were always a dear, wise, good mother," said Johnnie, "and I love you very dearly for teaching me to avoid evil habits and to seek the favor of the Lord."

Thus you see, boys, how Johnnie rejoiced over his good fortune in giving up the use of tobacco. I hope you will be at least as wise as he, and if you have begun to use it, give it up. If you have not begun, don't touch it. It is an ill weed which breeds more evils in the body and soul than I can describe.

WHEN Canning last saw his mother they were both in perfect health. The parting words of the deceased statesman were:

"Adieu, dear mother! In August we shall meet again!"

In July the mother died suddenly, and in the beginning of August her son followed her.

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1866.

## LITTLE NITA AND HER COMPANIONS.

BY MRS. JANE HOLMES, ENGLAND.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

(Continued.)



WITHIN the winter of this year a great event took place! for God sent a dear baby brother to Nita. His name you shall hear bye-and-bye. He was plump and rosy, and he was to have a very grand christening. The ceremony was to be performed in the house by the venerable Dr. Wardlaw, and several friends were invited to tea. Nita was in great delight at the fuss, her delight being doubtless increased at having a new white frock for the occasion. Her Mamma allowed her to stand beside the nursing chair, and hold the pin-cushion while she dressed baby. Oh, such a lovely long robe, and such a lace cap, lined with white silk, as the God-mother, Miss D'Olier, had that morning sent in. The white cap stood on end with rows of narrow Brussel's lace. Nita handed a baby pin when required, or laid down the pin cushion and helped to pull out the knots of white ribbon on the sleeves. Oh, how she longed to catch up Baby and give him a long hug; but she would not be allowed.

And now what do you think this grandly dressed baby was to be called? Just "Samuel;" and if you look up in the face of the dear friend who is reading you this story, you will see *his very own self*. Only fancy, Grandpapa, a baby in a long, white robe, and a Brussel's lace cap! Is it not funny? I shall just stop until you all take a hearty laugh, and clap your hands, and perhaps Grandpapa will take off his glasses and "laugh in the right place." .....

Well then, Nita ran down stairs to see the company arrive. First came the old Doctor's carriage, and by the light of the hall lamps she could see her Papa helping the old gentleman through the hall, and the Doctor's own man following with a portmanteau.

Nita then crept into the room and saw her Papa assisting to robe the Doctor in his canonicals. He was very tall, and wore a great white wig like a Judge. He had large silver buckles on his shoes. Then came Mrs. Courtney's carriage. She was sister to the God-mother. All the ladies were dressed in white. Nita remembers her disappointment on seeing that Mrs. Courtney only wore white ribbons as a head-dress, instead of the beautiful long ostrich feather which she usually wore. Nita *did admire that trailing feather so much!* Miss D'Olier (the God-mother) wore what Nita's Mamma called an India muslin dress, richly embroidered, and a long train sweeping ever so far over the carpet; Nita feared to step on it. At last the Doctor stood up between the windows and began the ceremony. Rev. Mr. O., the male Sponsor, assisted Miss D'Olier to throw her train over her arm, and Nita ventured to creep a little nearer. She best remembers looking at her own *dear, gentle loving* Father, like no one else in this wide world! His black satin vest, plain breasted coat, white plaited lincens, knee shorts, black silk stockings, lovely white hands and teeth, jet black hair and whiskers, and above all, his *sweet, placid* countenance, never to be forgotten while memory lasts. Now I stop, but not to laugh.....

Well, I must proceed. Now, fancy that Father wiping the drops off Baby's forehead with his cambric handkerchief, and stooping to kiss him. He kept his head bowed for a short time, perhaps to hide his emotion, or perhaps to implore a blessing on his own dear little son, or perhaps for both causes, as Nita believes he used the handkerchief to his own eyes when he raised his head. Probably Miss D'Olier (who was a lively Frenchwoman) thought that matters were becoming too serious for the occasion; for the next instant she had the company in peals of laughter! she passed her arm through that of the grave young minister who was her fellow Sponsor, and called out, "Please Doctor don't sit down *yet*, this gentleman and I have got a job for you to do, be good enough to proceed." So saying she drew Mr. O. opposite the Doctor. *Mr. O. shied!* Cries of "Fie Mr. O." "Go on." "That's right." The old Doctor and Father smiled, and the latter proposed tea at once. Nita does not well remember what took place between tea and supper time, further than her playing on the hearth-rug with Mrs. Courtney's little lap dog. However she got leave to sit up for the grand event of supper, and every one seemed to be very cheerful, and Miss D'Olier laughed a great deal, and quizzed shy Mr. O. Grandpapa will, I dare say, be shocked to hear that at supper the company drank his health in real Port Wine, supplied by the God-mother. Then came singing of hymns and prayer, and Nita believes she fell asleep at prayer, and so must be excused from remembering anything further about the christening.

When little Sam left off baby caps, he became curly headed. Nita loved him greatly. When he was able to stand at a chair, he one day put a little marble in his mouth; I suppose he thought it was a comfit. The marble stuck in his throat, and was choking him. His Mamma snatched him up in her arms, and tried to pull it out, but could not. Nita burst into tears. Mamma said, "Run next door for Dr. Carter." Nita flew into the Surgeon's shop, but she was so much excited that she *could not utter one word!* She gasped, and tried to speak, but in vain. A gentleman who was talking to the Doctor, said, "If you know where that child lives go to her house at once, see, she is paralyzed from fright." The Doctor jumped over the counter, and not waiting for his hat, flew into Nita's Papa's house, but by that time the Mamma had thrust the marble down little Sam's throat, and he was again breathing. Oh, how glad Nita was, and how she hugged him, and tried to keep the other children quiet while he got a sleep.

When Curly-head could run about alone, he was very anxious for his Papa to put him astride on the saddle. He used to stretch out his fat arms, stand on tip toe, and say "Big Hosh" His Papa told him that whenever he was a big enough boy to have trowsers, he should be lifted on "Big Hosh." The kind Mamma of "Diamond Bright" heard this, and she made a little suit of dimity panjams and coat for Curly-head. She came in the evening, but little Sam was in bed, and did not see the present until next morning. Judge his delight when he came to be dressed. The whole family gathered to witness the investiture. When he put his fat legs into the trowsers, he shouted out, "Now Big Hosh!" and so Papa took him to the stable and allowed him to put "mine leg atosh" (his leg across.) He was a well tempered little fellow, but whenever he did not wish to say his letters, or take his medicine, or be washed, or repeat his verse, he used to shut his eyes, and nod his head, and say, "Boppin aheep." However, this same little boy came to be "*quite wide awake*," and to be a kind, useful man, and he never when grown up played "Boppin aheep," unless after a smoke.

Now give him a kiss for taking the trouble to read all this to you, and run off to play; you shall hear more about him another time. Good bye.

## LIVE FOR SOMETHING

Live for something, be not idle—  
Look about thee for employ!  
Sit not down to useless dreaming—  
Labour is the sweetest joy.  
Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never gay;  
Life for thee hath many duties—  
Active be, then while you may.  
Scatter blessings in thy pathway;  
Gentle words and cheering smiles  
Better are than gold and silver,  
With their grief dispelling wiles.  
As the pleasant sunshine falleth  
Ever on the grateful earth,  
So let sympathy and kindness  
Gladden well the darkened hearth.  
Hearts there are, oppressed and weary,  
Drop the tear of sympathy,  
Whisper words of hope and comfort,  
Give, and thy reward shall be  
Joy unto thy soul returning;  
From this perfect fountain head,  
Freely, as thou freely givest,  
Shall the grateful light be shed.

## SLOW OF SPEECH.



ANY are ready to offer Moses's excuse of "slow of speech" when urged to do their duty in speaking to the impenitent. But it is not eloquent words we need so much as a feeling heart. A dear young girl, whose heart Jesus had touched, was burdened with sorrow and anxiety for her worldly, impenitent father. She prayed for him in agony, and how dare she approach one so deeply loved and revered upon this subject so near her heart!

But at length, summoning all her courage, she resolved to speak with him on the all-important matter.

"Father, I wish to speak to you," she said, with a beating heart and faltering lips.

"Well, daughter, what is it?" he asked, pleasantly.

The burdened heart could contain itself no longer. Bursting into an agony of tears, she said only,

"Your soul, father, your soul!"

That man of the world felt his heart pierced as with one of God's own arrows. He could only answer with choking voice, "Daughter, I will." And she led him to Jesus.

Remember this, dear lamb of Jesus, when you think you can say nothing to win sinners to him.

AN INFANT VOICE.—An agent of the American Bible Society received and forwarded the beautiful expression which follows: "Brother Herr, please receive the money in this box for the Bible and Missionary Societies. For several years my good pa and ma have been giving me little pieces of money to do good with, which I have dropped in this box until now it counts up five dollars, and I want you to take three dollars to send the Bible to the heathen in China, and two dollars to send the good missionary to tell the heathen of Jesus. I hope the Lord will accept and bless this small gift, coming from a little girl, (six years,) and help me to do more the next time."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SPRING FASHIONS.

It is becoming very fashionable for ladies to work in the garden. Not mere superintending, but right down earnest work is the order of the day. It has become so general that garden-tools for their especial use are manufactured in large quantities, and can be found at most hardware stores. When these cannot be had, the lighter common tools may be used, with the addition of a curved trowel, which is almost indispensable. Of course, the dress must correspond to the work. One style is made very much like a good bathing-dress. Another consists of sack waist, short skirts, and well-protected ankles—no hoops in either case. The shoes must be thick, and for early morning work high boots are the best. Gloves are worn when the work will admit of it. India-rubber are the best, but if they cannot be obtained, old kid-gloves are better than none. If the hands are inclined to grow rough, a little glycerine, rubbed on at night, will keep them smooth.

Of this fashion, it may be said for a rarity that it is quite as suitable for girls as for ladies. I tried something like it once, and the memory thereof haunts me still, deluding me into faint imitations in window-pots and city yards. When I was yet a child, our folks came into possession of a large garden, and my father gave me a generous corner of it on condition that I should cultivate it myself. I made quite a little Eden of it to my fancy. I laid it out in stars and diamonds, and filled them with plants and flowers. In one corner my father put up a little summer-house which I covered with various kinds of wild vines. The dear place! I visited it years afterward and found the latticed arbor broken down and the vines running rampant in one grand luxurious tangle.

But was that all?

O no; besides the great pleasure that it gave me, I gained health. Previously I had been a feeble child, but during the few years that I cultivated that garden I laid the foundation of a constitution that, with good care and God's blessing, will take me comfortably down to a green old age.

There is nothing better for health than out-door exercise. Every person should practice it in some form, and none is better than this. Dress appropriately and work moderately at first; you will be able to do more by and by. Soon you will begin to feel far better than when you were shut up in the house all day. In this particular case I advise you, girls, to "follow the fashions." AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.

CORA was only seven years old when she came tripping down stairs one morning with a happy face, saying, "Auntie, I had such a beautiful dream last night."

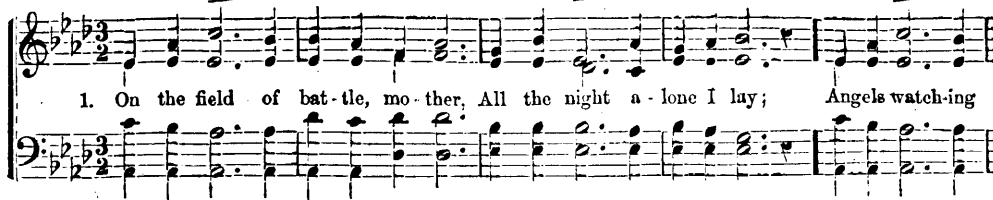
"Had you, dear?" was the affectionate reply, "what was it?"

"O I dreamed I was playing with my Sister Ella somewhere. It was not at home, nor here; but it was such a beautiful place! and after a while papa and mamma came, and we were so glad!"

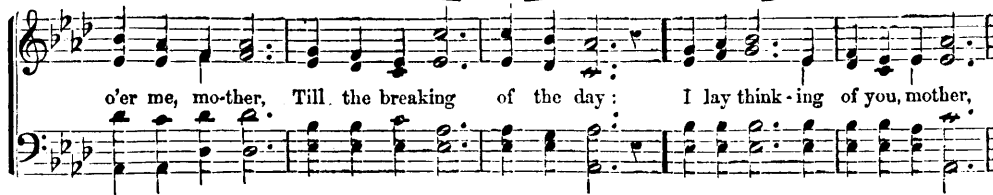
The Soldier to his Mother.

WORDS BY J. H. MCKELLAR.

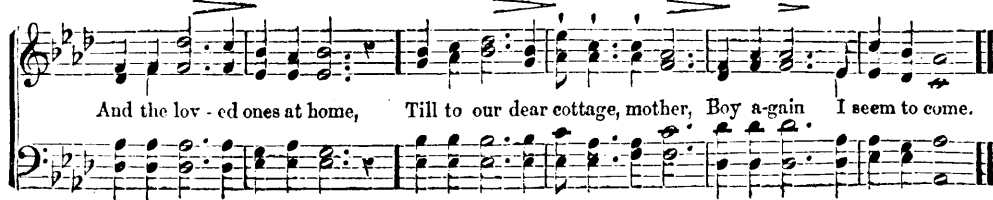
MUSIC BY THOMAS DAVIES.



1. On the field of bat-tle, mo-ther, All the night a-lone I lay; Angels watch-ing



o'er me, mo-ther, Till the breaking of the day: I lay think-ing of you, mother,



And the lov-ed ones at home, Till to our dear cottage, mother, Boy a-gain I seem to come.

2. He to whom you taught me, mother,  
On my infant knee to pray,  
Kept my heart from fainting, mother,  
When the vision passed away.  
In the gray of morning, mother,  
Comrades bore me to the town:  
From my bosom tender fingers  
Washed the blood that trickled down.

3. Kiss for me my little brother,  
Kiss my sisters, loved so well,  
When you sit together, mother,  
Tell them how their brother fell;

Tell to them the story, mother,  
When I sleep beneath the sod,  
That I died to save my country,  
All from love to her and God.

4. Leaning on the merit, mother,  
Of the ONE who died for all,  
Peace is in my bosom, mother,  
Hark! I hear the angels call!  
Don't you hear them singing, mother?  
Listen to the music's swell!  
Now I leave you, loving mother—  
God be with you—fare you well.

That very day Cora was taken sick, and in less than a week she had indeed gone to join her little Sister Ella in the beautiful place that God has prepared for all those that love him, for she was one of his children. L.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE DOG AND THE KITTEN.

BLACK PRINCE was a little pet dog belonging to an English lady. He had never seen a cat until his mistress went to take lodgings by the sea-side in a house where there was a neglected kitten. In exploring the house Prince soon found the little thing alone in a basket, and he was quite pleased with it. He went smelling about its basket, and finally ventured to take it up gently in his mouth and carry it to his own rug, where he licked and fondled it as tenderly as its own mother could have done. This he did repeatedly until he and the kitten became great friends. They slept together and played together; and though the kitten would sometimes make the little dog feel its sharp claws, he never seemed to mind it; he knew it was all in play. But one day when he was eating his dinner the little kitten crawled into the middle of his plate. He

could not allow this at all, but he did not snap it up shortly. He gently took it up in his mouth and carried it away to its own basket. He then returned and finished his meal. A good lesson is this for big children who tease and abuse little ones. J.

To shake off trouble we must set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—HOWARD.

AN army surgeon in Arkansas tried to hire a young, barefooted, coatless native as an errand boy. The astonished lad exclaimed, "Work! Why I can't work; I'm white!"

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