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CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL M.C.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 4.

NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 196.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

RUSSIAN DRUNKARDS.

WELL, these Russians seem to believe in clean streets; at all events, both men and women turn out to sweep them. You wonder if it would not be well to try this plan in New York, where they complain so much of filthy streets. But is it not amusing to see a policeman superintending ladies at such work! Yes, and there is a passer-by very much amused too. He has discovered an acquaintance in one of these ladies, though she is evidently not over-pleased to see him. Listen! If we understood Russ we should probably hear him say, "Ah, caught at last, madam! I thought you more prudent than all this. Pray, how do you like street-sweeping? And does Mr. Peter Gorowski admire the appearance of his wife at her new business?"

The lady looks very much crestfallen, and you will not wonder at the sullen looks of the entire party when you learn that this is a punishment for being found drunk.

The Russians are great drinkers. The brandy consumed in the drinking-houses of St. Petersburg amounts to the handsome little sum of fifteen dollars a year for each man, woman, and child in the city. They have the same fault here that we do at home. They allow the shops to sell it, but punish the people for drinking it. "O no," says Sammy, "they only punish them for getting drunk!" Well, my lad, is not that the same thing? Is it not the drinking it that makes them drunk? "Yes, but a

little is good." Well, then, more would be better. No, Sammy, it is not good at all. That is where we have made the great mistake in the temperance movement in our country. We have allowed the physicians to persuade us that a little will strengthen and do us good. But the fact is, if a pint poisons us badly, half a pint poisons us half as much. To be sure, it makes us feel strong and active at the time, and stimulates us to exertion, but it is the natural exertion of the system to rid itself of a poison. It uses up the life-power and leaves us worse than ever. Find a person, if you can, that is really cured by the use of it, so that they are in all respects healthy and strong. When we get rid of our false notions about this thing we may have a temperance reform that is worth something, but no sooner. The only way is to leave it entirely alone, to shun it just as we would any other poison.

When our poor Russian becomes intoxicated he grows merry, sings foolish songs, and is very affectionate to every one that he meets. It is a curious fact that he does not stagger—he just walks straight on till he falls in the mud, to be picked up by a policeman, put in a cell till he gets sober, and then set to sweeping the streets. And for this glorious privilege he pays fifteen dollars a year or more. Only think of it! In a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants that would be—who will tell me first? Yes, that is right—a million and a half of dollars. How many schools that would support, how many Sunday-schools it would establish, how many poor

people it would clothe and feed! But now it all goes for drink. Do you admire the plan?

I have a proposition to make to you, my little tectotalers. Suppose we keep a pencil and paper by us in our journeyings abroad, or each one of us in our strolls about home in our everyday life, and make a habit of observing the effects of drink wherever we see them and jot them down, and then reckon them up to find the profit and loss. Perhaps you will find out in that way who does the best—the one that drinks or the one that does not. And, besides, it would be very pleasant to meet some of your fellow-travelers when you get to be men and compare notes. And I hope you may yet have the privilege of laying them aside with joy when the happy day comes of universal temperance in America.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

BOB THE CABIN-BOY.

LITTLE Bob went to sea with a very wicked captain, who was taken very sick during the voyage. So cruel and wicked was this captain that neither of his men nor officers would go near him. They left him to die alone in his state-room. Bob thought it was wrong to treat the captain thus, although he was as wicked as a man could be.

So when the captain had been alone a day or two, Bob went to the captain's door and said, "Captain, how do you do?"

"What's that to you? be off!" growled the captain, who had made up his mind to die alone.

The next day Bob went to the state-room door again and said:

"Captain, I hope you are better."

This time the captain was so very sick that he told Bob to come in. The boy did so. Then, by waiting very kindly on him, he won his heart, read to him from the New Testament, prayed with him, and told him what he knew about the way to Jesus.

The poor captain felt that he was dying. He became alarmed, and was very thankful to Bob for his pious help. God showed the poor man his sins, and he began to cry in good earnest for mercy.

One morning when Bob entered the cabin he saw that a great change had taken place in the captain's looks. Instead of an awful gloom resting on his features there was a joyous light. Looking at Bob he said:

"O, Bob, my dear lad, I have had such a night! After you left me I fell into a sort of doze; my mind was full of the many blessed things you had been reading to me from the precious Bible. All on a



sudden I thought I saw in that corner of my bed-place Jesus Christ hanging bleeding on his cross. Struck with the idea, I thought I arose and crawled to the place, and casting myself at his feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out for a long time, like the blind man you read of, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!' At length I thought he looked at me. Yes, my dear lad, he looked at your poor wicked captain; and O, Bob, what a look it was! I shall never forget it. My blood rushed to my heart, my pulse beat high, my soul thrilled with agitation, and, waiting for him to speak, with fear not unmingled with hope, I saw him smile. O, my child, I saw him smile—yes, and he smiled on me—on me, Bob. O, my dear boy, he smiled on wretched, guilty me. Ah, what did I feel at that moment! My heart was too full to speak; but I waited, and ventured to look up, when I heard him say, hanging as he did on the cross, the blood streaming from his hands, and feet, and side—O, Bob, what sounds were these!—shall I ever hear his beloved voice again?—I heard him say in sounds that angels cannot reach, 'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, which be many, are all forgiven thee.' My heart burst with joy; I fell prostrate at his feet: I could not utter a word but glory, glory, glory! The vision vanished; I fell back on my pillow; I opened my eyes; I was covered with perspiration. I said, 'O this cannot be a dream!' No, Bob, I know that Jesus bled and died for me; I can believe the promises, the many precious promises you have read to me out of the Bible, and I feel that the blood of the cross can cleanse even me. I am not now afraid to die; no, Bob, my sins are pardoned through Jesus. I want no more; I am now ready to die; I have no wish to live. I cannot, I feel I cannot be many days longer on this side of eternity. The extreme agitation of my mind of late has increased the fever of my body, and I shall soon breathe my last."

The boy, who had silently shed many tears, now burst into a flood of sorrow, and involuntarily cried, "No, my dear master, don't leave me."

"Bob," said he calmly, "my dear boy, comfort your mind; I am happy; I am going to be happy forever. I feel for you as if you were my own child. I am sorry to leave you in such a wicked world, and with such wicked men as sailors are in general. O may you ever be kept from those crimes into which I have fallen! Your kindness to me, my dear lad, has been great. God will reward you for it. To you I owe everything as an instrument in the Lord's hands. Surely he sent you to me! God bless you, my dear boy! Tell my crew to forgive me, as I forgive and pray for them."

Thus the day passed in the most pleasing and profitable manner, when Bob, after reading the Bible as usual, retired to his hammock.

Eager the next morning to meet again, Bob arose at daylight, and opening the state-room door, saw his master had risen from his pillow, and crawled

to the corner of his bed-place where in his dream he beheld the cross. There he appeared kneeling down in the attitude of prayer, his hands clasped and raised, and his body leaning against the ship's side. The boy paused and waited a few moments, fearful of disturbing his master. At length he called in a sort of whisper, "Master!"

No answer.

"Master!"

No reply. He ventured to creep forward a little, and then said, "Master!"

All was silent. Again he cried, "Captain!"

Silence reigned. He stretched out his hand and touched his leg; it was cold, and stiff, and clammy. He called again, "Captain!"

He raised his hand to his shoulder; he tenderly shook it. The position of the body was altered; it declined gently until it rested on the bed; but the spirit had fled some hours before, we hope, to be with Christ, which is far better.

Who, after reading this, will say that very young Christians cannot do great good?

A CHILD'S MORNING THOUGHTS.

The Lord has kept me all the night,
And let me see the morning light;
While others never more shall wake
Who thought to see the morning break.

To me the Lord gave pleasant sleep,
While others waked to watch and weep;
And while they toss on beds of pain,
I rise to joy and health again.

Kind friends all here around me move,
To make me happy with their love:
While others said a long "good-by,"
Last night, to dear ones called to die.

In far-off lands, on heathen shores,
This morn the child his offering pours
To gods of wood and stone; while I
Am taught to pray to God most high.



They never heard how Jesus gave
His life, a dying world to save;
While God's own Book to me is given,
That guides to happiness and heaven.

The Lord has crowned my life with good,
With home and friends, and clothes and food;
While at my work, and at my play,
I'll try to please the Lord to-day.

THE GOOD THAT LITTLE CHARLIE DID.

"I wish, I wish," said a little boy who awoke early one morning and lay in bed thinking, "I wish I was grown up so as to do some good. If I was a judge I would explain the laws; or I might be a missionary; or I could get rich and give away so much to poor people; but I am only a little boy, and it will take me a great many years to grow up." And so was he going to put off doing good till then?

"Well," he said to himself while he was dressing, "I know what I can do. I can be good: that's left to little boys."

Therefore, when he was dressed, he knelt and asked God to help him to be good and try to serve him all day with his heart and not forget. Then he went down stairs to finish his sums.



CHARLIE AT FAMILY PRAYERS.

No sooner was he seated with his slate before him than his mother called him to find his little brother. Charlie did not want to leave his lesson, yet he cheerfully said, "I'll go, mother," and away he ran.

And how do you think he found "Eddie?" With a sharp ax in his hand! "I chop," he said; and quite likely the next moment he would have chopped off his little toes. Charlie only thought of minding his mother; but who can tell if his ready obedience did not save his baby brother from being a cripple for life?

At family prayers Charlie behaved like a Christian boy. As Charlie was going on an errand for his mother he saw a poor woman whose foot had slipped on the newly-made ice and she fell, and in falling she had spilled her basket of nuts and apples, and some wicked boys were snatching up her apples and running off with them. Little Charlie stopped and said, "Let me help you to pick up your nuts and apples," and his nimble fingers quickly helped her out of her trouble. He did not know how his kind act comforted the poor woman long after she got home, and how she prayed God to bless him.

At dinner, as his father and mother were talking, his father said roughly, "I shall not do anything for that man's son; the old man always did his best to injure me."

"But, father," said Charlie, looking up into his father's face, "does not the Bible say that we must return good for evil?"

Charlie did not know that his father thought all the afternoon of what his little boy had said, and that he once murmured to himself, "My boy is more of a Christian than I am. I must be a better man."

When Charlie came home from school at night he found that his dear little canary-bird was dead. "O mother! and I took such care of birdie, and I loved him so, and he sang so sweetly." And the little boy burst into tears over his poor favorite.

His mother tried to comfort him. "Who gave birdie's life and who took it again?" she asked, stroking his head gently.

"God," he answered through his tears, "and he knows best," and he tried to quiet himself.

A lady who was a visitor was sitting in the room at the time. She had lost her two children, and, though she hoped they had taken angels' wings and gone to nestle in the heavenly land, she would rather have had her little sons back to her nest again. But when she beheld Charlie's patience and submission

to his Father in heaven she said, "I too will trust Him, like this little child."

When Charlie laid his head on his pillow that night he thought, "I am too little to do good; but, O, I do want to be good and to love the Saviour, who came down from heaven to die for me."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.



IDLE GEORGE.

"COME, my children, go into the garden and pick a mess of peas for dinner. You had better all go together, because it is nearly time to start for school, and you must all help. Many nimble fingers working together, you know, make quick work."

Thus spoke Mrs. Metcalf one day to her three children, Nettie, Emmie, and George. The two girls smiled as they took down their baskets from a shelf, and Nettie said:

"Yes, ma, we will go and get you a fine lot of peas. The vines are full and we can soon pick a peck."

But George, instead of smiling and getting his basket, pouted, and seated himself firmly in his chair, saying:

"I don't want to pick any peas."

"If you don't pick any I shall not let you eat any," replied his mother.

This threat acted on Master George as a spur does on a horse. It made him go, for he liked peas, and he knew his mother was sure to keep her word. But though he went into the garden, I am sorry to say he did not pick many peas. Instead of going to work with his sisters, he put his basket between the rows and stood watching Nettie's busy fingers as she plucked the ripe marrowfats from their vines.

"Crikey!" said George as, with his hands on his knees, he stood looking at Nettie, "what busters those peas are. I don't think anybody in Elton has peas *half* so big as ours."

"You shouldn't say 'crikey' nor 'busters,' George," said Nettie. "Such words are vulgar. Besides, you had better be picking peas than looking at me."

"You are a mighty particular lady," rejoined George. "I don't see any hurt in saying buster or crikey, and I don't like picking peas. It's hard work."

"But it will be harder to go without your share when dinner-time comes," said Nettie, still plucking away at the peas.

"That's so," replied George, taking up his basket and plucking off a few peas.

He had not covered the bottom of his basket before a beautiful butterfly came floating over the pea-patch.

"Crikey!" cried George, "what a beauty! I'll have *him*," and away he ran after the pretty painted insect.

"George! George!" cried Nettie, "you will get no peas at dinner-time if you run after that butterfly."

"Bother the peas!" said George, stopping and going back to his basket.

"My basket is full," said Nettie a few minutes later.

"O do come and help me fill mine," replied George.

"I don't know that I ought to help you," said Nettie.

"It only makes you more lazy to do your work for you."

"O do, there's a dear, good Nettie," replied George in his most coaxing tones.

Nettie was kind-hearted, and George's coaxing easily won her to help him. She took his basket and began to pick into it, saying:

"George, you must not be so idle, if you are you will be a very poor man when you grow up. You know the maxim ma taught you last week, 'Idle when young, needy when old.'"

"But I mean to work like a beaver when I get older," replied George.

"I'm afraid you won't," said his sister. "As mother often says, What we learn to do and to be while we are children we shall not easily cease to do and to be when we grow up. Did you see that story in the paper yesterday about a baron?"

"No, what was it?" asked George, who would rather listen to a story than pick peas at any time.

"There was a baron in France who died a little while ago, leaving two big heavy boxes among his other things, which his friends thought were filled with gold. On being opened, however, they were found to contain nothing but pins—hundreds of thousands of pins which the baron had picked up in the street. It seems that when he was young he began to pick up pins, and the habit grew upon him so that he did hardly anything else but walk the streets in search of pins, which he hoarded up in his strong boxes—but your basket is full, and we must hurry in or we shall be late to school."

Nettie talked like a sensible girl. I hope George gave good heed to her words. I hope the idle fellow who is reading about her will heed them too. Don't you? *Yes!* Very good. Go to work, then, and don't be an idler any more. Remember the maxim, "*Idle when young, needy when old.*"

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

You look more than usually good-natured to-day, my corporal. What pleases you?

"Well, Mr. Editor, I have just read that our most glorious queen is so far recovering from the depression caused by the death of her noble husband, Prince Albert, that she is about to appear in public again."

I'm glad of it. She is a good and glorious woman—the noblest queen who ever filled a throne. God bless her!

"Yes, God bless her!" replies the corporal bringing his cane to the floor heavily. "Let all the children in Canada take up that word and say, May God bless our good and noble Queen Victoria! But we must get to business, Mr. Editor. Here are the answers to Bible questions in our last:

- "1. Confidence in an unfaithful man. Prov. xxv, 19.
- "2. A wise reprovcr upon an obedient ear. Proverbs xxv, 12.
- "3. A poor man that oppresseth the poor. Proverbs xxviii, 3.
- "4. A good name. Eccles. vii, 1.
- "5. The words of the wise. Eccles. xii, 11.
- "6. The words of the Lord. Psa. xli, 6.

"Here is a letter from my friend Q-in-the-corner. He says:

"DEAR CORPORAL,—While traveling the other day I heard a boy's voice singing a very idle song. Slipping quietly into the corner of the barn on the roadside from which the sound came, I spied a boy about thirteen years old sitting on a barrel and munching a water-melon. I saw that he was very careful to throw the fragments into the manure-pit, which was under the floor of the barn. Having finished the melon he jumped from the barrel, threw some wet straw on the top of the manure so as to hide the bits of melon, and then taking the curry-comb and brush he began to curry a nice-looking pony that stood in the stable. He did not put his strength out, but worked in a very lazy manner, saying as he slowly moved his arms, 'I don't like this work a bit. I'd rather eat the boss's melons than curry his horse. Then he's so par-



ticular about his old horse. He wants me to spend an hour every morning currying and brushing him. He thinks I do too. But I don't, do I, old horse? Not a bit of it—but that's his step. I must wake up."

"He was right. His master was coming into the barn. He was a stout, good-looking farmer. Stopping before the stall he said, 'That's right, Fred! You know how to curry a horse. I see there is nothing equal to oats and elbow-grease for horses. Oats for his stomach and elbow-grease for his coat. Rub away, Fred, until you make his hair look sleek and glossy. I don't see why he aint so now under such grooming as yours.'

"The farmer then turned away. He went into a cellar under the north side of the barn. His back was no sooner turned, however, before Fred stopped rubbing the horse, threw down the comb, leaned back against the side of the barn, and said, half aloud, 'Such rubbing as mine, eh? Guess if his horse don't grow sleek until I rub like that for an hour a day he'll never be sleek.'

"Ah," said I, "that boy is a sham. I'll write to the corporal about him." What do you think of him, corporal? State your opinion about him, and oblige

"Q-IN-THE-CORNER.

"That boy is a bad sham—a regular 'eye-servant.' His heart is false. His actions are a lie. I wouldn't have him in my company for all the gold in Canada or California. He'd corrupt half of my soldiers. If he don't reform he'll never step inside the gates of the Celestial City. Our good Father in heaven wont let shams dwell near him."

You are right, corporal. Read on!

"Here is a letter from an 'old boy.' I will read part of it. He writes from Trumbull, and says:

"We have a school of one hundred scholars, divided into thirteen classes, with as good a set of teachers as can be gathered in the county. The chief failure is in the superintendent, my humble self. I have superintended the school now four years; am sixty years of age. I think I ought to be released by some young man taking my place. I pray the Lord to send one. Now, sir, we wish to join your Try Company in mass if you can consider us worthy. We have a Bible-class, and we all speak for a position in your ranks. We think a corporal who commands such an army must understand the tactics of Sunday-schools well, and we are willing to try our hand with you if we are received."

The corporal is pleased with this letter. He smiles and says, "God bless that servant of God, who with the burden of sixty summers resting upon him yet clings to the Sunday-school! I admit him and his whole school to my company, but he must not quit his post until the teachers vote him a discharge. The wisdom gleaned from sixty years of life can find no better sphere of action than a superintendent's desk."

"DRUSILLA STOCKWELL, of Trowbridge, says:

"I was baptized yesterday with five others and have joined the Church. Please admit me into Marshal Try's company."

Drusilla is, I trust, baptized with the Spirit as well as with water. May she "follow on" to know the Lord.

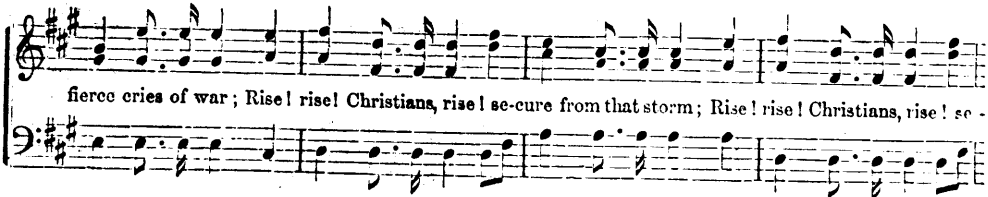
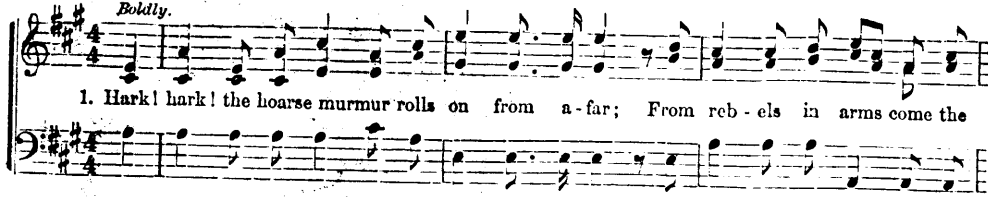
This tune is from our new book, "THE SWEET SINGER."

Sunday-schools, Form!

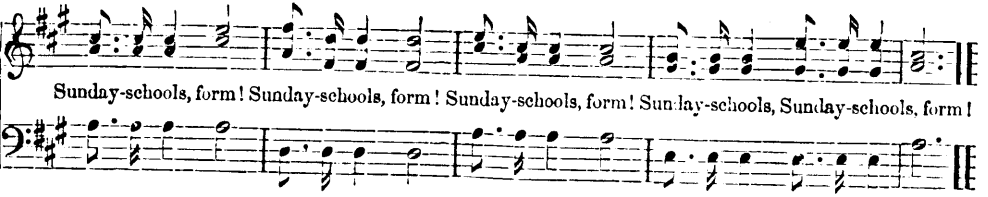
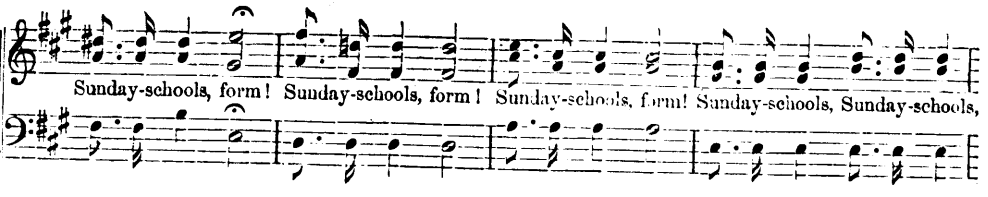
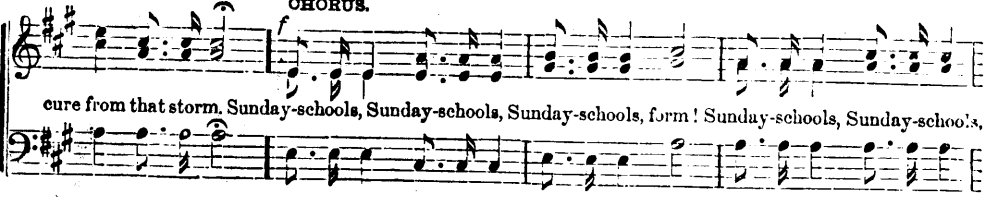
E. C. Havens.

WORDS BY REV. D. WISE, D.D.

Boldly.



CHORUS.



2.

Form, teachers! form, children! form, parents! form, friends!
Form firmly in love, which the Saviour commends!
What though we are shaken by war's fearful storm,
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

3.

Form! form! Sin like Moloch has mounted his car,
The tramp of his steeds brings ruin and war;
Our hills and our prairies all quake at the storm;
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

4.

Form schools on the prairies, form schools on the coast;
Leave none unenrolled in the Sunday-school host.
If God be our refuge from sin's fearful storm,
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

5.

Form solid! stand firmly for God and his truth!
To fight with all sin train American youth.
If nations you'd save from sin's fatal storm,
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

* The cry of war led an English writer to write a song calling the friends of Sunday-schools to new efforts in the moral battle-field. That song not being adapted to our circumstances this side the Atlantic, I have altered it, parodied it, in fact, and here it is for the benefit of my readers. I should like to hear it sung by the seven hundred thousand Sunday-school children of our Church—W.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by CARLTON & PORTER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

POOR LITTLE ROBIN.



IN the early autumn of the year 1855 my attention was attracted by a young robin which was in the habit of eyeing attentively my garden operations, and hopping without apparent fear a yard or two from the position where I might be standing. Sometimes he would alight upon a tree a short distance above my head, and altogether manifested so decided a disposition to be on good terms with me that I could not but reciprocate his friendly advances. I began my operations of a closer acquaintance by flinging a few crumbs of bread in his vicinity when hopping a yard or two from me. After divers essays of this kind he ventured within a few inches of my hand; and at length, finding that I was not disposed to do him any harm, he boldly hopped upon my hand. A good feeling being thus thoroughly established, he was not to be behindhand in displaying confidence and affection. He would come to me in the garden when called by

name. He made nothing of taking a piece of bread when held between my lips; and on one occasion, after having taken his usual meal from my hand, he commenced singing, still perched upon it, and at length gathered up one leg in the way the feathered tribe are wont to do when in a state of repose. Poor robin! one day, to my great grief, he fell a prey to a cat, and our too short acquaintance came to a sorrowful end.

I fear too many young people have a bad habit of robbing and destroying birds' nests. I should be heartily glad if this little story of a robin should lead some of them to eschew this practice for the future.—JAMES MORRIS.

HENRY CLAY AND HIS MOTHER.

HENRY CLAY, of whose talents his country was proud, always spoke with feelings of reverence and deep affection for his mother. They wrote to one another in absence, and loved one another till the last hour of her life. He held her to be a model of a mother and of the virtues of her sex. It is said that he never met an assembly of his supporters in Woodford county after her death without alluding

to her with much feeling, and deeply moving his hearers. "Mother, mother, mother," were words, though not the last, he uttered on his death-bed. We cannot but believe her a good mother who was so loved and dutifully served by such a son.



DANIEL WEBSTER'S TESTIMONY.

WHILE on his dying bed Mr. Webster remarked to his physician that he wished to leave somewhere his testimony in favor of early piety; and that he was familiar with all the great poets, Pope, Cowper, Milton, and others, but that the hymns of Watts, from his cradle-hymns to his version of the Psalms, and other deeper hymns, were always uppermost in his mind and on his tongue, and that he could repeat them faster than four scribes could write them down, showing that early religious instruction had an abiding influence on his mind and life. Pity he did not always permit it to regulate his conduct.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WALKED TWO MILES TO SCHOOL.

"SHE often walked two miles to our Sunday-school rather than lose a recitation;" so writes a friend to us of Charlotte Horton, whom Jesus lately took from Lisle village to heaven. A better epitaph for a Sunday-scholar could scarcely be written. I don't wonder Charlotte died full of comfort. W.

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