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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER LITTLE

UNTO ME

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 22.

AUGUST 25, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 262.

For the Sunday School Journal.

"I Want Jessie."

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

I READ to-day of a lame boy, whom you may name WILLIE, and his little sister JESSIE. Willie could not walk without crutches. Of course he was unable to run and romp with other boys, and so he kept at home a good deal, and spent most of his time with sweet little Jessie, his only sister.

I cannot tell you how much Jessie and Willie loved each other. She was a "winsome wee thing," with a smiling face, soft voice, and gentle ways, and she loved her lame brother very, very dearly. Willie was quiet and gentle too, and he paid back his sister's love in the same pure golden coin.

But Jesus wanted Jessie to dwell with him on the banks of the beautiful river above, so she died, and left lame Willie all alone. How bad he felt! His cheeks grew very pale. He shed no tears, but his heart was nearly bursting with its big sorrow.

As he was very quiet, his father and mother said very little to him about Jessie. They thought he would forget her. They were very much mistaken.

He thought of little besides. He would go to the little nook in the garden where Jessie and he used to play, and sit for hours as you see him in the picture, thinking, thinking, thinking. But all his thoughts were about Jessie. Going in-doors he would say:

"Mother, do you think Jessie can remember now?"

"Yes, my child," his mother would reply.

"Do you think she loves me still, mother?"

"No doubt of it, my boy."

"But, mother, do you suppose she sings the same hymns we used to sing together?"

"Very likely, my child."

"And do you think she will know me if she meets me there *without any crutches*?"

His mother told him she thought so, and then he would go into a quiet corner and sing over Jessie's favorite hymns. When wearied with singing he would go to Jessie's drawer, and gaze on the toys



her little fingers had handled, but with his own things he played no more.

Thus Willie thought of Jessie day by day, until his strength began to ebb away, his appetite to fail, and his life to fade. He did not appear to be sick. He felt no pain. Still he grew weaker, and it soon became very clear to his friends that he was dying.

He begged to be placed on the same bed, and upon the very spot where Jessie died. Sometimes he would moan in his slumber. Then when his mother asked, "What do you want, Willie?" he would reply:

"I only want Jessie! Do you think she has forgotten me? I want to go to Jessie."

Just before he died he broke forth into something very like a shout. His mother asked, "What is it, my son?"

"O, I thought Jessie had come," said he.

"No, that cannot be; but, my child, you are going to Jessie. You will soon see her."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I know. But I wish I could carry her something. And yet I know she has better things there."

Thus longing to meet Jessie, and to go to Jesus, the lame boy died. His crutches stand in the corner of his mother's chamber, leaning against the bureau which contains little Jessie's things, but he needs them no longer. He is not lame now, but, clothed in pure white, he sings with Jessie and the angels such sweet songs as little ones who love Jesus learn when they sit at his beloved feet in heaven.

This love which Willie felt for Jessie was very beautiful. I admire it greatly. I wish every brother and sister loved as well. Not that I think every brother ought to wish for death if his sister dies, as Willie did. Willie was a cripple, and very delicate. His feelings were too strong for the frail body in which his spirit was lodged. Had he been a healthy boy he could have loved Jessie just as much, and yet have lived to be a man. He would have borne his grief in a more manly spirit, as I would have you bear big sorrows if they come to you. But

I do want you all to love each other as truly and dearly as did Willie and Jessie. Will you ask God to give you such loving hearts?

Little Emma.

EMMA H. once went to visit a young playmate whose father was a pious man. The day after she returned home, as the family sat down to the breakfast-table, she turned to her own father, and said in a very grave voice:

"Papa, would you ask a blessing like Mr. F. does?"

"Not now, dear," said Mr. H.; "I am not in the habit of it."

"May I, papa?"

"Certainly, if you wish to, my child."

Then Emma clasped her little hands, and bowed

her head until her brown curls almost covered her face, and said reverently, "Our Father who art in heaven, please to bless this nice breakfast, and make papa and mamma, Georgie and me, very good people, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Was not that a sermon for Mr. H.?

Some months afterward little Emma was taken very ill, and the doctor said she must die.

"I cannot give you up, my darling!" sobbed her poor father, kissing her wasted hands.

At this moment Emma opened her eyes, and looked up in his face with her own natural expression.

"Papa," she said, "I'm going to heaven, and I want you to come too when Jesus calls you. Say 'Our Father,' wont you, papa?"

Mr. H. sank upon his knees trembling.

"Can't you say it, dear papa?" urged the weak voice. "I will help you, if you'll try."

And she began the familiar words, her father's broken voice joining with her, but before the prayer was closed her strength failed; she sighed softly, and without a struggle her happy spirit ascended to the bosom of her Saviour, there to be blessed forever.

Will Emma's father ever forget the prayer that she loved, or the sermon that her brief life preached to him? No, no.

Centennial Jubilee Hymn.

WORDS BY MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

Tune—Webb.

JESUS, thou risen Saviour,
Our grateful praise we bring;
With thankful hearts and voices,
We glad hosannas sing.
Through years of wondrous blessing
Thy guiding hand we see;
The joy which crowns this hour
Is due, O Lord, to thee.

Within thy sacred temple
We children love to be,
To celebrate together
This year of jubilee.
With reverend heads and hoary,
In worship bowing down,
Would childhood's simple offering
Add luster to thy crown.

Forms that have borne life's burden
Are bending toward the grave;
Lips that have told the story
Of Jesus' power to save
Will soon be hushed forever;
The voices that we love,
Lost in the heavenly music,
That swells the song above.

O then upon the children,
The lambs of this dear fold,
Send down the holy power
That filled thy saints of old;
That we, with steady footsteps,
And Christian armor bright,
May boldly march for Jesus,
Contending for the right.

Then, when the golden ages
Have filled their song of praise,
And earthly choirs of voices
Blend with seraphic lays,
With all thy Church triumphant
Saved through redeeming love,
We'll join in celebrating
The jubilee above.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"A Land without a Storm."

WHEN Lydia was told she must die, she looked fearlessly into her father's face, and smiling said:

"Well, father, I will go to a much brighter home than this, to a land without a storm."

In her last moment she pressed her father's hand and said, "How precious! O how precious Jesus is!"

There was much beauty in Lydia's death. Whence did that beauty come? It sprang out of her faith, for she had previously given herself to Jesus, and it was through him that her character was made beautiful, and her death happy. Does the reader desire a happy death? Go to Jesus now, and he will make both life and death beautiful.

Y. Z.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Weaving Fruit Blossoms.

A LITTLE girl had a young cherry tree which bore beautiful blossoms one spring. She wanted flowers for a garland one day, and thinking the cherry tree blossoms very beautiful, she plucked and wove them into a garland. But when the time of cherries came the tree bore none. How could it? Cherries come from blossoms, and she had plucked the blossoms and made them into garlands. She could not use both blossoms and cherries.

It is just so with the hours of young lives. Hours are blossoms from which come the fruit of success and happiness in after years. Spend them in study, and they will grow into the fruit of scholarship by and by. Spend them in useful industry, and they will grow into the fruit of prosperity when you are older. Spend them in prayer and reading God's word, and they will grow into the fruit of ripe and manly piety. But if you weave them into garlands for idle sport they will bring forth no fruit. Your life will be like a barren tree. Do you understand?

Q.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Two Voices.

WHERE is the boy or girl who has not at times felt that there were two inward voices speaking to the heart? When one says, "Do," the other says, "Do not." When one says "Go," the other says "Stay." When one says "You may," the other says "You may not." These two voices never say the same thing. They are always arguing, and never agree.

There was once an Indian who, visiting some of his white neighbors, asked one of them for some tobacco. The man whom he asked put his hand in his pocket where he kept his tobacco loose, and gave a little to the Indian. He put it in his tobacco pouch and went home. When he came to the hut where he lived he asked his squaw for his pipe, and opened the pouch to get out the tobacco. As he was pressing the tobacco in the bowl of the pipe,

he felt something hard in it, and on examining he saw that the white man, in giving him tobacco, had also with it taken from his pocket a quarter of a dollar.

"Ugh! ugh!" said the Indian, "white man made mistake that time."

He put the money back in his pouch, and smoked his pipe. The next day he came back to the settlement, and finding the man who had given him the tobacco, told him about the money, and offered it back to him.

"But why didn't you keep it?" said the white man. "It was given to you, wasn't it?"

"Ah!" replied the Indian, "I got a good man and a bad man here in my breast. The good man say, 'It is not yours, you must take it back to the owner.' Then the bad man say, 'He gave it to you, it is your own, keep it.' But the good man he say, 'That not right. The tobacco is yours, but not the money.' The bad man then say, 'Never mind, you got it. Go buy some dram.' But the good man say, 'No! no! you must not do so. You take the money back.' So I didn't know what to do. I try to go to sleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night and trouble me. So I bring the money back as the good man told me, and I feel good. Here, you must take it."

The white man took the money, and the Indian felt satisfied. He had done what his conscience told him was right, and thus should we all do. Inclination and conscience do not always say the same thing. But the voice of conscience is to be obeyed whether it suits our inclination or not. The Indian was so troubled with the dispute of the "good man" and the "bad man" in his heart that he could not sleep. And he did not find any rest until he had done what the "good man" said. So we shall always feel better when we do right.

Sometimes these two voices are heard on the Sabbath day. One says to the little boy, "Go into the fields and have a pleasant walk; or into the orchard and get fruit; or take a boat and sail on the pond, or catch fish." But the other says, "No, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Keep away from all week-day pleasures, and go to the church and to Sunday-school. If the little boy obeys the first voice he makes himself unhappy. If he obeys the other he feels happy because he does right.

Here is a little girl who has done something she ought not to have done, and she fears to have her mother know it. Then she hears the two voices. One says, "Don't tell her. Make her think that some one else did it." But the other voice says, "Go, tell her all about it; tell her the truth, and it will be better for you." Now if the little girl does what the first voice says, she makes two wrongs where there was only one before. But if she minds the other voice she will save herself much pain.

Whenever you hear the two voices, obey what the good voice says, and heed not the other.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Beware of Him.

BEWARE of whom? A dangerous companion. He can't walk, for he has no legs. He can't seize you, for he has no arms. He can't look at you, for he has no eyes. He can't hear you, for he has no ears. But he can harm you nevertheless, for he has a tongue, and speaks wicked things. Do you know him? I hope not. Shall I tell you his name? It is BAD BOOK. Beware of him!

Y. Z.

What Can I Do?

ARE there none poor whom I can help?
None blind to whom I can read?
None sad whom I can cheer?
None sinful for whom I can pray?

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1866.

BIBLE PICTURES.

SAMUEL.



SAMPL the children of Israel had crossed over Jordan into the land of Canaan, under the leadership of Joshua, (for Moses had died in the wilderness,) the land which they had taken out of the hands of the Canaanites, and the neighbouring tribes, was divided among the twelve tribes of Israel, and the tribe of Manasseh. "And the whole congregation of the children of Israel assembled together at Shiloh, and set up the tabernacle of the congregation there."

About thirty miles from Shiloh, there was a place called Ramathaim-zophim, where, long after, there dwelt a man named Elkanah, and his wife, Hannah. Every year it was customary for them to go with their tribe to Shiloh, to worship. On one occasion when Hannah went up, not having had any children she prayed unto the Lord to give her a son, and she made a vow, or promise, saying, "If the Lord give me a man child, then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life." Eli, who was then the high-priest and judge of the people, seeing her thus pray, (for "her voice was not heard") bade her go in peace, and the Lord would grant her her petition. At length the Lord gave Hannah a son; and she called his name Samuel,—that is, "asked of God,"—because she had prayed unto God for him.

Now while Samuel was still a little boy, Hannah took him with her up to Shiloh, in order to pay her vow, and give him to the Lord. She took also with her three bullocks, and an ephah (about three pecks) of flour, and a bottle of wine. When she stood before Eli, the priest, she said, "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also have I lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there."

Hannah now returned home. No doubt she fondly kissed her boy before she left him. Though she probably felt much when she parted from Samuel, yet she knew she was doing right, and was very happy, as you will find, if you read the second chapter of the first book of Samuel. "And Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli." He wore a linen ephod; that is, a robe which hung down in the front, and over the back, and was fastened about the waist by a girdle, or sash. Because Hannah had left Samuel, we must not think that he was forgotten by her. O, no! Every year, when she went up to Shiloh to worship, she carried with her a little coat for him, which she had made with her own hands.

One night, after Samuel had laid down to sleep in his little room, near to where Eli slept, and the lamp which had been lit in the evening in the temple had not yet gone out, for it was yet dark, he heard a voice calling to him, "Samuel." Thinking it was Eli who called, he immediately arose and came to him, saying, "Here am I; for thou calledst me." Eli said, "I called not; lie down again." And the same voice called yet again, "Samuel;" and he again went to Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou didst call me." "I called not, my son; lie down again." A third time the voice came unto him, and again he went to Eli. Eli at last perceived that it was the Lord who called Samuel, and he said,

"If He call thee, say, Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth." Samuel laid down once more, and the Lord called, "Samuel, Samuel." Samuel said, "Speak; for Thy servant heareth." God then told Samuel what he was about to perform against Eli, because he did not restrain his sons from their wickedness; and Samuel told Eli the words which the Lord had spoken. Samuel afterwards became judge of the people of Israel, and died at a good old age.

Though God does not now call little children in the manner in which He called Samuel, yet many times He calls them by His Ministers, or by their kind teachers. He asks them to give Him their young hearts. Try to follow the example of little Samuel, and give your hearts to Jesus, while you are young. See if you cannot be like Samuel, and make yourselves useful in the service of God. Go to that poor widow, and read a chapter from the Bible to her; or to the bedside of that sick school-fellow of yours, and talk to him about Jesus. This is serving God; and if you live to be old, as Samuel did, you will have His favour and blessing all the way through this life, and a rich reward in the life to come.

LINKS IN A CHAIN.

The blast that drove the storm-clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn-cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

A cloud burst, and a rain-drop filled the acorn-cup.

A robin, wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, dropped on the path, when all was calm, and drank up the rain-drop.

Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his accustomed place in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he thrilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and, rising from his reverie, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing.

The chant went forth into the great world, and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. But he said "the chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"I could not have sung so sweetly, had I not been refreshed by the rain-drop," said the robin.

"I should have sunk into the earth, had not the acorn-cup been there to receive me," said the rain-drop.

"I had not been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn-cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied, "Praise Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making his mercies oftentimes to pass through unsuspected channels, and bringing in due time, by His own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm-cloud."

PLAY FAIR.

Play seems to be the work of children, their business. Any little labour or study that they do, is just so much taken from their play. They play in the sweat of their brow, and often fatigue themselves as much in building a snow-house or damming up a ditch, as their parents would do in a ship-yard or a factory.

Children form very important habits at their plays. Their character comes out. People see what kind of children they are. If they are passionate, it is sure to be seen in the holidays. If they are greedy, they show it in their sports. Cheaters

will always cheat in the play-ground. It is therefore important to boys and girls to play in the right manner.

Honesty in the play-ground is the foundation of honesty in business. If you tell lies about marbles you will tell lies about money; if you cheat at ball, you will perhaps forge in the bank. If you are dishonourable in your plays, you will probably be disgraced in your merchandise.

Fair play is the same as just play, right play, honest play, true play. Fairness in a game is the same as fairness in a bargain. It makes no difference whether it is marbles, or balls and tops, or money; if you are unfair, you are unjust. Avoid it, then, as you would avoid any filthy thing on your hands or face. You might wash this off, but how can you wash foul sins off your conscience? Learn to hate a lie, or a dishonest act.

CHRIST OUR GUEST.

When one of the boys in an orphan's home had said grace, "Come Lord Jesus, be our Guest, and bless what Thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up and said,—

"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask Him every day to sit with us, and He never comes."

"Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure He will come; for He does not despise your invitation."

"I shall set Him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome: the chair stood empty for him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking all the time:—

"Jesus could not come, and so he sent this poor boy in His place; is that it?"

"Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus's sake, we give to Him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

THE CHEERFUL ROBIN.

A Robin redbreast had a snug little nest

In a thicket so close and so warm,
And he wonder'd, no doubt, as he slyly peep'd out
And beheld the wild tricks of the storm.

But he never was sad: though the weather was bad,
He was happy as happy could be;
Still he sang when it blow'd, and he laugh'd when
it snow'd:

What a blithe little robin was he.

At night he had dreams of the pretty sunbeams,
As his head nestled under his wing,
Pleasant dreams of the flowers, and the bright sunny
showers,

That were sure to come back with the spring.
Then he sat every morn on the big wither'd thorn,
The ancient white thorn that grew near him,
And he pour'd such a lay, that I stopp'd on my way
Many a morning, on purpose to hear him.

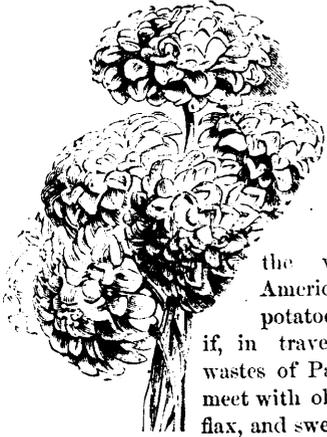
Now I think, on my word, that the dear little bird
Was wiser than people much older;
For, of this I'm quite clear, when the weather's
severe,

If we fret 'twill seem colder and colder.

Then what ever winds blow, let us sing as we go,
And laugh at grim Care when we meet him:
He's a surly old boor, not so bad to be sure,
If with ready good humour we greet him.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Dahlia.



ALL trees, and shrubs, and plants are supposed to grow wild somewhere. They certainly did so once. What would you think if, while rambling through the woods in South America, you should find potatoes growing wild; or if, in traveling through the wastes of Palestine, you should meet with oleanders, asparagus, flax, and sweet-william?

It is one of the glories of civilization that it gathers up all available vegetable productions from all parts of the world, and puts them into our fields and gardens. Among flowers we have the chrysanthemum from Barbary, clarkia from the Rocky Mountains, gilia from California, fuschias from Patagonia, the sensitive plant from Brazil, and the night-smelling primrose from the Cape of Good Hope. Lately we are getting many things from Japan—lilies, and squashes, and melons; and every year we are importing new things from various quarters of the globe.

It would be very interesting to go through our gardens, and tell the native country of every plant and tree. I know one little girl who is going to make a memorandum of all that she can find out, and see how long a list she can make. But many plants have lived in this country and in European gardens so long that it would be very difficult to trace their origin. Some, like wheat and barley, and onions and melons, have been cultivated by man from the earliest ages. Many have been so changed by culture that you would hardly recognize them if you should see them in their native state. This is especially true with regard to fruits like the apple and the peach.

Among flowers that have been greatly changed, we may mention the dahlia. This was found in Mexico, and introduced into England about sixty years ago. It was then a single purple flower of coarse habit and unattractive appearance. But cultivation has made it sport into unnumbered shades of all colors, excepting the blue series, and it has rounded up a hemisphere of rich half-folded leaves, and made it a very popular flower.

There are many other similar instances. We will recur to them at some future time. Perhaps, too, we shall borrow the list of the little girl we spoke of, and let you know what she finds out about the native homes of plants and flowers. AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Holy Name.

"Take not the name of God in vain." Children do not always think when they violate this command, but they should think. God thinks, and he remembers, and he punishes too. Sometimes he does it immediately, and sometimes he waits.

Not long ago a boy in England, named Richards, about thirteen years old, was playing with other little boys, and they fell into a dispute about their scores. Richards said that his score was more than twenty, but he could not make the other boys believe it. So he swore a big oath, wishing God to strike him blind if he had not made more than twenty. The next minute he threw up his hands in great distress, exclaiming that he could not see. His companions gathered around him, and found that it was indeed true. They led him home, and when the physicians examined his eyes they found them covered with a thick film, and they gave

him little hope of ever being able to see again.

If any of my readers have ever taken that blessed name in vain, or even carelessly, let them not think that they will escape punishment, for we are assured that the Lord will not hold him guiltless who does this. If the punishment is delayed, and time has been given them for repentance, let them repent sincerely, and ever after reverere that blessed name. BERA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

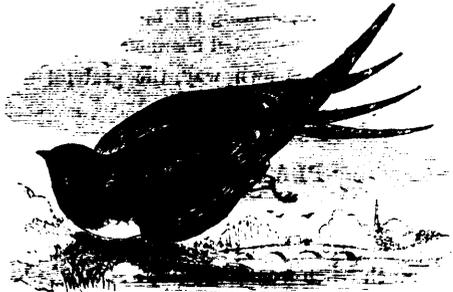
The Brook's Song.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. H. THOMSON.

I'm a happy little brook,
Dancing all day long,
O'er each mead and grassy nook,
Singing my sweet song.
O'er me bend the soft blue skies,
Stars look down with beaming eyes;
Fragrant flowers wave above,
Whispering vows of fervent love.
I'm a happy little brook,
Dancing all day long,
O'er each mead and grassy nook,
Singing my sweet song.



I'm a sparkling little stream,
None more blithe and gay;
Clear and bright my waters gleam
On my flowery way.
Sunbeams stoop my waves to kiss,
Thrilling all my soul with bliss;
Snow-white lambskins bend to drink
From my green and mossy brink.
I'm a sparkling little stream,
None more blithe and gay;
Clear and bright my waters gleam
On my flowery way.
I'm a dimpling, rippling thing,
Full of mirth and song;
Wild birds fan me with their wing
As I dance along.



O'er me bend the grand old trees,
Rustling softly in the breeze;
Happy little faces shine,
Looking, laughing, into mine
I'm a dimpling, rippling thing,
Full of mirth and song;
Wild birds fan me with their wing
As I dance along.

Lost time is never found again.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

To be Good is to be Happy.



Y dear little readers, I do not doubt that you have heard this sentence very often. Perhaps you have traced it in your copy-books, or used it as an example for a rule in your grammars; but have you ever pondered upon its meaning, or fully realized its truth?

You "don't believe it," Master Harry? You, Miss Minnie, "know plenty of bad people who are often happy, and plenty of good people who are nearly always unhappy?" My dear little ones, you cannot judge fully of either the happiness or goodness of any but your own selves. All are not good who profess to be, any more than all are happy who appear gay and smiling.

Wont you prove the truth of this, my children? Wont you be good, say just for a week, and see if you are not happier at the end of this week than you have ever been before? And what is it "to be good?" It is to do the will of God, and this you will find laid down in the Bible, more particularly in the New Testament. First of all you must go with a repentant and believing heart to Jesus, and ask him to pardon your sins, and help you "to be good." Who will be the first to try this? who will be the first to prove that "to be good is really to be happy?"

COUSIN NELLIE.

What a Little Boy Did.

A LADY was going to visit a poor woman, when her nephew, a boy of five years of age, brought a biscuit to her, and begged her to take it to the sufferer. "I can do without lunch," said the child; "I have had a good breakfast." And accordingly he did without lunch that the poor woman might have his biscuit.

Thieving.

OFT we see the young beginner,
Practice little pilfering ways,
Till, grown up a hardened sinner,
He in prison ends his days.
Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published on the Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month by SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

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Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

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