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CHILDREN · AND

FORBID · THEM · NOT

TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 19.

JULY 11, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 187.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## SUNSHINE IN SCHOOL.

GET your last *Sunday-School Advocate*, my reader, and compare the long faces on its first page with these round and jolly ones. Do they look like the same set of boys? Not much. Yet they are the same little fellows, in the same school, and with the same tasks to learn exactly. That one on the right seems to have sent his toothache to Bath or somewhere else, and is gnawing away at his lunch. The little booby in the rear almost enjoys his dunce's cap, and is no longer in dread of a box on the ear. The next boy looks as happy as a squirrel in a heap of hickory-nuts. His neighbors share his bliss, and appear to be laughing at their teacher's joke, whatever that may be. The A B C boy has ceased to fret over crooked K, and doubled-up S, and puzzling Z, while the last boy on the form looks as I suppose you would if you were hungry and were about to sit down to eat a bit of nice cherry-pudding. What has changed those boys so?

*Their teacher is good-natured to-day. As his frown made them all sad yesterday, so his smile makes them all happy to-day.*

Don't forget this picture nor its lesson, my little men and women!—Is not every boy a little man and every girl a little woman?—*Your* smile has sunshine in it as well as the schoolmaster's. If you don't believe what I say, try it. Wear a smiling, good-natured face for the next week and see if it don't make a good many folks round you look pleasant too. Smile on your brothers and sisters from the time when you get up until you go to bed again; smile on poor weary mamma and tired papa every time you see them; smile on your schoolmates, on your teacher, on everybody. After you have worn a happy face for one week, if you don't agree with me about the power of one good-natured face to make many others happy, then you may—well, you may write me what you do think about it.

How can I wear a happy face if I don't *feel* like it? asks an honest child. Surely you cannot. You must *feel* happy to *look* happy. The way to *feel*

happy is to do as you do when you are thirsty. Then you go to the well or pump and get your cup filled with water and drink. So, to *feel* happy, you must take your heart to Jesus and say, "Please, Jesus, fill this little heart of mine with peace." Jesus will answer that prayer, and then you will be happy enough to smile all the time.

F. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## SWISS CHILDREN.

In Switzerland the children are not so highly favored as they are here. A great many of them never saw a Sunday-school, never even heard of such a thing. But there are some good people who are trying to establish Sunday-schools there. And the children, you may be sure, are delighted. They feel as if they had found great treasures. One little boy said he did not know how he ever managed to pass his Sundays without the Sunday-school; another said that he never really enjoyed anything before he

went to the Sunday-school, and a little fellow, who was struck with severe paralysis, as soon as he could say a word, asked the doctor if he would not be well enough to go to Sunday-school the next Sunday. And how well these would like it who never yet heard of it. Poor neglected things, what long, dreary times they must have!

One Sunday, not long since, a gentleman who is trying to establish Sunday-schools (blessings on him!) passed a meadow where quite a number of children were at play for want of something better to do. The good man stepped aside and began to talk to them. It was Easter Sunday, and he gave them an account of the origin of that festival. The little girls soon bethought themselves that it was a kind of meeting, and they motioned to the boys to take off their hats, and the talker had a very quiet audience, I assure you. And when he had finished he was going to give each a little book, but he found he had but five or six left. So he gave these to the children who seemed most serious, and told them to read to the others. Immediately five or six little groups were formed about the readers, while the missionary went on to the village to look up some one whom he might interest in the subject of opening a school for the benefit of these lovely and well-disposed children. We hope he succeeded.

J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## LITTLE BIRDIE, I ENVY YOU!

A ROBIN hopped one morning outside the window of a house in the country and said, "Chirp, chirp, chirp," which in bird language meant "Bread, bread, give me a crumb of bread!"

A child sitting on its sister's knee said, "Birdie, birdie, pretty birdie!" but the sister said:

"Little birdie, I envy you!"

What made that girl envy the little bird, think you? She was not poor; she had a nice home, loving friends, and plenty to eat, drink, and wear. What was the matter with her?

She had a sinful heart. That was her trouble. She was not happy. She thought the bird was. That was why she envied it. But what is a bird's happiness compared with that which a good girl or boy may enjoy? If that girl had known the love of Jesus she would not have said, "Little birdie, I envy you!"

## "ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE."

"You have only five minutes to live," said the sheriff to a young man who for the crime of murder was condemned to die. He then took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say speak now, for you have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said, "I have to die. I had one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found my little brother gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found his hair was clotted with blood and brains, and he was dead! Whisky had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one word more to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people—never, never, NEVER touch anything that can intoxicate!"

As he pronounced these words the drop fell, and he was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital and the awful spectacle. My little heart seemed as if it would burst and break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there, while looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man as it hung between

heaven and earth, as unfit for either, there it was that I took the pledge never to touch strong drink! Long years have passed away, white hairs have thickened around these temples, then so ruddy and so young, but I have never forgotten the last words of that young man. I thank God that I have never violated my promise. When the tempter has offered me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE EASTER FESTIVAL IN RUSSIA.



LENT in St. Petersburg is very strictly observed. No flesh-meat is allowed to be eaten. Black bread and sour cabbage constitute the principal diet. The theaters are closed. Dancing and all public amusements are prohibited, excepting concerts. During the last weeks in Lent the churches are thronged with persons of all classes and ages, making confession and receiving the communion as the law requires. On the last Saturday the housewives go into a general house-cleaning, cooking, and baking. Easter Sunday comes at last. The churches are thronged, and when the officiating priest announces the magical words, "Christ is risen," the whole assembly breaks out into expressions of joy, the most



universal of which is a tender embrace. All are equal. Not only do relatives and friends kiss each other, but masters and servants, moujiks and noblemen, the poor and the rich. "Christ is risen!" is the greeting, and the response is, "He is risen indeed," and then follow three kisses on the cheek, in allusion to the Trinity.



More solid manifestations of love and charity accompany this general joy. It becomes the duty of those who have means to give to the needy. Money, food, and clothing are distributed to those who are in want. Gifts of love and friendship are also exchanged, as with us at Christmas, and social visits not unlike our New Year's calls are also made. On these occasions the guests are invited to partake of

refreshments set forth with cake, eggs, and confectionery, and the inevitable liquors.

During the ensuing week the military schools, the cadets, and the soldiers present themselves in the square fronting the palace to congratulate the imperial family. The emperor and the grand duke pass from rank to rank, and bestow on the soldier the paschal kiss.

The Greek Church, as you remember that I have already told you, is the state Church in Russia. It is also the prevailing Christian religion in Greece, European Turkey, and some smaller countries. It is in many respects similar to the Romish Church, from which it separated about a thousand years ago. But it has no pope, and does not pretend to be infallible. It does not teach the worship of images nor admit the existence of purgatory, and it permits the priests to have wives. It is generally supposed to be less corrupt than the Romish Church, but after all it is very different from our own dear Protestant religion. It gives the people no Bible, no Sunday-school, and no blessed Christian Sabbath, at least, no such Sabbath as we enjoy. It does not teach that men have the privilege of knowing their sins forgiven and their names written in the Lamb's book of life. O, children, these millions and millions of people here in Russia would reach out their hands in great joy for such privileges as you possess. Go, then, my little ones, thank God for the teachings that you have and live up to them.

AUNT JULIA.

## SONG FOR OUR TRY COMPANY.

HAVE your efforts proved in vain?  
Do not sink to earth again;  
Try—keep trying.  
They who yield can nothing do;  
A feather's weight will break them through;  
Try—keep trying.  
On yourself alone relying,  
You will conquer; try—keep trying.  
Falter not, but upward rise;  
Put forth all your energies:  
Try—keep trying.  
Every step that you progress  
Will make your future so much less;  
Try—keep trying.  
On the truth and God relying,  
You will conquer; try—keep trying.  
Ponderous barriers you may meet,  
But against them bravely beat;  
Try—keep trying.  
Naught should drive you from the track,  
Or turn you from your purpose back;  
Try—keep trying.  
On yourself and God relying,  
You will conquer; try—keep trying.  
You will conquer, if you try—  
Win the good before you die;  
Try—keep trying.  
Remember, nothing is more true,  
Than that they who dare will do;  
Try—keep trying.  
On yourself and God relying,  
You will conquer; try—keep trying.

## "I BELIEVE HE WILL SAVE ME."

A GIRL seventeen years of age, the daughter of a respectable Jewish merchant, being near death, said to her afflicted father:

"I know but little about Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I never before loved him; I feel that I am going to him—that I shall be ever with him. And now, my father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth; I entreat you to obtain a New Testament, which tells of him."

The father afterward became a humble follower of the once despised Saviour.

FLOWERS are beautiful thoughts that grow out of the ground and seem to talk to us.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1863.



LISTENING TO THE SCHOOL-BELL.

THE A NUMBER 1 BOY.

"I'll be real good to-day, see if I don't. I won't be ugly to Alfred, nor cross to mother, nor a bit lazy. I'll get all my lessons, and will be an A No. 1 boy."

Thus did ROLLO REDWOOD talk to himself one day. It was very good talk, and showed that Rollo knew what a good boy ought to be and to do. But there were two little imps in the boy's heart which made it hard work for him to actually be what he knew he ought to be, and to do what he knew he ought to do. One of these imps was named PUT-OFF, the other FIRE-UP-QUICK.

Rollo had hardly made his good resolution before his brother Alfred came into the garden having a whip in his hand. In a moment the imp Fire-up-quick pinched him, and he shouted:

"Bring me my whip! Bring me my whip, you little scamp!"

"I want to play with ooz whip," said Alfred, with a sweetness of spirit which would have won the heart of any A No. 1 boy in the world.

"I tell you you sha'n't have it!" cried Rollo in a passionate tone.

"I will have ooz whip," said Alfred, catching a little of his brother's ill-temper.

"Well, we'll soon see who's boss in this matter," rejoined Rollo, running and snatching the whip from his brother's hand with a violence which made him cry. Rather a poor specimen of an A No. 1 boy, wasn't he?

Just then HARRY OWEN, Rollo's favorite playmate, came along and said:

"Roll, I want you to go with me to Foster's brook before school. I've got an aquarium, and I want to catch some fish to put into it."

"You ought to stay and get your lesson," whispered Rollo's conscience.

"You'll have time enough to get that before school begins," suggested the imp Put-off. "It's only eight o'clock, and you will get back from the brook in half an hour."

"So I shall," said Rollo to himself. Then turning to his friend, he said:

"Yes, I'll go if you'll hurry back so that I may have time to just run over my lesson before school begins."

"All right, Roll. We won't be long. Let's hurry up."

Just then the voice of a lady, clear and sweet, rung through the air, crying:

"Rollo! Rollo!"

It was the voice of Rollo's mother, who wanted him to run on an errand to the butcher's store. She was without a servant at that time, and wanted to send her son to order some meat and vegetables for dinner. Rollo knew what

she wanted, but forgetting his purpose to be an A No. 1 boy, and anxious to go with Harry, he crept behind some currant-bushes, and, beckoning to his friend to follow his example, ran out at the back gate and off to Foster's brook.

Harry had his rods all ready under his father's shed, and they stopped only a moment on the way to get them. At the brook fish were scarce, so they roamed down to the pond into which it emptied. There they fished until by and by, through the still morning air, they heard the sound of the school-house bell.

"There's the bell!" exclaimed Rollo. "We shall be late! Come, Harry, let us run!"

Away they ran down the lane and along the village street, arriving at school heated, tired, and too late for a merit mark. Of course, Rollo's lesson was unlearned. He received a mark of demerit, his teacher reproved him, and he went home at noon thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and in a very unhappy mood of mind. No A No. 1 boy ever feels as he felt.

"Rollo, you treated me wrong this morning," said his mother as he entered the house. "I saw you run when I called you. It was very unkind of you. You knew I needed you, and now you will get only a made-up dinner, for I could not leave the house to order anything fresh."

Rollo was about to grumble at his mother, but just then his conscience whispered:

"Rollo, you are a wicked boy. You began the day with some very fine promises which you have not kept. You are anything but the A No. 1 boy you resolved to be."

Rollo looked sad. His better thoughts and feelings came back. He bowed his head upon the table, sighed, sat thinking silently a while, until big tears rolled down his cheeks. Then, with a face full of grief, he looked up and said:

"Mother, I can't be good. I know I can't. This morning I made up my mind to be an A No. 1 boy, and I've hardly done anything good since. It's no use trying to be good any more."

"You must never give up trying to be right, my son," replied Mrs. Redwood. "But, maybe, you don't try in the right way. If you try in Rollo Redwood's strength only, you will be likely to fail forever; but if you try in the strength of Jesus and Rollo Redwood together, you will be enabled to say with a man who once did great things for Jesus, 'I, Rollo Redwood, can do all things through Christ strengthening me.'"

Rollo opened his eyes and looked very earnestly at his mother. I think he opened his heart also, for after a moment or two he replied:

"I see through it now, mother. I've tried in the wrong way. I'll try another way now. I'll join the Saviour's Try Company."

If Rollo carries out that promise he will soon grow into an A No. 1 boy. It is Christ's help that enables boys and girls to be and to do right. Let every boy and girl who is tired of trying in his or her own strength begin trying in the name and strength of Jesus! Let those who do so write me about it and tell me how they succeed.

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

CORPORAL, walk in! Squire, be seated! How did you enjoy the "Fourth," gentlemen? I hope you didn't burn your fingers, singe your eyebrows, or get your skulls hit by a falling rocket-stick. I hope—

"There, that will do, Mr. Editor," says the corporal, a little rudely. "You mistake us for a couple of boys, don't you? We love boys,"—"Yes, and girls too," whispers Mr. Forrester—"but we have outlived our play-days. We celebrate the 'Fourth' by cherishing patriotic thoughts. But, Mr. Editor, I am a little more grave than usual, for the first letter I opened to-day tells me of little FRANK B. S., who just before his death said, 'Mamma, I forgot to say my prayers. Shall I get out of bed to say them?' 'No, Frankie,' replied his mother, 'you are too weak. You may say them in bed.' Then Frankie said the Lord's prayer. It was his last prayer. Before the day ended he was in heaven."

A very sweet fact that for his friends to connect with Frankie's last day on earth. What next, corporal?

"Here is a letter from Chaplain LOZIER, of the Thirty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, showing how the boys and girls can help save their country. He says:

"Now all you boys and girls who want to help save the country hold up your hands! O what a multitude of little hands would be held up if I could only be there to take the vote in your Sunday-school. The fact is, that the hearts of the dear little children are too pure to be either rebels or 'sympathizers.' Yes, the boys and girls all want

to help save the country. Well, now, I'll soon show you just how to do it. Just help save the lives of the soldiers who are fighting to save the country. That very hand of yours can do this very thing. It can pick and dry a few blackberries that will do as much toward saving some sick soldier's life as the best doctor in the state can do. I can't explain how this is now, but your neighbor, who was a soldier and came home sick or wounded, can tell you that blackberries are the best thing a soldier can get to eat in many cases of sickness. Now when you go out to the 'patch' are you going to eat as long as you can cram one down and not pick any for the soldiers? No, I guess you will not. Try and get as many as a quart after they are dried, and get sister or mother to make a little bag out of a piece of strong muslin, and print your name on a piece of paper and sew it on the little bag, and when the soldier gets your nice berries he will say, 'God bless that dear little boy!'

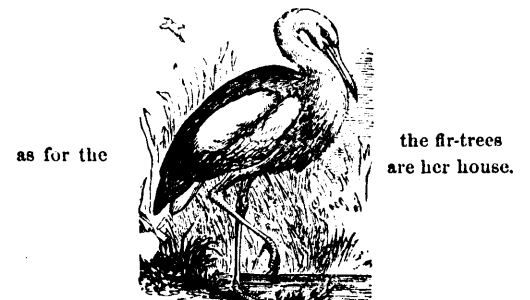
"And now, my little girl, what can you do for the soldiers? You may be afraid the briars would scratch your dear little hands. Well, what if they do? You can have it to say that you 'bled for your country,' and that is saying a good deal. You can do this much anyhow: You can pick and dry a quart of cherries or plums for the sick soldiers, can't you? Certainly you can, and will, too, I feel confident. Fix them just like I told the boys to fix the blackberries, and you'll get the soldier's blessing. And now I want to whisper something to you. Some of these days, when you hear your pa or ma talking about how strong they are for the Union, and how much they love the soldiers, you ask them if they love the soldiers a bushel of dried apples or peaches? or a few barrels of potatoes? or a bushel of onions? or a keg of kroust? That's the kind of Union-savers and soldier-lovers that we're looking for now-a-days! Why, just to think of it, I have been in the army and I have seen the poor soldier pay ten cents for three little scrubby potatoes such as you would hardly feed to the pigs! They have been glad to get onions at five cents apiece! Now we want your pa and ma, and everybody else's pa and ma, to contribute plenty of these things to the sanitary commission, and those who haven't any such things to give can give money, and we will send them to the noble boys, and it will not only make them glad, but also save many of their lives. The Indiana boys and girls can send these things free of cost to Dr. Hannaman, Sanitary Agent, Indianapolis, and they will be sure to be forwarded to our soldiers. Now, boys and girls, don't forget to help save the country!"

Let every boy and girl who lives within two miles of a patch of blackberry-bushes make a note of what Chaplain Lozier says. The country must be saved, and the children must help do it. Here is a pretty PICTURE PUZZLE:

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted; where the



make their



as for the

the fir-trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the



for the

Here are the answers to Bible questions about keys: (1.) The kingdom of heaven. Matt. xvi, 19. (2.) Hell and death. Rev. i, 13-18. (3.) The fifth angel in John's vision. Rev. ix, 1. (4.) Jesus. Rev. iii, 7. (5.) The lawyers or scribes. Luke xi, 52. (6.) Eglon, King of Moab. Judges iii, 15-25.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

### THE MORNING'S RIDE.

It was only a few mornings after the scene at the woodpile when Alice's father invited her to accompany him upon a benevolent excursion.

Farmer Willis was a good man, and he never seemed so happy as when he was bearing off a generous portion of the rich products of his large farm to the house of some destitute neighbor. Alice often accompanied him upon these excursions, and she cheered many a gloomy dwelling by her happy smiles and words, as well as by the rich gifts she carried. So now she first peeped into the large basket her mother had filled, then, after putting on her cloak, hood, mittens, and tippet, she jumped into the sleigh, and her father tucked the buffalo-skins around her so tightly you could only see her little bright eyes peeping out from the close hood as away they started. But Alice could not bear such close confinement long, and very soon her little hands had freed her mouth from its furry fetters, and she began to shout with delight:

"O papa! do see the beautiful snow."

And it was indeed beautiful. All night long it had been falling silently, slowly, spreading sheet upon sheet, until all the earth was enveloped with its graceful drapery. Then it had changed for a few moments to rain, until at last the north wind had breathed upon it and congealed the whole into a robe of glistening diamonds. Every tree was loaded with the shining frost-work, and every little bough and twig was glittering in the sunlight as it bent under the weight of its myriad crystal gems.

Away they flew over the spotless path, Alice's heart every moment filling fuller of admiration and delight. It seemed to her the very bells around the neck of the black pony were ringing out merry songs, and she was sure the musical jingle sounded exactly like the one commencing,

"Happy, happy, come away,  
We are happy all the day."

After a few moments' ride they stopped at the door of a poor-looking cottage. There was no mark of a footstep before it, and Farmer Willis carried Alice in his arms quite into the house. Here they found a feeble old lady of more than threescore and ten years laboring with all her remaining strength to provide for the wants of a sick daughter who was lying upon a low couch near the scanty fire. Tears fell upon her wrinkled face as she grasped the hand of the kind man whose bounty she had so often proved. Alice scarcely knew whether to pity her more or the invalid upon the couch, whose pale, wasted cheek bore marks of long years of pain. With her own little hands Alice smoothed the hair from the pallid brow, and bathed it with a cooling restorative her mother had sent. Her father, after ascertaining and supplying as far as possible their wants, assured them he would come soon again to see them, and reminding them of the gracious promise, "My God shall supply all your need," he turned to go, when the trembling voice of the sick one whispered, "The Lord give thee a hundred-fold more in this present life," and the weeping mother added, "And in the world to come life everlasting."

Farmer Willis and Alice continued their ride until long past midday, and visited many an abode of want and suffering.

In one house they found a half sick father, whose intemperate habits had brought disease. He was surrounded by a group of six children, all looking pale and poor, and meanly clad, while the mother had gone away through the snow to spend the long day in hard labor to earn their scanty evening meal. The little ones huddled together as the strangers entered, filled with fear and shame. But while Farmer



THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

Willis tried to comfort the sick man with his kind words and supplies of medicine, Alice found her way into the trembling group. She first told them how sorry she was that their father was sick, and said what they had brought was going to cure him. Then she took a bright red apple from her pocket and tossed it into their midst, and when she saw how eagerly they all sprang to get a taste of it she felt how hungry they were. So she opened the basket and taking out six nice biscuits gave one to each. While they were eating she told them of her ride, and about a sick little child she had seen in one house, and how her father had said God would take it to his bright home in heaven where it would be an angel always.

But when one little soft-haired girl asked Alice if there was a great deal to eat in heaven, and said she wanted to go there if she should not be hungry any more, the young teacher was puzzled and asked her father what she must say. He assured the little one that if she would be always good and patient, the kind Father above would some time let her go to live with him, and then she would never be hungry, or tired, or sick any more. Then they bade them good-by.

The story of the rest of this charming ride will be given in the next paper.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac.

### THE FALLING STAR.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!—Isaiah xiv, 12. See also Ezekiel xxxii, 7; Daniel viii, 10.

A FALLING star! It would be a sad sight to see a bright star fall from its place in the blue heavens to the dust, wouldn't it, my child?

Shall I tell you of a still sadder sight which is

often seen among children? There are boys and girls who shine like stars among their companions. They are bright, quick-witted, and genial. Their parents pet them, their teachers praise them, their schoolmates admire them. But they grow proud, willful, and obstinate. Choosing their own way, they fall into evil habits, commit great sins, and ruin themselves. Are they not falling stars? Poor children! How I pity them. I hope the bright face now looking on these lines will never become a fallen star.

### A TOAD WITH A COVER.

AN Irishman who had been but a few months in this country, and in the employ of a gentleman in the suburbs, being sent with a note, with orders to make all possible haste, found on his way a garden-tortoise, which he picked up, supposing it to be a pocket-book. Determining to be faithful to his errand, he did not stop to examine his supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, a rich reward when his errand was finished. Before he reached home the tortoise made its way nearly out of his pocket,

but Patrick quietly reconsigned him. On his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but full of excitement, rushed wildly into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook:

"Bessie! Bessie! did ye ever see a toad with a kiver?"

### A COWARDLY PRIEST.

A SPANISH priest, once exhorting the soldiers to fight like lions, added in the ardor of his enthusiasm, "Reflect, my brethren, that whosoever falls to-day sups to-night in paradise."

Thunders of applause followed the sentiment. The fight began, the ranks wavered, the priest took to his heels, when a soldier, stopping him, reproachfully referred to the promised supper in paradise.

"True, my son, true," said the priest; "but I never eat suppers."

LITTLE WILLIE having hunted in all the corners for his shoes at last appears to give them up, and climbing on a chair, betakes himself to a big book lying on the side-table. Mother says to him:

"What is darling doing with the book?"

"It's the dictionary; papa lookth in the dictionary for things, and I'm looking to see if I can find my shoes."

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