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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 21.

AUGUST 8, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 189.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

EMMA OR JAMIE?

"I HOPE they haven't eaten up all my peaches," screamed little EMMA LOVESELF as she rushed through the hall into the dining-room of her father's house one morning.

Emma had been out making calls, and had heard on her way home that a basket of peaches had been taken to her house during her absence.

"The peaches are for family use and not for you; but I will give you some of them," replied her mother, handing her three nice velvet-skinned peaches as she spoke.

Emma clutched the peaches and began to cry and to mutter, "They are all mine. I will have them."

Of course her mother gave no heed to her tears, but Emma made herself and everybody else miserable all that day.

Compare this girl with a boy named Jamie. He is very fond of apples. One day his father brought him a beauty. "Thank you, pa," he said, and then taking out his jack-knife, he began to cut it into squares, saying:

"Come, Ella, Charlie, and Jane, help me eat this nice sweet apple," and then he divided his apple, taking only an equal share for himself.

One day Jamie heard his mother say, "I haven't a cent in the house." In a moment he ran up stairs, took all the cents from his money-box, and, running back to his mother, said:

"Here, ma, take my pennies."

A warm kiss on his round rosy cheek rewarded this generous offer—such a kiss as made the boy feel that his mother loved him.

Which of these shall I admit to membership in my Try Company, children? Jamie or Emma? *Jamie, eh?* No voices for Emma? Not one. Well, she deserves to be rejected. Selfish girls have no place in the Try Company—nor in heaven, unless they repent.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A SENSIBLE HORSE.

A GENTLEMAN named Lane sent his horse to be shod. The blacksmith made one of the shoes so small it pinched the horse's foot. The next morning, finding that his foot pained him, the horse lifted the gate of his pasture off its hinges with his teeth and trotted a mile and a half to the blacksmith's shop.

There the smith found him when he came to open



his shop. When the shop-door was opened, the horse went right up to the forge and held up the ailing foot. The smith examined the hoof, saw the difficulty, and reset the shoe. Then the horse trotted back to his pasture at a merry pace and in excellent humor.

This is no doubt a true incident. Can my children see any *moral* in it? Let them study it and find out, if they can, a lesson for children in the conduct of this horse. If they will send me their thoughts on the subject I will get the editor to print some of them if I find them worth printing.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW SHALL I TRY TO BE USEFUL?

"You can all be useful if you will, boys," said a teacher to his class one Sabbath. "If you cannot do a great deed you can a little one."

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. Clearly, they did not believe they could be of any use, so he added:

"Well, only try."

"How shall we try?" asked one of the boys timidly.

"Keep your eyes open and your hands ready all this week, and tell me next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other," said the teacher.

"We will," replied the boys.

The next Sabbath those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips and eyes so full of light they fairly twinkled like stars. He smiled in response and said:

"Ah, I see by your looks that you all have something to tell me."

"We have, sir. We have," replied the boys in a chorus.

Then each one told his story. "I," said one, "thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much and was so greatly pleased that I mean to keep on doing it for her."

"And I," said another boy, "thought of a poor old woman whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seemed to give the old lady a good deal of comfort. I can't tell you how much she thanked me."

A third boy said: "I went walking along the street wondering what I could do. A gentleman called me and asked me to hold his horse. I did. He gave me five cents. I have

brought it with me to put into the missionary-box."

"I was walking with my eyes open and my hands ready, as you told us," said a fourth boy, "when I saw a little boy crying because he had lost some pennies in the gutter. I told him not to cry for I would help him find his money. I did find it, and the little chap dried up his tears and ran off feeling very happy."

A fifth boy said: "I saw my mother was very tired one day. The baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put the baby into my little wagon. She did, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had heard him crow and seen him clap his hands, teacher, it would have done you good; and O how much brighter my mother looked when I took baby indoors again!"

Thus, by trying, all the boys had found some way of being useful during the week. Now, I believe every one of my five hundred thousand readers could do a deed of kindness next week if every one would try. Does any one doubt it? No. No one can doubt it. Well, just think! Half a million useful acts! Half a million persons made happier! Half a million children trying to imitate Jesus by

going about trying to do good! Isn't it a delightful thought? Will you all try to have it so?

"How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has but little strength
And little wisdom too!

"It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by its love."

W.



OUR FATHER KNOWETH BEST.

I HAVE a little daughter
Whose years are not yet four,
And daily I have taught her,
For a year or two or more,
About the blessed Saviour
Who came to earth from heaven,
And of a Father's favor
Through him to children given.
I've said, "Whate'er he doeth
Is surely ever best;
Whatever path he showeth
Alone will lead to rest;"
And when the storm-clouds gather,
And the winds blow loud and chill,
I say, "Our heavenly Father
Is kind and faithful still."
And once in my repining,
While raged without the storm,
No gleam within me shining,
My heart to cheer and warm,
A little voice came saying,
In tones as sweet and blest
As heavenly harpers playing,
"Our Father knoweth best."
O then I prayed the Giver
Of blessings true like this,
To lead my daughter ever
To rest upon his grace;
That when life's storms are beating,
With faith and courage strong,
"Our Father's will we're meeting,"
May be her joy and song.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW A SOLDIER BOY DIED.

As a chaplain was passing among the wounded after a battle he saw a boy, pale and slender, in great agony. "Mother! mother! mother!" was the constant cry of the dying lad. The chaplain bent over him and said:

"Do you want me to pray with you, my son?"
The boy's eye rested on the chaplain, whose hand he eagerly clutched as he replied:
"Yes; pray quick!"
"I want you to pray," rejoined the chaplain.
"O I can't, I can't!" said the lad mournfully.
"I will teach you a short prayer which you can pray yourself," said the chaplain. "Now repeat after me, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,'"—the boy repeated the words.—"Can you rest on that?"

asked the good man. "It saved the man who prayed it in the New Testament. If you will rest there—on God's mercy in Jesus Christ—all will be safe."

Once more the dying boy said that touching prayer. He then told the chaplain his name and home—John Russell, Plainville, Conn.—threw his arms round the good man's neck, drew his face down, and, holding his own lips to those of the unresisting chaplain, gave him one long, earnest kiss. It was his dying embrace. In a few moments his arms relaxed, he fell back, and his calm, pale face showed that his young soul had gone from the field of earthly battle to the quiet land.

Thus did young John Russell give his life up for his country. Honor to his memory! May my children never need to be called to prove their love for their country on the battle-field. But when peace comes again, as come it will, let them never forget that they owe their quiet and happiness to such noble fellows as John Russell. Those heroes are giving their lives for our peace. Let us honor the memory of such patriots, my children. THE CORPORAL.

THE SILVER BUCKLES.

A NOBLEMAN once brought a pair of silver buckles to his princely home, and gave them to his little boy to wear in his shoes. They were beautiful buckles, and the boy felt very happy to receive them.

One day this boy was playing in the village-street with a poor little boy. The servant came out of the nobleman's park to call him in to dinner. As he was going to leave his playmate, the poor boy said: "There is no dinner for me at home, and I will wait until you return."

"Come with me, then!" said the kind-hearted lad; but the poor boy was too timid to go and sit down at a rich man's table, so he said:

"I don't like to do that."

"But," replied the nobleman's son, "have you no money to buy a dinner?"

The poor boy looked very sad and answered:

"No!"

This made the rich boy feel very sorrowful, and when he reached the house he said to his father:

"Papa, what was the price of the silver buckles you gave me?"

"Five shillings, my son!" replied the earl.

The good boy looked up very earnestly at his father and said:

"If you will let me have the money I will give you the buckles again."

The earl gave him the money, and away ran his happy son to the poor boy who had no dinner and gave him the whole amount.

That was a noble act, and every boy and girl should learn from it to be generous and kind to playmates and friends.

"NO MORE GOOD SUNDAYS."



SOMETIMES little May says things that do not sound very pretty.

One day she said, "Mother, what day is it?"

Her mother answered, "It is Saturday."

"Saturday!" said May. "I do hate Saturdays, because next day is Sunday. I do wish there would not be any more Sundays until next summer!"

"Why, what do you mean, May? not love God's holy Sabbath day! not love God's holy day, his day of rest, which he commands us to remember and keep holy!"

"Well, mother," said May, "I did not mean to be naughty. We don't have any more good Sundays now. When we had church, and you could go and take me, I liked it; but Aunt Emma said

there was to be no church till next summer, so I don't like Sundays, because there will be no more good Sundays till next summer."

"But we must love the Sundays at home, May. It is God's holy Sabbath just the same whether we go to church or stay at home. Don't you remember the beautiful verses I read to you last Sabbath and the little hymn you learned?"

"Yes, mother; but then church is better, is it not?"

"O yes, much better, my dear; but as we have no church we must make the best of it, and not waste the holy time away."

I am glad little May loves church so much, and I hope she will also learn to love the holy Sabbath whether she attends church or not; but she is a very little girl, and is not very wise. We hope she will love all the Sundays, and they will be good Sundays too.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A GLORIOUS LITTLE DRUMMER-BOY.



LITTLE drummer-boy, says an exchange, who had become a great favorite with many of the officers, by his unremitting good nature, happened on one occasion to be in the officers' tent

when the hane of the soldier's life passed around. A captain handed a glass to the little fel-

low, but he refused it, saying:

"I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now. I insist on it. You belong to our mess to-day, and cannot refuse." Still the boy stood firm on the rock of total abstinence, and held fast to his integrity.

The captain, turning to the major, said:

"He is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major playfully, and then assuming another tone, added, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders."

The little hero, raising his young form to its full height, and fixing his clear blue eyes, lit up with unusual brilliancy, on the face of the officer, said:

"Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my dear mother on my bended knees that, by the help of God, I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir; but I would rather suffer than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge."

That boy was a hero. He would not be overcome by the sharp sword of temptation. He was afterward wounded in battle. Bullets could hurt his body, but nothing could hurt his soul, because he had hid himself in the wounds of Jesus. Glorious little fellow! His crown in heaven will be a very bright one. I wonder how many such boys I have in my Advocate family.

W.

"BE NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING."

A PIOUS man and woman had an only son named Thomas, who, to the great grief of his parents, began to be dissolute. Mr. Rees, a worthy minister, went to lodge at the house, and the father and mother informed him of the ungodliness of their son. The following morning Mr. Rees took the young man by the hand, and spoke very seriously and affectionately to him respecting his salvation. In family worship he prayed earnestly for him, and among others used the following expression: "O Lord, say to *this Thomas*, Be not faithless, but believing."

The words entered his heart, a permanent change was effected; he soon became a Church-member, and was an ornament to his Christian profession till death.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1863.



WHAT CAME OF STEALING A CENT.

"GIVE me a cent, mother," said a boy to his mother one day as she stood before a kettle of doughnuts which were sizzling in lard over a bright wood fire.

"I have no cents to spare, my MARCUS," replied the lady. "You spend too many pennies for a little boy. You must not be so wasteful."

"You are a stingy old thing. I don't like you a bit," said the wicked boy, turning away and running out at the door, which he pulled after him with a heavy bang.

Marcus was a wasteful boy. He spent all the cents he could get in candy, or fruit, or cake. His mother was not rich, and she did right not to give him the cent he asked for. If she had been rich it would have been proper not to give him all the pennies he wanted.

Marcus knew his mother often took an afternoon nap in her easy chair. So he watched her by peeping in at the window now and then. Presently he saw her nodding. He glided in like a thief, and, slipping his hand into her pocket, stole a cent.

"Do you call it *stealing* for a boy to take anything from his mother?" asks one of my readers. Certainly. It is the worst kind of stealing. A boy who will rob his mother will grow bad enough to rob a store or a church when he is older. Marcus did. Stealing that cent was his first crime. He went on from bad to worse. When he became a man he was caught robbing a house, and ended his days in the state-prison. Before he died he confessed that his wicked course began when he took that cent from his mother's pocket.

Be honest, my dear child! Never take a penny or a pin from any one by stealth. Be honest! Everybody respects honest children. God loves honesty, but he abhors theft. Be honest! be honest!

JERRY'S WHITE LIES.

"WHAT have you there, Jerry?" said Edward Wilder to his friend, who was sitting on the stoop of his father's house reading.

Jeremiah looked up, smiled, and replied, "A new book, and about the best one I ever read."

"Will you lend it to me when you've read it, Jerry?" asked Edward.

"To be sure I will. I'm almost through it. You come over to-morrow and I'll let you have it, Ned," replied Jeremiah; "just wait while I take it in and I'll go with you down street."

The next day Jeremiah, having finished his book, said to himself, "I don't think I will lend my book to Ned after all. He's always wanting to borrow, and it isn't often he has anything to lend me. I guess I'll put it away."

So Jeremiah, trampling on his promise, carried his book into his bedroom and hid it in the bottom of an old clothes chest. Presently his friend called and said:

"Jerry, will you lend me that book now?"

"I'll see if I can find it," replied the other, and then he ran to the book-shelf, to the table, to the parlor-closet, saying as he turned over their various contents, "Has anybody seen my book? Anybody seen my new book? Where can my new book be?"

Of course, he did not expect to find the book, and after a few minutes of this sham searching he went to his friend and said:

"That book isn't to be found, Ned. Somebody must have poked it away out of sight."

"Well, never mind," replied Edward; "another time will do just as well. Let us go and play base ball."

"You've told a lie, Jerry," whispered a voice in Jeremiah's breast. "You've broken your promise too."

"Not exactly a lie," said Jeremiah in reply to the voice. "It may be what they call a *white lie*, but not a real black lie. I told him the book couldn't be found because somebody had poked it out of sight. Wasn't that so? Ah, ah, wasn't that so?"

By such talk as this Jeremiah *quieted* his conscience, though he did not *satisfy* it. The fact is, he had really, if not squarely, lied to his friend. Was not his willful violation of his promise to lend the book a lie? Was not his sham search for the book an acted lie? Wasn't it a lie to say the book couldn't be found when he knew it was in the bottom of the old clothes-chest? What say you, my children, was Jeremiah a liar or was he not?

You think he lied, do you? Your verdict is true. He did lie, and his lies had no *white* in them—no lies have. They were downright black, mean lies. If Jeremiah does not repent he will find himself in the liar's home by and by. Where is that? The following words of God will tell you:

"All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

"WHEW!" cries the corporal as he enters the council-chamber, "how sultry it is! I feel as I suppose I should if I were made of mud and had no bones."

That's a bad feeling, corporal, but I know what it is. I feel pretty much so myself. We must expect such feelings, however, as we grow older. A half century of life takes a good deal of starch out of our poor dying bodies.

"That's so," Mr. Editor. "But what a pleasant thought it is that after death we shall enter on a brighter and better life. Heaven is to be our resting-place. How delightful it will be to roam over those celestial plains and hold sweet converse with those of our readers who have gone before and to meet those who will come after—but let us get to work. Here are some queries about the *cups* of the Bible:



1. An ungrateful man once saw a cup in a remarkable dream. Whose cup did he see?

2. A certain silver cup threw a whole family into great consternation. Whose cup was it?

3. There is a cup in God's hand which he sometimes puts to the lips of wicked men and nations. What is it called?

4. A prophet once called a great city a golden cup. What city was it?

5. Who prayed to be spared the pain of drinking a cup of most bitter agony?

6. There is a cup of which every friend of Jesus loves to drink. What is it? Luke xxii.

The answer to the picture puzzle in our last may be found in Isa. lvi, 7.

"Here is a letter from H. L. M. about Aunt Julia." Well, corporal, if the letter is as good as the subject it is first rate.

"I can't say how that is. The writer says:

"In vain have I looked for the past few weeks for an article from 'Aunt Julia.' It is with pleasure that I read an article from her, for I feel as if I *knew* her. When I

look back through the past thirteen years of my life, I find on memory's page a picture of a schoolhouse, with happy children gathered there and Aunt Julia as their teacher. It seems not so far away in the past as thirteen years, but so it is. It would not be strange if Aunt Julia could not trace any resemblance in the countenance of the tall woman of twenty-four years to the little flax-haired girl of eleven, who was her pupil in *that* school in the town of O., Wisconsin. How well I remember that bright summer day when I felt so grieved at some act of a schoolmate that I carried a complaint to our teacher, expecting that punishment would be inflicted upon the offender. But how greatly was I humbled when, even after she found my complaint to be a just one, she looked kindly at me and said, 'Cannot you forgive her this time? I am sure she will not do the same again.' I do not know as I felt in my heart very forgiving, but I did feel humbled. I had not thought that I could or ought to forgive the wrong. Ah, Aunt Julia, you were sowing the good seed that had taken root, and God alone knows the fruit it may yet bring forth. It was a little thing, to be sure, but like many of the incidents of our childhood which have a tendency for good or for evil. I wonder how many of the numerous readers of the Advocate would be willing to forgive an injury?

Perhaps Aunt Julia will remember those two little girls, Mary and myself, who used to come at the noon recess and ask for her Bible. Mary has passed on to the bright world above, and to-day, no doubt, is singing the song of the redeemed. Though I have not seen Aunt Julia for many years, and may never see her again on earth, yet I expect to meet her in heaven. May God's blessing attend her and her labors!

"I say amen to that," adds the corporal.

So do I, my corporal. Aunt Julia is worthy of all the praise bestowed upon her by H. L. M. Read on, sir!

"Here is a rhyme from MARY, of Richmond, Ill. I'll read it. She says:

"A little girl of four inquires
If she may join the band
Of Corporal Try, that's marching
All through our pleasant land?"

"Tell corporal if he'll let me
I'll be as good's I can,
I'll always love the Saviour,
And try to get to heaven.

"And my little baby brother,
Who came a year ago,
So good, so sweet, the corporal
Will let him in, I know.

"Be sure and spell my name, she says,
He has so many more;
So, corporal, please write it—
MARY LOUISA MORE.

"I'll admit Mary," says the corporal, "because she rhymes well for a girl of four and no more. May she love praying better than rhyming. The 'baby brother' I hand over to you, Mr. Editor."

Well, if Mary will be responsible for him I vote for putting down his name. What next, corporal?

"Here is a letter from the mountains of California written by JOHN G. He says:

"Auburn is a mountain town pleasantly situated. We have a nice church, and Mr. Tuthill, our preacher, is a very fine minister. So is our superintendent, Mr. Hazle. They both try their best to show the way to God to the scholars, and I think they have succeeded in a great measure. We wait the coming of the Advocate with impatience, for we all love to read it. Sometimes it does not arrive, then you ought to see the many disappointed faces, that itself would convince anybody how much we love your paper. Our Sunday-school musters sixty scholars, all good children. Now I will tell you why we wrote you this letter. There are four brothers of us—John, James, Sylvester, and George Gilroy—aged respectively fifteen, twelve, ten, and six, and we thought we would ask for admittance into the ranks of Corporal Try, and I think if we succeed there will be more following. Now, Mr. Editor, do use your influence with Corporal Try in our behalf."

I vote for those California brothers, corporal.

"I admit them," says the corporal, "hoping that they will prove to be as rich in high character as their mountains are in gold. Here is a letter from W. H. H., of Lowell, Mass., who says:

"As I came down from the pulpit last Sabbath morning, one of your little readers met me at the altar and handed me a little package, saying, 'This is for the missionaries.' He had saved his pennies which had been given to him from time to time, instead of spending them for candy or toys, as too many children do, to aid the cause of missions. On opening the package I found thirty cents. Noble boy! Now if all our little boys and girls of the Sabbath-schools will imitate the frugal and benevolent example of little Joseph Draper, for this is his name, the cause of missions will not fail for the want of money."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE.



UNLIGHT has burst into that darkened hut where for long years not one gleam of joy, or hope, or love for a moment entered. A footpath is made to the door, and a fine pile of cut wood lies beside it. A fire burns brightly upon the hearth, and the snow and the dust of many months' gathering is swept from the floor. Many an old cobweb that for years hung undisturbed from the blackened ceiling and broken windows has been carefully brushed away, and several panes of new, bright glass have been substituted for pieces of board, old rags, and mildewed papers in the windows. Some clean white linen is placed upon the bed, and a warm new blanket and tidy bedspread supply the place of the covering it has worn.

In a large arm-chair near the fire sits "Old Nan." It is indeed she, though you would scarcely recognize her for the miserable wretch you saw upon that tattered bed only two weeks ago. Her face and hands are clean, and her shining gray hair is smoothly combed back from her forehead and gathered beneath a tidy cap. She wears a new calico dress, and a soft woollen shawl is thrown over her shoulders.

By her side stands a bright-eyed girl, with beaming face, holding a cup of coffee and a plate of toast.

"I never made any toast before, Aunt Nannie, but I have seen mamma make it, and I did just as she does. I hope you will like it."

"I shall like anything you make, Alice," said the feeble woman as she took the simple food, "for you are the first one who ever wanted to do me any good. When I was almost dying that awful morning, and I thought everybody would be glad when I was gone, what sent you and your father in here? I thought you had come to punish me because I stole your lamb. Why didn't you do it, Alice? What made you come to help me when I was so mean?"

"It was my father, Nannie, who made me come at first. I told him I did not want to, because you were wicked and killed my pretty Frolic. But he said it was not the Golden Rule to love only those who did us good, and you had no one to bring you food. And then when I came in and saw how sick you were, and you told me you had never had any one to love you, I forgot all about my lamb, and only wanted to make you comfortable and happy."

"What do you mean by the Golden Rule, Alice? I never heard it," said old Nan.

"Did you never read it in the Bible?" asked Alice.

"I have not any Bible, child, and I could not read it if I had. I never went to school a day in my life nor to church. And I never learned anything good, and I never did anything good. I am sorry I killed your lamb. I was hungry and too lame to go after food, and that came into my door one morning bleating and stumping around my room. I hated it because it was loved so much and I was never loved, and I said, 'It shall make me happy once.' So I killed it and broiled its flesh to eat. But it did not make me happy; no, it made me miserable, for I knew I was wicked and I never loved to live. Will you forgive me for killing your lamb, Alice?"

"O, I have forgiven you, Nannie, and I do not want to think any more about it. But if you will let me, I will bring a Bible when I come to see you again, and I will read you what it says about loving one another, and a great many verses that mamma calls precious promises."

"Bring it, child," replied the old woman thoughtfully, and after Alice had gone she murmured to herself, "Precious promises! I wonder if there can be any promise of good to such a wretch as I am!"

Winter with all its cold, and frost, and snow passed away. Spring, too, with its buds and birds, came and went, and summer followed with its flow-

ers and fruits. Still the haggard form of the village terror was not seen as before wandering about the town to beg or pilfer food. The sufferings of cold and hunger during that severe winter had left their chilling power upon the system of old Nan, and she was yet only able to move carefully about her little cottage, sometimes on a warm afternoon venturing upon the green before her door. Yet she needed no comfort that could be supplied. Nimble little feet ran every day to do her errands, and tiny hands assisted in making all her labor light. The old walls of her cottage resounded every day with merry laughter and sweet songs of childhood, mingled with the bird-voices that rang out from the shady elm.

Alice did not forget her promise to bring the Bible in one of her earliest visits. And now, every day for many months, have its cheering truths been read to the lonely and ignorant old woman by the artless voice of the child. Strange indeed has been the change it has wrought in that darkened heart. Hatred has been supplanted by love, and hope has lifted the veil of dark despair.

Neither Alice nor her old friend are able fully to comprehend the meaning of all that they find in that wonderful book, yet every day they return with more pleasure to its perusal.

"Nannie," said Alice one day as they sat thinking of what they had just read, while the book lay open upon her lap, "Nannie, I wish you could go to Church with me to-morrow, and to the Sabbath-school, for you would learn there about heaven and the Saviour so much better than I can tell you."

"If I had only been taught before the way to live I might have gone, Alice; but now I am too feeble. I shall never be able to walk so far as the church again, and I shall never hear about these holy things except what you tell me and read to me from this precious book. But O, Alice, if I could only know that God would forgive me for all my wicked life I would ask for nothing else," and tears of penitence fell fast from those eyes dim with age upon the blessed Bible.

Alice threw her arms about her neck and said, "Don't cry, Nannie; didn't Jesus say he loved those most whom he forgave most? and you know I just read to you that he forgave a thief when he was dying. And he says if we ask anything in his name he will do it."

"Alice, wont you ask him to let me go to heaven when I die and wait there until you come? For I shall die soon, Alice, and O how can I go before him alone? If you could go with me, Alice, I almost think the Saviour would let me enter. But no one but you ever loved me, or will ever believe I am trying to do better."

"The good Jesus knows it, Nannie, and he will love you better than I can; and O I am sure he will let you go to heaven. Yes, I will ask him, and I will tell my Father to ask him. And after Sabbath-school to-morrow I will take my father here with me to tell you all about it."

The next afternoon as they returned from church Alice remembered her promise, and her father went with her to fulfill it. The door was open, and the sun was falling cheerfully into Nannie's little room. She sat in her arm-chair just where Alice had left her the day before. The Bible lay open upon her lap, and her thin hands were clasping it with fondness as her dim eyes wandered over its pages.

"Have you learned to read, Nannie?" said Farmer Willis cheerfully.

She answered in so feeble a voice that Alice started with fear, and then they saw that Nannie was very pale and sick.

"I cannot read myself," said she; "but this dear child has read me such precious words from this holy book that I love to look at it, and I feel happier when I have it near me; so I begged her to leave it in my lap when she went away last night, and I have not felt able to rise with it since."

"And have you sat here holding it all night?" said Alice; "O how sorry I am! Let me take it now, and papa will lay you on your bed to rest."

"No, Alice, no; let me keep it," she whispered; "I want to hold it when God's messenger comes for me, and I want to point him to the words of Jesus, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' He is almost here," she added, "Alice, where are those words? Kneel by me once more and read them to me and show me where they are."

Farmer Willis turned away to hide his tears as the darling child turned rapidly the leaves of the sacred volume, and in a clear and artless voice read the story of the Saviour's death. When she had finished, she looked up for the accustomed smile and grateful word, but the eyes of the aged sufferer were fixed upon the passage she had just read, and the thin, withered finger pointing to the precious words moved not. Alice spoke to her, but there was no reply. The dark-winged messenger had come to bear Nannie over the river of death, and Alice had read to him her passport to the world of rest beyond.



WIND AN EMBLEM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.—John iii, 8.

Did you ever see the wind? Of course not, sir? But you have often heard and felt it, haven't you? Of course you have, eh? So then you have no doubt that the wind blows. Very good. By the same rule you may know that the HOLY SPIRIT moves on your souls. What makes you feel sad when you sin? It is the Holy Spirit. What is it puts thoughts of God in your hearts? The Holy Spirit. What makes your heart desire to be like Jesus? The Holy Spirit. What is it that helps you do right? The Holy Spirit. What is it that helps you understand God's holy word? The Holy Spirit. What fills your heart with peace when you pray? The Holy Spirit. What makes the hearts of praying children new and good? The Holy Spirit. Pray then, my dear children, for the gift of the Holy Spirit that you may be holy and happy children.

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