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CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XIII.—NUMBER 1.

OCTOBER 12, 1867.

WHOLE NUMBER 289.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Polly and her Doll.

LITTLE Polly was a country child, and lived with her father and mother in a pretty little farm-house. She had no brothers or sisters, nor any neighbors near enough for her to play with their children. Hence Polly's young life was lonely, but it was pleasant, nevertheless, for Polly had a loving father and mother, and she was very fond of her pets. Nobody who loves and is loved can be miserable, you know. Mark that!

Polly's chief pet was her doll Jemima. It was only a wooden doll with a curly brown wig, pink cheeks, a red cloth dress, and a hat with a rooster's feather in it. Some of you would turn up your pretty noses at such a doll, but Polly prized it as no miss with a drawer full of playthings ever did prize even a wax doll. She used to carry it with her into the fields in summer time, and in winter it was her companion when she sat in the big settle before the kitchen fire. She dressed it, undressed it, talked to it, scolded it, kissed it, told it all her thoughts, put it to bed at night, and, in short, petted it until she loved it as none but a lonely little girl, with few playthings to amuse her, can love a wooden doll.

When Polly was seven years old she was sent to the village school, which was a mile from her home. The first day she went the doll had to be taken too, for Polly would not consent to leave it at home. It was very foolish to take a doll to school, because school is the place for study and not for play.

Of course the mistress could not permit Polly to keep her doll during study hours. "I must put dolly away for you until after school," she said; "our girls never have playthings in study hours."

Polly burst into a fit of crying, and replied, "You shall not have Jemima."

But in spite of tears and sobs, Jemima was hung by her belt upon a nail in a very undignified fashion, while her silly little mistress sat sobbing, weeping, and refusing to attend to her primer.

At twelve o'clock Polly received her doll to keep during the recess. She clasped it in her arms, kissed it half frantically, and ran into the play-ground. There a wicked thought popped into her silly little head, and she put it into execution at once. She actually ran away from school, and along the mile of high-



way until she reached home covered with dust, and her eyes very red with weeping.

Her mother soon drew the story of her sorrow from her lips. Before she had finished it Polly began to feel that she had done wrong. Her mother both smiled and frowned at her simple child, but the frown was more marked than the smile.

"Polly," she said, "you have acted badly. God loves children who obey their teachers; you have rebelled against yours. And you, whom I love so much, have made your teacher think very badly of me. She must think I have never taught you to obey. O Polly, Polly, how could you behave so badly!"

Polly now saw that she had been both silly and wicked. She quickly repented, begged to be forgiven, and, after confessing next day to her teacher, set to work at her studies with a diligence which pleased her teacher very much. Polly was really a good girl, with love for Jesus and her parents in her young heart, but owing to her great love for

her doll she had, for once, acted very naughtily.

Mark, my children, the cause of Polly's fault. *She loved her doll foolishly.* That love led to the faults I have described. Having noted this, mind you don't commit her fault yourself. *Mind you do not love your playthings, your amusements, or even yourself, foolishly.* Love God, love your parents, friends, and teachers *first and best.* Then you will avoid the fault which led Polly into sin, and which leads millions of grown up people into sin. If you love the creature more than the Creator you will surely be led into sin. *Love God first and best* you will be able to avoid sin, and to keep the commandments of God. This is the lesson I wish you to learn from the story of Polly and her doll. W.

Translated for the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Lily.

In the center of Louise's charming little garden there was a beautiful lily of a dazzling whiteness. It stood in a small mound surrounded by a margin of green verdure. The amiable Louise, whose stature and delicacy made her resemble very much the lily, took great pleasure every morning in contemplating this, her favorite flower, and in watching the crystal drops of dew which had

lodged in the chalice and on the leaves glittering in the morning sunlight. Then she raised her eyes with a feeling of admiration and gratitude to him who created the sun, the dew, and the lily.

The parents of Louise shared in the pure joys of their cherished daughter. They said often to each other:

"She is so beautiful and innocent, she resembles the lily itself in all its splendor."

But, alas! during the cold winter after Louise died, and when the season of flowers returned, the inconsolable mother could not see the favorite lily without afflicting and heart-moving remembrances of her beloved daughter. Then said her husband affectionately:

"Be consoled, my dear one, and hear me. You see this beautiful and cultivated lily, but before being here, where it flourishes in such beauty, this lily was only a young plant which grew in a hidden corner of the garden. Not finding it conveniently placed for growth, I took it up from its

native earth, and our Louise, much afflicted, looked on and said it was such a pity to thus tear it from its accustomed surroundings. But when she saw it in this favorable place, and becoming the ornament of the garden, she was rejoiced, and thanked me for transplanting her most loved and favorite flower. Therefore, as a tender mother, do not weep longer, but rather rejoice. Our Louise, who in beauty and innocence resembled this lily, taken up from this ungrateful earth and transplanted to the gardens of Paradise, enjoys there an unalloyed happiness and a life which is immortal. God's hand has only transplanted our lily that it may better prosper."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A Sunday-Scholar in Prison.

"I know you, sir," said a convict one day to a gentleman who was inspecting the prison.

"Know me?" queried the inspector, "and who am I, pray?"

"Your are Mr. —, my Sunday-school teacher," replied the convict with a deep sigh.

The inspector soon recollected the prisoner as having once been his scholar, and also as having been a quiet, attentive, promising boy. He rejoined:

"My dear young man, how is it you are here?"

"You know," replied the convict, "that I was a teetotaler, and worked in a foundery. One summer's evening I washed myself, and walked out for a stroll. I met some of my fellow-workmen who were going to spend a jolly night at a tavern. They invited me to go with them.

"I can't," said I, 'you know I'm a teetotaler.'

"'Pooh!' replied one of them, 'you can drink root beer or peppermint cordial. They are teetotal drinks, you know.'

"I foolishly fell into the snare, sir, and went with them. After awhile I drank with them. We stayed late. Fearing to go home to my father's house, I resolved to sleep in a field behind a hay-cock. The others agreed to spend the night with me, and we all went into a hay field. While we were there an old man crossed the fields. My drunken companions seized and robbed him. He described them so clearly to the authorities that they were arrested. As I was known to be with them I was arrested too, and, though I did not rob with them, yet I was convicted with them, and that, sir, is how I came to be here."

This was a sad story for a Sunday-school scholar to tell. The road from innocence to prison was very short in his case. It shows you the importance of *beginnings*. The beginning of evil is as when one letteth out water—first a drop, then a stream, finally a dashing flood. When a youth takes the *first false step* he never knows where it will lead. Hence, every sensible youth will refuse to take the first wrong step.

This boy's case also shows how dangerous it is to enter the path of the wicked. It thunders this warning in the ears of every Sunday-school scholar:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men."

Do you hear this warning, my wandering child? Heed it!

The Young Christian's Wish.

O THAT mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see!
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear!
That truth my tongue might closely tie
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived, within my breast!
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Old Watch Dog.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I CALL him Old Towser,
But that's not his name;
He answers to Major,
Or Mage, just the same;
He's old and rheumatic,
And often is lame.

By the road-side he sits,
So stately and still;
He waits till some stranger
Comes up the long hill,
And then his great bow-wow
The whole air doth fill.

The little school children
Slip by one by one;
They forget he is old,
That he's too lame to run;
That he does not chase children
Not even in fun.

But he looks such a monster,
So surly and grim,
So able to hold you
If that were his whim,
That all the boy-rogues
Give a wide berth to him.

A faithful old servant
Is Towser to-day,
He asks for no wages,
He'd scorn to take pay,
And cheating and lying
Are not in his way.

So true to thy trust,
Little child, mayst thou be!
As faithful, as honest,
As watchful as he;
And so may God's blessing
Come richly to thee!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Talks about the Ten Commandments.

BY UNA LOCKE.

WHICH DID NOAH BREAK?

"O no, you must not go out into the woods to-day. Don't you remember what day it is? You would get to playing, and I am dreadfully afraid a bear would come out and tear you in pieces, as the two bears did the wicked children in the Bible."

This was said by my great grandmother to her little boys on a Sabbath morning, when she was herself a young woman, which was more than a hundred years ago. These beautiful smooth hills

which I see from my window, sloping into lovely meadows that fringe the river, lay, at that time, in dense dark forests, alternating with broad clearings and log houses dotted here and there. The Indian tribes had at last withdrawn from the region, though companies of them did even then sometimes appear in the settlers' homes; and although deer abounded, the wolves had become more scarce. Still a pack of these frightful animals was heard to howl often of an evening in the "west-lot woods," and occasionally a bear was seen, more afraid of the human form than otherwise, clumsily making its way among the trees by the cave on the river bank.

My great grandfather and great grandmother were people who read the Bible, and who thought every one of the ten commandments was to be obeyed. And they tried to teach their children to think so too.

But after his father and mother had mounted their horses and gone over the river to meeting, my great uncle Noah thought—as I am afraid little boys and

girls of his age do in these days sometimes—that it would be very nice to have his own way.

"Pshaw! I don't believe that I need to mind everything my mother says. I am big enough to take care of myself. I don't believe that old bear story."

So he went out across the cornfield into the woods toward the river. Dear, dear! what do you suppose made him turn and run like a frightened deer to the house, never stopping till he was safe at his grandfather's chair? Why, he actually saw, in the edge of the wood, a shaggy black bear waddling toward him! I never heard that Noah had been in the woods long enough to play as his mother forbade; he hadn't been bird-nesting, he hadn't shot a single striped squirrel with his bow and arrow, when the bear interrupted him. But I think in his heart he broke two of the commandments. Which of the two? Can you tell?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Why Don't You Swear?

"Why don't you swear at play like other young persons?" asked a vile young man of a pious youth. "I know no game worthy of an oath!" was the prompt reply.

It was a wise answer, too. Swearing is a sin, and what game is worth sinning for? Sin is the millstone which sinks souls into endless death. Is any game of play so precious as to be bought at the price of losing the soul? Swear not, O my children!

Humility.

A FARMER went with his son into a wheatfield to see if it was ready for the harvest. "See, father!" exclaimed the boy, "how straight these stems hold up their heads. They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down, I am sure, are not good for much." The father plucked a stalk of each kind, and said: "See here, foolish child! This stalk that stood so straight and high is light-headed, and almost good for nothing; while this, that hung its head so modestly, is full of the most beautiful grain."

Good Advice.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1887.

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

With this number we commence the Thirteenth Volume of the CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

During the past year we have added to our list many new names as readers, and some old ones have gone to the Church in Heaven; and there is no doubt but that before this Volume closes many more will have gone to be with Him, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

This fact should lead us all to work while we can, in doing all the good we can, so that the Saviour may say, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Our little readers can do a great deal of good to others by getting them into the Sabbath School, and by circulating good books and good papers among their young companions, and by praying with and for them.

Let us all try and see how much good we can do in this way, and then the approving words of our Lord will be addressed to us, "Well done."

We shall do all we can in the ADVOCATE, and hope the friends of the Sabbath Schools will help us.

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.

MATTHEW 18: 22.

Our story is about little Milly Pattison, sitting by the window, learning her morning verse,—little Milly, who felt very happy sitting in the sunshine, and was anxious to do something to please the good God who had made such a beautiful world. So, as she learned her verse—"And if he" (thy brother) "trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him,"—her grey eyes looked very thoughtful, and her small mouth grew firm with some very important resolution.

Pretty soon down stairs she came to the dining-room, and found nobody there but brother Frank, who had two years the start of her in the race of life, but was not so far ahead as you might suppose. He was looking very discontented.

"Real mean!" were the first words that jumped from his mouth, though you could not have expected any thing better from such a pout. "Real mean, to spend such a day as this in school!" and the book he held in his hand was transferred to his foot, and sent spinning in the air, whence it returned with a broken back, and two fluttering leaves.

"Oh, Frank!" cried Milly, "isn't that my arithmetic? and you know how I was trying to keep it like a new book."

"It is!" said Frank, in a tone of real regret. "I thought it was mine. Won't you forgive me?"

"Yes," said Milly, slowly picking up the scattered leaves, and thinking of her verse.

"Yes, I suppose so;" and under her breath she added, "One."

Breakfast over, they started for school together.

"Milly," cried Frank, suddenly, "here comes a big dog!—tongue out!—red eyes! Look out for hydrophobia!"

Poor Milly ran forward in great terror, too frightened to see where she stopped. Down went one foot in a treacherous hole, and the rest of Milly came tumbling after. This was a serious mishap; for the skin was quite rubbed from one dimpled elbow, and, worst of all, one of the new morocco shoes, bright as a mirror, had a great white, unsightly graze.

Milly burst into tears, not about the elbow, for she could bear pain like a heroine; but the new shoe—that was hopeless.

"Oh, Frank! how could you?" cried Milly.

"And the dog was only good Cato, that wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Why Milly, I'm sure I never thought you'd fall: I only meant to give you a nice little run. It's too bad you're hurt. I'm so sorry. Won't you forgive me?"

"Yes," said Milly, swallowing a lump in her throat; "I'll try." "Two," she sighed softly to herself.

At school Frank was still very aggravating, and Milly had great temptation to forget her verse. He borrowed her slate-pencil, and lost it; and once when she went up to her class, his feet grew suddenly very long, and Milly, stumbling over them, fell, to her great mortification, amid the laughter of the school. But Frank was so sorry. How could he help his feet being so big? He tried very hard to keep them under the desk, but there was only room there for one. He was so sorry, and patient Milly had to forgive him. There were one or two other grievances in the morning, which I have not time to relate. We will pass on to the time when school was over; and Milly found, to her great dismay, that there had been a sudden change in the weather, and the rain was pouring in torrents. But Frank borrowed an umbrella, and, taking Milly's arm under his, started off as valiant as Greatheart.

"Take care," cried Milly. "You swing the umbrella so that half the time it drips on my head."

"A little water won't hurt you, will it?" cried Frank.

But when they reached home, poor Milly found that the coloring matter had run from the umbrella, and long dingy streams disfigured the cherry lining of her pretty hood.

"Well, now, that is too bad," cried Frank, observing her blank look of dismay.

"I declare, 'Dot,' I'd change caps in a minute with you, if you'd like it."

Neat little Milly looked at Frank's battered head-dress, and mournfully shook her head.

"Well, Milly, you know I didn't mean to. I'm sure you'd forgive me if you knew how sorry I felt."

"I do forgive you," said Milly, with an effort; and she counted something on her fingers. "Seven," said she to herself, with a great sigh of relief.

"What have you been counting all day, Milly?" asked Frank, curiously.

Milly did not answer, but as she ran in to dinner, a very self-satisfied smile was on her face, and she repeated to herself, "Seven times. Well, it has been very hard, and I'm so glad it's over; for I don't think I could hold out any longer."

It rained so hard in the afternoon that Milly and Frank were allowed to stay at home, and study in the play-room.

"Oh dear," said Frank, with a yawn:

"Before I begin this 'rule' of three which puzzles me, let's have one little tune out of that music-box Uncle Charlie gave you."

Milly's eyes brightened. She could not resist the temptation; and, running from the room, she soon returned with the treasure. Carefully she put in the little golden key, and turned it with the greatest caution; but mischievous Frank slipped in a little wooden wedge into the delicate works; and when she paused and listened, with smiling lips, and head turned on one side, the wonderful box was mute.

"What is it?" cried she, turning quite pale.

"Oh," said Frank, mischievously, "don't be alarmed. I'm a great magician. Just let me put my

finger in the box one second, and all will be right."

Milly entrusted it to him with trembling hands. In went Frank's confident fingers, but they pulled out the wedge a little too roughly. Snap went some delicate spring. There was a dreary noise, as if the whole box was going to fly in pieces, and then all was still. Frank examined the box with a dismayed face.

"Milly," said he at length, with an effort, "it's broken—spoiled. Can you ever forgive me?"

"No," said little Milly, stamping her foot, and bursting into vehement tears, "I can't, and I needn't, either; it's the eighth time. My dear, darling music-box! You did it on purpose. You're very bad to me. I'll run to your room, and tear your kite, and spoil everything I can find."

Poor, remorseful Frank offered no opposition; and across the hall she ran, with streaming eyes, and burning cheeks, and stumbled right into Uncle Charlie's arms.

"Hoity, toity! What's the matter now?" but before the words were out of his mouth, Milly was pouring forth her story.

Uncle Charlie looked grave when she finished.

"And so you think it is right to be angry now?"

"Yes," said Milly, impetuously; "it is quite right. I've forgiven him seven times; this makes eight."

"But didn't you know," said Uncle Charlie, "that there is another verse where Jesus tells Peter, not only to forgive his brother seven times, but 'until seventy times seven?'"

"Seventy times seven!" cried Milly, looking quite bewildered. "Oh, I'm sorry I ever begun. I shall have to give up trying to please God that way."

"I hope not," said Uncle Charlie.

"But you don't know how far it is to keep forgiving and forgiving," wept Milly.

"Yes, I think I do," said Uncle Charlie, smiling; "and I shouldn't wonder if the disciples knew it too," said he half to himself, "when, as soon as the commandment was given, they cried with one accord, 'Lord, increase our faith.' Yes, little Milly," he continued aloud, "it certainly is hard; but we must always keep trying, and not count the times either; for I think 'seventy times seven' means that we should *always* forgive."

"Oh, I can't do it," sobbed Milly, turning determinedly away from poor Frank, who stood in the doorway the image of despair.

"I'll give you my new book of travels, Milly, and save all my money till I can buy you another box," cried Frank, in doleful tones. But Milly would not listen.

"Very well," said Uncle Charlie. "I would advise you not to say 'Our Father' for a day or two."

"Why?" said Milly in great surprise.

"Why, just think how very sad it would be to have to pray,—And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive Frank who has trespassed against us."

Milly's cheeks grew burning red. She hesitated a moment; and then, crying, "I can't give up 'Our Father,'" she ran to the sorrowful figure in the doorway, threw her arms around his neck, and had a "good cry" on the left pocket of his brown overcoat.

Rude, rough Frank has grown much more tender and careful of his little sister since then; and as for her, if you should ask Frank, "How often does Milly forgive now?—till seven times?" you would see his honest eyes fill with affectionate tears as he answers softly, "Milly is so good to count, and I don't dare to; but I'm quite sure till 'seventy times seven'.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Those whose time is up will please renew.



IN THE GARDEN

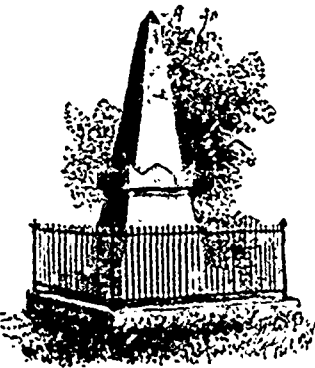
is still a place of many attractions, if not so far north that Jack Frost has spoiled its beauty. The petunias are still in bloom. The zinnias and nasturtiums glow with brightness, the chrysanthemums just begin to show color, and the dahlias stand in regal magnificence. How many of you remember the talk we had about dahlias a year ago? And how many of those that remember have tried to learn the native countries of our garden plants and flowers? I fancy there are a few lists tucked away in little portfolios. Here is one that says, the verbena and scarlet petunia came from Buenos Ayres, the sweet pea from Sicily, the dark sweet pea from Ceylon, mignonette from Egypt, and oleanders, lupins, artichokes, and locusts from Palestine. I guess the little daughter who made this list has been reading Miss Rogers's "Domestic Life in Palestine." She looks pleased when I say that. She has pleasant memories of that excellent book. Miss Rogers is a pleasant, lovable woman, and she has a habit of keeping her eyes open when she goes about the world. A very good habit it is, too. I advise you all to adopt it, and to look at all the pleasant and profitable things, never forgetting the flowers. I believe flowers were made to bless the eyes.

And with all the rest, have you seen any of Mr. Vick's tulips and hyacinths yet? I have, and the sight did my eyes good and my heart too. They do not cost so much money now as they did many years ago, when people went crazy, and made and lost fortunes on a single bulb. That was in Holland, and England, and France. Holland is still a great place for bulbs; the best that we have come from there, and our florists sell them. But Mr. James Vick does not live in Holland; he lives in Rochester, N. Y. You write him a persuasive letter with money in it, and see what a pleasant answer you will get. A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Boy that told the Truth.

A FATHER stood by the dead body of his only son. The tears ran down his face; it was hard to part with him, to put away that sweet, loved face where he would never see it again. But amid the sadness and the tears there was a sweet, calm look, and he said gently, though with a broken voice, "Eddie was a good boy. I never knew him to tell a lie." That thought was balm to his sad heart. Little boy, if you should die could your pa have such a thought as that to comfort him? C.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Tobacco Using and its Kindred Vices.

"Now, boys, after all that has been said, I'd like to know what you think about this matter of using tobacco."

"It's a nasty habit," said Hardwell.

"And you do not intend to become a slave to it," I added.

"Well, no ma'am, I think not. It can do me no

good, it may do me much harm, and it will certainly cost me a good deal of money, which I believe I can lay out to better advantage in something else."

"How much would it cost you?"

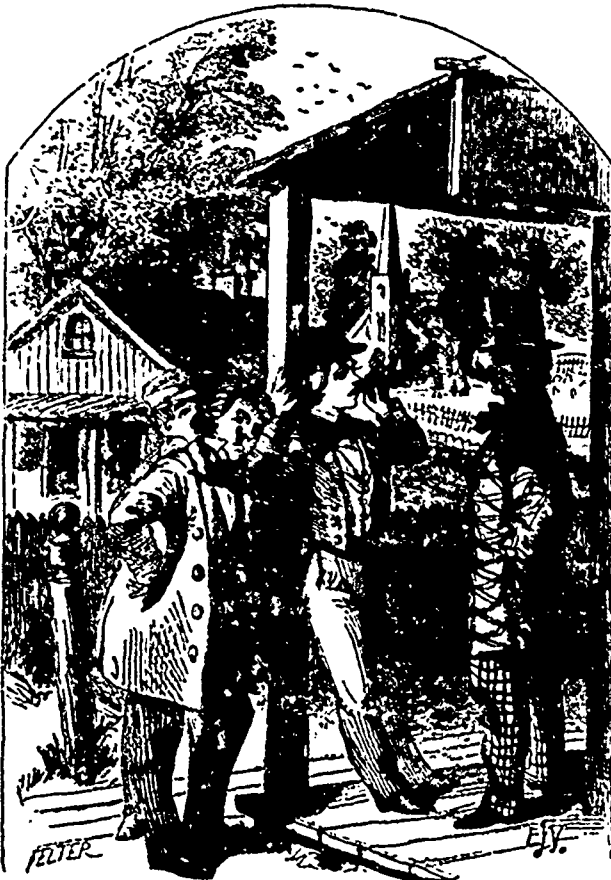
"I don't quite know; but there's Tom Hardy uses a ten cent paper every day."

"How much would that make in a year?"

"Thirty-six dollars and fifty cents," replied George in a minute.

"And in the six years that would elapse before you are twenty-one that would amount to more than two hundred dollars principal, besides the interest that would accrue. That might help you through some tight place, and be the turning point in your fortune. At all events you would be better off by the whole of that amount, to say nothing of having a more agreeable presence, a healthier body, and a nobler soul."

I turned to the wen-cheeked boy, and he antici-



ipated my question by saying, "I am going to keep on till I get that ten dollar bill."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"Why 'Poisoner & Co.' say that they put a ten dollar bill into every fiftieth paper of tobacco, and I mean to keep on until I get one."

"How long have you been using tobacco, Carter?"

"About four or five years."

"And you have not found the ten dollar bill yet?"

"O it is only lately that it has been offered! But I heard of a man that did get one."

"If you had saved the money; that you have paid out for tobacco you would have had several ten dollar bills now safe and sure, would you not?"

The little fellow looked sheepish at this, and answered slowly, "I suppose I should."

"Well, it is not too late now. Stop using the tobacco at once, and carefully put aside the amount you have been accustomed to spend in that way, and you will soon have a ten dollar bill. And it will be far better money than that which is put into the papers of 'Poisoner & Co.'"

"Why, isn't their money good enough?"

"No, it would be as bad for you as their tobacco. From the very time that your hand should touch money gained in any such lottery fashion, it would itch to get more money not its own by that or some other species of gambling. Such a poison paper as that is a double snare of the evil one. Besides, it

is a lying trick of 'Poisoner & Co.' to get people to buy their tobacco. It may be that they did put up a ten dollar bill into every fiftieth paper for a week or so, but they could not keep it up long, for it would take twice as much money as they get. Fifty ten cent papers bring only five dollars. How, then, could they afford to put ten dollars into them? When you see that sort of bait you may always suspect a trap. Many a foolish lad will fall into it, and will learn to chew for the sake of getting one of those ten dollar bills. I am sorry that you will consent to be led by the nose in that sort of style, as if it were not enough to be poisoned, and made a nuisance of, and have your health destroyed, but that you should be made a silly dupe to these men, and a gambler into the bargain! The next step is to drink: nearly all drinkers used tobacco first. Its use makes them desire strong drink. Besides, boys often, by standing around taverns and corner grog shops to show off their smoking, fall into the company of tipplers, and then it becomes an easy matter to learn to drink. Thus closely are all vices linked together.

"Now just be independent, and make up your mind that you will earn your money honestly, and spend it carefully; that you will give up all bad habits, and aim at becoming an earnest, clean-mouthed, true-hearted man."

AUNT JULIA.

The Blind Boy.

O SAY what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
When'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

C. CIBBER.

The Story of Jesus.

"The story of Jesus," said an African, "is my hymn, my prayer, my Bible. I weep over it when I can't sing about it, and I sing over it when I can't weep about it. This is true, that I thank God for it from the sole of my foot to the top of my head." Is the Christian child as thankful for the blessing of a precious Saviour as that poor African?

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