

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL M.C.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 12.

MARCH 25, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 228.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE GOOD-NATURED IDLER.

Thrs fellow looks as if he was on excellent terms with his cat. Puss enjoys his company as if he was an old acquaintance who always treated her with kindness. There is good-nature on both sides, and one cannot help having a kindly feeling for both boy and cat. What he is saying to puss is contained in the following lines:

"Tommy, I found you yesternight
Mewing outside the door,
Looking as if you'd wanted meat
For a long week and more.

"I took you in beside the fire,
And gave you lots of food;
And we shall be the best of friends
If you are very good.

"Now, Tommy, listen carefully
To what I've got to say;
Don't let me have to say the same
To you another day.

"I've got a lot of pets that you
Must tenderly regard—
They are my ducklings and my chicks
That run about the yard.

"Don't touch my pigeons, and don't go
Too near my rabbit-hutch;

Don't frighten my canary-bird,
For I love Dicky much;

"It was my brother Robert's bird,
I got it when he died;
When Dicky sings I almost feel
My brother at my side.

"Don't quarrel with the neighbors' cats,
They'll tear your coat of silk:
And now this lesson, Tom, is done,
Jump down and take your milk."

Pretty good words for a boy! But if we think a little our feelings will change somewhat—not toward the cat, for it is a cat's business to be idle. Provided it kills the rats and mice, it is at liberty to play and sleep as much as it pleases. But a boy is not a cat. He was not made merely to eat, sleep, and play. He has work to do, and however good-natured he may be we are not satisfied when we see him spending his time in idleness.

That boy in the picture is neglecting several duties while playing with his cat. His mother told him to get her a few pails of water from the spring, because it is washing-day, but seeing puss run into the shed he dropped his pail, ran after her, and left his mother waiting and wondering while he amused himself. He isn't ugly and cross, but he is simply a good-natured idler. Do you approve his conduct?

No? Rightly answered, my children. You know enough, I see, to keep you from being idle, provided you do as well as you know. Explain then, my dear little Miss Listless, why it is you so often spend a whole hour looking into the fire while your sewing lies untouched in your lap? How is it, Master Playwell, that your lesson-book so often lies unused on the table while you make dots and crosses on your slate. How is it, idlers all, that you so constantly shrink from work and spend hours which ought to be busily occupied in doing nothing? Ah me, I fear you do not all act up to your knowledge.

Mark what I say! Children have work to do. They have to help pa and ma. They have to study their lessons. More than all, they have to work on their own hearts. In those little breasts of theirs are many evil feelings which must be pulled out just as you pull weeds from the garden-plot. There are good purposes, also, which must be cherished by prayer and pious thoughts. The great work of every child's life is to become like Jesus. That's the business to be pursued above all other things. Jesus is the child's helper in this work, but much of it must be done by the little one himself. Think of it, little one. By the grace of God you are to build a character just like the Saviour's. Isn't it a great idea. Will you not all become *character builders*?

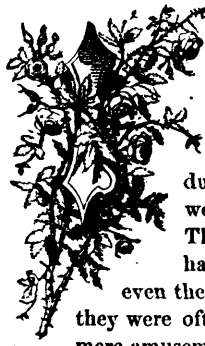
Q. Q.

On a Lord's day, at the time of the great frost in the year 1634, fourteen young men were playing at foot-ball on the river Trent. While thus engaged, in the open violation of God's command, they met together in a scuffle; the ice suddenly broke, and they were all drowned!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A PEEP AT THE OLDEN TIME.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. P. L.



"In old times it cost much more to be a Christian than it does now. I do not mean that it is very easy to be a good Christian in this age, but I mean that the ancient Christians endured many sore trials of which we now can scarcely conceive. They were not only despised, hated, slandered, and abused, but even their lives were not regarded; nay, they were often cruelly put to death for the mere amusement of the wicked heathen multitude. I propose to relate to you one instance of this cruelty.

About the year 203 a band of very pious persons in Carthage were arrested for being Christians and thrown into prison. After some time they were brought before a judge and charged with being Christians.

"It is true," they replied, "we are Christians."

They were then required to deny Christ; but they all refused to do this, and were consequently condemned to be thrown among and devoured by wild beasts.

On the morning of the day of execution they walked from the prison to the amphitheater as cheerfully and joyfully as if they were going from earth to heaven, "trembling for joy but not for fear." Out of Perpetua's eyes there beamed such a radiant light that the bystanders could not look her in the face. Felicitas, knowing that her infant child was left in good hands, was ready gladly to receive the baptism of blood.

When they came to the amphitheater the keepers wished to dress them in the manner of priests of Saturn and priestesses of Ceres, but they refused, saying:

"It is because we were not willing to violate our conscience that we are brought here to suffer; and how can we do this thing?"

Then they were led in as they came. The amphitheater was surrounded by a high wall, and above this the people sat gazing down with cruel gladness on the scene of horror. The wild beasts were let loose. First of all, Saturninus and Revocatus were destroyed by a leopard and a bear. In vain they set against Satorus a savage beast; instead of killing him he killed his keeper. In vain they sent against him a huge bear; he would not injure him. Then spoke the unharmed man to Pudens, the keeper of the prison:

"Here I am just as I believed and said I would be. I have yet suffered nothing from the wild beasts. Now believe me with your whole heart. See, I can tell the future: I am now going to be killed by a single bite of the leopard."

And immediately the leopard sprang toward him, and with a single bite so overspread him with blood that the people shouted out:

"Enough for baptism! enough for baptism!"

Then spoke he his last words to Pudens: "Farewell, and think on my words, and let what you see befall me not injure but strengthen you."

Then he took a ring from his finger, dipped it in his wound, and gave it to him as a pledge of love and a remembrancer of the blood baptism, after which he sank down in death.

Then a wild horned beast was set against the women. Perpetua was first thrown up into the air and then Felicitas. Their clothes were half torn off. They arose, and seemed to suffer more from their exposure than from their injuries. The beast did not again attack them, and they were taken to the spot where it was the custom to slay with the sword those who had escaped the beasts. But the blood-thirsty people cried out and had them brought where they could have full view of their death by the sword. Then Perpetua and Felicitas kissed

each other, in order that with this sign of peace they might finish their sufferings for Christ. After which they were pierced by the cruel sword, and their blood-washed spirits received the crown of life. And how ample was their reward! A few years and hours they bare scorn and suffering, and because they were faithful, God gave them the unutterable joys of eternal life.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

CHILDREN'S PSALM.

For the gift of thy Book we bless thee,
Our God, our Father's God!
Thou didst make our fathers mighty
By the words on its holy page:
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where it fears no spoiler's rage,
For the gift of thy Book we bless thee,
Our God, our Father's God!



IN THE FOLD.

A HYMN FOR GOOD CHILDREN.

I AM Jesus' little lamb,
Happy all day long I am;
In my tender Shepherd's guiding,
Living by his sweet providing;
He who loves me knows my name—
Tends me all my life the same.

By his staff still led about,
I may wander in and out;
Still in sweetest pastures feeding,
Never care or comfort needing:
Should I thirst or faintness know,
See the cooling waters flow!

Ah! then should I dare repine?
I am his and he is mine;
Yet a few bright days I tarry,
Then at last he'll come to carry
Me upon his bosom home—
Even so, dear Shepherd, come.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE FIRST STEP DOWNWARD.

CHARLEY LAWRENCE is bright, and manly, and generous; he is prompt at school and a favorite on the play-ground, but he has taken one step on the wrong road, and I am very sorry. He was seen the other day with a cigar in his mouth.

Now I have heard persons say who ought to know that smoking creates a taste for strong drink. The tobacco dries the glands of the mouth, and those who smoke a great deal are very liable to begin to drink beer and wine, and then ardent spirits. You

will notice that intemperate men almost always use tobacco.

But even if you never go any further than to smoke cigars, you are injuring yourself very much by this habit. You do not perceive it now, but you probably will if you keep on, when it will be very hard to give it up. For this habit, as everybody knows, makes a *slave* of a man. It is harder to leave off the use of tobacco than it is to break off from intemperate drinking. You have heard how difficult it is for a drunkard to reform. It is *possible*, for some do reform; but I have known men in many instances try to give up the use of tobacco because they knew it was poison to them, and they affirmed their suffering during the attempt almost drove them crazy.

I was once acquainted with a youth who in his teens acquired the habit of chewing this disgusting weed. A young lady, who was the friend of his sister, begged him very earnestly to give up the poison. At last she induced him to promise he would take none of it until he met her again. He would not break his word, but tobacco had become his master. After a struggle of two or three days he walked the four miles which separated him from his adviser, and the moment he spoke with her, put a ready quid into his mouth!

Now, Charley Lawrence, I would not become such a *slave*! and to a vile, degrading habit which makes you disagreeable, which does you no good at all, but a great deal of harm, besides burning up a vast amount of scrip! You can leave off now without difficulty. Just throw your cigar away and promise yourself that no form of this weed called tobacco shall ever touch your lips. If the boys ask you to smoke, have the firmness and courage to say, "No."

I am acquainted with a clergyman, a talented, spiritual man, who, when a lad, was led by bad company to learn to smoke and drink brandy. When he gave himself to the Lord Jesus Christ in his young days, he abandoned all his sinful habits together. He talked and wrote against the use of tobacco with a great deal of earnestness. But once, in his maturer years, he was ill, and a physician advised him as a remedy to swallow the smoke of tobacco. He followed the prescription with temporary benefit, but he said "it was like pulling a hair from the mane of the sleeping lion." It aroused the passion for the drug which he thought was dead, and he has never since been able to leave off smoking. It was twenty years ago that he took that medicine and he is now an elderly man. Never begin, boys; that is the best way. **UNA LOCKER.**

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MOTHER AND HOME.

I READ lately of a little girl who, while singing and gathering wild flowers in a meadow, was met by a gentleman, who asked her:

"Whose little girl are you?"

"Mother's," said she, looking as if she was very happy to think she had a mother.

"And where do you live?" inquired the gentleman.

"At home, sir," she replied with a smile that was full of sweet content.

The gentleman walked on, thinking of what the little girl had said. "Ah!" thought he, "those are two beautiful words for a child, *Home! Mother!*"

He was right. There is no place like home, no breast for a child to lean on like a mother's. What would my children do if they had neither home nor mother? How sorrowful they would be! Life would be like a long, cold, and gloomy day to them without a mother's smile to cheer it, without the brightness of their cosy home to make it glad.

Love your homes, then, my children. Love your mothers too! Ay, love them dearly, very dearly. And let your love be of that sort which shows itself in kind words, sunny smiles, and obedient deeds.

Q. Q.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1865.

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE A SILENT LIAR.



WILLIE, of whom I wrote in my last, was allowed by his master to spend some months every year at school. He was young, and had never had much chance to learn before. Hence, he was behind the other boys in all his studies except writing. Willie was very smart with his pen.

There were prizes given in Willie's school, and he was very anxious to merit one of them. As he had no hope to excel in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the writing-prize with all his might. And he did try, so that his copy-book would have done honor to a boy twice his age.

When the prizes were awarded the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books and said:

"It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other but for one copy in Willie's, which is not only superior to Charlie's, but to every other copy in the same book. This copy, therefore, gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with hope, which was not unmingled with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said: "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and then, handing the book back, said:

"Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book instead of his own by a mistake one day."

"O, O," said the chairman, "that may alter the case."

The two books went back to the committee, who, after comparing them carefully, awarded the prize to Charlie.

Willie was disappointed. The boys laughed at him. Said one:

"Willie was a greenhorn to say anything about that mistake."

"I wouldn't have told," said another boy.

"Nor I," added a third boy, laughing. "The copy was in your book and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it."

But, in spite of all their quizzing, Willie felt that he was right. "It would not have been the truth," he replied, "if I had not told them who wrote the copy. I would rather hold fast the truth than have the prize, for truth is better than gold."

"Hurrah for Willie!" "Three cheers for Willie!" "Well done, Willie!" shouted the boys, and Willie went home to his work feeling happier than he could have done if by means of a *silent lie* he had won the prize.

A silent lie. You see how, if Willie had held his tongue, he would have told a *silent lie*. His silence would have made a false impression on the minds of the committee, and he would have wronged Charlie out of the prize.

Now that you know what is a *silent lie* I hope you will resolve never to be guilty of *silent lying*. Hold fast the truth.

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

"I ALWAYS look out for number one," said a greedy boy one day as he stuffed enough turkey and mince-pie into his stomach to feed two boys of his age.

Four hours later that boy was so sick he could not hold up his head, and his poor overloaded stomach was giving up its contents in a manner that I do not choose to describe. Did that greedy boy really take care of number one?

One day, at a certain school, a boy contrived to get to the head of his class by reading his lesson from a slip of paper which he held on the cover of his text-book. After school one of his chums said, "Sam, you got up in class this morning by cheating."

Sam laughed and replied, "O, I only looked out for number one."

Did Sam look out wisely for number one? Let us see. He deceived his teacher, and cheated his companions out of places that of right belonged to them. In doing this he made himself unjust, false, and selfish; he offended his conscience; he sinned against God. Was that taking good care of number one?

No, no, my children. Number one is never benefited by doing wrong. The best thing you can do for number one is to do right. That will make number one manly, beautiful, and happy. In this way I entreat you all to "look out for number one."

EDITORIAL CHAT.

I OFTEN think of you, my children, as if you were my own dear boys and girls. I often visit you too—in thought, I mean—and look at you, and study your characters, and wish you all sorts of good things. Sometimes I ask myself this question, How many of my half million readers are really lambs of the flock of Jesus? How many?

I read the other day of a little girl only ten years old to whom her mother said:

"Mary, suppose you were very sick and the doctor



should say you would die in a few days, where do you think you would go to?"

Mary looked very seriously a moment or two and then replied, "I hope I should go to heaven, mamma."

"But why do you hope so, my dear? You know you are sinful and often do wrong."

"I hope so," replied Mary, "because Jesus died to save me and all who believe in him."

"What do you mean by believing in him?"

"I mean resting on Jesus as my Saviour, my only hope, mother."

"But, my dear child, if death were near would you not be afraid on account of your sins?"

"No, dear mamma, I should not, because the blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin."

"May that trust never fail you, my dear child," said the lady, kissing the child very tenderly.

Now I wonder how many of my little readers have such a faith as this of little Mary. If I could believe you all had it I should be the happiest editor in the world. You all may have it, I know, because Jesus shed his blood for you all, loves you all, and wishes all of you to love him.

Here is an enigma in rhyme. It has a hard face, and may frighten many little boys and girls from an attempt to solve it. It is not very hard, however, and I hope every member of the Try Company, at least, will solve it. I found it in an English magazine. Here it is:

"Coming, going, taking, giving,
I am thine if thou art living;
Treasured, wasted; shorter, longer;
Strong, by me may grow to stronger;
Good to better, and to best:
Let my power be now confess'd!
Hold me fast! thou canst not bind me,
Comes a day thou shalt not find me;
Yet if thou my name inquirest,
I will tell what thou desirest:
But thou first must answer me,
Questions four I put to thee.

"Roman, yet they scourge and bind him—
Say with what the Jews confined him?
Perfume—oft to God ascending,
Worshippers the while low bending?
Sweet food—scattered on the ground,
Every morn by Israel found?
Men—the rule with Moses sharing,
Half his care and burden bearing?
—Take from each the bit at letter;
Learn my name, and love me better;
Dare not subject to abuse
What thy God hath lent for use."

Here is a letter from —:

"What say you, Corporal, have you a place in your Try Company for a 'captain' and 'Company of Bible Readers' numbering seventeen members? We organized last July and enlisted twenty-five members, including teachers, pupils, married ladies, and little misses, for the purpose of reading the Bible through in a year, and to accomplish this we read twenty-three chapters every week. We are now reading in Isaiah, on the last half of our task, but some of our company 'fell out' by the way, and we desire a place in your noble Try Company for those who prove 'faithful to the end.' The captain usually calls the roll every Sabbath to see if none are lagging behind, and frequently talks about some interesting portion of the lesson. We are all members of the — Sabbath-school, which is about organizing a missionary society, and if you enlist us we will show you greater deeds than this."

"Welcome to my ranks, O Bible readers! Doubly welcome will you be if you mark, learn, and inwardly digest what you read." So says the Corporal, and I add, Amen.—A. B. C., of New York, U. S., sends me the following pretty incident:

"As two little boys not long ago were skating out near Central Park and making a loud noise, a gentleman stepped up to them and said, 'Don't be so noisy, because a woman is dying over in that house.'

"He pointed to a house near by. Then one of the little boys whispered to the other, 'I wonder if she ever heard of what our pastor's text was last Sunday?' "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"Then they said, 'Let us go and tell her.' So they started to go and tell her, but they had not the courage to go in. They went around the back way. One of the windows happened to be open, so they put in their heads and said, 'Sick woman, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'

"The next day a Christian man called to see her, and inquired after her soul. He asked her how she felt, and she said, 'I am sweetly resting in Jesus. Why, yesterday, God sent an angel. I heard the voice as plain as I hear your voice. It came in at the window and said, "Sick woman, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."'

"Thus those little boys' words were the means of bringing her to Christ. Who would not like to be a ministering angel? Each little boy and girl can be. I hope all who read this will try to do what they can for Jesus."

A very pretty story and which is all truth. I hope those little boys will be the means of telling a great many other persons the way to Jesus before they die, and that my readers will learn from their example to do good whenever they can.—M. E. S. sends me the following story, which reads very much like something I have read before, but I print it for its own sake:

"Little Nealy H. had lost her father, and her mother was poor. Her sweet temper and her winning ways gained her many friends. Among these was an excellent lady named Miss N. A glimpse of Nealy's bright face peeping in at the door always brought a smile of peculiar tenderness over Miss N.'s placid features. She loved to sit by the child softly stroking her hair, and while looking thoughtfully into her smiling eyes would often say:

"Poor, poor Nealy!"

"The child's heart seemed troubled by these pitying words, for she asked one day, 'Why do you call me poor? Please don't, Miss N. I am not poor. Why, I have got twenty-five cents and a good mother.'

"Rich little Nealy!" said her friend.

"A good mother! Ah, how long I was in learning what this little one already knows—a good mother! Could any earthly treasure have made her so truly rich?"

A. M. G., of —, says:

"I try to be a good boy, but sometimes I am naughty. My papa is chairman of — District. He is gone so much that I have to take care of mamma."

Brave Arthur! I guess his mother will not suffer harm with such a noble little fellow to care for her. God bless him!—J. B. F., of —, writes:

"Last winter we had a revival in our church and I was among the converted ones. I want to join your Try Company for life. And, my dear sir, I want you to pray for me that I may not fall into temptation."

Joseph must remember that Jesus prays for him and for all his lambs continually. Isn't that a thought very full of delight?



STRANGE LITTLE BOY.

HERE is a little boy;
Look at him well;
Think if you know him;
If you do, tell.
I will describe him,
That you may see
If he is a stranger
To you and to me.

He has two hands
That can manage a top,
And climb a tall chestnut
To make the nuts drop.
They're just full of business,
With ball, hoop, and swing,
Yet are never too busy
To do a kind thing.

He has two feet
That can run up and down
Over the country,
And all about town.
I should think they'd be tired—
They never are still—
But they're ready to run for you
Whither you will.

He has two eyes
Always busy and bright,
And looking at something
From morning to night.
They help him at work,
They help him at play,
And the sweet words of Jesus
They read every day.

He has two ears:
O how well he can hear
The birds as they sing
And the boys as they cheer!
They are out on the common,
And for him they call;
But one word from his mother
He hears first of all.

He has a tongue
That runs like a sprite:
It begins in the morning
As soon as the light.
It's the best little tongue
You can anywhere find;
For it always speaks truth,
And it always is kind.

He has a heart
That is happy and gay;
For Jesus is king there
The whole of the day.
The Lord's little servant
He's trying to be:
Is this boy a stranger
To you and to me?—*Little American.*

TAKE not in sport that life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live.

SWEARING.

IN the year 1796, when the ship "Duff" was preparing to take out the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, Mr. Cox, one of the directors, was one day walking in the street, and was met by a very fine-looking boy, about fourteen years of age, who, stopping him, said:

"Pray, sir, have not you some management in the ship that is going out with the missionaries?"

"Yes, I have, my little man," replied good Mr. Cox.

"I should like very much, sir, to go out in her as cabin-boy, if you will please take me."

"Would you?" said Mr. Cox. "Have you any parents?"

"I have a mother, sir," said the boy, "but no father."

"And is your mother willing that you should go?"

"O yes, sir, my mother is very willing."

Mr. Cox then desired the boy to call at his house and to bring his mother with him that she might speak for herself. At the time appointed the boy and his mother came. She having declared her willingness that her son should go, the matter was settled. In the course of the conversation a gentleman who was present, in order to try the boy, said to him:

"So you wish to go to sea?"

"Yes, sir, in the missionary ship."

"And you can swear a good round oath, I suppose?"

Shocked at the very idea of such a thing, the little fellow burst into tears and exclaimed:

"If I thought there would be swearing on board, sir, I would not go."

The Apostle James says, "But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation."

A BOY'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

A LITTLE boy whom I knew was once very weak and poorly. He could not sleep at night, and before the hot summer days were over he was very restless and tired. One day he asked his mother to go up stairs and lie down on the bed with him. She went with him and lay down by him. She said to him:

"Pray to God before you go to sleep, my darling, to make you better; I think he will if you ask him."

The little fellow knelt on the bed beside his mother, folded his little hands, and said:

"Please, God, make me better; please make me quite well again."

Then he lay down close to his mother, and soon fell into a sweet sleep; she was weary through watching her child night after night, and soon fell asleep too. After some hours she was awaked by her little boy leaning over her and saying:

"I am better, mamma; God heard what I said."

Some years after, when the same boy was perhaps eight years old, he was away from the house, with one of his little friends about his own age, in a thunder-storm. When he came in his mother asked him if he had felt afraid.

"No, mamma," he said; "Willie and I prayed to God to take care of us, and we did not feel at all afraid."

God answered this little boy's prayers when he asked to be made well and to be taken care of in danger, to prove to him that he would grant his prayers when he asked for other and greater things. God loves to answer children's prayers. Pray then, my children. Pray much, pray often, pray in faith.



THE YOUTH'S COURSE.

I SAW him first at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a fair young lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by his sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own kind, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent pleasure.

I met him next, late in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home. I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.

I saw him next reeling in the street; a confused stare was on his countenance and words of blasphemy on his tongue. Shame was gone.

I saw him yet once more: he was pale, cold, and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting-place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down and seemed to shake with uncommon anguish. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow. His mother wept to think she had ever given birth to such a child.

I thought of his future state. I opened the Bible and read: "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven!"

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	45 cents per vol.
" 5 copies " 10, " " "	40 " " "
" 10 " " 20, " " "	37 1/2 " " "
" 20 " " 30, " " "	35 " " "
" 30 " " 40, " " "	32 1/2 " " "
" 40 " " 50, " " "	30 " " "
" 50 " " 75, " " "	28 " " "
" 75 " " 100, " " "	27 " " "
" 100 " " 200, " " "	26 " " "
" 200 " and upward, " " "	25 " " "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

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

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to REV. DR. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.