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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPER LITTLE

UNTIL . M .

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 20.

JULY 28, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 260.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Picture Lessons.

BLESS that dear lady, how she charms that little boy! His face shows that his mind is busy and his heart happy. What pleases him so?

Do you see those little squares at the old lady's left? Well, they are called "Dutch tiles." They were formerly used to ornament fireplaces. When I was a boy I often saw them in old houses within the mantle-pieces. They were mostly painted with pictured stories from the Bible. The old lady is using these tiles as a lesson book for her son. Her name is Doddridge. The boy became famous as Dr. Doddridge, the author of several useful religious books. He often spoke of his mother's lessons to his friend, Mr. Orton, and said they made good impressions on his heart *which never wore out*. Some one has put his statement into rhyme, which I will print for your pleasure. The poet makes Dr. Doddridge say:

Yes, my dear friend, Mr. Orton,
Long ere I had learned to read,
E'en before I knew my letters—
In my infancy, indeed;

All the grand and wondrous stories
Of the Scriptures, New and Old,
Full of blessing, hope, and warning,
By my mother was I told—

While she taught me many lessons
That are graven on my heart,
And will never fade nor perish
Until life itself depart.

This is how my mother taught me:
In our home in London town
Was a quaint and roomy fireplace
Faced with Dutch tiles, blue and
brown.

On these tiles were many pictures,
Rudely painted, to record
Great events from earth's creation
To the days of Christ our Lord.

Years have passed, but still each
picture
Stands out clear as morning's sun,
And I still can hear my mother
As she names them one by one.

I can hear her pious counsels,
And can see her pleasant smiles,
When we sat beside the fireplace
Looking at the painted tiles!

So I think a book of pictures,
By some careful hand compiled,
Is the parent's best assistant
In the teaching of the child.

For a picture sends its meaning
Through the eyesight to the brain,
Where it makes a deep impression,
Scarce to be effaced again.

The days of Dutch tiles have passed away, and the era of picture books and papers has come. We hope you will profit as much by our picture stories as Master Philip Doddridge did by his mother's talks about the quaint old pictures on those old-fashioned Dutch tiles. F. F.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Bobolink.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Do you see Bobolink?
He sits on the fence,
Pretending to think,
Like a bird of some sense.

But only one moment,
Before you can wink,
He swings on the willow,
And shouts "Bobolink."

Such a fellow for fun!
Such a mixture of notes!
You would think that they came
From a dozen bird throats.

Now, deep in the dingle,
With merriest strain,
He rouses the echoes,
Again and again.

Then, perched on a tree-top,
Or far up the hill,
He pipes his gay carol;
He cannot keep still.

Ah, birdie, bright birdie,
So glad and so free,
You bring the fresh gladness
Of life back to me.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

It Stings.

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking, "It stings! it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower, how could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee in search of a dinner had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking nectar from it most heartily, when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him. So being vexed with the child he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with harts-

horn, and when the pain was gone she said, "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that 'many pretty things have very sharp stings.'"

Let every child in my *Advocate* family make a note of this—MANY PRETTY THINGS HAVE VERY SHARP STINGS. It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy once went to a circus because the horses were pretty and their riders gay; but he learned to swear there, and thus that pretty thing, the circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing. He drank it, and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious Bartlett pear from a basket and ate it. "Have you eaten one?" asked her mother. Fearing she should not get another if she said yes, she said "no," got another pear, and then felt so stung that she could not sleep that night.

Thus, you see, sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply too. It stings fatally. The Bible says "the sting of death is sin."

If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus with it, and he will cure. After that, never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

You Can't Catch it.

You can't catch it, boys or girls. You may be as fleet of foot as the antelope, or you may fly as on the wings of an eagle, yet you cannot overtake it.

Cannot overtake what?

The bad word which has passed your lips! It fled to heaven, and wrote itself on the book of God. You can't catch it.

The wicked deed you performed. It soared to the judgment, and was stereotyped on the memory of the Judge. You can't catch it.

The sinful thought you indulged. Its image was caught by the light of God's eye, and photographed on the roll of your history. You can't catch it.

Beware then, O my children, what you think, what you do, what you say. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

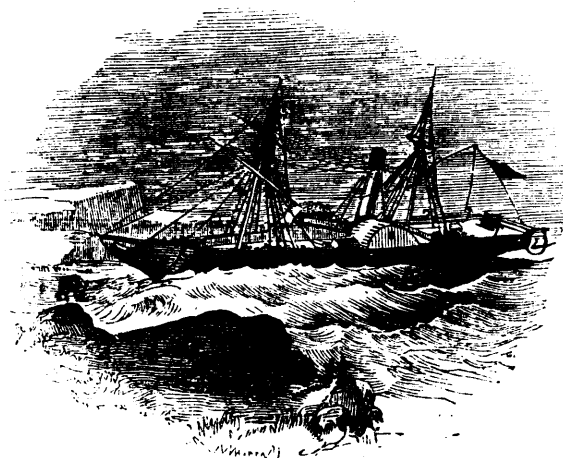
The Life-Boat.

ONE cold, dreary, stormy night in January a large emigrant ship from Germany was nearing the port of New York, to which she was bound. She had on board a large number of passengers, many of them consisting of families who had left the shores of the old world to find a home in the new, bringing with them all the treasure they had in the world. As they drew near to their journey's end, they felt glad in the hope of soon being on shore, and once more finding a home. But when the skies became dark, and the storm came on, the wind rising in fury, the captain's heart began to fail him because of fear. He knew the dangers of the coast, for he had crossed the ocean many times, and on one occasion had barely escaped being wrecked on the shore toward which the storm was driving them.

But the brave man made all the preparations he could for the storm, being determined to do his duty, and, if possible, outlive the gale. Toward midnight the storm increased. The good ship was tossed about by the strong waves as a child would toss a ball. Ere long the vessel was completely disabled, and no human power could save her from drifting before the gale. On, on she went, rearing and plunging like a frightened horse, and every moment getting nearer the shore. At last the shock

came. Her keel struck the sands, and the white breakers dashed over her. A wail of hopeless agony went up from all on board at the fearful prospect of death before them.

When the day dawned the situation of the ship was discovered by some fishermen who had come down to the beach. They saw the forms of men,



women, and children clinging to the rigging. They heard their loud cries for help, and at once set to work to save life. No common boat could live in such a sea. But not far off there was a life-boat. It was made of thin sheets of metal, and there was a hollow place between the inside and the outside which was filled with air, and there were also air chambers at either end. This was to make it float, even though full of water.

The brave fishermen quickly brought the life-boat to the beach and shoved it off, willing to risk their own lives to save those of others. In a moment they were wet to the skin; but they pulled on, while the people on the ship encouraged them with cheers. O how they watched that little boat as it danced upon the waters, for they knew that all their hope was in that. Once they thought the fishermen lost, as they seemed to disappear beneath the waves. But they had only been hidden for a moment by a breaker which dashed over them. Nearer and nearer they came to the disabled ship.

At length they were on board. They fastened one end of a stout rope to the ship's bow, and taking as many passengers as their life-boat would hold, they returned to the shore, carrying the coil of rope with them. They reached the beach in safety, and fastened the other end of the rope to a large stake firmly driven in the ground, and thus were able to guide their life-boat back and forth, until all on board the ship were brought to the shore.

Thus does the Gospel of Christ save poor sinners. Sin has ruined the world just as the storm drove the emigrant ship on shore. The Gospel comes like a life-boat, bounding over the billows, and all are invited through it to be saved. Men, women, children, all may come, for provision has been made for all, and all are invited.

Children who are old enough to feel themselves sinners ought at once to seek after salvation. If you feel the danger in which sin has placed you, just as the poor wrecked emigrants felt their danger, remember that the Gospel invites you to come to Jesus, the children's friend.

Manners.

They asked Lukeman, "Of whom didst thou learn manners?" He replied, "From the unmanly. Whatever I saw them do which I disapproved of, that I abstained from doing."

FLOWERS! the brightest, fairest things left in our fallen world, who can calculate their influence upon the human heart!

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1866.



"THE CANADIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL HARP."

This is the title of a new Sunday School Singing Book which we have just published. In the last paper we printed one of the tunes. We know that the little readers of the *Sunday School Advocate* love to sing, and so we have provided one of the best collections of Tunes and Hymns that can be found. Children that learn to sing these Tunes and Hymns will be prepared to join in the great congregation, to sing the song of the Redeemed. We have sometimes looked at the little children in the Sabbath School, looking so bright, clean, and cheerful, and when we have heard them sing, though we never saw the angels of heaven, yet from what we have read of them in the Bible, we have been led to think that the little children must resemble them, if not in form and appearance, yet in practice. When the Saviour was a babe in Bethlehem, and an angel came to the Shepherds, who were watching their flocks by night, in the open field, and said, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;" immediately a company of angels, that had come from heaven, joined them and sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will toward men." These Angels went away to heaven; and when the Saviour ascended upon high, they sang, "Be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the king of glory may come in." And ever since He has been seated on his throne they have been singing, with the Redeemed, before His throne, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Now, it should be the great business of Sabbath School children to learn to sing, as Angels do, first on earth, and then in heaven. Children should never spend their time in learning to sing on earth, what they will wish to forget when they come to die, what they will have to unlearn, if they ever sing in heaven.

It is to help them to learn the Hymns of Zion, that we have, at great expense and labour, had this Book prepared and published. We hope the kind Teachers will procure the *S. S. Harp* for our dear little readers, and that they may all learn to sing with their hearts as well as with their voices; sing on earth, and then stand with the Lamb on the Mount Zion, and sing, "To Him that loveth us and washed us from our sins in His own blood—to Him be glory for ever and ever."—Amen.

A WORD FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a

kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, which can never be lost? Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this you will be sure to be beloved.

POWER BELONGETH UNTO GOD.

Ps. lxii. 11.

WHAT is power?—Being able to do things.

You know we often call God almighty, which means able to do *all* things; so you see God must have a great deal of power to be able to do all things. Is there anybody on earth that can do all things?—No; no one is almighty but God.

Let us think of some of the things which God can do. He can make things out of nothing. If I gave you a piece of paper, and a pair of scissors, and told you to cut me out something pretty, could you do it?—Yes, one says, I could cut out a dog.—And I a swan.—And I can cut out a man.

Very well; you could make those things, because I gave you something to make them with; but suppose I told you to make me a swan, and a horse, and a dog, and gave you nothing to make them from, could you do it?—No.

No; that would be creating, and no one but God can create; making things out of nothing is called creating. Tell me some things that God has created. Grass. Trees. Birds. Fishes.

Yes he created all these. He made the whole world out of nothing. When you have made your swan, your dog and your man, would they walk?—No.

Would they stand?—No.

Why not?—Because they are not alive.

And you couldn't make them alive, could you?—No.

No; God only can give life. He gave you life, and it is the life in you that makes you able to run about and play, to sing, to talk, to laugh. If you had no life, you could not move. Put your fingers on your wrist, just here, and tell me what you feel.—Something beating.

Well if that little beating were to stop for a moment you would be dead; it is only God that keeps it on; and every little beat tells you that one moment more of your life is gone; that you are getting nearer to heaven or hell.

Dear children, I hope you are all getting nearer and nearer to heaven; you may do so if you love Jesus and try to be like Him, for He says He is the way to heaven; so if we follow Him, we are sure to be right.

I have told you a great many things to show you God's power, and now I am going to tell you the best thing of all. He can wash away all our sins in the precious blood of Jesus, and make us pure and white and clean, and fit to live with Him in heaven. If your hands are dirty, what do you do?—Wash them.

And what good does that do?—Make them clean.

Yes; the nice pure water takes away all the spots, and makes them clean. But can water wash away sin?—No.

Why not?—Because sins are inside, and none but God has power to wash them away.

Have we any power?—No.

Yes; we have a little. We have power to walk and to talk, and to do a good many things, but we haven't any power but what God gives us; for

power belongeth unto God," and our power only reaches a very little way, but God's power has no end.

Dear little ones, ask Him to do the best thing of all for you—to wash you in Jesus Christ's blood, that you may be with him for ever; and then you can thank Him very much for shedding His blood that you might be washed and forgiven.

ROCKS.

A lad was taking his first trip by water, and as most boys do, rambled up and down the vessel, watching all about him with eager curiosity. By and by he stood beside the helmsman. Here and there over the water were scattered floating sticks of painted timber, and now he noticed that the vessel turned aside here and there to avoid them.

"Why do you turn out for those little sticks?" said the boy. "I would ride right over them."

The gruff old helmsman gave him only a glance from under his shaggy brows, and one word which seemed wrenched from the depths of his chest; one word, but it spoke a volume, "*Rocks!*"

The boy could see no danger. The water looked as fair about the buoys as at any other place. He thought in his childish wisdom that the old man was over particular; so he answered again, "I wouldn't turn out, I would go right straight ahead." The old man did not reply except by a glance which the boy has never forgotten even in his manhood. It seemed to say, "Poor foolish child, how little you know of rocks."

That boy has long been a faithful pastor, and he often tells the lambs of his flock about the hidden rocks in their course, rocks that have wrecked a great many bright hopes and precious souls.

The dancing school is one of these rocks. It may look very innocent and pleasant, but there are fatal reefs there that may sink your soul in everlasting despair. Don't sip a little wine. Don't go in the society of boys who now and then utter an oath. You must turn out when you come to these rocks. There are buoys enough to warn you, good counsellors to tell you of your danger. Do not neglect their caution. When an old helmsman says to you "*Rocks,*" be sure there is danger ahead.

Your Bible is your only sure chart. Here you will find the buoys and light houses all marked down, telling you where the rocks are hid.

AWFUL VISITATION.—A correspondent of the *London Morning Post* sends it the following remarkable narrative:—"A melancholy instance of the danger of taking God's name in vain, has occurred at Brighton. A few days since, as some boys were playing together in a court leading out of Edward street, in that town, a dispute took place between them about the number of "notches" one of them, a lad named Richards, had made whilst playing "cat and dog." Richards declared that he had scored more than his companions gave him credit for, and high words and bad language were indulged in on both sides. At length Richards flew into a violent passion and exclaimed, "May God strike me blind if I have not made more than twenty." He had scarcely uttered the adjuration when he threw up his arms and exclaimed, "Oh, I can't see," and begged of one of his companions to lead him home. This was immediately done, and on examination it was found that a thick film had overspread his eyes, completely obstructing the sight. In this pitiable condition he has remained ever since, and there is little or no hope of ever recovering sight. The affair has caused great excitement in the neighbourhood in which the occurrence took place. Richards is only thirteen years of age.

A warning to all wicked boys.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Brave Boy and the Coward.

ONE morning Henry and Thomas were passing a cornfield in which stood some plum trees laden with ripe fruit. Thomas said to Henry, "Let us jump over and get some plums. Nobody will see us, and we will scud along through the tall corn, and get out safe on the other side."

"No," said Henry, "it is wrong. I do not like to try it. I would rather not have the plums than to steal them."

"You are a coward," said Thomas; "I always knew you were a coward. If you do not want any plums you may go without them, but I shall have some very quickly."

So Thomas began to climb the fence, but just then the owner of the field rose up from the other side of the wall. Thomas jumped back, and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. But Henry did not run, for he was not afraid.

The owner of the field had heard the conversation, and he was so well pleased with Henry's conduct that he asked him to come in and help himself to as many plums as he liked. Henry accepted the offer very thankfully, and while he was filling his pockets with the fruit he had quite a talk with the pleasant old gentleman, who began by saying, "Why did you have nothing to say when Thomas called you a coward. Do you think you are a coward?"

"I don't quite know, sir. I believe I don't dare to steal."

"But, my son, if it is a proper fear of God that keeps you from stealing, that does not make you a coward. But if you do not steal because you are afraid that some man will see you, or if you had stolen for fear of being laughed at and called a coward, then you would have been a coward, and you would have run away as sneakily as that cowardly Thomas did. No, my good boy, fear God, and spurn sin, and that will give you true courage. And the next time you are taunted as you were this morning, tell your tempter that you are not as much of a coward as to do wrong through fear of ridicule." J.



The Little Guide.

A LITTLE child went out from home
One pleasant summer day,
And wandering about alone,
She sadly lost her way.

'Twas on a prairie, bleak and wild,
With naught to guide her right,
She wandered, weeping, sorrowing child,
Until the hush of night.

With aching heart and throbbing head
She sat her down and cried,
Thinking of that low trundle-bed
With mother at its side.

In keen despair she called aloud,
"O mother, mother, come!
I'm lost, I'm lost! with grief I'm bowed;
O come and take me home."

But, hark! a sudden sound she hears,
And, starting to her feet,
She quickly wipes away her tears,
A little lamb to meet.

Quite opposite to hers its course,
Bleating, it onward bound;
She gently followed where it led,
And soon her home she found.

Dear children, we are wanderers,
We are going all astray,
Until the precious Lamb of God
Doth meet us on the way—

Guiding our footsteps ever right,
We follow him in love,
To blessed mansions, pure and bright,
In our Father's house above.

—Family Treasure.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SELFISH SUSIE.

SUSIE is very fond of puddings. When the dessert is brought in, if it happens to be a pudding, she can hardly wait till it is served, and she finds it still more difficult to wait until after it is served to others. It is very silly for people to be so fond of any kind of food as to make them forget to behave decently at table. Susie would tease so earnestly that sometimes when they had no company her mamma would serve her first; but this kindness, instead of making her more patient and anxious to oblige her mother, only made her still more impatient and selfish. So it happened one day, when her grandmamma and cousins were there, that she began to tease her mother in a low voice to let her have some pudding immediately. But her mother was busy talking, and paid no attention to her.

"Mamma, mamma," said Susie in a louder tone, "can't I have some pudding now?" and then again, still louder and quite impatiently, "Mamma, quick! I'm in a hurry. Mamma!"

Her grandma looked surprised, and her papa, who had been observing her, now said very seriously, "I do not think your mamma will give you any pudding for such asking. We cannot have the whole table disturbed by your selfishness. If little girls do not know how to behave at table they must go away." So with great shame Susie left the table and went out of the room, getting no pudding that day. I am glad to learn, however, that she is trying to get rid of this sad selfishness. AUNT JULIA.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1 Cor. ii, 9.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Storm-Driven Bird.

ONE of our correspondents tells us a pleasing story of a little bird-visit which he received last winter. Having risen before daylight on a stormy morning, he heard a gentle tapping at the window-pane. He raised the sash, when in flew a little bird out of the storm into the light and warmth. Here it flitted back and forth with evident delight, not frightened even by the two kittens that were gamboling on the carpet. Perhaps the dear little creature fancied it had found a home, a place where it would like to stay always. But it did not think so when daylight came. Then it wanted to fly away. Poor thing, it would have felt as if the room that lately looked so beautiful to its little eyes were a prison, had it been obliged to stay there. So the good man opened the sash again, and let his little visitor go.

As the sunlight to the little bird, so is God to the eyes of the Christian; and however tempting the scenes of earth may be, yet shall those who love God ever gladly leave them to enjoy the light of his presence. J. C.

The Little Pilgrim.

I a little pilgrim stand,
Knocking at my Father's gate,
Trembling, waiting for his hand
To remove the heavy weight
Of my sins, that press me down
To the earth, and keep me there;
What I want is not a crown,
But to be made pure and fair.

While I knock wilt thou not hear?
O, my Father, hear my cry;
Open wide the gate most dear,
Gate of mercy, or I die.
Help a helpless child to find
The right path, the narrow way,
With the little pilgrims joined,
Walking homeward every day.

—Sunday-School Times.

HOME.—Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love, by the innocence and sports of childhood, is the only home of the human heart.—LESLIE.

BETTER to slip with the foot than with the tongue.

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