

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ENEMIES OF THE CROW.

No bird seems to have so many enemies as the crow. All the smaller birds seem to hate it. They fly after it through the air, and are delighted to tease it in every possible way. It always makes me sorry to see anything unjustly treated, and I began to feel much sympathy for the crow, that seemed to be so sadly persecuted.

But a few days ago, as I was sitting by my window, one of this persecuted race alighted on an apple-tree near by, and hopping along to a little birdsnest, picked up the eggs one by one and devoured them. Then the secret was out. There was a reason why the smaller birds chastised him so. It was not persecution, but well-merited punishment.

Then I said to myself, Surely if we wish to live in peace and friendship with others we must respect their rights.

MACAULAY'S BOYHOOD.

WHILE he was yet a boy he was in incessant request to "tell books" to his playmates. He himself used to tell a funny story of a nursery scene. For every one who came to his father's house he had a biblical name: Moses, Holofernes, Melchizedek, and the like. One visitor he called the Beast. Kind mamma, prudent papa frowned at their precocious child, and set their brows against this name; but Thomas stuck to his point. Next time the Beast made a morning call the boy ran to the window, which hung over the street, to turn back laughing, crowing with excitement and delight. "Look here, mother!" cries the child; "you see I am right. Look, look at the number of the Beast!"

Mrs. Macaulay glanced at the hackney-coach, and behold, its number was 666!

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NELLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. E. J. BUGBEE.

LITTLE NELLIE'S Christmas day
Keeping up in glory,
Where the happy cherubs stray,
Telling Bethlehem's story;
While their harps with music ring,
Charming her child-spirit,
With that song the ransomed sing
To the Saviour's merit.

Sadly round the Christmas-tree
Do our dim eyes linger,
Precious gifts are there untouched
By the tiny fingers.
All alone amid the toys
Stands her dark-eyed sister,
Shadows fall on all our joys
Since from earth we missed her.

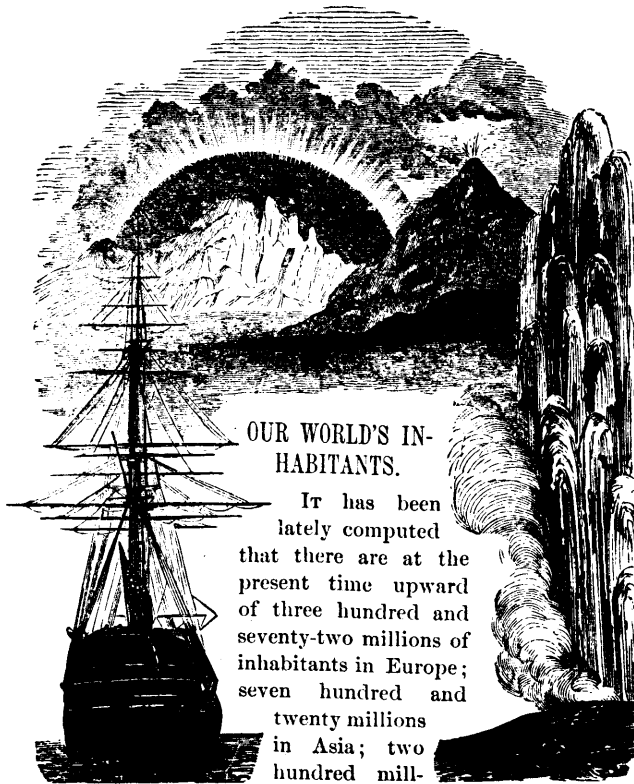
Better gifts than our deep love
Ever could have found her,
Well we know are hers above
Since the angels crowned her.
By the rivers, bright and clear,
Stray her feet forever,
Turned from the strange pathway here
To be weary never.

But the Christmas chimes to-day
Have a mournful ringing;
For our precious blue-eyed bird
Far away is singing.
Of a treasure wondrous fair
Heaven hath bereft us,
One soft ring of golden hair
All that death has left us.

Tender Shepherd, thou dost know
All our hearts' deep yearning:
Keep our chastened spirits now
Ever toward her turning.

CHICAGO, 1862.

God hears the heart without words, but he never hears the words without the heart.



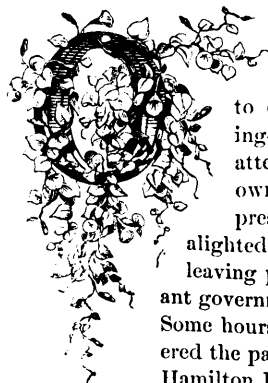
OUR WORLD'S INHABITANTS.

It has been lately computed that there are at the present time upward of three hundred and seventy-two millions of inhabitants in Europe; seven hundred and twenty millions in Asia; two hundred millions in America; eighty-nine millions in Africa; two millions in Australia; making the total population of the whole world more than thirteen hundred millions of people. It may give an idea of what this number is to state, that if a person were to count this number of grains of corn—were to count at the rate of fifty a minute for twelve hours every day—it would take ninety-six years to count as many grains as there are inhabitants in our world. Assuming, as experience justifies our doing, that, on an average, twenty-five persons in every thousand die yearly, it follows that in the whole world thirty-two millions are dying every year; about two and a half millions every month; eighty-seven thousand every day; three thousand six hundred and fifty every hour; and sixty-one in every minute. Thus, in about forty years, the whole of the enormous number of people, of all nations, religions, languages, and colors at this time inhabiting our earth, will have passed away into ETERNITY!

THE CHILD IN A NAVAL BATTLE.

A CHILD of one of the crew of his majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon-ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat, when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you."

HONESTY REWARDED.



ONE day, while he was chancellor, Lord Eldon took a hackney-coach to convey him from Downing-street, where he had been attending a cabinet, to his own residence. Having a pressing appointment, he alighted hastily from the vehicle, leaving papers containing important government secrets behind him. Some hours after the driver discovered the packages, and took them to Hamilton Place unopened, when his lordship desired to see the coachman, and after a short interview told him to call again. The man called again, and was then informed that he was no longer a servant, but the

owner of a hackney-coach, which his lordship had in the mean time given directions to be purchased and presented to him, together with three horses, as a reward for his honor and promptitude.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FAITH.

A LADY had taken a homeless little girl to bring up as her own. When the hard times came last year, the lady, who is not at all rich, was afraid she could not sustain so large a family. One day she told the little girl that perhaps she would have to get her another home if she could find a good place.

"No, mother," answered the child, "you wont have to send me away; God will give you something so you can keep me; I know he will."

The mother thought no more of it at the time, but a little while after, hearing a sound up stairs, she opened the door and listened. It was the little girl at prayer.

"O God, good God, do send mother something so she can keep me; I don't want to go away. O good God, do send mother something!"

Pretty soon she came down stairs with a very happy face, saying, "God will send you something, mother; I know he will."

That evening a neighbor came in with a little present, just for neighborly kindness, of flour.

"There, mother," said the child, "I asked him, and I knew he would!"—*Little Pilgrim.*

SHELLS ON THE OCEAN'S BED.

WHEN Lieut. Berryman was sounding the ocean preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding-line brought up mud which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that on rubbing it between the thumb and finger it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal.

HAPPY LIFE.

MATTHEW HENRY a little before his death, said to a friend, "You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men: this is mine, that a life spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most comfortable and happy life that any one can live in this world."

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