



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

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