



HARRY'S FALSEHOOD.

"I've been a naughty boy to-day;
I cannot read, I cannot play;
My heart is sad; but, mother dear,
I feel I must find comfort here."

The mother laid her work aside;
To soothe her boy she vainly tried;
His cheeks were wet with bitter tears,
His heart was filled with gloomy fears.

"O dear mamma, I've told a lie:
Will God forgive me if I try
A nobler, better boy to be?
Say, mother, will he pardon me?"

"Yes, Harry dear, for God is good:
He loves you more than mortal could;
But O, my son, that wicked lie
Will sadly grieve our Lord on high.

"How could you, Harry, thus offend
Your warmest, best, and dearest Friend?
Kneel down, my boy! his pardon crave;
Beg him thy precious soul to save."

Then Harry knelt with tearful eyes,
And told his sin with sobs and sighs;
And He who always heareth prayer
Removed his load of grief and care.

Freely he pardoned him; and all
Who at his footstool humbly fall,
Truly repentant, peace will find,
And pardon from a Judge most kind.

—Tract Journal.

THE FRIENDLY TOAD.

A LADY gives the following interesting account of a toad:

I made his acquaintance first in my own parlour late one sultry August evening, just as he was retiring modestly beneath the fender. The doors had been left open for air, and he had availed himself of this opportunity of stealing in to seek a cool and shady retreat. By means of a long-handled brush we contrived to tilt him into a dust-pan, and then my little maid bore him shuddering away, and put him down the coltsfoot bank into the lane.

We never expected to see him come back any more after that; but the following evening, when I was watering my plants, there was his jewel-eye gleaming out from the dark behind them! We left him there.

The next night he came in at the *back door*, and just as we were going to bed there was he lifting an ambitious leg to climb the stairs also! This time my old servant Dinah ejected him very summarily with her sweeping-brush—she scolding, and he hissing and crying.

The following day I begged the gardener to seek

him, and not to hurt him, but carry him far away covered up in a flower-pot, that he might intrude on us no more. After a brief hunt, he was found under shelter of a thick bed of violets, and the old gardener took him to the top of a great field in the rear of my cottage, and dropped him tenderly over the hedge into a nice, deep, damp, quiet ditch, where any toad of average discretion might have been happy.

But not so he. Three days later he returned, and then we made up our minds to leave him in peace so long as he left us in peace—that is, kept his proper place out of doors.

He confined himself thenceforward to his quarters under the verandah, where he lived securely among the pots through the summer, wandering by night, as is the habit of the race; for if ever I was abroad after dark, at neighborly tea-drinking, or rural concert, or improving lecture, my home-coming lantern always showed me the dark, creepy-crawly movements of our toad retreating beyond the sphere of its betraying light as I drew near the door.

When the pots were removed to be housed for the winter he had disappeared. But early in the following spring he was discovered among the golden moss and ferns which clothed a bit of rock-work; and soon afterward he returned to his post and his duty of insect-hunting under the verandah.

All last summer he behaved correctly, never crossing the threshold once, or in any way making himself unpleasantly obtrusive.

In the autumn he vanished again.

And now again he has come back—enormously grown, says Dinah, for I have not yet seen him myself.

From these incidents in the life of our toad we have proof of his constancy, his memory, and his reasoning faculty, which brought him to see in only two lessons how he might secure to himself the privileges of food and shelter on the slight conditions of not crossing our door-stone, back or front. How often must Experience rap *us* on the knuckles before she succeeds in teaching us even so much of her useful, practical wisdom as this!

THE BOAR OUT OF THE WOOD.

The boar out of the wood doth devour it.—Psa. xxx, 13.

A MISSIONARY was proceeding in the dusk of the evening from Constantinople to Therapia. Passing a vineyard, he observed an animal of large size rushing forth from among the vines, crossing the road, and taking to flight with great precipitation. The Greek guard, who was riding first, exclaimed, "Wild boar! wild boar!" and it really proved a wild boar who was retreating from the vineyards to the woods.

"What has the wild boar to do in the vineyard?" inquired the missionary.

"O," said the guard, "it is the custom of the wild boar to frequent the vineyards, and to devour the grapes. And it is astonishing what havoc a wild boar is capable of effecting in a single night. What with eating, and what with trampling under foot, he will destroy an immense quantity of grapes."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MISS WHY-WHY.

LITTLE KATIE asked a great many questions. "Why is this?" "What is that for?" "What makes it so?" were continually on her tongue's end, so that her big cousin called her Miss Why-why. Still, she was not like some children I have known, who ask such questions thoughtlessly and do not remember the reasons and explanations when they are given. I do not blame older people for being displeased with such impertinence; but when a little girl or boy asks, like Katie, because of real desire to know the truth, why then I say answer the questions.

But, my little one, you should be careful how you

ask questions. If you hear others talking about what you do not understand, don't break in with your questions as little Katie was in the habit of doing.

One day, at dinner-table, the company were talking about the diving-bell, and she eagerly inquired what kept the water from coming inside the bell. This was a very proper question, but it was a very improper time to ask it, for she ought not to suppose that the company would stop their conversation to explain this to her, and so her grown-up cousin said shortly, "O such a little child can't understand such things. Don't ask questions."

Katie was very sensitive, and the tears came into her eyes, and she sat silent during the remainder of the meal. After dinner they all went out on the



verandah, and a benevolent gentleman soon began to talk with Katie and explained to her a great deal about the diving-bell, for which she was very grateful. He then told her that it was not wrong to ask questions at the proper time, but neither little children nor big ones should interrupt conversation for this purpose. They should learn all they can by listening, and then afterward they will be likely to find some one who will explain what they did not understand.

Katie pursued this plan after that, and was delighted to find that it worked like a charm. She lost the name of Miss Why-why, and grew up to be a very intelligent and agreeable woman. A. J.

It is not often in great things that we are called upon to show that we love our neighbor as ourselves. It is in the daily, hourly exercise of little domestic virtues that they who truly love God may be distinguished from those who love him not.—
MRS. GELDART.

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