

LION-HUNTING.

ONE of the lions was some distance in the rear of the other, and I set the laggard, of course, down for the brute I had wounded. Being closely pursued by two of the dogs, he was brought speedily to bay. Now was my time; and stepping smartly out, I was soon within fifty paces of my mark, when, stooping down, I took a deliberate aim with the elephant rifle and fired. The bullet passed through both the animal's shoulders, and he fell, managing, nevertheless, to raise himself on his haunches, in which position, growling hideously, he lashed alternately his sides and the ground furiously with his tail. I, therefore, followed by Bonfield, advanced further toward him, and was about to put an end to his struggles, when the other lion, who had stationed himself in the rear, in a thick bush a hundred yards or so off, came bounding along with a ferocity of purpose in his royal countenance such as I never saw matched in one of his species. I was then in a kneeling posture, in a perfectly exposed situation, about twenty yards distant from his wounded companion. Charging past his crippled mate, this infuriated brute made directly at me. It was an awful moment, one that required all my self-possession; but having implicit confidence in my revolver rifle, I did not budge an inch. Leveling at the full broad chest of my assailant, I pulled the trigger, when—imagine the horror and consternation of the moment—my rifle missed fire! and missed again, and again! His next bound or two would, it seemed inevitable, bring me within the monster's gripe; but, whether terror-stricken at my defiant attitude, or at the click of my weapon, he turned abruptly off to the right, and was in a few seconds back in his former hiding-place, the bush, where he was lost completely to view.—C. J. Anderson's "Travels in South Africa."

PA'S LITTLE FLOWER.

CHRISTIAN children, high and lowly,
Try like little flowers to be;
Day by day the tall tree's blossom
Gives to God its fragrance free;
Day by day the little daisy
Looks up with its yellow eye,
Never murmurs, never wishes
It were hanging up on high.

God has given each his station:
Some have riches and high place;
Some have lowly homes and labor;
All may have his precious grace.
We must be content and quiet,
Our appointed station in,
O, to envy or to covet
Others' good is grievous sin.

And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath,
As to flowers that bloom on high;
For God loveth all his children,
Rich and poor, and high and low;
And they all shall meet in heaven
Who have served him here below.

"AINT WE BRAVE?"

A BEAR attacked a farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized a poker and aimed a happy blow at Bruin.

"Give it to him, Nancy!" cried the valiant husband.

After Bruin was dead he came down from the loft and exclaimed:

"Nancy, my dear, aint we brave?"



A WICKED PARROT.

AN interesting volume recently issued, entitled, "Autobiography of a Seaman," contains the following story of a mischievous parrot:

One day a party of ladies paid us a visit aboard, and several had been hoisted on deck by the usual means of a "whip" (a chair slung on ropes and hoisted on pulleys) on the mainyard. The chair had descended for another "whip," but scarcely had its fair weight been lifted out of the boat alongside than the unlucky parrot piped, "Let go!" The order being instantly obeyed, the unfortunate lady, instead of being comfortably seated on the deck, as had been those who preceded her, was soused over head in the sea!



From the "Sunday School Almanac."

THE BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.

And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?—Zech. iii, 2.

WHEN a child does wrong, walks in the ways of the wicked one, becomes a wicked youth, destroys his health, ruins his prospects, grieves all his friends, and is then brought back to peace and virtue by the wonderful grace of God, he is a brand plucked from

the fire. Why? Because he was almost lost forever before he became good.

What would you call a child who should stand on a railway track until the engine almost rushed upon him? Foolish? Yes, very foolish, certainly. What then is that child who treads the path to hell until he almost falls into it? Is he not as foolish as a child can be? Very well. Don't imitate. Keep away from the fire, from sin, I mean, and let Christ make you his disciple now.

SOMETHING ABOUT STOPS.

THE points now used in punctuation were introduced into writing gradually some time after the invention of printing. The Greeks had none, and there was no space between their words. The Romans put a kind of division between their words, thus: Publius. Scipio. Africanus. Up to the end of the fifteenth century only the period, colon, and comma had been introduced. The latter came into use latest, and was only a perpendicular figure or line proportionate to the size of the letter. To Aldus Manutius, an eminent printer in 1570, we are indebted for the semicolon, and also for the present form of the comma. He also laid down rules now observed in regard to their use. The notes of interrogation and exclamation were not added till some years later, and it is not known by whom. Inverted commas (") were first used by Monsieur Aillmont, a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede the use

of *italic* letters, and the French printers called them by that name. But they have lately been used by English printers to denote quoted matter. In a London book, "The Art of English Poetry," printed in 1807, it appears that the present mode of denoting quoted matter is therein denoted by being set in *italic*. It is not known by whom the apostrophe and dash were invented.

A LARGE BOUQUET.

A LITTLE girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her hands in the attitude of devotion and exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"

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