

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE LELIA AND THE CIRCUS.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I write you this letter from Jefferson City, the capital of the great state of Missouri, which lies west of the Mississippi River. My story is about Lelia —, a good little girl, and the circus. When the circus came Lelia wanted to go. Her mother, who is a very pious Christian, did not wish that she should, and so asked her what she thought her little infant brother would think if he were to look from his pure and holy place in heaven and see his sister in the circus. She also said many other things of a nature which caused Lelia to change her mind without simply telling her she should not go.

After Lelia had concluded not to go to the circus, her Uncle Thomas gave her twenty-five cents and told her to give it to the first good cause which she thought would make her feel happier than giving it to the wicked circus.

The next Sabbath I preached a sermon about the Bible, and took up a collection to send the Word of God to those families who are destitute of it. Lelia whispered to her mother and said it would make her happy to give her money to the Bible cause. So when the paper came round she had her name put down for twenty-five cents.

When she went home she told her mother she thought she felt much better than if she had gone to the circus, and wished she had more to give to send the Bible to the poor. Her good mother gave her twenty-five cents more, and when I came round during the week collecting what had been subscribed, she gave me fifty cents instead of twenty-five.

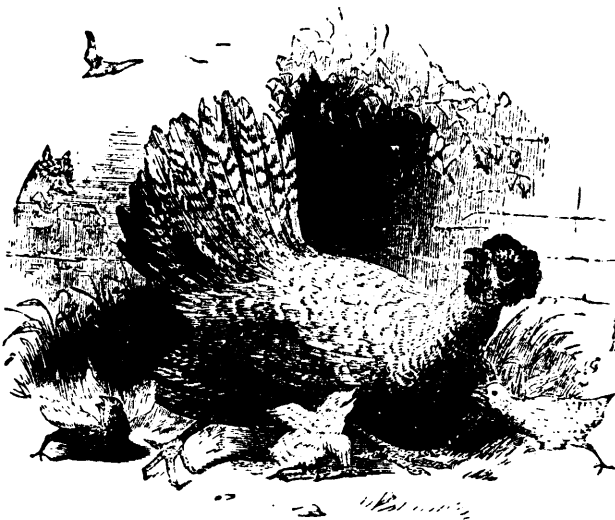
Now don't you think Lelia did right? She is a good and happy little girl, and her pa and ma love her very much and she loves them. I hope all my little friends who read this in the Advocate will be as good, that they may be as happy, as little Lelia.

ANECDOTE OF THE SPIDER.

LET me give an anecdote of the spider, which was communicated to me by three eye-witnesses of the fact, persons of the highest respectability, who were residing at Oporto at the time it took place. In the house of one of the principal ecclesiastics in that town there was a room which was set apart for the reception of grains of Indian corn which had been thrashed out. Each of these grains must be at least as heavy as two or three of our common wheat. On visit this room one day the owner of it perceived a grain of the maize suspended from the ceiling of the room by a single thread thrown out by a spider, and which was being slowly but gradually drawn upward. Surprised at this very unusual sight, he invited several persons, and among others my three informants, to witness it. How the spider contrived to fix its thread to the grain, or what its motive was in drawing it up to its nest, must remain in doubt, but it is a curious circumstance. There are, indeed, a thousand little facts in natural history, either in this or other countries, which escape being recorded, either from their being thought too trivial or from want of a ready mode of communicating them.—
JESSE.

HOPE FOR THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE silent influence of a pious home is illustrated by the prodigal son. Had that home been repulsive to him, or had his father been a stern forbidding man, that recovering thought about home would not have visited him. Take courage, parents of prodigals, if you have been faithful with God and your family altars. Persevere, parents, in family religion. It may be like the fabulous song of the sea in the shell to the ear of a child when far from home and from God.



HEN AND CHICKENS.

SEE the chickens round the gate,
For their morning portion wait;
Fill the basket from the store,
Open wide the cottage-door;
Throw some crumbs and scatter seed,
Let the hungry chickens feed.
Call them—O how fast they run,
Gladly, quickly—every one:
See the hen, how kind and good
To her young and callow brood;
With what care their steps she leads
Not herself, but them she feeds;
Picking here, and picking there,
Where the nicest portions are.
Throw some double handfuls out—
Now how fast they run about!
When she calls, they flock around,
Bustling all along the ground;
Till their active labors cease,
And at last they rest in peace.
Then the little tiny things
Nestle close beneath her wings,
Where she keeps them safe and warm,
Free from fear, and free from harm.

Now, my little child, attend—
In the LORD you have a friend,
Though unseen by mortal eye,
Dwelling far above the sky:
Faintly does that hen express
His kind care and tenderness;
As her little brood she guides,
Cherishes, and food provides,
So are you by day and night
In your heavenly Father's sight;
His protecting wings are spread
Over your defenseless head;
All the children of his care
In his tenderest pity share;
He in whom all goodness dwells—
He whose love all love excels—
He your every want supplies,
And his mercy never dies.
May you by his love be taught
How to trust him as you ought!
And to him unceasing raise
Daily prayer and dally praise!

THE MISSIONARY CABBAGE.

"A BOY at the door, sir, wants to know if you would like to buy a missionary cabbage?"

I am not very fond of cabbage, but a missionary cabbage I was sure must have some extra qualities which might make it worth buying; so I went to the door and found it had.

1. It was grown by a poor little lame Sunday-scholar.

2. It was grown for the love he had to his Saviour, and a desire to do something for the heathen.

3. It was brought a mile slung on his shoulder.

I bought the cabbage and sent it to help out the dinner of a poor widow with four children. The little lame boy thankfully took the money paid for his cabbage, and put it into his missionary-box. Perhaps it may be the means of bringing one, two, three to Jesus Christ; and the little lame boy may some time meet in heaven those who came there by this simple act of pious love.

THE BIRD OF BATTLE.

THE New Albany (Indiana) Ledger tells this story:

"We printed a few days ago from an Atlanta paper an account of a mocking-bird which, at the battle of Resaca, perched itself on the top of a tree, and during the fight imitated the whistling of the bullets and other noises incident to a battle. Another and a more touching incident of a similar character was yesterday related to us by Captain George Babbitt, of Gen. Gresham's staff, and of which he was himself a witness. During the fierce cannonading at Nickajack, a small bird came and perched upon the shoulder of an artilleryman—the man designated, we believe, as No. 1, whose duty it is to ram down the charge after the ammunition is put in the gun. The piece was a Napoleon, which makes

a very loud report. The bird, as we have stated, perched itself upon this man's shoulder, and could not be driven from its position by the violent motions of the gunner. When the piece was discharged the poor little thing would run its beak and head up under the man's hair at the back of the neck, and when the report died away would resume its place upon his shoulder. Captain Babbitt took the bird in his hand, but when he released his grasp it immediately resumed its place on the shoulder of the smoke-begrimed gunner. The scene was witnessed by a large number of officers and men. It may be a subject of curious inquiry, what instinct led this bird to thus place itself? Possibly, frightened at the violent commotion caused by the battle, and not knowing how to escape or where to go, some instinct led it to throw itself upon this gunner as a protector. But, whatever the cause, the incident was a most beautiful and pleasing one to all who witnessed it."

OUR BLOOD.

THE liquid of the blood is colorless, and its red appearance is due to the presence of innumerable little bodies floating in it, which are so small that three millions of them are contained in a drop which may be suspended on the point of a needle. These corpuscles are sacs filled with a compound substance, and it has been ascertained what both the film of the sac and its contents are composed of. Each one of these little bodies has its own life. They are formed, and grow, and die; and it is calculated that nearly twenty millions perish at every pulsation of the heart.

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