



For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE DISCONTENTED LEAF.

WE have a large old cherry-tree in our lane, and all summer long it has been full of interest to me. Several families of robins and other birds have built their nests in it, and their little ones took their first flying and singing lessons among its branches. At the very top of the old tree was a little leaf which seemed to enjoy itself greatly, for it was the first to catch the sunshine as it came peeping over the old house-roof in the morning. It would dance all day with the gay, frolicsome wind, and even when the little birds were all asleep it would continue its sport in the moonlight.

So passed the summer, and autumn has come. The sunshine is not so warm, and the winds are stronger and rougher. The little leaf grew discontented, and thought it rather dull to be tied fast to that old tree. So the tree one quiet evening told all its children (the leaves) to stay by their parent as long as they could, for if they went away from her they would fall upon the cold ground, or into the pools and rivers, and be destroyed. But this little leaf could not be satisfied, and I heard it whispering to the wind, "Come at midnight, gay wind, cut me from this ugly branch that holds me so tightly, and we will fly off and have a joyous frolic together. It is so stupid to stay fastened to this old tree."

So the wind came at midnight, cut the leaf loose, and away they went over fields, now high in air, now down where the meadow-larks had their nests. All went gayly until the wind stopped to catch breath, when lo! the poor little leaf fell down into the dark river that lay beneath. It floated for a little time and then sank to the bottom.

Now, how many little boys and girls are getting tired of the Sunday-school tree. If you are, my little reader, remember the poor leaf and its folly. Keep tight hold of the old tree, and if any wind of temptation comes to coax you away, think of the dark rivers of sin and folly, and the ocean of eternal death.

B. C. R.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

God puts the oak in the forest and the pine on its sand and rock, and says to men, "There are your houses: go hew, saw, frame, build, make." God builds the trees; men must build the house. God supplies the timber; men must construct the ship. God buries iron in the heart of the earth; men must dig it, and smelt it, and fashion it. What is useful for the body, and still more, what is useful for the mind, is to be had only by exertion—exertion that will work men more than iron is wrought, that will shape men more than timber is shaped. Clay and rock are given us, not brick and square stones. God gives us no clothes; he gives us flax, and cotton, and

sheep. If we would have coats on our backs, we must take them off our flocks, and spin them, and weave them. If we would have anything good or useful we must EARN it.

MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL.

MRS. GRAMMAR, she gave a fine ball
To the nine different parts of our speech;
To the big and the small,
To the short and the tall,
There were pies, plums, and pudding for each.

And first little Articles came,
In a hurry to make themselves known—
Fat A, An, and The;
But none of the three
Could stand for a minute alone.

The Adjectives came to announce
That their dear friends, the Nouns, were at hand,
Rough, Rougher, Roughest,
Tough, Tougher, Toughest,
Fat, Merry, Good-natured, and Grand.

The Nouns were indeed on their way—
Tens of thousands and more I should think,
For each name that we utter—
Shop, Shoulder, or Shutter—
Is a Noun; Lady, Lyon, and Link.

The Pronouns were following fast
To push the Nouns out of their places—
I, Thou, You, and Me,
We, They, He, and She,
With their merry good-humored old faces.

Some cried out, "Make way for the Verbs!"
A great crowd is coming in view—
To bite and to smite,
And to light and to fight,
To be, and to have, and to do.

The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,
Behind them as footmen they run;
As thus, to fight badly,
Then run away gladly,
Shows how fighting and running were done.

Prepositions came—In, By, and Near,
With Conjunctions, a poor little band,
As either you or me.
But neither them nor he—
They held their great friend by the hand.

Then in with a hip, hip, hurrah!
Rushed in Interjections uproarious,—
"O dear! Well a day!"
When they saw the display,
"Ha! ha!" they all shouted out, "Glorious!"



BIBLE READING.

"GRANDMAMMA," said little Harry, coming to his grandmother's side as she sat reading, "why do you read the Bible so very, very often?"

"Because I need it, my dear. Why do you take bread and milk, and soup, and such kinds of food so very, very often?"

"Grandma, we must take food often, you know, or else we will die."

"What has God given to you, Harry, and to me besides our bodies?"

"Our souls, grandma."

"What would die without food?"

"Our bodies."

"But I feel that my soul needs food as well as my body—now, where am I to find that?"

"O, I understand now. We must read the Bible every day to get food for our souls, grandma, just as we take food for our bodies."

"Quite right. And if you were to refuse to take

your breakfast and your dinner to-morrow, what would be the reason?"

"I would be sick or ill."

"Yes; and so when we do not care for studying the holy word of God, it shows that our souls are not in good health. Other books may feed our mind and understanding, but only the book of God, or what good men have written to explain it, can nourish and strengthen the soul. Now, here are two verses about this which you may sit quietly down and learn."

So Harry learned Jer. xv, 16: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." Psalm cxix, 103: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth."

A SNOW-BIRD.



A GENTLEMAN, called out early one morning after a severe storm, met no one in the streets but a young lad plowing his way through the snow with a big basket on his arm. "Well, my boy, what has turned you out so early?" asked the gentleman.

"O, I'm a snow-bird carrying crumbs to breakfast a poor family on. Elijah had ravens, but father sends by snow-bird," said the boy laughing.

The little fellow's name, sure enough, was Snow Bird. But can't we all be snow-birds in this good work? I hope there are large flocks of them among our little readers.

WHERE THE SUN GOES.

"MOTHER, I know where the sun goes to when it goes down," said little Eddie one day.

"Where, my child?"

"Why, it goes down, down, till it strikes the earth, then it all breaks to pieces, and all the pieces fly off, and they are what we call the stars. Then, in the night God gathers them all together and puts them yonder," pointing to the east, "and starts it again."

Eddie is not so wise as he thinks himself to be. When he grows older he will know that his notion about the sun is all wrong.

A LITTLE boy, playing with a dog, discovered for the first time that the animal had claws; whereupon he ran into the house exclaiming with open-eyed wonder:

"O, mother, Fido has got teeth in his toes!"

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