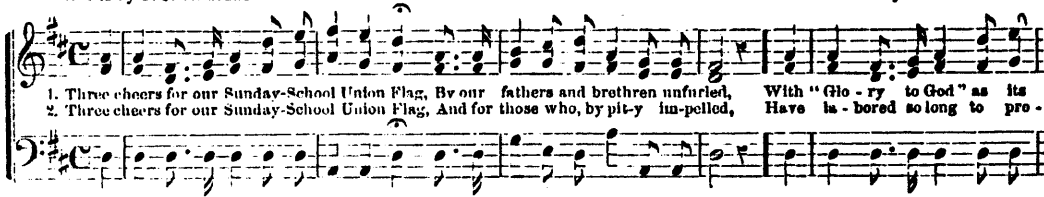


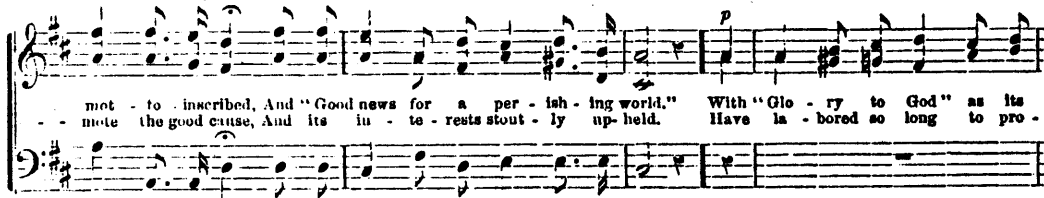
OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION FLAG.

Words by F. J. HARTLEY.

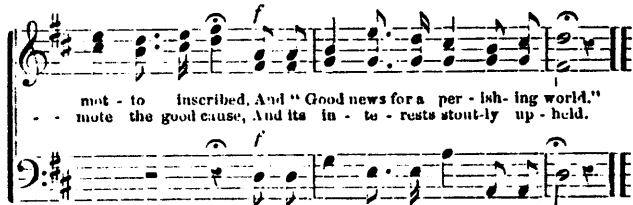
Music by W. HOLLIS.



1. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, By our fathers and brethren unfurled, With "Glo - ry to God" as its  
2. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, And for those who, by pit-y lu-pelled, Have la - bored so long to pro -



mot - to - inscribed, And "Good news for a per - ish - ing world." With "Glo - ry to God" as its  
- - - note the good cause, And its lu - te - rests stout - ly up - held. Have la - bored so long to pro -



3. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, And for all who have shared in the fight 'Gainst ignorance, darkness, folly, and sin, With the weapons of love and of light.

4. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, Let us rally around it again; Resolving to stand to our colors like men, While our spirit and vigor remain.

5. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, And may Jesus, our Saviour and friend, Stand by us to aid with his presence and smile. Till the battle in victory end.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE OLD CONTRABAND AND HIS OLD HORSE.



REV. W. S. PETERSON, an army chaplain in the west, in writing to the *North-western Christian Advocate* tells the following story of a negro who loved freedom well enough to run away for it, and who found his way within the lines of the Union army. But let Mr. Peterson speak. He says:

An elderly man, who gave his name as "Dick," came into our camp and was employed by an officer. He is a quiet, but intelligent and moral old fellow, and gave me an account of his leaving "home."

"Why did you leave, uncle?" said I.

"Well, massa," he replied, "ole missus too hard on me 'tired, an' when I couldn't stan't no longer I jis lef."

"In the day time, was it?"

"O no, sah; 'bout 'leven 'clock at night, and got to Bolivah 'fore morning; 'bout twenty miles."

"That was a pretty good walk," said I.

"I didn't walk it, sah, I rode hossback."

"Rode! do you own a horse?"

"Well—yes—no, sah—not 'zactly—reckon I do now—I took one!"

"Took one from your mistress?"

"Yes, massa."

"Don't you think you did very wrong, Dick, to take your mistress's horse?"

"Well, I do' know, sah; I didn't take the bes' one. She had three; two of 'em fuss-rate hosses; but the one I took is ole, an' not berry fast, an' I offe'd to sell him fo' eight dolla's, sah."

"But, Dick, you took at least a thousand dollars from your mistress besides the horse."

"How, sah?"

"Why, you were worth a thousand dollars, and you should have been satisfied with that much without taking the poor woman's horse," said I gravely.

The contraband scratched his woolly head, rolled up his eyes at me, and replied with emphasis:

"I don't look at it jis dat way, massa. I wo'ked ha'd fo' missus mor'n thirty yea's, an' I reckon in dat time I 'bout pay fo' meself. An' dis yea' missus giv me leave to raise a patch o' 'baccy fo' my own. Well, I wo'ked nights, an' Sundays, an' spar' times, an' raised a big patch (way prices is wuff two hun' red

dolla's, I reckon) o' 'baccy; an' when I got it taken car' of dis fall, ole missus took it 'way from me, give some to de neighbors, keep some fo' he' own use, an' sell some an' keep de money, an' I reckon dat pay fo' de ole hoss!"

Failing to find any conscience in the darkey, I gave up the argument.

[Was the negro right or wrong? Let the boys and girls discuss the question. It wont hurt them.—EDITOR.]

THE FALLEN YOUTH.

I WENT a few weeks since into a jail to see a young man who was once a scholar in the Sunday-school. The keeper took a large bunch of keys, and let us through the long, gloomy halls, unlocking one door after another, until at length he opened the door of the room where sat the young man we had come to see. The walls of the room were of coarse stone, the floor of thick plank, and before the windows were strong iron bars.



Without, all was beautiful; the green fields, the sweet flowers, and the singing birds were as lovely as ever; but this young man could enjoy none of these—no, never again could he go out, for he was condemned to death! Yes, he had killed a man, and now he himself must die. Think of it; only twenty years old, and yet a murderer!

I sat down beside him and talked with him.

"O," said he as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "I did not mean to do it, but I was drunk; then I got angry, and before I knew what I was about I killed him. O if I had minded what my Sunday-school teacher said, if I had minded my mother, I should never have come to this—I should never have been here!"

It would have made your hearts ache, as it did mine, to see and talk with him. Once he was a happy, playful child like you; now he is a poor, condemned, wicked young man. He did not mind his mother, did not govern his temper, and as he grew older he went with bad boys who taught him bad habits; and he became worse and worse, until, as he said, when drunk, in a moment of passion he killed a man, and now after a few weeks he must suffer the dreadful penalty. As I left him he said, "Will you not pray for me?" and he added, "O tell boys everywhere to mind their mothers and keep away from bad companions!"



WHAT A SMALL SPARK DID.

SMALL THINGS.

THE simplest flower, with honied sweets are stored,  
The smallest thing may happiness afford;  
A kindly word may give a mind repose,  
Which, harshly spoken, might have led to blows;  
The smallest crust may save a human life,  
The smallest act may lead to human strife;  
The slightest touch may cause the body pain,  
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;  
The simplest act may tell the truly brave,  
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;  
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve,  
The slightest look may cause the heart to grieve;  
The slightest sound may cause the mind alarm,  
The smallest thing may do the greatest harm:  
Naught is so small but it may good contain,  
Afford us pleasure or award us pain.

SCOTCH CROWS.

In Scotland the crows, who take such good care to keep out of gunshot on every "lawful day," on the Sabbath come close up to the houses, and seek their food within a few yards of the farmer and his men—discovering the recurrence of the sacred day from the ringing of the bells and the discontinuance of labor in the fields, and knowing that while it lasts they are safe.

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