

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE ORPHAN.

'Tis hard to be an orphan! O so hard! So little Jamie finds it. This bright and beautiful world, with its singing birds and blooming flowers, its waving forests and murmuring rills, with all of its wealth and grandeur, all that can attract the eye and please the heart of youth, at times to Jamie seems clad in sable. When three years old the angels came for his dear mamma, and while wondering at her shouts of "Glory!" "Victory!" "Halleluia!" he little dreamed what pangs would pierce his heart in the early morn of life! He looked with tearful eyes upon her pale, cold face, then saw the coffin closed concealing her from view; and then when the men laid low the "box" in the cold, damp earth, large tears coursed down his face, for he loved his dear mamma, and could not tell why she should leave him thus; but when his sister told him of the "beautiful land," the spotless robe, the starry crown, the songs of the redeemed, all in the very presence of that Saviour who sent the angels to convey her home, light beamed from that tender brow, he clapped his hands for joy, and wished he too might die.

The angels came again in two short years and bore a sainted sister in triumph to the skies; but last of all they came for his dear papa. O sad, dark night! Could you have seen those large tears coursing down his cheeks, while his slender frame was shaken beneath the weight of this new great grief as he stood beside that bed of death, you'd have a faint idea how keen the anguish when Jamie turned away with the painful thought,

"Father, mother, I have none,
Orphan in this world alone!"

But in the midst of all these sorrows he is anxiously looking forward to the time when those heavenly visitants shall come again and say to him, "It is enough, come up higher."

O ye merry, happy group, with parents kind, do all you can to smooth their pathway, for you can never tell their worth until you learn by sad experience what it is to be an orphan. HARRIET.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"PAPA DIDN'T PRAY FOR MY DOLL."

LITTLE FLORA MORGAN is always very particular that her papa shall pray for every one in the family. He thought he had got so that he could do it so as to fully satisfy her; but he was mistaken, for one morning as he arose from his knees at family prayer Flora rose up dissatisfied and pouting. "Why, what is the matter?" inquired her mamma.

She rolled up her eyes and replied, "Papa didn't pray for my doll!" BRISTOL.

Simple-hearted, loving little Flora! She believes in her doll as really as she does in prayer. When she is wiser she will know that dolls are like idols, unfit subjects for prayer. May heaven bless her!—EDITOR.

THE BEST STIMULANT.

"HAVE you got whisky enough in your canteen to keep up your courage?" asked a man of a Massachusetts soldier.

"This is my stimulant," answered the soldier, drawing forth his Bible.

It does indeed give a drink from that Fountain which makes a man strong in the finest quality of strength—strong in the Lord.



TRAPPING WILD BEASTS.

An ingenious mode of killing leopards and tigers is employed by the natives of Oude. They gather a number of the broad leaves of the prauss-tree, which much resembles the sycamore, and, having well besmeared them with a kind of bird-lime, they strew them in the animal's way, taking care to lay them with the prepared side uppermost. Let a tiger but put his paw on one of these innocent-looking leaves and his fate is settled. Finding the leaf stick to his paw, he shakes it in order to rid himself of the nuisance; and, finding that plan unsuccessful, he endeavors to attain his object by rubbing it against his face, thereby smearing the rosy bird-lime over his nose and eyes, and gluing the eyelids together. By this time he has probably trodden upon several more of the treacherous leaves, and is bewildered with the novel inconvenience; then he rolls on the ground, and rubs his head and face on the earth in his efforts to get free. By so doing he only adds fresh bird-lime to his head, body, and limbs, agglutinates his sleek fur together in unsightly tufts, and finishes by hoodwinking himself so thoroughly with leaves and bird-lime that he lies floundering on the ground, tearing up the earth with his claws, uttering howls of rage and dismay, and exhausted by the impotent struggles in which he has been so long engaged. These cries are a signal to the authors of his misery, who run to the spot, armed with guns, bows, and spears, and find no difficulty in dispatching their blind and wearied foe.—REV. J. G. WOOD.

THE AUSTRALIAN NETTLE-TREE.

The most remarkable nettle-tree in Australia is the *Urtica gigas*, or rough nettle-tree. This tree has a large leaf, something like a sunflower leaf, and contains a most painful sting. Some gentlemen who were collecting specimen trees for an exhibition measured one of these trees, which was thirty-two feet round, and one hundred and forty feet high. Such is the potency of the poison of this tree that horses which are driven rapidly through the forests where they abound, if they come in contact with their leaves die in convulsions.

A young man who had lately arrived in the country, and was ignorant of the nature of the tree, carelessly broke off a twig as he was riding along. His hand was instantly paralyzed by it; his fingers were pressed firmly together and were as rigid as stone.

Fortunately, a stockman who was near, observing it, came up and said:

"I see what is amiss, and will soon set all right."

He gathered a species of arum which grew near—for nature has planted the bane and the antidote together—in the low grounds, and rubbing the hand with it, it very soon relaxed and regained its natural pliancy.

This is just the process used by country children in England. When stung by a nettle they rub the place with a bruised dock-leaf, saying all the while, "Nettle go out, dock go in."

BOOTS.

QUITE an era in the life of young masculinity is that of donning the first pair of boots. Professor H. tells us of the method a young juvenile took to attract attention to his new boots. The professor was busily conversing with the father, when young America, stretching his legs out prominently, exclaimed, "Professor H., I say, do you see anything new round about here?"

This reminds us of another junior of seven years who was rejoicing in his first honors. In the parlor with his father and another gentleman, he broke in on the conversation with the question, "Pa, aint three times two six?"

"Yes, my son, what then?"

"Why, then, there's just six boots in this room."

A SONG FOR DISCOURAGED BOYS AND GIRLS.

(Every child who is slow and dull in learning is requested to commit these lines to memory.)

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more
The cloudy summits of our time.
The mighty pyramids of stone
That, wedge-like, cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.
The distant mountains, that appear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels arise.
The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

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