



THE GLOOMY MONTH.

"I DON'T like the month of November at all,"
Said a brisk little girl about ten years of age;
"We cannot walk out, and our friends cannot call—
I feel like a bird fastened up in a cage.

"The sun never shines, and the stars never show;
The fields are all wet with the dew or the rain;
So cloudy above, and so gloomy below:
I surely shall never be happy again.

"What fine summer rambles we had in July,
The fields were so green, and the flowers were so gay:
I wish it was winter—all frosty and dry,
For then I could keep myself warm at my play."

"What, Mary! fie, Mary! unhappy again?"
Her grandma replied; "sure you ought to remember
How ready you were every day to complain
Of the heat in July, or the cold in December.

"It is not the weather that causes you pain;
Your own fretful temper should bear all the blame;
While that is your torment, the sunshine or rain,
Or winter, or summer, will all be the same.

"The little musician, who played here just now,
Might teach us to value the blessings we have;
How merry his dance was, how lowly his bow,
How thankful he seemed for the trifle we gave.

"He once, in a far distant land, had a home,
And bright was his country in which he abode;
Yet now as a beggar he daily must roam,
And bear all the hardship and toil of the road.

"While you live in safety, surrounded by friends,
O let not mere trifles your spirit annoy;
But, grateful to God for the blessings he sends,
Desire to improve all the good you enjoy." W. B.

A KEEN ANSWER.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth a scholar happened to be in disgrace with her majesty, but he managed to secure the good offices of one who was in high favor at the court, with a view to regaining his position. The time arrived when he was to be presented to the queen again.

"Well," said the queen, "I understand you are a great scholar. Shall I ask you one question?"

"Anything, madam," said he, "that lies within the compass of my understanding to resolve you, I will."

"How many vowels be there?" said the queen.

"That, your majesty," replied the scholar, "is easily known; but as you have asked me I must needs answer. Five."

"Which of these five could best be spared?" said the queen.

"Not any of them, madam," replied he, "without damaging the language."

"Then," retorted her majesty, "I will tell you differently. We, for our own part, can best spare U (*you*),"

HE KNEW WHERE IT WAS.

A CLERGYMAN lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting in company with a boy until after midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went to the pulpit, and took for his text the following from Job, "O that I knew where I might find him!"

The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of his thoughts, cried out, "I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn."

WELL PUNISHED.

DR. ABEL, in one of his lectures, related a very striking anecdote of a Newfoundland dog in Cork. This dog was of a noble, generous disposition, and when he left his master's house was often assailed by a number of little noisy dogs in the street. He usually passed them in apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice. But one little cur was particularly troublesome, and at length carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog in the back of the foot. This proved to be a step in wanton abuse and insult beyond what was to be patiently endured, and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the skin of his back. In this way he carried him in his mouth to the quay, and holding him some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. He did not seem, however, to design that the culprit should be punished capitally, and he waited a little while, till the poor animal, who was unused to that element, was not only well ducked but near sinking, when he plunged in and brought him out safe to land.

THE LAMB OF GOD.



better; and I will tell you why I love it better: because Jesus Christ is called the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

A LITTLE boy reading to his mother about the lion in a book of natural history, said:

"Mamma, the lion is a noble animal, but I love the lamb

wayward and excitable temper, but the finer qualities of his heart. He said, "I am all but friendless; only one human being ever knew me; she only knew me—my mother." He spoke of her ever in terms of warmest love. Many a time he visited the waste and lonely old church-yard at Matoax, and wept over the grave of his mother, and it was among the last wishes of his heart to be buried by her side.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

DRIED BLACKBERRIES FOR THE SOLDIERS.



R. EDITOR,—I wish to inform the readers of the Sunday-School Advocate, as well as Brother Lozier, (traveling agent for the sanitary commission of Indiana,) that we "take the papers," and read his ap-

peal to the patriotism of the children of Methodist Sunday-schools. And I am glad to say

that our Sunday-school in Edinburgh, Ind., is not, to say the least of it, entirely destitute of patriotism, or a feeling for the interests of the poor sick and suffering soldiers in our hospitals. Several little patriots responded to the call. These noble little heroes cared not for the long walks to the country through the hot sun, nor for the dewy, wet grass in the morning; neither did they stop for the sharp briars which tore their clothes and scratched their little fingers, but thought "This is not as hard work as to make long marches, fight hard battles, and lay upon the ground at night with no soft bed, or be sick far from home and friends." So they worked on until they completed their task. Blackberries were very scarce close about town, so that four only reported themselves as having dried a quart. Many others, however, showed a willingness by trying.

The berries are neatly sewed up in strong muslin sacks, with the donor's name upon each. Reader, do you not think that many a poor lonely sick soldier will say as he reads the name of the little patriot who sent the kind gift, "God bless that dear child?" Here are the names of the four: George Foy, Mollie Sturgeon, Ida Garner, and Anna Bell McClain.

J. F. Mc.

LITTLE JOSEY being rather remiss in his Sunday school lessons, the teacher remarked, "Why, Josey, you have not a very good memory, have you?"

"No, ma'am," said he, hesitating; "but I have got a first-rate forgettery!"

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A GENEROUS BOY.

THE New Bedford Mercury mentions the following incident: A lad recently applied to his father for seventy-five cents with which to go on a picnic. Obtaining this sum, he procured from his mother an additional amount of twenty-five cents for the same innocent purpose. Thus in funds, the little fellow hired two jobbing wagons, proceeded to the Orphan's Home, and treated the little inmates to a ride. This was his picnic.

JOHN RANDOLPH AND HIS MOTHER.

THAT peculiar man, John Randolph, of Roanoke, was greatly attached to his mother. She was but thirty-six years old when she died, and her death impressed him with a lasting sadness. She was taken to her rest while yet in the bloom of her beauty, and her features, her charms, and her virtues were always vivid and fresh in his memory. He kept her portrait hanging before him in his chamber. None on earth could fill her place or repair his loss. She knew him—knew not only his