

A SENSIBLE DOG.

A PATENT mangle manufacturer in Edinburgh possessed a Newfoundland dog of most extraordinary sagacity. One day, being left in a room with the door closed, after remaining a long time, no one opening the door, he became impatient and rang the bell. When the servant opened the door she was surprised to find the dog pulling the bell-rope. The same dog would take a penny (which was frequently given him for the purpose) to a baker's-shop and purchase bread for himself. A gentleman who was in the habit of doing this was met in the street by the dog, when he said to him, "I have not a penny with me, but I have one at home."

Shortly after his return home a noise was heard at the door, and the dog sprang in to claim his penny. But this was not all; the penny was a bad one, and being refused at the baker's, the dog immediately returned, knocked at the gentleman's door, laid down the penny at the servant's feet, and walked off, seemingly with the greatest contempt.

A mangle had been sent away from his master's warehouse in the absence of this dog. It was put in a cart to be delivered at a distance. His master walking out with him in the same direction, suddenly missed him from his side, and shortly after, proceeding on the road, met the cart coming back toward Edinburgh, with the dog holding fast by the reins and the carter in the greatest perplexity. He said that the dog had overtaken him, jumped into the cart, examined the mangle, and had then seized the reins of the horse and turned him fairly round, and would not let go his hold, although he had beaten him with a stick. On his master's arrival, however, the dog quietly allowed the carter to proceed to his place of destination.—MORRIS.

"SHALL I LEARN TO DANCE?"

Asks a young reader. Certainly, by all means. Commence with the "quickstep" out of bed in the morning, and keep it up till the "chores" are finished. The boys will of course have a "cow-drill" at the barn, while the girls are engaged in a "country-dance" in the kitchen. After this, all hands "change" and promenade to school, keeping step to the music of merry laughter. Repeat the same on the way home at night, with an occasional variation in winter by "tripping the toe" and having a "break-down" in a snow-bank. A "reel" now and then will be quite in place for the girls who have learned to spin, but the boys should never think of it. If these and kindred dances are thoroughly practiced they will leave little time and no necessity for the polkas, schottisches, and other immodest fooleries of the ball-room.—*American Agriculturist.*

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

In the very interesting collection of London Antiquities, formed by Mr. Charles Roach Smith, and now in the British Museum, are specimens of "thrift-boxes:" small and wide bottles with imitation stoppers, from three to four inches in height, of thin clay, the upper part covered with a green glaze. On the side is a slit for the introduction of money, of which they were intended as the depositories; and as the small presents were collected at Christmas in these money-pots, they were called "Christmas-boxes," and thus gave name to the present itself. These pots were doubtless of early origin, for we find analogous objects of the Roman period.

My little four-year-old cousin, while playing the other day, hurt his finger. Seeing it bleeding, he called out:

"Hurry, mamma, and stop it up—it's leaking!"



THE CHILD AND THE STRAWBERRIES.

WHEN walking out one summer day,  
I saw a little girl at play;  
She was searching for flowers in a sunny lane,  
But I noticed she sought them all in vain.  
Blossoms were plenty in that sweet spot,  
But the little maiden found them not;  
And sweet wild strawberries ripened there  
In the soft green grass and balmy air;  
But they chiefly grew in a hidden nook,  
Where the little one never thought to look;  
Or if, perchance, they caught her eye,  
She very quickly passed them by,  
On finding they bloomed on soft wet soil,  
And could not be reached without some toil.  
And when she climbed up higher and higher  
She pierced her hands with the thorny brier,  
So she soon felt weary, and sat idly down,  
To play with the leaves that fell around;  
Rather than work for a rich reward,  
She fell asleep on the mossy sward.  
So is it with us when we wish to do right,  
For, instead of trying with all our might,  
We make weak efforts, and do not cry  
For help from our merciful Father on high.  
And, like the child who feared the thorn,  
We dread the pricking laugh of scorn—  
We expect great rewards, and notice not  
Those springing like flowers from a hidden spot.  
O let us not faint, but persevere,  
This is not our home—we are pilgrims here.  
If we do not weary in deeds of love,  
We are promised a crown in the realms above.

GOD IS LISTENING.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, "I am praying for the little slave children harder than ever."

"Why?" asked the mother.

"Why," replied the child, "because I see God is listening."

Yes, dear children, pray more earnestly than ever that God would unloose the yoke of the bondman and let the oppressed go free.

LEARNING BY TRANSLATING.



ICERO acquired his wonderful command of the Latin language, his *copia verborum*, by translating Greek into Latin. William Pitt, with the same object in view, devoted ten years to the translation of Latin in English.

He regarded words as his tools—the weapons with which he was to arm himself. Rufus Choate pursued his plan of translation through his whole life. For every Latin, Greek, French, or German word, he endeavored to find five or six corresponding English words. "This exercise," says his biographer, "he persevered in daily, even in the midst of the most arduous business. Five minutes a day, if no more, he would seize in the morning for this task. Tacitus was his favorite author for this purpose, and Plautus. 'Cicero,' he said, 'though noble, could be too easily rendered

into cheap and common English; and it is a rich and rare English which one ought to command who is aiming to control a jury's ear.'"

A SCHOOLBOY'S PRANK.

Two boys of tender age, who went by the names of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain town. On making their appearance, the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories concerning their names, ages, etc.

"Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to one, "what is your name?"

"Tom, sir," very promptly responded the juvenile.

"Tom does not sound well. Remember always to speak the full name. You should have said Thom-as."

Then, turning to the other boy, whose expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly-comprehended idea, the teacher inquired:

"Now, then, can you tell me what your name is?"

"Jack-ass," replied the lad, in a tone of confident precision.

PERT CHILDREN.

A CHILD of five years, having seen her father for the first time, he having been absent in California, was much astonished that he should claim any authority over her, and on occasion of rebellion, as he administered punishment, she cried out, "I wish you had never married into our family."

Another little one, being called by her sick mother, who said to her, "After I am gone I hope you will love your father dearly and take care of him as I have done," replied, with assumed importance, "Yes, I'll keep him out of mischief!"—*Homes Journal.*

HEARING A SPIDER.

My little Cousin Harry ran breathlessly into the house one afternoon, exclaiming:

"O mamma, mamma! dere's a drate big spider on my toat toller!"

His mother looked, and finding none told him he must be mistaken. This did not appear to satisfy him, for, taking off his coat, he said:

"I believe there is one, mamma, for I heard it *breaving*," (breathing.)

You have cause to tremble if the Bible appears a commonplace book.

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