

NOTHING TO THANK GOD FOR.

A LITTLE girl did not want to pray when she retired to rest. I do not like to tell you her true name, so I will call her Helen.

"Have you nothing to thank God for?" asked her mother.

"No," said Helen; "you and papa give me everything."

"Not for your pleasant home?" asked her mother.

"It is my papa's house; he lets me live in it."

"Where did the wood come from that it was built of?"

"From trees," answered Helen, "and they grow in big forests."

"Who planted the big forests? Who gave rain to water them? Who gave the sun to warm them? Who did not allow the winter to kill them or the lightning to blast them? Who kept them growing from little trees big enough to build houses with? Not papa, not mamma; it was God."

Helen looked her mother in the eye and then said, "Papa bought nails to make it with."

"What are nails made of?" asked her mother.

"Iron," answered Helen, "and men dig iron out of the ground."

"Who put it in the ground, and kept it there safe till the men wanted it?" asked her mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from carpet-men," said Helen, drawing her small fat foot across it.

"Where did the carpet-men get the wool to make it from?" asked her mother.

"From farmers," answered Helen.

"And where did the farmers get it?"

"From sheep and lambs' backs," said Helen.

"And who clothed the lambs in dresses good enough for us? for your dress, I see, is made of nothing but lambs' wool. The best thing we can get is their cast-off dresses. Where did the lambs get such good stuff?"

"God gave it to them, I suppose," said the little girl. "It is you that gives me bread, mother," said she quickly.

"But the flour we got from the store, and the store bought it from the miller, and the miller bought it from the farmer, and the farmer got it from the ground. Did the ground grow it all itself?" said her mother.

"No, God grew it. The sun and the rain, the wind and the air are his, and he sent them to the corn-field. The earth is his too. And so God is at the bottom of everything, isn't he, mother?"

"Yes, God is the origin of every good and perfect gift which we enjoy," answered her mother.

The little girl looked serious. She looked thinking. "Then, mamma, I can't make a prayer long enough to thank God for everything."

"And have you nothing to ask his forgiveness for?" asked the little girl's mother.

"Yes," she said in a low tone, "for not feeling grateful and trying to put him out of my thoughts."

Helen never after that refused to pray.—*Examine.*

AN IRISHMAN'S REPORTEE.

AN Irish Roman Catholic once said to another who had taken the pledge and received a medal from Father Mathew, "And so you have signed the teetotal pledge, have you?"

"Indeed I have, and I am not ashamed of it either."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did," said the teetotaler; "but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."



THE GOOSE AND HER FRIEND THE DOG.

A SPECIES of the armed, or the Cambrian goose, a native of Africa, belonging to a person in Scotland, was observed some time to pay particular attention to a dog which was chained up; and, what was singular, this dog had invariably manifested a great dislike to poultry, never allowing them to come within reach of his chain. But in this case he laid aside all his former animosity, and received his new acquaintance with every mark of affection. The goose, finding she had nothing to fear from her canine friend, would enter the kennel, in the center of which, among the straw, she made her nest and deposited her eggs, which was not known till one of the family mentioned that the goose slept with her head on the dog's bosom. The singularity of the circumstance led to an examination of the box, but not without the greatest reluctance on the part of the dog, who appeared determined to protect what was left to his charge. On removing the straw five eggs were discovered in a fine bed of down and feathers. The dog was in the habit of going into his box with the greatest care for fear of injuring the eggs.

WHAT USE ARE FLIES AND SPIDERS?



A YOUNG prince used often to wonder for what purpose God had made flies and spiders; as he could not see, he said, what use they were to men,

and if he had the power to kill them all he would. One day after a battle he was obliged to hide from his enemies; and wandering about in a wood, he lay down beneath a tree and fell asleep. A soldier passing by, who belonged to the enemy, was quietly drawing near with his sword to kill the prince, when suddenly a fly stung his lip and woke him. Seeing his danger, he sprang to his feet and escaped!

That night the prince again hid himself in a cave in the same wood, and during the night a spider wove her web across the entrance. Two soldiers be-

longing to the army which had defeated him, and who were looking for the prince, passed the cave in the morning and the prince heard their conversation. "Look!" cried one of them, "he is surely concealed in this cave."

"No," replied the other, "that is impossible; for if he had gone in there he would have brushed down the spider's web at the entrance."

When they had gone away the prince raised his hands and his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for yesterday saving his life by means of a fly, and now again by a spider, and acknowledged that the ways and works of God are perfectly good and wise.

"IF YOU PLEASE."

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was sick the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the duke replied:

"Yes, if you please."

These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them. He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers. They order so. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard

heart. In all your home talk remember, "If you please." Among your playmates don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary.

Don't forget three little words, "If you please."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

QUEER IDEA OF THUNDER.

DURING a thunder-shower the past season Willie sat on his little cricket listening intently all the while. Suddenly looking up, he asked, "Uncle Ned, can you tell what makes the thunder?"

"God," was the reply.

"Why," said Willie in a tone of surprise, "I thought that it was people in heaven moving back their chairs after a meeting!" COUSIN GENIE.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	45 cents per vol.
" 5 copies	10, " " 40 " "
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