

MR. WEBSTER AND HIS BILLS.

DANIEL WEBSTER was not so careful in his pecuniary matters as some men, and this fault was at times taken advantage of. At one time a poor man sawed a pile of wood for him, and having presented his bill, it was promptly paid by Mr. Webster. The laborer took sick during the winter, and a neighbor advised him to call upon Mr. Webster for the payment of his bill.

"But he has paid me," said the man.

"No matter," replied his dishonest adviser, "call again with it. He don't know, and don't mind what he pays. It is a very common thing for him to pay much smaller bills over twice."

The man got well and carried in his account the second time. Mr. Webster looked at it, looked at the man, remembered him, but paid the bill without demurring.

The fellow got "short" some three or four months afterward and bethought him of the generosity and loose manner of Mr. Webster in his money matters, and a third time he called and presented the bill for sawing the wood. Mr. Webster took the account, which he immediately recognized, and, scanning the wood-sawyer a moment, he said:

"How do you keep your books, sir?"

"I keep no books," said the man, abashed.

"I think you do, sir," continued Mr. Webster with marked emphasis; "and you excel those who are satisfied with the double entry system. You keep your book upon a *triple* entry plan, I observe." Tearing up the account, Mr. Webster added, "Go, sir, and be honest hereafter. I have no objections to paying these little bills twice, but I cannot pay them three times. You may retire."

The man left the room, feeling as though he was suffocating for want of air. He had learned a lesson that lasted through life.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BLOWN AWAY UP TO HEAVEN.

LITTLE RELIA stood calmly in the door during a severe storm watching the clouds and the lightning. But her little sister was frightened, and called out that the wind would blow Relia away. Relia turned around with a pleasant smile and replied quietly, "Well, maybe it would blow me away up to heaven where God lives."

This was when Relia was only three years old, and now she has been a long time "up in heaven where God lives."

AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

ONE has been apt to consider Nasmyth's steam-hammer, which can with one blow exert a force of two tons, and with another break a nut without injuring the kernel, as a triumph of human ingenuity, and so it is; but how insignificant when placed in comparison with the trunk of an elephant; for not only can the latter strike a blow of a ton or so, and break an egg or a nut, but it can pick up a pin from the floor, or pull down a tree; project water with the force of a twenty-man-power forcing pump, or uncork and drink a bottle of soda-water without spilling a drop.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF GLORY.

ONE day as a wee little chap was disposing of bread and milk, he turned around to his mother and said:

"O, mother, *I'm full of glory!* There was a sun-beam on my spoon, and I swallowed it."

WHEN you offer oats to a horse he may say *neigh*, but he don't mean it.



OUR LOST KITTEN; OR, HOME THE SAFEST PLACE.

FLORA, Daisy's little kitten,
Having tired herself with play,
By the kitchen fire was sitting
Very prim the other day.

One eye opening, one eye closing,
Just as sleepy pussies do;
Sometimes waking, sometimes dozing,
Thus her thoughts at random flow:

"What a tedious life I'm leading!
Crabbie is my only toy;
Nothing to be done but feeding,
Very little fun or joy.

"If the bird-cage were hung lower,
Dickey soon should feel my nail:
If that mousey had run slower,
I had caught him by the tail.

"A delicious world is yonder,
Farther than the garden-door;
Are there birds to chase, I wonder?
There are crowds of mice I'm sure.

"Who can ever guess the reason
Why the gard'ner shuts the gate?
But I mean to watch my season,
And slip out some evening late.

"Then what fun, and what enjoyment,
Threads and bobbins, balls and strings;
Chasing mice my chief employment,
'Mong a thousand glittering things!

"True, the sounds from thence are rougher,
And men's voices seem more rude;
And the dogs do bark there gruffer
Than our Crabbie ever could.

"But I'll try. Good-morning, Daisy,
You may stay at home and doze;
You are getting old and lazy,
But your little daughter goes.

"Now you need not fuss and flurry,
I'll be back in two short hours;
None so soft as you, and furry,
And no bed so warm as ours."

Flora then stole out, and watching
Till the cook came home at night,
As the garden-door was latching
She departed out of sight.

Whether birds were found for chasing,
Ready waiting in her way;
Whether there were mice for racing,
I have never heard them say.

But I know, though long we sought her
'Mid the boys, and dogs, and men,
Little Flora, Daisy's daughter,
Never more was found again.
Youth's Penny Gazette.

DON'T ROB THE POOR BIRDS.

I LISTENED to the feathered warblers pouring their harmony on every hand with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path lest I should disturb their little songs, or frighten them to another station. Surely, said I to myself, he must be a wretch indeed who, regardless of your harmonious endeavor to please him, can eye your elusive flights to discover your secret recesses and to rob you of all the property nature gives you, your dearest comforts, your helpless nestlings.

—ROBERT BURNS.

Read that, you bird-killing boys, and blush!

A GOOSE WITH A GOOD MEMORY.

A FARMER being out shooting wounded a wild goose. Being wing-tipped and unable to fly, he caught it and brought it home alive. It proved to be a female, and turning it into his yard with a flock of tame geese, it soon became quite tame and familiar, and in a little time its wounded wing entirely healed. In the following spring, when wild geese emigrated to the northward, a flock passed over the farmer's barn-yard; and, just at that moment, their leader happening to sound his bugle-note, our goose remembering the well-known sound, spread its wings, mounted into the air, joined the travelers, and soon disappeared.

In the succeeding autumn the wild geese, as was usual, returned from the northward in great numbers. The farmer happened to be standing in his yard when a flock passed directly over his barn. At that instant he observed three geese separate themselves from the rest, and after wheeling round several times, they alighted in the middle of the yard. Imagine his surprise and pleasure when, by certain well-remembered signs, he recognized in one of the three his long-lost fugitive. It was she indeed! She had traveled many hundred miles to the lakes, had there hatched and reared her offspring, and had now returned with her little family to share with them the sweets of civilized life.

REAL greatness does not depend on the things we do, but on the mind with which we do them.

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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" 20 "	" 30,	" 35 "
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Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

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The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

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