

THE TERRIER AND THE RABBITS.

A GENTLEMAN at Devonport told the writer that he had a very spirited female terrier. She was most valuable as a rat dog, and was by nature fierce to her enemies and faithful to her friends.

From a dog of this kind much *intelligence* was to be expected, but not much *gentleness*. Not a rat dared to appear within the range of Snapper's quick scent, to say nothing of her keen eyes.

Some neighbors of Snapper's master kept rabbits, and they were always afraid of her getting near the hutch and killing the young ones. They certainly never expected Snapper to show any kindness to the rabbits, and justly considered that the safest way was carefully to protect the helpless rabbits from so fierce and active a foe.

It happened that there was a hole, unnoticed, in the bottom of the rabbit-hutch, where there was a litter of young; and one day the straw that had filled the hole being removed, the little rabbits fell through. Snapper, who had been watching a hole under the fence, saw the rabbits fall before any one else was aware of the accident. She made a leap to the little soft defenseless things, and of course it was natural to a creature of her kind that she should destroy them; but, instead of doing so, she carefully lifted one of them between her teeth, as she would a puppy of her own, and carried it with all care into the kitchen of the house, laying it down on the rug before the kitchen fire, to the amazement of the family, who, seeing her instantly depart, watched her, and saw her go and fetch a second, and a third in the same way, bringing them in without in the least hurting them. The children, whose pets the rabbits were, could not have moved them so safely, or more tenderly. As they looked at Snapper doing this kindly deed, they saw that their dog was not only brave and clever, but kindly and gentle. And that is what we should all strive to be.

A PENNY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A PENNY is a little thing,
Which even a poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.
As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a million fold;
For, lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.
That soul can scarce be saved alone:
It must, it will, its bliss make known.
"Come," it will cry, "and you shall see
What great things God hath done for me."
Hundreds that joyful sound may hear—
Hear with the heart, as well as ear;
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation through the only name,
Till every tongue and tribe shall call
On Jesus as the Lord of all!

CHILDREN SHOULD BRING GIFTS TO JESUS.

HAVING got good ourselves, we should seek to communicate it. "Freely ye have received, *freely give*." This is a law which, though spoken with "a still small voice," is as binding as any thundered out from Sinai. It is God's rule for himself. He is always giving. The sun, the moon, the clouds, the springs, the trees, the living creatures from the whale to the honey-bee—each of these is a giver. It receives to give, it gives as freely as it receives.

A missionary was "preaching Christ" to a party of Indians. The hills around echoed the challenge with which he closed. "*Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?*" Then the plumed and painted chief, a giant of a man, stood forth with compressed lips, and in tremulous tones said to the missionary:

"Did the Son of the highest do all that for us?"



I should wish then to send him a present by you. Would he accept poor Indian's *hunting-dog*?—no Sioux has a finer."

The missionary replied that the Lord Jesus Christ does not need Indian's hunting-dogs. He looked disappointed, but soon recovered himself, and, holding out his splendid rifle, (*everything* to an Indian,) he said, "Would he accept poor Indian's *rifle* then?"

The missionary answered as before. Again he looked disappointed; then stripping himself of his brilliant blanket, bedecked with beads, and scalps, and trinkets, he said, "Will he accept poor Indian's *blanket*?"

The missionary declined the blanket also for his Master. Now the chief hung his head as one baffled. Suddenly he flung down the rifle and the blanket by the dog, and stretching forth both his hands and gazing intently into the blue sky, he said, "Will the Lord Jesus Christ accept the poor Indian *himself*?"

The generous Sioux could not endure to receive so freely and not give as freely. And are children to be exceptions, are they to receive and *not* give? I should say that probably nothing, animate or inanimate, receives so freely as a child; and is it alone to be exempt from giving freely?



ABOUT ICE, HAILSTONES, AND FROST.

What is Ice?—Ice is water deprived of some part of its heat. When the air is much colder than the water it takes away heat from it and forms it into ice; but when the air becomes warmer then the ice takes heat from the air, and is thawed or changed into water.

Why does water never freeze to a great depth?—Because the covering of ice which is formed on the surface of the water prevents the cold air from continuing to draw off the heat from the water. See the wisdom of this arrangement. Were it otherwise deep waters might be frozen through their

whole depth. This would destroy the myriads of fish and other living things that inhabit the water; it would take months to effect a thaw, and thawing would be attended with such floods and subterranean commotions as are terrible to contemplate.

What are hailstones?—Hailstones are drops of rain, so suddenly frozen as to preserve their rounded figure.

What is hoar-frost?—The hoar-frost, which we find incrusting our windows and roofs, consists of very delicate crystals of ice. This is produced by the freezing of the watery vapor, or dew, contained in the air, which settles upon and incrusts whatever it meets with. Nothing can exceed the beauty and elegance of the appearance caused by this frost.

"Then every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem wrought in glass.
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow."

WILLING TO MAKE IT RIGHT.

Mr. M., of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either in purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents would give him more pain than the destruction of an entire navy. He once bought a cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaimed:

"Here, you have cheated me. Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there isn't near so much of it as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant, "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see, you paid ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose that hole will weigh?"

Mr. M. did not wait to figure it up, but returned home with the dishonest tallow; yet he was never quite satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents a pound.

Our little Emma one day said to her brother, who is older than herself, as he came indoors with his shoes all covered with mud. "Look! there's some of the *stuff* you are made of."

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