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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA
SUNDAY SCHOOL
ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 22.

AUGUST 26, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 238.

Selected for the S. S. Advocate.

THE SAILOR-BOY OF HAVRE.

A FRENCH brig was returning from Toulon to Havre, with a rich cargo and numerous passengers. Off the coast of Bretagne it was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm. Captain P., an experienced sailor, at once saw the danger which threatened the ship on such a rocky coast, and he gave orders to put out to sea; but the winds and waves drove the brig violently toward the shore, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the crew, it continued to get nearer land.

Among the most active on board, in doing all that he could to help, was little Jacques, a lad twelve years old, who was serving as cabin-boy in the vessel. At times, when he disappeared for a moment behind the folds of a sail, the sailors thought that

he had fallen overboard; and again, when a wave threw him down on the deck, they looked around to see if it had not carried the poor boy with it; but Jacques was soon up again unhurt.

"My mother," said he, smiling, to an old sailor, "would be frightened enough if she saw me just now."

His mother, who lived at Havre, was very poor, and had a large family. Jacques loved her tenderly, and he was enjoying the prospect of carrying to her his little treasure, two five-franc pieces, which he had earned as his wages for the voyage.

The brig was beaten about a whole day by the storm, and in spite of all the efforts of the crew, they could not steer clear of the rocks on the coast. By the gloom of the captain's brow it might be seen that he had little hope of saving the ship. All at once a violent shock was felt, accompanied by a horrible crash; the vessel had struck on a rock. At this terrible moment the passengers threw themselves on their knees to pray.

"Lower the boats," cried the captain. The sailors obeyed; but no sooner were the boats in the water than they were carried away by the violence of the waves.

"We have but one hope of safety," said the captain. "One of us must be brave enough to run the risk of swimming with a rope to the shore. We may fasten one end to the mast of the vessel, and



the other to a rock on the coast, and by this means we may all get on shore."

"But, captain, it is impossible," said the mate, pointing to the surf breaking on the sharp rocks. "Whoever should attempt to run such a risk would certainly be dashed to pieces."

"Well," said the captain, in a low tone, "we must all die together." At this moment there was a slight stir among the sailors, who were silently waiting for orders. "What is the matter there?" inquired the captain.

"Captain," replied a sailor, "this little monkey of a cabin-boy is asking to swim to the shore with a strong string round his body to draw the cable after him; he is as obstinate as a little mule!" and he pushed Jacques into the midst of the circle. The boy stood turning his cap round and round in his hands, without daring to utter a word.

"Nonsense! such a child can't go," said the captain roughly.

But Jacques was not of a character to be so easily discouraged. "Captain," said he timidly, "you don't wish to expose the lives of good sailors like these; it does not matter what becomes of a 'little monkey' of a cabin-boy, as the boatswain calls me. Give me a ball of strong string, which will unroll as I get on, fasten one end round my body, and I promise you that within an hour the rope will be well fastened to the shore or I will perish in the attempt."

this to my mother, who lives on the quay at Havre; and will you tell her that I thought of her, and that I love her very much, as well as all my brothers and sisters?"

"Be easy about that, my boy. If you die for us, and we escape, your mother shall never want for anything."

"O, then I will willingly try to save you," cried Jacques, hastening to the other side of the vessel, where all was prepared for his enterprise.

The captain thought for a moment. "We ought not to allow this lad to sacrifice himself for us in this way," said he at length; "I have been wrong. I must forbid it."

"Yes, yes," said some of the sailors round him; "it is disgraceful to us all that this little cabin-boy should set us an example of courage; and it would be a sad thing if the brave child should die for old men like us, who have lived our time. Let us stop him!"

They rushed to the side of the vessel, but it was too late. They found there only the sailor who had aided Jacques in his preparations, and who was unrolling the cord that was fastened to the body of the heroic boy.

They all leaned over the side of the vessel to see what was going to happen, and a few quietly wiped away a tear which would not be restrained.

At first nothing was seen but waves of white foam,

"Does he know how to swim?" asked the captain.

"As swiftly and as easy as an eel," replied one of the crew.

"I could swim up the Seine from Havre to Paris," said little Jacques.

The captain hesitated, but the lives of all on board were at stake, and he yielded.

Jacques hastened to prepare for his terrible undertaking. Then he turned and softly approached the captain. "Captain," said he, "as I may be lost, may I ask you to take charge of something for me?"

"Certainly, my boy," said the captain, who was almost repenting of having yielded to his entreaties.

"Here, then, captain," replied Jacques, holding out two five-franc pieces wrapped in a bit of rag; "if I am eaten by the porpoises and you get safe to land, be so kind as to give

mountains of water which seemed to rise as high as the mast, and then fell down with a thundering roar. Soon the practiced eye of some of the sailors perceived a little black point rising above the waves, and then, again, distance prevented them from distinguishing it at all. They anxiously watched the cord, and tried to guess, by its quicker or slower movement, the fate of him who was unrolling it.

Sometimes the cord was unrolled rapidly. "O what a brave fellow!" they said; "see how quickly he swims!" At other times the unrolling of the ball of string stopped suddenly. "Poor boy," they said, "he has been drowned or dashed against the rocks!"

This anxiety lasted more than an hour. The ball of string continued to be unrolled, but at unequal periods. At length it slipped slowly over the side of the vessel, and often fell as if slackened. They thought Jacques must have much difficulty in getting through the surf on the coast. "Perhaps it is the body of the poor boy that the sea is tossing backward and forward in this way," said some of the sailors.

The captain was deeply grieved that he had permitted the child to make the attempt; and, notwithstanding the desperate situation in which they were, all the crew seemed to be thinking more of the boy than of themselves.

All at once a violent pull was given to the cord. This was soon followed by a second, then by a third. It was the signal agreed upon to tell them that Jacques had reached the shore. A shout of joy was heard on the ship. They hastened to fasten a strong rope to the cord, which was drawn on shore as fast as they could let it out, and was firmly fastened by some of the people who had come to the help of the little cabin-boy. By means of this rope many of the shipwrecked sailors reached the shore, and found means to save the others. Not long after all had safely landed they saw the vessel sink.

This little cabin-boy was long ill from the consequences of his fatigue and from the bruises he had received by being dashed against the rocks. But he did not mind that; for, in reward of his bravery, his mother received a yearly sum of money which placed her above the fear of want. Little Jacques rejoiced in having suffered for her, and at the same time in having saved so many lives. He felt that he had been abundantly rewarded.—*Observer*.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT A SOAP-BUBBLE DID.



ANY years ago a little girl in Philadelphia was blowing soap-bubbles in the front yard of her father's house. Several school children paused to look at the beautiful bubbles as they sailed into the air and burst.

Seeing how pleased they were, the little girl said:

"If you will wait a minute I will bring out another cup and pipe, and we will see which can send a bubble highest." Then pointing to a little sad-faced boy who wore a coat like a man's instead of a jacket, she added, "I want that little French boy to have some sport, for he goes by here every day and I never saw him smile."

These gentle words drew tears from the eyes of the little boy as he said:

"That is the kindest word I have heard since I came to this strange country. The last time I blew soap-bubbles was at the island where I used to live."

Here the boy broke into sobs. The children were all filled with grief when they were told by a large boy who just then came along that the French boy had formerly lived in St. Domingo, where his father, mother, and other relatives had all been killed in a great insurrection among the slaves. Up to this

time none of the children had noticed him, but afterward they became his friends. When Manuel grew up he often said:

"I love a soap-bubble because it introduced me to some of the kindest friends I ever had."

Was it the soap-bubble that raised up friends for little Manuel Tay? Was it not rather the kindness of that little girl's heart? The bubble was the golden wand she used to comfort him and to win love for him from his schoolmates. But the kindness that was in her heart was the cause of that boy's joy.

Is your heart full of kindness, little fellow? If so you will be sure to find a wand with which to work your will. U. U.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

BEGIN NOW.

It was a high treat for Edwin when his great uncle came to see him. Your great uncle, you must know, is the uncle of your father or your mother, the brother of one of your grandparents. This dear old gentleman was the uncle of Edwin's papa. Edwin had known and loved him dearly ever since he was a babe, for they once lived quite near each other. And now when he came to visit at Edwin's house the little fellow was perfectly delighted. His uncle took him along when he walked in the garden, he romped with him in the yard, and read to him, and showed him pictures in the library. They talked about a great many things, and Edwin asked nearly all the questions that came into his head, and it was a busy little head I assure you.

There was but one topic that Edwin shunned, that of loving God, for he had heard that his uncle was not a pious man. He was, therefore, very much surprised when they were in the library one day to hear his uncle begin to talk to him about loving and serving God. He told him how happy it would make him, and how much better it would be for him in this world and in the next, and urged him to begin now.

Edwin looked up at him wonderingly, and at last ventured to say:

"Then, uncle, why don't you seek God?"

"Ah, my dear child," said the old man, "I neglected to seek God when I was young, and now I sometimes fear I never shall be able to do so. If I had only begun when I was a boy like you I should now be safe."

"Why, aren't you safe, uncle? Surely God will take you to heaven, you are so good."

"But God does not take us to heaven because we are good. He takes those only who trust in Christ. So I want you to go to Christ now to serve him all

your life, and when you die you will go to be with him in heaven. Don't put it off as I have done," and the old man put his hands over his face and wept like a child. A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SELF-WILL.

THERE's a terrible giant, so gloomy and grim,
Keeps watch by the door of each heart;
By day and by night he is always in sight,
Though we often may bid him depart.

Though all our brave soldiers should guard it without,
If we carelessly open the gate,
In spite of them all, the strong castle will fall,
For the giant is lying in wait.

Self-will is the giant so sturdy and grim,
And Pride is the sword that he bears;
And Selfishness stands as the chief of his band,
Let every good soldier beware!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOLDEN WORDS.

"WHAT are you doing to that book, Willie?" said a teacher to a bright little boy not more than six years of age, who was making all sorts of marks with a lead-pencil on the pages of a question-book.

"Please, teacher, he's making marks on my question-book," replied Johnnie West, Willie's classmate.

"Why, Willie! What do you mean by spoiling Johnnie's book?" asked the teacher.

"He spoiled mine," replied Willie; "he marked it all over."

"That was wrong; but is that a reason why you should spoil his?"

"Yes, ma'am," rejoined Willie with great decision, "the Bible says so."

"Does it? Please tell me where, Willie?" asked the teacher.

"It says, 'Whatsoever men do to you, do you even so to them.'"

The teacher smiled a moment, but only a moment; for she felt sorry to hear so nice a boy as Willie quoting the word of the Lord falsely. Turning to the seventh chapter of Matthew she read these words: "Whatsoever *ye would* that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Willie held down his head. Young as he was, he saw there was a great difference between the true and false reading of the words of Jesus. He saw that the true reading did not make it right for him to mark Johnnie's book. Johnnie also could not help seeing that he too had done wrong. They both promised not to do the like again.

The rule is a golden one. If every child in my Advocate family would obey it there would not be a happier family in the world. I will print it in capitals. Let every one of my readers print it on his heart. "WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM."

Y. Z.

CONSEQUENCES.

FRITZ saw from his window the rich, ripe fruit that hung in the neighbor's garden, and spying also an opening in the hedge, slipped in, as he supposed, unseen, and filled his pockets with what was lying on the ground, taking to himself credit for great honesty because he had not touched the trees.

But suddenly he saw the neighbor himself coming along with a stout stick in his hand. Honest as he thought himself a moment before, he did not care to be seen, and hastily ran back to the gap in the hedge to go home again. But, alas! even his pockets were too well filled, and stood out so wide that getting through was no easy matter; and he was not only caught and obliged to give up the fruit, but got a good caning into the bargain; after which his father shut him up to reflect upon his own bad conduct and its consequences.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1865.

SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

"That boy is sowing his wild oats," said one gentleman to another one day as a jaunty looking boy passed them puffing a cigar.

"So I judge from his looks," replied the other. "He is a fast boy, I doubt not, and will soon ruin himself and bring the gray hairs of his parents down to the grave in sorrow."

"You are too sharp on him," rejoined the first speaker. "Boys will sow their wild oats, you know."

"I know some of them will, but their willfulness does not mend the matter. It is, in fact, a serious part of their difficulty. Sowing wild oats, my friend, means being wicked, learning to smoke, to drink, to swear, to talk folly, to visit dens of sin, and, in a word, to do those things which the Scripture calls 'sowing to the flesh.' Such sowing always brings a harvest of corruption."

Boys, this last speaker was right. Sowing wild oats means sinning fast; means going to destruction in a hurry; means good-by to purity and happiness, and a rushing into impurity, misery, and hell. Dear boys, don't sow wild oats!

THE HEAVIEST LOAD.

As a gentleman was riding horseback over a steep mountain in the West Indies he overtook a poor girl carrying a heavy load and weeping bitterly. Reining up his horse, he said in kindly tones:

"Why are you crying so?"

"My load is too heavy," replied the poor girl, "and I have a long way to carry it."

The gentleman took the burden upon his horse, and the girl, with brightened aspect, walked by his side. He asked her many questions. Among them was this:

"What is the heaviest load to carry?"

"Sin, sir," she replied very solemnly and to the gentleman's surprise.

She was right. Sin is the heaviest load that can be carried by man, woman, or child. Nor can any one relieve us of the burden except Jesus. Isn't it a glorious truth that he invites every one to bring it to him? Hear him, O my children, crying, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." What a glorious invitation! Let all my children accept it and then urge others to do so too!

"Little child, if thou hast found
Pardon through the Saviour's blood,
Seek to spread the joyful sound,
Seek to bring a soul to God,
Share those blessings rich and free
Which he kindly gives to thee."

MY EASY CHAIR.

HAPPY greetings to you, my children. To me you are beautiful birds, ever singing in the garden of my Lord. I love to listen to your sweet voices when they sing the songs of love and truth. But when they scream the notes of ill temper and quarrels I cannot endure them. Then they grate on my ears like the screech of owls, or rather like that of the steam-engine, and I hurry beyond reach of the horrid sounds. But I love to persuade myself—please not to allow me to be deceived—that your voices always sing the soft songs of love and truth, and therefore my imagination delights itself listening to you.

I do want you all to be good and noble children. My heart often sighs and cries, "O Lord, bless my dear Advocate family, and make all its members thy children." I can't endure to think that any of you are growing up mean, false, and wicked. I want you all to love God and the right, to be brave soldiers in Christ's army, to fight

bravely for the right always and forever. I love to fancy you, as you will soon be, grown up and standing forth for Christ, truth, freedom, and right like such men and women as Buxton, Fry, Nightingale, Abraham Lincoln, Sumner, or Whittier. I imagine each of you

"Standing like a stately pine
Set in a cataract on an island crag
When storm is on the heights; and right and left,
Sucked from the dark heart of the long hills, roll
The torrents dashed to the vale."

What say you, my noble boy and girl? Don't you wish to stand for the right in the midst of wicked men and women like that pine amid the rolling waters? *You do?* I thank God you feel that desire. May he give you the power to do so!



Here are two pictures which portray the principal personages mentioned in a very interesting Scripture narrative. You may find who the persons are by taking (1.) Three fourths of the sixteenth word in the thirty-



third verse of Genesis xxv. (2.) The last word of Gen. ii, 17. (3.) One third of the second word in Ezek. xxvii, 26. (4.) Two fifths of the fourth word in Gen. xliii, 23. (5.) One half of the sixth word in Gen. xxxv, 5. (6.) The third word in Gen. xxii, 11. Find the names and then the passage. The passage in the youth of a great man illustrated in our last number is young David's fight with the lion and the bear, modestly described by himself in 1 Sam. xvii, 34-36.

Here are the answers to questions about lions:

(1.) Judah and Gad, Gen. xlix, 9; Deut. xxxiii, 20.

(2.) Samson, Judges xiv, 5-8. (3.) Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. i, 23. (4.) A living dog, Eccl. ix, 4. (5.) The Devil, 1 Pet. v, 8. (6.) The Assyrians in Samaria, 2 Kings xvii, 25. (7.) Christ, Rev. v, 5-14.

E. L. I., who lives in the United States, writes:

"The Sunday-School Advocate is read by very many little boys who will be a year older when the next Fourth of July comes, but I fear they will not think themselves old enough to do without powder in celebrating the day. I will relate what happened on the recent Fourth to a little boy I knew and loved. His name was Richard B. Barrow, and he was thirteen years old. As he was pouring powder from his flask to load his little cannon fire was accidentally communicated to it, causing an explosion of the flask and so severely injuring him that he died in fifteen minutes! His father and mother, and other friends in the house, hearing the report, ran to the spot, lifted him up, extinguished the fire on his clothes, bore him into the house, and only had time to commend him to God in prayer when the spirit left the shattered body and went up to heaven! O it was very sad for Richard to die so soon and suddenly! but it would have been terrible thus to die if he had been a wicked, prayerless boy. We may learn this lesson in this melancholy event—that life is very uncertain with children, and that they ought to be good and love the Saviour when very young so as to be always ready to die.

"I wish to say a word about the manner of keeping the public holiday. I would have it celebrated without the use of powder by children or of rum by older persons. I would have Sunday-schools meet together, and have the Scriptures read, an oration by one scholar, and a temperance address by another, with singing, of course, the national hymn. I think the readers of the Advocate will agree with me that this would be a more safe and sensible way even for children in which to express their gratitude to God for the blessings of national liberty. I wish some one would consult the Corporal about it, for although he is a military man, his judgment could be relied on."

The Corporal says E. L. I.'s advice is good. He thinks making a noise with gunpowder is not a good way to express joy.—Here is a line from EMMA S., of W—. She says:

"The love I have for the sweet little Sunday-School Advocate gives me courage to address you for the first time. I belong to the happy family, namely, the Sunday-school. We are blessed with a most excellent superintendent; although his bodily health is very poor, yet his big heart of love takes in all the Sunday-schoolers. The S. S. Advocate makes the little boys and girls' eyes sparkle with delight when our good superintendent gives them out. I have three younger sisters and two little brothers. One brother and sister go to the Sunday-school. They, with myself, would like to join your Try Company, and hope one day to meet that company with its Corporal on the 'Fair banks of the river Jordan.'"

The Corporal says "Amen" to Emma's wish, and enrolls her brothers and sisters in his army, saying, "I hope they will love one another dearly and stand up bravely for Jesus."—MARY and CELESTIA, of C—G—, say:

"We are two sisters that thought we would like to join your Try Company. We say 'I can't' sometimes, but when it comes in our minds we will pray to our Saviour to help us say 'I'll try.' We both take your Advocate, and we love it very much. We have a father and little baby brother in heaven, and we want to love Jesus so we can meet them there. We have been trying to do right, but we thought we should try harder if you will accept us in your Try Company."

"Bless their sweet souls!" shouts the Corporal, rubbing a tear from his eye. "If admitting them to my company will make them try harder to please Jesus they shall surely come in. Enroll them, adjutant!" So Mary and her sister are enlisted.

FEAR not to have every action of your life open to the inspection of mankind. Remember that a nicer casuist than man sees into your least actions. Answer to him, and fear no man.

CONSIDER how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be in wrath.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE ORPHAN.

'Tis hard to be an orphan! O so hard! So little Jamie finds it. This bright and beautiful world, with its singing birds and blooming flowers, its waving forests and murmuring rills, with all of its wealth and grandeur, all that can attract the eye and please the heart of youth, at times to Jamie seems clad in sable. When three years old the angels came for his dear mamma, and while wondering at her shouts of "Glory!" "Victory!" "Halleluia!" he little dreamed what pangs would pierce his heart in the early morn of life! He looked with tearful eyes upon her pale, cold face, then saw the coffin closed concealing her from view; and then when the men laid low the "box" in the cold, damp earth, large tears coursed down his face, for he loved his dear mamma, and could not tell why she should leave him thus; but when his sister told him of the "beautiful land," the spotless robe, the starry crown, the songs of the redeemed, all in the very presence of that Saviour who sent the angels to convey her home, light beamed from that tender brow, he clapped his hands for joy, and wished he too might die.

The angels came again in two short years and bore a sainted sister in triumph to the skies; but last of all they came for his dear papa. O sad, dark night! Could you have seen those large tears coursing down his cheeks, while his slender frame was shaken beneath the weight of this new great grief as he stood beside that bed of death, you'd have a faint idea how keen the anguish when Jamie turned away with the painful thought,

"Father, mother, I have none,
Orphan in this world alone!"

But in the midst of all these sorrows he is anxiously looking forward to the time when those heavenly visitants shall come again and say to him, "It is enough, come up higher."

O ye merry, happy group, with parents kind, do all you can to smooth their pathway, for you can never tell their worth until you learn by sad experience what it is to be an orphan. HARRIET.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"PAPA DIDN'T PRAY FOR MY DOLL."

LITTLE FLORA MORGAN is always very particular that her papa shall pray for every one in the family. He thought he had got so that he could do it so as to fully satisfy her; but he was mistaken, for one morning as he arose from his knees at family prayer Flora rose up dissatisfied and pouting. "Why, what is the matter?" inquired her mamma.

She rolled up her eyes and replied, "Papa didn't pray for my doll!" BRISTOL.

Simple-hearted, loving little Flora! She believes in her doll as really as she does in prayer. When she is wiser she will know that dolls are like idols, unfit subjects for prayer. May heaven bless her!—EDITOR.

THE BEST STIMULANT.

"HAVE you got whisky enough in your canteen to keep up your courage?" asked a man of a Massachusetts soldier.

"This is my stimulant," answered the soldier, drawing forth his Bible.

It does indeed give a drink from that Fountain which makes a man strong in the finest quality of strength—strong in the Lord.



TRAPPING WILD BEASTS.

An ingenious mode of killing leopards and tigers is employed by the natives of Oude. They gather a number of the broad leaves of the prauss-tree, which much resembles the sycamore, and, having well besmeared them with a kind of bird-lime, they strew them in the animal's way, taking care to lay them with the prepared side uppermost. Let a tiger but put his paw on one of these innocent-looking leaves and his fate is settled. Finding the leaf stick to his paw, he shakes it in order to rid himself of the nuisance; and, finding that plan unsuccessful, he endeavors to attain his object by rubbing it against his face, thereby smearing the rosy bird-lime over his nose and eyes, and gluing the eyelids together. By this time he has probably trodden upon several more of the treacherous leaves, and is bewildered with the novel inconvenience; then he rolls on the ground, and rubs his head and face on the earth in his efforts to get free. By so doing he only adds fresh bird-lime to his head, body, and limbs, agglutinates his sleek fur together in unsightly tufts, and finishes by hoodwinking himself so thoroughly with leaves and bird-lime that he lies floundering on the ground, tearing up the earth with his claws, uttering howls of rage and dismay, and exhausted by the impotent struggles in which he has been so long engaged. These cries are a signal to the authors of his misery, who run to the spot, armed with guns, bows, and spears, and find no difficulty in dispatching their blind and wearied foe.—REV. J. G. WOOD.

THE AUSTRALIAN NETTLE-TREE.

The most remarkable nettle-tree in Australia is the *Urtica gigas*, or rough nettle-tree. This tree has a large leaf, something like a sunflower leaf, and contains a most painful sting. Some gentlemen who were collecting specimen trees for an exhibition measured one of these trees, which was thirty-two feet round, and one hundred and forty feet high. Such is the potency of the poison of this tree that horses which are driven rapidly through the forests where they abound, if they come in contact with their leaves die in convulsions.

A young man who had lately arrived in the country, and was ignorant of the nature of the tree, carelessly broke off a twig as he was riding along. His hand was instantly paralyzed by it; his fingers were pressed firmly together and were as rigid as stone.

Fortunately, a stockman who was near, observing it, came up and said:

"I see what is amiss, and will soon set all right."

He gathered a species of arum which grew near—for nature has planted the bane and the antidote together—in the low grounds, and rubbing the hand with it, it very soon relaxed and regained its natural pliancy.

This is just the process used by country children in England. When stung by a nettle they rub the place with a bruised dock-leaf, saying all the while, "Nettle go out, dock go in."

BOOTS.

QUITE an era in the life of young masculinity is that of donning the first pair of boots. Professor H. tells us of the method a young juvenile took to attract attention to his new boots. The professor was busily conversing with the father, when young America, stretching his legs out prominently, exclaimed, "Professor H., I say, do you see anything new round about here?"

This reminds us of another junior of seven years who was rejoicing in his first honors. In the parlor with his father and another gentleman, he broke in on the conversation with the question, "Pa, aint three times two six?"

"Yes, my son, what then?"

"Why, then, there's just six boots in this room."

A SONG FOR DISCOURAGED BOYS AND GIRLS.

(Every child who is slow and dull in learning is requested to commit these lines to memory.)

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more
The cloudy summits of our time.
The mighty pyramids of stone
That, wedge-like, cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen and better known
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.
The distant mountains, that appear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels arise.
The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

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