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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUPERUNTO
M.C.

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 15.

MAY 9, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 183.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE OLD WOMAN'S APPLE-STALL.

BY CORPORAL TRY.

A poor widow who had a troop of little ones to support was seated beside her apple-stall in the street and saying to every good-natured person who passed:

"Buy an apple, sir! Buy a nice apple!"

There was a band of music coming down the street and Mrs. Scarlet turned her head a moment—it was *only* a moment—when a bad fellow, whom I will call Ned Scapegrace, pulled one of the trestles from under her apple-tray, and away went her fruit rolling across the sidewalk. Wicked Ned laughed heartily at the poor woman's look of surprise, grief, and anger, and ran up the street to meet the music. He thought he had done a fine thing, for, meeting Joe Good-for-nothing, he shouted:

"Joe, what do you think?"

"I don't think nothin'," said Joe, which was doubtless true, for Joe was too lazy to put two ideas together. His mind was an open common for evil spirits to roam about at will.

"Well, I've just had a capital bit of fun, Joe. I upset old Mother Scarlet's apple-stall, and didn't her eyes flash!"

"I guess you'd better keep clear of her corner, Mr. Ned, for one while. If she gets hold of you it will be something else besides fun you'll get or I lose my guess."

"Ha, ha, ha! The feathers would fly, I guess, if she once got her hands in my hair; but I'm a weasel, and you don't catch a weasel napping very often—but here's the music. What's a goin' on?"

Joe did not know, so Ned went to inquire. Let us go back to the old woman's apple-stall.

The fall of her fruit gave the poor woman a sad shock. It made her feel as if the last stroke of ill-fortune had hit her. All the money she had was represented in those apples. To lose them was to lose her whole stock in trade, and to go home without a cent to buy food for her hungry self and hungrier children. She felt all this, and gazed first at Ned with anger and then at the straying apples with despair.

Just then a genteel boy came up, and seeing her trouble, seized the tray and said in soothing tones:

"Let me help you, ma'am."

The poor old woman was suspicious of boys. Ned's conduct had made her so. She replied:

"Get out with you or I'll lay this basket on you!"

"I want to help you, ma'am," replied the boy—



his name was Charlie—"I saw that wicked chap upset your apples, and I want to help you save them. All boys are not alike, ma'am."

This gentle reply soothed the poor lady's ruffled feelings and won her confidence. She sighed and said:

"Excuse me, young sir, that bad boy had made me cross."

Thus encouraged, Charlie replaced the fallen trestle, put back the tray, picked up the stray apples, and in a few minutes had the pleasure of seeing the poor woman ready to resume her trade with her old smile lighting up her face again. Only a few of her apples were spoiled. To cover that loss Charlie threw all the pennies he had in his pocket upon the tray, and bidding the woman a cheerful "good morning," walked away.

"Heaven bless you! You're a noble boy," murmured the apple-woman as a grateful tear stole down her furrowed cheek.

Charlie was a noble boy. He was more! he was a *Christian* boy, and in thus helping the woman he had done an act of Christian charity. He had lifted a heavy sorrow from a burdened heart. He was a beam of sunshine bursting through the cloud which wicked Ned had thrown around her. He had his reward, for his heart sung joy songs all the rest of that blissful day.

Which are you, my son, Charlie or Ned? If you

delight to trouble, vex, and annoy people "just for the fun of the thing," you are Ned, and I don't want anything to do with you except to persuade you to become a better boy. If you are kind, gentle, self-denying, and ready to do service to the sorrowful, you are Charlie. I give you my hand. I love you. I want you in my army. I shall expect to see you in heaven. Which will you be? Charlie or Ned?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BOYISH COURAGE.

WHEN GENERAL HAVELOCK was a boy he one day climbed a tall tree in search of a bird's nest. Just as he grasped his prize the branch on which he hung broke, and down he went to the ground.

He was taken up insensible. When he recovered his father said: "Henry, were you not afraid when the branch gave way?"

"No, father," replied Henry. "I didn't think of being frightened. I had too much to do in thinking of the eggs; for I was sure they would be smashed to pieces."

That was true courage, though shown in a mean business—it is mean for a stout boy to rob a poor little helpless bird of its eggs, isn't it, boys?—A brave boy thinks nothing of himself when danger overtakes him. He thinks only of the work he is doing. It is not given to every boy to have such courage. It is a gift of nature. But *moral* courage, which always says "no" to Temptation and "yes" to Duty, may be in every child's heart. Moral courage is the gift of God, which every child may have by asking God for it. May all my readers have *moral* courage! X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MOTHER'S LAP.

HAPPY is the child who loves to sit on his mother's lap, lean his face against her cheek, and tell her the story of his little joys and sorrows. A boy or girl who does that is safe. He who runs often to his mother's lap will not be apt to run far into Satan's paths. Good boys always cling to their mothers. When a boy begins to keep away from his mother's side he is in danger. Indeed, it is seldom that he forsakes her until his heart gives itself up to do wrong. Then, as guilty Adam and Eve fled from the Lord God in the garden of Eden, he flies from his mother. A guilty child cannot look into a mother's face.

An old man, when telling his children how his

mother used to kiss him, tell him stories, comfort him, and bid him good-night, said:

"I have been in all sorts of places and among all sorts of people, and I have had a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment in my life, but upon looking back I must say that the safest and happiest place I ever knew was in my dear mother's lap. There is no place like it."

What do you think of that, Master Would-be-a-man? *Think it makes a fellow a milk-sop to sit in his mother's lap, eh?* Sorry to hear you say that. It's a bad sign, my boy. You will be of a very different opinion a few years hence. You had better take care, my son. Your feet are in slippery places. Go back to your mother's lap and let her guide you. You will never be loved by any other person as you are by your mother. Trust her, obey her, love her.

You *love your mother dearly*, do you, Miss Right-will? No doubt of that, my dear. Nor is there any doubt that your love makes your mother happy. Cling to her.

May no member of my Advocate family ever cause a mother to shed a tear! Listen to counsel from the mouth of God! He says:

"Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old. The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice: and he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him. Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice." X.



From the "Sunday School Almanac."

THE NEEDLESS DANGER.

He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.—Prov. xxvi, 17. See also Matt. v, 9; Luke xii, 14; John xxi, 22; 1 Thess. iv, 11; 1 Pet. iv, 15.

THE vain man in the picture thought himself able to master a dog of which everybody else was afraid. But having seized the ugly cur by the ears, he doesn't know what to do with him. If he holds on he will lose his time and his dinner; if he lets go he is in danger of being bitten. He has meddled with what does not belong to him and has placed himself "in a fix."

When I see children take part in the quarrels of their playmates, and meddle in any other way with business which does not concern them, I think of this man and dog, and feel desirous of whispering the caution of the wise man, written above, in their ears.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

HYMNS FOR THE DYING SUNDAY-SCHOLAR.

It is delightful to think how many of our hymns that show the Christian triumphing in death are favorites in our Sunday-schools. One brother, writing (we are sorry that we cannot print the letter) of one of the dear little ones of his flock, who was so confident on the approach of death that she said, "If I were not going to heaven I should be afraid to die, but I am not afraid," mentions the following hymns that were her favorites: "O sing to me of heaven;" "I would not live away;" "When for eternal worlds we steer," and her special favorite, "I want to be an angel."

Doubtless, the knowledge of these hymns was an untold treasure to the dying girl. We hope all our

Sunday-school children are learning these hymns. They will all die at some time, every one of them, and then they will be so glad that they ever learned these beautiful hymns.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A LITTLE GIRL'S IDEA OF THE DISTANCE TO HEAVEN.

LITTLE EMMA is the daughter of one of our ministers of the Cincinnati Conference. Not many days ago, when her father had returned from the funeral services of the lamented Mrs. M., Emma inquired of her father at the tea-table, "Pa, wont Mrs. M. get to heaven by to-morrow?"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE AMY.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

LITTLE AMY fell asleep
At the sunset yesterday;
Softly as the fading light
Her pure spirit passed away.

Just before she breathed her last,
Just before she closed her eyes,
"See," she said, "the angels bright
Coming from the clear blue skies!

"Shining crowns are on their heads,
Robes as white as snow they wear,
Harps of gold within their hands,
Music floats through all the air.

"Now they're all about my bed
Whispering sweetly; they have come
In their arms to bear me up
To their far-off blissful home.

"Mother, dearest, I *must* go!
Do not mourn and weep for me;
Think, that safe from every woe
Soon your little girl will be.

"And you know how oft I've longed
The dear Saviour to behold;
And the crystal streams of life
Flowing o'er the streets of gold.

"And you'll come, sweet mamma, too,
When a few more years have flown,
And you'll find me seated there
Close beside the great white throne.

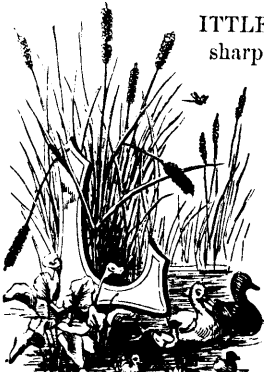
"You will know your angel-girl
By the glad light in her eyes;
When she sees you robed in white,
Walking there above the skies.

"Tell my teachers, schoolmates dear,
Amy's only gone before;
And she'll watch to welcome them
Coming to that radiant shore.

"Good-by, papa, mamma dear,
Do not mourn for me nor weep;"
Thus, 'twas at the sunset hour
Little Amy fell asleep.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOVE FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.



LITTLE GEORGE S., a bright, sharp fellow of five summers, had come to Sunday-school once or twice, and I had given him a ticket with a verse of Scripture on it, telling him to learn it and when he came again to repeat it to me. Although he could not read, yet he managed to learn it.

His parents forbade him to go to school, threatening to punish him if he did so. When the time came, George left for school without coat or shoes, and thus barefooted and ragged he made his way, a distance of nearly two miles, through the woods and alone. When the time came to repeat his verse, raising himself up with the dignity of

maturer years, his large blue eyes fixed upon me, he repeated his verse correctly and immediately started for home.

Poor little fellow! His parents punished him severely and he came no more to school. It was a sore trial to him, and although he did wrong to disobey his parents, yet his desire to go to Sabbath-school was praiseworthy. How many readers of the Advocate would risk so much to attend Sabbath-school? Let us pray that those parents may become truly converted to God, and that little George may be heard of spreading the Gospel of the Son of God.
G. W. L.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

KATY'S TWO LESSONS.

LITTLE KATY was busy one rainy morning making a new talma for her doll-baby out of an old merino sleeve her mother gave her. Aunt Eva cut it out, and Katy finished it very neatly. It is an excellent plan for a little girl to learn to make up even her doll's clothes nicely. It teaches her to do her work well when she comes to sew on something of more importance. Katy gathered up the scraps left over and thrust them all together into her "piece-bag," as was her custom.

"If I were in your place," said Aunt Eva, "I should assort those over carefully and lay each sort in a roll by itself. Then tie a string about each and put them away in the bag. Then, whenever you wish for any kind you can find it without trouble. Then, too, the pieces will be smooth and orderly, so you can cut them out easily. It is a great thing to learn orderly habits while you are a little girl. A gentleman was asked by another how he managed to carry on such an amount of business with so much success. 'Order, order is the great secret. I am now reaping the fruits of my mother's teachings when I was a boy,' he replied."

Little Katy, encouraged by her aunt, poured out the contents of her "piece-bag" into her lap, and a busy half-hour she had assorting her bits of cambric and merino, silk and velvet, and old lace. But it was not time wasted, for it taught her an excellent lesson.

"Here is a handful of scraps so little they are good for nothing," said Katy, preparing to throw them in the grate.

"I would not burn them up, Katy, they may be useful some time."

"But they are too little to make anything of, aunty."

"They would cover button-moulds nicely, and make a pretty trimming some time. There are enough of those green merino bits to cover a dozen."

"Well, that is a new idea," said Katy's mother, "and a good one too."

"I hardly ever find anything but fuel I am willing to see burned up," said Aunt Eva, laughing, "unless it is something injurious. If it is not of use

to us it may be to somebody else. I believe economy is a Christian duty as much as keeping the Sabbath-day, and I feel impelled to instill my principles into every little heart I can."

So Katy learned two good lessons over her doll's talma—a lesson of order and another of economy—both of them excellent for any little boy or girl to learn.
J. E. M'C.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1863.

ALPHONSO'S BARGAIN.

"ALPHONSO, what will you take for your cart?" said Alfred to his friend one day.

"Don't want to sell it," was the curt reply of the boy addressed.

"Why not?" rejoined Alfred. "I'll give you my new kite, my bat and ball, and my bag of marbles for it. I'm sure that's fair."

"You think so, perhaps, but there isn't such a nice cart as mine in the town; and what's more, there's nobody here who can make one like it. It's a regular beauty, Alf."

"I know it, and that's why I want to buy it. Come, wont you sell it?" said Alfred, coaxingly.

"Well," said Alphonso, "seeing we're old friends, I will, if you'll add your peg-top to the kite, bat, ball, and marbles—but mind, I don't care about it anyhow. I would rather keep my cart."

"I ought not to add the top," replied Alfred, "but I want the cart so much I guess I'll do it. Go and get the cart while I go after my things, Alphonso!"

The boys ran each to his home. They soon returned, Alphonso with the cart, and Alfred with the kite, bat, ball, marbles, and top. The exchange was made and they parted, mutually pleased with their bargain.

While Alphonso sat counting the marbles his thoughts troubled him. He stopped counting, held down his head, and muttered these words:

"Well, it was a little mean after all to sell him a broken-down cart. It's a regular sell. The axle is broken and it wont carry anything hardly. It was lucky, though, that I found that bottle of glue, or I couldn't have stuck the axle together. Shouldn't wonder if it breaks down before he gets home. Hah, hah! Won't he be mad, though! Never mind, I'll brass it. I've made a first-rate bargain and no mistake. It aint my fault altogether. I only looked out for my side. Alf ought to have looked out for his. He'll think I'm sharp at a trade, and he'll think right, ha, ha, ha."

Alphonso had, as my readers can perceive, cheated his playmate by selling him his cart with a broken axle. While loading it with stones he had broken the axle, and, finding a bottle of liquid glue in his father's workshop, he had mended it so that it would carry the cart-body, but would not bear a load. By concealing this fact he had obtained a price from Alfred which he could not have got had he frankly told the truth about it. It was a clear case of cheating.

Alfred took his wagon home in high spirits. It was a pretty thing to look at, and the boy was proud of his purchase.

"Come out here, Carrie!" cried he as he passed into the yard of his home, "Come out and see my cart!"

Carrie ran into the yard. "Isn't it beautiful!" said she as soon as she had taken a look at it. "Now you can give me a ride, Alfred, can't you?"

"That's just what I bought it for, Carrie," replied Alfred, laughing. "Get in! I'll give you a nice ride round the garden now."

Carrie jumped into the cart like the little fairy that she was; but no sooner did Alfred begin to pull than crack, thump; down went the cart with poor Carrie in it.

"A regular spill!" cried Alfred, laughing at his sister's queer plight. "Who would have thought you would have broken my cart down so? You are heavier than I thought for, Carrie."

"I'm not heavy," rejoined Carrie as she stepped out of the wreck. "It's your cart that's weak."

"That can't be," said Alfred, "for I saw Alphonso draw Ned Jones and Pete White in it the other day, and you don't weigh half as much as one of them."

"Then it must have been broken when you bought it," said Carrie.

"Do you think so?" asked Alfred; "I'll see."

Alfred turned the cart over and examined the axle. He found it broken across just where it had been joined, or stuck together rather, with glue. Alphonso's secret was out now. Alfred saw that he had been cheated.

"I wouldn't have served Alphonso in that way," said Alfred; "I'm sorry for him though, for I'd rather be cheated myself than cheat another."

That was nobly said. Alfred had lost less than Alphonso in this bargain. He had lost top, marbles, bat, ball, and kite only; but Alphonso had lost his character, had corrupted his heart, had shown himself to be an unprincipled boy.

Don't you think Alphonso's conduct was mean, false, and wicked, my children? Do you think he made any real profit out of that bargain? It is true that he got a large price for a broken-down cart, but by corrupting himself he lost what is worth much more than money or playthings—his good conscience, his self-respect, his reputation. In my opinion he made a very bad bargain. If any of you think otherwise, you may write me about it.

OUR LETTER COLUMN.

WITH May-day smiles I greet you, my young friends, praying that your hearts may bloom with the graces of the Holy Spirit, as Nature blooms beneath the sun and gentle winds of May.



"Here is an illustrated anagram. The names of the two principal persons—a farmer's wife and a soldier—in the picture are contained in the following sentence:

"Bid Ai dig lava.

"Who can discover the names?"

"And here is the answer to the Biblical question in our last: 'For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Matt. xvi, 26.

"Here is a letter from I. S., of Altoona. He is superintendent of a Sunday-school of two hundred and fifty scholars in the mountains of Pennsylvania. He says his classes are formed into missionary societies, each electing its treasurer monthly, and have its own name, such as 'White Rose,' 'Doves,' 'Pearls,' 'Advance Guards,' etc. These societies raised \$191 92, which you will allow was very well done for a mountain school."

Very well, indeed, though I do not know why mountain children should not do as well as the children of the plain. Indeed, corporal, those mountain boys and girls often quit their quiet homes and become the stars and ornaments of our big cities. I think Altoona must be marked A 1 on your list, corporal.

"I agree. Here are some dying words of our departed members:

"Do not weep, mother; I can trust in Jesus."—ELLEN BERRY, fourteen years old.

"You will see me again up in heaven, mother."—IDA WRIGHT, eight years old.

"Don't you see those eyes? O how beautiful! They look like gold, don't you see them, papa? They are angels. The room is full of them. Don't you hear the music? Just wait and I'll have a harp and you will hear me play. Go to church, papa, and pray, but don't pray for me, for I shall be in heaven."—TILLA MOORE, ten years old.

"I will go with you, blessed Jesus. I will go with you. I must go home."—HELEN L. M'ELROY, sixteen years old.

"Put on my tombstone, Blessed Bible, thou art mine."—MARY LEE, twelve years old.

"Mother, you will come; father, you will come too."—SARAH LEE, aged fifteen years.

"Here is a letter about NATTIE MINOR, which I should like to see printed, but it is too long for our columns. Besides it is a memoir, and you never print memoirs in our paper, do you, sir?"

No, corporal, never. If I did I should have room for nothing else, so I treat all alike and print none.

"You are right no doubt, Mr. Editor; but I must read you a part of this letter:

"When Nattie was sick he called his mother to his side and entered into conversation with her. Soon he stopped talking and folded his hands across his breast, and for some time engaged in earnest prayer. Opening his eyes he looked up and said, 'Mother, I believe I've found my Saviour.' His mother, thinking that possibly she did not understand him, asked him what he said. With emphasis he replied, 'I believe I've got religion.' 'What makes you think so, my son?' 'O, I'm so much lighter now,' said he. 'Why, I've been trying to get religion two days, and have been praying all the time, but somehow I felt so heavy in my heart; but now it seems as if I was ten pounds lighter, and I'm so happy,' and then he prayed again. The same day at noon he called his father to his side and repeated nearly the same words.

"A few minutes before Nattie died he was asked if he was happy. By a sign he at once answered in the affirmative. Said one again, 'Does it seem all bright?' In the same prompt manner he answered, 'Yes.' Then folding his little hands, he moved his lips, and his angelic spirit departed while in the very attitude of prayer."

Stop, corporal, stop! You will make me break my rule if you don't. Dear Nattie was a very uncommon child, and it must be a great comfort to his parents to think of the excellent character he bore. Let my children remember that if they die young their good conduct will dwell in the memory of their parents like the sound of a sweet old melody. What next, corporal?

"I. R. G., of Alliance, Stark County, Ohio, writes:

"We have been trying to continue Sunday-school through this winter in Alliance with pretty good success as you will here see. We have twenty girls and ten boys who are punctual in their attendance, learning the catechism, etc. They all like the S. S. Advocate, and hold up their hands to join the Try Company. They have made a

missionary collection of \$2, which must need go through your hands to the treasurer. Now if the corporal will admit these thirty children into his army we will take a fresh start and not stop till we get the full company of one hundred. Why not, when we have here Thomas D., who learns and says his lesson like a little man; and Christabelle M., a charming little singer; and Normeldona I., a smart little girl to speak pieces; and Ellen I., a very punctual attendant at Sunday-school.

"Those thirty children having given good proof of their fitness by attending school all winter and by collecting that money are admitted to my company," says the corporal, and I sent my greetings to those noble little fellows of Alliance. Will they each resolve to do something every day to make somebody happy? I hope so.

"Here is a line from MORRIS B., of Marion, Illinois. He says;

"I am not well. I have to lay in my bed. I have been reading the Sunday-School Advocate for about three years and like it better all the time. I live away down in Southern Illinois, in Marion, Williamson County. There are a great many wicked people in this country, but we have a good Sunday-school here. I do think it will do some good to the children, and may be to the parents. I love Sunday-school, good books, and your good little paper. I want to do all the good I can. I hope to be well soon. Will the good corporal let me join the Try Company?"

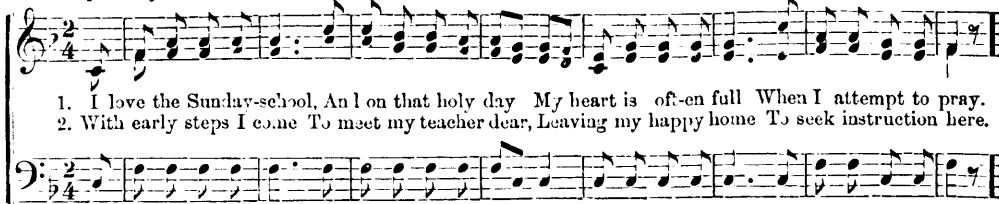
"My sick little brother is welcome to enter my ranks," adds the corporal, and I sincerely wish Master Morris better health and power to fight sin in his neighborhood.

This tune is from our new book, "THE SWEET SINGER."

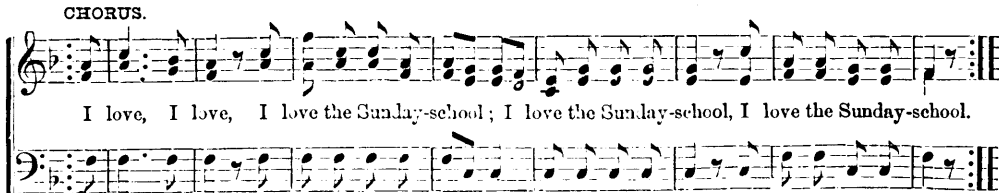
I love the Sunday-school.

Spiritedly.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.



1. I love the Sunday-school, An'l on that holy day My heart is oft-en full When I attempt to pray.
2. With early steps I come To meet my teacher dear, Leaving my happy home To seek instruction here.

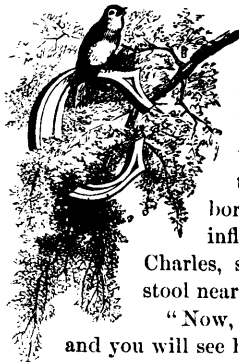


CHORUS.
I love, I love, I love the Sunday-school; I love the Sunday-school, I love the Sunday-school.

3. I love the Sunday-school,
The precious volume too,
Which is the only rule
To teach me what to do.—*Chorus.*
4. Within it I behold
The rays of gospel light,
Richer than gems or gold,
And most divinely bright.—*Chorus.*
5. I love the Sunday-school,
An'l wish that every child
Would here his name enroll,
No more be rude an'l wild.—*Chorus.*
6. Wasting his precious time,
Spending his idle breath
In folly or in crime
Along the road to death.—*Chorus.*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by CARLTON & PORTER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

CHARLIE'S SUM.



CHARLES was at school, and though only twelve years old, he was head of the class for arithmetic. His father had come home from his work, his mother was out that evening visiting a neighbor whose boy was very ill of inflammation in the lungs. Charles, sitting with his slate on a stool near his father, said:

"Now, do please give me a sum, and you will see how soon I will do it."

"Well, I will," his father replied. "Are you ready? A rich lady once found lying at her door, one summer morning, a little baby wrapped in an old shawl. She could not find who laid it there, but she resolved to rear it, and gave it out to nurse, keeping an account of all it cost her. When the little baby had grown up a fine boy twelve years of age she wrote out the account, thus: 'A nurse for keeping the infant for three years, at \$100 a year. Clothes, twelve years, at \$20 a year. Food, twelve years, at \$50 a year. Lodging, twelve years, at \$25 a year. Teaching, books, etc., for six years, at \$25 a year. Doctor and medicine when the boy was ill, three times, \$10, \$5, \$10.' Now tell me the sum of it?"

Charles, after a little explanation, set to work, and by multiplying, found out the figures marked opposite each article, and adding, found that the little baby had cost the lady \$1,615.

"How much money!" the boy exclaimed.

"Yes, it is indeed, Charles," said the father. "Do you think you could pay as much?"

"O no! I have just one half dollar grandpapa gave me."

"Well, but, my boy, do you know that you have to pay all that, and much more, to another kind lady?"

Charles stared.

"Yes! Are you not just twelve years old, and what kind lady nursed you, fed and lodged you, clothed and taught you? I thought Charles forgot who did all this for him, when he put on a sulky face this morning, and went so slowly on mamma's errand to the baker!"

The boy's face was bent downward, and his cheeks grew very red.

"Let me see your sum, Charles; there is some-

thing more to put down. For twelve years mamma has loved you, watched over you, prayed for you. No money can tell how much that love and these prayers were worth. When you grow up you might pay the \$1,615, but how will you pay mamma for her love?"

Charles's eyes filled with tears. "I will never behave so again! I can never pay what I have cost her!"

"Would you give her the half dollar, Charlie? I think you would. But you have more than that to give. You can *love* mamma and *obey* her, can't you? She asks nothing more, and that is what God means by honoring thy mother in the fifth commandment."

When mamma came home Charles crept near her and showed her the account. His father explained it. She kissed her boy and said, "O, if my Charlie grows up to be a good man I shall be well paid for all!"

WEATHER SAYINGS.

THE following are some of the couplet-sayings relative to the weather which are common in this country:

"An evening red, and next morning gray,
Are sure signs of a beautiful day."

"If the moon shows a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field."

"If the cock crows going to bed,
He will rise with a watery head."

"When the peacock loudly bawls,
We shall soon have rain and squalls."

"When the glow-worm lights her lamp,
Surely then the air is damp."

"A rainbow in the morning
Gives the traveler warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the traveler's delight."

MEMORY OF A HORSE.

A MILK-DEALER in this vicinity some thirteen years ago sold a horse to one of our citizens, which for some little time previous to the sale had been driven to a milk-wagon, and had become familiar with the several stopping-places about the city. The citizen who purchased the horse has kept him for a family horse the past thirteen years, refusing at one time the sum of one hundred dollars on account of his good qualities. Within a few days the horse, now over twenty years old, has returned to

the milk-dealer, and is again upon the old route. The very first day the horse appeared to be at home, and stopped of his own accord at all the places he had been accustomed to stop at thirteen years ago.—*Hartford Courant.*

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOBSTERS.



SOME animals are very ingenious; lobsters are not. Some time ago there was a landslide on some portion of the coast of England that pushed by its weight a portion of the bottom of the sea up out of the water. On this newly-made land were a number of lobsters that must have been very much surprised by this sudden ebb of the tide, that is, if they thought anything at all about it. At all events they waited for it to flow over them again, which, of course, it did not do, and they actually died there for want of water, though in some cases it was only a few feet from their noses. They really had not sense enough to tumble into it and save their lives. You would think that almost anything with life would have sense enough to find its way to the water if it had the power of motion. You see by this that this animal has but very little intelligence.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE GREAT HEART.

"LITTLE GREAT HEART" was the name given to a little girl, (mentioned in Mrs. Richard's new book,) because she is so thoughtful of the comfort and happiness of others and forgetful of herself. She was always devising some way of making her little brother and sister happy. She had one brother older than herself, who had a peevish temper through much sickness, and for him she made every sacrifice. One day they were at play together when he took a fancy to take away her toys. She loved her toys, but she gave them up one after another until they were all gone, and then she said so sweetly:

"Don't fret, Charlie; I haven't one left now to give you. Do, please, be dood now, and don't ky."

"How can you do the most good?" asked a lady of a little girl.

"By being myself as good a girl as I can be," was the reply.

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