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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPER · LITTLE

UNTO · M · E ·

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 13.

APRIL 11, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 181.



"ONLY A LITTLE WHILE."

"MOLLY, these days are cold and dreary,
And much, I fear, you must grow weary,
Watching all day beside your stall
For customers, who may not come at all."
But Molly answered with a cheerful smile,
"Kind sir, 'tis only for a little while!"

"Perhaps, then, summer's hot and dusty hours
More heavily may tax your feeble powers?"
Again she answered, with contented smile,
"Nay, sir, 'tis only for a little while!"

"Well, don't you grumble at the drizzling mist,
Your scanty clothing can so ill resist?
Or when the dismal rain, in drenching showers,
On you and on your wares unceasing pours?"

She shook her aged head, with constant smile,
And said, "'Tis only for a little while!"

"But, Molly, when these 'little whiles' are past,
What brighter prospect can be yours at last?"
"Ah, sir!" she answered, and her faded eye
Was lighted with a radiance from on high;
"When all life's little griefs are past and gone,
For poor old Molly waits a golden crown.
Hers will be then a heritage of light,
Before GOD'S glorious throne, forever bright!"

"I, Molly, am a judge, in law deemed learned,
But from the law I never yet have learned
Such glorious hopes as these I hear from you;
What surety have you that these hopes are true?"

"Dear sir, no law such hopes could e'er display,
The Gospel 'tis that tells us Christ's the way.

Aged and poor, if I in him am found,
To grant me heaven my GOD himself is bound."

She paused, then added with a wistful eye,
Motioning her questioner to gaze on high—
"Remember, but a little while is given
In which to make our title clear to heaven!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TAKING SIN TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

ONE day a little Christian boy being strongly tempted, gave way to a fit of anger. Shortly after his mother found him alone sobbing.

"What ails you, my dear?" said she tenderly.

"Please, ma, I wish to be left alone," he replied.

He was left, and his mother shortly afterward heard him praying. When he ceased she again went into his room and said:

"Tell me, my dear, what makes you so sad to-day."

Tears filled the little fellow's eyes as he replied:

"I meant to tell you everything, mamma, but I could not until I had first told my sin to God and asked him to pardon me."

That was carrying sin to the right place, don't you think so, my dear child? Be true to your own thought, then, and carry all your sins to God too.

W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A PATRIOTIC BOY.

MANY long years ago the people of Switzerland threw off the yoke of the Austrian dukes who wanted to lord it over them. During the struggles between the brave Switzers and the Austrians, many of the ancient Swiss noblemen sided with the dukes against the people. One night, in the city of Lucerne, a body of these proud nobles met in a hall, resolved to murder the leaders of the people in their beds, and give the city up to the Austrian duke. It happened, however, that a boy chanced to be in the hall, and to overhear their plans. When he tried to go out they seized him, and were about to kill him; but one of them said:

"Don't kill the brat! Make him swear not to tell what he may have seen and heard to any man and let him go!"

Thinking that a little frightened boy would either not dare or be unable to mar their vile plot, they forced him to take the oath and then let him go.

The boy went away. Finding a public hall open, he went in. Several citizens were there. Not feeling at liberty, on account of his oath, to tell any man what he had seen and heard, he went up to the stove and said:

"Stove, listen to me! The nobles of Lucerne are in the cellar under the Tailor's Hall. They are armed. They are going to murder the leaders of the people to-night. Rouse the people, O stove, and tell them to save themselves and the liberties of Lucerne."

The citizens who heard the boy's speech to the stove believed him, roused their fellow-citizens, marched to the cellar, captured and then banished the wicked nobles, and thereby saved themselves from death and their children from the rule of the tyrants of Austria.

That boy was a shrewd little fellow, wasn't he? He kept the *letter* of his oath by telling a dumb stove the great secret he had learned instead of speaking to the *men*. That he violated the *spirit* of his oath is true; but I am not sure that he was bound to keep more than the *letter* of an oath forced upon him as that was. Still, I am not quite sure on that point. An oath is a *secret* thing. This much is clear, however, even to you; he was a shrewd little patriot, and the people of Lucerne ought to have adopted him as the child of the city. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW A BOY WAS HELPED TO GET HIS LESSONS.

"MAMMA," said a little boy one day, "I wanted to be a good boy at my lessons this morning, and when I was going to begin I asked God to make me good and help me; and my lessons which seemed so hard yesterday were not difficult at all to-day, but very pleasant and very easy."

There is a boy and a girl among my readers who often sit over their lessons and pout, and cry, and whine, and say, "O dear, how I do hate these tiresome lessons;" but they never find their lessons easier to get after these fretting fits. Which, then, is the better way to get over a tough lesson—*praying or fretting?* W.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

On each returning Sunday,
As in my class I stand,
To hear about the glory
Prepared at God's right hand—
About the joys of heaven,
And how to enter there;
About eternal sorrows,
That wicked men must bear;
About the Saviour's dying
To ransom us from hell;
And all that holy Scripture
Was given by God to tell:
I see myself so sinful,
While Jesus was so good,
I do resolve sincerely
To love him as I should.
But then upon the week days
Temptations come so fast,
And so next Sunday finds me
No better than the last.
Lord, help me to be faithful,
And guide my giddy thought;
And grant me grace to love thee,
And serve thee as I ought.
Lord, save us all from falling—
Each scholar, teacher, friend;
O, let not one miss heaven!
But save us to the end.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LILLIAN'S PRAYER.

THERE was a pleasant home in the country to which a man carried evil tidings one bright summer's morning. Meeting Lillian, the eldest of the two little girls who lived in the house, he said:

"Lillian, dear girl, put your arms round your poor mamma and whisper that papa was taken very ill; that he could not come home; that he is—in heaven now."

Lillian ran trembling to her mother and whispered the dreadful tidings. Her mother turned pale as newly-fallen snow, sunk on the sofa, and sat silent as a statue. Her grief was so great she could neither weep nor speak.

Lillian and her sister Celia, though very, very sad themselves, vainly tried to rouse their mother. Find-



ing it impossible to rouse her, they stepped to the window, where Lillian said, "Didn't you hear the minister say that we can only pray for God to comfort mamma? Can't we do that, Celia?"

"Why, we always pray for her, you know," sobbed Celia, "when we say our prayers; but God hasn't kept away the sorrow."

"O, I don't mean that way," rejoined Lillian; "I mean a real prayer of our own, just what we want this minute. Do, dear Celia, let us try to pray to God to pity us and comfort dear mamma."

Then those precious girls knelt down and Lillian prayed: "O God, mamma hasn't spoken to us since the dreadful news. She looks so ill. O God, don't take away mamma too. O, do comfort her as nobody else can!"

This prayer was overheard by the broken-hearted mother. It roused her. Calling her children to her side, she kissed them fondly and wept.

Those tears probably saved her life. Lillian felt it was so, and when friends called to see her mother she went out of the room with Celia and said:

"Celia, our prayer is heard. What shall we do for God who has done this for us?"

Wasn't Lillian a blessing to her mother? Don't you think her mother must have loved her very dearly after that? I do, and I think that Lillian's example should move every child who reads about it to make some such resolution as this:

"I am only a child, but I will try to do something every day to make my mother smile."

Who will make that resolution? X.

LITTLE FRANK'S SELF-DENIAL.



LITTLE FRANK early learned to be self-denying and useful.

He was about five years of age when a fever broke out in the village; and one day he found his mother in her room making up bundles of clothing. "What are these for, mamma?"

He was told that they were for the sick children. His interest was immediately awakened,

and he asked if he might not give them something. "But you have not anything of your own, Frankie, except the clothes you wear and the meals you eat, so how can you help them?"

He caught up the words, "*the meals you eat*," and said, "I should like to send them half of *all* my meals; do let me?"

Consent was given, without much thought; and from that time, while the fever lasted, he never tasted food until he had first put a full half of whatever it was into the children's bowl. Nor was he ever reminded; it was his own first thought. His father was accustomed to give him after dinner a small biscuit, and, to his mother's surprise, this too was divided every day. Even if he received a piece of bread at any hour the half was silently devoted to the "children's bowl."

At another time he consulted one of his sisters as to whether if he left off eating biscuits he might have their value in money; because, if so, he would make over his share to the missionary-box. The bargain was concluded, and he never departed from it, until he received a regular weekly allowance of pocket-money, and had thus money of his own to dispose of.

But it had been his daily treat to have a nice biscuit from his papa, while sitting upon his knee and listening to a story. The story was told as usual, but no persuasion could induce Frankie to eat the biscuit. His papa, not knowing of the agreement, tried to coax him to eat.

"No, thank you, papa."

"But why not, Frank? You used to be so fond of your bit of biscuit; have you taken a dislike to it?"

"I never eat biscuit now, papa."

This perseverance in the refusal from day to day puzzled his father until it was explained to him. The child had kept the matter quite secret, under the impression that acts of benevolence should not be boasted of nor talked about. Wasn't Frank a noble boy?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE USE A LITTLE BOY MADE OF HIS HAND.

WHEN little Eddie was six years old he returned from school one day, and walking up to his father said in a dejected tone:

"Father, every boy in school swears!"

His father looked upon him and said, "Why, that is dreadful! But I hope there is, at least, one little boy in school who never swears—you do not, Eddie?"

"No, sir, I never did; but I'm afraid I shall."

"Why so, my son? You know it is very wicked to swear."

"Yes, sir, I know it is, and I don't mean to; but when I hear them all swearing around me, it seems as if I must swear, and I have to put my hand over my mouth to prevent it."

Well, Eddie never learned to swear, but grew up a good boy. When he was eighteen years old he went to live in a great city among strangers. There was much wickedness in the city, but Eddie did not fall into it, for he took his place in the Church of Christ and made good people his associates, and became active in doing good to others. When he saw his country in danger from wicked tyrants, he enlisted in the army for her protection. He was noble and brave, and when he was twenty years and six days old he fell at the battle of Whitehall, N. C., killed by a rebel sharpshooter while bearing a fallen comrade from the battle-field.

Eddie is gone, but he did not live in vain, for his fall is mourned by many good people, and his pastor said of him, "Edwin has made his mark. . . . His memory is like precious ointment."

Little boy, if ever you are tempted to swear, remember the use little Eddie made of his hand.

HABITS.

OUR customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1863.

GOD HEARD YOU.



"SAY, Jem, that's teacher as sure as a gun. I wonder if he heard me swear?" said Henry Henly, pointing to a well-dressed gentleman who had just passed him and his companion on the sidewalk.

"Can't say, Harry. He passed us just as you ripped out, but he didn't seem to know us. If he did he was precious sly, for he went by us as if he didn't even see us," replied James Fenton.

"Well, I hope he didn't," rejoined Henry, gravely. "He read me a big lecture last Sunday about swearing, and I was so cut up by what he said that I promised I wouldn't swear any more. Wont he give me a talking to next Sunday if he heard what I said just now!"

"It'll serve you right, Harry," rejoined James. "I don't think boys ought to swear. It's bad enough for ignorant Five Point boys to do it, but I'm sure we Sunday-school fellows shouldn't, because we know it's wicked. And then you know, Harry, if teacher didn't hear you swear, God did."

James was right. God did hear Henry Henly swear, and he heard that other member of our Advocate family—a boy of fourteen—swear for the first time in his life last week. I'm sorry we have one boy swearer in our pleasant circle, because it is a very shocking thing for a boy to swear. But we have one or two who are just beginning to pollute their lips with foul words. They will very soon quit our happy band if they don't quit swearing, for no such boy can stay long in our company. Could I talk to those young swearers personally I would say:

"God hears your oaths, my sons. God is grieved to hear them. God commands you to 'Swear not at all.' God will cast you out from the company of his children if you persist in swearing. If you cease to do that and all other evil and repent, he will pardon you for Jesus's sake. If you do not he will let his curse fall upon you. Stop swearing! Stop sinning, O my children, and fly to the Saviour, for it is 'a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!'"

OUR CONVERSATION COLUMN.



CORPORAL, you look as sober as a merchant whose notes are under protest. What ails you?"

"I feel a little sad, Mr. Editor. Not because my notes are under protest, for nobody has any note of mine to protest; (the corporal's face brightened at this comfortable thought;) but because some boys have just thrown a dark shadow over my heart by their bad conduct."

Poor old corporal! You are too sensitive. You should not let such things trouble you.

"Too sensitive!" cries the corporal, flashing a half angry glance from his eye and striking the floor sharply with his stick. "Too sensitive, did you say? Do you think I have no heart? Do—"

Be calm, my good corporal, if you please. I did not mean to offend you.

The corporal laughs at this remark and replies, "Offend me, indeed! You can hardly do that without offending yourself also. But let me tell you what sobered me. Coming to my office to-day, I saw three big boys with heads as thick as their boot-soles poking fun at a bright little fellow whose jacket was big enough for a man, and whose head was covered with a girl's hood instead of a cap. 'Where did you get that tight jacket?' 'He's got a girl's bonnet on. Aint he sweet?' 'Be careful, Little-coat, or you'll split your jacket.' 'Crikey! what a fit! Guess he bought that coat at Barnum's,' were the taunts which those big boobies threw at the pale-faced little fellow. If they had thrown stones at him he would not have felt worse, for I saw a big tear stealing down his cheek as I passed. I felt sorry for the poor boy, and sorry

that the big ones were so wicked as to take pleasure in teasing the poor child about his clothes, and that's what made me look sober. I always feel sad when I see wicked children or sorrowful ones."

All honor to your noble heart, corporal. You are a real lover of children, and if you will allow me a Yankee's privilege, I guess those mocking boys didn't pass you without hearing from you.

"You are right, Mr. Editor. I knocked them down with a club!"

Fie! fie! my corporal. I'm afraid you acted worse than the boys. I—

"Stop! don't blame me before you know all. My club was taken from the Gospel armory. I merely said, 'Boys, do you know what the golden rule teaches?' They held down their heads and slunk away before this simple question. I guess they were Sunday-school boys who had forgotten themselves. Thus you see I knocked the wicked spirit out of them with the golden rule."

Huzza for you, Corporal Try! Your thoughtless boys remind me of how some village boys once treated two Quaker children. These children's parents had rigged



them up in very broad brims and very big shad-bellied coats, cut after the strictest and latest Quaker fashion. The little Quakers did look odd, I confess, and the first day they went out in their new rig the village boys gathered round them like hornets and said all the stinging things they could think of, until I doubt if the poisoned shirt given to brave old Hercules by Nessus gave him more pain than those coats gave their wearers. Poor boys! How they writhed under the idle but cutting speeches of the thoughtless fellows about them! It was cruel treatment. I hope none of your company are ever guilty of such conduct, corporal.

"My company is made up of boys and girls who keep the golden rule, Mr. Editor. If I knew of one who teased his companions for any cause, I'd drum him out of my company this very hour. Do you suppose I wouldn't?"

No, corporal, I don't suppose any such thing—but let us hear from the mail-bag.

"The bag is full, Mr. Editor. I admit about threescore applicants whose letters you wont have time to hear read. After the enigma is recorded I will read a few. Here is the answer to the Scripture puzzle in our last budget: 'How is it that ye sought me?' Luke ii, 49.

"Here is a new enigma:

"I am composed of six letters:

"My 1, 2, 3 is a favorite vegetable.

"My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a delicious fruit.

"My 6, 3, 1 is found within the bark of trees.

"My 5, 2, 3, 1 is what playful boys often do.

"My whole was once seen by an apostle in the gates of a wonderful city.

"Here is a letter from L. H., who says:

"I am afraid all your five hundred thousand readers (is that number too large?) have not heard what a magnificent Sunday-school we have out here in this little western city,

and as it is one of the best schools in the world, (do you think that is 'too steep?') I thought I would write and let them know about it. Waukegan is a beautiful little city situated on the western bank of Lake Michigan, some thirty-five miles north of Chicago, containing some four thousand inhabitants. There are five evangelical Churches in the town—Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, and Episcopal—all of which have Sunday-schools in successful operation. The Methodists have a large house of worship, well finished and furnished, and a nice parsonage on the same lot, also furnished, and a nice preacher's office. But our Sunday-school is the largest in the place, numbering over two hundred, and is manned by a most noble and devoted corps of officers and teachers. We meet at two o'clock in the afternoon and hold our session about two hours. The first half hour is devoted to singing, and such singing! O but you ought to hear it! It must be heard in order to be appreciated. I expect they have better singing up in heaven, but I doubt if there is much better in many places in this world. We take one hundred and fifty copies of the S. S. Advocate, one hundred of the Good News, (going to send for fifty more,) one hundred of the Missionary Advocate, and ten of the Teachers' Journal.

"The pride of our school is the infant class, numbering between fifty and sixty sweet little boys and girls, under the charge of Sister Kingsley, who probably has no superior as an infant-class instructor, being by both nature, grace, and experience adapted to the work. We call these little ones our 'canaries.' Their singing is charming.

"But the best part of the story about our school is yet to be told. We are having a gracious revival in our Church, and many of the dear Sunday-school children have been happily converted to God, and I hope it will continue till they are all converted. Don't you hope so too, Mr. Editor?"

"Tell the corporal that we have organized a new company out here called the 'Do company,' that we have all enlisted, and ask him if he would like to enlist with us."

The corporal approves of "Do companies," providing their doings are good, as those of the Waukegan school appear to be.

"ALICE, of Lowell, says:

"I would like to call you father, because you give us such good advice in your little paper and have such a fatherly care for all the Sabbath-school family. I am a little girl nine years old. I have been a member of St. Paul's M. E. Sabbath-school four years. We love our minister very much. He has a warm, kind heart. I am sure he loves all little children, because he loves to talk to us. One year ago he formed a mission school near where I live. I have attended it ever since it was formed. We have a very interesting school. We have a missionary prayer-meeting every Friday evening. Father prays and talks with the children, and we have good singing. Father thinks this school will be the means of saving many souls. I mean to be a Christian. I feel very happy when I pray to God and try to love him. Please come to Lowell and see our mission school."

The Lord bless you, my dear Alice, and fill you with his love forever! Your sweet little note wins a warm place in my heart for you.

"EDWIN M. II., of Rock Creek, says:

"I am eight years of age. I took your Advocate before I could read. I loved to hear my mother read those pretty stories in your paper. I love our Sunday-school, and will try to be good. I am afraid you can't read my letter. It is the best that I can do.

"When a boy does his best I'm satisfied," says the corporal. Easily pleased, isn't he? Why, corporal, you couldn't ask more than that of the Angel Gabriel. Could even he do more than his best? I hope Edward will look to Jesus for strength to be good.

"M. A. B., of Marathon, says:

"I love to go to Sunday-school very much. We like our superintendent first rate. I had a beautiful red Bible from him, with his photograph in it, as a reward for truth. I think a great deal of it. Please admit me to the Try Company.

"Certainly, certainly. A girl who merits a reward for truthfulness would honor any company." So says Corporal Try, and so say I.

THE SWEET SINGER.

THE SWEET SINGER is ready to accept invitations to visit any school in the country. He is a cheerful, lively little fellow, and wherever he goes there will be such singing as might make an angel glad. The Sweet Singer is a collection of hymns and tunes just published. Price, twenty cents single; \$1 80 per dozen.

THE EDITOR'S PRIZE.—The price of the editor's carte de visite is fifteen cents. Where sent by mail three cents must be added to pay postage. Send to Carlton & Porter.



BE CONTENT.

If others are wealthy while we are but poor,
We still may be happy as they;
For moderate desire, not immoderate store,
But keep discontentment away.

The noblest and richest have troubles to bear
Amid their possessions untold;
Of suffering and sorrow they all have their share
In spite of their titles and gold.

Our sleep is as sound, and our food is as sweet,
As any which they can enjoy;
And time never passes so pleasant and fleet
As when spent in useful employ.

If duty be done, 'tis a far greater thing
Than riches or honors to gain;
With this 'e'en a cottage will happiness bring;
Without it, a palace were vain.

"GO AWAY!"

"Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood
If spoken but in kindness."

"Do as you would be done by."

"PLEASE to buy some matches of a poor boy."

"Go away!" was the reply.

No one likes to be told to go away, not even a dog, especially when told to do so in an angry tone. The little beggar boy to whom Harry Richards addressed the above words, just because he asked him to buy some matches, went away looking very sorrowful. It was unfortunate the little boy had to beg, no doubt; but that was no reason why Harry should lose his temper, or speak in such a harsh tone to one of his fellow-creatures. In a few moments afterward Harry had forgotten all about the beggar boy, and went to get his hoop. It was a very cold day, and he intended to have a good run with his hoop, but he had forgotten that he had no hoop-stick.

"O dear," said Harry, "what a bore! I forgot I had lost my hoop-stick. I must go and ask papa if he will give me some money to buy one."

So off he ran to his papa's study, where he found him busily engaged in reading a newspaper.

"Please, papa," said Harry, "will you give me some money to buy a hoop-stick? I want to have a good run with my hoop."

His papa did not take any notice of him; so Harry asked him over again in the same beseeching tone as before. His papa turned round, and, in an angry and impatient tone, exclaimed, "Go away!"

Harry started, and turned pale with fright; but his

papa went on reading, and took no more notice of him. So Harry walked out of the room feeling very miserable.

"Papa was busy, so I ought not to have disturbed him," said Harry to himself; "but for all that, he need not have spoken so VERY angrily."

Then he remembered the poor little beggar boy to whom he had spoken so harshly that same morning, and he wondered if he had felt as miserable as he did when he told him to go away. "I spoke quite as angrily as papa did to me, and I dare say he went away thinking me very unfeeling and proud, treating him as if he were a dog; no, not a dog neither, for I always speak kindly to dear old Frisk;" and Frisk, hearing his name pronounced by Harry, came up, wagging his tail, and licked his hand. "Even if I could not afford to give to a beggar, I could bestow a kind word on him; kind words are cheap enough. I do not know what possessed me to speak so cross, unless it is because I have heard people say beggars ought not to be encouraged; but this is no excuse; I might tell them to go away in a civil tone."

Now, Harry was rather distressed for want of a hoop-stick, and he dared not go and interrupt his papa again. At last he thought he would go to the wood and see if he could find a stick that would do, although two of his schoolfellows were waiting for him at the swing across the old tree on the common. He saw many sticks and broken branches lying on the ground, but none of them thick enough to answer his purpose. Presently he espied exactly the sized stick he required, but it was too long, and he would have to break it. He tried to break it, but he was not strong enough, and he was very nearly giving up all hopes of obtaining it, when he heard a step behind him, and a voice said, "I think I could break it," and seizing hold of it, the speaker bent his knee upon it with all his might until it snapped right in two; and then, before Harry had time to thank him, he was off like a shot, leaving the broken stick lying on the ground at Harry's feet. It was the little beggar boy to whom Harry had spoken so crossly that morning. He certainly showed that he bore no malice, poor little fellow. Whether he ran away so quickly afterward out of fear of Harry or to show that he did not expect to be paid for what he had done, I do not know; but I know that Harry, instead of picking up the stick, took to his heels and ran after the little beggar boy, calling out to him to stop; but he was too swift for Harry. He could neither catch him nor make him hear. So he returned to the spot where he had left the stick, and picking it up, he walked toward his own home. On his way thither he met his father.

"Well, Harry, my boy," said he, "what makes you look so thoughtful? By the by, you wanted money to buy a hoop-stick."

"I thought you were too busy to give me any this morning, papa," said Harry, "so I went to look for a stick in the woods."

"Why, you happened to come just at the moment when I was reading a very interesting article in the *Tribune*," said his papa. "I believe I spoke rather harshly to you. I lost my temper, which I ought not to have done. Here, take this money for your hoop-stick."

"No, thank you, papa," said Harry, "I have got a hoop-stick without buying one, and I would not part with it for the world."

"Why, where did you get it from?"

Harry then told his papa the whole history of the poor little beggar boy: how he had come and begged him so innocently to buy some of his matches; and how he had told him to go away in an angry, proud tone; and then he told how miserable he had felt when his papa had used the same words and spoken in the same harsh tones to him; and how this had recalled his own unfeeling conduct to the beggar boy. He told him of the scene in the woods, and then he said, "O papa, I cannot tell you how superior that little ragged boy seemed to be to myself when I saw him thus engaged in returning good for evil. He has taught me a lesson which I shall never for-

get, and I intend to treasure up this hoop-stick as a remembrance of that little forgiving boy."

"We must look for the fine little fellow," said his papa, "and see what can be done for him. I wonder how he came to be begging. I hope, my dear Harry, it will be a lesson to us both for the future to be kind and courteous to every one, even to a beggar; for we may be kindly treating an angel unawares, as your little ragged friend has proved himself to be in disposition. And let us remember that there is one great Being who, when he was on earth, never said a harsh word to any one: he never said 'Go away.' To the poor little infants who were brought to him our Saviour said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And to us all he says, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

THE TRUE VINE.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.—John xv, 1-5.

YES, Jesus is God's vine. When a child believes in Jesus he becomes a branch of this vine, and his life bears fruit which is more precious in God's sight than rich grapes are to men. When I see a child full of love to Jesus, full of kindness toward his friends, having a sweet temper, and doing right always, I say in my heart, "That child is a branch in God's vine. His good actions are the grapes he bears. I'm sure God loves that child."

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