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CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE

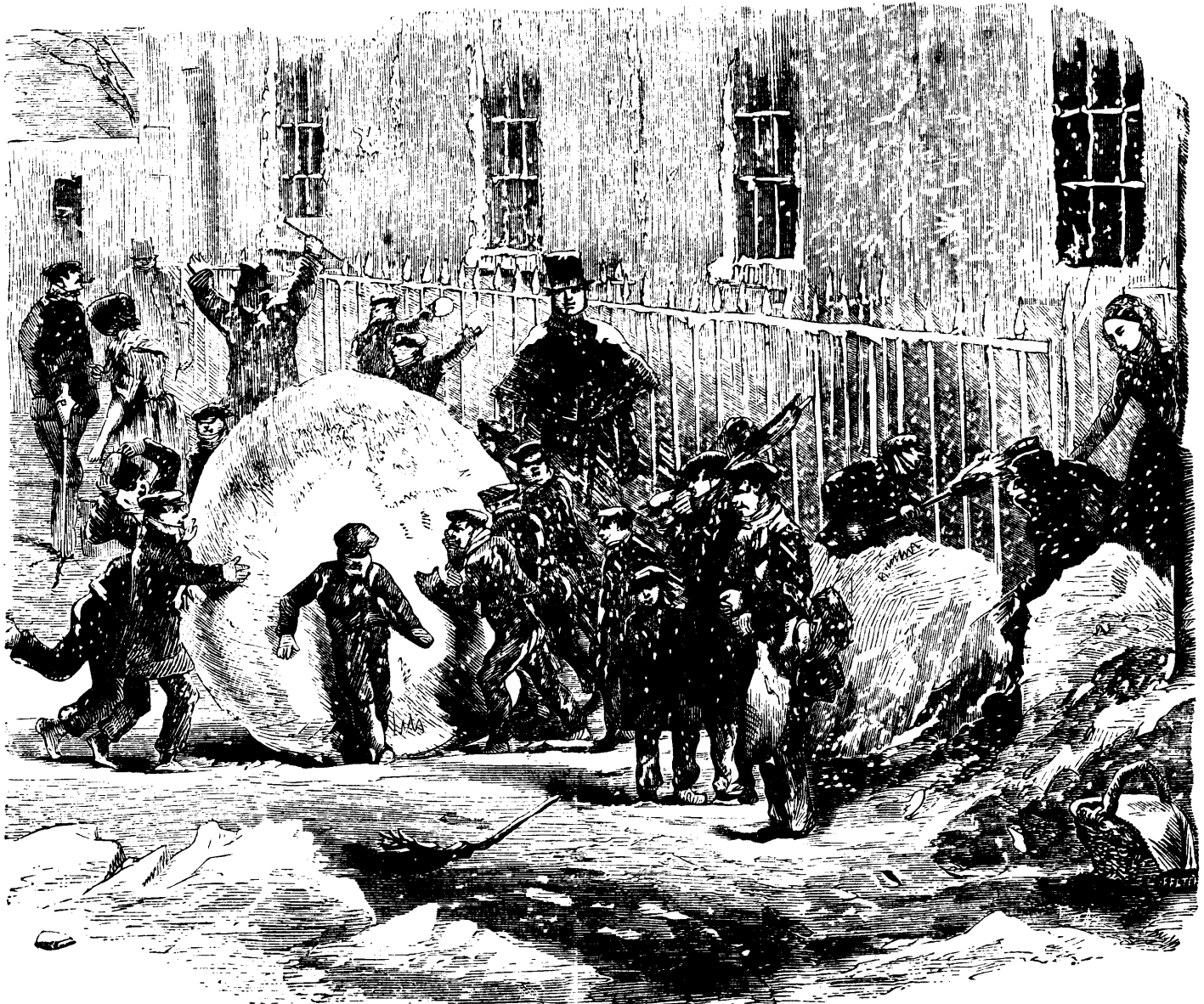
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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 9.

FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 177.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BIG SNOWBALL.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"ROLL him along, boys!" "Aint he a growin' big?" "Give him another turn!"

With these and similar cries a lot of jolly boys worked like a colony of beavers on a monster snowball which they were rolling up in the street one "Christmas day in the morning." They were having a good time, and making Christmas merry in a healthy, innocent way.

Not far from these sportive lads there was a poor boy busily sweeping the snow from the front of a house. He had no time to roll snowballs because he had his living to earn by hard work and chance jobs. But when his task was finished, while he was

waiting for his pay, he leaned on his broom, gazed at the snowball rollers, and said, half aloud:

"It grows bigger and bigger every turn. That's the way to git to be a great man!"

The boy's manner struck the owner of the mansion as he looked at him from the window. When the servant asked him for the boy's money, he said:

"Bring the boy in to me!"

The boy went in, and though the parlor looked very grand to him, he was by no means frightened out of his ready wit. Said the gentleman:

"What is your name, my little fellow?"

"Joe Gimber, sir," replied the boy.

"Who is your father?"

"Never had a father, sir—leastways I never heard I had one."

"Your mother, then, where is she?"

"Dead," said he solemnly. "She tried to sew for a living, but she couldn't make out and so she died. They put my sisters into the almshouse, where they died. They tried to take me there too, but I wouldn't go because I wanted to be independent."

"Independent!" cried the gentleman; "why, what on earth could a little fellow like you do?"

"O please, sir, I could do lots of things. First I sold newspapers, but I couldn't make nuffin to speak of at that. Then I sold apples, oranges, radishes, and wedgables for a man who knocked me about shockin'. So I quit him and sold clams on my own hook. Just now I gets lots of money sweeping off the snow from before people's doors."

"What were you saying to yourself just now when my servant called you, Joe?"

Joe hardly liked to tell a stranger his secret

thoughts, but seeing nothing but kindness in his questioner's eye, he replied:

"I was a thinkin' that a chap who wants to get on in the world ought to be like that snowball—always gathering as he goes."

"Very good, Joe, provided he gathers grace and virtue as well as money. Would you like to live with me, Joe?"

Joe said he should, and was accordingly introduced into the servants' department. There, by faithfulness to little duties, he gathered good-will and confidence from his employer and skill for himself. After a while he was placed in the gentleman's law-office. There he gathered knowledge and won more confidence. In short, Joe went on gathering as he grew older until he became a successful lawyer, a rich man, a Christian gentleman.

If my boy and girl readers will let Joe teach them to gather as they go—to gain a little knowledge, a little skill, a little wisdom, a little faith, a little love, a little hope, a little of everything good every day, they will not have seen the picture of the big snowball and read Joe's story in vain. Who will resolve, like Joe, to gather as he goes?



THE LITTLE HOME.

"I wish, mamma," said Ella Harrison, "that we were rich like the Goldacres. It is so disagreeable living in a small house with only four rooms in it. If we were only rich I should be satisfied."

Mrs. Harrison, a sweet-looking, middle-aged lady, who sat in one corner of the room with her youngest child, a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed little fellow of four years asleep, upon her lap, looked up with a mournful smile into the beautiful face of her daughter.

"Thousands, my dear child," she said, "are at this very moment breathing a similar wish. Is it not a great pity their desire cannot be gratified? What a happy world we should have! Don't you think we should?"

There was a slight accent of irony in Mrs. Harrison's tone, and Ella instantly perceived it.

"It seems to me, mamma, that every rich person might be happy if they only would; but I presume that you are about to point out to me the Smiths, who are the wealthiest and still the most miserable of all our acquaintances. But really, my dear mother, if we were rich don't you think we should be very happy?"

"I am very rich, and very happy too," said Mrs.

Harrison, with a self-satisfied air. "I know of none in this world with whom I would exchange places."

Ella dropped her crochet-work into her lap, and looked with surprise into her mother's face.

"We rich!" she exclaimed. "Why, how do you make that out? Wouldn't you exchange places with the Goldacres, who live in a perfect palace, and who have hosts of servants, and who dress in silks and satins every day?"

"No, I would not exchange places with Mrs. Goldacre," said Mrs. Harrison; "for if I did I should have to resign you and Nelly, and your dear father, and my brave little Tommy."

"O I do not mean that at all," said Ella; "I did not mean that you individually should make the exchange. I meant that the whole family should share in it. Would you not be willing to have papa take Mr. Goldacre's property, and have him take ours?"

Mrs. Harrison shook her head.

"Why not, mamma? It seems to me that you are very unreasonable."

"If we had their riches, my dear child," said Mrs. Harrison, "we might fall into sin, and sin brings misery. As I before told you, I already consider myself very rich—rich in what I have, and richer in what God has promised me. I am rich in my health, rich in my husband, rich in my children, rich in my cottage home, which our industry has made tasteful and comfortable. I am rich in mental wealth, for we have a great many valuable books, and they have been well read by us all. I am rich in the white roses that clamber over the walls yonder and peep with breath of incense through the windows—rich in the calm thoughts which visit all who, with thankful, contented hearts, look upward and say:

"Praise to our father God,
High praise in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand doth give,
And what it takes away."

"But if we had more," said Ella, "you would have more to be thankful for."

"I have all that my heavenly Father has seen fit to give me, and that is enough. Think how many have less than we have. Think of the poor in the backwoods of Canada, about whom we have just been reading in Mrs. Moodie's book—those who have little or nothing with which to supply the demands of hunger through the cold and dreary winter; think of the thousands in cities who are stowed in cellars, and back rooms, and garrets, who seldom breathe the fresh air, or see glad sunshine; think of the poor Irish who a short while ago were starving to death, gasping with their dying breaths, 'Give me three grains of corn! Only three grains!' Think of the millions in Africa and Asia, who are living in ignorance and degradation, of which we can hardly form any conception, without the Bible, without Christ, without instruction, without the knowledge of God and heaven. Contrast with these human beings our own happy lot, and acknowledge yourself to be deeply ungrateful. Instead of being thankful for what you have, you are murmuring because your portion is not larger. You did not order the circumstances of your birth; you might have been born on heathen ground, or amid the beggars of Dublin or Paris."

"That is true, mamma," said Ella; "I never thought of that before."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DON'T FRET, MOTHER.

"Don't fret, mother. I shall die before the week is out," said sick little Mary to her mother, who was watching beside her bed. Mary said this cheerfully, for she knew death would be gain to her.

But Mary did not die. God spared her to do work for him on earth. May she be a burning and a shining light!

How many of my readers would feel as Mary did when face to face with death? Just as many as love Jesus and no more. Faith and love conquer death. Do you trust in Jesus, child?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AUTUMN DAYS.

"MAMMA, I've searched the garden through,
The roses are not there,
The fragrant pink, and violet blue,
And lilac blossoms fair;
And in the meadows once so green,
Nothing but faded grass is seen.

"My pear-tree by the garden-gate
I've watched with much delight,
It grew so pretty, tall, and straight,
Without defect or blight:
But in my lonely walk to-day
I found its bright leaves torn away!

"I'm sure I tried to tend them well
Through all the summer dry;
And now, dear mother, can you tell
What makes the flowers die?
The trees and meadows all appear
So faded, desolate, and drear."

"The Autumn days are come, my child,
And gloom o'er earth is spread;
Your flowers which late in beauty smiled
Are faded but not dead;
Spring's quick'ning breath and gentle rain
Will waken them in bloom again.

"Then hail, my child, the autumn days
With tones and words of cheer;
And Him in adoration praise
Who keeps your treasures, dear,
Safe till the wintry storms are o'er,
In spring their beauty to restore. H. A. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE HISTORY OF TWO SCHOOLMATES.



ERMIT me to tell you a story concerning two school-boys whom I well knew. They were not twins, as their names and age might indicate. There was but a day's difference in their ages, and their names were John and Joseph.

They were schoolmates, but their parentage and their names were very different. John was fortunate in having pious parents, of temperate habits, who always instructed their children, by precept and example, in wisdom's ways, and against the ensnaring vices of the age, especially tobacco and rum.

But Joseph was unfortunate. Though his parents were Church-members, yet his mother was a snuff-taker, and I believe the whole family were tobacco-users and brandy-drinkers; for his father kept a still-house for making cider-brandy, so that they always kept the "pure stuff" on hand, and of course used it liberally.

Joseph had a number of brothers, some of whom, as might be expected under such circumstances, found drunkards' graves; and they had things convenient, as one might fancy, for there was a burying-ground right opposite, and this, in connection with the still-house, seems very appropriate.

Joseph began to chew tobacco when quite young, and continued it, and brandy-drinking also, which made him a sot in his teens. Think of it—a sot in life's early morning, when, if ever, life should be fair, joyous, and pure! Possessing as good natural advantages as John, or perhaps any other person, still, when the dews and freshness of youth should have been upon him, he appeared old and miserable, and before he was twenty-one he had paid the penalty of violated physical laws, and slept in a drunkard's grave,

"With his wealth of life all wasted."

But John took a different course. Adhering to the example and counsel of his parents, he has never

used tobacco nor strong drinks. He has lived to see three times the age of Joseph, and is yet alive, in his sixty-third year, enjoying a good measure of health, and is a strong advocate of the anti-tobacco cause and other reforms. He is the writer of this article, and this is a slight sketch of his own history in contrast with that of his young companion.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

WHAT A CONVERTED BOY SAID.

"I USED to think myself happy," said a Christian boy one day, "when I was walking in the ways of sin; but I did not then know what real happiness is. I called things by wrong names. But now"—and his face lighted up with rays of pure joy and true gladness—"now I am happy all the day long. I am happy when I go to school, happy when I am at Church, happy when I am at home, happy when I play, happy when I read, happy when I pray—I am always happy!"

What made that boy so happy, think you, my child? God had pardoned his sins, given him a new heart, and made him one of his sons. God had blessed the dear boy and that made him happy.

Would you like to be "always happy?" Then you must go to God as that boy did and ask for pardon and a new heart. Jesus will hear you and answer you, and give you your first taste of real happiness. Then you will be able to sing:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say—
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast,
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad."

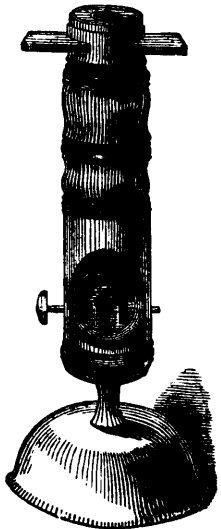
THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.

"WHAT a queer spy-glass you have there, Mr. Editor," exclaims the corporal as he comes stumping into my chamber with his heavy winter boots. "I declare it has legs, and you are holding it down instead of up. Surely, Mr. Forrester, our editor must be moonstruck."

"Not exactly, corporal," replies Mr. Forrester, smiling at the corporal's notion, "but he is wonder-struck."

"Wonder-struck! Fiddlesticks! He has seen too much of the world to be wonder-struck by a spy-glass. Come, Mr. Editor, take your eye off that black tube and tell us what you have been about."

Thus appealed to I raise my head, hold what the corporal had called a spy-glass up in my hand, and say, "Corporal, I am wonder-struck. This little instrument is not a spy-glass, but a microscope—a 'Craig Microscope.' Its simplicity, cheapness, and great magnifying power struck me with surprise. Then I was examining a fly's eye by its aid, and was struck with wonder at the skill and power of the Creator which is displayed in its structure. When I saw a statement in an advertisement that the Craig Microscope magnified one hundred diameters, and could be bought for \$2, I thought it was one of the many humbugs of the hour, for I had paid \$20 for a microscope not long before. But now I find it to be a really valuable instrument which I should like to see introduced into the families of our readers in place of the manifold useless toys which please for an hour and are then destroyed. This microscope would both amuse and instruct them, and I advise every boy and girl who wishes to know the wonders which lie in little things to save his money until he



has \$2 25, for which C. H. Wheeler & Co., 379 Washington-street, Boston, will send him a microscope post-paid. For \$1 50 more they will send twelve objects all ready for use—but enough about the microscope! Let us get to business, corporal."

"Well, here is the key to the Scripture exercise in our last:

"(1.) Tol, 2 Sam. viii, 9. (2.) Asa, 1 Kings xv, 14. (3.) Dan, Gen. xxx, 6. (4 and 5.) Buz and Huz, Gen. xxii, 21. (6.) Eli, 1 Sam. ii, 12. (7.) Eve, Gen. iii, 20. (8.) Gad, Num. xxxii, 1. (9.) Gog, 1 Chron. v, 4. (10.) Hur, Exod. xvii, 10. (11.) Ham, Gen. x, 6-9. (12.) Hen, Zech. vi, 14. (13.) Uri, Exod. xxxi, 2. (14 and 15.) Evi, Zur, Num. xxxi, 8. (16.) Job, Job i, 1. (17.) Lot, Gen. xix, 1. (18.) Nun, Numbers xiii, 16. (19.) Pul, 2 Kings xv, 19. (20.) Ram, Ruth iv, 18-22. (21.) Uri, Ezra x, 24.

"Here is an anagram containing thirty-four letters. Properly arranged, they will give you the names of five celebrated children mentioned in the Bible. The first of these children became a great legislator; the second became a judge, a prophet, and a king-maker; the third was a prince, an orphan, a cripple, and the protegee of a king—you may see him and his patron in the picture; the fourth



was a prince who died young and was mourned over by a whole nation; the last was crowned a king when only seven years old, became wicked in his manhood, and died an untimely death. Here are the letters: mmmooossss eeeaaanupthhhhhbbjj.

"Here is a note containing resolutions on the death of JOHN HUNT. What will you do with it, Mr. Editor?"

I join my regrets and mingle my sympathies with the Jerseyville school. The resolutions must go into the burial-place of papers which I have not space to print.

"Here is an account of the joyful death of W. P. HUBBARD, who went off to heaven in a chariot of bliss, saying as he went, 'O I'm so happy! It is all light up there!'"

That boy saw heaven before he entered it, don't you think so, corporal?

"I don't know. I think he saw its brightness streaming through the gateway. This paper says that in giving away his little items of property, he wished to give his sled to a boy who had injured him as a token of forgiveness, but failing to remember such a boy he gave it to another. What think you of that?"

I think, my corporal, that that was a beautiful thought. It was a desire to put a coal of fire on some selfish heart that it might be melted to love. What next, corporal?

"ELLA, of Ellicottville, writes:

"I am one of the little girls that go to the M. E. Sunday-school, and much do I love it. I want to tell you how I laughed one day last winter till my sides ached and what at. As I and several others were going home in a sleigh, we saw three little boys ahead of us by the road-side, with a sheep harnessed and hitched to a sled. One of the little boys jumped on the sled and drove off at full speed, while

one of the others shouted, 'See how fast Riley's horse goes!' and he drove till he came to the house where I had seen the same little boy feeding the sheep, corn in hand, a week before as I was going past."

A team of sheep was something to laugh at. I like the story because the fact of the boy's feeding the sheep from his hand shows that *kindness* and not the whip broke it to the harness.

"Here is a letter from W. E. B. He says:

"As you print so many newspapers, I suppose you are constantly looking for something new. Well, I am a new correspondent, and if you should ever be looking for me, (a little nine-year-old member of your Advocate family,) you may find me every Sunday in the best class of Greenpoint M. E. Sunday-school. I say it's the *best* class, for I read in my Advocate that the best teachers always have the best classes, and I am sure no class has a better teacher than mine. You know what our school was when you visited it about a year ago; but we have got many new things since, for you know our motto is *Excelsior*. We have several new teachers in place of old ones gone to the war. We have a new Tract Society, which distributes tracts and brings in some new scholars almost every Sunday. We have some new books in our library, and as many new subscribers for the Teachers' Journal as we had old ones before, and we mean to have more than double as many for the S. S. Advocate. We have a new melodeon, which, with the sweet voices of your little Advocate family, makes very sweet music. But we have a new-fashioned music-box which makes better music still. It was invented, made, and given us by one of our Bible-class teachers, and I think he ought to have a patent for it. It's a little square box, with a long hole in the top, and the music is made by your Advocate children dropping in pennies, etc., for the sick and wounded soldiers.

"Grandpa says he went to the war of 1812 more for the sake of pa, Uncle George, and Aunt Sarah than for himself or grandma. And if the soldiers of this war are also fighting for their children and grandchildren, I think every Sunday-school ought to have a contribution-box for the sick and wounded. We have had ours about a month, and have sent from it to the sick soldiers \$12 50.

"And, with all these new things, I think our teachers have got a new way of teaching. They used to teach us to avoid bad company, not be out late nights, and to keep away from all 'scrapes.' But of late they are out late almost every night at 'scrapes' themselves. And they not only invite us to go with them, but they go all through the place and get all the 'hard cases' they can, and take them with them too. And when they get them all together, such a 'scrape' as they have is perfectly awful to think of. It is not a frolicking scrape, nor a fighting scrape, nor a drinking scrape, but it's a *lint scrape!* And those 'hard cases' they bring there are old linen *pillow-cases*, and they were so hard that when I had scraped half an hour it seemed as though I hadn't lint enough to bind up the wound of a flea-bite.

"We have missionary meeting on the third Sunday afternoon of each month, and, as we generally have three speakers, I have asked our superintendent to get you, and Mr. Forrester, and Corporal Try for our next meeting. He bids me invite you all to come on the third Sunday of next month. I have always considered myself a member of your Try Company in heart, but have never been accepted. Please ask Corporal Try if he will accept."

Pretty good that for Greenpoint, isn't it, corporal? As to the invitation to us three we might go one at a time, but even then we are so much alike I don't think one of the Greenpointers would know us apart. What next, corporal?

"CHARLIE, of Hazardville, Conn., says:

"I am a little boy six years old. I go to Sunday-school. We have two hundred scholars. We have your picture and think it very nice. I commenced going to Sunday-school when I was three years old. My Sister Mary, Brother Frank, and I would like to join your Try Company. I never wrote a letter before."

My picture, eh? Ah, Master Six-years-old, how did you make out to steal a march on me like that? Well, I trust there are some worse-looking pictures in photograph galleries than mine, if not, then I trust my mind is prettier than my picture. The corporal sends Charlie a kiss and accepts "Sister Mary, Brother Frank, and I."

THE EDITOR PHOTOGRAPHED.—The editor's phiz has been photographed by the Messrs. Hallett, and is on sale at the Book Room. Whoever wants the editor's *carte de visite* can have it sent to them by mail in return for fifteen cents sent to Carlton & Porter with proper directions. Schools can obtain them by the quantity at the rate of \$12 per hundred.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ENEMIES OF THE CROW.

No bird seems to have so many enemies as the crow. All the smaller birds seem to hate it. They fly after it through the air, and are delighted to tease it in every possible way. It always makes me sorry to see anything unjustly treated, and I began to feel much sympathy for the crow, that seemed to be so sadly persecuted.

But a few days ago, as I was sitting by my window, one of this persecuted race alighted on an apple-tree near by, and hopping along to a little birdsnest, picked up the eggs one by one and devoured them. Then the secret was out. There was a reason why the smaller birds chastised him so. It was not persecution, but well-merited punishment.

Then I said to myself, Surely if we wish to live in peace and friendship with others we must respect their rights.

MACAULAY'S BOYHOOD.

WHILE he was yet a boy he was in incessant request to "tell books" to his playmates. He himself used to tell a funny story of a nursery scene. For every one who came to his father's house he had a biblical name: Moses, Holofernes, Melchizedek, and the like. One visitor he called the Beast. Kind mamma, prudent papa frowned at their precocious child, and set their brows against this name; but Thomas stuck to his point. Next time the Beast made a morning call the boy ran to the window, which hung over the street, to turn back laughing, crowing with excitement and delight. "Look here, mother!" cries the child; "you see I am right. Look, look at the number of the Beast!"

Mrs. Macaulay glanced at the hackney-coach, and behold, its number was 666!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

NELLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. E. J. BUGBEE.

LITTLE NELLIE'S Christmas day
Keeping up in glory,
Where the happy cherubs stray,
Telling Bethlehem's story;
While their harps with music ring,
Charming her child-spirit,
With that song the ransomed sing
To the Saviour's merit.

Sadly round the Christmas-tree
Do our dim eyes linger,
Precious gifts are there untouched
By the tiny fingers.
All alone amid the toys
Stands her dark-eyed sister,
Shadows fall on all our joys
Since from earth we missed her.

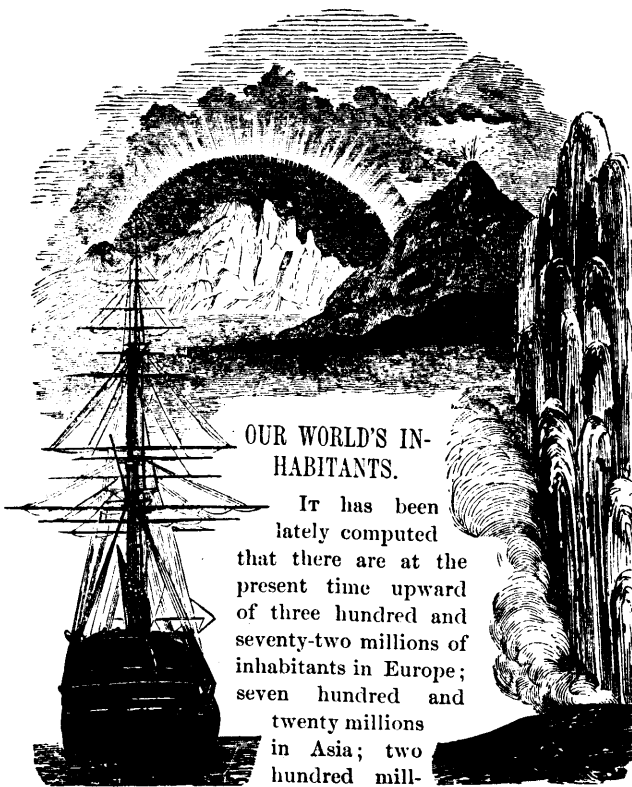
Better gifts than our deep love
Ever could have found her,
Well we know are hers above
Since the angels crowned her.
By the rivers, bright and clear,
Stray her feet forever,
Turned from the strange pathway here
To be weary never.

But the Christmas chimes to-day
Have a mournful ringing;
For our precious blue-eyed bird
Far away is singing.
Of a treasure wondrous fair
Heaven hath bereft us,
One soft ring of golden hair
All that death has left us.

Tender Shepherd, thou dost know
All our hearts' deep yearning:
Keep our chastened spirits now
Ever toward her turning.

CHICAGO, 1862.

God hears the heart without words, but he never hears the words without the heart.



OUR WORLD'S INHABITANTS.

It has been lately computed that there are at the present time upward of three hundred and seventy-two millions of inhabitants in Europe; seven hundred and twenty millions in Asia; two hundred millions in America; eighty-nine millions in Africa; two millions in Australia; making the total population of the whole world more than thirteen hundred millions of people. It may give an idea of what this number is to state, that if a person were to count this number of grains of corn—were to count at the rate of fifty a minute for twelve hours every day—it would take ninety-six years to count as many grains as there are inhabitants in our world. Assuming, as experience justifies our doing, that, on an average, twenty-five persons in every thousand die yearly, it follows that in the whole world thirty-two millions are dying every year; about two and a half millions every month; eighty-seven thousand every day; three thousand six hundred and fifty every hour; and sixty-one in every minute. Thus, in about forty years, the whole of the enormous number of people, of all nations, religions, languages, and colors at this time inhabiting our earth, will have passed away into ETERNITY!

THE CHILD IN A NAVAL BATTLE.

A CHILD of one of the crew of his majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon-ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat, when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you."

HONESTY REWARDED.

ONE day, while he was chancellor, Lord Eldon took a hackney-coach to convey him from Downing-street, where he had been attending a cabinet, to his own residence. Having a pressing appointment, he alighted hastily from the vehicle, leaving papers containing important government secrets behind him. Some hours after the driver discovered the packages, and took them to Hamilton Place unopened, when his lordship desired to see the coachman, and after a short interview told him to call again. The man called again, and was then informed that he was no longer a servant, but the

owner of a hackney-coach, which his lordship had in the mean time given directions to be purchased and presented to him, together with three horses, as a reward for his honor and promptitude.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FAITH.

A LADY had taken a homeless little girl to bring up as her own. When the hard times came last year, the lady, who is not at all rich, was afraid she could not sustain so large a family. One day she told the little girl that perhaps she would have to get her another home if she could find a good place.

"No, mother," answered the child, "you wont have to send me away; God will give you something so you can keep me; I know he will."

The mother thought no more of it at the time, but a little while after, hearing a sound up stairs, she opened the door and listened. It was the little girl at prayer.

"O God, good God, do send mother something so she can keep me; I don't want to go away. O good God, do send mother something!"

Pretty soon she came down stairs with a very happy face, saying, "God will send you something, mother; I know he will."

That evening a neighbor came in with a little present, just for neighborly kindness, of flour.

"There, mother," said the child, "I asked him, and I knew he would!"—*Little Pilgrim.*

SHELLS ON THE OCEAN'S BED.

WHEN Lieut. Berryman was sounding the ocean preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding-line brought up mud which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that on rubbing it between the thumb and finger it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal.

HAPPY LIFE.

MATTHEW HENRY a little before his death, said to a friend, "You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men: this is mine, that a life spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most comfortable and happy life that any one can live in this world."

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