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CHILDREN · AND · FORBID · THEM · NOT · TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · MORN

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 5.

DECEMBER 9, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 245.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE LOST PENNIES.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"CHARLIE," said poor old Martha Brown to a neighbor's boy, "will you run over to the village and buy some things for me at the store?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brown," replied Charlie cheerfully, "I will go. What do you want me to get?"

The aged woman gave Charlie a list of the things she wanted. The boy ran off across the fields, glad to serve the almost helpless old lady, for he had a kind and feeling heart. At the store he bought bacon, cheese, candles, and other things, and after paying for them found that he had eight cents left. This he replaced carefully in his pocket and ran back to Martha's cottage as fast as his stout legs could carry him, and quite happy thinking of the service he was doing for good old Martha Brown.

Running into the cottage with a smiling face, he put the candles, cheese, molasses, and bacon on the table, and then took the change from his pocket. To his great surprise, part of it was gone! "How strange!" cried Charlie with a puzzled face. "I put the eight cents into my pocket, and now I can find only four."

Again and again he pushed his hand to the bottom of his pocket in vain. Four cents were gone. What had become of them? "Turn your pockets inside out," said old Mrs. Brown.

Charlie obeyed, and then the pocket told its own story. There was a hole in the bottom of it—a little rip—through which the pennies had dropped.

Martha Brown could ill afford to lose four cents, for she was very poor. But she was a wise woman and mistress of her temper. So she did not scold or fret over her loss, as some would have done, but with a smiling face she said:

"Charlie, you should learn to use the needle so as to mend your own clothes. I had a dear nephew,



one who could hem, and stitch, and sew buttons on as well as any girl. There is no reason why all boys should not learn to sew, and many reasons why they should."

Charlie was pleased with the idea, and began forthwith to use the needle under old Mrs. Brown's instruction. He soon learned to mend a rip, sew on a shirt-button, and was so pleased with his skill that he made a patchwork comforter, which won great praise at an exhibition.

I hope the boys won't sneer at Charlie, nor at Mrs. Brown for her counsel, for in my opinion it is a good

thing for them to know how to use the needle. Needle-work is properly girl's work. I know, but there is probably not a boy in the world who will not some day or other find it very convenient to be able to use the needle for himself. Hence, I advise every boy who can to acquire the art of using the needle.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

## THE GENTLEMAN AND THE RASCAL.

I was sitting in my door one pleasant moonlight evening not long ago, listening to the wonderful music the crickets were making at one of their summer-night concerts. A good many other people were out enjoying the moonlight too, and as they passed down on the sidewalk I sometimes caught a little of their conversation from behind my screen of grape-vines.

By and by three boys came sauntering slowly along, talking earnestly, as boys sometimes do, and talking pretty loud, as earnest people are very apt to do. As they strolled under the cherry-trees by the gate, they stopped and seated themselves on the chain that runs from one of the "hitching-posts" to the other, as if they were in danger of running away. I didn't listen to the boys, but then I couldn't help hearing, and what I

heard was this. Two of them seemed to have been giving the third an account of some boyish scrape in which they had been engaged, and just as they came within easy hearing range one of them said:

"Old Spectacles thrashed us like murder, but the worst of it was we had to ask Sam Barker's pardon, and that was the toughest thing I ever did. I wouldn't have minded apologizing to a decent fellow, but I can tell you it hurt my pride to come down to such a regular old stupid as Sam."

"It didn't hurt my pride a bit," said the other, fanning himself vigorously with his palm-leaf hat;

"I felt mean enough to spit in my own face every time I thought about it; and when the master found us out and thrashed us I rather enjoyed it. I kept saying to myself, 'Now you're getting it, old fellow, and good enough for you. See if you'll get me into such a scrape again.' As for asking Sam's pardon, why somehow I never thought anything about the old dunce. I felt as if I was apologizing to *myself*. I didn't care so much what *he* thought about me, but I wanted to respect *myself*, and so I asked pardon of Sam and myself together, and after that I felt all right."

"What an odd way of putting things you have, Will."

"Well, sir, it's a fact, I always feel as if there were two of me. One is a brave, honest, straightforward kind of fellow, and the other is the me that runs into all kinds of scrapes."

"A gentleman and a rascal," remarked the third boy.

"That's so," admitted Will, "and when I get into a bad scrape the rascal goes dodging and sneaking about, afraid to look in the gentleman's face; but he follows him up and chases him down, and keeps saying, 'You're a *mean fellow*, you know you are,' and the rascal never gets a minute's peace till he just owns up and asks the gentleman's pardon."

The boys laughed a little and then passed on down the walk. I don't know who they were, but I liked Will's way of "putting things" very much. As far as my experience of boys goes he was about right—there is a gentleman and a rascal in every one of them. I saw two of them the other day—fine, manly-looking fellows—earnestly engaged in persuading a good-natured puppy to worry a stupid old pig.

"Chase her," shouted one, "till she is all tired out, and then the dog can catch her!"

Wasn't that a rascally plan? Why, I thought it was almost as bad as the rebels' way of chasing our poor soldiers with hounds till they were forced to lie down and be torn in pieces. Yet these were pleasant boys, who always have a smile for me on the street, only just then the *rascal* had turned the *gentleman* out of doors.

Keep a sharp look-out for him, boys; he's a troublesome fellow, and needs to be ruled with a rod of iron. He is as full of tricks as a juggler, and knows how to put on an honest face, and pass himself off as innocent fun; but a sharp look at him will always show the cloven foot peeping out somewhere. And one thing you should always remember—it is a great deal worse to lose your *self-respect* than to lose the respect of other people; for, no matter how well others may think of you, if the "gentleman" in your own heart keeps saying, "You're a *mean fellow*, you know it," you will find yourself as uncomfortable as the foolish boy we used to read about in ancient history, who hid the stolen fox under his garments until the animal tore his heart out.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

### NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

"O, SIR!" said a poor boy in the reform school to his minister, "I am not good enough to go to Christ."

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him."

"O!" cried the boy, "that is news, that is good news; there is hope for me."

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,  
O, Lamb of God! I come."

A SUNDAY well spent  
Brings a week of content,  
And health for the toils of the morrow;  
But a Sunday profaned,  
Whate'er may be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### SISTER ELLA.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

We miss the smile that used to greet  
Our coming round the household hearth,  
The clear voice with its utterance sweet,  
The silvery laugh, the girlish mirth,  
The figure light whose gentle grace  
Was rich with life and youthful bloom,  
Ah, who will fill her vacant place,  
Or light again our darkened home?

She was too beautiful for earth,  
Yet as the summers floated by  
And brought new charms of dearer worth,  
We never thought that *she* could die.  
We heard the chanted funeral hymn,  
Its oft-repeated lesson speak,  
But never dreamed that death could dim  
The carmine of *her* lip and cheek.

Soft be her rest. The grasses bright,  
The sweet sprays of the wilding rose,  
The sheltering trees and shaded light,  
All join to curtain her repose.  
The wild-bird stays its airy wing  
Upon her grave at dewy even,  
Her sad and early fate to sing  
Who died on earth but lives in heaven.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE SELF-WILLED QUEEN.



MORE than two thousand years ago lived a lady who was born a princess. She was early taught to worship Baal, a heathen god with a head like a calf, and Astarte, a goddess with moon-like horns. She married a king who was acquainted with the one true God, and who knew

better than to take a queen from a family of idolaters; but he was so fascinated by her beauty and taken captive by her art that he gave himself up to destruction, being led by the imperious lady into all wickedness.

"What is the matter with you now?" said this queen to her husband, who appeared before her in the palace one day displeased and heavy, refusing to eat, and throwing himself on his couch with his face to the wall like a sullen child.

"O," said he, "there is a vineyard I want very much. I have made the owner a fair offer of money, or of land equal in value, if that pleases him better,

but he will not sell it. The vineyard belongs to a man in Jezreel, named Naboth, and it descended from his ancestors to him. You must know we have a law of the days of Moses that reads in this way: 'So shall not the inheritance of the children of Israel remove from one tribe to another; for every one of the children of Israel shall keep himself to the inheritance of his fathers. But that vineyard is so convenient to the palace, and I need it very much for a vegetable garden.'

How the queen's eyes flashed! "Do you govern the kingdom?" said she haughtily. "Rise from your couch, and eat, and be merry. I will give you the vineyard of Naboth of Jezreel. As for this Moses, we will see if there be not other laws of his day!"

She drew his signet-ring from his finger, the seal with which he stamped his royal mandates, and writing letters in the king's name, sealed them with the seal, and sent them to the elders and nobles of the city. In these letters she instructed the persons to whom they were addressed to proclaim a solemn fast, a great day of lamentation, as though some dreadful calamity had befallen the city, and then they were to say that an awful crime had been committed among them; and they were to hire two men to give testimony that they heard Naboth blaspheme God and the king.

It was done as the queen ordered. Naboth was accused of these crimes, and the law of God, given to Moses, was read: "Thou shalt not revile the judges nor curse the ruler of thy people." "And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, he shall surely be put to death, and all the congregation shall certainly stone him."

It was in vain for Naboth to say he had not blasphemed. He was carried forth out of the city and stoned to death!

Who so merry as the self-willed queen! She had it all her own way now. "Take possession of the vineyard that was refused to you for a compensation," she said to the king; "Naboth is not alive, but dead!"

How the king admired the cunning of the woman! He went immediately down to the coveted vineyard to take possession. He was already planning, as he stood on the spot, how he would arrange the grounds, when he was terribly startled by a voice at his elbow. He would rather have heard a thunder-clap from the clear sky than that voice; he would rather have met any one than the man who stood beside him. It was an old man with long white beard, and eyes piercing as an eagle's. He was a messenger from the most high God. "Have you killed and also taken possession? saith the Lord." And he told him that the dogs should lick up his blood as they had done Naboth's; and as for the queen, she should be eaten by dogs by the wall of Jezreel.

Again the miserable king lost his appetite, and the queen was enraged, but I think she trembled somewhat in secret. I cannot tell you the sublime story at length, you must read it in the books of Kings. And I want you to consider as you read whether it is best to fret after anything that God has not given us; whether it is better to determine to have our own way at all hazards, or to yield our wills for the sake of the rights of others and in order to please God.

UNA LOCKE.

### A JUST REBUKE.

"It was my custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke.

"Behold," said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone am awake to praise God.'

"Son of my soul," said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

A Series of Talks to the Young Readers of the Advocate, by Old Huncks.

TALK THE FIRST.



Y DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

When a stranger comes into your Sunday-School and undertakes to give you advice, you feel a curiosity to know his name, and as much about him as possible. And if any unknown person were to

write you a letter, you would like to know how he looked, and perhaps also something of his history. Now, as I propose to give you a talk, from time to time, through the columns of our new *Sunday School Advocate*, which I confess looks very spruce, I must satisfy your curiosity a little about myself, at the beginning.

First of all, then, the name you will henceforth know me by, shall be "OLD HUNCKS." "That is a homely name," some of you will say, and the man who bears it cannot be very agreeable to look at. In that you are right enough. *Children*, who keep themselves clean, as they have the glow of young life on their cheeks; if they do not disfigure their faces with haughty, scornful, peevish, or passionate looks, are expected to look pretty. Indeed, the most of *amiable* children, as they have chubby faces and bright eyes, look lovely. When young, I was much exposed to the rays of the sun in working out of doors from eight years old, I became very freckled, and few people like to see freckles. Indeed, an old writer says, "many people are less concerned about the sins of their hearts and lives than they are about the freckles on their faces." I often put myself back, in imagination, to the days of my boyhood—for, odd as it may seem to you, I was once a boy.

There were very few schools in Canada when I was a boy, and they were very poor ones at that; furthermore, I had a very poor chance of attending the few poor schools there were. But worst of all, till I was nine years and a half old, there were no *Sunday-Schools* in Canada. I am proud to say, however, and it may please you to hear about it, that I attended the *first* Sunday-School that was formed in the now great City where our *Sunday-School Advocate* is published—on the *first day*—and was *one of the first that got there*—for, if I remember right, I helped to make the fire. Still, when we got these schools, they were not so well provided with books, &c., as the schools you have the privilege of attending. Shall I tell you some of the particulars? Well, very few families had more than one Bible, and some had none at all. And at first the Sunday-School had no books of its own. Each child brought his own book, if he had one. We often had to be contented with a piece of a book. My first lesson was the 14th Psalm, the fragment of an old Bible, pasted on a shingle, with the thicker end of it cut away to make a handle to hold it by! Now, I mention these things not only to excuse myself for any present defects (for the old proverb says, "What is bred in the bone is hard to get out of the flesh"); but to get before you the greater obligations you are under to be agreeable, wise, and good.

Having introduced myself to you, I want to say

one plain thing before I close this introductory talk. Stop and hear it! It shows a heart turned away from God when a boy or girl will read the historical, or story part of a piece, but throws down the book or paper so soon as they come to the serious part of it. That will not do. To each of you I would address the question—the first and most important of all questions—Are you a *real Christian*? One, not only in *name* and *belief*, but in *heart* and *life*? If not, your christian parentage, your baptism, your opportunities will increase your guiltiness before God. Boys and girls may be just as good christians as old people, without taking the ways of old people. If you are a christian child, you are cheerfully obedient to your parents; you delight in reading the Bible and praying to God; you do not forget God even in your sports and plays, but show your fear of him by kind and honorable conduct towards your young associates; you always speak the truth, although the truth may reveal your own faults; you are scrupulously honest in all matters to the value of a pin; you sanctify the day of the Lord, and you make use of all those means that will help you on to heaven. I will leave you to examine yourself by these marks till we meet again. Good bye!

### THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt not covet," said all the boys in a breath, and then each one repeated it from beginning to end.

"That means you musn't wish for things that don't belong to you," said Frank.

"I don't see how you can help it!" exclaimed Sam. "I see heaps of things every day that I want."

"There are two ways of wishing," explained the teacher. "We may wish for things which we cannot get, but in an improper and dishonest way; or we may wish for things which we can ask for, or buy, or earn. One way is wrong, and the other is right. One way will make us industrious and careful, in order to obtain what we want, and the other will lead to dishonesty and crime. I will tell you a story to explain this: When I was teaching school up north, one afternoon I put some money into my desk; there was a bill and a silver five-cent piece. At recess the scholars played touch-and-run in the room. My desk was a little way open, and the boys as they ran past it could see the little piece of money, which was new and bright. One boy named Waldo, stopped and looked at it. That made him want it, I suppose; for after he had run past the desk two or three times, I saw him put in his hand slyly and take it out, and slip it into his pocket. What commandments had he broken so far, boys?"

"He coveted, and broke the tenth, and stole, and broke the eighth," said Sam.

"I had seen him take the money, but I wanted to give him a chance to be sorry and confess his fault; and so before school was done I told the scholars of the money I had lost, and talked to them of the great sin of stealing. And then I told them that I would wait after school, that the child who had done the wicked act might come to me and return the five-cent piece. But Waldo did not come; he made his bow, put on his cap, and walked off just like the others. Did he break any commandment, then?"

"The ninth," said Frank.

"But he did not speak a word."

"Never mind, he lied, though."

"I thought I would go then to his mother's and tell her about it, for I felt very sorry for Waldo, and was afraid he would go on and steal more and more. I found her in great trouble. It was an hour after school, and the child had not got home

yet; and, said she, 'It is my rule for him to come straight home from school, and he knows it.' Boys, had he broken any other of God's commandments?"

"The fifth," answered all the boys.

"Yes, he had disobeyed his mother. Pretty soon he came in, his face and hands all daubed with molasses candy. 'Where did you get candy?' asked his mother. 'John Smith gave it to me,' said Waldo. 'It is not so, my child, I am sure,' said the sorry mother; 'I believe you bought it with the five cent piece you took out of your teacher's desk this afternoon.'"

"He broke the ninth commandment over again," said Sam.

"Certainly. Waldo looked at his mother, then at me, and burst out crying. Poor child, how sorry I felt for him that he should have been led into so many sins. And, dear boys, remember this story. If you break the tenth commandment, you will be sure to break others. A good man once said, we must never wish for anything which we could not kneel down and pray for. If we do this, it will be sure to keep us from using any wicked means to obtain it."

### HARRY'S SERMON.

"Eddie," said Harry, "let's go to church; and I'll be the minister, and preach you a sermon." "Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples." So Harry led him away, and they went up stairs together. He set an old fire screen in front of him, by way of pulpit, and thus began:

"My text is a very short and easy one: *Be Kind*. There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children; and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:

"*Firstly*—Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word.

"*Secondly*—Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"*Thirdly*—Be kind to baby."

"You have leaved out, 'Be kind to Harry,'" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry; "I didn't mean to mention my name in my sermon. I was saying, be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your red soldier to play with when she wants it.

"*Fourthly*—Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said:

"But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People musn't talk in meeting," said Harry.

"*Fifthly*—Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing;" and without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse, or give out a hymn, he began to sing; and so Harry had to stop; but it was a very good sermon. Don't you think so?

FORGIVENESS.—A little boy being asked what forgiveness is, gave the beautiful answer,—"It is the odor that flowers breathe when they are trampled upon."

"The Sandal tree perfume, when riven,  
The axe that laid it low;  
Let him who hopes to be forgiven,  
Forgive and bless his foe."

A CHILD'S DEFINITION OF FAITH.—A little girl being asked—"What is faith?" answered, "Doing God's will, and asking no questions."



### HARRY'S FALSEHOOD.

"I've been a naughty boy to-day;  
I cannot read, I cannot play;  
My heart is sad; but, mother dear,  
I feel I must find comfort here."

The mother laid her work aside;  
To soothe her boy she vainly tried;  
His cheeks were wet with bitter tears,  
His heart was filled with gloomy fears.

"O dear mamma, I've told a lie:  
Will God forgive me if I try  
A nobler, better boy to be?  
Say, mother, will he pardon me?"

"Yes, Harry dear, for God is good:  
He loves you more than mortal could;  
But O, my son, that wicked lie  
Will sadly grieve our Lord on high.

"How could you, Harry, thus offend  
Your warmest, best, and dearest Friend?  
Kneel down, my boy! his pardon crave;  
Beg him thy precious soul to save."

Then Harry knelt with tearful eyes,  
And told his sin with sobs and sighs;  
And He who always heareth prayer  
Removed his load of grief and care.

Freely he pardoned him; and all  
Who at his footstool humbly fall,  
Truly repentant, peace will find,  
And pardon from a Judge most kind.

—Tract Journal.

### THE FRIENDLY TOAD.

A LADY gives the following interesting account of a toad:

I made his acquaintance first in my own parlour late one sultry August evening, just as he was retiring modestly beneath the fender. The doors had been left open for air, and he had availed himself of this opportunity of stealing in to seek a cool and shady retreat. By means of a long-handled brush we contrived to tilt him into a dust-pan, and then my little maid bore him shuddering away, and put him down the coltsfoot bank into the lane.

We never expected to see him come back any more after that; but the following evening, when I was watering my plants, there was his jewel-eye gleaming out from the dark behind them! We left him there.

The next night he came in at the back door, and just as we were going to bed there was he lifting an ambitious leg to climb the stairs also! This time my old servant Dinah ejected him very summarily with her sweeping-brush—she scolding, and he hissing and crying.

The following day I begged the gardener to seek

him, and not to hurt him, but carry him far away covered up in a flower-pot, that he might intrude on us no more. After a brief hunt, he was found under shelter of a thick bed of violets, and the old gardener took him to the top of a great field in the rear of my cottage, and dropped him tenderly over the hedge into a nice, deep, damp, quiet ditch, where any toad of average discretion might have been happy.

But not so he. Three days later he returned, and then we made up our minds to leave him in peace so long as he left us in peace—that is, kept his proper place out of doors.

He confined himself thenceforward to his quarters under the verandah, where he lived securely among the pots through the summer, wandering by night, as is the habit of the race; for if ever I was abroad after dark, at neighborly tea-drinking, or rural concert, or improving lecture, my home-coming lantern always showed me the dark, creepy-crawly movements of our toad retreating beyond the sphere of its betraying light as I drew near the door.

When the pots were removed to be housed for the winter he had disappeared. But early in the following spring he was discovered among the golden moss and ferns which clothed a bit of rock-work; and soon afterward he returned to his post and his duty of insect-hunting under the verandah.

All last summer he behaved correctly, never crossing the threshold once, or in any way making himself unpleasantly obtrusive.

In the autumn he vanished again.

And now again he has come back—enormously grown, says Dinah, for I have not yet seen him myself.

From these incidents in the life of our toad we have proof of his constancy, his memory, and his reasoning faculty, which brought him to see in only two lessons how he might secure to himself the privileges of food and shelter on the slight conditions of not crossing our door-stone, back or front. How often must Experience rap us on the knuckles before she succeeds in teaching us even so much of her useful, practical wisdom as this!

### THE BOAR OUT OF THE WOOD.

The boar out of the wood doth devour it.—Psa. xxx, 13.

A MISSIONARY was proceeding in the dusk of the evening from Constantinople to Therapia. Passing a vineyard, he observed an animal of large size rushing forth from among the vines, crossing the road, and taking to flight with great precipitation. The Greek guard, who was riding first, exclaimed, "Wild boar! wild boar!" and it really proved a wild boar who was retreating from the vineyards to the woods.

"What has the wild boar to do in the vineyard?" inquired the missionary.

"O," said the guard, "it is the custom of the wild boar to frequent the vineyards, and to devour the grapes. And it is astonishing what havoc a wild boar is capable of effecting in a single night. What with eating, and what with trampling under foot, he will destroy an immense quantity of grapes."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### MISS WHY-WHY.

LITTLE KATIE asked a great many questions. "Why is this?" "What is that for?" "What makes it so?" were continually on her tongue's end, so that her big cousin called her Miss Why-why. Still, she was not like some children I have known, who ask such questions thoughtlessly and do not remember the reasons and explanations when they are given. I do not blame older people for being displeased with such impertinence; but when a little girl or boy asks, like Katie, because of real desire to know the truth, why then I say answer the questions.

But, my little one, you should be careful how you

ask questions. If you hear others talking about what you do not understand, don't break in with your questions as little Katie was in the habit of doing.

One day, at dinner-table, the company were talking about the diving-bell, and she eagerly inquired what kept the water from coming inside the bell. This was a very proper question, but it was a very improper time to ask it, for she ought not to suppose that the company would stop their conversation to explain this to her, and so her grown-up cousin said shortly, "O such a little child can't understand such things. Don't ask questions."

Katie was very sensitive, and the tears came into her eyes, and she sat silent during the remainder of the meal. After dinner they all went out on the



verandah, and a benevolent gentleman soon began to talk with Katie and explained to her a great deal about the diving-bell, for which she was very grateful. He then told her that it was not wrong to ask questions at the proper time, but neither little children nor big ones should interrupt conversation for this purpose. They should learn all they can by listening, and then afterward they will be likely to find some one who will explain what they did not understand.

Katie pursued this plan after that, and was delighted to find that it worked like a charm. She lost the name of Miss Why-why, and grew up to be a very intelligent and agreeable woman. A. J.

It is not often in great things that we are called upon to show that we love our neighbor as ourselves. It is in the daily, hourly exercise of little domestic virtues that they who truly love God may be distinguished from those who love him not.—  
MRS. GELDART.

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