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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL
M6

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 3.

NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 195.

For the S. S. Advocate.

THE YOUNG HERO OF LAKE SHETEK.

A FEW months ago there was a family living in a humble dwelling near Lake Shetek, Minnesota. Besides the father and mother there were two boys, one twelve, the other two years of age.

One day the quiet of this family was broken by the war-whoop of the Indians. The father seized his gun; the mother led her two boys to a thicket of grass and weeds, concealed them, and as she returned to the house to assist her husband in defending it, she said to the elder boy:

"Save your little brother! Be sure you never leave him."

When the mother reached the house she found that her husband had fallen by the hands of the Indians, who were busy

gathering up such things as they wanted or fancied. They made her a captive and carried her away with the plunder.

When they were gone the two boys came out from the thicket and crept up to the house. Seeing the dead body of their father, and not knowing what had become of their mother, they left their ruined home and started for New Ulm, the nearest settlement, which was sixty miles off. *The elder brother carried the younger on his back.*

They had no food, and there were no houses on the way. How did they live? They ate roots and wild fruits. They slept in the tall grass of the prairie, or in the shelter of the friendly woods. Thus they toiled on for seven days, when they overtook a man named Ireland, who had been their neighbor, and who, after being struck by eight bullets, had also fled from the Indians. This poor fellow, wearied with his journey and faint from loss of blood, had lain down to die. The elder boy urged him to proceed.

"No," said he, "I might as well give it up and die here. It's no use trying. The Indians will overtake us, and there is no hope of our ever reaching New Ulm."



"But," replied the boy, "my mother told me to save my little brother and I'm going to do it."

Let all the children from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande shout, "Huzza for that strong-hearted Minnesota boy!" He surely deserves such a shout for his courage, his perseverance, his love to his brother, and his obedience to what he thought was the dying wish of his mother.

Did he reach New Ulm? Of course he did. His spirit could not be daunted. Poor wounded Mr. Ireland was cheered by it, and they trudged on together seven days longer. Then they saw the smoke of the chimneys at New Ulm, and were saved from hunger and death. Mr. Ireland is getting well. Does he not owe his life to the pluck of that Lake Shetek boy?

The day after this boy reached New Ulm his mother was brought in. The Indians had left her in the prairie, and the soldiers who were out in pursuit of the Indians had found and brought her in.

Don't you think that boy and his baby brother, whom he had carried sixty miles on his back, had a joyful meeting with their mother? Isn't that mother proud of her heroic boy, think you? My heart says, "God bless him!" I'm sure you all add your hearty

"Amens" to the voice of my heart. May you all be blessed with a courage and perseverance like that of the young hero of Lake Shetek! W.

For the S. S. Advocate.

JESSIE'S WISH.

If I were to say to fifty children, What do you wish for most? I suppose that one blue-eyed miss would say, "I wish for a new wax doll;" another with black eyes would say, "I wish for a piece of silk to dress my doll;" a third would want "a new dress for herself;" a fourth would desire "a swing put up in the yard of her house;" while the boys would wish for drums, swords, balls, hoops, kites, and I know not what things of that sort besides. Would you like to know what was pale-faced Jessie Hay's

wish when a lady said to her one day,

"What do you wish for most?"

"A new heart," said Jessie.

What do you think of Jessie's wish? I like it, and think Jessie was a very wise little girl when she made it. Dolls, drums, swings, kites, and other playthings are well enough in their places, but a new heart is better than all the playthings in the world. Toys soon wear out; a new heart brings joys with it which last forever. Toys cost a little of the gold or silver that perishes; the new heart cost the blessed Saviour his precious blood. Toys cannot be taken beyond the grave; a new heart can be carried to the other world. Isn't it worth wishing for, then, most of all?

Jessie Hay had her wish. God gave her a new heart, and when he called her to live with him in the Celestial City she said, "Yes, Lord, I am coming now," and went with her new heart to heaven.

Jesus keeps new hearts for all the children who wish for them. He gives them away too. Let all who wish to have one go and ask for it. He refuses none. Will you ask him, my child? X.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A BOY SAYING HIS MORNING PRAYER IN THE WOODS.

THREE little boys were playing one morning beneath some noble forest-trees in a right merry mood. Suddenly one of them stopped playing, put on a very grave face, and said:

"I have forgotten something. I forgot to say my prayers this morning. You must wait for me."

He then went quietly into a lovely little nook in the bushes, knelt down, said his prayers, and went back to his companions and his play.

How many boys are there, think you, who would have acted as this one did? There are too many, I fear, who forget to pray; but where is the boy who on calling his neglect to mind would have courage to step aside and perform his duty? Don't you think such boys are scarce?

You will not wonder when I tell you that this boy became an officer in the army, fought bravely for his country, and died the death of a hero in battle. Brave men, you know, are made out of brave boys. Cowardly boys grow into cowardly men.

Be brave, then, my children, for God and the right. Stand up for Jesus always and everywhere, and Jesus will give you strength, blessing, and eternal life.

X.

Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

I'M NOT TOO YOUNG FOR GOD TO SEE.

I'm not too young for God to see;
He knows my name and nature too;
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say;
He knows the thoughts I have within;
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see it if I sin.

O how can children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
If they remember God is by
And always has them in his sight.

If some good minister is near,
It makes us careful what we do;
And how much more we ought to fear
That God who sees us through and through.

Whenever I would do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I'll always try to think of this,
I'm not too young for God to see.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE TWO RUSSIAN SERF GIRLS.

MANY are the strange, sad stories of wrong and wickedness done under the serf system in Russia. It is very likely that for every one we might bring one or more to match from our own slave-land. But two wrongs never make a right; and, while we thank God that the Russian serfs are all free now, we will hope and pray that we may soon be able to say the same of the slaves in America.

Many years ago two orphan girls might be found in one of the elegant houses of St. Petersburg. Sometimes they mingled in society. They were modest and winning, and much noticed, for they were reputed great heiresses. But they were good girls, and found their greatest happiness in their elegant home ministering to the wants of their kind but aged grandfather, who was their only guardian. We expect the aged to die, but it came very hard for Mari and Petrowna when their grandfather was taken away, for they loved him dearly. True, he left them all his property; but this was a small consolation, as you will acknowledge when I tell you what they found among his papers. It was a letter telling them that he had been a serf, and that they were now serfs, the property of old Count Valansky. When he was a young man his owner, the count,



had permitted him to go into business for himself, only requiring the payment of a small sum of money yearly. Neither his wife nor his son, the father of these two girls, had known this, but now he must leave the dread secret to them. He had often tried to purchase their freedom, but the count would not listen to it. Perhaps if they would write to him for themselves he would consent.

The poor girls wrote, offering almost any amount their owner might be pleased to ask, but their request was denied. The old count had made a foolish vow that he would never free a serf, and he would not break it; but he promised that they should not be molested if they paid the same tax that their grandfather had paid. This did very well for a year or two, but then word came that the count was dead. They soon found that they and all their property had passed into the hands of an heir who would have no pity upon them. He sent them to work on one of his estates with the other slaves, while he took their property for his own use.

It was a hard task for these two delicately nurtured girls to go into the kitchen and the dairy, and harder still to associate with the rude, coarse, and ignorant slaves, and to bear their taunts and the unkindness of the new master, who seemed to owe them a spite because he knew that he was doing them a wrong. But they bore it all without complaint, until they were ordered to marry some of the coarse, brutal men, and then they made up their minds to run away. They set out at night alone across the wide prairie. They knew not the way, but they asked God to guide their feet, and thus wandered on. After two days they came to a forest, where they found some berries to eat with the bread they had brought with them. They went around the foot of a high mountain until they reached a broad river, and thither they followed for a day or two. Then they fancied that they heard some one following them. O how eagerly they ran lest they should lose their new-found liberty! Soon they spied a boat, and without stopping to think they jumped into it and pushed from the shore. The river bore them swiftly on, but when they came to look around they found they had neither sails nor oars. However, there was a bag of biscuit, and for the rest they cared nothing, only to get away from the evils behind them. For five days they floated on, and then the river spread out wider than any water they had ever seen before, and the next morning they were out of sight of land. They had floated out to sea. No doubt they thought they would die here; but death itself was better than the servitude they had left, and so they took their fate calmly. Their biscuit was not quite all gone, but they suffered so

greatly from thirst that when the sun became hot on the third day of their sea-voyage Mari fainted. Still Providence watched over them, and a ship came in sight. Petrowna succeeded in attracting the attention of the crew, and they were taken on board.

The ship was bound for Denmark, where the girls found a gentleman who had formerly been a clerk to their grandfather. He gladly provided a home for them, and, indeed, I believe it was said that he had been engaged to Mari before he went to Denmark and while her grandfather was still alive. So now he made her his wife, and thus endeth the story of the two Russian serf-girls.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"I LIKE TO COME."

A TEACHER one day said to a little girl in her class:

"You are a good child for coming to Sunday-school when your mother sends you."

"Ah, but I like to come," replied the child, looking into the teacher's face with a smile.

"I like to come!" That was a capital reason, was it not? Don't you think that girl found it very easy to obey her mother with that *liking* in her heart?

Now, if my children will only learn to *like* their Saviour they will find it as easy to keep his commandments as that girl found it easy to obey her mother's wishes. May the Saviour fill your hearts with his holy love!

E. W. S. I.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GETTING IN AT THE WINDOW.



Be careful, be careful, little folks! It is but a few weeks since one of our number lost her life while trying to get in at the window. Her parents were to be at home by the usual time school let out, but that day, unfortunately, school was dismissed at noon, and little Esther, like a good girl, went home. Home was the best place for her, and she was certain that she could get in by the window. But she was not careful enough. The sash fell on her neck and there was no help near. And there her parents found her little senseless form when they came home. It was a sad meeting. But we hope that the little spirit was having a glorious meeting with the angels; and perhaps she sung to them the song she had just learned in the Sunday-School Advocate, for I suppose the angels love to hear our Sunday-school songs, and I am certain they would delight to teach the little Sunday-scholar the songs that they sing in heaven.

TRUST.

Two little boys were lying together in a trundle-bed. Willie, the elder of the two, who was only six years of age, awoke in the night very thirsty. Being told that he could jump up and get himself some water, he began to cry and said that he was afraid. Upon this his little brother, two years younger than himself, spoke encouragingly to him and said:

"God is right here, Willie! God is right here! You needn't be afraid, Willie!"

So Willie jumped up and went and got himself some water, and then came back to his little bed all safe, and soon he and his little brother were fast asleep again.

CENSURE usually spares the raven and the owl, but the pure white dove had better beware.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.



LITTLE ROLY-POLY AND HER BROTHER BERTIE.

BERTIE BARTON used to call his sister Nelly "Little Roly-poly," because she was so fat and round. This was his pet name for her. It would have made your heart thrill to see him run into the kitchen or parlor, as he did more than once every day, seize little Nellie by the arms, and kiss her at least a dozen times. Then putting her upon the floor, he would look at her with fun in his big blue eyes and say:

"How are you, little Roly-poly?"

No doubt Bertie loved little Roly-poly very much indeed.

One evening little Roly-poly fell sick. There was no one in the house but her mother and Bertie.

"Bertie," said Mrs. Barton, "you must go for the doctor."

Now the doctor lived more than a quarter of a mile from Bertie's home. It was very dark out of doors and the street was lonely. It was by no means a pleasant thing to go for the doctor. But Bertie loved his sister, so he said nothing. He took his cap from the nail, put on his coat, and went to the street door.

"Do you know the way to the doctor's, my dear?" said his mother as she tied his comforter about his neck.

"Yes," said Bertie firmly.

"Tell the doctor to come directly, Bertie," said his mother. "Tell him I'm afraid Nellie is going to have the scarlet fever."

"Yes, mother," replied Bertie.

"Be careful where you step, Bertie. It is very dark and it snows some. Mind you don't slip down," said his mother.

"If I fall," said Bertie, laughing, "I will jump up again without crying."

Bertie started. His mother went to the window and vainly tried to follow him with her eyes as he trudged off in the dark. Two minutes had not passed, however, before Bertie came back, saying:

"O, mother, it is so dark, and the snow flies right in my eyes. I want you to go with me."

"I can't leave Nellie," replied his mother; "see how sick she is. Feel how hot her hands are. You must try to go for Nellie's sake."

"I will," said Bertie, his love for Nellie making him bold again.

This time his mother stood in the porch with him until his eyes became used to the darkness. Then he

started. His mother sat down beside Nellie's crib and said to herself:

"It is a long, cold walk for such a little boy, but I hope he will go. Poor Nellie must have the doctor."

But Bertie soon came back again. Running into the room, he said:

"O, mother, Carlo barks awfully! Can't somebody go with me?"

Mrs. Barton placed her hand tenderly upon the boy's head and said:

"Who always takes care of my little boy?"

"God," replied Bertie, looking very calmly into his mother's face.

"God will go with you, my darling," said his mother.

That was enough for Bertie. That thought made his heart grow brave and strong. He went out into the street, and trudged along over the soft snow and through the darkness until he reached the doctor's house.

"You are a brave little man," said the doctor after hearing what he had to say; "I will go with you."

Bertie went back, holding fast to the doctor's hand. When he heard that Nellie might have died if the doctor had not come when he did, you may be sure that his heart went pit-a-pat with joy. His courage had saved the life of his dear Roly-poly.

What gave Bertie his courage? He was afraid at first, but went out in the dark boldly at last. Why? He believed God would be with him in the dark. That trust made his heart as brave as a warrior's.

Let any child really believe this sweet truth and it will make him brave too. What can hurt the child who walks with God? Nothing, for God controls all things. May my children all learn to trust in God.

As for Nellie, she got well by the aid of the doctor. If you had heard her tell her Uncle Reuben the story of



Bertie's courage as she stood upon the kitchen-table, on which he had playfully placed her, you would have said: "Roly-poly is as grateful as Bertie is brave."

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

THE corporal opens our council by reading a letter from Q-in-the-corner.

"DEAR CORPORAL,—I am traveling in search of sham boys and girls, as you know. It is not a pleasant business. I would rather be sent in pursuit of the genuine article—the pure gold of true and honest childhood. Looking at shams is like examining the ugly wounds of soldiers in a hospital. Has not every sham been wounded with Satan's arrows? Looking at true children is like looking at a host of conquerors marching home after a victory. Is not every true child a conqueror? But to my travels.

"Seeing a school-house one day by the roadside, I crept into it and sat in a quiet out-of-the-way corner. The scholars were busy doing their sums. The sum over which one class was working was a hard one, a 'hard

knot' the teacher called it. They bent over their slates with long, grave faces, and knitted brows, and lips closely shut, busy as beavers, and looking as puzzled as a merchant who can't find money enough to take up his note at the bank. By and by I saw one of them making signs with his fingers to a large boy who sat near the door. The large boy smiled and nodded. Then the other asked leave to get a drink of water from a pail which stood on a bench not far from the big boy. After drinking he passed near the big boy, who slyly slipped a piece of paper into his hands. Returning to his seat, he pretended to be very busy over his work, but from my corner I saw him look at the bit of paper, smile, slip the paper between the leaves of his arithmetic, and then copy something from it upon his slate. His next act was to tear the paper into very little bits, which he rolled into a ball and put into the corner of his vest pocket. Then he held up his hand. The teacher nodded, and the boy, rising up, read off his sum, and was pronounced a 'smart boy' by the teacher. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'your teacher may call you smart, I pronounce you a sham, for you pretended to have done a sum yourself which was worked out for you by that big fellow on yonder seat. I'll report you to the corporal.' Please, Mr. Corporal, pronounce sentence upon him according to his merit.

"Respectfully yours, honored and honorable sir,

"Q-IN-THE-CORNER.

"Pronounce sentence on that arrant sham!" exclaims the corporal. "I shall do no such thing. If he belonged to the Try Company I would have his jacket turned inside out to denote that his outside is his false side, and drum him out of my company; but there is no such sham as he in my ranks. Yet he will not escape because he is not in my hands. He is punished already. By cutting that knot with the big boy's knife he threw away a precious opportunity of gaining strength of mind. Had he untied the knot—that is, done the sum—the effort would have given him power to untie a tougher one."

Right, corporal, right. Strength comes to children through their efforts to do hard tasks, and if that boy reported by Q keeps on as he has begun he will be both wicked and weak to the day of his death. What next, corporal?

"Some Bible questions, Mr. Editor, intended to set the wits of my Try Company to work in a right direction. They are about some of the comparisons used in Holy Writ:

"1. What is compared to a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint?"

"2. What is compared with an ornament of fine gold?"

"3. What is compared with a sweeping rain?"

"4. What is compared with precious ointment?"

"5. What are compared with goads?"

"6. What are compared with silver purified seven times?"

"ANDREW MAYTHORNE asks:

"Do the following passages prove, Who was David's mother? 2 Sam. xvii, 25; 1 Chron. ii, 13-17."

I'll send that question down to the Try Company for a decision.

"W. C. II. says:

"Will you be kind enough to stop a moment and listen to a voice from the St. Lawrence boys and girls? You have heard of the British boys who mounted the heights of Abraham at Quebec? Well, we are of the same stamp. About six weeks ago we organized our Try Company. Thirty-three were mustered into service, who are faithful, good, and true. But that is not all; each private was commissioned as a recruiting officer. Nearly fifty recruits have been brought in, so we have about eighty enrolled. We have the beautiful little 'Singer' with us and we love the corporal's song,

'For we never say can't, we never say die,
For we fight in the ranks of Corporal Try.'

By a unanimous vote of the full company I send you inclosed your commission as major of our company, and we will always try to obey orders."

May the Lord bless those Saint Lawrence boys! Of course the corporal is glad to get them into his army, and I am certainly a very highly honored editor to be made their major. I have but one order to give them, and that is, "Always stand up for Jesus!"

"J. E. G., of Weston, writes:

"The children of the Weston Sabbath-school would like to be admitted in your company. Although the school is small, consisting of only fourteen officers and teachers and seventy-five children, yet in four months they have raised thirty dollars and ninety-five cents for the missionary cause, also fourteen dollars for an addition to their library. The whole school promised to meet their presiding elder and pastor in heaven. Do they not deserve a place in your ranks, corporal?"

The Weston boys and girls have earned their place in your company, corporal. Don't you say so?

"Yes; children who work for Jesus can step into my ranks boldly. They are sure of a welcome."



THE GLOOMY MONTH.

"I DON'T like the month of November at all,"
Said a brisk little girl about ten years of age;
"We cannot walk out, and our friends cannot call—
I feel like a bird fastened up in a cage.

"The sun never shines, and the stars never show;
The fields are all wet with the dew or the rain;
So cloudy above, and so gloomy below:
I surely shall never be happy again.

"What fine summer rambles we had in July,
The fields were so green, and the flowers were so gay:
I wish it was winter—all frosty and dry,
For then I could keep myself warm at my play."

"What, Mary! fie, Mary! unhappy again?"
Her grandma replied; "sure you ought to remember
How ready you were every day to complain
Of the heat in July, or the cold in December.

"It is not the weather that causes you pain;
Your own fretful temper should bear all the blame;
While that is your torment, the sunshine or rain,
Or winter, or summer, will all be the same.

"The little musician, who played here just now,
Might teach us to value the blessings we have;
How merry his dance was, how lowly his bow,
How thankful he seemed for the trifle we gave.

"He once, in a far distant land, had a home,
And bright was his country in which he abode;
Yet now as a beggar he daily must roam,
And bear all the hardship and toil of the road.

"While you live in safety, surrounded by friends,
O let not mere trifles your spirit annoy;
But, grateful to God for the blessings he sends,
Desire to improve all the good you enjoy." W. B.

A KEEN ANSWER.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth a scholar happened to be in disgrace with her majesty, but he managed to secure the good offices of one who was in high favor at the court, with a view to regaining his position. The time arrived when he was to be presented to the queen again.

"Well," said the queen, "I understand you are a great scholar. Shall I ask you one question?"

"Anything, madam," said he, "that lies within the compass of my understanding to resolve you, I will."

"How many vowels be there?" said the queen.

"That, your majesty," replied the scholar, "is easily known; but as you have asked me I must needs answer. Five."

"Which of these five could best be spared?" said the queen.

"Not any of them, madam," replied he, "without damaging the language."

"Then," retorted her majesty, "I will tell you differently. We, for our own part, can best spare U (*you*),"

HE KNEW WHERE IT WAS.

A CLERGYMAN lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting in company with a boy until after midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went to the pulpit, and took for his text the following from Job, "O that I knew where I might find him!"

The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of his thoughts, cried out, "I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn."

WELL PUNISHED.

DR. ABEL, in one of his lectures, related a very striking anecdote of a Newfoundland dog in Cork. This dog was of a noble, generous disposition, and when he left his master's house was often assailed by a number of little noisy dogs in the street. He usually passed them in apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice. But one little cur was particularly troublesome, and at length carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog in the back of the foot. This proved to be a step in wanton abuse and insult beyond what was to be patiently endured, and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the skin of his back. In this way he carried him in his mouth to the quay, and holding him some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. He did not seem, however, to design that the culprit should be punished capitally, and he waited a little while, till the poor animal, who was unused to that element, was not only well ducked but near sinking, when he plunged in and brought him out safe to land.

THE LAMB OF GOD.



better; and I will tell you why I love it better: because Jesus Christ is called the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

A LITTLE boy reading to his mother about the lion in a book of natural history, said:

"Mamma, the lion is a noble animal, but I love the lamb

wayward and excitable temper, but the finer qualities of his heart. He said, "I am all but friendless; only one human being ever knew me; she only knew me—my mother." He spoke of her ever in terms of warmest love. Many a time he visited the waste and lonely old church-yard at Matoax, and wept over the grave of his mother, and it was among the last wishes of his heart to be buried by her side.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

DRIED BLACKBERRIES FOR THE SOLDIERS.



R. EDITOR,—I wish to inform the readers of the Sunday-School Advocate, as well as Brother Lozier, (traveling agent for the sanitary commission of Indiana,) that we "take the papers," and read his ap-

peal to the patriotism of the children of Methodist Sunday-schools. And I am glad to say that our Sunday-school in Edinburgh, Ind., is not, to say the least of it, entirely destitute of patriotism, or a feeling for the interests of the poor sick and suffering soldiers in our hospitals. Several little patriots responded to the call. These noble little heroes cared not for the long walks to the country through the hot sun, nor for the dewy, wet grass in the morning; neither did they stop for the sharp briars which tore their clothes and scratched their little fingers, but thought "This is not as hard work as to make long marches, fight hard battles, and lay upon the ground at night with no soft bed, or be sick far from home and friends." So they worked on until they completed their task. Blackberries were very scarce close about town, so that four only reported themselves as having dried a quart. Many others, however, showed a willingness by trying.

The berries are neatly sewed up in strong muslin sacks, with the donor's name upon each. Reader, do you not think that many a poor lonely sick soldier will say as he reads the name of the little patriot who sent the kind gift, "God bless that dear child?" Here are the names of the four: George Foy, Mollie Sturgeon, Ida Garner, and Anna Bell McClain.

J. F. Mc.

LITTLE JOSEY being rather remiss in his Sunday school lessons, the teacher remarked, "Why, Josey, you have not a very good memory, have you?"

"No, ma'am," said he, hesitating; "but I have got a first-rate forgettery!"

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A GENEROUS BOY.

THE New Bedford Mercury mentions the following incident: A lad recently applied to his father for seventy-five cents with which to go on a picnic. Obtaining this sum, he procured from his mother an additional amount of twenty-five cents for the same innocent purpose. Thus in funds, the little fellow hired two jobbing wagons, proceeded to the Orphan's Home, and treated the little inmates to a ride. This was his picnic.

JOHN RANDOLPH AND HIS MOTHER.

THAT peculiar man, John Randolph, of Roanoke, was greatly attached to his mother. She was but thirty-six years old when she died, and her death impressed him with a lasting sadness. She was taken to her rest while yet in the bloom of her beauty, and her features, her charms, and her virtues were always vivid and fresh in his memory. He kept her portrait hanging before him in his chamber. None on earth could fill her place or repair his loss. She knew him—knew not only his