

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL

ADVOCATE

VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 4.

NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 268.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Edmund's Christmas Prayer.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"To-morrow is Christmas. Wont it be jolly! I shall have heaps of presents. Hurrah! I wish Christmas came every quarter, instead of every year. Wouldn't it be jolly to have four Christmas days instead of one!"

After this fashion young EDMUND CRAWFORD talked to himself one afternoon as he sat on an ottoman in his father's parlor, with his slate, his marbles, tops, balls, and numerous other playthings scattered on the carpet around him. He was certainly a very well pleased boy, though, as you can see, his pleasure was of a very selfish sort. It all arose out of his expectation of receiving "heaps of presents."

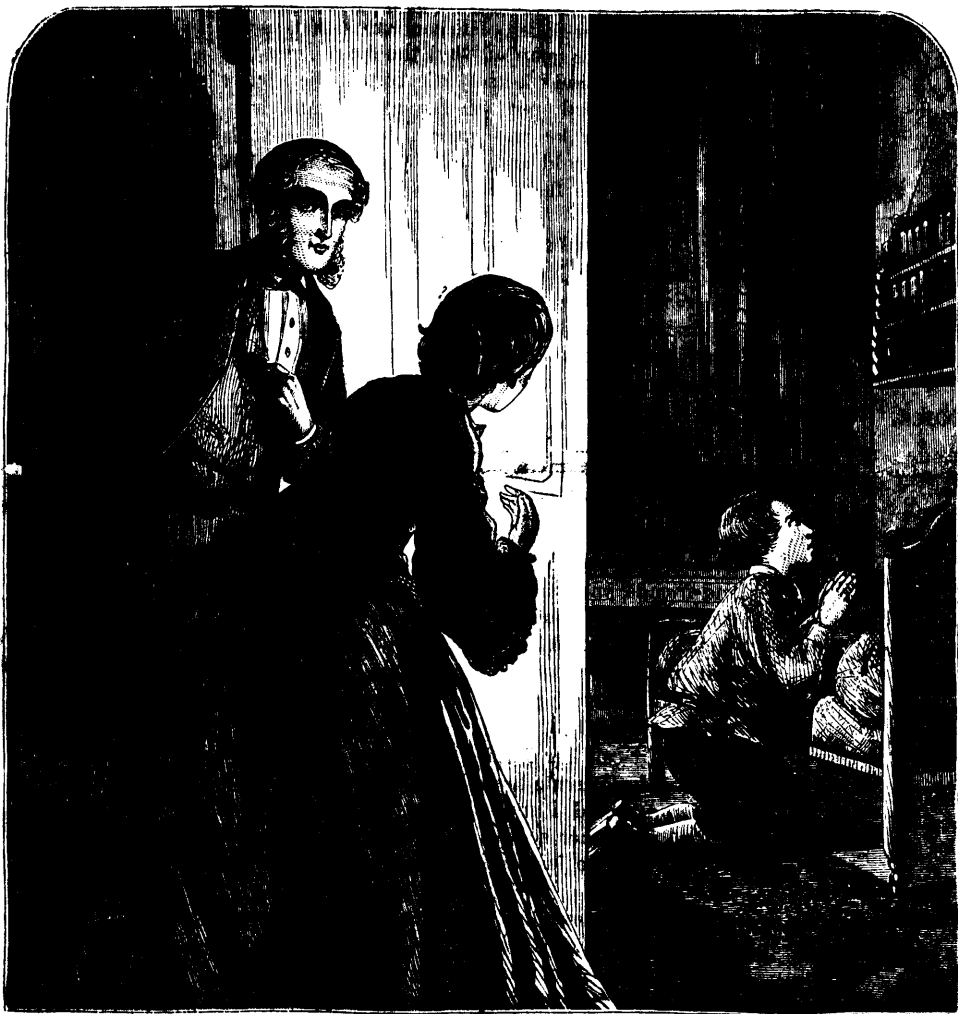
Just then he heard a foot-fall on the piazza. Next a shadow fell on the floor. He looked up and saw at the long window the figure of a beggar woman. Her face was pale, pinched, and forlorn. Her eyes were dull, and her lips almost colorless. A more pitiable face young Edmund had never seen.

The woman held out her hand as if asking for alms. She had rung the bell, and when the servant opened the door the beggar left the window, and in a low, soft voice said:

"Please give me some bread to keep my little boy from starving?"

"We don't give anything to street beggars," said Edmund's mother, speaking from the head of the stairs. The servant shut the door in the beggar's face, and the poor creature glided off the piazza, and walked slowly to the next house.

Edmund's mother was no doubt right with regard to street beggars generally. Nine out of every ten of them are impostors, and need not beg if they were not too lazy to work. But it is well to observe beggars closely, because now and then a really deserving person is forced to beg from door to door or die. Any one having such an appearance should be visited by father, mother, or pastor, and



if found to be a proper subject for charity relieved.

Edmund had been struck with that pale, sad face. It seemed glued to the window pane after the beggar was gone. Her words too rung in his ears, "Give me bread to keep my little boy from starving." He drew pictures of that starving boy in his fancy until his heart ached.

His pleasure was all gone now, and his soul was full of pity. He wished he was rich, that he might save that woman's boy from dying a cruel death. Finally, he thought he saw a way to help him. He would ask his father to give him money instead of Christmas presents, and then he would try to find out the boy and save his life.

This was a noble purpose, and it brought a purer joy into Edmund's heart than he had ever tasted before. Still he was afraid his father would not grant his request, and, acting under the impulse of a good thought, he gathered up his playthings, and went up to his little bedchamber.

Presently his father came home from his office.

On going to his room, which was next to Edmund's, he heard a murmur as if some one was praying aloud in his boy's chamber. Beckoning to his wife, he stepped with her very softly to the door. Peeping in quietly, they heard Edmund praying very earnestly, using these words over and over:

"Please, God, make papa give me money for my Christmas present, that I may keep the poor beggar woman's boy from starving?"

Stepping back into the room with her husband, Edmund's mother told him of the beggar woman she had sent from the door, and said, with tears in her eyes:

"Maybe I was wrong in not asking who she was. Perhaps she is deserving of help. We had better search her out if we can."

Mr. Crawford said nothing, but wiped his eyes, and waited to see what course his little boy would take. He did not wait long, for Edmund soon came to him with his story of the pale face, and petition

for bread to save the little boy from starvation. He closed his story by saying:

"Please, pa, give me money for my Christmas instead of playthings, and I will try and find out the boy and help him."

Mr. Crawford kissed his son's cheek, and promised to do as he desired. Never was Edmund so happy as the next morning, when, with his Christmas present of three dollars in his pocket, he trudged along the street, holding his father's hand, in search of the poor beggar woman. You will be glad to learn that they met her, found her home, learned that she was a worthy widow in deep distress, and that she had a son of Edmund's age. The three dollars were soon changed into bread and meat and coal. Mr. Crawford added his gift to his son's. The widow and her little boy had a merry Christmas you may be sure, and Edmund declared, in his boyish way, "that it was the jolliest Christmas he had ever enjoyed." Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were happy too. Ever after they were true friends of the honest poor, and many widows and

orphans had cause for rejoicing, owing to the effect of young Edmund's Christmas prayer.

Children, let Edmund's example teach you to care for others as well as yourselves. Seek your enjoyment more in making others happy than in self-indulgence.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Little Humpback.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A little humpbacked girl
Came slowly up the street;
I watched her pale sweet face,
Her weary, lagging feet.
I saw the earnest look,
Too thoughtful for her years,
And caught the passing smile,
That sadder seemed than tears.

Sweet, merry voices chimed
In happy, childish play,
And joyous laughter rang
Along the dusty way.
Strong healthy boys and girls,
With many a careless shout,
Were telling all the world
That school was just let out.

The little girl, apart,
Stole silently along,
Too tired to join the plays,
Too weak to swell the song.
'Twas sad to think that life
Such sorrow held in store,
To see the burden rough,
Those young, frail shoulders bore.

I saw a sadder sight:
The little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and lips,
And hair in sunny curls,
Turned scornfully away
From that poor, suffering child,
Or with loud taunting words
Her misery reviled.

"Hunchy!" I heard them say,
"What have you in that pack?
You carry all you're worth
Upon your broken back."
The little boys threw stones;
The rude girls laughed and jeered,
As if 'twere fun to see
How wretched she appeared.

As God looks down from heaven
Upon them all to-night,
Which of those little ones
Is fairest in his sight?
He sees the stricken one,
But not as others see;
Alas! he also sees
The heart's deformity.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Jumping too Fast.

ROMPING Tom, quiet Mary, and blue-eyed Ellen were standing before the kitchen hearth, one evening in early winter, watching the corn popper. By and by as Nelly, the cook, was gently shaking the popper, the tiny kernels began to pop, pop, pop, swell, and turn their jackets inside out. The children cried "O!" "Aint it funny!" etc. At last Tom, putting on a grave face, exclaimed:

"O, now I know what snow is—it is *popped rain!*"

Mary and Ella laughed at Tom's queer notion about snow. The cook said he was more witty than wise. When his mother heard it she said:

"That's just like our Tom, he's always jumping into false conclusions."

The mother was right. Tom saw a resemblance between the white popped corn and the white snow-flake. He concluded that as the former was popped by the heat from the pretty round kernel of corn, the latter was popped out of the round rain drop. You know he was wrong, because snow is caused by cold and not by heat. Tom's mind jumped too fast, and so landed in the wrong place.

Wide-awake boys and girls are very apt to make such leaps. I admire their wit, *sometimes*, but not their wisdom. They would be wiser if, instead of jumping to false conclusions, they inquired, "*Why* is this or that so?" "Please explain to me the reason of this or that?"

QUEERSTICK.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Having your Own Way.

Do you like to have your own way always, or does it give you pleasure to yield to your parents, and friends, and playmates, and sometimes consult their wishes? You like your own way best, do you? Well, I want to tell you what you may expect in that case. I want to tell you about a little girl that would have her own way, and what sort of a woman she made.

We will call her Lura. She was a pretty little girl, and her parents loved her and wanted to make her happy; and I suppose they thought the best way to make her so was to let her have all she wished, and do just as she liked. But they were mistaken.

God, who knows that we cannot always have our own way as we go through life, has so arranged it that we may learn while we are young to give up our own wishes gracefully and cheerfully, by yielding perfect obedience to the wishes of our parents. And if we do not learn to obey our parents, we are not half prepared to meet the crosses and vexations of life. That is something that children forget when they pout, and say that it is very hard to be obliged to obey pa and ma.

But Lura did not obey. She had her own way, and we will see what she got by it. Sometimes her pa and ma tried to insist on something that they knew would be for her good, and then she would scold, and cry, and sulk, and be very morose and unhappy, until she could have it just as she liked. Of course she often made herself ridiculous, because her judgment was not so good as that of her parents, and she often felt mortified; but she was no more willing to give up her own way after that than she had been before.

Among her playmates she did not show out her disposition quite so much, because she liked to have their good opinion. Still, in all their visits, and games, and amusements, she would usually make some naughty or hateful remark, or show in some other manner that she was not pleased if they did

not yield to her wishes. And then she found fault with the weather if that did not suit her, and with a thousand other things that could not be helped, so that she would often spoil a pleasant visit or excursion by her complainings; and if afterward she had occasion to speak of it she remembered and talked about all the unpleasant things. Of course it often happened that her friends could not please and when they tried, and some of them thought she never was quite pleased with anything, and they doubted if she was able to please herself.

So as youth and vivacity passed away, her friends dropped off one by one, and what new friends she made did not last long, and she became more unhappy than ever.

When she was quite advanced in life her parents died, but those who knew her did not wish to take her into their houses even to board. She then married, but when her husband found out her disposition, he treated her so unkindly that she could not feel at home in his house. She then went to her brothers with her complaints, but they said to



themselves, "Why should we make ourselves and our families unhappy by trying in vain to please her? She never was satisfied anywhere, and she never will be, no matter how much is done for her."

I do not know what is to become of her. She thinks, "O if I could go to such a place, or if I could do thus and so, I should be happy!" but she is mistaken. Her habits are fixed, and I do not think she will ever be really happy in this world. She is trying to be religious, but she finds it very hard to submit to God's will, much more difficult than it would have been if she had in early life learned submission to her earthly parents. O children, when you are tempted to be willful and disobedient, stop and think whether it pays to insist on having your own way!

BERRA.

The Child's Time Table.

SIXTY seconds make a *minute*,
Sixty times the clock ticks in it.
Sixty minutes make an *hour*,
To stay its flight we have no power.
Twenty-four hours, one *day* and *night*;
Some hours of darkness, some of light.
Seven days there are in every *week*;
To keep the seventh day holy seek.
In every *month* the weeks are four,
And some have two or three days more.
And twelve months make up the *whole year*;
Spend well each one God grants you here.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

"THE DAY OF REST."

"And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day . . . And God blessed the seventh day."—*Gen. ii 2, 3*
"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."—*Exod. xx. 8.*

It was a lovely Sabbath morning in early autumn. There was a beauty, beyond the power of men to copy, in the falling leaves already strewing the ground; and a yet deeper beauty in those that remained on the branches, where they had formed a rich foliage through the glorious summer that had just passed away.

All around was quiet, and seemed to invite rest and repose, as an invalid, gazing on the quivering of the leaves in the very gentle breeze that stirred them, and listening to the song of a little bird that nestled among them, turned on her pillow, and with a grateful heart thanked her heavenly Father for the quiet of the Sabbath morning.

But the sound of youthful voices from an adjoining garden fell on her ear. Some one was inviting the two youngest of a group to prepare for entering God's house, and a voice sounded harshly on the still air in reply,—*"W—is not going to church!"* And as the first speaker again sought to induce the little ones to follow her, again the voice exclaimed in louder tones,—*"I tell you, W—is not going to church! Are you, W—? You won't go, will you?"* The invalid could not hear the answer, but there was enough in those brief words to bring discord into the peace of that sunny Sabbath. The voice that had sounded so harshly, the invalid well knew belonged to one who, a little more than twelve months before, had in the sight of God and men professed himself a "willing soldier of Jesus Christ." Had he then so far forgotten that promise, and what was contained in it, as to feel no regret in wasting the hours of the Sabbath in idle amusements? Had the command of Him whose servant he professed to be, and who had said, "*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,*" become as a thing never known?

These thoughts, and many more, passed through the mind of the invalid; and the sounds of mirth that rose to her through the succeeding hours, grated sadly on her ear; and the words floated before her, that seemed to have passed away from those young minds, "*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.*" And the wish rose in her heart that she could go forth and speak of that loving Saviour to the little ones, and, perhaps, speak a word that should prove a word in season, to wake the slumbering memory of him who seemed to have forgotten his profession to be a child of God.

But it might not be that she should *spea*k of Him whose day she loved so much. He who knows what is best for everyone whom his hand has made, had seen good that she should be shut out from the bustling world, and in weakness and suffering should learn His will, and listen to His voice. She might not speak for Him then! But the thought pressed on her as she listened to the thoughtless words that, not on that Sabbath only, but on many, had marred to her the peace of "the day of rest" as far as outward things could reach her,—*Could she not write the message she might not speak?* She had prayed often for the little group who now disturbed her quiet; but she felt that more was needed perhaps, and asking for her heavenly Father's guidance, she commenced writing a few of the thoughts that occurred to her, and would ask

her young friends to give her their attention a brief season. And first, the thought arose, Whose is the Sabbath day? And the answer came in the words of Jesus, "*The Son of Man is Lord—of the Sabbath.*" The Son of Man! then it is the Saviour Himself, who gave His life for us and all who love His name and Word, for Jesus is one with God the Father. "*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.*" Remember, then, the sin of *forgetfulness* will be of no avail to us; for what God has commanded, He will never fail to give all who ask His help strength to perform.

But what has He bid us remember on the Sabbath day? "*To keep it holy.*" Now, perhaps, you may ask, "*How am I to keep it holy?"* But God has not left us in ignorance of His meaning in anything He commands, if we read His Word. He says, "*If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth*" (*Isa. lviii*). And Jesus, when on earth, went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day. So it would seem not doing *our own pleasure*, not *speaking* our own words, and entering God's house to worship Him there, is the way in which God would have us keep the day He has set apart as His own. "*Six days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.*"

But we must not think it is enough to go to our appointed place in His earthly courts on the Sabbath, with thoughts wandering on things around us; for "*God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.*" It is no use going to God's house on earth, then, unless we ask Him to give us His Holy Spirit in our hearts, that we may understand His Word and may *truly* worship Him *there*; may keep holy the "*Sabbath day,*" the day on which He "*rested,*" even as he would have us to do.

May the young friends of the invalid so live by His Spirit's teaching now, that when he who gave Himself, "*the just for the unjust,*" as "*a ransom*" to all who will listen to His loving invitation, "*Come unto Me,*" shall "*come again*" to judge the world, they may be found among those that shall rejoice at His approaching

"Remember!" for the one who speaks,
Is living now on high,
Yet loved thee with a love go great,
He came to earth "to die."

"Remember!" Jesus calls to thee,
"Come in the days of youth,
And learn the way of life from Me,
The Way, the Life, the Truth."

Remember then the day he blessed,
And in his house of prayer
Seek Him with humble, earnest heart,
And thou shalt find Him there.

Remember! He will come again,
When "*every knee shall bow;*"
And all who would not fear that day,
Must learn to love Him now.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Lambert is a well-grown boy, and able to do almost a man's work; but he does not think himself too big to go to Sabbath-school. He sometimes labors on the farm for his uncle, with whom he lives; and sometimes he works in the carpenter shop with his brother. But his work does not prevent him from having a good long Sunday-school lesson well prepared for every Sabbath.

One afternoon, when he had recited several hundred verses from the Testament and hymn book, his teacher inquired:

"Lambert, how did you manage to commit to memory so many verses last week, when you were, as I know, hard at work in the carpenter shop every day?"

Lambert replied: "I will tell you how I did it. I laid my book, opened, on the carpenter's bench, and as I passed by it, going from one end of the board I was planing to the other, I stopped long enough to read two or three lines, which I repeated while I was pushing my plane, until I knew them by heart; and thus through a good part of the day I worked and studied at the same time."

A few Sabbaths after, Lambert came to school again with a long lesson, which he recited very accurately. His teacher again inquired:

"How did you find time to get this lesson last week? I know that you were plowing every day early and late; and as you had no bench to put your book on, how did you contrive to commit so many verses?"

Lambert thus explained the mystery:

"Before I started with my plow, I tacked a leathern strap upon the plow-handle, and in that I stuck my book. Then when I came to the end of the furrow, while my horses were turning around, I caught up my book and read over a verse, and this I repeated to myself until I reached another turning place, when I could look at another verse. And thus I could learn as many verses as I ploughed furrows."

Let no scholar who reads this say to his teacher, "I have no time to get my Sunday-school lesson."

WHAT A SIXPENCE DID.

"My child," said a mother to her daughter one day, "what have you done with the sixpence which you got from your aunt?"

"I have given it to a bad boy, mamma."

"To try and make him good, my dear?"

"Yes, mamma; but tell me, do not the birds belong to God?"

"Yes, my dear, we and all other living beings belong to God, and he tells us in the Bible that not one, even of the smallest birds, is forgotten by him."

"Well, mamma, this bad boy had caught a little bird, and was taking it to the town to sell it. Poor thing, it cried as loud as it could, and tried to get away, but the bad boy held it by the beak that it might not cry. I think, mamma, he was afraid God would hear the poor little bird, and punish him."

"God hears every cry, my dear, and will punish the wicked. What did you do?"

"I gave the bad boy the sixpence, mamma, that he might let the bird fly away. O! if you had seen how happy it was when it was set free, you would have been pleased."

"Yes, and I am pleased at what you have done. God loves every thing that he has made, and we show our love to him by being kind to all things, great or small, which he has made."

THANKSGIVING.

Once more autumnal shadows
Are slowly gathering round,
And the dry leafy carpet
Lies thick upon the ground.
Again has come the summons
Our annual feast to keep;
To offer to our Maker
Our thanks, sincere and deep;
Thanks that we were permitted
The "Harvest song" to sing,
And to the festive table
Accustomed offerings bring.

"EVERY ONE OF YOU."

When the murderers of Christ cried out on the day of Pentecost, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter replied, "Repent, and be baptised every one of you; I shut out no one of you, for I am commanded by the Lord to deal with you as it were one by one, by the word of His salvation."

Objection. But I was one of them that plotted to take away His life. May I be saved by Him?

Peter. Every one of you.

O. But I was one of them that bore witness against Him. Is there grace for me?

P. For every one of you.

O. But I was one of them that cried out, "Crucify Him! crucify him!" and desired that Barabbas, the murderer, might live rather than He. What will become of me, think you?

P. I am to preach repentance and remission of sins to every one of you.

O. But I was one of them that did spit in his face when He stood before His accusers. I was also one that mocked Him when in anguish I e hanged bleeding on the tree. Is there room for me?

P. For every one of you.

O. But I was one of them that in his extremity said, "Give him gall and vinegar to drink." Why may not I expect the same, when anguish and guilt is upon me?

P. Repent of these your wickednesses, and there is remission of sins for every one of you.

O. But I railed on Him, I reviled Him, I hated Him. I rejoiced to see him mocked by others. Can there be hope for me?

P. There is for every one of you. "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

O what a blessed "every one of you" is here! How willing was Peter, and the Lord Jesus by His ministry, to catch these murderers with the word of the Gospel, that they might be made monuments of the grace of God! How unwilling was He that they should escape the hand of mercy! Yea, what an amazing wonder it is to think that, above all the world, and above everybody in it, these should have the first offer of mercy!

"THE ARCHER."

There is a little archer,
Whom I have never seen,
But I have felt his arrows,
And they are swift and keen:
My path he ever watches,
Whatever way I take;
My ear he often catches,
Whenever I'm awake

"Take care my bow and arrows!"
I often hear him shout;
And only by much praying,
I get his arrow out:
There never was an archer
Could strike a dart so deep;
And none that he has wounded,
Can put his heart to sleep.

Most friendly is this archer
To those who love the right:
He goes with such to bless them,
Through all the day and night.
Once I was sitting thinking,
And very near he came,
And said in gentle whisper,
That *Conscience* was his name.

Lessons in the Sky.

SOME children fret and grumble when the weather does not suit them. Uncle Philip had a way of reading the sky which he advised little Jenny to follow. He told her that the sky was to him a sort of lesson-book, and when he looked at it all clear and bright, the lesson he read was, "LOVE GOD."

I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.



Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And when the clouds broke away after a storm, and the sun showed himself, the lesson then was, "PRAISE GOD."

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.



Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail: and the mountains were covered.

But sometimes it was covered with dark, heavy clouds, threatening a storm; then he thought the leaf was turned over, and he read, "FEAR GOD."

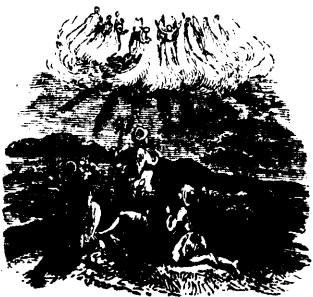
The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.



Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

But when it was cloudy and threatening in one part, and patches of blue sky appeared in another part, the lesson he read was, "LOVE GOD, FEAR GOD, and PRAISE GOD," all on the same page.

And suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,



Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to-ward men.

Jenny thought these were easy lessons, and she would read the sky every day. But Peter (who did not think she was much of a reader) said if she did she would be likely to read it wrong, and when the lesson was "Love God," she would read "Fear God."

"No matter," said Uncle Philip: "never mind that, Jenny; for you will please God whether you love or fear or praise him. He wants you to do all three, and they are all lessons of the sky."

The Hedge-Hog.

If the name of this animal leads you to suppose that it bears any resemblance to the common hog, you will fall into an error. The only similarity between the two is in the satisfied grunt they utter as they trudge along in search of their daily fare. The shape of the hedge-hog is more like that of the beaver; but he has no such soft coat of fur. A very coarse suit of hair suffices to keep out the winter's cold from his skin; and outside of this he wears the most curious suit of armor. It is made up entirely of little spines or quills, an inch or two in length, but very sharp at the points. We must not blame the poor creature for making free use of them when he is attacked by dogs or other animals, for they are his only means of defense. He is a very harmless animal. He can neither run away when molested, nor wound his enemy with his teeth or claws; still he is well provided for. When danger approaches, he slowly tucks up his feet, rounds up his back, draws down his head, and converts himself into a very fair-shaped ball—only a ball no one would desire to play with. The dogs may bark and worry around him as much as they please, he never stirs, but knows he is as secure in his prickly



castle as if he were cased in steel. By and by the dogs give it up as a poor chase, and travel off for some more profitable sport. If some poor fellow allows his temper to get the better of his judgment, and

ventures to seize the creature, he is sure to pay dear for it. I knew of one dog who got his mouth and head full of these quills, and his owner was compelled to shoot him to put an end to his sufferings.

A gentleman had a nest of little ones, with their mother, brought to his place in order to watch their habits; but though there was an abundance of food given them, the mother ate up all her babies. She could not have been a very affectionate mother, or else she was not well pleased at losing her freedom. The Indians make many beautiful articles of birch-bark, worked with these quills, which they stain various bright colors.

A Reason Worth Weighing.

"FATHER," said a shrewd little girl some time ago, to a drunken parent, "I know how it is you are so wicked." "How?" said her father, as he ceased for the moment to blaspheme his Maker. "Because you never ask God to help you to be good."

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published on the *Second and Fourth Saturdays* of each month by SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	40 cents per vol.
" 5 copies	" 10, " 83 " "
" 10 "	" 20, " 85 " "
" 20 "	" 40, " 88 " "
" 30 "	" 60, " 90 " "
" 40 "	" 80, " 93 " "
" 50 "	" 100, " 97 " "
" 75 "	" 120, " 26 " "
" 100 " and upward,	" 25 " "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

All communications to be addressed to REV. SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.