

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

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

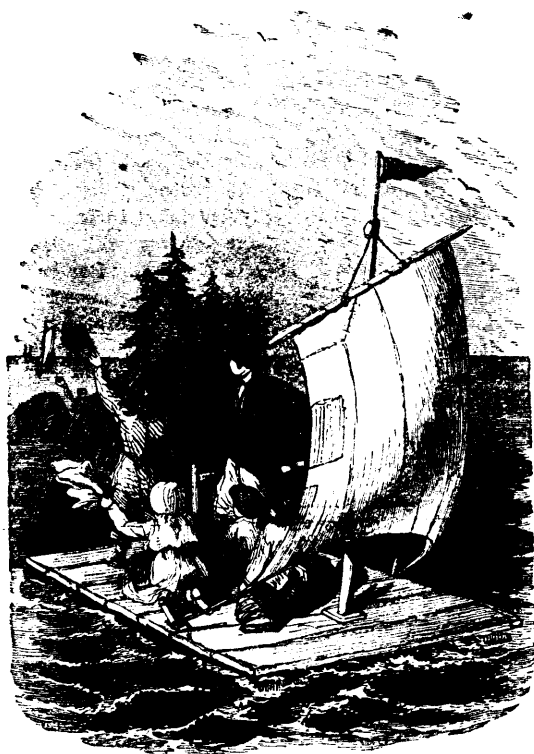
SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 11.

MARCH 11, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 27.



LOVE AND OBEDIENCE ON THE RAFT.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

## PLEASANT SAILING.

WHAT a happy party! Rather risky though, I should say, unless the children are uncommonly careful. It would, for example, be the easiest thing in the world for that miss who is waving the handkerchief to slide off the raft into the water. And that boy with the hat in his hand might readily tip head foremost and get well ducked if not drowned. I should not advise children to go far from shore or into deep water upon such a raft.

But the children in the picture are used to sea-life. They live on an island, and the big boy at the helm is as much at home on that raft as a farmer's boy is on a wagon. Moreover, I guess he will not sail very far, but only from one island to another, and so nothing bad is likely to happen.

I have no doubt those boys and girls have had permission given them to take that sail on the raft. *How do I know that?* Because they are so much at their ease and so thoroughly enjoy the occasion. If they were there by stealth they would be stiff, uncomfortable, and sad. No five children in America could be as happy as they are while doing wrong. No, no. Doing wrong always spoils play, always disturbs the peace

of children, always robs them of cheerfulness. Don't you know that to be so, Master Critical? And you, Miss Sharp, don't you understand how it is?

In the picture on the right of the page you may see the father of some of those children. He has been away to the mainland in his boat. Isn't she splendid? He would rather ride in his boat than in a carriage. He loves the sea. He loves boats, and ships, and everything that relates to them. But he loves his island home still better. His little girl loves him too. See her! She is on the pier waving her handkerchief to welcome him home. Love makes her and her father very happy, as, indeed, it does all parents and children who love each other. It was his love for his children that made him build that raft for them. I hope the reader loves his mother and father very fondly and that he is as fondly loved in return. I would rather live in a desert among elephants and lions than in a house from which sweet love had been driven.

Below is the raft again. How sad those boys look now! You would hardly think them the same boys you see in the other picture. They are meant for the same, however. But why are they so much troubled? What makes them wear such long, sober faces? I will tell you. They are disobedient now. They took the raft this time without permission. Worse, they took it against positive orders never to get upon it unless their big brother or father was with them. But to-day they thought it would be fine fun to go out by themselves. They pushed it from the shore, hoisted the sail, and for a while were as gay as two silly butterflies. But very soon they found the raft going far away from their island home. They could not steer it round. They could not pull down the sail. Then it seemed that they



FATHER'S WELCOME HOME.

fishing, and, as you see, sailed near the raft, and taking up the boys, towed it home. The little fellows were well frightened, and for many a day remembered that disobedience brings trouble and sorrow. If my readers allow the picture to teach

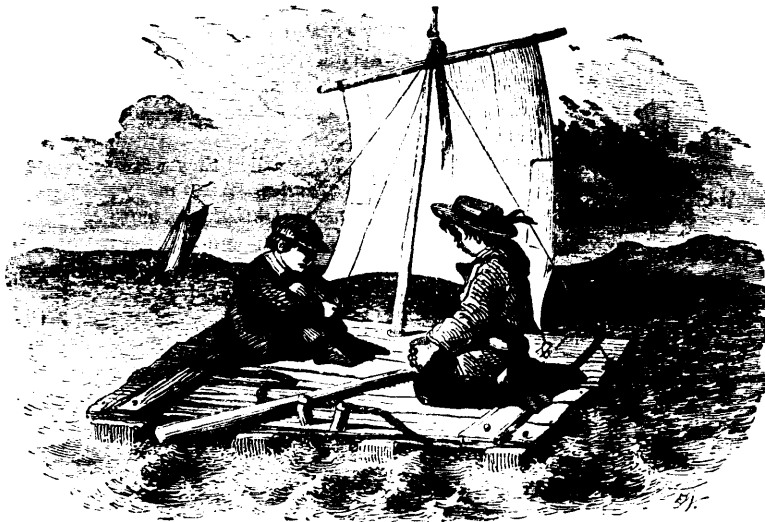
them the same lesson it will not have been printed in vain.

"Let not thine heart envy sinners; but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." U. U.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE DISCOURAGED BOY.

FRANK STUART's fault you all may think a very small one, but I assure you it stands very much in the way of his improvement; and I wish you, who are reading this little story at this very moment, to consider whether you have or not the same fault. You have heard the proverb, "There is a silver lining to every cloud," but you would think in Frank's copy-book it must read, "There is a black lining to every sunbeam." He is so easily discouraged, he is so ready to give up all his plans and his studies at every mole-hill of a difficulty, that his teacher scarcely knows what to do with him. It is a trial to be in the room with him when he is



DISOBEDIENCE ON THE RAFT.

were in a bad, a very bad scrape. They trembled, cried, and, I believe, the one on his knees tried to pray.

Luckily, their father and big brother were out

drawing, or writing in his copy-book, or copying his composition you have to listen to such long-drawn sighs. "O dear," you will hear him say, "how crooked this is! I never can learn to draw, never!" or, "How badly this composition sounds! I shall give up trying to write compositions, I am such a dullard; there is not a boy in school but can write better than this."

Now Frank is as good a scholar in some branches as other boys of his age. In many points he excels others, or he would if he could be induced to persevere. It is hard for any one to feel cheerful where he is, he fills the room so with his complainings if allowed to speak; if not, he looks so gloomy it is nearly as bad. If his mother and teacher would allow him he would give up everything he commences as soon as he came to something difficult to understand at once.

Suppose John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, had been such a boy as Frank Stuart! We never should have heard of him making that Indian grammar, such a laborious work, requiring such perseverance! When it was finished he wrote at the end of it, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do *anything*." Then he translated the whole Bible into the Indian tongue, and you can imagine how tedious it must be to have such words as this to write, "Wutappessttukqusunnoohwehtunkquoh," which means "kneeling down unto him."

Then, if Mr. Eliot had any of the spirit of Frank Stuart, he would have given up entirely when he found he had made such a mistake as to translate the word lattice into a long Indian word meaning eel-pot! You must know that when he was translating the Book of Judges he came upon the word lattice, and describing to the Indians as well as he could the form of the lattice, which is used as a window in the East, they gave him a word in Indian which he inserted in his translation. When he became more acquainted with their language he found he had written, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the eel-pot."

But this mistake did not discourage him, nor a hundred difficulties a great deal worse than this. I think he was rather inspirited by difficulties to go on with the more zeal and energy; and he did not fail to ask for help from above in all he did.

I wonder how our war would progress if all the generals were like this Frank! UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### GOING TO GOD FOR A PA.

"SUPPOSE they take your pa for a soldier?" said a mother to her little daughter one day after talking with her husband about his being drafted into the United States army.

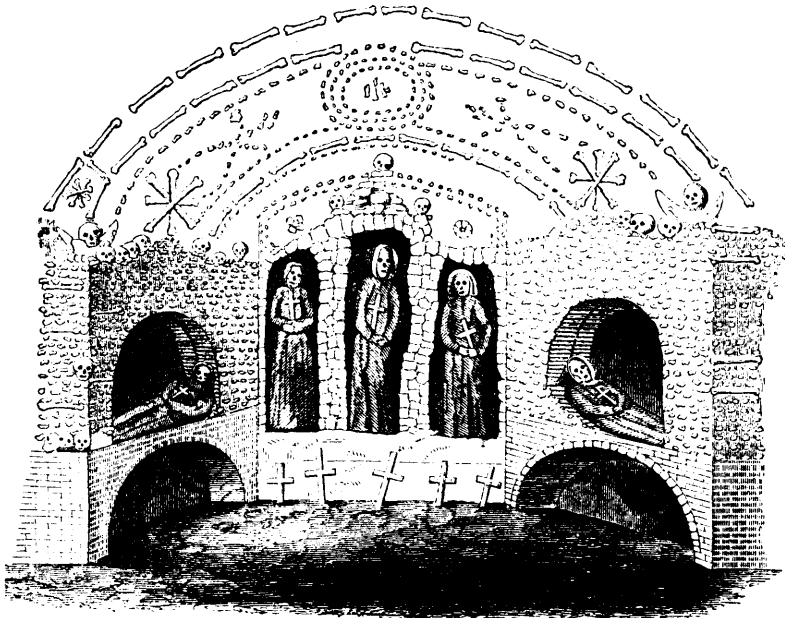
"I will go to God for a pa," replied the child.

Sweet little trustful child! May that divine faith never perish from your heart, and may it be given to all the readers of the Advocate. X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### CATACOMBS.

Do you think this is a pretty picture? Will you think so when you are told that these walls are built of bones of men, and women, and children? Very many years ago there were great caves under a part of the city of Paris. They had been made by taking stone from under the ground for building houses, and remained empty for a long while. In 1784, when the graveyards in the city were full, some one proposed to move all the bones from the old graveyards to these caves.



At first they were emptied into the caves in disorder, but afterward they were arranged as you see them in the picture. Skulls, and bones of legs and of arms, and of other parts of the body, were formed into figures of various shapes or built up in walls. It is said that the bones of three millions of human beings are thus buried. There are more dead people under Paris than there are living people in its streets and houses.

Such underground burial places are called CATACOMBS. In Egypt there are a great many of them. The Egyptians embalmed the bodies of the dead, as you read in the Bible. To embalm a body is to prepare it, by means of spices and various drugs, so that it will not decay. Bodies embalmed after the manner of the Egyptians are called *mummies*. Perhaps some of you have seen such mummies in museums. There are supposed to be under the mountains in Egypt *four hundred millions* of mummies. I think that must be guess-work, for I am quite sure that nobody could count them.

The most interesting catacombs are around and under the city of Rome, extending for many miles. Like those under Paris, the caves were at first made by quarrying stone. Then they became places of refuge for Christian people who were wickedly used by the heathen; for all this happened not many years after Christ died. These good people lived in these stone quarries under ground, being afraid to come out lest their enemies should kill them.

There was a Christian in Rome by the name of Hippolytus. He had a sister named Paulina, who, with her husband, Adrias, was a heathen. But they loved Hippolytus their brother, and when he had to go to the quarries to save his life they sent him every day a basket of food by their two children. Many others who went to the quarries for fear of their enemies were fed by their friends.

When these good Christian people died they were all buried in some part of the quarries. After many years the Roman people became Christians, and knowing the story of the good men and women who were buried there, they made the quarries a Christian burial-place, and thus these caves became catacombs.

They afterward became hiding-places for robbers, and at last were all shut up by order of the Roman rulers. They remained closed for a thousand years, and then were opened for the curiosity of visitors.

The passages through the Roman catacombs are more crooked than the streets of Boston. It is impossible for a stranger to find his way without a guide. The larger passages are generally six feet wide and from five to twelve high. There are many much narrower and lower. On either side are cells cut in the soft rock, each being large enough to contain a body. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### A PHOTOGRAPH IN JEWELS.

I SAW a young lady's photograph the other day which had many jewels on it. There were earrings, a breast-pin, bracelets, finger-rings, and watch-chain.

What remark do you think I made to myself as I looked on it? "You said it was very pretty," replies Miss Lively. Not so, my merry miss. But I did say, "The young lady who sat for that photograph is pretty enough, but she is also very, very vain."

Yes, it is only vain folk—that is, folk who love to be admired by others—who love to wear ornaments on their persons. I think such people are very silly. A meek spirit, a modest face, a gentle tongue are far prettier in my eyes than gold, pearls, or diamonds.

The good Queen of England, Victoria, showed her good sense when she sat for a photograph in a plain black silk dress without an ornament of any kind. "Had not your majesty better send for some jewels?" said the artist.

"No," replied the sensible queen; "this photograph is to go among my people, and I wish to do all in my power to discourage *extravagance*."

That saying was worthy of a queen. Ponder it carefully, my dear girls. I wish I could persuade all of you never to wear any jewels except those of piety, modesty, purity, and heavenly love. I know you would be handsomer in calico with these ornaments than you could be in silks and jewels without them. Who of you will make a fixed resolve to wear none but jewels of the heart? U. U.

Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

### LITTLE NED AND THE SHOWER.

"DEAR me! it never rains so hard  
As when I want to play:  
There are my playthings in the yard,  
And there they'll have to stay.

"It is too bad, I do declare!"  
Said angry little Ned:  
"We'd such a lot of nice things there,  
All piled up on the shed.

"And now this *hateful* rain comes down,  
To spoil our splendid fun!"  
And Ned's bright face put on a frown—  
O what an ugly one!

"My boy, what did you say just then  
About the *hateful* rain?  
You surely have forgotten when  
We longed for showers again.

"'Twas yesterday, I think, you said  
The brook had run away;  
And when your rose-bush hung its head,  
You wished for rain to-day.

"It grieves me much, my child, to see  
Such temper as you show:  
Come here, and take this seat by me,  
And let your playthings go.

"Remember, He who sends the rain  
To bless the fading flowers  
Sees every naughty look with pain,  
And hears each word of ours.

"And when his angel in the book  
Writes down the words you say,  
I fear 'twill be with saddened look  
He'll think of those to-day.

"Then always try to guard your tongue  
From such impatience wild;  
And when you're tempted to do wrong,  
Just *stop* and *think*, my child;

"And ask your heavenly Father kind  
To keep you in his way:  
Whene'er to stray you feel inclined,  
Ask pardon—watch—and pray."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1865.

HOLDING THE TRUTH FAST.



I HAVE read of a little boy—call him Willie, if you please—whose grandfather when dying had made him promise to “hold fast the truth.” Willie had promised to do so, and was very strict in his efforts to keep clear of lying in every form.

Willie was the son of a poor man, and was glad to work in a rich man's garden for his food. One day the gardener said:

“Willie, come here and help me move these plants.”

Willie was in such a hurry to obey that in turning round he knocked over a slender flower-stand on which stood some very rare plants in costly pots and vases.

“There!” cried the gardener, “you have made a pretty muss of those plants. The vases are all broken, and so are most of the plants. They cost a good deal of money.”

“O, I'm so sorry,” said Willie, weeping as he tried to gather the pieces and put them together again.

“You can't mend them,” said the gardener. “You are a careless fellow.”

“O dear, dear!” cried the boy, “Mr. Ruthsay will be very angry and turn me away. That will make my father feel bad, for he is very poor, and can hardly earn bread for himself and mother and my little brother.”

“But Mr. Ruthsay need know nothing about it,” rejoined the gardener. “If I tell him that Miss Bertha's dog got into the garden and upset the stand he will not blame you, will he?”

“John!” exclaimed Willie very earnestly, “that would be telling a lie.”

“But if I tell it what need you care?”

“It would be the same thing as if I said it if I knew about it,” replied Willie, “and,” he added with great firmness, “I will tell Mr. Ruthsay all about it, let what will happen.”

“You may do as you like, Willie,” said the gardener; “but if you are turned away it will not be very easy for you to find another place so nice as this.”

“I can't help it. I promised grandfather I would hold fast the truth, and I will.”

Willie wept a good deal that day, but he stuck to this grand purpose without flinching. When Mr. Ruthsay entered the garden shortly after he noticed Willie's grief and said kindly:

“What's the matter, little Willie?”

“If you please, sir, I have thrown down the flower-stand and broken those nice vases with the choice roses that were in them. I'm so sorry, sir. Please, sir, don't turn me away.”

Mr. Ruthsay was a good man, and did not fall into a passion as many rich men would have done. He inquired into the facts, and forgave the boy after charging him to be more careful in future. The gardener was glad to keep the boy too, for, in proposing to invent the story of the dog, he was only tempting Willie to see, as he said, “of what sort of stuff the boy was made.”

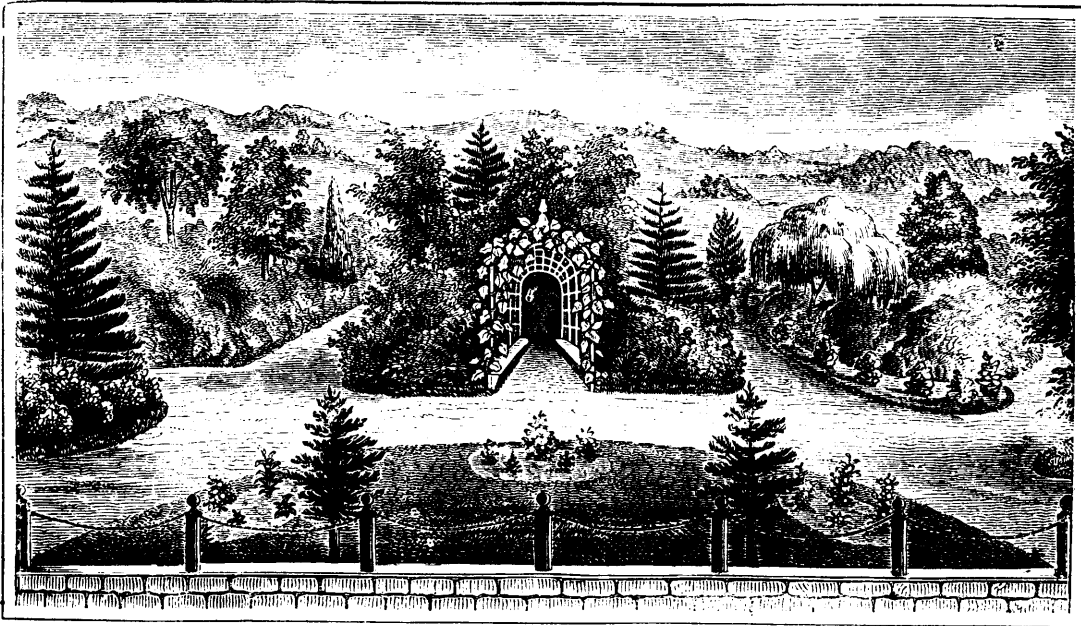
I think Willie was made of the right sort of stuff, don't you? He had a good clear conscience, which helped him to see that it would be as wicked to let the gardener lie for him as it would be to lie himself. Then he had a

strong will, by which he held on to the truth in spite of his fear that Mr. Ruthsay would turn him away. Ah, Willie was a noble boy. How many such children have I in my great family? Are there not hundreds of thousands among them who hold fast the truth in spite of everything? How is it with you, my reader? Are you a truth-teller? “Yes, sir,” you reply. Well, God bless you, my dear, and help you to cling to the truth even in the face of death.

EDITOR'S CHIT-CHAT.

SPRING is coming, hurrah, my children! Hurrah for spring! She is a fickle maiden, I know, often weeping, and sometimes storming as if she were an evil-minded giantess trying to overthrow our houses and tear up our trees. But we ought to like her, nevertheless, because she brings with her warm sunbeams, which with her tears soften the clods, swell the tree-buds, bring back the birds, and make all things look beautiful again. When spring comes the green grass shoots up, the crocus, the hyacinth, the tulip, and other pretty flowers also look up and bid her welcome. Very pleasant is the coming of spring. Let us thank God that it has come again.

Now is the time for boys and girls to get ready for gardening. You already know that I think every child should



grow flowers. Many of you do, for you have sent me dried specimens which I highly prize. All of you should, for the cultivation of flowers is far better as an amusement than any play you can get up. It is a health-giving pleasure. And then how pleasant it is to watch the growth and gather flowers of plants you sowed and reared with your own hands! Try it, my children. If you live in a city or village and have but a little yard, ask pa to set you off a very little corner for your flower-garden. If you live on a farm pa will give you a plat as large as you will care to cultivate.

Another thing I would recommend you to do this spring. Instead of spending your money on toys and candies, save it and buy tools to work with. Every boy, especially in the country, should try to own a hammer, a hatchet, a saw or two, gimlets, etc., and he should learn how to use them too. It is a fine thing for a boy to be able to mend his own sled, or wheelbarrow, or garden-tools, to make his own boats, bats, kites, tops, etc. In fact, working with tools is useful play, and I advise you all to buy tools and learn how to use them. There are men who sell chests of tools for boys, but whether they are good for anything or not I cannot tell. I never tried them. Your fathers, however, will buy you tools if you will save up your money for the purpose.

My chit-chat is spinning out like an old man's story. I must stop, assuring you that I want you to be good and happy, week-days as well as Sundays, in your play as well as in your prayers and studies. May God bless every one of you, my very dear children!—Here is a pretty little anecdote from one of my exchanges:

“YOUR FATHER SEES YOU.”

A little boy was desirous of having some tempting plums which grew on a tree in his father's garden. He watched his opportunity and stole into the garden, and was just about securing some of the plums, when his sis-

ter, who, suspecting his design, had followed him, whispered to him:

“Your FATHER sees you.”

This was sufficient to prevent the wicked act.

Persons are often tempted to do what their heavenly Father is not willing they should do. Would that some kind voice could always whisper in the ear, “Your Father sees you.”

Remember this, young reader, whenever you are about to do anything wrong.

I will now give you the answer to the *Scripture queries* in your last Advocate:

1. Hilkiah-h.....Isaiah xxii, 23.
2. A-mas-a.....2 Sam. xvii, 25; xx, 10.
3. N-atha-n.....2 Sam. xii, 7, 13.
4. N-aama-n.....2 Kings v, 14; Eph. ii, 8, 9.
5. A-s-a.....2 Chron. xiv, 11.
6. H-ezekiah-h.....2 Kings xix, 10-20.

HANNAH—1 Sam. ii.

Here is a letter from MILLY E. BROWN, of L. She writes:

I inclose a few prairie wild flowers. I go to Sabbath-school once in a while. It is so far I cannot go every Sunday. It is four miles from our house. We take your little paper, and have ever since I can remember. I like to read it. I wish it was larger.

Thank you, Milly, for your very pretty prairie flowers. They are very fragrant. I'm sorry Milly has no Sunday-school nearer than four miles from her home, but I'm glad the Advocate in part supplies the place of her school.

FRANKIE, a little boy just seven years old, says:

I am sick a great deal and cannot go to Sabbath-school much to learn about Jesus, but I read the Advocate, and I love it so much more than I can tell you, for it teaches me how to be good, and I want to see the editor's face so much that I send you fifteen cents for his picture. You will send it to me, won't you? Give the editor a good warm kiss for me, and tell him that

I pray for him every day that the Lord will bless him and spare his life a great many years to make little children good and happy, and I want he should pray for me. I had a dear little sister once who used to kneel with me and say, “Our Father,” but she has gone to live with Jesus, and I want him to take me when I die. And I will try to be good, and if I live to be a man I mean to preach the Gospel just as my papa does. I sent you a dollar some time since for some poor suffering one after reading a story in the Advocate about giving to the poor, which made me cry. I do not know as you received it, but I guess the Lord would bless me just as much for giving, wouldn't he?

I do not remember about Frankie's dollar, but if it came it was sent on its mission as many such dollars have been. The editor kisses Frankie in his heart and prays that God may make the dear boy strong and healthy, and that he may live to win many souls to Christ. God bless the dear boy!—L. M. C. asks these questions:

Do you think it is right for Christians to dance? Do you think it is serving God to play cards and dance in the parlor? and is it not just as bad to go and look on and uphold it as to dance? And don't you think little girls and boys that are trying to be Christians have just as good a right to dance as older people? Mother says it is wrong, and that we can't serve God and the devil at the same time. The reason why I ask these questions is, because I trust I found the Saviour about one year ago at a protracted meeting held in this place, and I am yet trying to serve God and want to do what is right.

Dancing is not a Christian amusement. Dancing in the parlor leads to dancing elsewhere. Better taste not, touch not, handle not. My little querist's mother is right. Let her advice be followed, for I am certain that no person who dances will pray much. Dancing and praying never go together, and if children mean to serve God they must let the service of Satan alone. The Corporal likes this girl's spirit very much, and he puts her name on his roll in big letters.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OUR OLD CAT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

We have an old cat,  
An artful old cat,  
She sleeps in the barn on the hay;  
And she eats in a trice  
All the dear little mice  
That happen to fall in her way.

She's the slyest of cats:  
She chases the rats  
Till they're frightened almost into fits;  
Not a kernel of corn  
Can they lay their paws on,  
Though they live by the use of their wits.

She roams in the woods,  
Where the pretty young birds  
Are trying their first airy flight;  
She seeks the red-breast  
In its nice, shady nest,  
And breaks up its home with delight.

A guerrilla she;  
There is not a tree  
Where the birds are secure with their young;  
And the squirrels peep out,  
With a lingering doubt,  
From their covert the branches among.

Neighbor Gray has a son  
Who is cruel for fun,  
A bad, wicked boy, it is plain;  
I've heard him tell lies,  
I've seen him pin flies  
And leave them alive in their pain.

We forgive the old cat  
All her prowling, for that  
Is the way God designs her to live;  
But a bright, thinking lad,  
Who is willfully bad  
And cruel, we cannot forgive.

How lovely and fair  
This world would appear  
If each one were governed by love!  
Ah, then let us seek  
So to think, act, and speak  
That God can look down and approve!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"IT CAN BE DONE!"

WHAT can be done? asks some one of the readers of the Advocate. I might say many, very many things can be done; but I wish now to tell you of one very important thing being done, and it may be done again.

In a small village on the banks of a beautiful river

lived Frank Bayley, a bright-eyed boy of some ten summers. His parents seemed to care but little for him, and Frank cared nothing for the Sabbath or Sabbath-school, and would spend the entire day in wicked sports with other boys as wicked and as careless as himself. Though young, he was profane; he would swear as long and as wickedly as the man who had sworn for years. He was often kindly asked to attend Sabbath-school, but as often refused, preferring, as many do, to wander up and down the river or over the hills, in search of fish and birds. A friend who had often advised him to change his course, and especially urged him to quit his habit of swearing, was as often, if not insulted, treated with the most perfect indifference. But that friend continued his efforts and prayers in Frank's behalf, would seek opportunities to converse with and advise him, and as the fruit of more than a year's advice and persuasion received a promise from Frank "to try and quit swearing."

He tried, and tried hard; but the habit was so strong that, after six months trial, he doubted whether it was possible to quit. His friend urged him to continue the effort, and, prompted by kind words and frequent acts of kindness on the part of his friend, Frank persevered in his efforts until the work was accomplished.

Frank now says, "It can be done," and today he is a regular attendant at Sabbath-school, a member of the Church, and more and better than all, a converted boy.

Who will imitate Frank? Who has the courage to fight this wicked habit, or any other, two years? And who among the Sabbath-school workers have the faith and patience to meet insult and indifference with kind acts and pleasant words? W.

[If Frank had gone to Jesus at once he could have had grace to conquer his bad habit in much less than two years.—Ed.]

GOD'S WILL THE BEST.

A LADY who was of a fretful, discontented disposition went to visit a sick child. "It must be very dull for you, my poor child," she said; "do you not long to be well enough to play again?"

"No, not long," answered the little sufferer. "I should like it if it were God's will, but he knows the best about everything."

The lady was taught a lesson which she never forgot.

ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.



R. POUND was the "gunner" of an English man-of-war named the Fawn. Being a very expert diver, he had been employed to recover the treasure from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ship Ava,

wrecked a few years ago on the coast of Ceylon. Having, in a gutta percha dress, made his way into the saloon, he was busy searching for the bullion, when, to his horror, he saw a huge ground-shark come sailing in at the door. With great presence of mind he lay motionless on the locker and watched it silently and grimly cruising about. One can well imagine his feelings when he saw its cold green eyes fixed upon him, and felt it pushing against the leaden soles of his boots, and rubbing against his dress, the slightest puncture in which would have been certain destruction.

After ten minutes of suspense, which must have seemed an age, during which the monster came back twice or thrice to have another look at him, Mr. Pound's courage and coolness were rewarded by seeing him steering his way back as he came.

Afterward he always armed himself with a large dagger when he went down to the wreck, from which he recovered altogether \$1,100,000, having spent eight hundred and fifty hours under water. He had also some narrow escapes at times from the opening and shutting of the iron plates of the ship as they worked with the roll of the sea. The air-pipe was twice severed from his helmet; but fortunately slackening, it warned the people above to lose no time in rescuing him from his perilous position.



MINNIE'S PRAYER FOR THE LITTLE BOATS.

DURING a visit to her uncle and aunt near the seashore, little Minnie was awakened one night by the howling of the wind. The house was on high ground, and every angry gust that swept by seemed to make it rock. The sound of the tempest was really terrific. Much alarmed, she clung to her mother. But her thoughts soon traveled to those whose dangers were greater than her own, and she said:

"Mamma, if you will pray to God for the great ships, I will speak a word to him for the little boats!"

Did some frail craft live out that stormy night? Some fishermen ride safely over the dark and furious waters in answer to Minnie's prayer? "The day shall declare it."

A COUNTRYMAN once brought a piece of board to an artist with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life.

"But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose."

The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he; "but lookee, sir; ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	45 cents per vol.
" 5 copies	" 10, " " 40 " "
" 10 "	" 20, " " 37 1/2 " "
" 20 "	" 30, " " 35 " "
" 30 "	" 40, " " 32 1/2 " "
" 40 "	" 50, " " 30 " "
" 50 "	" 75, " " 28 " "
" 75 "	" 100, " " 27 " "
" 100 "	" 200, " " 26 " "
" 200 " 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.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to Rev. Dr. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.