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CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL WE

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 9.

FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 201.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE RICH POOR WOMAN.

Who is that woman? Her face is pale and sad. She is poor, for her dress is coarse and plain, and she carries her babe in her arms. Yet, poor as she is, she appears to be putting money into that big box. What does it all mean?

"Ah, I know," exclaims Miss Blue-eyes; "that's the widow Jesus saw casting two mites into the treasury in the temple."

Rightly judged, O sharp-eyed miss! That is the poor widow whom Jesus praised because she put less than a cent into the temple treasury. Her gift was small, very small indeed. Yet it delighted Jesus, and he spoke warm words in her praise.

"I know why he did that," says Master Keen-eyes. "She gave all she had to give."

You are right, my son. The widow's mite was all the money she had. In giving that to God she gave what was to her a greater sum than the pieces of gold which rich men put into the treasury. They

gave only what they could spare, she gave all she had. Most likely she had to eat less food because of that gift. No wonder the Saviour praised her.

Christ's praise was greater riches to her than gold. It gave peace to her soul, and that is more than all the gold in the world can give to a single person. The poor widow was, therefore, a wealthy woman. She possessed true riches.

Let children, even little children, imitate this rich poor woman in giving their money to God. The penny of a little child given to the missionary, or Sunday-school, or other good cause, is as precious in God's sight as the dollar, or even as the ten thousand dollars of some men. Let all the children learn to give a portion of their own money to Jesus Christ. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LAME BOY'S BITTER LESSON.

WILLIAM EDWARDS was lame. A fall in his babyhood had crippled him for life. I am sorry to add that his temper was as crooked as his legs. He was moody, cross, revengeful, and unforgiving.

Do you think lame Will had many friends among the boys? Of course he had not. Boys with ugly tempers never have many friends. Will had but one friend among all the boys, and his name was John Rogers.

John was as brave, generous, and genial a boy as ever walked in a pair of boots. Why he loved Will nobody knew, but love him he did, and that right truly and well. Will often quarreled with him, but he always went and asked Will to make up and be friends again.

One evening while John was playing with the other boys, Will sat looking on. It made the cripple feel vexed to see the fine lithe figure of his friend leaping and running so gayly on the grass. The sight ought to have given him joy, but it didn't. It only roused his anger, and he muttered to himself:

"What is he better than I am? Why should he have everything and I nothing? It's unfair! It's unjust!"

Then Will bent his aching head upon his knees and brooded over his troubles until his heart was as full of pain as if a fire had been burning in it. It was, indeed, full of fire—full of the fire of jealousy, anger, revenge, discontent, and hatred. Such fires hurt the heart more than the flames from burning coals can hurt the body. Alas, poor Will!

John saw Will's head bowed and pitied him. Leaving his play, he ran to him and said:

"What is the matter, Will? Does your head pain you? Can I help you?"

Will pushed him away fiercely and replied:

"Get along, will you! What do I want with your pity? You only came here to make the boys stare at me. I know your spite. Get along!"

These cruel, wicked words stirred up bad feelings in John's heart. Giving way to his temper he replied:

"Spite! Will Edwards, I should like to know what spite I ever showed you. The spite is on your side, not mine. God made us as we are and not I."

These were bitter words, and John ought not to have uttered them. They were to Will's burning heart what oil is to flame, and looking savagely into John's face he said:

"Jack Rogers, may God hear and punish that taunt! I'll never forgive you, never to your dying day. Get away!"

The boys parted. William to brood in silence and anger over his sorrows, John to resume his games. Both boys were wretched, for both had erred, although William was most to blame.

During the evening John's kind feelings returned. He felt sorry that he had allowed his temper to be excited by William's spiteful words. He made up his mind to see Will in the morning and "make up."

So the next morning he ran over to Will's cottage, and holding out his hand said:

"Shake hands, Will, and make friends. I'm sorry I made you angry yesterday. Will you make it up?"

William did not even look up at his friend, but in cold, hard tones said:

"No, Jack Rogers, I won't make friends. It can't matter to you what such a poor fellow as I think, so go away and let me alone. I've done with you."

John could not bear to leave things thus. So he placed his hand gently on Will's shoulder, and in a very tender voice said:

"Will, I do care what you think or I'd not do this. Will you make friends with me?"

"No!" said Will curtly, "I won't."

John turned away more in sorrow than in anger, for he was grieved. Will was glad at first. A wicked joy filled his heart, but better

thoughts came afterward, and shame and sorrow began to take the place of angry spite. "I'll make it up to-night," said he, "when John comes back. I know he'll ask me."

Alas, for William's repentance! It was too late. He never saw his old friend alive again. On that very day while out in a sloop he was killed; for the mast, broken by a sudden squall, fell and struck him on the head. That very evening Will saw him a voiceless corpse!

Alas, poor Will! He never forgave himself. For months no smile shone on his pale face, nor did he mention the name of his dead friend. He often visited John's mother and tried to comfort her, and after much mental sorrow he went to God and obtained a new heart, a heart which helped him bear his lameness without spite and bitterness. But he still felt that he would give a world, if he owned it, to blot out the memory of his refusal to forgive his friend.

An unforgiving temper is a terrible guest for a child or man to harbor in his breast. If my reader has given it lodging hitherto, let this story of Will's great sorrow lead him to ask Jesus—none else can do it—to help cast it out. Yes, out with it! Your heart is no place for such a guest. W.

LOVE YOUR ENEMY.

A LITTLE girl who frequently read her Bible came one day delighted to her mother, showing some plums that a friend had given her. The mother said it was very kind.

"Yes," said the child, "very kind indeed; and the lady gave me more than these, but I have given some away."

The mother asked to whom she had given them? The child replied:

"I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me."

Upon being asked why she gave them to her, she answered:

"Because I thought it would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be unkind and rude to me again."

"When we feel that we are injured,
(As we must be while we live,)
If 'tis sweet to seek for vengeance,
How much sweeter to forgive!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT OSTRICHES?

OSTRICHES are the largest of all birds. O yes, you know that, and you know that they cannot fly with their short wings, but that they can run faster than a horse. And you know, too, that they live in or near the desert, and perhaps you remember what the Bible says about their leaving their eggs in the sand; but you may not know how they hatch and rear their young in places where herbage is plentiful, so that they can easily get enough to eat.



A pair of old ones associate with their grown-up children, and all make their nests together, the old ones in the center, and the young ones in regular order close around them, each pair sitting on its own nest. They have to sit ninety days before the chicks make their appearance. Three months! Wouldn't you think they would get tired and run away before the time was up? I know some little boys that hardly have patience to wait three weeks for the old hen to bring off her chickens; they want to break the eggs to see whether they are going to hatch!

When the old ostriches hear the chicks stirring they carefully break the hard shells and let them out, and feed them with some of the eggs that have been kept for that purpose. And when they are all hatched they lead them off and care for them as a hen does for her chickens. The male ostrich takes the larger share of the labor of sitting on the eggs and caring for the young. The female is very cowardly, and if attacked will run away and leave the young to care for themselves; but the male will turn around and fight for them. However, the Arabs take advantage even of this. They set a dog to fight the old one while they secure the young, who will not run far from their defender.

The young ones are easily tamed, and the Arabs make pets of them and allow them to sleep in the tents with the family. They play with the children and the dogs, join a rabbit-hunt, or migrate from place to place with the family just as any other pets would. They are very fond of the children, and will allow them to ride on their backs; but if a man attempts to mount they will throw him off with a flap of the wing. They are great eaters, and often rob the children of their food; but they do it so dextrously and gently as not to hurt them.

Their masters are obliged to be very careful what

they leave in their way, for they eat even money and jewelry. One was known to take the coral necklace off an Arab woman's neck and eat it; and an army officer declares they tore the buttons off his surtout and ate them. It is very possible that he told the truth, for wild ostriches killed in the desert are frequently found to have stones and other hard things in their stomachs.

AUNT JELIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DO YOU LOVE YOUR MOTHER?

How do you show your love? Do you deny yourself and give up any of your own pleasures for her sake? She has given up her own pleasures many times for your happiness.

A sweet young girl lay dying, wasting away with disease. Her sufferings were great. For fourteen days she had not slept an hour, and she longed to be at rest. Besides this, she meditated much upon the beauties of heaven and knew that they were for her. A friend brought in some choice flowers, and spoke of the land where the flowers bloom all the year round.

"Beautiful land!" said the dying girl, "I shall soon be there."

"Have you no wish to live?"

"Yes, I would like to stay for my mother's sake. She will be all alone when I am gone."

Her mother was a poor widow and she an only daughter.

Another little girl, the member of a mission school, was dying. Her parents were intemperate and degraded, yet she loved them. When she was asked if she would like to live she said, "Yes, for some things."

"What are they?"

"I would like to teach my little brother to read the Bible, and tell him who Jesus is."

"Is there no other reason?"

"Yes, to comb the gray hairs of my mother when she gets old."

But the Lord saw fit to take her away. Let us hope that her mother will follow her to heaven. But you, dear readers, who still live with your parents, show them your love and respect while you can, and in every way possible. The day must soon come that will take them away from you or you from them. J. C.

NO.

THERE'S a word very short, but decided and plain,
And speaks to the purpose at once;
Not a child but its meaning can quickly explain,
Yet oft 'tis so hard to pronounce.
What a world of vexation and trouble 'twould spare,
What pleasure and peace 'twould bestow,
If we turned, when temptation would win and ensnare,
And firmly repulsed it with—"No."

When the idler would lure us with trifles and play,
To waste the bright moments so dear;
When the scoffer unholy our faith would gainsay,
And mock at the Word we revere;
When deception, and falsehood, and guile would invite,
And fleeting enjoyments bestow,
Never palter with truth for a transient delight,
But check the first impulse with—"No."

In the morning of life, in maturity's day,
Whatever the cares that engage,
Be the precepts of virtue our guide and our stay,
Our solace from youth unto age:
Thus the heart shall ne'er waver, no matter how tried,
But firmness and constancy show;
And when passion or folly would turn us aside,
We'll spurn the seducer with—"No."

TEMPTATION.

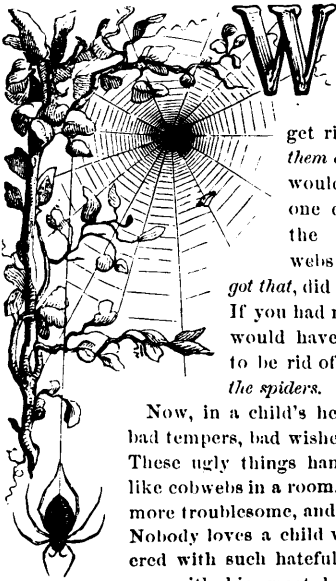
"I WANT the spirit that will look Temptation in the face and say, 'Begone!'" said a boy to his sister. "And one thing more: you want Bible spectacles to know Temptation when he comes," answered his sister, "for he does not always show his colors."

It is better to see our own faults than other people's.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

SPIDERS' WEBS, AND HOW TO BE RID OF THEM.



WHEN you find spiders' webs hanging on the walls of your chamber, what do you do to get rid of them? *Brush them away, eh?* Yes, that would clear the room for one day, but would not the spiders spin new webs the next? *You forgot that, did you?* I thought so. If you had not forgotten it you would have said that the way to be rid of the webs is to *kill the spiders.*

Now, in a child's heart there are many bad tempers, bad wishes, and bad feelings. These ugly things hang round the heart like cobwebs in a room, and are more ugly, more troublesome, and more out of place. Nobody loves a child whose heart is covered with such hateful things. Even Jesus, with his great love and wonderful

kindness, will not live where they are.

Now, to get rid of these webs of evil you must kill the spider which spins them. The monster's name is SIN. Kill Sin and the webs of wicked temper will no longer grow in the chambers of your heart.

If you desire the death of Sin you must ask Jesus to kill it. He is the slayer of Sin. One drop of his blood laid on the monster's head kills it. Go, then, my child, to Jesus and ask him to destroy the monster Sin within you, and you will be no longer troubled with the cobwebs of evil-tempers, wishes, and feelings.

PEEPING MARY.

I READ lately of a little girl whose over-curious eyes were always peeping into wrong places. If she heard any one in a room she would peep through the key-hole. If she saw a box or trunk brought into the house she would try to lift the cover and peep into it. If she saw a letter on the table or shelf she would hold it up, press it open near her eye, and peep at the writing. Once she picked up her brother's ball, and, picking one of its seams, peeped inside to see with what it was stuffed. In short, she was a regular peeping Mary.

One day her grandpa said to her, "Mary, I am going away for a few weeks and want to leave something in your care."

Mary thought it would be very nice to keep something for her grandpa, so she laughed gayly and said:

"What is it, grandpa?"

"That," said the old gentleman smiling, "I wish to remain unknown."

"Well, that's queer. How can you give a thing to my care without my knowing what it is?"

"It is in this little box," replied the grandfather. "You must not tell any one that you have it. You must not open it, for it contains something which it is important for your own sake you should not see. I have not fastened the box because I dare to trust you. Lock it up in your trunk and let it remain there until my return, which will be in two or three weeks."

Mary felt proud at being trusted, but she was very anxious to know what was in the box. She held it up, shook it, turned it over and over, smelt it, and, in short, tried in every way she could devise to find out something about its contents without opening it. It was no use. The little box had no tongue to tell her, and so she locked it up, feeling sorely puzzled and very, very curious.

Mary dreamed about the box every night and looked at it every day. The more she did this the stronger became her desire to know its contents. In fact, she grew quite restless about it, and wished a hundred times that her grandpa had not given it to her at all.

At length she heard that her grandpa was coming home

the next day. "Ah!" thought she, "if I don't open it before he comes home I shall never know what's in it. I will only just look at it, I won't touch it."

She gently raised the lid of the box. A piece of blank paper met her eye. She took that out, when lo, on the bottom of the box she saw in large letters these words:

"Peep, says Curiosity."

Poor Mary! She was fairly trapped. Her curiosity had proved stronger than her honor, and she had gained—nothing. Humbled and ashamed, the little girl wept. She saw why her grandpa had said it was important to her not to know the contents of the box. But she had done the deed, and must pay the forfeit of losing her grandpa's confidence.

A very wicked girl would have hid her fault by telling a lie. Mary scorned to commit such a sin. She chose rather to confess her fault and beg grandpa's pardon. Pleased with her frankness, he freely forgave her, saying:

"I meant to teach you a lesson which you could not easily forget."

"I shall never forget it," sobbed Mary. "I will never be so over-curious again."



Little girls and boys often make such promises only to break them in a day or two. I am pleased to tell you that Mary kept her promise pretty faithfully, for although she did not wholly conquer her fault at once, she kept fighting it until she got it quite under her feet. Will the over-curious boys and girls—every peeping Tom and peeping Mary—in the Advocate family try, by God's grace, to go and do likewise?

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

"HERE is a letter from W. M. W., containing an account of little Ida C.'s death. Shall I read it, Mr. Editor?"

No, my corporal, I can't allow it to be read. We have so many such letters that we can't admit any of them. I wish we could for the sake of the dear parents whose sweet little ones are called to the happy fatherland above.

"Let me mention a singular word or two which Ida said. Just before she went to the home of Jesus she roused herself and said, 'O there is gold in it!' and a little later, 'Sweet girl! sweet girl!' Did not these words imply that she saw the angels who were about to carry her to heaven, and the crown she was about to wear?"

I think so, corporal. No doubt Ida is in the happy land with millions of other good children whose robes were washed in the blood of Jesus. But read on, my corporal!

"AMELIA, a sweet little miss, writes:

"I am very glad that I have a praying mother. I often hear her pray for me, and by the help of God I will try and be a good girl. I intend to send for your picture."

"That girl ought to be both good and happy I think," adds the corporal, "for she has a mother's love and prayers to help her in the path to glory."

Right again, my corporal. A child can possess no richer earthly blessing than the love of a *praying* mother. Read on, sir!

"Here is a puzzle that will puzzle all the puzzle-brains in my puzzle-solving-army, unless they are well read in the Bible:

"Behead a personage who was very highly esteemed by Luke the Evangelist.

"Behead also the grandmother of a young bishop held in high estimation by Paul.

"Cut out the middle letters from the name of a famous river.

"Behead the only son and heir of the prince of patriarchs.

"Take half of the name of a city of Lycia once visited by a celebrated Scripture writer.

"Take half the name of David's fifth son.

"Take three letters from the name of a vocation followed by a prophet.

"Put the letters so obtained in their proper order and they will form one of the most beautiful sentences in the Psalms of David.

"And here is the answer to the Scripture puzzle in our last number: (1.) Hosanna, Matt. xxi, 9-15; John xii, 13. (2.) Ostrich, Lam. iv, 3. (3.) Rush, Job viii, 11. (4.) Sapphire, Rev. xxi, 19. (5.) Egg, Job vi, 6.—HORSE, Psa. xxxiii, 17.

"Here is a line from CHARLES A. FRANK, of C—. He says:

"We have a large and very interesting Sunday-school for a small village. A goodly number of the Sunday-School Advocate is taken. We like it very much. I went to a store a few days since and paid fifteen cents for a tobacco-box, and then hired an engraver to engrave this on the cover: 'Once I was a tobacco-box, now I am a missionary-box.—CHARLES A. FRANK, Agent.' Our preacher says I must tell people that one of its objects is to elicit dimes from tobacco-chewers for the missionary cause. I have a little sister three years old. I wish I had a little brother too. Will you please to ask the corporal to admit my sister and I to his Try Company?"

"Bravo! Charles will do for my company. I like both his wishes and his actions. That transformation of the tobacco-box into a missionary-box was an original idea. It was fighting the enemy with one of his own weapons. Good! If all the money spent on tobacco was given to the cause of Jesus how swiftly it would spread. I approve of Charlie and the little sister too.—Here is a letter which I have just fished from my pocket, after carrying it there for three months, wondering all the while what had become of it. It is from G. W. B., of —, and is headed 'The Saw-Buck Rangers.'

"Have you heard that drum almost every evening, and do you know what it means? It is Freddie Tinker's *long roll* calling together his company of the Saw-Buck Rangers. Let us go out now, it is time they had gathered. Yes, there they are. Hear the captain give his orders. See, every second boy in line has an ax on his shoulder! Freddie drums well, but no wonder, his father and two brothers were drummers in the army. Now they are off. Let us follow them. They march pretty well, but they will talk and make a noise. Never mind, they are boys, noble boys engaged in a noble work. Count them—there are eight couples, ages ranging from ten to fifteen years. Now they are stopping before that white cottage. The captain details four of them to work here, and at it they go, two with axes and two at the saw by turns. In less than an hour they will have prepared enough stove-wood to last several days of such weather. But why do they work at this wood-pile? Because there is no husband and father in that home. Isn't that true benevolence? Now the others have marched on to Mrs. M.'s, and four others stop there. On go the remaining eight to the home of Mrs. S. The last four, with the drummer at their head, bring up at the little house to your left. These Saw-Buck Rangers, as they call themselves, have prepared stove-wood for helpless families in our town for the greater part of a year past, working about every other night. The most of them enlisted in the Try Company several years ago, and this is what has come of it. Will not the whole Sunday-school army vote them the post of honor? How many other towns will organize companies of Saw-Buck Rangers to relieve and cheer widows' families in their loneliness this winter?"

"Three cheers—loud ones—for the Saw-Buck Rangers! They are heroes every one of them. May the God of our fathers bless them!" Thus shouts the corporal, and I say amen to his wishes for those noble boys. They are taking practical lessons in the law of love and walking in the footsteps of Jesus. True, Jesus did not saw wood for widows or orphans, but he did good to all the needy he met. He healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, feet to the lame, hearing to the deaf, and comfort to the sorrowful. The acts of the Saw-Buck Rangers belong to the same class. They are acts of charity or love.

MR. WEBSTER AND HIS BILLS.

DANIEL WEBSTER was not so careful in his pecuniary matters as some men, and this fault was at times taken advantage of. At one time a poor man sawed a pile of wood for him, and having presented his bill, it was promptly paid by Mr. Webster. The laborer took sick during the winter, and a neighbor advised him to call upon Mr. Webster for the payment of his bill.

"But he has paid me," said the man.

"No matter," replied his dishonest adviser, "call again with it. He don't know, and don't mind what he pays. It is a very common thing for him to pay much smaller bills over twice."

The man got well and carried in his account the second time. Mr. Webster looked at it, looked at the man, remembered him, but paid the bill without demurring.

The fellow got "short" some three or four months afterward and bethought him of the generosity and loose manner of Mr. Webster in his money matters, and a third time he called and presented the bill for sawing the wood. Mr. Webster took the account, which he immediately recognized, and, scanning the wood-sawyer a moment, he said:

"How do you keep your books, sir?"

"I keep no books," said the man, abashed.

"I think you do, sir," continued Mr. Webster with marked emphasis; "and you excel those who are satisfied with the double entry system. You keep your book upon a *triple* entry plan, I observe." Tearing up the account, Mr. Webster added, "Go, sir, and be honest hereafter. I have no objections to paying these little bills twice, but I cannot pay them three times. You may retire."

The man left the room, feeling as though he was suffocating for want of air. He had learned a lesson that lasted through life.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BLOWN AWAY UP TO HEAVEN.

LITTLE RELIA stood calmly in the door during a severe storm watching the clouds and the lightning. But her little sister was frightened, and called out that the wind would blow Relia away. Relia turned around with a pleasant smile and replied quietly. "Well, maybe it would blow me away up to heaven where God lives."

This was when Relia was only three years old, and now she has been a long time "up in heaven where God lives."

AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

ONE has been apt to consider Nasmyth's steam-hammer, which can with one blow exert a force of two tons, and with another break a nut without injuring the kernel, as a triumph of human ingenuity, and so it is; but how insignificant when placed in comparison with the trunk of an elephant; for not only can the latter strike a blow of a ton or so, and break an egg or a nut, but it can pick up a pin from the floor, or pull down a tree; project water with the force of a twenty-man-power forcing pump, or uncork and drink a bottle of soda-water without spilling a drop.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF GLORY.

ONE day as a wee little chap was disposing of bread and milk, he turned around to his mother and said:

"O, mother, *I'm full of glory!* There was a sun-beam on my spoon, and I swallowed it."

WHEN you offer oats to a horse he may say *neigh*, but he don't mean it.



OUR LOST KITTEN; OR, HOME THE SAFEST PLACE.

FLORA, Daisy's little kitten,
Having tired herself with play,
By the kitchen fire was sitting
Very prim the other day.

One eye opening, one eye closing,
Just as sleepy pussies do;
Sometimes waking, sometimes dozing,
Thus her thoughts at random flow:

"What a tedious life I'm leading!
Crabbie is my only toy;
Nothing to be done but feeding,
Very little fun or joy.

"If the bird-cage were hung lower,
Dickey soon should feel my nail:
If that mousey had run slower,
I had caught him by the tail.

"A delicious world is yonder,
Farther than the garden-door;
Are there birds to chase, I wonder?
There are crowds of mice I'm sure.

"Who can ever guess the reason
Why the gard'ner shuts the gate?
But I mean to watch my season,
And slip out some evening late.

"Then what fun, and what enjoyment,
Threads and bobbins, balls and strings;
Chasing mice my chief employment,
'Mong a thousand glittering things!

"True, the sounds from thence are rougher,
And men's voices seem more rude;
And the dogs do bark there gruffer
Than our Crabbie ever could.

"But I'll try. Good-morning, Daisy,
You may stay at home and doze;
You are getting old and lazy,
But your little daughter goes.

"Now you need not fuss and flurry,
I'll be back in two short hours;
None so soft as you, and furry,
And no bed so warm as ours."

Flora then stole out, and watching
Till the cook came home at night,
As the garden-door was latching
She departed out of sight.

Whether birds were found for chasing,
Ready waiting in her way;
Whether there were mice for racing,
I have never heard them say.

But I know, though long we sought her
'Mid the boys, and dogs, and men,
Little Flora, Daisy's daughter,
Never more was found again.
Youth's Penny Gazette.

DON'T ROB THE POOR BIRDS.

I LISTENED to the feathered warblers pouring their harmony on every hand with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path lest I should disturb their little songs, or frighten them to another station. Surely, said I to myself, he must be a wretch indeed who, regardless of your harmonious endeavor to please him, can eye your elusive flights to discover your secret recesses and to rob you of all the property nature gives you, your dearest comforts, your helpless nestlings.

—ROBERT BURNS.

Read that, you bird-killing boys, and blush!

A GOOSE WITH A GOOD MEMORY.

A FARMER being out shooting wounded a wild goose. Being wing-tipped and unable to fly, he caught it and brought it home alive. It proved to be a female, and turning it into his yard with a flock of tame geese, it soon became quite tame and familiar, and in a little time its wounded wing entirely healed. In the following spring, when wild geese emigrated to the northward, a flock passed over the farmer's barn-yard; and, just at that moment, their leader happening to sound his bugle-note, our goose remembering the well-known sound, spread its wings, mounted into the air, joined the travelers, and soon disappeared.

In the succeeding autumn the wild geese, as was usual, returned from the northward in great numbers. The farmer happened to be standing in his yard when a flock passed directly over his barn. At that instant he observed three geese separate themselves from the rest, and after wheeling round several times, they alighted in the middle of the yard. Imagine his surprise and pleasure when, by certain well-remembered signs, he recognized in one of the three his long-lost fugitive. It was she indeed! She had traveled many hundred miles to the lakes, had there hatched and reared her offspring, and had now returned with her little family to share with them the sweets of civilized life.

REAL greatness does not depend on the things we do, but on the mind with which we do them.

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