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# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE  
SUPPERUNTIL  
M.E.

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE PASSIONATE BOY'S BATTLE-CRY.

"O, JESUS, help me to conquer my evil passions!" Thus prayed a boy, we will name him Carlos, one morning whose temper was as quick to explode at a word as gun-powder is when touched by a spark. He rose from his knees with a strong purpose that, Jesus helping him, he would conquer himself, which you will all say was a very good and noble resolution.

A few moments later he was called to drive a team to work on the road. The man for whom he drove was fond of joking. So was Carlos. They joked at each other until the man, feeling that the boy's jokes were carried too far, seized a switch and whipped him. Carlos was moved to stone the man and run away, but the good Spirit whispered:

"Don't forget your resolve, Carlos. Keep your vow!"

"I will!" cried Carlos aloud, forgetting for the moment where he was.

"Will what?" growled the man fiercely.

This question made the bad fires in the heart of Carlos blaze furiously, and torrents of burning words began to pour up toward his lips. But a vision of his mother's sweet, calm face arose before him, and he seemed to hear her saying:

"You must govern your temper or it will govern you!"

In a moment the fires went down, and Carlos said, half aloud, "I'll conquer!"

"Quiet your muttering and go to work!" growled the man; "and see, too, that you mind your own business."

Mighty was the struggle within the boy's breast to keep down the passion which was again blown to a flame by the fierce tones of the speaker. But he did it, saying to himself as he seized the reins:

"Well, I'll show him that I can mind my own business and drive right too."

Seeing him do so well, the owner of the team again roused poor Carlos by saying:

"Well, this beats all I ever saw. I never saw a licking have so good an effect. I am very sorry I did not apply it sooner."

This was galling. Just then, to make matters still worse, they drove through the turnpike gate, and the tollman said to Carlos's employer:

"Don't you wonder he drives for you?"

"I suppose he's afraid I'd turn him off if he disobeyed me," replied the man with a sneer on his lips.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

## PLAYING AT PLOWING.

HERE are three happy children. The limb of a tree is their plow. The boy and girl who are pulling the traces make a capital team—see with what a will that boy pulls!—while the little fellow who holds the handles steers his rude machine with the skill and earnestness of a real plowman. The sport of these children is harmless. They are playing with good-nature, and therefore they are happy. Innocent play is always happy play if played in love and good-nature. Mark that!

Some grown-up people have an idea that the happiest part of life is that in which you now are—namely, *childhood*. That children—*good* ones I mean—ought to be very happy is no doubt true; but I think there is still greater happiness in store for you as you grow up if you will only tread in the footsteps of Jesus. That is my opinion, and I think I have lived long enough to know.

A man who thinks he was happier when he was a boy than he has ever been since wrote a poem on the picture. It is very pretty. I want you to commit it to memory. Here it is:

### THE FIRST PLOW.

O the happy days of childhood!  
When our hearts were light and gay;  
As we wandered in the wild wood  
On a pleasant summer's day.

With our merry voices ringing  
So gladsome and so free:  
Not the birds around us singing  
More free from care could be.

Sweet were the simple pleasures  
That charmed those peaceful hours,  
When we found our choicest treasures  
In a few fresh blooming flowers;  
When we sailed our tiny vessel,  
Watched the soft white cloudlets pass,  
Or in playful sport would wrestle,  
And tumble on the grass.

One morning we provided  
Ourselves with a mimic plow,  
And while one of our number guided  
Its course with a thoughtful brow,  
The others with patience drew it—  
Grave workers indeed were we;  
But our plow—if you only knew it—  
Was the branch of a fallen tree!

We are wiser now, and older,  
And such trifling things despise;  
But the summer-time seems colder,  
And less bright appear the skies;  
And as through life's tangled wild wood  
We toil on sadly now,  
We think of the days of childhood,  
And that strange but dear old plow!

THE great Linnæus had the following inscription placed over the door of the hall in which he gave his lectures: "Live guiltless—God observes you."

These biting words stung poor Carlos to the quick again. His temper raged more violently than ever, and he said to himself:

"This is foolishness—it's silly—I'll stand it no longer!"

"Yielding to these thoughts he was about to drop the reins, when his mother's words again flashed upon his burning brain, and a voice in his heart whispered, 'Come, be a man!'"

This whisper acted like a charm. His soul grew calm. The victory was won. The struggle had been hard and long, but it was over now. Carlos was a conqueror. He had done a greater deed than ever general had done on the field of battle. He had overcome himself. The conquest was final too, for, as he wrote ten years later, he never lost the mastery of his passion afterward.

There, Master Quick-temper, what say you to Carlos? His temper was as violent as yours. You say you cannot conquer yours, yet Carlos conquered his. Why can't you win a similar victory? Remember, that what one boy can do, most, if not all, other boys can do also. Up, then, my dear discouraged little fellow! Declare war once more on that vile temper! But, mark me! If you win the victory Carlos won you must adopt his battle-cry. You must enter the field praying:

"O, Jesus, help me to conquer my evil passions!"

W.

### THE PURE IN HEART.

A LITTLE girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these holy tempers, said by our Lord to be blessed, she should most like to have. She paused a little, and then said with a modest smile:

"I would rather be pure in heart."

Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest.

"Sir," she said, "if I could but obtain a pure heart I should then have all the other graces spoken of in this chapter."

And surely this was a wise and a right answer. God himself has said, "Out of it (the heart) are the issues of life." It is in the heart that God sheds abroad the graces of his Spirit, and from thence comes that "grace of the lips" which shows forth the right mind within.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### RUSSIAN SLAVES.

You do not see any blacks here? No, the Russian slaves or serfs were not black. They were the poor peasants, the working-class of people. I say they were, for they are not slaves now. They have all been set free within about two years.

I will tell you how they came to be enslaved in the first place. Less than four hundred years ago they were as free as other poor people, in a very poor country. They had no lands of their own, but lived upon and worked the estates of the nobles. And one day it came into the head of one of their powerful czars to forbid them to leave the estates upon which they were then at work, except during a certain week in the year; a short way of putting them all under masters. At first their condition was not very hard, but it gradually became worse. Their privilege of one week's liberty was taken away, so that they were obliged to stay always in the same place, and then they had no certain right to their own earnings. At last Peter the Great, who wanted their services in building his great cities and in working his manufactories, took some of them away from the estates to which they belonged. So it soon came about that they no longer had any surety

against separation from their families. Thus they had some of the worst features of slavery, though they probably did not suffer so much from ill-treatment as do the unfortunate slaves in America.

See, there comes one of the peasants now with his daughter dressed up in holiday costume! They do not look sad.

True, but they are all free now. Shall I tell you how it came about?

"O yes, please!" I hear from scores of voices, and Susie wants to know if they had a war about it as we are having in this country.

Well, my child, I am very happy to say they did not. It was the work of the good czar whom we saw a few weeks ago during our promenade on the

we should fight to keep it. And if it comes home to us again, as it has come lately to thousands of us in the city of New York, I hope we shall take joyfully the spoiling of our goods or the sacrifice of our lives rather than give up any principle of the people's government. Our government is worthy of every sacrifice, for without it we have no safety, no happiness, no certainty of enjoying in peace and quiet the society of the friends we have left. No, my little travelers, this war must go on till slavery is extinguished, till the Union is restored. We must work for it in every way that we can, and the smallest of us can do something if it is only to send a tract to a poor sick soldier. And more than all the rest, we must pray for it, and God will prosper the right. Yes, that is it. "Work, and pray, and trust." That is a motto worth keeping. AUNT JULIA.

### A SHARP MANDARIN.

A GOVERNOR of a Chinese province was taken very ill, and refused to admit any visitors into his house. This being told to a mandarin of his acquaintance, the latter was very much concerned, and after many importunities obtained an interview with him. On his entrance he was surprised to find no signs of sickness in his friend, and asked what was the matter with him. The governor at length told him that he had lost the emperor's seal out of the cabinet where it used to be kept, and that as the lock remained uninjured, he was sensible that the seal was stolen. Of course he could transact no business, and must soon be deprived of his government and probably of his life.

The mandarin inquired if he had any enemy in the city. The other replied that he had, and that that enemy was an officer of rank, whom he had offended, and who was disposed to do him an injury.

"Away, then," replied the mandarin; "let your valuable goods be secretly removed this evening; then set fire to the empty premises and call out for help, to which this officer must of necessity repair with the rest, it being one of the principal duties of his place. As soon as you see him among the people deliver him in the

public presence the cabinet, shut as it is, that it may be secured in his possession. If he is the thief he will put the seal in its place; otherwise the fault will lie upon him for having taken so little care of it."

The governor followed his advice, and the next day received back his cabinet with the seal in it, both parties keeping the secret for their mutual safety.

### A POINTED REBUKE.

A MINISTER of the gospel occasionally visiting a gay person, was introduced to a room near to that in which she dressed. After waiting some hours the lady came in and found him in tears. She inquired the reason of his weeping; the minister replied, "Madam, I weep on reflecting that you spend so many hours before your glass and in adorning your person, while I spend so few hours before my God and in adorning my soul."

The rebuke struck her conscience—she lived and died a monument of grace.

### THE SKEPTIC REFUTED.

"AN," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?"

"I do believe the Bible," said the old man; "do you believe it?"

"No, I can have no proof of its truth."



Newski. He has not been czar long, only about five years; but he soon made up his mind to free the serfs. There were forty millions of them then. The nobles, who were all serf-owners, and many others, did what they could to baffle him. They pretended not to understand him; they would not work with him, for there are many things to be attended to in such an undertaking. He wished to have the serfs freed gradually within the space of twelve years, and he wished the master to secure to every family a cabin and a half acre of ground, and to make many other wise regulations. But the nobles made so many difficulties over every trifle that finally the czar just cut the matter short by setting the serfs all free at once. He is now providing the freedmen with means to take care of themselves, and there is no probability that they will ever be enslaved again.

But what is that sigh? Ah, I know. Franklin is thinking that if we could only have found some such way of cutting the knot in this country we might have escaped this wicked war, and then his noble father would have been at home with his loved ones, instead of filling a grave among strangers in the South.

Well, my boy, we will weep with you. Our hearts bleed for the griefs of all our little travelers. But hearken a moment. Would you, even for such a boon, barter the glorious future of this free country into the hands of an absolute monarch, whose laws, good or bad, must be obeyed? I would not, no, never! Our fathers fought to obtain liberty, and

"Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?"

"Yes; for although I have not seen it I have seen others who have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?"

"No."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see a man who did see them?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

This last question put an end to the discussion.

## Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

### OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

**Q**UIN-THE-CORNER is here again I see, my corporal. Has he seen any more of that precious sham?

"He can speak for himself, sir," replies the corporal. Then turning to Q he adds, "Tell your story, Q!"

"Well," says Q, "I went from our last meeting back to my corner in the sham's house. It was a pleasant day though very hot. I saw him on the piazza with his mother and a schoolmate. He looked very kind and good as he tossed his ball up and down. I heard him tell his



mother in the gentlest tones how sorry he was to see her so unwell, and how he wished he could do something to make her better. After a while he asked her if he might go down to Jack West's house to see his rabbits and spend the afternoon. He gained consent, but not before he had given a promise not to go out boating on Mr. West's big pond. I followed him to Mr. West's, where I heard him ask Jack West to get out his boat. 'Why,' said Jack, 'your mother made you promise not to go.' 'A fig for mother's whims!' replied he. 'Mother is a fidget and don't put any faith in boys, so I have to come it over her.' Jack West laughed, and calling his brother led the way to the boat. I watched them as they sailed away over the pond. I saw a squall come up, and such a rain as you seldom see came up with it. They were forced to land half down the pond and leave the boat in care of a man there while they came back afoot through the rain. They looked like drowned rats. I followed the sham home and



heard him tell his mother that Jack and he were out berrying when the squall caught them—"

"Out berrying!" cried Mr. Forrester, unable to restrain his anger. "The wicked fellow! He must be a master in the art of lying."

"And a graduate in the bad school of disobedience to parents," adds the corporal.

Yes, the sham is a thoroughly bad boy. What shall we do for him?

"I propose that we tell Jesus about him," says Mr. Forrester. "Maybe the Saviour will find some way to reach his heart and make it better."

"A very good idea, 'squire," says the corporal; "and I propose that all my company join in praying Jesus to give the sham boy a true and honest heart."

A good proposal that, corporal. Do you hear it, my children? Pray that the sham boy and all the sham boys and girls among you—I hope there are no others—may be saved from hypocrisy, lying, and disobedience. Now, corporal, for your budget!

"Well, S. A. W. F., of Brunswick, Me., says:

"The ladies in the Methodist Society have recently found twenty children who were not attending Sabbath-school. We have provided for them, and last Sabbath they were in our school with happy, smiling faces. Our superintendent is quite proud of this new accession to our school. We hope to enlist as many more soon. They all wish to join your Try Company, providing you will accept cordially three colored children. They have bright, sparkling eyes, and smile as sweetly as the fairest. I will add that several of our number are already asking Jesus to save them. Will you, Mr. Corporal, and your Try Company pray for us?"

"Those ladies have done well," the corporal says; "I accept their twenty scholars, colored ones and all. God is no respecter of persons. Who am I that I should dare to neglect those whom he blesses?"

That's a hard question, corporal! For one I should be afraid to despise any of God's poor whether they were black as my boots or white as a pearl. Read on, my corporal!

"W. E. C., of Mendota, Ill., says:

"Is there any more room in your company? I want to introduce a squad of recruits, and really, corporal, I think you ought to admit us. I will tell you the reasons: 1. We keep up a first rate Sunday-school without any library, and have done so for a whole year. 2. Our boys and girls come to school very regularly and promptly, and even Illinois mud can't keep them away. 3. We all love the Advocate and Brother Wise. 4. And the best reason of all is, that they are (many of them) *trying* to love Jesus. They are determined to keep on loving him, and to show to the world that children can enjoy religion and show it every day by being kind, courteous, and good. Corporal, will you admit us?"

"Certainly, certainly, I'll admit that squad," says the corporal, smiling and looking round the room with the air of a man who thinks he has made a good operation.

I recommend the squad to make regular approaches on the purses of the Mendota people until they surrender at discretion and furnish the cash for a good library.

"They'll do it, I know they will," replies the corporal very positively. "Those Illinois boys can do anything they undertake to do.—F. S. B., of Pine Valley, says:

"I think my little brother, three years old, beats some of your pets. I will tell you his prayer: 'Amen, Father, God, keep us through the night.' At the table and the bedside it is always the same. We have a good Sabbath-school in summer. The diphtheria has done a sad work here. Eighteen of our little friends have died. Some have said sweet things at their death. I wish to have your photograph, but I do not understand where to get it."

Eighteen victims of the diphtheria in one small place! What a merciless disease! My photograph can be had by sending eighteen cents to Carlton & Porter, fifteen for the picture and three for postage. Send proper directions. Kiss that three-year-old brother for me, my child. What next, corporal?

"I want you to read this book, Mr. Editor." (Here the corporal holds up a beautiful volume of over three hundred pages published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.) "It is called 'THE DRUMMER-BOY. A Story of Burnside's Expedition. By the Author of 'Father Bright hopes.'" It is the story of a Massachusetts boy who was in the battle of Roanoke Island, and who acted like a hero there. It pleased me amazingly."

That's a high commendation from you, corporal, for if it pleased you "*amazingly*," I'm sure it couldn't fail to charm the members of your Try Company. I hope the Drummer-Boy will get a good reading by all the boys in the land. By the way, this J. E. Tilton & Co. deserve to have plenty of business, for they are getting out some most excellent books. Two of them are now before me. The first is called "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden. By E. S. Rand, Jr." The second is called "The Parlor Gardener," from the French. The former is a splendid volume, fit to ornament the drawing-room of a queen. It tells us about plants that are fit to grow in the house, about hanging baskets, bulbs, window-gardening, outdoor gardening, the aquarium, and many things of the same sort. "The Parlor Gardener" is a little volume crammed with information about plants that will grow in the house and how to grow them. Those of my little readers who have grown flowers out of doors this summer would find "The Parlor Gardener" a great help to them in growing plants in-doors the coming winter. The larger work I cheerfully commend to "grown-up children" who love flowers—but, corporal! corporal! why did you let me talk so long about Mr. Tilton's books? Proceed with your letters, sir!

"Here is a line from WILLIE D. of Brooklyn. He says:

"Pa read in the paper this morning that twenty-five thousand 'Sweet Singers' had been printed. O how I wish I could hear the twenty-five thousand boys and girls that bought them sing some of the pretty songs in it. Now, Mr. Wise, the Try Company has no music to march by. I wish you would ask the corporal to make a band of those scholars who try to sing in the Sabbath-school. I thought of it when pa read to us the story about the boy in Boston who said, 'Sing 'em all,' and the part of the song, 'We'll try sweet singers here to be.'

"That boy means to sing his way through the world, I'm sure," says the corporal, and I think he, that is, Willie, is right, provided he is one of the twenty-five thousand sweet singers, as I doubt not he is. The corporal says all his company sings. If they do not he is very sorry, for every child can sing if he tries, and he certainly ought to try. Sing on, Willie, and let all my children sing too.

"Little KATE, of Frankfort, says:

"My mother died four years ago. Since then I have been living with my uncle. My father has been dead ten years. I have got a very nice home and I love my uncle very much. He is very kind to us—I mean my brothers, sisters, and myself, for there are five of us, and I think the reason he is so kind is because he is a good man, and I tell my brother Charley that we ought to be good children and do just as Uncle Edward wants us to do. I would love to see my mother again and my father too."

My heart warms toward little Kate, and especially toward her good uncle who has folded her and her orphan brothers and sisters so lovingly to his breast. They must be grateful to him, and do something every day to make him happy. Let little Kate set the example of doing something for uncle every day to show how she loves him.

"MARY F. S., of Olney, writes:

"A great many of the scholars here are members of the M. E. Church as well as the Sabbath-school. We also have a very good minister here who is trying to point out to sinners our blessed Saviour who died upon the cross that we might live. I love to read the letters in your paper. Will you accept me in your Try Company?"

"Certainly I will, my Mary, hoping that you also are one of Christ's soldiers."

## PHEBE DOWNS AND HER DOG.

LITTLE PHEBE DOWNS heard a poor dog howling piteously one day. She went and found him, and saw he was hurt. He snarled and snapped when she came near. "Poor dog!" said Phebe; "poor dog!"

The next day she took him a bone; then she brought him a pan of water. He drank greedily. When Phebe came again he wagged his tail; and the next day he limped to meet her. She told her father about the hurt stray dog, and asked leave to bring him home. Her father gave her leave. She went and invited him to her house, and though I suppose he did not quite understand her words, he understood what kindness was, and followed her, and became a faithful house-dog in his little mistress's family.

When Phebe was coming from school one day she saw some thoughtless boys stoning a kitten. "Don't!" cried Phebe, "pray don't abuse the poor thing."

"O it belongs to nobody," said the boys; "we are only having a little fun."

"It belongs to *somebody*," said Phebe; "it is *God's kitten*, and you have no business to treat God's creatures so."

The boys did not think of that; they did not know it was God's kitten, they said, or they should not have treated it so, and they left off directly.

Phebe took it home. Towser at first was not pleased to see it in Phebe's arms; but she told Towser the story, and although he did not understand the story, he understood enough to know he must treat it kindly and protect it from harm.

It would prevent a great deal of cruelty and neglect of the dumb creatures if we kept in mind they were God's. They are God's horses which wicked men beat and work so unmercifully. They are God's oxen and cows which greedy people sometimes starve in their winter fodder. They are God's lambs that are often neglected to be housed in the storm, and God's dogs that are kicked and abused. They are the work of his hands and the creatures of his care; and they are as curiously and wonderfully formed with flesh, and blood, and brains, and heart, and lungs as we are; and though they are dumb and cannot plead for themselves, God will not forget our ill-treatment in the great day of account.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## HONOR THE ROPE.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was talking to her class about honoring their parents; and to show the difference between honor and fear she said:

"Suppose a mother has a rope in her hands and shakes it at May and John, and they mind only when they see the rope; do they honor their mother?"

"No!" replied the members of the class very promptly, and one little one added, "They honor the rope!"

Little reader, do *you* honor the rope? or do you, for very love and respect to your mother, go and do immediately and cheerfully what she bids you without waiting for her to repeat the request? Nay, more, do you, even in your mother's absence, delight to do the things that you know she would approve whether she has requested you to do them or not? And do you do all this when perhaps of your free choice you would do otherwise? If so you are a happy child, for you honor your mother. The approbation of good men and the smile of God is upon you. Go on and prosper. Live long in the land and enjoy the good things that the Lord gives to you.

LITTLE HARRY, while playing one day, hurt his finger. Seeing it bleeding, he called out, "Hurry, mamma, and stop it, it's leaking."



## THE SOURCE OF LIGHT.

"WHERE does the moon get its light, mother?  
It shines so soft and mild."

"It catches the golden rays of the sun  
And turns them white, my child."

"Where does the sun get his golden rays?  
Are they within his breast?  
Or is it a robe of soft warm light  
In which the sun is dressed?"

"And are we wrapped within its folds,  
When'er he passes by?  
Or is it, tell me, my mother dear,  
The love-glance of his eye?"

"When all the clouds are swept away,  
It falls upon the earth;  
And it thrills through all my heart like love,  
And fills my soul with mirth."

"My child, my child, the sun has got  
No radiance of its own;  
The light which makes thy young heart glad  
It borrows from the throne,

"The great white throne, where Jesus reigns,  
The angel-worlds above;  
The light which falleth from the sun  
Out-poureth from his love!"

B. H. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## BLACK CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.



ET those who say the blacks have no intellect go to Calabar and try to teach the Qua children. They would soon find that their intellect only needs to be drawn out." So says one of the Wesleyan missionary teachers there, and then she goes on to tell about them. She says the children are very eager to learn. They soon mastered the alpha-

bet and learned to read the Bible, and then those who were farthest advanced were permitted to learn English. Writing with the *black stick* (pencil) was at first a great mystery to them, but they soon mastered this and learned to write with the *black water* also, and addressed many little notes to their teacher.

Tickets are given to the children for attendance, good lessons, and so on, and redeemed with articles of clothing. So the children save up their tickets very carefully, and when the monthly sale comes

around they buy what they need, shirts, dresses, kerchiefs, boxes, and other things, as far as their tickets will allow. That is a great day for the children, and, to crown all, they have a "festival." The teacher treats them to a little fruit and *half a biscuit* each! Think of that, you who are treated to cakes, and nuts, and candies, and whose parents furnish all your clothing, so that your school-rewards are beautiful books or keepsakes. But that is a small matter. If they learn to love the Lord Jesus and he saves them in his kingdom, they may yet be much better off than some of the favored Sunday-scholars of our land who know the Lord Jesus but love him not.

## OLD JACK, THE SAGACIOUS HORSE.

THE whole of the stone required for Waterloo Bridge, London, (excepting the balustrades, which were brought ready-worked from Aberdeen.) was hewn in some fields adjacent to the erection on the Surrey side. It was transported on to the work upon trucks drawn along railways, in the first instance over temporary bridges of wood; and it is a re-

markable circumstance that nearly the whole of the material was drawn by one horse, called "Old Jack," a most sensible animal and a great favorite. His driver was, generally speaking, a steady and trustworthy man, though rather too fond of his dram before breakfast. As the railway along which the stone was drawn passed in front of the public-house door, the horse and truck were usually pulled up while Tom entered for his "morning." On one occasion the driver stayed so long that "Old Jack," becoming impatient, poked his head into the open door, and taking his master's coat collar between his teeth, though in a gentle sort of manner, pulled him out from the midst of his companions, and thus forced him to resume his day's work.—*Smilie's Lives of Engineers.*

A CHILD in India had been brought up and instructed in the Christian religion. When about eight years old some heathens older than himself ridiculed him, and asked to see his God. "I cannot show you my God," said he, "but I can show you yours."

He then took up a stone, and daubing something like a face upon it, he said, "There is such a God as you worship."

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