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CHILDREN · AND · FORBID · THEM · NOT · TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH · GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · MORN

CANADA

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 2.

OCTOBER 28, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 242.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## LOITERING WILL.

THAT boy is very much taken up with his fishing. He watches his line very closely, and waits very patiently for a *bite*. I don't think he deserves to get a bite, though I do think he richly deserves a *biting*, or perhaps a whipping would be better.

Why, what has he done, Corporal? you inquire. Done? He has both done what he ought to have left undone and left undone what he ought to have done.

Please explain yourself, Corporal? you say. I will. Do you see that jug standing in the grass? Master Will was sent with that jug to a farm-house two hours ago to get milk for his father's breakfast. On the way he stepped aside to see the fish playing in the river. On its bank he saw a fishing-rod and line

left there by a farmer's boy. Dropping his jug, he seized the rod—I will let a poet tell you the rest of the story:

Forgetful of his errand now,  
The tempting fishing-rod he took,  
And, turning o'er some stones, he found  
A worm with which to bait the hook.

Poor worm! it suffered cruel pain,  
And vainly wriggled to get free—  
Alas! that we should ever find  
A sport in wanton cruelty.

No act of ours should ever give  
The very meanest creature pain,  
Nor in its torture should we seek  
To swell our pleasure or our gain.

Soon William with his angle hooked  
A large and silvery-sided bream,  
Which, tortured by the pricking steel,  
Darted and shot across the stream,

Till, sickened with the agony,  
It had no power to struggle more,  
And William then in great delight  
Drew the poor struggling fish to shore.

Now William of his errand thought,  
And so he laid the rod away,  
And went by a forbidden path  
To make up for his long delay.

Crossing a field he should not cross,  
In which he ne'er had been before,  
Down on him rushed a furious bull,  
With mane erect and angry roar.

Onward it came. The boy in fear  
Screamed loud, and fast and faster ran,  
And, scrambling o'er the steep, high bars,  
He tumbled down and broke the can,

And tore his clothing into shreds,  
And sorely bruised his hands and face;  
But he was safe; the furious bull  
Had turned and given up the chase.

Afraid to meet his father's face,  
He loitered very slowly on,  
And thought, "I cannot now go home  
Till father to his work has gone."

When William reached the cottage-door,  
His mother wept and cried, "My son!  
A very, very cruel thing  
This morning, William, you have done.

"Your father has gone breakfastless,  
And I have been so sore afraid  
Some sad thing had befallen you  
When you so very long delayed.

"Your lessons are not learned for school,  
And you're now much too late to go;  
O! William, William, wherefore vex  
Your kind and loving parents so?

"Your clothing's torn so into shreds;  
You know well how your father toiled  
To dress you decently and neat,  
And now these hard-earned clothes are spoiled.

"And you are injured. I can see  
You've gone where you should not have been,  
And you've been chased by that wild bull  
Which last year gored young Charlie Green.

"Let this day be a warning time,  
And henceforth night and morning pray  
That God may guard you 'gainst the sin  
And dangers that attend delay."

He did as his fond mother bade,  
And soon the thoughtless, loitering boy  
Changed and became, through Heaven's grace,  
His parents' comfort, hope, and joy.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## DO YOU PRAY?

LITTLE LILY did. To be sure, I suppose you to say your prayers night and morning, and that is praying if you ask for what you want and expect that God will hear you. But that is not all I mean. I will tell you about Lily's prayer. A gentleman came to their Sunday-school one day and made a nice speech to them, telling them all about poor heathen

boys and girls, and how they should give their money to send the Bible to them so that they might learn about God and know how to pray to him.

"But," said he, "while you are helping them to pray you must not forget to pray for yourselves."

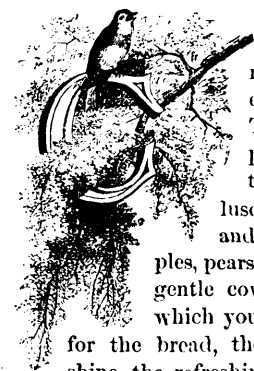
So he taught them a little prayer that he wanted them to use, not only at night and morning when they said their usual prayers, but they could use it all through the day at any time just when they thought of it. And if they were not alone where they could go and kneel down, they could use it in their hearts and God would hear it, for he knows all things and sees the thoughts of our hearts. And this was the prayer he taught them: "O God, for Christ's sake, give me thy Holy Spirit."

Now Lily was not a very good little girl. She knew that she often did what was wrong, and grieved her dear mother and displeased God. So she thought if she could pray this prayer, if she could have the Holy Spirit to help her, she could be a better girl. And she said this little prayer over to herself when she was alone a great many times, and at night when she awoke she said it over even with tears. And once, when some one heard her and asked what she was doing, she meekly told the truth, though she was very much afraid of being laughed at. But she knew that God was greater than man, and if he heard her it was not much matter what men thought about it, and so she kept on praying this little prayer in her heart. And God did hear her, and when she tried hard to be a good girl he helped her. And that made her happy, and her dear mother was very glad to see the change, and her little brothers and sisters learned to love her dearly, and she did them a great deal of good by the aid of the Holy Spirit.

Don't you think you had better learn to say that prayer too? A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### FROM GOD COMETH EVERY GOOD AND PERFECT GIFT.



CHILDREN, do you often think of this? Do you realize that from God comes every blessing you receive? The gift of life, your kind parents, the food which sustains you, the berries in such luscious variety and abundance, and each in its season; the apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes; the gentle cows which yield milk, from which your butter is made, the wheat for the bread, the vegetables, the soft sunshine, the refreshing rain, the beautiful flowers, all, all are furnished by that bountiful Father in heaven who loves you so and who asks nothing in return but *your* love and obedience.

His commands are easy to obey, and are all intended for your good.

You should praise God all you can. See the birds! They praise God when they flit so merrily among the dancing leaves, filling the air with their joyful songs. O this is a beautiful, beautiful world! It is our bad actions that make the trouble we find here. If we were good and innocent like the birds, loving God above all, loving one another, helping one another, avoiding all strife, checking all evil thoughts, doing all the good in our power, then we might be happy as the day is long. If we would obey God there would be but little trouble or misery in this life. There would be no hungry, suffering children. All the rich would help the poor, the strong would help the weak, and all would walk joyfully together along the strait and narrow path which leads to heaven and to our Lord Jesus Christ. Pray that the blessed day soon may come when we shall obey God in all things. C. P. W.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### BILDAD: SCHOOLBOY AND SOLDIER.

TWENTY years ago Bildad was led to school by his grandmother, and sat on a low front seat in a school-house in the country and learned his letters. He was only four years old then, but I never knew a child who would tell falsehoods with the ease of that little boy: with such an innocent countenance, so indignant too that you should doubt his truth! He told his teacher no less than three or four lies at one time about a grasshopper he had in his pocket. For you must know his mother had not only never taught him that it is very unmanly, and mean, and wicked to tell a lie, but she encouraged him in it. So he was not at all like George Washington, of whom you have read so often, who said he *could not tell a lie*, though he expected to be blamed for hacking his father's beautiful cherry-tree and killing it; and who afterward would not deceive his mother when she inquired for her favorite, a spirited colt, which he and his young companions had had the misfortune to kill in their attempt to mount him.

You will now be prepared to hear that Bildad has not proved himself in the army any such man as General Washington was. For at the commencement of the late war he entered the Union army. He had leave of absence, however, on excuse of illness, and as he was going home the company in which he served sent by him some tokens of regard to the widow of their captain, who had fallen in battle. They also sent a handsome watch which had belonged to him, and a small amount of money. But the young man never delivered these articles, and even strongly denied that they were sent by him. I do not know what was done about it, or what has become of the young man; but I cannot help thinking what a different young man he would have made if he had been a truthful boy at school, scorning to tell a lie even to save himself from punishment. For a noble, open, truth-telling boy will not be likely to become a false, deceitful man. UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### "I TALKED TO MYSELF."

POOR little Ned, how his teeth did ache! He bore it a long time rather than have the dentist perform any of his cruel operations. One day, however, that much-dreaded individual was at his father's house fixing some teeth for his mother. He came in the morning, and Neddie's father told him

that he had better make up his mind to have his rotten teeth extracted before the dentist left. So all day long he had it to dread, and the more he thought of it the more he thought that he *couldn't*, as many older people have done.

At last the dentist was through with his other work. "Come, my little boy," said he to Neddie, "I'm ready to attend to you now."

Neddie's heart came into his mouth with a jump as he looked at the bright, cold, cruel steel instruments lying ready.

"If you are afraid the dentist may give you chloroform," said his father.

Neddie left the room, saying that he would be back in a few moments.

"*Coward!*" I hear you saying. Just wait a bit, if you please. Soon he returned, walked straight for the great arm-chair, seated himself, laid his head back, and opened his mouth. His father came and held his head while the dentist quickly cut around the offending teeth. Then he placed his instrument on the tooth. Yerk! But no, it was a hard one and did not start. Neddie grasped the arms of the chair *hard* to keep from screaming. In a moment there was another stronger instrument on the tooth, and with a twist and yerk, out it came. Neddie clasped his hands to his mouth while the tears came to his eyes. Poor boy! He spit once or twice, then leaning back his head, shut his eyes and opened his mouth for another pull, for there was one more to come, and an ugly one too. This time at the first pull it came—twist, yerk, *creak!* Neddie thought that his head was coming off, *sure*. No, indeed! It was only the tooth, and it *was out!* The worst was over, but the poor jaws ached terribly. (Pity that some *talkative* one could not feel a *little* of it when they keep *their* jaws going so fast!)

The dentist took a bottle from his trunk, and pouring a little of the contents into a drinking-glass, filled it with water and handed it to Neddie, telling him to take it into his mouth, as it would take out the soreness. For the first time since the operation Neddie spoke, "What is it?"

"Only a little rum and water."

"I'm a Cadet of Temperance, sir, and I would rather that my mouth *should* ache than take rum into it!" said the noble boy, and he took clear, pure cold water.

After his mouth got easier his father asked him why he left the room just before the operation.

"Why, I went out and *talked* to myself. I said, 'Now, you have got two bad teeth in your head that *must* come out *some time*. Better now than when they get sorer, and save the pain besides.' Then I asked God to help me bear the pain, and then I came in and sat right down."

Was he not a noble boy? He had good sense, he had courage, and he went to the right place for help to bear the pain. Dear reader, do you go to the same place for help?

COUSIN GENEIE BELMONTE.

### CHILD FAITH.

A LADY had taken a homeless little girl to bring up as her own. When the hard times came last year, the lady, who is not at all rich, was afraid she could not sustain so large a family. One day she told the little girl that perhaps she would have to get her another home, if she could find a good place. "No, mother," answered the child, "you won't have to send me away; God will give you something, so you can keep me; I know he will."

The mother thought no more of it at the time, but a little while after, hearing a sound up stairs, she opened the door and listened. It was the girl at prayer.

"O God, good God, do send mother something, so she can keep me; I don't want to go away. O, good God, do send mother something!"

Pretty soon she came down stairs with a very

happy face, saying, "God will send you something, mother; I know he will."

That evening a neighbor came in with a little present, just for neighborly kindness, of flour.

"There mother," said the child, "I asked him, and I knew he would."—*Little Pilgrim.*

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

### "AND HE WAS A SAMARITAN."

"A Samaritan and a leper, doubly marked, one of an accursed race, and branded by a loathsome and accursed disease," said my Uncle Alick to his niece, May Wilmot, as they read together on Sabbath afternoon the story of the 'curing of the lepers.'

"Yes," said May, "they appear to have been outcasts from society, yet attracted to each other by a common wretchedness and sorrow. I have often thought of their wondrous cure."

"Ah!" said my Uncle, "there they are: I fancy I can see them; men whom society could not cure and would not own; wild, yet gloomy; their matted and uncombed hair proclaims their utter abandonment! Afar off, fulfilling the ceremonial law, they see the Saviour; they dare not approach him; but, lifting up their voices, they cry for mercy, and are directed to go and show themselves to the priests."

"What an example of faith!" said May. "Away they went, with an unquestioning confidence, and as they went, they were healed. I think I shall not forget this example of obedient faith."

"The judgment of the priests," continued Uncle Alick, restored them to their position in society; but, now mark, my dear, you will find many people like these lepers, who forget in their prosperity the benefits conferred upon them in adversity. Among these lepers there was one who, moved by gratitude, returned to give thanks to Him who had so marvellously cured him of his leprosy: yet he was a Samaritan."

"Yes, Uncle," said May, "we are frequently surprised in finding gratitude to God in most unexpected places, and persons. We do not always, I think, find the greatest love where there has been the greatest benefit. I was just thinking of Simon, the leper, and the reception our Lord met with in his house. How different the feelings!—yet Simon had been cured of his leprosy."

"Thankfulness for small mercies," said my Uncle, "is one of the surest signs of a faithful and loving heart. There is old Mrs. Gorham, no matter what you do for her, she always acts as if she was conferring a favour upon you by accepting of your bounty; she would worry any one with her talk of her greatness, and of her better days; but you never hear her say she is thankful. But poor Mary Phelps, who was found by our City Missionary, some years ago, exposed to destitution, and brought by him to our Sabbath School, became a new creature in Christ, and was received into a kind happy family,—we have seen her expression of thankfulness, the glow of joy, her tearful speechlessness; and we have heard her say: 'I was a poor outcast, and made up my mind for the worst, when I heard the Missionary singing in our court—

"Millions of transgressors poor,  
Thou hast for Jezu's sake forgiven;  
Made them of thy favour sure;  
And snatch'd from hell to heaven."

I rested on Jesus, and now I have a hope—a blessed hope.' Yet she was a 'Samaritan.'"

W.

### SORROWFUL SIGHTS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Some time last month, while walking down the streets of this city, Toronto, I saw a little girl, with no shoes on her feet, ragged dress, and half-starved looks, who was crying out—"Evening Leader, ONLY a copper." "Want an Evening Leader, Sir, ONLY a copper?" All the coppers that were given her, she put in a little bag, which was hung about her neck.

I also saw following her, one whom I thought was her mother, whose face was bloated with drink, whose eyes were red, and who did not look much like those who are created in the image and likeness of God, but more like those who, as John tells us, had the mark of the *beast* in their forehead.

One arm she put around the child's neck, while with the other she took all the coppers out of the little bag.

Then she went away to get more rum, and, no doubt, when the little girl went home that night, she found her mother drunk, perhaps lying on the floor, or if not, so cross that she would have to hide herself to avoid the cruel blows.

A few days after that, I saw a poor old woman with gray hairs, lying at the corner of the street drunk, and a crowd of wicked boys and girls were around her, making fun of her, and trying to make her angry. It may be she was somebody's mother too. By-and-by, a gentleman came along, who had her put in a cart and taken away, perhaps to the cells; and if so, the next day she would be sent to gaol, where she will stay for two months or more.

Did you ever, my young friends, thank God for comfortable homes, warm clothing, and that your parents were not drunkards? How sad it would be to have a mother's presence all through life hang over us like a cloud, through which no ray of light could come to cheer our hearts or enliven our homes! And our pathway being ever thus under a shadow, life would become a dark and dreary thing. But remember that—

"If of parents you came,  
Who honour God's name,  
'Twas his mercy that ordered it so"

The Indians call whiskey fire-water, and very correctly; for it arouses our hate, inflames our lusts, sets on fire all the baser passions, and is itself set on fire of hell.

Solomon, the wisest man in the world, said—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright;" for "at the last it biteth like a *serpent*, and stingeth like an *adder*."

Never begin to drink intoxicating drinks, and you will never have to stop. Never begin, and you will be in no danger of becoming either drunken men or drunken women, and of being lost for ever. May the Lord help you!

"NED."

### HALLELUJAH!

Mothers, listen! Two dear children were one day seen very ill in the same room; the older of the two was heard frequently attempting to teach the younger one to pronounce the word "Hallelujah!" but without success—the dear little one died before he could repeat it. When his brother was told of his death, he was silent for a moment, and then, looking up at his mother, said, "Johnny can say 'Hallelujah' now, mother."

In a few hours the two little brothers were united in heaven, singing "Hallelujah" together.

Mothers! many of your little ones could not sing the praises of the Redeemer while resting in your arms, but they have been taught the music of the Upper Temple now, and they sing among the celestial choristers.

### HAPPY HOMES.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—There is nothing in this world more beautiful, than a home where love and piety reign. It is the best type of heaven. All children should be grateful to God, and to their parents, for the blessing of a happy home. I fear many children take their daily blessings, without thinking how much love and gratitude they owe to those who supply their wants. Children, did you ever think of all your father and mother did for you, before you were able to do anything in return for their kindness? Your mother watched over you and nursed you tenderly, when you could not do the least thing for yourselves. And your father toiled at his daily business, that you might want for nothing, long before you had any thought about your own wants. They were glad when you were born; and ever since they have prayed and hoped that you might grow up to be a comfort and a blessing to them. Hence it must give them deep sorrow and regret, if you fail to fulfill their hopes. Do not forget that when you disobey their commands, or give way to bad tempers and selfish dispositions, or neglect your lessons, or go with bad companions, or be unkind to your brothers and sisters and playmates, you cause them much pain, and reward their love with unkindness.

There is one way in which every little boy and girl may do much to reward their parents, for all their care and love—I MEAN BY TRYING WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT TO MAKE HOME HAPPY. You can do this, by promptly and kindly obeying them—by keeping down all angry and bitter feeling—by learning all your lessons well—by being kind and gentle to every one—and by trying to be good children; for nothing is more pleasing to all christian parents, than to see their children growing up as children of God, doing his will in all things.

Nor should you forget that the Lord loves and promises to bless all those who love and obey their parents. But he threatens with fearful punishment those who disobey: "The eye that mocketh at his father, or despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Prov. xxx. 17. How many of the children who read the *Advocate*, will resolve at once that they will try their best for the future to make home happy?  
UNCLE EDWARD.

### "Honour thy Father and thy Mother."

EXODUS XXII. 12.

An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know the Catechism word for word." "But do they understand it?—that is the question," said the clergyman.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little fellow, with his face covered with blushes, said, almost in a whisper, "Yesterday, Sir, I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain, the sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw them bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she."

The clergyman then looked very much pleased; and the old schoolmaster only quietly remarked, "God gives us His grace and His blessings."—*Christian Treasury.*

WHAT IS PATIENCE?—A beautiful answer was once given by a little Scotch girl, when her class at school was examined, she replied—"Wait a wee, and dinna weary!"



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### MY BIRDS.

DEAR CHILDREN,—It is very pleasant this morning. The sky is blue, and the sun is brightly shining. But my heart is sad, so sad that I cannot read or engage in anything. So I want to talk with you, dear children, just for a little while, to try and divert my mind. But what shall I talk about—the trees, and flowers, and singing brooks? or shall I tell you of the mountain that I see from my window? or of the hillside where I used to go when I was a child like yourselves to gather daisies, and buttercups, and strawberries? No, I will not talk now of these things, although they are very pleasant, but I will tell you all about my birds.

Perhaps some of you will think that you are going to hear all about canaries or mocking-birds that sing for me in gilded cages; but if you do you are mistaken, for I love liberty too well myself to deprive even a little bird of it. The birds of which I am going to tell you are wild birds. They were never caged, and they fly hither and thither just as they please. But they do not seem to please to fly far away, for they stay all of the time amid the trees which surround the little brown cottage in which I live. They know no fear, but they come in and out through the open windows whenever they please, and eat from the tables, chairs, or floor, just wherever we chance to place the cake or dainty morsels with which we feed them.

When sitting alone in my room, engaged in reading or writing, I draw a chair close up beside me, and placing upon it a paper of crumbs, await the appearance of my little feathered guests. Soon I hear the pattering of feet upon the kitchen roof, and up from it into my open window hops a little gray bird. It stands for an instant, with its pretty head turning this way and that, and then down upon the floor it fearlessly hops, and up upon the chair close by my side. And so one after another makes its appearance till I have as many as five little gray birds all at once upon the floor and chair beside me, eating as leisurely within reach of my hand as if they were all alone in the open field.

Presently along comes Dick, a beautiful cat-bird, and O, he looks so cunning as he receives the cake which I hold between the thumb and finger of my extended hand! I feed him till he is satisfied, and then Bob, a lovely robin, comes for his share. Bob hops into the window with two or three loud chirps, as if a little frightened; but he knows he has nothing to fear, and so he makes for the table, or wherever he espies bits of cake, and helps himself bountifully, always taking the largest pieces. Quite pardonable in a bird, but not so in a child, do you think so, children? Bob eats pretty fast, but he is excusable, for he and Bobbie, his mate, have a large family to provide for, so I have to be pretty liberal in supplying their wants.

I find birds love cake, and rich cake too, just as well as children, and they are like children too in more than this respect, for after you have commenced feeding them cake they will turn away from anything plainer, dropping the crumbs of white bread which they have chanced to pick up disdainfully from their bills. Dick and Dickie, his mate, know the difference between bread and cake at a glance, even from the tree-top. If I hold bits of bread in my hand and call Dick he will not come from the tree, but as soon as I substitute cake for it, Dick or Dickie will come at once and eat like a chicken from my hand.

Any of our birds will leave their nests in the trees near the windows, and come at our call to receive the food which we offer them. But Dick and Dickie are rather tamer than the others, for they are the only ones that will stand and eat directly from our



hands, or that we can call to us from remote parts of our premises.

For six successive summers past these same pairs of birds—cat-birds, robins, and gray birds—have returned to us, coming directly to our windows, and manifesting almost as plainly as you could, children, their pleasure at seeing us again. This spring our birds returned early, but the middle of May came without bringing us, as it usually did, our beautiful Dick and Dickie. We feared that they had fallen in some snare, or had been destroyed by some cruel archer, but on the seventeenth of May I heard Dick's familiar warble. I ran to the window and he came at once, and lighting upon a branch close by, commenced singing in his loudest, most joyous strains, but I could not greet him or Dickie with a single word. I turned away and wept bitter tears, for two dear members of our family, who had ever been here to welcome the return of these birds with exclamations of delight, were missing from our little circle. The one, our beloved mother, gone to join the immortal throng; the other, our dear sister, far away. Do you wonder, children, that I could only greet these dear birds with sighs and tears? Do you wonder that I feel so sad upon this beautiful morning? Perhaps some of you have lost your mother, or both of your parents, as I have mine. If you have you will know from your own experience just how my heart is aching this pleasant morning.

I still love my birds, and feed them, and provide materials for them to help construct their little nests. Many times every day I place long, narrow strips of soft muslin, pieces of twine, thread, and little bunches of wool in the window, and it amuses me to watch the little creatures carry it away. Not only do my birds come, but I see many other birds—yellow ones, and brown ones, and some with little tufts on their heads and wild-looking eyes—in the windows helping themselves to a bit of wool or a string, just whatever they chance to want. I imagined just now that I heard some of you saying, "O I wish we had birds as tame as Rena Ray's!" Then I thought I heard others say, "I don't believe a word of it! Wild birds never could be tamed so that they would come when you called them and eat out of your hands, and that they would remember you through a whole long winter. Rena Ray has only been telling us a little bit of a story."

No, Rena Ray has been telling you no story, children. It is all true. And if you want to know how I tamed my birds I will tell you. Simply by the power of kindness. Dear children, if there be such a power in kindness over a little bird that has no soul, what power must there be in it over a fellow-creature! A kind deed, a kind word, or even a kind look may soothe some aching heart, save some erring one from guilt, preserve some life, or be the means of converting some sinful soul. Dear children, will you not all try the power of kindness? Be kind to one another, kind to your friends, kind

to your enemies, kind not only to the birds, but to every living creature, and the peace that passeth all understanding will be yours. RENA RAY.

### THE CHILD AND THE RAINBOW.

"O DEAR," said a little boy to his mother, "only see what a beautiful bow there is in the sky, and how many colors it has!"

"Yes, my dear," said the mother, "that is the rainbow. It has seven colors. Let us count them; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. They are—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red."

"I will reach a chair," said the little boy, "that I may get up at the window and see it better, and try if I can count the colors too."

He reached the chair, but, when he had mounted it, how was he astonished to find that the bow was nearly vanished, and all its colors were gone!

There are many things in this world like the colors of the rainbow. They please us for a little while only, but they are soon gone. So will the world itself lose all its charms when we come to die. It is in heaven alone that we shall be able to find pleasure that shall never fade away.

### MOUTH MUD.

A CONVERTED Hindoo, on being assailed with a torrent of profane and obscene words from his idolatrous neighbors, went up to them and asked:

"Which is worse, the abusive terms that you are just using, or the mud and dirt that you see lying on your dung-hill?"

"The abusive terms," was the reply.

"And would you ever take into your mouths that mud and dirt?"

"Never."

"Then why do you fill your mouths with the abusive terms, which you confess to be the worst of the two?"

Confounded with this rebuke, they retired, saying that "the argument was but fair."

### "SAD LOSS TO HIM."

AN old lady was telling her grandchildren about some trouble in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was nae great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

MISSES, with corsets tight, do pray have done,  
Lest fell disease precipitate your fate;  
The nymph who truly cares for "Number 1,"  
Should never seek to look like "Number 8."

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