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# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · M · S ·

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 22.

AUGUST 27, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 214.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

## THE SWISS HERDSMAN.

This man is making his spring removal. He has the whole furniture of his cottage, or rather of his dairy, about his person. The sides of the mountain begin to look green in the spring sunshine, and he is going up there with his flock to spend the summer. When he comes back he will bring a goodly harvest of butter and cheese, the result of his summer labors.

You do not think he looks forward very eagerly to his task? No, he is thinking just now of the little folks that call him papa. He is looking down on the spreading roof that covers them in one of the cottages below. It will be a long time before he sees them again, and he will be very lonely up on the mountain-side without them. But he will not think of them much longer now. He will soon be out of sight of the cottage, and be thinking of the hut which he built some years ago in his mountain-pasture. His path is steep, but with that iron-pointed stick in his hand he will soon climb the rocks. When he reaches the cottage on the mountain-side, he will put the big kettle in the fireplace, the cheese-mold and the churn on one side, and spread the milk-pans out upon the shelves. Then with the milk-pail, or tub, that he carried up the mountain-side, in his hand he will go out to milk the cows. When they are milked he gives them a handful of salt and lets them go. When milking-time comes again they will be there for another taste of salt. This saves him the trouble of "bringing up the cows" every night and morning.

Then, if butter is to be made, the milk is set in the pans for the cream to rise. If cheese is wanted, the milk is all poured into the big kettle and warmed and curdled, and the curds are drained and pressed. Did you ever eat curds?

When night comes he will spread a little straw in the loft for his bed, and this is nearly all that he brought along for his own accommodation. If he wants ladles, or spoons, or cups, he carves them out deftly with his knife from the wood of the maple, the linden, or the fragrant pine. The Swiss are even more skillful in the use of the knife than the whittling Yankee. Many little carved Swiss cottages, ivory brooches, and little toys are brought to America from the mountains of Switzerland.

The Swiss herdsman leads rather a lonely life in the mountains. He cannot well leave his flock even

for a visit to a brother herdsman, and he never gets a newspaper. If a traveler chance to pass his way, he will detain him as long as possible to talk with him.

Many of these herdsman are religious men, and in the middle of the day they have time to read the word of God, and by night they watch the stars in the heavens as did David of old. And it is said that when the sun is going out of sight in the evening the pious herdsman takes his alpine horn, through which he can call so loud as to be heard a long distance, and he shouts "Praise ye the Lord!" and a brother herdsman on some distant peak takes up the echo, "Praise the Lord!" Soon another answers still higher up the mountain, and thus hill shouts to hill and peak echoes to peak until, amid these anthems of praise, the last sunbeams leave the mountain-tops, and men and herds lie down to rest beneath the watch care of their Maker.

"Brothers! the day declines;  
Above the glacier brightens;



And red through Hundweyl pines  
The vesper halo lightens.  
From hamlet, rock, and chalet,  
Your grateful songs be poured,  
Till mountain, lakes, and valley  
Re-echo, "Praise the Lord!"  
AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A PAINFUL PICTURE.

THREE boys are in the pretty parlor of a rural cottage which stands near the town of Paris, (Canada.) One of the boys, his name is Van Brocklin, is seated at the table looking over the pages of a photographic album. Another, named Capron, stands by his side leaning on his shoulder. The third boy is busy a few feet from the table examining the lock of a gun. See! he draws the hammer back with his thumb, while the gun is pointing toward his companions. Take care, my dear boy! There is a heavy charge in your gun. Mind how you handle that hammer! Dear me! The hammer slips. Bang goes the gun. Hark! what means that piercing cry? that groan? Alas! the charge has entered the neck of Van Brocklin and wounded the hand of Capron. Poor boys! What can be done for you? For Van Brocklin nothing. He is dead. For Capron we can send for the surgeon. He has lost a thumb and finger, but his hand may be saved.

Look at the boy whose carelessness discharged the gun! He is wild with terror and stricken with grief. He would give all the world, if he owned it, to undo the fatal deed and bring his friend Van Brocklin back to life. He will never forgive himself.

This picture, my children, is drawn from life. Let it teach you a lesson of caution. Never play with firearms! Never trifle with anything that may hurt either yourselves or others. Remember the proverb, "Prevention is better than cure." Remember, also, that many things that may be prevented cannot be cured. Remember, and beware!

PEN-AND-INK PAINTER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A FOOLISH FATHER AND A SPOILED SON.

AFTER eating dinner at a hotel in Maryland one day I took a seat on the portico. Presently I saw a carriage, containing a father and son, (as I afterward found out,) stop. They alighted and came toward the hotel. As soon as they arrived at the place

where I was, I saw the little boy (about eight years of age) had an ugly, black cigar in his mouth, "as long"—so a gentleman standing by me quite truly said—"as himself," and he was puffing away as if he was an old hand at it. Upon coming near me he pulled out of his pocket a paper containing I don't know how many more, and offered them to his father, who took one and lit it from the one his son was smoking.

On questioning his father as to his allowing his son, so young, or even at all, to smoke, he gave this as his reason:

"I have had seven children, and buried all but this one, and I am going to let him do as he pleases. He is a very smart boy."

I thought he was a sadly erring father. I gave a few words of advice to the boy never to use tobacco in any way, shape, or form, after which he left with his father.

I sincerely hope none of the boys that read the Advocate will follow such a bad example so early practiced, for if I should happen to see them. Corporal Try, you shall have their names for court-martial.

T. D. C.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### SOWING THE WRONG SEED.

HARRY desired to have a portion of the garden to cultivate himself, and this wish his father was very well pleased to gratify. In the lower corner of the garden, quite by itself, a large plot of ground was measured off, and paths were made all around it. This was Harry's garden, and he was to prepare it himself. He carefully dug it up with his spade, gathered out all the stones, diligently smoothed it over, and now it was all ready for sowing.

In the fall of the previous year Harry had been out in the fields gathering the seeds that he had found ripening upon the withered stocks. Now that his garden was ready, he took his seeds one morning and went out to sow them. His father had noticed the steps he had taken, but had said nothing until this morning, wishing to teach him a lesson that would be of service to him as long as he lived.

"What are you about to do, my son?" said he.

"Plant my garden," answered Harry.

"And what do you expect will grow?"

"Beautiful flowers; and the first bunch I gather I shall give to mother."

"Flowers, my poor boy!" exclaims his father. "You are sowing the seeds of weeds, and nothing but coarse and hurtful weeds will grow up. They will run all over your garden and all over mine, destroying every pleasant plant."

Harry said he was sure he did not wish to have weeds grow in his garden, and so he asked his father to please to tell him what seeds would grow into beautiful flowers, and to give him some of those he sowed in his own garden.

The father took the little boy to the place where the garden-seeds were kept, and telling him about the flowers and how they should be planted, he sent him out again into his garden with good seed.

As they sat together on the piazza overlooking

the garden, just after supper, and were talking together about the flowers, "Harry," said the father, "do you know that you have another garden to plant?"

"Where is it?" asked Harry.

"God has given you one, my son. It is your own heart."

"What can I do about that, father?"

"See that nothing but good seed is planted in it."

"How shall I know what seed to plant?"

"How did you learn what seed to plant in your garden just below the house?"

"I asked you to please to tell me."

"And I am most happy to tell my little son how to plant the garden of his heart. There are many books written to tell us about the flowers and how to cultivate them, and God has written a book to tell us how to cultivate beautiful flowers and rich fruits in our hearts. My little son knows the name of that book."

"It is the Bible."

"Yes, it is the Bible. If you read that it will teach you how to sow the good seed, and save you from having your garden overgrown with noxious weeds. Recollect, Harry, that a bad boy never makes a good man, that bad habits never grow into a good character, and that if we are careless, and indolent, and disobedient when children, when we grow up our lives will not be lovely to others or pleasant to ourselves. The good seeds of prayer, obedience, and kind tempers, with God's loving smile upon them, will take root and grow up in our hearts and lives. Our garden-spot will then be beautiful for others to enjoy, and our dear Saviour as he looks down upon our gentle tempers and listens to our humble prayers will say, 'I have come into my garden.'

"If wicked thoughts, and wishes, and habits are sowed in your heart now that it is young and tender, they will certainly grow up hateful to be seen, and these weeds will run out in every direction, injuring and destroying others. Watch carefully, then, my little boy, the seeds that are sown in your heart."

P.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### DO YOU EVER DECEIVE?



SOME children are full of deceit. They seem to delight in making their playmates and friends believe what is false, or doubt what is true. They are false and therefore wicked children.

Have I a deceitful child among my readers? If so I wish to tell him or her a story about a bird.

A thrush had built her nest in a quarry. The miners soon after began to blast the rock, and the pieces fell very near the little bird's nest, very much to her annoyance. After shrinking from the pieces a few times, the bird noticed that the miners rang a bell and left the quarry just before every explosion. The little creature followed their example, and every time the bell rang left her nest, and flying to the spot which sheltered the workmen, lighted at their feet until the explosion was past, when she returned to her nest.

This curious fact was noticed by the men, and, numerous persons hearing of it, went out to witness her movements. The men could not, however, explode a blast as often as the visitors came, so they only rung the bell. This deceit served its purpose a few times, but the thrush soon discovered it, and afterward on hearing the bell peeped from her nest to see if the men left the quarry. If they did she followed them; if they did not she remained on her nest.

Thus you see that even a bird could not be deceived long. She soon saw that the men wished to make her believe what was not true. I want you to make a note of this, little Double-face. Ask yourself this question: "If a bird could soon see through a deceitful act, will not my friends soon see through me and learn that I am a cheat?"

They will find you out, you may depend upon it. Indeed, they have found you out already. Every boy and girl you know, your parents, teachers, and friends all know that you are a false child. They all see through the thin mask with which you seek to cover your false heart. What is a still more serious fact for you, God knows what you are. He sees through you, and knows that you are full of deceit and falsehood. Make haste, therefore, O my child, to put away your deceit. Ask Jesus to give you a true and honest nature. Beg your heavenly Father to help you to say in good earnest,

"My lips shall not speak wickedness nor my tongue utter deceit."

W. W.



### ALONE IN THE DARK.

"STAY by me to-night, dear mamma," said a child, "The rain rattles down, and the wind is so wild; I shut up my eyes, and I cover my head, And draw myself up in a heap in the bed, And I think about robbers, and shiver with fear— Do stay by me, mother! It is so dark up here."

"I cannot, my darling; and why should I stay? You are never afraid to come up here by day; You study and play in this same little room, And never have left it with fear or with gloom. Why, then, when you're wrapped up so cozy and warm, Do you think about things that can do you no harm?"

"O, mother, it's light in the daytime, you know, And the sunshine then puts all the room in a glow, And up from the hall comes a murmur of sound, Where Jennie and Kittie are running around; And though your voice, dear mother, I don't always hear, Yet it's so light and cheerful, I know you are there."

"My dear little boy, I'm afraid you forget That God is near by, watching over my pet. Nor darkness nor light would be safe without One Who sees us, and guards us till life's race is run. In the loneliest night He is close by your side; If you love him and trust him, 'The Lord will provide.'"

"You never need fear, but when feeble and faint, Then call upon God, who will hear your complaint. There's no one to hurt you when God is so nigh; His angels, to keep you, descend from the sky."

The child put his little soft hand in her own, And kissed the sweet face that so lovingly shone: "You may put out the light, mother dear, when you please; If I feel afraid now, I will think that God sees."

M. E. M.

### IT IS SIN.

WHEN a foolish thought within Tries to take us in a snare, Conscience tells us, "It is sin," And entreats us to beware.

But if we should disregard And neglect this friendly call, Conscience soon will grow so hard That it will not speak at all.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1861.

WHAT IS YOUR WISH, MY CHILD?

THE old fairy-books tell many pleasant stories about fairies who sometimes gave their favorites whatever they wished. If wishing would bring us what we desire it would be quite an easy way of getting along, though I doubt whether we should find *wishing* ourselves into good fortune as profitable in the end as *working* our way into it. But let us suppose, my son, that you could have your wish granted by some powerful fairy, or genii, or elf, what would you wish for?

"I would wish for lots of money," cries Carl, the selfish. "I would wish for eloquence," cries Harry, the ambitious. "I would wish for great power. I would like to be a great soldier and command men," cries Ulric, the proud. "I would like to be a great merchant," cries Peter, the calculator. Other voices utter other cries, but these are as many as I can print, and quite enough for my purpose.

Listen, Carl, Harry, Ulric, and Peter! I know five fairies who will grant your wishes if you choose to make them your friends. Their names are WILL, WORK, SKILL, PATIENCE, and PERSEVERANCE. You understand me, don't you? I mean that if Carl *wills*, that is, makes up his mind that he will be a rich man, if he works hard, if he applies all the skill which God has hidden in his brain, if he will begin slowly to earn and lay up penny after penny, dollar after dollar, and if he keep on willing and working, then he will become a rich man. I suppose there is hardly a boy in my Advocate family who might not become a rich man by these means.

In like manner Harry may become eloquent, Ulric powerful, and Peter a great merchant, for Will, Work, Skill, Patience, and Perseverance will enable almost any boy to become almost what he chooses. But suppose you get to be a rich man, Carl, and you, Harry, an eloquent speaker, and you a mighty soldier, Ulric, and you a rich merchant, Peter, what then? Would you have won such prizes in the game of life as would make you happy *for ever*?

Yes, *for ever*! Mark those words! FOR EVER! *What have they to do with the question?* Just this. You are to live for ever. God has sent you into this world as to a school, in which you are to prepare yourselves to live in the great hereafter. The next world, and not this, is to be your home. After a little while, it may be one year or it may be fifty years, you will leave the earth and go home just as children at a boarding-school go home when the course of study taught there is finished. Now, suppose you gather riches, become eloquent, gain power, or become the owner of ships and merchandise, what good will those things do you in the great world?

*You can't carry them with you to that world?* Very true, my children. Riches, eloquence, power, merchandise, must all be left this side of the gateway which leads into your everlasting home. Don't you see, then, that if you gain nothing but these in this life you will be very poor when you enter that other world. You will have nothing to carry home with you.

*Is there anything we can carry to our home hereafter?* Certainly there is, my children. You can and you must carry your *characters* with you. If you are selfish, proud, covetous, passionate, or revengeful, you will carry those bad qualities with you. If you are loving, truthful, gentle, kind, meek, forgiving, and unselfish, you will carry those good qualities with you. Your characters then, whether good or evil, are the only things you can carry with you into the great hereafter.

To carry a bad character into the world beyond is to carry sorrow and death there. To take a character there made pure and white in the blood of Jesus is to take what God loves, and what will make him regard you as his child, friend, and companion for ever.

Now I know that you see *good character* to be better worth living for than money, eloquence, or power, because it is a possession you can keep for ever. Will you not, therefore, choose such a character as your portion and seek it with all your hearts?

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

WELL, Mr. Corporal, I learn that you have been from home of late. What did you see while traveling?

"Traveling, indeed—!" the Corporal exclaims with a laugh. "I did not travel far—only to Philadelphia. I will tell you one or two things I saw there, however. One evening I went to the Asylum for the Blind. The inmates gave us a concert. It was capital. The blind boys and lads played music on their instruments of the very highest order, and played it very finely too. The boys and girls, with the young people, sang sweet songs, and blind old Mr. Parvin sang some humorous pieces in a way that made me laugh until I cried. I was delighted with the concert, though I felt sad all the time as I thought that those dear children could not see us, or each other, or any of the beautiful things which God has made. It must be a sad thing to be blind. Let my children thank God they are not blind."

Did the children seem cheerful, Corporal?

"Yes, Mr. Editor, more than cheerful. They looked happy. I asked a group of them if they were happy.



They said, 'Yes.' I asked them if they had ever heard of your paper. One of them said she had. I told them of our half million readers and asked if they had any message for them. 'Tell them to come and see us,' said one little girl. Others added, 'Yes, tell them to come and see us.'

There, my children, is an invitation worth accepting. Don't forget it. If you ever go to Philadelphia be sure to visit the Institution for the Blind—you are invited guests. What else did you see, my Corporal?

"I visited the State Reform School, where I saw and talked to some six hundred boys and girls. I pitied them, because many of them have done wicked things. Many, perhaps most of them, came from homes of sin. They are there to be reformed and taught trades. The boys make chairs, brushes, boots and shoes, match-boxes, etc. They eat in two large rooms—boys in one, girls in the other. They sleep in little cells, each by himself or herself. These cells are in blocks. Those for the girls at one end of the building, those for the boys at the other. They open into long halls or corridors. The door of each cell has a hole in it near the top, so that the watch can look in at all hours. This school is a great blessing to many, perhaps to most of the poor children who enter it. It is a pity they need its influence at all, but it is a good thing they can go there to be taught right and duty. I hope none of my company will ever be so wicked as to be sent to that or any similar house of reform."

I hope not, my Corporal. Sin is a cruel master. He makes all his followers pay very dear for the few pleasures he allows them. Now for your letter-bag, Corporal.

"Let me first give my Try Company a Scripture enigma which I found in an English magazine. You may see one of the characters in the above picture. Solve it if you can.

"Who took his death-blow from a woman's hand?  
What was the name of good Cornelius' band?"

Who came to Jesus in the quiet night?  
Whom did young David venture forth to fight?  
Over whose body did the Red Sea flow?  
Where did St. Paul the pains of bondage know?  
Who tasted first sin's fruits of death and grief?  
Whose words of comfort gave a king relief?  
A wise man who from wisdom turned aside?  
Who traveled far to fetch his master's bride?  
Who 'mid a battle by his own hand died?  
She o'er whose corpse the needy widows grieved?  
A child who cheered a woman sore bereaved?  
Where knelt our Saviour in his darkest hour?  
One of the kings who fell beneath God's power?  
He who was cast to lions to be torn,  
And waited safely for the coming morn'?

Let the initials of these names convey  
A pleasant duty to be done each day:  
Let every rising sun of it remind;  
Our daily blessings, and our kinsfolk kind;  
But most the thoughts of that dear Saviour's love  
Who died that we might reign with him above.

"Here is a line from BOWEN STALEY, of Albany, in the state of New York. He says:

"I wish to belong to your company because I love to try to do everything as well as I can. I have at home some prizes for trying to do well. One is a silver cup, for getting the largest collection to build our new mission. Another is a gold pencil for getting the most scholars in our school. I have others for punctual attendance and so on. So, you see, I have a little claim to the honor. I send you photographs of our mission, and myself and little brother, who is a member of our infant class."

Bravo! Master Bowen Staley. You have begun the race of life nobly. I like your face. It looks as if you would grow up an earnest boy. God bless you! Your little brother's face is cute and pleasant. The Corporal expects you both to be greatly good.

"Here is a line from Davenport, Iowa. The writer says:

"We have a glorious good Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school here. Nearly two hundred 'regulars,' many of whom are good soldiers in the 'army of the Lord.' Last Sunday, although a wet day, we enlisted over one hundred and fifty in your noble company. You may count on every one of these recruits, for they are all good, brave boys and girls, who will make men and women of the right stamp. Send us a watchword for our

company, Corporal Try!

"Well done, regulars! Stand to your arms! Beware of the enemy! Look out, especially, for four captains who are sly guerrillas. Their names are: Captain Now, Captain Only-this-once, Captain Do-as-I-please, and Captain Don't-care. They are sneakish fellows. Watch them and fight them, shouting this watchword, 'We'll all be Christians!' or this one, 'We will all stand up for Jesus!'—J. S. C. says:

"Five of my scholars wish to join your Try Company. They will try not to say 'I can't.' Two say, 'We will try to be good.' Another 'will try to do right.' Little Eliza will 'try to obey ma.' These little folks are such as will try to do what they say. There are a number of others who are going to try a week to see if they can do without saying 'can't.' If they succeed they will ask to join also.

"Putting themselves on trial, eh?" cries the Corporal in great good humor. "Ha! ha! I hope they have proved themselves able, *through grace*, to stand the test. All my soldiers who fight in their own strength fall into Giant I Can't's hands; all who trust in Jesus whip the old fellow as Gen. Grant does the rebels.—Here is a line from Mr. J. M. BARROW to the children of Blissfield, Michigan. He is on his way to Europe. He says:

"I am now with Corporal Try. I am much pleased with him. He will accept you in his company. I want you to keep on in the good old way. Treasure up the instruction you receive, and may God bless and prosper you all."

The Corporal says he likes Mr. Barrow, thinks he is made of working stuff, and will go back to Blissfield on his return from England to work harder than ever.

"Here is a letter from P. E. H. scolding you for teaching the children to hate slavery. What will you do about it, sir?"

Put it in the waste-basket, my Corporal, and pray that the writer may have a ray of light sent into that sleepy hollow which he calls his heart. It must be very dark down there.

THE EMPTY CROW'S NEST.

BY THE LATE "OLD HUMPHREY."

WHEN I was a lad I passed some time with my uncle, who lived at Beechwood Farm, and, lad-like, was more fond of getting into danger than of gaining any profitable instruction. My uncle came to me one day with a hymn book in his hand. "Aaron," said he, "if you will learn the three hymns that I have marked with my pencil by your birthday I will give you a shilling."

You may be sure that I was wondrously delighted.

Opposite to the big barn, however, stood a tall elm tree; and on the top of it, among the slender branches, a crow, unfortunately for me, had built its nest. I always considered it cruel to rob a poor bird of her eggs or her young, yet still a foolish desire rose in my mind to get possession of the eggs in the crow's nest, and this desire grew stronger and stronger every day. The tree was hard to climb, and the nest difficult to get at; but these things, though they kept me back from accomplishing the design so soon as I otherwise should have done, only served to increase my foolish inclination to possess the eggs. Every day I endeavored to get up the tree, but it was all in vain, for I could not succeed. At last the eggs were hatched, and I then became doubly determined to climb the tree, for I wanted the young birds more than I had before wanted the eggs. "Well, Aaron," my uncle used to say, for he knew that I had set my mind upon the thing, "well, Aaron, how go on the young crows? If you do not look sharp about you you will be a day after the fair." Again and again I tried, and again and again was I disappointed. O the trouble that it cost me to climb that tree! One day, however, I was more determined than usual; I pulled off my jacket and began to climb. For a long way up I had to hold by short twigs, for the butt of the tree had been lopped of its branches. Every now and then, too, the stump of an old bough hindered me sadly, and when I got to the small branches at the top I was afraid to trust myself upon them. At last I ventured, balancing myself as well as I could on the forks of the slender boughs; but when I put my hand into the nest I found it empty.

The eggs had been hatched and the birds were flown; so that, in pursuing my foolish project, I got nothing but disappointment for my pains. Had I bestowed half the time in learning my hymns that it took me day after day in trying to climb the tree, I should have earned a shilling, to say nothing of the advantage of the hymns themselves; but I had wasted so much time about the crows that my birthday came and I could not say my hymns, so that I lost my shilling as well as the crows.

This story does me no credit, but I tell it that you may profit by my folly. When you have a praiseworthy end in view pursue it with all your heart, but never stir an inch after a foolish one; for even if you succeed in accomplishing your design, you will sink in your own estimation from the consciousness of your folly; and most likely, after all, get nothing better than an empty crow's nest.

COMICAL DOGS.

In the life of that remarkable man, Samuel Drew, of Cornwall, an amusing account is given of two dogs belonging to his family. He states:

"Our dairy was under a room which was used as a barn, into which the fowls found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered dust on the pans below, to the great annoyance of my mother-in-law. In this a favorite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day in harvest she went into the dairy, followed by our little dog; and finding dust again on the milk-pans, she exclaimed:



"I wish that cock was dead!"

"Not long after, she being with us in the harvest-field, we observed the little dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at my mother-in-law's feet. She was dreadfully exasperated at the literal fulfillment of her hastily-uttered wish, and snatching a stick from the hedge, attempted to give the dog a beating. The dog seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he evidently expected marks of approbation, left the bird and ran off; she brandishing the stick and saying in a loud and angry tone, 'I'll pay thee for this by and by!'"

"In the evening she was about to put her threat into execution, when she found the little dog established in a corner of the room, and the large dog standing over it. Endeavoring to fulfill her intention by first driving off the large dog, he gave her plainly to understand that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then sought to get at the small dog behind the other; but the threatening gesture and fierce growl of the large one apparently proclaimed, 'Touch him if you dare!' and sufficiently indicated that the attempt would not be a little perilous. The result was that she abandoned her design."—REV. T. JACKSON, M.A.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BOATMAN'S BOY.



THE coal from the mining districts of Pennsylvania is taken to our large cities and iron works principally by canal boats. This brings a great many boatmen and boys to our towns and villages where coal-works are erected, and though for the most part not well cared for religiously, we sometimes find some of the "Corporal's" boys among them. One Sabbath morning a gentleman, when walking in the street, was addressed by a little boy thus:

"Please, sir, tell me where I may find a Sunday-school."

"Why, where do you live, my boy? are you a stranger?"

"I'm a boatman's boy, sir, but our boat is here over the Sabbath, and I would like to go to school as I do when at home."

The boy was at once taken to a school and welcomed by the superintendent.

The example of this boy is worthy of imitation by all the Advocate children. When from home visiting or traveling, do not spend the Sabbath in idle play, but say to the first person you meet, "Please tell me where I may find a Sunday-school?"

UNCLE HENRY.

"WHAT SORT OF CHILDREN DOES JESUS LOVE?"

A FEW years ago a Christian (who is now with the Lord, whom he loved and served here) was one Lord's day speaking of the great love of Jesus to the children of a little school not many miles from London.

During his address he asked them this question: "What sort of children does Jesus love?" Instantly one and another answered, "Good children! Good children!" The teacher was silent; the children began to see, from the expression of his countenance, that they had not given the answer he wanted; but what other they could give they did not know, and they were much perplexed.

Presently he said, "Jesus loves *bad* children." They seemed surprised at hearing this, and one little girl asked anxiously whether it was really true, thinking, I suppose, that it was too good to be true. On being again assured that it was

quite true, because, "Jesus said, I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," she burst into tears and said, "I am so glad, then, for I am a bad child."

That teacher was right. Jesus really loves bad children, not for being bad, thank you! but because their souls are precious, and he wishes to wash their sins away in his own blood. Now, if a bad child will not let Jesus do this, but will stick to his sins, then Jesus will cast him off, and let him have his evil way and perish in his sins.

A COLORED cook expected company of her kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said:

"Chloe, you must make an apology."

"La, missus, how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no nuffin to make it wid."

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