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CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · M · 6 ·

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 17.

JUNE 13, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 185.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE RUNAWAY'S RETURN.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"LET us take a trip to the city!" said Peter Wild one fine Fourth of July morning to three or four companions of his own age, which was about fifteen.

"I go in for that," replied George Easy.

"So do I," added Richard Pliable.

"And I wont say nay, my charmers," said Edward Walker.

"And what do you say, Mr. Wiseacre?" asked Peter Wild, speaking to Willie Winsom, who, being more quiet in his manner than most boys, was called "Wiseacre" by his playmates.

"I think I shall not go," replied Willie.

"Why not?" rejoined Peter.

"Because my mother told me not to go away from the village to-day," said Willie.

"Pretty little baby!" "Chicken-hearted Willie!" "Tied to apron-strings, hey?" "Afraid of his mother!" With such mocking phrases as these did the boys greet Willie's respect for his mother's wishes. I am sorry to add that, with these and similar words, they succeeded at last in driving him from his purpose to obey his mother. An hour later Willie and his tempters were on a boat steaming down the noble Hudson toward New York.

That was a costly trip to Willie. It led to sorrows of which he had never dreamed.

The boat landed them near the Battery. The boys strolled round the shore, lolled beneath the trees, and finally, being very thirsty, they yielded to Peter's tempting voice, went to an ice-cream stall, and, instead of good cold water or refreshing lemonade, drank strong beer. Willie refused it at first, but yielded under the fire of ridicule which they poured upon him.

The beer found its way to their heads and fitted them to do foolish things. Wit, sense, piety, and every other good thing flies from the mind when strong drink enters the mouth. You need not wonder, therefore, when I tell you that on their return to the Battery they fell an easy prey to an evil-minded man.

This man was in search of men and lads to form crews for whale-ships. Seeing the boys to be in a silly mood, he joined them, and began to tell them stories about the sea. They were charmed. He told them more stories, and finally prevailed on them all to go on board a sloop lying in the East River and put down their names for berths in a whale-ship about to sail from an eastern port. This foolish deed was soon done, and a lot of the roughest fellows these boys had ever seen came on board the sloop shortly after. They had been picked up from all parts of the city, and were no sooner on board than the sloop weighed anchor and sailed.

I am not going to tell you the history of these foolish boys. It would take a book to do that. I only wish to say here that they soon came to their senses, were very wretched, and wished they could get back to their village homes again. There was no chance for their escape, however. The sloop made a good run to her port. Three whale-ships, all ready for a start, received the boys and men from the sloop.

The boys were deprived of the poor privilege of sailing in the same vessel, for they were divided among the ships and were soon far, far away at sea.

Poor Willie! How bitterly he wept over his folly! He would have given a gold-mine, had he owned one, to undo the folly of that sad fourth of July morning. But tears and regrets were alike vain. He was far away from home, a cabin-boy in a whale-ship, and, willing or unwilling, must make a long, weary voyage before he could see home again.

But how about Willie's mother and father? They were heart-broken. Every night their pillows were wet with tears as they thought of and prayed for their runaway boy. No words can paint their grief. Could they have known where he was, they would have felt slightly better; but even that poor comfort was denied them, and so, after making many vain inquiries, they went on their way toward the grave

in very bitter sorrow. The same grief pierced the hearts of all the parents of those wandering boys.

Willie wrote a letter to send by the first homeward-bound ship his vessel met at sea. He wrote when they went into port. He wrote every opportunity that offered. But of all the letters he wrote during that long, tedious, unlucky voyage of five years only one reached his parents, and that was the first, full of penitence and requests for pardon. That gave some small comfort to his father and mother.

Five years at sea! What a tedious life it was to Willie! But being resolved to redeem his fault, Willie gave himself to the study of his duties, grew to be a large, noble-looking fellow, was made a boat-steerer, and when he was paid off looked like one of the noblest sailors who ever trod the deck of a ship.

Didn't Willie hurry home when he was discharged from his ship? Didn't his heart beat hard and quick when he walked straight into the old homestead and saw his father reading the paper, his mother busy with her sewing, and his youngest sister at her side drawing pictures on her slate? Walking up to his father, he slapped him on the shoulders and said:

"Mr. Winsom, would you like to hear some news from your son Willie?"

The old gentleman looked over the rims of his spectacles into Willie's face, wondering what right that sailor had to be so familiar with him. But his mother rose from her chair and gazed upon him with earnest eyes. His voice, though greatly changed, awakened an old echo in her heart. A moment or two of earnest gazing sufficed. The mother soon saw that her own lost Willie stood before her in the person of the manly sailor. Rushing toward him she cried:

"Why, father, it's our Willie! it's our Willie!"

The next moment her head was resting on Willie's shoulder, and her heart comforted by hearing him whisper, "Mother!" Then the father waked up to the idea that his lost son was come home again. He grasped his hand, embraced him, and bade him welcome a thousand times. It was the little sister's turn next. She did not, could not see how the tall sailor could be her brother, whom she could only just remember as the boy of five years before. But she too yielded at last, and there was no happier family in all the land that night than in Willie Winsom's home.

Willie went to sea again after that and became captain of a noble ship. Most of the other boys, however, came to an evil end. But to this day Willie would give all he is worth if he could strike the doings of that fourth of July in which he gave way to temptation from his history. He calls that day the "dark day of his life." It dwells with him as an ugly memory, and if he could speak to the boys who read the Advocate he would say, "Boys, beware of giving way to the first temptation! Don't give up to wrong because bad boys laugh at you! Be true to yourselves, to your parents, and to God!"

To which speech, if I were present, I would add a very hearty, earnest Amen!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW GOD LIGHTS THE STARS.

A LITTLE girl, looking up into the sky with great earnestness, asked:

"Pa, has God any matches to light the stars with?" and added, "I wonder where he keeps them?"

That dear little girl should have been told that God keeps the stars, the moon, and the sun shining just as he made light at the beginning, when he said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

A TEACHABLE SPIRIT.—A sensible little boy, when one day asked whether he should not like to teach a class of Sunday-scholars, wisely and humbly said, "I had rather be taught."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A STROLL ON THE NEWSKI.

STARTING near the splendid winter palace of the czar, we find ourselves on the Newski, the finest street in the city—the Broadway of St. Petersburg. There are many fine buildings on this street. They are high and spacious, and have a grand air that is truly imposing. Lewis thinks it the finest city he has ever seen; and Horace, who has traveled much, wants to know if it is not the finest city in the world. Well, my boy, some other travelers have thought so on first sight, but I believe they did not continue long of this opinion. However, it is one of the finest, and we will admire it as it certainly deserves.

The Newski is the great promenade of the city. Here is much more life and bustle than we shall find in most other parts of the metropolis. The wide street is thronged with fine equipages, and pedestrians of all ranks jostle each other on the pavements. There goes a general, here an officer of the imperial household, and I would not wonder if we might see the emperor himself.

Marian calls our attention to the large number of churches. The religion of the empire is that of the Greek Church, but all others are allowed. Roman Catholics, Greeks, Protestants, and Arminians, all have their places of worship here, and on this account this fine avenue is sometimes called the Street of Toleration.

But what is the crowd now? O here goes the emperor—that fine-looking man sitting alone in his sleigh and driving himself. He is fond of driving. The crowd fall back and clear the way, but his appearance does not create very much excitement. He likes to go out alone in this way.

Down this way you see the houses are smaller and lower; and here, have we come to the end of the street? No, it is only a slight turn. We cross a bridge and enter a part of the city that is essentially Russian in its character. Very few women are to be seen. The men wear long beards and longer cloaks, or *caftans*, as they call them, and the street is lined with red and yellow one story houses. Down still further is the cattle-market. If we go in here we shall see peasants, in their country costume, from all the neighboring villages. Some of the men have brought cattle, and, like drovers in other countries, they have a notion that they must take strong drink to keep the cold out. Here are milk-maids with sleds, or strange-looking yokes, for carrying their milk.

And here is a fruit-stand with a really pretty-looking girl sitting by it, improving her time at work

when she has no customers. But what a queer-looking contrivance! What is she doing with it? Is that a hay-cutter, or a lantern, or a lace-loom, or—well, are your Yankee wits all exhausted? She is neither weaving lace nor making a rope; so much is evident. Neither is her machine a spinning-jenny, nor such old flax-wheels or wool-wheels as you sometimes see in your grandmother's garret; but for all that she is *spinning*. And having told you so much, I think I shall leave you to find out how she does it at your leisure, and you may come home when you are ready.

AUNT JULIA.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

THREE little girls were seated
Beside a mother's knee,
Who, with a joyous visage,
Was gazing on the three.
Her heart was well-nigh broken
When yesternight was come,
And her dear little children
Were lost afar from home.

She spoke to loving Mary—
And fell straightway a tear—
"Come, eldest of my darlings,
Let me your story hear."
"After we left you, mother,
Our course we gladly took
Across the smiling meadow,
Across the babbling brook.

"The berries we were seeking
Soon in our baskets lay,
When little Minnie, looking up,
Espied a squirrel at play.
We left the vines to watch his pranks,
But Bunny soon was gone,
And as he leaped from tree to tree
We all went wandering on.

"And soon away within the wood
He found his little nest;
He crawled within and hid himself,
As if he wished to rest.
The night, so dark, began to come,
And so we turned again;
We thought if we were late, mamma,
That it would give you pain.

"We took each other by the hand,
And fast as e'er we could,
We hastened in the way we thought
Would lead us from the wood.
We wandered far, and soon the stars
Came peeping one by one,
And we were there, far in the wood,
Three little girls alone.

"Sweet Minnie, youngest of us all,
Began to sob and cry,
And Clara's face was very pale,
A tear stood in each eye.
We sat beneath an oak-tree tall;
I wiped their tears away;
And then we knelt upon the leaves,
And each one tried to pray.

"You know you told us, dear mamma,
Our God was always near;
In every hour, in every place,
That he could hear our prayer.
And there we bowed before him,
We told him who we were,
Begged him to send an angel
To lead our father here.

"We scarce had ceased our earnest prayer,
When, through the woods afar,
I saw a bright light gleaming,
'Twas like a burning star.
And soon I heard a voice, mamma,
A voice that well I knew
And rising from our knees so quick,
To father's arms we flew."

LOOKING UP.

As the Rev. Mr. Childlaw was leaving the side of a dying soldier in one of the western hospitals, he heard the uncomplaining sufferer say, "It is a blessed thing to die *looking up*."

"And what does my brother behold looking up?"
"Christ and heaven," was the prompt and joyous response.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1863.

THE BOY THAT WAS LIKE A PIG.

Yes, the boy that was like a pig. Not in form, of course, for a boy and a pig are not made alike by any means. But a boy may be like a pig in disposition. A pig is selfish; a pig is greedy; a pig does not eat to live, he lives to eat. A pig quarrels over his dinner with his fellow-pigs. Now, if you will show me a boy or girl who is greedy, selfish, and quarrelsome, I will show you a boy who is "like a pig."

These thoughts came into my head while looking at a boy who was tending over a pig-pen playing with the ears of some pretty little pigs and saying, "Pretty little pig! pretty little piggy!"

The boy's aunt was near and she said to him: "Georgie, I know a boy who is like a pig. Do you?" "No, aunt, I don't know him, do I?" replied the boy, turning away from the pen and looking into his aunt's face as if he thought she was aiming an arrow at him. "Yes, I think you do. Didn't you see how those pigs rushed to their dinner, how greedily they eat, and how



they pushed each other aside, squealed, quarreled, and bit one another? Now, don't you know a little boy who is almost always eating candy, or fruit, or cake? Don't you know a boy who rushes up to the table at meal-times, cries for the best things, crams his mouth so full he can hardly swallow, pushes his brother and sister away from his plate, and cries for more pie or pudding when his mother says he has eaten quite as much as a little boy ought to eat at one time? Do you know such a boy?" Georgie held down his head. His aunt had drawn his picture exactly, and he knew it at a glance. It wasn't a pretty picture at all, and the boy didn't like it a bit. He pouted, poked his toe into the dust, and, speaking a little spitefully, said: "I aint like a pig!" "I am glad to see you feel ashamed of your conduct, my dear," said his aunt, without noticing his ill-humor. Shame is often the first step toward better doing. I have hopes of you. You will not always be a greedy boy, will you?" "I aint very greedy," said Georgie in a snappish tone. "I once heard of a man," remarked his aunt, speaking as if she had not heard his reply, "who loved to drink rum, and beer, and other strong drinks so much that he often became tipsy. One night, when his head was full of liquor, he tumbled into a corner near his cottage and slept alongside of his own pig!" "That man was like a pig," said Georgie, laughing at the idea of a man sleeping with a hog for a bed-fellow. "Yes, he was very much like a pig indeed. But what would you say if I were to tell you that he began to be so by being a greedy boy?" "Did he, aunt? Please tell me about it," said Georgie, whose ears were always open to hear stories. "There is not much to tell, my dear, only that when he



was a boy he was always eating and drinking. He was never at rest without something in his mouth. Now it was candy, then apples, then cake, and when at the table, O how he did cram his mouth and stomach! Well, he grew older, and began to use tobacco instead of candy. Next he drank beer instead of water. Then he took to rum, and, at last, he became a sot. A sot is a man who is as nearly like a pig as a man can be. If he had not learned to please his appetite when he was a boy he would not have become a sot in his manhood. But having learned to live as if he had been born to do nothing but eat and drink, he could not forget the lesson, and so the lesson became his ruin."

Georgie looked sober. The thought had crept into his mind that he was already walking in the path which led the sot to the pig-pen. He saw that the greedy boy is in danger of becoming the sottish man. He didn't like that thought. So he said in his heart, "I won't be greedy any more. I don't want to be like a pig."

Those were good words for Georgie to say. I hope he stuck to them as good parsons do to their texts. I think he did some, for I have not heard of his being called "greedy" since; but whether he did or not, I hope that greedy fellow who reads my paper and whose mouth is seldom without something in it besides his tongue, will take the hint and leave off living to eat. Let him learn to eat just enough to make the body healthy, and not to eat or drink for the pleasure of the thing.

MY LETTER-BAG.

"WHAT a big pile of letters!" exclaims Mr. Forrester as the corporal empties his mail-bag on the editorial council-table.

"None too big for me," replies the corporal. "I like to read them. But the editor looks at them as I suppose he might if he were required to put a pail of water into the thimble of a six-year-old miss."

That's a telling figure, corporal, for it would be just as easy to get the pail of water into the thimble as to print that pile of letters in the Advocate.

"Right, Mr. Editor," rejoins the corporal. "Print what you can and tell your correspondents that I have read them all and admitted all applicants to my noble Try Company. Those who don't get printed must prove their good qualities by being patient under disappointment. To the dear child who sends me dried flowers from the grave of Tecumseh, and to that one who sends me a sprig of evergreen, I return my thanks. May their hearts be filled with the beauty of Jesus! Here is a letter which says that Bertie, who died one year ago saying, 'O Jesus, come and take me! come and take me!' used to make our paper her constant companion, and to tell how she meant to write for it, and to join our Try Company when she grew older."

Sweet child! She now belongs to that part of the Try Company which is crowned. Happy Bertie! Read on, my corporal!

"M. J. S. says:

"There is a little dark-eyed prairie boy named Willie S., who gets on an old white horse every Friday morning and

rides over to the country post-office with a little carpet-sack slung over one shoulder. He brings it home full of papers, and magazines, and letters, and every second Friday he seems to jog old Doll a little faster than usual as he comes into the yard and tosses out the contents of the bag hurriedly on the carpet, and then holds up in triumph the little brown wrapper that contains his S. S. Advocate. Its pictures are always looked at before those of Harper or the Home Magazine, and to go away by himself and read a story in his Advocate is one of Willie's greatest luxuries. He reads the Letter Budget regularly, and often says, 'O, ma, I wish I could write well so I could send a letter too.' Willie is nine years old, and says the Lord's prayer audibly with his papa and mamma at the close of morning and evening worship; at the latter time he says the pretty verse, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc., and both times prays for his parents, his brother, and the baby, and grandpa. Not long since we heard a petition for some unknown friend at the close of Willie's prayer, and through curiosity tried to catch the name next time. Judge of our surprise when we heard 'God bless dear editor, amen'; and we may add that, all unbidden by his parents, he continues to add this little prayer all the time. God hears the prayers of little children, and surely, Mr. Editor, you must be very wise with heavenly wisdom if all your Advocate children pray for you thus."

I thank my dark-eyed prairie boy for putting me into his prayers. I hope many of my readers do the same. It makes me happy to think that thousands of little children daily say with Willie, "God bless dear editor!" It is a priceless blessing to be hedged about with children's prayers.

"Here are a few Bible questions to keep my Try Company busy over the best of books. I will call them



BIBLE QUESTIONS ABOUT DOORS.

1. Who shut herself within doors to behold a wonderful miracle?
2. What great woman stood at the door to receive a message from a great prophet?
3. What prophet found a door within a wall?
4. Against what door did a rich man roll a great stone?
5. Where did a notable prophet see a door open?
6. Through what door must they pass who travel to the heavenly city?

"Here is the answer to the pictorial enigma in our last number; 1. Killed Goliath. 2. David. See 1 Samuel xvii, 23-50.

"Here is a line from little FRANK, of Franklin Grove. He says:

"We have a very nice Sabbath-school in our village. It numbers from seventy to one hundred scholars. Our superintendent is ready for every good work, and we the scholars are always ready to carry out his wishes, for we all love him. I will tell you what he proposed last Sunday and what we are going to do. He told us that for twenty-four cents we could procure one hundred tracts. This would supply an entire company of soldiers with a tract apiece. We have two companies in the field, and we are going to raise money enough to furnish each soldier with one of those little messengers of truth. Now, Mr. Editor, don't you think this is a good move? Have any other schools sent tracts to our brave boys?"

Frank is a nice boy, the superintendent's plan is a nice plan, and the tracts will be a nice gift to the brave boys who have gone from Franklin Grove to fight for the Union cause.

"U. K., of Clinton, writes:

"My father is in the army. O, if he falls in battle, may I be permitted to meet him in heaven. He is a noble, brave, and kind father. I have as darling, kind parents as there ever were in the world.

"The boy that wrote that is a good son," adds the corporal, wiping the tears from his spectacles. "Children who admire and love their parents can be trusted. I want that boy in my company. The Lord bless him!"



LITTLE ALICE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE ALICE; OR, THE GOLDEN RULE.

CLICK! click! The icicles are dropping against the window-panes, for the warm sun of February is melting the snow from the roof of Farmer Willis's house, and already it has laid bare the huge wood-pile that occupies the center of the farm-yard.

It has stolen into the kitchen too—that joyous sunbeam—and whispered in the glad young heart of the child who has so long been wishing to roam again in the free air and light of heaven. Wide open flies the door, and with a bounding step little Alice comes forth. Arrayed in a nice plaid cloak, a snug little hood fitting closely about her chubby cheeks, and a pair of warm woolen mittens, she seems the embodiment of joy and hope. The woodman ceases for a moment the strokes of his ax, and all a father's love awakens in his bosom at sight of the artless, joyous creature before him.

"O, father, what pretty white chips you are cutting. Are you going to cut up all these large logs? They are so clean and smell so sweet. May I climb to the top of them, father? Can I?"

And without waiting for an answer the merry little querist leaps forward, and with nimble steps mounts log after log until she has quite reached the top of the immense heap. See her now clap her little mittened hands in glee as she sits perched upon her mossy throne, gazing with childish triumph down into the loving eyes that have watched her feat.

O what a bright world is this to little Alice now. Every stroke of the ax, as its sound echoes far off in the neighboring forest, sends a thrill of gladness to her heart. The lowing of the herds in the yard adjoining, the cooing of doves in the cote above her head, and the cheerful jingling of sleigh-bells passing by, are all in her ear only varied tones in the general song of joy. And ever and anon her own sweet voice chimes in its accordant notes as she warbles a child-song or bursts out in a peal of merry laughter.

"What is the matter now, Alice?"

"Matter, papa? I'm sure there is nothing the matter in this pretty world. Don't you love everything, papa?"

"I love you, Allie."

"O but don't you love all the world? I do. It is so pleasant all shining in the sunlight. And the dear little lambs, and the doves, and the good old cows, and—O here comes my Kitty too. Why, Kitty Caper, how did you know I was up here on the wood-pile? Do see how she loves me, papa."

"But, Allie, you were talking about the sheep and cows—what about them?"

"O I don't know, only I—I was thinking how

good everything was, and how I loved everybody. Only just hear my kitty sing."

"But did you say you loved everybody, Allie?"

"Yes, indeed. I love all the world. I love the snow, and the sunshine, and the white clouds, and this sweet new wood, and the doves, and the cows, and my kitty—O and I love you and dear mamma best, because you are so kind to me. And Cousin Ned I love, and all the people who come to our house. I love *all* of them, only—no—I don't—I guess I don't love old Nan. I can't love her, papa."

"Ah! then my daughter only loves what makes her own little self happy! That is only half keeping the *golden rule*, Allie. But, listen! mamma is calling us to dinner. We will talk again about loving everybody sometime."

I will tell you more about little Alice in the next Advocate.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OUR BOY IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. BEULAH CHAPMAN.

I BELIEVE him crowned in glory,
Mid the little ones above,
And his eyes are full of wonder,
And his heart is full of love.

On the heavenly hosts he gazes,
And with wistful eyes he stands;
Artlessly he runs to meet them,
Stretching out his little hands.

Glad they take him to their bosoms,
And they fold him with their wings,
Tenderly with fond caresses
And with gentle whisperings.

Then they seat themselves beside him,
On the bright celestial plain,
And repeat the wondrous story
Of the Lamb that once was slain.

'Tis the new song of the ransomed
Which the saints delight to sing,
And they swell the rapturous chorus
Till the heavenly arches ring.

Bright the crown they place upon him,
Gold with art celestial wrought;
Priceless jewels which the suffering
And the blood of Christ hath bought.

Jesus folds the ransomed boy
To the side that once was riven,
Saying, Rest, thou little lambkin,
Safe within the fold of heaven.

SINGULAR STORY OF A CAT AND A HEN.



HE Jefferson (Me.) *Republican* says that a Mr. M'Beath of that village has a cat with little ones that had to all appearance a very neat and comfortable home in one corner of the cellar; but by a kind of reasoning instinct, or instinctive reasoning, she came to the conclusion that the apartments were not sufficiently commodious, were not supplied with a sufficient amount of light, were too damp, or something that would retard the growth, vigor, and development of the young, so she removed them to the wood-house and placed them in a soft feathery nest in which the old hen daily deposited an egg for the family use.

When the hen came the next day and found the nest monopolized, her indignation was raised to the highest pitch, and with erect feathers, sharp nails, and beak extended wide to pick, scratch, and yell, she gave battle to the much surprised and more enraged cat, that returned the compliment with such vigor that the conquered and humiliated hen soon retreated, leaving the cat to her nest. The next day the same was repeated with the same result.

The third day at the same hour the siege opened as brisk as usual, and continued for some little time, when suddenly hostilities ceased, apparently by mutual consent, and the old hen took her place by the

side of the cat, when a little clucking, and growling, and snapping, and purring, and general uneasiness followed, and a kind of compromise was effected and perfect quiet restored. After that the hen came every day at the usual hour and deposited her egg in the nest by the side of the cat that occupied the same nest with her young.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

THE PRECIOUS OINTMENT.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.—Psa. cxxxiii. See also Exod. xxx, 25, 30; 1 Cor. xii, 13.

Moses is pouring oil upon the head of Aaron in the picture. It was costly, yet Moses poured it so freely that it ran over the head and garments of his brother. In like manner God pours grace upon thee, my child. It cost the precious blood of Jesus to purchase it, yet he gives it to you freely without money and without price. O how greatly God must love you!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A GRATEFUL GERMAN.

A CHRISTIAN lady not long since, in visiting a hospital, became acquainted with a poor paralyzed German. Observing that he was in need of some flannel, she procured some and brought it to him.

"Ah," said he, with broken words and tearful eyes, "who sent this? I know who sent it: God sent it to me! He put it in your heart to bring it to me! God knew that I wanted it, and I'll thank him."

Children, do you receive your daily blessings in the grateful spirit of this German?

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

TORONTO, C. W.

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