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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTO ME

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 10.

FEBRUARY 25, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 226.

For the S. S. Advocate.

GRANDMA DON'T LOVE ME.

THAT little curly-headed fellow seems to be very much in a hurry, very impatient about something. See his fingers! How they long to clutch the rod which the old lady holds in her hands. How eagerly he watches the old lady's proceedings. How little he minds what she is saying. What is the secret of his restlessness? Don't you wish to know, Miss Curiosity?"

The boy's name is Johnny. He is an orphan. His father and mother have both gone to the spirit-world and left him to the care of his good, loving old grandmother. She, good soul, is poor, but Johnny is the darling of her heart, the joy of her old age. For his sake she toils in her little garden

like a laboring man, she spins flax on her wheel in cold and wet weather; she, in a word, gives her whole strength to the task of loving and caring for Johnny.

Now I have little doubt but that Johnny loves his grandmother after a fashion, but he is so petted that he is half spoiled. He loves his own way and will have it, if he can tease his grandmother to let him have it, as, indeed, he most always does.

On the present occasion Johnny has a notion that he can catch some of the shining trout which he has seen darting from beneath the rocks and playing round the pools in a brook which runs past his grandmother's cottage. So running to his grandmother just now, he said:

"I have seen the fish leap in the brook. There will be good fishing. You must make me a rod right off."

His grandmother thinks him hardly old enough to go fishing, and tries to turn him from his purpose by saying:

"You wouldn't like fish, Johnny. Those fish have many bones and choke people. Would you like to be choked?"

"No," replied the boy, "that I shouldn't, but Jem Marvin eats them and he isn't choked. I can eat what he can, and should like them as much as he does."

"See, deary, I haven't time just now," said the old



lady, "I must fry our potatoes for supper—only think, fried potatoes, which you love so much."

"I don't want fried potatoes," cries Johnny in a whining tone, "I want fried potatoes. I am sick of fried potatoes"—here Johnny's whine became a howl—"I want a fishing-rod—a fishing-rod! Grandma don't love me. Grandma don't love me, or she would make haste and give me a fishing-rod."

These last words—grandma don't love me—won the victory over poor grandma, and she speedily fastened a crooked needle to a strong thread, which she tied to a slender stick and gave to her impatient grandchild.

Now I want to know what you think of those words which won the victory over the weak but loving old grandmother—*grandma don't love me?* Did not Johnny know that she did love him? Of course he did. He said she did not because he knew the old lady couldn't bear to hear him say so, and that her loving heart always gave way when he said it. So you see he told a wicked fib for the purpose of getting the old lady to make the rod. What do you think of him?

He was a wicked, self-willed boy, was he? Exactly so. I am glad you see things so clearly. Only act up to your light, my dear child, and you will never lie to gain your ends. You will never set your will up in opposition to that of your parents and guard-

ians. You will, on the other hand, be patient, truthful, and submissive. U. U.

For the S. S. Advocate.

THE SCOTCH BROTHERS; OR, SUFFERING FOR OTHERS.

Two brothers, the oldest still quite young, residing in a mountainous part of Scotland, had a long distance to walk to reach the school which they attended. At the close of a day in winter, just as they left the schoolroom, it commenced snowing. They were hearty boys, accustomed to the cold and to severe storms, and, without thinking of danger, they started cheerfully for their home. But the storm increased rapidly in severity, and the winds that howled over the heather were bitter cold. For a while

the boys urged their way bravely against the tempest; but the younger brother began to suffer with the cold. He was so wearied he could no longer, unaided, stand against the tempest, and it was becoming rapidly dark. The older brother saw that something must be done at once or they would soon be overpowered and be covered by the snow. He looked carefully round, and discovered an overhanging crag of the mountain, with quite a hollow place under it, affording considerable shelter from the beating storm. Hither he drew his poor trembling and chilled little brother and sat down with him in the back part of the cave. They were shielded from the winds and snow, but now the little fellow began to moan with the cold. His brother cheered him with the assurance that help would soon come, and taking off his own coat, he drew it around the shivering form of his little brother. He then drew his head down upon his breast and pressed him as closely as possible to himself, until, with the additional coat and the heat of his brother's body, the little fellow became quite comfortable.

The family at home had watched the storm, and, as it increased in violence, and the time for the return of the boys had come and nothing was seen of them, they began to take immediate steps to look for them. With lanterns, and dogs, and extra clothing they started out across the heath in the direction that the boys were expected to come. They

looked carefully in every direction that they might be sure and not miss them.

The older brother had now become badly chilled; but still he pressed the younger in his arms, and prayed to the heavenly Father that he would send them aid.

Voices are heard shouting around the cliff. The light of the lanterns gleam through the storm into the dark recesses of the cave; a faint response is heard, and the boys are found. But what a sight is this, melting all eyes to tears! The older boy sits still, almost perished in the cold, while the younger lies unconscious, breathing gently in his slumber upon his brother's breast. He had saved his brother's life at the risk of his own.

How different his feelings that night, as both sat around the warm fireside with their parents and talked over and over again the perils of the storm, than if he had thought only of himself and his little brother had been chilled to death in the snow. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Our heavenly Father has made us to be happier in seeking the welfare of others than in trying only to shield ourselves from suffering, or to obtain for ourselves enjoyment. How much nobler it is! How we admire it in others! and it is just as noble in ourselves. If we would do noble acts we must think of them; we must deny ourselves, pray for divine help, and be constantly seeking some way to do a kind deed for another. Then when the hour comes in which we may aid another, even at some peril to ourselves, it will be natural and easy for us to do it.

A lad, among many other noble boys, volunteered to enter the army. He was a brave boy, beloved by all because he was always ready to offer his services for the comfort of others. In a battle one of his company was shot down and lay bleeding upon the earth. The enemy was close upon their lines, driving them back. They had to leave their companion behind them to save themselves from being taken prisoners.

Just at this moment the fallen soldier raised his hand and called for water. Feeble and bleeding, he was burning with thirst. This lad started with his canteen of water to relieve him. The officers and men of the company called him back, telling him it was at the risk of his life that he went. But he persevered. He could not leave his suffering comrade, he said, begging for a drink of water. Just as he stooped over him, pouring the refreshing drops upon his parched lips, a cannon-ball took off one of his arms! He did not regret the act. He was nobly doing what he believed to be his duty, and what he would desire to have done to himself in the same hour of suffering. Every one that saw the deed respected the generous boy. One might live a whole life and not win so warm a regard or so well-deserved a fame as is secured by one such noble, self-sacrificing act. It is becoming, in some measure, like our blessed Saviour, who "lived not unto himself," but "tasted death for every man," and who, "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross." In following the example of Jesus Christ in suffering for the good of others and in yielding up our comforts for their benefit, we shall experience a portion of his joy, and by and by hear Him say who notices every sacrifice made in his name, "Well done, good and faithful servant." P.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"CAN'T YOU READ AT ALL?"

"WHAT, can't you read at all?" said ROBERT KINDLY one day to a poor orphan boy who was his fellow-apprentice.

"No," replied LEONARD, "I wish I could."

Poor fellow! He had never had a chance to learn, and was not in the least to blame for being a dunce. But several boys who heard his reply, not thinking of this, burst into a loud laugh and shouted, "What a dunce!" "Why, he's a regular blockhead!" "O my, can't read!" and similar unkind phrases.

But Robert Kindly was made of better stuff. So, instead of laughing, he said, "Then I'll teach you."

"O thank you, thank you!" said Leonard.

So Robert became Leonard's teacher. Leonard was quick and smart. He soon learned to read. He is a prosperous farmer to-day, and never thinks of Robert without saying in his heart:

"He was the making of me. God bless him!"

Now suppose that Robert had been like the other boys, what would have followed? Wouldn't Leonard have grown into an ignorant man? Wouldn't his ignorance have kept him poor? Might not his poverty have made him wicked?

Didn't Robert do a good deed then when he said, "I'll teach you?" Yes, Robert sowed good seed that day. The fruit is Mr. Leonard Parsons, a respectable farmer and a pious man.

Shall we not all pray, God bless Robert Kindly? Better still, will we not all imitate him by doing good to all as we may find opportunity? U. U.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Just over the brow of the hill,
Overlooking the valley below,
Where the feathery pines are all tipped
With crystals of beautiful snow,
A little brown cottage doth stand
And some of the inmates I know.

There's Jimmy, a red-headed lad,
Full of business from morning till night,
Nicely blending his work with his play,
And seeming in both to delight,
With a motive that's higher than they—
An earnest desire to do right.

There's Annie, a gay little witch,
With round rosy cheeks and black eyes,
With a voice that is sweet as a bird's,
And lips that would scorn to tell lies,
With hands always ready to help—
Is not little Annie a prize?

The gray-headed grandfather sits
In a chair by the warm, glowing fire;
Half asleep in the soft light he sits,
And the children draw near to admire
The thin snowy locks and white beard
Which mark the long years of the sire.

The dear mother's grave, pleasant face
For a moment a dull shadow wears,
But shadows are there out of place,
And the wife has forgotten her cares,
For hark! on the still evening air
Her husband's quick footstep she hears.

There is poverty, so says the world,
In the little brown house on the hill;
There are riches of value untold,
That the heart with contentment doth fill;
The wealth that is better than gold,
That all men may have if they will.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE TWINS.

MAURICE and MAUDE are twins. But you would never guess it. Not only are they unlike in their faces, but they are almost opposite in their characters. Maude is a very industrious, persevering child. She never begins any piece of work without finishing it, and she does not like to commence one thing while another is unfinished. Now Maurice will have four books which he is reading lying about at once. Then there will be a kite, two boats, a cradle for Maude's doll, a work-box for his mother, a rolling-board for Bridget, a new pigeon-box, a checker-board, a water-wheel, a weathercock all commenced at once, as well as several tools and playthings to be mended. He has not a single drawing finished, while Maude has several which her father has caused to be framed.

"Ho, I can't stop to finish things. You see it isn't in my nature," said Maurice.

"I would make it so, then," said his aunt.

But Maurice does not attend to her advice. If it were not for his dear little sister, who finishes his compositions for him and writes out half his other exercises, he would be in continual disgrace at school. If Maude is missing for some time you may be sure she is off in the attic or some other out-of-the-way place finishing something for Maurice as fast as her fingers can fly. I am not sure it is best for the lad that he has this help, but tender-hearted Maude could not endure to have him blamed. The scholars have a newspaper which is issued by themselves every Wednesday, of which Maurice is supposed to be editor, but it never would be prepared in season if it were not for the quiet little twin who says nothing but works the more.

Pierce, the man who cuts the fuel for Maurice's father, says, "That boy is like the bird called the woodcock, which is always crying 'Do, do,' but builds the poorest nest of any bird in the woods."

UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A CHARITABLE DOG.

A CHARITABLE dog? Yes, a charitable dog. Why shouldn't a dog show charity to a brother or sister dog?

This dog's name was Carlo. At one time, instead of eating his dinner as usual he was seen to carry it away. He did this for several days. His owner, feeling curious to know what he did with it, followed him, and found that he carried it some distance to a hole in which a lost dog with a litter of puppies had taken refuge. Carlo seemed to pity the stranger and her helpless family. He showed his pity, too, by giving up his own meals and picking up stray morsels of food for his own support.

Noble Carlo! If he was a dog he knew how to be kind to a fellow-dog in distress.

I have seen a big boy tease a little one in distress. I have seen a well-dressed boy laugh at a ragged one. I have seen a boy with nice warm boots on trying to tread on the naked toes of a boy who was too poor to buy boots. I have seen a boy with a stomach so full of the good things he had eaten that he could scarcely walk, turn a hungry beggar child from the door with a harsh word. If I had these boys and Carlo together in my room I should tell them the story of Carlo's charity and say:

"There, boys, Carlo is the noblest fellow of you all."

I don't know as that would alter them any, for if boys wont mind Jesus, who tells them to be kind, and merciful, and loving, I'm sure they wouldn't mind a dog's actions. Such boys are "hard cases." I don't know whether anything will make them kind. I know what *would* do it. If they would ask Jesus to give them new hearts he would do it, and then O how kind, gentle, and charitable they would be.

U. U.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1865.



A THOUGHTFUL DOG.

I READ not long since of a little boy who, while crossing a neighbor's field, was pursued by a large, fierce dog belonging to the owner of the lot. The boy was frightened, and ran with all possible swiftness into the next field. The dog followed him closely. The boy, while looking back to see if the creature was gaining on him, stumbled over a root, and fell headlong into an old quarry, breaking his leg as he fell.

The poor boy was now at the mercy of his fierce foe, and expected to be torn and perhaps killed. But the dog no sooner saw, by the child's actions, that he was hurt, than he turned round and ran to the nearest house and barked for help. No one heeded his barking, or, at least, no one understood what it meant. So the dog ran back to the helpless boy, looked sorrowfully into his face, and acted as if he wanted to say, "I'm sorry I frightened you. I feel very bad to see you with a broken leg; but be patient! cheer up! I'll go again for help."

Having acted this speech, or something like it, the dog went to another house, and succeeded, after much whining and barking, in inducing a man to follow him to the quarry. Thus the boy was found and carried home. The dog had saved his life.

Curious, wasn't it? That dog was faithful to his owner when he tried to drive the boy out of the field. He was pitiful toward the boy when he saw that he was hurt. His pity was active too, for it led him to spare no pains to procure relief. The only fault I have to find with the dog in the whole matter is that he was too rough in his way of ordering the boy out of his master's field. With that exception he acted like a dog which had both a head and a heart—a head to perceive and think and a heart to feel.

Solomon sent men to the ant to be taught lessons of wisdom. In like manner I bring you this dog. His fierce barking, which drove the poor boy into the quarry, says to you, "Don't be rough in your speech and ways." His treatment of the boy when in his power says, "Be kind and forgiving to your enemies; pity and help them out of their troubles." Pretty sound teaching for a dog, I think.

COSTLY FUN.

ONE summer day a schoolboy named James, feeling sleepy at recess time, laid himself on a bench and went to sleep. Peter Winton, who loved fun, took a feather and tickled the sleeper's ear. James rubbed his ear, raised his head, yawned, and after saying, "Don't do that, Pete," went to sleep again.

Peter tickled his chum again. James started up in anger, and looking fiercely at his tormentor, said: "Don't do that, I say!"

Again James fell into a doze, and again did the thoughtless Peter apply the feather to his ear. He was now thoroughly roused, and, leaping from the bench, he snatched a pair of compasses from a mahogany desk and threw them with violence at Peter's head.

Unfortunate boys! The compasses struck Peter on the side of his head. They entered his brain. He fell dead at his youthful murderer's feet!

This was a dreadful end to Peter's fun, wasn't it? Let it teach you not to carry playfulness so far as to vex your companions. But James was worse than Peter because he gave way to such a furious burst of passion. No doubt

he had a quick temper. No doubt he had so often given way to it that it had become his master. Like a wild, unbridled horse, it carried him wherever it chose to gallop. It made him shed a schoolmate's blood.

A quick temper should be bitted with the double bit of prayer and watchfulness. A child can no more control it with his own strength than he could drive a wild horse with a pack-thread. God alone can enable him to hold it in. Let every quick-tempered child keep this in mind and pray daily, "O Lord, help me to control and conquer my temper."

LOUDER THAN THE ANGELS.

A LITTLE boy eight years old, named JOHN ROSS, when lying on a sick-bed said to his mother:

"Ma, I shall die and go to heaven."

"But all children who die do not go to heaven," replied his mother. "What makes you think you shall?"

"Why, all for whom Christ died go there, and he died for me," rejoined the sturdy little believer; and then he added, "I must sing a louder song in heaven than the holy angels."

"Why, my son?" asked his mother.

"My song," said the enraptured boy, "will be to Him that washed me from my sins in his own blood. O how I love him!"

Don't you think Johnnie's faith was very strong and very beautiful? I know you do. But thinking so woud benefit you unless you imitate Johnnie and love Jesus so truly and well that you will also want to sing louder than the angels when you go to heaven where Johnnie is.



EDITORIAL TALK.

WHAT is that old colored woman about? She is telling what Jesus had done for her soul. Christ is no respecter of persons, and that poor old creature is as welcome in his kingdom as the queen. Those who turn up their noses at poor people, whether black or white, would do well to keep this truth in mind. Nice little misses and pretty little boys should never despise poor half clad little ones with black faces, for they may be despising children to whom Christ has sent the seal of his love. O if love reigned in all hearts there would be no pride, or scorn, or hate in any breast. Love is a beautiful thing. It destroys evil; it makes misery flee before it; it moves its possessors to seek goodness and to become like its blessed Author. God is love; let the children be glad. God is love! God is love!

I have a letter before me which states that last summer at a camp-meeting a young lady was going from her tent toward the stand to hear preaching, when a thoughtless boy or man discharged a pistol. The wound made by the ball was fatal, and in two days she died, trusting in the Lord. The boy or man who did the deed was not discovered. Careless fellow! He will carry the thought of Lizzie's death with him to the grave. Let his carelessness make you careful, especially boys who handle fire-arms. Better let such things alone, boys. They are dangerous play-things.

Here are some Scripture queries which you can readily answer if you are familiar with your Bibles. If, however, you prefer story-books to the Scriptures they will puzzle you:

1. The father of one concerning whom it was foretold that he should be "fastened as a nail in a sure place, upon which to hang all the glory of his father's house."

2. A captain of the host appointed in the room of another captain, by whom he was afterward treacherously slain under the guise of friendship.

3. A prophet, whose divinely-inspired message carried

conviction to the conscience of one who had yielded to temptation.

4. A famous captain, who was cured of a malady in a manner unexpected.

5. A king, who offered up prayer amid the din (or noise) and confusion of battle.

6. Another king, whose confidence in God in a time of perplexity, though challenged and scoffed at by the enemy, was not misplaced.

The initial or final letters, either backward or forward, furnish a character distinguished for piety, gratitude, and maternal love.

Peter Puzzlehead's questions, published some months since, have been answered by L. F. and C. B. H. I print what the latter says of them:

"1. Is there any resemblance between the conduct of the viper-hunter and our own actions?"

Answer. I think there is. We are disposed to hunt or seek after worldly pleasure and honor until they become as a causer in our breast or a viper in our bed.

"2. What may the vipers represent?"

Ans. They may represent our carnal desires and evil thoughts.

"3. What lesson may the hunter sleeping while the vipers crawled into his bed teach?"

Ans. It should teach us ever to be on our guard lest at any time the devil should find us unprepared to meet his attacks.

"4. What does his fright on awaking represent?"

Ans. It represents the frightened condition of a sinner when he is first awakened to his sins.

"5. What may his device for escaping from the vipers teach?"

Ans. That however hideous our sins, the blood of Christ is sufficient to cleanse them.

"6. What should we learn from his acts of killing the vipers and quitting the business of catching them?"

Ans. Repent of our sins, seek forgiveness, and sin no more.

Pretty good! L. F.'s answers are very nearly like them.—Here is a pleasant letter from the land of the "Celestials," as the Chinese love to call themselves. It is from one of our missionary teachers. Read it:

THE FAR EAST, Oct. 20, 1864.

MY LITTLE FRIENDS,—Our Chinese school-girls are as unlike yourselves as can well be. They do not wear stockings, and always go barehead. They do not have dresses with waists, but their garments, sleeves and all, are cut in one piece; and even when these girls are old women they will still wear them short nearly to the knee. At night when they go to bed, half the girls get in bed as they should, while the other half sleep with their heads where their feet ought to be. They do not go to the pump in the morning, as some of you do, to wash their faces with pure cold water, but they wet a cloth with hot water and wipe their faces off with that—indeed, they have no pumps, but wells, with a stone laid flat on the ground and a hole in it just large enough to let down the bucket.

They do not make bread, but eat rice from a bowl with two sticks. Sometimes one girl fishes with her own chopsticks in the center-dishes till she finds something nice, and this she puts into the mouth of another to whom she wishes to be very kind and polite. If one has a bad headache, instead of keeping very quiet, she gets some one to come and pound her aching head with doubled fists.

When they study they all read as loud as they can, as if the one who made the most noise would obtain the most knowledge. They begin to read at what you would call the end of the book, and read from the top of the page to the bottom. They cannot spell out words for themselves, but must be taught the name of every character, as they have no other way of finding out what it is. They even write their names wrong end foremost. A little girl of the Ting family writes her name, Ting Apricot Blossom, while you would say it should stand, Apricot Blossom Ting. They do not use English except to count, and if you were to hear them trying to count a hundred in English it would puzzle you to tell whether it was Esquimaux or Irish.

When they pray in secret they pray aloud. Now, if you will only think of them as doing everything just contrary to what you do, you will know something of Chinese ways. Yours sincerely, S. H. W.

EDDIE S., of South —, writes:

I have a little adopted Sister Mary, one year older than myself, who is a little mischievous. We all think a great deal of her. Ever since I can remember the Sunday-School Advocate has been one of our best friends. As soon as the paper comes we both leap with joy to look over your "Letter Budget." Will you not add a couple to your Try Company? We both mean to try and learn more verses this year than we ever have before, and we will try and get as many to join with us as we can.

Eddie and Mary shall train in the Corporal's company until they cease trying to grow like Jesus. That, I trust, they will never do, and so they will be likely to train with the old soldier as long as they live.

A NOBLE BOY.

SOMEBODY made disturbance—a buzzing, mischievous, forbidden noise—in a crowded school-room. The teacher listened and watched, and finally fixed upon a particular boy as the offender.

John was called up, and after some conversation the teacher commenced chastising him. In an instant another boy sprung to his feet, and walking rapidly to the teacher's desk, exclaimed, "You may give me the rest, if you please, ma'am!"

The teacher paused and looked at both the boys. She could not bear to strike the manly, truthful lad who stood so nobly before her.

"Charles," said the lady, "is it you who has been making that noise these three days so slyly you have not been detected?"

"I helped to make it, ma'am. I was worse than John, and I ought to be punished more than he!"

"O, Charles," said the lady, "I am so very, very sorry. You knew better than this, and I trusted you! What shall I do, Charles?"

"Whip me, if you please," said the boy.

"And then, Charles—what?"

"I never will do so again as long as you are in this school. You may trust me this time."

"Promise me, Charles, that you will never do so mean a thing to any teacher."

"I can't promise for anybody else," said Charles; "but for you, Miss C., I pledge my word I never will."

I am sorry to say that Charles was, by habit, something of a rogue in the school-room; but I am proud to testify that he kept his word, honor bright, to the last day of his attendance in Miss C.'s department. He was truthful in everything, and with a beautiful justice never allowed a comrade to suffer for his fault.—*Child at Home.*

DARE AND DO.

DARE to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

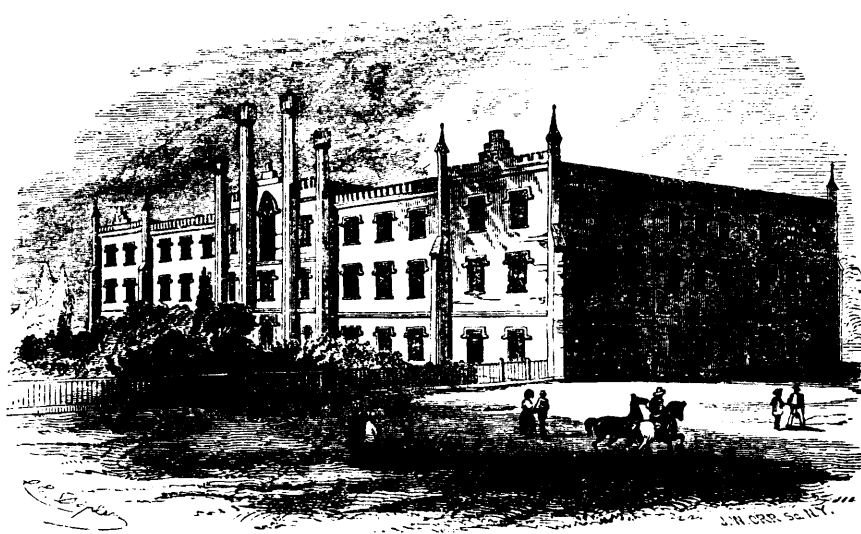
Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty and be blest.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

PITY THE BLIND.



WHAT would you do if you were blind. Perhaps you have sometimes closed your eyes and tried to imagine how you would feel if you could never open them again. But you have soon tired of the experiment. You can get very little idea in that way of the darkness and loneliness that would come over you if you knew that you could never see again. But there are such, many such; some who have never seen anything, but more who were able to see once, till their eyes went out in darkness. Some of these



have no friends, others have no money, and some, alas! have neither. Perhaps they are not old enough to work—they cannot learn much at school, and they have no means of support. What will they do? Why, the state will take care of them. The state government has built this handsome edifice in the city of New York, on Ninth Avenue, just a little way from our Thirty-fourth-street Church. Here they will find admittance, and if they cannot pay they may go in "without money and without price." God bless our Christian government! Long may it stand!

The blind are treated here very much as you would be in a seminary. They have nice airy sleeping-rooms, dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, besides the dining-room, the school-room, and the chapel. They have kind superintendents and teachers, whose great aim is to teach them to take care of themselves as much as possible. They soon learn to go about the house without a guide, to cut up their own food, and feed themselves very nicely.

They rise in the morning at half past six, dress themselves, and attend prayers at seven. Then they have breakfast. The time from eight to twelve o'clock they spend in the school-room. Here they are taught in books with the print raised so that they can feel the letters with their fingers. They pursue the same studies that are taught at other schools, only they devote more time to music. Some of the blind are very sweet singers and beautiful performers on the piano. You know that the latter requires a light touch and a good ear, and the blind excel in both these respects. They cultivate the senses of sight and hearing to make up for the loss of sight. When a person comes into the room they hear him as quickly as you would see him, and can tell who it is almost as readily.

In the afternoon, instead of going to school, they learn to work. The boys make baskets, mats, mattresses, carpeting, and band-boxes. The girls do plain sewing, fancy knitting, and bead-work. And in this way many of them learn to support themselves. The things they make are sold to help support the institution, and once a year, in anniversary week, they have an exhibition in some large hall or audience-room in the city.

I hope you are always kind to blind people and lend them your eyes when you can. You might read to them. They love to hear reading, and you will often find it pleasant to be with them, for they are usually very gentle and sweet-tempered. If you see them in difficulty anywhere be always ready to help them. Not many mornings ago I saw a poor blind man, who peddles brooms and brushes about the streets, passing by a lot where a house was going up. The sidewalk was torn up and great stones were lying about, and he did not know what was before him, for sometimes these places are quite dangerous. This one was not, and so the workmen paid him no attention; but a young miss, who just then came tripping by, saw his fears, and she spoke up very kindly and cheerily:

"Shall I lead you across, sir?"
"O yes, ma'am, if you please," replied he so gratefully.

So she took hold of his basket and led him safely across to the paved portion of the walk, and then each went their way, feeling the happier for this little kindness given and received.

AUNT JULIA.

PRAYING AND GIVING.

ONE of our friends keeps a family missionary-box, and a little daughter of some six summers was very desirous of putting in her pennies also with the rest. Some time after she was saying her evening prayer at her father's

knee, when, to his surprise, she hesitated a moment and then added, "Lord, bless my two pennies, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Waiting until she was in bed, he asked his wife, "What made Gracie say that?" and the reply was, "She has prayed thus every night since giving her pennies to the missionary-box."

May we not believe that the little one's pennies will surely be blessed, and learn from a child the lesson ever to send a prayer with our almsgiving?

WHAT A BLIND GIRL SAW.

A POOR blind girl, who had lost her sight some years, and had lain many weeks on her bed, wasting away of consumption, was happy, quite happy, in the prospect of death; and when her end was drawing near she said to her grandmother, "Grandmother, look!"

"Look at what, my dear?" was the reply.

"O there's some women, and they are all in white, and they shine like silver."

On another occasion she said, "Grandmother, there's beautiful stars, and they are all different."

"Ah, my dear," said the grandmother, "that's what we read in Scripture about one star differing from another in glory."

A LITTLE boy playing with a dog discovered for the first time that the animal had claws; whereupon he ran into the house exclaiming, with open-eyed wonder:

"O, mother, Fido has got teeth in his toes!"

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