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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUPPERUNTIL
MORNING

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 8.

JANUARY 23, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 200.

For the S. S. Advocate.

THE PASSIONATE BOY'S ROCK.

OLIVER HAWKINS was the most fiery little boy in the village of —. A sharp word would set his passions into a blaze, just as a little flame makes a heap of shavings into a bright bonfire. If he was hindered from doing as he pleased, if others would not do what he wished, if he was unable to get what he desired, in short, if his will was crossed in any way or ever so little, he would fly into a terrible passion. O how he would scream, stamp the floor, tear his hair, make ugly mouths, and say wicked words! He was a painful sight to behold when in those fits of passion.

Of course, he was not a happy boy. Did you ever know a passionate boy to be a happy one? No. Passion makes those who indulge it miserable. So Oliver was a miserable boy, and one day when he was in a very thoughtful mood of mind he said to his mother:

"O, mother, I wish I could conquer my temper."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Oliver," replied his mother, "because you will be a much happier boy if you ever become master of your temper, and you can conquer it if you try in good earnest."

"Do you think so, mother, truly?" said Oliver, looking with an earnest eye into his mother's face.

"Yes, truly, my dear boy," rejoined Mrs. Hawkins; "but you must get help from heaven. Whenever you feel your temper rising you must say this prayer: 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.'"

"What is meant by the 'Rock that is higher than I,' mother?"

"Jesus, my son, is that rock. Pray to him and he will forgive your past sins, and help you to resist your wicked temper in the future."

"I will, mother," said Oliver seriously, and then in his inmost soul he said, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

The rest of that day Oliver kept saying his prayer, and did not get vexed with anybody or anything.

"Well," said he as he dropped off to sleep that night, "nobody has tried my temper all this after-



"FATTY" AND OLIVER.

noon. I wonder if Jesus kept them from vexing me?"

The true state of the case was that Oliver, aided by the Saviour, had kept himself from being vexed, and so little things, which before had set his heart all ablaze, did not disturb him at all that afternoon. He was hiding behind the "Rock."

The next morning as he was dressing himself the string of his shoe broke. "Bother!" he cried, and the bad fire in his breast began to blaze; but he remembered his prayer and checked himself, saying, "No—lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!" and then he became calm again.

This was a victory over himself, and Oliver went down stairs with a smile which his father was greatly puzzled to understand. He had usually seen him come to the table pouting; but Mrs. Hawkins knew that his smile was a symbol of victory, and she gave him a look of approval that, little though he was, he well understood.

After breakfast Oliver's little brother Fred went to him and said, in a tone that implied doubt:

"Please play with me, Ollie, will you?"

"I will, little Fatty," said Oliver, very much to

"Fatty's" surprise. "Fatty" was Fred's pet name.

Fatty did and said many little things that morning which fell like sparks on Oliver's fiery temper, but the silent cry of "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," always brought a shower of grace from Jesus which put out the rising flame in a moment.

After playing with Fatty until that little fellow was tired, Oliver said:

"Come, Fatty, sit with me under the piazza and I will show you my new picture-book."

"Will you?" said Fred, fixing his big blue eyes wonderingly on his brother.

"Yes, come!" replied Oliver, leading the way toward the house.

There, under the shadow of the piazza, seated together on the grass, the brothers enjoyed real delight. Mrs. Hawkins saw them from the window, and calling Oliver in a gentle voice, said:

"I am glad to see my boy sitting so peacefully under his Rock."

Oliver smiled at his mother as she stepped back into the parlor, and then, looking up, said, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Oliver, I am pleased to say, kept clinging to his "Rock," and though he had many hard struggles with his old temper, finally conquered it. He is an old man now and has lived through many storms, but he is happy and peaceful, and fails not both in his troubles and joys to cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." That sweet prayer saved him. I commend it to you, my dear young reader. It is a beautiful prayer, and if you offer it sincerely Jesus will fold you to his breast, make you good and pure, and keep you so to the end of your days.

W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"HENRY, my dear, don't go to play with your friend Martin to-day. His folks are busy. They want him to work, and will not like to have you hinder him."

"Very well, mother," said Henry, in reply to the kind words of his gentle mother.

Did Henry obey his mother? No doubt he meant to at that moment, but his love of Martin's company was so strong that it soon made him forget or despise his mother's wish. Skulking away from his home, he was, half an hour later, busy with his friend in the corn-field pitching pumpkins into the ox-cart, little dreaming what his disobedience was about to cost him.

When the cart was loaded Henry took his seat behind the oxen on the *tongue* of the cart. Martin sat on the pumpkins. Philo, the hired man, drove the team.

Philo was a funny fellow, and loved to tease boys. So when he came near a piece of rising ground he said:

"Look out, Henry! I shouldn't wonder if my oxen should contrive to kick you off your seat when you come to yonder hill."

This was Philo's joke. Henry thought he meant what he said, and jumping from the cart-tongue in haste fell flat upon the ground. One of the broad, heavy wheels rolled slowly over his shoulders.

Was he crushed to death? No. God saved him. Just at the moment of his fall the other wheel of the cart sunk into a hole, and so tipped the cart that its weight was taken off from the wheel which went over the boy's shoulders. He was not seriously hurt. Was it not wonderful?

Henry thought it was very wonderful. He felt that God was very good to save him in the midst of his contempt for his gentle mother. He felt ashamed of his conduct. He repented. He became a praying, obedient boy.

Suppose that wheel had crushed Henry to death, would he have gone to heaven, think you? Could God have taken him into his pure and glorious kingdom with his sin upon his head? No, no! Sinners must be pardoned and washed in Jesus's blood before they can be admitted to heaven. Plainly, if Henry had died in his sins he could not have gone to dwell with Jesus.

But who can tell when he will die? Children die every day without much warning; sometimes, indeed, without any warning at all. How dangerous it is, therefore, to commit sin! Do you think so? Then don't sin. Don't do anything that God hates. A child that sinneth hateth his own soul! X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"OUR CHARLIE'S" WAGON.

BY WILL GWYNN.



GOOD-HEARTED painter some years ago made a beautiful little wagon, so nicely varnished and painted that it was like a parlor ornament, and he gave it to a Sunday-school scholar. On the front he had painted in gilt letters, "Our Charlie." You may well believe that Charlie's heart was gladdened, and that he prized this gift very highly.

One day his mother came into the room where Charlie was skipping about with the wagon, and calling to him, she sadly whispered, "Son, you know poor Robbie Miller?"

"Yes, ma."

"Well, he is very sick, and there is no one to comfort or play with him. Wont you go over?"

Charlie cast his eyes to the play-wagon and hesitated; but looking up in his mother's face he saw the tears dimming her eyes, and he answered, "Yes, ma, I'll go; but why should you cry?"

"Because they are so needy and I haven't the means to help them. I *do* wish you could take something along that would cheer poor Robbie. You have no money, but—" and the poor woman hesitated.

"But what, ma?" anxiously questioned Charlie,

taking his little sleeve and playfully brushing the tears from her face.

"But your wagon could buy something. Thaddie Rose, the rich man's boy, who lives across the street, asked me only yesterday if you would part with it."

"Yes, I will, and that too right away!" earnestly answered Charlie, running out of the room with the toy-wagon at his heels.

In a small chamber, where only the light from a single window shone in, Robbie lay suffering with a typhoid fever. The door opened, and Charlie, with a well-filled basket on his arm, dashed up to the bed in high glee, catching Robbie by the hand and giving him a real honest grip.

"How glad I am to see you, Charlie; I have lain here since this morning without a single person to speak with me."

"What! has your mother gone?"

"Yes; she left before sunrise that she might, in part, make up the time that I'm losing now; but she wont have to work for me very long, Charlie," and



the speaker buried his face in the bed-clothes, unable to battle with such burning thoughts.

Ten years have passed. Charlie has become an orphan, and being possessed of a longing for travel, his steps are turned toward the great West. Arriving in Cincinnati disease overtakes him, and when again restored he is penniless. Carelessly strolling into a hotel and picking up a "daily," an advertisement, running, "WANTED—An industrious young man as accountant in a respectable establishment. Inquire at No. — street," attracts his attention, and he is soon at the place indicated. Heart-sore, desponding, and almost discouraged, he asks for the proprietor.

"Will Mr. Miller please step here a moment?" requested a clerk, beckoning to a tall, boyish-looking gentleman who stood at the book-keeper's desk watching nervously about him.

A pang shot through Charlie's heart as he looked into the blue eyes and wondered silently. Then he exclaimed:

"God is merciful! Isn't this my dear friend, Robbie Miller?"

"That is my name, and you are—"

"Charlie Thomas, whose name was on that little red wagon!"

The "bread had been cast upon the waters and found after many days."

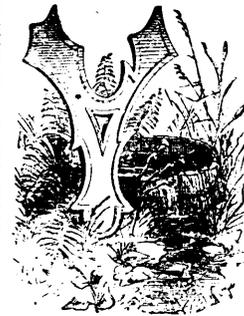
Following this joyous meeting, the blue sign above the carved entrance of one of the most prosperous houses in Cincinnati was changed to "Miller & Thomas."

May the little children, or older ones who have

grown far into their teens, learn from this example that it is far more blessed to give than to receive, and he that giveth shall have his reward.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A RACE WITH THE WOLVES.



ES, yes, I see plainly you do not think we have finished Russia properly without the wolves. Well, how will you have them? You do not wish to meet them nor have them come after you, and I doubt if they would come for our calling. Can we not compromise the matter and have a story about them here

as we sail away? Frank thinks that might answer if we could have a *true* story. Ah, Frank, you rogue! I see you remember your lessons; but really you don't think *I'd* tell you a wrong story, do you?

I heard of a wolf-hunt not long since that was frightful enough—why, you look disappointed! You prefer to hear about the wolves hunting the men, do you? Rather fierce, Archie; I advise you to tame down a little. You would not fancy it so well if you happened to be of the hunted party. Probably, however, the wolves would not object to hunting the hunters, and in that case we should have both sides of the story. For my part, I would much sooner hunt the wolves than have them hunt me, and so thought Prince Repline and his party.

The prince has among his estates one that borders on a vast steppe, or Russian prairie; and while on a visit there last winter with a couple of friends, the three decided to have a wolf-hunt. They equipped themselves in the usual manner riding in a good-sized troika, with three vigorous horses and the best driver on the estate. Each had two double-barreled guns and one hundred and fifty cartridges, or loads for the gun, as Robbie would call them. And what do you suppose they took to bait the wolves? Ah, you never would guess that. A live pig, if you please!

It was a fine moonlight night, and now having reached the plain, they put the pig out, tying him fast by a long rope, and start the horses on a gallop. Poor piggy not fancying this gait begins to squeal. As intended, this attracts the wolves, who would like to make pork of him, and they come howling along, only two or three of them at first, and that rather shyly, when they see that piggy is not alone. Besides, it would not be easy to overtake him. The horses have heard the howling, and as they are mortally afraid of the wolves they increase their speed. Now the pack, increased to eight or ten, gains confidence, but so soon as they come near enough the hunters shoot. One of the animals is wounded, and according to their usual wolfish fashion the others stop to devour him. Then they press on again. Their cries and the squeals of the pig call out others, and now the hunters load and fire all the time. So far the sport goes well as usual, but if one of the horses should balk, or run away, or upset the troika, all would be over, and the passing traveler the next day would find only the ruins of the sled, the barrels of the guns, and some of the larger bones of the men and the horses.

But at last the contest becomes too warm; the numbers surpass their anticipations. The firing makes no impression on them and is stopped, and the bait is taken in. Still they come, seeming to spring out of the ground like magic, extending around the hunters at the sides like a crescent, and threatening to inclose them. The horses are straining every nerve. It is a fearful moment!

"Ivan, what do you think of this?" says the prince to the driver.

"I would rather be at home, sir," is the frank reply.

"Are you sure of your horses?"
 "Yes, prince."
 "What can be done?"

Ivan answers by turning short and dashing through the line of wolves at his right. The suddenness of the movement disconcerts the creatures. They stop a minute, and in that time the troika is nearly half a mile from them. They are now fifteen miles from home, and the prince thinks that they went that distance in about six minutes. The next day he rode over the steppe and found the bones of more than two hundred wolves. AUNT JULIA.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1864.



FRIENDS MAKING UP AFTER A QUARREL.

BE TRUE TO YOUR FRIENDS.

EVERY boy has or ought to have his friend or friends among his schoolmates. So has or ought to have every girl. Such friendships are very pleasant.

Some children change their friends very often. They are very "thick" for a time, then they quarrel, leave each other's company a while, "make up," quarrel again, make up once more, and finally get into quarrels which are never made up. Why are they so fickle and ugly?

Often it is because they are not true to each other. They are not really friends. They speak against one another, or they tell tales, or they join with others, when in ill moods, to "poke fun" at their friends when they happen to be in bad odor with the other scholars. This conduct, of course, breeds bad feelings, and often changes friendship into enmity.

Friends should stick to each other as the limpets do to the rocks. Every boy and girl should be careful in the choice of friends. Friendship with wicked children should be avoided. But a good friend once chosen should be stuck to firmly. Never speak against, never tease, never hurt your friend, my reader, but do all you can to make him pleased and happy.

I will tell you a story of two friends whose love was like that which David and Jonathan cherished for each other. You know all about their friendship, of course.

Their names were Carl and Helden. They were Prussians, and went to a Prussian school together. It was there, indeed, that they first met, and there they became fast friends.

When they left school their paths divided, for Helden

had rich friends and Carl's father was a poor man. Helden became a page in the court of that royal savage called Frederick the Great. Carl became a soldier.

Carl felt bad because his lot was so much harder than Helden's. He soon became careless of his duties, and was doomed to be flogged in presence of his regiment. This was a terrible punishment. It was very degrading, and it often ended in the death of the sufferer.

Then Helden showed himself to be a true friend. He drew up a petition to the fierce king and put it into his hands. The king flew into a passion, tore the petition to pieces, and said many hard and cruel words to Helden, who, true as steel, drew up a new petition.

When his second petition was ready he carried it to the door of the king's chamber and waited for him to come out. But the king was busy there with his ministers, and stayed so long that Helden fell asleep in the ante-room with the petition sticking out from his pocket.

The king saw the sleeping lad, and pulling the petition from his pocket read these words:

"Sire, if the sentence passed on Carl must be executed, I entreat your majesty's permission to suffer in his stead."

The king wondered at these words. He went back into his chamber, wrote something on a roll of paper, took it into the ante-room, put it into Helden's pocket, returned to his chamber, and rang his bell.

Helden started, rubbed his eyes, and saying to himself, "Now or never, I must save my poor Carl," entered the king's presence.

The monarch looked very sternly at the page and gave him a message to an officer of the palace. Helden did not stir.

"Why do you delay?" said the king fiercely.

"Sire, pardon!" cried the page, dropping upon his knee and offering the petition.

"Will you stand by the consequences?" asked the king.

"I will, sire," replied the page.

"Read the contents then," said the king.

The young man rose, opened the scroll, and, instead of his own petition, found a full pardon for his friend Carl, written and signed by the king himself.

That was a happy day for both friends, who now loved each other better than ever. Carl was so moved by his friend's love that he became a new lad, and rose to be a brave officer in the king's army. Years after, in a great battle, seeing Helden surrounded by enemies, he dashed in among them, scattered them like chaff, and saved his friend's life. Thus these friends were true to each other all the days of their lives.

Don't you admire Helden, children? Yes, all of you do, I know. That's right. Now, show that you are sincere in your admiration by being true to your friends. Above all, be true to your best Friend, Jesus. He died for you. Of his friendship you can have no doubt. Are you his friends?

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

You are looking grave, my corporal? What's the matter?

"Nothing, Mr. Editor, but a letter from Q-in-the-corner. He says:

"I saw two boys yesterday in a quiet street. One was running, looking behind him and laughing. The other was standing still and crying. I walked toward the latter and found that the former had seized his cap and thrown it into a cellar in which was a large dog barking furiously. The capless boy was very poorly dressed. I know he couldn't afford to lose his cap which his mischievous companion had thrown into the cellar. I report him to you, corporal.

"This note covers my face with gloom," the corporal goes on to say. "The country has too many boys in it who love mischief. I can't love such fellows. They will never be worth a grain of salt to themselves or anybody else. I should like to pack them all into the car of a big balloon and carry them to the moon, and drill them until I had drilled all their mischief out of them. I read of one such fellow named Dick, who, seeing six small children playing in a boat on the beach one summer's morning, pushed the boat into deep water. The tide carried the boat to sea, where it was picked up by a sloop with the poor infants all cuddled together asleep at the bottom. It was wonderful that they were saved at all. As it was, they were half frightened to death, and their mothers and fathers were almost crazy about them. That bit of mischief cured Dick of his bad habit, and I do hope the reading about him may teach some other Dick to stop playing such idle tricks."

Do you suppose you have a mischief-doer in your ranks, corporal?

"No, sir!"

The corporal says this with such terrible emphasis that I dare not dispute with him. I hope he is right, but—

"No buts on that question, if you please, Mr. Editor," the corporal exclaims, interrupting me.

Very well, corporal. Please proceed with your letter budget.

"Here is a very easy Scripture puzzle. The dullest can solve it by hard trying:

"Take the initials of

"1. A Hebrew word in your Bible signifying, 'Save, I beseech you!'

"2. Of a cruel bird mentioned in Holy Scripture.

"3. Of a plant which cannot grow without mire.

"4. Of a precious stone which is to form part of the foundation of the New Jerusalem.

"5. Of an article of food, part of which has no taste.

Put these initials together and they will give you the name of something which is noble, strong, swift, terrible in its fury, and yet a vain thing for safety. If your eye is keen and your brain is quick you may possibly discover it in the picture.



FELTER

"J. B., of —, says:

"The Sunday-school children of this village would like to join the great army of Corporal Try. Will he accept them, sixty in number? They are trying to be good in learning their lessons, and trying to do good. They gave their pastor, Brother —, a beautiful fur tippet. They don't want to stop here, they intend to march on. We learn to sing. They try 'sweet singers here to be.' They 'love the Sunday-school,' give 'grateful praise,' and hope to have a 'happy meeting' with the 'children's Friend' in 'my home beyond the sky.' We now try to 'Sunday-schools form.' Will the corporal take such as we are to his 'Try Company'?"

"Let those sixty children be enrolled!" says the corporal, and I approve and hope that the grace of God will make each of them like Jesus. Read on, corporal!

"J. H. II. writes from —:

"I inclose fifteen cents for your likeness and a postage-stamp to prepay the postage on the same. I wish to join your little Try Company. I have three little sisters and two little brothers, who also wish to join. We are all old enough except the baby. He is seven months old. We want him along with us too. I guess he will be good, for if we have anything he wants, tell him to 'patty-cake' then he can have it, he will slap his little hands together till they crack again. You ought to see him; you would take him into your company right away."

The corporal laughs over this letter and says, "I'll enlist that family and put that hand-clapping baby on my reserve list. He shall be promoted to the active ranks just as soon as he is old enough to know what is required of a Try Company soldier. Is that right, Mr. Editor?"

Quite so, my friend. James can explain it to his baby brother by and by, and show him your likeness, which was sent by mail.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LETTIE'S MISTAKE.

WHEN Lettie was five years old she went to the funeral of a little playmate. She had been told that this would be her last opportunity of seeing little Freddy's remains. She came home with tears in her eyes, saying sadly, "O, mamma, I did not see little Freddy after all."

"Why not, my child?" inquired her mother.

"Why, because there was a man there who told all the *Congregationalists* to go and see the corpse; but you know, ma, we are *Methodists*, so I could not go."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT LITTLE GEORGE THOUGHT OF HAIL-STONES.

ONE fine summer's morning, while traveling to our "new appointment," observing unusual quantities of gossamer floating lazily in the air, and ever and anon dropping into our buggy, one of our company observed, "See the shreds of our white robes angels are cutting out."

Our little George immediately exclaimed, "Then, pa, hail must be the pearls from our buttons!"

R. W. WILLIAMS.

GOOD NEWS.

"O, SIR," said a poor boy in the reform school to his minister, "I am not GOOD ENOUGH to go to Christ."

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save SINNERS. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your BADNESS, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him," answered the good man.

"O," cried the boy, "that is news, that is good news! There is hope for me!"



HOME PETS.

I LOVE my snow-white kitten!
I watch her at her play;
So frolicsome and nimble,
So busy and so gay.
If I would play as happily,
I heartily must work;
For cheerful play they cannot have
Who daily duties shirk.

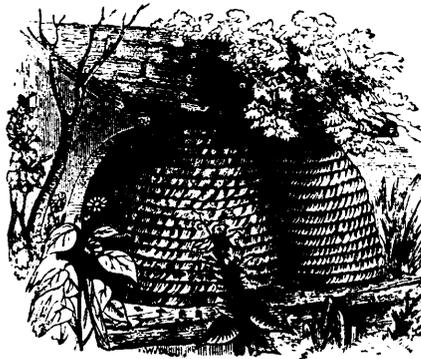


I love my old friend Rover!
I like with him to walk;
He looks up straight into my face
As though he wished to talk:

He comes when'er I call him;
He follows where I lead—
A pattern of obedience
And trust, which I must heed.



I love my pretty rabbits!
I keep their hutch quite clean;
I feed them well with clover
And parsley fresh and green:
So gentle and so tame are they,
From out my hand they eat;
Says mother, I must learn of them
To be in temper sweet.



I love to watch the swarming bees!
They feed us from the flowers:
The honey they in summer store,
In winter will be ours.
And father says that I must strive,
In youth's bright summer day,
To fill my mind as they their cells,
From flowers in wisdom's way.



I love our pet Canary!
How joyously it sings!
We let it fly about the room
Sometimes to stretch its wings.
And as for our Poll Parrot,
With feathers red and green,
She's fit to go to court, and be
Presented to the queen.

But O! I love our baby
Better than all beside!
Our little loving household pet
Fills every heart though wide.



When father takes her in his arms
She crows for very glee;
And when I pat her dimpled cheek
She laughs most merrily.

I love to sing to her the while
She in her cradle lies;
I love when showing her my toys
To see her beaming eyes.
I love to see her folded close
Upon my mother's breast;
Or when asleep or when awake,
I love the baby best!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

EMMA'S LECTURE.

EMMA and FANNY were playing at housekeeping. Emma, who called herself the mother, thought it necessary to give her little girl some good advice, which she did in this style:

"Fanny, I want you to be a good girl, and then you will grow up to be a good woman and people will love you. Now you know it is very wrong for you to cry for sweetmeats when I do not think it best to give them to you, and very wrong for you to help yourself to them when I am not by to see you. These things are very wrong, Fanny."

As we might readily surmise, a love for sweetmeats was Emma's own particular failing.

WHAT FOUR?

THERE is a man in the United States army who was born July 4, 1844, at 4 o'clock, at No. 44 in a street in Boston, a 4th child, has 4 names, enlisted in a company which has joined the 4th battalion, 44th regiment, 4th company, and on the 4th of September was appointed 4th corporal, and is now going forth to defend his country.

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