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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPER-LITTLE

UNTIL M.E.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 13.

APRIL 9, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 205.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOVE AND POVERTY.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

THERE can be no doubt about the poverty of the brother and sister in this picture, can there? Their dress shows them to be very poor. The loads of sticks they carry tell the same story, for none but poor children have to carry home back-loads of brushwood for fuel.

But though they are poor, they are not unhappy. Their faces are pleasant, loving faces. I'm sure they

love each other, and children who love each other dearly always have more or less of peace and pleasure, no matter how poor they are. Mark that, will you, Master Quarrel-with-your-sister? Love and poverty are a far happier pair than hatred and riches.

The loving faces of the boy and girl in our picture remind me of two brothers who were born a hundred years ago. They were named Joseph and Isaac. Their father was a poor weaver living near Leeds in England. He had to work very, very hard to keep food on the table for his wife and boys, and to get clothing enough to keep them warm and de-

cent. His boys found very few pleasant things lying in their paths, and if they had not loved each other they would have been as miserable as they were poor.

While they were yet small boys their father died. Their mother was a sickly woman with barely strength enough to do her housework. She could not, therefore, earn a living for herself and boys. What was to be done? Most boys would have said, "We can't do anything. Mother must go to the almshouse and we must get places somewhere."

But Joseph and Isaac were not made of such soft stuff. They looked at their troubles with bold eyes and strong hearts. They said, "We can spin yarn. We will work and keep ourselves and mother too."

Brave little fellows! They went to work at their old-fashioned spinning-wheels and spun from early morning until dark. Day after day, week after week, they kept busy, never stopping to play or fret. Love was in their hearts and made their toil pleasant. They were very kind also to their mother, and made her as happy as a feeble widow could be.

Every evening when their daily task was over these noble boys sat down to study such books as they owned and could borrow. Thus they picked up more knowledge than many idle boys do who go to school.

Such constant attention to their work and study and such kindness to their mother pleased everybody who knew them. Their praise was soon in the mouths of all their neighbors. After some time their good conduct was spoken of to some rich gentlemen in Leeds. Finding, on inquiry, that all the good things said of the boys were true, these gentlemen raised a sum of money for the purpose of giving one of them a liberal education.

Which should it be? They both loved knowledge. Which should give up to the other? Most brothers would have had a lusty quarrel over this question. But these boys loved each other too truly to quarrel. Love never quarrels, you know. So when it was fixed that Joseph, the elder brother, should go to school, Isaac said he was glad, and made the old spinning-wheel turn more cheerily than ever.

Now, you know that love is a cunning contriver. It whispered to Joseph, "Can't you teach Isaac in the evening the lessons you learn in the daytime?"

"To be sure I can," replied love's echo in Joseph's heart. No sooner said than done. Isaac liked the plan, and for three years Joseph was a pupil by day and his brother's teacher by night. Don't you think they were a happy pair of brothers? Don't you think their mother felt both proud and happy when she looked on her noble boys? I doubt if there were three happier people in England than that poor widow and her student boys.

But the time came for Joseph to go to college. That was a sore trial to them all. What did Isaac do then? He was sent to learn the business of weaving. Then he plied his loom cheerily by day, but at night he studied as best he could the same books

that Joseph was studying at college. He also busied himself writing compositions, and thus kept himself cheerful by keeping busy. Isaac was wise in this, for busy boys, like busy bees, are the only ones who get at the real honey of life. Stick a pin here, Ned Lazybones. You know you want the honey without the work. I tell you, very plainly, you can't get it.

Joseph went through college with marked success. When he graduated he was made master of a grammar school at Hull. Isaac, being found competent, became his assistant. Wasn't that a victory over poverty?

Joseph afterward became a useful and successful minister of Jesus, and the author of a great work on Church history, which I hope you will one day read. Isaac went to college, became a very learned man, a professor at Cambridge University, a dean in the English Church, and was very highly honored by the magnates of his times. Isaac lived many years after Joseph died.

Thus you see what industry, perseverance, and love did for JOSEPH and ISAAC MILNER. Few boys have to begin so low down the hill of life as they did. Their path was rough and steep, and they had a load of poverty to carry. You have seen how love helped them to climb to the top of the path and to take a high place among good, great, and useful men.

Love, industry, perseverance! These are your weapons of conquest, O my children. Love Jesus, love your parents, love each other, love everybody. That love will be your breastplate; it will give you heart, pluck, courage. Be industrious! Work! Love to work. Try to do something useful every day. Be a busy bee in pa's hive, in God's hive. Persevere. Having begun well, hold on! go on! never give up! Do these things, and when your old friend, Francis Forrester, lies sleeping in the dust you will be standing among the good men and women of the next generation sowing good seed and doing good service for God and man.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LUCY GRAY.

DID you ever hear of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH? No? Well, you will read about him by and by. He was an English poet. When you are older you must read his poems. One of them is about Lucy Gray.

Lucy Gray lived with her father and mother on a vast moor or common. There were no other houses near, so that Lucy had no playmate. Yet the poet says she was

"The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door,"

which was saying a great deal more than could be truly said of every child.

One wintry afternoon Lucy's father said to her:

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

Lucy smiled, and said she should be glad to go for her mother. With willing feet she started, but before she could cross the moor the snow-storm burst upon her in all its fury, and "she never reached the town."

"The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide,
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide."

The next morning those sad parents saw a bridge broken down, but no Lucy. They gave her up for lost,

"When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet."

They followed the little footmarks across the moor, beside a long stone wall, through an open field:

"They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks one by one
Into the middle of the plank,
And further there were none!"

Then they knew that Lucy, while groping her way over the bridge, had stepped off the broken

plank into the furious stream below. The dark waters had swept her away in their mighty arms and carried her to the distant lake. Her little body was never found.

Her mother and father could hardly believe their Lucy dead. They fancied that she still wandered on the moor, and would say:

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song,
And whistles in the wind."

Of course this was an idle notion. Lucy Gray's soul went straight to heaven. While the cold arms of the river held her body, angels took her spirit up to Jesus. I think it must have been so, for Lucy Gray appears to have been an obedient Christian child. She died while doing her duty.

How many Lucy Grays have I among my readers? I mean, how many children have I who would go out to do a difficult duty for father and mother saying:

"That, father, I will gladly do?"

How many? How many do you think, Miss Shirker? and you, Master Hate-to-work, how many willing workers do you think there are in the Advocate's great family of little folk? Q.



BEGINNING TO WALK.

He's not got his sea-legs, the darling;
He's been in our ship but a year;
He isn't got versed in our lingo—
Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear more of the billows,
And learn the salt taste of the wave;
One voyage, though it's short, is sufficient
When our ports are the cradle and grave.

JOHN ASHWORTH.



JOHN ASHWORTH was a poor Welsh boy, poorer, doubtless, than any reader of this paper. He had a drunken father, but his mother was a very godly woman. John heard her on one occasion, when she supposed no one was near but her heavenly Father, praying for her children by their several names. He listened attentively and heard her saying, "Lord, bless John; keep him from bad company, and make him a good and useful man."

Those words still ring in his ears, and the prayer has been answered in a peculiar manner.

How poor he was, we will relate a story or two concerning him. One Saturday evening his mother requested him to leave off playing marbles and come with her into the house.

"What is the matter, mother?" said John; "it is not time for us to go to bed yet; let us play a little longer."

"I know," she replied, in a quiet and sorrowful manner, "that it is very early, but there is no help for it. I want to mend your trowsers and wash your shirt; for though we are poor, we ought to be clean. It was my intention to get you a pair of wooden shoes, but I have failed. I am now at work making you a pinafore out of a wool-sack; it will cover your rags and make you appear a little better."

John had much respect for his mother, and was very tender of her feelings; therefore he went straightway to his bare bed naked—not to sleep, but to weep, and to think what he would do for his mother when he became a man and rich.

On Sunday morning he was to wear his new pinafore to cover his ragged clothes. At that time it was customary to mark the wool-sacks with the word "wool" in large black letters. John's mother had received one of these sacks as a gift; but it had become so much worn by use that she could not make his pinafore out of it without either patching it or cutting through the letters. She chose the latter plan, thinking she could wash off the letters; but after repeated washings and boilings she had failed to get them out. When John put on his pinafore his countenance fell; but when he saw tears in his mother's eyes he immediately said:

"Never mind it, mother, never mind it. It will do very well. It will hide the patches, and when I reach school I will sit upon the letters, and then no one will see them. Don't cry, mother; it will be better with us yet."

And so off he went to the Sunday-school barefooted, and clad in a pinafore made out of a worn-out wool-sack, with half the letters "WOOL" down one side of it, to take his accustomed place in the third Bible-class among boys far better clad than he, and who on that account did not like to sit by his side; and he kept his bare feet under the bench lest they should tread upon them. But John could not stay from school, were it only for fear of distressing his mother. He was there constantly and punctually.

Every boy that led his class on the Sabbath received a card at the close of the school. These cards were collected once a year, and the boy that had the most of them received the highest prize. The teachers and scholars, with their parents, and members of the congregation, assembled in the lecture-room every Friday in Whitsun-week to drink tea, and to witness the distribution of the prizes. One year John had one card more than any other scholar; consequently, he was to receive the first prize. He felt very unhappy during that week, because he was still without any shoes or clogs; and on the night preceding the festive day, said he to his mother, as tenderly as he could, "Dear mother, can't you get me a second-hand pair of clogs by tomorrow? I am to receive the highest prize, and I must ascend the stairs to the stage, and shall be ashamed to go up there barefooted."

His mother was mending his father's stockings at the time. She did not reply immediately, but placed her hand upon her heart as if in great pain. O how sorry John felt that he had spoken a word! She remained long silent. Finally, she said, "I know, my child, that you are to receive the highest prize in the school, and I have done my best to send you there tidy. I tried to borrow a shilling from the tavern-keeper's wife, where your father spends so much of what he earns; but she scornfully refused me. I was also with several of our neighbors trying to borrow a little; but our proverbial poverty has removed all help from us. There is scarcely any situation in life so unfortunate as that of the drunkard's wife or the drunkard's child. I often pray to God to keep me from murmuring and to take care of us. I do not wish to speak a word against your father, and I hope my children also will refrain from reproaching him, for, after all, he is your own father. Let us trust in the Lord; be

good children; do good, and the morning will yet dawn on our pathway. To the godly weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Next morning John washed his feet very carefully, because he was determined that they should appear clean, even if he had nothing to cover them. He went to school before the time, and sat quietly in a corner by himself. When the time came to distribute the prizes, the chairman (now Sir James Kay Shuttleworth) requested him to come forward. He rose from his corner and went through the crowd as softly as a cat, and received his prize amid much clapping of hands and stamping of feet; but when he reached his corner again he sat down and wept as if his heart would break because he was so very poor and thought some of the other boys would on that account make sport of him. Despite his deep poverty, however, John did not forsake the Sunday-school. He gradually climbed up, step by step, from the A, B, C class to the superintendent's seat, and from thence again to the pulpit.—*Independent.*

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1864.

THE DASYURE.



Do you ever see a Dasyure? I guess not, for it is an animal found only in Australia. It is very much like a bear, so much so the people call it "The Bear-like Dasyure."

The Dasyure is a cross animal and cannot be tamed. A gentleman once trapped two of them and shut them up in a big tub or barrel. There they slept all day and quarreled all night.

A pretty way to live, was it not? But listen! My friend Q-in-the-corner writes me that I have a family of Dasyures among my readers. Can that be possible? I am afraid it is so, for he goes on to say, "At — I saw a family of boys and girls who appear to do little else than sleep all night and quarrel all day."

I'm sorry, very sorry indeed. The Dasyure can't help its quarrelsome habit; it is its nature to snarl, fight, and bite. But brothers and sisters were made to be gentle, loving, and kind. They need not be snarlers, biters, and fighters unless they choose. If they try hard and ask the grace of Jesus, they can be as loving and lovely as angels.

I want those boys and girls of the Dasyure family to discuss this question: "Jesus knows that we do little else than sleep all night and quarrel all day. What does he think of us? Will he let us live with him when we die?"

KEEPING THE GOLDEN RULE.

"PLEASE, sir, will you ring the door-bell for me?" said a short fat girl to a tall gentleman who was passing a house before which she stood vainly trying to reach the bell-handle. The tall gentleman was either too proud or too busy with his own thoughts to give much attention to Miss Annie's request. He merely glanced at her as he brushed past and said:

"Go away! I have nothing for you."

Poor Annie felt pained, for she was a nice little girl and did not like to be mistaken for a beggar. So she sighed, looked at the door in despair, and said half aloud:

"O dear! what shall I do?"

Just then a stout boy with a big basket filled with groceries came walking toward her. "I won't ask *him*," said Annie to herself. "I don't believe he would help me, and he might make fun of me."

But the boy stopped at the door-step and put down his basket. He had seen her trouble as he came up the street and had pitied her. His face was full of sunshine as he smiled on Annie and said:

"Can't you reach the bell? Let me ring it for you."

"O I shall be so glad," replied Annie. "I've been waiting here ever so long and I'm so tired."

The boy rang the bell, the door was opened, and Annie's trouble was ended.

Now the golden rule given by Jesus says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them." Did that proud gentleman keep this rule when he gave little Annie that rude answer?

You guess not, eh? You think if he had been in Annie's place and she in his he would have wanted her to ring the bell, eh? Very good.

But how about the boy? *He kept the golden rule, did he?* Right again. Once more, how is it with you, Nellie Scornful; do you keep the golden rule when you toss your head and laugh at poor Ellen Dull because she can't say her lesson? How with you, Ned Lazybones, when you sat toasting your toes before the stove last winter and left little Harry to do the chores alone? How with you all, my children? Do you all keep the golden rule of Jesus?



CHIT-CHAT CORNER.

COME, my children, draw up your chairs. Let us form a cosy circle, a magic ring, if you please, and have a little friendly talk. Minnie, I see your lips half parted, as if you wished to speak. What is it, my dear?

You want to know *why I love flowers*, hey? Well, I love them because they please my eye and charm my mind. A flower is a "thing of beauty," you know, my Minnie, and therefore a "joy forever."

Is that the only reason why I love them? No, my dear. I love them because they are my teachers.

Your teachers, Mr. Editor? How can that be? Well, flowers are God's gifts, you know. They lived in God's mind before they were made. Hence they say to me, God is beautiful.

God made the flowers to ornament the earth and make it a pleasant place to live in. It was very good in God to fill the earth with such pleasant things. Hence flowers say to me, God is good.

Then the flowers are very delicate and tender things, easily broken and killed. Yet they live and gather beautiful forms and rich colors from the earth and air, because God watches over them. Hence, the flowers say to me, God careth for us; can't you trust him to take care of you?

Flowers grow. I put a tiny seed in the ground. In a short time it puts out a little radicle, or rootlet, finer than a hair, under the earth. A little later it sends up a fine green shoot, or stem. Next come the seed-leaves, then the leaf buds, after them the leaves, the flowers, and finally the seeds. Hence the flowers say to me, You must grow good as we grow beautiful. Goodness in us is the same as beauty in a flower. So when I walk among flowers I hear them saying with their thousands of soft sweet voices, "Grow beautiful! grow beautiful!"

They teach me many other lessons which I have not space to name now. Are you satisfied, Minnie?

You think you *will grow lots of flowers this year*, do you? Very good. I recommend you all to do that, and don't forget to give your mother a bouquet from your garden-spot every day. Who speaks next?

Q-in-the-corner, eh? What say you, Mr. Q? You have found a puzzle in my Concordance, hey? Well, read it, O thou quizzing Q.

Find (1.) A man whose name signified "magician," and who was a sorcerer. (2.) A town the name of which signified "to be very hot." It was once visited by a celebrated preacher. (3.) A man whose name signified "dust," and in whose field a patriarch was buried. (4.) A city, the name of which signified "barks or yelps." (5.) An altar, the name of which signified "withers." (6.) An archer, whose name signified "grub." He was a son of Issachar. (7.) A river having a name which means "strength." (8.) The wife of a prince whose name signified "pit."

The initials of these names will give you the name of a man highly prized in the primitive Church as the first person who received the truth in the place of his residence.

Here is the answer to the puzzle in my last number:

In my father's house are many mansions. John xiv, 2.

Among my many young correspondents is JOSIE, who writes:

"MR. CORPORAL,—I wish to become a member of your Try Company. Will you have me? Now, while you are inspecting me—seeing whether I have any mental or physical disabilities—I want to tell you a little about our Sunday-school. We live so far in 'the bush' that several times we have been on the eve of leaving for fear we might be murdered in our sleep by the Indians. One year ago last May we numbered about twenty scholars, and our school was just nothing; but that summer God sent us a good superintendent. O he is splendid! He loves us all, and there is not a little pate in all the town he will not pat; and the school went up, up, until we numbered over one hundred scholars last May! Don't you think that is doing pretty well in a year 'in the bush'? We have a good minister this year too, who we know will help us along. He has made us one speech already, and we like him very much. Last August death took one of our scholars, dear little Willie, the only one we have lost. He was the youngest one in our school. After he died his mother gave all the money he had saved to our superintendent to send away to buy tracts, because he always thought so much about the poor people who do not love Jesus.

"Josie writes a good letter and is admitted to my company. She has a good spirit, and, like a wise child, looks on the bright side of things. That's right. Everything has a bright side, and happy are they who find it out and dwell near it."

Amen, my corporal! The bright side of life is its best side. The path of *right doing* runs directly along it. Read on, corporal!

"LOUISA E. E., of —, says:

"Now, Mr. Editor, I think we are all trying to be good and do good. We have organized our school into a missionary society. I am one of the collectors. I collected three dollars. Several others collected as much. We collected in all \$28 56. We feel encouraged in our good work. We intend to continue. I am nearly twelve years old. I have a little cousin who goes to Sunday-school with me. We wish to join your Try Company. Will you please admit us? Now, Mr. Editor, will you please for the money inclosed send each of us one of your pictures? I have been anxious for a long time to know how our wise editor looks."

The photos were sent. If I were rich enough I would send one to each of my half million readers—but that would cost me over \$50,000, which is vastly more than I ever expect to be worth—but why don't my readers send me their pictures? I should really like a picture-gallery of my Try Company.

"It would be a handsome looking gallery," says the corporal with a mischievous wink of his right eye; but he adds, "Here is a line from SALLIE D. G. saying:

"We have a pleasant Sabbath-school, and many of our scholars have recently sought and found the Saviour and joined the Church.

"That's what I call good news," observes the corporal. I add my amen, with the wish that all my readers may follow the example of those children who have chosen to walk in wisdom's ways. Why should they not? What excuse can a Canada child make for not loving the Saviour? Has he not filled our beautiful land with Bibles and churches? Has he not given you his Holy Spirit? Ho! ye children who live on the shores of the glorious St. Lawrence, on the banks of our beautiful lakes, and upon our fertile plains, come to Jesus! Come to Jesus and be saved!

THE TERRIER AND THE RABBITS.

A GENTLEMAN at Devonport told the writer that he had a very spirited female terrier. She was most valuable as a rat dog, and was by nature fierce to her enemies and faithful to her friends.

From a dog of this kind much *intelligence* was to be expected, but not much *gentleness*. Not a rat dared to appear within the range of Snapper's quick scent, to say nothing of her keen eyes.

Some neighbors of Snapper's master kept rabbits, and they were always afraid of her getting near the hutch and killing the young ones. They certainly never expected Snapper to show any kindness to the rabbits, and justly considered that the safest way was carefully to protect the helpless rabbits from so fierce and active a foe.

It happened that there was a hole, unnoticed, in the bottom of the rabbit-hutch, where there was a litter of young; and one day the straw that had filled the hole being removed, the little rabbits fell through. Snapper, who had been watching a hole under the fence, saw the rabbits fall before any one else was aware of the accident. She made a leap to the little soft defenseless things, and of course it was natural to a creature of her kind that she should destroy them; but, instead of doing so, she carefully lifted one of them between her teeth, as she would a puppy of her own, and carried it with all care into the kitchen of the house, laying it down on the rug before the kitchen fire, to the amazement of the family, who, seeing her instantly depart, watched her, and saw her go and fetch a second, and a third in the same way, bringing them in without in the least hurting them. The children, whose pets the rabbits were, could not have moved them so safely, or more tenderly. As they looked at Snapper doing this kindly deed, they saw that their dog was not only brave and clever, but kindly and gentle. And that is what we should all strive to be.

A PENNY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A PENNY is a little thing,
Which even a poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.
As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a million fold;
For, lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.
That soul can scarce be saved alone:
It must, it will, its bliss make known.
"Come," it will cry, "and you shall see
What great things God hath done for me."
Hundreds that joyful sound may hear—
Hear with the heart, as well as ear;
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation through the only name,
Till every tongue and tribe shall call
On Jesus as the Lord of all!

CHILDREN SHOULD BRING GIFTS TO JESUS.

HAVING got good ourselves, we should seek to communicate it. "Freely ye have received, *freely give*." This is a law which, though spoken with "a still small voice," is as binding as any thundered out from Sinai. It is God's rule for himself. He is always giving. The sun, the moon, the clouds, the springs, the trees, the living creatures from the whale to the honey-bee—each of these is a giver. It receives to give, it gives as freely as it receives.

A missionary was "preaching Christ" to a party of Indians. The hills around echoed the challenge with which he closed. "*Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?*" Then the plumed and painted chief, a giant of a man, stood forth with compressed lips, and in tremulous tones said to the missionary:

"Did the Son of the highest do all that for us?"



I should wish then to send him a present by you. Would he accept poor Indian's *hunting-dog*?—no Sioux has a finer."

The missionary replied that the Lord Jesus Christ does not need Indian's hunting-dogs. He looked disappointed, but soon recovered himself, and, holding out his splendid rifle, (*everything* to an Indian,) he said, "Would he accept poor Indian's *rifle* then?"

The missionary answered as before. Again he looked disappointed; then stripping himself of his brilliant blanket, bedecked with beads, and scalps, and trinkets, he said, "Will he accept poor Indian's *blanket*?"

The missionary declined the blanket also for his Master. Now the chief hung his head as one baffled. Suddenly he flung down the rifle and the blanket by the dog, and stretching forth both his hands and gazing intently into the blue sky, he said, "Will the Lord Jesus Christ accept the poor Indian *himself*?"

The generous Sioux could not endure to receive so freely and not give as freely. And are children to be exceptions, are they to receive and *not* give? I should say that probably nothing, animate or inanimate, receives so freely as a child; and is it alone to be exempt from giving freely?



ABOUT ICE, HAILSTONES, AND FROST.

What is Ice?—Ice is water deprived of some part of its heat. When the air is much colder than the water it takes away heat from it and forms it into ice; but when the air becomes warmer then the ice takes heat from the air, and is thawed or changed into water.

Why does water never freeze to a great depth?—Because the covering of ice which is formed on the surface of the water prevents the cold air from continuing to draw off the heat from the water. See the wisdom of this arrangement. Were it otherwise deep waters might be frozen through their

whole depth. This would destroy the myriads of fish and other living things that inhabit the water; it would take months to effect a thaw, and thawing would be attended with such floods and subterranean commotions as are terrible to contemplate.

What are hailstones?—Hailstones are drops of rain, so suddenly frozen as to preserve their rounded figure.

What is hoar-frost?—The hoar-frost, which we find incrusting our windows and roofs, consists of very delicate crystals of ice. This is produced by the freezing of the watery vapor, or dew, contained in the air, which settles upon and incrusts whatever it meets with. Nothing can exceed the beauty and elegance of the appearance caused by this frost.

"Then every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem wrought in glass.
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow."

WILLING TO MAKE IT RIGHT.

Mr. M., of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either in purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents would give him more pain than the destruction of an entire navy. He once bought a cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaimed:

"Here, you have cheated me. Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there isn't near so much of it as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant, "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see, you paid ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose that hole will weigh?"

Mr. M. did not wait to figure it up, but returned home with the dishonest tallow; yet he was never quite satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents a pound.

Our little Emma one day said to her brother, who is older than herself, as he came indoors with his shoes all covered with mud. "Look! there's some of the *stuff* you are made of."

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