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CHILDREN · AND · FORBID · THEM · NOT · TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH · CANADA · GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE · UNTO · ME ·

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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THE LITTLE TRUANT.

LITTLE MARY, instead of going to school one morning, went down to the shore to see the fishermen bring their fish to the land. She was too late, however, for the fish was in the market before she reached the water side. So she sat down on the pebbly beach of B., gazing on the bright blue waves as they came dancing out on the shore, then slowly returned to the great deep with that murmuring sound which no tongue shall define.

When she had sat almost as long as she thought necessary in order to carry out the deceit she had been contemplating, and was preparing to take her departure, two boys passed her who had been helping to land and sort the mackerel. They stood and looked at her, for they were neighbors' children.

"Mary," said one of them, "we are going to have a row on the water; will you go with us?"

"No, I cannot; it is nearly dinner-time—at least it will be by the time I get home."

"Nonsense! You will be home as soon as we shall, and we shall be home by dinner-time; besides, you know, you are playing truant, so you may as well have a little pleasure as not."

A burning blush suffused Mary's cheek, and the words she had stifled so long at last found utterance, "I wish I had not come!"

"But you are come, so enjoy yourself and don't be silly, it is of no use; besides, you have the time to spend."

"Come, Tom, don't stop talking there or we shall have no time for a row," called out Harry.

So Tom took hold of Mary's hand, and she was led unresistingly to the pier steps, where they all got into a little cobbie, and they soon towed themselves far out on the glittering sea.

For some time all went on well, the boys rowing and singing, Mary with her hands in the water trying to catch the jelly-fish as they floated past, and the waves rocking them with a gentle motion. Heedless of all but pleasure, they did not see that clouds had gathered all round them, that land was nearly out of sight, and the sea looked dark and frowning, and sullen waves dashed against their little boat. The breeze blew stronger, and the younger boy got tired. The other one would not let him rest, for he said it would take them an hour to return. But it was more than the poor boy could do without rest; he tried and tried again, and the oar dropped out of his hand, and a strong wave carried it far from his reach. What was now to be done?



They had no spare oar. In vain they looked round for help; it were useless to cry out, for there were none to hear. In vain they tried to row themselves back with one oar; a fresh breeze was blowing from the land, and every wave grew stronger and heavier, threatening every moment to overwhelm them.

"O how I wish I had not come!" was Mary's bitter lamentation.

The younger boy looked up into the now overcast heavens, then sent a longing look across the heaving waters to his happy home, where, perhaps, his mother sat wondering he came not; then, muttering a few words inaudibly between his close-set teeth, he resigned himself to his fate, and a death-like paleness stole over his features, which told of the struggle within. The other boy was older and stronger, and struggled with all his might against the force of waters, working with all the strength of his youth and the energy kindled by excitement and the fear of death. He, too, saw his father's fire-side and his sisters waiting for him; he saw his mother's agonized look when told that her son was drowned, that he had gone on the water unknown to any one. Again he worked with frantic zeal; it was of no avail—the breeze from the land was

stronger than his strength. For one moment he held his oar to wipe the large drops of perspiration from his brow, and take one long last look of that dear land. He felt how willingly he would give all he possessed could he but tread its firm and solid surface. He scanned the waters round and bent a listening ear, seeking for relief, but it came not; then he seized the oar with renewed energy, determined, if possible, to reach the land. He stood in the boat with his back to the shore, the wind sweeping along with a moaning sound, then playfully lifting his dark, heavy curls to whisper in his ear, as he thought, "Thou wilt never see thy home nor its inmates again."

And so it proved. A heavy, swelling wave came rolling and foaming along, lifting their little boat on its snowy crest, then hurling it down in the hollow between the waves which rose on either side like floating walls. On came another higher and whiter than the first, and ere it reached them burst with a loud noise, whirling their little craft about until it trembled in every part; and following in its wake was a mountain wave riding on with fierce fury, regardless of the children crouching with fear, or their poor little plank of wood which divided for them life and death. On it came with maddening haste; on, on; and the boat, where was it? Gone; and these truant children swept from

their frail hold like so much sea-weed, and tossed up and down in the surging flood as though it would fain play with its victims until they sank, and but one to rise again to tell the mournful tale. The little boy, who gave up in despair, he rose once more to the surface, and was picked up by a fisherman hastening home through the storm. Poor little Harry showed no signs of life, but the fisherman wrapped him in his own rough but warm coat, and soon landing, carried him gently in his arms to a house where every means was used for restoring life to the half-drowned body. It was a long time before the boy opened his eyes, but by the blessing of the good God he did so at last and was carried home to his mother.

There was great joy and great sorrow in the boy's home that afternoon—joy that he was safe, and sorrow that Mary and the elder boy were lost.

Yes, lost! They died in an act of disobedience, and I fear their souls failed to gain admittance into the celestial city. The wicked never enter that holy place, you know. Ill-temper, deceit, falsehood, willfulness, disobedience, and all other sins must be washed from the souls of children by the blood of Jesus before they can go to dwell in the beautiful

home of the holy Jesus. Mary's heart was stained with these sins when her body was drowned. The boy was no better than Mary. I fear they were both shut out of heaven.

Children, be obedient. Be pure. Let Jesus wash your souls in his precious blood. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TELLING LIES.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NEVER stoop to tell lies:
'Tis the meanest of vices,
And the silliest wife
Of all Satan's devices.
Not gambling or theft
Can dishonor you more,
And drunkenness sure
Does not rank any lower.

Never stoop to tell lies;
Never try to deceive:
Do not act the vile falsehood
That none should believe.
There is nothing so lovely,
In childhood or youth,
As the fresh rosy lips
Which are sacred to truth.

Do not stoop to tell lies;
Let no hypocrite's play
Of gesture or look
Lead another astray.
'Tis the pure simple language
Of truth that doth win,
The words that come fresh
From the warm heart within.

Do not stoop to tell lies;
God hears all you say;
He knows the wrong meaning
Your false words convey.
And the lies, lightly spoken,
Forgotten when said,
Will appear when he judges
The quick and the dead.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ROSIE IN UNCLE CHESTER'S PLACE.

I KNOW a little Sunday-school girl some four years old, whom we will call Rosie. She lives with her uncle and aunt, whom we will call Uncle Chester and Aunt Minnie. She loves them very much, and is very unwilling to have them away from her.

One morning Uncle Chester was obliged to be absent on business very early before breakfast, and little Rosie felt very badly to have him gone. To quiet her feelings, Aunt Minnie told her she might take Uncle Chester's place at the table, etc. This pleased her very much; but she saw herself soon in a dilemma, for Uncle Chester said grace at the table, and if she was going to fill his place, this was what she did not know how to perform. She wanted to know if it would do to say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep," etc.

This seeming inappropriate, her aunt told her she could omit this part of Uncle Chester's duty. This she reluctantly consented to. Breakfast being finished, next came family worship. Here was another trouble. Uncle Chester read his Bible to his family, and Rosie could not read, so she said, "I think we'll omit reading." But she insisted on taking Uncle Chester's place and pray in the family. She therefore exhorted Aunt Minnie to be serious and pay good attention while she prayed, who did so with all the sobriety she could control, while Rosie knelt in Uncle Chester's place and offered up, I believe, an acceptable prayer to God for a blessing on them. How appropriate the words she used I cannot say. It was a simple, childlike prayer, in broken accents and singularly arranged sentences. But it was honest, fervent, and uttered in unusually solemn tones.

Faithful little Rosie! Her prayers are heard in heaven. God loves the simple offerings of prayer and praise of innocent childhood. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." N. C.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IN A PASSION.

WHEW! How mad MASTER NED is! His temper is up to more than blood heat, and he is stamping the chickens to death with all the fury of a savage in a field of battle. As the wise man said, his "wrath is cruel" and his "anger is outrageous."

Look at him, my children! Mark his fiery eyes, his set teeth, his clenched hand, his raised foot. What a sad picture! Then see what he has done. He has trampled two helpless chicks to death and his foot is almost down on a third. Isn't he a furious fellow? What ails him? Why is he so mad?

You will hardly believe me when I tell you that all this passion was roused because his friend, JOE BAGSTOCK, wouldn't swap knives with him. Just that and nothing more. Of course, Joe had a perfect right to keep his own knife, and he had very kindly said to Ned, "No, I would rather not swap." Upon this Ned's temper magazine took fire, and he cried, "Then I'll kill your chickens," and at the bad work he went, as you see him in the picture. Ned's temper goes off like a lucifer match.

What do you think of Ned? "He is a poor foolish fellow!" "A wicked boy!" "He must be very unhappy!" I hear you say. Yes, he is all that, and if he does not mend his manners by repenting and going to Jesus his temper will ruin him. Men will avoid and God will punish him.

May the peaceful Jesus heal the evil temper of every Ned in the Advocate family. Amen. Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A HARD-HEARTED SON.

IN INDIA, as you know, it was formerly the custom to burn widows alive with the dead bodies of their husbands. The English do not permit this cruel practice now. The heathen dislike the English for this. A Hindoo youth was talking against them one day to a missionary, who asked him:

"Are not you an eldest son?"

"Yes," replied the youth.

"And when a widow is burned the eldest son has to apply the torch to the funeral pile."

"Yes."

"Then but for the English, of whom you complain, you might have been required to set your mother on fire?"

"Yes."

"And you would have done it?"

"Yes."

Thus, you see, the Hindoo boy was sorry because he had not been permitted to burn his mother. His heart must have been hard, indeed. What made it so? Heathenism. Thank God, my children, you were born in Christian America and not in heathen India. And fail not to do all you can to make those hard-hearted heathen into kind, loving Christian sons and daughters. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IDA B'S SHARP WEAPON.

IDA B. loved to pray. Sometimes when her mother was sick she would come to her and kiss her and say, "Ma, I will pray for you."

One day she came home from school and said, "Ma, we had a new scholar to-day."

"Who is it, dear?"

"Nancy H., and she is my seatmate."

"How do you like her?" said her mother.

"I don't know what to make of her," replied Ida.

"Why?"

"Because she is all the time pulling the little hairs on my neck and it hurts me."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. B.; "but if she continues to do so, perhaps you had better tell the teacher of her."

"Ma, I don't like to tell of her if I can help it. Shall I pray for her, ma?" said Ida, feelingly.

"Yes, dear."

And Ida prayed for her seatmate, her tormentor. How much better to pray for her than to quarrel with her, or even to complain of her to the teacher. But I wonder if praying cured little Nancy of her bad conduct to Ida?

The next night Ida came home looking quite cheerful.

"How did you get along to-day, Ida?" said her mother.

"Nancy only pulled my hair once or twice to-day. I can get along with that. Ma, I will pray for her again."

The next day when Ida returned from school her mother again asked her how she had got along.

"O first rate; Nancy didn't pull my hair at all to-day."

Nancy never pulled Ida's hair again, and is it strange that Nancy began to love Ida and treat her kindly all the time, and that these girls became warm friends? Now Nancy thinks there is nobody like Ida B., and often comes to her mother's house to visit her. I think all the children, both big and little, would do well to imitate Ida B.'s example.

S. D. J.

KILLING A QUARREL.

TOM JACKSON and HARRY SIMMONDS were looking as fierce as two Turkey-cocks, and their noses were so close to each other that you could hardly have slipped a sheet of paper between them. Tom's fist was doubled, and Harry was turning up his cuffs.

"Hallo, mates!" cried a merry voice, the proprietor of which, Jem Dix, came running at full speed. "What's up now? I declare you look as if you wanted to swallow each other. Going to fight? I know better. Why, Harry, didn't Tom get you out of that scrape with Dr. Tingleboys last Tuesday? and I say, Tom, didn't Harry Simmonds help you with your lessons when you were doubled up with the toothache? Well, all I can say is, if you are going to quarrel I'll cut your acquaintance, both of you; and so shake hands, old fellows."

It took at least a quarter of an hour to get the crimson out of the two boys' faces, but the quarrel was stopped.

HOME.—Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love, by the innocence and sports of childhood, is the only home of the human heart.—LESLIE.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

GRACE AND PRAYER.

TWO little boys of the ages of six and seven, were one day dismissed from the drawing-room by a sudden order "to bed," owing to a dispute, and a raised tone of voice, heard in a corner of the room where these young gentlemen were seated.

The father's order "to bed," was enough, and none dared plead. Georgie, with his usual gentleness, allowed himself to be undressed; and after saying his prayers, with a full heart and quivering lips, got into bed, though it was still daylight, and the summer sun had scarcely sunk to rest. Edward, who had in the meanwhile blustered and stormed all the time he was being disrobed, would not keep silent, but said, "it was a shame they should be sent to bed," besides many other thoughtless and angry remarks, which it is as well not to repeat. There he stood! at the bedside of his brother, his cheeks red with passion, with bare head and feet, his proud little spirit declaring, "I'll not say my prayers to-night; I shan't kneel down." The nurse finding her persuasions useless, deemed it best to leave him "to return to his senses," as she said, when the following conversation took place between the two children:—

"O, Edward dear, don't say that, do say your prayers."

"I shan't say them Georgie, so go to sleep," answered the petulant child.

"Oh! but Edward," continued his brother, "you might die before the morning, so *do* say your prayers, pray do."

"I tell you that I don't care if I do, but I will not say them."

"Then," said Georgie, "I shall be afraid to sleep with you, as good angels will not rest with us if you are not good."

So, getting out of bed, he tried to throw his arms round his brother's neck, but he would not let him. So Georgie sat and wept on the floor, because he was sorry his little brother was so naughty; till weary with weeping, and finding tears would not avail to turn his heart, he rose, saying, "Then I must pray for *you*, if you will not pray for yourself," and folding his childish hands, he knelt; but almost before his petitions had been uttered, they were heard and answered, for the good Spirit had been wrestling with the evil, and had "overcome;" so that the victory was complete, and peace and love again reigned in the turbulent little bosom.

Poor Edward, with open arms and a bursting heart, clasped his dear brother's neck, and wept; and then, side by side, they once more knelt; Edward to say his nightly prayer, in sorrow and deep repentance; Georgie to thank God for making his dear Edward good again. It must have been a pretty sight, though seen only by the great God and his angelic messengers. Nor would the circumstance have been known on earth, had not their good and watchful nurse waited near the unclosed door, anxious to hear her little charges resting in peace. They now happily resumed their places in their warm nest, and as childish faith is *strong*, they were soon asleep, resting on the certainty that their prayers were heard, and that they were forgiven. Who can doubt that holy, happy angels guarded that bed?

"FORGIVENESS to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

THE BEE HIVE.

THERE is a swarm of B's for the little folks. How we wish all the children would see how much honey every B carries.

B cautious, B loving, B kind and B true;
B courteous to all, B friendly to few;
B earnest, B striving, B meek and B just,
B careful of life, for leave it you must;
B hopeful, B faithful, B anxious to learn,
B egin a good work, and from it ne'er turn;
B e sure to B patient whenever B set,
B y evils which may a bad spirit B get;
B friend and B love those who are in distress,
B cause some are poor, do'n't like them the less;
B e serious, B happy, B anxious to pray,
B ecome what our Saviour would have you to B;
B stir those who slothful their calling B tray,
B e never desponding, gain courage each day;
B instant in season, B constant, B pure,
B generous, and in your profession B sur;
B like the Apostles who followed their Lord,
B certain to place all trust in his word;
B e faithful to him, and B frank like a child,
B e trusting, for God is now reconciled.

"MORE FOR MY MOTHER."



IS there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as with a glowing cheek he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining the situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, though have musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already," said his interrogator; "why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy quietly.

"But you wish to leave; what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied, with a half-reluctant frankness: "I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice, "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If in the meantime you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will

please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered.

BABY'S CASTLE.

BY GEO. COOPER.

Baby owns a tiny castle
On the carpet plains of home
And its walls are woven willow,
Fine within, from floor to dome;
Snowy curtains at the window;
Downy couch where baby dreams;
Laces, too, that softly glimmer
In the sunlight's golden beams.
That's the heritage of baby,
And it's held in state so grand,
Mother says—if no one else does—
"He's the king of Baby land."
Here he bravely fights his battles,
When old puss would shyly creep
Over guarded moat and turret,
Just to curl herself in sleep.

All is still in baby's castle;
Not the slightest noise we make;
Surely, *now* the rogue is napping;
Peep! the blue eyes wide awake!
See! the dimpled arms are round us;
Hear the "cooing" mild and low;
May the angels keep you darling,
Everywhere your feet may go!
Baby's man-at-arms is mother,
And she watches all day long;
When his babyship would slumber,
Then she sings a loving song.
Soon comes "papa" home at evening,
Storms the castle all so gay,
Makes a prisoner of Baby,
Bears him joyfully away!

WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.



LITTLE boy came in from school the other day looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He hardly spoke at supper-time, and ate very little. His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked him again, "Willie, what ails you, dear?" "Mother," said he, "mother, I *swore*. The minute I spoke it I was afraid of God, and ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could! Mother, will God ever forgive me for taking his holy name in vain? Pray for me, mother," and Willie sank upon his knees and hid his face. His mother did pray for him, and Willie did pray for himself; prayed to be forgiven; prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again. "I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than to be a swearer."

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing; he wanted the Word of God on the subject, he said; "he wanted to study it, and stick it on his mind, carry it about with him everywhere;" so she found and copied this text: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain." Exod. xx, 8. This is the third commandment.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DILIGENT IN BUSINESS.

"O DEAR me!" said George Pratt as he laid down his slate, "I can't do this example anyway. And this is the very first one of the six too! Well, I'll try another one. But, first, I guess I'll rest a while. My head aches."

So George rested until his teacher had to reprimand him for idleness. Then, as he unwillingly took up his arithmetic, the bell rung for the geography class, and he went to his recitation.

"Dear me, what shall I do!" cried George as he hustled out at recess. "The very first thing after recess is my arithmetic, and I haven't done one example! Can't some of you show me?" and he went to one and another for help.

But the boys had been working hard all the morning, and hardly felt inclined to quit ball-playing and go in-doors to help George Pratt, who was considered a "regular shirk." James Noble alone gave him any encouragement, and he turned away rather impatiently as he promised to be in "in a few minutes."

Poor George went in and sat down in despair. He had no idea how he should get along, and as he looked at the puzzling examples the thought crossed his mind that perhaps if he had studied harder he might have saved all this trouble.

But James came in and in his cheery way took up his slate, and explaining as he worked, soon had three examples done. But the bell was about to ring.

"I tell you, George," said James, "there's no use trying the next example, for time's up. I'll let you take my slate when we get into the class. They're all worked out on it. But why is it that you don't ever have your sums done? I guess you don't have any plan about studying, do you?"

"No," George said, "I never thought of having a plan."

"Why," said James, "I could not get on at all without it. I take my history home at night and study in the evening. Then I learn my geography the first half hour of school. I know the lesson is long, but if you make it a practice to get it in half an hour it will soon come easy. Then I go right to work on the arithmetic. If the sums are very tough I take the book home at night and work them out. But I always learn first the lesson I recite first in the day, and I never leave one thing half done to begin another."

The bell was ringing and James hurried to his seat. A few minutes after George went to his class, and as he heard James explain the examples in his prompt, accurate way, and saw his teacher glance with pride and approbation at his pleasant, frank face, he really felt that he too would try to have a plan, and study harder, and be a better scholar. Let us hope he will.

A. A. F.

STEALING A SEAL.

ONE dark day in winter a native of Upernavik, who got his living by catching seals and selling their skins, went to see whether any seals were in his nets. He was pleased to find that in one of his nets there was a seal. He knelt down on the ice to take the seal out of the net, and just as he did so he had a slap on the back. He thought it was from his companion, and took no notice of it; but a moment afterward he had another and a much heavier blow. He turned sharply round, and to his horror saw, not his friend, but—a grim old bear! Bruin was hungry, but he showed that he would rather eat a seal than an Esquimaux, for he pushed the man aside, tore the seal out of the net, and began his supper. The seal-catcher did not wait to see Bruin finish his meal: he was very glad to get out of his way.

He that is soon angry dealth foolishly.



VERSES FOR A LITTLE BOY TO SPEAK.

ALLOW me, gentle friends, to tell
The things that I can do:
I can read, and I can spell,
And run an errand too.

I also can obey my mother,
And do what father says;
And I can please my little brother
In very many ways.

And though I am a little boy,
Scarce six years old, you see,
I sometimes make my sister cry,
And sometimes laugh at me.

But one thing I'm resolved to do,
And that's to grow a man,
Wise and strong, and brave and true,
As fast as e'er I can;

A kind, good man, and earth shall grow
The brighter for my stay;
Flowers shall in my footsteps blow
When I have passed away.

For He can help me well, I know,
Who bids us all be good;
To him for help I'll daily go—
He gives me clothes and food.

Our Father, he who dwells in heaven,
The great good God he is;
His name is Jesus, he has given
All good things that we see!

LOST IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.



LETTER in the *Melbourne Times* contains an affecting narrative of three children lost in the bush, and for nine days without food:

Some weeks back, at the station of a Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl, aged respectively the eldest boy nine, the girl seven, and the youngest boy five, the children of a carpenter named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mother, as they had often gone on the same errand before, to gather broom, and not returning before dark, the parents became alarmed and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbors in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain.

At length, in despair, the assistance of some blacks was obtained. These people possess an almost

bloodhound instinct in following up the very faintest tracks. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, talking very much, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, or flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent actings of the objects of their search.

"Here little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down, carry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see the bush; her fall on him." Further on, and more observations. "Here little one tired again; big one kneel down; not able to rise; fall flat on his face." The accuracy of these readings of the blacks was afterward curiously corroborated by the children themselves.

On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever being again seen alive, the searching party came on them. They were described as having been found lying all of a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awake, the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only just feebly groan, "Father." The youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, childlike demanding, "Father, why didn't you come for us sooner? we were cooeing for you."

The sister, who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, "Cold, cold." No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, "to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold."

The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and, by their own account, had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week; in all, nine days and eight nights.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"HOW MANY IS A DOZEN?"

LITTLE HENRY stood at the window watching a kind mother robin as it went away and then came back with food for its young.

"Why!" he exclaimed, after watching them a long time in silence, "she has fed them a dozen times. How many is a dozen, father, a thousand?"

COUSIN GENEVIE BELMONTE.

AN impatient boy waiting for the grist, said to the miller: "I could eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it."

"How long could you do so?" inquired the miller.

"Till I starved to death," was the sarcastic reply.

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