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CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 21.

AUGUST 13, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 213.

"THE HYMN MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME."

"GET away with ye, will ye, Ben Madden! I don't want you a sneaking about my stall to see what you can be laying your fingers on!" exclaimed Betty Wiggins, the cross old dame who sold biscuits and cakes at the corner of High-street.

The poor orphan boy thus rudely addressed slunk back a pace or two from the tempting stall. His young heart was burning with anger, and indignant tears rose into his eyes. "I never in my life took what did not belong to me," muttered Ben; "my poor mother taught me something better than that."

Betty Wiggins might have given a kind word to the lonely child if she had given no more. Ben Madden had lately lost his mother, a poor industrious widow, who had worked as long as her fingers could work to support herself and her orphan boy. Alice Madden had died in peace and faith, commending her child to the care of Him who hath said, "*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*"

Poor Ben seemed to have a hard life-struggle before him. He had no relative living but a sailor uncle, who might, for aught that he knew, be now on the other side of the world. There was none to care whether the orphans slept under a roof or an archway, whether he was fed or whether he starved. Betty, who had known his mother for years, might have spared him one of those biscuits and never have missed it among so many; so thought Ben, who, since rising at daybreak, had not tasted a morsel of food.



As Ben stood leaning against an area railing, looking wistfully at the piles of cake and gingerbread, a light cart, in which was seated a reckless young driver urging on an excited horse, was whisked round the corner of High-street with such careless

speed that it knocked over the stall and threw its contents on the pavement. What a scatter was there of tartlets and cakes, bits of taffy and rock, biscuits, bull's eyes, almonds, and buns, and sticks of bright barley sugar! Had the stall-woman been any other than cross Betty Wiggins Ben would have run forward to help her to pick up her goods, which were rolling about in every direction. But a feeling of resentment filled the soul of the boy; he was not sorry for Betty's disaster. "She bade me keep off," thought the child, "and I will; she would not trust me to pick up her biscuits."

Ben would not go to the cakes, but one of the cakes came to him. A beautiful pink one, studded with almonds and frosted with sugar, rolled close up to his feet. Betty did not mark this, for with clenched hand and flashing eyes she was pouring a torrent of abuse after the careless driver whose cart had done the mischief, which the youth would not stop to repair. Ben saw the cake—the delicious pink cake—what a temptation to a half-famished boy! Forgetful of his own words so lately uttered, in a moment the child caught it up, and hurried away down the street; leaving Betty to abuse the driver, set up the stall, and recover such of her dainties as had not been smashed on the pavement.

Before Ben had walked many steps he had eagerly swallowed the cake; having once tasted its sweetness he felt as if nothing could stop him from eating the whole. Ben had committed his first theft, he had forgotten the words of his mother, he had

broken the law of his God. Let none of my readers deem his fault a small one, or think that little harm could come from a hungry boy's eating a single cake that had rolled to his feet. Ben's enjoyment was quickly over; what had pleased his taste had but whetted his hunger, and it seemed as if with that stolen morsel evil had entered into the boy. Every time that we yield to temptation we have less power to resist it in future. Many sinful thoughts came into the mind of Ben as he lounged through the streets. Never before had he so envied the rich, those who could feast every day upon dainties. With a careless eye he gazed into shops filled with good things which he could not buy. With a repining, discontented spirit he thought of his own hard lot. Why had his mother been taken from him? why had he been left to sorrow and want?

Then, in this dangerous state of mind, Ben began to consider how he could find means of supplying his need. He did not think now of prayer; he did not think of asking his heavenly Father to open some course before him by which he might honestly earn his bread. Ben remembered how that sharp lad, Dennis O'Wiley, had told him that he knew ways and means by which a lad could push himself on in the world. When Ben had repeated these words to his mother she had warned him against Dennis O'Wiley; she had said that he feared neither God nor man, and would end his days in a prison. Ben had resolved, in obedience to his parent, never to keep company with the lad; but, since stealing that pink sugared cake, Ben found his resolution beginning to waver. He could see no great harm in Dennis, as good-natured a fellow as ever was born; why should he not ask a bit of advice from a chap who seemed always to find out some way of getting whatever he wanted?

Alas, poor Ben! he had been like one standing at a spot where two roads branch off: the straight one leading to life, the broad one leading to destruction—his first theft was like his first step in the fatal downward road. But for a little incident which I am going to relate the widow's son might have gone from evil to evil, from sinful thoughts to wicked deeds, till his heart had grown hard and his conscience dead, and he had led a life of guilt and of shame to close in misery and ruin.

As Ben was sauntering down a street, half resolved to seek Dennis O'Wiley, his ear caught the sound of music. It came from an open door leading into an infant school. Ben, who dearly loved music, drew near and listened to the childish voices singing a well-known hymn. Very heavy grew the heart of the boy, and his eyes were dimmed with tears, for he heard the familiar words:

"O that will be joyful
When we meet to part no more!"

Ben's lips quivered as he murmured to himself, "That is the hymn my mother taught me."

What seeming trifles will sometimes change the whole current of our thoughts. The sound of that music brought vividly before the mind of poor Ben his mother's face as she lay on her sick-bed; the touch of her hand, her fond look of love, her dying words of advice to her son. It was as if she had come back to earth to stop her poor boy on his downward way. His thoughts were recalled to God and heaven, to that bright home to which he felt that his mother had gone, and where he hoped one day to join her—the blessed mansions prepared by the Saviour for those who love and obey him.

"Holy children will be there
Who have sought the Lord by prayer."

Ben turned away with almost a bursting heart. Heaven is not for the unholy, the disobedient, the covetous, for those who take what is not their own! If he went on in the fatal course on which he had entered that day he would never again meet his mother, he would never be "joyful" in heaven! Was it too late to turn back? Might he not ask God's forgiveness, and pray for grace to lead a new life?

"Yes," thought the penitent child, "I will never forget my mother's wishes, I will follow my mother's ways! With the very first money that I get, I will pay for the cake that I stole."

The strength of Ben's resolution was very soon put to the test. Scarcely had he made this silent promise when a carriage with a lady inside it was driven up to the school, and as there was no footman with it, and the coachman could not leave the box, Ben ran forward to open the door, and guard the lady's dress from the wheel. The lady smiled kindly on the child, and taking a penny from her bag, dropped it into his hand.

Here was a penny honestly earned; a penny that would buy two stale rolls to satisfy the hunger of Ben. Could it be wrong thus to spend it? Had he received it one hour before, Ben would have run to a baker's shop and laid out the money in bread; but conscience now whispered to Ben that he had a debt to discharge, that that penny by right was Betty's, and that his first duty was to pay for the cake which he had wrongfully taken.

"But I'm so hungry!" thought Ben, as he looked on the copper in his hand: "I will buy what I need with this penny, and pay my debt with the next. But yet," thus went on the struggle between self-will and conscience, "my mother taught me that to put off doing what is right is actually doing what is wrong. Often have I heard her say, when conscience points out a difficult duty, don't wait in hopes that it will grow easy." Ben turned in the direction of High-street, but before he had taken two steps on his way pride offered another temptation. "I can't bear to go up to Betty," thought Ben, "and tell her that I stole her cake!" He stopped short as the thought crossed his mind. "But can't I walk by her stall, and just drop the penny on it as I pass, and say nothing to bring myself shame?" A little reflection showed Ben that this could not be done. "She'd be a crying out again, 'Get away with ye,' she'd think I was fingering her cakes. Besides," here conscience spoke strongly once more, "does not the Bible tell us to confess our faults one to another? Is it not the brave—the right way to go straight to the persons we've wronged and tell them we're sorry for the past?"

It was a hard struggle for Ben, and when with a short, silent prayer for help he walked on again toward High-street, the child was more of a true hero than many who have earned medals and fame. He was conquering Satan, he was conquering self, he was bearing hunger and daring shame, that he might be honest and truthful.

Ben soon came in sight of Betty and her stall; it seemed to the boy that the wrinkled old face looked more cross and peevish than ever. A sailor was standing beside the woman buying some gingerbread. "Now or never," thought Ben, who did not trust himself to delay, now that his mind was made up. His face flushed to the roots of his hair with the effort that he was making; the child walked straight up to the stall, laid his penny upon it and said, "I took one of your cakes to-day—I'm sorry—there is the money for it!"

"Well, Ben Madden!" exclaimed the old woman in surprise, "you're an honest lad than I took you for—you mind what your mother taught you."

"Ben Madden!" cried the sailor, looking hard at the orphan boy, "that's a name I know well. Can this be the son of the sister whom I've not set eyes on these seven long years?"

"His mother was the widow of big Ben the glazier," said Betty, "who died by a fall from a window."

"The very same!" cried the sailor, grasping the hand of his nephew and giving it a hearty shake. "What a lucky chance that we met! And where's your mother, my boy?"

Tears gushed into poor Ben's eyes as in a low voice he answered, "In heaven."

The seaman's rough, hearty manner instantly changed; he turned away his head, and was silent for several minutes, as if struggling with feelings to

which he was ashamed to give way. Then, laying his brown hand on the shoulder of his nephew, he said in a kindly tone, "So you've neither father nor mother, poor child; you're all alone in the world! I'll be a father to you for the sake of poor dear Alice."

Fervently did poor little Ben thank God who had thus provided for him a friend when he most needed one and least expected to find! With wonder the orphan silently traced the steps by which his heavenly Father had led him. What a mercy it was that he had passed near the school—that he had heard the hymn, that he had resolved to be honest, and that his resolution had brought him to the cake woman's stall when the sailor was standing beside it! Had Ben delayed but for ten minutes he would never have met his uncle! Yes, in future life the orphan frequently owned that all his earthly comforts had sprung from the decision which he had been strengthened to make when, at the turning-point of his course, he had stood at the door of the infant school, listening with a penitent heart to the hymn which his mother had taught him!



THE YOUNG ROBINS.

Is a soft warm nest in a shady tree,
With bright little eyes and wings,
Sat a fine old bird with his children three,
Such tiny, sweet-tempered things!
And the old bird said to the dear little birds,
"I want you to learn to fly;"
And the little ones merrily chirped the words,
"Dear father, we'll try."

Now a little boy had a sum to-day,
And was told to go quickly through it;
But he pouted and cried, and was heard to say,
"He was sure that he could not do it."
Do you think that this boy was half as good
As the birdies that learned to fly?
He'd wiser have been—don't you think he would?
If he'd said, "I'll try, I'll try!"

TEN RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. NEVER put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.
2. Never trouble others to do what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs as much as hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of eating too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain those evils cost us that never happen!
9. Take things by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, always count ten before you speak.

FAITH is the trust of the mind, for the blessing of justification, upon the obedience and death of the Son of God; and the ground of this trust is the excellence of the Saviour's obedience, and the worth and glory of Him who suffered.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1864.

A WONDERFUL OLD STORY.



ANY, many long years ago there lived in a lonely land faraway from ours a wise and mighty king. This king was renowned for his great riches, for his wisdom, and for the splendor of the buildings he erected.

Among the followers of this grand monarch was a young man remarkable for strength of body, for courage, and for activity. The king saw him, marked his high qualities, and, being charmed with his manners, appointed him to a high office and loaded him with princely honors.



The young man ought to have been very grateful to his royal master for these favors, and to have served him faithfully. But he was not. His king was growing old, and falling into many evil ways. Among other things, he taxed his people very heavily until they murmured. The young man, instead of soothing the anger of the people, encouraged their bad feelings, and sowed the seeds of rebellion in their hearts.

About this time the king heard that a noted seer had foretold the division of his kingdom, and that this young man would become king over the greater portion of it. This made his majesty very angry, and he resolved to kill his former favorite. But the young chieftain, hearing of his master's purpose, ran away, and found refuge in the court of a neighboring prince.



After a few years the old king died, and his son ascended the throne with great pomp. The exile, hearing of his sovereign's death, returned to his native land, and was present at a great assembly called together for the purpose of crowning the new king. Before the coronation, however, the people asked the young prince to promise that he would not tax them so heavily as his father had done. He was foolish enough not only to refuse, but to declare that his rule should be more vigorous. Then a large number of the chiefs of the people left the assembly in great wrath, raised the flag of rebellion, and made the returned exile—his name was Jeroboam—their king.

When Jeroboam was firmly fixed in his throne, he was afraid that if his people remained faithful to their old religion they would sooner or later want to return to their rightful king. Hoping to prevent this, he taught

them to be idolaters, forgetting that the surest way to secure his throne was to be faithful to God. He made two images of gold, dressed many of his worst subjects in the garb of priests, and called the people to a great religious festival in honor of his golden idols.

This wicked conduct made the Lord angry, and he sent an old prophet to the festival with a terrible message. Just as Jeroboam was burning incense before the altar of his false god the old seer appeared. Seeing his venerable form standing on a gentle hillock a little beyond the altar, the king paused. The prophet, looking sternly at the altar and raising his arms, said in a solemn voice:

"O altar, altar, God shall raise up a prince who shall burn the bones of thy priests upon thee!" Then, looking upon the king, he added, "As a sign of the truth of my words, your altar shall be broken, and the ashes that are upon it shall fall to the ground."

The king's anger was so fierce that he could not speak at first. Very soon, however, he recovered his voice, and turning to his warriors, pointed toward the prophet and fiercely shouted,

"Lay hold on him!"

But the soldiers did not stir, for at that moment the face of the king became paler than the ashes upon the altar. What ailed him? His arm had dried up, and he could not pull it in again. At the same instant the stone altar split apart, and the ashes of the sacrifice fell to the earth.

The king was for the moment conquered. He felt that the finger of Almighty justice had touched him. He trembled, and in piteous tones said to the prophet:

"Good man, I beseech you, pray to thy God that my hand may be restored to me again."

The seer, having no malice in his heart, did as the king wished, and the arm was instantly healed. Then the king invited the prophet to his palace, and promised to give him rich food and costly gifts. The seer refused to go, saying that if the king would give him half of his palace he would not cross its threshold or eat with him, because God had ordered him to eat nothing and not to retrace his steps, but to go straight home by another road.

The prophet then without further ceremony started for home. His duty to the king was done, and though tired with his walk and the excitement of the grand event in which he had taken so glorious a part, he trudged homeward, thinking least of all, perhaps, of further danger to himself. What had he to fear? Had he not faced and subdued an angry king? Was he not the Lord's prophet? Surely nothing could harm him.

But a more dangerous enemy than the king was following the prophet's steps. This adversary was a venerable old man riding upon an ass. This man had once been a prophet himself, and having been told by his sons of the wonders of the morning, was very anxious to have the man who had defied the proud and puissant king eat bread with him. He therefore, overtaking Jeroboam's reprovener while he was resting under the shadow of a noble oak, leaped from his ass, bowed with great respect, and said:

"Come home with me and eat bread!"

"I cannot," replied the prophet. "God bade me neither eat nor drink until I arrive at my home. Neither must I retrace my steps."

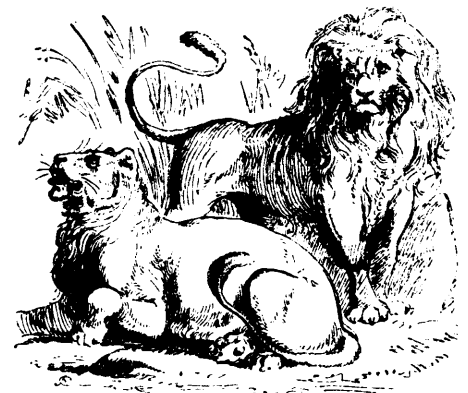
"But," rejoined the stranger, "I too am a prophet. God sent me after you and told me to bring you back. I have heard the voice of God's angel."

This was a lie; but the seer, being tired and hungry, easily persuaded himself that it was all right; and without praying to God for guidance, turned back, went to the house of the apostate prophet, and ate food.

Did he enjoy that meal? Not at all. His conscience was too busy to let him do that. God's voice also spoke within his soul, and his heart was filled with evil forebodings.

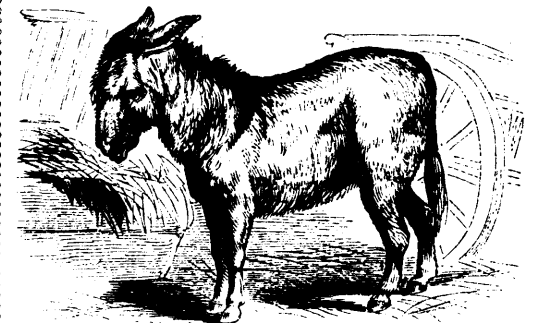
He finished his sorrowful dinner, however, and set out for home, riding upon the ass of his host, and feeling very heavy-hearted. Perhaps he asked God to forgive him as he rode slowly along the quiet roads. I hope, yes, I think he did. Presently, when near his home, he came to a wood. He had not ridden far within its shade before he heard a loud and angry growl. Starting with terror, he looked round and saw a fierce lion rushing toward him. Alas, poor prophet! His heart throbbled quickly. He had only time to breathe a brief prayer before the claws of the lion were in his flesh. He saw its glaring eyes, felt its hot breath upon his face, and then its savage jaws fastened upon his throat and he was dead!

The strangest thing of all was that after he was dead the lion dropped his hold upon his throat and placed himself like a guard beside his dead body, which had fallen



to the ground in the encounter. The royal beast neither tore the ass nor ate the body of the prophet. Was it not wonderful? God only could have made the lion act in this way.

The apostate prophet, hearing these strange things, took another ass and sought the dead body of the man he had tempted. The lion let him take it away, and he buried it in his own grave.



Thus severely did God punish the disobedience of his servant. He took his life, but I doubt not saved his soul. As for Jeroboam, he went on in his sins in spite of the awful warning he had received until God sent evil upon him, upon his children, and upon his subjects who followed his bad example.

Such is the wonderful old story. You will find it in your Bibles, and it should teach you that it is a dangerous thing to offend God; that God has ten thousand ways in which to punish you if you dare to sin; and that he deals more severely with those who know his will very clearly, as the prophet did and as you do, than with those who know very little about it.

MY LETTER-BAG.

THE wonderful old story has squeezed my budget into a small corner, so that neither the Corporal nor I have much room to air our ideas. Begin reading, Corporal!

C. S. P., of —, says:

"Sometimes the Advocate brings us a pretty little tune, and the prettiest of the pretty was, 'I love the Sunday-school.' We have sung this many, many times, and the more we sing it the more we love it. O I think we may sing this in heaven! We have been thinking much about your Try Company. What a large company you must have! We should like much to join them. We will try and learn our lessons well. We will try and behave pretty. What say you, Brother Corporal, will you try us?"

"Certainly, certainly!" replies the Corporal. "Fall in!"

FANNY M. M., of —, says:

"A little black-eyed girl of nine years, named Rosetta, who is a glad reader of your precious little Advocate, thinks it is time for her to quit the service of that 'tough old giant' *I can't*, and to commence fighting 'in the ranks of Corporal Try,' and as she has lately been victorious in several battles with 'I can't,' which shows she intends to be a good soldier, please give her name to the Corporal as a recruit."

Fanny will do first rate. The ranks of old "I can't" are thinning out grandly. Hope the old fellow will die of grief. I guess the Try Company would make merry over his tomb.—C. P., of —, says:

"I should like to tell you what my little cousin said one dark, stormy night last winter. She was going to meeting with her mother, who said she was afraid to go down a dark street. The little girl replied, 'Ma, it's only wicked folks that are afraid.' What a lesson that little girl taught in those few words!"

That little cousin's remark showed that she thought good people ought to feel safe in God's hands. She was right. They ought to feel safe, but they don't always. Let my children learn to trust in God and not yield to fears.

HOW A POOR BOY BECAME A RICH MERCHANT.

"WHEN I was six years old," says a well-known merchant, "my father died, leaving nothing to my mother but the charge of myself and two young sisters. After selling the greater part of the household furniture she owned, she took two small rooms in W. street, and there, by her needle, contrived in some way—how I cannot conceive, when I recollect the bare pittance for which she worked—to support us in comfort. Frequently, however, I remember that our supper consisted simply of a slice of bread, seasoned by hunger, and rendered inviting by the neat manner in which our repast was served, our table always being spread with a cloth, which, like my good mother's heart, seemed ever to preserve a snow-white purity."

Wiping his eyes, the merchant continued:

"Speaking of those days reminds me of the time when we sat down to the table one evening, and my mother had asked the blessing of our heavenly Father on her little defenseless ones in tones of tender pathos that I remember yet, she divided the remnant of her only loaf into three pieces, placing one in each of our plates, but preserving none for herself. I stole around to her, and was about to tell her that I was not hungry, when a flood of tears burst from her eyes, and she clasped me to her bosom. Our meal was left untouched; we sat up late that night, and what we said I cannot tell. I know that my mother talked with me more as a companion than a child. When we knelt down to pray, I consecrated myself to be the Lord's and to serve my mother."

"But," said he, "this is not telling you how neatness made my fortune. It was some time after this that my mother found an advertisement in the newspaper for an errand-boy in a commission house in B. street. Without being necessitated to wait to have my clothes mended, for my mother always kept them in perfect order, and although on minute inspection they bore traces of more than one patch, yet on the whole they had a very respectable air. Without waiting to arrange my hair, or clean my shoes, for I was obliged to observe from my earliest youth the most perfect neatness in every respect, my mother sent me to see if I could obtain the situation. With a light step I started, for I had long wished my mother to allow me to do something to assist her."

"My heart beat fast, I assure you, as I turned out of W. into B. street, and made my way along to the number my mother had given me. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and stepped briskly into the store, and found my way into the counting-room, and made known the object of my calling. The merchant smiled, and told me there was another boy who had come in a little before me whom he thought he should engage. However, he asked me some questions, and then went out and conversed with the other boy, who stood in the back part of the office. The result was that the lad who first applied was dismissed, and I entered the merchant's employment, first as an errand boy, then as a clerk, afterward as his partner, until his death, when he left me the whole of his business, stock, etc. After I had been in his service some years, he told me the reason he chose me in preference to the other boy was because of the general neatness of my person, while in reference to the other lad he noticed that he neglected to be tidy. To this simple circumstance has probably been owing the greater part of my success in business."

A LITTLE girl who had been asked to assist in giving some tracts in the back street where she lived, was asked in anger by one who met her:

"How dare you give these away to people?"

She only said softly, "How dare I meet Jesus if I don't do something for him?"



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE NOBLE SLAVE-BOY.

A BRIGHT little boy stood on a block to be sold, just as if he were a sheep, or a cow, or a pig, or a piece of goods. That is the way they have done in the Southern states for many years, but we hope the time will soon come when they will do it no more. Well, this little slave-boy was a child of God. He loved the Lord, and the Lord loved him and dwelt in his heart. That must have been a great comfort to him when he was about to be sold away from all his friends. Soon a man came along who wanted to buy a boy, and he called out to him, "Will you always tell the truth and be a good boy if I buy you?"

The boy drew up his little form, and calmly looking down, he simply replied: "I will always tell the truth whether you buy me or not."

That poor forlorn slave-boy had a soul far purer in the sight of God than that of the proud slave-dealer who wished to buy him.

THE HUMMING-TOP.

A HUMMING-TOP lay with its string,
A silent, dull, and useless thing,
Till it was set a spinning;
Then quite upright it wheeled around,
And filled the air with merry sound,
As if to sing beginning.

MORAL.

'Tis when we're active we are gay,
We hum a song, and spin away!

AGE AND TRADES OF ANIMALS.

Age of Animals.—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and then let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the Son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years afterward. Pigs have lived to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Cows

live about fifteen years. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred years. A tortoise lived to the age of one hundred and seven.

Trades of Animals.—Bees are geometricians; their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of materials, to have the largest-sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the nine-killer is an arithmetician; as also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians. The saw-fly is a carpenter; some spiders are masons; whole tribes of birds are musicians. The nautilus is a sailor; he raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical acts. The beaver is an architect, builder, and wood-cutter; he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer; he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and

drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. The ants have regular day laborers. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others are hunters. The black bear and the heron are fishermen.

GRATITUDE.

A POOR Protestant congregation in Lyons was trying to build a small house for their public worship. An old soldier brought all his three months' earnings. "Can you spare so much?" asked the minister.

"My Saviour spared not himself," he answered, tears of gratitude and love trickling down his cheeks, "but freely gave his life for me; surely I can spare one quarter of a year's earnings to extend his kingdom on earth."

Is not that a motive to open the heart?

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THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

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