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# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

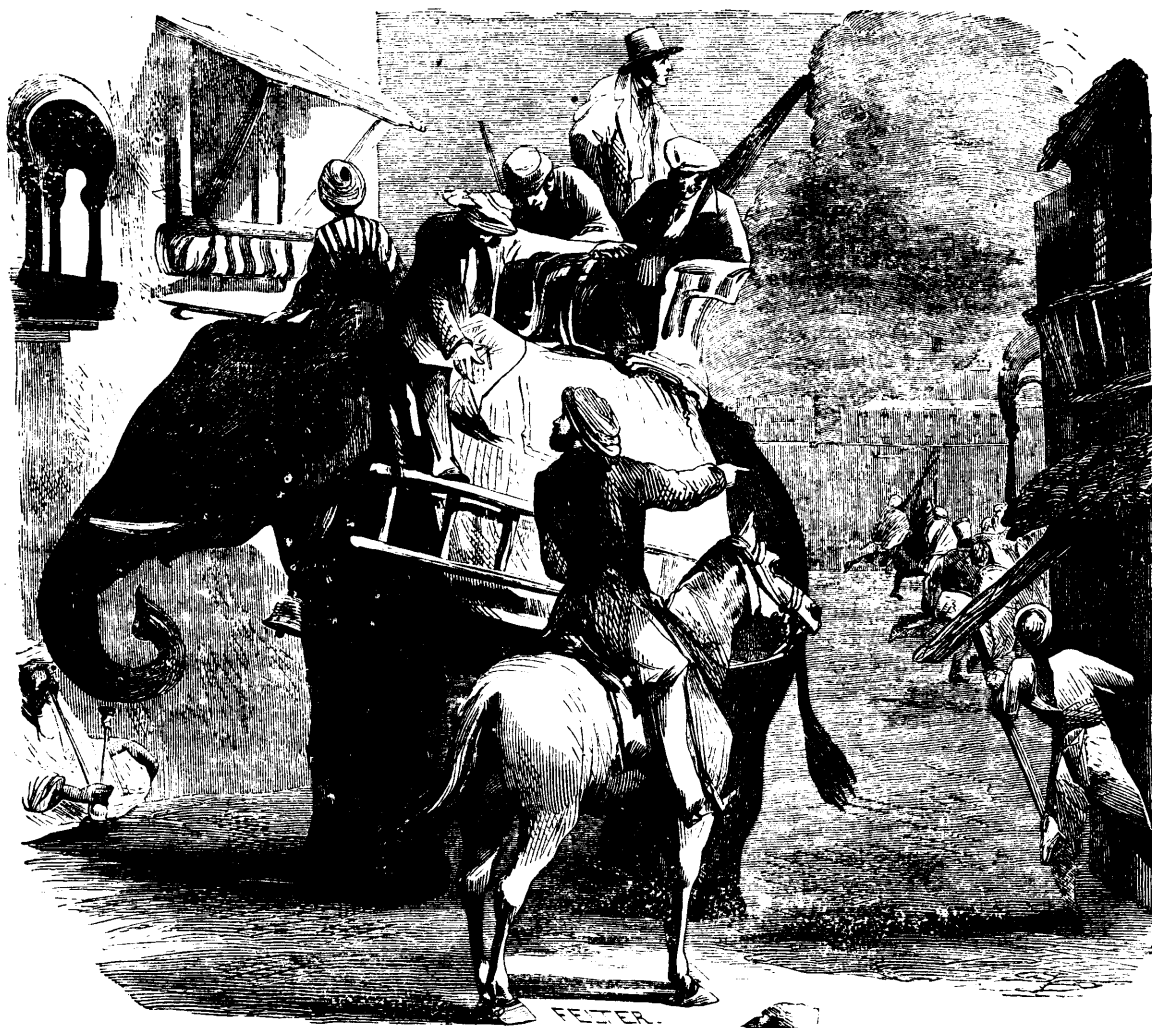
SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 16.

MAY 23, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 184.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

## A TIME OF TROUBLE.

WHAT an excited group we have here! That tall gentleman on the elephant's back looks as though he saw signs of danger. That man on horseback seems to be telling evil tidings to him who stands on the ladder s'ung to the elephant's side. The eagerness with which the other man in the big saddle listens shows that there is danger somewhere. Moreover, away to the right there is a scamper of men who look like soldiers. Everybody is moved except that old fellow with the pipe, and he is as calm as the elephant. What is the matter?

The picture represents an actual scene in India during the rebellion of the Sepoys in 1857-8. The Sepoys were Hindoo soldiers commanded by English officers. Moved by the advice of some of the native princes, the Sepoys rose against their officers, killed all the English they could catch, and tried to rid themselves of the British yoke. It was a terrible time. The Sepoys were like savages, and put vast numbers of the English and their friends to cruel

deaths. The English put them down at last, as you know; but it cost them a great deal of money and many lives to do so.

The people in the picture lived at BAREILLY, where we have a mission. They have just heard that the soldiers there are about to rebel. They are too few to fight, so, like wise men, they are getting ready to fly. They did escape to a place called NYNEE TAL, in the mountains, and lived to see the rebellion put down.

Some of our missionaries in India had to pursue the same course. If you were to put Dr. Butler and his family into the places of the men in the picture, you would have a pretty correct idea of the manner in which they fled from Bareilly to Nynee Tal. Aren't you thankful to God for keeping the good doctor, his family, and the other missionaries from being killed by those terrible Sepoys? Some missionaries from other Churches were killed; ours were spared. Thank God!

The picture shows you how they ride on elephants in India. How should you like to ride so? The elephant looks as if he knew something, and

he is one of the most knowing of beasts. Still, I prefer the horse. I would rather have things as they are here than as they have them in India. Let us all pray that the Hindoos may receive the "glad tidings" of the Gospel. That will make them a better and happier people than they are now. O Lord, save the heathen in India! X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE LIAR AND THE TRUTH-TELLER.

BY CORPORAL TRY.

"THERE! it's two o'clock, I declare. We shall be late, Jem, and shall catch what we don't like. Teacher will give us a taste of little sting-palm, wont he?"

Thus spoke one schoolboy to another as they walked hurriedly along the street of a certain city on their way to school one summer afternoon.

"I s'pose he will, Albert, unless we can give him a good account of ourselves, which I don't see as we can do," replied JAMES RIGHTLOVE. "We fished five minutes too long down at the pond, and now we must take what comes as cheerfully as we can."

"I don't know about that," rejoined ALBERT THINKWRONG. "I think I can excuse myself. Old Whackem isn't hard to stuff, and I guess I'll try it on. I don't like the feeling of his ferule on my palm."

"You don't mean to say that you'll tell a lie to escape punishment!" exclaimed James.

"I mean to say that I'm going to pull a little wool over old Whackem's eyes,"

replied Albert, "and," he added as they reached the schoolhouse door, "if you 'peach,' look out!"

James had no time to reply, for Albert went directly into the school. He felt shocked, however, at Albert's purpose to lie, and said to himself:

"Well, I wont lie to escape a whipping if Albert does."

Mr. Forman, their teacher—the boys called him "Old Whackem"—saw them enter, and frowned because they were late. He was a very punctual man, and was very strict in requiring his pupils to be punctual too. As soon as the two boys had hung their caps on the pegs he said sharply:

"Albert and James, come here!"

The boys obeyed, and advanced to the front of their teacher's desk. Fixing his eyes on Albert, Mr. Forman said, "You are five minutes after time. What excuse have you to offer?"

"I had to go on an errand for my father, sir, and did not get back in time," replied Albert, looking very innocently into his teacher's face.

"Why didn't you bring a written excuse from your father, sir?" queried the master.

"Because I thought there was time to get to school when I left the house; but the clock struck just as I turned the corner of Greenwich-street, and then I thought I had better keep right on."

"Well, the case looks a little peculiar. I'll excuse you this time, but don't let it happen so again, Master Albert. Take your seat, sir—and now, James, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I have no excuse to offer, sir," replied James, blushing; "I was very busy fishing down at the pond, and the time went faster than I thought. I'm sorry, sir, that I didn't start earlier."

"Eh! eh! Fishing, eh? Well, one is apt to forget himself when he's fishing. Your fault, it seems, was a want of *thought*, not a purpose to break my rules, nor a careless disregard of them. I'll excuse you this time, because your intention seems to have been good and you have told me the plain truth. But, James, you must *think* next time you fish and be at school in season or I'll not let you off as easily as I do now. Take your seat, sir."

Thus both of these boys escaped the ferule, Albert by lying, James by telling the truth. The lie in the one case *seemed* as profitable as the truth in the other. But was it *really* as profitable, think you? Didn't Albert injure *himself*? Didn't he feel mean, cowardly, and guilty? Wasn't God angry with him?

On the other hand, did not James, by telling the truth in the face of probable punishment, increase his moral courage and his self-respect? Did he not also keep a good conscience, and secure the approval of the All-seeing God?

Which do *you* admire? Ah, I know. You all admire James; you all condemn Albert. Prove your admiration sincere by always telling the truth, let it cost you what it will.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ST. PETERSBURGH.

No other large city in the world is quite so far north as the capital of Russia. All this cold country was once nearly a wilderness; but about a century and a half since, Peter the Great, who was then Czar or Emperor of Russia, took a fancy to have the capital of his empire built up here on the Gulf of Finland, at the mouth of the river Neva. True, it was all a great morass then; but the great Peter's will was fixed. Hundreds of thousands of his subjects were ordered on, the swamp was filled up, grand streets were laid out, fine houses went up, and thus suddenly sprang into existence one of the largest cities in Europe. We believe it ranks next to London in size. True, it cost one hundred thousand laborers their lives; but what did Peter care so long as his city was built!

Its principal street is four miles in length. The public buildings are magnificent, and we get a fine view of them as we sail over. The houses are large and the roofs brightly painted. Probably no other city in the world would look so fine from above. But looking at the roofs and the streets of a city is not all we want, so let us tumble out and run around a little. Look at these three palaces side by side. It would take you not less than ten minutes to walk the length of one of them.

If you tire of walking you can ride on such a bench on wheels as this—what do you call it?—ah, yes, a drosky. The passenger gets on it astride and is driven through the streets at a break-neck pace. You think they might be afraid of running over somebody? There is little danger, you see, for



THE WINTER PALACE.

the streets are very wide and not crowded; but if the driver should happen to run over any one he might well be afraid, for he would be obliged to answer for it, perhaps with his life. Well, why do they do it then? Because the gentlemen and nobles, who often employ them, oblige the poor fellows to drive at the top of their speed.

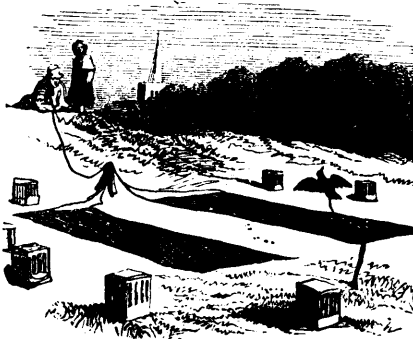
Very elegant carriages can be procured for the ladies if we have money to pay for them.

You will observe that the most of the houses of this city, even the dwellings of the nobility, are not more than one or two stories in height, though they spread out widely. An enterprising foreigner, a Yankee, I suppose, built a number of three story houses to let, but it was a poor speculation—no one wanted the third story.

O, you have found a building more than two stories high, have you, Sammy? Yes, that elegant building is the winter palace of the czar. You will find other public buildings of equal height.

The Czar Nicholas had his former palace on this same site destroyed by fire. When he resolved to rebuild, his proposition was the new palace should be finished in exactly one year. "With the czar is power, with the czar is death," and the work was done in the specified time, though a large number of the workmen died through the effects of confinement in the over-heated rooms. This palace contains six thousand inhabitants—quite a respectable little town of itself.

AUNT JULIA.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

THE FOWLER'S SNARE.

Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.—Prov. i, 17.

The bird is caught. Its legs are in the snare. Poor bird! Its freedom is lost, and it must now spend its days in a cage. Pity it had not seen the

snare in time. Then it would have kept its freedom. Alas, poor bird!

I hope my reader will never be caught in the snare of the fowler. *No fear of that, sir. I aint a bird!* That you are not a bird is true. That there is no fear of your being snared is not true. Know, my child, that Satan spreads snares for children's feet. When you are tempted to lie to conceal a fault or gain your end you are close to one of his snares. When you hear a voice saying, "There is no need of being a Christian yet; time enough for that by and by," you are near another. Indeed, his snares are everywhere. Take care, then, my child! Ask God to keep your feet from falling into Satan's snares.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE NEW TALMA.

"You succeeded so well, Katy," said Aunt Eva, "in making a talma for your doll, don't you think you could make a larger one for some

poor child to wear that would be of use to her?"

"I don't know, aunty; but I am sure little Nanny Adams would be glad enough of one. She comes to our Sabbath-school, and has only a thin old cape to put over her shoulders. If you would help me, I do believe I could. What could we make one of?"

"We will consult mother about that, and if she can spare us anything we will set to work directly."

Mother found some breadths of dark brown stuff which would answer quite well, and Katy was happy as a lark when she found herself fairly at work upon it. How delighted poor Nanny would be, and her mother too. It was that thought which gave Katy so much pleasure. There is nothing makes us more happy than to do good to some one in need, and children cannot learn too early to take a part in such labors of love.

She was two days in making the garment. The seams were much longer than those on her baby's little coat, and she often grew tired and wished it was done.

"One stitch at a time will surely finish it if you only persevere," said Aunt Eva.

And, sure enough, on the evening of the second day little Katy slipped on the talma, and a pretty coat it was, fit for any little girl to wear. It had taught Katy an excellent lesson of industry and benevolence.

"Now we will cover a few buttons with those bits of brown silk you saved, Katy, to set on the sleeves and pockets, and our work will be done."

"I did not think they would come useful so soon," said little Katy as she sat down to learn of her aunt how to cover a button neatly. "Why, aunty, they look just as nicely as if I had bought them."

"Yes," said her aunt, "and it has saved a dime's expense. That would buy a nice little Testament or number of tracts, and who can tell how much good they might accomplish. Now to-morrow I will try to make over an old bonnet of yours I saw in the attic closet yesterday, which mother says is of no use, and then we can give both to the little girl."

How happy little Nanny and her mother were made by those simple gifts, which cost not a single penny to make, and which were a great blessing to the givers also. Do not keep old idle garments for "the moth and rust to corrupt," but lay up treasures in heaven by means of them. Jesus Christ considers every kindness you do to his poor as done to himself.

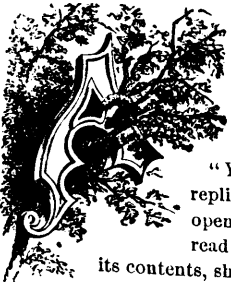
J. E. M'C.

PATIENCE is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant Despair.

# Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1863.

## THE GIRL WHO HAD "NOTHING TO WEAR."



NOTE for you, Ad," said Edward Payton, tossing a pretty little billet into his sister's lap; "I guess it's from your friend, Bella Corson. At any rate, Mr. Corson's boy brought it."

"Yes, that's Isabella's writing," replied Adelaide Payton as she tore open the envelope and proceeded to read the note. Having glanced over its contents, she looked up and said:

"It's an invitation to take tea at Isabella's next Tuesday. You are invited too."

"That's capital!" rejoined Edward; "I like to go to Bella Corson's house. They always have lots of good things to eat and plenty of fun. I'll go and have a good time."

"I shall not go," said Adelaide stiffly.

"Not go!" exclaimed Edward, with as much surprise as he might have felt if he had suddenly fallen into the adjacent mill-pond. "Not go! Why, what in the world has got into your head, Ad?"

"Nothing; only I sha'n't go, that's poz," replied Adelaide firmly.

"But why not, Ad? Can't you give a fellow a reason for such a strange resolution?"

"I can't go because I've nothing to wear," said Adelaide, putting on a very blank, disconsolate look.

"Nothing to wear! Phoo-o-o-o! Isn't that rich! Nothing to wear, eh? Why, you have on one of the prettiest frocks in Ferndale, and then there's—"

"Do you think I'd wear a muslin frock to a party?" asked Adelaide, breaking in on her brother's remark, and putting on the air of Innocence in a pet.

"I should think you wouldn't mind what a dress is made of if it looks well. I'll bet you look better in that muslin than Nelly Lofty does in her silk. But you have the new silk father bought for you last New Year's. Isn't that something to wear?"

"That silk! Pshaw! Do you think I'd wear that cheap thing to a party?" said Adelaide with a flash of anger in her large black eyes.

"Cheap, eh?" rejoined Edward; "I heard pa say it cost over twenty-five dollars. If you call that cheap I should like to know what you call dear."

"Well, I do call it cheap. It's as common as dirt alongside of Isabella's splendid pink, which cost twice as much. It's too bad I can't have things like other girls!"

Here Adelaide brought her little foot to the ground with violence, while tears of proud vexation hung pendant from her long eyelashes.

"You beat all the girls in Ferndale, I do believe," said Edward. "You have calico dresses, gauze dresses, delaine dresses, silk dresses, and I don't know how many other sorts of dresses. Your clothes-press is full of dresses. Yet, if one could hear you talk without seeing you, he would think you were some poor Fiji girl without a single dress to cover your body. I don't understand it. I'm glad I ain't a girl, anyhow; and as for you, Ad, I'd advise you to ask Mr. Yardstick to put you in the place of that dummy he keeps in his window. He puts a different dress on her every day, you know. Get into its place, and then, you see, you'd have plenty to wear, ha, ha, ha!"

"Go away, you teasing fellow!" said Adelaide; but Edward was already gone. He was in the street muttering as he went:

"If that Ad has one dress she has twenty, and yet she says she has nothing to wear. What a queer girl she is! I wonder if all the girls talk so?"

If I had been near Edward I should have replied, "Not all of them; though I fear too many of them are just like your sister."

Girls, what do you think of Adelaide? She had not twenty but, at least, ten very nice dresses. Three of them were silk, the others of very nice materials. Not one girl in a million was as well supplied. Yet she said she had "nothing to wear." Was not that an untruth? Perhaps she meant nothing *fit* to wear. But wasn't that an untruth too? Isn't a silk dress worth twenty-five dollars good enough for any girl in the land—or for a princess even—

to wear? Alas for Adelaide! She was vain, proud, discontented, thoughtless, and wicked. She was ready to drain her father's pocket of its last cent to indulge her vanity. She vexed her parents with her complaints. She made herself miserable. What do you think of her, my girls?

If girls were wise they would prefer dresses simply made and of moderate cost. They would seek most of all for robes of righteousness with which to clothe and adorn their souls. These robes would attract the admiration of Jesus. Now I think it is better to be admired by Jesus than by all the people in the world. If you think and feel so, then you must see to it that, however poor your outside clothing may be, your souls are dressed in robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

## OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

CORPORAL, you look blithely to-day. Be seated next to our common friend, Forrester. How are you?

"Fresh as a June rose, vigorous as a healthy sapling, as full of sweetness as the sap vessels of a sugar-maple," replies the corporal with a smile which it does me good to see—in a mirror!

You are quite *botanical* in your allusions to-day, corporal. Been in the country, eh?

"I've been reading a book called 'Leaves and Flowers; or, Object-Lessons in Botany,\*' by Alphonso Wood. I'm delighted with the book. It simplifies the beautiful science of Botany so that any bright child can study it. I wish each of your million readers owned a copy."

So do I, corporal. Botany is a beautiful study for the home or the school. I hope thousands of my readers will take it up. For beginners there is no better work on the subject than Professor Wood's Leaves and Flowers, and his larger work is just the thing for advanced students—but the budget; what's in the budget to-day?

"Over a hundred letters. I admit lots of recruits, and will read you a few of the letters. Here is a letter from Troy which was written to Rev. Dr. Wentworth, the pastor of the young converts who wrote it. He sends it with a plea in favor of the writers, who say:

"DR. WENTWORTH.—We young converts wish you to write to Rev. Daniel Wise for us, asking our admission in the Try Company, as we wish to join it, and mention about our little prayer-meetings, and inclose the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That we, the undersigned, do join the Try Company, praying to God to help us to obey its rules and regulations.

"Resolved, That we hereby pledge ourselves that whenever the giant 'I Can't' makes his appearance we leave him entirely to himself, and have 'I WILL TRY' in his stead.

"There is a Presbyterian and a Baptist boy who come to our prayer-meeting and would like to join the Try Company with us. We would like to know whether it would make any difference whether they are Presbyterian or Baptist to belong to the Try Company?"

"This is signed by LYMAN P. WOOD and nine others. What say you, Mr. Editor, to these applicants?"

I advise their admission, Mr. Corporal, by all means. With regard to the Presbyterian and Baptist, I have only to say that if they love and serve Jesus and will keep your pledge they are as welcome as their Methodist companions. Is that your mind, corporal?

"Exactly, Mr. Editor. I regard Christian Churches as I do the corps which make up a great army. They are all under one great Chief—Jesus; all fighting one enemy—sin; all marching to one place—heaven. They are welcome. God bless them!

"L. H. C., once a superintendent, now a patriot soldier, writes a long letter in which he says there is a slave boy near his camp as white as any boy in the land. This good superintendent longs to see his old school again, and I pray the Lord to bless his noble heart; but I don't think you can find room for his letter it is so lengthy."

Right, my corporal; none but short letters can go into a little paper like mine. What next?

"A letter from Mansfield, Ohio, telling that when little BURR READ was dying he said to his father, 'Let me go, pa!'"

A very touching remark, showing that while the dear boy felt his father's affliction to be like strong cords holding him back from Jesus, he also felt the greater power of the Saviour drawing him upward to heaven. What next, corporal?

\* Published by Barnes & Burr, 51 and 53 John-street, New York.



"Here is a picture of a stripling who did what the mightiest men in a mighty army dared not try to do. What was the deed? What was the hero's name?"

"And here is the answer to the illustrated anagram in our last—David and Abigail. See 1 Sam. xxv.

"EDWARD G., a Pennsylvania boy, says among other things, 'I intend to be a minister and do some good.' What do you think of that?"

I think it is a very good purpose, if God calls him to preach. If Edward loves the Saviour and is a good student the Lord may do so. But he must not run before he is sent. Enter him on your roll, corporal, and proceed.

A girl who hails from the great state of Illinois says:

"I, like many other little girls, owe a great part of my learning to read to the Advocate. For when I got so that I could read but a little, I did not like to read unless it was something interesting, and the pretty little stories in your Advocate just met my desire, so I can now read pretty well in the Fifth Reader. I must now tell you whether I am a good girl or not. I will not answer the question myself, but you must judge from statements. I never forget to pay tribute to my Saviour every night before I retire to rest. I read and study his glorious works and give myself into his care. I always try to be good to everybody.

"I think that Illinois girl is in the right path, don't you, Mr. Editor?"

Yes, she will do finely if she clings hard to Christ. I am pleased to know that the Advocate helped her up the first steps to the temple of knowledge. May the Lord bless her!

"MARSENA J., of Quincy, Ill., says:

"We have had a revival of religion here and about twenty-five of our scholars have been converted. Our minister is superintendent of the school. We all like him very much, he takes so much interest in us all. My brother, two years older than I, joined the Church about two weeks ago, and now I would like to join your Try Company if the corporal will accept me. I intend to try to be a good boy."

That boy writes good news. I am glad the sons and daughters of the mighty West are giving themselves to Christ. May the star of Bethlehem illuminate the heart of every child in the land!

"IRENA, of Palmyra, says:

"We have no Sunday-school since this wicked rebellion, but we have preaching every two weeks. I love our good Brother Nalor, for he preaches Jesus. I never go to bed at night without praying. I hope to see you all in heaven. Me and my two sisters want to join your Try Company. Will you accept us?"

That I will, my dear child, and hope you will pray every night, and morning too, that this wicked rebellion may cease and your Sunday-school be opened. The rebellion has closed very many Sunday-schools.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## NELLIE AND IDA.

ONE day a gentleman came home from the city bringing two kittens for his little girls, Nellie and Ida. To the eldest, Nellie, he gave the black one, and to Ida the white one.

There was a brook near the house where they lived, and the children frequently went there to play. Their kind papa had made them a play-house, so they could stay there when it stormed. He had a lock put on the door so no one could get in to take their playthings. It had rained very hard for several days and the brook was much swollen. When it ceased raining, Nellie and Ida wished to go to their play-house. Their papa told them they could if they would not go to the brook. They promised they would not, and asked if they could take their kittens, Mintie and Bessie, with them.

Pa consented, and they started off in great glee. At first they got on nicely, but Nellie soon tired of staying in the play-house and wanted to go to the brook.

Ida said, "I thought I heard father tell us not to go there."

Nellie said he did not. So they shut the kittens in the house and went to the brook. They had been there but a short time when Nellie heard a piercing scream, and on looking down the stream she saw Ida floating off. Nellie's cries soon brought assistance. When they took Ida out of the water she was to all appearance dead. After much labor she was restored to consciousness, but only to be thrown into a high fever. For many weeks she hung between life and death, but finally she recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. White thought Nellie sufficiently punished, and so did not say anything to her. Ida soon ran about again, but never was as well as before.

Dear little readers, take warning from this story and always obey your parents. MAY C. BIRMINGHAM, CONN., 1863.

## GET UP, LITTLE SISTER.

GET up, little sister, the morning is bright;  
The birds are all singing to welcome the light;  
The buds are all opening, the dew's on the flower;  
If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look under the trees,  
How the young fawns are skipping about as they please,  
And by all those rings on the water, I know,  
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,  
To get honey from every flower of the spring;  
For the bee never idles, but labors all day,  
And thinking, wise insect, work better than play.

The lark's singing gayly, it loves the bright sun,  
And rejoices that now the gay spring has begun;  
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong  
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up! for when all things are merry and glad,  
Good children should never be lazy or sad;  
For God gives the daylight, dear sister, that we  
May rejoice like the lamb, and work like the bee.

## DIDN'T KNOW GEOGRAPHY.

AUNT HETTY inquired of the servant girl if she came from the Hungarian parts of Ireland. On being told that her geographical knowledge was somewhat defective, she excused herself by saying:

"I haint much learning; I never went to school but one day, and that was in the evenin', and we hadn't no candle, and the master didn't come."



## FREDDY FREEMAN AND HIS MOTHER.

It was a half holiday at the school Freddy Freeman attended, and his mother gave him permission to spend it with his playmates across the way. About the middle of the afternoon she heard him running very swiftly through the back path toward the house. Looking up, she saw there was fear as well as speed in his steps, for he passed her without noticing that she had changed her place since he went out. He turned suddenly when she called his name to attract his attention, and with the same haste nearly flew through the entry until he stood beside her. With one or two pants for breath, he said, "O mamma!" but with the first words came a gush of tears.

"Why, Freddy," asked his mother, "have you hurt any of your playmates?"

"No, mamma; but I have broken Mrs. Cooper's little cherry-tree that is in her front garden."

Mrs. Freeman was glad to learn that it was nothing worse than the tree. But thinking it might be a choice one, she began to regret the accident; so she asked: "Freddy, were you climbing upon it?"

"No, we were playing, and I caught hold of it and was swinging it back a little when it snapped right down. O it is hanging now! What shall I do?"

"My dear, there is no hope for the branch; it cannot be joined again; we cannot mend our heavenly Father's works. But why did you run away? Do you think that was right or brave?"

"I was so afraid. What will I do? what will I do?"

"Listen, Freddy," said his mother, quietly stroking back the moistened locks from his brow and kissing his beating temples. "I will tell you what is best to do, as there is no help for the broken branch. Go back to Mrs. Cooper and tell her you have broken the tree that is in her garden; and tell her you are very sorry."

"Mamma, I am afraid."

"Afraid to do right, Freddy, and not afraid to do wrong? It was wrong to play with or pull the branch; but now you have broken it, it is your duty to make all the amends you can. This *afraid* is a temptation when it comes in the way of doing right. Mrs. Cooper may think some other child has done the mischief. Would you have another bear the blame of your carelessness? Do you not see, for the sake of some innocent little boy or girl, what you ought to do in this case? Do you not pray, 'Lead us not into temptation?' Is it not idle words to pray and not do?"

Freddy hesitated a few minutes, and then walked thoughtfully away. His mother watched him, and was pleased to see him turn toward Mrs. Cooper's gate. After a short time he returned with the great burden quite gone from his heart, and said:

"It is all right now; Mrs. Cooper says she does not think the tree is very much hurt; and I am glad I went and told her, for now nobody will be blamed."

"So am I, my dear, for it keeps a bad feeling in the heart, and may cause trouble to others to conceal such a thing; straightforward in the right way is best for all."

## A KNOWING DOG.

Two gentlemen were walking one day in a thick wood accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, and one of them, to whom he belonged, chanced to mention the wonderful way in which these dogs find things which have been

lost. It was agreed that this gentleman should leave his gloves in the wood, unperceived by the dog, and should afterward send him back to find them. When they were on their way home, about two or three miles distant from the wood, the dog's master said to him, "I have left my gloves in the wood; go back for them."

The intelligent creature set off at once, and in a very short time after his master reached home the dog made his appearance with the gloves in his mouth.

## A DIFFICULT TASK.

"Ah, Jemmy, Jemmy," said kind-hearted Dr. Ponsonby, Bishop of Derry, to a drunken blacksmith, "I am sorry to see you beginning your evil courses again; and, Jemmy, I am very anxious to know what you intend to do with the fine lad, your son?"

"I intend, sir," said Jemmy, "to do for him what you cannot do for your son."

"Eh! eh! how's that? how's that?"

To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said, "I intend to make him a better man than his father."

Jemmy had a hard task to perform, for how can a wicked father train his child to virtue?

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