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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPER · LITTE

UNTO · M · E

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 17.

JUNE 10, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 233.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"THEY WILL NOT COME TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL!"

How do you know? have you asked them?

"No; but they are Roman Catholic children; their parents won't let them come."

Well, now you try it. Such children do very often come. I have known them to come more than once myself. There was one in the West once, only seven years old, and after she had attended the school some time, she was awakened one night by her father coming into her room. He took her up in his arms, carried her down stairs, set her gently down, and asked her very earnestly, "Mary, can you pray?"

"O yes, father, I can pray."

"Will you kneel down and pray for your poor father?"

She knelt down, put up her hands, and asked God to love her father and have mercy on him, and pardon all his sins for Jesus Christ's sake.

Then her father wanted her to read the Bible to him. So she got her Bible and began to read at the third chapter of John. She read along till she came to this verse: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life."

"O that is for me!" said the father, "for just such as me! I can believe in him. I do believe in him."

And from that hour the poor man went on his way rejoicing in Jesus Christ with great joy.

Now you remember that, and whenever you see a Roman Catholic child, you be sure to ask him or her to come to the Sunday-school.

A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate

GOING DOWN STAIRS THE WRONG WAY.

"HILLO, here I go," shouted Percy Raynor as he leaped upon the baluster-rail and slid down stairs.

Percy usually went down stairs that way. It was "jolly good fun," he said, "to slide down so." Perhaps it was, but "jolly good fun" isn't always the best thing in the world even for lively boys.

Percy found this to be true one day when, having reached the end of the stairs, he twisted himself off the rail and found his arm entangled between two balusters. "O!" he shrieked, and fell to the ground insensible.

"What's the matter, Percy?" cried his mother, rushing into the hall.



"Percy's killed!" cried his sister, looking at his limp form with horror in all her features.

"What ails the boy?" inquired Mr. Raynor, rushing from his study; then, after glancing at Percy a moment, he turned to the servant, who was on the stairs, and added, "Kate, run for Dr. Snively!"

Percy was now carried into the parlor, where he quickly revived. The doctor soon came in and found that the giddy boy had broken his arm.

I doubt if Percy ever goes down stairs by way of the baluster-rail again. He paid a pretty good price for learning that the right way of going down stairs is the best way.

Perhaps Percy's experience will benefit those boys and girls among my readers who are sometimes called "harum scarum" boys and girls. What those words mean exactly I don't know. They are used, however, to describe children who do almost everything in a wild, giddy, out-of-the-way fashion. For instance, they go up stairs two steps at a time, they slide down stairs on the rail, they sit on tables instead of chairs, they run when they should walk, they laugh and shout when they should be quiet, and, in short, they are always acting with the restlessness of eels, doing even right things in a wrong manner. Such ways are not best. In Percy's case they led him into serious disaster. Let harum scarum boys and girls look out, if they don't mend their manners, lest they too fall into trouble when

they don't expect it. Remember, it is always safe to do just right, but it is never safe even to do a right thing in a wrong way.

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE PRAYER THAT GOD HEARS.

A GREAT many years before the parents of two little boys—Frankie, who was about five, and Jamie, who was about eight—came to live in the house where they were at the time the accident happened which I am about to relate, there was a well in the front yard. It was quite deep, and stoned all around the sides. A well being afterward dug in another place, this old well was closed up. Boards were laid over the top and earth was thrown upon them, and then the place was covered over with nice sods of green grass, so that no one would imagine that there had ever been a well there. But after many years the boards began to rot, and one day, when the little boys were playing together in the front yard, the boards broke away and down they fell

into the water! It was deep, but not over the head of the younger boy. It was cold, and it chilled them as they fell into it. Little Frankie was very much affrighted. He cried aloud, but no one in the house could hear him down in the bottom of the well. Jamie did not cry, but he comforted his little brother.

"Don't cry, Frankie," said he, "I will pray to God to help us get out of the well, and I know he will hear us and tell us how to do it."

"Now, you say the prayer with me," said the undoubting little fellow. What he wished to ask of God was help to get out of the well. He wanted our heavenly Father to put into his mind the best way to get out; but he did not know how to ask God to do this. The only prayer he offered was the one his mother taught him, and this was *prayer*. If he offered it God would know what he wanted. So, standing in the water together, Jamie reverently repeated with his eyes closed his evening prayer, and little Frankie's voice mingled in with his:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Now, Frankie," said the little fellow, strengthened by his prayer, "God will help us. You turn round and push your back against mine, and climb up on the stones, pushing against me all the time."



THE OLD WELL.

For a little while all went well, but by and by Frankie lost his courage. It hurt his fingers to hold upon the stones. He slipped, and down they went again. The little boy was dreadfully frightened, and cried as if his heart would break.

"Don't cry, Frankie," said Jamie; "let us pray to God again and he will help us more next time. If we pray to him he will certainly help us to get out."

And so once more the same prayer was said in the water.

"Now, Frankie," said the older brother, "push hard against me and we will climb up slowly."

So the two little backs were pushed together, and slowly the little feet and hands crept up upon the opposite sides of the well. This time, after much encouragement from Jamie and many tears, Frankie held on until they reached the top. Jamie then called aloud for his mother. She heard the voice, and rushing to the door, she could see nothing at first of her little boys. He called again, and looking in the middle of the yard, she saw a little hand sticking up above the sod. Very much agitated, she rushed toward it.

"Don't be frightened, mother," said Jamie, "we are safe. You take little Frankie out and I will hold on to the stones."

Frankie was soon drawn out, and then brave Jamie was assisted to climb out. He told his mother how it happened when they had both put on dry clothes and were sitting by the door looking upon the great dark hole in the yard, and how they had prayed to God and he had put it into their minds how they could get out of the well. Then their mother kneeled down and thanked God with them for his mercy in preserving their lives, and for his goodness in helping them, little boys as they were, to escape. She taught them always to pray when they were in trouble, and to be sure that the heavenly Father, who sees us when our parents cannot, and who can help us when they have not the power to do so, would hear their prayer and answer it.

We can see how God knows what we wish and need, although we cannot find such words to tell him as we desire. It is not necessary that we should pray as those that are older for God to understand us. If we sincerely wish God's blessing, if we desire to be good children—to love and obey the Saviour—if we simply tell him so, or offer the Lord's prayer, or say our evening prayer, God sees our hearts and he will give us just what we need.

There was once a Frenchman at a great meeting in a grove. Many people were praying to God to

forgive their sins, and he heard them and made them happy. This Frenchman could only speak two English words. He wanted God to forgive him and to give him a new heart. He thought he must ask for this in English, as the others were praying around him. (Of course, he was mistaken, for he might just as well have prayed in French.) So he prayed, "January, February! January, February!" These were the only English words he could think of. What he wanted when he prayed these words was to be forgiven. God knew his sincere desires and answered the prayer of his heart. His sins were forgiven and he rejoiced aloud.

God hears your little simple prayer and he loves to answer it.

"Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

"The Lord attends when children pray;
A whisper he can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear."

I LOVE.

I LOVE the Lamb who died for me,
I love his little lamb to be;
I love the Bible, where I find
How good my Saviour was, and kind;
I love beside his cross to stay;
I love the grave where Jesus lay;
I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down;
I love to think the time will come
When I shall be with him at home.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"IF I WERE A PRINCE!"

WELL, now what would you do or what would you have if you were a prince? I suspect that your little head is full of extravagant notions on that subject. You have visions of magnificent skates, rocking-horses or live ones, and dogs, or you may fancy some musical instrument and books without end! Now Jimmy turns up his nose. He never would touch a book, not he! He forgets that his princely parents or guardians would be able to compel him to do so. Indeed, if he were a prince, a good education would be indispensable, and he would have to study much harder than he does now. Then, too, he would be obliged to pay very great respect to his parents, for lords and princes are accustomed to the utmost respect from all around them.

In the times of Lady Jane Grey, of whose twelve days' reign you may have heard, the children of noble families were trained so strictly that they were not allowed to sit when their parents were receiving company in the drawing-room. If they became very tired, they were permitted to kneel upon cushions; but even if strangers were present, they were obliged to remain standing on one side of the room for hours together. Then there was so much to be learned about behavior and etiquette, and they were obliged to do everything just right, even in their plays and amusements, or else they were "sharply taunted, and sometimes corrected with pinches, nippings, and bobbs." This means, I suppose, that they were scolded, had their noses snubbed, and their ears boxed. At all events, their treatment was so harsh that they were glad to take refuge in their books.

The Lady Jane had a teacher whom she very much liked, and she says, "When I am called from him I fall to weeping, because whatever else I do but learning is full of grief and trouble and wholly dislikes me."

Yet these same severe parents were ready to try to put her on the throne of England. You will find her story a very interesting page of history.

King Henry IV., of France, when he was a little



fellow, was permitted to run out barefoot on the hills and play with the peasant boys as represented in the above picture. This is a very unusual thing for young princes to do, but this was done so that he might grow up strong and robust. But when his school-hour came he had to leave his little playmates to their sports while he went to his books. If it had not been for the wise training and the learning that he got while a boy, it is not probable that he would ever have become the great man that he was afterward. Indeed, there are so many things that princes need to know in order to act their part well that it is customary to give them a very thorough education.

Jimmy thinks now that he will dodge to the other side by saying that as he is not a prince he does not need to study. Ah, but, my dear boy, do you not know that any man who is wise and skillful may in this country become a ruler if he choose? And would you choose to be so much of a dunce that the people would not elect you to any office? I do not believe that you are so giddy and thoughtless, so unworthy of your country, as to say yes to that question. But besides the matter of ruling, there are a thousand other things that you will want to be wise enough to do well, and if you should grow up without learning you will be greatly vexed with yourself and sorry that your friends did not make you study when a child. So now is the time while you are young. Give up your foolish fancies of what you would do if you were a prince and make yourself a true nobleman.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE TOMMIE.

TOMMIE L. is a very sober boy, five years old. His papa is a lieutenant in the army, and his little playful brother took sick one day and died. Tommie cried very much at first. Then he tried to be good, and we think by his talk that he knows what some words mean better than he can pronounce them, for he says, "When I am ten years old I want to be pre-verted, for I am going to be a preacher."

God bless little Tommie and convert him soon, and let him grow up to be a good man. H.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"JESUS MAKES ME QUITE HAPPY."

Who said that? A dying girl in India. She was born and reared a heathen. The missionaries found her, taught her about Jesus, and she died saying:

"Jesus makes me quite happy."

I print this fact that you may have an answer to those who ask, What's the good of raising money for the Missionary Society? It makes many heathen happy in Jesus. Isn't that good enough? X.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1865.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MARTYRDOM.

LONG before this paper can reach you, my children, you will have heard that the great and good ABRAHAM LINCOLN was basely murdered on the evening of the 14th of April. The Advocate is printed so long in advance of its publication that this is the first opportunity it gives me to speak of it. And now you have heard so much about that awful crime there is little need that I write anything. Nor will I, except to tell you how much I detest the fearful deed and the spirit of which it was born. It was a most shocking crime, and it came from a most wicked parent. That parent was slavery. Slavery, as you know, caused the rebellion. The men who began the war were slaveholders. They began it because they wanted to make slavery eternal, and to enjoy its pleasures and profits without rebuke. To gain these ends they fired on their country's flag, slew thousands upon thousands of men, starved thousands of prisoners of war, fired cities, and finally shot the great and good Abraham Lincoln! Yes, slavery murdered the chief magistrate of the United States. The murderer, as you already know, has been shot. May his memory and slavery perish together! I want you to say "Amen" to this wish, my children, and to pray Almighty God to give you such a hatred of slavery as will make you all grow up into such advocates of liberty as Wilberforce, Buxton, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, and Abraham Lincoln. Peace to the ashes and blessings on the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

BEWARE!



BEWARE of what? Beware of doing a thing merely because others wish you to do it and because they praise you for doing it. Let me tell you why through a story I read in *The Young Reaper* the other day.

Young Bernard was a bright boy. He was witty, too, and could make very smart and funny remarks, which made those laugh who heard them.

The landlord of a tavern which was near Bernard's home used to invite the boy into his public sitting-room to amuse his guests. The boy was proud of the laughter and admiration which greeted him, and often stole out from his bed-chamber in the evening to enjoy the fun of mingling with the merry-makers at the tavern. He thought he was having a good time, and he was, indeed, a prodigy in the eyes of the drunkards. He feasted on their praises.

No doubt many of his boyish companions envied him, and he, on his part, despised them. Let us see what good came to Bernard from the praises he received for his wit. What sort of fruit grew on the tree of his pride?

As a matter of course, he learned to smoke and drink. How could he help it? He touched pitch and it defiled him. He became a drunkard. As he grew up his love of drink grew stronger. Everybody admired his talents, but they were useless to himself and to others because he was a drunkard.

Drink made him crazy at last. He had that terrible "*delirium tremens*," which, sooner or later, changes the drunkard into a maniac. While in this state he one day sprang from his bed, and while his terrified father and sisters held him in their arms he screamed, "I have done nothing great or good!" and—*died!*

That was the end of Bernard's pride. His ruin began when he took pleasure in the praise of drunkards at the tavern. He went there because he loved to be the hero of their circle. He knew he was wrong, but he loved to be petted and admired. You see how that love of praise led him astray, don't you? Very well. Let his mistake be your beacon. Let it warn you. It says to you in very plain terms:

"Never do a thing merely because others ask you to do it and praise you for doing it."

Do you understand? Give heed to it, then, my child, and write this resolve in your heart:

"I will never do a thing that I know to be wrong. I will not sin to please anybody, or to win the praises of my companions."

WONT YOU LOVE MY JESUS?

LITTLE BESSIE was visited one day by her Uncle Norman. He was a grand-looking man, and it was some time before he won the child's love. But she did learn to love him at last, and they became excellent friends.

This friendship was broken one day, however, by a remark her uncle made about the blessed Saviour. He jeered at the holy name, and Bessie was struck with hor-



ror. Her face was filled with pity and her eyes with tears. She uttered not a word, but her looks said:

"I thought you loved my Jesus! O how could you say that of him!"

The next morning she stole quietly into his room, touched his arm very softly, and gazing most lovingly into his face, said:

"Wont you love my Jesus?"

Before her uncle could make any reply Bessie was gone. The next morning the child stole to his side again, asking the same question and gliding away as before. She did it the third time. On the fourth morning her uncle, scarcely knowing what he was about, replied before she could get away:

"Tell me how, Bessie."

Bessie looked into his eyes, and seeing that he was in earnest, sprang to his knee and told him in simple language the story of the Saviour's love. The grand man's heart was touched by the music of the child's voice, and the power of that sweet story of old which fell from her loving lips.

Again and again did Bessie repeat her morning visit to her uncle's chamber. But after a few days she came not. She was sick. Scarlet fever had smitten her. Death was coming to take her to the land where there is no death. Her uncle often stood at her bedside. One day she opened her eyes and exclaimed:

"Dear mamma! dear papa!" Then, seeing her uncle, she said, "Dear Uncle Norman, wont you love my Jesus? Mamma loves him. Papa loves him. I am going to him, and I want to tell him that you love him. Wont you love him?"

"Bessie! little Bessie!" replied the now broken-hearted uncle, "tell your Jesus my heart and life are his for evermore, and may my soul become as pure as hers who bears the message to him."

"Mamma! papa! O my Jesus! I am so happy now! Now I have all I want. Now I come! I come! Come, Lord Jesus."

And so little Bessie died and went to that Jesus she loved so well, and to tell him that her uncle had promised to be his disciple. Happy little Bessie! She wears the white robe and the golden crown now. She is among happy spirits and will see her Jesus evermore.

Bessie, you see, stood up for Jesus. Will not all the little ones in our Advocate family, especially those in the Try Company, stand up for Jesus too? I hope they will, and I hope, too, that many of them will be able, like Bessie, to persuade some big sinner to become, like Uncle Norman, a disciple of our Jesus.

EDITOR'S TABLE TALK.

CHILDREN, I have an instrument on my table which is worth more than all the playthings you ever owned. I do not mean that it cost more money, but that it is worth more as a source of amusement and instruction. It is called the *Novelty Microscope*. I once recommended the Craig Microscope to you, and now I recommend this. You can put living or dead insects, seeds, leaves, flowers, or any small objects, into it and it magnifies them hundreds of times. It thus gives you power to discern the wonderful beauty with which God has clothed the tiniest insects which swarm the earth and air. Its use will please you and make you wiser too. Save your money and send two dollars to G. G. MEAD, Chicago, Ill., U. S., and he will send you the "Novelty Microscope."

A friend writes me of a girl named SARAH J., who in her last sickness called for her library book. Handing it to a friend she said, "Return this to the Sabbath-school!" She next took three cents, the sum of her earthly treasure, and said, "Put these in the missionary box!" Then, like a housekeeper whose day's work is done, she composed herself as if to sleep, smiled, and slept in Jesus. That was dying bravely.

NELLIE E. L., of C—, says:

"I love to attend Sabbath-school. Pa is the superintendent, and ma has a Bible-class. I am delighted when the Advocate comes. I keep them and intend to have them bound. Ma has two large volumes. She has the first number that was ever printed, and has taken them ever since. I think the pictures in my book will be the prettiest. Last November my little Brother Sammy and Sister Flora died with diphtheria, so I have no one to play with now. I cannot tell you how sad our hearts were when we saw them lowered into one grave, nor how desolate our home is without them. They used to sing so sweetly together. O how we miss them! But I have learned this winter to love Jesus, and I hope to meet them in heaven."

Nellie has gone to the right place for comfort—the cross of Jesus. There is no place like it. May her heart always be a resting-place for the Saviour!—EMILY E. W., of B—, writes:

"Brother Almon and I want to join your Try Company. Brother is ten and I am nearly eleven years of age. We are striving to serve the Lord. I am a member of the Methodist Church, and brother is going to join the class. I have commenced to read the Testament through. We have good teachers and a good superintendent. We have concerts monthly. Brother and I attend them. We study the map of Palestine."

Emily gives a good account of herself and Brother Almon. She did well in joining the Church and in going to class. If she sticks to her Bible-reading, prays three times a day, and watches against temptation, she will grow in grace. I hope Brother Almon will follow Jesus too with all his heart. They are enrolled.—SOPHONIA T. F., of T—, says:

"Your dear paper comes to gladden our hearts way off here in Wisconsin. We should feel lonely without it, more especially in the winter, as we have no Sabbath-school. Will you please admit Frank and Clara Freeman to your ranks? Though young we are trying to be good and love our Saviour. Long live the dear editor to write for the children is the prayer of your servant."

"O Lord, bless little Frank and Clara! Make them kings and priests in the kingdom of glory." Thus prays the Corporal, and I say, Amen! They are admitted.—MARY E. M., of Granville, writes:

"I never went to school much, so you must not expect much from me. I will write better next time, perhaps. I would like to join your Try Company. I am trying to be a Christian. I like to read in the Bible very much. I am trying not to say 'I can't' any more. I have made up my mind never to wear any jewels except those of the heart. I have sent for the flower-seeds you told about in the Advocate, and expect to have some beautiful flowers this year."

Mary is on the right track. She has her face in the right direction. May heaven bless her, crown her character with the jewels of faith, love, hope, and purity, fill her garden with beautiful things, and her heart with the flowers of gentleness, modesty, and humility. The Corporal admits Mary cheerfully.

THE BEETLE GRAVE-DIGGER.

FOR CURIOUS CHILDREN ONLY.

A GENTLEMAN named Mr. Gleditch laid a dead mole that had been caught in a trap upon some soft mould in his garden, and when he returned the next day to the same spot he found a small grave, about four inches deep, exactly corresponding to the size of the dead mole, which lay within it. This charitable work was the performance of the grave-digging beetles, (*Nevrophorus germanicus*). The next day the grave was half filled with earth, and if his curiosity had not caused him to disturb the beetles in their occupation they would doubtless have made all smooth.

Wishing to observe this habit of theirs more closely, Mr. Gleditch provided a glass vessel half filled with moist earth, into which he put four of these beetles with a dead linnet. No alarm was shown by the captives. They began immediately to inspect the bird, and then commenced the digging of a hollow underneath, removing the earth and shoveling it on either side. This was accomplished by leaning strongly upon their collars and bending down their heads, and working with singleness of purpose; while the bird seemed to move its head or tail, its feet or wings, when the beetles attempted to drag the body by its feathers into the hole. After laboring for nearly two hours, one of the beetles drove away the smallest of their number, which Mr. Gleditch concluded to be a female, and would not allow her to work again.

Soon afterward two of the others also went away and left the remaining beetle, who worked hard for five hours more, during which time he removed an astonishing quantity of earth. At length, when the hollow was nearly excavated, the sturdy laborer suddenly stiffened his collar, after the custom of his race, and by an extraordinary exertion of strength lifted up the bird, and arranged it within the spacious grave. Every now and then the sagacious creature mounted upon the body and appeared to tread it down; he then renewed his efforts and pressed it a little further, till it sunk to a considerable depth. At last he seemed spent with fatigue, and after resting his head upon the earth for nearly an hour he retired under ground.

Next morning Mr. Gleditch revisited the place. The grave-digger had been again at work, and there lay the bird, buried to the depth of two fingers' breadth, resembling a tiny corpse upon a bier, with a mound of earth all round. Before night the grave was sunk about half a finger's breadth; and the industrious beetle, aided by his companions, continued to labor for near two days longer, when the grave was finished.

This most singular employment of this species of beetle, which continues from May to October, proceeds from an instinctive desire for the preservation of their offspring. Eggs are deposited by the parents in the substances which they inter; when hatched, these produce larvæ, which grow to an inch in length. These, in their turn, change into yellow chrysalides, and lastly into beetles, and the beetles, when emerged from the earth, begin to dig graves for the benefit of another generation.

POUND AWAY.

"WILL you give me them pennies now?" said a big newsboy to a little one after giving him a severe thumping.

"No, I wont," exclaimed the little one.

"Then I'll give you another pounding."

"Pound away! Me and Dr. Franklin agrees. Dr. Franklin says, 'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.'"



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IN THE RAPIDS.

My dear lads, do not drink the first glass of wine, the first draught of lager beer or other drink of the kind; do not play cards; do not even *learn* to play cards, however fashionable it may be in the society in which you move; do not learn to smoke. Touch not, taste not, handle not. If you abide by this rule, *you*, certainly, will not become a drunkard, a gambler, or a slave to tobacco. But if you begin, it is not certain but you will go too far for return. I have a little story to tell you—and it is perfectly true—as an illustration of this.

In the town in which I now am it happened, seventy years ago or more, that two men, who went to the same church and fished together every spring at the same spot by the falls, had a quarrel. Mr. Burdock said that Mr. Yew had wronged him, and ought to confess it and ask his pardon. Mr. Yew said he had done no such wrong, and he never would ask his pardon. Mr. Burdock insisted on the wrong, and also said, "You *shall* ask my pardon, and I will at some time oblige you to do it."

Weeks passed on and Mr. Burdock appeared to have forgotten the threat. They were accustomed to go out frequently on the river together, and their boat was a log canoe. Perhaps you never heard of one. It was dug from a log something in shape like an Indian's birch bark canoe; an awkward sort of boat, one would think, but these men knew perfectly well how to manage it.

Once when they were out in this way, just above the falls, Mr. Burdock, who stood in the stern and could steer as he pleased, said, "Now, Mr. Yew, if you do not confess you have wronged me and ask my pardon I will carry you right over the falls."

Mr. Yew did not believe his neighbor would risk his own life in this way, and he determined to show as much obstinacy as Mr. Burdock could. So he said:

"I sha'n't do any such thing."

The other man steered resolutely for the rapids. Both men knew exactly the very point to which it was safe to go, and beyond which there was no return. The canoe reached that spot. Mr. Yew looked in his neighbor's face. He could see nothing there but dogged obstinacy. The man cared more for his own way than he did to save his life.

"I confess I wronged you," said the other hastily, even falling on his knees in his earnestness some say. "I confess—I beg your pardon."

Then they used their paddles as they never did before. It was a dreadful struggle. For a time the astonished bystanders on the shore were in doubt if they could save themselves. By the most violent effort they held the canoe in that very spot in the rapids in which they were when Mr. Yew made the hasty concession. But not one inch could they gain. After a time, by repeated vigorous strokes of the paddles, using all their power of muscle, they managed to gain a little, then a little more, until they drew themselves out of the rapids and made for the shore.

You see into what trouble and danger these wrong-

headed men brought themselves. In one moment more they could not have prevented themselves from going over the falls. Just so, if you begin to walk in these little green by-ways which lead to the road where wicked men are traveling, you cannot tell, nobody can tell you, that you will not go so far you cannot return. For every drunkard and gambler was once a harmless little child. He *made a beginning* in learning to drink, to smoke, and to swear. Most likely when he learned these habits of evil boys or men, he did not expect to become the lost and vile creature which he is. He did not expect, any more

than you do, to fill a drunkard's grave. Some such persons do turn and reform, but it is as difficult for them as it was for these men in the rapids to return to the shore. But it is well worth the effort. If those men, periling their lives in their folly, had reason to use every effort possible for escape, how much more ought men to try to escape the eternal destruction which comes from sin! But don't begin in these evil ways, boys. Keep away from the rapids.

UNA LOCKE.

THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM.

LAST night when I was in bed,
Such fun it seemed to me,
I dreamed that I was grandpapa,
And grandpapa was me.
I thought I wore a powdered wig,
Drab shorts, and gaiters buff,
And took, without a single sneeze,
A double pinch of snuff.
But he was such a tiny boy,
And dressed in baby-clothes;
And I thought I smacked his face because
He wouldn't blow his nose.
And I went walking up the street,
And he ran by my side;
But, because I walked too quick for him,
My goodness, how he cried!
And after tea I washed his face;
And when his prayers were said,
I blew the candle out, and left
Poor grandpapa in bed.

EBATHA'S CONSCIENCE.

A MISSIONARY in Australia writes: "One of my little girls, Ebatha, was reading a lesson which runs thus: 'A good boy will not lie, swear, steal,' etc. When she came to the word 'lie,' she suddenly stopped short, and would not go on. I asked why she did so? She hesitated to answer, but at length acknowledged that she did not like to read it, because it condemned her conduct."

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

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