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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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WHOLE NUMBER 191.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

WAIT AND SEE.

RUTH and Lois DIMMOCK were playing at their door building houses with pieces of colored crockeryware. Ruth was seven, Lois five. Many a laugh they had as their houses tumbled down just as they were putting the roof on; and the museum itself could not have made them happier, with all its wonderful things, than they were at that moment. It was a beautiful July morning, and Mrs. Hannah Dimmock, their mother, was busy within preparing their breakfast.

While they were thus rejoicing in their play, many persons on foot and in carriages passed through the gate, for they lived at the toll-house. The children were so accustomed to passengers that, far from being interrupted, they scarcely looked at them, till a woman with a large basket on her arm and a little boy by her side came up, when Ruth ran into the house crying out:

"O mother, mother, here's Aunt Jane and Cousin Billy," and Aunt Jane and Cousin Billy quickly followed her in. Lois crept in after, and they both

stood admiring silently the bright buttons on Billy's new jacket, and still more the bright dime he held in his hand, which he opened several times with considerable pride. Aunt Jane told Mrs. Dimmock she was going to the muster-ground and hoped to make something by her cakes, of which she had a heavy load.

"Are you going to take Billy?" said Mrs. Dimmock.

"O, he's been teasing my life out to go; but he'd be a deal better at home I told him."

"I should think so too," said Mrs. Dimmock, upon which Billy made a step or two toward the door.

"O mother," said Ruth, "please take us to the muster?"

"Nonsense!" replied Mrs. Dimmock; "do you want to get trodden to death? What should little folks like you and Billy want at the muster?"

"I want to see the soldiers," said Billy stoutly, "and to spend my dime; and I can have a horse for a penny."

"O mother, mother!" repeated Ruth, "please do take us."

Mrs. Dimmock did not answer her children, for

Lois chimed in with the petition; but she told Aunt Jane that, her husband being out, she had to attend the toll-gate.

"I will take the children to the muster," said Aunt Jane, looking good-naturedly at them, "if you like to trust them with me."

"Thank you kindly," said Mrs. Dimmock; "but I think home is the best place for them; and a better plan would be for you to leave Billy behind with me;" upon which Billy ran out of the house and laid hold of the gate-post, looking defiance at his Aunt Hannah, and declaring that he *would* go to the muster.

When they were gone, Ruth stood sorrowfully looking down the road, and her mother called twice before she went in to breakfast. Their mother took no notice, but she saw that the little girl was very angry. She cried as she ate, and Lois, who copied her in everything, thought it needful to look very unhappy too.

"Get your book, Ruth," said the mother when breakfast was over, "and learn your verse and teach Lois her hymn."

She obeyed, but with a very bad grace. Many times was she told she must learn the verse again, that it was not perfect; and at last, knowing that her mother would have her own way, she gave her mind to it, and the task was soon completed.

"Lay aside the book," said Mrs. Dimmock, "and run out now, pick up the chips that the carpenter has left, and Lois can bring them in in her pinafore, and after that you may play."

"I don't want to play," said Ruth sulkily, not quite loud enough for her mother to hear as she went out at the door.

When they got to the post Ruth began, "How cross mother is! She isn't a bit like Aunt Jane. I love Aunt Jane; she'd have taken us to the muster."

"Yeth," said little Lois.

"Mother makes us learn lessons."

"Yeth," said Lois.

"I don't think Billy ever learns lessons. If we'd been Billy we should have gone to the muster. Don't you wish we'd been Billy?"

"Yeth," said Lois.

"And then we should have Aunt Jane for mother, you know;" and so Ruth went on, Lois agreeing to everything she said, according to her usual custom.

"Shan't we make houses?" said Lois when the chips had been carried in.

"No," said Ruth, for whom the bright blue, red, and yellow fragments had lost all their charms.

As she was kicking them away, a gentleman came to the door and asked if Squire Jones had passed through the gate. Finding he had not, he said, "I will wait for him, then." It was Mr. Mortimer, the minister.

"How are my little friends here?" he said, and in a few minutes he had one on each knee asking them simple questions from the Bible. He was much pleased with Ruth, and little Lois, too, knew more than he had expected.

As the squire trotted up to the gate Mr. Mortimer said, "Bring these little ones to my house to-morrow; I will find a book for them, and they shall have a run in the strawberry-beds."

O how they clapped their hands to think of to-morrow! Aunt Jane and Cousin Billy called on their way home. The cakes had been sold, but he had been left to take care of himself, and had lost his dime in the crowd; he was very tired, all over dust, and his face dirty with crying about his dime.

When they went to bed at night Ruth said to Lois, "How naughty I was to say that about mother! She is very good."

"Yeth," said Lois.

"If we had gone to the muster we shouldn't have seen Mr. Mortimer; and if she hadn't made us learn lessons he wouldn't have been pleased with us. I'm glad we haven't got aunt for a mother; ours is best."

"Yeth," said Lois.

"I'm glad we're not like Billy," but Lois was fast asleep, and Ruth soon followed her.

I hope she learned from that time to believe that her mother knew what was best for her—a lesson, by the way, that none of my readers should ever forget. Mothers are wiser than their children, and ought to be obeyed without grumbling.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WASHINGTON AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER.

THERE is probably not a boy or girl among all the readers of the Advocate that has not heard the story of George Washington and his hatchet. Perhaps they may not all be so well aware that throughout the whole of the public as well as the private life of this noble-minded man, truthfulness was one of the most prominent traits of his exalted character; and it secured him the entire respect and confidence of all who knew him. Even his enemies admired him, and men who in their prosperity abused him and tried to injure him, in their misfortunes came to him for assistance. He certainly did not think, as many boys seem to, that when they get to be men they will be obliged to lie and cheat in politics and in business. We need not wonder that his mother quietly remarked to some of her grand visitors who were praising the noble deeds of her son that she was not surprised at what he had done, for "he always was a good boy."

Washington had no children, but after bringing up the two children of Mrs. Washington by a former marriage, he adopted two of her grandchildren upon the death of their father. We have a pleasing instance of the truthfulness of one of these, a very pretty counterpart of the hatchet story.

After Washington had served two terms as President of the United States and refused another re-election, he retired to his beloved home at Mount Vernon. Miss Nelly, now a young girl in her teens, was charmed with the romantic wildness of the place, and it was her great delight to wander alone in the woods by moonlight. Her grandmamma considered this very injudicious, and after repeated remonstrances utterly forbade it. She would permit her to go with company, but not alone. For some time this injunction was respected, but one unlucky evening she transgressed again, and received from her grandmamma a severe lecture. Conscious that she deserved it, she made but little reply; and General Washington, who was present, was inclined to seek some excuse for her. Accordingly, as she was leaving the room, he suggested to Mrs. Washington that perhaps Nelly was not alone. The young lady heard this, and coming immediately back, she said modestly but firmly, "Sir, you have

taught me to speak the truth. When I told grandmamma that I was alone I hope you believed me. I was alone."

Washington in reply made a most profound bow. "My child," said he, "I beg your pardon."

AUNT JULIA.

A STORY IN RHYME.

O MANY years ago
In a country far away,
A little shepherd-boy went forth
To mind his sheep one day.

He was not very strong,
But he was kind and good,
And he gently led his flock along,
As careful shepherds should.

He led them where the grass
Was very nice and sweet;
And he chose a shady spot, because
They did not like the heat.

And when the evening came,
Still with his sheep he stayed;



He watched beside them all the night;
And did he feel afraid?

Yes; for, while watching there
So patiently all night,
He saw a fierce and hungry bear;
O what a dreadful sight!

Poor lad! what could he do?
For nobody was by;
He asked for help from God above,
And God soon heard his cry.

He gave him strength and skill,
Preserved him by his care,
And the brave shepherd-boy did kill
The fierce and hungry bear.

God saved the shepherd-boy,
And gave him courage too;
Then put your trust in God, dear child,
And he will succor you.

PAID IN YOUR OWN COIN.



GRANDMOTHER, I hate to go away from you; you like me and nobody else does. Last night George Redin and I had a quarrel. I struck him and he struck me. Nobody likes me."

Peter Jones said this as he was sitting on his trunk ready to start for home.

"He only paid you in your own coin," said grandmother; "people generally do—a blow for a blow, cross words for cross words, hate for hate."

"I don't know but it is so," said Peter, looking very sorry, "but it is a poor sort of coin."

"How different it would be if your pockets were full of the *right sort* of coin," said grandmother.

"What kind?" asked Peter.

"The *coin of kindness*," said grandmother. "If the great pockets of your heart were full of *that sort* of coin, the more you paid away the more you'd get back, for you are generally paid in your own coin, you know; then how happy you would be."

"The coin of kindness," repeated Peter slowly; "that is a good coin, isn't it? I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother. If I'd be kind to the boys they'd be kind to me."

"Just so," said grandmother.

Peter's own mother had died. After that he was sent to grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve himself. Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. Peter did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

"That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother; "carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you'll find no difficulty."

The idea struck the boy's mind. He wished he could be said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind and you'll be treated kindly; love and you'll be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him.

The next morning he arose early, as he was used to at grandmother's, and came down stairs, where, everything being new, he

felt very strange and lonely.

"I know I sha'n't be contented here," he said to himself, "I know I sha'n't. I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket."

However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter went up to her and said:

"Mother, what can I do to help you?"

"My dear boy," she said, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help you? for I am afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother."

What a sweet kiss was that. It made him so happy. "That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter. Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, boys and girls, and you will never be in want.

MAKE A BEGINNING.

REMEMBER, in all things, that if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings-bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they furnish a beginning, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning!

THE greatest scandal in the world is the world's readiness to believe scandal.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

"TEETOTAL JEM."

SOME years ago the boys of a certain town were called together to listen to a talk on the evils of learning to drink wine, rum, brandy, or other strong drinks. After the lecture a paper was read. It contained something like the following pledge:

"Since it is clear that the habit of using strong drinks leads to much poverty, crime, disease, and misery, we promise that we will abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and try to persuade others to do the same."

"Who will sign this pledge?" asked the lecturer, looking round among the boys.

"Please, sir, I should like to sign it," said a boy whose eye was as clear as an eagle's, and whose voice rung out as distinct as the bugle's note. "Father and mother said I might."

That boy wrote his name to the pledge in a strong, bold hand and went his way. The other boys laughed among themselves, and said in their slang phrase, "Jem Flanders is jolly green to sign that pledge."

But James Flanders thought the "greenness" was on their side, and that his act was both right and wise. He told the boys so, and told them why too, and in such earnest words and tones that he got several of them to join their names to his. This vexed the others, and they called him "Teetotal Jem."

"We don't mean to sign our liberty away." "We live in a free country." "We mean to drink a little too, because we mean to be jolly fellows and have good times." "Hurrah for wine and brandy!" "Bad luck to Teetotal Jem!"

Such were the shouts and scoffs of those silly boys who would not sign the pledge. They even went further than shouting. Some of them went to a small grocery and drank strong beer, declaring that they "liked it," that they "felt better for it," and that "Teetotal Jem was an idiot."

That meeting in the small grocery was like a little fire kindled near heaps of shavings. It led to more serious evils. The boys went from bad to worse, until, tempted by a lad whom they met at the grocery, they broke into a jewelry-store and stole a lot of rings, breastpins, and gold studs.

Of course, they were soon found out and were taken be-

I wonder who looks green to-day. Poor, foolish fellows! If they had signed the pledge when I did they wouldn't have been caught in that thieving scrape. Temperance boys don't steal."

Well, the boys who went to that little grocery made a poor beginning of life. Nor did they make a better ending. Most of them grew up to be shiftless men. Nearly all of them are dead now. Some of them fill drunkards' graves. Not one of them ever made a good mark in the world.

But what of James Flanders? He grew up a diligent student, became a good scholar a popular speaker, a prosperous business man, a happy husband and father, and a useful Christian man. He is getting old now. His children are men and women. His good wife is gone to



heaven. You may often find him seated on her grave in a thoughtful mood. He loved the good lady dearly, and his thoughts go up from her grave to the heaven where her soul lives.

If you should go to him some evening as he sits musing over the grave and say, "Mr. Flanders, what do you think now of the pledge you signed when you was a boy?" he would rouse himself, the fire would flash from his eyes, and, smiling upon you as he spoke, he would reply:

"That pledge saved me, my son. It kept me from bad company, bad habits, and bad influences. I count the day on which I signed it among the brightest and best of my life. I advise you to take the same pledge and keep it. Strong drinks destroy bodies and souls. Cold water is good for the stomach, the brain, and the heart. Be a cold-water boy, my son. Be a Christian also, and you will be happy in this world and in the world to come."

If I should be near you when Mr. Flanders gives you this advice I will say "Amen," because the advice is wise, safe, and profitable. Accept it; follow it; and may you become at least as good and happy as Teetotal Jem did.

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

WELL, corporal, what have you to say to-day?

"Not much, Mr. Editor; I am in a silent mood."

"So am I," says Mr. Forrester, who sits leaning forward with his chin on the top of his gutta-percha cane.

Pretty editors you would make, gentlemen! Nothing to say when the compositor is bawling for copy. Don't you know that editors must always have something to say. Their *thought-mill* must never stand still.

"I have a *Biblical enigma* ready for you," meekly replies the corporal. "Here it is:

"I am a sentence of nineteen letters:

"My 4, 12, 16 is the name of a man whose love of gain was so strong that it almost ruined him in soul, body, and circumstances.

"My 2, 19 is the name of a noted rebel against Moses.

"My 8, 18, 16, 10, 18, 6, was a great-grandson of Noah.

"My 11, 3, 17, 9, 5 was successively a foundling, a refugee, and a legislator.

"My 13, 7, 19, 10 is celebrated as the locality of a marriage which became notable because of an act of a guest.

"My 15, 6, 7, 4, 9, 14 is the name of a people who did a deed which God remembered and punished.

"My 1 is the initial of a monarch who missed a golden opportunity to win a crown greater than his own.

"Here is the answer to the Scripture puzzle in my last:

"(1.) Uzziah, 2 Chron. xxvi, 1. (2.) Cities and towers, 2 Chron. xxvi, 6, 9, 10. (3.) In Carmel and other places, 2 Chron. xxvi, 10. (4.) Inventors of warlike engines, 2 Chron. xxvi, 15. (5.) The Lord smote him with leprosy, 2 Chron. xxvi, 20. (6.) By burning incense in the temple, 2 Chron. xxvi, 16-19.

"Here is a letter from G. E., of Hammononton. He says:

"In answer to the question in the S. S. Advocate of June 27, 'To whom did a celebrated prophet see the key of the bottomless pit presented?' the scholars referred to the *star* as being the personage represented in Rev. ix, 1, rather than the fifth angel. What is your decision?"

The scholars are right, and the answer in the Advocate of July 11 was incorrect. A star in the language of St. John usually means an angel, and to the angel which came down to the earth when the fifth angel sounded was given the key.

"G. P. Holt writes from Camp Convalescent, Va.:

"I enlisted in the army April 5, 1861, and have been in the service ever since. I have passed through six battles, been wounded three times, and have been in the hospital most of the time for the year past. I have been within three and a half miles of the rebel capital, by the way of Fair Oaks. I have been faithful to my country and to my God all the time. I never forget the dear Sabbath-school.

"Children, I will tell you about Camp Convalescent, for I know that thousands of dear children who will read this letter have fathers or brothers here, or who have been here. This camp is four miles from Washington, in one of the Virginia valleys, surrounded with forts. It is for worn out, sick, and wounded soldiers. It is nicely laid out, watered, and surrounded with a beautiful grove. It consists of fifty nice clean wooden barracks. There are fifty bunks in each barrack, which will accommodate two persons each. There are four dining-rooms, which will hold eight hundred and fifty men at once; two cook-houses, one sutler's store, (always full and plenty of customers,) a daguerreotype gallery, barber's shop, large bakery, carpenter, blacksmith, wheelwright, and harness shops, also a large post-office. Here you find a grand rallying when the mail arrives, which is at eleven o'clock. We have a nice large chapel and many other buildings, besides private houses. We also have four large hospitals for the sickest and worst wounded men. We have prayer-meetings in the morning at eight o'clock, and in the afternoon at two o'clock in the chapel. In the evening at seven o'clock we have preaching in front of the chapel when it is pleasant, for the chapel will not hold one half that comes. God is pouring out his good spirit. He is among us. Many have found the Saviour to be precious to their hearts, and have sent the good news home to their dear ones. I am a great temperance worker. Last week I started the first temperance meeting and pledge. We call it the 'Convalescent Temperance Union.' Two hundred have signed the pledge. O how I love to do good!"

Brother Holt seems to be a good soldier both of the Union and of Christ.

"Here is a letter from Pringle's School-house. It says:

"MR. CORPORAL,—We have a small Sunday-school here. The children wished to join your Try Company, but living so far away they thought best to form a corps and send their names by the superintendent. Now don't laugh, Mr. Corporal; here are their names." Here follow twenty-two names, and then the writer says: "Mr. Corporal, will you have an old man in his second childhood? He is identified with the children and has been superintendent for years. Here is his name, Rev. E. Garrison.

"Heaven has blessed that old man's heart with the freshness of a child's spirit," says the corporal. "I admit him and his corps, and would trust him to lead them as a forlorn hope into the deadly breach for the capture of Sin's mightiest fortress. Huzza, boys, for Father Garrison and his Pringle School-house corps!"

"A. A. W., of New Carlisle, Ind., says:

"The children of New Carlisle think you will be very glad to know they gave a Sunday-school concert last week and raised thirty-two dollars with which to buy books. Wont Corporal Try admit this company of eight children from Indiana into the ranks when he learns the children sold the tickets for the concert and solicited funds through an interesting dialogue gotten up for the occasion? Certainly he can't refuse when we tell him they are trying to be good, and to do good by preserving their Advocates and sending back numbers to destitute schools about. Do you think he will admit this little company, Mr. Editor?"

"I like those Indiana boys and girls, Mr. Editor, I do," adds the corporal. "That practice of sending their old Advocates to poor schools is a good one. I give them an honorable place in my noble army. May they also enlist in the army of Jesus!"



fore a judge, who sent them to jail. James Flanders saw them going from the court-house to the jail, and he said to himself:

"Those boys called me *green* when I signed the pledge.



THE WASP.

CHARLOTTE.

There's a wasp, there's a wasp—run away, run away,
'Tis flying and buzzing about!
How tiresome, to come just when we were at play,
How spiteful to drive us all out!

AUNT.

O don't leave the room, girl, there's nothing to fear,
The wasp does not mean any harm;
He don't like the cold, so he flies about here
Where the sun is so bright and so warm.

O would not he think, if he knew what you said,
"How silly that giant must be,
To scream, and look pale, and make others afraid
Of such a poor insect as me."

He's prettier far than the fly or the bee,
His wings are transparent and light;
He rests on the window-frame—now you may see
His colors, how cheerful and bright.

CHARLOTTE.

O don't talk to me of his colors so gay,
His body, his head, or his wing;
I tell you, I wish he was out of the way,
For I am afraid of his sting.

AUNT.

Then hear what I say, girl, and don't be a dunce,
Your friends all complain about you;
Now learn of this insect a lesson for once,
I hear—and I fear it is true—

That though you are lively, and clever, and pretty,
You are not beloved by the young;
You tease them, and vex them, to show yourself witty,
And they are afraid of your tongue.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A NOBLE HORSE.

I IMAGINE I see him now slowly walking up that narrow lane. He was not a fancy horse, nor a saddle horse, nor a carriage horse. He was neither sauntering along at his ease, nor cantering at will, nor browsing on the sweet green grass. He was a dray horse, working hard, drawing a heavy load of coal. And yet, brute though he was, and with all his hard work, he found the means to do a noble act. Would you like to know how it was? I will tell you.

His driver had stopped to talk, perhaps to take a dram, for men do such things sometimes though horses do not, and he left his trusty horse to go on alone. Is it not strange how a horse will lend his strength and his will to work for a man! I often look at a horse at work, and wonder and think

how good God is to give us such a helpful animal. So this horse, instead of stopping or running away when his master's eye was off, went right on about his business. And as he was going along the lane he came up to a little child sitting in the middle of the road playing in the sand. What did this intelligent horse do? Turn out? No, the lane was too narrow. Stop and wait till his driver came up? That would have given him a resting-spell. But he was not lazy. So he put his nose down and smelled of the child. I suppose if he could he would have told the little one to get out of the way, but he had never learned to talk. Then he gathered up its little frock between his teeth and carefully lifted it out of the road, just as a kind, thoughtful man would do with his hands. How could any one have done better?

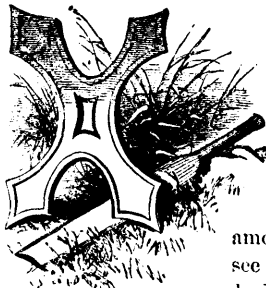
A PLUCKY BOY.

WHEN General Havelock was about twelve years old, he saw a dog worrying his father's sheep. Instead of beating the brute off, he ran to a hay-stack in the field and pulled out sufficient hay to make a strong band or rope of hay, which he threw round the dog's neck, and fairly choked him, and then flung his carcass into a pond, walking off as if nothing had happened. This was certainly very cool, but it was most thoughtful. There is no remedy for sheep-stealing dogs. They are assigned to death by all good shepherds.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"XENNY."

A PICTURE FROM MEMORY.



ENOPHON was the name of a boy who many years ago attended our school in winter and boarded in my father's family. He was a pleasant-faced, kindly-spoken lad, and a great favorite among his schoolmates. I see him now—his dark hair combed smoothly back from his high forehead, his mild blue eyes lighted up with mirth, and his rosy mouth ready for a laugh, or a funny word to make others laugh.

Speaking of his odd name at one time, he said, "The teacher can't remember it. He calls me, 'Hear, Sir.'"

He was not wicked like some boys, only thoughtless and full of gayety. This, when carried to excess, I doubt not, is wicked in the sight of God; but I mean he did not swear, or lie, or drink, or cheat. Everybody seemed to love him for a natural kindness that ruled his actions. His parents had died the summer before. They were praying parents, and had died in sure hope of eternal life. How could Xenny be thoughtless so soon?

He sometimes spoke of the day when his dear father took him into a room alone and talked long and anxiously to him of his future life and of his duties to God. But he soon seemed to forget all; and though he loved his parents, he did not honor the religion they professed enough to even kneel in time of prayer.

Poor Xenny! He became sick, delirium seized him, and we feared he might die before reason returned. One night (I shall never forget it) the room was full of his youthful friends and schoolmates, who took a great interest in every turn of his disease, watched with him, and in every way showed their sympathy. He knew them all. He looked around the room, as if for the first time realizing his situation.

"O, aunt," he said to my mother, "I know that I must die, and I shall go right down to hell!"

My mother took his hand. "Xenny," she said, "there is ONE who can save you from hell!"

Then she spoke of Jesus, how he had suffered and died for sinners.

"O," he exclaimed, "I know it all. I am not so ignorant. I have been taught the way, but this only adds to my condemnation!"

"Pray, child," said my mother; "PRAY! God will hear prayer."

Then he prayed with clasped hands and closed eyes, while a solemn look came into his face, a look never there before, and which remained when he lay in his coffin. O how he prayed! Many were the eyes that wept that night. "Pray for me!" he said, and prayer arose from that sick-room from anxious hearts. "O Lord, have mercy!" this was the burden of Xenny's prayer.

At length he spoke. "I think," said he, "Jesus has forgiven my sins. Now I can die."

Soon, amid dreadful sufferings, he passed away; and O, my young reader, though hope shed a faint ray around his dying bed, I hope none of you will have your peace to make with God at such an hour! I hope among the great army of Advocate children none will at last suffer and pray in such despair as did poor Xenophon. I hope there will be no such bitter tears shed around your dying pillow. Then live a Christian, and dying you will be blest.

O seek the Saviour
And serve him now
While the glow of health
Is on cheek and brow.
Then happy in death
And in life you'll be,
And joy will be yours
Through eternity.

M. A. BIGELOW.

BECOMING MANLY.

LITTLE FRANK is much afraid of the pigs, and having occasion to pass their pen one day, called loudly to Lizzie to come and lead him. Just then he remembered that he had a birthday last week.

"No, no, Lizzie, don't you come. I'm four years old!" he said, and walked bravely by alone.

A LADY asked a pupil at a public examination of the Sunday-school:

"What was the sin of the Pharisees?"

"Eating camels, ma'am," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel."

MUCH IN A LITTLE.—The sum and substance of a preparation for a coming eternity is, that you believe what the Bible tells you, and do what the Bible bids you.

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