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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUPPERUNTO
ME

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 10.

FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 178.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

JOSEPH AND HIS LAST PENNY.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

In the *Band of Hope Review* I found a story the other day which pleased me so well that I will relate it to you, my children.

Some years ago, as a gentleman was leaving a public building he saw a poor country boy sitting on the door-steps and eating some bread and cheese. Something in the boy's manner pleased him, so he stood still and watched him. Very soon the boy pulled a roll of paper from his pocket, and opening it took out a large copper coin, which, after a few moments, he carefully put back into the roll of paper, saying to himself:

"Mother, I will remember your last words, 'A penny saved is twopence earned.' It shall go hard with me before I part with you, my old friend."

So pleased was the gentleman with this act of the boy that, without letting him know that he had overheard his remark, he stepped up and offered to give him work in his family. This offer was joyfully accepted. The boy was placed under the care of the coachman and set to work.

"After nearly a month had passed," says the gentleman, "I resolved to make some inquiries of the coachman regarding the conduct of the lad. 'A better boy never came into the house, sir; and as for wasting anything, bless me, sir, I know not where he has been brought up; but I really believe he would consider it a sin if he did not give the crumbs of bread to the birds every morning.'

"I am glad to hear so good an account," I replied.

"And as for his good-nature, sir, there is not a servant among us that does not speak well of Joseph. He reads to us while we sup, and he writes all our letters for us. O, sir, he has got more learning than all of us put together; and what's more, he does not shirk his work, and never talks about our secrets after he writes our letters."

"Determined to see Joseph myself, I requested the coachman to send him into the parlor.

"I understand, Joseph, that you can read and write?"

"Yes, sir, I have to thank my poor dead mother for that."

"You have lately lost your mother, then?"

"Yes, sir, a month that very day when you were kind enough to take me, an unprotected orphan, into your house," answered Joseph.

"Where did you go to school?"

"Sir, my mother had been a widow ever since I



can remember. She was a daughter of the village schoolmaster, and having to maintain me and herself with her needle, she took the opportunity of her leisure moments to teach me not only how to read and write, but to cast up accounts."

"And did she give you, my boy, that penny which I saw you unroll so carefully on the door-step?"

"Joseph stood amazed, but at length replied with great emotion, while a tear stood in his eye:

"Yes, sir, it was the very last penny she gave me."

"Well, Joseph, so satisfied am I with your conduct, that not only do I pay to you a month's wages willingly for the time you have been here, but I must beg of you to accept the office of collecting clerk to our firm, which has become vacant by the death of a very old and faithful assistant."

"Joseph thanked me in the most unassuming manner, and I was asked to take care of his money since I had promised to provide him with suitable clothing for his new occupation.

"It will be unnecessary to relate how step by step this poor country lad proceeded to win the confidence of myself and partner. The accounts were always correct to a penny; and whenever his salary became due he drew out of my hands no more than

he absolutely needed, even to a penny. At length he had saved a sufficient sum of money to be deposited in the bank.

"It so happened that one of our customers, who carried on a successful business, wanted an active partner. This person was of eccentric habits, and considerably advanced in years. Scrupulously just, he looked after every penny, and invariably discharged his workmen if they were not equally scrupulous in their dealing with him.

"Aware of this peculiarity of temper, there was no person I could recommend like Joseph, and after overcoming the repugnance of my partner, who was unwilling to be deprived of so valuable an assistant, Joseph was duly received into the firm of Richard Fairbrother & Co. Prosperity attended Joseph in his new undertaking, and never suffering a penny difference to appear in his business transactions, he so completely won the confidence of his senior partner that he left him the whole of his extensive and profitable business, as he expressed it in his will, 'even to the very last penny!'"

Bravo, Joseph! His poor beginning had a good ending so far as this world is concerned. Economy, industry, honesty, and fidelity did wonders for his earthly fortune. But what was his good fortune worth if he was not pious? What did he gain if after all his prosperity he lost his soul? I cannot tell you whether he took care of his soul or no, because the gentleman who published the lad's history says nothing about it. I will believe, however, that he was pious. But be that as it may, I wish you to settle this question each of you for himself—Which is better, to be rich and lose my soul, or to be poor and save it?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A DYING FATHER TO HIS LIVING DAUGHTER.

As a certain father was about to die, his thoughts turned to his only but absent daughter. All his love for her was burning in his heart, and he wished to send her a few last words from the brink of eternity. What do you think his message was?

"Tell her," said he, "tell her to love the Saviour now—tell her to love him while she is young; if she puts it off till she is old, it will be so much harder to love and trust him."

Did his daughter obey his dying wish? I really don't know; but I do know that the advice is just

as good for you as it was for her, for you too will find it harder to love Jesus by and by than it is now.

The great God says to each of you, "My son, give me thine heart." Who will obey the voice of the Lord?

X.

MOTHER AND GOD.

A LITTLE boy only six years old was precipitated to the bottom of a deep vault by the caving in of the floor. He struggled against death in his horrible situation for over an hour and a half. When rescued he exclaimed:

"O, mother, when I fell I called loudly upon you, but you did not answer; then I shut my eyes and called upon God."

For the Sunday School Advocate.

RUSSIA.

THE Russian empire is very large. It covers about half of Europe, a country of similar size in Asia, and a large tract in North America. In passing through the southern part of European Russia we shall be struck with the immense level plains which compose this part of the country. During some portions of the year these are covered with rich vegetation, which is frequently swept off by great swarms of locusts. In the winter their great stretches of snow give fine scope for the long Russian sleigh-rides that story-books have made so famous. However, we will still cling to our own snug and expeditious conveyance. Sweeping away up toward the center of Russia in Europe, the fantastic city of Moscow will strike our eye. This was formerly the capital of the Russias. And what is the present capital? "St. Petersburg." Right; and at some future time we will visit that city.

There is Moscow—that great collection of picturesque houses, with their roofs painted red and green. Mark, too, the immense number of domes and spires, belfries and turrets that shoot up into the air with still more gay and glittering colors. Their numerous churches are nearly covered with domes and turrets. The bell always occupies the large one over the center of the church. They say this central dome represents the great patriarch of their Church, with his head raised between heaven and earth, and the spires and turrets are like the deacons and priests that surround him.

The first of these churches is St. Basil. Its domes and turrets blaze in the sunlight as if incrustated with a thousand gems. Scales of golden fish, skins of serpents, dragons' heads, and other curious things are represented upon them. This fantastic edifice is more than three hundred years old. It was built by a czar named Ivan, the Terrible, in acknowledgment to God for some victory he had achieved. After it was finished he called the architect who had planned it, and who had tried hard to please him, and after praising it greatly, he asked him whether he thought he could erect another more beautiful. The artist truthfully replied that he thought he could. The cruel monarch then ordered the man's eyes to be put out, as a punishment, he said, because he had not done his best, and also to prevent him from ever building a more beautiful temple. Surely God could not be pleased with all the temples that so wicked a monarch might build.

Do you observe what an immense space this city covers? It is said to be twenty-seven miles in circumference. But if you look closely you will see that the houses are quite scattered, mostly interspersed with yards and gardens, and only one or two stories high.

The glory of the city is gone so soon as you enter its limits. It is clumsy, badly built, and there is



very little in it worth seeing. There is one thing, however, that I am quite certain will interest you. This is the Queen of Bells—the largest in the world. It is twenty feet high and weighs nearly two hundred tons. It was suspended to a huge wooden beam, and was rung by tying a rope to the tongue and pulling it back and forth. The tongue was fourteen feet long, and it took forty men to swing it. But hardly a year had its deep tones charmed the ears of the people of Moscow when the building in which it was hung took fire, and their "Queen" fell to the ground and was broken. It has lately been elevated upon a granite pedestal, and there it now stands with but a silent tongue to tell the tale of its fall

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

O THERE'S not in this wide world
A place half so sweet
As the room where my teachers
And dear schoolmates meet,
On the blest Sabbath mornings
To sing and to pray,
To hear about heaven
And learn of the way.

As soon as the tones
Of the bell, sweet and clear,
Float out on the breeze
To my glad, list'ning ear,
I snatch up my books
And hasten away
To hear about heaven
And learn of the way.

And a penny I take
Every day that I go,
For my teacher has told me—
I'm sad that 'tis so—
There are millions of heathen,
In lands far away,
Who ne'er hear about heaven
Or learn of the way.

No sweet Sabbath dawns
On those far-distant climes;
To call them to worship
No bell sweetly chimes;
And we must send Bibles
And teachers away
To tell them of heaven
And show them the way.

The hymns that we sing
In our school are so sweet,
And lessons of wisdom
Our teachers repeat.
O! not all this world's pleasures
Would tempt me to stay
From that dear, sacred place
On the blest Sabbath-day.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OBEDIENT DAVID.

"STAND by that gate, my son, and keep it closed until I come back," said a farmer to his son David, a little fellow of only five years old.

"Yes, pa," replied the child, going to his post of duty while his father went off in search of a missing sheep, which he wanted to shut up with the flock inside the gate.

The lost sheep was far astray, and the farmer was led in pursuit a good way from his child. Meanwhile the sky clouded over, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the rain came heavily, very heavily down. What did little David do? He was wet to the skin; did he run home crying? Not he. He was a heroic boy. He had received a command not to leave the gate, which he meant to obey in spite of lightning, thunder, and rain. So he stood still in the storm like a faithful soldier at his post.

"Come in, Davie! You will get wet," cried his sister, who saw him from the window.

"I can't. Pa told me to stand here until he came back," replied the child.

His mother then called him. He obeyed her, of course, and ran dripping into the house and straight to his mother's arms, weeping and saying:

"Dear mother, do you think God will be angry with me for leaving the sheep before father came back?"

Noble boy! He forgot himself and his wetting in the greatness of his desire to obey his earthly parent and to please his heavenly Father. Duty was that boy's meat and drink, and I don't wonder that God loved him so well as to call him up to heaven while he was yet very young. I wonder how many of my readers would obey their fathers as David did his?

W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TAKE THE RIGHT TURNING.



TRAVELER was trying to cross the Cumberland Mountains. He went on his way prosperously. Night was near by, but his destination was nearer; he would soon be there. He crossed a brook—the path branched, and he took the *wrong* direction. So, as the result of this one error, all that night, instead of being housed with kind friends, he was wandering alone in the storm and darkness, climbing wearily over craggy heights and slipping down over wet moss and loose stones, lost! lost! How important it is when there is a choice of two ways before us that we should take the right one.

A CHILD'S DEFINITION OF LOVE.

ONE afternoon, just after school had closed and I was locking my desk preparatory to going home, little Willie stole softly to my side, climbed upon the desk, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me.

"I love oo, teacher," he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?" I asked inquiringly.

"It's what makes us dood to folks," he replied at once.

MAX looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TOBONTO, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

Do you love to see rare and beautiful sights? Ah, I know you do, for if the tap of a drum should fall on your ear you would stop reading your paper and run to the window or door to see the procession. I will tell you of a beautiful sight which one lady showed to another one day.

"Please look there," said a lady to her friend, pointing to her kitchen.



THE GIRL WHO WORKED FOR HER MOTHER.

"I only see a very neat, nice looking girl," replied the lady's friend.

"Well, that girl works for her mother and supports her," rejoined the lady.

Now I think that girl was a sight worth looking at. Most girls who earn money spend it on themselves. They buy ribbons, hoops, breastpins, and other equally foolish things to make themselves look pretty. But, in my opinion, the girl who dresses like a queen while she neglects her mother is not half as beautiful as the girl in calico who works for her mother. What do you think?

THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.

"HERE is a lengthy paper about SARAH N., who went to heaven in triumph, giving as a reason why she was not afraid to die, 'Because I know that Jesus will carry me right home.'"

That was valuable knowledge, worth more than Mr. Astor's millions. It was given to Sarah by the Good Shepherd himself, who waits to give it to as many millions of children as desire it. What next, corporal?

"Six questions for bright boys and girls: 1. There was only one King of Israel who was a drunkard. What was his name? How did he die? 2. A celebrated Jew died on the top of a mountain in presence of three witnesses. What was his name? 3. A left-handed man was one of Israel's deliverers. What was his name? 4. A certain man made himself King of Israel by murdering seventy persons. What was his name? 5. A boy sixteen years old mounted the throne of David and reigned fifty-two years in the fear of the Lord. What was his name? 6. A certain patriarch had three daughters who were the most handsome ladies in their country. What were the names of the patriarch and his daughters?"

"And here is the answer to the anagram in our last: Moses, Samuel, Mephibosheth, Abijah, Josiah.

"Here is a letter to my Try Company from E. J. HUMPHREY, one of our missionaries at Shahjehanpore, India.

I will read it because it is a very nice letter. The writer says:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have recently received a package of S. S. Advocates, and I doubt if ever you felt greater delight in reading their entertaining pages than I have now felt in doing so. I perceive from the 'Letter Budget' that the Try Company is getting to be very large; in fact, I think there must be several companies now, nearly enough to form a regiment. I am glad so many children are thus early enlisting in this company, for I fear that these are 'trying times' to all, both old and young, in our beloved country. I presume many of you have dear friends in the great army that has to meet so many hardships and dangers in this fearful war that is now raging.

"You may now probably have ample opportunity to exercise yourselves in the peculiar virtues of the Try Company. You, my dear lads, can try to cheer your mothers and sisters, and by bearing up manfully under unaccustomed duties can relieve them somewhat from care and anxiety. You too, my dear little girls, can by your cheerful smiles and ready fingers give much comfort to your friends; and O, if any of you have to mourn a loved father or brother, fallen in battle, may our heavenly Father help you to bear the sad affliction with Christian fortitude and resignation. I will now tell you of a little Hindustani boy who I think deserves to be admitted to your ranks.

"It was near the close of the first year of the dreadful famine that has recently prevailed in the North-western provinces of India, where the missionaries you helped to send are laboring. The distress was terrible. Quiet, well-disposed people sometimes were incited by the pangs of hunger to commit thefts and get up riots, in order that they might be put into jail and thus get food. Parents often sold their little children for a few rupees in the streets of Budaon, where we were then residing.

"One bright morning I was startled by a sharp voice calling to me from the verandah: 'Menn sahib, we are dying from hunger. Please give us food.'

"I went out to them and saw at once that the two little boys before me were not professional beggars. The elder boy was apparently ten years of age, and although his color was a fine brown, yet to my eye he was a noble-looking boy. He had a frank, earnest countenance, and large black eyes. A bundle was tied round his neck, and in his arms was a poor little emaciated boy of about two years. 'Will you eat some nice white bread?' I asked of the larger boy.

"'O yes,' said he, 'I'll be very glad to, and so will my little brother, for he is almost dead because he can't eat the coarse cakes which the people sometimes give us.'

"I brought two slices of bread and told the boys to sit down and eat them, and afterward they might tell me what they wanted further. 'We want to stay here,' was the ready answer of the elder boy.

"'Well, eat your bread and then we will talk about it.'

"Meanwhile the little boy was busily examining a substance the like of which he had never seen before, namely, white bread. He came to the conclusion that it was to be eaten, though in what manner seemed to puzzle him. He attacked one corner of the slice, and finding it very good, desired to eat as much of it at once as possible, so he stuffed his mouth with it to such an extent that mastication was rather difficult. The elder lad commenced his bread with great apparent enjoyment, but seeing the little boy's dilemma, came to his aid. He gave his own bread into his little brother's hands, and taking the other piece, broke off small mouthfuls and kindly fed his little brother. It was a long process, and I felt sure as I watched him thus carefully tending his brother that that boy had a noble and tender heart. I did not feel certain that many little boys, Sunday-school scholars in Christian America, could be found who would show such a loving, unselfish spirit. The little fellow finally ate up all the bread, and told his brother in answer to his inquiries that he felt much better. The elder boy then began to eat his own bread again, and also to relate his sad story. 'A long time ago,' said he, 'I don't know how long ago, my father and mother died of starvation. They got weak and sick, and then there was no one to go begging for food except me, and could not get much, till one morning, when my little brother and I awoke, they were both dead. I took my brother in my arms and went away to a neighbor's house, and used to go with the poor people begging to the larger villages. The people were very kind, and would always share their food with us, and, till the grass dried up so that the cows gave no milk, they used to give my little brother milk occasionally. After the milk was gone I used to get a little rice and dal sometimes, and would boil it till very tender and give it to my brother; but some days I could not get anything but coarse cakes, and so my brother has become so very thin and ill. Two days ago a man told me that there was a padri-sahib in Budaon who took orphan children and gave them food and clothing, so I took my brother and have come as quickly as possible, and now you will let us stay, will you not?'"

"'You certainly may,' said I, 'if what you have said proves to be true, and I have no doubt in regard to it; but you must first go with a servant to the head police-officers and let them report to us if they know you to be real orphans.'

"They were well known to be real orphans, and their story proved to be true. So we gladly took them in,

clothed, and fed them. During the few days they remained with us in Budaon I had no occasion to change my good opinion of Goolab, for that was the Hindoo name of the larger boy. He seemed to take far greater delight in feeding his brother the nourishing food prepared for him, and in seeing the comfortable garments he was clad in, than in his own improved circumstances. In due time they were forwarded to the Boys' Orphanage in Bareilly, where they improved very rapidly and were considered very promising lads. They were baptized and received Christian names.

"Whenever I have visited the orphanage since they were admitted, Goolab, or William Jones as he is now called, used to bring his brother to me and call my attention to his fat cheeks and arms, and chubby appearance generally, so different from what it was when I first saw him. But I have very recently heard that this little boy has died. William nursed him with the greatest tenderness through his sickness, and when he died was greatly distressed. He has planted rose-bushes by his grave and often visits the spot. William will doubtless miss his sprightly little brother very much, and will never forget him; but I think it must be a great consolation and satisfaction to him to know that he was always so loving and tender a friend to his brother while he was with him.

"Now I ask you, children, ought not William P. Jones to be admitted to the ranks of the Try Company?"

"Of course," adds the corporal, "they will all vote to admit that noble Hindoo boy, and so I shall set down his name and expect him to do his best to become a good man if God spares his life."

I think that boy will make a good servant of the Lord Jesus. He certainly has the right sort of stuff in him, and if he will give Jesus his heart will be a good and noble man by and by. God bless him!

"Here is a note from a Middletown youth, who says:

"Here I humbly present myself for admission to your glorious Try Company. First, having just started in the way all children of God should go, I mean to try and persevere in that course while life shall last. Secondly, I mean to try and get others to travel that glorious path of which 'straight is the gate and narrow the way,' and which leads to eternal life. Thirdly, by the grace of God, I mean to show to the world, by my example, that there is a blessed reality in religion, and that the love of God shed abroad in the heart transforms a person who perhaps before was an envious, proud, passionate, covetous creature into a meek, lowly, long-suffering Christian."

That youth has noble purposes. He builds, too, upon a good foundation. May he seek wisdom, materials, and strength from Jesus the great Master Builder, and thereby grow into perfect Christian manhood!

"Here is a letter from a 'poor soldier' in camp near Yorktown, Va., who says:

"Having once had the privilege of perusing your excellent little paper, the Sunday-School Advocate, I could not help forming an attachment for it; indeed, it seemed a part and parcel of our charming little Sabbath-school. I have a lingering relish for it. I love it for the truth it always contains, and for the flavor it always seems to have of my old Sabbath-school."

May God bless that poor soldier and all his comrades who belong to the army of freedom! May his life be spared to return home rejoicing that the rebellion is put down and peace restored. What say you to that wish, corporal?

"I say Amen, and let all my Try Company say Amen too!"

What a loud Amen that would be, corporal. It would be heard above the roar of Niagara!

"WILLIAM, of Sarah Furnace, says:

"We have no Sunday-school here now. It broke up some time ago. I love to go to Sunday-school, but our books gave out and so we closed it."

That's a sad story for the good people of Sarah Furnace. The school closed because the books gave out, did it? Why didn't the people buy more? If they were too poor to buy why didn't the preacher ask help from our Sunday-School Union? I hope William will show him this paper and tell him that the corporal thinks he will be sorry when he meets his lambs at the judgment-seat that he didn't get books to keep their Sunday-school in operation.

"CHARLIE, of Vienna, says:

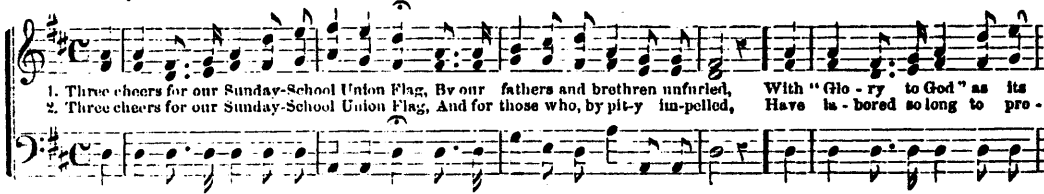
"I am twelve years old. My mother died when I was but two years old. There were some kind folks who took me, and I have been with them ever since. I have a brother and two sisters. I hope to meet my mother in heaven. I would like to join the Try Company if the corporal will admit me."

Charlie, dear, I hope you will keep that dear mother's image fresh in your memory as long as you live. Never do anything that it would pain her to see her dear boy commit. The corporal admits you.

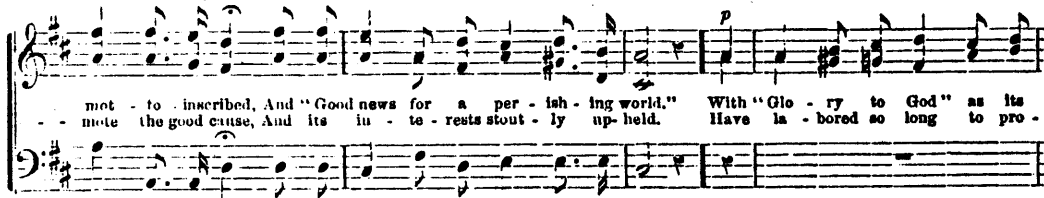
OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION FLAG.

Words by F. J. HARTLEY.

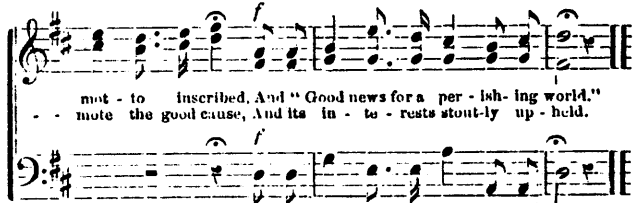
Music by W. HOLLIS.



1. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, By our fathers and brethren unfurled, With "Glo - ry to God" as its
2. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, And for those who, by pit-y lu-pelled, Have la - bored so long to pro -



mot - to - inscribed, And "Good news for a per - ish - ing world." With "Glo - ry to God" as its
- - - note the good cause, And its lu - te - rests stout - ly up - held. Have la - bored so long to pro -



3. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, And for all who have shared in the fight 'Gainst ignorance, darkness, folly, and sin, With the weapons of love and of light.

4. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, Let us rally around it again; Resolving to stand to our colors like men, While our spirit and vigor remain.

5. Three cheers for our Sunday-School Union Flag, And may Jesus, our Saviour and friend, Stand by us to aid with his presence and smile. Till the battle in victory end.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE OLD CONTRABAND AND HIS OLD HORSE.



REV. W. S. PETERSON, an army chaplain in the west, in writing to the *North-western Christian Advocate* tells the following story of a negro who loved freedom well enough to run away for it, and who found his way within the lines of the Union army. But let Mr. Peterson speak. He says:

An elderly man, who gave his name as "Dick," came into our camp and was employed by an officer. He is a quiet, but intelligent and moral old fellow, and gave me an account of his leaving "home."

"Why did you leave, uncle?" said I.

"Well, massa," he replied, "ole missus too hard on me 'tirely, an' when I couldn't stan't no longer I jis lef."

"In the day time, was it?"

"O no, sah; 'bout 'leven 'clock at night, and got to Bolivah 'fore morning; 'bout twenty miles."

"That was a pretty good walk," said I.

"I didn't walk it, sah, I rode hossback."

"Rode! do you own a horse?"

"Well—yes—no, sah—not 'zactly—reckon I do now—I took one!"

"Took one from your mistress?"

"Yes, massa."

"Don't you think you did very wrong, Dick, to take your mistress's horse?"

"Well, I do' know, sah; I didn't take the bes' one. She had three; two of 'em fuss-rate hosses; but the one I took is ole, an' not berry fast, an' I offe'd to sell him fo' eight dolla's, sah."

"But, Dick, you took at least a thousand dollars from your mistress besides the horse."

"How, sah?"

"Why, you were worth a thousand dollars, and you should have been satisfied with that much without taking the poor woman's horse," said I gravely.

The contraband scratched his woolly head, rolled up his eyes at me, and replied with emphasis:

"I don't look at it jis dat way, massa. I wo'ked ha'd fo' missus mor'n thirty yea's, an' I reckon in dat time I 'bout pay fo' meself. An' dis yea' missus giv me leave to raise a patch o' 'baccy fo' my own. Well, I wo'ked nights, an' Sundays, an' spar' times, an' raised a big patch (way prices is wuff two hun' red

dolla's, I reckon) o' 'baccy; an' when I got it taken car' of dis fall, ole missus took it 'way from me, give some to de neighbors, keep some fo' he' own use, an' sell some an' keep de money, an' I reckon dat pay fo' de ole hoss!"

Failing to find any conscience in the darkey, I gave up the argument.

[Was the negro right or wrong? Let the boys and girls discuss the question. It wont hurt them.—EDITOR.]

THE FALLEN YOUTH.

I WENT a few weeks since into a jail to see a young man who was once a scholar in the Sunday-school. The keeper took a large bunch of keys, and let us through the long, gloomy halls, unlocking one door after another, until at length he opened the door of the room where sat the young man we had come to see. The walls of the room were of coarse stone, the floor of thick plank, and before the windows were strong iron bars.



Without, all was beautiful; the green fields, the sweet flowers, and the singing birds were as lovely as ever; but this young man could enjoy none of these—no, never again could he go out, for he was condemned to death! Yes, he had killed a man, and now he himself must die. Think of it; only twenty years old, and yet a murderer!

I sat down beside him and talked with him.

"O," said he as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "I did not mean to do it, but I was drunk; then I got angry, and before I knew what I was about I killed him. O if I had minded what my Sunday-school teacher said, if I had minded my mother, I should never have come to this—I should never have been here!"

It would have made your hearts ache, as it did mine, to see and talk with him. Once he was a happy, playful child like you; now he is a poor, condemned, wicked young man. He did not mind his mother, did not govern his temper, and as he grew older he went with bad boys who taught him bad habits; and he became worse and worse, until, as he said, when drunk, in a moment of passion he killed a man, and now after a few weeks he must suffer the dreadful penalty. As I left him he said, "Will you not pray for me?" and he added, "O tell boys everywhere to mind their mothers and keep away from bad companions!"



WHAT A SMALL SPARK DID.

SMALL THINGS.

THE simplest flower, with honied sweets are stored,
The smallest thing may happiness afford;
A kindly word may give a mind repose,
Which, harshly spoken, might have led to blows;
The smallest crust may save a human life,
The smallest act may lead to human strife;
The slightest touch may cause the body pain,
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;
The simplest act may tell the truly brave,
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve,
The slightest look may cause the heart to grieve;
The slightest sound may cause the mind alarm,
The smallest thing may do the greatest harm:
Naught is so small but it may good contain,
Afford us pleasure or award us pain.

SCOTCH CROWS.

In Scotland the crows, who take such good care to keep out of gunshot on every "lawful day," on the Sabbath come close up to the houses, and seek their food within a few yards of the farmer and his men—discovering the recurrence of the sacred day from the ringing of the bells and the discontinuance of labor in the fields, and knowing that while it lasts they are safe.

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