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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL 1866

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 9.

FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 249.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

TOO HOT.

MASTER BILLY, why this hurry?

Why not let your breakfast cool?

Ah! I think I know the reason:

Billy, you're too late for school!

Have you rightly learned your lessons?

No, I'm certain you have not,

Else you would not scald your palate

Supping what's so very hot.

I can see, too, by your hurry,

You have lain too long in bed!

Ah! I'd never have my schoolmates
Call me Master Sleepyhead!

Yesterday from school returning

You have loitered by the way!

Idleness can never prosper!

There's a proper time to play!

In the evening you've neglected

All your tasks, paid no regard

To the entreaties of your parents,

Who for you have toiled so hard;

Who have tended you so fondly

Since the day your life began;

Whose great wish is that their Billy

May become a good, great man.

Be no sluggard, be no idler;
For the school be never late;
Love your parents, and then, Billy,
You may be both good and great!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MAT AND HIS MEDALS.

MAT was a poor homeless boy, expert in stealing, and as wicked as the "street-school" could make him, when he was picked up by a LONDON (Eng.) ragged-school teacher, and persuaded to attend Sunday-school. He was a rough pupil at first, but at last his teacher's kindness killed the ugly in his nature, and he became an orderly, studious fellow.

After a few years Mat went to sea in one of Queen Victoria's war-ships, and was soon forgotten in the mission-school. Several more years rolled away, when one day a fine-looking young sailor, with four medals on his breast, entered the school and walked up to one of the teachers, as if he were an old acquaintance. The teacher looked puzzled. The sailor said:

"What! don't you know me, Mr. T.? Don't you remember Mat?"

"Are you Mat?" asked the teacher, calling to mind the trouble he had formerly had in taming a boy of that name.

"To be sure I am; there's no mistake about it, Mr. T.," rejoined the sailor.

"Well, I'm very glad to see you, Mat," said the teacher, shaking hands with him very heartily.

"And do you see what I've got, Mr. T.?" inquired Mat, pointing with pardonable vanity to the medals which glittered on his breast.

"Yes, I see," replied Mr. T. "Very fine. How did you come by them?"

"Honestly," said the sailor, smiling, "which is more than I could always have said." Here his face became grave, as if he was pained at the memory of the past. He added, "I gained these four medals for good conduct and hard fighting on the Black Sea."

The boys who had listened to this conversation now became much excited. Mat was a hero, their hero, and forgetting what was due to the day, one of them shouted, "Hip, hip, hip," and the rest, in spite of their teachers, followed with several loud huzzas.

As soon as they were quiet again the sailor said, "Much obliged to you, lads; but you've made a little mistake. You should not have hurrahed me; it is Mr. T. who deserves all the credit."

Then turning toward his old teacher, his eyes sparkling with gratitude, he said as he pointed to his medals:

"Sir, I owe all this to you."

Yes, under God, he owed all he was to the man who had dug him out of the filth of sin and taught him the way to Jesus. That was what made a true

man of him. Had he laughed at instruction and despised the truth, do you suppose he would have stood there with four medals on his breast? Never. He would probably have worn the parti-colored garb of the convict.

Children, if you wish to be honored here and saved hereafter, you must, like this sailor, mind your teachers and obey the truth. X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ANNIE AND FRANK.

"WHAT a pity it is that Frank should be so awkward," said a lady to me one day; "he seems to be a kind-hearted boy, but politeness isn't natural to him. His brother Howard is a perfect gentleman, and so easy and graceful in his manners."

I happened to be spending some time at the home of these two boys very soon afterward, and I would like to tell my little readers how they appeared there, and let them decide which was the gentleman.

"Howard," said Mrs. Lester one morning, "I wish you would call at old Mrs. Hall's this morning and ask her to come up and take tea with us; she must be very lonely since her sister died."

"Now, mother, don't ask that old fudge up here," said Howard; "people will think she's my aunt or something. Besides, I promised to go to the bookstore to select a picture for our French teacher this morning—we're going to surprise him with one, and I am to make the presentation-speech."

"I'll stop and tell her," said Frank; "nobody ever wants me to make any speeches. It's always, 'Now, Frank Lester, do try for once not to stumble when you go on the stand and spoil everything by your awkwardness.'"

"Seems to me you *might* try a little harder, Frank," said his mother, smiling.

"I *do* try, mother," said Frank good-naturedly, "and I believe that's the very trouble; if I could forget all about myself, and not feel as if everybody was saying, 'What a great clumsy fellow!' I should do a great deal better."

"I don't think you're clumsy," said Annie, with a loving glance at her brother; "I like you most the best of anybody."

Frank kissed Annie as he gathered up his books, and then turned back from the door to ask if he could do any errands for his mother as he went down town.

"I'm not at all sure," thought I, "but I like *kind-hearted* boys quite as well as gentlemanly ones."

"Mrs. Hall seemed very much pleased with her invitation," said Frank at dinner after his return; "and I told her to be ready at two o'clock and I would come and walk up with her; the sidewalk is icy in a good many places."

"You'll be a graceful couple," laughed Howard; "look out that you don't run the old lady into a lamp-post."

Frank colored a little at this unkind speech, but he said nothing, and soon went away to Mrs. Hall's, while Howard went to his room to write his speech.

"Annie," said Howard the next day, "I wish you'd stitch this necktie for me before evening; I want to wear it to-night."

"But mother said I must make Frank's first," said Annie; "he hasn't a single nice one, and you have that pretty blue one."

"That's always the way," said Howard, crossly, "I never can get anything when I want it. I don't see what difference it makes what Frank wears, so long as he is so awkward."

Frank came in in the afternoon while Annie was busily stitching away at his necktie.

"I'm afraid your head aches, Annie," said he, seeing how pale she looked.

"Not much," said she, trying to smile.

"Put up your sewing and I'll give you a good slide before tea-time," said Frank; "you want fresh air."

"O no," said Annie, "I want to finish your necktie."

"Pooh!" said Frank, "who cares about a necktie; I can wear this one just as well; or maybe Howard will let me have one of his old ones; wonder if it wouldn't help me to talk as nice as he does."

Away went the sewing into the depths of Annie's work-basket, and while the dear child was driving away her headache in the clear air I said to myself, "I believe, on the whole, it is quite as much the mark of a gentleman to be kind and thoughtful to the dear ones at home as to be graceful and polite to strangers."

Before my visit was ended I discovered that the cat was afraid of Howard, and would run at the sound of his voice and hide out of sight.

"I'm going to give away my kitty," said Annie; "I can't bear to have Howard torment her so. He says it don't hurt her, but I know it does, or else she wouldn't cry and try to get away from him. He says it's natural for boys to tease girls and cats, but Frank never does so."

I think the best definition of politeness which I ever read was this: "*Politeness is kind feeling kindly expressed.*" So you will see that without kind feelings in the heart we cannot be truly polite; and where the kind feelings are, they are very sure to find expression in a way that will be agreeable to others. But don't let any boy imagine that he can be ungrateful to his parents, disrespectful to the old and poor, rude and unkind to his brothers and sisters, or cruel to helpless animals, and yet be a gentleman.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"COME HOME, BESSIE."



HAT a pleasant thing it is to be at home, to feel that you have all your loved ones around you, to sit in papa's lap, and lean your head upon mamma's bosom. What do you suppose you would do if you had no home, or if you were away from home and could not get there? Some of you would almost break your hearts about it. But you will go away some day, and you will not feel very bad about it either if you are good, because you will have another home to go to, a home where God will be your father, and

Jesus Christ will be your brother. I know some of you will say that you do not wish to go away from your papa and mamma; but you can pray to God to make them good, and then they too will go to the same place, and you will all be happy together.

But you don't think it will seem like home to you? Well, I don't know about that; it may seem better. Jesus calls it our home, and I think he will make it very happy for us where he is. And, besides, I have heard of a great many little children who have been so pleased with the prospect of going there that they seemed to forget all about their old home here on earth.

There was dear little Bessie that died only a short time ago, and several times the last day that she was here she said that she heard the angels calling her, saying, "Come, little Bessie, come home!" and she wanted the friends around her to pray that God would take her home. The last thing she said was, "Dear ma, the angels have come to take me home." And I don't imagine that Bessie will ever feel homesick up there. The Lord Jesus knows just what his children need, and he will take care of them. I hope we shall be as fortunate as Bessie, make God our Father here, and then go to live with him forever in our heavenly home.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SAVIOUR.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

THOUGH angel bands announced his birth,
In humble guise he came to earth;
And while a star the wise men led,
A lowly manger was his bed.

And though in heaven he had a throne,
Yet here he called no home his own;
He said the wild bird had its nest,
But he on earth no place of rest.

Toils and temptations thronged the way
The Saviour trod full many a day;
His weary feet were never stayed,
Nor e'er his works of love delayed.

He gave sight to the hopeless blind,
And clothed anew the wandering mind;
He called to life the dead once more,
And oft man's woes and sorrows bore.

Oft was he met with words of strife,
And often too they sought his life;
And one of his own chosen band
Against him raised the traitor's hand.

The scribes, the priests, the elders, all
Were gathered in the council hall,
And there the suffering Saviour stood,
Their rude bands thirsting for his blood.

A purple robe they made him wear,
And mocking bowed before him there;
Bound on his brow a thorny wreath,
And then delivered him to death.

He meekly bore his cross along,
Amid the savage shouting throng;
When cruel hands had nailed him there,
For them he breathed a dying prayer.

Amid his dreadful suffering,
They rudely cried, "Hail, Master, King!"
"Tis finished" then he faintly sighed,
And there, for you and me, he died

KIND WORDS DID IT ALL!

"I'll never speak to her again, that I wont; the spiteful thing, to go and talk against me in that way!" and tears of vexation came into Lizzie's blue eyes.

"Hush, Lizzie, hush!" said her Sister Jane; "are you quite sure that your friend spoke against you? At all events, had not you better make inquiries before you deprive poor Ellen of your confidence?"

Jane spoke very gently, but Lizzie saw the wisdom of the advice. KIND WORDS soon softened down the harsh opinion she had formed of her school-fellow.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

A Series of Talks, by Old Huncks.

TALK THIRD.



IN my last talk I promised to tell you something more about our School; the first School began in "Muddy Little York," as people who lived out of town then justly called it, (although we who lived in it, were very much offended when any one called it so.) the now great City of Toronto.

My last story was a sad one, this shall be more cheerful, but perhaps not so well calculated to do you good. It may innocently interest you. It is about our *first examination*, which was not conducted exactly as they are now.

There were no school libraries then of any kind, much less these nice assorted ones which you have now. Instead of that, the friends of the Sabbath-school, from time to time, clubbed together, and bought reward books, which were not the suitably prepared ones that you get now; but such small books as could be found in the few small book stores the country afforded. Shall I tell you the names of some of the first that I got? I received a great many, but I can only remember the names of a few; they were really very interesting books, but their titles will sound very strange in connection with a Sunday-school. Here they are, "The Picture of the Seasons," "Harley, or the Man of Feeling," "The Wanderer of Switzerland," and "Russell's Seven Sermons," among which was one on the "Sin against the Holy Ghost," which I read, young as I was. It did me a great deal of harm, and well it might, for I think its teaching very erroneous. But I am wandering.

Our Sabbath-school in the old framed Methodist Meeting-house on King-street, between Yonge and Bay Streets, was the first school established in the town. Some time after that, a newly appointed Judge from England, a christian gentleman, Judge Willis, began a Church of England Sunday-school in what was called the District School-house, which we would call a Grammar School house now. It stood in the centre of the next square, north of the English Cathedral—that is between Adelaide and Richmond-streets one way, and between Church and (I think you call it) Division-street the other. The last mentioned street was the dividing line between what we used to call the "Old Town" and the "New Town. It was all commons around the school-house for a long ways then. The boys had play-ground enough.

About this time, there had become a good many schools in the country, and the Provincial Parliament granted *three hundred pounds*, or *twelve hundred dollars*, to get books for them. Among the rest, the York schools were to get their share. The two schools were brought together (would you believe it?) in the *English Church*, which stood where the Cathedral now stands. We were all examined by the Rev. Doctor Strachan, the now aged Bishop of Toronto, in the knowledge of our Holy Scriptures. Boys and girls would stand up and answer on the teachings of the Bible. I have often thought much better then than now. Now only one here and there will condescend to answer. This is a great shame, but it is most likely they have a good reason—they cannot answer. If I were to go into your school

and ask you questions on the Scriptures, and you did not answer, I must either think you had learned nothing, or else that you were very disrespectful.

But I think we on that occasion answered well. The gentlemen present commended us very much; and reward-books were then dealt out very liberally. They were mostly Bibles and Testaments. They were inscribed with the name of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Sir Peregrine Maitland. I was very happy that day, as well as a great many others, for I received the first Bible I ever owned. It was a great prize for a little boy of ten years old to have a whole Bible all to himself. You, perhaps, have had so many, you don't think anything of a Bible; but I assure you I did think something of mine.

I am afraid you will think this talk very long, I therefore bring it to a close.

A PARAGRAPH FOR BOYS.



I wish our young friends, especially the boys, would read the following many times over, and never forget the wisdom it contains:—

My uncle is a woodman; he is now getting to be an old man. Some people say he is cross, but I do not think so. Trouble and thought may give to his face a thoughtful look sometimes; but I know he has a kind heart. Of one thing I am certain—he has got a wise head. Meet him whenever I may, he has always got something to say. If you would like to hear some of his sayings, I will write down some of them for you.

One day I saw him with an axe in his hand, standing by a branch he had just cut from an old oak-tree, when he began:—

If you set a thistle-seed, there will spring up, not one or two, but twenty or thirty; and it will be just the same if you set one sin. One sin, he says, has been known to bring forth a hundred more. The farmer ought to take care that no thistle-seeds are sown on his land; and you ought to take care that no sins are sown in your heart.

Uncle says a boy seldom looks forward unless it is to a holiday; when he is well, he seldom dreams of being sick; when he has money, he thinks it will last him for weeks; and when the sun shines, he almost expects it to shine forever; but he says we should be ready to endure patiently, as well as enjoy gratefully. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" (Job ii. 10.)

Uncle says that if a traveller once leaves the turn-pike road in a part of the country he does not know, he may wander about in lanes the whole of the day, and when night comes, get stuck in a bog at last; and that if I wander away from the path of duty, I may lose myself in the cross-roads of error and vice all my days, and at last fall into the pit of destruction.

Uncle says he had rather read the Bible, and never look at any other book, than read every other book in the world, and never look at the Bible; for this reason—other books are the books of men, but the Bible is the book of God; and as man's knowledge is but ignorance when compared with God's knowledge, so the wisdom of all the books of men is but folly, when compared with the wisdom of the book of God.

Uncle says that a bushel of wheat will weigh more than two bushels of bran; and that a little modesty is worth more than a great deal of conceit. He says that a boy who is modest will learn twice as much as one who is conceited. The modest boy will always be wiser than he appears, while the con-

ceited will not know half what he pretends to understand. I must strive to be modest, and watch against self-conceit.

Uncle says that it requires more steadiness and true courage to despise the laugh of a bad companion, and to say "No," when tempted to do evil, than it does to march up to a cannon's mouth. He says hundreds, who are not afraid of bullets, balls, and bayonets, have not courage enough to resist the derision of their thoughtless companions. I will try my best not to be overcome by a laugh; and I will learn, if I can, to say "No" when asked to do evil.

Uncle says that forgiving an injury is better than revenging it; and that doing one kind action is better than intending a hundred. I wonder whether I shall ever be as wise as my uncle is! He says the first step towards wisdom is the fear of the Lord, and that the second is much like it.

Uncle says, that, take the year round, where we have one hour of pain we have ten of ease, and where we have one misery we have at least a score of mercies. If this be true, and I have no reason to doubt it, where I thank God once, I ought to thank him a hundred times over.

Uncle says a boy will do more good in one month by correcting his own errors, than he will do in a year by finding out the failing of others; and that he will get more knowledge by studying his own heart, than by watching all the people that are around him.

A TOUCHING REPLY.—In a Christian family near Amoy, China, a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might fall back, if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply:—"Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear one was ere long baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member, the father, mother, and three sons, are all members of the Mission Church at Amoy.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.—"What is a parable?" inquired a Sunday-School teacher of her class, who had been reading the thirteenth chapter of St. Luke.

"A story teaching heavenly truth" was the reply. After some further questions concerning the story, the inquiry was put, "Now what is the heavenly truth taught here?"

"That God looks for fruit on us," replied one of the girls.

"And what is the fruit for which he looks?" continued the teacher very naturally.

One of the youngest of the class, a child of about eight years, replied promptly and beautifully, yet most unexpectedly, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.—A little girl instead of saying the form she had been taught, prayed one night in her own words. The following sentences were noted down:—

"Make me quite like Jesus—like what Jesus was when he was down here. Wash me in thy blood, which is so precious and so pure. Let me have the white robe, and with Christ be seen."

Could an adult have offered a sweeter prayer.

EMMA'S REQUEST.—"Pray for me before I go to bed," said Emma to her nurse one night.

"What shall I pray for?" asked the nurse.

"That Jesus will wash me in his blood quite clean," was the child's beautiful rejoinder.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

LINA'S DISOBEDIENCE.

"O, MOTHER, may I go into the meadow!" said Lina, running into her mother's room.

"Why do you wish to go into the meadow, dear?" asked her mother.

"I want to play there, mother. I am tired of staying in the house!" exclaimed Lina rather pettishly.

"But, my daughter, this is a very warm day, and I would not like to have you play in the meadow, where the hot sun will shine upon you, for your head might ache again. But stay in the nursery, or with me, till after the sun sets, when it will be cooler, and you may perhaps go out and play a short time."

"But, mother," said Lina, "Belle Lincoln, Jennie Carson, Nettie Arthurs, and Lucy Bell are there, and I want to play with them."

"I would be willing for you to play with them, my dear, if I thought you could do so without injury to yourself; but to-day I do not think you can, so try, my dear, to be contented here."

Lina now threw her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her, appearing to be cheerfully submissive to her mother's will. Then leaving the room, she ran to the nursery, saying to her little brother, whom she found there, "O, Genie, let's go and play in the meadow. I am tired staying in the house, aint you?"

"Yes," said Genie, "and I would like to go to the meadow if mother is willing."

"Well, we can go," said Lina. "I just asked mother; but we must not stay too long, only till tea-time. Here's your hat, so come along."

Arriving at the meadow, Lina began playing with her companions, and did not notice that Genie had wandered off till they were all startled by a scream from another part of the meadow.

"O that is Genie!" exclaimed Lina, and then they all started in the direction from which the sound proceeded. Arriving at a well near which they had played a short time previous, they found that one of the boards was gone since they passed. They immediately concluded that Genie had fallen in, but dared not go near enough to look in. Lina sat down upon the ground and began to cry; but two of her companions ran to tell her mother. The poor frightened mother sent a servant to call men who were laboring near by, and then proceeded to the well herself. The men soon arrived with ropes, and one of them descended into the well, which, fortunately, was dry and not deep, and taking little Genie in his arms, was again drawn up.

The poor little boy's leg was broken and he had fainted. They carried him to the house and a physician was summoned. And now for many weary days and nights the poor little boy, who was never strong, lay unconscious, and they feared he would die. But by and by he began to improve, though the doctor said it would be several months before he would be well again.

And now Lina was reaping the reward of her disobedience. She longed to confess her fault to her dear mother and receive her forgiveness. But she wished her mother to speak first to her. The good mother, however, thought it best that her little

daughter should of her own accord confess her guilt.

As Lina came into her mother's room one day, and after looking at her brother's pale face turned to her mother, she observed traces of tears upon her face. Bursting into tears, she threw herself into her mother's lap, exclaiming, "O, mother, it is all my fault!" And there, with her arms around her mother's neck, she sobbed out a confession of her guilt. "O, mother, can you ever forgive me?" said she.

"My dear daughter, I am always ready to forgive you when you come to me and confess your fault with true penitence. But is there no one else to whom you must look for forgiveness?"

"O yes," said Lina, turning to Genie and kissing his pale cheek. "Forgive me, dear brother, for all the pain I have caused you."

Of course, Genie readily forgave her for having, as he had just learned, led him to go contrary to his mother's wishes.

"But, my dear daughter, can you not tell who else you have disobeyed?" said her mother.

"God," replied Lina after a minute's reflection.

"Yes, my child," said the mother. "He has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' which means obey. Now, though you have no father on earth to obey, it is your duty to obey me, and whenever you fail to do so you disobey God."

Lina left the room in tears, and her mother knew that she had gone to her own room to pray for forgiveness, as she had been taught long ago to do. Ever afterward, when Lina was tempted to disobey her mother, she thought of the sad effects of this disobedience, and prayed, "O God, help me to honor my mother."

May other little children profit by her example, and when tempted to disobey their parents, say, "O Lord, help me to honor my parents."

BLANCHE BLOOMFIELD.

THE LORD IS MY HELPER.

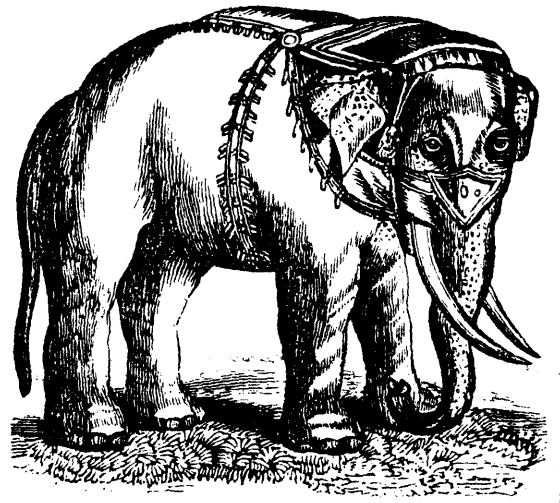
A DAUGHTER of the late Emperor of Russia died when about eighteen. She suffered great agony, so that there was only one position in which her pain seemed bearable. Her father held her in his arms for nine hours without intermission till she breathed her last. So when we are in trouble the Lord holds us in his hands. "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me."

THE ELEPHANT.

DURING the siege of Pondicherry in the East Indies by the British army, when M. Lally was governor, there were in the French garrison several war elephants, all of which, from the scarcity of provisions, except one, died, and the survivor would have shared the fate of his companions but for his uncommon sagacity, which had rendered him the favorite of every one and the object of general admiration.

This animal, in the absence of his keeper, was one day amusing himself with his chain in an open part of the town, when a man who had committed a theft, and was pursued by a great number of people, despairing of all other means of safety, drew for protection under the belly of the elephant. Delighted with the poor man's confidence, the elephant instantly faced about to the crowd, erected his proboscis and threw his chain in the air, as is the manner of these creatures when engaged with the enemy, and became so furious in the defense of the criminal, that, notwithstanding all the gentle arts made use of by the surrounding multitude, neither they nor even his keeper, to whom he was fondly attached, and who was sent for to manage him, could prevail upon him to give up the malefactor.

The contest had continued above three hours, when at length the governor, hearing the strange account of it, came to the spot, and was so much pleased with the generous perseverance of the honest quadruped, that he yielded to the elephant's inter-



position and pardoned the criminal. The poor man, in an ecstasy of gratitude, testified his acknowledgments by kissing and embracing the proboscis of his kind benefactor, who was, apparently, so sensible of what had happened, that, laying aside all his former violence, he became perfectly tame in an instant, and suffered his keeper to conduct him away without the smallest resistance.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A BULL.

It is well known that music often exerts a powerful influence over the lower animals. A good story is told of its effect on a bull. A fiddler in Liverpool who had been out late at night on a professional engagement, in returning, had occasion to cross a field where some cows and a bull were kept. The bull came at him full of fight, when the fiddler ran and attempted to climb a tree. He was too late, and had to dodge behind it to save his life. The fiddler had heard of the effect of music on animals, and as soon as he could get a chance struck up a tune. This calmed the enraged animal at once, and he appeared delighted with it. After a while, finding the bull quite pacified, he stopped playing, and started off on the run; but the bull would not let him off so and put after him, with such rage and energy that he feared for his life. He stopped and began to fiddle again with all his might, and the animal was instantly pacified again. Not being accustomed to fiddle without pay, and his arm beginning to ache, he determined to make another effort to escape, satisfied that his customer meant to get his music for nothing. He made another dash, but it was of no use. The fury of the bull returned as soon as the music ceased, and this time the poor fiddler had a narrow escape. He made another trial of the music, and actually had to play till six o'clock in the morning, over three hours in all, when some of the neighbors came to his relief. He made up his mind from that day that

"Music had charms to soothe the savage breast."

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE, TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published on the Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month by SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

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Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

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