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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

A LESSON FOR YOUR TEACHER.

I SAW a child some four years old
 Along a meadow stray;
 Alone she went—unchecked, untold—
 Her home not far away.

She gazed around on earth and sky—
 Now paused, and now proceeded;
 Hill, valley, wood—she passed them by
 Unmarked, perchance unheeded.

And now gay groups of roses bright
 In circling thickets bound her;
 Yet on she went with footsteps light,
 Still gazing all around her.

And now she paused, and now she stooped,
 And plucked a little flower—
 A simple daisy 'twas, that drooped
 Within a rosy bower.

The child did kiss the little gem,
 And to her bosom pressed it;
 And there she placed the fragile stem,
 And with soft words caressed it.

I love to read a lesson true
 From Nature's open book;
 And oft I learn a lesson new
 From childhood's careless look.

Children are simple, loving, true;
 'Tis Heaven that made them so;
 And would you teach them, be so too,
 And stoop to what they know;

Begin with simple lessons—things
 On which they love to look:
 Flowers, pebbles, insects, birds on wings—
 These are God's spelling-book.

And children know his A, B, C,
 As bees where flowers are set;
 Wouldst thou a skillful teacher be?
 Learn, then, this alphabet.

From leaf to leaf, from page to page,
 Guide thou thy pupil's look,
 And when he says, with aspect sage,
 "Who made this wondrous book?"

Point thou, with reverent gaze, to heaven,
 And kneel in earnest prayer,
 That lessons thou hast humbly given
 May lead thy pupil there.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

THE cup of life just to her lips she press'd,
 Found the taste bitter and declined the rest;
 Then looking upward to the realms of day,
 She gently sighed her little soul away.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SOLDIER JOE.

It was just at the close of a beautiful day in June when two little children, a boy and girl, came slowly down the hill toward a small brown cottage, nestled close under its side, almost hid from view. They were prating away earnestly as they walked, occasionally helping themselves to some of the tempting berries out of the basket which they carried between them.

"Only think, Allie," said Artie, "Joe is coming home to-morrow. Come, let us hurry. I want to hang up my flag this afternoon. Wont he hurrah though when he sees it!" and Artie's eyes fairly glistened with pleasure.

"Grandma so dad that she teeps tying all the while, an' when I see her she 'affs and says she's so dad to see her pitty boy," lisped sweet Allie.

"There is grandma by the door now. Come, let's run, Allie."

The sun was just setting behind the hill, painting the beautiful scenery with all the gorgeous tints of a setting sun as the children entered the door of the cottage.

"O mamma, we'se dot such lots of berries you tan mate fifty pies for Josie. Aint you dad?"

But mamma did not smile; she only caught little Allie up in her arms and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, mamma?" pleaded Artie.

"Come here, darling," said grandma; "there, sit right up in grandma's lap while I tell Artie—Josie will not be here to-morrow. Artie, Josie is dead!" and she rocked herself to and fro, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I don't believe it!" said the impulsive Artie. "If a big rebel man shot Josie I'll shoot him. Who told you, grandma?"

Grandma pointed to the list of killed and wounded in the paper on the floor, and she read:

"Killed—Joseph Lee."

Then they seemed to understand, to know that they should never see Brother Joe again. No use to hang up the flag now, Artie. Joe will never greet it again. You will never hear his manly shout when he sees the stars and stripes waving over the little cottage. And the mother's heart is wrung with agony as she thinks that perhaps there was no friend near when her darling boy lay dying, no kind hand to soothe his pillow and wipe away the death-dew on his noble forehead, no anxious watcher to watch the last flickering breath and catch his last words to the loved ones, no one like a mother there, O no!

"But, mamma, Josie is with Dod now. Dod took care of Josie. Dod has dot Josie now," said little Allie, twining her soft arms around her mother's neck.

The mother only hugged Allie passionately to her heart as she thanked God for the little soothing angel he had given her, and she determined, with God's help, she would bear her trouble patiently. And they knelt down there in the twilight, that little

family, and prayed to the good God who doeth all things well to teach them how to patiently and humbly bear this new great sorrow.

They had just risen from their knees when a loud hurrah brought them to the door, and the next minute a pair of strong arms were about the mother's neck, and her face covered with kisses from a pair of mustachioed lips, while little Artie stood looking on half frightened, yet almost a mind to pitch into the stranger that would dare to kiss mamma.

"It was Brother Joe," I hear my readers say. You are right. Yes, it was Joe, all safe and sound, well and hearty as a soldier could be. But wasn't that a happy home that night? And didn't Brother Joe have to make his tongue fly fast, telling them all about himself? how the man made a mistake in putting down the names of the killed and wounded, and put down Joseph Lee instead of Josiah Lee; and how he (Joe) had hurried home as fast as steam could carry him, and got home a day sooner than he expected, just in time to give them a pleasant surprise.

"Artie must have his flag out to-morrow," said Joe, "and we will have a regular hurrahing time over it."

A long time they sat there, Josie entertaining them with an account of his perils and adventures; and when he ended they knelt again in prayer, and the mother poured forth such a prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude to God as only a mother can.

Didn't they have a glorious time the next day? Wasn't Artie proud of his soldier-brother Joe? And didn't he strut around with Joe's cap and gun, and fancy himself a real soldier? Didn't Joe eat his fill of the berry-pies grandma and mother made? Didn't Allie think there never was such a happy girl as she was when Joe took her upon his big stout shoulders and rode her up and down the hill? Didn't Joe have to go around and be shown all the new things in the house and garden? And grandma would stand in the door and watch him, and over and over again bless her darling boy. BELLE P. R***.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

NEVER GIVE UP.

I SAW a little girl that acted on that motto the other day. Over some simple, easy lesson do you think? O no; she was trying to overtake a car—a horse-car, to be sure, but then she was such a little thing, why she could not have been more than seven or eight years old, and when she waded out into the snow and held up her hand for the conductor to stop, she was so small he did not see her. He was looking over her at the grown-up people on the sidewalk, and so the car went on and she waded back and trotted along on the sidewalk. Surely, I said to myself, she will not think of overtaking us; but we did not go very fast; we stopped often for one and another to get off or on, and the persevering little thing almost overtook us. I could see her face brighten with hope, but the conductor was inside and did not see her. Soon the car ran on faster, and she was left quite behind, but she trotted on nevertheless.

Brave little girl! I said to myself. Why didn't I stop the car for her? But I had doubted at first whether she wished to get on, and still more whether the conductor would be willing to wait for her, even if she had perseverance enough to follow. And so we ran on two or three blocks, and I lost sight of the little traveler among the many passers-by; for this happened on the upper part of Broadway in New York. But soon we slackened our pace and made several stops, and to my surprise the little figure came in sight again and gained on us fast. She was within half a block, but she was too timid to hold up her hand. The conductor was about to pull the strap to go on when I pointed out the child and told him how far she had run to overtake us. He made a signal to her which she promptly answered, and in less than half a minute she was on board.

Then the smiles came through the tears that still

stood in her eyes, and her lip quivered a little in spite of the triumph. I felt just like catching her up in my arms and crying "Bravo!" That girl will make a smart woman if she lives, you may be sure of that, and O I hope she will make a good one too! I hope she will try equally hard to get on board the Gospel-ship that will land her safe on Canaan's happy shore. Take a lesson from her, children. Never give up anything that is good. Never give up.

AUNT JULIA.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OFF SHE GOES!

How steadily yonder ship sails! The water is smooth, the wind fair, and the ship is well ballasted. If she had no ballast in her hold she would capsize.

Boys and girls need ballast as much as ships. "Why, how can boys and girls carry ballast? Must they carry stones in their pockets?" asks you laughing little shaver.

Not exactly, my merry little querist, but they should carry *knowledge* in their brains. Knowledge is the ballast for children.

Children and youth need to know reading, geography, arithmetic, languages, the sciences, and, above all, they need to know God and his dear Son, Jesus Christ. The last is the best knowledge of all. If they have no facts in their heads they will be silly, vain, and useless. If they have no knowledge of God and no faith in Jesus they will be wicked.

My dear boy, my charming girl, have you ballast aboard? Are you storing your head with facts and filling your heart with the love of God? If so, you will sail happily through life into the port of glory. If not, if you don't make haste to get ballasted, you will be—what? A wreck! A lost child! X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IS THAT MOTHER?

A DYING soldier boy who expected his mother to visit him, was slowly passing away upon a bed in a hospital. His sight was growing dim, and earthly objects began to fade from before him. A kind lady nurse was at his bedside wiping the dew of death from his clammy forehead. Supposing she was his mother, he smiled, whispered softly, "Is that mother?" drew her toward him with all his feeble strength, rested his head in her arms, and died with that sweet word "mother" on his lips.

The poor soldier boy deceived himself, but the deception, doubtless, made his last moments pleasanter than they would have otherwise been. I want

those children, boys especially, who treat their mothers unkindly, to notice how that dying soldier lad sighed for his mother. Let them learn from it how they will feel toward mother when trouble comes upon them, as come it will sooner or later. Then they will long to hear her pleasant voice, to feel her soft hands, to nestle in her loving bosom. Ah, there is no place for a child in trouble like a mother's breast. And yet, how many children shoot sharp arrows of spite, anger, and disobedience at it!

Children, dear children, don't sin against your mothers. They love you very dearly. They would die for you if necessary. Love, honor, obey them. Remember the *fifth* commandment! X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LUCY AND MINNIE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"JUST look at my pretty red shoes;
They're fastened with cunning rosettes;
Among all the girls in my school
Not another such fine slippers gets.

"And see, I've a beautiful dress
Of rose-colored satin barége;
I think such a dress can belong
To very few girls of my age.

"I've a locket and chain all of gold,
And a bonnet all roses and lace;
And every one praises my curls,
Or speaks of my beautiful face."

So Lucy tossed up her proud head,
But her beautiful features soon wore
A shadow, for one after one
Her playmates slipped out at the door.

A plain little girl, Minnie Wren,
Poorly dressed in the soberest gray,
Who wore neither jewels nor pearls,
Had a charm which had won them away.

Poor Lucy! Not all your gay clothes,
Or the soft silky waves of your hair,
Are so fair as the beautiful robe
That the plain little Minnie doth wear.

For yours are the garments of pride
That will with the season be past;
Hers the humble adorning of love,
Which will through eternity last.

THE TWO GIFTS.

A COLLECTION for missions was being made at a church door. Up walked the richest man in the congregation, and laid a fifty dollar bill in the plate. The people admired the gift, and praised the giver.

Directly after him there came a little pale, poor girl, meanly clad, with poverty written in all her looks, yet with a countenance full of sweetness and a tear trembling in her eye, and she laid beside the rich man's bill a single penny. No one noticed or cared for her gift. But the Saviour saw it, and he accepted it, as far more precious than the rich man's offering. Why?

That morning the rich man had said to himself: "What shall I give to the collection to-day for foreign missions? I must give a fifty dollar bill, for that is what will be expected of me, and I wish my donation to be above all others."

That morning the little girl had been reading her Bible, and as she laid it down she thought:

"If Jesus did so much for me, oh! what can I do to show my love to him? There is to be a collection for missions to-day, and I have only a penny, but I will give my penny for Jesus's sake, and he will accept it from me, for I love him very much."

Then she knelt down and asked for a blessing on it. She said:

"O my Saviour, here is a penny, which I will give to thee. Take it, Lord, although I am not worthy to give it, and bless it so that it may do good to the heathen."

Then rising from her knees, she carried it to church, and modestly dropped it into the plate.

Bear in mind, dear reader, that it is not only *what* we give, but *how* we give, that makes the service acceptable.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1865.



NELLIE AFTER HER SICKNESS.

POOR NELLIE.

"NELLIE, NELLIE!" cried Mrs. Rogers one evening as she stood in the doorway of her cottage looking eagerly toward the garden, and then listening for a reply.

But no reply came. Nellie's merry tones did not respond as usual, and her mother began to feel alarmed. Nellie was only three years old, and she was the prettiest, sweetest, happiest little child that ever gladdened a mother's heart.

Search was made in the garden, through the woods, along the lanes, and in the adjacent village, but no trace could be found of the dear little curly-head. "She is lost!" screamed her widowed mother the next morning after a night of search; "my precious Nellie is lost!"

Yes, Nellie was lost, nor could any one tell what had become of her. Some said she was drowned in the deep pond, but no one could find her body. Others said she had perished in the woods, but they could find no trace of her there. Others, again, said she must have been stolen by beggars or gypsies. But none of them knew poor little Nellie's fate.

O how Nellie's mother did weep and fret about her lost child! Her life was one long sorrow for fourteen years. Had Nellie died in her arms she would have been comforted; but the uncertainty which hung over her darling's fate was her torment.

After fourteen years of grief there came a dark, stormy night. The rain fell in torrents. The lightnings flashed, the thunders rolled, the wind blew fiercely. The widow sat with her sister trembling in her cottage, and fearing to go to bed lest they might perish in that awful storm.

By and by a rap was heard at the door. At first they were afraid to open it lest a thief might be there. The rap came again. Then the widow's sister opened the door and saw, not a thief, but a poor trembling girl clothed in rags and dripping with the rain. In piteous tones the poor creature said:

"O, kind lady, pray give me shelter."

The lady let the girl into the hall and asked, "Where do you come from?"

"I have walked many miles to-day," replied the girl. "See, my feet are bleeding!" and she raised her bare feet and showed them to be trickling with blood.

Turning to Nellie's mother the lady asked, "Shall I let her come in?"

"By no means, Fanny," replied Nellie's mother angrily. "How do we know who she is?"

"Do let her come inside?" pleaded the sister.

"I will not. Perhaps she is some hardened tramp. Turn her away instantly!" rejoined Nellie's mother.

"O for pity's sake, my dear lady, do give me shelter," begged the weary girl; "I am no tramp, but a poor, miserable girl."

"I will not! Leave the house directly or I will send for a constable!" said Nellie's mother.

So the poor girl was driven out into the stormy street to brave the rain and wind—perhaps to perish in wet and darkness.

The widow was certainly very cruel in thus turning a suffering girl from her door-step on such a fearful night. Perhaps, however, it was not cruelty. She was timid and nervous, and her fears lest the girl might be the companion of robbers were stronger than her pity.

The next day a strange beggar woman sent for the widow's sister and told her that the girl who was driven from the widow's cottage was no other than the long-lost Nellie! Her own sister, now dead, had stolen the child fourteen years before and had carried her round the country begging. She proved the truth of her statement in various ways, and left no room to doubt that Nellie had come home again and had been driven from her home by her mother's command. The poor girl was now lying very sick in a neighboring cottage.

You may be sure that Nellie's mother was both glad and sorry that day—glad because she had found her child, sorry because of her cruelty the night before. As for Nellie, she was carried to her old home on a bed, and it was long before she was well again. She cheerfully forgave her mother for driving her into the storm, but the mother never forgave herself. In the other column is a picture of Nellie after she got well.

Poor Nellie had suffered much during the fourteen years of her beggar's life—how much could not be either told or written. It was a terrible misfortune to be so treated, and it was wonderful that she ever reached her home again. Let my children who are in happy homes nestled in the love of father and mother and sheltered by the good hand of God, be very thankful. Let them be glad that great sorrows do not fall to their lot; and let them learn also from this story to deal kindly with the poor. It is not well to be harsh even with beggars, for although most beggars are undeserving and vicious, yet now and then a son or daughter of misfortune—a really deserving person—may be found in the beggar's garb. Let us be kind as well as cautious.

A SENSIBLE BOY.

I READ in one of my exchanges of a little three-year-old romping boy, who played so hard and so long one day that he played away his good-nature. He began to fret, and cry, and snap like a little snarling dog. His father tried to persuade him into a good humor but failed. Coaxing only made him worse; and then his father, being a wise man, took a switch and gave him a whipping.

The little fellow cried very hard for a few moments, and then, as if a new idea had been whipped into his head, he ran to his father, and throwing his arms about his neck, said:

"Pa, you do know what's good for me, don't you?"

Now I call that little curly-pated boy's speech a very sensible one. The rod was good for him just then, for it drove peevishness from his heart and brought back his good-humor. There are not many children who believe the rod is good for them. But it is, nevertheless—that is, if they are ill-behaved. But the most sensible children are they who never misbehave. Such do not need the rod at all. What a happy family ours would be if not one of them ever needed the whip!

THE EDITOR AND HIS COUNSELORS.

F. Forrester, Esq. Mr. Editor, I wish to inform you and the Corporal of a fact—a painful fact, sir. There is a little lion loose among your child-folk. They call him WILL.

Editor. Will, eh! I know the little fellow. I knew him when I was a boy. He is a little old fellow—almost as old as the world. In fact, he was in the world before the first child was born, and has done a terrible amount of mischief.

The Corporal. That's so, Esquire. I know him too. His given name is *Self*. His full name is SELF-WILL. His one great business seems to be to persuade children to follow their own wills instead of submitting to the will of their parents and to the will of God.

The Esquire. That's it exactly, Corporal, and it's that

which brings children into trouble and danger. A child bent on doing as it pleases is almost ruined.

The Corporal. True as the multiplication-table, 'Squire. And it is the same with men. A willful man always hurts himself. I was reading of one such only last night in Mr. C. F. HALL's account of his life among the ESQUIMAUX in the cold regions of the North. The man's name was JOHN BROWN. He was a sailor. He was one of the crew of a whale-ship, and had been staying several days with a



brother sailor in an Esquimaux cabin several miles from the ship, for the benefit of his health. When his health was restored he proposed one morning to go to the ship. He and his shipmate BRUCE started. But it was very cold, with a high wind and signs of bad weather. Bruce proposed to go back, saying it was not safe to venture that day. "We shall be frozen to death," said he; "I shall go back to the Esquimaux cabin." But Brown was willful. He swore an oath and said, "I'm going on, for I'm determined to have my duff and apple-sauce at to-morrow's dinner."

Bruce went back but Brown kept on. The Esquimaux warned him, and offered him an old dog to guide him to his ship. But Brown was willful again, and instead of taking an old dog which knew the route, chose a young one which did not. Off went the self-willed sailor with the dog. Did he ever reach the ship? Never. His shipmates found him dead on the ice a day or so later. Having his own way killed him. SELF-WILL, the lion, slew him.

The Esquire. Just as having their own way is leading many little feet into the paths of death. Mr. Editor, can't you do something to save your little folk?

Editor. Nothing more than I am doing all the time, 'Squire. I am urging them in almost every paper to submit their wills to the dear Saviour and their parents. Such submission kills your lion and saves the children. Corporal, please open your letter-budget.

The Corporal. I have no room for letters in this number, Mr. Editor; but here is the answer to Scripture questions in our last:

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job xxix.

The middle verse of the Old Testament is 2 Chron. xx, 17.

The middle book in the New Testament is 2 Thessalonians.

The middle verse in the New Testament is Acts xvii, 17.

The middle chapter in the entire Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse in the entire Bible is Psalm cxviii, 8.

The shortest chapter in the entire Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The shortest verse in the entire Bible is John xi, 35.

The verse Ezra vii, 21 contains all the letters of the English alphabet.

—Richmond, in the United States, has the Union flag proudly floating over it. The greatest of the rebel generals and armies has surrendered. Peace cannot be far off. Glory be to God on high! God has given to the United States victory. Praise him. Sing praises to his name, O my children! Praise him for that victory over slavery and rebellion.

WELCOME TO PAPA.

"PAPA will soon be here," said mamma to her three-year-old boy. "What can Georgie do to welcome him?"

And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.

"Make the room neat," replied the little one, understanding the look, and at once beginning to gather his toys into a basket.

"What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.

"Be happy to him when he comes!" cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness as he watched at the window for his father's coming.

Now, as all the dictionary-makers will testify, it is very hard to give good definitions; but did not Georgie give the substance of a welcome? "Be happy to him when he comes!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Boys and girls, as well as older people, always like to read about any one who is called great. They, like the little boy that asked his father about Alexander—why people called him great—want to learn the reasons why a man deserves this name.

Well, this Alfred was a little boy about eight hundred years after Christ, but he lived in England, and the people then were all very wicked and ignorant, and so Alfred did not have any Christ-like example to follow; but, in spite of all bad examples, he began to be great and good while he was a little boy. And even now this is true, that the good boy is much more apt to become a great and good man than the bad one.

In those days not only books, but men who could read them, were very scarce, and Alfred at twelve did not know his letters. One day his mother showed to him and his brothers a book of Saxon poetry, and told them she would give it to the one who first should learn to read. Alfred began the task with zeal and pursued it with diligence and gained the prize.

Just think, boys, what an obstacle he overcame when there were no teachers to help him! He never could have accomplished it if he had only kept up his zeal for a day or so, as you and I too often do; but he did it by keeping it up until the end. After that he became very fond of learning, and obtained every book that he could find; and even after he became king always carried one in his bosom, so that if he had a single spare moment he could read and store his mind with wisdom. This was one thing that made him great, for, in fact, he became one of the most learned men of his time. Another was, that although he lived among men who wasted and foolishly spent their time, he employed all of his conscientiously. He divided it into three parts, using one third for sleep and refreshment, one third in religious duties and study, and one third in taking good care of his kingdom. They had neither clocks nor watches in those days to measure time, but Alfred did not allow himself to guess at time and thus lose many moments, but he had small candles, painted with as many different colored rings as he had duties to perform, and burned one all the time, and when the blaze reached one of the rings he knew it was time to change his work. When the wind blew he found that the candle consumed faster, so he invented the lantern to prevent this.

Then he became great for his remarkable benevolence. He gave to the poor and needy even when he could supply his own wants only with difficulty. He and his wife, Elswitha, once gave half of their last loaf to a poor pilgrim. He was once so badly off that he became a herdsman's servant, and was scolded by his mistress for allowing the cakes to burn.



He was great also as a general, for he delivered his kingdom from a host of savage enemies.

Now, little boy or little girl, let us reflect. If this boy Alfred in his dark, savage time, when there were so few books, no teachers, no time-pieces, not much wealth, could become great in wisdom and in goodness, now in this age of books, teachers, time-pieces, and of a thousand other inventions and of millions of wealth, what ought I to do? What will I become?

C. L.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"



She did not say to the sun "good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light!
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"WHERE SHALL I FIND MY FATHER?"

THIS is what a dear little girl said when she got religion. Her pious mother had been dead many years, and Mary knew that she was safe in heaven, and she hoped to meet her there when she died, but would her father be there too? Now, he was a soldier in the army, and he was not a Christian. As soon as Mary was converted she began to feel anxious about him; she wanted to know how he felt about religion; she wanted to know where his soul would be in the world to come. So she sat down and wrote him a letter, and told him that she had got religion, and when she died she expected to go to heaven and find her mother, and they would be together; "but O, papa," she said, "how shall we know where to find you? O, dear papa, I cannot tell you how happy I am since I have found Jesus, and how much I want you to find Jesus too! Then when we die we shall all know where to find you."

This is only a small part of the letter, but when she had finished it she took it to the chaplain, who was home on a furlough, and asked him to take it to her father.

That little letter stirred the father's heart to its very depths. He sought out the good man and with streaming eyes he asked:

"Chaplain, can you tell me where I shall look for them? If you will I will try to be where they shall find me. They shall not look in vain."

And he sought until he found that Jesus that was so precious to the heart of his little girl, and he expects to meet all his dear ones in heaven.

There are many young converts who do not know where to find their parents. Are they praying for them? Are they trying their utmost to bring them to Christ? If not, they may begin to ask when it is too late, "Where shall I find my father?"

"SOWING LIGHT."

A BLIND girl came to her pastor, and gave him a dollar for missions. Astonished at the large sum, the minister said:

"You are a poor blind girl; it is impossible that you can spare so much for missions."

"True," said she, "I am blind, but not so poor as you think; and I can prove that I can spare this money better than those that see."

The minister wanted to hear it proved.

"I am a basket-maker," answered the girl; "and as I am blind I make my baskets just as easily in the dark as with a light. Other girls have, during last winter, spent more than a dollar for light. I had no such expense, and have, therefore, brought this money for the poor heathen and the missionaries."

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