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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 14.

APRIL 25, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 182.



But saw the fiery glare around
 Darting from cloud to cloud.
 Yet from its unsuspecting harm
 It raised no fear in him;
 While his sister, pale with dire alarm,
 Trembled in every limb.

But of her terror-stricken state,
 Soon as he was aware,
 He went to her, and on his slate
 Wrote, "God is everywhere."

O happy mute! those words of thine
 A simple faith make known,
 And trust in power and love divine
 Thousands might wish their own.

Are there, who read this truthful tale,
 Who from the storms of life
 Are oft afraid their faith will fail
 In the conflicting strife?

Let such, e'en from this narrative,
 Learn where to cast their care,
 And comfort from the thought derive,
 That "God is everywhere:"

Present to comfort the distress'd,
 To heal the wounded heart,
 To give the weary mourner rest,
 And peace and hope impart.

Are there, who to temptation prone,
 Oft fear that they shall fall?
 Unto the High and Holy One
 Let such for succor call.

He who once trod the watery way,
 When waves were tossing high,
 E'en now is prompt as then to say,
 "Be not afraid, 'tis I."

And they who to this Saviour seek,
 Shall find, in answered prayer,
 That He who made the dumb to speak
 Is present "everywhere."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"I TAN DO TO MEETIN' NOW."

THERE was a little boy in the West whose father was a minister, so poor as to be unable to buy shoes for his son. The only complaint the child made was, that he never "went to meeting."

One day the minister received a box of clothing from some kind

friends at a distance. While the box was being opened the boy stood watching the process with a bright light in his eyes, and saying, "Where are my shoes, pa? Where are my shoes, pa?"

At last his father came to an entire suit of boy's clothes, from cap to shoes. When it was all laid out for him to look at he clapped his hands and shouted:

"I tan do to meetin' now, tan't I, pa?"

Bless that little fellow! He valued his clothes not because they were rich or pretty, but because they fitted him to appear at church. May God bless that "go-to-meeting boy!"

There is a little fellow among my readers who often says, "I don't want to go to church." Which

THE DUMB BOY'S ADMONITION.

'Twas where a channel's waves divide
 An islet from the fatherland,
 And rugged cliffs in towering pride
 Like nature's giant guardians stand.

Lingering, the scenery to explore,
 Two travelers roamed along the coast,
 And on the hills, above the shore,
 The pathway to the beach was lost.

Then, in a cottage on the wild,
 Seeking for one the way to show,
 At their desire, a willing child
 Came as their guide the road to show.

No word he spoke, but forward went,
 And nimble as a mountain goat,

Ran lightly down the deep descent
 To meet below the waiting boat.

Poor child! one sense from him was gone;
 But other qualities possessed,
 Had made a weeping mother own
 She in her speechless boy was blessed.

Docile and meek, he had received
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The Gospel message had believed,
 And learned that "God is love."

Of this there had been recent proof,
 When with terrific crash
 The thunder o'er their cottage roof
 Followed the lightning's flash.

The boy, insensible to sound,
 Heard not the rumbling loud;

is the better and happier boy, think you? This or that? Ah, I know how you all vote on that question. You say, "We like that go-to-meeting boy. He is the better and happier of the two."

No doubt of it, my children. I never knew boy, girl, man, or woman to be good and happy who did not like to go to meeting. Did you? W.



I HEARD A LITTLE CHILD SWEAR.

He took God's holy name in vain!
I heard the fearful word;
Devils rejoiced, and angels wept,
As the dread sound was heard.
That little child, poor feeble thing!
My heart wept bitter tears,
As I thought of his future doom
In swiftly coming years.

He took God's holy name in vain!
He knew 'twas awful sin,
For oft at Church and Sabbath-school
That little child had been;
And God's commands he knew full well,
He'd learn'd them o'er and o'er;
And yet he dared to take in vain
The name angels adore.

He took God's holy name in vain!
How dark his path will be!
No God above to guide him here,
None for eternity.
For if we turn from the great God,
And his wise laws do spurn,
Th' Almighty Lord will hide his face,
From us in anger turn.

He took God's holy name in vain!
"Have mercy, Lord, I pray,
Upon that child," so prayed my heart,
As I pass'd on my way.
Ah, little reader, warning take;
Abhor this awful sin,
And pray for grace to sanctify
And govern all within.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"KISS ME, MOTHER."

A FEW weeks ago the One hundred and third Regiment, O. V. I., was stationed in Western Kentucky. At one of the hospitals, crowded with the sick and dying, lay a youth, a mere boy, suffering from that terrible disease, *camp-fever*. His parched lips, glowing cheeks, and strangely bright eyes indicated that the fever was preying in no gentle form on his delicate frame. He tossed restlessly from side to side, until at length the fire which burned his cheek found its way to his brain, and he became

delirious. Visions of the dear old home and bright green fields, through which the little brook with many a gentle ripple took its way to the river, passed before him, and he talked of them rapidly for a while, and then began calling loudly to his mother to come and kiss him.

The kind-hearted chaplain endeavored to soothe him by kind and gentle words, but in vain; nothing seemed to divert his thoughts from the dear object which occupied them, and he turned sorrowfully away to administer comfort to other sufferers. Some time after he returned. Still the sick boy was pleading, "Mother, do come and kiss me!"

The good chaplain listened, and his eyes grew dim with tears, and bending over him he whispered softly, "Yes, my son, mother will kiss you," at the same time kissing him tenderly.

The deed acted as magic. The wild delirium immediately subsided, and the little soldier boy soon sunk into a gentle sleep.

Little boys and girls, do you ever think as your kind mother places you snugly in your little bed at night and leaves you with her good-night kiss warmly imprinted upon your rosy cheek, how much you owe to her love and tenderness? Do you ever in your little prayer thank God for a loving mother? Be grateful, dear children, and by prompt obedience and kind actions try to merit her love. And when years have passed and you are separated from her, may you as fondly recall and dearly prize, as did the poor soldier boy, a mother's kiss.

ALICE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE IDA.

IDA was a lovely, happy child, full of life and song, the very light and sunshine of her home. Every one who knew Ida loved her, for she was very lovable, and she tried to do right. Sometimes, however, she was not watchful enough, and, like some other little girls, she would do a naughty thing. One word of reproof was enough at any time to set her thinking, and then the first question was, "Pa, was I wicked?"

When shown that she was in the wrong she gave herself no rest till she felt that she was forgiven, and then she was joyful and happy as before.

That is the way we should all do—never rest till we feel that God is our friend, and like her we can always sing,

"Why should I fear when God is near,"

and when death comes go as she has done to delight ourselves in his presence.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE UNSELFISH BOY.



RS. RICHARDS tells the story of two little boys who were using a new hatchet by turns. While Herbert chopped with it Eddie cleared away the chips, and then Eddie took the hatchet and Herbert picked away the chips. But it so happened that once, while Eddie was chopping, the hatchet slipped and cut off one of Herbert's fingers. When Eddie saw what he had done to his little playmate, whom he loved dearly, his heart was ready to break with grief, and he burst into an agony of tears.

"O don't cry so!" said Herbert, twisting his own face to keep from crying. "Of course you could not help it. I was just as likely to cut your finger off in the same way. It don't hurt much, and I guess it will grow on again," and so he bravely tried to hold it in its place as they went to the house. "If it don't I sha'n't mind it much. You see I don't have to work, and so I shall not need to use

this hand. Isn't it a good thing that it wasn't the right hand though? Mamma," said he, running up to her, "do comfort Eddie. He is crying dreadfully because the hatchet slipped in his hand and struck my finger. Don't you think it can be sewed on and will grow to my hand again? O tell Eddie he must not feel so badly. How could he help it?"

And so the dear child, thinking far more of his friend's sorrow than his own hurt, bore the pain and the loss of his finger without a murmur. It was never restored, but he had little further need of it. Before the year went round he heard a voice saying, "Come up higher," and he laid aside the little mutilated body, and went perfect and happy to dwell "forever with the Lord."



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

THE COMPASSIONATE VISITOR.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—Rev. iii, 20; Luke xii, 30; John xiv, 23.

As that old man stands knocking at that door, so Jesus stands before every child's heart asking to be let in. The voice in the soul that whispers, "Seek the Lord," is the Saviour's knock.

A little girl told a lie one day. When she thought it over she felt sad, very sad indeed. She felt sad because Jesus was knocking and she was listening. "O dear," said she, "how wicked I have been. I wonder if Jesus will forgive me?" Then kneeling down she lifted up her little fat hands and said, "Please, Jesus, forgive a sinful child. Please change my heart and make it so good and true that it won't make me want to tell a lie any more."

When little Laura said that prayer she was opening the door of her heart to let Jesus in. Jesus went in directly, for he loves to dwell in the hearts of children, and made Laura very happy. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

NO PRIDE IN HEAVEN.

ONE of our little Sunday-scholars was very sick. She thought that she was going to die, but her mother, who was not a Christian, could not endure the idea. One day, while talking to her little daughter, she said:

"When you get well I intend to buy you a nice set of furs, and you will put on your nice silk dress, and you will appear as well as any other child in the Sunday-school."

The sick girl looked into her mother's face for a moment and replied:

"Mother, I don't think it right to be proud of our clothing, for the devil was cast out of heaven through pride."

PRICE OF A BIBLE.

In the reign of Edward I. the price of a fairly-written Bible was £37. The hire of a laborer was three halfpence a day. The purchase of a copy would, of course, have taken the earnings of above fifteen years and three months.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1863.

DON'T BE A TYRANT, ROBERT.

ROBERT, listen to me a moment! I saw you squeezing little Frank Morehead's ear the other day. I learn from your schoolmates that you are in the habit of pinching, striking, and otherwise hurting the little fellow, and that he is as much afraid of you as he is of Colonel Black's big bulldog. Don't frown nor run off, Robert; but listen to me, for I don't mean to hurt you. I want to do you good.

Don't you think it is mean for a big boy like you to use your strength against such a weak little fellow as Frank? You hurt him knowing that he can't hurt you in return. You are very careful not to play off your tricks on boys as large and strong as yourself, while you never let that feeble child meet you without doing something to annoy or frighten him. Isn't there something that looks cowardly in such conduct? Mind, I don't say you are a coward; but do not your actions suggest that you are so?

What *good* does it do you to hurt that sweet boy? Can it make you happy to know you cause him to be miserable? There was a boy at the school of which the poet Cowper was a pupil who used to play the tyrant over him as you do over Frank. Young Cowper was a timid, quiet, nervous boy, and his big schoolmate's conduct so terrified him that his spirits never recovered from the effects of his ill-treatment. Do you envy a boy who could inflict a wound in the heart of such a sweet spirit as Cowper's? Why then will you make Frank's life miserable? Why not become a manly, generous boy and stand up for the weak little fellow and for all who are not as strong as yourself?

You are ashamed of your conduct and will do better, eh? Glad to hear it, my son. Go and tell Frank so, and henceforth become the champion of the weak and the friend of the helpless.

Let every stout, strong boy in our great family appoint himself protector of small, weak boys. I don't mean in a pompous, boastful way, but do it in your minds, my boys. Then when you see a feeble child make friends with him, cheer him on in his duties, help him over the rough places he may meet in his studies and games. In a word, be his friend in every need as far as you possibly can. If you will I will give you my blessing, and, what is worth infinitely more, God will give you his.

You and the robin seemed like two little friends. You were loving and Robbie was tame, and so you had a famous time together. I love you, my child, for being kind to that bird. I want you to cherish kindness for all the little birds which God has made to make nature cheerful, and I want you to resolve never to rob a nest, never to throw stones at the birds, never to shoot them. Leave that business to bad boys who make their hearts hard by being cruel to birds. I beg you to be kind and gentle toward them. It will make you happy and pleasant to be so. Good-by, my dear Willie."

A very good letter, Mr. Corporal. I wish all the children loved birds and flowers. They would be both hap-

enjoy them too. There is something else. They are good Union boys and girls. They have a flag of their own and sing 'Dixie for the Union;' not in Sunday-school exactly, though they would like the privilege. This is right for them to love the Union as much as they can, isn't it, children? May the Advocate children see the Union all right! May they have many happy times and many more Advocates!"

Oregon is in its infancy as yet, corporal, so you mustn't laugh at Josephine's bragging about Oregon apples, forests, and other "notions." It's my opinion that Oregon will be a powerful state before some of the little boys who now begin to read our paper are gray-headed. But if not I hope the children she raises up will be powers in the world for good and not for evil.

NETTIE, of Dover, says:

"Do you ever allow little girls to express their opinion? I think you do. I have often read what others have written, but I have never ventured to tell you what I think. I am a little girl nine years old. My pa is superintendent of the Sabbath-school. I love to read your Advocate. I have one sister older than myself, and two little ones that love to hear me read the stories to them. We all love to go to the Sabbath-school. The Rev. Mr. Scarlet is our minister. We all love him, and feel very sorry he is going to leave us so soon. He sometimes visits our school and then we all feel very glad, for he has always something new and interesting to tell us about; but God has seen fit to afflict him since he has been with us by taking away his two daughters. They were both teachers in our school and were loved by us all. My sisters and I are going to try and be good girls and meet our teachers in heaven."

Not going to try, but trying now, I hope, my Nettie. I'm glad you love your pastor in his affliction. Heaven must be dearer than ever to him now that he has two daughters in it.

Here, corporal, where are you going? (The corporal has risen from his chair and is taking up his hat.)

"Home, sir! I'm not very well to-day. The spring weather makes me feel so. An old campaigner like me doesn't feel as lively and vigorous as your young readers do when the season is changing. Good-day, sir!"

Here, corporal, stop! You have dropped this paper on the floor. What is it? "A Song for the Try Company, by Corporal Try." O fie, Corporal Try, you are a poet and didn't let me know it.

"Give me that paper!" the corporal thunders. "It's nothing but a little bit of machine poetry which a friend wheedled me to grind out. Give it to me!"

Can't think of the thing, corporal. There, I've dropped it into the printer's box, and he'll be sure to put it into the Advocate.

The corporal leaves with a cloud on his brow, and here is the good old man's song for his Try Company:

We have joined the ranks of Corporal Try;
Would you like to know the reason why?
There's a tough old giant we wish to kill,
That's why we're under the corporal's drill.
Chorus—They never say can't, they never say die,
Who march in the ranks of Corporal Try.

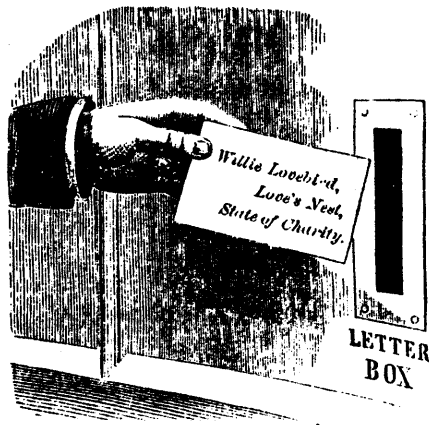
'Tis the Giant "I Can't" we seek to slay;
He's ruining children every day;
Nor will he spare us, if we fail to fight
In the corporal's ranks with all our might.
Chorus—They never say can't, they never say die,
Who fight in the ranks of Corporal Try.

We can all do right if we choose to try;
We can all be saved if to God we cry;
We can all hate sin, we can all love truth,
We can all serve Christ and be noble youth.
Chorus—We never say can't, we never say die,
Who fight in the ranks of Corporal Try.

Would you join the ranks of Corporal Try?
You must not say can't, you must not say die;
Must stand up for Jesus with voice and might,
You must fight all sin, must die for the right.
Chorus—They never say can't, they never say fly,
Who fight in the ranks with Corporal Try.

THE SWEET SINGER.

THE SWEET SINGER is ready to accept invitations to visit any school in the country. He is a cheerful, lively little fellow, and wherever he goes there will be such singing as might make an angel glad. The Sweet Singer is a collection of hymns and tunes just published. Price, twenty cents single; \$1 80 per dozen.



OUR LETTER COLUMN.

"MR. EDITOR, I have written a letter to Willie Lovebird. Would you like to hear it read?"

Certainly, corporal. I could not be better employed than in listening to your letter. Read on!

The corporal adjusts his gold-rimmed spectacles, ahems a few times, and reads as follows:

"MY DEAR WILLIE,—I have heard through your sister that you were very kind to a robin last winter. You saw the bright but hungry little fellow outside your window, and in answer to his merry chirp put some crumbs outside on the sill. The bird eat them, and afterward came to your window every morning to share your breakfast.

plier and better than they are. I join your cry, corporal, and shout over hill and vale to boys and girls—Don't kill the birds! God made them to cheer you, to eat the insects which destroy your fruit and flowers—don't, pray don't kill them.

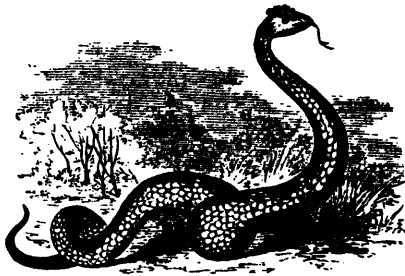
"Here is the answer to the Bible enigma in our last: *Paris*, Rev. xxi, 21.

"And here is a Biblical question: There are *sixty-four* letters in a famous question put by Jesus Christ to his disciples. In this question *a* is used six times, *e* five times, *i* five times, *o* seven times, *u* once, *f* three times, *r* three times, *h* six times, *t* thrice, *s* five times, *m* once, *n* four times, *p* once, *d* thrice, *l* six times, *g* once, and *w* four times. Who can put these letters together and find out the question?"

"Here is a letter from JOSEPHINE, of the Dalles, Oregon, which, since it has traveled so many miles, I will read to the council. It says:

"DEAR CHILDREN,—What if I write you a letter from Oregon? To you, little children in the eastern states, Oregon is a good way off, is it not? A good way off, yet worth coming to see. It is a new country, not like where you live. Suppose you had not twenty miles of railroad and not a mile of telegraph. Then suppose there were hundreds and thousands of acres where nobody lives, and where you might have farms if you liked. Oregon is a great apple state, too. How do you like that? We have towns, churches, seminaries, and Sunday-schools.

"The Dalles, where I live, is among the Cascade Mountains. It is on the road to the northern mines, and the miners buy things here with real yellow nuggets and gold-dust. I doubt whether you ever saw a town grow so fast as this one does. There are a great many people here—good and bad. They ought all to be good, oughtn't they? Shall I tell you we have a Sunday-school here with a hundred children in it? And what do you think they like as well as they do candy? Why, the Advocate, to be sure. Their bright eyes sparkle just as yours do. Then they have Christmas-trees and Fourth of July celebrations and



THE BIG SNAKE; OR, AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

BY OLD WALTER WYNN.

My young friends may perhaps have heard a little of both Havre and Paris, though they may have seen neither the one nor the other. Havre is a French seaport, and Paris, as you know, is the French capital. Some summers and winters have passed since old Walter Wynn was at Paris, but he remembers still all the principal places in that great city.

There is a railroad now between Havre and Paris, so that people go from the one place to the other much more rapidly than they used to do. A short time ago a very unwelcome passenger made his appearance on the railway train, sadly frightening many of the travelers. It was, indeed, enough to make the stoutest heart tremble. But you shall hear.

Besides the passengers and their luggage, and merchandize of different kinds, the train carried a collection of wild beasts, about to be shown at Paris, and these savage creatures were under the care of M. Hebert, a friend of Gerard, the lion-tamer. There was also in the collection a boa-constrictor, or big snake, said to be seventeen feet long. Now we have heard of these terrible creatures swallowing deer and tigers, so that no wonder they should be regarded with great fear.

This big snake was shut up in a box that hung under the caravan in which the wild beasts were, and whether it was that he was offended in not being treated as a first-class passenger, whether he was annoyed in being cooped up so closely, or whether he wanted to look about him and see a little of the world, I will not say; but certain it is that he grew dissatisfied.

Most travelers who are uncomfortable put up with their grievances till they get to the next station, or to the end of their journey, and then make their complaint; but this was not the case with friend Scalyback, for he took the affair, I was going to say, into his own hands, but he had none. Well, he gave way to his temper, broke through the sides of his prison-house, and made his appearance on the top of the carriages. Only fancy to yourselves a railway train, full of passengers, traveling along at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, with a big snake, seventeen feet long, amusing himself in gliding from one carriage to another, and, quite as likely as not, every now and then to pop his head through one of the windows!

How long it was that the big snake had amused himself in sporting about on the tops of the carriages was only known to himself, and as he kept his own secret, whispering it to no one, we can only give a guess about the matter. At last, however, he poked up his head so near to the engine-driver that the poor terrified man raised a cry of distress and terror.

You may be sure that very soon there was a pretty commotion. The train was stopped. M. Hebert and his two African servants were called upon to secure the boa-constrictor, and the passengers, as the alarm ran from carriage to carriage, were terrified at the danger they were in.

It was some time before the big snake was made a captive, for he wound himself round the machinery of the engine, and seemed determined not to be taken. M. Hebert and his attendants had quite enough to do to conquer him. At last they succeeded in getting him into a much stronger box than that out of which he had broken.

So great was the consternation among the passengers that many of them could hardly make up their minds to travel on by the same train as the boa-constrictor. After the loss of much time, however, they consented. The steam hissed aloud, the shrill whistle was heard, and once again the train set off for Paris.

And now, very likely, you are saying in your hearts that you would never, no, not on any account, travel with a serpent or big snake; but, alas! you cannot help it, for to my certain knowledge, not a ship quits the shore and not a single railroad carriage leaves the station without a serpent going with it to the great danger of the passengers. What I say is true, for sin is a serpent, and "all have sinned."

"Where'er the foot of man has been
That slimy serpent has been seen."

I have heard that where rattlesnakes abound an herb, called rattlesnake herb, abounds also, and that it cures the bite of the scaly reptile: but however this may be, we know that there is a cure for the bite of the serpent, Sin. "The Lamb of God taketh away the sins of the world," and none ever fled for refuge to the Saviour, who died on the cross for sinners, without being saved by him from the poisonous bite of that old serpent, Satan. Let then your motto be,

"On Christ alone will I depend,
The sinner's hope, the sinner's friend."

The passengers who traveled with the boa-constrictor to Paris will no doubt for a long time talk of their strange adventure. The bravest man that ever went abroad, when he knew that a big snake, seventeen feet long, was traveling by the same train as himself, could hardly do otherwise than consider him to be a very unwelcome passenger.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

JESUS, hear me when I pray:
Keep me through the shades of night;
Guide and save me every day,
And protect me by thy might.

May I never from thee stray,
Always in thyself abide;
Walk in every virtuous way
That may keep me at thy side.

Teach me thy dear name to fear,
All thy precepts may I love,
That I may be thy foll'wer here,
And reign at last with thee above.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

THE HORSE RUSHING TO THE BATTLE.

I hearkened and heard, but they spake not aright: no man repented him of his wickedness, saying, What have I done? Every one turned to his course, as the horse rusheth into the battle.—Jer. viii, 6. See also Prov. xxix, 1.

WHEW! How that horse rushes through the smoke and falling balls into the thick of battle. He don't think, and therefore he don't fear death. By and by a shot will strike him with a dull, heavy thud, and he will die.

Now when I hear a boy say, "I don't care. I will

do just as I've a mind to," in reply to his mother's counsels, I think, "That boy is like a horse rushing into battle. He don't think of the danger he dares. He is going into the ways of death and will perish forever. Poor, foolish boy!"

I hope that you, my child, are not a little horse rushing to the battle.

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.



When examining the edge of a very sharp lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles a rough iron bar. But the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument, exhibits everywhere a most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors; but a silkworm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that can be made with a pen appears irregular and uneven; but the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. The finest miniature paintings appear before the microscope ragged and uneven, entirely devoid of beauty, either in the drawing or coloring. The most even and beautiful varnishes will be found to be mere roughness. But the nearer we examine the works of God even in the least productions, the more sensible shall we be of his wisdom and power. In the numberless species of insects what proportion, exactness, uniformity, and symmetry do we perceive in all organs! what profusion of coloring! azure, green, and vermilion, gold, silver, pearls, rubies, and diamonds, fringe, and embroidery, on their bodies, wings, heads, and every part! how high the finishing, how inimitable the polish we everywhere behold!

THE ALPHABET.

THE following verse contains all the letters of the alphabet, and may be used as an exercise for young children in tracing the letters:

"God gives the grazing ox his meat,
And quickly hears the sheep's low cry,
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high."

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