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PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUPPER ·

UNT · O · M · E

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 24.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 192.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BEWARE OF THE NET!

A GARDENER once had some very luscious gooseberries. Anxious to save them from being eaten by some hungry blackbirds that lived near his grounds, he covered them with a net. The old birds kept away, for they were too wary to be caught. But a smart young blackbird, which had more feathers than wit, and more appetite than caution, flew down one morning to pick a gooseberry for his breakfast, and rushed right into the net. Poor blackbird! It struggled hard to get out again but could not. The net was too strong. The gardener soon came along and took it home to make a broil for his little daughter's breakfast.

Wasn't that bird foolish not to see the net and keep out of it? "Very foolish!" you all reply. You are right. But how many of you, with all the folly of the blackbird, are rushing into Satan's net? "Satan's net! Satan's net! Where is that?" you ask. Satan's net is everywhere that sin is committed, for *sin is Satan's net*. Yonder, for example, is a boy learning to smoke. He is putting his head into one mesh of Satan's net. That boy who is just beginning to swear is putting his head into another mesh. So too lying, proud, envious, or bad-tempered children are in other meshes of that dangerous net. Remember, every sinful act is a mesh in Satan's net.

Are you in his net, my dear boy or girl? If so, I advise you to get out as quickly as possible. Satan sweeps all he finds in his net down to hell. Get out of it! Get out of it!

Jesus died to give liberty to the captives in Satan's net. Cry to him! Cry lustily! He will draw you out of it and set you free. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SAVED FROM A WOLF.

I LIKE to see a young lady riding horseback. If she sits gracefully she looks finely as her noble steed canters along the highway. It is very healthy exercise too. I should be glad if all the girls—ay, and the boys too—in my Advocate family had horses to ride. I should like to see my whole family on horseback upon one of the glorious prairies of our great western country. Wouldn't it be a splendid sight?

But riding horseback is not as safe everywhere as it is in our beautiful land. In Russia wolves abound in many places. These savage creatures often when



very hungry rush from the depths of the forests and spring upon the hapless travelers upon whose track they chance to light. In the picture you see one of them springing upon the horse of a lady rider. See how the noble beast rears! Mark the lady's fright! Her companion on horseback wonders what is the cause of her sudden alarm? What will become of her?

Fortunately, a strong-armed, fearless peasant, bearing a stout oaken cudgel in his hand, is near. Full of courage, he rushes on the wolf, breaks its spine with two or three well-aimed blows, and the lady is saved. Thanks be to God and to the brave-hearted peasant!

That peasant had what is called *presence of mind*; that is, he did not let the presence of the wolf drive the wit from his brain or the strength from his limbs. He wasn't "frightened to death" as some people are when danger is near. If he had been that fine lady would have never seen her home again.

Children should try to acquire presence of mind. When a danger meets a child he may give way to fear and trembling, lose strength to move and power to think, or he may brace himself up, ask himself what he ought to do, and then do it. The latter is both the wiser and the safer course. Let all my children try to maintain presence of mind when they meet a little danger, and that will prepare them to maintain it if they are ever called to face great dangers. I think it would not be wrong for

every child, especially every timid child, to pray, "O Lord, give me presence of mind in the hour of danger!" X.

From the Teacher's Offering.

MOTHER'S BOY.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

A WELL-MADE boy, tall for his age, with dark curly hair and large dark eyes—his mother's eyes, everybody said; but then everybody said that he, Ned Radcliffe, was "his mother's boy."

My opinion is, that this expression, "Mother's boy," was not generally applied in a complimentary or respectful sense—more's the pity. If every boy was his mother's boy, in the sense in which Ned Radcliffe might be said to be so, it would be so much the better for boys in general, and no discredit to any mother in particular. But there is one thing to be reckoned in the account, so important that, if we leave that out, our reckoning would be totally incorrect. If being a mother's boy means being what Ned Radcliffe was, then mothers must bear some likeness

to Ned Radcliffe's mother. Ned loved her with all his heart; to please her, what would he not do? To offend her, the very thought was so painful to him that he turned from it with horror.

An upright boy—speaking the truth always, cheerful, intelligent, active—such a boy as would be most likely to prosper in the world, to gain a good position, and win the approval of the wisest and the best. Such a boy was Ned Radcliffe, his mother's boy.

The only son of his mother, and she was a widow; not a wealthy widow, rich in this world's good, but almost as poor as the widow in the gospel, who, when she cast her two mites into the treasury, parted with all her living.

Mother and son lived in a little hut or cottage in a quiet country lane, leading from Fiveacres to Meadowland. The widow taught a few children, did a little plain needlework, was always ready and willing to earn a penny, and Ned was out in the fields scaring the birds and earning a trifle of money, getting what learning he could from his mother in the evening. That amount of learning was of course not very extensive; but it all came out of one book—that sacred volume from which the wise and the ignorant may alike receive the best instruction.

Ned used to sit when he was quite a small child and watch his mother's fingers busy with the needle and wish. He wished that he could help her, that he could save her from so many hours' hard toil,

that he could help to make her more comfortable; but he never breathed it to her, for she, he knew full well, would check the thought as showing discontent with God Almighty's dealings.

She had been reading to him one day—and helping him to read—the psalm which tells of God's goodness to all things, and how he openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing. The child was very thoughtful for a few minutes, and then he said:

"Mother, do you not think God might sometimes open his hand a little wider?"

"What makes you ask?"

"I think," he said, "that if you had more good things—a little more to eat, you know, and a warmer blanket—it might be better."

"Never think the thought again," she answered; "God is our Father, and he knows what is best for us, and gives to us all that is good. You can trust in me?"

"O yes," he said, and his face shone brightly as he smiled into hers, "of course I can trust in you. I am 'mother's boy.'"

"Let us remember, then," she said, "that we are our Father's children—the children of a Father who cares for us better than any parent here on earth."

And that thought was fixed in his mind—a nail driven in a sure place.

One day Ned was out in the lane. He had been set to fence up a gap in the hedge, for he was a handy boy and shrewd. A gentleman came riding that way slowly, for his horse had just cast a shoe.

"Boy, is there a farrier to be had near here?"

"Ay, sir, that there is, about three parts of a mile yonder."

"There is no help for it," said the gentleman. "Show me the way, boy, and I'll give you a shilling," (about twenty cents.)

A pang shot through the boy's heart, for a shilling was a great prize to him, but he felt he must not earn it. He had been sent there to finish a job of work; by twelve it was to be done, and then he might rest for an hour; but it was not yet noon, and the work was still unfinished.

"I am sorry I cannot show you," he said, "but I must finish my work."

The gentleman looked surprised. "Silly boy," he said, "it will cost no more than a few minutes to show me the way, ease this poor brute, and earn a shilling. Come."

"I am sorry," the boy replied, working on perseveringly as he spoke, "I am really very sorry for you, sir; for the poor horse, sir; and for myself, sir; but the few minutes are not mine. I am paid to do what I am doing, and it is as bad to thieve time as to steal money."

"An oddity," said the gentleman, getting off his horse and patting the animal's neck. "Who has taught you this scrupulosity, boy?"

Ned did not know the meaning of that word, but he knew that all he had been taught was from the lips of his mother, and so he answered:

"Mother, sir."

"Mother," said the gentleman, "must be a remarkably shrewd person, a pattern villager, to be executed in Dresden china and set on the chimney-piece; and they call you—"

"Mother's boy, sir."

The gentleman laughed outright, and then, and not till then, he saw the boy's face flush, and that his eyes were full of meaning.

"I am a poor boy, sir," he said, "and cannot be expected to know good manners. I try to be honest and to love my mother and my God."

The gentleman laughed no more, but spoke in a freer and kinder tone.

"You are quite right, my lad, and I will wait your time. It wants less than fifteen minutes to noon; then after that you can show me to the farrier's."

"Very willing, sir."

So when the gap in the hedge was mended, Ned very readily showed the gentleman the way and received his shilling.

Run! you should have seen that boy run with the prized shilling—it almost takes away my breath to think of it. Home, home to his mother, to cast the treasure into her lap, and to hear her words as she kissed his forehead, "The Lord is opening his hand."

That evening the gentleman came to the cottage and asked for "mother's boy." He was a light-haired, light-eyed, laughing gentleman, son of my Lady Fanshaw—a great notability in fashionable quarters—Dowager Lady Fanshaw's son—who had never been *his* mother's boy—lounging away his life at the club and the mess-table, and finding it rather dreary work. This gentleman had been struck by the boy's oddity, and had resolved to make Ned a liberal offer. I think I told you he was a well-made lad, tall of his age. Well, the son of my Lady Fanshaw intended to take him into his service, to put him into livery, and to let him hang on to the back of his cab as a "Tiger Trim!" Very much surprised was he to learn, as he did learn, that "mother's boy" objected to his proposal; that he would not take service, even under the most tempting offer; that he preferred doing the hardest work for the lowest pay, rather than leave his mother and live in luxury.

"Simpleton," said the son of my Lady Fanshaw, "do you not observe that by taking service you would be best looking after your mother's interest as well as your own? We should make a man of you in time, and you would be able to send your mother something handsome at Christmas."

"I would rather stay with her and work," said the boy. "She would never bear to part with me, and if she could I should never bear to part with her."

The son of my Lady Fanshaw, who thought he could get on very well without his mother, and did not scruple to say so, went his way without his tiger. He stopped at the parsonage, two miles away, and over the supper told his story.

Two or three days afterward Farmer Fordingham had a visit from the pastor; two or three days after that Farmer Fordingham offered to take Ned on his farm at seven shillings a week. From that time Ned began to prosper, and it was found that the work which his mother obtained was easier done and better paid for than it had been. Then Ned's wages were raised, and he became lawful proprietor of a small piece of ground of his own. It was the work of years, but they were years happily spent. God was opening his hand. The pastor had a pleasant word for him, so had the squire, so had Farmer Fordingham, who, except on special occasions, was rarely known to utter pleasant things to anybody—but a good man for all that.

And now it has come to pass that Ned has a small holding of his own—a small farm and works on it, and Ned's mother looks after the dairy. He is still what thriving farmers would call poor; it is more than probable the valet of my Lady Fanshaw's son—to which high dignity he would have risen by this time had he taken service with his lordship—realizes twice the money for a tenth part of the work. What of that? The worth of money is only that which it will bring. Heaps of gold would never have made Ned so happy as working for and with the mother he loves so dearly, and watching her joy in all his little successes. It is the effort of his life to make her happy, and he finds his happiness in hers.

It is a sunny Sunday morning, and the stout young farmer is in the village churchyard, his mother leaning on his arm. They are standing by his father's grave. A kind voice speaks to them. It is that of the pastor.

"All well with you, farmer?"

"All well, sir."

"Prospering?"

"God has opened his hand."

"And God," says the pastor, "is very faithful to all his promises; you know the command of love and obedience to parents is the first, with a promise—mutual honor and love to both. A good son always brings a blessing on himself."

"Ay, sir, but every son is not blessed with such a mother."

The pastor smiles very kindly, takes mother and son by the hand, and says to the former:

"Ah, Mrs. Radcliffe, your Ned is the same as ever—his mother's boy!"



"THE LITTLE ONE."

AND is it true what I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in his arms most gently bear
The helpless "little one?"

O yes! I've heard my mother say
He never sent a child away
That scarce could walk or run;
For when the parent's love besought
That he would touch the child she brought,
He blessed the "little one."

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded to his breast
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be his "little one."

And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having washed their sins away,
He now rejoices day by day
To cleanse the "little one."

Others there are who love me too;
But who with all their love can do
What Jesus Christ hath done?
Then if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say
"Lord, bless thy 'little one.'"

Thus by this glorious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living water runs,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his,
Who loves the "little ones."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE ALLIE.

A GENTLEMAN and lady, with their "Little Allie," a beautiful, curly-headed, loving and lovable little cherub of four summers, were riding on one clear, beautiful winter's eve. They noticed that little Allie's attention was fixed intently on the clear, brightly-shining sky.

After watching it some time she exclaimed, "O, father, *there is the smoke from the angels' chimneys!*" pointing at the same time to the *milky way*, which was very clearly discernible at the time.

GENIE BELMONTE.

WILLIE asked his mother, "Have you a pa or ma?" Being told that she had not, he thought it was dreadful not to have a pa or ma, and said, "I'll be right good, and when I die and go to God I'll ask him to send you a ma and pa."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.



IT'S ONLY A LITTLE SIN.

WHILE two boys named Rodney and Melville were reading to each other in the porch of their cottage-home one evening a gentleman walked leisurely past them.

"Good evening, boys!" said he, smiling and taking a pinch of snuff as he spoke.

"Good evening, Mr. Churchill," replied the boys, who knew him to be the register of deeds for their town and county.

Just after he passed the boys Mr. Churchill, who was a good man with a bad habit, pulled out his handkerchief to wipe the dirty snuff from his nose. In doing so a small object came out of his pocket with the handkerchief and fell to the ground. The boys ran to see what it was. They were not noticed by Mr. Churchill, for he was full of thought, and by turning round a sharp bend in the lane had already passed out of sight.

"Just what I wanted!" said Melville in a half whisper as he held up the piece of India rubber which had dropped from Mr. Churchill's pocket.

"But it isn't yours," replied Rodney.

"I mean to keep it, anyhow," rejoined Melville.

"That would be stealing," said Rodney.

"Stealing! Pooh! what a ninny you are, Rod. *Finding* a thing isn't *stealing*. Besides, if it were, it would be only a little sin to steal a bit of rubber which you can buy at the store for a cent or two. I don't believe Mr. Churchill will care anything about it. In fact, I guess he won't miss it at all. Anyway, I'm going to keep it."

"I wouldn't," replied Rodney; "it is stealing, because you know the rubber belongs to Mr. Churchill and you keep it without asking his consent. As to its being a little sin I don't believe it. My pa says there are no little sins, and he says too that a boy who begins by stealing the value of a cent will end by stealing dollars. And now I tell you plainly, Master Melville, if you don't carry that rubber to Mr. Churchill I won't play with you any more. I won't keep company with a thief."

"A thief! You call me a thief! I—"

What Melville was going to say you may guess, but he did not say it. A strong hand grasping his shoulder made him pause and look round. Then he blushed, for he saw himself in the hands of Mr. Churchill. That gentleman had missed his rubber, and turning back had heard from behind the bushes which grew at the bend in the road most of what the boys had said. Looking very gravely into Melville's face, he said:

"Your friend Rodney is right. There are no little sins. A boy who keeps that which he knows to be another's property has the spirit of a thief—is, in truth, a thief. Now I don't value the rubber, but I do value right character in a boy. I'm afraid of you, Melville. I admire you, Rodney. If you, Melville, go through life in your present spirit you will find yourself ruined at the last; while if you, my Rodney, live as you have talked and acted this evening you

will be honored in this life, and the God you fear and love will take you to himself hereafter. That you may not be a thief in fact, Melville, I give you the rubber. Good evening, boys!"

Mr. Churchill walked away. Melville blushed, stood silent a while, and then ran home. Rodney went home too. The next time the boys met, Melville gave the rubber to his friend and said:

"Here, Rodney, take this rubber! You were right. I see it now. I had the spirit of a thief. I'm ashamed. I've been to Mr. Churchill about it. He and I are all right. I'll never be a thief again. Let us be friends."

Thus Melville was right at last, though wrong at first. I hope he asked God to forgive him as well as Mr. Churchill, and I hope also that my readers will begin, go on, and die in the spirit of the noble Rodney. What say you, children? Ah, I know. You resolve to be Rodney's every one of you. All right! May God help you!

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

My good corporal, how are you to-day? Hot, eh? Wonderful that you should be hot when the thermometer is over 90 in the shade, isn't it? But what queer-looking creature is that you have brought with you? It is almost all head, and so thin I can see through it. Then what makes it squat up in the corner so? Is it afraid? What is it?

"What is it, indeed!" replies the corporal. "What is it? I'll tell you what it is. It's my

Q in a corner. Q is queer, and being giving to quizzing often sees some queer and quizzical things. Q has been in some corners of late from which portions of our Advocate family could be seen by him, and he is here to report."

A listener, eh? I don't know about having an eavesdropper in our council-chamber, my dear corporal.

"Q isn't a common listener, Mr. Editor. If he were I'd drum him out of our ranks. He listens for a good purpose. He gives no names. He reports actions only, not persons. He thinks if you will allow him to draw a few pictures of what he has seen and may see, the guilty ones will know themselves. You can give an opinion of their conduct and so, perchance, lead them to reform."

That's a good idea, corporal? You are quite remarkable for good ideas. Proceed, Mr. Q-in-the-corner!

Q's voice is thin and squeakish, but it is distinct. He says:

"I was walking along a certain street—I won't say where—the other day, when I heard a well-dressed, good-looking boy—I think his eyes were nearly black—say some very wicked words while at play with some boys who were rude and dirty. I was shocked, for if I am only a Q I have quite a regard for the divine Name. I wondered if that boy swore at home. I wondered if he belonged to our Advocate family. Feeling desirous to settle these points, I waited and followed him to his home. He lived in a nice house. When he went in I slipped in too, and creeping into a corner behind a big ottoman, I kept my ears and eyes open.—Did anybody ever see my eye shut, eh?—I soon found out that he belonged to our family, for I saw his little brother show him the Advocate and heard him ask about the pictures. He was very pleasant to his brother; he spoke to his mother in soft and gentle tones, and, although I watched him for hours, I neither saw nor heard anything that I could find fault with. He did not act like the boy I had seen him to be in the street. I could have easily thought him to be a Christian boy if I had not heard him swear just before. I thought he ought to be reported to you, sir, and that you ought to give your opinion of him."

Your thoughts were worthy of you, Mr. Q-in-the-corner. I pronounce that boy a sham.

"By *sham* you mean a HYPOCRITE, I suppose?" inquires Mr. Forrester.

That's it exactly, Mr. Forrester. He is wicked. Bad boys have corrupted him. He is ashamed or afraid to let his father, mother, or teachers know how wicked he is, so he puts on a mask when he is at home. He appears good when he is bad. He is a *sham*, and that is the worst kind of a wicked boy. I request Q-in-the-corner to return to his house, learn more about him, and report at our next meeting.

"Q will do it," replies the corporal; "but I must open my puzzle-bag now. Here is the answer to the Biblical enigma in our last:

"(1.) Lot, Gen. xix, 15-22. (2.) On, Numbers xvi, 1. (3.) Kittim, Gen. x, 1-4. (4.) Moses. (5.) Cana, John ii, 1-11. (6.) Amalek, 1 Sam. xv, 1-3. (7.) Felix, Acts xxiv, 25. The sentence—Fools make a mock at sin.

"Now hear what S. R. Z., of Monroe, Ohio, says:

"I intend to be a minister and do some good in the world. I must tell you whether I am a good boy or not. I will not answer the question myself, but you must judge from my statements. I never forget to pay tribute to my Saviour every night before I retire to rest. I read and study his glorious works and give myself into his care. I always try to be good to everybody. You must excuse me for poor writing and spelling. I have not been to school very much on account of ill convenience. I am but nine years old, and now I would like to join your Try Company if the corporal will accept me."

Well, corporal, what is your opinion? Is S. R. Z. a good boy?

"I incline to think he is. His love for Jesus, his habit of prayer and trust, are good signs. If his life bears the fruit of obedience to God and man he is through Christ's grace a good boy. Whether he will ever be a minister or not God only knoweth. He must await the call of the Spirit."

And study meanwhile, Mr. Corporal, with all his might. Grace and study are both needful to make good boys into good ministers. Let S. R. Z. stick to his books!

"MARY E. B., of Unity, Iowa, writes:

"I am a little orphan girl. My mother went to heaven a few months ago. I live with two dear Christian ladies who are teaching me to do right. I live way out on the prairie, so far I cannot go to Church or Sunday-school. But the ladies read a sermon from Beecher out of the Independent, and I have one of Floy's books and learn my lesson and a text of Scripture. I got my first Sunday-school paper the other day and they told me about the Try Company. If you will admit the orphan Mary, I will, God helping me, keep all your rules."

The "orphan Mary" is admitted both to the heart and army of the corporal. He thinks so grateful a child will hardly fail of becoming a good soldier of Jesus.

"Here is a line from my little friend SOPHIA K., of Perysburgh. She says:

"I am a little German girl. I can read both of the little papers—German and English. My little sister and brother go to three Sunday-schools every Sunday. It keeps us busy from nine o'clock until four in the afternoon. I have often wondered who Corporal Try and Francis Forrester, Esq., were, but I rather think I have found out the secret. I think that you three are one, for you said that if one was sick, lame, or lazy, the other was too. You send us so many pretty pictures in the little papers, and why don't you send us yours? You need not think that you are homely, for you are so good that we will not think you are homely. We like Aunt Julia's stories very much. I guess that she is some relation to you. The best story you ever put in your paper was about Philip and Patience. Philip, I suppose, is gone to rest, but what has become of Patience? I wish that you would write more about her, for we are so anxious to hear from her. Will you admit my sister, brother, and myself in your Try Company?"

Pretty good! My Ohio friend, with her brother and sister, shall certainly be set down among the members of our famous Try Company. My picture can be had by sending Carlton & Porter fifteen cents. The Pilgrimage of Philip and Patience will be published in a book one of these days. As to the secret about the corporal I have nothing to say, except that if Sophia had been a Yankee born in Connecticut she could not have made a wiser guess. Whether she is right or not the corporal must decide. Read on, corporal!

"M. L. H., of Mount Carmel, Ill., says:

"I have never seen a letter in your interesting little 'Budget' from our village in Southern Illinois, I concluded to give you a short description of the same. It is a pleasant little school, embracing upward of a hundred scholars, with a competence of officers and teachers. Quite a number of copies of the little Advocate are taken by the scholars, and are most heartily welcomed every two weeks by them. But I want to tell you more particularly about my little class, for you must know that I am only a youthful teacher, having only been engaged in this department of the Sunday-school about two months, although I have always been a member. My class consists of six little girls who are constant attendants upon our morning sessions. They wish to be personally recommended to the famous 'Corporal Try' as volunteers for his company. Their names are Fannie Reis, Fannie Ridgway, Helen Knight, Emma Kosee, Grace and Lizzie Manck. They promise to observe the rules laid down as the by-laws of that renowned association, to be good scholars, and never cause the corporal to blush for his members. Hoping to see their names enrolled among those of the more veteran soldiers, as well as that of their unworthy teacher, I am very respectfully yours,

"MARY L. HABBERTON."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A DUST-STORM IN INDIA.

BY MRS. J. HAUSER.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Have you ever heard of a dust-storm such as we have in India? Perhaps all have not. When the dust-storms come they do so very suddenly. The dull yellow and red clouds of dust which come rolling swiftly on, high up in the sky, one over the other, look very fine, and the wind rushing over the plain and through the trees can be heard for some time before it arrives. The people, as soon as they see the storm coming, close all the windows and doors, and those who are outside run as quickly as they can to get to some place of shelter. The cowherds and shepherds drive their flocks home as fast as possible. The birds all seek their nests, and for a little while there is such a noise and stir!

A few days ago there was a very severe storm about four o'clock in the afternoon. It began to grow very dark, and in a few minutes it was too dark to see across the room.

The darkness, the sound of the storm growing louder and louder, and the strange dull yellow color of the little light which we could see at the windows was very awful, and we could not help saying, "It seems as though the judgment-day had come!"

The wind blew harder and harder. Two doors which had not been very well fastened blew open, and before they could be shut the house was so full of dust we could hardly breathe. Soon the rain-drops began to fall. The dust settled and it grew lighter. But the winds blew furiously, and the rain came in torrents. The branches of the trees were twisted round and round until they came off, and many large trees were torn up by the roots. The thatched roofs of a great many houses were blown off, and the mud walls, left without any protection, were soon washed down by the rain. After the storm had lasted about half an hour a few hail-stones fell, and then all cleared away. The air, which before had been so hot, had become delightfully cool.

The storm, as we have since heard, passed over several hundred miles and did much damage. These storms, though the dust is very disagreeable, are a great blessing to this country, for they purify the air, and the rain makes it so cool. We think that we cannot be thankful enough for them. So God provides for the comfort of the people of every land.

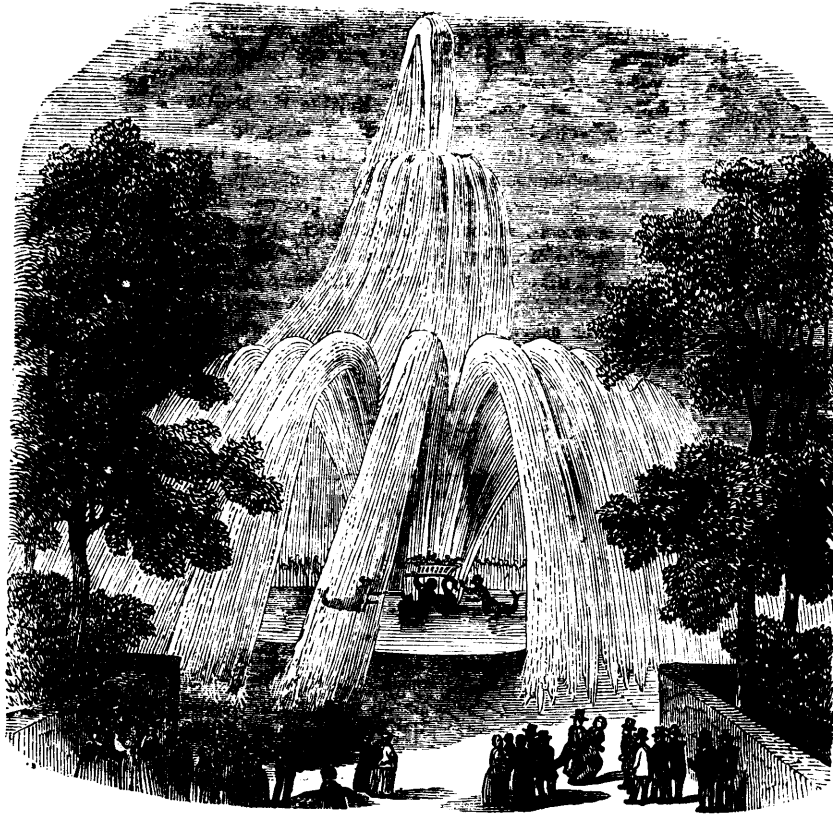
KISSING A SUNBEAM.

A BABE, not old enough to speak or walk, was creeping on the floor. By and by a bright ray of sunshine fell upon the carpet. Baby saw it and crept toward the dazzling object. She looked at it, and crept all around it, with the greatest interest in her sweet face, and then putting down her little lips she *kissed* it.

Now was not that beautiful? The bright little sunbeam lighted up joy in her baby-heart, and she expressed that joy with a sweet kiss.

A LITTLE girl said one day, "Ma, our minister said to-day that all men must die. I wonder who will bury the last man that dies? I guess God will have to do that."

The same little girl, standing at the window before sunrise, and wondering why the sun did not make its appearance, said, "I guess God is fixing it."



SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

BY MRS. S. B. DANA.

SPARKLING and bright, in its liquid light,

Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses!

Chorus—O then resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter,
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
Or sweet as the sparkling water.

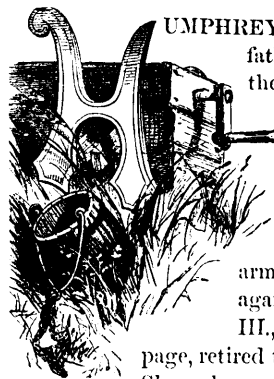
Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A calm delight both day and night
To happy homes bestowing.

Chorus—O then resign, etc.

Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled—
Of the weeping wife and mother;
They've given up the poisoned cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

Chorus—O then resign, etc.

THE UNGRATEFUL SERVANT.



UMPHREY BANNISTER and his father were both servants to the Duke of Buckingham, and had been born in his house and brought up by him; and when the duke was put to flight by an unfortunate accident befalling the army which he had raised against the usurper, Richard III., he, without footman or page, retired to Bannister's house, near Shrewsbury, as to a place where he

had every reason in the world to look for security. Bannister, however, upon Richard's proclamation promising one thousand pounds reward to him that should apprehend the duke, betrayed his master to John Merton, high sheriff of Shropshire, who sent his grace under a strong guard to Salisbury, where Richard then was; and there, in the market-place, the unfortunate duke was beheaded to satiate the malice of the monarch.

But divine vengeance pursued this traitor Bannister; for, demanding the reward that was the price of his master's blood, the king, forgetting that we ought to keep faith even with a bad man, refused to pay the thousand pounds, saying:

"He that would be false to so good a master ought not to be encouraged."

Troubles followed rapidly upon this ungrateful man. Bannister's eldest son ran mad, and died in a hogsty; his second son became deformed and lame; his third son was drowned in a small puddle of water; his eldest daughter was grievously injured for life by one of his carters, and his second was seized with a leprosy whereof she died; and, to complete these dreadful visitations, Bannister himself was hanged for manslaughter.

SERGEANT S. PRENTISS AND HIS MOTHER.

FROM his mother Sergeant S. Prentiss drew those gentler qualities that shone upon his life, that shed their sweetness in his eloquence, and gave a charm to his society. Years ago, when his repute was spread, and he was on a visit to the North, an esteemed lady in one of our cities visited the steamboat in which she learned he was about to leave in a few mo-

ments. When introduced she said to Mr. Prentiss:

"I have wished to see you, for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son."

He instantly replied from his heart, "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother."

His is one of the many instances in which eminent men in all ages have fondly traced to a mother's early training (under God) the culture of their minds, their habits of virtue, and the breathings of their piety.

A BOY was boasting to a friend of the beauties of his father's house. "It's got a cupola," said he, "and it's going to have something else."

"What is it?" asked his interested companion.

"Why, I heard father tell mother this morning that it is going to have a mortgage on it."

A MOTHER trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep one night said to her:

"Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?"

"I am trying," she replied.

"But you haven't shut your eyes."

"Well, can't help it; 'ums come unbuttoned."

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