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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL MC

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 5.

DECEMBER 12, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 197.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

## SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

Poor fellows! Don't you pity them? There is nothing but a frail raft, made of pieces of their lost ship, between them and the hungry deep. The land is far off and no friendly ship is in sight. They have no food with them. Alas, how hopeless their case is! The little boy looks very serious about it. His father, who holds him within his arms, is weeping with despair. The crew are doing their best to make the raft strong enough to resist the force of the waves. But there is not much to cheer them, for the prospect is that they will either be drowned or starved to death in a few hours.

What became of them? I am glad to say that, notwithstanding all their danger, they were picked up and carried to their island home. Those people lived in Tahiti. The weeping man had married a missionary's daughter and settled there. The little boy was his son. They had been overtaken by a storm while sailing in a schooner from one island to another. Their vessel had capsized and gone to

pieces; but after going almost into the jaws of death God saved them.

It is very dreadful to be wrecked at sea. But I have seen something still worse than that. What? Why, I have seen boys making wrecks of their souls—boys who, in spite of all they learned at Sunday-school, in spite of all their parents had taught them, in spite of the teachings of the blessed God, were doing all manner of wicked things. They were swearing, lying, drinking, smoking, disobedient boys, rushing as fast as the hours sped down the broad way which leadeth to destruction. They were WRECKED BOYS! Could I speak to them I would say:

"O foolish boys, to ruin yourselves when Jesus calls you to peace, purity, and heaven!"

To you, sweet children, who are in the pleasant ways of duty let me say:

"Enter not into evil paths. Join not the company of the wicked. Avoid the wide gate and the broad way to ruin. Follow not a multitude to do evil. Do not make wrecks of your souls, but stay with Jesus in the places of joy and safety." X.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

## THE NOBLE NEWSBOY.

WHEN the news of one of the great victories won by the Union armies over the Southern rebels reached the city of Albany, a lawyer in one of the hotels was so delighted that he seized a little newsboy in his arms and with a terrible oath said:

"You are a fine boy—a man—I'll make you a general, perhaps president. What is your father's name?"

"My father is dead, sir," replied the boy, looking very grave.

"Well, well, I must adopt you as my boy. Say, my son, how would you like that, to go and live with me and become a man in the world?"

All this was mingled with many oaths. The boy looked sad, and, speaking very firmly, said:

"I shouldn't like to live with a man that swears so."

The gentleman felt this blow and let the boy go. Everybody could see that he was wounded. Everybody admired the conduct of the poor orphan newsboy.

The boy was worthy of the admiration of all the children on earth. In refusing to become the adopted son of a rich lawyer did he not choose a life of poverty and hardship rather than wealth and ease in the home of a swearer? He made this choice because he loved the name of his God and could not bear to hear it taken in vain. Noble little newsboy! He has the same spirit which led Moses to refuse to become the son of Pharaoh's daughter.

Such high-souled little fellows are scarce.

It would be well for children themselves and for the world if every boy and girl had just such nobility of nature. May the good God, our heavenly Father, give you all a portion of the same spirit! X.

## A BOY THAT WOULD GET UP EARLY.

WHEN the Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan was a boy, yielding to his father's wise advice, he acquired the habit of studying early in the morning rather than late at night; and he acquired the habit in such a manner as to show the earnest spirit and strength of purpose of which he was capable. When the occasion seemed to demand it, he placed an alarm on a bracket over the head of his bed, and near it a jug filled with water, and so connected the one with the other that when the alarm ran down the jug would overturn and discharge its contents upon his pillow if he did not at once rise to prevent it.

IDLENESS is the dead sea, which swallows all virtues, and is the self-made sepulcher of a living man.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE EXILES.

DRUNKARDS again? No. Why, that man has fallen down flat, and they are whipping him to make him get up. Yes, I see; but he is not drunk. He is an old man. He has come a long distance on foot, and he is weak and tired with his journey, and I suppose he would about as soon die just where he is as to get up and go on. He appears to be an intelligent man, but very sad, as if some great sorrow had swept over him. But why do they beat him so? and those other fine-looking men in the party, why are they chained together in that way and ordered about by those fierce-looking soldiers?

Ah, my little travelers, it is a sad story, but, alas! too true. These are political prisoners, men that have offended the government, or perhaps some of them have broken some law of the country, and for these causes they are sent into exile. They are on their way to Siberia, that great cold country in Asia that stretches away to the east of Russia in Europe. There they are put to work in the mines of the government—men of genius, education, and ability are all thrust in together and soon worked to death. This is a sad punishment even to those who have done wrong; but as they are often sent off without trial, it not unfrequently happens that the innocent suffer with the guilty.

I recall a sad case, a thing that happened to one Ambos, a professor in a university, who was also a Lutheran minister, falsely accused of a crime, and through the malice of some enemy made to appear guilty. So he was suddenly torn from his friends and hurried off to Siberia. It was a sad blow to his aged parents, for they had already lost two sons in the army, and this son and a daughter were all that were left to them. As he lived at a distance from them, it was some time before they heard of it, and even then they could not learn what had become of him. The whole thing was involved in great mystery, and the old father sunk under the trouble and anxiety, and died.

After some years a traveler called at the inn of the place and inquired for the friends of Ambos. He told them that the year previous, while traveling in Siberia, he had found poor Henry Ambos in rags at work in a gang of prisoners. He had told him his name and history, and begged him on his return to hunt up his family and let them know where he was. The mother and daughter immediately began to take some means to get at the truth of

the matter and to petition the emperor in his behalf. It was a serious undertaking, but the sister, Betty, had her heart in it, and she determined to push it through. So she visited the place where her brother had lived, and at last succeeded in getting a full account of the trial and of the injustice that had been practiced, and with the necessary papers and a petition for his pardon she set off for St. Petersburg.

Here she had the greatest difficulty in getting her papers before the emperor. The officer whose business it was to attend to such matters absolutely refused to have anything to do with them, and she could get none of the others to listen to her. At last she determined to see the emperor himself, though this was an undertaking attended with the greatest difficulty. The doorkeepers would not admit her to the palace, and she had not friends of sufficient influence to get an interview for her. So she watched his suite when he went to church, or to the park, or to reviews, but all to no purpose; the guards or the servants always kept her back. At last some ladies of rank became interested in her story, and one of them, the Countess Elise, offered to let her go in her dress and carriage, and be introduced in her name. This would gain her entrance to the palace and then she must manage for herself. So she was admitted, and the emperor, being told that the Countess Elise waited to see him, came to meet her. Of course, he was very much surprised to see that it was not the countess at all, but a stranger; still he was not angry, and he permitted her to state her business, even condescended to look over the papers she had brought with her, and before she left he gave her reason to hope that her brother would be pardoned. After five days of suspense she received the pardon of her brother with the emperor's seal and signature, and then she rejoiced with great joy.

But she would not trust the precious paper out of her own hands. Nothing would answer but that she must go herself and take it to her brother. So she started off alone on that long and weary journey. For a whole week she traveled day and night, and after a couple of days of rest she traveled another week, for there were neither railroads nor balloons on her route. She traveled post, as it is called, which is something like our stage-coach traveling. O how eagerly she presented herself to the officer at the end of her journey and showed him the pardon of her brother. He received her kindly and read

over the paper carefully, and then said slowly:

"I am sorry, but the Henry Ambos mentioned in this paper is dead!"

Poor girl! Her efforts had been all in vain. God, in whose hands are the lives of all, waits not the movements even of the Russian emperor; he had pardoned the poor worn-out man and taken him home to rest in heaven.

Yes, though we may scarcely ever think of it, that will be the end of all our travels, my little ones. However widely we may wander here, we shall all come at last to the same gate, some sooner, some later; but one by one we shall all certainly come there. And what will be our lot after we have passed through it? Can we answer that question? How little it matters where we spend our lives here, but how much it matters where we spend them hereafter! AUNT JULIA.

### THE TEAR-BOTTLE.

It is a custom among the Chinese to have a tear-bottle. When two women quarrel they go before a magistrate. A tear-bottle is given to the person who says she is aggrieved, and if she

can fill it with tears, the magistrate says, "I perceive you have been harshly treated. I shall award a great punishment to the one by whom you have been oppressed."

If she can only half fill it, the punishment is reduced one half, but if she cannot shed one tear, there is no punishment at all.

### RULES FOR DOING GOOD.

Do all the good you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
To all the people you can,  
In every place you can,  
At all the times you can,  
As long as ever you can.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### HOW EMMA ROSE MINDED HER TEXT.

"EMMA, dear, repeat your verse," said Mrs. Rose to her daughter one morning at family prayer.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," said Emma.

Prayer was then offered by Emma's father, after which the little girl bounded into the garden to look at her flowers. Emma was very fond of flowers, and this morning the first thing she did was to take her little green watering-pot, fill it with water from the well, and go to a bank under the dining-room window. There she meant to water a lovely Fuschia, or Ladies Ear-drop, which her aunt had sent her a few days before. But, to her great grief, the flower-pot was overturned and the Fuschia broken.

The cause of this disaster was close at hand. It was Emma's cat which had capsized the flower-pot. Emma's anger rose within her breast like a sudden storm. Her eyes flashed. She ran with uplifted arm toward puss, and was about to strike her a heavy blow when her morning text came into her mind. She dropped her arm in a moment, and, instead of striking, stroked puss gently, saying:

"You have broken my flower, puss, but I mustn't get angry. I must rule my spirit. I must be slow

to anger. You are a thoughtless puss, but I suppose you didn't know any better. If you had you wouldn't have spoiled my lovely plant."

Thus, you see, Emma's text did her good. Why? Because she minded it. Exactly so. If she had not given heed to it, learning it would have done her no good. Mark, then, my children, this truth. It is not by merely *learning* texts of Scripture that you are made better, but by *minding* them after they are learned. X.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

"I'VE TRIED MY BEST."



"T'S no use, pa; I've tried my best and can't bring the answer out."

Thus spoke, or whined, rather, Master Edward Starks as he pushed his slate across the table and looked with a most rueful face toward his father.

"Have you *really* tried your best, my son?" asked Mr. Starks, looking up from his book with a smile.

"Yes, pa, *really*," said Edward; "I have been just an hour poking over this one sum, and it won't come out right anyhow."

"Am I to understand that '*poking* over your sum' is what you mean by doing your best?" asked Mr. Starks, with a glance at his son which brought a blush to his cheek.

"What a *tease* you are, pa!" replied the boy.

"No, not a *tease*, but a true friend, my son," rejoined Mr. Starks. "I think that your phrase, '*poking* over this sum,' silly as the phrase is, proves that you have not done your best. If it has any meaning at all, it signifies that you have sat over your slate thinking of everything but your sum, and that you have not steadily tried to apply the rule to which it belongs to the statements it contains. Had you done so you would have worked it out three quarters of an hour ago."

Edward made no reply to this truthful account of his mental action except to exclaim:

"Father, I believe you are a wizard!"

His father was wizard enough to know that neither his son nor any other bright boy could really try to *think* out a simple sum for over an hour without doing it. In fact, Edward had been thinking of a hundred other things besides his sum. He had been in a day-dream. He had not given his whole mind to the work before him.

He soon proved the truth of this statement. Feeling his father's rebuke, he drew the slate toward him, read over his rule anew, examined the terms of the sum, decided which was the numerator and which the denominator, divided, subtracted, and multiplied according to the rule, and surprised himself by finding that he had found the correct answer.

"It comes out right, pa!" cried he, rubbing his hands in high glee.

"That's the fruit of really doing your best, my son," replied his father.

Mr. Starks was right. When boys and girls really try their best they almost always do their tasks well. There is Minnie Mix, for example. She will sit with her sewing in her lap a half hour at a time making thought-pictures of her friends, Ettie and Sarah, and of the good times they are having with their little brother, without making one stitch. Then rousing herself she will sigh, and say pettishly enough:

"O dear, I wish this sewing was done. I wish girls didn't have to sew."

She will then ply her needle with great swiftness the next half hour, driving it along the seam with the force of a little sewing-machine. When her mother examines her work she finds the seams puckered and crooked, and when she points out the fault of the work Minnie pouts and whines out her threadbare excuse:

"I can't help it. I did my best."

At other times Minnie will have the baby placed under her care. Then while baby sleeps in his cradle Minnie



MINNIE'S "THOUGHT-PICTURE."

will take up a story-book and begin to read. Presently baby wakes up, and, being tired of laying, he wants to be taken out, talked to, and bounced round a little. But it doesn't suit Minnie to do these kind things for baby. She prefers to go on with her reading. Baby feels himself ill-used, cries, kicks off the clothes, and makes all the fuss he can. This isn't exactly right, but what can baby do? Kicking and crying are his only means of bringing Minnie to terms. But Minnie reads on, rocking the cradle with her foot, and stopping now and then to cry, "Be still!" "Stop crying!" "Bother the baby!" "I wish there were no babies!" and similar idle speeches. To all this baby replies by crying louder and louder still, until his voice reaches mamma's ears and brings her into the room saying:

"Minnie, my dear, why don't you keep baby quiet?"

"I can't, mamma; I've been trying my best to quiet him this half hour and he won't be still."

"Pshaw! Minnie, you haven't done your best and you know it. You fib when you say you have. And so do all the girls and boys in the Advocate family when, without having given their whole minds to their tasks, they claim to have done their best. Remember, my children, trying your best means that you give all your thoughts and all your strength to your tasks and duties. Remember still further, that they who do this seldom fail. There is no such word as fail among children who really try their best."

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.



Is putting his hat on the table to-day the corporal upset a pile of books which had been ready to topple over for several days. Seeing the old gentleman busy placing the books in order, I told him he needn't take so much

pains with them, but to let them remain as they were.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "I make it a point to do whatever I undertake in my very best manner. I owe this habit to a maxim taught me by my good old grandfather, long since departed. When I was a boy I often spent a few weeks at his house. On one occasion he set me and my Cousin Charlie to work weeding a garden-path. Feeling anxious to please my grandfather, I did my best. My cousin didn't like the work, and his part wasn't half weeded when grandfather came into the garden. Seeing the difference between my work and Charlie's, he patted my head and said, 'You have done well, because you have done your best. Charlie has done his work in a slovenly way, because he didn't like his task and didn't try to do his best. Now, boys, let me give you a maxim that will be worth thousands of dollars to you if you observe it—Whenever you undertake to do anything do your best. No matter how trivial a thing it is, if you

do it at all, *do your best*. ALWAYS DO YOUR BEST.' I treasured up that maxim, Mr. Editor, as a sacred legacy from grandfather, and it has been worth much to me all my life."

Your grandfather was wise, corporal. I knew him well. His maxim is valuable, and I hope your company will adopt it—but the letters, corporal, the letters! Where are they?"

"Here they are, sir, thick as the leaves on your lawn; but let me first give my Try Company a Bible question in verse which I found in a magazine printed in dear old England, our glorious fatherland. Who can solve it?"

"The name a dying mother gave  
Her babe in sorrow born;  
A woman whose untimely grave  
Should us from falsehood warn;  
Israel's high priest, 'The saint of God,'  
An exile and a stranger  
Who still in David's footsteps trod  
And gave to him in danger;  
The race from which proud Haman came;  
A Syrian servant, one  
Who with a murderer's hand and name  
Possessed his master's throne.  
The initials and the finals show  
Two prophets good and great,  
Whose grand predictions, all allow,  
To Jesus Christ relate.

"Here is a letter from an '*old boy*.' He says:

"I did not know till last evening that you admitted boys as old as I (sixty-one years) into your Try Company. On reading your excellent S. S. Advocate—yes, excellent—I find that you admitted the Rev. E. Garrison, an old man. Now I am no *Rev.*, but I am trying to get to heaven. I am a Sunday-school scholar, and have been when practicable from the time when I was twenty years of age, at which time I first saw a Sunday-school. I attend two, one in the morning four and a half miles distant. I am not always there since my youngest son has gone to the war. In the afternoon, in our own neighborhood, I have as yet never failed. I am in my second dotage, if, in fact, I ever was out of my first. My parents feared God, and lived and died in the Church. God converted all their children. I joined the same Church when fourteen years of age. I promised my wife when dying that I would meet her in heaven and bring all the children with me. Thank God they have all seven given their hearts to God, and are trying to follow their mother to heaven. I am trying and will try. Mr. Corporal, will you admit me?"

"God bless thee, dear old patriarch! May thy mantle fall on my Try Company and bind them to the Sunday-school for life. I admit you cheerfully to my ranks."

So says the corporal, and so say I. Read on, corporal!

"LUCY B. says:

"I am a little orphan girl eleven years old. I have a nice home, kind adopted father and mother, who are very kind to me. Addie, Eddie, and Emma are my little companions, but I am sorry to say I am cross to them sometimes. I want to join your Try Company. Addie is seven years old and wants to join it too. Will you take us? If you will, instead of saying 'I can't,' we will say, 'I'll try.'"

"I'll admit Lucy," says the corporal, "because she sees her faults and is trying to mend them."

But what about Addie, Mr. Corporal?

"Enlist her, by all means, Mr. Editor. She comes in good company, and if she lives to be a woman will have cause to be glad she ever enlisted."

What next, corporal?

"JOHN MILTON writes that nearly all the teachers and scholars in his school belong to the Church and are battling for heaven. That's good news, indeed. I wish all my children were members of Christ's Church. ELLA M. C. says:

"O what a good paper you print! Many little boys and girls when they write to you say they wish you would put your likeness in the paper. They want to see how nice-looking such a good editor must be. Our school is ahead of any I have heard of, because we were presented with your picture, with your name written on it, all framed in beautiful gilt moulding. But only those who have one thousand merit marks can have one of those pretty presents. I have one. Then we have the best singing, and the largest school, and the best teachers, and the best superintendent I ever saw, perhaps as good as you ever saw. When our superintendent talks to us he gets happy all over, and that's a good deal too, for he is very large. I heard he weighs two hundred and forty-six pounds, and his great heart is all love. I want to join your Try Company. Will you accept me?"

Accept you, Ella? Of course, I can't do anything else. A girl who has my picture and autograph as the reward of a thousand merit marks I cannot find it in my heart to reject. The corporal laughs and says, "Ella is an optimist. She has the best of everything, hopes for the best, and stands among the best girls in her Sunday-school. May heaven bless her with its best gifts!"

## NOTHING TO THANK GOD FOR.

A LITTLE girl did not want to pray when she retired to rest. I do not like to tell you her true name, so I will call her Helen.

"Have you nothing to thank God for?" asked her mother.

"No," said Helen; "you and papa give me everything."

"Not for your pleasant home?" asked her mother.

"It is my papa's house; he lets me live in it."

"Where did the wood come from that it was built of?"

"From trees," answered Helen, "and they grow in big forests."

"Who planted the big forests? Who gave rain to water them? Who gave the sun to warm them? Who did not allow the winter to kill them or the lightning to blast them? Who kept them growing from little trees big enough to build houses with? Not papa, not mamma; it was God."

Helen looked her mother in the eye and then said, "Papa bought nails to make it with."

"What are nails made of?" asked her mother.

"Iron," answered Helen, "and men dig iron out of the ground."

"Who put it in the ground, and kept it there safe till the men wanted it?" asked her mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from carpet-men," said Helen, drawing her small fat foot across it.

"Where did the carpet-men get the wool to make it from?" asked her mother.

"From farmers," answered Helen.

"And where did the farmers get it?"

"From sheep and lambs' backs," said Helen.

"And who clothed the lambs in dresses good enough for us? for your dress, I see, is made of nothing but lambs' wool. The best thing we can get is their cast-off dresses. Where did the lambs get such good stuff?"

"God gave it to them, I suppose," said the little girl. "It is you that gives me bread, mother," said she quickly.

"But the flour we got from the store, and the store bought it from the miller, and the miller bought it from the farmer, and the farmer got it from the ground. Did the ground grow it all itself?" said her mother.

"No, God grew it. The sun and the rain, the wind and the air are his, and he sent them to the corn-field. The earth is his too. And so God is at the bottom of everything, isn't he, mother?"

"Yes, God is the origin of every good and perfect gift which we enjoy," answered her mother.

The little girl looked serious. She looked thinking. "Then, mamma, I can't make a prayer long enough to thank God for everything."

"And have you nothing to ask his forgiveness for?" asked the little girl's mother.

"Yes," she said in a low tone, "for not feeling grateful and trying to put him out of my thoughts."

Helen never after that refused to pray.—*Examine.*

## AN IRISHMAN'S REPORTEE.

AN Irish Roman Catholic once said to another who had taken the pledge and received a medal from Father Mathew, "And so you have signed the teetotal pledge, have you?"

"Indeed I have, and I am not ashamed of it either."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did," said the teetotaler; "but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."



## THE GOOSE AND HER FRIEND THE DOG.

A SPECIES of the armed, or the Cambrian goose, a native of Africa, belonging to a person in Scotland, was observed some time to pay particular attention to a dog which was chained up; and, what was singular, this dog had invariably manifested a great dislike to poultry, never allowing them to come within reach of his chain. But in this case he laid aside all his former animosity, and received his new acquaintance with every mark of affection. The goose, finding she had nothing to fear from her canine friend, would enter the kennel, in the center of which, among the straw, she made her nest and deposited her eggs, which was not known till one of the family mentioned that the goose slept with her head on the dog's bosom. The singularity of the circumstance led to an examination of the box, but not without the greatest reluctance on the part of the dog, who appeared determined to protect what was left to his charge. On removing the straw five eggs were discovered in a fine bed of down and feathers. The dog was in the habit of going into his box with the greatest care for fear of injuring the eggs.

## WHAT USE ARE FLIES AND SPIDERS?



A YOUNG prince used often to wonder for what purpose God had made flies and spiders; as he could not see, he said, what use they were to men,

and if he had the power to kill them all he would. One day after a battle he was obliged to hide from his enemies; and wandering about in a wood, he lay down beneath a tree and fell asleep. A soldier passing by, who belonged to the enemy, was quietly drawing near with his sword to kill the prince, when suddenly a fly stung his lip and woke him. Seeing his danger, he sprang to his feet and escaped!

That night the prince again hid himself in a cave in the same wood, and during the night a spider wove her web across the entrance. Two soldiers be-

longing to the army which had defeated him, and who were looking for the prince, passed the cave in the morning and the prince heard their conversation. "Look!" cried one of them, "he is surely concealed in this cave."

"No," replied the other, "that is impossible; for if he had gone in there he would have brushed down the spider's web at the entrance."

When they had gone away the prince raised his hands and his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for yesterday saving his life by means of a fly, and now again by a spider, and acknowledged that the ways and works of God are perfectly good and wise.

## "IF YOU PLEASE."

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was sick the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the duke replied:

"Yes, if you please."

These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them. He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers. They order so. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard

heart. In all your home talk remember, "If you please." Among your playmates don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary.

Don't forget three little words, "If you please."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## QUEER IDEA OF THUNDER.

DURING a thunder-shower the past season Willie sat on his little cricket listening intently all the while. Suddenly looking up, he asked, "Uncle Ned, can you tell what makes the thunder?"

"God," was the reply.

"Why," said Willie in a tone of surprise, "I thought that it was people in heaven moving back their chairs after a meeting!" COUSIN GENIE.

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