

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · M.C.

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 11.

MARCH 14, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 179.



especially at his broad brow, and tell me if you see anything there by which you can tell the future fortune of that boy?

You really can't tell. You are not a fortune-teller, eh? Pretty good for you! If you were, or pretended to be rather, a fortune-teller, I should put a black mark against your name, because a "fortune-teller" is simply a cheat. But I wanted you to form a judgment of that lad's future by studying the character which his face expresses.

You can't do that. Very well. Suppose, then, I tell you that this lad in the quarry, who is so diligently studying the form and color of a dead bird, which was blown out of a cranny in the rocks just now by a blast, will one day be a great man; that he will exchange the companionship of laborers for that of learned men, and become a famous author, and a man whose name will be "in the mouth of the world." What would you say to that?

You don't think it very likely, eh? Indeed! You are wrong, my little friend. That lad's name is HUGH MILLER! He is spending his first day in a quarry as a mason's apprentice. But he keeps his eyes open. He closely observes everything he sees, from that dead bird to the marks on the rocks. While he works hard with his hands he thinks with his brains. He treasures up his ideas. He reads a great deal. He is industrious, contented with his lot, and finds his pleasure not in silly frolics, but in study. By and by he writes a book. Learned men read it, praise it, seek out its author, and encourage him to renewed effort. He rises step by step until the world sees in him the scholar and the man of science. His books are sought for, and, after adding many new facts to the stock of human knowledge, he

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE THOUGHTFUL QUARRY BOY.

WHAT think you of that lad in the quarry, my reader? His clothes are coarse, his work is hard

and rough, but his face is full of thought. Look at it closely and tell me how you like it.

Like it first rate. Think there is something good in it, do you? I agree with you. But look again,

dies and goes to heaven.

Wasn't that a noble life? Don't you want to live such a life? *You do?* That is a very good wish. But to do so you must *begin* right. If you give

your hours up to play and go through the world with the eyes of your mind shut, you may be a blockhead, but you can't be a Hugh Miller. No; frolic, idleness, and thoughtlessness never made a boy grow into a great man. Work, study, thought, patience, and prayer are the tools with which boys carve their way to eminence. Will you use those tools, my son? If so give me your hand. I give you my blessing, and when I am in my grave and you stand upon the heights of your renown and usefulness, I wish you to shed a tear of affection in memory of your true old friend,

FRANCIS FORRESTER, Esq.



HYMN.

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

When, lo! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

And all, but One, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And he was fast asleep.

Master, we perish! Master, save!
They cried—their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And still'd them with a word.

He to the storm says, "Peace—be still!"
The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey his will,
And all are hushed to peace.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOD SEES ME.



JOHN, a boy of ten years, was visited for a week by Freddie Ranger, a child four years younger than himself. Because of the difference in their ages, I am sorry to say, John looked down upon his little visitor, and did not try to make it at all pleasant for him, but called him a baby, because he, being a slender child, could not play at such rough sports as himself.

All this Freddie bore very patiently. But sometimes as the twilight came on he could not keep the big tears out of his eyes, as he then thought oftenest of home and the kind mother he had there. John never failed at such times to call him a cry-baby, and laugh at him heartily for thinking so much of home.

One evening John's sister Ann said that she would make them some molasses-candy. They followed her into the kitchen, where they watched the molasses as it boiled; and when at last it was poured into a pan, they asked Ann if she would not set it out doors, where it would cool faster than in the house. Accordingly, it was placed on a bench which stood under an old maple-tree, and as Bridget had

just told Ann that there were callers waiting for her in the parlor, she said to the boys:

"Now you stay and watch the candy so that Carlo will not burn his nose in it."

"O I'm afraid," said John, catching hold of her dress; "make Bridget come."

"Why, John! I am surprised that you should be afraid, so near the house too. Are you afraid, Freddie?"

"No, ma'am," answered Freddie so promptly that Ann was surprised.

"Not at all?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"He'd be afraid to go down there, I guess," said John, pointing to a distant part of the yard where clothes were hung to dry.

"Would you?" asked Ann.

"No, ma'am," Freddie answered.

"Yes, he would too," said John, still holding his sister's dress. "If you wasn't afraid you'd go and show that you wasn't, you know you would, Freddie."

Without making any reply to this taunt, Freddie walked off and was soon hidden among the clothes.

"Most children are afraid in the dark, why are not you?" said Ann, when he again stood by her side.

"Why God sees me, and will take care of me in the night as well as in the day; so mother says."

Ann kissed the little boy's rosy lips, and in her heart thanked him for the beautiful lesson of faith he had taught her. John said no more of being afraid, but watched the candy in silence. Never after did he call Freddie a baby. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DYING WORDS.

ONE day a little boy in Minnesota, named George, said to his mother, "I don't think I shall live long. I want you to pray for me, ma; I shall pray for myself too. I am quite willing to die, but I do not want to go *alone*. Dear ma, wont you go with me? If you can't do that will you take my hands and go with me as far as you can? Don't weep for me when I am gone, for I shall come back to you, if God will let me, and comfort you when you are alone in this room. You may not see me, but I shall see you."

These were singular words for a boy only eight years old and in good health to utter, were they not? What is still more singular, the little fellow was taken sick two weeks afterward and did actually die. But before he went away he lost his fear of going *alone*, and died smiling, pointing upward and saying: "That is the way I am going."

George seems to have had what is called a *pre-sentiment* of his death. Get your dictionaries and find that big word, children! God does sometimes give us such a notice that he is about to send for us by his faithful messenger, Death. But we must not wait for such notices before we get ready to die, because they are given to only a very few, and Jesus says we should be *always ready*.

In one of our families six brothers and sisters were sent for almost together. Their names were George, Leander, Charlie, Willie, Linie, and Callie. They all sent messages of love to me and to you. Willie said, "Heaven seems only two feet above my head. When I get where Jesus is I shall never be thirsty again." Linie wished you all to know that she died happy. To them I say, "Good-by, my six sweet brothers and sisters, for a little while. We are all coming after you. Nearly a million of us, teachers and scholars, are on the way." May we all be ready when Jesus calls! W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GREEDY WILL.

"WILL you ask a blessing, Willie?" said a father one day to his little son.

Willie closed his eyes, put his hands together, and in a soft, sweet voice said a "grace before meat." Had you seen and heard him you might have exclaimed, "What a pious little boy!"

But no sooner was the "grace" said than Willie pushed his plate toward his father and asked for meat, pudding, potatoes, squash, apple-sauce, and, in short, for everything on the table. No sooner was he helped than he began to eat so fast that one could not help thinking of the way a pig eats. In a few minutes his plate was empty, and while his mouth was yet half filled he pushed his plate to his pa and said:

"I want some more."

Thus Willie stuffed his stomach until he could not



LITTLE CURLY TAIL.

swallow another morsel. Then he waddled away from the table, feeling very uncomfortable. He was as cross as a sick bear all the afternoon. He had eaten so much that his temper was soured. Willie might have learned a lesson from Little Curly-tail in yonder tree. You never catch that fellow eating until he can't move. He loves motion too well.

Now what do you think of Willie? Was he a pious boy? "Willie pious? Why, pious boys aren't greedy, are they?" you reply. Right, my children. Willie was not pious. If he had been his piety would have conquered his *greediness*. Pious children always have grace by which they overcome their great faults.

NOVEL LOCOMOTIVE.

In a certain Sabbath-school the superintendent made a powerful appeal to the scholars to be active and useful, and among other things he told them they should all be locomotives, each taking along its train toward heaven. The next Sabbath, just as school opened, in came one of the best and most zealous boys with thirteen new scholars behind him, and went up the aisle uttering a noise, *puff, puff, puff*, imitative of the engine, to the amazement of the superintendent, teachers, and scholars.

"What does this mean?" said the astonished superintendent.

"Why," said the boy, "you said we must all be locomotives, and here I am with thirteen cars behind me."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

NOT QUITE RIGHT.

I WAS standing at the door one evening with my little boy, when he began looking intensely into the sky and inquired, "Where's God gone?"

I asked what he meant.

"Why," said he, pointing to the moon just darting from behind the clouds, "isn't that a little bit of God?"

The little fellow was almost right. The moon is a little bit of God's *works*, not of *himself*. God is a *Spirit*, and cannot be *seen* with the eye. But he can be felt in the *heart* even of a child. X.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1863.

"DO TALK TO ME ABOUT JESUS."



GOOD man while visiting the sick poor in a high tenant-house noticed a ladder leading into a garret. He climbed the rickety steps, and, rapping gently, heard a feeble voice say, "Come in!"

He went in and found a room without a chair, table, or bed. Nothing but a bundle of hay in the corner with a pale, wasted girl upon it, covered with a bit of coarse matting. It was a bitterly cold day, and the snow was falling fast outside and drifting in through the broken windows, but not a spark of fire was on that naked hearth. The sight made the heart of the missionary sad. Going up to the bundle of hay he said:

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Emma, sir," replied the girl.

"Where is your mother, my dear?"

"I have no mother, sir."

"Where is your father?"

"Gone out to see if he can get work."

"Have you no brother, no sister, no one to take care of you?"

"No, sir."

"You will be glad then, I suppose," said the good man, "when your father comes back again?"

"No, sir, I don't want him."

"Don't want your father! Why not?"

"Because, sir, I am sorry to say, my father is a bad man. He swears and says wicked words," said the pale-faced child, sighing as she spoke.

"How do you know it is wrong to swear, my dear?"

"O, sir, I learned that at Sunday-school. My teacher told me that Jesus did not love those who used wicked words."

"Do you know anything about Jesus then, my dear?"

Then the poor girl raised herself on her bed of hay, and looking eagerly into the good man's face, said:

"O, sir, do you know anything about Jesus Christ? I do so love him, and I should so like to hear about him again. Do talk to me about Jesus."

The good man did so. He read to her from his Testament also, and then prayed. As he was about leaving she said:

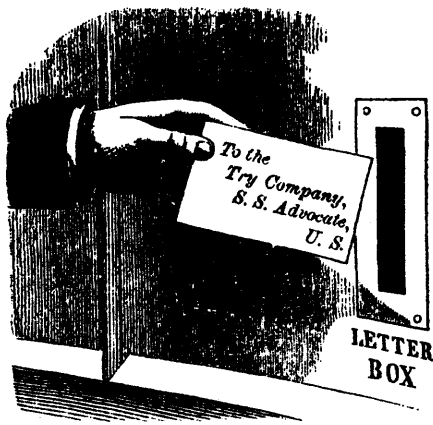
"O, sir, there is one thing more I should so like before you go. Could you sing a hymn? I am so fond of hymns. We used to sing them at Sunday-school, but I never hear any now. Do you know one which begins, 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds?' It is such a beautiful hymn."

The good man sung "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Emma joined in the singing as much as her strength would permit, and then the good man left her, promising to call again soon.

Touched by what he had seen, the gentleman went right to a kind-hearted lady and told her of Emma's piety and of her miserable garret. The lady gave him blankets, food, clothes, and many nice things to comfort her. Again he went up the rickety ladder, knocked, heard no reply, opened the door, went in, and found Emma—dead on the bundle of hay!

This account of poor little Emma is strictly true. Her lot was a hard one outwardly, was it not? But if I have one little girl in my Advocate family who would not rather be Emma, poor as she was, with her love for Jesus, than to be rich and have no love for the Saviour, I shall be surprised to find it out. If there is one such little girl among all my readers I don't want her to write to me. I should feel very bad to know that she preferred riches, health, and friends to my Saviour.

LITTLE FRETFUL.—I have a reader who spends more time in fretting than in eating, working, studying, or praying. Will some one tell me what benefit Little Fretful gains by fretting?



OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

WHAT are you doing, corporal?

"Dropping a letter into the box for my company. It is very short. Shall I read you a copy of it, Mr. Editor?"

Certainly, corporal. You couldn't write a stupid letter if you were to try; and then by reading it in council you will get it reported, so that those not of your famous Company will see it as well as those who have taken your pledge. Read on, sir, if you please.

"I hear and obey, Mr. Editor. My letter is addressed thus:

"TRY COMPANY, ATTENTION!—Spring, hopeful, frisky young Spring is with us once more, and the time for birds and flowers is nigh. I am glad of it, because I love birds and flowers dearly. I want you to love them too. I forbid you to kill or frighten the former—except crows and hawks—and I desire you to cultivate the latter. Many of you live in the country, and can obtain the use of a bit of ground by asking pa. I want you to do so. Then I wish you to dig, and rake, and sow that patch with your own hands. Sow it with flower-seeds—portulacaeas, caudytuffs, asters, pinks, petunias, mignonette, or anything else you may fancy. Keep your patch nicely weeded. The first bouquet you gather present to your mother as a love gift; the second place in a glass beside your father's plate at the breakfast-table some fine summer morning as your pledge of love to him; the third carry to your Sunday-school teacher as a symbol of your gratitude for his attention to you. Where a number of you belong to one Sunday-school I recommend you to put your pennies together and buy a vase to stand on the superintendent's desk, to



be filled every Sabbath morning with flowers from all your patches. The perfume and beauty of such a bouquet would be a delight to the senses of all in your school, while the loving gratitude expressed by their presence would charm the hearts of your teachers. Next to good order in a Sunday-school, few things please me more than to see a vase of beautiful flowers on the desk. I like to see them in the pulpit too, because they remind me that God is beautiful and delights to make his creatures happy. One thing more: as you cannot send me a bouquet you can press me a specimen of each kind you grow and send me in your letters. I will put them in a book, with the names of the givers under them, and keep them as mementoes of your affection for poor old CORPORAL TRY."

Bravo, corporal! That's a fine letter for an old soldier like you. I am pleased with your proposal, and hope that it will be the means of placing bouquets all summer on the desks of our thirteen thousand Sunday-schools. What next, corporal?

"Well, here is a Scripture enigma which all may solve who can. On those who cannot I confer the degree of V. L. D., or very lazy dunce:

"I am composed of eleven letters. My first is the initial of a monarch who feared but did not obey the truth; my second, sixth, and third is always on you if you love the Lord; my eleventh, eighth, and fourth once marked the face of a noble Jew when in presence of a mighty king; my fifth is the initial of an 'old disciple' mentioned in holy Scripture; my tenth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and third is what Christ wishes you to be without. My whole is a precept for which children ought to be very thankful to Christ.

"And here are the answers to questions in our last:

- (1.) Elah. He was slain by Zimri. 1 Kings xvi, 8-10.
- (2.) Aaron, Numbers xx, 23-28. (3.) Ehud, Judges iii, 15.
- (4.) Abimelech, Judges ix, 1-6. (5.) Azariah, 2 Kings xv, 1-3. (6.) Job, Jemima, Kezia, Keren-happuck, Job xlii, 14, 15.

"Here is a note about the children in Sharon, Conn., who are doing a good work in the missionary cause. The writer says:

"We have a very interesting school numbering about one hundred and twelve children and youths. Late in the summer of 1861 it was suggested that the school be organized into a missionary society—a new thing to the children—but all entered into it with good cheer, so that when we opened the 'box,' just before I went to conference, we found about ten dollars there, the result of the weekly penny contributions. The children read with great interest the 'Letter Budget,' and we think they are worthy to be received into the ranks of your celebrated Try Company. Will you ask the good old corporal if he would receive so many at one time? I think they will make a valiant band. They are splendid singers, and would be a great addition to the corporal's 'band.' They all love the school, and are the most regular in their attendance of any I have ever had under my charge.

"I'll take that school, singers and all, Mr. Editor. I like to hear my company sing. Children's voices—especially if the singers are Christ's lambs—charm me and make me feel young again.

"SUSIE, of Winterport, says:

"I have long desired to write you a letter, and I will send myself this evening by our cosy fire and attempt to do so. We are having our first snow-storm here, and I am heartily glad to see it, for it reminds me that another merry winter will soon be here. I have taken your paper over a year. I like it very much, especially Frank Forrester's stories. I think they are very interesting."

"I guess that girl skates a little and coasts a good deal," observes Mr. Forrester, stroking his beard.

"And I think she romps some. I'm sure she carries a keen twinkle in her eyes. I'll enlist her," says the corporal.

"And I earnestly request her to call me by my right name, which is Francis Forrester, Esq., and not Frank. Frank, indeed! Pshaw! Call me Francis if you love me, Susie."

Mr. Forrester always ruffles his feathers when his name is mis-called. But give me your ear, Susie. Don't tell anybody, but wait just ten years before you write poetry. Then, if I am alive and edit a paper, I'll print your first poem, that is, if it isn't over eight lines long; but let that be a secret between us two, will you?

"RENA J. C., of Vienna, says:

"I am eleven years of age. We have had protracted meetings here, and several Sabbath-school children have been converted to God; but I want to see more. I have two brothers in the army, and I hope they will fight valiantly for the cause of freedom. I want to be a good girl and live a Christian, and try and do all the good I can in saving poor sinners. I will leave off saying 'I can't,' but I'll adopt a new motto, 'I will try.'

"Rena will do. She is fighting for Jesus while her brothers are fighting for freedom. The brothers of such a sister must be good soldiers."

Bravo, corporal! You are learning to flatter in your old age.

"AUSTIN, of Ipswich, says:

"I am seven years old. I try to be a good boy, and I would like to join the Try Company. Do you think that Corporal Try will accept me?"

Yes, my son, the corporal says he will, for he "knows there's good stuff in the Ipswich boys." The corporal has quite a fancy for old Ipswich. I suspect he lived there once, and that the people used him well.

A SENSIBLE DOG.

A PATENT mangle manufacturer in Edinburgh possessed a Newfoundland dog of most extraordinary sagacity. One day, being left in a room with the door closed, after remaining a long time, no one opening the door, he became impatient and rang the bell. When the servant opened the door she was surprised to find the dog pulling the bell-rope. The same dog would take a penny (which was frequently given him for the purpose) to a baker's-shop and purchase bread for himself. A gentleman who was in the habit of doing this was met in the street by the dog, when he said to him, "I have not a penny with me, but I have one at home."

Shortly after his return home a noise was heard at the door, and the dog sprang in to claim his penny. But this was not all; the penny was a bad one, and being refused at the baker's, the dog immediately returned, knocked at the gentleman's door, laid down the penny at the servant's feet, and walked off, seemingly with the greatest contempt.

A mangle had been sent away from his master's warehouse in the absence of this dog. It was put in a cart to be delivered at a distance. His master walking out with him in the same direction, suddenly missed him from his side, and shortly after, proceeding on the road, met the cart coming back toward Edinburgh, with the dog holding fast by the reins and the carter in the greatest perplexity. He said that the dog had overtaken him, jumped into the cart, examined the mangle, and had then seized the reins of the horse and turned him fairly round, and would not let go his hold, although he had beaten him with a stick. On his master's arrival, however, the dog quietly allowed the carter to proceed to his place of destination.—MORRIS.

"SHALL I LEARN TO DANCE?"

Asks a young reader. Certainly, by all means. Commence with the "quickstep" out of bed in the morning, and keep it up till the "chores" are finished. The boys will of course have a "cow-drill" at the barn, while the girls are engaged in a "country-dance" in the kitchen. After this, all hands "change" and promenade to school, keeping step to the music of merry laughter. Repeat the same on the way home at night, with an occasional variation in winter by "tripping the toe" and having a "break-down" in a snow-bank. A "reel" now and then will be quite in place for the girls who have learned to spin, but the boys should never think of it. If these and kindred dances are thoroughly practiced they will leave little time and no necessity for the polkas, schottisches, and other immodest fooleries of the ball-room.—*American Agriculturist.*

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

In the very interesting collection of London Antiquities, formed by Mr. Charles Roach Smith, and now in the British Museum, are specimens of "thrift-boxes:" small and wide bottles with imitation stoppers, from three to four inches in height, of thin clay, the upper part covered with a green glaze. On the side is a slit for the introduction of money, of which they were intended as the depositories; and as the small presents were collected at Christmas in these money-pots, they were called "Christmas-boxes," and thus gave name to the present itself. These pots were doubtless of early origin, for we find analogous objects of the Roman period.

My little four-year-old cousin, while playing the other day, hurt his finger. Seeing it bleeding, he called out:

"Hurry, mamma, and stop it up—it's leaking!"



THE CHILD AND THE STRAWBERRIES.

WHEN walking out one summer day,
I saw a little girl at play;
She was searching for flowers in a sunny lane,
But I noticed she sought them all in vain.
Blossoms were plenty in that sweet spot,
But the little maiden found them not;
And sweet wild strawberries ripened there
In the soft green grass and balmy air;
But they chiefly grew in a hidden nook,
Where the little one never thought to look;
Or if, perchance, they caught her eye,
She very quickly passed them by,
On finding they bloomed on soft wet soil,
And could not be reached without some toil.
And when she climbed up higher and higher
She pierced her hands with the thorny brier,
So she soon felt weary, and sat idly down,
To play with the leaves that fell around;
Rather than work for a rich reward,
She fell asleep on the mossy sward.
So is it with us when we wish to do right,
For, instead of trying with all our might,
We make weak efforts, and do not cry
For help from our merciful Father on high.
And, like the child who feared the thorn,
We dread the pricking laugh of scorn—
We expect great rewards, and notice not
Those springing like flowers from a hidden spot.
O let us not faint, but persevere,
This is not our home—we are pilgrims here.
If we do not weary in deeds of love,
We are promised a crown in the realms above.

GOD IS LISTENING.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, "I am praying for the little slave children harder than ever."

"Why?" asked the mother.

"Why," replied the child, "because I see God is listening."

Yes, dear children, pray more earnestly than ever that God would unloose the yoke of the bondman and let the oppressed go free.

LEARNING BY TRANSLATING.



ICERO acquired his wonderful command of the Latin language, his *copia verborum*, by translating Greek into Latin. William Pitt, with the same object in view, devoted ten years to the translation of Latin in English.

He regarded words as his tools—the weapons with which he was to arm himself. Rufus Choate pursued his plan of translation through his whole life. For every Latin, Greek, French, or German word, he endeavored to find five or six corresponding English words. "This exercise," says his biographer, "he persevered in daily, even in the midst of the most arduous business. Five minutes a day, if no more, he would seize in the morning for this task. Tacitus was his favorite author for this purpose, and Plautus. 'Cicero,' he said, 'though noble, could be too easily rendered

into cheap and common English; and it is a rich and rare English which one ought to command who is aiming to control a jury's ear.'"

A SCHOOLBOY'S PRANK.

Two boys of tender age, who went by the names of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain town. On making their appearance, the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories concerning their names, ages, etc.

"Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to one, "what is your name?"

"Tom, sir," very promptly responded the juvenile.

"Tom does not sound well. Remember always to speak the full name. You should have said Thom-as."

Then, turning to the other boy, whose expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly-comprehended idea, the teacher inquired:

"Now, then, can you tell me what your name is?"

"Jack-ass," replied the lad, in a tone of confident precision.

PERT CHILDREN.

A CHILD of five years, having seen her father for the first time, he having been absent in California, was much astonished that he should claim any authority over her, and on occasion of rebellion, as he administered punishment, she cried out, "I wish you had never married into our family."

Another little one, being called by her sick mother, who said to her, "After I am gone I hope you will love your father dearly and take care of him as I have done," replied, with assumed importance, "Yes, I'll keep him out of mischief!"—*Horn Journal.*

HEARING A SPIDER.

My little Cousin Harry ran breathlessly into the house one afternoon, exclaiming:

"O mamma, mamma! dere's a drate big spider on my toat toller!"

His mother looked, and finding none told him he must be mistaken. This did not appear to satisfy him, for, taking off his coat, he said:

"I believe there is one, mamma, for I heard it *breaving*," (breathing.)

You have cause to tremble if the Bible appears a commonplace book.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address, 45 cents per vol.			
" 5 copies	" 10,	" 40	" "
" 10 "	" 20,	" 37½	" "
" 20 "	" 30,	" 35	" "
" 30 "	" 40,	" 32½	" "
" 40 "	" 50,	" 30	" "
" 50 "	" 75,	" 28	" "
" 75 "	" 100,	" 27	" "
" 100 "	" 200,	" 26	" "
" 200 "	and upward,	" 25	" "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

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

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to Rev. Dr. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.