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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 12.

MARCH 28, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 180.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

ONE bright summer's morning two girls, about twelve years of age, were walking along a charming lane in the country. The birds were filling the air with their sweet melody. The flowers shone like gems on the grassy banks which lined the road sides and gave their perfume without stint to the gentle breezes. The two girls seemed delighted, and chatted as merrily as rooks or blackbirds as they sauntered slowly along.

By and by they heard a sob. "What's that?" said Ida; "I thought I heard some one moaning."

"It's that little muff beyond the big tree yonder," said Rhoda, pointing to a child seated by the road side and weeping as if some great trouble had crushed her.

"Poor child!" exclaimed Ida; "let us see what ails her. Come, Rhoda."

"Nonsense, Ida! Let the little goose alone. What business have we with her trouble?" replied Rhoda, pettishly.

But Ida, without heeding this selfish speech, ran toward the weeping child, and in the softest and gentlest of tones said:

"What's the matter, little girl? Tell me what makes you cry, dear. Perhaps I can help you."

Lottie—that was the crying child's name—looked into Ida's face, and seeing love and pity written there, replied:

"I've lost my basket, miss, O! O!"

"How did you lose it, my dear?" asked Ida.

After a long sob Lottie replied, "If you please, ma'am, I had been down to Mr. Flint's after some butter for my mother. O dear! I set my basket down in the road while I went to pick some violets, and when I turned round my basket was gone. O dear, dear, what shall I do! what shall I do! Mother will whip me so."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Ida.

"It's nothing to us. Come along!" said Rhoda, pulling Ida by the dress as she spoke.

But Ida did not regard Rhoda's words. She was too deeply touched by Lottie's grief. So she said:

"Who could have taken it? Did you see no one in the lane?"

"Yes, ma'am, I seed Dick Flynn just now. Maybe he took it, but I don't know. O dear, O! O! How my mother will beat me!"



"Poor child!" sighed Ida as she looked down the lane in search of some sign of Dick Flynn's person. As she was looking that unworthy scamp pushed his mop-like head and dirty face from behind a big tree near by. Miss Ida caught his eye. Seeing he was discovered, Dick brought the basket, and laying it at Ida's feet, said:

"Here's her basket, ma'am. I only took it for fun," and away he scampered, making the air ring with his loud ha, ha, ha; ha, ha, ha.

But poor Lottie sobbed as hard as ever, very much to Ida's surprise. So, taking her by the hand, she said:

"Come, child, don't cry any more, but take your basket and run home like a good little girl."

"Please, ma'am, I've afraid mother'll whip me for staying so long," sobbed Lottie.

"O, is that all? Well, I'll go with you and tell your mother how it happened. Come, my dear, cheer up and walk along with us," replied Ida.

"Don't, Ida! Don't bother any more with that little drab!" said Rhoda, sharply.

"O yes, coz, let us go with her and comfort her poor little heart all we can," replied Ida, taking Lottie's hand and moving down the lane.

Rhoda followed with unwilling feet. When they reached Lottie's cottage they saw her mother standing with arms a kimbo at the door. She was a large, coarse woman, and her face looked as if a

great storm of anger had been gathering in her heart, and was ready to burst upon the head of poor little Lottie. But Ida's presence acted as a lightning-rod, drew the anger quickly out of her heart. Ida explained the cause of Lottie's delay, and the child escaped the scolding and whipping she had so much dreaded. Ida certainly shed sunshine upon Lottie's heart that morning.

That was a little act of kindness in Ida, wasn't it? It did not cost her much, only a few moments of time, a few gentle words, and a few steps out of her way. Yet it saved Lottie a day of suffering, and prevented her mother from feeling the misery and guilt of an angry spirit. As a little grain of mustard produces a great shrub, so her little act of kindness wrought great comfort in Lottie's heart.

Little acts of kindness! How beautiful they are! They are the flowers which give beauty to character. Does not Ida's act make her beautiful in your eyes? But Rhoda—laugh! You don't like

her a bit, do you? Well, if you like Ida best, and I know you do, wont you imitate her? Wont you do, at least, one little act of kindness to some one every day? Wont you also let Rhoda's gruffly selfishness stand to you as a beacon does to seamen—let it warn you to give unkind conduct a wide, very "wide berth?"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE HOUSE BY THE HIGHWAY.

BY RENA RAY.

ALMA lived in a large house, but it wasn't a pleasant house, for it stood right on the dusty highway, exposed all day long to the burning sun. Not a tree grew near to shelter the roof, or vine or shrub to protect the windows, or a spire of grass to enliven the door-way. There was no yard around the house, or a bit of a garden attached to it, so there was nothing green, not even a brier, to be seen. The ground all around was baked by the sun in dry weather till it was as hard as a brick and filled with great cracks, and when there was a rainy spell it was like a bed of mortar, and as sticky as tar.

Just below the house there was a pool, or pond, of stagnant, greenish water, filled with frogs, which kept up an incessant piping and groaning all day long and all night too. On one side of the house was a blacksmith's shop, on the other a stable, and

opposite a large mill; so it would be difficult to conceive of a more unattractive place than this house by the wayside.

Alma had not always lived there; she had been accustomed to a pleasant little cottage, surrounded by trees, near a clear running brook where the willows drooped, and the vines grew thick, and the bobolinks and cat-birds sang merrily through the long summer's day, and the whippowill's plaintive note, and katydid, and cricket were heard through the night.

But reverses came: Alma's father began to use liquor; her mother died; the pleasant cottage was sold, and ere long she and her father and little brother found themselves in a strange place, occupying a couple of small rooms in this large tenement house.

At first Alma was very sad and lonely, for she mourned for her mother and sighed for her home; but she knew it was not right to give up to despair, and so she tried to be cheerful and to do all she could to make the dreary place comfortable for her



ALMA'S FIRST HOME.

father and brother. She had to do all the work, excepting the heaviest, with her own little hands, which kept her so busy that it diverted her mind, a part of the time at least, from her troubles.

But poor little Ollie could not be comforted. He cried for his mother and moaned for the green fields where he played with the lambs, and for the little brook where he watched the tiny fish and sailed his paper boats, and ere many weeks had passed by the poor little sorrowing, homesick boy had grieved out his weary life. At first Alma could not be comforted; but then she remembered what her mother had taught her, and she dried her tears and checked her grief, and commenced again to perform her daily duties. But, poor child, her heart ached so that it seemed as if she could not live, and in these hours of loneliness and sorrow she had no one to console her, for she shrank from the rude people who lived in the same dwelling, and the villagers all shunned the tenement house. Her father came home from his work nearly always intoxicated, and she had no solace only in praying to the good Father, and this sustained her.

Alma had always loved flowers, and she pined so for them that she made a little bed under one of the windows and planted a few morning-glories, hoping that they would twine up and blossom before the summer was quite past. Every morning she would rise early and run out to see if they had not come

up, and when she saw them peeping out of the ground she was so delighted that tears of joy sprang to her eyes. Day by day she watched them with increasing interest, and her sad heart was cheered as she saw the beautiful green leaves putting rapidly forth and the tendrils clinging to the strings which she had arranged for them to twine around.

But, alas! one day when she went out to look at her vines she found, to her great grief, that they had all been destroyed. A stray cow had chanced along and cropped them all off close to the ground. Poor Allie! she was so overcome by the loss of her beautiful vines, which she soon expected to see covered with lovely flowers, that she could not control her feelings, and she burst into tears.

The children that had gathered around her, instead of pitying, derided her, and so she ran into the house and crept away off up into the garret to avoid their noisy mirth. It was some time before she could compose her agitated feelings; but by and by she grew calm, and she rose from the floor, upon which she had been sitting, and bringing out an old rickety chair from among the heaps of rubbish piled up in the corner, she drew it up to the window and sat down. While she sat there looking off in the distance, her eyes brightened and a rosy flush dyed her pale cheeks, for she saw vine-clad hills, and green fields, and the white houses of the village gleaming through the trees, and it seemed to her desolate heart like glimpses of the far away. Happy land! Never before had she been up into that garret, and the discovery which she had made thrilled her heart with delight, almost compensating her for the loss of her vines. She had a passionate love of the beautiful; her heart yearned for it, and the scene which that narrow window disclosed to her view was more beautiful to her than the lovely visions which she sometimes saw in her dreams.

Among the other things which were stored away in the garret was an old trunk, and in this Alma put her books, and every leisure hour was spent by that little window alternately reading and looking out upon the lovely prospect. But some days it would be too warm to stay in the garret, and then, O how she would wish that one of the lovely old elms which she saw in the distance stood right by the door, so she could sit under its cool shadow and hear the birds singing away up among the branches and the wind sighing amid the leaves. But all Alma's wishing brought the elm no nearer; and when the midsummer sun beat down upon the roof, heating up the old garret like a furnace, she would get her bonnet and go down to the village just to stand awhile under the beautiful old trees.

One afternoon, as she stood there looking up with eager eyes at the lovely green canopy over her head, some one hit her a rap upon her shoulder, saying:

"Massa sakes, Al, what you lookin' arter up in the tree, hey?"

Alma started suddenly, for her thoughts had been far away, and turning, beheld Becky Hunt, a girl that also lived in the tenement house, standing beside her.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Becky, opening her mouth to the widest extent; "did I skeer you, then?"

"No, you didn't scare me; but I was so busy a thinking and looking up at these beautiful trees that I didn't hear you, and you startled me a little, that's all."

"But what was you a lookin' so arter in the trees, Al?"

"Nothing; I was only looking to see the lovely green leaves, that's all."

Becky looked at her incredulously, as if she thought she were very foolish, and said:

"Well, I knowed the' was nothin' 'at growed on 'em to eat, an' I thought mebby you'd seen a squirl. Now I never looks at trees what ha'n't got nothin' 'at's good to eat on 'em. I knows where the's trees 'at's got somethin' on 'em 'at's better 'an leaves—red plums—eme,"—and she smacked her lips—"lots of 'em—an' I'se goin' arter some now. Don't you like 'em, Al?"

"Red plums? wild ones? O I guess I do!" exclaimed Alma, her mouth watering at the thoughts of them, for she felt very warm and thirsty, and she had not had a bit of fruit all summer.

"Well, come on, then, if you want some."

Alma hesitated a moment, for she did not like to be in Becky's company; but she craved some of the plums, so that finally she followed on after her. But, instead of conducting her to the meadows, as Alma expected, she led her around to the rear of a large garden where there were a great many trees, some of which were loaded with the loveliest early red plums.

"Now jest help yourself," exclaimed Becky, mounting the fence; "get jest as many on 'em as you want."

"No, I sha'n't touch one of those plums," replied Alma, quickly, "and you mustn't neither. Get down, Becky, right away."

"Ha, ha, Al, don't be skeert," laughed Becky, pulling off the plums; "the's nobody to hum. Don't you see the house's all shet up? So jest help yourself; the's nobody here to ketch you."

"I don't care if there isn't anybody at home, I am not going to steal, and you mustn't either. Come, do get down, Becky," and she tried to pull her from the fence.

But Becky pushed her off, saying, "Jest clear out, Al, I aint a goin' to be a fool 'cause you're one. I'll get my fill of these ere plums now I'se got the chance," and she was hurriedly making good her words when a strong arm seized her, dragging her from the fence into the garden.

Becky was terribly frightened, for she feared being taken to the jail, and she cried, and begged, and plead so hard that the gentleman released her, telling her that if he ever caught her there again he would see that she received the punishment she merited. Then turning to Alma he asked her name and where she lived, and spoke kindly to her—for, concealed by a tree, he had heard all that she had said to Becky—and filling a little basket with the choicest of the fruit, he presented it to her, telling her that she could come every day and gather all she wanted.

Alma was cheered by the kind words and delighted with the fruit, and she hastened homeward with her heart feeling lighter than it had done in a long time before. But when she reached home she found that another sad affliction had befallen her. Her father had just been accidentally killed while in a state of intoxication, and she was an orphan. Poor Alma! it was more than her young heart could bear, and she fell senseless to the floor, and for several hours she was in a state of unconsciousness. But at length she revived, and when she lifted up her eyes she found herself in a beautiful apartment, and saw the gentleman who gave her the fruit and a lady beside him leaning over her. The gentleman and lady were the owners of the mansion, whither they had taken Alma, and she became the loved child of their adoption, and never again did she have reason to sigh for the beautiful.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"GOD IS HERE."



"H, FRANKIE, nobody here but you?" said a mother one day to her little son whom she found playing all alone in the nursery.

Frankie looked up, his face being radiant with happiness, and said:

"Yes, mamma, God is here."

At another time, when he was in the garden with his mother, a fierce gust of wind swept suddenly over it. Thinking that his mother shared the alarm he felt, he looked up into her face and said:

"God is with me, dear mamma."

That boy had learned to know that the great God

is everywhere present. He was comforted by this knowledge because he loved God. Wicked children are afraid of God, while those who serve him are happy to think that he is round about them by night and by day. Child, does it make you happy to know that God sees you and surrounds you at all times and in all places? X.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1863.



THE SPELLING LESSON.

"AERONAUT!" said Mrs. Padwick, the teacher at Man- orville, to a class of girls which had just ranged itself in due order in front of her desk.

"E, r-o, Ero, n-a-u-t, Eronaut," said Ellen Muun, who had long stood at the head of the class.

"Aeronaut, Miss Little," said Mrs. Padwick, addressing the next scholar.

"A-e, r-o, Aero, n-o-t, Aeronot," replied Miss Little.

"Aeronaut!" cried the teacher in a tone of voice which indicated rising anger as she nodded to the third girl in the class.

"A-e, r-o, Acro, n-o-u-g-h-t, Acronought," replied girl number three.

"Aeronaut!" thundered the teacher, now fairly vexed at what she considered the stupidity of her pupils.

Julia Edmonds was fourth in the class, and she spelled the word correctly.

"Go up!" said the teacher, with a smile which showed that the sun of her better nature was bursting through the clouds of her ill-temper.

Julia went to the head of the class, but was greeted as she went by the scowls of the three misses over whose heads she was advanced. She was jubilant in her own heart, for she had long desired to stand at the head of the spelling-class. "They will have to try very hard before they get above me again," thought she.

Julia and Ellen, whose place she had taken, had been bosom friends for a long time. Out of school they were seldom long apart. I think they loved each other as sincerely as school-girls ever love one another, which I am afraid is not a very strong proof of the greatness of their regard. But to-day Ellen passed out of school without deigning to look at Julia, and joined herself to Caroline Little, who had long been known as their common enemy.

"How mad Ellen is because you got above her," said Emily Angus stepping to Julia's side; "for my part, I'm glad you did it, for I think you are a much better scholar than she is any day."

These flattering words pleased Julia, and caused several little spirits which had been hiding in her heart to step from the dark corners in which they had been skulking into the light. One of these spirits, named Vanity, moved her to reply:

"Yes, I think I know enough to be at the top. I'm sure I know as much as Ellen Muun any day."

"I should think you did," rejoined Emily. "For my part, I think there is more brass than gold about Ellen. I always thought she looked down on you, although she pretends to be so friendly with you."

Then the little sprite named Pride moved briskly about in Julia's heart. Tossing her head very high Julia said:

"I don't know why Ellen should look down on me. I'm as good as she is any day."

Just then the good voice in Julia's heart whispered, "Julia, Julia, is it right for a Christian girl to talk so?"

"Ellen is to blame. She ought not to be mad because you took her place," whispered Pride.

"She has been a long time at the top. Wouldn't you feel bad if you had been there so long as she has and had lost your place?" said the good voice.

"What makes you so glum? I've spoken to you three times and you haven't answered me. I won't walk with a dummy like you," said Emily as she walked off in high dudgeon.

Julia had been so taken up with her own thoughts for the previous minute that she had not noticed Emily's remarks. The better feelings now rising within her mind made her glad that her temptress was gone, for she now saw that Emily's evil words had indeed stirred up evil thoughts and feelings. "I have been wrong," said she, half aloud, "to rejoice over Ellen's fall. I ought to have felt sorry for her. I don't believe she looks down on me, and I have a great mind to give her the place I won to-day back again."

When Julia said this the little sprites slunk back into their dark corners again, and the good voice spoke aloud and said:

"That's right, Julia. You may rejoice over your own prosperity, but you ought not to be glad because Emily feels bad. You ought to comfort her."

"And I will," said Julia as she began running toward Ellen's home.

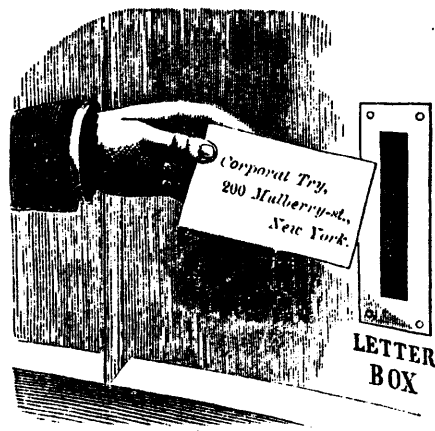
She found her friend in tears. Running up to her, she threw her arms round her waist and said:

"Ellen, I'm sorry you missed to-day, and, if teacher will let me, I'll go back to my old place in the class to-morrow."

This generous proposal touched Ellen's heart. She looked at her friend with admiration a moment, then kissed her and said:

"No you won't. You fairly earned my place, and you shall keep it. It was wrong in me to get mad about it. I'm sorry. Come, let us forget all about it and be friends again."

Thus did the two girls make up their little miff. I'm glad they did, for I don't like to see two girls quarrel about nothing. Don't you think Julia did right?



OUR LETTER COLUMN.

You look thoughtful to-day, corporal. What disturbs you?

"Nothing, my dear editor, ever disturbs me which does not equally trouble you. If I looked thoughtful just now it was only because I was thinking what to say to a little girl who writes me that she has a little garden-patch in which she wants to grow some flowers next summer, but she neither knows where to get seeds nor what kind to send for. She says the people round her home are farmers and don't cultivate flowers. They would rather grow

corn than candytuft, potatoes than pansies, pigs than pinks. What do you say to her, Mr. Editor?"

Not much, my friend and second self, because I am not a florist, you know; but since I have recommended my children to grow flowers, (and this little girl may take the hint we gave in our last. I advise her and all like her to send to *Mr. James Vick*, Rochester, New York, for one of his catalogues of flower-seeds. Mr. Vick is a good Sunday-school man and a florist too. He will send his catalogue free to any one who will write for it, and in that your little friend will learn much about seeds and how to get them good and cheap. Now, corporal, what next?

"Here is the answer to the Biblical enigma in my last: (1.) Felix, Acts xxiv, 25. (2.) Eye, Psa. xxxiii, 18. (3.) Sad, Neh. ii, 1, 2. (4.) Mnason, Acts xxi, 16. (5.) Blame, Eph. i, 4. The precept, 'Feed my lambs,' John xxi, 15.

"And here is another Scripture puzzle for the puzzle-wits of my company. The following tangle of letters, when disentangled and marshaled in due order, will give you the *first* of the recorded words of Jesus Christ: cygu thehosmwotittiah.

"Here is a letter from J. T. E., of Schuyler Falls, who says:

"DEAR CORPORAL,—In the beautiful valley of Lake Champlain we have a fine Sunday-school numbering over eighty scholars, and it has been in successful operation for more than twenty years, and the beauty of it is it will keep running. The superintendent and some others thought of closing the school through the winter, but it was no go; the scholars said *no*, and the superintendent yielded most gracefully, and the school is in full blast. I wish you could drop in some cold Sabbath morning and see the bright eyes of the scholars twinkle as they enter the schoolroom, their rosy cheeks and ruby lips all animation, each determined to be No. 1, capital A. I asked the teacher of a class of six if any of her class wanted to enlist in the Try Company. She put the question. Every one was on their feet in a moment. I know them all, and I pledge my word, if you will receive them, they will make good soldiers, or, at least, they will *try*, for so they all said, and you can rely on what they say. Their names are Ellen, Havel, Sarah, Nina, Benton, and George. Now, dear corporal, if you will admit them into your Try Company, and they meet your expectations, we may send others soon. Gen. Hooker has a large army; still, methinks the Sunday-school army is much the largest. While his army is endeavoring to crush out rebellion, which is clearly right, let our big army of little soldiers be trained to reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and judgment to come.

"We have an encampment of soldiers at Plattsburgh on the Bloody Saranac, and as military is all the rage now-a-days, we date our correspondence, 'Sunday-School Encampment at Schuyler Falls, Clinton Co., N. Y.'

"Huzza for that encampment! Its soldiers will carry the gates of sin by storm and scale the heights of salvation on the ladders of faith. Huzza! huzza!" cries the corporal, who seems to have caught his old battle furor again of late. As for me I am more calm, and so I wish the little soldiers at Schuyler success in their war against sin, and crowns of glory at last.

"JENNIE, of Dubuque, Iowa, says:

"I intend to earn missionary money by bringing home a good report from my week-day school, for which I get money."

Jennie's parents are kind indeed to reward her for diligence in her studies, and she is wise to hand that reward over to Christ's cause; but if I were Jennie I would be diligent in study for duty's sake and earn my money for Jesus in some other way. Wouldn't you, corporal?

"Bless you, Mr. Editor, no. If I were Jennie I should do what Jennie does exactly, or else I shouldn't be Jennie, should I?"

I'm hit! Read on, corporal.

"A Bereaved Mother' says:

"My dear little boy when alive used often to wish me to write and tell you how he tried to be good, and often when he felt tempted to say or do something wrong he would say, 'No, I belong to the Try Company.' We took the papers for him when only one year old, and among the first words he said was, 'I try,' or 'I will try.' I gave him to the Lord in prayer, and always felt him as though set apart for the Lord. O how earnestly I wished him to grow up for the service of Jesus, and always talked to him about loving to say something for Christ, although only five years and eight months old when he died. The last time he was out of the house he was at the Sabbath-school festival at Clayville, where he spoke a piece about the birth of Jesus."

I print this sweet little note about Frederick, who has gone to the school of the great Teacher in glory, to let you see how mothers feel about their children. Your mothers feel about your souls very much as this lady did for her little boy. I hope you will heed their wishes and give your hearts to the Saviour. Good-by!

LION-HUNTING.

ONE of the lions was some distance in the rear of the other, and I set the laggard, of course, down for the brute I had wounded. Being closely pursued by two of the dogs, he was brought speedily to bay. Now was my time; and stepping smartly out, I was soon within fifty paces of my mark, when, stooping down, I took a deliberate aim with the elephant rifle and fired. The bullet passed through both the animal's shoulders, and he fell, managing, nevertheless, to raise himself on his haunches, in which position, growling hideously, he lashed alternately his sides and the ground furiously with his tail. I, therefore, followed by Bonfield, advanced further toward him, and was about to put an end to his struggles, when the other lion, who had stationed himself in the rear, in a thick bush a hundred yards or so off, came bounding along with a ferocity of purpose in his royal countenance such as I never saw matched in one of his species. I was then in a kneeling posture, in a perfectly exposed situation, about twenty yards distant from his wounded companion. Charging past his crippled mate, this infuriated brute made directly at me. It was an awful moment, one that required all my self-possession; but having implicit confidence in my revolver rifle, I did not budge an inch. Leveling at the full broad chest of my assailant, I pulled the trigger, when—imagine the horror and consternation of the moment—my rifle missed fire! and missed again, and again! His next bound or two would, it seemed inevitable, bring me within the monster's gripe; but, whether terror-stricken at my defiant attitude, or at the click of my weapon, he turned abruptly off to the right, and was in a few seconds back in his former hiding-place, where he was lost completely to view.—*C. J. Anderson's "Travels in South Africa."*

PA'S LITTLE FLOWER.

CHRISTIAN children, high and lowly,
Try like little flowers to be;
Day by day the tall tree's blossom
Gives to God its fragrance free;
Day by day the little daisy
Looks up with its yellow eye,
Never murmurs, never wishes
It were hanging up on high.

God has given each his station:
Some have riches and high place;
Some have lowly homes and labor;
All may have his precious grace.
We must be content and quiet,
Our appointed station in,
O, to envy or to covet
Others' good is grievous sin.

And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath,
As to flowers that bloom on high;
For God loveth all his children,
Rich and poor, and high and low;
And they all shall meet in heaven
Who have served him here below.

"AINT WE BRAVE?"

A BEAR attacked a farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized a poker and aimed a happy blow at Bruin.

"Give it to him, Nancy!" cried the valiant husband.

After Bruin was dead he came down from the loft and exclaimed:

"Nancy, my dear, aint we brave?"



A WICKED PARROT.

AN interesting volume recently issued, entitled, "Autobiography of a Seaman," contains the following story of a mischievous parrot:

One day a party of ladies paid us a visit aboard, and several had been hoisted on deck by the usual means of a "whip" (a chair slung on ropes and hoisted on pulleys) on the mainyard. The chair had descended for another "whip," but scarcely had its fair weight been lifted out of the boat alongside than the unlucky parrot piped, "Let go!" The order being instantly obeyed, the unfortunate lady, instead of being comfortably seated on the deck, as had been those who preceded her, was soused over head in the sea!



From the "Sunday School Almanac."

THE BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.

And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?—Zech. iii, 2.

WHEN a child does wrong, walks in the ways of the wicked one, becomes a wicked youth, destroys his health, ruins his prospects, grieves all his friends, and is then brought back to peace and virtue by the wonderful grace of God, he is a brand plucked from

the fire. Why? Because he was almost lost forever before he became good.

What would you call a child who should stand on a railway track until the engine almost rushed upon him? Foolish? Yes, very foolish, certainly. What then is that child who treads the path to hell until he almost falls into it? Is he not as foolish as a child can be? Very well. Don't imitate. Keep away from the fire, from sin, I mean, and let Christ make you his disciple now.

SOMETHING ABOUT STOPS.

THE points now used in punctuation were introduced into writing gradually some time after the invention of printing. The Greeks had none, and there was no space between their words. The Romans put a kind of division between their words, thus: Publius. Scipio. Africanus. Up to the end of the fifteenth century only the period, colon, and comma had been introduced. The latter came into use latest, and was only a perpendicular figure or line proportionate to the size of the letter. To Aldus Manutius, an eminent printer in 1570, we are indebted for the semicolon, and also for the present form of the comma. He also laid down rules now observed in regard to their use. The notes of interrogation and exclamation were not added till some years later, and it is not known by whom. Inverted commas (") were first used by Monsieur Aillmont, a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede the use

of *italic* letters, and the French printers called them by that name. But they have lately been used by English printers to denote quoted matter. In a London book, "The Art of English Poetry," printed in 1807, it appears that the present mode of denoting quoted matter is therein denoted by being set in *italic*. It is not known by whom the apostrophe and dash were invented.

A LARGE BOUQUET.

A LITTLE girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her hands in the attitude of devotion and exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"

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