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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUPPERM. C.
UNTO

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 7.

JANUARY 13, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 247.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WAS ETTA A GENEROUS GIRL?

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

CHILDREN, do you know what a jury is? Twelve men who listen to witnesses, to the pleas of lawyers, and to the charge of a judge, and then say whether the person on trial is guilty or not, are a jury. Do you understand? You think you do? Very well. I shall, therefore, consider you a jury to try Miss ETTA LIVELY. I will be both counsel and judge in the case.

Listen, then, members of the jury, to the witnesses which I will now call. Mrs. Lively, will you please stand up? Tell us, madam, what you know about the prisoner's selfishness?

"Well, sir, Etta is my daughter. I love her very tenderly, and she is usually quite obedient to my wishes. A few weeks ago I was sick, sir, so sick I could not sew. When I recovered the summer was nearly over, and I had a heap of sewing to do for my children before the cool autumn weather came. Hence, I worked very hard, so hard that I found myself growing sick again. One afternoon I said to Etta, who is my eldest daughter, sir, 'Etta, dear, I want you to help me sew an hour before you go out to trundle your hoop this afternoon.'

"I don't want to. I want to join Fanny, and Jennie, and Nelly. We are going to have a nice time,' my child replied.

"But, my dear, you can help me a little first, can't you?' I asked.

"I don't want to. Let Mary help you. I want to troll my hoop,' she answered.

"Mary is busy with her work,' I said.

"Well, you can sew yourself; you sew very fast. I can't sew half as fast as you can. Let me go and play.'

"No, you must sew an hour first,' I said firmly.

"Then with much frowning and pouting my child threw her hoop into a corner, and taking her needle and her work, sewed in sullen silence for an hour. Then she went out to her play, and I looked at her work and found it was so puckered and crooked that I had to rip it all out and sew it myself. O dear, I was so sad and weary that I cried over that piece of work the rest of the afternoon."

Have you anything more to say, Mrs. Lively? "No?" Very well. You can retire.

Here is HATTIE HALL; let her tell what she knows of the prisoner at the bar. Speak, Miss Hattie!



"Please, sir, I don't think Etta is selfish. I— Don't tell us what you think, but what you know, Hattie.

"Well, sir, I know that when Etta had a nice pear one day and I admired it she gave it to me. At another time I was much pleased with a small doll of her's, and she gave me that. I think she is very generous, sir, and our teacher says she is the most generous girl in our school."

These, my jury, are the only witnesses in the case. They have given you facts which seem contradictory. What do you think? Is Etta guilty of selfishness or not?

"Guilty! but we recommend her to mercy."

That's your verdict, is it? Well, I think you are right. A girl who would rather see her mother sicken and perhaps die than help her sew an hour or two on a holiday afternoon must be selfish. As to her giving her things away, I fear she did that because she liked to be called generous. The things she gave away cost her nothing, and she felt more

than paid for them when her teacher and schoolmates called her generous. Yet, being generally obedient to her mother, she should not be punished very severely. You are right. Etta, stand up and hear your sentence!

The jury having found you guilty, I sentence you as follows: 1. You must spend half an hour every day in your chamber alone asking God to show you what is in your heart, to wash away your guilt and selfishness, and to give you his Holy Spirit to teach, comfort, and help you. 2. You must confess your selfishness to your dear mother, and prove your sorrow to be sincere by helping her all you can hereafter, and by obeying all her commands.

Let all my readers who approve my sentence say Ay! The ayes come like thunder-claps. Now, let all who think otherwise write me their thoughts, and give me the reasons why sentence should not be enforced upon Etta.

The jury is now discharged.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE WHEEL THAT WOULD NOT TURN.

"Do talk to me, papa," said Susy Norton, leaning wearily back in the carriage; "this is such a tiresome road, up one hill and down another, it seems to me like looking at the same thing over and over."

"I was just thinking," said Mr. Norton, looking around at Susy, "about the different tracks the carriages that have passed before us have made in the damp sand."

"Why," said Susy, leaning out to look, "I thought they were all just alike—little marks along through the dirt."

"No," said her papa, "not quite alike; here is one on this side that I have noticed ever since we left Middlebury. Do you see how crooked it is?"

"Why, yes," said Susy, laughing, "it's all scalloping in and out; I guess the man was a pretty poor driver and couldn't make his horse go straight."

"The trouble was in the wheel," said Mr. Norton, "and not in the driver, though I shouldn't wonder if he was a careless sort of a fellow and didn't take very good care of his things. One of the wheels must have been loose, so that instead of rolling around true, it tipped in and out as it turned, just as your hoop does when you don't hit it a fair blow, but strike it too high up."

"O I know!" said Susy; "we call that a drunken

loop at school. But, papa, maybe it wasn't the man's own wagon. I guess his new carriage was away somewhere, and his grandmother got sick, and he had to go after the doctor, and so he took an old wagon that the boys used to play in."

Mr. Norton smiled at Susy's guessing. Her grandmother was sick, and they were on their way to visit her, and little Susy was very tired with such a long ride, so he was glad to find anything to interest her. Presently he said, "Here is another track, Susy. Do you see anything wrong about that?"

Susy looked at the track carefully and then said, "Only those places where it is so much deeper and wider than the other. It looks as if they had a big wheel on this side and a little one on the other."

"One of the hind wheels didn't turn," said Mr. Norton, "but went dragging along through the sand. I dare say it made a great noise, creaking and grating, and it must have been very hard for the horses to pull."

"How do you know it was the hind wheel, papa?" asked Susy.

"O, because if it had been the front wheel the hind one would have pushed dirt over the track, and you see it is clear. I'll tell you, Susy, what that ugly, dragging wheel makes me think of. I've seen people that were just like it. If you undertook to get any work out of them, you would always have to pull the whole load and them too. They never rolled plumply and squarely along, and carried their part of the load, but they dragged, and groaned, and creaked, and wouldn't turn. It's a very bad thing to have to depend on such a wheel, Susy."

"Yes; but, papa, I wouldn't have it," said Susy; "I'd just take it off and leave it by the roadside, and say, 'Lie there, you lazy, stupid thing!' and then I'd get a wheel that would turn."

"Ah, yes, that's a very good way," said papa, "but sometimes it's all the wheel you've got, and so you have to do the best you can with it; and then you have to be all the time oiling, and pushing, and dragging, and it's hard work."

"Do you mean me, papa?" asked Susy; "because when I do things for mamma sometimes she says it takes more work to keep me at it than it would to do it herself, only she thinks it is her duty to make me do it. I guess I'm a wheel that don't turn sometimes."

"Well," said Mr. Norton, "I have heard of a person, I believe it was a girl, who undertook to keep her father's study in order. She did it very nicely for two mornings; after that, when her papa wanted to write, he would have to wipe the dust off his table with his handkerchief, or else run all over the house saying, 'Little Pickle, come and dust the study!'"

"O, papa," laughed Susy, "that was my own self."

"And I know a person," went on Mr. Norton, "who was intrusted with the care of her brother's stockings, because her mamma thought she was old enough to learn to mend nicely. Very soon afterward her brother was seen turning his clean stockings over and over, trying to make up his mind whether he should put his foot in at the top or the toe. 'Ah, me,' said mamma, 'that's little Pickle's darning!'"

"That was me, too," said Susy; "I forgot all about 'em till Sunday came."

"I could tell you a great many more things of the kind," said her papa, "but this will do. Only when you know what part of any work fairly belongs to you, be sure you come right up promptly and do it without any dragging. Never be a wheel that doesn't turn!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

REAL greatness does not depend on the things we do, but on the mind with which we do them.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A STRANGE PILLOW.

How would you like a lion's den for your bedroom and a lion's breast for your pillow? You wouldn't like it at all? I suppose not. Yet the man in the picture appears to enjoy the situation. His sleep is as sound as an infant's, and his face is as placid and calm as happy dreams can make it. Even the lion seems to enjoy the sleeper's company, and his eyes look at you with glances which say, "This man is under my care; touch him if you dare."

What does the picture mean? It is Daniel in the lions' den. Yes, that's it. The sleeper is holy Daniel. He has been thrust into that den through the devices of bad men who hated him for his virtues and who wanted the lions to kill him. But Daniel's God shut the lions' mouths, and they did him no harm. No one can hurt a good man without God's permission.

It is a good thing to have God for a friend, my children. It is better to have God's friendship than be the idol of a nation or the owner of millions of money. The best of all is, that while most of you cannot have either riches or men's honors, you can all have the friendship of God. I hope you will all seek it. It is more precious than rubies.

I want you all to get your Bibles, find the Book of Daniel, and read all about that blessed man. It will make you wiser and better children. Will you do it?

Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT LITTLE ALICE WANTED.

ONCE on a time a rich man went to visit his nephews and nieces. He carried a great many beautiful things with him as presents, so that you may be sure the little folks were glad enough to see him. They clambered upon his knees, clustered round his legs, and almost killed him with kindness.

"Give me this!" cried one of the girls, seizing a lovely doll.

"I want this splendid ball," shouted one of the boys.

"I'll have this battle-loor," cried Nellie, the eldest sister.

"No you sha'n't," replied Bella, "I want that."

But sweet, blue-eyed little Alice stood back gazing at the beautiful gifts with smiling lips but saying nothing. Presently her uncle, having shaken off the crowd which had hid Alice from his view, said to her:

"And what does my little Alice want?"

"Only what uncle pleases to give me," replied she.

Sweet child! Do you wonder that her uncle drew her to his side, strained her to his bosom, kissed her, and then gave her the prettiest thing he had? I don't. I should have done so too, for I think that quiet, patient, unselfish Alice was the best child in the group.

Let covetous children feel rebuked by her unselfish words. And let us all learn to go to the Giver of all good with her spirit and say, "O Lord, we want only what it pleases thee to give us." Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BE CIVIL.

"My young friend," said a gentleman on horseback one day to a lad who was standing near a well, "will you do me the favor to draw a pail of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off?"

Instead of giving a gruff reply, as many lads would have done, the boy drew the water and gave it to the horse. His manner was so pleasant and cheerful that the stranger, delighted with his spirit, asked his name and residence, and then, after thanking him, rode on.

The good-natured lad thought no more of his act of civility until, some months later, he received a letter from the gentleman offering him a clerkship in his store. The offer was accepted. The lad prospered, and finally became chief magistrate of a large city.

Thus, you see, that a little act of civility to a stranger was the first round in the ladder by which that boy climbed to honor and wealth. Now I do not say that civility will always lead to such honor, but I do say that it always raises its possessor in the opinions of others and in his own self-respect. Be civil, therefore, my boys and girls. Civility is an ornament you should all wear. X.

THE WARNING BELL.

In every youthful breast doth dwell
A little tingling, jingling bell,
Which rings if we do ill or well,
And when we put bad thoughts to flight,
And choose to do the good and right,
It sings a psalm of delight.
But if we choose to do the wrong,
And 'gainst the weak strive with the strong,
It tolls a solemn, saddened song.
And should we on some darksome day,
When hope lights not the cheerless way,
Far from the path of duty stray,
'Twill with its tones serene and clear,
Of warning in the spirit's ear,
Our slow returning footsteps cheer.
And always in the worldly mart,
With its sweet song it cheers each heart,
To do with energy their part.
Then let us strive with main and might
To shun the wrong and do the right,
And the bell's warning sound ne'er slight.

CONSCIENCE.

BE WISE IN TIME.

A young prince whose mind had learned in some degree to value religious truth, asked his tutor to give him suitable instruction that he might be prepared for death.

"Plenty of time for that when you are older," was the reply.

"No!" said the prince, "I have been to the churchyard and measured the graves, and there are many shorter than I am."

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1866.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!



ANY times these words have been kindly and affectionately spoken by parents, sisters, brothers, and many warm-hearted friends, to the readers of the *C. Sunday-School Advocate*, and have been warmly responded to by our young friends with,—“*The same to you, and many returns of them.*” As this is our first paper since the New Year came in, and the first opportunity we have had of joining in this friendly New-Year's greeting, to our young readers, we join with those who have gone before us in saying with a hearty good-will,—A HAPPY NEW-YEAR TO YOU ALL!

There are two kinds of happiness; the one is *earthly* and the other is *heavenly*—the first is like every thing else that belongs to the earth, short-lived: it no sooner comes than it begins to leave us: no sooner begins to live than it begins to die. The second is from God, and is like God, unending, lives forever.

This heavenly happiness is what we wish you all to possess. To be happy, you must be like God: you must *be* good, and you must *do* good. True happiness is true goodness. God is *good*, and “His tender mercy is over all his works.” “He is rich in mercy.” “God hath given to us eternal life, and that life is in his Son.” God's goodness is also seen in the drops of rain, and in the shining sun. So our Saviour teaches us in his sermon on the Mount, as you may read in Matthew, 5th chapter and 45th verse: “He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.” And if you are good like God, you will “love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.”—There are many poor children that have no clothes fit to attend the Sabbath School—many that have no food to eat. You may make them happy by providing them with clothes and shoes, and then getting them into the Sunday-School, where they will be taught to be good and to be happy; and when you make them happy, you will become increasingly happy yourselves.

Do you want to know how you may do this? I will tell you how it was done by the happy children in one of the Sunday-Schools in this city. Under the direction of their Teachers, they held one evening what they called a “*Musical Concert!*” The people came out and filled the church to hear them sing; and each one gave ten cents for the privilege of hearing the children sing their beautiful Sabbath-School Hymns. With this money they clothed the poor children, and gave them shoes, so that they could come through the snow to the School, to unite with them in reading the Bible, and in singing, and in praying. Thus they were made increasingly happy in making others happy. By doing good in this, and similar ways, you will have a happy year; and when you die, Jesus, who fed the hungry and healed the sick, will say to you, “Come ye blessed of my Father, enter into the joy of your Lord.” Read the 25th chapter of St. Matthew, where our Heavenly Teacher speaks of this.

Let this be your constant desire and prayer,—

“I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight”—

Then you will be happy on earth and in heaven.



THE GOOD QUEEN.

NEVER do wealth and greatness prove themselves a universal blessing so truly as when their possessors set an example of humility and good works.

The Queen of England spends a good deal of time on her Balmoral Estate in Scotland. An English paper says: With Highland chief and Lowland laird, she is as popular as she is revered. Those white cottages that send the sun rays across the Dee from their bright walls are the creations of the Queen. What is more, she personally visits her tenements, and takes a lively interest in their comfort and well-being. On Sundays she appears, wet day and dry day, in the little parish church, in the midst of her Highland tenantry and subjects, and joins in the simple service of the sanctuary as devoutly as if it had been the accustomed worship of her childhood.

So good a record cannot be made of many of our rural sojourners from the cities in summer vacation.

THE CHILD'S POCKET ETIQUETTE.



LWAYS say—Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank you. No, thank you. Good night. Good morning. Use no slang terms. Remember that good spelling, reading, writing, and grammar, are the base of all true education.

Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, and clean finger nails, indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company. Never enter a private room or public place with your cap on.

Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman. Let your companions enter the carriage or room first.

At table eat with your fork; sit up straight; never

use your toothpick, and and when leaving ask to be excused.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs, or table. Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading. When conversing, listen attentively, and do not interrupt or reply till the other is finished.

Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private room where any one is singing or playing the piano.

Loud coughing, hawking, yawning, sneezing, and blowing, are ill-mannered.

Treat all with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

“I CAN'T.”

NEVER say “I can't,” my dear;
Never say it.
When such words as those I hear,
From the lips of boy or girl,
Oft they make me doubt and fear:
Never say it.

Boys and girls that nimbly play,
Never say it.
They can jump and run away,
Skip and toss and play their pranks;
Even dull ones, when they're gay,
Never say it.

Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it.
Find some one who knows, and ask,
Till you have your lesson learn'd;
Never mind how hard the task:
Never say it.

Men who do the noblest deeds
Never say it.
He who lacks the strength he needs,
Tries his best and gets it soon;
Tries again, and then succeeds:
Never say it.

But when evil tempts to wrong,
Always say it.
In your virtue firm and strong,
Drive the tempter from your sight;
And when follies round you throng:
Ever say it.

When good actions call you near,
Never say it.
Drive away the rising fear,
Get your strength where good men get it;
All your paths will then be clear.
Would you find a happy year!
Would you save a mourning tear?
Never say it.

THE THREE STEPS.

The Rev. R. Hill was once talking to a poor, half-foolish man, when he remarked, “Why, it is a long way to heaven.” “Oh, dear! no, sir; I hope not;” said the man; “Long! no; it's only three steps.” “And pray, what are they?” “Why, they're very simple, if only folk would take them:—our or SELF—INTO CHRIST—INTO GLORY.”

“WHAT IS HOLINESS?” asked a Teacher one day. A little Irish girl jumped up and said, “Praise yer reverence, it's to be *clane inside.*” She was right, as David was when he cried,—“Create in me a clean heart, O God.”



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"WE WILL DO AS WE PLEASE."

"We will do as we please." That was what some boys and girls said to a lady who told them not to go out in a boat which they were pushing into the water.

They did what pleased them and went off in the boat. They had a merry time for a little while. But the wind rose. They were carried out to sea, spent a whole night on the rough waters, and when they were picked up one of them was dead! That was what came of doing as they pleased.

We will do as we please. Children love to have their own way. It seems right to them. But it isn't right, nevertheless. Their way never brings them out right. It ends in sorrow or death. Children should learn that the *right* way is the best way. God made the right way, and it leads to happiness and to heaven. Will you walk in it, my child?

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"SHUT THE DOOR!"

SOME boys and girls find this one of the hardest lessons of their lives. Morning, noon, and night, all the fall, all the winter, and all the spring, somebody is continually calling out to them, "Shut the door after you!" "Here! come back and shut the door!" "There! you have left the door open!" with all the rest of the variations.

"But," says Jim Dodger, who is always finding some excuse for himself, "suppose I find it open?"

Well, then leave it open, of course, unless you know that it ought to be shut. It is a very good general rule to leave the door exactly as you find it.

But did you ever inquire how it is that this simple lesson is so hard to learn? I can tell you. It is because you do not try to learn it. "But I can't remember!" Pshaw! I'd be ashamed to say that. Why, even dogs can be taught to remember. I heard of one once that belonged to a merchant, not a big city merchant, but a country merchant, who could not afford to keep a colored boy to stand at the door, and so he taught this dog to go and shut it every time anybody left it open. And it was very amusing to see him get up from his place behind the stove, deliberately march up to the door, and, pushing against it with his shoulder or his paw, slam it together. I suppose he did not know better than to make a noise in that way. And one day, when some ladies went to the door to examine some goods, he marched up and shut the door between

them with the goods in the crack. Of course you could do better than this. Well, don't you think you could remember to "shut the door" too as well as he did?

A. J.

Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

WILLIE'S NEW BOOTS.

WILLIE was the child of a drunken father. His mother was a pious, sorrow-stricken lady. One cold day, when the child's feet were chilled because of his worn-out boots, he said to his mother:

"Mother, can't I have some new boots? My toes are all out of these. The snow gets in and I am so cold!"

A tear filled his mother's eyes when she answered, "Soon, Willie, I hope to give them to you."

He waited patiently several days, until one morning as he stood at the window watching the boys play with their sleds, he sobbed, "O, mother, it is too hard! Can't I get some boots anywhere?"

"Yes, Willie, you can."

"I can?" he eagerly exclaimed. "Where? Where? Tell me quick!"

"Do you not know, my son?" replied his mother. "Think now."

Willie stood for a moment, as if in deep thought, then with a smile looked up into his mother's face, and said, "O, I know! God will give them to me, of course. Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go right off and ask him."

He walked out of the parlor into his mother's room. She quietly followed him, and standing concealed from his view, she saw him kneel down, and covering his face with his hands, he prayed, "O, God! father drinks; mother has no money; my feet get cold and wet. I want some boots. Please send me a pair, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This was all. He often repeated his pitiful petition, and the best of all was, he *expected* an answer to his prayer.

"They'll come, mother!" he would often say, encouragingly; "they'll come when God gets ready."

Within a week, a lady who dearly loved the child came to take him out walking. He hesitated for a few moments, but soon determined to go, and they started off. At length the lady noticed his stockings peeping out at the toes of his boots, when she exclaimed, "Why, Willie, look at your feet! They will freeze. Why didn't you put on better boots?"

"These are all I have, ma'am."

"All you have! But why don't you have a new pair?" she inquired.

"I will just as soon as God sends them," he confidently replied.

Tears filled the lady's eyes, and, with a quivering lip, she led him into a shoe shop near by, saying, "There, child, select any pair you please."

The boots were soon selected, and a more happy, thankful boy never lived.

On his return he walked into the center of the room where his mother was sitting, and, pulling his clothes up until you could see his fat knees above the tops, he said, "Look, mother! God has sent my boots! Mrs. Gray's money bought them, but God heard me ask for them, and I suppose he told Mrs. Gray to buy them for me." Then kneeling at his mother's feet, he said, "Jesus, I thank you for my new boots. Please make me a good boy, and take care of mother. Amen."

A JOLLY LIFE.

INSECTS generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge on a lily! Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with a pillar of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from human censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sigh of the summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew-drop, and fall to and eat your bedclothes.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

J E T.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

We have a plaything in our house,
A little household pet,
With large black eyes and flossy hair,
And we have named him Jet.

He's frolicking about the house
From sunrise to sunset,
An arrant busybody is
Our active little Jet.

Faithful is he; no friendly face
Or voice doth he forget,
A loving and confiding heart
Has pretty little Jet.



Across the lawn while yet the grass
With early dew is wet,
He's bounding by his master's side—
Our trusty little Jet.

Or, indisposed for out-door sport,
His tiny ball he'll get,
And have a frolic with himself,
Himself and little Jet.

We lost him once. Alas, how sad
And tender our regret!
The whole world seemed an empty shell
Without our little Jet.

Our cheeks were pale with anxious fear,
Our eyes with tears were wet,
And large rewards we offered for
One glimpse of little Jet.

You should have seen his joy and ours
When we in safety met,
Caresses mixed with scolding words—
'Twas all the same to Jet.

There's many a pup of larger size
And louder yelp, but yet
In all the barking world canine,
There is no dog like Jet.

HURRAH!

MANY a boy, as well as many a crowd of men, has shouted Hurrah! without knowing the source of the word or its meaning. It comes to us from the nations of the East. It is a Slavonic word. It is written *Hurrah* in the Slavic tongue, and it means *To Paradise!* It was used as a battle-cry, in the belief that every man who died on the field fighting for his country was sure of Paradise.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published on the Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month by SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	40 cents per vol.
5 copies	10 " " 38 " "
10 " "	20 " " 35 " "
20 " "	30 " " 33 " "
30 " "	40 " " 30 " "
40 " "	50 " " 28 " "
50 " "	75 " " 27 " "
75 " "	100 " " 26 " "
100 " and upward	25 " " "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

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

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