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CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 18.

JUNE 27, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 186.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SHADOW IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

WHAT is the matter with those boys? How unhappy they all look! The boy on the right almost makes your tooth ache while you look at him. The next boy wears a face such as I have seen a boy put on when about to take a big dose of bitter medicine. I guess his sum seems to him as bitter as any pill he was ever forced to swallow. That fellow with the dunce's cap on his head looks as if he expects another box on the ear the next time he goes up to say his lesson. The two next are whispering to each other about the teacher's ill-temper. The little fellow in pantalettes is crying over his A B C, and the two last are watching the teacher with rueful faces. Did you ever see a more woe-begone set of scholars in your life? What ails them? Something is out of joint in that school-house. What is the matter?

The teacher is cross to-day.

That's all the trouble. The woe on those young faces is the shadow of the teacher's ill-temper.

The picture itself is designed to illustrate some beautiful lines in a beautiful poem called "THE DESERTED VILLAGE," written by OLIVER GOLDSMITH. You must all read the poem whenever you meet with a copy—I mean those of you who are old enough to understand it. But, whether you read the poem or not, let the picture teach you how easy it is for one person to make many miserable. Those eight children look and feel wretched because their teacher is in an ill-humor. If their teacher was in a pleasant state of mind they would all wear sunshiny faces.

You don't like the cross teacher who makes his scholars so miserable, eh? Well, I don't blame you; but stop! don't throw down the paper yet! Don't you sometimes put everybody's feelings out of joint in your house? Be honest, my little fellow! Do you not have fits of ill-temper sometimes which cause all in the house to wear rueful faces? While you are answering that question I will print the lines in Oliver Goldsmith's poem to which the picture refers. You may commit them to memory if you please.

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village-master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face:
Full well they laughed with counterefeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lauds he could measure, terms and tide presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Look out in your next paper for a picture of those same boys when their teacher wears a sunny face, Adieu.
F. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT ONE BLACK-HEADED WORM DID.

"That's a splendid sycamore!" said a gentleman to his friend, to whom he was showing his grounds.

"Yes," replied his friend, who was a naturalist; "but see! here is a wood-worm forcing its way under the bark. If you let that worm alone it will kill the tree."

The worm was a mean-looking, black-headed thing about three inches long. The owner of the tree pooh-pooed at the idea of one such worm killing so noble a tree, and said:

"Well, well, we'll see. I'll let the worm try it."

The worm soon worked its way under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped off very early. A year later it was a dead and rotten thing. One worm had killed it. *Only one!*

Sometimes I see boys and girls with beautiful faces, graceful bodies, and pretty fair characters. They are merry, polite, hopeful boys and girls, but they will cherish some one favorite fault. One will be *proud*, another *vain*; a third will be *envious*, a fourth will be *passionate* now and then; a fifth will *lie*, a sixth will *break the Sabbath*, a seventh will *disobey father and mother*, an eighth will *quarrel and fight*; in short, some one fault or other can be seen working upon their characters as clearly and busily as that black-headed worm was seen boring into the tree.

One of those boys or girls is reading this line just now. I have a whisper for you, my little friend. I don't want to speak it out loud, so I just say softly in your ear:

"If you let your one great fault alone it will ruin your soul!"

There, think of this, will you? Think of it, my child, until you are afraid to keep your fault. Then go to Jesus and ask him to wash it away in his most precious blood, will you? W.

LITTLE SAMUEL.

Once in the silence of the night
The lamp of God was clear and bright,
And there, by holy angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

An unknown voice the stillness broke.
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke.
He rose—he asked, "Whence came the word?
From Eli?"—no: it was the Lord!

Thus early called to serve his God,
The paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions filled his breast,
And Israel, taught by him, was blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
O let thy voice now reach our ear,
Speak, Lord, and let thy servants hear.

And ye who know the Saviour's love,
And all his mercies richly prove;
Your timely, friendly aid afford,
And teach us how to serve the Lord.

WRITING A LETTER TO GOD.

We have a little Eddie here in his fourth year, who seems quite disposed to say smart and beautiful things. The last fine thing was said yesterday. He was amusing himself with paper and pencil. His mother said, "What are you doing, Eddie?"

With a tender tone he replied, "I'll tell you, mamma. I am writing a letter to God to ask him to tell the angels to come and take me up to see him."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

RUSSIAN SHOPS AND MARKETS.

Ooo-oo-oo! Indeed, it is cold! We shall be obliged to lay in a good supply of mittens, and caps, and good warm overcoats, and cloaks, and furs of all kinds. It is the *fashion* here, too, to wear all these comfortable things. I remember, when quite a little girl, being able to distinguish the Russian among the pictures in my old geography by his immense fur cap and long fur-lined overcoat, and particularly by the large muff he carried in his hands, or, rather, he carried his hands in the muff. Little did I think then of coming such a trip as this to the land of furs.

The thermometer? O I do not think we can keep still long enough to look at it. Shall we take a walk down one of the business streets and see the shops? What a display they all make of their goods! Yes, and how few signs they have! Well, we can certainly understand the goods better than we can read lettered signs. Here are boots and shoes, and there are cakes and loaves, displayed very much as we see them at home. And look at the pictures in some of the windows! Here is a picture of an ox, and a man's portrait in this window, and it doesn't look like a picture-store either. I should think not. The owner is just advertising you that he keeps ox-meat for sale. And then, that frightful-looking picture of a man being shaved and a woman being bled tells of a barber's shop. And look at the horrible surrounding of all those dental and surgical instruments and drops of blood. Indeed, I like far better the simple striped pole that some of our barbers at home still use.

Why, here is a place that is quite busy. It really looks as if they were doing something. Yes, the large low building that covers this square is the center of trade for the city. It contains ten thousand tradesmen. They call it *Gostinnoi Dvor*. The *Tshukin Dvor* is another great bazar. Do you see those little images and crucifixes over the door with lamps burning before them? Some are images of the virgin, some of St. John or some other saint, and are intended to show how religious their owners are. But their religion does not prevent their drinking, and dram-shops are almost as plenty as they are in New York. There is a stall devoted to the sale of amulets. Here is another for dried fruits, and yonder you may see a bridal outfit, from the slippers to the veil.

And here are some Russians enjoying their favorite *pirogas*, a kind of cakes eaten hot with oil; and just

beyond is a tea-stand. You need not hesitate to take their tea, that is if you are a tea-drinker. For my part, I am not. I always prefer cold water. But tea, or *somovar*, as they call it, is the universal drink in Russia. It is said to be greatly superior in flavor to that which we get at home, because it is brought overland from China, and has no chance to lose its flavor in crossing the salt water.

Let us visit the meat-market. Here are partridges from Saratoff, (down near Circassia,) swans from Finland, heathcocks from Livonia, and bears from Lapland. They are all frozen solid, and are cut up with a hatchet, if need be. If the weather should become mild these poor fellows would lose much of their stock. But they are quite safe at present, if we may judge by the feeling of our noses.

And that reminds me, children, of what I should tell you. If any of you see your neighbors' noses turning white rub them soundly with a snow-ball. You would not like to see them *thaw off*.

What! almost dark so soon! Is it cloudy? No, there is the full moon coming up in all its glory. I must remind you that we are about in the latitude of Southern Greenland, and that here the days are very short and the nights very long at this time of the year. There was still greater difference in December last. But we are not obliged to close our trip yet, though the *Gostinnoi Dvor* may be closed. We'll take a run down by the Neva and see the skaters, who are doubtless in the height of their glee.

What a busy scene! Men and women, boys and girls, old and young, all ranks, ages, and conditions are on the ice having a merry time of it. This was a great amusement in Russia long before it became general among us. Sliding down hill is another of their favorites. Norman is looking around for the hills, eh? Well, my boy, Nature does not afford any hills in this part of the country, so when folks wish for hills they are obliged to make them. Harry, with his studious head, has discovered another fact. The surface of the river is but little lower than that of the streets. Well, and what follows? Why, that when the river rises, as it will be likely to do in the spring, it will come up into the streets. Yes, that is precisely what does happen sometimes, and much property is destroyed by the inundation. The site of the city was poorly chosen in this respect as in some others; but "with the czar is power, with the czar is death." Peter placed it here, and here it must remain whether drowned or frozen.

AUNT JULIA.

BEEES.

A SWARM of bees in their natural state contains from ten to twenty thousand insects, while in hives they number from thirty to forty thousand. In a square foot of honey-comb there are about nine thousand cells. A queen bee lays her eggs for fifty or sixty consecutive days, laying about five hundred daily. It takes three days to hatch each egg. In one season a single queen-bee hatches about one hundred thousand bees. It takes five thousand bees to weigh a pound.

PUNCTUALITY.

It is said of Melancthon that when he made an appointment he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in idleness or suspense; and of Washington, that when his secretary, being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he replied, "You must get another *watch* or I another *secretary*."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1863.

A MODEL CHILD.



READ lately of a child named Annie who was very fond of grapes. What child is not? Some one gave her a bunch one day. Her father saw her with it and said:

"Give me a grape, Annie?"

Annie promptly pulled a grape from the stalk and gave it to her father with a cheerful smile. He took it and said:

"Give me another, my dear!"

She gave him another with the same cheerfulness as at first. He then asked for another, and another, until she gave him the last.

Annie's father was putting her love to a pretty severe test, but she bore it nobly, and proved, by her readiness to part with her last grape without a murmur, that filial love was stronger in her heart than selfishness. I wonder how many Annies I have in my Advocate family who would give every grape to pa or ma without a whimper. Do you think I have ten of them?

The corporal, at my elbow, whispers, "A host of them, Mr. Editor." I hope it is, corporal, but I—well, never mind, I won't write the word that was about to slip from the nibs of my pen. Perhaps it had better remain a mere thought forever.

But let us go back to loving little Annie again. The writer of her brief history says that one day, seeing her mother to be quite sick, she ran to her father, and in a tone of very tender sorrow, said:

"Poor mother very poorly!"

Her father, who was also quite unwell, and had laid his head on the sofa, replied:

"Yes, Annie, and father very poorly too."

On hearing these words the dear child looked into his face very earnestly and burst into tears. The next moment she ran for a cushion, which she placed under her father's head, and tried to comfort him with words spoken in her gentlest tones.

Don't you think Annie was a darling child? Didn't her parents love her fondly, think you? Wasn't she a great comfort to them? And she was only three years old! Wasn't she a model child? If you honestly think so, my children, you will do your best to make your parents happy. I give my blessing to every Annie among you.

WHEN MAY I JOIN THE CHURCH, GRANDPA?

A LITTLE girl went to her aged grandfather not long since and said:

"Grandpa, when may I join the Church?"

The good old man smiled, fixed his mild eyes on the child, patted her head gently, and said:

"Well, if you are good and love the Saviour, when you are ten years old."

"O, grandpa, I can't finish up all my play that soon," rejoined the child somewhat sadly.

"Well," said the old man, "but, my dear little daughter, you need not give up your play then; you can play on, but you must not do wrong in your play."

What do you think of that little girl's notion about joining the Church, my children?

You don't know, eh? That is an honest answer, and I will tell you what I think.

I think she had formed a wrong notion of religion. A child may love Jesus—and mark! to love Jesus is "to enjoy religion"—and yet do everything which is proper for a child to do. Play, study, and work are proper things for a child to do, but a wicked child will be wicked in play—will indulge wicked tempers, say wicked words, do wicked acts. A child that loves Jesus will do nothing in play which would offend Jesus. You see the difference, don't you?

Give your hearts to Jesus and join the Church, my children! Jesus is a good Shepherd and loves to see you

happy just as an earthly shepherd loves to see his lambs frisking about the pasture. Jesus forbids you nothing but sin, and he forbids that because he knows it would hurt you. He knows that the most pleasant sin a child can commit is like poison coated with sugar, and for that reason he says, "Children, don't touch sin! It will hurt you!" Isn't Jesus good?

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

AN, Esquire, you and the corporal are always here just at the nick of time. I believe we three have always crossed the threshold of this chamber at precisely the same moment. We are certainly a remarkable trio. If one is sick, or lame, or lazy, the others are sick, lame, or lazy too. We look alike, walk alike, dress alike, and are in all things so nearly alike that I doubt if we have one reader keen enough to tell which is which—but, corporal, you look as if you were dyspeptic. What ails you?

"I am a little low-spirited to-day," the corporal replies. "I really don't know why, unless I am dyspeptic as you suggest. To tell the truth, I feel jaded with over-much work. My mind is weary, and I sometimes feel as if I would be glad to sleep my last sleep and go to my home in heaven."

"You are in low spirits certainly, corporal," says Mr. Forrester. "You must cheer up, corporal. You are only fifty years old and have a score of years yet to live, though I do not know why either you or I need care to live twenty years longer. For my part, if I did not think my life was valuable to the children, I would as lief die now in this council-chamber as to live twenty years longer."



A COUNCIL IN WHICH NEITHER THE EDITOR NOR THE CORPORAL IS REPRESENTED.

I really must check this strain, Mr. Forrester; and as for you, Mr. Corporal Try, I shall hand you over to the Try Company to be court-martialed for giving way to lowness of spirits. What has Corporal Try to do with sighing and sadness I should like to know? Come, sir, shoulder your—I was going to say rifle—pen and report the contents of our letter budget!

"I hear and obey, Mr. Editor," replies the corporal. "Your rebuke is merited. I will not be sad but joyous as that group of little folks in yonder field. Tell your readers that I enlist about four hundred recruits who have applied lately for a place in my army. Their letters of application are some of them very nice—others are very scrawly—like hen's tracks—but they will write better by and by. Before reading some of the letters to you I will give you the answers to the questions about doors in the last number:

- "1. A prophet's son's widow. 2 Kings iv, 1-6.
- "2. The Shunamite lady. 2 Kings iv, 15.
- "3. Ezekiel. Ezek. vii, 7, 8.
- "4. Door of Christ's sepulcher. Matt. xxvii, 60.
- "5. In heaven. Rev. iv, 1.
- "6. Jesus. John x, 7-10.

"And here are some Bible questions about keys:

"1. The keys of the grandest kingdom in the universe were once given by a celebrated personage to a very humble individual. Name the kingdom those keys opened.

"2. The keys of the two most terrible places in the universe are in the possession of your dearest friend. Name the places.

"3. To whom did a celebrated prophet see the key of the bottomless pit presented?

"4. Who holds the key of David in his hands?"



"5. Whom did Christ accuse of taking the key of knowledge from the people?

"6. The servants of a certain king, by means of a duplicate key, opened his door and found their master dead. What was the monarch's name?"

"Here is a letter from ELIZA C. P. in behalf of the infant class of our Sunday-school in Ravenna. She says:

"TO CORPORAL TRY,—Over mountains and valleys, over lakes and rivers, I come with the plea of my fifty little ones begging to be enlisted in your most noble Try Company. We are but young, yet we want to do right, and with the help of our heavenly Father we will TRY to make FAITHFUL members of your great army. Will you admit us? There will be many bright eyes anxiously watching for your answer."

You ought to be proud of that batch of recruits, corporal. Who knows what that little band of fifty will achieve for God and their country before the last of them shall enter heaven?

"I am more than proud, Mr. Editor," replies the corporal. "You know the Roman general wept for his country's future when he thought that the brave veterans who had made her arms

glorious would soon be dead; but when the children marched before him shouting, 'We will be brave,' he dried his tears, smiled, and said his fears were quieted, for such children could be trusted with the care of his country's future. So I feel when the little ones come forward and pledge themselves to be good, and brave, and true to Christ. God bless the babes of Ravenna!

"FLORA, of Willoughby, says:

"I love to go to Sabbath-school, but I don't get there every Sabbath, for I live three miles from school, and sometimes it storms too hard to go so far. When I do get there I feel well paid for going, because the teacher makes our school so pleasant by talking and asking questions so cheerfully, and teaching us to sing such beautiful tunes from Bradbury's 'Golden Chain,' and also by distributing your lovely paper and the 'Good News,' furnished by our pastor, G. W. Chesbrough. This good man introduced the catechism in our school, and last year he awarded a prize to all who learned Catechism No. 1 thorough enough to say every word of it. I have learned No. 1 through, and am now learning No. 2. Will you accept Brother Ethan and myself as members of your Try Company?"

"Flora is worthy," says the corporal, and adds with a very solemn voice, "may she be counted worthy through Christ of a place in the choir in heaven!"

"WARDIE W., of Princeton, Ind., says:

"I have nice times at my Sunday-school. I wish it was Sunday all the time. I get so tired in the week I think Sunday will never come, and on Sunday I am so glad to go to Church and Sunday-school.

"A boy who loves the Sabbath," the corporal adds, "as Wardie does, gives pretty good evidence of his fitness for a place in the Try Company. I enlist him. May God preserve his soul from evil!"



POOR OLD NAN.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE ALICE AND OLD NAN.

POOR "OLD NAN!" Her name was indeed a by-word and a reproach among all the children round. Alice was not the only one who thought there could be no moral law so severe as to require love or even pity for this miserable object of her dislike and terror. And why all this hatred for such a sad-looking object? Not because she was old, and wrinkled, and homely; not because her poor bent form was covered with rags that seemed all insufficient to screen her from the wintry blasts; not because she lived all alone in a wretched hovel, the whole appearance of which was forbidding and untidy; these were not the reasons "Old Nan" was dreaded. But in every youthful heart in the neighborhood was written some dark deed of her meddling with and disturbing childish joy. Charlie D. could tell how she stoned his dog Trip from her door, so that the poor fellow had to be killed to relieve his sufferings. Tommy L. remembered one time when his new kite that Aunt Mary made him chanced to fall by her door, she caught it up and threw it upon the fire, and it was all in ashes before he reached it. Little Ellen B. had received quite a scolding from her merciless tongue when she attempted to pick a few berries that grew in the hedge near her hut; and Lucy M. knew, "just as well as could be," that it was no other than "Old Nan" who went into the entry of the school-house and took from her dinner-basket the nice white turnover that she was intending to share at noon with little Annie H., who was too poor to have such dainties. And did ever any one hear of her speaking a kind word to a child or looking at one without a frown? When Tommy carried her the little parcel that he saw her drop in the street, didn't she tell him he was a little thief and had better mind his own business?

But of all the petty grievances that were so oft repeated from ear to ear by the children of Lindbrook, none seemed to Alice worthy to be compared for depth of crime with the one her own little self had suffered.

Alice's father one cold morning in the last spring-time had brought into the house a little wee lamb, whose mother had left it bleating in the field. He gave the poor thing to Alice, telling her if she would nurse it carefully it might in time become well and strong, and then it should be all her own.

It was a pleasant thought to the little girl that her kind care might save a suffering lamb from death, and she resolved to try. She begged a large basket of her mother, and filling it partly with wool, she laid the lamb in it, and after feeding it with warm, sweet milk, she let it rest quietly. Every time it uttered its piteous, moaning cry she would

run to it and try to make its bed more comfortable, to place it in a better position, or to give it food. So by and by the lamb grew stronger, and it learned to know its little benefactress, and would lay its head upon her knee when she came near it, and wag its fleecy tail with delight. Then Alice washed it in clean water until its wool was white and soft, tied a pretty blue ribbon on its neck, and called it her own little Frolic. It was her constant companion now, and seemed to enjoy to gambol with her on the green grass, or to ramble in the shady grove with her beside it almost as well as did Alice herself. It was so loving too. It would look up in her face when she was sad with such an earnest, wishful gaze, that she would feel as much cheered as if a dear friend had spoken loving words to her. All summer it was her constant companion.

But one sad morning she went as usual, while the dew was on the grass, to meet her little favorite in his pretty orchard inclosure, and to ramble with him among the flowers. She bounded lightly across the pebbly brook, where he so often drank, and peeping through the fence, called "Frolic! Frolic!" Not seeing him as usual bounding toward her, she climbed upon the fence and shouted louder than before. But she heard nothing in reply except the echo of her own voice ringing back from the neighboring hills, "ic, Frolic." At last, seeing no trace of him in all the orchard, she ran quickly home to her mother, crying, "O my dear little Frolic is gone and I shall never see him again."

Her father sought in all the pastures and sheep-folds about, but nothing could be found of Frolic. At last, one day as some children were gathering wild grapes, not far from "Old Nan's" cottage, they found, hid away down in the bushes, the soft, woolly coat of poor little Frolic, with the blue ribbon still hanging about the neck. They lost no time in carrying it to Alice, telling her it was, of course, "Old Nan" who had killed her lamb, and eaten its tender flesh, and thrown its skin with a part of the dear little head and pretty soft ears away out of sight in the bushes.

Alice cried long and bitterly at the sad sight, and from that hour "Old Nan" was pictured in her mind as the sum and center of all evil.

I will tell you of a visit Alice made to old Nan in your next paper.

LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR TRUTH.

O FATHER! bless a little child,
And in her early youth
Give her a spirit good and mild,
A soul to love the truth.

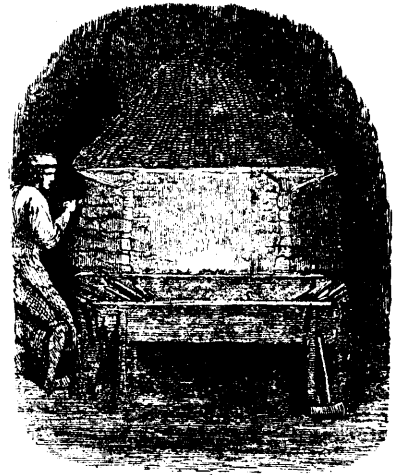
May never falsehood in her heart,
Nor in her words abide,
But may she act a truthful part
Whatever may betide.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A LITTLE boy, only three years old, whose parents live near the wood of Grenoble, in France, being missed one evening not a great while ago, search was made for him by the members of the family in every direction, but in vain. The neighbors being notified of the loss, turned out to find the child, and sought for him in every thicket and building far and wide without success; and the chill of despair settled down upon the frantic mother's heart, who could not be persuaded that her darling had not been carried off and devoured by a wolf.

At last it was noticed that the house-dog (that was much attached to the child) was missing; and it was then recollected that he had been missing for some time previous to the discovery of the child's absence. This circumstance inspired hope, and search was at once begun for the dog, his name being loudly called by his master. After a time a responsive bark was heard, and, guided by the sound, the party proceeded to a barn at some distance, in which they found the child lying fast asleep and the

faithful dog watching by him. The little fellow had gone into the barn for a nap, and the dog had stuck to him with a fidelity which only a dog is apt to show in such cases.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

SPARKS FLY UPWARD.

Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.—Job v, 6, 7.

SEE how the sparks fly up that blacksmith's chimney! Why don't they shoot out at the sides of the fire instead of going up? Because they are in a strong current of heated air which forces them upward.

Well, as the sparks go up in obedience to a law they cannot resist, so trouble and sorrow will come to your heart by a law of life which no one can evade. Everybody must have trouble. Boys and girls, young people, men and women, have troubles. But you need not mourn over your troubles, my child, because Jesus will help you bear your sorrows, and make you all the wiser, stronger, and better for having had them. How good Jesus is!

A WOMAN OF METTLE.

A WOMAN in Staffordshire was carrying her husband and son's dinners to the mouth of a coal-pit one day. By some mischance she fell into the pit. Not thinking of herself, she still held a tight grasp of the bottles, and, providentially, her stretched-out arms made her expanded clothes like the parachute of a balloon, so that her fall was considerably broken, and she was saved with only a few bruises. Her first exclamation on reaching the bottom was, "There, the bottles be safe!"

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