

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.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- 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.

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUPPERUNTIL
M.C.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 2.

OCTOBER 24, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 194.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

PLAYING FALSE.

ROBERT LILY had a rich uncle, who, being a rich old bachelor, took a notion to Robert, and promised to leave him all his property when he died. After being made his uncle's heir, Robert went to pay the old gentleman a visit. But so anxious was Robert to please that he acted more like a crouching slave than a frank, honest boy. He agreed, or pretended to agree, with his uncle in everything. On the first evening his uncle said:

"Robert, I rise at five o'clock and take a cold bath. You are, of course, an early riser, and would like a cold bath too, wouldn't you?"

Now, as a matter of fact, early rising and cold baths were things that Robert did not like a bit. He would rather snooze until eight o'clock, and then sit down to a nice warm breakfast, than adopt his uncle's practice. But afraid to give offense, he replied:

"Yes, uncle, I think a cold bath in the morning is delightful."

O false, lying Robert! I rather think his uncle was a little bit of a wag, and invited Robert to the cold bath by way of punishing him for his servility. But be this as it may, Robert had to take the bath, very much to his own disgust.

I like to see such boys caught in their own snares, don't you? How much more manly, noble, and Christian it would have been for Robert to have told the truth, acted like himself, and been in every sense a true boy. I'm sure his uncle would have liked him better. But suppose he did not, was not Robert's own truth and purity worth far more than his uncle's money?

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE FANNY.

WHAT is little Fanny about? Is she dressing herself up for a game, or has she fallen into a fit of self-admiration? I will tell you.

Fanny has a sister named Alice who does not live with her mother, but who stepped in just now for a short visit. Fanny was sent up stairs with her sister's hat and shawl. No sooner was she in the chamber alone than she put Alice's bonnet on her head, threw her shawl over her shoulders, and, placing the swing-glass in a chair, began to admire herself.

What she saw to admire, perhaps, you can see better than I. To me she looks like a little fright.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE PAUL, THE BLIND BOY.

LITTLE PAUL was blind. His mother was poor, and his father was dead; but the last words he said to his weeping wife were, "Trust in God! God never forsakes his people!" and then he closed his eyes and died.

Now the poor mother was all alone in the world with her blind child—all alone, for she had neither friends nor relations. And she had no money either, but must work diligently with her needle for her living; but that she did not mind, and worked gladly day and night for her little blind boy. The blind child was as dear to her heart, perhaps more so, than those children who can see are to their mothers, for he needed it more. Sometimes she did not come home for the whole day, for she had to go and work for strangers from early morning until late in the evening; and all that time the child was alone. But no, not quite alone either, for good Martha, the old woman who lived over the way, and whose room door was directly opposite the poor mother's, came

Alice's bonnet is too big by half for her little round face. The shawl trails awkwardly on the floor. She looks more like a rag-doll than a pretty little girl. But you can easily tell by the smirk on her face that she thinks herself very pretty. Perhaps she is wishing that her own clothes were as nice as those of her sister. Ah, Fanny! Fanny! I am afraid your little heart is brimful of vanity. Alice laughs at you. I laugh at you. All the readers of the Advocate family will join in the laugh. You deserve to be laughed at, Fanny, indeed you do. Ha, ha, ha!

I wonder how many of my Advocate girls have Fanny's fault? How is it, girls? How many of you are vain? If mirrors could talk and walk, I would invite all your looking-glasses to come to my office and tell me how many of you stand like Fanny before their honest faces and think and say foolish things about yourselves. Wouldn't I get something to laugh at in that case? Wouldn't I hear some things to weep over too? You know that foolish and vain thoughts are *sins*. Many a woman who is now unhappy and lost, began her evil course by thinking vain thoughts before a mirror when she was a little girl. I hope, therefore, that you, my children, will put all vain thoughts out of your hearts, and pray that you may all be sweet little violets in God's garden—that is, modest, plain, simple-hearted, innocent little maidens in the Church of Christ.

X.

several times in the course of the day to look after little Paul—she was such a good, kind old body. But then she could not stay with him long, for she must make haste and spin all her wool if she would not go hungry. Munter, though a little puppy-dog, and Bibi, a dear little canary-bird, stayed with him all the while and kept him company. The canary-bird used to sit upon his pillow and sing him the sweetest songs it knew; and when the little boy let his hand hang down over the side of the bed Munter would run up and lick it; when Paul, too, wanted to get up, this same sensible Munter would take hold of his little coat-sleeve and lead him up and down the room that he should not run up against a table or chair. He took such a walk every day.

The happiest time for the little boy, though, was the evening, when his mother came home; it seemed like day then to him. She used to put her little work-table close beside his little bed, and tell him, while she sewed away as fast as she could, of the blessedness of heaven, and of the good God and all the holy angels; and so she entertained him with the most beautiful stories until late in the night—until he shut his eyes for very weariness. Little Paul often asked, "Mother, isn't the night almost past?" This cut the poor woman to the heart, and sometimes she hardly knew what to answer him.

"When we get to heaven," she said sometimes, "the night will be at an end. But God's eyes can

look through the thickest darkness, and he is always looking at you."

Thus they lived together very pleasantly, until by and by Paul got to be six years old. At that time the mother complained one morning that she was sick, and so weak that she could not stand up; she had to stay in bed the whole day, and was seized with a burning fever. The next day it was still worse, so that she lost her mind and became wildly delirious. Good old Martha watched over and tended both mother and child faithfully; but when another day passed, and still the poor woman was no better, the old woman ran to the doctor and brought him into the sick-room. The doctor was a kind, benevolent man; he felt the sick woman's pulse, asked a great many questions about her illness, and at last he shook his head. It is always a bad sign when the doctor shakes his head. When he saw little Paul lying in bed, he said, "That child must not stay in the room; he must be taken away immediately, for the woman is very, very sick. Has she no relations or friends to whom he could be sent?"

Then old Martha answered, "They have no relations, and few care to be the friends of the poor; but little Paul is blind."

The doctor took Paul out of his little bed and carried him to the window and seated him on his lap. After he had looked closely for a long time at the sightless eyes, a bright smile of pleasure passed over his face. Without saying a word, he took the child in his arms and carried him across the street to a large fine house that stood there. In this house lived some very rich people, friends of the doctor, who very readily agreed to his request that they would take care of the child until his mother got better. Emma, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the house, undertook the charge of him, and the kind-hearted doctor came every day to see him. After a good many days, as Paul was asking again and again for his mother, the doctor promised that he should go to her very soon if he would promise him to hold quite still while he examined his eyes, for they were very sick too and must be cured.

The boy promised, and kept his word from love to his mother. The doctor took a sharp instrument and removed with it the thick skin that had hindered him from looking upon God's beautiful earth and the bright sky, and restored to him the use of his eyes. Not a single cry of pain had escaped from Paul's lips as the sharp instrument cut into his eye, and only twice had he whispered softly, "O mamma!" The operation succeeded.

The next day the doctor permitted Emma, as a reward for her care of the little boy, to remove for a few moments the bandage he had tied over his eyes. Little Paul trembled over his whole frame as the first ray of light streamed into his opened eyes, and then exclaimed, "Now I'm in heaven, and the night is all past!" And as he saw the bright body of the sun—though just then it was almost covered with silvery clouds—he cried out, "There is God's eye!" He looked around him, and at the blooming Emma, who stood beside him, and asked if she was God's angel! But now the eyes had to be bandaged up again, so said the doctor.

The mother's illness was conquered through the skill and unwearied care of the worthy doctor; but the weakened woman recovered very slowly, and it was many weeks before she could leave her bed. The separation from her child gave her so much uneasiness that she could not get well as soon as she otherwise would, until the doctor discovered what it was that troubled her, and gave her his word that the boy was safe and well and well taken care of, and she should see him as soon as she was sufficiently better to bear it. But it seemed a great, great while to the longing mother.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and the mother for the first time had left her bed and was walking feebly across the room, when Emma led the boy, dressed in a new suit of clothes, across the street to the house in which his mother lived. She went up

the steep, high steps with him, opened the door very softly, and pushed him gently into the room. The mother stood near the window and prayed; she had not heard the door open, and little Paul stood timidly near it; everything was strange to him; he did not even know his mother. But Muntter sprang toward him, and barked so loudly with delight that the mother turned round.

"My Paul!" she cried as soon as she saw her child; and Paul, who knew her by her voice, was in her arms and on her bosom in a moment. The mother hugged and kissed him, and looking affectionately into his face started back in astonishment, exclaiming, "Great God! he sees!"

"Yes, I'm in heaven now," answered Paul with delight. "I have seen God's eye and one of his holy angels, and now the night is all past."

Overcome with happiness and gratitude, the poor woman sank upon her knees, and lifted up her folded hands; and Paul folded his little hands too, and raised them to heaven, as his mother had taught him long before to do, and a wordless prayer went up from the hearts of both to the throne of the highest. Then came into the mother's mind the remembrance of those parting words of her dying husband, "Trust in God! God never forsakes his people!"

Tears flowed from her eyes, and thus relieved her heart, that was almost crushed with the weight of the mercies that had been poured out upon her; and when little Paul saw her weeping, he, too, shed the first tears that had ever fallen from his eyes; but they were tears of joy.

Blessed Paul! may all the tears thou sheddest upon earth be such as these!

YOUR FATHER SEES YOU.

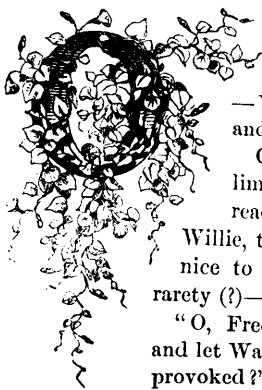
A LITTLE boy was desirous of having some tempting plums which grew on a tree in his father's garden. He watched his opportunity and stole into the garden, and was just about securing some of the plums, when his sister, who, suspecting his design, had followed him, whispered to him, "Your father sees you."

This was sufficient to prevent the wicked act.

Persons are often tempted to do what their heavenly Father is not willing they should do. Would that some kind voice could always whisper in the ear, "Your Father sees you." Remember this, young reader, whenever you are about to do anything wrong.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE "SINNY WORD."



ONE day this summer some little boys were out playing in the grove—Willie, Wilbur, Freddie, and Walter.

Cousin Walter got on the limb of a tree and went to reading, when mischievous Willie, thinking it would be very nice to do some mischief—for a rarity (?)—whispered:

"O, Fred, let's break the limb and let Walter down! Won't he be provoked?"

"Yes," said Wilbur, "and there would be a *sinny word* said too."

But the branch was not broken, and so, happily, the "sinny word" was not said. How many of my young readers, do you suppose, if they should be let out of a tree in such an unceremonious manner as proposed by Willie, or if in any manner suddenly tempted, or if things did not go right, would utter a "sinny word?" How many would be able to choke back the evil word that would be on their tongue's end waiting for utterance?

I hope, and certainly think, that *all* the members

of the Try Company, if they are ever tempted to use those naughty words, are *trying hard* to overcome the temptations, and if not already, will soon be so that they will not even *think* of uttering anything wrong when anything unpleasant occurs.

"Watch and pray," and *beware of the little "sinny words."*

Cousin GENIE.



THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BY DR. HUIE.

Child. What can I do for Christ, mamma,
Who does so much for me?

Mother. Give him your youthful heart, my child,
And from all evil flee.

C. I think he has my heart, mamma,
And I detest all sin.

M. Then end each day with prayer, my child,
With prayer each day begin.

C. I pray both morn and eve, mamma,
And love God's word to read.

M. Act too, that all may see, my child,
That you are Christ's indeed.

C. All this I strive to do, mamma,
Can I do nothing more?

M. Yes, tell that Christ has died for us,
God's favor to restore.

C. To whom can one so young, mamma,
The Saviour's mercy teach?

M. To all you love, and all you know,
And all your voice can reach.

C. But there are dying souls, mamma,
In many a distant land.

M. Well, send them men to preach the word,
That they may understand.

C. How can I send them men, mamma,
Who am so weak and poor?

M. Help those who do, and that with prayer,
A blessing to secure.

C. If prayer could turn my pence to pounds,
I fain your plan would try.

M. Elijah, and the widow's oil
My answer will supply.

C. O yes! I see. I have not much,
But what I have I'll give;
And God may make some dying soul
Through my small pittance live.

M. Do thus, my child, and you will find,
When sun and stars are dim,
That Christ regards what's done for men
As if 'twere done for him.

THOMAS GRAY AND HIS MOTHER.

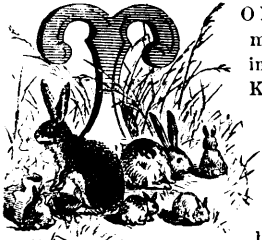
THOMAS GRAY, who wrote the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," was constant in his attentions and devotion to his mother in her life, and after her death he cherished her memory with sacred sorrow. We are told that Gray seldom mentioned her without a sigh. He wrote this tribute over her remains: "The careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom

alone had the misfortune to survive her." These are the touching words of grateful love. They say as much as a volume of praise for the gentle mother of whom they were written. Wherever his name and genius are known, her virtues will be remembered. He was buried, as he wished, by her side in the church-yard at Stoke. Her articles of dress were found after his death in a trunk as she had left them. It seemed as if he was loth to open it to give them to the relatives to whom they were left.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

HOW TOM AND HIS SISTER CAME TO QUARREL.



OM was spinning his humming-top and Kate was tossing her ball on the piazza. Kate often stopped to look at Tom's top, and to say, "How nicely it spins!" Then Tom would pause and say, "Well, I declare, Kate, you toss and catch a ball better than any girl I ever saw."

Thus this brother and his sister had a nice time, and were very happy in their play.

By and by Kate grew tired of the ball—it was Tom's ball—and so, turning to her brother, she said:

"Tom, let me spin your humming-top a little while, will you?"

"No I wont," replied Tom. "Tops are boys' playthings. They were not made for girls."

This was certainly an ill-natured speech for Tom to make. Perhaps he was tired. Some boys are always cross when they are weary.

"Girls do play with *humming-tops*," said Kate in a coaxing tone. "Come, Tom, let me have it to spin once—only just once. Do, Tom!"

"I tell you I wont," said Tom.

"Then I'll cut your ball to pieces," replied Kate.

"Cut it if you dare," said Tom.

He didn't think Kate would dare. But she did, for, taking a little penknife from her pocket, she cut it open, let the stuffing drop out, and then, throwing the leather cover at Tom's feet, said:

"There, take your old ball! You see I have dared to cut it."

Tom felt bad. He sat down with his back against a pillar of the piazza and cried. Kate sat in her little chair and pouted. They were both as miserable as they could well be.

They sat in this mood for some minutes. Then Kate, feeling ashamed of her part in the quarrel, said:

"Tom, come here; let us make up!"

"I don't want to," said Tom. "You spoiled my ball, and—"

"There, Tom," said Kate, running toward her brother and placing her hand playfully over his mouth, "don't talk so. I did wrong when I cut your ball, and you were unkind when you would not lend me your top. We were both wrong, only I acted worse than you did. Come, let us make up, and I will stuff your ball again and make it as good as it was before."

Tom yielded to this entreaty and kissed Kate. Thus the brother and sister healed their quarrel and went to their play again feeling very much happier than they did while quarreling, but they were not half as happy as they would have been if they had not quarreled at all.

I wonder how many Toms and Kates I have in my Advocate family. I half suspect the boy or girl now looking on these lines is one of them. If so I'm sorry. I can't love a quarrelsome child half as much as I want to. But look here, Master Tom and Miss Kate, if you will quarrel be sure you "make up" quickly. Still it would be far better not to fall out at all. Remember, God is angry with quarrelsome boys and girls. His command to them is, Love one another, and Love, you know, is not easily teased into a quarrel, nor does it ever provoke another. Let every boy and girl be loving, kind, and gentle.



POPPING CORN.

POPPING corn is a very pleasant play. Peter Popper in the picture is popping a lot of pop-corn for his pretty sisters. Peter Popper's face is as playful as the corn in his popper. Peter is no doubt a very pleasant fellow.

Pop-corn is very nice eating when it is well popped, but popping tempers are not quite so pleasant. Just speak to a child with such a temper and pop, pop, pop come the sharp, angry words from the pouting lips. Pshaw! I don't like a popping temper. Do you? I would rather step barefooted on a Canada thistle than spend one hour with such a temper. Wouldn't you?

If my little reader has a temper like pop-corn, I advise him to get rid of it as soon as he can. Remember, the Great Physician cures bad tempers without fee or reward. Go to him, my children.



OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Q is out quizzing the boys and girls. He travels like a Yankee looking for "away down East." When he returns let the shams look out.

The corporal is not here to-day. The squire is absent too. The council-chamber contains vacant chairs. What's the matter? Nothing, only the corporal, the squire, and the editor have been rusticated a while. The hot weather almost used them up, and they were forced to retire from the crowded city and rest from their labors for a few days. They will rest from them forever by and by. But before they enter into their last rest they expect to do a great deal of hard work. Look out for them in the next number with Q in their train and a puzzle besides. Until then you must be content with some letters they talked over at their last meeting.

"W. M. P. says:

"You should have been in Camden at the first anniver-

sary of our Try Company. We have been organized just one year, and now have over one hundred members. We gathered together in a large tent to enjoy our anniversary festival, and O what a pleasant time we had! We had plenty of good things, and some delightful music, and two good addresses from Charles L. Porter, of the Third-street Try Company, and Rev. R. S. Harris. At the close of Brother Harris's address he presented, on behalf of the Try Company, a very handsome copy of the Holy Scriptures to the captain of our company. And then in the evening and on Tuesday evening we continued the festival and realized considerable for the benefit of our Try Company. Every one was pleased with the affair. Many of our members already love the Saviour, and we hope that many more will soon learn to love him too. Will the corporal admit us into his Try Company and let us go marching along with him? We subscribe for one hundred and twenty-five copies of the S. S. Advocate and like it."

March on, boys and girls of Camden! March in the narrow way. March, looking unto Jesus. March, singing about Jesus. Keep marching. March straight into glory! These are the corporal's orders. Read on, corporal!

"Here is a line from M. E. G., of Glasco. She says:

"In your Advocate of August 8 there is a little incident about 'A Sensible Horse.' You ask for remarks upon the subject. I think the horse resembles the sinner when he feels the cords of sin that bind him. Then he goes direct to Jesus, praying to him till he finds peace and obtains the new heart. And as the horse 'trotted back to his pasture at a merry pace and in excellent humor,' so the pardoned sinner's heart is light, and he goes singing along the road to heaven. These are my imperfect thoughts on the subject. I know they are not very clear and distinct, and perhaps not at all to the point; but as you ask your Advocate family for our opinion, I trust you will accept this."

May's thoughts are "to the point," certainly, though that horse, knowing as he was, never dreamed of being used to illustrate the feelings of a sinner. I trust May knows by experience what the peace of a pardoned sinner is.

"EMMA, of Lawn Arbor, writes:

"You said some time ago the children might tell you how they earned missionary money. I dried some apples to sell. I cannot send you any flowers of my own raising. I have to go so far to school and have so much to do at home that I have no time to raise flowers, so ma said I might send some wild ones. Please accept them as a token of my love. I have enlisted in the army of Jesus and wish to join the Try Company. Many of the scholars in our school make fun of religious people. I intend to send for your likeness. I am eleven years old."

The wild flowers standing as a symbol of Emma's love are more precious to me than the gayest growth of the greenhouse could be without it. Emma is welcome to my company. Her flowers are in my book-case. Jesus wont forget those apples dried for his sake. Read the next, corporal!

"B. F. M. says:

"I am trying to live a Christian life. I have two half brothers, an own brother, and a dear and lovely mother. I trust in the heavenly paradise. With God's help and my own weakness combined, I am trying to live in that way and manner that I may be among the number of whom Christ shall say, 'Come ye blessed of my Father,' that I shall reign with those of my relatives who have exchanged the land of the dying for the land of the eternal living. I very often think of my dear mother, and of the last words which escaped her lips. They were a request that my dear brother and myself should kneel by our bedside before retiring to rest and ask God's care and his blessing to rest upon us through the night and all future life; but I regret to say I did not seek the favor of God until the winter of 1862, and I would say to the readers of the Advocate, you that have good homes, dear parents that are doing all they can for you to make you happy, always follow their advice, obey every command, never give them occasion for grief on account of your disobedience. Many of the poor people who are dragging their life out in our prisons began the first steps of their mad career by disregarding the rules of their parents. The Advocate is the source of much joy in the school where I attend, and I verily believe is the means of distilling a principle of truth and holiness in the minds of many of its youthful readers."

If that lad acts as wisely as he writes he will no doubt reach the rest that remaineth for the children of God. God bless him! Read on, corporal!

"Here is a paper signed by ALICE MERCER and forty others. It says:

"We, the undersigned, agree to be good children, to be kind to our brothers, sisters, and schoolmates, to be obedient to our parents and teachers, to be industrious, to be studious, and to put down 'Giant I Can't.'"

A capital agreement that. May the children's Friend help them to live up to it! May every boy and girl in Canada do likewise!

For the Sunday School Advocate.

ASKING A BLESSING.

In the village of Ellison, in the western part of Illinois, lived a Methodist minister who was often seen with a little flaxen-haired boy of four summers hanging to his finger or climbing about his knee. Benny was a quiet boy, and seldom spoke unless spoken to. He was a good-humored, good-natured little fellow, and loved by all who knew him.

One afternoon, his parents leaving home, Benny was left with one of the neighbors. Tea-time came, and he was placed at the table. The lady of the house poured out the tea, and was just in the act of passing it, when Benny said, very peremptorily:

"Wait! you never said it!"

"Said what?" asked the lady, much surprised.

"You never said it," replied he, "and I'll not eat a mouthful till you do say it."

"I am not well and I can't," said the lady.

Looking very earnestly at another lady who was present, Benny said, "Can't you say it?"

The lady shook her head. He then turned to the daughter of the lady of the house and said, "Mary, can't you say it?"

Mary shook her head also, and said, "Benny, can't you?"

"I can't think of it all, but I will say what I can," replied he.

The little fellow, with much more dignity than most divines of the present day assume, with hands clasped and eyes raised heavenward, commenced:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; if I should—" he forgot the remainder, and turning his plate over said, "I can't think of the rest."

This was enough. The little prayer that little Benny sent up to the dispenser of all good was echoed through heaven.

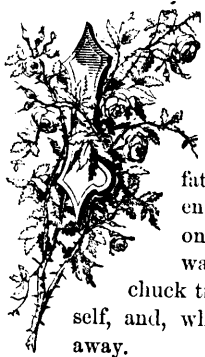
I think the brightest angels that stand around the courts of glory smiled approval of that simple and childlike though not quite appropriate prayer.

When Brother McCormick preaches, if Benny is in the house he sits quietly in the pulpit during the sermon.

B. A. Cox.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A WOODCHUCK THAT WEIGHED EIGHTY POUNDS.



"DO not believe it," I think I hear the corporal say.

Well, wait, Mr. Corporal, and hear my story. Edwin and Whittie are two of my good Sabbath-school scholars. Their father is my assistant superintendent. He sent them the other day on the hill to plow. On their way Edwin went to see the woodchuck trap, and got caught in it himself, and, what was worse, could not get away.

Meanwhile, his younger brother, Whittie, had gone on with the oxen; but finding that Edwin did not come, went back, and found him calling for help.

"Why were you so long in getting over to the field?" asked their father at noon.

"Why," answered Whittie, "we caught a woodchuck that weighed eighty pounds!"

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

THE WORD "MAIDEN."

HERE is a long sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious child has got up with just the letters found in the word *maiden*: Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine.



CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

BY JULIA GILL.

"THE Master has come over Jordan;"

Said Hannah, the mother, one day;

"He is healing the people who throng him

With a touch of his finger, they say;

"And now I shall carry the children,

Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John,

And the youngest—the baby Esther,

For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,

But he shook his head and smiled,

"Now who but a doating mother

Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,

Or dying of fever, 'twere well;

Or had they the taint of the leper,

Like many in Israel."

"Now, do not hinder me, Nathan,

I feel such a burden of care;

If I carry it to the Master,

Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,

My heart will be lighter, I know,

For a blessing for ever and ever

Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Jordan,

Along by the vine-rows green,

With Esther asleep on her bosom,

And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,

Or waited his touch and his word,

Through the rout of proud Pharisees, listening,

She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why should'st thou hinder the Master,"

Said Peter, "with children like these?

See'st not how, from morning till evening,

He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;

Permit them to come unto me!"

And he took in his arms little Esther,

And Rachel he set on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother

Was lifted all earth care above,

As he laid his hand on the brothers,

And blessed them with tenderest love.

THE RHINOCEROS'S FRIEND.

THE rhinoceros's best friend and the rhinoceros hunter's most tiresome enemy is a little bird, the *Buphaga Africana*, vulgarly known as the rhinoceros bird. It constantly attends on the huge beast, feeding on the ticks that infest its hide, the bird's long claws and elastic tail enabling it to hold fast to whatever portion of the animal it fancies. If it rendered the rhinoceros no further service than ridding him of these biting pests it would deserve his gratitude. But, in addition, it does him the favor of warning him of the approach of the hunter. With its ears as busy as its beak, the little sentinel detects danger afar off, and at once shoots up into the air, uttering a sharp and peculiar note, which the rhinoceros is not slow to understand and take advantage of. He doesn't wait to make inquiry, but

makes off at once. Cumming asserts that when the rhinoceros is asleep and the *Buphaga* fails to wake him with its voice, it will peck the inside of his ears, and otherwise exert itself to rouse its thick-headed friend.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE WONDERFUL WHITE MAN.

WHAT do you suppose we should think if we were to go among a people who are as far in advance of us as we are in advance of the poor untaught African?

Not long since one of the Quamen came for the first time to visit the Wesleyan mission-house in Old Calabar, South Africa. While standing on the verandah looking at the ships going up and down

the river, and other mission-houses in the distance, he said, "You white man live in the light; we black man live away in the bush, all in the dark."

They told him to look through the telescope, when, to his surprise, the distant houses seemed to be so near that he thought he could speak to them. When he took his eye from the glass he exclaimed, "Bakara! bakara!" (white man! white man!) and sat down full of amazement. Another said, "Your God make you to know plenty things. Surely you be come from God."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND HIS MOTHER.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN used to refer to his mother in the tender tone of filial love. He showed his regard for her in various ways—by frequent presents to soothe her later years and add to her comforts. Thus, in one of his letters he sends her a moi-dore—a gold piece worth six dollars—"toward chaise-hire," that she might drive warm to church in winter. In another he tells her of the improvement and growth of his son and daughter, which, he well knew, would be a subject of dear interest to their grandmother as well as their mother.

NOTHING can be more attractive than to see a dutiful daughter repaying the care and affection of her parents by her good conduct.

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.