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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 10.

FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 202.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOUIS AND EDMUND.

Two lads met in the street one day, named Louis and Edmund. They had been schoolmates, but after leaving school their paths had led in different directions. Both had become clerks; but Louis had chosen the ways of religion and virtue, while Edmund had made up his mind to "enjoy life," by which phrase he meant that his chosen pleasures were those which are found in the "way of transgressors."

They met near the doors of a theater. Edmund was puffing a cigar with the air of one who thinks it manly to waste his health and money in smoke. Clapping a hand on Louis's shoulder, he said:

"Glad to see you, old fellow! How are you? Haven't seen you for an age. Come and see me this evening. I'm going to the theater. I'll stand treat for you. Will you go?"

To this string of questions Louis replied only to the last, saying:

"I thank you, Edmund, I never go to the theater. My mother says it's a bad place for boys, and I believe she is right, for all the fellows I know who go to the theater are what I call 'fast boys.'"

"Pooh, Louis!" said Edmund, puffing a column of smoke into the air; "you are old enough to cut loose from your mother's apron strings and begin to play the man. Mothers are wise enough in some things, but they don't know what is best for young fellows at our age. They would keep us moping about like molting hens if they had their way, but I go in for a merry life. Come, Louis, say you'll call at my boarding-place to-night, take a snack for tea with a few friends who are to be with me, and then go to the play. We'll have the merriest time you ever had in your life."

"I am obliged to you for your kindness," replied Louis, "but I should displease my mother and disturb my conscience if I were to accept your invitation. I cannot afford to do either, and therefore I must decline to accept it."

"That's it, is it?" rejoined Edmund with a sneer. "Conscience and mamma's whims! Faugh! Why, I'll bet a cigar you were never in a theater."

"That's so. I never was inside a theater," said Louis, "and by the help of grace I will never enter one."

"That's great! Never saw the inside of a theater, hey? How do you know it's a bad place then? Come, Louis, act like a sensible fellow. Go to-



night, just for once, and judge for yourself. If you don't like it you need not go again. You must try all things, you know, if you mean to be a philosopher."

"I certainly do not need to take poison to know whether it will hurt me or not," said Louis. "Poison proved itself unfit to be taken by killing people many years before I was born, and the theater has led so many to ruin that I know it must be poison to the soul."

"Whew! You are a case!" exclaimed Edmund with a sneer; "a gone case, I do believe. Your mother and the Methodists have made a milk-sop of you. Wouldn't my set laugh at you if they were to hear you talk and see your parson's face?"

Louis gave no heed to Edmund's sneer, but placing a hand on his shoulder he besought him with tears in his eyes to stop walking in the ways of sin. He told him that his habits and companions would ruin him soul and body. He warned him that sorrow and death are the fruits of sin. He begged him to quit his evil doings and return to the ways of virtue. If ever one boy was faithful to another, Louis was faithful to Edmund that afternoon. Wasn't Louis a glorious fellow?

Did Edmund mind him? Not he. His heart was set to do evil. Did you ever know such a boy listen to good advice? No. He only puffed his cigar

smoke into his old schoolmate's face, laughed, turned on his heel, and walked away—to fun, frolic, and to—hell!

Foolish Edmund! His future life was as the lives of millions of boys who, like him, harden their hearts against God and give themselves up to do evil. He had what he called a "good time" for a little while, then run into debt, lost his place, became a gambler, sunk lower and lower in misery, and finally died in an almshouse. His poor soul went where? To heaven? Alas, no! Such resolute sinners have no place in heaven. His soul sunk into the bottomless pit.

What of Louis? His life was the old story too. Being virtuous and pious he was trusted. He prospered. He rose in the world. He lived to do good and to make many happy. He died at last in the arms of his friends and went to glory.

Boys, which path will you walk in? Edmund's or Louis's. They are both before you. You can walk in either of them as you choose. God, good men, the Bible invite you to enter Louis's path. Satan, bad boys, and wicked men call you to follow Edmund to ruin! Which way will you go? In the right way? God bless you and help you to keep your purpose. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

LITTLE SARAH'S aunt was the principal of a boarding-school, and I was one of the boarders, and a happy day we thought it when the sweet little girl lighted among us like a pretty bird from a branch. She was scarcely three years old, but called herself a "bid dirl," and was so independent and so wise that we said we would all be under her command as long as she staid with us. She had maids of honor in plenty, for we all thought it a great favor to be allowed to curl her silky hair in the morning, and we agreed to "take turns" at the pleasant task. Once, when it came my turn, before I began to dress her hair I had to give her a little cupful of very bitter medicine, and I felt very sorry for her, and so asked in a cheery voice, as if I had "just as lief" take it as not,

"Is it good, Sarah?"

She did not think it was good, but her aunt had ordered it, and she dearly loved her aunt and would not say anything that would cast a reflection upon her kindness, neither would she tell what little girls

call a story and say it was good when it was not, and so she took the bitter cup in both little fat hands and drank it off, shivering all over after it, and then said quickly:

"Me wont tell oo!"

I burst out laughing, and as she stood before me waiting for me to begin with her hair, looking in my face with such sturdy defiance as much as to say, "I guess you'll mind your own business next time," I could not stop laughing.

I thought it as ingenious a reply as that of the Quaker, who, when asked an uncivil question, answered, "Friend, does thee want to know?" And when the bright head came from under my hands, shaking its wet curls as a pretty Spaniel shakes his long ears on coming out of the water, I led the little brave into the school-room and told all the other scholars of the heroic deed she had performed, and amid a great deal of laughter and the bestowal of much candy upon the heroine, it was agreed that we should all hereafter know what to say when we had to take bitter medicine, and Lucy Lovefun got a hint to apply the remedy to her bad lessons. Instead of going about whining over them, she had better, when asked if they were hard, sit down to them with both hands over her ears and say, "Me wont tell oo whether they are hard or not till I've learned them!" and Peter Crybaby was told that he had better wipe his eyes over that spelling-lesson, and when John Toosmart asked if he couldn't woot it, say, "Friend, does thee want to know?"

Finally, it was settled that from the mouth of a babe we had learned wisdom, and I hope the readers of the S. S. Advocate will think about it, and declare that when they have an unpleasant duty to do they will do it as bravely as little Sarah did, without stopping to think whether it is agreeable or not, if it only be right. You see that little Sarah, babe that she was, obeyed the Bible rule of doing things: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Did it not require "might" for that precious little one to raise to her lips the bitter cup? I think it did. I have often thought of it, and it has done me good when I have recalled the picture of the cunning little evader of unpleasant truth, yet the truth's best champion in deed if not in word. I heard from her not long since, and the word was that she was growing up to be a most sensible and studious young girl, and I prayed that God would bless her and make her a good and useful woman.

E. H.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

A RICH MAN'S SONS.

I READ the other day of a rich man who was as wise as he was wealthy, which is a rare thing. He had three sons to whom he gave his riches before he died. Having given each his portion, he said:

"Now, I have one diamond left. It is very precious. I will give it to either of you who will do a noble deed."

Each of these young men wanted the diamond. So they left their home for a few weeks and sought to do something noble. On their return their father said to the eldest:

"Well, my son, what have you done?"

"During my absence," replied the young man, "a stranger intrusted to me his property and I faithfully restored him all."

"That," replied his father, "was only an act of justice. You would have been a great rogue if you had done otherwise."

The second son now stepped forward and said, "I was near the water and saw a boy drowning. I pulled him out and saved his life."

"That," replied his father, "was only an act of common humanity. You would have done as much for a dog. There was nothing noble in that."

The youngest son now came forward and said, "I saw my enemy lying asleep on the edge of a precipice. I awoke him gently and pointed out his danger."

"That," said the father, "was a noble act. Take the diamond."

Was that father right, think you, in giving the diamond to the youngest son? Members of the Try Company, sit on the case and send me your judgment.

THE CORPORAL.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

CHURCH-LOVING ALFRED.

- I HAVE a reader who don't like to go to Church. She skulks whenever she can. Indeed, she often pretends to be sick when she is as hearty as her father's fat oxen. That is lying, of course, but what does she care? A girl or boy who don't love to go to church is very likely to be a lover of sin and wrong-doing.

Very unlike to that girl was Alfred B., who, when getting well of a cold, looked into his mother's face one day and said very earnestly:



"Mother, I shall soon be able to go to church three times on a Sunday, sha'n't I?"

Which of these children is *right*? Which has the smile of Jesus? You know, my dear children, as well as I do, and you know which example you ought to copy. If you have Alfred's spirit, instead of shunning God's house you will always love to be there, and, like the royal shepherd, will often be saying:

"For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

W.

TEN FRIENDS.

"I wish that I'd good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis with a yawn.

"Good friends! why, you've ten!" replied his master.

"I'm sure I've not half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said the master.

Dennis looked down on his big strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have—there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say that you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

LITTLE JANE AND HER BROTHER.

NEAR sunset on a summer's eve, on rambling up a lane, I met a child who told me that her name was "little Jane." I love to talk with children, so, tarrying a while, I thus addressed the maiden as I sat upon the stile:

"Dear child," said I, "how is it that thus lonely here you stray?"

Have you no little brother to come out with you to play?" A glance that pierced me through the heart shot from her starlike eyes,

A pearly tear bedewed her cheek; I gazed in sad surprise.

"I have a little brother, sir," 'twas thus the maid replied, "He went to heaven—a happy place—but mother said he died."

No, mother, no, he is *not* dead—he is not dead, said I; For Jesus said, 'He that believes in me shall never die.'

"William believed his Saviour, and I've often heard him say

He'd rather think of Jesus than he'd pass his time at play. Can you, sir, tell me where to go that I may Jesus find? I'm sure he'd take me in his arms, he is so good and kind.

"With him my little brother *lives*—my brother is not *dead*—But lives in heaven with Him by whom the little lambs are fed.

Before he went he gave to me his playthings and his books, He kissed me, and so happy seemed, I can't forget his looks.

"He was so glad to go away, and said it was no pain, To leave us for a little while, for we should meet again. And yet, kind sir, I often cry, I am so much alone; I fear he has forgot me quite, so long he has been gone.

"I know he's happy where he is, and do not wish him here.

Please, sir, is heaven a long way off, or is it very near? Could I just go and speak to *him*, then back to mother come, He knows so many pretty hymns, I'm sure he'd sing me some.

"In heaven the happy angels sing—in heaven they all rejoice:

And then I know his Saviour hears my little brother's voice.

I sing his hymns, I love his way, his Saviour mine shall be; And then he may say, 'Suffer little Jane to come to me.'

"And when I go I'll ask if I—" "Dear child," said I, "forbear."

I descended from the stile and I breathed a fervent prayer, That He who doth *all* blessings, unto those that ask, impart,

Would be pleased with his grace divine to touch this youthful heart.

So, parting from the child, I said, "God bless you, little Jane:"

And 'twill be long ere I forget my ramble up the lane. May all who read this artless tale of simple faith and love Be brought to seek the Saviour here and dwell with him above.

THE PEBBLE POLISHED.

A MAN walking on the beach picked up a stone, and after examining it carefully, placed it in his bag and carried it away.

"What do you want with that common pebble?" asked a stranger standing by. "It looks to me like any other stone of the shingle."

"Wait until to-morrow," replied the finder.

Then he took it home, and cut, and ground, and polished it; and then it appeared a costly agate of true value, and the stranger purchased it for a large price.

Never despise polished manners or neatness of appearance. A character of truest worth is often mistaken when these are neglected.

THE GRAVE QUESTION.

"WHAT word is the longest of all?" asked a wise man of a student. The student took his dictionary but could not answer. "Then I will tell thee," responded the other; "it is *ETERNITY*. Canst thou better tell me what word is the shortest of all?" he continued. And the other man was silent still. "The shortest word is *now*," said the wise man, "for it lasts but for a second. Let these remind thee that *now* is the quickly fleeting time in which to prepare for eternity!"

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

SPRING IS COMING.



SPRING, gentle Spring, is coming. She will bring the warm sun, the soft balmy air, the green grass, and lovely flowers in her train. Aren't you glad, my children?

I am, for I confess that rough old Winter with his fierce blasts, biting frosts, and fleecy snows is no favorite of mine. I accept him because God sends him; but I am always glad when Spring sends the rude old fellow to the North Pole, and I al-

ways bless my heavenly Father for sending Spring.

Yes, praise God for Spring! Don't you all say so? Very good. But what are you going to do the coming Spring? If you live in the country each of you ought to have a garden and grow flowers in it. I advise you to ask your parents to let you do so. Flowers are beautiful things and children should learn to grow them.

There are some flowers that may be grown in your hearts with which God is much pleased. There is a little violet called humility, a climbing vine named faith, and the sweet little plant of love. God is very fond of these flowers, and I hope you will grow a large crop of them in your heart-garden.

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

WHAT are you laughing about, corporal? I heard your merry ha, ha, ha when I was on the stairs. It is well, I think, for your face that it is not made of plaster, for if it were, your habit of laughing would make a great many cracks in it.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughs the corporal again, evidently tickled at the idea of having cracks in his face. But he restrains his humor a moment and replies, "I was laughing, Mr. Editor, because in coming to the office I saw a short fat boy slip down. I think he hurt himself, for as he fell his head hit the pavement with a heavy thud. But, instead of crying, he sat up, looked round with a most comical face for a moment, and then throwing himself on his back with his heels in the air, he broke into one of the merriest fits of laughter you ever saw or heard. I caught the boy's humor and laughed all the way up stairs."

That boy was a philosopher, corporal. He was no doubt hurt, but like our mutual friend, Mr. Merton, who always grows merry when his rheumatism pinches him, he laughed away his pain.

"You believe in laughing, then, do you, Mr. Editor?" inquires the corporal.

Certainly, corporal. I think with King Solomon, the ancient moralist, that there is a time to laugh. Laughing shakes cobwebs from the brain, rallies the spirits, benefits the health, and improves the heart. I like to see good people cheerful.

"Then you don't like Mrs. Sour-Godliness?" observes Mr. Forrester.

No, squire, not a bit. I don't believe that long-faced, gloomy-hearted lady has any right to claim a place in the kingdom of heaven, which, you recollect, is made up of love, peace, and joy.

"Ha, ha! Here is a letter from Q-in-the-corner against laughing," observes the corporal, proceeding to read:

"DEAR CORPORAL TRY,—I was at the — Church last Sunday and feel bound to tell you what I saw there. There was one boy who kept up a giggle all the morning because the venerable old Squire Fussy wore a red silk handkerchief over his head. He kept pointing at the old gentleman, and made all the boys in his own seat and in the one behind him laugh during the whole service. I pitied his teacher very much, and should have been pleased if the preacher had given the boy a public rebuke.

"In the other gallery was a girl who also kept up an almost constant laugh over an odd-looking woman with a very tall bonnet filled with staring flowers and covered with feathers. It was a funny sight, I confess. There were flowers enough to fill a good-sized vase, and feathers enough to satisfy a bird of Paradise; but I thought that girl did very wrong to keep looking and laughing at it as she did. Will you please to tell her what you think, sir?"

"Then, sir, as I was quietly walking home, I saw a poor man without legs creeping with great effort along the sidewalk. Two or three of the Sunday-school boys walked behind him, whispering such words as 'erab,' 'squatter,' 'creeper,' 'jumper,' and the like, and then bursting into a rude laugh. I report them to you, sir, for, from what a quiet lad said to one of them, I fear they belong to your Try Company. I am, dear corporal,

"Q-IN-THE-CORNER."

There, my corporal, you have your friend Q-in-the-corner against your laughing theory.

"Not at all, Mr. Editor. Q's face is as merry as mine—exactly. When I laugh he laughs. Indeed, I believe he would sneeze if I were foolish enough to take a pinch of snuff. But Q and I believe in *not* laughing as well as in laughing. While there is a time to laugh, there is also a



time not to laugh. There are also *places* where one should not laugh, and *things* which one should not laugh at. It is, for example, wrong to laugh in a church, or at persons anywhere. That boy and girl in church did wrong, very wrong. They were in God's house. Their eyes should have been fixed on the minister, and their thoughts on God, instead of on 'Squire Fussy or Lady Furbelow. The boys who laughed at the poor cripple were both heartless and wicked. Q must be mistaken about their belonging to the Try Company. Why, sir, one of my rules requires that we should love and pity the unfortunate. Laugh at a cripple, sir? It's abominable. I would expel any boy or girl who should do so in a moment. I hope Q will find out the names of those rude fellows he saw do it, and if they do belong to me I'll make an example of them. I will, sir, indeed I will. But here is a Scripture puzzle to sharpen your wits, and to set you studying holy writ:

"1. Find the name of a bird which God sent twice in great numbers to appease the hunger of his people.

"2. The name of a valuable ornament worn by Jewish high priests.

"3. A name given to Jesus by the most eloquent of the prophets.

"4. The name of a business of which one Aholiab was a master.

"5. The name of a plant which grows in vast quantities on the land of lazy farmers.

Put the first letters of these names together skillfully and they will give you the title of a lady much celebrated for her admiration of a wise and ancient monarch. The same title is now borne by the noble lady represented in the above picture.

And here is the answer to the Scripture puzzle in our last:

(1.) Theophilus, Luke i. 3. (2.) Lois, 1 Tim. i. 5. (3.) Jordan, Matt. iii. 6. (4.) Isaac, Gen. xxii. 2. (5.) Myra, Acts xxvii. 5. (6.) Shephatiah, 2 Sam. iii. 3. (7.) Herdman, Amos vii. 14. "The Lord is my Shepherd," Psa. xxiii. 31.

"Here is a letter from R. A. A., the superintendent of a flourishing school in ——. He says his heart is grieved because death has taken three of his little flock to Jesus. They all, especially 'little Willie,' loved your paper well."

Tell the good man his pupils are gone to a better school than his. They have angels for teachers and Jesus for superintendent now. What next, corporal?

"H. C. W. writes me of Eddie, who has gone from his class to the same heavenly school. O how many of our dear ones leave us! There must be more than one child per minute passing in at the gate of paradise. I think the angels must love to listen to the patter of their tiny feet as they walk the golden pavements of the glorious city.—Here is a long letter which inquires:

"Do you permit strangers to enter your council-chamber? If so, we wish to make application for our Sunday-school to join your excellent Try Company, provided you receive whole schools at one time. Most of our school have been drilling for some time, so that they are really veterans, and we think will do good service. Our school is organized into a 'Missionary Try Battalion,' and one of our mottoes is, 'We cannot tell what we can do until we try.' We are interested in sending the gospel to the heathen, as well as distributing tracts here and getting scholars into our school, where they may learn of Jesus and help sing our sweet Sunday-school songs. None of us are promoted in the Try Battalion except from real merit, and already many of us have been promoted to majors. We do not fight with guns and swords, as soldiers of our loved country do, but with kind words and the 'sword of the Spirit,' and we hope that all the children and young people in our town will become soldiers for Jesus. We have a strong foe to contend with. Many swear, break the Sabbath, get drunk, and do many other wicked things, and some parents do not encourage their children to attend Sunday-school; but we are sure the Saviour's army will be victorious.

"We do not think it well to say too much of ourselves, but we must tell you what victories our Captain, the Saviour, has helped us to gain. Not quite three years ago we organized a Sunday-school with only about five children in a private house. The children were glad of a place where they might come and learn of Him who died that they might live, and we think the grown-up people were glad too, for the great wickedness for which this place was noted seemed to grow less. Some ceased Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness, and some got to be Christians. Now we have a nice church, and our Sunday-school room is sufficiently large to accommodate about four hundred scholars, and we think it is about as good as any Sunday-school room in Canada that we have seen or heard of. We want about \$2,000 to free our Church from debt, but we do not think it will take long to get this amount as almost every one seems to know that it takes money to carry on God's work, and many are willing to do what they can. From the small seed that was sown and 'watered with the dews of heaven,' our school has grown to nearly a membership of two hundred and fifty, and we have room in our Church and in our hearts for all who will come. A few of us have given our hearts to Jesus, and we meet every Sabbath evening for a Sunday-school prayer-meeting. The Lord has blessed us with a good and faithful pastor, and many faithful teachers. Some come a great distance, and never miss a Sabbath for bad weather. One of them is from your own city. If you have any more such we can use them to good advantage."

A long story that for the budget, my corporal, but it is a good one. I know it pleases you by the light in your eye.

"Of course it does," replies the corporal. "Very few of my companies could give as good an account of themselves. I admit them with my blessing.—Here is a letter from W. C. N. B., who says:

"I want very much to be a good boy and, if I live, a good and useful man. I have had your good little paper for two or three years. My mother often reads it through at the dinner-table on Sundays and wishes it was twice as large. Will you accept me in your Try Company?"

Certainly I will, my Willie. Your mother is a wise and good lady, I'm sure, and you may tell her that when the Advocate family are able to do every fortnight more duties than we teach in a single number of the Advocate, small as it is, we will give a bigger sheet.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

FREDDIE'S QUESTION.

"PLEASE, father, tell me what *exquisite* means?" said Freddie to Mr. Trueman one morning as he was busily engaged in brushing his overcoat.

"I am busy now, my son, but will tell you this evening," replied Mr. Trueman.

"Can't you please tell me now, sir?" inquired the child.

"I have already staid longer than I should have done playing with you and Katy; besides, I have often told you never to interrupt me when I was busy. I can't do two things at once."

Off Freddie ran to obtain the desired information from his mother.

"Mother, can *you* tell me what *exquisite* is? but I see you are just as busy as father, and cannot do two things at once either."

"O yes I can; I am never too much engaged to answer my little boy's questions. Exquisite is something very superior, very fine and excellent; but where did you hear that word, my dear?"

"I heard Mrs. Drew say that you were a woman of exquisite taste and refinement, and I did not know whether it meant good or bad. And she said something about father too, but it did not mean either superior, fine, or excellent, and I am quite sure it was not true, because I know that father is neither selfish nor cold-hearted; he is a real generous man. The other day he brought home some venison and grouse, and said both were for you as you were so fond of them; and when you asked how long before salmon would be in season, he replied he would look out for that, as you should have some of the first that came into market. My balls, rocking-horse, and parlour-skates all go to prove that father isn't cold-hearted or selfish. Is he, mother?"

"Not quite so fast, Freddie! I have tried to stop you more than once, but you have been so intent on trying to convince me that your father is not selfish you have paid no attention to me when I told you to speak more slowly. I think you have misunderstood Mrs. Drew. She and your father have always been good friends. They were schoolmates, and acquainted long before I knew either of them."

"That's just so, mother, for she said father was stingy and close when at school, that he always made a hard bargain and got the best of others, and that last week he got the upper hand of Mr. Drew in a lot of goods he sold him, as they were not what father represented them, they were nearly all damaged, and that he was a downright cheat, and only father was in such a hurry to go to the store this morning I should have told him every word of it."

"I am very glad you had not the opportunity to do so, Freddie. You should never repeat anything that is likely to make mischief; but there is still some great mistake in all this. Your father is remarkable for his plain and candid dealings. Tell me, Fred, how you came to hear all this?"

"I was sitting in the recess in the dining-room with Morgan, reading one of his new books, when his mother, aunt, and cousin came in and sat near the register. They spoke very loud, very fast, and all at the same time. They stayed only a little while, and then they left the room and went out together. The large side-board hid us so that they could not see us, and Morgan motioned to me to keep very still, and whispered, 'It will be fun to hear what big folks talk about.'"

"O, Freddie, dear child, how very wrong you acted. You have been guilty of the mean and contemptible act of listening, and by so doing have heard what was never intended you should know, and you kept yourself concealed for the purpose of stealing your information. I am grieved more than I can find words to express. What did Morgan say about it?"

"He made me promise not to tell any one we were in the recess, as his mother would be very an-



gry if she knew he had his handsome books out of the book-case."

Mrs. Trueman was perplexed as to what course she should take. She went to her room, and in less than an hour called Freddie to her and forbade his repeating what he had told her. Accustomed to render unqualified obedience to his parents' commands, he was never allowed to question why he was to do this or abstain from that. It was enough for him to know father desires it, or mother wishes or says so.

Scarcely had the clock struck six when Mr. Trueman's step was heard in the hall. Freddie, who was generally privileged to be in the room during dinner-time, ran to his father, and, pointing to a small parcel, said, "Father, is there anything in this for Katy or me?"

"No, my boy; that belongs to mother. She will after dinner dispose of its contents, and now that I have time to talk to you, let me answer your question of this morning. Exquisite means elegant, superfine, superior, or A No. 1."

"Thank you, father; but as I was in a hurry and did not care to wait till evening, I asked mother and she told me."

Freddie's thoughts were still on the parcel, and so soon as the cloth was removed he placed it in his mother's hands, saying, "Open it, mother, if you please."

Mrs. Trueman relieved Fred's curiosity and brought to light a box of under-sleeves with collars to match. Mr. Trueman replied to her inquiring look by saying, "I had a case of fine work forwarded to me from Paris, and supposing them to be perfect, sold a package to our friend Drew. On opening and examining the goods, he found they were damaged. I, of course, took them back. It is probable the house from which I got them may make it right; but, be that as it may, I cannot allow him to suffer loss in the purchase of damaged goods from me. Some of the articles are perfect, some again are slightly damaged, while a few are not saleable."

Nothing more was said on the subject just then, but Freddie's bed-hour having arrived, he kissed his father good-night with more than usual warmth. When alone with his mother he said:

"Dear darling mother, I wish I had as much sense as you have. I am so glad I did not tell father about Mrs. Drew! He is a noble man, and is neither mean nor stingy. I hope I may be just like him."

"I hope so, my son; and you will, if you live, be an honest, upright man, fulfilling in your intercourse with the world your Saviour's injunction: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

R.

He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly.

A FUNNY JACKDAW.

It is somewhat remarkable that a bird should be an object of general interest in a town. Yet such is the fact with a jackdaw belonging to Mr. William Thompson. As you walk along the streets you may often see "Jack" dart suddenly from the eaves of a house and alight on the head of a boy, and there, perched at ease, call out "Jack," as if to proclaim the familiar terms existing between him and his acquaintance. Sometimes he will retain his prominent position while the boy walks a mile or more on his errands; "Jack" will then take his flight homeward, to renew his acquaintance with some other familiar friend! He is, however, exceedingly mischievous, as he often pays visits to his master's offices, and there plays all sorts of pranks with the clerks. One of them will call out "Jack" as soon as he hears the bird enter, and "Jack" returns the salutation with an utterance equally clear, and proceeds from one desk to another exchanging the same compliment with the entire staff! Then he will take his stand where he can survey the whole operations, and when tired he will terminate his call by flying off with a penholder or anything else that he can easily seize! "Jack" is very fond of money, and will carry away gold or silver coins if they are left in his way. He is very fond of little children, but sometimes manifests his affection for them in a way they do not relish, for he will peck away at their ankles and feet most perseveringly, especially if their boots and shoes are very bright! One Monday in May last a troop of the Scotch Grays were prepared to leave the town for the south. "Jack" was seen perched on a boy's arm in the crowd, most curiously watching the movements of the men and horses! When the advance guard started "Jack" flew before them, as much as to say, "Follow your leader!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A CHILD'S IDEA.

As we were returning home one evening not long since, after making a pastoral visit, our little Ollie, who was sitting in the front of the carriage looking very earnestly at the large dipper in the North, remarked:

"Pa, I 'spose our Father up in heaven drinks out of that big dipper every night before he goes to bed, don't he?"

[Ollie will be wiser when he is older. Then he will learn that "our Father up in heaven" never sleeps, eats, or drinks. God is a spirit.—ED.]

I WILL keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

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