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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL ME

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 23.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1864,

WHOLE NUMBER 215.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BOY AND THE BIRDSNEST.

"MARY, my love, all is ready; we must not be late for the train," said Mr. Miles as, in his traveling dress, he entered the room where sat his pale, weeping wife ready to start on the long, long journey which would only end in India. The gentleman looked flushed and excited; it was a painful mo-

ment for him, for he had to part from his sister and the one little boy whom he was leaving under her care. But Mr. Miles's chief anxiety was for his wife; for the trial, which was bitter to him, was almost heart-breaking to her. The carriage was at the door all packed, the last band-box and shawl had been put in; Eddy could hear the sound of the horses pawing the ground in their impatience to

start. But the clinging arms of his mother were round him; she held him close in her embrace as if she would press him into her heart, and the ruddy cheeks of the boy were wet with her falling tears.

"O Eddy—my child—God bless you!" she could hardly speak through her sobs.

"My love, we must not prolong this," said the husband, gently trying to draw her away. "Good-by, Lucy, good-by, my boy, you shall hear from us both from the seaport."

The father embraced his sister and his son, and then hurried his wife to the door. Eddy rushed after them through the hall, on to the steps, and Mrs. Miles, before entering the carriage, turned again to take her only son into her fond arms once more.

Never could Eddy forget that embrace—the fervent pressure of the lips, the heaving of his mother's bosom, the sound of his mother's sobs. Light-hearted boy as he was, Eddy never had realized what parting was till that time, though he had watched the preparations made for the voyage for weeks—the packing of these big black boxes that had almost blocked up the hall. Now he felt in a dream as he stood on the steps, and through tear-dimmed eyes saw the carriage driven off which held those who loved him so dearly. He caught a glimpse of his mother bending forward to have a last look of her boy before a turn in the road hid the carriage from view; and Eddy knew that long, long years must pass before he should see that sweet face again.

"Don't grieve so, dear Eddy," said Aunt Lucy, kindly laying her hand on his shoulder; "you and I must comfort each other."

But at that bitter moment Eddy was little disposed either to comfort any one or to receive comfort himself. His heart seemed rising into his throat; he could not utter a word. He rushed away into the woods behind the house, with a longing to be quite alone. He could scarcely think of anything but his mother; and the poor boy spent nearly an hour under a tree, recalling her looks, her parting words, and grieving over the recollection of how often his temper and his pride had given her sorrow. He felt, in the words of the touching lament:

"And now I recollect with pain
How many times I grieved her sore;
O if she would but come again
I think I would do so no more!

"How I would watch her gentle eye!
'Twould be my joy to do her will;
And she should never have to sigh
Again for my behaving ill!"

But boys of eight years of age are seldom long unhappy. Before an hour had passed, Eddy's thoughts were turned from the parting by his chancing to glance upward into the tree whose long green branches waved above him. Eddy espied there a pretty little nest, almost hidden by the foliage. Up jumped Eddy, eager for the prize; and in another minute he was climbing the tree like a squirrel. Soon he grasped and safely brought down

the nest, in which he found to his joy three beautiful eggs!

"Ah! I'll take them home to—" Eddy stopped short; the word "mother" had been on his lips; it gave a pang to the boy to remember that the presence of his gentle mother no longer brightened that home—that she already was far, far away. Eddy seated himself on a rough bench, and put down the nest by his side; he had less pleasure in his prize since he could not show it to her whom he loved.

While Eddy sat thinking of his parent as he had last seen her, with her eyes red and swollen with weeping, his attention was attracted by a loud, pitiful chirping which sounded quite near. Though the voice was only the voice of a bird, it expressed such anxious distress that Eddy instantly guessed that it came from the poor little mother whose nest he had carried away. Ah! what pains she had taken to form that delicate nest! how often must her wing have been wearied as she flew to and fro on her labor of love! All her little home and all her fond hopes had been torn from her at once to give a little amusement to a careless but not heartless boy.

No; Eddy was not heartless. He was too full of his own mother's sorrow when parting from her loved child to have no pity for the poor little bird chirping and fluttering over the treasure which she had lost.

"How selfish I have been! how cruel!" cried Eddy, jumping up from his seat. "Never fear, little bird! I will not break up your home; I will not rob you of your young. I never will give any mother the sorrow felt by my darling mamma."

Gently he took up the nest. It was no easy matter to climb the tree again with it in his hand; but Eddy never stopped until he had replaced the nest in its own snug place, wedged in the fork of a branch. Eddy's heart felt lighter when he clambered down again to his seat and heard the joyful twitter of the little mother, perched on a branch of a tree.

And from that day it was Eddy's delight to take a daily ramble to that quiet part of the wood and have a peep at the nest, half hidden in its bower of leaves. He knew when the small birds were hatched; he watched the happy mother when she fed her little brood; he looked on when she taught her nestlings to take their first airy flight. This gave him more enjoyment than the possession of fifty eggs could have done. Never did Eddy regret that he had showed mercy and kindness, and denied himself a pleasure to save another a pang.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE ROBERT AND HIS HOLY GROUND.

"FATHER," said Robert one day in the spring, "I wish you would give me a little piece of ground just beyond the orchard, and let me sow it with grain myself."

This request his father was very willing to grant. The land was staked out for him and plowed. Robert smoothed it over with his rake, and having watched the men on the farm as they sowed the seed to learn how to do it, taking some grain in a measure, he scattered it over his little field. It soon came up, and gradually grew high and thick. When it had become as high as the little boy's head, his father noticed that he went up into it a number of times a day and remained there a little while by himself.

When the grain became ripe under the warm summer suns, Robert's father said to him one day:

"It is time to reap your grain, my son. I will give you a sickle and you may cut it down yourself. You can bind it up in a bundle, as you see the men are doing upon the farm, and bring it into the barn and thrash it."

"I do not wish to cut my grain down," said Robert.

"Why not? It is ripe."

"I cannot bear to think of cutting it down," he answered again.



"But the heavy winds of fall will soon blow it down, or the frosts will come and kill it."

"I should be so sorry to have it taken away," said Robert.

"If you will tell me why you wish it to remain, after the grain is cut down I will have some evergreen trees planted there, and they will make a comfortable shelter even when the frosts come."

"O," said the little boy, "it does not seem as if I could have my grain cut down; it is holy ground. It is where I go to pray."

His father was much affected to learn that his little boy was accustomed to go three times a day into this pleasant retreat above the orchard, and that, out of the sight of every human eye, he knelt down and prayed to his heavenly Father to make him a good and faithful boy. He was, indeed, a little disciple of Jesus, who, following his example when he was upon earth, retired to the silent fields and mountains to pray.

We should all have holy ground somewhere; some quiet room in the house, or some sheltered place in the garden where we may be alone with God. In such a place there is One, not seen indeed with the eye, but just as really there as if we could see him; One who sees us, and hears us, and loves us, and who is ever saying, "Come unto me."

Sometimes, when father or mother has been away, a present is brought to us upon their return, and thus we are made doubly happy—happy to see our loving parents and delighted with the gift which they bring. No little boy will go with a careful step into his holy ground and kneel down and whisper to the blessed Jesus to receive him, to forgive him, and to give him a new heart without meeting the Saviour, and he will give him something. He will smile upon him, and touch his heart, and make him happier than he has been made by any gift that he ever received.

Try this, little reader! Think where you can make your holy ground, and then every day, in the morning, at noon, and at night, go into it and pray.
P.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GREEN GRASS.

"WHAT are you looking at so earnestly, Willie?" asked his good mother.

"At the grass, mother," was the reply. "I was thinking of what you said concerning so many things being mentioned in the Scriptures—lamb and lions, thunder and lightning, rain and snow, flowers and birds, and I was wondering if grass was mentioned."

"O yes, sonnie, grass is often mentioned. In one place we are told that our Saviour, before he miraculously fed the multitude, bade them 'sit down on the green grass.'"

"So he did, mother, so he did! I remember now. I wish I had been there to sit down with them. I would have minded him right away."

"There are other things, Willie, which he told his disciples to do which can be done by his disciples now. I hope you will seek to prove your obedience in regard to them, for you know you cannot go to Palestine, nor turn the wheel of Time back eighteen hundred years and more, but you can try to keep his commandments."

Willie looked thoughtful. Then he said quietly, as if he had truly resolved, "I will try to do so, mother."

"That's a dear boy!" exclaimed his mother, kissing him; "now remember this also about grass: 'The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away, but the word of our God shall stand forever.' Love that word, my son, and obey it, and you too shall live forever."

"I will try, mother," was Willie's reply.

Little readers, will you say the same? God will help those who try.
P. A. II.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MOLLIE AND HER PETS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

Two little kitties, gray and white,
And full of antics gay,
Chasing each other out of sight,
Teasing their mother,
Hugging each other,
Showing a kittenish wild delight
In mischief as well as play.

A great black dog—a puppy in age,
With roguish, handsome eyes,
Watching the kits with dignity sage;
Bounding away
To join in their play,
Putting the mother, Gab, into a rage
With his doggish enterprise.

A lamb, too big for a household pet,
Running beside the gate,
Too young for the honors of sheephood yet—
Ah, it does not care
For the whole flock there
In the meadow green, enough to forget
Its earlier lost estate.

Canaries hang on the swaying tree
Filling the air with song,
Watching the blue-birds wild and free,
And "making believe"
That they do not grieve
For the loss of their own sweet liberty,
Or see the pitiless wrong.

White rabbits adown the garden-walk
Are nibbling the parsley green;
Unheeding Miss Mollie's reproving talk
(She says they are thieves,
That they spoil the young leaves,)
But they pull away at the juiciest stalk
And strip it perfectly clean.

Miss Mollie herself is a blue-eyed sprite,
Just seven years old to-morrow,
A fair sweet child to our partial sight.
God keep our Mollie
From sin and folly,
Shield her from care and early blight,
From every earthly sorrow!

TO-DAY.

TO-DAY I'll to my Saviour haste,
And not a moment longer waste,
But seek, by fervent prayer,
To gain an interest in his love,
A fitness for the courts above,
A seat prepared there.

Though Satan for to-morrow pleads,
Yet Jesus kindly intercedes;
And I should watch and pray.
I would not then such grace despise;
To Him my answer shall arise,
Yea, Lord, to-day, to-day.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

A BRAVE BUT CAUTIOUS LAD.

In the olden time, when white men were few and Indians numerous, a savage chief wanted to capture a white youth that he might adopt him in place of his own son who had been killed in battle. So with a few companions he stole into the vicinity of a settlement, and lying down beside a narrow path leading to a pasture, waited for a victim.

By and by a lad belonging to a company of militia came riding along upon a spirited horse which he was taking to the pasture. The noble beast scented the Indian and started. The lad suspected danger, but having a brave heart, forced the horse to pass the cause of its alarm, whatever it might be. The Indians now thought themselves sure of a captive, for they thought it an easy matter to pounce upon the lad when he should come back afoot.

But the youth was as wary as he was brave. "Perhaps," thought he, "there are Indians in the bushes. My horse wouldn't shy at nothing. I'll go a little round the path and see."

So he crept round the narrow path very quietly. When



he came near the spot at which his horse started, he looked carefully about until he saw an Indian peering through the bushes. Quickly raising his gun, he fired and ran toward the settlement. The report roused the settlers, who seized their arms and ran to meet him. He told his story in a few words. The settlers hurried to the path and found a pool of blood, but no Indians. The lad had killed one, and the rest had carried his corpse into the woods.

Those were stirring times to live in. Boys had to be heroes in those days or live a sorry sort of life. You do not need to be exactly like them, but this lad's two qualities of courage and caution are as desirable for you as for them. Be brave, then, my children, but do not be rash. Face danger calmly when you must meet it, but never court it. Never do a rash thing for the sake of showing that you are brave. That would be fool-hardiness, not courage. True courage is always cautious.

PIONEER BOYS.

WHAT are those boys about? They are boys who lived among the Green Mountains when they were as wild and sparsely settled as the Rocky Mountains are now. Boys in such times learn to fight wild animals instead of running away from them as boys do now-a-days. The lads in the picture went after two little bear cubs which lived



with their shaggy mamma in an old tree. The old bear being absent, the boys contrived a plan to catch her. One of them mounted the tree and worried the cubs until they cried for their mother. The other took his stand below, holding a bear-trap before him. The cry of the cub soon brought the mother-bear to the tree. Seeing the boy, she made toward him furiously. He had steady hands and nerves, and he so held the trap before him that old lady Bruin ran right into its sharp open jaws. Snap went the spring and madame was a trapped bear. The boys then captured the cubs, and, going home, sent their father out with his gun to make an end of the mother-bear.

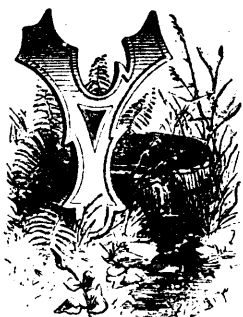
Very few of my readers live among bears—stop! what did I say? I'm wrong. I wrote too hastily. I should have said all my readers live near a very ugly bear—a creature which lurks round every town and keeps her cubs in every house. She has munched the beauty out of thousands of pretty faces already, and is ready to munch it from the faces of all the children who read my paper. Did you ever see this bear, Master Wonder-eyes? Did you, dear little Lady Curious?

Her name is FIERY TEMPER. Her cubs are called PERVISH and FRETFUL. Ah, you know them. Your glances tell me so.

But how about munching the beauty from pretty faces? Christie Dullness asks that question. He must be a dull child not to understand what that means. You know, if he does not, that a fiery temper always spoils a pretty face.

To catch Fiery Temper you must set a trap called conversion. Believe in Jesus and he will give you meekness for passion. To drive off the cubs you must punch them every day with the clubs called Watch and Pray. Do you understand?

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.



YOU look wilted to-day, Corporal. Your limbs move as if your joints had lost their springs. How is this?

"The summer-heat tries my mettle," replies the Corporal with a puff that suggests the image of a blacksmith's bellows, "and reminds me that I am not quite so young as I was half a century ago."

You must have been a very little fellow then, my Corporal. Your face does not wear the marks of half a century of life—but come, let us get to work. It went do for us to dawdle.

"No, I hate dawdling," replies the Corporal, puffing, wiping his face, and putting on a very earnest look. "It is a bad habit. It makes children move like slow coaches. I would rather be bound like Samson with green withes than be a slave to a dawdling habit. My rule is to do what is to be done with all my heart and rest afterward."

A good rule, Mr. Corporal. Some one has put it in another form, saying, "The way to get through much business is to be a whole man to one thing at a time." I hope our noble company will stick a pin through that thought and look at it carefully.

"Yes, sir. My Try Company is not made up of dawdlers. Every one of them is pledged to do his best every time he does anything, and that means doing it with a will right off. Why, sir, my boys don't even get up like common boys. When they get their eyes fairly open they don't yawn, rub their eyes, and lie dreading to get up, as if they were about plunging into a bath of ice-water in the middle of January. No. They jump out of bed quickly. They dress themselves rapidly and right. They take a good wash. They pray earnest prayers, and then go tripping down stairs brim full of life and cheerfulness. Dawdlers don't do that—but here is the answer to the enigma in my last:

S isera.....	Judges iv, 21, 22.
I talian.....	Acts x, 1.
N icodemus.....	John iii, 1, 2.
G oliath.....	1 Samuel xvii, 4, 32.
P haraoh.....	Exodus xiv, 28.
R rome.....	2 Timothy i, 16, 17.
A dam.....	Genesis iii, 17-19.
I saiah.....	2 Kings xix, 5-7.
S olomon.....	1 Kings xi, 4-6.
E liezer.....	Gen. xv, 2; xxiv, 37, 38.
S au.....	1 Samuel xxxi, 4.
T abitha.....	Acts ix, 36-39.
O bed.....	Ruth iv, 14-17.
G ethsemane.....	Matthew xxvi, 36-42.
O g.....	Deuteronomy xxxi, 4.
D aniel.....	Daniel vi, 16-22.

SING PRAISES TO GOD.—Psalm xlvii, 6.

"Here is a very pretty note from China:

"I am so glad I am not a 'Chinese miss'—not a heathen. I am so very glad that I am not an almond-eyed, heavenly-footed worshiper of 'the black devil,' kitchen gods, and 'Siong Ta.' Don't think, I beg of you, that I dress in blue, shave my head, use chop-sticks, and eat snails. No, I have not turned into a celestial yet. Last week something happened—it snowed. The flakes came down so long, so fast, and so large that the snow got to be very deep. Why, on the house-tops and along the great mud-walls (not fences) it was piled up three quarters of an inch high. The 'Middle Kingdom men' frosted their noses and chilled their toes gathering it, and then had to throw it away because it burned their fingers. The mountains over yonder are white yet, and they say the snow there is as deep as—as it is in America.

"And there is another thing. The other day the school where I go had a new scholar. Her folks said she was twelve years old, not yet betrothed, (a very important fact,) that she could stay a long time, etc. She was called Golden Sister. She read books five days; then they came and took her away to make a visit. The next news was that her father and mother were opium-smokers and had sold their little girl to buy opium.

"The little ones all thank you, Corporal Try, for enlisting them in your army, and thank you, too, for your blessing. I am proud to belong to such an army, though I didn't volunteer because I thought I was too big. Now that I am enrolled perhaps I shall be made drummer-boy, and pretty hard drumming it will be, for this company of celestials is a 'forlorn hope.' KUH-HONG."

I am sorry Ku-hiong talks of "forlorn hopes." There are no forlorn hopes in the kingdom of Christ, for is not Jesus able to conquer everything? I hope to hear from Ku-hiong again.

"FANNIE B., of —, says:

"I am nine years old and my little brother Willie is five. We are trying to be good and mind our pa. Our ma is dead, and I and Willie are at home alone most of the time. Willie and I want to join your Try Company."

I am glad Willie and Fannie love each other. They must love Jesus too, and try to be two rays of sunshine in pa's house. May Jesus bless them!

"EMMA M. D., of Elm Cottage, says:

"Ma thinks I have learned not to say or act can't. I have a little sister Cordie, who is three years old. She dislikes the word 'can't' very much. We love Jesus and our Sunday-school, and want to join your Try Company.

"That's a sweet little note," says the Corporal. "I'll enlist them.—MARY, of —, says:

"I have no Sabbath-school to attend, but I am trying to be a good girl and a Christian. I live two miles from meeting. I have not been to school one year in my life, so I must learn at home. I am thankful I love my books and love all good reading."

Mary deserves well for the use she makes of her few opportunities. Her letter shows that if she could be educated she would make a scholar. But since God has cast her lot where it is she must be content and read all the books she can get with care and thoroughness.



PRIDE OF DRESS.

A FABLE.

A LITTLE boy and girl were once seated on a flowery bank, and talked proudly about their dress.

"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got! what a fine blue jacket and trousers! and what a nice pair of shoes! It is not every one who is dressed so finely as I am!"

"Indeed, sir," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk hat and pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat; I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I know."

"Hold your peace!" said a caterpillar crawling



near the hedge; "you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were put upon you. Why, that silk hat first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird, perched upon a tree, "was stolen from, or cast off by, one of my race."



"What do you say to that, miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds or worms."

"True," said a sheep grazing close by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen in that field, were killed not merely for their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make shoes for you."

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them! and even then we could not use them if God did not give the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit for wear and the means of procuring them for our comfort.

THE SWALLOW'S NEST.

THE celebrated Baron Cuvier, when a young man, was tutor in a nobleman's family. His own room overlooked the garden, and every morning at break of day he opened his window to inhale the refreshing air. One morning he observed that two swallows had begun to build their nest in the very corner of his little window. The male bird brought the moistened clay in his beak, which the female kneaded, and with the addition of some chips of

straw and hay, she built her little lodging with wonderful skill. As soon as the nest was finished they departed to a neighboring wood, and did not return till the end of twelve or fifteen days.

Alas! changes had taken place during their absence. While the swallows were laboring with such assiduity in building a house, Cuvier had noticed two sparrows perched at a short distance, busily watching them. When the swallows went for their country excursion, the sparrows took no pains to conceal their odious scheme; they impudently took possession of the nest, which was empty, and without an owner to defend it, and established themselves there as though they had been its builders. Cuvier observed that the cunning sparrows were never both out of the nest at the same time. One of the usurpers always remained as sentinel, with his head placed at the opening which served for a door, and with his large beak interdicted the entrance of any other bird except his companion.

The swallows returned in due time to their nest; and their surprise may be imagined at finding the nest, on which they had bestowed so much care, occupied. The cock bird, moved with indignation and anger, rushed upon the nest to chase away the usurpers; but he found himself met by the formidable beak of the sparrow, who at that moment guarded the stolen property. What could the slim beak of the swallow do against the redoubtable pincers of the sparrow, armed with a double and sharpened point? Very soon the poor proprietor, dispossessed and beaten back, retreated with his head covered with blood, and its neck nearly stripped of its feathers. He returned to the side of his wife, with whom he appeared for some minutes to hold counsel, after which they flew away into the air and quickly disappeared.

The female sparrow came back soon afterward; her mate recounted all that had passed, and both seemed highly delighted. Presently the female went forth again, and collected in haste a much larger quantity of provisions than usual; and after having completed the supplies for a siege, two pointed beaks instead of one defended the entrance to the nest.

Cries, however, began to fill the air, and an assemblage of swallows gathered together on a neighboring roof. Cuvier distinctly recognized the dispossessed couple, who appeared to relate to each new-comer the robbery of the sparrow. In a little while two hundred swallows had arrived at the scene of conflict.

While the little army was forming and deliberating, all at once a cry of distress came from an adjacent window. A young swallow, doubtless inexperienced, instead of taking part in the counsels of his brethren, was chasing some flies which were buzzing about a bunch of castaway flowers before the window. The pupils of Cuvier had stretched a net there to catch sparrows, and one of the claws of the swallow was caught in it. At the cry which he made a score of his brethren flew to the rescue; but all their efforts were in vain; the desperate struggles which the prisoner made to free himself from the fatal trap only drew the ends tighter, and confined his foot more firmly. Suddenly a detachment took wing, and retiring about a hundred paces, returned rapidly, and, one by one, gave a peck at the snare, which each time, owing to the determined manner of the attack, received a sharp twitch. Not one of the swallows missed its aim, so that after half an hour of this persevering and ingenious labor the chafed string broke, and the captive, rescued from the snare, went joyously to mingle with his companions.

Throughout this scene the sparrows made not the slightest movement, but with their two large beaks steadily guarded the narrow entrance to the nest.

The council of the swallows, while a certain number of them were succoring their companion, had continued to deliberate gravely: as soon as all were united they took flight, and Cuvier felt convinced they had given up the field, or rather the nest, to

the robbers, who had so fraudulently possessed themselves of it.

Judge of his surprise when, in the course of a few seconds, he beheld a crowd of two or three hundred swallows arrive, and with the rapidity of thought throw themselves before the nest, discharge at it some mud which they had brought in their bills, and retire to give place to another company, which repeated the same maneuver. They fired at two or three inches from the nest, thus preventing the sparrows from giving them any blows with their beaks. The mud continued to thicken more and more on the nest, and, although the sparrows made desperate efforts of self-defense, their enemies soon succeeded in perfectly closing up the nest.

But they had not yet done. They continued to carry up moistened clay till they had built a *second* nest over the very opening of the besieged one; it was raised by a hundred beaks at once, and then occupied by the dispossessed swallows.

The dishonest sparrows paid for their theft with their lives. A sudden and a miserable end was theirs; teaching us—if we will be taught by this true and curious story about birds—that "honesty is always the best policy."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE VOICE OF OUR DEAD SCHOOLMATE.

ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded;
One sweet youthful voice is fled;
One fair brow the grave has shaded;
Our dear schoolmate now is dead.

But we feel no thought of sadness,
For we know he's happy now;
He has knelt in soul-felt gladness
Where the holy angels bow.

He has gone to heaven before us,
But he turns and waves his hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us
In that happy "spirit-land."

May our footsteps never falter
In the path that he has trod;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.

OUR PRAYER.

O FOR a holy fear
Of every evil way;
That we may never venture near
The path that leads astray.
Wherever it begins
It ends in death and woe;
And he who suffers little sins
A sinner's doom shall know.

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