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CANADA
SUNDAY SCHOOL
ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 6.

DECEMBER 24, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 222.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHY WAS HE DROWNED?

"ROBERT, you may go to church this morning," said a lady one lovely Sabbath to a lad of fifteen who worked on her husband's farm.

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Robert with so demure a face that his mistress had no doubt he was glad of the opportunity to go to the house of the Lord.

Was he? Not at all. He was a cheat and a sham, for no sooner was he out of doors than he snapped his fingers and said to himself with wicked glee:

"Go to church, indeed! Catch me going there this fine morning if you can. No, no. I'm in for a good sail down river."

With these evil thoughts in his heart Robert ran down to the river-side, and, joining two other boys, hired a boat. They pushed out into the stream. Then as Robert was leaning over the stern fixing the rudder, the other boys, just for fun, as they said, rocked the boat. Fatal fun! The motion caused the boy to lose his balance and to fall head-foremost into the water. He came to the surface, lifted up his arms in great terror, and shrieking, "Save me! save me!" sunk again. Men from the shore got out the body in a short time, but Robert was gone—gone to meet Him whose law says:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!"

Why was Robert drowned? Because the other boys rocked the boat? Not exactly. That was the occasion of his death, to be sure, but the cause of it was his violation of the Holy Sabbath. Would he have been drowned if he had gone to church?

Take care, then, Master Headstrong, how you trample upon God's law? It seems very pleasant to you, as it did to Robert, to break away from church and Sabbath-school; but he found the way of SELF-WILL to be a short road to the grave, and so may you. Take care, my boy! take care! "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, (and to a boy also,) but the end thereof are the ways of death."

U. U.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE GIRL WHO HAD FAITH.

THERE was once a severe drouth. The sky was like brass for many weeks. The earth was parched, and the flowers, vegetables, grain, and trees were all wilted and dying. At last the people said:

"We must meet and pray for rain."

They met on the day appointed. Among the people came a little girl named Mary, carrying a large umbrella. The good minister saw her and said:

"Why, Mary, what made you bring an umbrella this lovely morning?"

"I thought, sir," replied Mary with charming simplicity, "that as we were going to pray for rain, I should be sure to want the umbrella."

Thus Mary's umbrella showed her faith. And God honored that faith, for before the prayer-meeting was ended, the wind arose, clouds covered the sky, and rain came pouring down in torrents. Then Mary's umbrella found its use, for it enabled her to



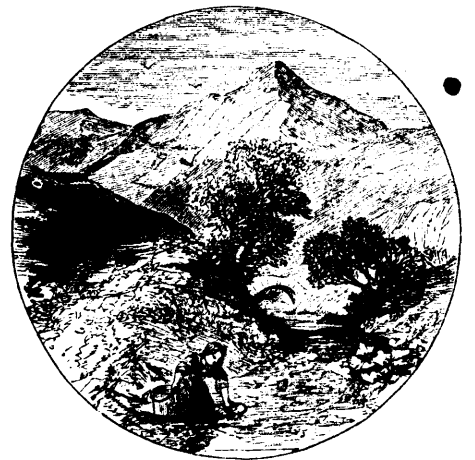
go home dry, while the big folk who had less faith got a good wetting, which you are saying, perhaps, "served them right."

I wish all my readers had a faith like that of little Mary. She believed that God would keep his word. She had more faith than the minister and all his Church. They believed God would send rain some time if they asked him. She believed he would send it at once—just when they asked it and needed it.

I am not sure that God will always send rain, or harvests, or riches just as we wish him to do, because we sometimes wish for things that would hurt us if we had them; but I am sure that if we pray to be made pure and true and good, God will answer our prayers, even though we are very little children. Let all the children pray, then, for these precious gifts, for concerning such things Jesus says to them all, "Ask and ye shall receive." Isn't that a most precious promise?

U. U.

If we would not fall into things unlawful, we must sometimes deny ourselves of those that are lawful.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

"IT NEVER DRIES UP."

I WAS staying at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to bring all their water from a well.

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired.

"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often in hot weather."

"And where do you go then for water?"

"To the spring, a little way out of town."

"And if the spring dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the stream higher up—the best water of all."

"But if the stream higher up fails?"

"Why, ma'am, that stream never dries up—never. It is always the same winter and summer."

I went to see this precious brook which "never dries up." It was a clear, sparkling rivulet, coming down from the high hills, not with torrent-leap and roar, but with the steady flow and soft murmur of fullness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every child's little pitcher. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink. The sheep and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden along the dusty road knew the way (as I could see by their tracks) to the well that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the waters of life and salvation, flowing from the "Rock of ages," and brought within reach of all men by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Without waiting till earth's wayside brooks shall fail, let every child hasten at once, with heart athirst, to the heavenly well "which never dries up."

A CHILD, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?"

Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is!"

Was ever a question more truthfully, beautifully, or touchingly answered?



For the Sunday School Advocate.

A LITTLE TEMPERANCE TALK TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

I DON'T know whether this man, so comfortably seated in his arm-chair, is sufficiently wide awake to see the temperance-pledge that some kind hand holds out before him; but I do know that the best thing he could do for himself and for his family would be to sign it and to keep it.

Behind him you see an evil spirit with a rum-bottle striking at a man's head. That's the way rum is serving this man. It will dash his brains out. Over his head you see how rum makes him beat his family. O how many good women there are whose drunken husbands treat them and their children thus.

I once heard of a drunken man who came staggering home, and was met by his sweet little three-year-old girl, who ran to the door with outstretched arms. Not knowing what he was about, he seized the child by the feet, and in his drunken fury struck its head on the stone step by the door. The poor little thing lived unconscious for a few hours, and then went home to its heavenly Father, where no one can harm it.

When this drunken man had slept off the effects of his drinking and found that his child was dead, he would not believe it. But, alas! it was too true, and he had killed it, though he knew it not. Rum had made him a madman!

It's a good thing for children to keep away from everything that intoxicates, but it's a good thing for their parents and other grown people to do the same.

A farmer who was in the habit of drinking a little every day, though he never got drunk, one day offered to each of his four sons a sheep if they would promise not to drink any liquor. To this they agreed, and the old man took them to the fold and each one picked out his sheep. When they had done this and were about to return to the house, the youngest boy, who was not more than ten years old, very gravely said to his father:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

Pretty smart boy that! But here is another story that is a match for it.

I knew a family who lived not very far from the city of New York, the father of which was a very respectable man, save that he drank his glass every day. And I am free to say I don't think that practice is respectable. He, like the farmer, had a boy about ten years old, a smart, wide-awake little fellow.

Johnnie came into the sitting-room one day where his father was talking with several gentlemen. A decanter of brandy and several glasses were on the

table. John stepped to the table, and taking one of the glasses out of which his father had been drinking, and in which he had left a little brandy with some sugar at the bottom, he put it to his lips thinking he would have a good taste.

"Stop, John, stop!" said his father; "you mustn't drink that. It will make you a drunkard."

"And wont it make you a drunkard too, father?" said John.

It was a word in season. The father from that moment became a strict teetotaler. F.

CHINESE WISE WORDS.

THE Chinese are very fond of reading. Scraps from authors are put up everywhere, upon public and private buildings, upon shops and temples. Enter the poorest house in the most miserable village, and though you will find a want of the commonest necessities of life, you will be sure to see some beautiful maxims written upon scrolls of red paper. China might, in a sense, be called an enormous library. Their maxims are often finely worded and full of sense. Here is a specimen:

"One day is worth three to him who does everything in order."

"Great minds have purposes; others only have wishes."

"Who is the greatest liar? He who talks most of himself."

"My books speak to my mind, my friend to my heart, heaven to my soul, and all the rest to my ears."

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

A CHUBBY little four-year-old
Plucked from the parent tree
A budding moss-rose; but, alas!
He pulled so eagerly,

That on the dimpled little hand
A thorn its impress set;
Ah, cruel thorn! to care to wound
My charming little pet!

"Mamma," he lisped, with trembling lip,
And tearful, childish woe,
"I wished to love this naughty rose,
And it has hurt me so!"

"Ah, darling mine! thy baby heart
These pretty flowers warn
That pleasure, grasped too eagerly,
Must always leave a thorn."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL SCHOLAR THAT FORSOOK THE SAVIOUR.



HEN preaching in the city of B. one Sabbath morning, a gentleman met me at the door of the church and desired me to visit a young man on F.-street, who was supposed to be very near to his end. The gentleman said he had mentioned my name as the only minister he knew in the city, and the only one he should feel willing to see. He had not been many months in the city, and had not been in the habit of attending church since he came thither. He had been very severely attacked with typhoid fever, and for a number of days seemed to be wasting away. All hope of his recovery had been given up. His mother had come on from their home in another state to take care of him in the boarding-house where he was staying.

From the gentleman I learned that he had been connected with a Sabbath school in the city of M.,

where I resided for a number of years, and where I was a teacher in the same school. This was his native place, and it was because he recollected me as a teacher that he expressed a willingness now to see me. While a scholar in the school he had become much interested in religious things. There was quite a revival among the children, and they had meetings for prayer among themselves. George, for that was his name, was a leader of these services, and seemed to give very good evidence of a sincere desire to be a disciple of Jesus. Some time after this he left the city of M. for that of L. in another state; and here he made the great mistake of not at once joining the Sabbath-school and Church, that he might enjoy the assistance and sympathy of warm and wise religious friends and teachers. His business led him among worldly and gay companions. As he did not take a public stand at once for religion, they felt that he was one of them, and gradually drew him aside from all his previous religious habits and duties. He gave up his private prayers and the regular attendance upon the house of God. He turned his back upon his Saviour and forgot all his previous promises, all the delightful hours of religious enjoyment which he had experienced, and became a careless, worldly young man. He afterward came to the city of B.; and here he was now, in all human probability, with the fountain of his life rapidly dying up, under the power of a burning fever.

After my service I went to the house. There were many boarders in it. They seemed very thoughtful, for it was understood that the young man could not live long, and they were full of sympathy for his poor mother, who was almost broken down with the care of him and sorrow for him. I stood by his bedside and began to speak to him, as he was lying, terribly emaciated, with his eyes closed, hardly breathing through great weakness.

"George, you know me," I said, "although I had forgotten you."

"You will have to speak louder," said the poor boy, "I cannot hear you."

He was so weak that the exertion of speaking brought the perspiration out in great drops upon his face; and he was so far gone that I had to shout in his ear the few words that could be said to him. What could be done for him under these circumstances? How fearful to neglect Jesus until the dying hour!

"George," said I, "you understand what I mean, for you have known what it was to enjoy prayer. Have you any comfort now in trying to pray?"

He opened his eyes upon me, and the perspiration started afresh as he answered distinctly, "No, sir!"

I placed my lips to his ear and asked him again, "George, have you any satisfaction in trusting in Jesus who died for sinners?"

Again the eyes opened upon me, and he answered, "No, sir!"

I could only entreat him in a few tender words to come back to his forsaken Saviour, and to confess his sins; once more to trust in Him who died for him, while he prayed, "God be merciful to me." I placed my lips to his ear as I kneeled to pray, and earnestly besought the dear Redeemer whom he had crucified afresh and dishonored to come again to him in this dreadful hour and to save him. He was too weak for further conversation. His poor mother was bowed at the bedside, praying only that his life might be spared long enough for him to obtain a preparation for the great event just before him. It was a sad scene. The boarders were in tears in the adjoining room. I left the house resolved to impress upon all the Sabbath-school children that I met the danger of putting off the work of prayer too long; above all, the fearful consequences of turning away from Jesus after we have become young disciples of his, and how terrible a thing it is to come down to the dying hour with no Saviour near us to illuminate the grave and to breathe into our hearts a sweet welcome to the mansions he has prepared above.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

A MOCKING BOY'S MISFORTUNE.

"Ha, ha, ha! What a gump you must be to run your head against that lamp-post!" cried Harvey North, pointing scornfully at little Harry Bunt. Harry was rubbing his nose, which was quite sore from its collision with a gas-lamp pillar. He had been looking at two poodle dogs across the street, and shared a mishap very common to those who, as the proverb says, "look one way and row another." He had run plump against the pillar.

"You needn't laugh at a fellow," growled Harry, whose mind was made as sore by Harvey's mockery as his nose had been by the lamp-post.

He had hardly uttered these words before he saw Harvey fall down an open grating. The mocking boy had been walking backward during his sport over Harry's misfortune, and so had stepped into the hole, and was now rubbing his loins and crying, "O, O, O," on the cellar-steps of a grocery.

"I hope you're not hurt, Harvey," said Harry as with a pale face he looked down the grating at his fallen chum.

"Get out!" said Harvey spitefully.

"It's you that will have to get out," replied Harry quite wittily, yet feeling vexed at Harvey's ill-nature.

"I guess he is not much hurt," said a well-dressed man who had seen and heard all that I have just described. Then going down the steps he added, "Come, my lad, get up!"

Harvey got up and walked into the street. He was not seriously hurt, only a little bruised. The well-dressed man took him by the hand and walked with him down the street. "You remind me," said he, "of the sparrow which laughed at the hare."

"How so?" asked Harvey somewhat sharply.

"I will tell you. A sparrow once saw a poor hare seized by an eagle. 'Ho, ho,' said the bird to the hare, 'what a fool you were to sit there and be caught! Why didn't you run away? You are a very swift traveler, why did you let the eagle catch you? Ha, ha, ha!'"

"Just at that moment a fierce hawk pounced on the mocking sparrow. 'Ha, ha,' said the dying hare as it heard the screams of the bird, 'you're caught, are you? You felt very strong and safe while you mocked me just now. Please bear your own misfortune quietly or else show me how to escape mine.'"

"I see," said Harvey, who was a quick-witted boy.

"I see. You've hit me fairly, sir. I'm the sparrow. Harry was the hare. I laughed at him when he was in trouble, and then fell into a worse scrape myself. I won't mock him again. Harry, my boy, give me your hand."

The boys shook hands. The well-dressed man smiled and bade them good morning. His fable was timely, and I hope it will teach you, my reader, as well as Harvey, the folly of mocking at those who fall into trouble. Never laugh at the faults, blunders, or misfortunes of others. Why should you add your mockery to their sorrows? Better learn to weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. Such conduct is noble, manly, and Christlike, but mockery of others' trials is mean, cowardly, and wicked.

ARE YOU A TRUE DIAMOND?

Two bracelets lay on the counter of a jeweler's store looking very much alike. A lady took up one of them and asked:

"How much is this bracelet worth, sir?"

"One hundred dollars, madam," replied the dealer.

"And how much is this one?" said she, touching the other.

"Five dollars," rejoined the jeweler.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady; "why is the difference in price so great? They are both of one size and pattern and look exactly alike."

"Yes, madam, they do, but there is just this difference between them. The hundred-dollar bracelet is made of gold, and its stones are real diamonds. The other is gilt, and the diamonds are imitations."

When I heard of these bracelets I said to myself, "There is a still greater difference between children. Some are

really good, others only appear to be good. The former have the diamond of heavenly love set in the pure gold of simple faith; the latter have selfishness for a diamond set in the mere gilding of a desire to be approved by their friends. The former are just what they appear to be, the latter appear to be what they are not."

Such were my thoughts. I hope they were not harsh ones. I would like to believe that all my readers are real diamonds, truly good boys and girls, having Christ's love in their hearts, and being obedient to his laws in all their actions. May I believe so? or must I admit that I have some shams in my family? How is it with you, Master Plausible? Are you a true diamond? And you, Miss Smirk, are you true or false? Say!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHRISTMAS, joyous, happy, laughing Christmas, is near at hand again. May all my readers spend it cheerfully, pleasantly, and, if they like, merrily. I like to see children merry, but they ought to be wise too. "It is good to be merry and wise," says the old song; but it is certainly bad to be merry and foolish. The wise man of



Jerusalem—you know his name, little Quickstep—once said that the laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. He meant that their merriment, arising out of something wrong, soon dies, just as a fire made of thorns soon goes out. You know that to be true, don't you? Were you ever merry over a silly or wicked thing for many minutes together?

But let Christmas find you full of good purposes, full of efforts to make everybody happy, and you may be as merry as you please. The times are hard nowadays, yet I hope old SANTA CLAUS will find gifts enough somewhere to fill you all with delight. Not that I think a gift, however costly, is the best thing in the world. Love is better than gifts, and that child whose mother loves her very tenderly, though she is too poor to give her even a penny doll at Christmas, may be happier than the child whose mother gives her a heap of costly presents without love. Gifts, my children, are trash, unless they are signs of love.

Some children think otherwise, I know. The taller of the two girls in the picture above was of that opinion. She had a rich uncle for whom she did not care one straw, but she loved his presents. Her sister loved him for his own sake. One day those sisters talked to each other about him. The elder said, "I care nothing for him, except that he is rich and I expect some splendid Christmas presents."

The younger replied, "His gifts would crush me if I could not love the giver. Love that cannot be bought is better than silver or gold."

A wise and good little sister, wasn't she?

The uncle happened to overhear what the sisters said. So when Christmas morning came he made himself into a regular Santa Claus, and entered the parlor loaded with all sorts of pretty things. He gave the best of them to

the younger sister, her brother, and other members of the family. To that selfish elder sister he gave—what do you think? A mask!

Wasn't that capital? "Served her right," you reply. Exactly so. And now let me say to you all, that if you value your friends for their gifts only, you won't enjoy even the gifts. They will not please you half as much nor half as long as they would if you loved the givers better than the presents. But I have said enough on this point. Once more I wish you all a merry Christmas. I shake hands with you all in my heart. I send you lots of mental kisses. I send you my love. May the glorious Father who sent his son Jesus to be born in Bethlehem, and so made Christmas for you to enjoy, bless you all! Now, Corporal, untie your letter budget!

"Before I do that, Mr. Editor, I wish you to lay this Christmas puzzle before my noble company. Here it is:

"Find the name of a man who governed the land near which Christ was born and at the time of his birth; of another king who ruled over the land in which Christ was born; of a man who had long waited for the birth of Jesus; of a woman who became celebrated because of the birth of Jesus; of some great personages who sang a glorious song at the birth of Christ; of some other persons who paid the new-born babe a visit; of a building which stood very near the Saviour's birthplace; of a place which heard sad voices a few days after Christ's birth; and of some birds which died soon after the Saviour's birth. The initials of these names, properly arranged, will give a word which stands for one of the happiest days in the year.

"This is my puzzle, sir, and the boy who does not give the answer to his mother mustn't have any turkey for dinner Christmas-day. Now for my letters. Here is one from JEMIMA D., of —, saying:

"I have a good home, and one little sister living and two in heaven. My health is not good, so I cannot go to school, but my ma tries to teach me at home. I and my little Sister Sylvia wish to join your Try Company. We mean to try and be good girls, and not say 'I can't' when our ma asks us to do anything. How I should like to see your Try Company all in a band. I think it would be worth seeing. My pa is away. How I do want to see him! I hope he may be spared to come home again. I am a Canada girl, and ever mean to stand for the right, the pure, and the true.

"P. S.—We have just received a letter from pa. He is in — and is well."

Huzzah for Jemima D. and her absent father, boys and girls! May she whip the giant as the brave Wolf once whipped the French on the heights of Quebec!

"C. E. G., of —, writes:

"Last evening Maggie Marchal, of our Sunday-school, twelve years old, said in our prayer-meeting: 'I was praying to-day for pardon, and I trembled and I saw a vision of white, and something said, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," and what I saw became a lamb—so pure—and I didn't tremble any more and couldn't pray much, and I went to my sister, and she said Jesus spoke those words and had blessed me, and I prayed, "Lord, help my unbelief," and I believed and am happy.'"

I have not much faith in visions, though no doubt they are sometimes sent to the children of God, even to young girls like Maggie. If Maggie truly serves Jesus I shall believe her vision was a real one; but I don't advise my readers to expect the Saviour to appear to them in that way. His usual way is to speak in the heart by the Holy Spirit, and not to the eyes by visions. May my dear Maggie so live as to see the Lamb on his throne! What next, Corporal?

"WILLIE B. T., of — City, says:

"I am six years old and have been to the Sabbath-school two years in this place. I like to go very much. We have to learn two verses in the Bible to get a blue ticket, and it takes ten blue tickets to get a pink one, and when we get ten pink ones we draw a nice book. I have eight pink ones. I would like to join your Try Company. We take the Sunday-School Advocate here and like to read it very much. Last Sabbath I read of a little boy who sent you fifteen cents to get your picture. I would like you to send me one for five three cent stamps which you will find in the letter, and one to pay the postage back. I have a Brother Johnnie, eleven years old, and a little Sister Annie, eleven weeks old, with a dimple in one of her cheeks."

Willie must kiss that baby with the dimpled cheek for me. My photo was sent. I like Willie's spirit. It is a loving one. He loves the Advocate, the Sunday-school, Brother Johnnie, his mother, and I know not whom or what besides. May our heavenly Father bless him, and make him an heir of the city which has golden streets and pearly gates.—Good-by for a fortnight.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE LELIA AND THE CIRCUS.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I write you this letter from Jefferson City, the capital of the great state of Missouri, which lies west of the Mississippi River. My story is about Lelia —, a good little girl, and the circus. When the circus came Lelia wanted to go. Her mother, who is a very pious Christian, did not wish that she should, and so asked her what she thought her little infant brother would think if he were to look from his pure and holy place in heaven and see his sister in the circus. She also said many other things of a nature which caused Lelia to change her mind without simply telling her she should not go.

After Lelia had concluded not to go to the circus, her Uncle Thomas gave her twenty-five cents and told her to give it to the first good cause which she thought would make her feel happier than giving it to the wicked circus.

The next Sabbath I preached a sermon about the Bible, and took up a collection to send the Word of God to those families who are destitute of it. Lelia whispered to her mother and said it would make her happy to give her money to the Bible cause. So when the paper came round she had her name put down for twenty-five cents.

When she went home she told her mother she thought she felt much better than if she had gone to the circus, and wished she had more to give to send the Bible to the poor. Her good mother gave her twenty-five cents more, and when I came round during the week collecting what had been subscribed, she gave me fifty cents instead of twenty-five.

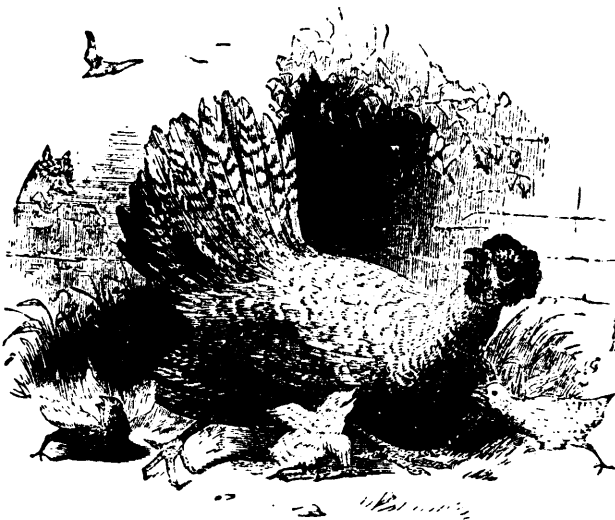
Now don't you think Lelia did right? She is a good and happy little girl, and her pa and ma love her very much and she loves them. I hope all my little friends who read this in the Advocate will be as good, that they may be as happy, as little Lelia.

ANECDOTE OF THE SPIDER.

LET me give an anecdote of the spider, which was communicated to me by three eye-witnesses of the fact, persons of the highest respectability, who were residing at Oporto at the time it took place. In the house of one of the principal ecclesiastics in that town there was a room which was set apart for the reception of grains of Indian corn which had been thrashed out. Each of these grains must be at least as heavy as two or three of our common wheat. On visit this room one day the owner of it perceived a grain of the maize suspended from the ceiling of the room by a single thread thrown out by a spider, and which was being slowly but gradually drawn upward. Surprised at this very unusual sight, he invited several persons, and among others my three informants, to witness it. How the spider contrived to fix its thread to the grain, or what its motive was in drawing it up to its nest, must remain in doubt, but it is a curious circumstance. There are, indeed, a thousand little facts in natural history, either in this or other countries, which escape being recorded, either from their being thought too trivial or from want of a ready mode of communicating them.—
JESSE.

HOPE FOR THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE silent influence of a pious home is illustrated by the prodigal son. Had that home been repulsive to him, or had his father been a stern forbidding man, that recovering thought about home would not have visited him. Take courage, parents of prodigals, if you have been faithful with God and your family altars. Persevere, parents, in family religion. It may be like the fabulous song of the sea in the shell to the ear of a child when far from home and from God.



HEN AND CHICKENS.

SEE the chickens round the gate,
For their morning portion wait;
Fill the basket from the store,
Open wide the cottage-door;
Throw some crumbs and scatter seed,
Let the hungry chickens feed.
Call them—O how fast they run,
Gladly, quickly—every one:
See the hen, how kind and good
To her young and callow brood;
With what care their steps she leads
Not herself, but them she feeds;
Picking here, and picking there,
Where the nicest portions are.
Throw some double handfuls out—
Now how fast they run about!
When she calls, they flock around,
Bustling all along the ground;
Till their active labors cease,
And at last they rest in peace.
Then the little tiny things
Nestle close beneath her wings,
Where she keeps them safe and warm,
Free from fear, and free from harm.

Now, my little child, attend—
In the LORD you have a friend,
Though unseen by mortal eye,
Dwelling far above the sky:
Faintly does that hen express
His kind care and tenderness;
As her little brood she guides,
Cherishes, and food provides,
So are you by day and night
In your heavenly Father's sight;
His protecting wings are spread
Over your defenseless head;
All the children of his care
In his tenderest pity share;
He in whom all goodness dwells—
He whose love all love excels—
He your every want supplies,
And his mercy never dies.
May you by his love be taught
How to trust him as you ought!
And to him unceasing raise
Daily prayer and dally praise!

THE MISSIONARY CABBAGE.

"A BOY at the door, sir, wants to know if you would like to buy a missionary cabbage?"

I am not very fond of cabbage, but a missionary cabbage I was sure must have some extra qualities which might make it worth buying; so I went to the door and found it had.

1. It was grown by a poor little lame Sunday-scholar.

2. It was grown for the love he had to his Saviour, and a desire to do something for the heathen.

3. It was brought a mile slung on his shoulder.

I bought the cabbage and sent it to help out the dinner of a poor widow with four children. The little lame boy thankfully took the money paid for his cabbage, and put it into his missionary-box. Perhaps it may be the means of bringing one, two, three to Jesus Christ; and the little lame boy may some time meet in heaven those who came there by this simple act of pious love.

THE BIRD OF BATTLE.

THE New Albany (Indiana) Ledger tells this story:

"We printed a few days ago from an Atlanta paper an account of a mocking-bird which, at the battle of Resaca, perched itself on the top of a tree, and during the fight imitated the whistling of the bullets and other noises incident to a battle. Another and a more touching incident of a similar character was yesterday related to us by Captain George Babbitt, of Gen. Gresham's staff, and of which he was himself a witness. During the fierce cannonading at Nickajack, a small bird came and perched upon the shoulder of an artilleryman—the man designated, we believe, as No. 1, whose duty it is to ram down the charge after the ammunition is put in the gun. The piece was a Napoleon, which makes

a very loud report. The bird, as we have stated, perched itself upon this man's shoulder, and could not be driven from its position by the violent motions of the gunner. When the piece was discharged the poor little thing would run its beak and head up under the man's hair at the back of the neck, and when the report died away would resume its place upon his shoulder. Captain Babbitt took the bird in his hand, but when he released his grasp it immediately resumed its place on the shoulder of the smoke-begrimed gunner. The scene was witnessed by a large number of officers and men. It may be a subject of curious inquiry, what instinct led this bird to thus place itself? Possibly, frightened at the violent commotion caused by the battle, and not knowing how to escape or where to go, some instinct led it to throw itself upon this gunner as a protector. But, whatever the cause, the incident was a most beautiful and pleasing one to all who witnessed it."

OUR BLOOD.

THE liquid of the blood is colorless, and its red appearance is due to the presence of innumerable little bodies floating in it, which are so small that three millions of them are contained in a drop which may be suspended on the point of a needle. These corpuscles are sacs filled with a compound substance, and it has been ascertained what both the film of the sac and its contents are composed of. Each one of these little bodies has its own life. They are formed, and grow, and die; and it is calculated that nearly twenty millions perish at every pulsation of the heart.

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