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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPER LITTLE

UNTIL M.E.

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL

ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 12.

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WHOLE NUMBER 252.

RONALD AND HIS FRIEND PHILIP.

THE hour of play was come, and the lads were rushing, some to cricket, others to base-ball, others to fly their kites in the lovely green meadow, while some went to their gardens.

"I say," said Lanty Browne to his chum Dick Mings, while making his belt tight, "that was a rare go of Ned's, 'greedy Ned,' to accuse Ronald of being stingy because he would not spend his cash on fruit."

"Ronald," answered Mings, "stood more treats last term than any one of the richer lads; and if he does not do so now, that is no reason we should forget how good he has been to us. We American boys should be above treat-hunting. My father says we must eat to live, but not live to eat."

"It makes me ill to see how some of the fellows lay in wait for 'treats' and 'tips,' just the same as blind Bartlet watches for pennies."

"It's horrid to see Billy Bowen's little keen eyes, when his friends put their hands in their pockets: he makes a downright grab at the cash, as if that was all in the world he cared for."

"Billy Bowen's as mean as a monkey; he'll beg and bite the same minute."

"But about Ronald," said Lanty, "I know he has just the same money this term that he had last; yet he

turns away from the street-sweeper, and refused in the face of the school to join our 'bus party, and withdrew his name from the cricket-club, and he such a first-rate player and so fond of it: yet now he only plays to make up; there must be a reason for it; he has lots of pluck."

"Why don't you ask him why it is?" suggested Dick, giving his belt a fierce tug.

"Not I," replied Lanty; "he would not stand a question from a youngster. Will Graves is his friend, yet I doubt if even Will knows; suppose you were to ask Will?"

Dick gave a very long whistle. "Ask Will!" he



said; "ask the silent sister? He's a good chap at heart, but he's always down on a fellow about 'chaff' and 'slang;' lectures us about our English as if he was usher at the least."

"Yet a year ago he talked as we do; and did you never hear what his uncle did?"

"No, tell it."

"O his uncle is such a file; only William never will hear a word said against him. Will was home at Easter, and his uncle came down upon him about slang, telling him to speak like a book and all that, and Will wanted new clothes, and told his uncle he wished for them by such a day to be a swell and go

to a spread, and his uncle said he should have them. The clothes did not come home until the night of the party, and what do you think?"

"I do not know what to think," said Dick.

"Well, his uncle had told the tailor to make him the dress of a stable-boy; he had indeed; and when Will was in a way, he said to the poor chap, if he spoke like a stable boy he should dress like a stable-boy. And, do you know, Will says his uncle was right."

"No!"

"Yes, he does, and he has not talked slang since."

And off they ran to the cricket-ground.

It was very pleasant that clear balmy afternoon to sit under the shadow of two fine lime-trees, close to where Lanty and Dick had paused to tighten their belts and tell the little story of Will's stable-dress—very pleasant. Hundreds of bees were among the lime-flowers, keeping up a joyous buzzing sound as if they sang at their work. Ever and anon would come a merry laugh or a shout from the playground.

And beyond that was a river. When the sunbeams danced on its blue waters it sparkled like jewels. All this was charming; yet, on the wooden bench that went round the trees sat only one little lad, the lame boy, Philip. He had a book open in his

thin hand, but he was not reading; he turned to the right and to the left, so as to follow the movements of the players; now half rising to obtain a better view of the field; then sinking down, not able to stand for more than five minutes at a time. At last he closed his book, folded his long fingers together, and looked at the playground and the players. His features were quite calm, but great round tears rolled down his cheeks; it was sad to see the little lad so full of sorrow while his schoolfellows were so joyous; he seemed crushed. Suddenly his face grew bright, as if lit up by a sunbeam; he rubbed away his tears, stood up and then sat down; and all this

change was caused by Ronald, who, having left the cricket-field, came bounding up the hill to his little friend.

"Why did you come, Ron, dear?" asked Philip, "why did you come? but I am so glad to have you near me; did you win, Ronny? I am sure you did; they say you would be king of the field if you were in the club. How glad I should be if I could even run for you, or do anything to show how much I love you. My dear friend, Ronald, it is so grand for such a wee boy to have such a great strong friend."

Ronald slipped a great apple into the child's hand.

"O thanks, Ronald; but why don't you eat this yourself? it is such a lovely apple; the boys say you never give yourself a bit of fruit, and yet you are always drawing something for me out of your pocket when there is nobody by."

"Have you heard from home lately, Phil?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I heard last night. Mother grieves about my leg; but she can't get what would make it right. I have told her in each letter for the last six months, ever since the doctor spoke about it, that I don't mind it a bit; but she keeps on so"—and the child's eyes again filled with tears—"that it frets me more than the leg. Mother is so poor; since father died she does all she can for me; she is such a darling," he added after a pause, "that I wish she had never been told that my leg could be cured."

Ronald sat dangling one foot over the other while Philip was speaking; looking at his little friend with a smile, "Never mind," he said at last, "never mind, you will have a strong leg yet, and beat us all down yonder."

"No," said Philip, "I never shall, for the doctor said if I did not get the iron things this year it would be too late; but though I shall never be as other boys are, still I may be a great painter, or a great writer. You told me about a great writer who was blind."

"Yes," said Ronald, "I did. Milton his name was; he wrote poems."

"Being blind is worse than being lame, is it not?"

"A great deal."

"I should like to write a poem about you," persisted Phil, "and call it the 'Lame Boy's Friend.'"

"What a dreamy little chap you are, Phil; you will get rid of that when you are able to walk and run."

"You once told me of a great writer who was lame, and yet walked a great deal."

"Yes, Sir Walter Scott."

"Ah," said the pale child, "I know. Ronald," he added after a pause, "I want to tell you something I heard; the boys, you know, talk all sorts of things before me, as if I was deaf as well as lame; they said your shirt (this, you know, that you wear at cricket) was a shabby old thing, and that you were too stingy to get yourself a new one, though your mamma sent you money for it."

"Granted all," said Ronald.

"Then why don't you get it?"

"I think I can do more good with my money."

"And they say you not only deny yourself everything, but wont give a penny away."

"All true."

"Perhaps," said Philip, with sparkling eyes, "you are saving up all your money to buy a watch?"

"No."

"Or a pony?"

"No; but I have a reason, Phil."

"Tell me," exclaimed the little fellow, throwing his arms round Ronald's neck; "tell me your reason, you know you can trust me."

"With my life," said Ronald, "but not with my reason."

"Then you do not love me."

Ronald looked down at the boy, his eyes full of love; he made no reply, but kissed him.

"Then you will not tell me, Ronny?"

"No, Philip, dear, I will not; but you shall be

the second person who shall know the REASON of my thrift."

The reader shall know too in a future number of the *Sunday-School Advocate*.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY SISTER MATTIE.

God is love, the brooklet said,
Purling o'er its pebbly bed.

God is love, the breezes sighed,
Floating o'er its silvery tide.

God is love, the floweret smiled,
Bending o'er its surface mild.

God is love, the birdies sang;
Sweetly o'er the echoes rang.

God is love, my heart replied,
Leaning o'er its mossy side.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LISTEN!

LISTEN to what? you ask. *Listen to your parents.* They are wiser than you. They love you. Let their words sink into your heart.

Listen to your teachers. They wish to make you wise with the words of knowledge. If you give good heed to what they tell you, you will become wise to win the good of this world and the glory of the next. Let their words abide in your memories.

Listen to the still small voice. Two boys once ran into the woods instead of going to school. Very soon Will said to Dick, "We shall not be found out." An echo replied, "Be found out."

Dick started, and replied, "I fear some one overhears."

"Some one overhears," said the echo.

"Never mind. Don't be afraid," said naughty Will.

"Be afraid," replied the echo.

Will was frightened and said, "O Dick, what can it be? Let us go to school."

"Go to school," replied the echo.

"O if our teacher knows," said both the boys.

"Teacher knows," rejoined the echo.

"What shall we do?" cried Will. "We must not tell a lie."

"Must not tell a lie," said the echo.

"I will never do this again," said Will, crying, "if teacher will forgive."

"Teacher will forgive," responded the echo.

"Let us go," said Will, "we shall not be so very late if we make haste away."

"Make haste away," said the echo.

"I'll go and do so no more," said Dick.

"Do so no more," said the echo.

Then away scampered the two boys to school. They reached it just in the nick of time, and so escaped censure.

What made them fear that simple echo, think you? Was it not because it said the same things as the voice in their soul—as that still small voice which blames you when you are wrong, and praises you when you are right? Listen to that voice and obey it always.

Listen to the voice of Jesus. He speaks to you in the Bible. Listen to his holy words and they will guide you to "Jerusalem the golden," to that city which is out of sight.

Listen then, O my children, amid all your play, to those who would make you wise, happy, and pure.

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate

A LITTLE DYING CHILD'S REPROOF.

Not long since I heard the following touching incident related:

A prominent lawyer in the Granite State had two lovely daughters whom he loved as he did his own life. The eldest one sickened and died. He was in deep distress on account of it, and being a stranger to the comforts which flow from Christ, he was nearly crushed in his spirits on account of his loss. But still he had this consolation, that though one was taken the other was left.

Soon sickness prostrated the other. She was a sweet little daughter of some five summers. He felt that if she was called away by death he should be like "Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted." He secured the best medical aid within his power. He applied every remedy within his knowledge. He watched the progress of disease by day and by night, but it was only to see her sinking down nearer and nearer to the grave every day. He revealed in his tearful eye and in his dejected countenance too plainly to his dying child for her not to read his troubled mind and bleeding heart.

One day as he sat by her bedside she said, "Father, you have done everything you can for me except one—you have not prayed to God for me!"

O how this pierced the heart of that kind but unchristian father! It called him to his duty, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, he fell upon his knees and poured out an earnest and feeling but, we fear, an unsubmitive prayer to Almighty God that he would have mercy upon and save the life of his beloved child. But it pleased the Lord to take the precious little one to himself. That father was inconsolable, but I fear did not profit by the reproof.

Let all parents see in this little incident how trustfully and lovingly the heart of a little child will cling to the Lord and frequently call a father's heart to duty. How essential that parents, while doing all else for their children, see to it that they neglect not to pray for them.

I want the little children who read this story should learn from it your duty to pray to God for yourselves. No doubt many of you are more highly blessed than this little girl was. How thankful you ought to be for praying parents! You ought to love and obey your parents who pray for you. May you so live that when you come to die you may feel that you are going to heaven. And if your parents do not pray for you, you should pray for yourselves, and for them also, that you and they may be truly good and die well, and at last be saved in heaven forever.

N. C.

A PRUDENT man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1866.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."



SUNDAY School Scholars, let this be your daily, your unailing motto. This is true religion in principle and practice. As you sail over the ocean of life, look unto Jesus to steer at the helm, to command the winds and the waves, to give shelter in the storm, and peace in the tempest, to guide you clear of every reef and quicksand, to bring you to the desired haven. As you fight the good fight of faith, look to Jesus as your Captain, to command you, to help you, to provide the armour, and to bring you off more than conqueror. As a pilgrim travelling through this wilderness, look to Jesus for provision, for an open way, for safe progress, and for an ultimate entrance into the city of habitation. As a scholar, taking lessons in the school of life, look to Jesus, to teach you as no man can, in all the ways, by all the means, and upon all the subjects which His wisdom shall select. As one who has to form a character for Divine approval for ever, look unto Jesus as your example. God is ever well pleased in Him, and the nearer you approach Him in character, the more God will approve of you. As a sinner, look unto Jesus for the present, the free, the full, the everlasting salvation contained in His precious blood. In all your tribulation, look to Him for peace. In all your prayers, look to Him as your Mediator, to present them to God. In all your sorrows, look to Him for His joy. In all your cares, look to Him to bear them for you. In all your temptations, look to Him for grace to succour and to deliver. In all your disappointments and losses in life, look to Him for certainty in His promise and gain in His glory. In all the means of grace; at home, and with God's people, look to Him as the medium of all blessings. When your flesh and heart fail you, look to Him as the strength of your heart, and your portion forever. Thus, let looking to Jesus be the principle and practice of your religion.

THE SECOND TRIAL SUCCESSFUL.

ONE very cold winter's morning, a poor half clad man, old and lame, knocked at the door of a comfortable dwelling, where he hoped to find purchasers of his little stock-in-trade, consisting of a few oranges and nuts. The master of the house, Mr. Graham, was sitting by his bright fire in a cheerful room, but much depressed in mind; trouble had come upon him; he prayed for the Lord's help, but it was withheld and he felt very unhappy. Seeing poor Richard, whom he knew well, standing at the door, he went to open it himself. "Any good oranges and nuts to day, sir?" "None to-day, my good man, none to-day." "They are very good," pleaded poor Richard, opening his basket as he spoke. "I have no doubt of it, replied Mr. Graham "but really we do not want any to-day;" and he closed the door hastily, for the wind was cold and sharp.

Poor Richard's hopes died away. He had walked many miles that morning, trying to sell his oranges. He was both tired and hungry; as he had only taken a single penny, and this was the last house

in the village. Slowly, very slowly, he walked back to the gate. Mr. Graham watched him, and was surprised. "Why does not the man go?" he thought to himself, as he saw him, on reaching the gate, stand and look back at the house, finally return, and once more raise the knocker. Curiosity led him again to answer the summons. "I told you," he said, when he had opened the door, "that I should not buy of you to-day." "Sir," replied poor Richard, "I hope you will forgive me, it was bold to come back, but I can't sell my oranges. I have called at every house, and this penny is all I have got in the world; it is indeed."

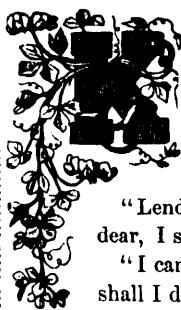
This second knock did the business. He left the house a happy man—his basket emptied, and a large slice of bread and meat in his hand; and Mr. Graham went back to his parlour a different man.

How faithless, he thought, I have been to think myself frowned upon and rebuked, because my prayer was not immediately answered. I will knock again. I must humble myself, retrace my steps, knock more earnestly, plead more fervently.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

- 1 God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!
- 2 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!
- 3 Crown'd by a nation's love,
Guarded by heaven above,
Long live the Queen!
Long may each voice exclaim,
Wide as Britannia's fame,
Long live Victoria's name,
God bless the Queen!
- 4 God bless our Queen and State,
Long make them good and great.
God save us all!
Grant to our schools success,
Teachers and scholars bless;
Pour on us all thy grace,
God save us all!

DISORDER—A THIEF.



KEEP CLEAR OF HIM.—"Where's my cap? I can't find my cap. I shall be late to school."

"I've lost my mittens. Who can tell me where my mittens are? Oh, I'm in such a hurry!"

"Lend me your slate pencil. Oh, dear, dear, I shan't get my sums done!"

"I can't sew, my thimble is gone. What shall I do?"

Do you know whose mouth this came from? I know: it is *Disorder*. A cross, fretful, troublesome creature, as every body knows who has the least acquaintance with him. He puts some things out of place, looses others, and if you keep his company, you will find him a terrible thief. "A thief! Is Disorder a thief?" Indeed he is; and the worst of it is, he steals the most valuable thing you have, that which you can never get back again, that which

a purse of gold cannot buy. He steals your *time*. He snatches it out of your hands, runs off wasting it, and there's no catching him; and I doubt if a constable could do much with him. Everything depends upon yourself.

He has been round here. I know a little girl who to-day lost her lessons in consequence of him; and I know of a fine knife he misplaced for a boy. He is very apt to creep into drawers and boxes and baskets, and he makes sad havoc. He is quite ready to attack children, I think; so I would warn them to be on their guard. Be careful constantly. Watch your drawers; put away your books on the right shelf; hang up your caps, hats, and coats. Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place. Take good care, and never let it be said that you cannot keep Disorder out of your house.

A SAVIOUR FOR NINE YEARS OLD.



LITTLE girl went to church one Sabbath. She listened with all her might. Mr. Adams preached to grown-up people; so I do not know how much of the sermon she took for herself; but when she came home, she said, "Mother, is Jesus a Saviour for a little girl nine years old?" Her mother, I

know, said, "Yes, indeed." And lest some other little child might think the same question, I want to say, "Yes, indeed." Jesus is a Saviour for a little girl nine years old. He was once nine years old Himself, and knows the sins and sorrows of nine years old. He knows just how you feel. He knows what vexes you. He knows your little trials and temptations. He knows what makes you glad, and when you are happy. He can feel for you. He can carry your little sorrows for you. He can take away the evil of your heart, and give you His Holy Spirit to make you good and happy.

He is a Saviour also for ten years and twelve years; and for a child of one year, and two years, and three, and so all the way up. He was a Babe in His mother's arms, and a Boy at His mother's knee; He worked and studied and played as you do, and knows all about you; and He died upon the cross to save you, my little one. You need not be afraid to go to him and tell him all your wants, and thank Him for all your enjoyments. He is not a stranger to you. There is nobody in the world so much interested in you as he is; nobody watches you so constantly or loves you so tenderly; and though Peter and John and the other disciples saw Him go up to heaven, yet He is still on earth, redeeming and blessing the children.

A PARROT IN COURT.—An English paper tells a story of a parrot which was claimed by two parties, each of whom endeavored to prove its ownership. Finally the bird was brought into court, and the real owner, from whom she had been stolen, made the bird whistle several tunes, and at the end of the performance placed his head near the cage and asked the parrot to kiss him, which she did very affectionately to the best of her ability. "That's no proof," exclaimed the other claimant, "she will do that for any body," and he immediately presented his own face to the bird for a like salutation. But instead of a kiss, Poll gave him a sharp snap, caught him by the lip, and held on, screaming with all her might, while the bystanders, could not restrain their laughter at seeing the thief thus convicted and punished by the knowing bird. She was forthwith restored to her owner on her own testimony.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE HAWK AND THE ROBIN.

SAID a gentleman, "When I was a little boy I was standing at the door of my father's farmhouse, and looking up, observed a little bird—a robin—which appeared to be in great distress, and was rapidly flying from branch to branch and from tree to tree. The little creature almost screamed, so terror-stricken was he, and I wondered what it all meant. After short but attentive observation I discovered the cause of all his alarm. A large hawk was chasing, and once or twice had nearly secured it. I immediately went into the house and brought out my father's rifle, which was always loaded, and with which I had become an excellent shot. While watching the hawk, so as to take correct aim, I suddenly lost sight of the robin, and thought that the hawk had certainly killed it. Well, thought I, that bird is a murderer, so here goes for Mr. Hawk, he deserves it! I took aim, fired, and he fell to the earth dead, but as he dropped to the ground I was surprised to see the robin fly from under the wing of the larger bird, and with a joyful shout of deliverance, soar away on its journey of liberty."

This, my dear children, might learn us all a lesson, and should strengthen our faith in that wisdom of an overruling Providence which was here manifested, and made the wing of a bird of prey protect the little form its cruel beak sought only to destroy. Thus God sometimes sends to us lessons to learn which we do not always understand, and can seldom appreciate when they come in the shape of misfortunes. But if we have faith and do our best always, he will turn our misfortunes into blessings, and our good angel will protect us and deliver us from those who seek our destruction.

REGLET CHASE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE RUNAWAY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Who is that little fellow
A toddling down the street?
He has no hat upon his head,
No shoes upon his feet.
His cheeks are round and ruddy,
His hair one floss of gold;
I don't believe the little chap
Is more than three years old.

He's run away from somewhere;
See how he scampers now!
How earnest are his laughing eyes!
How sweet his open brow!
Quite fearlessly he ventures
Along the untried way,
Two little kittens in his arms,
One white, the other gray.

He stops to glance behind him;
There's some one in pursuit;
A sweet-faced woman with her hands
Both full of summer fruit.
"Stop, Frankie! Look here, darling!"
I hear the mother say;
But Frankie only tighter hugs
His kitties white and gray.

"No, no!" he says, "for Jimmy,
That big, bad boy, you know,
Says he will kill my kitties, 'cause
They play on Sundays so.
I'm going to hide them somewhere
Away from Jimmy True;
I don't believe he'll ever see
Them play again, do you?"

"Come with mamma, dear Frankie,
We'll take the kitties home,
Where teasing boys like Jimmy True
Will never dare to come."
The little fellow turned at once
And homeward took his way,
Still hugging in his short, fat arms,
His kitties white and gray.

To lessen our desires is to increase our wealth.



THE TRUE GOD.

A LITTLE boy who lived in the house of a heathen said to him one day: "There is but one God—the one who made the earth, and the sky, and everything. It is he who gives us the rain and the sunshine, and he knows what we do and what we leave undone. He hears us when we pray, and he, the Eternal One, will punish us if we do wrong, and reward us if we do right. He can save us or he can destroy us. But these images that you pray to are only lumps of baked clay. They can't see or hear; how, then, can they do any good or save you from any trouble? You ought to talk to God's messenger about that." He meant the missionary.

The heathen paid no heed to him, but soon afterward went on a little journey. While he was gone the boy took a stick and broke all the images except the largest, into the hands of which he put the stick. When the man returned he was furious to see what had happened, and exclaimed, "Who has done this?"

"Perhaps," said the little boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "Don't talk such stuff as that! Do you think I'm a fool? You know as well as I do that the thing cannot raise its hand. It was you, you little rascal! It was you! And to pay you for your labor of wickedness, I'll beat you to death with the same stick!" and seizing the stick he approached him.

"But," said the boy, gently, "how can you trust to a God so weak that a child's hand can destroy him. Do you suppose that, if he can't take care of himself or his companions, he can take care of you and the world, let alone making you?"

The heathen stopped to think, for it was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and went and knelt down to pray to the true God, and called him "My Father."—CHRISTOPHER SCHMIDT.

GRATITUDE OF A LION.

A LION, which for its extreme beauty was to be sent to Paris from Senegal, fell sick before the departure of the vessel, and was let loose to die on an open space of ground. A traveler there, as he returned home from a hunting excursion, found him in a very exhausted state, and compassionately poured a quantity of milk down his throat. Thus refreshed, the poor beast recovered. From that time he became

so tame, and was so attached to his benefactor, that he afterward ate from his hand and followed him like a dog.

A BOY'S PRAYER FOR A MISSIONARY.

A LITTLE boy, who was warmly attached to a missionary, was much alarmed on hearing that in the country to which the missionary was appointed there were fierce bears, who were often dangerous to travelers. One day the child threw his arms round the neck of the missionary, and said, "You sha'n't be a missionary; you sha'n't go."

The missionary demanded, "Why not?"

"Because the bears will kill you and eat you. You must not go."

"O, but I *must* go," said the good man; "God calls me to the work, and I must trust in him, and not be afraid. He can preserve me. You must pray to God for me, that he may keep me from the bears. Will you pray for me?"

"Yes," said the little one, "I will."

The dear child after this used always to finish his prayer, both night and morning, with this brief, appropriate petition: "And please, God Almighty, keep the missionary from the bears."

It happened that on a missionary excursion in North America, when this gentleman was of the party, they met a large and savage bear. One of their number fired at the bear, and wounded, but did not kill him; on which the animal turned on the missionary with great fury, and had just caught him, when another shot laid him dead. Calling to mind the prayers of his little friend, the missionary had one of the paws cut off the animal, which he sent home; and we have been told that it has now a silver plate attached to it, with an inscription recording the circumstance, and is preserved in the family as a trophy and token of the power of prayer.

DONATION VISIT.

"MOTHER," said James, "what is the meaning of *donation*? You have been preparing all this week for the donation party, and I want to know what it means."

"Why, Jimmy," said Johnny, "don't you know what donation means? I do! *Do* means the cake, and *nation* means the people, and they carry the cake to the minister's and the people go there and eat it."

Do not affect humility. The moment humility is spoken of by him that has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet, it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you "I am here," there is an end to it.

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