



For the Sunday School Advocate.

HARRY LANE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Do you know Harry Lane?
He has golden brown hair;
He lives in that house
At the head of the square;
That stone-colored house
With the pillars and vines,
With the trellises fashioned
In pretty designs.

Have you seen Harry's pony?
Its color is white,
And its step is as fleet
As the wind in its flight.
So free and so graceful
Its proud, airy tread!
Such a long waving mane!
Such a beautiful head!

Have you seen his gay saddle,
His whip and his spurs,
And the red worsted bridle
That Harry prefers?
His hat, with its plumes
From the peacock's bright train,
Sweeping back on the breeze
As he scours o'er the plain?

No doubt you are thinking
As others have thought,
"How happy is Harry!"
For pleasures unsought
In countless abundance
Are lavished on him,
And playmate and servant
Must bend to his whim.

But all through the village
You'll seek for in vain
A lad so unhappy
As young Harry Lane.
He makes no one glad
With his glittering pelf;
Among all his treasures
He lives for himself.

A joy that's unshared
Is not a true joy;
'Tis the warm, loving heart
Makes the glad, happy boy.
There's nothing so potent
Our ills to remove,
As a nature unselfish,
A spirit of love.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

"Do not tease that poor creature," said a gentleman to an idle boy who was throwing pebbles at a watch-dog chained in a yard, laughing as he made him bark, and growl, and strain at his chain. "It is unjust to torment him, for the dog harms no one; it is cruel, for it gives needless pain; it is cowardly,

for were he not chained you would not dare to provoke him."

"He's but a dog," muttered the boy.

"Ever since I owed my life to a dog," said the gentleman, "I never could bear to see one ill-treated."

"How could you owe your life to a dog?" asked the boy with a little surprise.

"When I was a boy," said the gentleman, "I spent some months with my parents on the lower part of a mountain of the Alps which is named St. Bernard. We lived in a pretty wooden cottage, there called a chalet, with a roof very steep and sloping to let the snow fall off it, and heavy stones at the corners to prevent the winds blowing it away."

"What a strange place to live in!" said the boy.

"Higher up on the mountain was a great stone building called the Monastery of St. Bernard, where a number of monks used to live. I had heard that these monks were kind to travelers passing along that wild, cold, dreary mountain, and that they kept dogs to help them in finding poor people lost in the snow; but I had—at the time that I am speaking of—never been so high as the monastery, for being but a child, I had not had the strength to go so far."

"Had you a happy life there?" asked the boy.

"It was a wild, free, pleasant life. I loved to climb as high as I could, and pluck the pretty pink and purple flowers that grew on the soft green moss, and look at the glorious mountains around, when the glow of sunset reddened their peaks of snow. But I was not contented with this. I heard of bold travelers climbing to the tops of mountains, and without stopping to think that it would be folly in a child to attempt what a strong man might do, I resolved to steal off some day when my parents were absent from home, and try to reach some very high peak, and look down at the world through the clouds."

"Why must you wait till your parents were absent?" asked the boy.

"Because they had strictly forbidden me ever to go beyond sight of the chalet. My sinful disobedience, as you shall hear, nearly cost me my life."

"My parents set off one afternoon to visit a friend. I knew that they would not return till night, and as the servant whom they left behind always let me be much by myself, I thought that this was a favorable time for me to carry out my plan. I took my father's big stick to help me in climbing, and as soon as my parents had set off in one direction, I hurried away in the other. I was so eager that I fancied that I must have gone on for hours before I thought about being tired. Up and up I went; but the higher the spot I reached, the higher the mountain seemed to grow. At last, quite weary and faint, and panting with the toil of climbing, I sat down and looked around me. The view was, no doubt, very fine; the place looked to me very dreary and wild; there was not a sound to be heard, not even the tinkle of a sheep-bell. I began to feel lonely, frightened, and hungry, and thought that I had better go back. Then a big flake of snow came floating down through the air, and fell on my dress. A great many more soon followed. I shook them off again and again, but they came on faster and faster, and covered the ground all around, and hid the path and the track of my feet. Then I was frightened indeed; for how should I find my way back! The evening was closing in, the air grew fearfully cold, and I knew that should I remain there all night, I should be frozen to death before morning."

"You must have been sorry that you had not obeyed your parents," said the boy.

"The most terrible thought to me then, as I shivered and trembled with cold and fear, was the thought that all this trouble had come upon me because of my disobedience. I knew that I had displeased God, and I feared the punishment he might send. Stiff and tired as I was, I made many an attempt to find my way down the mountain; but I had completely lost the track, and did not know so

much as whether to turn to the right or the left. I called out, but no one replied. All now was growing dark around me, except the white glimmering snow. The heavy flakes still were falling; I sank ankle-deep at each step that I took. At last, quite exhausted, I sank down on the snow and cried bitter tears, which almost froze on my cheeks. I sobbed out a prayer to God; I begged him to forgive my sin, and for my poor parents' sake not let me die on the mountain. My mind seemed to grow quite confused; I could no more pray or think; I either slept or fainted."

"What a dreadful night of it you had!" cried the boy.

"The first thing which I remember when I awoke was the feeling of warm breath on my cheek, and then it was touched by what seemed the muzzle of some animal. I started and screamed with terror. I need not have been afraid, a true friend was beside me. One of the monks' brave dogs, large and strong, had found its way through the snow, guided doubtless by its power of scent, or rather by a kind Providence, to the spot where lay a poor half-frozen child."

"That was a mercy indeed!"

"I soon found," continued the gentleman, "that I had nothing to fear from the dog. He licked me, breathed on me, rubbed me with his rough hairy coat, tried to rouse me to motion, and showed me a little cask of drink which the monks had tied round his neck. When I had managed with my stiff, trembling fingers to open that cask, and had drunk of its warming contents, I felt the life coming back to my limbs. I could not, indeed, yet walk, but I dragged myself on to the dog's shaggy back, and gave myself up to his guidance. The noble creature, with his heavy burden, bravely struggled through the snow, nor rested till he had carried me to the monastery door. There I was sheltered, fed, and warmed, and placed in a comfortable bed. Never shall I forget my joy when I again heard the sound of a human voice, and saw the bright glow of a fire."

"What a famous dog!" exclaimed the boy.

"I heard afterward that that dog, whose name was Barry, had been the means of saving no fewer than *forty lives*! When his useful career was ended, his body was carefully buried, and his skin, stuffed to look like life, was placed in the Museum of Berne. Honor to the memory of that noble creature, whose course of active usefulness and kindness puts to shame that of too many of the more gifted race of man. Remember his history, my lad, and for the sake of brave old Barry, never ill-treat a dog."

A. L. O. E.

A QUESTION FOR YOU TO ANSWER.

Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address, 45 cents per vol.					
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Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

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