



## THE WASP.

CHARLOTTE.

There's a wasp, there's a wasp—run away, run away,  
'Tis flying and buzzing about!  
How tiresome, to come just when we were at play,  
How spiteful to drive us all out!

AUNT.

O don't leave the room, girl, there's nothing to fear,  
The wasp does not mean any harm;  
He don't like the cold, so he flies about here  
Where the sun is so bright and so warm.

O would not he think, if he knew what you said,  
"How silly that giant must be,  
To scream, and look pale, and make others afraid  
Of such a poor insect as me."

He's prettier far than the fly or the bee,  
His wings are transparent and light;  
He rests on the window-frame—now you may see  
His colors, how cheerful and bright.

CHARLOTTE.

O don't talk to me of his colors so gay,  
His body, his head, or his wing;  
I tell you, I wish he was out of the way,  
For I am afraid of his sting.

AUNT.

Then hear what I say, girl, and don't be a dunce,  
Your friends all complain about you;  
Now learn of this insect a lesson for once,  
I hear—and I fear it is true—

That though you are lively, and clever, and pretty,  
You are not beloved by the young;  
You tease them, and vex them, to show yourself witty,  
And they are afraid of your tongue.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A NOBLE HORSE.

I IMAGINE I see him now slowly walking up that narrow lane. He was not a fancy horse, nor a saddle horse, nor a carriage horse. He was neither sauntering along at his ease, nor cantering at will, nor browsing on the sweet green grass. He was a dray horse, working hard, drawing a heavy load of coal. And yet, brute though he was, and with all his hard work, he found the means to do a noble act. Would you like to know how it was? I will tell you.

His driver had stopped to talk, perhaps to take a dram, for men do such things sometimes though horses do not, and he left his trusty horse to go on alone. Is it not strange how a horse will lend his strength and his will to work for a man! I often look at a horse at work, and wonder and think

how good God is to give us such a helpful animal. So this horse, instead of stopping or running away when his master's eye was off, went right on about his business. And as he was going along the lane he came up to a little child sitting in the middle of the road playing in the sand. What did this intelligent horse do? Turn out? No, the lane was too narrow. Stop and wait till his driver came up? That would have given him a resting-spell. But he was not lazy. So he put his nose down and smelled of the child. I suppose if he could he would have told the little one to get out of the way, but he had never learned to talk. Then he gathered up its little frock between his teeth and carefully lifted it out of the road, just as a kind, thoughtful man would do with his hands. How could any one have done better?

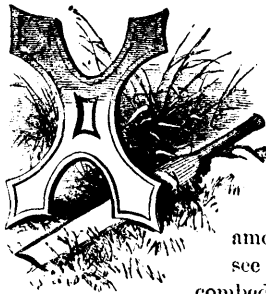
## A PLUCKY BOY.

WHEN General Havelock was about twelve years old, he saw a dog worrying his father's sheep. Instead of beating the brute off, he ran to a hay-stack in the field and pulled out sufficient hay to make a strong band or rope of hay, which he threw round the dog's neck, and fairly choked him, and then flung his carcass into a pond, walking off as if nothing had happened. This was certainly very cool, but it was most thoughtful. There is no remedy for sheep-stealing dogs. They are assigned to death by all good shepherds.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## "XENNY."

A PICTURE FROM MEMORY.



ENOPHON was the name of a boy who many years ago attended our school in winter and boarded in my father's family. He was a pleasant-faced, kindly-spoken lad, and a great favorite among his schoolmates. I see him now—his dark hair combed smoothly back from his high forehead, his mild blue eyes lighted up with mirth, and his rosy mouth ready for a laugh, or a funny word to make others laugh.

Speaking of his odd name at one time, he said, "The teacher can't remember it. He calls me, 'Hear, Sir.'"

He was not wicked like some boys, only thoughtless and full of gayety. This, when carried to excess, I doubt not, is wicked in the sight of God; but I mean he did not swear, or lie, or drink, or cheat. Everybody seemed to love him for a natural kindness that ruled his actions. His parents had died the summer before. They were praying parents, and had died in sure hope of eternal life. How could Xenny be thoughtless so soon?

He sometimes spoke of the day when his dear father took him into a room alone and talked long and anxiously to him of his future life and of his duties to God. But he soon seemed to forget all; and though he loved his parents, he did not honor the religion they professed enough to even kneel in time of prayer.

Poor Xenny! He became sick, delirium seized him, and we feared he might die before reason returned. One night (I shall never forget it) the room was full of his youthful friends and schoolmates, who took a great interest in every turn of his disease, watched with him, and in every way showed their sympathy. He knew them all. He looked around the room, as if for the first time realizing his situation.

"O, aunt," he said to my mother, "I know that I must die, and I shall go right down to hell!"

My mother took his hand. "Xenny," she said, "there is ONE who can save you from hell!"

Then she spoke of Jesus, how he had suffered and died for sinners.

"O," he exclaimed, "I know it all. I am not so ignorant. I have been taught the way, but this only adds to my condemnation!"

"Pray, child," said my mother; "PRAY! God will hear prayer."

Then he prayed with clasped hands and closed eyes, while a solemn look came into his face, a look never there before, and which remained when he lay in his coffin. O how he prayed! Many were the eyes that wept that night. "Pray for me!" he said, and prayer arose from that sick-room from anxious hearts. "O Lord, have mercy!" this was the burden of Xenny's prayer.

At length he spoke. "I think," said he, "Jesus has forgiven my sins. Now I can die."

Soon, amid dreadful sufferings, he passed away; and O, my young reader, though hope shed a faint ray around his dying bed, I hope none of you will have your peace to make with God at such an hour! I hope among the great army of Advocate children none will at last suffer and pray in such despair as did poor Xenophon. I hope there will be no such bitter tears shed around your dying pillow. Then live a Christian, and dying you will be blest.

O seek the Saviour  
And serve him now  
While the glow of health  
Is on cheek and brow.  
Then happy in death  
And in life you'll be,  
And joy will be yours  
Through eternity.

M. A. BIGELOW.

## BECOMING MANLY.

LITTLE FRANK is much afraid of the pigs, and having occasion to pass their pen one day, called loudly to Lizzie to come and lead him. Just then he remembered that he had a birthday last week.

"No, no, Lizzie, don't you come. I'm four years old!" he said, and walked bravely by alone.

A LADY asked a pupil at a public examination of the Sunday-school:

"What was the sin of the Pharisees?"

"Eating camels, ma'am," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel."

MUCH IN A LITTLE.—The sum and substance of a preparation for a coming eternity is, that you believe what the Bible tells you, and do what the Bible bids you.

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