

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE  
SUPPERUNTO  
ME

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## BEWARE OF THE NET!

A GARDENER once had some very luscious gooseberries. Anxious to save them from being eaten by some hungry blackbirds that lived near his grounds, he covered them with a net. The old birds kept away, for they were too wary to be caught. But a smart young blackbird, which had more feathers than wit, and more appetite than caution, flew down one morning to pick a gooseberry for his breakfast, and rushed right into the net. Poor blackbird! It struggled hard to get out again but could not. The net was too strong. The gardener soon came along and took it home to make a broil for his little daughter's breakfast.

Wasn't that bird foolish not to see the net and keep out of it? "Very foolish!" you all reply. You are right. But how many of you, with all the folly of the blackbird, are rushing into Satan's net? "Satan's net! Satan's net! Where is that?" you ask. Satan's net is everywhere that sin is committed, for *sin is Satan's net*. Yonder, for example, is a boy learning to smoke. He is putting his head into one mesh of Satan's net. That boy who is just beginning to swear is putting his head into another mesh. So too lying, proud, envious, or bad-tempered children are in other meshes of that dangerous net. Remember, every sinful act is a mesh in Satan's net.

Are you in his net, my dear boy or girl? If so, I advise you to get out as quickly as possible. Satan sweeps all he finds in his net down to hell. Get out of it! get out of it!

Jesus died to give liberty to the captives in Satan's net. Cry to him! Cry lustily! He will draw you out of it and set you free. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## SAVED FROM A WOLF.

I LIKE to see a young lady riding horseback. If she sits gracefully she looks finely as her noble steed canters along the highway. It is very healthy exercise too. I should be glad if all the girls—ay, and the boys too—in my Advocate family had horses to ride. I should like to see my whole family on horseback upon one of the glorious prairies of our great western country. Wouldn't it be a splendid sight?

But riding horseback is not as safe everywhere as it is in our beautiful land. In Russia wolves abound in many places. These savage creatures often when



very hungry rush from the depths of the forests and spring upon the hapless travelers upon whose track they chance to light. In the picture you see one of them springing upon the horse of a lady rider. See how the noble beast rears! Mark the lady's fright! Her companion on horseback wonders what is the cause of her sudden alarm? What will become of her?

Fortunately, a strong-armed, fearless peasant, bearing a stout oaken cudgel in his hand, is near. Full of courage, he rushes on the wolf, breaks its spine with two or three well-aimed blows, and the lady is saved. Thanks be to God and to the brave-hearted peasant!

That peasant had what is called *presence of mind*; that is, he did not let the presence of the wolf drive the wit from his brain or the strength from his limbs. He wasn't "frightened to death" as some people are when danger is near. If he had been that fine lady would have never seen her home again.

Children should try to acquire presence of mind. When a danger meets a child he may give way to fear and trembling, lose strength to move and power to think, or he may brace himself up, ask himself what he ought to do, and then do it. The latter is both the wiser and the safer course. Let all my children try to maintain presence of mind when they meet a little danger, and that will prepare them to maintain it if they are ever called to face great dangers. I think it would not be wrong for

every child, especially every timid child, to pray, "O Lord, give me presence of mind in the hour of danger!" X.

From the Teacher's Offering.

## MOTHER'S BOY.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

A WELL-MADE boy, tall for his age, with dark curly hair and large dark eyes—his mother's eyes, everybody said; but then everybody said that he, Ned Radcliffe, was "his mother's boy."

My opinion is, that this expression, "Mother's boy," was not generally applied in a complimentary or respectful sense—more's the pity. If every boy was his mother's boy, in the sense in which Ned Radcliffe might be said to be so, it would be so much the better for boys in general, and no discredit to any mother in particular. But there is one thing to be reckoned in the account, so important that, if we leave that out, our reckoning would be totally incorrect. If being a mother's boy means being what Ned Radcliffe was, then mothers must bear some likeness

to Ned Radcliffe's mother. Ned loved her with all his heart; to please her, what would he not do? To offend her, the very thought was so painful to him that he turned from it with horror.

An upright boy—speaking the truth always, cheerful, intelligent, active—such a boy as would be most likely to prosper in the world, to gain a good position, and win the approval of the wisest and the best. Such a boy was Ned Radcliffe, his mother's boy.

The only son of his mother, and she was a widow; not a wealthy widow, rich in this world's good, but almost as poor as the widow in the gospel, who, when she cast her two mites into the treasury, parted with all her living.

Mother and son lived in a little hut or cottage in a quiet country lane, leading from Fiveacres to Meadowland. The widow taught a few children, did a little plain needlework, was always ready and willing to earn a penny, and Ned was out in the fields scaring the birds and earning a trifle of money, getting what learning he could from his mother in the evening. That amount of learning was of course not very extensive; but it all came out of one book—that sacred volume from which the wise and the ignorant may alike receive the best instruction.

Ned used to sit when he was quite a small child and watch his mother's fingers busy with the needle and wish. He wished that he could help her, that he could save her from so many hours' hard toil,