



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Brave Boy and the Coward.

ONE morning Henry and Thomas were passing a cornfield in which stood some plum trees laden with ripe fruit. Thomas said to Henry, "Let us jump over and get some plums. Nobody will see us, and we will scud along through the tall corn, and get out safe on the other side."

"No," said Henry, "it is wrong. I do not like to try it. I would rather not have the plums than to steal them."

"You are a coward," said Thomas; "I always knew you were a coward. If you do not want any plums you may go without them, but I shall have some very quickly."

So Thomas began to climb the fence, but just then the owner of the field rose up from the other side of the wall. Thomas jumped back, and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. But Henry did not run, for he was not afraid.

The owner of the field had heard the conversation, and he was so well pleased with Henry's conduct that he asked him to come in and help himself to as many plums as he liked. Henry accepted the offer very thankfully, and while he was filling his pockets with the fruit he had quite a talk with the pleasant old gentleman, who began by saying, "Why did you have nothing to say when Thomas called you a coward. Do you think you are a coward?"

"I don't quite know, sir. I believe I don't dare to steal."

"But, my son, if it is a proper fear of God that keeps you from stealing, that does not make you a coward. But if you do not steal because you are afraid that some man will see you, or if you had stolen for fear of being laughed at and called a coward, then you would have been a coward, and you would have run away as sneakily as that cowardly Thomas did. No, my good boy, fear God, and spurn sin, and that will give you true courage. And the next time you are taunted as you were this morning, tell your tempter that you are not as much of a coward as to do wrong through fear of ridicule." J.



The Little Guide.

A LITTLE child went out from home
One pleasant summer day,
And wandering about alone,
She sadly lost her way.

'Twas on a prairie, bleak and wild,
With naught to guide her right,
She wandered, weeping, sorrowing child,
Until the hush of night.

With aching heart and throbbing head
She sat her down and cried,
Thinking of that low trundle-bed
With mother at its side.

In keen despair she called aloud,
"O mother, mother, come!
I'm lost, I'm lost! with grief I'm bowed;
O come and take me home."

But, hark! a sudden sound she hears,
And, starting to her feet,
She quickly wipes away her tears,
A little lamb to meet.

Quite opposite to hers its course,
Bleating, it onward bound;
She gently followed where it led,
And soon her home she found.

Dear children, we are wanderers,
We are going all astray,
Until the precious Lamb of God
Doth meet us on the way—

Guiding our footsteps ever right,
We follow him in love,
To blessed mansions, pure and bright,
In our Father's house above.

—Family Treasure.



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SELFISH SUSIE.

SUSIE is very fond of puddings. When the dessert is brought in, if it happens to be a pudding, she can hardly wait till it is served, and she finds it still more difficult to wait until after it is served to others. It is very silly for people to be so fond of any kind of food as to make them forget to behave decently at table. Susie would tease so earnestly that sometimes when they had no company her mamma would serve her first; but this kindness, instead of making her more patient and anxious to oblige her mother, only made her still more impatient and selfish. So it happened one day, when her grandmamma and cousins were there, that she began to tease her mother in a low voice to let her have some pudding immediately. But her mother was busy talking, and paid no attention to her.

"Mamma, mamma," said Susie in a louder tone, "can't I have some pudding now?" and then again, still louder and quite impatiently, "Mamma, quick! I'm in a hurry. Mamma!"

Her grandma looked surprised, and her papa, who had been observing her, now said very seriously, "I do not think your mamma will give you any pudding for such asking. We cannot have the whole table disturbed by your selfishness. If little girls do not know how to behave at table they must go away." So with great shame Susie left the table and went out of the room, getting no pudding that day. I am glad to learn, however, that she is trying to get rid of this sad selfishness. AUNT JULIA.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1 Cor. ii, 9.



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The Storm-Driven Bird.

ONE of our correspondents tells us a pleasing story of a little bird-visit which he received last winter. Having risen before daylight on a stormy morning, he heard a gentle tapping at the window-pane. He raised the sash, when in flew a little bird out of the storm into the light and warmth. Here it flitted back and forth with evident delight, not frightened even by the two kittens that were gamboling on the carpet. Perhaps the dear little creature fancied it had found a home, a place where it would like to stay always. But it did not think so when daylight came. Then it wanted to fly away. Poor thing, it would have felt as if the room that lately looked so beautiful to its little eyes were a prison, had it been obliged to stay there. So the good man opened the sash again, and let his little visitor go.

As the sunlight to the little bird, so is God to the eyes of the Christian; and however tempting the scenes of earth may be, yet shall those who love God ever gladly leave them to enjoy the light of his presence. J. C.

The Little Pilgrim.

I a little pilgrim stand,
Knocking at my Father's gate,
Trembling, waiting for his hand
To remove the heavy weight
Of my sins, that press me down
To the earth, and keep me there;
What I want is not a crown,
But to be made pure and fair.

While I knock wilt thou not hear?
O, my Father, hear my cry;
Open wide the gate most dear,
Gate of mercy, or I die.
Help a helpless child to find
The right path, the narrow way,
With the little pilgrims joined,
Walking homeward every day.

—Sunday-School Times.

HOME.—Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love, by the innocence and sports of childhood, is the only home of the human heart.—LESLIE.

BETTER to slip with the foot than with the tongue.

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