

THE EMPTY CROW'S NEST.

BY THE LATE "OLD HUMPHREY."

WHEN I was a lad I passed some time with my uncle, who lived at Beechwood Farm, and, lad-like, was more fond of getting into danger than of gaining any profitable instruction. My uncle came to me one day with a hymn book in his hand. "Aaron," said he, "if you will learn the three hymns that I have marked with my pencil by your birthday I will give you a shilling."

You may be sure that I was wondrously delighted.

Opposite to the big barn, however, stood a tall elm tree; and on the top of it, among the slender branches, a crow, unfortunately for me, had built its nest. I always considered it cruel to rob a poor bird of her eggs or her young, yet still a foolish desire rose in my mind to get possession of the eggs in the crow's nest, and this desire grew stronger and stronger every day. The tree was hard to climb, and the nest difficult to get at; but these things, though they kept me back from accomplishing the design so soon as I otherwise should have done, only served to increase my foolish inclination to possess the eggs. Every day I endeavored to get up the tree, but it was all in vain, for I could not succeed. At last the eggs were hatched, and I then became doubly determined to climb the tree, for I wanted the young birds more than I had before wanted the eggs. "Well, Aaron," my uncle used to say, for he knew that I had set my mind upon the thing, "well, Aaron, how go on the young crows? If you do not look sharp about you you will be a day after the fair." Again and again I tried, and again and again was I disappointed. O the trouble that it cost me to climb that tree! One day, however, I was more determined than usual; I pulled off my jacket and began to climb. For a long way up I had to hold by short twigs, for the butt of the tree had been lopped of its branches. Every now and then, too, the stump of an old bough hindered me sadly, and when I got to the small branches at the top I was afraid to trust myself upon them. At last I ventured, balancing myself as well as I could on the forks of the slender boughs; but when I put my hand into the nest I found it empty.

The eggs had been hatched and the birds were flown; so that, in pursuing my foolish project, I got nothing but disappointment for my pains. Had I bestowed half the time in learning my hymns that it took me day after day in trying to climb the tree, I should have earned a shilling, to say nothing of the advantage of the hymns themselves; but I had wasted so much time about the crows that my birthday came and I could not say my hymns, so that I lost my shilling as well as the crows.

This story does me no credit, but I tell it that you may profit by my folly. When you have a praiseworthy end in view pursue it with all your heart, but never stir an inch after a foolish one; for even if you succeed in accomplishing your design, you will sink in your own estimation from the consciousness of your folly; and most likely, after all, get nothing better than an empty crow's nest.

COMICAL DOGS.

IN the life of that remarkable man, Samuel Drew, of Cornwall, an amusing account is given of two dogs belonging to his family. He states:

"Our dairy was under a room which was used as a barn, into which the fowls found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered dust on the pans below, to the great annoyance of my mother-in-law. In this a favorite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day in harvest she went into the dairy, followed by our little dog; and finding dust again on the milk-pans, she exclaimed:



"I wish that cock was dead!"

"Not long after, she being with us in the harvest-field, we observed the little dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at my mother-in-law's feet. She was dreadfully exasperated at the literal fulfillment of her hastily-uttered wish, and snatching a stick from the hedge, attempted to give the dog a beating. The dog seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he evidently expected marks of approbation, left the bird and ran off; she brandishing the stick and saying in a loud and angry tone, 'I'll pay thee for this by and by!'"

"In the evening she was about to put her threat into execution, when she found the little dog established in a corner of the room, and the large dog standing over it. Endeavoring to fulfill her intention by first driving off the large dog, he gave her plainly to understand that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then sought to get at the small dog behind the other; but the threatening gesture and fierce growl of the large one apparently proclaimed, 'Touch him if you dare!' and sufficiently indicated that the attempt would not be a little perilous. The result was that she abandoned her design."—REV. T. JACKSON, M.A.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BOATMAN'S BOY.



THE coal from the mining districts of Pennsylvania is taken to our large cities and iron works principally by canal boats. This brings a great many boatmen and boys to our towns and villages where coal-works are erected, and though for the most part not well cared for religiously, we sometimes find some of the "Corporal's" boys among them. One Sabbath morning a gentleman, when walking in the street, was addressed by a little boy thus:

"Please, sir, tell me where I may find a Sunday-school."

"Why, where do you live, my boy? are you a stranger?"

"I'm a boatman's boy, sir, but our boat is here over the Sabbath, and I would like to go to school as I do when at home."

The boy was at once taken to a school and welcomed by the superintendent.

The example of this boy is worthy of imitation by all the Advocate children. When from home visiting or traveling, do not spend the Sabbath in idle play, but say to the first person you meet, "Please tell me where I may find a Sunday-school?"

UNCLE HENRY.

"WHAT SORT OF CHILDREN DOES JESUS LOVE?"

A FEW years ago a Christian (who is now with the Lord, whom he loved and served here) was one Lord's day speaking of the great love of Jesus to the children of a little school not many miles from London.

During his address he asked them this question: "What sort of children does Jesus love?" Instantly one and another answered, "Good children! Good children!" The teacher was silent; the children began to see, from the expression of his countenance, that they had not given the answer he wanted; but what other they could give they did not know, and they were much perplexed.

Presently he said, "Jesus loves *bad* children." They seemed surprised at hearing this, and one little girl asked anxiously whether it was really true, thinking, I suppose, that it was too good to be true. On being again assured that it was

quite true, because, "Jesus said, I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," she burst into tears and said, "I am so glad, then, for I am a bad child."

That teacher was right. Jesus really loves bad children, not for being bad, thank you! but because their souls are precious, and he wishes to wash their sins away in his own blood. Now, if a bad child will not let Jesus do this, but will stick to his sins, then Jesus will cast him off, and let him have his evil way and perish in his sins.

A COLORED cook expected company of her kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said:

"Chloe, you must make an apology."

"La, missus, how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no nuffin to make it wid."

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