

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

FROM A LOVER OF SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

A LITTLE girl sat by her mother watching the sun set. It was a beautiful evening, but sorrow filled the hearts of both. At length the little girl in a sorrowful, sad tone said:

"Ma, I can't see why I can't have good clothes, and nice new bonnets, and shoes like other little girls. And then, ma, you say I ought to be thankful. I don't know what I have to thank God for."

"Surely," replied the mother, "you have many blessings that many poorer children do not have, and you ought not to complain."

But the heart of the mother was touched and her eyes were filled with tears as she thought of her little daughter's sorrow. She could not make her little Jennie think that her lack of wealth was all for the best, and that she had many things to be thankful for. She folded her the more closely to her bosom, and as they sat thus they saw an old man approach and a little barefooted boy walking close by his side. As they came nearer they saw the old man was blind and the little boy was leading him. They came up to where they were, and when the old man found they were near this woman's home he asked if he and his little boy might stay all night.

They all went together into the house, and that night as Jennie sat upon her father's lap and heard the poor blind man tell his story she felt very sorry for him. He told them he once had a nice home and everything he wanted to make him happy. He said he didn't care much that he had lost all these things for himself, but he was sorry his little boy couldn't have good clothes and things that he wanted as he used to have. They talked a long time, and after the old man and the little boy had gone to sleep, little Jennie put her arms around her mother's neck and said:

"Now, ma, I can see what I ought to be thankful for. I am not blind like this poor man, and it isn't as hard for me to wear cheap and patched clothes as it is for this little boy, for he once had nice clothes and all he wanted, and I never had, and I can do without them better than he. And he has no good mother and no home. Now I won't be naughty any more and make ma cry and feel so sad, and God will love me if I trust in Jesus and thank him for what he has done for me."

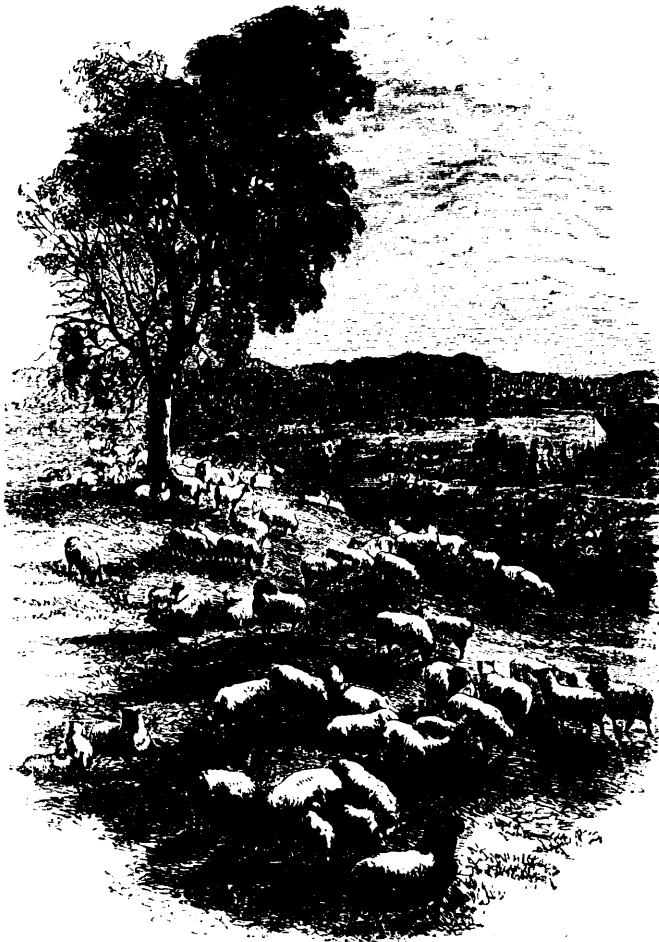
And little Jennie prayed longer than usual that night before she fell asleep, and in the morning she told her ma what a good dream she had had, and some time, maybe, we will tell you more about Jennie's dream and of the poor blind man and little boy.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT THE LAMBS DO.

"Up! in the morning's early light,
Up! in the morning early;
The sun is shining warm and bright,
And the birds are singing merrily."

SEE! the sun is just peeping above the tree tops in the distance. It easily breaks through the thin clouds and sends its warm and cheerful rays over the earth. How white and nice the backs of these sheep look in the sunlight. They are a company of early risers. Every one of them is "wide awake, and no mistake." They don't wait until some one comes to call them from their grassy beds. Just think of the little lambs quietly snoozing on the green grass, while the sun is getting up higher and higher, and the birds singing merrily in the trees, and everything around them awake and stirring. The little lambs sleep on, waiting for some good-natured old sheep to stoop down by their heads and



bleat in their ears, "Ba-a! ba-a! ba-a! Wake up, wake up, little chaps, wake up! The sun is shining, and the birds are singing, and the bees are humming, and the flies are buzzing, and it's high time for all the lambs to be up."

Ah! the lambs never wait for all that. As soon as it is daylight every one in the flock opens his eyes and gets on his feet. Is that the way you do, little reader? or do you lie in bed long after sunrise, waiting for some one to call you? "John, Sarah, Willie, Margaret, come, do get up." Then you yawn, and stretch, and get your eyes half open, and beg to lie a little longer, and then go to sleep again. Is that so?

How would you like to have father or mother come to your bedside to-morrow morning and say "Ba-a, ba-a, ba-a" to you as though you were a little sheep. I'll tell you what would wake you up. Let father bring a sheep into your room close to your bed, and let that sheep bleat in your ears. O wouldn't you jump then! You would very likely dream that you were a sheep out in the grass nibbling for your breakfast.

But if you want to rise as early as the sheep, be sure and go to bed as early as they do. Little boys and girls have no business to sit up until nine or ten o'clock at night.

You must not only be like the sheep in early rising, but you must be, like them, gentle and loving. Did you ever have a pet lamb? Mary did, you know. Now don't ask me what Mary, for I never knew her other name; but I heard about her a great many years ago, when I was a child, and you have heard of her too, I have no doubt:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

Pet lambs are very pretty creatures. Mary's lamb followed her everywhere, because it loved her. It did everything Mary told it to do; it was a gentle creature. So you are to obey your parents and love them, and love each other. And there is One other you are to obey and love. He made the little lambs and he made you. You know his name; do you love him?

Then there is One who is called in the Bible "the Lamb of God." Jesus is that Lamb, so loving, kind, and gentle. You want to be like him, do you not? Go find that pretty little hymn, "I want to be like Jesus." Sing it and *pray* it. If you are like Jesus, the loving Lamb, you will indeed be good.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"I WOULDN'T WORK SUNDAYS!"

"WELL, my boy, how much do you earn a week?" I inquired of a smart little fellow one day.

"Two dollars."

"Well, how much is that a day?" I queried.

"Thirty-three and one third cents."

"Ah! Are you not a little mistaken in your arithmetic?" again I inquired.

"Why, three times thirty-three and one third is one dollar, and twice that is two dollars."

"So you reckon but *six* days in a week; I thought that there were *seven*."

"Why, I don't work Sundays! I go to Sabbath-school," he said with a look of surprise.

"O yes, I see. But your mother would let you work if you didn't go to Sabbath-school?"

"*I wouldn't work Sundays unless she made me, and I know she wouldn't do that!*" was his noble answer.

Telling him always to "regard the Sabbath and be prompt at Sabbath-school," I slipped a fifty cent currency into his hand.

"What is this for?" he inquired with surprise.

"For your mother," was the reply.

"O thank you!" he said, and I left him at his work as happy and busy as a bee.

COUSIN GENEIE.

THE QUARRELSOME COCKS.

Two quarrelsome cocks fell out one day, and as they fought together, some tinker lads drew near unobserved. They parted the combatants and bore them away to their camp in the wood. Ere the day closed the poor cocks were swinging together in the tinker's cauldron, a warning to all of their nature and race.

Be sure, be sure when blinded by passion that danger is near.

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.				
" 5 copies	" 10,	" " 40	" "	" "
" 10 "	" 20,	" " 37½	" "	" "
" 20 "	" 30,	" " 35	" "	" "
" 30 "	" 40,	" " 32½	" "	" "
" 40 "	" 50,	" " 30	" "	" "
" 50 "	" 75,	" " 28	" "	" "
" 75 "	" 100,	" " 27	" "	" "
" 100 "	" 200,	" " 26	" "	" "
" 200 "	and upward,	" " 25	" "	" "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to REV. DR. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.