

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE HUNGRY CHILDREN.

THERE were four little brothers and sisters who came to school every day; but sometimes they looked so sad and weary that the teacher made some inquiries. She found that the parents were so poor that they could not get food enough for the children to eat. For many days all they had was a little bread and water. Yet the dear little ones came to school every day, and studied their books and behaved very nicely. When the head teacher heard this he asked them to go home with him; but the youngest said he did not like to go in. He did not know that his mother would like to have him go to a strange house. At last, after much persuasion, they were all brought into the house and seated at the table, where there was plenty of food. It must have looked very good to their hungry little eyes. Their plates were well filled, and they were urged to eat; but they would not touch a mouthful. Do you think you would have done so? I know some little folks that would have gone pushing and scrambling to get about it first.

The good folks who were so kindly trying to supply their wants were much perplexed, but finally concluded to leave them alone. No sooner had they left the room than, looking back through the half open door, they saw the eldest boy put his little hands together, thank God for supplying their wants, and ask his blessing on the food, of which they then partook cheerfully.

When I heard this little story it shamed me to think of the many little boys and girls that have plenty to eat every day and never thank God for it. I hope if you have not always said grace you will begin now. If you cannot think just what to say repeat the following, and then by and by you can think up one in your own words:

"O Lord, we thank thee for this food. Help us to partake of it temperately, and may it make us strong to serve thee. Feed our souls with the bread of life. Feed the hungry everywhere, and let all men learn to love thee. We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen."

A. J.

TWENTY IMPOLITE THINGS.

1. Loud and boisterous laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing.
6. Cutting finger-nails in company.
7. Leaving church or chapel before worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourselves, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and,
20. Not listening to what one is saying in company.

WRITE your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year and you will never be forgotten.



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LITTLE KIM.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A LITTLE dog, its color black,
Its figure lithe and slim,
Its tail curtailed, likewise its ears,
Its quaint pet nickname, *Kim*.

Of all the anxious, burdened souls,
Whose watchful eyes grow dim
With ceaseless worry, we must give
The palm to little *Kim*.

He never has an hour of peace;
E'en Sunday brings to him
No respite from his heavy cares,
No rest to little *Kim*.

The house and grounds he holds in charge,
The walks and borders trim;
Their shadows, whether small or large,
Are sacred all to *Kim*.

Whoever goes along the street
Must note his visage grim,
The careworn, antiquated phiz
Of faithful little *Kim*.

Let one but pause before the door,
He shakes in every limb;
But not with fear, for very brave
Is spunky little *Kim*.

His bark comes out by rapid jerks;
It is too big for him;
He can't express it all at once—
A little dog is *Kim*.

A stranger cannot choose but think
He barks to suit some whim,
He fires such braggart minute guns
Which frighten—only *Kim*.

He barks himself all out of shape,
He is so full of vim;
Yet peaceful as a Quaker's creed,
In truth, is valiant *Kim*.

In vain my pen aspires to trace
A sketch complete of him;
Its simple truth will only serve
To introduce pet *Kim*.

WHAT THE BOYS WOULD BE.

Four or five good little boys were talking one evening, as boys often do, of the future. One asked the tallest of the group:

"What are you going to be when you are a man, Willie?"

"A lawyer," answered Willie. "It is very important to have justice done in courts."

"Yes, but lawyers don't always look out for justice. I've heard that most of them will plead a case on either side, right or wrong, for the money," replied Charles.

"Well, that may be so; but that's not the kind of a lawyer I'm going to be. I'll always take the right

side whether I get paid or not. I'll look out for all the widows and orphans, to see that nobody cheats them," said Willie. "What will you be, Charlie?"

"O, I'm going to be a doctor, so that I can ride day and night. I'll keep four horses and change them often, and always have a fresh one. I'll not go poking along with a worn-out horse and a spattered gig, like Dr. Grey."

At this little Jimmy sprung up, and cried very earnestly, as if already in the business, "Please, brother Charlie, let me shoe all your horses, for I'm going to be a blacksmith."

His brothers laughed, and Willie said, "I shall never be ashamed of you, Jimmy, if you're a good, honest blacksmith; but you must always wash your face and hands before you come to my office."

"Yes, I will, and put on my Sunday clothes," replied the good-natured little fellow.

"Well, that is settled, then, that father is to have a lawyer, a doctor, and a blacksmith in his family," said Willie.

Grandma sat all this time in her arm-chair, knitting away very fast on a striped stocking. At her feet sat the family pet, Harry, sticking pins into grandma's ball of yarn. Ah! it was for his tiny plump feet that the yarn was flying over the dear old lady's needles.

"Boys," said grandma, "here is one who has not told what he is going to be when a man."

"O no!" cried Willie, stooping down, and taking dear Harry in his arms. "What are you going to be when you're a big man like papa?"

Harry put his little arms round Willie's neck and said, "When I am a great big man I'll be—I'll be—kind to my mother."

"You darling boy," cried grandma, "that is a sweet little vision of your future! I would far rather have you a humble working man, with this same affectionate heart, than see you cold and selfish in the seat of a judge. Willie and Charlie might be great and wise men in their professions, and yet be no comfort to their parents in old age, unless they were at the same time loving and kind.

"Greatness alone makes no one happy; but goodness, like the sun, sheds light and joy everywhere. Whenever, after this, dear boys, you are laying plans for coming life, always add to your plans and promises sweet Harry's words: 'When I'm a man I'll be kind to my mother.'"

AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

THE prisoner here may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

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