



For the Sunday School Advocate.

LINA'S DISOBEDIENCE.

"O, MOTHER, may I go into the meadow!" said Lina, running into her mother's room.

"Why do you wish to go into the meadow, dear?" asked her mother.

"I want to play there, mother. I am tired of staying in the house!" exclaimed Lina rather pettishly.

"But, my daughter, this is a very warm day, and I would not like to have you play in the meadow, where the hot sun will shine upon you, for your head might ache again. But stay in the nursery, or with me, till after the sun sets, when it will be cooler, and you may perhaps go out and play a short time."

"But, mother," said Lina, "Belle Lincoln, Jennie Carson, Nettie Arthurs, and Lucy Bell are there, and I want to play with them."

"I would be willing for you to play with them, my dear, if I thought you could do so without injury to yourself; but to-day I do not think you can, so try, my dear, to be contented here."

Lina now threw her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her, appearing to be cheerfully submissive to her mother's will. Then leaving the room, she ran to the nursery, saying to her little brother, whom she found there, "O, Genie, let's go and play in the meadow. I am tired staying in the house, aint you?"

"Yes," said Genie, "and I would like to go to the meadow if mother is willing."

"Well, we can go," said Lina. "I just asked mother; but we must not stay too long, only till tea-time. Here's your hat, so come along."

Arriving at the meadow, Lina began playing with her companions, and did not notice that Genie had wandered off till they were all startled by a scream from another part of the meadow.

"O that is Genie!" exclaimed Lina, and then they all started in the direction from which the sound proceeded. Arriving at a well near which they had played a short time previous, they found that one of the boards was gone since they passed. They immediately concluded that Genie had fallen in, but dared not go near enough to look in. Lina sat down upon the ground and began to cry; but two of her companions ran to tell her mother. The poor frightened mother sent a servant to call men who were laboring near by, and then proceeded to the well herself. The men soon arrived with ropes, and one of them descended into the well, which, fortunately, was dry and not deep, and taking little Genie in his arms, was again drawn up.

The poor little boy's leg was broken and he had fainted. They carried him to the house and a physician was summoned. And now for many weary days and nights the poor little boy, who was never strong, lay unconscious, and they feared he would die. But by and by he began to improve, though the doctor said it would be several months before he would be well again.

And now Lina was reaping the reward of her disobedience. She longed to confess her fault to her dear mother and receive her forgiveness. But she wished her mother to speak first to her. The good mother, however, thought it best that her little

daughter should of her own accord confess her guilt.

As Lina came into her mother's room one day, and after looking at her brother's pale face turned to her mother, she observed traces of tears upon her face. Bursting into tears, she threw herself into her mother's lap, exclaiming, "O, mother, it is all my fault!" And there, with her arms around her mother's neck, she sobbed out a confession of her guilt. "O, mother, can you ever forgive me?" said she.

"My dear daughter, I am always ready to forgive you when you come to me and confess your fault with true penitence. But is there no one else to whom you must look for forgiveness?"

"O yes," said Lina, turning to Genie and kissing his pale cheek. "Forgive me, dear brother, for all the pain I have caused you."

Of course, Genie readily forgave her for having, as he had just learned, led him to go contrary to his mother's wishes.

"But, my dear daughter, can you not tell who else you have disobeyed?" said her mother.

"God," replied Lina after a minute's reflection.

"Yes, my child," said the mother. "He has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' which means obey. Now, though you have no father on earth to obey, it is your duty to obey me, and whenever you fail to do so you disobey God."

Lina left the room in tears, and her mother knew that she had gone to her own room to pray for forgiveness, as she had been taught long ago to do. Ever afterward, when Lina was tempted to disobey her mother, she thought of the sad effects of this disobedience, and prayed, "O God, help me to honor my mother."

May other little children profit by her example, and when tempted to disobey their parents, say, "O Lord, help me to honor my parents."

BLANCHE BLOOMFIELD.

THE LORD IS MY HELPER.

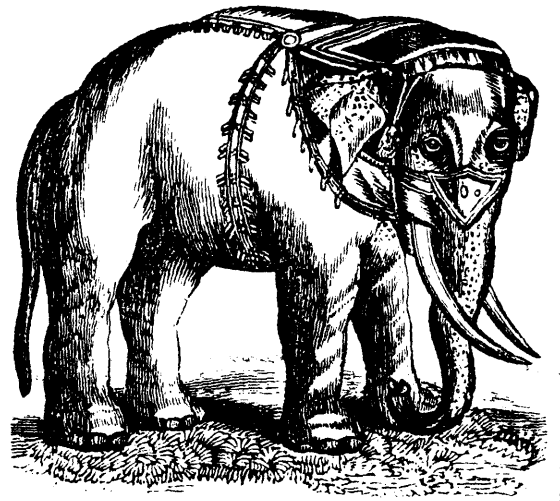
A DAUGHTER of the late Emperor of Russia died when about eighteen. She suffered great agony, so that there was only one position in which her pain seemed bearable. Her father held her in his arms for nine hours without intermission till she breathed her last. So when we are in trouble the Lord holds us in his hands. "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me."

THE ELEPHANT.

DURING the siege of Pondicherry in the East Indies by the British army, when M. Lally was governor, there were in the French garrison several war elephants, all of which, from the scarcity of provisions, except one, died, and the survivor would have shared the fate of his companions but for his uncommon sagacity, which had rendered him the favorite of every one and the object of general admiration.

This animal, in the absence of his keeper, was one day amusing himself with his chain in an open part of the town, when a man who had committed a theft, and was pursued by a great number of people, despairing of all other means of safety, drew for protection under the belly of the elephant. Delighted with the poor man's confidence, the elephant instantly faced about to the crowd, erected his proboscis and threw his chain in the air, as is the manner of these creatures when engaged with the enemy, and became so furious in the defense of the criminal, that, notwithstanding all the gentle arts made use of by the surrounding multitude, neither they nor even his keeper, to whom he was fondly attached, and who was sent for to manage him, could prevail upon him to give up the malefactor.

The contest had continued above three hours, when at length the governor, hearing the strange account of it, came to the spot, and was so much pleased with the generous perseverance of the honest quadruped, that he yielded to the elephant's inter-



position and pardoned the criminal. The poor man, in an ecstasy of gratitude, testified his acknowledgments by kissing and embracing the proboscis of his kind benefactor, who was, apparently, so sensible of what had happened, that, laying aside all his former violence, he became perfectly tame in an instant, and suffered his keeper to conduct him away without the smallest resistance.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A BULL.

It is well known that music often exerts a powerful influence over the lower animals. A good story is told of its effect on a bull. A fiddler in Liverpool who had been out late at night on a professional engagement, in returning, had occasion to cross a field where some cows and a bull were kept. The bull came at him full of fight, when the fiddler ran and attempted to climb a tree. He was too late, and had to dodge behind it to save his life. The fiddler had heard of the effect of music on animals, and as soon as he could get a chance struck up a tune. This calmed the enraged animal at once, and he appeared delighted with it. After a while, finding the bull quite pacified, he stopped playing, and started off on the run; but the bull would not let him off so and put after him, with such rage and energy that he feared for his life. He stopped and began to fiddle again with all his might, and the animal was instantly pacified again. Not being accustomed to fiddle without pay, and his arm beginning to ache, he determined to make another effort to escape, satisfied that his customer meant to get his music for nothing. He made another dash, but it was of no use. The fury of the bull returned as soon as the music ceased, and this time the poor fiddler had a narrow escape. He made another trial of the music, and actually had to play till six o'clock in the morning, over three hours in all, when some of the neighbors came to his relief. He made up his mind from that day that

"Music had charms to soothe the savage breast."

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