

CANADA  
SUNDAY SCHOOL  
ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL ME

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For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE CRUEL DONKEY-DRIVER.

"Don't beat that poor donkey so cruelly?" said a lady one day to a rough, dirty man who was thrashing a lean, overloaded donkey with all his strength.

"He's mine," growled the man, "and I've a right to do what I like with him."

"No man has any right to be cruel to any of God's creatures," rejoined the lady; "but what will you take for your donkey?"

"Thirty dollars," replied the man.

"Thirty dollars is a large sum to give for a donkey which looks so worn-out and so sick as yours," said the lady, "but I will give it you for the sake of getting the poor creature out of your hands."

"As you like," muttered the bad man with a sneer.

So this lady bought the poor donkey, which was soon relieved of its load and led to her door.

"O, a donkey! a donkey! Wont it be nice to ride on!" cried rosy-faced Alice, the lady's little daughter.

"Pooh! that's only the skeleton of a donkey," shouted Neddie, a jolly-looking boy of twelve. "He's a regular barebones. I think if he was to run a race with a snail, the snail would beat. Aha, aha! I wouldn't give my black cat for that dying donkey."

This was meant to be funny talk, but I think it was rude and disrespectful. The lady felt it to be so. With a grave countenance she said:

"I bought that donkey for two reasons. First, I wanted to take it from the hands of a cruel man, and I thought that if treated kindly and fed well it would soon be strong, and then my fat little Alice and our sickly little Mollie could ride him."

"You are a dear good mamma, that you are," said pale-faced Mollie, who had crept from the lounge to the window-seat to look at the donkey. "I think the donkey will soon get fat in our pasture, and then we will have nice times riding him."

The lady kissed Mollie, and told Neddie to tell John to rub down the donkey and then to put him in the pasture. Neddie went out to the stable and



FELTER.

said to the hired man, "John, go to the front door and lead Barebones round here."

"Who's Barebones?" asked John.

"You'll see," replied Neddie, laughing.

John soon returned with the poor donkey. "Yes, Neddie," said he, "his bones are bare enough, but he's a good donkey for all that. The creature has been starved, whipped, and overworked by some brute of a man who isn't fit to own a dog. I'll soon bring him round so that even you, Master Neddie, will be proud to ride him."

"Maybe I shall and maybe I sha'n't," said Neddie as John began combing and brushing the donkey.

John was as good as his word. The donkey soon began to improve. His hair became bright, his ribs were covered with flesh, his eyes grew bright, and in two months there wasn't a gayer or handsomer donkey in the state. Alice named him Johnny Plump, and even Neddie confessed that it wouldn't do to call him Barebones any more.

Thus you see what kindness did for a donkey. O

that a long time ago three children, one girl and two boys, were playing on a grass mound, when one of them, the girl, found a deep hole. Shutting her eyes, she put her arm down the hole, and, just for the fun of the thing, cried:

"Put something into the palm of an old beggar, and an old beggar shall not see."

Now, according to the old Iceland belief, this hole was the hall leading to a fairy's home, and the fairy, pleased with the girl's merry mood, put a big silver button into the palm of her hand.

When the other children saw this button they were filled with envy. One of them, hoping to get a button too, thrust his hand into the hole and said:

"Put something into the hand of an old beggar, and an old beggar shall not see."

But, instead of giving him a button, the good fairy, who did not like envious children, gave his hand a very hard squeeze, which took from him the use of his arm forever.

there is nothing like kindness! It is good for children as well as for animals. I have seen boys treat cats and dogs, and even ponies and donkeys, with cruelty. But I never knew any boy who was cruel to a dumb animal to be kind to his brothers, sisters, or companions. Did you?

I think you never did, because cruelty hardens the heart. It freezes up all gentle and loving feelings. It makes one's nature unkind.

Don't be unkind, then, my children, even to a fly or a worm. Never take pleasure in seeing any creature, however mean, suffer pain. If you must kill noxious insects or animals, do it quickly. Never torment anything. On the contrary, be kind to everything—to birds, to animals, and especially to each other. Never give pain, either by word or act, to any one if you can help it. Treat all your friends gently. Then you will grow lovely, loving, and beloved. Be kind. Jesus is kind, Satan is cruel. Y. Z.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE SILVER BUTTON.

THE people in ICELAND have a legend which says