

THE TRAVELERS AND THE BEAR.

Two men were going through a forest. "I am afraid," observed one, "that we may meet with wild beasts; I see the tracks of their paws on the ground."

"Fear nothing, friend Quickwit," cried the other, whose name was Braggart. "In case of an attack we will stand by one another like men. I have a strong arm, a stout heart, and—"

"Hark!" cried the first in alarm, as a low growl was heard from a thicket near. In an instant Braggart, who was light and nimble, climbed up a tree like a squirrel, leaving his friend, who was not so agile, to face the danger alone!

But Quickwit's presence of mind did not fail him. He could not fight, he could not fly; but he laid himself flat on the ground and held his breath, so as to appear quite dead. Out of the thicket rushed a huge bear, and at once made up to poor Quickwit, while Braggart looked down trembling from his perch in the tree. One may guess what were the feelings of Quickwit when the bear snuffed all round him, coming so near that he could feel its warm breath when its muzzle was close to his ear! But Quickwit did not wince nor move; and the bear thinking him dead, plunged again into the thicket, leaving him quite unharmed!

When Braggart saw that the danger was over he came down from the tree. Somewhat ashamed of his cowardly desertion of his friend, he tried to pass off the matter with a joke.

"Well, my friend Quickwit," he said, "what did the bear say to you when he whispered into your ear?"

"He told me," replied Quickwit, "never again to trust a boaster like you!"

The hour of danger often shows that the greatest boasters are the greatest cowards. Let courage be proved by deeds, not words.

ILLUSTRATIVE STORY.

"Yes, Mary, now that I am at home, you can walk anywhere with me and fear nothing!" cried Marmaduke, whisking off the heads of the dandelions in the field with his cane as he sauntered along with his sister. "If a highwayman were to attack us now, or two, or half a dozen, I would—"

"O dear!" exclaimed Mary suddenly, "I had forgotten that this is the field in which the farmer keeps that vicious dun cow! There she is!—she has caught sight of us!"

"Run! run for your life!" shouted Marmaduke, as with leveled horns, and tail in the air, the dun cow came rushing toward them.

Both the children began to fly at their utmost speed, making for a stile which was not far distant.

"Stop, brother, O stop!" cried poor Mary; "a bramble has caught my jacket! set me free, O set me free!"

The only answer which came was a bellow from the cow, which made Marmaduke run the faster, and alarmed Mary so that she wrenched away her jacket by main force, leaving half a yard of lace on the bramble.

Panting, she reached the stile, and scrambling over in a moment, joined her brother on the safe side.

The ill-tempered cow gave another bellow, seeing the children beyond reach of her horns.

"What does she mean by that roar?" cried Marmaduke, shrinking back at the sound. However valiant he might be against absent highwaymen, he was mightily afraid of a cow.

"I suspect," laughed Mary, who had recovered from her fright, "that her bellow means much the same as the whisper of the bear to the traveler in the fable, 'Let courage be proved by deeds, not words!'"

A. L. O. E.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOOD QUEEN BESS.

If you had lived in England about three and a quarter centuries ago you would have heard people talk about the Princess Mary, the Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Edward. These were then the royal children, and their father was Henry VIII., the first Protestant King of England. He was not a very good man, however, and probably the reason why he was a Protestant was because he quarreled with the Pope.

Mary was his eldest child, and at first he arranged that she should be queen after his death. By and by he liked Elizabeth better, and he willed that she should be queen instead of Mary. But when a son was born he had the preference; that is always the way in royal families.

I suppose these little folks did not care much about all this; at all events they loved one another dearly. When Edward was two years old, Elizabeth made him a birthday present of a cambric shirt, which she had made herself, though she was only six years old. They were together a great deal until the death of their father, when the little brother became king under the name of Edward VI. After a reign of six years, he died at the age of sixteen, and then Mary was crowned queen. She was a Catholic, and she wished all the people to become Catholics. She had many of them put to death because they would not do as she wished, and that gained her the name of "Bloody Mary."

All this while Elizabeth was a young lady attending to her studies. She learned several languages, and pursued various other studies; but she chose to pay most attention to history. Some of my little readers now will wonder that a princess, who could do as she liked, should make such a choice as that. But Elizabeth knew what was good for her. I suppose she said to herself, "I may be queen yet some day, and I shall want to know how to govern my people well. I will read history to see how others have done." So every day she spent three hours in reading history.

Some wicked people tried to make Queen Mary think that Elizabeth wished to reign in her place. So she treated her badly, and shut her up in prison; but Elizabeth kept on reading history. And in time she had a chance to use all her knowledge. Queen Mary died, and Elizabeth reigned in her place. She restored the Protestant religion, she strengthened her kingdom within and without, she

encouraged learning and all sorts of improvements, and was very kind to her people. She had many faults, but, altogether, she was the best sovereign that England had for many years. And there is no doubt that she owed much of her greatness to the knowledge that she gained in reading history. She reigned forty-six years, and people speak of her to this day as "Good Queen Bess."

"Well, it's nothing to me if Queen Bess did read history. I shall not be a queen nor a king either, so I don't want history."

Who was it said that? One of those bright little boys yonder? Yes, but if he is an American boy he will be one of those that help govern this people. He is one of our sovereigns. He cannot know too much, and if he studies history well he will find a great deal that will be of use to him when he gets to be a man. Try it, boys, and girls too, and you will never be sorry for it.

AUNT JULIA.

TO BOY SMOKERS.

A PHYSICIAN writes: "Let me give two or three hints to boys who use tobacco. Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental energy. I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison."

"A few weeks ago a youth arrived in this city to prosecute his studies with a view to professional life. A week or two after his arrival he was seized with paralysis in both legs, which advanced upward, till nearly the lower half of his body was benumbed and apparently lifeless. There is but little hope of his recovery. The cause of his disease was *tobacco-smoking*—a habit which he had early acquired, and persisted in to the time of his attack."

GO AND SEE GOD.

MAGGIE S. was a dear little girl, who loved to talk of God and heaven. When nearly three years old she was one day talking with two sisters who were older than herself, when she said she would go and see God. They told her that she could not see God till after she died. She was much grieved, and inquired of her mother if what her sister told her was true. Several weeks after she was very ill, and it was supposed that she could not recover. The same little sisters told her that her father said she would die.

"Then," said she, her face brightening with joy, "I will go and see God."

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