



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## BARBEKARK.

HE was an Esquimaux dog, good for drawing sledges and for hunting. He was not the same breed as our dogs, and did not look like them, as you see by the picture. He was a native of Greenland, and when Mr. Hall, an Arctic explorer, passed up he stopped and bought Barbekark and several other dogs to use in sledging.

When they could not get fresh whale meat, or something of that kind, Mr. Hall fed them on little dried fish that he kept for that purpose. He would call the dogs to him, and when they stood in order about him, he would go around and give them one fish each until they had enough. Now Barbekark was very cute, and while the dogs all stood eagerly waiting each one for his fish, he, after getting his, would back out and go down below two or three of the other dogs, and crowding in, would be ready for the second fish by the time Mr. Hall got to him. Of course, the hungry dogs were all glad to get their fish, and they wagged their tails gleefully; but when Barbekark found that his little trick worked nicely, he seemed more than twice as glad as any of the rest, and his eyes snapped, and he laughed dog-fashion as loud as he could.

None of the other dogs seemed to have comprehended his trick, and he was no doubt flattering himself greatly on his success in his dog wickedness, for he soon began to try to get three shares each time around. Mr. Hall then thought it time to put a stop to it. So when he came to Barbekark again he passed him without giving him anything. In vain the poor dog flew from one place to another in the line; he got no fish, and he was obliged to stand by and see the others eat their fish while he went without. Meantime his hungry stomach yearned for more, and perhaps he thought starvation stared him in the face. Besides this, he had some reason to fear that he had lost the friendship of his master, with whom he had always been a favorite. I suppose if dogs have proverbs like us, he must have said to himself, "After all, honesty is the best policy." At all events, he acted on that principle. He dropped his tail, and hung his head, and crowded close up to his master, and looked up at him with a very sorrowful face, as much as to say, "I have been a very bad dog. Forgive me this time and I will cheat my brother dogs no more."

After this Barbekark kept his place in the rank, took his share contentedly, and was restored to the good graces of his master.

But Barbekark was not like some shrewd dogs I have known, ready only for mischief. He was a superior guide and an excellent hunter. He more than once saved men from getting lost, and some time after the little occurrence related above he did a great feat in hunting. Some reindeer had been shot at but none of them killed, and the hunters gave up the chase, but the dogs followed on. After they had been gone a long time they came back to the ship. Barbekark, whose muzzle was somewhat stained with blood, excited much surprise by his antics, and at last he made them understand that he wanted some of them to go back with him. They went to see what was the matter, not supposing it possible that they could have captured a deer, but so it was. They had singled out one that had been

slightly wounded, and at last Barbekark had fastened on his throat and killed him. But none of the dogs touched the meat till some of it was thrown to them by the hunters. A knowing dog was Barbekark and a valuable one too. AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## DO YOU WANT TO GO?

OUR little three-year-old is a bright-eyed fellow, who has some ideas of his own, and remembers what is told him. The other day as I came in from work he came to me, his eyes sparkling with a new idea, and says:

"Pa, we are all going to God's house fen we die, if we are good. Pa, do 'oo want to go?"

What more eloquent sermon? what more touching appeal to thy heart, O man? The little prattler looks up in your face and says, "Do 'oo want to go?" God bless the children! C.



## MOTHER'S WORK.

TOILING at noon like the busy bee,  
Teaching the little ones A, B, C,  
Hearing the older ones read and spell,  
Smiling and praising when all goes well,  
Washing and brushing, 'twixt work and play—  
Such is a mother's work, day by day!

Sowing good seed in their path along,  
Sowing by action, by word, and song;  
Never once pausing to count the cost,  
Knowing that much that is sown is lost;  
Bearing a prayer in her heart away—  
Such is a mother's life, day by day!

Robing each form for its nightly rest;  
Hearing the faults of the day confessed;  
Thus at her knee, as her flower-buds nod,  
Sealing and giving the day to God.  
Now may good angels her watch essay—  
Angels have watched o'er her work all day!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A BEE'S FUNERAL.

YES, a bee's funeral. Why shouldn't a dead bee be buried. His life is spent in work, and he deserves a grave at his death. If the following statement be truth, and I think it is, then bees do sometimes have funerals. A Scotch writer says:

"While walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing between them the body of a dead comrade, with which they flew for a distance of ten yards. We followed them closely, and noticed

the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, the head downward, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterward pushed against it two little stones, doubtless in memoriam. Their task being ended, they paused for a minute, perhaps to drop over their friend a sympathizing tear, and then flew off from our sight."

Pretty good for a bee story. Did any of my readers ever see a bee buried? X.

## THE LITTLE BOY AND THE ROSE.

A LITTLE boy was allowed one day to ramble about a garden in which were many choice flowers, but he was desired not to touch any of them. He, however, soon forgot what was said to him, and seeing a pretty rose, he ventured to pluck it. In a few minutes his finger streamed with blood, for it was severely scratched; and he cried bitterly, and ran to his sister. She bound up the wound, but said to him:

"Ah, brother! if you had minded what was said to you, and not touched the rose, you would not have been wounded by the thorn."

## THE QUAKER BOY'S WISH.

WHEN Quakers have religious meetings they do not have singing, and prayers, and a sermon in regular order as we do. They all sit for a time in silence, and then if any man, or woman, or little child has anything to say, he or she gets up and says it; after that they all shake hands and leave the house. At one of these meetings nobody spoke for a long time; then one little boy rose and said these words:

"My friends, I wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left."

A great many sermons have not so much in them as that boy's wish.

## A BOY COMFORTER.

A POOR woman lost her husband, and she "took on" piteously, afraid lest her little family might be pinched with want.

"Isn't our heavenly Father living, mother?" asked her little son. "Indeed he is."

She forgot, but he remembered; and her little boy's gold-apple words comforted her.

COME lowly: he will help thee. Lay aside  
That subtle first of evils—human pride.  
Fear naught but sin, love all but sin, and learn  
How that in all things else thou mayst discern  
His forming, his creating power—how bind  
Earth, self, and brother, to the eternal mind.

—DANA.

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