

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE HAWK AND THE ROBIN.

SAID a gentleman, "When I was a little boy I was standing at the door of my father's farmhouse, and looking up, observed a little bird—a robin—which appeared to be in great distress, and was rapidly flying from branch to branch and from tree to tree. The little creature almost screamed, so terror-stricken was he, and I wondered what it all meant. After short but attentive observation I discovered the cause of all his alarm. A large hawk was chasing, and once or twice had nearly secured it. I immediately went into the house and brought out my father's rifle, which was always loaded, and with which I had become an excellent shot. While watching the hawk, so as to take correct aim, I suddenly lost sight of the robin, and thought that the hawk had certainly killed it. Well, thought I, that bird is a murderer, so here goes for Mr. Hawk, he deserves it! I took aim, fired, and he fell to the earth dead, but as he dropped to the ground I was surprised to see the robin fly from under the wing of the larger bird, and with a joyful shout of deliverance, soar away on its journey of liberty."

This, my dear children, might learn us all a lesson, and should strengthen our faith in that wisdom of an overruling Providence which was here manifested, and made the wing of a bird of prey protect the little form its cruel beak sought only to destroy. Thus God sometimes sends to us lessons to learn which we do not always understand, and can seldom appreciate when they come in the shape of misfortunes. But if we have faith and do our best always, he will turn our misfortunes into blessings, and our good angel will protect us and deliver us from those who seek our destruction.

REGLET CHASE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## LITTLE RUNAWAY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Who is that little fellow  
A toddling down the street?  
He has no hat upon his head,  
No shoes upon his feet.  
His cheeks are round and ruddy,  
His hair one floss of gold;  
I don't believe the little chap  
Is more than three years old.

He's run away from somewhere;  
See how he scampers now!  
How earnest are his laughing eyes!  
How sweet his open brow!  
Quite fearlessly he ventures  
Along the untried way,  
Two little kittens in his arms,  
One white, the other gray.

He stops to glance behind him;  
There's some one in pursuit;  
A sweet-faced woman with her hands  
Both full of summer fruit.  
"Stop, Frankie! Look here, darling!"  
I hear the mother say;  
But Frankie only tighter hugs  
His kitties white and gray.

"No, no!" he says, "for Jimmy,  
That big, bad boy, you know,  
Says he will kill my kitties, 'cause  
They play on Sundays so.  
I'm going to hide them somewhere  
Away from Jimmy True;  
I don't believe he'll ever see  
Them play again, do you?"

"Come with mamma, dear Frankie,  
We'll take the kitties home,  
Where teasing boys like Jimmy True  
Will never dare to come."  
The little fellow turned at once  
And homeward took his way,  
Still hugging in his short, fat arms,  
His kitties white and gray.

To lessen our desires is to increase our wealth.



## THE TRUE GOD.

A LITTLE boy who lived in the house of a heathen said to him one day: "There is but one God—the one who made the earth, and the sky, and everything. It is he who gives us the rain and the sunshine, and he knows what we do and what we leave undone. He hears us when we pray, and he, the Eternal One, will punish us if we do wrong, and reward us if we do right. He can save us or he can destroy us. But these images that you pray to are only lumps of baked clay. They can't see or hear; how, then, can they do any good or save you from any trouble? You ought to talk to God's messenger about that." He meant the missionary.

The heathen paid no heed to him, but soon afterward went on a little journey. While he was gone the boy took a stick and broke all the images except the largest, into the hands of which he put the stick. When the man returned he was furious to see what had happened, and exclaimed, "Who has done this?"

"Perhaps," said the little boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "Don't talk such stuff as that! Do you think I'm a fool? You know as well as I do that the thing cannot raise its hand. It was you, you little rascal! It was you! And to pay you for your labor of wickedness, I'll beat you to death with the same stick!" and seizing the stick he approached him.

"But," said the boy, gently, "how can you trust to a God so weak that a child's hand can destroy him. Do you suppose that, if he can't take care of himself or his companions, he can take care of you and the world, let alone making you?"

The heathen stopped to think, for it was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and went and knelt down to pray to the true God, and called him "My Father."—CHRISTOPHER SCHMIDT.

## GRATITUDE OF A LION.

A LION, which for its extreme beauty was to be sent to Paris from Senegal, fell sick before the departure of the vessel, and was let loose to die on an open space of ground. A traveler there, as he returned home from a hunting excursion, found him in a very exhausted state, and compassionately poured a quantity of milk down his throat. Thus refreshed, the poor beast recovered. From that time he became

so tame, and was so attached to his benefactor, that he afterward ate from his hand and followed him like a dog.

## A BOY'S PRAYER FOR A MISSIONARY.

A LITTLE boy, who was warmly attached to a missionary, was much alarmed on hearing that in the country to which the missionary was appointed there were fierce bears, who were often dangerous to travelers. One day the child threw his arms round the neck of the missionary, and said, "You sha'n't be a missionary; you sha'n't go."

The missionary demanded, "Why not?"

"Because the bears will kill you and eat you. You must not go."

"O, but I *must* go," said the good man; "God calls me to the work, and I must trust in him, and not be afraid. He can preserve me. You must pray to God for me, that he may keep me from the bears. Will you pray for me?"

"Yes," said the little one, "I will."

The dear child after this used always to finish his prayer, both night and morning, with this brief, appropriate petition: "And please, God Almighty, keep the missionary from the bears."

It happened that on a missionary excursion in North America, when this gentleman was of the party, they met a large and savage bear. One of their number fired at the bear, and wounded, but did not kill him; on which the animal turned on the missionary with great fury, and had just caught him, when another shot laid him dead. Calling to mind the prayers of his little friend, the missionary had one of the paws cut off the animal, which he sent home; and we have been told that it has now a silver plate attached to it, with an inscription recording the circumstance, and is preserved in the family as a trophy and token of the power of prayer.

## DONATION VISIT.

"MOTHER," said James, "what is the meaning of *donation*? You have been preparing all this week for the donation party, and I want to know what it means."

"Why, Jimmy," said Johnny, "don't you know what donation means? I do! *Do* means the cake, and *nation* means the people, and they carry the cake to the minister's and the people go there and eat it."

Do not affect humility. The moment humility is spoken of by him that has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet, it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you "I am here," there is an end to it.

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