



For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE BOYS AND THE GEESE.

SOME years ago, in England, two wicked boys on a certain Sabbath, instead of going to Sunday-school and church, laid a plan for stealing some geese from Mr. Bulmer, one of their neighbors. They went into his pasture-lot late at night and took sixteen of them. Some of them they killed and sold in the market the next day, and the rest they resolved to sell alive.

Mr. Bulmer went to market the next day, and seeing the geese in the possession of these boys, he had them taken up for stealing. The boys denied having stolen them, but professed to have got them from some man in the country for whom they were to sell them. The owner, however, was quite sure they were his, though some of his neighbors thought not. The difficulty was to prove his property, without which he could neither recover the geese nor punish the boys.

At last he thought of one way in which he might show that the geese were his. The boys had left a dozen or more geese in the pasture-lot. Now these were the companions, relatives, friends of the stolen fowls. He told the judge that he would like to bring the two parties together, and then the facts would come out, for if these geese were his they would instantly be known by those which were left in the lot.

The judge gave him permission to take the geese, with a constable and another man for a witness. A carriage was accordingly provided, and the three men with the geese drove off to the pasture-field. On their return the witnesses gave a very interesting account of the affecting interview between the two parties of geese.

As soon as the carriage arrived at the field, the ancient gander came out to welcome the approach of his lost family, and the cackling of other geese was heard from a distant part of the field. When they were released from their confinement in the carriage they hastened to join their old friends, and their joy was indescribable. Such kissing and cackling as were heard were truly wonderful. They stretched their long necks, and half running, half flying, hastened to meet each other.

The witnesses could not have any doubt that these two parties of geese were old friends and comrades. They had evidently seen each other and cackled together before. This being the case, it was very evident that the boys must either have taken the geese found in their possession from the lot, or else have obtained them from some one that did. And since they could not prove to the satisfaction of the court and jury that they came by them honestly, they must have stolen them.

It was a very laughable trial, especially where the witnesses described the interview between the two parties of geese. It is not a usual thing to have geese for witnesses in a court, but in this case they seem to have served a very good purpose. The jury found the boys guilty of stealing.

Had they been to Sunday-school on that Sabbath-day, instead of laying plans for stealing Mr. Bulmer's geese, it would have been much better for them. They thought that nobody knew of their

wickedness, and that it would never be found out. But God knew it all the time, although they did not think of that. They never thought that these poor stupid fowls could ever appear against them.

Open your Bible at the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy and the latter part of the twenty-third verse, and see if there is not something there illustrated by this story. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MY BABY SISTER.

MANY years ago, when I was a child, I had a curly-haired, blue-eyed sister, whose pet name was Mandie. We loved each other dearly and were always together. I was some years older than she, and I would very often read pretty stories to her from books and papers. She liked best to hear those from the Bible. She called it "God's big book." When I read to her about the Saviour's sleeping in a manger, she wished that he had her crib; and when I read and explained to her the story of the crucifixion, her large eyes filled with tears, she clasped her tiny hands and exclaimed, "Ise sorry they so naughty."

She was sick a long time. She suffered very much, and took a great deal of bad medicine, but she never complained. At last she was so thin that she was carried on a pillow. One day, when mother was thus carrying her about, she asked me to read her the story of the good man in "God's big book." I did not feel like it, and I replied peevishly. She turned her large, sad-looking eyes upon me and answered so gently and forgivingly, "Mandie loves Lulu."

That night she was taken worse, and the next day she went to rest in the Saviour's bosom. When they told me she was dead, I remembered that my last words to her had been spoken in anger, and had wounded her tender spirit; my grief was almost wild. I stole into the room where she lay robed in white. I could almost fancy that she was sleeping; but when I touched her cheek its coldness struck to my heart, and I sank down on the floor and prayed that I might die.

My wicked prayer came near being answered, for I was very sick for a long time; but the good Lord had pity on me, and spared my life and pardoned my sins. And now I am trying to serve God truly, and I am waiting patiently till he shall call me to go

"Over the river, the peaceful river,
Where my darling sister is waiting for me."

COUSIN LULU.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SUSIE'S FATHER.



SUSIE was very sick. The doctor said she would die. Her father was a bad man. He would get drunk and abuse his wife and children; but he loved them when he was sober, and now he was almost distracted. He flew to the bedside and said that he could not, would not part with her.

"O yes, father," said Susie, "you must part with me. I am going to Jesus. But now promise me that you wont abuse mother any more and wont drink any more whisky."

He promised, and Susie's face brightened with joy.

"Now, father, promise me that you will pray."

"I can't, Susie; I don't know how to pray."

"But kneel down, father, and I will show you how. I learned how at the Sunday-school."

So he knelt down and she began to repeat the words, and he began to repeat them after her, and soon he went on praying for himself till God heard and answered him.

When he had finished, there lay Susie with a smile on her face, but her soul had gone to Jesus.

A. J.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OUR GREEN PARROT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

HAVE you seen our green parrot?
He's the queerest old bird
That ever you heard,
And ne'er at a loss for a song or a word.

Our saucy green parrot!
He scolds and he frets,
He nicknames our pets,
And all the best rules of politeness forgets.

Our knowing green parrot!
He'll laugh in your face;
If you're in disgrace,
Or trouble, he'll tell it all over the place.

Our restless green parrot!
He cannot keep still,
He climbs where he will,
And walks wrong side up, with the aid of his bill.

Our meddling green parrot!
He'll question and quiz,
And poke his strange phiz
Into matters that can be no business of his.

Our noisy green parrot!
A stump-speaker he,
His cry "Liberty,"
And he deafens our ears with his songs of the free.

Alas, our green parrot!
With his voice shrill and clear,
With his quick, ready ear,
Our parrot is but a sad heathen I fear.

Our wicked green parrot!
He knows all our cares,
He hears us at prayers,
Yet sometimes, when cross, the old green parrot swears.

Long live our green parrot!
May he hate his one sin,
May repentance set in
And make him a model for all of his kin.

A GOOD RETORT.

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old; "you are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?"

"Why, they feed him more and kick him less," said the urchin.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address, 45 cents per vol.			
" 5 copies	" 10,	" 40	" "
" 10 "	" 20,	" 87½	" "
" 20 "	" 30,	" 35	" "
" 30 "	" 40,	" 32½	" "
" 40 "	" 50,	" 30	" "
" 50 "	" 75,	" 28	" "
" 75 "	" 100,	" 27	" "
" 100 "	" 200,	" 26	" "
" 200 "	and upward,	" 25	" "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to REV. DR. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.