

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### RICHARD HOODLESS, THE HORSE-SWIMMER.

RIDING on horseback is good exercise for men, or women, or children. Most people, however, would rather ride on land than through the water. It is safer and more pleasant. But here is a story of a man who rode on horseback in the sea!

Many years ago there lived on the stormy coast of Lincolnshire, England, a farmer by the name of Richard Hoodless. The place where he lived was very lonely, being far away from villages and public roads, and close to the sea. Many a good ship had been wrecked in sight of his dwelling and many lives lost.

Farmer Hoodless always felt sad when the wind blew up a storm, for he knew there would be danger to any vessels that were near the coast. Whenever he saw a storm coming he took his big spy-glass to the top of the house and carefully looked out toward the sea to see if there were any ships in distress. By night or by day he was always ready.

He had no life-boat or strong ropes by which wrecked sailors might be saved; but he had a warm heart, a strong arm, and a stout horse!

"You don't mean to say that he saved the sailors' lives by his horse?"

Yes, that is just what I mean. Whenever this brave man saw a vessel wrecked in front of his house, he went to the stable and put the saddle and bridle on his faithful horse and started right through the breakers for the wreck. The noble animal plunged through the waves, and as soon as he felt himself free from the ground began to swim, while Farmer Hoodless guided him by the bridle as easily as a waterman could steer a boat.

It was very hard work for man and beast to face the storm and the waves. Often they were beaten back, but they tried again, and kept on trying until they reached the wreck. Here the farmer would first get the women and children, as many as he could put on his horse, and then start back for the shore. Then he came to the vessel again and took others off until all were saved.

One stormy night he heard the cry of distress coming from the waters. He knew well what it meant, and it did not take him long to get to the barn and saddle his horse and start out in the darkness through the wild waves. The wind blew hard and the billows dashed fiercely around him, throwing the spray in his face and making it hard for him to breathe.

"Steady, Dick, steady!" he said to his noble horse as a great wave broke over them. After swimming and struggling for a while, they at last reached the ship. The wind and waves had completely upset the vessel, so that the masts and rigging were under the water, the ends of the masts pointing to the shore. This made it very hard to get close enough to the ship to save any one, since the horse was in danger of getting his feet entangled in the rigging.

Farmer Hoodless managed at last to get close to the ship. He first got the captain's wife, who was on board, fastened behind him on the horse. Then he put the captain in front of him, and telling some of the crew to hold on to the stirrups, he started

for the shore. But soon his horse's feet became fastened in the rigging. By the help of one of the men he cut the rope and slowly worked his way to shore. Tired as he was, he went back and brought the rest of the sailors in a similar way. All honor to brave and noble Farmer Hoodless! F.

### CAN YOU MAKE ME A CHRISTIAN?

"SAHIB, can you make me a Christian?" asked a little girl in India of a missionary one day.

"No, my little girl, I cannot make you a Christian," was the reply.

She looked very sorrowful. She thought none were so happy as Christians, and she wished to share their joy.

"I will tell you who can make you a Christian," continued the missionary. He bade her pray to Jesus for his Holy Spirit, and referred her to some text in the Bible. She had learned to read in the mission school. A few days after the little girl came to Sahib looking, O so very happy!

"And what makes my little girl so happy?" he inquired.

"I'm a Christian," she replied; "I have prayed to Jesus, and I know he has forgiven me my sins, and given me his Holy Spirit."

Happy little girl!—*Missionary Recorder.*

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### HOW THE REV. JOHN WESLEY RECONCILED ANGRY BOYS.



TOWARD the close of Mr. Wesley's life he preached in Midsomer Norton Church, England, and was entertained at the house of Mr. Bush, who was a local preacher, and kept a large boarding-school in that place. While Mr. Wesley was there two of the boys had a quarrel, and fought and kicked each other most fiercely. While thus engaged Mrs. Bush went into the schoolroom and parted them, and brought them into the parlor, where Mr. Wesley was about to take tea with Mr. Bush and family. In a most kind and affectionate manner Mr. Wesley talked to them, and concluded his advice by repeating those lines of Dr. Watts:

"Birds in their little nests agree,  
And 'tis a shameful sight  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

He then said, "You must be reconciled. Go and shake hands with each other," which they did. "Now," said he, "put your arms round each other's neck and kiss each other." When this was done Mr. Wesley said, "Come to me," and taking two pieces of bread and butter, he folded them together and desired each to take a part. "Now," said he, "you have broken bread together." He then gave them a cup of tea and told them they had both drunk of the same cup, and after putting his hands upon their heads he blessed them, when they went into the schoolroom and forgot their angry feelings.

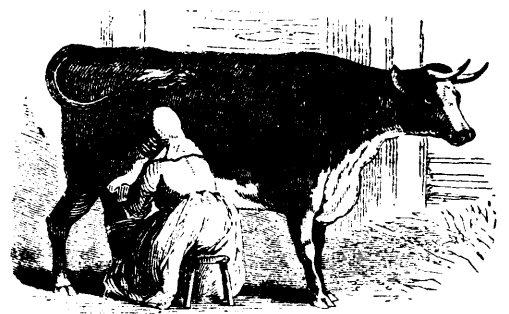
The next morning when the scholars came in to prayers Mr. Wesley singled out these two boys, took them in his arms, and sent them away with his blessing.

Now, my young readers, was not this better than to do as some larger boys do, urge them on to see which is the master?

This anecdote was related to the late Rev. R. Treffry by a magistrate of Berkshire, who was one of the boys thus kindly reprov'd and instructed.

D. NASH.

GRANDMOTHER used to say to grandfather, "It is no use of quarreling, my dear, when you know we must make it up again."



### THE COW.

COME, children, listen to me now,  
And you shall hear about the cow;  
She is of use, alive or dead,  
Whether she's black, or brown, or red.

When Bridget milks her morn and night,  
She gives us milk all fresh and white;  
And this, we little children think,  
Is very nice for us to drink.

The eurdled milk they press and squeeze,  
And so they make it into cheese:  
The cream they skim and shake in churns,  
Until it into butter turns.

And when she's dead her flesh is good,  
For beef is very wholesome food:  
And though in health it makes us strong,  
To eat too much is very wrong.

Then lime and bark the tanner takes,  
And of her skin our leather makes;  
And this we know they mostly use  
To make soles for our boots and shoes.

The hair that grows upon her back  
Is taken, whether brown or black,  
Or coarse or fine, or short or long,  
It makes the mortar firm and strong.

And last of all, if cut with care,  
Her horns make combs to comb our hair;  
And so we learn, with thanks to teachers,  
That cows are very useful creatures.

### RIGHT-SORT OF PLUCK.

A MAN looking up from sawing wood saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard.

"See here; what are you about, George?" asked the man.

"I am turning two swearers out of the yard, sir," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I wont."

That is the right time and place to say "I wont." I wish every boy would take the stand, *no play with swearers*. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

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