

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

NELLIE AND IDA.

ONE day a gentleman came home from the city bringing two kittens for his little girls, Nellie and Ida. To the eldest, Nellie, he gave the black one, and to Ida the white one.

There was a brook near the house where they lived, and the children frequently went there to play. Their kind papa had made them a play-house, so they could stay there when it stormed. He had a lock put on the door so no one could get in to take their playthings. It had rained very hard for several days and the brook was much swollen. When it ceased raining, Nellie and Ida wished to go to their play-house. Their papa told them they could if they would not go to the brook. They promised they would not, and asked if they could take their kittens, Mintie and Bessie, with them.

Pa consented, and they started off in great glee. At first they got on nicely, but Nellie soon tired of staying in the play-house and wanted to go to the brook.

Ida said, "I thought I heard father tell us not to go there."

Nellie said he did not. So they shut the kittens in the house and went to the brook. They had been there but a short time when Nellie heard a piercing scream, and on looking down the stream she saw Ida floating off. Nellie's cries soon brought assistance. When they took Ida out of the water she was to all appearance dead. After much labor she was restored to consciousness, but only to be thrown into a high fever. For many weeks she hung between life and death, but finally she recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. White thought Nellie sufficiently punished, and so did not say anything to her. Ida soon ran about again, but never was as well as before.

Dear little readers, take warning from this story and always obey your parents. MAY C. BIRMINGHAM, CONN., 1863.

GET UP, LITTLE SISTER.

GET up, little sister, the morning is bright;
The birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening, the dew's on the flower;
If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look under the trees,
How the young fawns are skipping about as they please,
And by all those rings on the water, I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring;
For the bee never idles, but labors all day,
And thinking, wise insect, work better than play.

The lark's singing gayly, it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring has begun;
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up! for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy or sad;
For God gives the daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lamb, and work like the bee.

DIDN'T KNOW GEOGRAPHY.

AUNT HETTY inquired of the servant girl if she came from the Hungarian parts of Ireland. On being told that her geographical knowledge was somewhat defective, she excused herself by saying:

"I haint much learning; I never went to school but one day, and that was in the evenin', and we hadn't no candle, and the master didn't come."



FREDDY FREEMAN AND HIS MOTHER.

It was a half holiday at the school Freddy Freeman attended, and his mother gave him permission to spend it with his playmates across the way. About the middle of the afternoon she heard him running very swiftly through the back path toward the house. Looking up, she saw there was fear as well as speed in his steps, for he passed her without noticing that she had changed her place since he went out. He turned suddenly when she called his name to attract his attention, and with the same haste nearly flew through the entry until he stood beside her. With one or two pants for breath, he said, "O mamma!" but with the first words came a gush of tears.

"Why, Freddy," asked his mother, "have you hurt any of your playmates?"

"No, mamma; but I have broken Mrs. Cooper's little cherry-tree that is in her front garden."

Mrs. Freeman was glad to learn that it was nothing worse than the tree. But thinking it might be a choice one, she began to regret the accident; so she asked: "Freddy, were you climbing upon it?"

"No, we were playing, and I caught hold of it and was swinging it back a little when it snapped right down. O it is hanging now! What shall I do?"

"My dear, there is no hope for the branch; it cannot be joined again; we cannot mend our heavenly Father's works. But why did you run away? Do you think that was right or brave?"

"I was so afraid. What will I do? what will I do?"

"Listen, Freddy," said his mother, quietly stroking back the moistened locks from his brow and kissing his beating temples. "I will tell you what is best to do, as there is no help for the broken branch. Go back to Mrs. Cooper and tell her you have broken the tree that is in her garden; and tell her you are very sorry."

"Mamma, I am afraid."

"Afraid to do right, Freddy, and not afraid to do wrong? It was wrong to play with or pull the branch; but now you have broken it, it is your duty to make all the amends you can. This afraid is a temptation when it comes in the way of doing right. Mrs. Cooper may think some other child has done the mischief. Would you have another bear the blame of your carelessness? Do you not see, for the sake of some innocent little boy or girl, what you ought to do in this case? Do you not pray, 'Lead us not into temptation?' Is it not idle words to pray and not do?"

Freddy hesitated a few minutes, and then walked thoughtfully away. His mother watched him, and was pleased to see him turn toward Mrs. Cooper's gate. After a short time he returned with the great burden quite gone from his heart, and said:

"It is all right now; Mrs. Cooper says she does not think the tree is very much hurt; and I am glad I went and told her, for now nobody will be blamed."

"So am I, my dear, for it keeps a bad feeling in the heart, and may cause trouble to others to conceal such a thing; straightforward in the right way is best for all."

A KNOWING DOG.

Two gentlemen were walking one day in a thick wood accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, and one of them, to whom he belonged, chanced to mention the wonderful way in which these dogs find things which have been

lost. It was agreed that this gentleman should leave his gloves in the wood, unperceived by the dog, and should afterward send him back to find them. When they were on their way home, about two or three miles distant from the wood, the dog's master said to him, "I have left my gloves in the wood; go back for them."

The intelligent creature set off at once, and in a very short time after his master reached home the dog made his appearance with the gloves in his mouth.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

"Ah, Jemmy, Jemmy," said kind-hearted Dr. Ponsonby, Bishop of Derry, to a drunken blacksmith, "I am sorry to see you beginning your evil courses again; and, Jemmy, I am very anxious to know what you intend to do with the fine lad, your son?"

"I intend, sir," said Jemmy, "to do for him what you cannot do for your son."

"Eh! eh! how's that? how's that?"

To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said, "I intend to make him a better man than his father."

Jemmy had a hard task to perform, for how can a wicked father train his child to virtue?

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