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For the Sunday School Advocate.

**THE SWISS HERDSMAN.**

This man is making his spring removal. He has the whole furniture of his cottage, or rather of his dairy, about his person. The sides of the mountain begin to look green in the spring sunshine, and he is going up there with his flock to spend the summer. When he comes back he will bring a goodly harvest of butter and cheese, the result of his summer labors.

You do not think he looks forward very eagerly to his task? No, he is thinking just now of the little folks that call him papa. He is looking down on the spreading roof that covers them in one of the cottages below. It will be a long time before he sees them again, and he will be very lonely up on the mountain-side without them. But he will not think of them much longer now. He will soon be out of sight of the cottage, and be thinking of the hut which he built some years ago in his mountain-pasture. His path is steep, but with that iron-pointed stick in his hand he will soon climb the rocks. When he reaches the cottage on the mountain-side, he will put the big kettle in the fireplace, the cheese-mold and the churn on one side, and spread the milk-pans out upon the shelves. Then with the milk-pail, or tub, that he carried up the mountain-side, in his hand he will go out to milk the cows. When they are milked he gives them a handful of salt and lets them go. When milking-time comes again they will be there for another taste of salt. This saves him the trouble of "bringing up the cows" every night and morning.

Then, if butter is to be made, the milk is set in the pans for the cream to rise. If cheese is wanted, the milk is all poured into the big kettle and warmed and curdled, and the curds are drained and pressed. Did you ever eat curds?

When night comes he will spread a little straw in the loft for his bed, and this is nearly all that he brought along for his own accommodation. If he wants ladles, or spoons, or cups, he carves them out deftly with his knife from the wood of the maple, the linden, or the fragrant pine. The Swiss are even more skillful in the use of the knife than the whittling Yankee. Many little carved Swiss cottages, ivory brooches, and little toys are brought to America from the mountains of Switzerland.

The Swiss herdsman leads rather a lonely life in the mountains. He cannot well leave his flock even

for a visit to a brother herdsman, and he never gets a newspaper. If a traveler chance to pass his way, he will detain him as long as possible to talk with him.

Many of these herdsmen are religious men, and in the middle of the day they have time to read the word of God, and by night they watch the stars in the heavens as did David of old. And it is said that when the sun is going out of sight in the evening the pious herdsman takes his alpine horn, through which he can call so loud as to be heard a long distance, and he shouts "Praise ye the Lord!" and a brother herdsman on some distant peak takes up the echo, "Praise the Lord!" Soon another answers still higher up the mountain, and thus hill shouts to hill and peak echoes to peak until, amid these anthems of praise, the last sunbeams leave the mountain-tops, and men and herds lie down to rest beneath the watch care of their Maker.

"Brothers! the day declines;  
 Above the glacier brightens;



And red through Hundweyl pines  
 The vesper halo lightens.  
 From hamlet, rock, and chalet,  
 Your grateful songs be poured,  
 Till mountain, lakes, and valley  
 Re-echo, "Praise the Lord!"  
 AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

**A PAINFUL PICTURE.**

THREE boys are in the pretty parlor of a rural cottage which stands near the town of Paris, (Canada.) One of the boys, his name is Van Brocklin, is seated at the table looking over the pages of a photographic album. Another, named Capron, stands by his side leaning on his shoulder. The third boy is busy a few feet from the table examining the lock of a gun. See! he draws the hammer back with his thumb, while the gun is pointing toward his companions. Take care, my dear boy! There is a heavy charge in your gun. Mind how you handle that hammer! Dear me! The hammer slips. Bang goes the gun. Hark! what means that piercing cry? that groan? Alas! the charge has entered the neck of Van Brocklin and wounded the hand of Capron. Poor boys! What can be done for you? For Van Brocklin nothing. He is dead. For Capron we can send for the surgeon. He has lost a thumb and finger, but his hand may be saved.

Look at the boy whose carelessness discharged the gun! He is wild with terror and stricken with grief. He would give all the world, if he owned it, to undo the fatal deed and bring his friend Van Brocklin back to life. He will never forgive himself.

This picture, my children, is drawn from life. Let it teach you a lesson of caution. Never play with firearms! Never trifle with anything that may hurt either yourselves or others. Remember the proverb, "Prevention is better than cure." Remember, also, that many things that may be prevented cannot be cured. Remember, and beware!

PEN-AND-INK PAINTER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

**A FOOLISH FATHER AND A SPOILED SON.**

AFTER eating dinner at a hotel in Maryland one day I took a seat on the portico. Presently I saw a carriage, containing a father and son, (as I afterward found out,) stop. They alighted and came toward the hotel. As soon as they arrived at the place