



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"WE WILL DO AS WE PLEASE."

"We will do as we please." That was what some boys and girls said to a lady who told them not to go out in a boat which they were pushing into the water.

They did what pleased them and went off in the boat. They had a merry time for a little while. But the wind rose. They were carried out to sea, spent a whole night on the rough waters, and when they were picked up one of them was dead! That was what came of doing as they pleased.

We will do as we please. Children love to have their own way. It seems right to them. But it isn't right, nevertheless. Their way never brings them out right. It ends in sorrow or death. Children should learn that the right way is the best way. God made the right way, and it leads to happiness and to heaven. Will you walk in it, my child?

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"SHUT THE DOOR!"

SOME boys and girls find this one of the hardest lessons of their lives. Morning, noon, and night, all the fall, all the winter, and all the spring, somebody is continually calling out to them, "Shut the door after you!" "Here! come back and shut the door!" "There! you have left the door open!" with all the rest of the variations.

"But," says Jim Dodger, who is always finding some excuse for himself, "suppose I find it open?"

Well, then leave it open, of course, unless you know that it ought to be shut. It is a very good general rule to leave the door exactly as you find it.

But did you ever inquire how it is that this simple lesson is so hard to learn? I can tell you. It is because you do not try to learn it. "But I can't remember!" Pshaw! I'd be ashamed to say that. Why, even dogs can be taught to remember. I heard of one once that belonged to a merchant, not a big city merchant, but a country merchant, who could not afford to keep a colored boy to stand at the door, and so he taught this dog to go and shut it every time anybody left it open. And it was very amusing to see him get up from his place behind the stove, deliberately march up to the door, and, pushing against it with his shoulder or his paw, slam it together. I suppose he did not know better than to make a noise in that way. And one day, when some ladies went to the door to examine some goods, he marched up and shut the door between

them with the goods in the crack. Of course you could do better than this. Well, don't you think you could remember to "shut the door" too as well as he did?

A. J.

Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

WILLIE'S NEW BOOTS.

WILLIE was the child of a drunken father. His mother was a pious, sorrow-stricken lady. One cold day, when the child's feet were chilled because of his worn-out boots, he said to his mother:

"Mother, can't I have some new boots? My toes are all out of these. The snow gets in and I am so cold!"

A tear filled his mother's eyes when she answered, "Soon, Willie, I hope to give them to you."

He waited patiently several days, until one morning as he stood at the window watching the boys play with their sleds, he sobbed, "O, mother, it is too hard! Can't I get some boots anywhere?"

"Yes, Willie, you can."

"I can?" he eagerly exclaimed. "Where? Where? Tell me quick!"

"Do you not know, my son?" replied his mother. "Think now."

Willie stood for a moment, as if in deep thought, then with a smile looked up into his mother's face, and said, "O, I know! God will give them to me, of course. Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go right off and ask him."

He walked out of the parlor into his mother's room. She quietly followed him, and standing concealed from his view, she saw him kneel down, and covering his face with his hands, he prayed, "O, God! father drinks; mother has no money; my feet get cold and wet. I want some boots. Please send me a pair, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This was all. He often repeated his pitiful petition, and the best of all was, he expected an answer to his prayer.

"They'll come, mother!" he would often say, encouragingly; "they'll come when God gets ready."

Within a week, a lady who dearly loved the child came to take him out walking. He hesitated for a few moments, but soon determined to go, and they started off. At length the lady noticed his stockings peeping out at the toes of his boots, when she exclaimed, "Why, Willie, look at your feet! They will freeze. Why didn't you put on better boots?"

"These are all I have, ma'am."

"All you have! But why don't you have a new pair?" she inquired.

"I will just as soon as God sends them," he confidently replied.

Tears filled the lady's eyes, and, with a quivering lip, she led him into a shoe shop near by, saying, "There, child, select any pair you please."

The boots were soon selected, and a more happy, thankful boy never lived.

On his return he walked into the center of the room where his mother was sitting, and, pulling his clothes up until you could see his fat knees above the tops, he said, "Look, mother! God has sent my boots! Mrs. Gray's money bought them, but God heard me ask for them, and I suppose he told Mrs. Gray to buy them for me." Then kneeling at his mother's feet, he said, "Jesus, I thank you for my new boots. Please make me a good boy, and take care of mother. Amen."

A JOLLY LIFE.

INSECTS generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge on a lily! Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with a pillar of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from human censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sigh of the summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew-drop, and fall to and eat your bedclothes.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

J E T.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

We have a plaything in our house,
A little household pet,
With large black eyes and flossy hair,
And we have named him Jet.

He's frolicking about the house
From sunrise to sunset,
An arrant busybody is
Our active little Jet.

Faithful is he; no friendly face
Or voice doth he forget,
A loving and confiding heart
Has pretty little Jet.



Across the lawn while yet the grass
With early dew is wet,
He's bounding by his master's side—
Our trusty little Jet.

Or, indisposed for out-door sport,
His tiny ball he'll get,
And have a frolic with himself,
Himself and little Jet.

We lost him once. Alas, how sad
And tender our regret!
The whole world seemed an empty shell
Without our little Jet.

Our cheeks were pale with anxious fear,
Our eyes with tears were wet,
And large rewards we offered for
One glimpse of little Jet.

You should have seen his joy and ours
When we in safety met,
Caresses mixed with scolding words—
'Twas all the same to Jet.

There's many a pup of larger size
And louder yelp, but yet
In all the barking world canine,
There is no dog like Jet.

HURRAH!

MANY a boy, as well as many a crowd of men, has shouted Hurrah! without knowing the source of the word or its meaning. It comes to us from the nations of the East. It is a Slavonic word. It is written *Hurrah* in the Slavic tongue, and it means *To Paradise!* It was used as a battle-cry, in the belief that every man who died on the field fighting for his country was sure of Paradise.

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