

For the Sunday School Advocate.

### THE MORNING'S RIDE.

It was only a few mornings after the scene at the woodpile when Alice's father invited her to accompany him upon a benevolent excursion.

Farmer Willis was a good man, and he never seemed so happy as when he was bearing off a generous portion of the rich products of his large farm to the house of some destitute neighbor. Alice often accompanied him upon these excursions, and she cheered many a gloomy dwelling by her happy smiles and words, as well as by the rich gifts she carried. So now she first peeped into the large basket her mother had filled, then, after putting on her cloak, hood, mittens, and tippet, she jumped into the sleigh, and her father tucked the buffalo-skins around her so tightly you could only see her little bright eyes peeping out from the close hood as away they started. But Alice could not bear such close confinement long, and very soon her little hands had freed her mouth from its furry fetters, and she began to shout with delight:

"O papa! do see the beautiful snow."

And it was indeed beautiful. All night long it had been falling silently, slowly, spreading sheet upon sheet, until all the earth was enveloped with its graceful drapery. Then it had changed for a few moments to rain, until at last the north wind had breathed upon it and congealed the whole into a robe of glistening diamonds. Every tree was loaded with the shining frost-work, and every little bough and twig was glittering in the sunlight as it bent under the weight of its myriad crystal gems.

Away they flew over the spotless path, Alice's heart every moment filling fuller of admiration and delight. It seemed to her the very bells around the neck of the black pony were ringing out merry songs, and she was sure the musical jingle sounded exactly like the one commencing,

"Happy, happy, come away,  
We are happy all the day."

After a few moments' ride they stopped at the door of a poor-looking cottage. There was no mark of a footstep before it, and Farmer Willis carried Alice in his arms quite into the house. Here they found a feeble old lady of more than threescore and ten years laboring with all her remaining strength to provide for the wants of a sick daughter who was lying upon a low couch near the scanty fire. Tears fell upon her wrinkled face as she grasped the hand of the kind man whose bounty she had so often proved. Alice scarcely knew whether to pity her more or the invalid upon the couch, whose pale, wasted cheek bore marks of long years of pain. With her own little hands Alice smoothed the hair from the pallid brow, and bathed it with a cooling restorative her mother had sent. Her father, after ascertaining and supplying as far as possible their wants, assured them he would come soon again to see them, and reminding them of the gracious promise, "My God shall supply all your need," he turned to go, when the trembling voice of the sick one whispered, "The Lord give thee a hundred-fold more in this present life," and the weeping mother added, "And in the world to come life everlasting."

Farmer Willis and Alice continued their ride until long past midday, and visited many an abode of want and suffering.

In one house they found a half sick father, whose intemperate habits had brought disease. He was surrounded by a group of six children, all looking pale and poor, and meanly clad, while the mother had gone away through the snow to spend the long day in hard labor to earn their scanty evening meal. The little ones huddled together as the strangers entered, filled with fear and shame. But while Farmer



THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

Willis tried to comfort the sick man with his kind words and supplies of medicine, Alice found her way into the trembling group. She first told them how sorry she was that their father was sick, and said what they had brought was going to cure him. Then she took a bright red apple from her pocket and tossed it into their midst, and when she saw how eagerly they all sprang to get a taste of it she felt how hungry they were. So she opened the basket and taking out six nice biscuits gave one to each. While they were eating she told them of her ride, and about a sick little child she had seen in one house, and how her father had said God would take it to his bright home in heaven where it would be an angel always.

But when one little soft-haired girl asked Alice if there was a great deal to eat in heaven, and said she wanted to go there if she should not be hungry any more, the young teacher was puzzled and asked her father what she must say. He assured the little one that if she would be always good and patient, the kind Father above would some time let her go to live with him, and then she would never be hungry, or tired, or sick any more. Then they bade them good-by.

The story of the rest of this charming ride will be given in the next paper.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac.

### THE FALLING STAR.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!—Isaiah xiv, 12. See also Ezekiel xxxii, 7; Daniel viii, 10.

A FALLING star! It would be a sad sight to see a bright star fall from its place in the blue heavens to the dust, wouldn't it, my child?

Shall I tell you of a still sadder sight which is

often seen among children? There are boys and girls who shine like stars among their companions. They are bright, quick-witted, and genial. Their parents pet them, their teachers praise them, their schoolmates admire them. But they grow proud, willful, and obstinate. Choosing their own way, they fall into evil habits, commit great sins, and ruin themselves. Are they not falling stars? Poor children! How I pity them. I hope the bright face now looking on these lines will never become a fallen star.

### A TOAD WITH A COVER.

AN Irishman who had been but a few months in this country, and in the employ of a gentleman in the suburbs, being sent with a note, with orders to make all possible haste, found on his way a garden-tortoise, which he picked up, supposing it to be a pocket-book. Determining to be faithful to his errand, he did not stop to examine his supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, a rich reward when his errand was finished. Before he reached home the tortoise made its way nearly out of his pocket,

but Patrick quietly reconsigned him. On his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but full of excitement, rushed wildly into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook:

"Bessie! Bessie! did ye ever see a toad with a kiver?"

### A COWARDLY PRIEST.

A SPANISH priest, once exhorting the soldiers to fight like lions, added in the ardor of his enthusiasm, "Reflect, my brethren, that whosoever falls to-day sups to-night in paradise."

Thunders of applause followed the sentiment. The fight began, the ranks wavered, the priest took to his heels, when a soldier, stopping him, reproachfully referred to the promised supper in paradise.

"True, my son, true," said the priest; "but I never eat suppers."

LITTLE WILLIE having hunted in all the corners for his shoes at last appears to give them up, and climbing on a chair, betakes himself to a big book lying on the side-table. Mother says to him:

"What is darling doing with the book?"

"It's the dictionary; papa lookth in the dictionary for things, and I'm looking to see if I can find my shoes."

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