

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DILIGENT IN BUSINESS.

"O DEAR me!" said George Pratt as he laid down his slate, "I can't do this example anyway. And this is the very first one of the six too! Well, I'll try another one. But, first, I guess I'll rest a while. My head aches."

So George rested until his teacher had to reprimand him for idleness. Then, as he unwillingly took up his arithmetic, the bell rung for the geography class, and he went to his recitation.

"Dear me, what shall I do!" cried George as he hustled out at recess. "The very first thing after recess is my arithmetic, and I haven't done one example! Can't some of you show me?" and he went to one and another for help.

But the boys had been working hard all the morning, and hardly felt inclined to quit ball-playing and go in-doors to help George Pratt, who was considered a "regular shirk." James Noble alone gave him any encouragement, and he turned away rather impatiently as he promised to be in "in a few minutes."

Poor George went in and sat down in despair. He had no idea how he should get along, and as he looked at the puzzling examples the thought crossed his mind that perhaps if he had studied harder he might have saved all this trouble.

But James came in and in his cheery way took up his slate, and explaining as he worked, soon had three examples done. But the bell was about to ring.

"I tell you, George," said James, "there's no use trying the next example, for time's up. I'll let you take my slate when we get into the class. They're all worked out on it. But why is it that you don't ever have your sums done? I guess you don't have any plan about studying, do you?"

"No," George said, "I never thought of having a plan."

"Why," said James, "I could not get on at all without it. I take my history home at night and study in the evening. Then I learn my geography the first half hour of school. I know the lesson is long, but if you make it a practice to get it in half an hour it will soon come easy. Then I go right to work on the arithmetic. If the sums are very tough I take the book home at night and work them out. But I always learn first the lesson I recite first in the day, and I never leave one thing half done to begin another."

The bell was ringing and James hurried to his seat. A few minutes after George went to his class, and as he heard James explain the examples in his prompt, accurate way, and saw his teacher glance with pride and approbation at his pleasant, frank face, he really felt that he too would try to have a plan, and study harder, and be a better scholar. Let us hope he will.

A. A. F.

STEALING A SEAL.

ONE dark day in winter a native of Upernivik, who got his living by catching seals and selling their skins, went to see whether any seals were in his nets. He was pleased to find that in one of his nets there was a seal. He knelt down on the ice to take the seal out of the net, and just as he did so he had a slap on the back. He thought it was from his companion, and took no notice of it; but a moment afterward he had another and a much heavier blow. He turned sharply round, and to his horror saw, not his friend, but—a grim old bear! Bruin was hungry, but he showed that he would rather eat a seal than an Esquimaux, for he pushed the man aside, tore the seal out of the net, and began his supper. The seal-catcher did not wait to see Bruin finish his meal: he was very glad to get out of his way.

He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly.



VERSES FOR A LITTLE BOY TO SPEAK.

ALLOW me, gentle friends, to tell
The things that I can do:
I can read, and I can spell,
And run an errand too.

I also can obey my mother,
And do what father says;
And I can please my little brother
In very many ways.

And though I am a little boy,
Scarcely six years old, you see,
I sometimes make my sister cry,
And sometimes laugh at me.

But one thing I'm resolved to do,
And that's to grow a man,
Wise and strong, and brave and true,
As fast as e'er I can;

A kind, good man, and earth shall grow
The brighter for my stay;
Flowers shall in my footsteps blow
When I have passed away.

For He can help me well, I know,
Who bids us all be good;
To him for help I'll daily go—
He gives me clothes and food.

Our Father, he who dwells in heaven,
The great good God is he;
His name is Jesus, he has given
All good things that we see!

LOST IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.



LETTER in the *Melbourne Times* contains an affecting narrative of three children lost in the bush, and for nine days without food:

Some weeks back, at the station of a Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl, aged respectively the eldest boy nine, the girl seven, and the youngest boy five, the children of a carpenter named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mother, as they had often gone on the same errand before, to gather broom, and not returning before dark, the parents became alarmed and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbors in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain.

At length, in despair, the assistance of some blacks was obtained. These people possess an almost

bloodhound instinct in following up the very faintest tracks. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, talking very much, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, or flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent actings of the objects of their search.

"Here little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down, carry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see the bush; her fall on him." Further on, and more observations. "Here little one tired again; big one kneel down; not able to rise; fall flat on his face." The accuracy of these readings of the blacks was afterward curiously corroborated by the children themselves.

On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever being again seen alive, the searching party came on them. They were described as having been found lying all of a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awake, the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only just feebly groan, "Father." The youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, childlike demanding, "Father, why didn't you come for us sooner? we were cooeing for you."

The sister, who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, "Cold, cold." No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, "to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold."

The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and, by their own account, had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week; in all, nine days and eight nights.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"HOW MANY IS A DOZEN?"

LITTLE HENRY stood at the window watching a kind mother robin as it went away and then came back with food for its young.

"Why!" he exclaimed, after watching them a long time in silence, "she has fed them a dozen times. How many is a dozen, father, a thousand?"

COUSIN GENEVIE BELMONTE.

AN impatient boy waiting for the grist, said to the miller: "I could eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it."

"How long could you do so?" inquired the miller.

"Till I starved to death," was the sarcastic reply.

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