

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE LITTLE WRENS.

JUST over the door of a parsonage two pretty wrens built a nest, and not long after had a brood of five young birds, which soon grew and were fledged, so that as the September winds began to blow the family in the house expected the family of birds would soon take their departure to a warmer climate, but, to the grief of the children, it was found that the mischievous old cat "TAB" had killed both the old birds, and the little ones flew about and chirped so piteously that some one immediately wrote the following "Song of the Little Birds to the Children in the Parsonage." [I print the song in prose form, suggesting to my readers that it will amuse them to copy it and change it into verse.]

"Farewell! farewell! ye children dear who in the parsonage dwell, we now must go and leave you here, we'll therefore sing, Farewell! We've heard you sing, and laugh, and play since we were nestled here, and during all our pleasant stay we never had a fear that either one of you would harm or frighten us away, and so we've staid without alarm and passed the time away. Our mother dear and father, too, who taught us all to sing, who for our comfort and our good were ever on the wing, had thought to start with us to-day to find a southern clime, but O, that cruel cat of yours, at this unhappy time has caught them both, and killed them too, without regard to us. And now we ask, What will you do to Tab, that cruel puss? We're lonely orphans in the world, and know not where to go; our hearts are full of misery, our cup is full of woe. How long your parents both will live no one on earth can tell; the day will come when they must say, 'Dear children, all, farewell!'" G.

### "I'M GOOD FOR SOMETHING."

A YOUNG man, whose bluntness was such that every effort to turn him to account in a dry goods store was found to be unavailing, received the customary notice from his employer that he did not suit and must go.

"But I'm good for something," remonstrated the poor fellow, loth to be turned into the street.

"You are good for nothing as a salesman anyhow," retorted the principal, regarding him from a business point of view.

"I am sure I can be useful," repeated the young man.

"How? Tell me how."

"I don't know, sir; I don't know."

"Nor do I," and the principal laughed as he saw the eagerness the lad displayed.

"Only don't put me away, sir; don't put me away. Try me at something besides selling; I cannot sell. I know that I cannot sell."

"I know that too; that is what there is wrong."

"But I can make myself useful somehow, I know I can."

The blunt boy, who could not be turned into a salesman, and whose manner was so little captivating that he was nearly sent about his business, was accordingly tried at something else. He was placed in the counting-house, where his aptitude for figures soon showed itself, and in a few years he became not only the chief cashier in the concern, but eminent as an accountant throughout the country.

Boys, be sure and be "good for something."

### NEVER DESPAIR.

AN ingenious young man, having come to London in the hope of getting some employment, was unsuccessful in his attempt, and being reduced to extreme poverty, came to the awful resolution of throwing himself into the Thames. On passing near the Royal Exchange to effect his desperate purpose, he saw the carriage of the late excellent Mr. Hanway, under the arms of which was the motto, "Never

despair." The singular occurrence of this sentence had, under Providence, such an effect on the young man that he immediately desisted from his horrid design. He made renewed efforts to gain employment, and soon afterward was engaged in a large city establishment. Many years afterward he died in good circumstances, and, it is hoped, with a firm trust in Christ Jesus.



### HUMILITY.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

COME, my love, and do not spurn  
From a little flower to learn:  
See the lily on the bed,  
Hanging down its modest head,  
While it scarcely can be seen,  
Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well  
For its sweet and pleasant smell,  
And would rather call it ours  
Than so many gayer flowers.  
Pretty lilies seem to be  
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn  
From a little flower to learn:  
Let your temper be as sweet  
As the lily at your feet;  
Be as gentle, be as mild;  
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize—  
Like a summer flower it dies;  
But humility will last,  
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past;  
And the Saviour from above  
Views a humble child with love.

### ONE OF PETER'S BEGINNINGS.



"WHAT is that?" said Mrs. Haines to her daughter Edith as they came to some earth thrown up in one corner of the garden, where nothing but grass had previously been seen.

"O it is one of Peter's beginnings," said Edith. "He was going to have flower-beds to make bouquets for the market; he

worked here a part of one afternoon, and then quit it, as usual for something else. I do wish he would stick to something."

Mrs. Haines said nothing. She was sorry to see another indication of the unfortunate habit of her son of beginning things and then abandoning them. There were a great many illustrations of this habit

about the place. There were boxes, and wagons, and wooden guns, begun and left in that state. It was said that Peter was never known to finish anything.

His beginnings were not confined to material objects. He was desirous of mental improvement, and formed a great many plans of mental improvement and entered upon them. Now he marked a plan of reading and entered upon it with great zeal; but in a day or two his zeal would flag, and he would leave the plan for another. Then, perhaps, he would form a plan for improvement in composition. He would write a composition every week. Among his papers there would be found a composition begun; it was never finished, nor would he proceed any further in the execution of his plan. His prospects for success in life were very poor. Men succeed by energy and perseverance. If habits of energy and perseverance are not formed in youth they will never be formed.

Young persons should not hastily form plans of any kind. Think about a thing before you resolve to do it. Having resolved to do a thing, do it, unless you discover that it is wrong. Form the habit of finishing whatever you begin. The habit cannot be formed unless you always finish what you begin. Do not say, "I will finish all important things I begin." Finish everything. Do not leave a thing because you get tired of it. Finish it for the sake of the habit.

### WHOSE CHILD ARE YOU?

Two cousins were on their way to school. It was a sharp morning, and the snow was crisp under their feet. Do you want to know what they said? "I am going to try to do my best to-day and all the days," said one little cousin.

"I too," answered the other, "for God wants us to, doesn't he?"

"We are Satan's children if we are cross," said one.

"We are God's children if we are humble and love good," said the other.

What a lovely temper to begin the day with.

### A YOUTHFUL SAGE.

"WOULD you like to be a judge?" said a gentleman one day to a very precocious five-year-old boy.

The child gravely replied, "I think I should like better still to teach the children about Jesus, and how he hung upon the cross for them, for that would make them love him; and if they loved him they would be good, and not need to be judged at all."

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