

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A DUST-STORM IN INDIA.

BY MRS. J. HAUSER.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Have you ever heard of a dust-storm such as we have in India? Perhaps all have not. When the dust-storms come they do so very suddenly. The dull yellow and red clouds of dust which come rolling swiftly on, high up in the sky, one over the other, look very fine, and the wind rushing over the plain and through the trees can be heard for some time before it arrives. The people, as soon as they see the storm coming, close all the windows and doors, and those who are outside run as quickly as they can to get to some place of shelter. The cowherds and shepherds drive their flocks home as fast as possible. The birds all seek their nests, and for a little while there is such a noise and stir!

A few days ago there was a very severe storm about four o'clock in the afternoon. It began to grow very dark, and in a few minutes it was too dark to see across the room.

The darkness, the sound of the storm growing louder and louder, and the strange dull yellow color of the little light which we could see at the windows was very awful, and we could not help saying, "It seems as though the judgment-day had come!"

The wind blew harder and harder. Two doors which had not been very well fastened blew open, and before they could be shut the house was so full of dust we could hardly breathe. Soon the rain-drops began to fall. The dust settled and it grew lighter. But the winds blew furiously, and the rain came in torrents. The branches of the trees were twisted round and round until they came off, and many large trees were torn up by the roots. The thatched roofs of a great many houses were blown off, and the mud walls, left without any protection, were soon washed down by the rain. After the storm had lasted about half an hour a few hail-stones fell, and then all cleared away. The air, which before had been so hot, had become delightfully cool.

The storm, as we have since heard, passed over several hundred miles and did much damage. These storms, though the dust is very disagreeable, are a great blessing to this country, for they purify the air, and the rain makes it so cool. We think that we cannot be thankful enough for them. So God provides for the comfort of the people of every land.

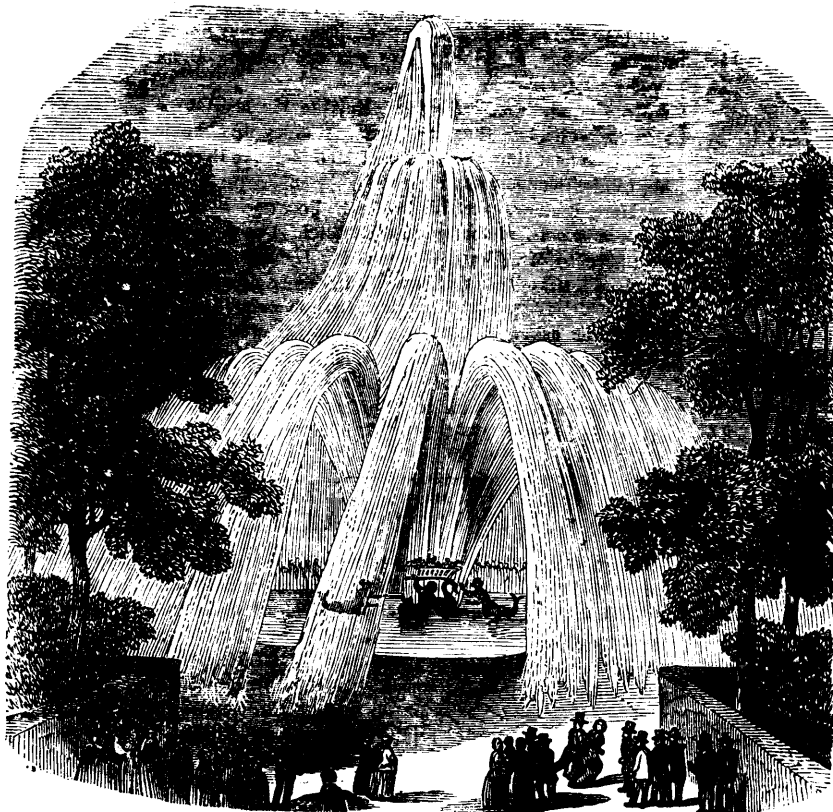
KISSING A SUNBEAM.

A BABE, not old enough to speak or walk, was creeping on the floor. By and by a bright ray of sunshine fell upon the carpet. Baby saw it and crept toward the dazzling object. She looked at it, and crept all around it, with the greatest interest in her sweet face, and then putting down her little lips she *kissed* it.

Now was not that beautiful? The bright little sunbeam lighted up joy in her baby-heart, and she expressed that joy with a sweet kiss.

A LITTLE girl said one day, "Ma, our minister said to-day that all men must die. I wonder who will bury the last man that dies? I guess God will have to do that."

The same little girl, standing at the window before sunrise, and wondering why the sun did not make its appearance, said, "I guess God is fixing it."



SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

BY MRS. S. B. DANA.

SPARKLING and bright, in its liquid light,

Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses!

Chorus—O then resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter,
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
Or sweet as the sparkling water.

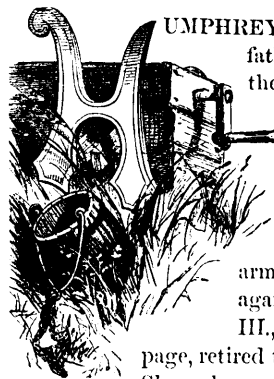
Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A calm delight both day and night
To happy homes bestowing.

Chorus—O then resign, etc.

Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled—
Of the weeping wife and mother;
They've given up the poisoned cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

Chorus—O then resign, etc.

THE UNGRATEFUL SERVANT.



UMPHREY BANNISTER and his father were both servants to the Duke of Buckingham, and had been born in his house and brought up by him; and when the duke was put to flight by an unfortunate accident befalling the army which he had raised against the usurper, Richard III., he, without footman or page, retired to Bannister's house, near Shrewsbury, as to a place where he

had every reason in the world to look for security. Bannister, however, upon Richard's proclamation promising one thousand pounds reward to him that should apprehend the duke, betrayed his master to John Merton, high sheriff of Shropshire, who sent his grace under a strong guard to Salisbury, where Richard then was; and there, in the market-place, the unfortunate duke was beheaded to satiate the malice of the monarch.

But divine vengeance pursued this traitor Bannister; for, demanding the reward that was the price of his master's blood, the king, forgetting that we ought to keep faith even with a bad man, refused to pay the thousand pounds, saying:

"He that would be false to so good a master ought not to be encouraged."

Troubles followed rapidly upon this ungrateful man. Bannister's eldest son ran mad, and died in a hogsty; his second son became deformed and lame; his third son was drowned in a small puddle of water; his eldest daughter was grievously injured for life by one of his carters, and his second was seized with a leprosy whereof she died; and, to complete these dreadful visitations, Bannister himself was hanged for manslaughter.

SERGEANT S. PRENTISS AND HIS MOTHER.

FROM his mother Sergeant S. Prentiss drew those gentler qualities that shone upon his life, that shed their sweetness in his eloquence, and gave a charm to his society. Years ago, when his repute was spread, and he was on a visit to the North, an esteemed lady in one of our cities visited the steamboat in which she learned he was about to leave in a few mo-

ments. When introduced she said to Mr. Prentiss:

"I have wished to see you, for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son."

He instantly replied from his heart, "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother."

His is one of the many instances in which eminent men in all ages have fondly traced to a mother's early training (under God) the culture of their minds, their habits of virtue, and the breathings of their piety.

A BOY was boasting to a friend of the beauties of his father's house. "It's got a cupola," said he, "and it's going to have something else."

"What is it?" asked his interested companion.

"Why, I heard father tell mother this morning that it is going to have a mortgage on it."

A MOTHER trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep one night said to her:

"Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?"

"I am trying," she replied.

"But you haven't shut your eyes."

"Well, can't help it; 'ums come unbuttoned."

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