

AMY WILSON'S EXPERIMENT.



"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Little Amy Wilson was reading to her mamma; when she came to these words she put down her book, saying earnestly:

"How can that be, mamma? I am always so pleased when you give me anything; I don't think it would make me as happy to give away."

"Try it, my darling," said her mamma. "I know you give money to the poor, but then, as all your wants are supplied, there is but little self-denial in that; but if you possess any article you really value, and seeing another person who needs it more than you, deny yourself and give it up, then you will taste the blessedness of giving, and feel much happier in parting with your treasure than you did at first in possessing it."

Amy was but a little girl, so this appeared a difficult lesson; but as it was mamma who spoke, she knew it must be true.

Amy finished her chapter and went away to her play-room, took her favorite doll—as large almost as a baby, with a beautiful waxen face—out of its cradle, and began to dress it. But she was thinking of what her mamma had said, and sat a long while with the doll upon her lap, until a servant came to say her mamma wished her to come to the nursery. Amy ran down; her mamma was there, and a nursemaid who had left them some time before to be married. She had called to see the children, and brought a little baby of her own to show them, a little tiny creature a few weeks old. Amy was pleased to see Hannah, who had always been very kind to her when she lived with them; but Amy noticed she was not so well dressed as she used to be, and the baby had no bonnet on; the shawl in which it was wrapped was put over its head.

Amy took the baby in her arms and kissed it. As she was looking at it she thought, "Hannah must be very poor, or surely she would have bought it a little bonnet."

Amy's mamma allowed her pocket-money for her own use; it was given to her every month. A part the little girl always gave in charity, and the rest she spent as she pleased. It happened this month she had given and spent all her money.

So Amy sat looking wistfully at Hannah and her baby, till on a sudden she brightened up, and running to her mamma, whispered:

"Mamma dear, Hannah's baby has neither bonnet nor hood; may I give her that blue bonnet I bought last week for my best doll?"

Her mamma readily consented, and seemed quite pleased with her for thinking of such a thing.

So Amy scampered up stairs to fetch the bonnet. It was a real baby's bonnet of dark blue satin, with a white lining and a pretty little border of lace inside. As she took it out of the box her countenance fell, it did look so very pretty; her lip worked a little, and she felt as if she were going to cry.

She tried it on her doll for the last time. O, the doll did look so nice in it, Amy wished for a moment she had not spoken to her mamma about it. She shut her eyes close to keep back the tears that would come, as she untied the bonnet and put her doll back in its cradle.

"Perhaps she will be gone by the time I get down," thought Amy; then, quite ashamed of herself, she said, "But what would mamma think?"

She hurried down stairs with the precious bonnet in her hand, and running up to the baby, put it on her head.

Poor Hannah was quite delighted, and so grateful Amy did not regret the sacrifice she had made. When they left she watched them from the window, and saw how proudly Hannah was carrying her baby.

Amy turned to her mamma with a smiling, happy face, and said:

"I am so glad I gave away the bonnet; Hannah wanted it more than I did. Now I know that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Here is a lesson for you, dear reader. Will you lay it to heart and try for yourself Amy Wilson's experiment?



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ALICE WILD.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

You may search the village through,
Every dwelling, old or new,
Every walk where the sunset shadows quiver,
And you'll find no sweeter child
Than our own dear Alice Wild,
Who lives down the lane beside the river.

She is not a beauty, no,
Though her features seem to glow
Like the sunbeams breaking through the morning mist,
And her eyes are soft and blue,
Save when feeling shades the hue
And darkens them to purple amethyst.

All the smiles and winning ways
That compel our loving praise,
And the voice whose gentle utterance is love,
Tell of light and peace within,
Show a loveliness akin
To the soft and graceful beauty of the dove.

Would you have this charm so sweet?
Seek it at the Saviour's feet;
If you ask, it will graciously be given;
Seek forgiveness for all sin,
Ask for purity within,
For a spirit that on earth shall breathe of heaven.

Earthly beauty fades away,
It is doomed to sure decay,
It is made to bloom and sparkle for an hour;
But the beauty of the heart
It will never more depart,
It will never lose its luster or its power.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MORE THOUGHTLESS THAN IGNORANT.

"WHEN will the 7.45 train start?"

"At a quarter to eight, ma'am."

"Bless me! You are always changing the time on this line."

You smile, don't you, at the apparent stupidity of the questioner in this dialogue? Yet she probably knew as well as you do that 7.45 is a quarter before eight. But she was hurried, and therefore confused. She did not pause to ask herself what 7.45 meant. So with regard to the first question.

She wanted to know how long it would be before the 7.45 train would start. But confusion of thought led to a question which contained its own answer.

Confusion of mind comes to people, young and old, when they go into new and strange scenes. I doubt not, many of my children know what it is to appear stupid because they are confused when they are thrown among strangers. It is a very troublesome feeling. It comes from thinking about themselves and about what others are thinking of them. To cure it they must rally their minds, be calm, and think not of how they appear to others, but of what is right and proper for them to do and say under the circumstances. X.

A SUGAR-STEALING BEAR.

MANY years ago, Archdeacon Cockran was traveling with a brother missionary and a party of natives through the woods, in Rupert's Land, when, having traveled all the morning without having fairly seen daylight, owing to the thickness and extent of the forest, they suddenly came to an open space of two or three acres, in the midst of which stood a noble spreading tree. They were all hungry, and all agreed that the place invited them to breakfast. They saw traces of bears, and they therefore looked carefully round, and beat the bush in all directions, to be assured that they should have no unwelcome companions. They omitted, however, to look up; where, stretched on a large branch of the tree, lay a huge bear, very observant of all that was passing below! They soon lighted a fire, got out their camp-kettle, set up their camp-table, and began to arrange their meal. No sooner had they placed on the table a basin containing brown sugar, (for which these animals have a special fondness, and which they can scent a long way off,) than the bear suddenly dropped from the tree, seized the sugar basin, and clumsily waddled away on his hind legs toward the bush! The archdeacon and his companion burst into laughter; but the Indians, not so disposed to yield the prey, seized a gun, followed and shot the bear, whose hams were cut off and broiled for their repast.

BENNY'S DEATH.

A LITTLE girl in this city, says the *Boston Journal*, who had learned that human beings have souls, but that animals have not, recently lost her pet squirrel. She mourned his death bitterly, and when her mother suggested that she ought not grieve so much at the loss of an animal, she said pathetically, "I shouldn't care, mother, if Benny went anywhere. He just died, and didn't go anywhere."

The answer was a touching evidence of the consolation derived from the Christian's belief in the immortality of the soul.

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