



LITTLE ALICE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE ALICE; OR, THE GOLDEN RULE.

CLICK! click! The icicles are dropping against the window-panes, for the warm sun of February is melting the snow from the roof of Farmer Willis's house, and already it has laid bare the huge wood-pile that occupies the center of the farm-yard.

It has stolen into the kitchen too—that joyous sunbeam—and whispered in the glad young heart of the child who has so long been wishing to roam again in the free air and light of heaven. Wide open flies the door, and with a bounding step little Alice comes forth. Arrayed in a nice plaid cloak, a snug little hood fitting closely about her chubby cheeks, and a pair of warm woolen mittens, she seems the embodiment of joy and hope. The woodman ceases for a moment the strokes of his ax, and all a father's love awakens in his bosom at sight of the artless, joyous creature before him.

"O, father, what pretty white chips you are cutting. Are you going to cut up all these large logs? They are so clean and smell so sweet. May I climb to the top of them, father? Can I?"

And without waiting for an answer the merry little querist leaps forward, and with nimble steps mounts log after log until she has quite reached the top of the immense heap. See her now clap her little mittened hands in glee as she sits perched upon her mossy throne, gazing with childish triumph down into the loving eyes that have watched her feat.

O what a bright world is this to little Alice now. Every stroke of the ax, as its sound echoes far off in the neighboring forest, sends a thrill of gladness to her heart. The lowing of the herds in the yard adjoining, the cooing of doves in the cote above her head, and the cheerful jingling of sleigh-bells passing by, are all in her ear only varied tones in the general song of joy. And ever and anon her own sweet voice chimes in its accordant notes as she warbles a child-song or bursts out in a peal of merry laughter.

"What is the matter now, Alice?"

"Matter, papa? I'm sure there is nothing the matter in this pretty world. Don't you love everything, papa?"

"I love you, Allie."

"O but don't you love all the world? I do. It is so pleasant all shining in the sunlight. And the dear little lambs, and the doves, and the good old cows, and—O here comes my Kitty too. Why, Kitty Caper, how did you know I was up here on the wood-pile? Do see how she loves me, papa."

"But, Allie, you were talking about the sheep and cows—what about them?"

"O I don't know, only I—I was thinking how

good everything was, and how I loved everybody. Only just hear my kitty sing."

"But did you say you loved everybody, Allie?"

"Yes, indeed. I love all the world. I love the snow, and the sunshine, and the white clouds, and this sweet new wood, and the doves, and the cows, and my kitty—O and I love you and dear mamma best, because you are so kind to me. And Cousin Ned I love, and all the people who come to our house. I love *all* of them, only—no—I don't—I guess I don't love old Nan. I can't love her, papa."

"Ah! then my daughter only loves what makes her own little self happy! That is only half keeping the *golden rule*, Allie. But, listen! mamma is calling us to dinner. We will talk again about loving everybody sometime."

I will tell you more about little Alice in the next Advocate.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OUR BOY IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. BEULAH CHAPMAN.

I BELIEVE him crowned in glory,
Mid the little ones above,
And his eyes are full of wonder,
And his heart is full of love.

On the heavenly hosts he gazes,
And with wistful eyes he stands;
Artlessly he runs to meet them,
Stretching out his little hands.

Glad they take him to their bosoms,
And they fold him with their wings,
Tenderly with fond caresses
And with gentle whisperings.

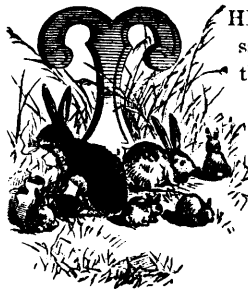
Then they seat themselves beside him,
On the bright celestial plain,
And repeat the wondrous story
Of the Lamb that once was slain.

'Tis the new song of the ransomed
Which the saints delight to sing,
And they swell the rapturous chorus
Till the heavenly arches ring.

Bright the crown they place upon him,
Gold with art celestial wrought;
Priceless jewels which the suffering
And the blood of Christ hath bought.

Jesus folds the ransomed boy
To the side that once was riven,
Saying, Rest, thou little lambkin,
Safe within the fold of heaven.

SINGULAR STORY OF A CAT AND A HEN.



HE Jefferson (Me.) *Republican* says that a Mr. M'Beath of that village has a cat with little ones that had to all appearance a very neat and comfortable home in one corner of the cellar; but by a kind of reasoning instinct, or instinctive reasoning, she came to the conclusion that the apartments were not sufficiently commodious, were not supplied with a sufficient amount of light, were too damp, or something that would retard the growth, vigor, and development of the young, so she removed them to the wood-house and placed them in a soft feathery nest in which the old hen daily deposited an egg for the family use.

When the hen came the next day and found the nest monopolized, her indignation was raised to the highest pitch, and with erect feathers, sharp nails, and beak extended wide to pick, scratch, and yell, she gave battle to the much surprised and more enraged cat, that returned the compliment with such vigor that the conquered and humiliated hen soon retreated, leaving the cat to her nest. The next day the same was repeated with the same result.

The third day at the same hour the siege opened as brisk as usual, and continued for some little time, when suddenly hostilities ceased, apparently by mutual consent, and the old hen took her place by the

side of the cat, when a little clucking, and growling, and snapping, and purring, and general uneasiness followed, and a kind of compromise was effected and perfect quiet restored. After that the hen came every day at the usual hour and deposited her egg in the nest by the side of the cat that occupied the same nest with her young.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

THE PRECIOUS OINTMENT.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.—Psa. cxxxiii. See also Exod. xxx, 25, 30; 1 Cor. xii, 13.

Moses is pouring oil upon the head of Aaron in the picture. It was costly, yet Moses poured it so freely that it ran over the head and garments of his brother. In like manner God pours grace upon thee, my child. It cost the precious blood of Jesus to purchase it, yet he gives it to you freely without money and without price. O how greatly God must love you!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A GRATEFUL GERMAN.

A CHRISTIAN lady not long since, in visiting a hospital, became acquainted with a poor paralyzed German. Observing that he was in need of some flannel, she procured some and brought it to him.

"Ah," said he, with broken words and tearful eyes, "who sent this? I know who sent it: God sent it to me! He put it in your heart to bring it to me! God knew that I wanted it, and I'll thank him."

Children, do you receive your daily blessings in the grateful spirit of this German?

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