

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1887.

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

With this number we commence the Thirteenth Volume of the CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

During the past year we have added to our list many new names as readers, and some old ones have gone to the Church in Heaven; and there is no doubt but that before this Volume closes many more will have gone to be with Him, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

This fact should lead us all to work while we can, in doing all the good we can, so that the Saviour may say, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Our little readers can do a great deal of good to others by getting them into the Sabbath School, and by circulating good books and good papers among their young companions, and by praying with and for them.

Let us all try and see how much good we can do in this way, and then the approving words of our Lord will be addressed to us, "Well done."

We shall do all we can in the ADVOCATE, and hope the friends of the Sabbath Schools will help us.

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.

MATTHEW 18: 22.

Our story is about little Milly Pattison, sitting by the window, learning her morning verse,—little Milly, who felt very happy sitting in the sunshine, and was anxious to do something to please the good God who had made such a beautiful world. So, as she learned her verse—"And if he" (thy brother) "trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him,"—her grey eyes looked very thoughtful, and her small mouth grew firm with some very important resolution.

Pretty soon down stairs she came to the dining-room, and found nobody there but brother Frank, who had two years the start of her in the race of life, but was not so far ahead as you might suppose. He was looking very discontented.

"Real mean!" were the first words that jumped from his mouth, though you could not have expected any thing better from such a pout. "Real mean, to spend such a day as this in school!" and the book he held in his hand was transferred to his foot, and sent spinning in the air, whence it returned with a broken back, and two fluttering leaves.

"Oh, Frank!" cried Milly, "isn't that my arithmetic? and you know how I was trying to keep it like a new book."

"It is!" said Frank, in a tone of real regret. "I thought it was mine. Won't you forgive me?"

"Yes," said Milly, slowly picking up the scattered leaves, and thinking of her verse.

"Yes, I suppose so;" and under her breath she added, "One."

Breakfast over, they started for school together.

"Milly," cried Frank, suddenly, "here comes a big dog!—tongue out!—red eyes! Look out for hydrophobia!"

Poor Milly ran forward in great terror, too frightened to see where she stopped. Down went one foot in a treacherous hole, and the rest of Milly came tumbling after. This was a serious mishap; for the skin was quite rubbed from one dimpled elbow, and, worst of all, one of the new morocco shoes, bright as a mirror, had a great white, unsightly graze.

Milly burst into tears, not about the elbow, for she could bear pain like a heroine; but the new shoe—that was hopeless.

"Oh, Frank! how could you?" cried Milly.

"And the dog was only good Cato, that wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Why Milly, I'm sure I never thought you'd fall: I only meant to give you a nice little run. It's too bad you're hurt. I'm so sorry. Won't you forgive me?"

"Yes," said Milly, swallowing a lump in her throat; "I'll try." "Two," she sighed softly to herself.

At school Frank was still very aggravating, and Milly had great temptation to forget her verse. He borrowed her slate-pencil, and lost it; and once when she went up to her class, his feet grew suddenly very long, and Milly, stumbling over them, fell, to her great mortification, amid the laughter of the school. But Frank was so sorry. How could he help his feet being so big? He tried very hard to keep them under the desk, but there was only room there for one. He was so sorry, and patient Milly had to forgive him. There were one or two other grievances in the morning, which I have not time to relate. We will pass on to the time when school was over; and Milly found, to her great dismay, that there had been a sudden change in the weather, and the rain was pouring in torrents. But Frank borrowed an umbrella, and, taking Milly's arm under his, started off as valiant as Greatheart.

"Take care," cried Milly. "You swing the umbrella so that half the time it drips on my head."

"A little water won't hurt you, will it?" cried Frank.

But when they reached home, poor Milly found that the coloring matter had run from the umbrella, and long dingy streams disfigured the cherry lining of her pretty hood.

"Well, now, that is too bad," cried Frank, observing her blank look of dismay.

"I declare, 'Dot,' I'd change caps in a minute with you, if you'd like it."

Neat little Milly looked at Frank's battered head-dress, and mournfully shook her head.

"Well, Milly, you know I didn't mean to. I'm sure you'd forgive me if you knew how sorry I felt."

"I do forgive you," said Milly, with an effort; and she counted something on her fingers. "Seven," said she to herself, with a great sigh of relief.

"What have you been counting all day, Milly?" asked Frank, curiously.

Milly did not answer, but as she ran in to dinner, a very self-satisfied smile was on her face, and she repeated to herself, "Seven times. Well, it has been very hard, and I'm so glad it's over; for I don't think I could hold out any longer."

It rained so hard in the afternoon that Milly and Frank were allowed to stay at home, and study in the play-room.

"Oh dear," said Frank, with a yawn:

"Before I begin this 'rule' of three which puzzles me, let's have one little tune out of that music-box Uncle Charlie gave you."

Milly's eyes brightened. She could not resist the temptation; and, running from the room, she soon returned with the treasure. Carefully she put in the little golden key, and turned it with the greatest caution; but mischievous Frank slipped in a little wooden wedge into the delicate works; and when she paused and listened, with smiling lips, and head turned on one side, the wonderful box was mute.

"What is it?" cried she, turning quite pale.

"Oh," said Frank, mischievously, "don't be alarmed. I'm a great magician. Just let me put my

finger in the box one second, and all will be right."

Milly entrusted it to him with trembling hands. In went Frank's confident fingers, but they pulled out the wedge a little too roughly. Snap went some delicate spring. There was a dreary noise, as if the whole box was going to fly in pieces, and then all was still. Frank examined the box with a dismayed face.

"Milly," said he at length, with an effort, "it's broken—spoiled. Can you ever forgive me?"

"No," said little Milly, stamping her foot, and bursting into vehement tears, "I can't, and I needn't, either; it's the eighth time. My dear, darling music-box! You did it on purpose. You're very bad to me. I'll run to your room, and tear your kite, and spoil everything I can find."

Poor, remorseful Frank offered no opposition; and across the hall she ran, with streaming eyes, and burning cheeks, and stumbled right into Uncle Charlie's arms.

"Hoity, toity! What's the matter now?" but before the words were out of his mouth, Milly was pouring forth her story.

Uncle Charlie looked grave when she finished.

"And so you think it is right to be angry now?"

"Yes," said Milly, impetuously; "it is quite right. I've forgiven him seven times; this makes eight."

"But didn't you know," said Uncle Charlie, "that there is another verse where Jesus tells Peter, not only to forgive his brother seven times, but 'until seventy times seven?'"

"Seventy times seven!" cried Milly, looking quite bewildered. "Oh, I'm sorry I ever begun. I shall have to give up trying to please God that way."

"I hope not," said Uncle Charlie.

"But you don't know how far it is to keep forgiving and forgiving," wept Milly.

"Yes, I think I do," said Uncle Charlie, smiling; "and I shouldn't wonder if the disciples knew it too," said he half to himself, "when, as soon as the commandment was given, they cried with one accord, 'Lord, increase our faith.' Yes, little Milly," he continued aloud, "it certainly is hard; but we must always keep trying, and not count the times either; for I think 'seventy times seven' means that we should *always* forgive."

"Oh, I can't do it," sobbed Milly, turning determinedly away from poor Frank, who stood in the doorway the image of despair.

"I'll give you my new book of travels, Milly, and save all my money till I can buy you another box," cried Frank, in doleful tones. But Milly would not listen.

"Very well," said Uncle Charlie. "I would advise you not to say 'Our Father' for a day or two."

"Why?" said Milly in great surprise.

"Why, just think how very sad it would be to have to pray,—And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive Frank who has trespassed against us."

Milly's cheeks grew burning red. She hesitated a moment; and then, crying, "I can't give up 'Our Father,'" she ran to the sorrowful figure in the doorway, threw her arms around his neck, and had a "good cry" on the left pocket of his brown overcoat.

Rude, rough Frank has grown much more tender and careful of his little sister since then; and as for her, if you should ask Frank, "How often does Milly forgive now?—till seven times?" you would see his honest eyes fill with affectionate tears as he answers softly, "Milly is so good to count, and I don't dare to; but I'm quite sure till 'seventy times seven'.

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Those whose time is up will please renew.