



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OUR OLD CAT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

We have an old cat,
An artful old cat,
She sleeps in the barn on the hay;
And she eats in a trice
All the dear little mice
That happen to fall in her way.

She's the slyest of cats:
She chases the rats
Till they're frightened almost into fits;
Not a kernel of corn
Can they lay their paws on,
Though they live by the use of their wits.

She roams in the woods,
Where the pretty young birds
Are trying their first airy flight;
She seeks the red-breast
In its nice, shady nest,
And breaks up its home with delight.

A guerrilla she;
There is not a tree
Where the birds are secure with their young;
And the squirrels peep out,
With a lingering doubt,
From their covert the branches among.

Neighbor Gray has a son
Who is cruel for fun,
A bad, wicked boy, it is plain;
I've heard him tell lies,
I've seen him pin flies
And leave them alive in their pain.

We forgive the old cat
All her prowling, for that
Is the way God designs her to live;
But a bright, thinking lad,
Who is willfully bad
And cruel, we cannot forgive.

How lovely and fair
This world would appear
If each one were governed by love!
Ah, then let us seek
So to think, act, and speak
That God can look down and approve!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"IT CAN BE DONE!"

WHAT can be done? asks some one of the readers of the Advocate. I might say many, very many things can be done; but I wish now to tell you of one very important thing being done, and it may be done again.

In a small village on the banks of a beautiful river

lived Frank Bayley, a bright-eyed boy of some ten summers. His parents seemed to care but little for him, and Frank cared nothing for the Sabbath or Sabbath-school, and would spend the entire day in wicked sports with other boys as wicked and as careless as himself. Though young, he was profane; he would swear as long and as wickedly as the man who had sworn for years. He was often kindly asked to attend Sabbath-school, but as often refused, preferring, as many do, to wander up and down the river or over the hills, in search of fish and birds. A friend who had often advised him to change his course, and especially urged him to quit his habit of swearing, was as often, if not insulted, treated with the most perfect indifference. But that friend continued his efforts and prayers in Frank's behalf, would seek opportunities to converse with and advise him, and as the fruit of more than a year's advice and persuasion received a promise from Frank "to try and quit swearing."

He tried, and tried hard; but the habit was so strong that, after six months trial, he doubted whether it was possible to quit. His friend urged him to continue the effort, and, prompted by kind words and frequent acts of kindness on the part of his friend, Frank persevered in his efforts until the work was accomplished.

Frank now says, "It can be done," and today he is a regular attendant at Sabbath-school, a member of the Church, and more and better than all, a converted boy.

Who will imitate Frank? Who has the courage to fight this wicked habit, or any other, two years? And who among the Sabbath-school workers have the faith and patience to meet insult and indifference with kind acts and pleasant words? W.

[If Frank had gone to Jesus at once he could have had grace to conquer his bad habit in much less than two years.—Ed.]

GOD'S WILL THE BEST.

A LADY who was of a fretful, discontented disposition went to visit a sick child. "It must be very dull for you, my poor child," she said; "do you not long to be well enough to play again?"

"No, not long," answered the little sufferer. "I should like it if it were God's will, but he knows the best about everything."

The lady was taught a lesson which she never forgot.

ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.



R. POUND was the "gunner" of an English man-of-war named the Fawn. Being a very expert diver, he had been employed to recover the treasure from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ship Ava,

wrecked a few years ago on the coast of Ceylon. Having, in a gutta percha dress, made his way into the saloon, he was busy searching for the bullion, when, to his horror, he saw a huge ground-shark come sailing in at the door. With great presence of mind he lay motionless on the locker and watched it silently and grimly cruising about. One can well imagine his feelings when he saw its cold green eyes fixed upon him, and felt it pushing against the leaden soles of his boots, and rubbing against his dress, the slightest puncture in which would have been certain destruction.

After ten minutes of suspense, which must have seemed an age, during which the monster came back twice or thrice to have another look at him, Mr. Pound's courage and coolness were rewarded by seeing him steering his way back as he came.

Afterward he always armed himself with a large dagger when he went down to the wreck, from which he recovered altogether \$1,100,000, having spent eight hundred and fifty hours under water. He had also some narrow escapes at times from the opening and shutting of the iron plates of the ship as they worked with the roll of the sea. The air-pipe was twice severed from his helmet; but fortunately slackening, it warned the people above to lose no time in rescuing him from his perilous position.



MINNIE'S PRAYER FOR THE LITTLE BOATS.

DURING a visit to her uncle and aunt near the sea-shore, little Minnie was awakened one night by the howling of the wind. The house was on high ground, and every angry gust that swept by seemed to make it rock. The sound of the tempest was really terrific. Much alarmed, she clung to her mother. But her thoughts soon traveled to those whose dangers were greater than her own, and she said:

"Mamma, if you will pray to God for the great ships, I will speak a word to him for the little boats!"

Did some frail craft live out that stormy night? Some fishermen ride safely over the dark and furious waters in answer to Minnie's prayer? "The day shall declare it."

A COUNTRYMAN once brought a piece of board to an artist with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life.

"But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose."

The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he; "but lookee, sir; ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	45 cents per vol.
" 5 copies	" 10, " " 40 " "
" 10 "	" 20, " " 37 1/2 " "
" 20 "	" 30, " " 35 " "
" 30 "	" 40, " " 32 1/2 " "
" 40 "	" 50, " " 30 " "
" 50 "	" 75, " " 28 " "
" 75 "	" 100, " " 27 " "
" 100 "	" 200, " " 26 " "
" 200 " and upward,	" " 25 " "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to Rev. Dr. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.