



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE WRONG BOAT.

A GREAT crowd of passengers came hastening down to the ferries as the train from Buffalo came into Albany. Right at the gateway through which they all passed stood an officer calling in a loud voice, "Passengers for Springfield take the upper ferry!"

So the crowd divided, and by far the greater part went to the lower ferry, where a boat was just waiting to take them across to the trains going down the river to New York.

But when the Springfield passengers looked for their boat there was none there.

"We shall lose the train," said a lady in great excitement; "let us take the other boat; they land very near together."

"I don't like to try it," said I; "we might lose a great deal more time than we should gain."

Just as the bell struck on the ferry-boat the lady turned to a young man who was leaning against a lamp-post and asked quickly:

"Which boat do we take for the Springfield train?"

"Either one," said he confidently, "it makes no difference."

So, with a feeling of great relief, she hurried on board the boat, and, I am sorry to say, I followed her. At the other side stood another officer calling out, "New York and Harlem cars this way!"

"Where is the Springfield train?" asked the lady.

"Other depot, madam," said the man hurriedly; "better go back and take the upper ferry."

"Dear me," said the lady, looking about her, "can't we get there without going back?"

Now the depots were really but a short distance apart, but they were built on piers, so that to get from one to the other you must go a long way around, and cross two bridges. For my part, I was satisfied to take the officer's advice and go back to Albany, and after a little delay I crossed the upper ferry to the Springfield depot. There would be no train for several hours, so I sat down to wait and think about my adventure. In thinking it all over I came to the following conclusions:

If you want information on any subject, be sure and get that which is *reliable*; and if you know of any person whose business it is to *know that very thing*, and who has every opportunity to learn it correctly, that is the person whose judgment you should trust in the matter.

The officer was put there by the railroad company *on purpose* to tell people which boat to take, and it certainly was very foolish in us to trust to the information of a loafer because it happened to suit us. But I have known people to act just as unwisely in graver matters. At every point in life where two ways meet—the right and the wrong—God has put his officers to cry aloud, "*This is the way, walk ye in it*;" but many of the travelers pass the wrong way because some evil counselor says, "O it makes no difference which road you take, they both come out pretty much alike."

In the second place I concluded that two places may seem very near together and yet be so separated that they have not the least connection, just as my two depots were. There is one great aim for us all in this life, to glorify God and bless our fellow-men; and if we aim at anything else, no matter how near the right it may look to us now, by and by we shall find ourselves in the wrong harbor. And it does not help our case at all that we have gone in

very good company, and with people that profess to know.

And, finally, when my lady friend came into the depot, tired and out of breath with her long, weary walk, I concluded that if you have made a mistake and done a wrong or foolish thing, the very best way to get right is to turn square about and go back, and not try any round-about ways. Some people never will own that they have made a mistake, and if you show it to them, ever so plainly, they will argue, and explain, and try to justify it, and do everything but come out frankly and say, "Yes, I was mistaken. I didn't act wisely. I didn't choose the best way." There is always hope for people that are willing to acknowledge that they have been wrong; but Solomon says of the other class, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

A PET LION.

A GENTLEMAN, visiting at a house in Algeria, says: "In a few minutes the door opened, and a lion entered the room, the man only leading him by a tuft of his mane. He was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown, all but his mane, which, although but a foot long, made, nevertheless, a respectable appearance. He did not seem to care about our being strangers, but walking about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed, however, a marked predilection in favor of his old acquaintances, and lying down before them, turned on his back to be scratched. After a scratch or two he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face, a proceeding he evidently did not approve of. Rising in a hurry, curling up his lips, and wrinkling his nose, he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth, a sure sign that he was not pleased. A hearty sneeze seemed to restore him to good temper; and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat, bestowed upon him by Captain Martenot, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knees."—*Kennedy's Algeria and Tunis.*



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LOOK OUT FOR THE TEMPTER!

Nor long since, while in Minnesota, a friend and myself went out into one of those beautiful groves that abound in that state for the purpose of shooting pheasants. We had with us a dog (not much larger than one of my little reader's kittens) whose duty it was to "flush" the birds, when they would fly up and light upon a neighboring bush or tree. "Dick," for such was the dog's name, "treed" several, and as it was my first experience in this kind of hunting, I was greatly astonished at the apparent ignorance of the game. The birds would rise from the ground and light upon a bush just out of the reach of the dog, and quietly sit there until we would come up to within a few rods of them and kill them.

So intently was their attention taken up by the dog that they never once cast a glance around them to see if danger was near. They doubtless thought that so long as they were out of little Dick's reach they were beyond the reach of harm. But it was

* This word is a hunter's phrase, and means to scare up

not so. The hunter was behind, and he it was who dealt out to them the full measure for their carelessness.

I thought (and it was a painful one) how much these birds resembled too many of our dear young friends. They go on from day to day in the dangerous path of life without any preparation whatever for the future, and relying solely upon themselves for the time when danger may come. They daily do some little act without carefully examining whether it involves them in danger, and so go on from one thing to another until they are finally destroyed soul and body. I hope when the tempter comes my little friends will not, like the birds in the story, sit quietly by without fear, but that they will fly to a refuge that is sure, to an arm that is powerful, and that will shield them from all harm of whatever kind, to our Saviour Jesus Christ. M.



THE NEW BABY.

ANOTHER little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry
Who shall stand
On guard while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave.

A SMART LAD.

A BOY from the country was recently taken into a gentleman's family. One evening, after having been called up into the drawing-room, he came down into the kitchen laughing immoderately. "What's the matter?" cried the cook.

"Why," said he, "there are twelve on 'em up there, who could not snuff the candle, and they had to ring for I to do it!"

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