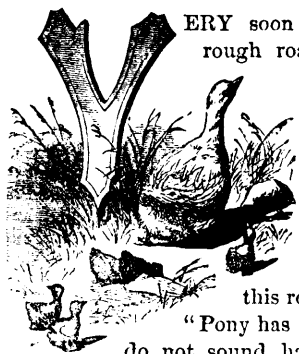


For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE MORNING'S RIDE.



VERY soon they turned into a rough road which seemed to have been untrodden for a long time. The old snow-drifts had not been broken up, and the black pony tugged wearily with his little load.

"Why do you go in this road, papa?" said Alice.

"Pony has to go so slow the bells do not sound half so pretty as they did before."

"We must go where we can find poor people, you know," replied her father.

"Are there any sick people on this bad road?" Alice inquired.

"There is one very poor and feeble old lady not far from here, who lives all alone, with not even one little child to cheer her."

"And has she no one to bring her food?"

"No, Alice; I do not know that she has any friends in town who ever come to see if she needs food. She used to go out for it herself, but I have not seen her now for a long time, and I am afraid she is in great want."

"Poor old lady," said Alice; "I hope she is not sick all alone. But, O papa, it is not at that house you are going to stop! O, I cannot stop there."

They had just turned a corner in the road, and a poor old hut, half buried in snow, met their view. It was "Old Nan's" cottage.

Mr. Willis not answering, Alice sprang upon her feet in the sleigh, and looking up in his face imploringly said, "O, dear papa, don't you remember about my poor, dear little Frolic? Do let us go on as fast as we can."

But Mr. Willis had already reined pony as near the old house as possible, and as he took Alice in his arms to carry her through the snow he whispered:

"Does my little girl forget that Jesus said, 'Love your enemies?'"

The old broken door creaked wildly on its hinges as it was pushed open, and the dismal sight that met their gaze made Alice tremble. There was no fire upon the hearth, and the snow that had swept in from many a crevice in the walls lay yet upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a worn and soiled table, and a bed composed the furniture of the room.

A sharp voice called out to them from the bed, "What do you want? Don't come here to torment a poor dying creature."

Alice began to cry and beg her father to go; but he took her hand kindly and led her to the bed.

"We have come to make you more comfortable, Nannie," he said.

"Comfortable! There's no comfort for a miserable wretch like me. I'm freezing and starving! Go away! Why do you come to mock my misery?"

"I am going to make you a fire, Nannie, and then my little girl will warm you some broth we have brought for you."

"She warm me broth? No, no; I killed her lamb. She hates me. Go away and let me die, I tell you."

Farmer Willis soon found something with which he proceeded to build a fire, while Alice stood gazing upon the suffering old woman. She had raised herself in the bed and was clutching the tattered rags that formed its covering. Her face was dark and deeply wrinkled; her eye sunken but of a piercing black; her long gray hair was hanging in matted locks upon her shoulders, and her whole frame was shivering with cold.

"Why do you stand staring at me?" she muttered; "I was as young and pretty as you are once; and I used to have enough to eat and a good home. But my father was killed when I was no older than you are, and my mother went off and left me in the

almshouse, where everybody wished I was dead. People have always wished so since. And I shall be soon," she added as she threw herself back upon the soiled pillow and tossed her shriveled arms wildly above her head.

Alice's little bosom heaved with mingled emotions of terror and pity. She poured some broth in a tin cup and set it upon the coals that were growing bright and blazing. When it was warm she grasped her father's hand tightly as she carried it to the bedside. At first the poor creature refused to taste it. But when Alice's voice was choked with weeping as she ventured to lay her little hand lightly upon the withered arm and say, "Poor old lady, don't feel so bad. Only just taste this nice broth, and see if it is not good," she allowed herself to swallow the spoonful that was presented to her lips. Then she reached for the cup, and grasping it with both her trembling hands, she drank all its contents and returned it to Alice with almost a smile, saying, "Now go away."

"Shall we go home and leave her now?" asked Mr. Willis.

"Leave her?" said Alice with surprise; "O, papa, no. She will die with no one to take care of her. Poor, poor old Nannie!"

"But what must we do, Alice? There is no wood and no clothing for the bed, and we have no more food suitable for her, or any medicines to make her well. We must go home and provide all these things and return, if we would do her any good."

"And may I come back with you?" Alice asked imploringly.

"No, no, you will not come back!" cried the voice of old Nan. "Look at me once more and let me see a child pity me. There, go! You will not come back to see old Nan."

As they rode homeward Alice asked if they would not try very hard to make poor Nannie well, and if he would not teach her to be good so she might go to the blessed Jesus's arms when she died, where everybody would love her.

"And can my little daughter love everybody now?" inquired Mr. Willis.

"O, papa," replied Alice, "I thought I could not love old Nan because she was so wicked, and killed my pretty lamb, and looked so cross and bad to us all. But I am sorry I was so wicked; I want her to get well; I want her to be good. Yes, I do love her, and I want all the people to love her, because she is so poor and lonely."

"Do you remember, Alice, who it was that always loved those who were unkind to him, and tried to do them good?"

"I know it was the good Saviour who did so, papa, and I remember when the wicked people were killing him he prayed to God to forgive them, because he loved them. O I will never hate any one again. I will love all the world."

In the next Advocate I will finish my story of Alice.

AN UGLY HORSE CURED BY KINDNESS.

"We once had a very awkward horse to shoe," said a smith, "and I was punishing it severely to make it stand still. My shop was just before the kitchen windows, and my wife, who is a kind-hearted woman, came out and reproved me for my conduct to the animal. She went up to it, patted it, spoke kindly to it, stood close up to it, and it stood as quiet as a lamb, and we could have done anything with it."

O that people would try kindness. It is a mighty cure.

PA, YOU BLOWED MY EYES OUT.

Our little Kittie, two years old, says some funny things. On retiring to rest the other night we blew out the light, when she suddenly exclaimed, "There, pa, you blew my eyes out; that's too bad!"

On lighting the candle again she said, "There, I've got my eyes again."



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

WHAT can I give to Jesus,
Who "gave himself for me?"
How can I show my love to him
Who died on Calvary?

I'll give my *heart* to Jesus
In childhood's tender spring;
I know that he will not despise
So mean an offering.

I'll give my *soul* to Jesus,
And calmly, gladly rest
Its youthful hopes and fond desires
Upon his loving breast.

I'll give my *time* to Jesus;
O that each hour might be
Filled up with holy work for him
Who spent his life for me!

I'll give my *wealth* to Jesus,
'Tis little I possess;
But all I am, and all I have,
Dear Lord, accept and bless.

A SMART BOY.

"GRANDMA, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of a venerable lady who sat on the garden-seat knitting.

"No, my dear; why is it?" said grandma, bending her ear, eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the little pet.

"Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical search and grandma her knitting.

Wasn't Charlie a bright boy!

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