



### BE CONTENT.

If others are wealthy while we are but poor,  
We still may be happy as they;  
For moderate desire, not immoderate store,  
But keep discontentment away.

The noblest and richest have troubles to bear  
Amid their possessions untold;  
Of suffering and sorrow they all have their share  
In spite of their titles and gold.

Our sleep is as sound, and our food is as sweet,  
As any which they can enjoy;  
And time never passes so pleasant and fleet  
As when spent in useful employ.

If duty be done, 'tis a far greater thing  
Than riches or honors to gain;  
With this 'e'en a cottage will happiness bring;  
Without it, a palace were vain.

### "GO AWAY!"

"Angry looks can do no good,  
And blows are dealt in blindness;  
Words are better understood  
If spoken but in kindness."

"Do as you would be done by."

"PLEASE to buy some matches of a poor boy."

"Go away!" was the reply.

No one likes to be told to go away, not even a dog, especially when told to do so in an angry tone. The little beggar boy to whom Harry Richards addressed the above words, just because he asked him to buy some matches, went away looking very sorrowful. It was unfortunate the little boy had to beg, no doubt; but that was no reason why Harry should lose his temper, or speak in such a harsh tone to one of his fellow-creatures. In a few moments afterward Harry had forgotten all about the beggar boy, and went to get his hoop. It was a very cold day, and he intended to have a good run with his hoop, but he had forgotten that he had no hoop-stick.

"O dear," said Harry, "what a bore! I forgot I had lost my hoop-stick. I must go and ask papa if he will give me some money to buy one."

So off he ran to his papa's study, where he found him busily engaged in reading a newspaper.

"Please, papa," said Harry, "will you give me some money to buy a hoop-stick? I want to have a good run with my hoop."

His papa did not take any notice of him; so Harry asked him over again in the same beseeching tone as before. His papa turned round, and, in an angry and impatient tone, exclaimed, "Go away!"

Harry started, and turned pale with fright; but his

papa went on reading, and took no more notice of him. So Harry walked out of the room feeling very miserable.

"Papa was busy, so I ought not to have disturbed him," said Harry to himself; "but for all that, he need not have spoken so VERY angrily."

Then he remembered the poor little beggar boy to whom he had spoken so harshly that same morning, and he wondered if he had felt as miserable as he did when he told him to go away. "I spoke quite as angrily as papa did to me, and I dare say he went away thinking me very unfeeling and proud, treating him as if he were a dog; no, not a dog neither, for I always speak kindly to dear old Frisk;" and Frisk, hearing his name pronounced by Harry, came up, wagging his tail, and licked his hand. "Even if I could not afford to give to a beggar, I could bestow a kind word on him; kind words are cheap enough. I do not know what possessed me to speak so cross, unless it is because I have heard people say beggars ought not to be encouraged; but this is no excuse; I might tell them to go away in a civil tone."

Now, Harry was rather distressed for want of a hoop-stick, and he dared not go and interrupt his papa again. At last he thought he would go to the wood and see if he could find a stick that would do, although two of his schoolfellows were waiting for him at the swing across the old tree on the common. He saw many sticks and broken branches lying on the ground, but none of them thick enough to answer his purpose. Presently he espied exactly the sized stick he required, but it was too long, and he would have to break it. He tried to break it, but he was not strong enough, and he was very nearly giving up all hopes of obtaining it, when he heard a step behind him, and a voice said, "I think I could break it," and seizing hold of it, the speaker bent his knee upon it with all his might until it snapped right in two; and then, before Harry had time to thank him, he was off like a shot, leaving the broken stick lying on the ground at Harry's feet. It was the little beggar boy to whom Harry had spoken so crossly that morning. He certainly showed that he bore no malice, poor little fellow. Whether he ran away so quickly afterward out of fear of Harry or to show that he did not expect to be paid for what he had done, I do not know; but I know that Harry, instead of picking up the stick, took to his heels and ran after the little beggar boy, calling out to him to stop; but he was too swift for Harry. He could neither catch him nor make him hear. So he returned to the spot where he had left the stick, and picking it up, he walked toward his own home. On his way thither he met his father.

"Well, Harry, my boy," said he, "what makes you look so thoughtful? By the by, you wanted money to buy a hoop-stick."

"I thought you were too busy to give me any this morning, papa," said Harry, "so I went to look for a stick in the woods."

"Why, you happened to come just at the moment when I was reading a very interesting article in the *Tribune*," said his papa. "I believe I spoke rather harshly to you. I lost my temper, which I ought not to have done. Here, take this money for your hoop-stick."

"No, thank you, papa," said Harry, "I have got a hoop-stick without buying one, and I would not part with it for the world."

"Why, where did you get it from?"

Harry then told his papa the whole history of the poor little beggar boy: how he had come and begged him so innocently to buy some of his matches; and how he had told him to go away in an angry, proud tone; and then he told how miserable he had felt when his papa had used the same words and spoken in the same harsh tones to him; and how this had recalled his own unfeeling conduct to the beggar boy. He told him of the scene in the woods, and then he said, "O papa, I cannot tell you how superior that little ragged boy seemed to be to myself when I saw him thus engaged in returning good for evil. He has taught me a lesson which I shall never for-

get, and I intend to treasure up this hoop-stick as a remembrance of that little forgiving boy."

"We must look for the fine little fellow," said his papa, "and see what can be done for him. I wonder how he came to be begging. I hope, my dear Harry, it will be a lesson to us both for the future to be kind and courteous to every one, even to a beggar; for we may be kindly treating an angel unawares, as your little ragged friend has proved himself to be in disposition. And let us remember that there is one great Being who, when he was on earth, never said a harsh word to any one: he never said 'Go away.' To the poor little infants who were brought to him our Saviour said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And to us all he says, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

### THE TRUE VINE.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.—John xv, 1-5.

YES, Jesus is God's vine. When a child believes in Jesus he becomes a branch of this vine, and his life bears fruit which is more precious in God's sight than rich grapes are to men. When I see a child full of love to Jesus, full of kindness toward his friends, having a sweet temper, and doing right always, I say in my heart, "That child is a branch in God's vine. His good actions are the grapes he bears. I'm sure God loves that child."

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