

## LITTLE BETTIE.

"HAND me some water, Harry, will you?"  
"In a minute, Bettie."

And Bettie's feverish cheeks were pressed again to the pillow; and little Harry's hands went on as busily as ever with the trap he was making, and at length he entirely forgot the request.

"Please get it now, Harry," he at last heard, and scattering knife and strings in his haste, he was soon holding a cup to her pale lips. But she turned her head languidly from it. "Not this, please, but some fresh and cold from the well," she said.

"O don't be so particular, Bettie; this is fresh, and I am so busy I can't go now: wont this do?"

She no longer refused, but quietly took the cup which he offered; and it was the last, last time she ever called upon her brother for an act of kindness. Ere another day had passed she stood beside the River of Life, and drank its cool waters, never to thirst again. And of all who wept over that little brown coffin there were none who shed more bitter tears than the little boy who could not forget that he had refused the last request of his little sister.

Little children, are you kind to one another, or are you cross, selfish, and fretful? Remember, then, the time may come when they will be beyond your reach; and then, O how gladly would you give all you possess to have them back again! It would not bring them back. Henry was a kind-hearted boy, and dearly loved his little sister; and she had only been sick a little while, so that he did not consider her dangerously ill; but this was no comfort to him when she was gone.

"O mother!" he would say, "if I had only brought that water for her I could hear it; but now she is where I can never, never wait on her again."

Think of this when you are tempted to quarrel, to be selfish, or unkind; for do you know if one of you should die the rest would remember every act of unkindness, every bitter word which had fallen from your lips; but then it would be too late to recall it; too late to ask forgiveness!

## WORK FOR ALL.

The drops of rain and the rays of light  
Are small themselves; but when all unite  
They water the world, and they make it bright.

Then do not say, "Of what use am I?"  
We may each do good if we will but try;  
We may soothe some grief, or some want supply.

We can lend to the poor a helping hand;  
We can cheer the sick as we by them stand;  
We can send God's word to a heathen land.

We can speak to others in tones of love;  
We can dwell in peace like the gentle dove;  
We can point the weary to rest above.

O how sweet to think that in life's young days  
We may live to show forth our Saviour's praise,  
And may guide some feet into Wisdom's ways.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THUNDER-BULLETS.

A SEVERE storm of wind, with thunder, rain, and hail, recently passed over this place. A little girl had been sent by her mother on an errand and was overtaken by the tempest. With difficulty she reached home, tossed by the wind, wet with the rain, pelted with the hail, and perhaps some frightened. She rushed into the house exclaiming:

"O mother! the *thunder-bullets* have hit me on my head and almost killed me!"

She had never seen a hail-storm before.

TRYBAN.

A GIFT in secret pacifieth anger, and a reward in the bosom strong wrath.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## "BLESS THE LORD!"

"MAMMA, what makes grandpa say, 'Bless the Lord' so much?" asked little Willie Pratt, who always kept his eyes and ears wide open when he was not asleep, and loved to ask the "reason of things." "Grandpa says 'Bless the Lord' when you tell him good news, and in meeting he says it a great deal."

"That's certainly because he is hearing good news, my son," replied Mrs. Pratt. "The news of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ is the best news he could hear."

"Well, but why should he say it at all?" persisted Willie.

"O, grandpa has a grateful heart, and with him 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' as the Saviour said, you remember. You can generally tell what kind of a heart a person has by the exclamations they use habitually. Even a child will manifest its character by this habit. Impatient, cross, and fretful exclamations generally come from a wrong spirit. This would be a happy world if every one had such a glad and thankful heart as your dear old grandfather, who says 'Bless the Lord' so often."

"But, mother, it would not sound well if I said it as often as he does, would it?"

"You need not say it often unless you choose, Willie, but I hope you will *think* it often, and if you let it take the place of some of your exclamations which pain me sometimes it would be a commendable change."

Willie smiled, looking a little conscious of deserving reproof, and kept silent, but in his young heart arose an earnest desire to lay aside every petulant and unkind exclamation and substitute his grandfather's and the Psalmist's better words, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!" P. A. H.

## THE DANDELION.

"UGLY flower! I wont pick you!" said little Harry as he pulled the daisies and buttercups in the meadow and suddenly came to a fine large dandelion.

The dandelion had done its best to look bright and gay all day, and it was very sad to hear its happy broad golden face found fault with like this.

"I wonder why nobody likes me," it thought sadly; "every other flower is taken notice of, and I am left neglected and forlorn. I did not make myself, and I do not want to be disagreeable. I wonder

if anybody will ever care about me, or shall I shut up my petals and die."

"No, no," whispered the breeze which passed over it, "keep on hoping."

And just then a large bee came buzzing through the long meadow grass, and it rested on the yellow dandelion and found some honey in its heart, and said, "Beautiful flower, I am glad I found you out;" and the dandelion held up its golden face to the sun, and said, "I have not lived for nothing."

God has given us all the power of being a comfort to somebody.

## UNFORTUNATE CAUTION.

A FRENCH paper gives a curious chapter of accidents in which each person did exactly what he or she should have done, and yet the result was nearly the destruction of a family:

A fire, attended by a singular accident and loss of life, happened a few days ago at Guiche. A girl living as servant with a grocer named Duguet, on entering a bedroom, accidentally set fire to the window-curtains. She immediately raised an alarm, and commenced tearing down the burning material, which she threw out of the window. The grocer, on hearing the cries of fire, rolled into the street a barrel of gunpowder, weighing about fifty pounds, which he had in the shop. At that moment a piece of the burning curtain fell on the barrel, some of the staves of which were damaged, and the powder exploded, blowing down the house, in the ruins of which five persons were buried. The wife of the grocer received such injuries that she died shortly after; the man himself had to undergo the amputation of one of his legs, while the servant and two lodgers were seriously hurt."

A coroner's jury sitting on the above case would, without question, bring in a verdict of no blame attaching to any one. And who can controvert it?

## A MISSIONARY CAT.

At a missionary meeting on one occasion a child whose heart was touched could think of nothing to give except a favorite cat, and brought poor Pussy to the clergyman as a contribution! Though somewhat amused, he accepted the offering, and on telling the story Puss soon found a purchaser, and the price being put into the list of contributions as the sale of a "missionary cat," she went by that name for the rest of her life.

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