

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## Wallace and the Whip.

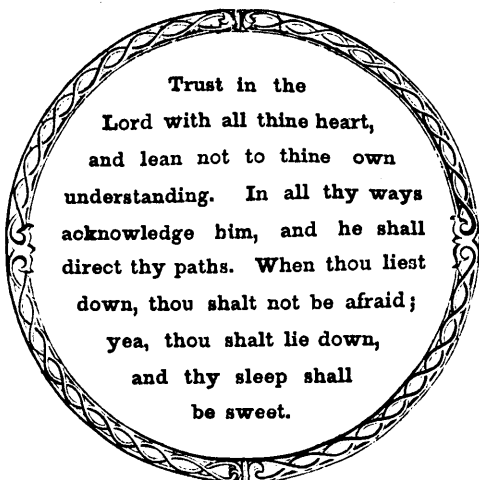


WHEN Wallace was twelve years old, it so happened that he had to drive team, and do a great deal of work in that way. By this means he helped his widowed mother, and it made him very glad to be able to do so. But still he was a boy, and he had a boy's tastes and notions, and among other things he thought he really needed a whip. He said nothing about it for a long time, but at length, one day when he was to take some things to town to sell, he spoke to his mother about it. She loved him dearly, but she knew that it would not hurt him to deny himself, and besides she really needed every cent of the money to buy necessary clothing for the other children. So she kindly represented the true state of the case to him, and he cheerfully gave up the anticipated pleasure. He went to town, made his sales and his purchases, and was about to start for home, when he passed a harness shop where there were a great many whips. He stepped in without stopping to think, snapped and tried some of them, and asked their price, just because he was interested in whips, and without reflecting that he was putting himself in the way of temptation. There was no one in the shop but a boy, and he soon went into the cellar, leaving Wallace entirely alone. Then the thought occurred to him that he could take a whip and step out, and no one would know it. He stepped to the door. There stood his team ready, he had only to jump in and ride off with the coveted whip.

Just then the thought of his dear good mother, and her counsels and prayers, came up before him as if she had been personally present, and he threw down the whip, sprang into his wagon, and drove off, a conqueror. He grew up to be a good man, and a great comfort to his mother, but he could never think of that moment of temptation without a shudder. If he had yielded then, and gone astray, it would probably have changed the whole course of his life. It is never safe to do wrong; it is always safe to do right. J.

## The African's Prayer.

A LITTLE African was one day heard to pray thus: "Lord Jesus, my heart bad too much. Me want to love you, me want to serve you, but my bad heart will not let me. O Lord Jesus, me can't make me good. Take away this bad heart. O Lord Jesus, give me new heart. O Lord Jesus, me sin every day. Pardon me sin. O Lord Jesus, let me sin no more."



Trust in the  
Lord with all thine heart,  
and lean not to thine own  
understanding. In all thy ways  
acknowledge him, and he shall  
direct thy paths. When thou liest  
down, thou shalt not be afraid;  
yea, thou shalt lie down,  
and thy sleep shall  
be sweet.

## The Snow.

"For he saith to the snow, be thou on the earth." Job xxxii, 6.

God sends the feathery snow-shower down  
To warm the frozen ground;  
On fields and gardens, hills and trees,  
It falls without a sound.

It keeps the trees and plants alive  
By sheltering the roots;  
And from the biting frost it saves  
The early little shoots.

And when the snow is on the ground,  
No blades of grass we see;  
No worms and insects creep or fly  
On earth, or plant, or tree.

What will the little birds do then?  
How will they all be fed?  
The hungry ones will come to us  
And beg for crumbs of bread.

And in the fields the sheep will wait  
So patiently each day,  
Until the careful shepherd comes  
With turnips or with hay.

But while we think of birds and beasts  
We'll not forget the poor;  
Nor send away the starving child  
That's begging at the door.

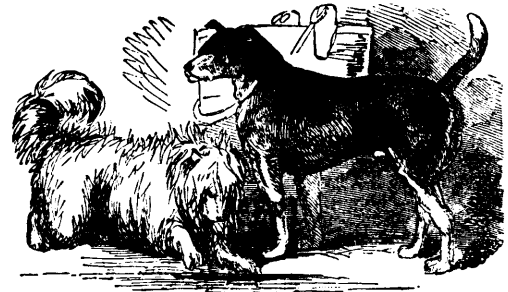


God gives us everything we have,  
Not for ourselves alone,  
But that, to others, we may show  
The kindness he hath shown.

And while you are a little child,  
And have not much to give,  
Ask God to make the rich man kind,  
And help the poor to live.

## A Good Mother.

A LITTLE girl of five years old was one evening very rude and noisy when visiting with her mother at a neighbor's house. The mother said, "Sarah, you must not do so." The child soon forgot, and went on with her bad behavior. The mother said, "Sarah, if you do so again I will punish you;" but not long after Sarah did so again. When the time for going home arrived, the child began to think of the punishment that awaited her with great sorrow. A woman beside her said to quiet her, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to punish you." "O," said Sarah, "that will do no good; my mother never tells lies."



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## Rory's Tricks.

RORY was an Irish dog, that is, he was raised in Ireland; he had an Irish name, and some Irish humor, and he loved fun as well as any Paddy. He was of the terrier breed, not a very large dog himself, but he seemed to have conceived a supreme contempt for lap dogs, and he took particular delight in terrifying them. One day he met a very fat lap dog, the property of an equally fat old lady, waddling along the street. Rory looked at it demurely for a minute, and then gave it a pat which rolled it over on its back. Its mistress immediately snatched it up, and put it upon her muff; whereupon Rory erected himself upon his hind legs, a trick in which he was very expert, and walked by her side, making occasional snatches at the lap dog. The terrified old lady struck at him with her fur neck tie, which Rory caught in his mouth, and carried off down the street in an ecstasy of delight, now and then tripping over it, and rolling heels over head.

If he had possessed good sense like a boy, I should have given him a lecture for browbeating dogs that were smaller than himself, and for annoying old ladies; but, being only a dog, he probably would not understand the morality or the good taste of such advice. It is reserved for human beings like my readers to know better than to play such tricks, and to teach their dogs better. But Rory had his good tricks too. He had learned to shut the door, to ring the bell, to bring his master's slippers, and to put the cat down stairs. This latter feat he accomplished by pushing her down each successive stair with his nose. When his master was at college, he was accustomed to sit with him at the breakfast table, dressed in cap and gown, where his deportment was very proper, and afforded a good example to some of the guests. AUNT JULIA.

LITTLE DOTIE was intensely fond of her baby brother, and, with her arm round his neck, she would sing,

"Little brother, darling boy,  
You are very dear to me;  
I am happy, full of joy,  
When your smiling face I see."

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