

PHEBE DOWNS AND HER DOG.

LITTLE PHEBE DOWNS heard a poor dog howling piteously one day. She went and found him, and saw he was hurt. He snarled and snapped when she came near. "Poor dog!" said Phebe; "poor dog!"

The next day she took him a bone; then she brought him a pan of water. He drank greedily. When Phebe came again he wagged his tail; and the next day he limped to meet her. She told her father about the hurt stray dog, and asked leave to bring him home. Her father gave her leave. She went and invited him to her house, and though I suppose he did not quite understand her words, he understood what kindness was, and followed her, and became a faithful house-dog in his little mistress's family.

When Phebe was coming from school one day she saw some thoughtless boys stoning a kitten. "Don't!" cried Phebe, "pray don't abuse the poor thing."

"O it belongs to nobody," said the boys; "we are only having a little fun."

"It belongs to *somebody*," said Phebe; "it is *God's kitten*, and you have no business to treat God's creatures so."

The boys did not think of that; they did not know it was God's kitten, they said, or they should not have treated it so, and they left off directly.

Phebe took it home. Towser at first was not pleased to see it in Phebe's arms; but she told Towser the story, and although he did not understand the story, he understood enough to know he must treat it kindly and protect it from harm.

It would prevent a great deal of cruelty and neglect of the dumb creatures if we kept in mind they were God's. They are God's horses which wicked men beat and work so unmercifully. They are God's oxen and cows which greedy people sometimes starve in their winter fodder. They are God's lambs that are often neglected to be housed in the storm, and God's dogs that are kicked and abused. They are the work of his hands and the creatures of his care; and they are as curiously and wonderfully formed with flesh, and blood, and brains, and heart, and lungs as we are; and though they are dumb and cannot plead for themselves, God will not forget our ill-treatment in the great day of account.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HONOR THE ROPE.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was talking to her class about honoring their parents; and to show the difference between honor and fear she said:

"Suppose a mother has a rope in her hands and shakes it at May and John, and they mind only when they see the rope; do they honor their mother?"

"No!" replied the members of the class very promptly, and one little one added, "They honor the rope!"

Little reader, do *you* honor the rope? or do you, for very love and respect to your mother, go and do immediately and cheerfully what she bids you without waiting for her to repeat the request? Nay, more, do you, even in your mother's absence, delight to do the things that you know she would approve whether she has requested you to do them or not? And do you do all this when perhaps of your free choice you would do otherwise? If so you are a happy child, for you honor your mother. The approbation of good men and the smile of God is upon you. Go on and prosper. Live long in the land and enjoy the good things that the Lord gives to you.

LITTLE HARRY, while playing one day, hurt his finger. Seeing it bleeding, he called out, "Hurry, mamma, and stop it, it's leaking."



THE SOURCE OF LIGHT.

"WHERE does the moon get its light, mother?
It shines so soft and mild."

"It catches the golden rays of the sun
And turns them white, my child."

"Where does the sun get his golden rays?
Are they within his breast?
Or is it a robe of soft warm light
In which the sun is dressed?"

"And are we wrapped within its folds,
When'er he passes by?
Or is it, tell me, my mother dear,
The love-glance of his eye?"

"When all the clouds are swept away,
It falls upon the earth;
And it thrills through all my heart like love,
And fills my soul with mirth."

"My child, my child, the sun has got
No radiance of its own;
The light which makes thy young heart glad
It borrows from the throne,

"The great white throne, where Jesus reigns,
The angel-worlds above;
The light which falleth from the sun
Out-poureth from his love!"

B. H. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BLACK CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.



ET those who say the blacks have no intellect go to Calabar and try to teach the Qua children. They would soon find that their intellect only needs to be drawn out." So says one of the Wesleyan missionary teachers there, and then she goes on to tell about them. She says the children are very eager to learn. They soon mastered the alpha-

bet and learned to read the Bible, and then those who were farthest advanced were permitted to learn English. Writing with the *black stick* (pencil) was at first a great mystery to them, but they soon mastered this and learned to write with the *black water* also, and addressed many little notes to their teacher.

Tickets are given to the children for attendance, good lessons, and so on, and redeemed with articles of clothing. So the children save up their tickets very carefully, and when the monthly sale comes

around they buy what they need, shirts, dresses, kerchiefs, boxes, and other things, as far as their tickets will allow. That is a great day for the children, and, to crown all, they have a "festival." The teacher treats them to a little fruit and *half a biscuit* each! Think of that, you who are treated to cakes, and nuts, and candies, and whose parents furnish all your clothing, so that your school-rewards are beautiful books or keepsakes. But that is a small matter. If they learn to love the Lord Jesus and he saves them in his kingdom, they may yet be much better off than some of the favored Sunday-scholars of our land who know the Lord Jesus but love him not.

OLD JACK, THE SAGACIOUS HORSE.

THE whole of the stone required for Waterloo Bridge, London, (excepting the balustrades, which were brought ready-worked from Aberdeen.) was hewn in some fields adjacent to the erection on the Surrey side. It was transported on to the work upon trucks drawn along railways, in the first instance over temporary bridges of wood; and it is a re-

markable circumstance that nearly the whole of the material was drawn by one horse, called "Old Jack," a most sensible animal and a great favorite. His driver was, generally speaking, a steady and trustworthy man, though rather too fond of his dram before breakfast. As the railway along which the stone was drawn passed in front of the public-house door, the horse and truck were usually pulled up while Tom entered for his "morning." On one occasion the driver stayed so long that "Old Jack," becoming impatient, poked his head into the open door, and taking his master's coat collar between his teeth, though in a gentle sort of manner, pulled him out from the midst of his companions, and thus forced him to resume his day's work.—*Smilie's Lives of Engineers.*

A CHILD in India had been brought up and instructed in the Christian religion. When about eight years old some heathens older than himself ridiculed him, and asked to see his God. "I cannot show you my God," said he, "but I can show you yours."

He then took up a stone, and daubing something like a face upon it, he said, "There is such a God as you worship."

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the *Second and Fourth Saturday* of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	45 cents per vol.
" 5 copies " 10, " " "	40 " " "
" 10 " " 20, " " "	37½ " " "
" 20 " " 30, " " "	35 " " "
" 30 " " 40, " " "	32½ " " "
" 40 " " 50, " " "	30 " " "
" 50 " " 75, " " "	28 " " "
" 75 " " 100, " " "	27 " " "
" 100 " " 200, " " "	26 " " "
" 200 " and upward, " " "	25 " " "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to REV. DR. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.