

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## "GO AWAY!"

NEVER, perhaps, did two sisters live in more unbroken harmony and love than my sister Caroline and I; and never, perhaps, were two sisters more unlike each other than were we. She was a frail, delicate creature, and as she moved dreamily around the house, she looked more fit to be a companion for angels than an inhabitant of this cold world. Although four years younger than my elf, she was my superior in everything except education, which her poor health had prevented her from acquiring. She was a serious, calm, and thoughtful girl, never saying or doing anything save in its proper time and place, while I was a strong, healthy, laughing, romping creature, always making blunders, (as soon forgotten as made.) But still, rude as I was, I had an affection for my delicate sister which always prompted me to treat her tenderly.

On one occasion, however, I was very busily engaged with a most difficult example which I had been trying for more than an hour to work out on my slate. Just at the most critical moment, when it was conquer or be conquered, my sister came to me, and in a low, pleasant tone, requested me to perform some trifling act of kindness, which could have been done in a few moments, when I could have resumed my studies, and saved the harsh words that have been a source of regret ever since. "Go away!" said I in an unpleasant tone, without looking up from my studies.

She looked at me for a moment; then her large, mournful eyes filled with tears, her lip quivered, and in a tremulous voice she said:

"Sister, did you mean to speak cross to me?"

O I would have given worlds at that moment if I could have recalled those two harsh words! My slate was immediately laid aside. I went to my sister, drew my arm closely around her, and spoke kindly to her while I carefully attended to her little wants.

Years have rolled into eternity since then; that loved sister has long since slept beneath the clods of the valley; and yet, often does that slender form rise up before me, and I think I hear again that sad, sweet voice, saying, "Sister, did you mean to speak cross to me?"

Many and bitter are the tears which I have shed over those cold, harsh words hastily spoken in an evil moment, but repented of for a lifetime. O that I could blot out that one dark spot from the bright pages of our life's happy history! But this is impossible. I can now only warn others against placing the same thorn in their pillow.

Beware then, young friends, how you speak unkindly to your associates, and especially to your brothers and sisters. Remember that kind words leave no painful remembrances, while harsh, unpleasant words may cause many days and nights of sorrowful reflections when those to whom they were addressed have passed away from earth. Kind words cost no more than unkind words, and who can tell how many an erring one may be persuaded back to the path of rectitude by kindness. Remember, then, young friends, speak kindly to all.

MARY I. B.

## THE MAGPIE.

MR. THOMPSON tells an amusing story of a tame magpie, which struck up a friendship with a peculiarly long-wooled sheep. The bird was accustomed to sit on the back of his friend, couching upon the long thick fleece, and making short excursions among the sheep for the purpose of pecking their legs, and making them run about. He also employed the fleece of his friend as a treasury of stolen goods, being accustomed to hide his pilferings among the thick wool and mount guard over them.



## THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

Two friends went out one morning to hunt chamois on the Alps. One of them fired and hit the chamois, which, wounded and bleeding, ran away and met the other hunter in a narrow pass between two immense blocks of rock. This man took aim and pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire. With quick decision he then threw his gun away, sprang upon the chamois, caught him by the horns, and allowed the angry animal to drag him over rock and turf, until, just on the edge of a fearful precipice, it fell down exhausted. Two or three steps more would have dashed them both over. After a second a new struggle began on the brink of the cliff. The hunter caught firm hold of a tough bough of fir-wood with one hand, while he grasped the chamois' horns with the other. He waited in this position for some minutes till his companion came up, and, with a few stabs from his knife, killed the still-resisting animal.

## THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

ONCE, in the silence of the night,  
The lamp of God was clear and bright;  
And there, by holy angels kept,  
Samuel the child securely slept.

An unknown voice the stillness broke,  
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke.  
He rose—he asked, "Whence came the word?  
From Eli?"—no: it was the Lord!

Thus early called to serve his God,  
The paths of righteousness he trod;  
Prophetic visions filled his breast,  
And Israel, taught by him, was blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days  
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;  
O, let thy voice now reach our ear;  
Speak, Lord, and let thy servants hear.

And ye who know the Saviour's love,  
And all his mercies richly prove,  
Your timely, friendly aid afford,  
And teach us how to serve the Lord.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A DREAM.

WISH to tell the readers of the Advocate a little dream. 'Tis the dream of a very good and wise German lady named Rahel Varnhagen Von Ense. She says:

"In my seventh year I dreamed that I saw God quite near me. He stood above me, and his mantle was the whole sky. On a corner of this mantle I had leave to rest, and lay there in peaceable felicity till I awoke. Ever since, through my whole life, this dream has returned. In the worst times it has been present in my waking hours and given me heavenly comfort. I had leave to throw myself at God's feet on a corner of his mantle. He permitted it."



How beautiful was this dream! How true the lesson it taught! The cloak of God's love is indeed as large as the sky, and we may all lay our weary heads and hearts upon it.

C. J. LACROIX.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

As the armies of the North and South march back and forth through the states in rebellion against the United States, of course they wish to know whether the people whom they meet are friendly or hostile to them. And the inhabitants on their part are obliged to be very careful what they say and do, for if they are friendly to the Union and appear glad to see the northern soldiers, and try to help them, some of their secessionist neighbors may take their time after the soldiers are gone to play them some ugly trick.

The poor blacks have their full share of the suffering, and soon learn to be cautious. An amusing instance of this occurred recently in a town in Louisiana. An old negro sat on the fence by the roadside watching the entrance of the northern troops, when a soldier coming up to him rather suddenly, inquired whether he was in favor of the Confederates or the Yankees. The old man looked very smiling, but he would not say that he was pleased.

"Why, you see, master," said he, "it aint for an old nigger like me to know anything about politics."

"Well, let me know what side you are on any way," said his questioner rather sternly.

The negro at once put on a serious look and replied:

"I'm on de Lord's side and he'll work out his salvation; bress de Lord!"

He told the truth, no doubt, and he showed himself altogether too sharp to be caught even by a Yankee.

C.

## A SHORT SERMON FOR A CHILD.

Now, children, if my watch has lost its mainspring where shall I go to get it mended? To the tailor's? No. To the blacksmith's? No. To the watchmaker's? Yes. Why? Because he makes watches, and knows how to mend them. Now, if your hearts are bad, where will you go to have them healed? To your parents? No. To the priest? No. To Jesus Christ? Yes. Why? Because he made the heart, and knows how to heal it.

He who bestows his goods upon the poor,  
Shall have as much again and ten times more.

## 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, " " 80 " "
" 20 "	" 40, " " 160 " "
" 40 "	" 80, " " 320 " "
" 80 "	" 160, " " 640 " "
" 100 "	" 200, " " 800 " "
" 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.