

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

UPPER LITTLE

SUNSHINE  
C.A.N.A.D.A.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

UNTO ME

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 8.

JANUARY 27, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 248.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

### THE CRUEL DONKEY-DRIVER.

"Don't beat that poor donkey so cruelly?" said a lady one day to a rough, dirty man who was thrashing a lean, overloaded donkey with all his strength.

"He's mine," growled the man, "and I've a right to do what I like with him."

"No man has any right to be cruel to any of God's creatures," rejoined the lady; "but what will you take for your donkey?"

"Thirty dollars," replied the man.

"Thirty dollars is a large sum to give for a donkey which looks so worn-out and so sick as yours," said the lady, "but I will give it you for the sake of getting the poor creature out of your hands."

"As you like," muttered the bad man with a sneer.

So this lady bought the poor donkey, which was soon relieved of its load and led to her door.

"O, a donkey! a donkey! Wont it be nice to ride on!" cried rosy-faced Alice, the lady's little daughter.

"Pooh! that's only the skeleton of a donkey," shouted Neddie, a jolly-looking boy of twelve. "He's a regular barebones. I think if he was to run a race with a snail, the snail would beat. Aha, aha! I wouldn't give my black cat for that dying donkey."

This was meant to be funny talk, but I think it was rude and disrespectful. The lady felt it to be so. With a grave countenance she said:

"I bought that donkey for two reasons. First, I wanted to take it from the hands of a cruel man, and I thought that if treated kindly and fed well it would soon be strong, and then my fat little Alice and our sickly little Mollie could ride him."

"You are a dear good mamma, that you are," said pale-faced Mollie, who had crept from the lounge to the window-seat to look at the donkey. "I think the donkey will soon get fat in our pasture, and then we will have nice times riding him."

The lady kissed Mollie, and told Neddie to tell John to rub down the donkey and then to put him in the pasture. Neddie went out to the stable and



there is nothing like kindness! It is good for children as well as for animals. I have seen boys treat cats and dogs, and even ponies and donkeys, with cruelty. But I never knew any boy who was cruel to a dumb animal to be kind to his brothers, sisters, or companions. Did you?

I think you never did, because cruelty hardens the heart. It freezes up all gentle and loving feelings. It makes one's nature unkind.

Don't be unkind, then, my children, even to a fly or a worm. Never take pleasure in seeing any creature, however mean, suffer pain. If you must kill noxious insects or animals, do it quickly. Never torment anything. On the contrary, be kind to everything—to birds, to animals, and especially to each other. Never give pain, either by word or act, to any one if you can help it. Treat all your friends gently. Then you will grow lovely, loving, and beloved. Be kind. Jesus is kind, Satan is cruel. Y. Z.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

### THE SILVER BUTTON.

THE people in ICELAND have a legend which says

that a long time ago three children, one girl and two boys, were playing on a grass mound, when one of them, the girl, found a deep hole. Shutting her eyes, she put her arm down the hole, and, just for the fun of the thing, cried:

"Put something into the palm of an old beggar, and an old beggar shall not see."

Now, according to the old Iceland belief, this hole was the hall leading to a fairy's home, and the fairy, pleased with the girl's merry mood, put a big silver button into the palm of her hand.

When the other children saw this button they were filled with envy. One of them, hoping to get a button too, thrust his hand into the hole and said:

"Put something into the hand of an old beggar, and an old beggar shall not see."

But, instead of giving him a button, the good fairy, who did not like envious children, gave his hand a very hard squeeze, which took from him the use of his arm forever.

said to the hired man, "John, go to the front door and lead Barebones round here."

"Who's Barebones?" asked John.

"You'll see," replied Neddie, laughing.

John soon returned with the poor donkey. "Yes, Neddie," said he, "his bones are bare enough, but he's a good donkey for all that. The creature has been starved, whipped, and overworked by some brute of a man who isn't fit to own a dog. I'll soon bring him round so that even you, Master Neddie, will be proud to ride him."

"Maybe I shall and maybe I sha'n't," said Neddie as John began combing and brushing the donkey.

John was as good as his word. The donkey soon began to improve. His hair became bright, his ribs were covered with flesh, his eyes grew bright, and in two months there wasn't a gayer or handsomer donkey in the state. Alice named him Johnny Plump, and even Neddie confessed that it wouldn't do to call him Barebones any more.

Thus you see what kindness did for a donkey. O

Of course, this is only a fable, for fairies never lived anywhere but in stories; yet, fable though it be, it teaches two capital lessons. Can you guess what they are? No? Then I will tell you.

You see that those boys were miserable when they envied the girl; hence the first lesson is, envy makes children miserable. You see that the envious boy lost the use of his arm; hence the second lesson is, that envy prevents children from enjoying what they possess. In envying others' good, they lose the use of their own.

Thus you see envy is a dangerous guest to keep in the heart. May Jesus help you all to turn the creature out!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### "ONLY FIVE CENTS."

HARRY was paying for a suit of clothes that he had just been purchasing, and he had not money enough by five cents. So he told the merchant that he would come in soon again and pay that amount. Now most persons would have said to themselves, "It is only five cents, what does that signify?" and they would have gone their way forgetting it, or at least neglecting it.

Not so Harry. He said to himself, "That five cents belongs to the merchant, and I don't think it is worth my while to commit the sin of stealing for only five cents."

So he carefully remembered it, and the next day in passing the store he stopped to pay it. But the merchant could not make the change. Harry did not give it up so, and when he had the right change he stepped in and paid it.

Now you may think it strange that the merchant did not say on the first day, and certainly on the second, that he would throw it in. The fact was, he wanted to see whether Harry was really honest; for he judged truly that if he would be faithful in so small a sum, he could be trusted with larger ones. And he was so well pleased with Harry's honesty that he afterward made him a present of five dollars. More than that, he became Harry's fast friend, and his friendship was worth having. So if Harry had carelessly said, "It is only five cents" in the first place, he would never have known that he had missed five dollars and a good friend for life.

But do not think, my little readers, that it will always be so. You may pay a forgotten five cents sometimes that will be received with a snap or a frown. Do not let that make any difference. The money is not yours. Do not sell your peace of mind or your honest habits for "only five cents," or any other sum.

AUNT JULIA.

### LIKE JESUS.

A DEAR little girl, only six years of age, was promised by a friend who kept a number of fowls some feathers for her doll's hat. The next time the friend called she brought with her not only several feathers, but also some beautiful patches, out of which to make dresses for her doll. When the friend had gone away, the little girl, who was very glad and grateful for her presents, said to her mamma:

"Mamma, do you know what I have been thinking?"

"No, my dear."

"I've been thinking Mrs. Bell is like Jesus, for she gave me more than she promised."

Was that not a sweet saying for so young a girl?

She had found out that "the grace of the Lord Jesus is exceeding abundant," and that he gives to them that trust in him "exceeding abundantly above all they ask or think."

### "I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO."

"I'll never use tobacco, no;  
It is a filthy weed;  
I'll never put it in my mouth,"  
Said little Robert Reid.

"Why, there was idle Jerry Jones,  
As dirty as a pig,  
Who smoked when only ten years old,  
And thought it made him big.

"He'd spend his time and money too,  
And make his mother sad;  
She feared a worthless man would come  
From such a worthless lad.

"O no, I'll never smoke or chew;  
'Tis very wrong indeed;  
It hurts the health, it makes bad breath,"  
Said little Robert Reid.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### BEAUTIFUL ESTHER.

IN contrast to the self-willed queen, who broke four of the commandments in order to procure for the king a little vegetable-garden, is beautiful Queen Esther. She was married to a Persian king who was at that time the greatest monarch in the world. She was very much afraid of him, and I do not believe enjoyed her life in that splendid court half so much as she did her old home with her uncle. This uncle had an enemy at court who was determined to ruin him—a proud, pompous man, who liked to do everything on a large scale. Though this uncle of Esther's was an officer of the king, nobody knew he was related to the queen. Not that she was ashamed of him, but her uncle himself forbade her speaking of it.

One time her maids told her that this officer was seen in the street dressed in sackcloth, with ashes on his head, mourning, as was the fashion in that country, with loud lamentations. Esther was much alarmed, and sent to inquire, by a confidential messenger, what was the matter. He sent back to her a copy of a writing which had gone out in the king's name, sealed with his ring, which gave orders "to destroy, kill, and cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day!"

Now Esther and her uncle were Jews; but the enemy of the uncle, whose name was Haman, and who had influenced the king to do this, did not know that the queen belonged to that nation. Her uncle also sent a private message to her, telling her that she must go to the king and beg of him to undo the mischief.

How startled and distressed was the queen! It



was death to any person to go into the presence of the King of Persia unless he was ordered to do so. She had not seen the king for a month. It would be the height of daring to go to him! He had already cast off one queen because she did not obey his orders. She was not a bold, intriguing woman who liked to meddle with public affairs, and the thought of braving the displeasure of that dreadful monarch was terrible. But there was just a possibility that he might hold out the golden scepter to her, which would be a token that her life would be spared; and, it might be, the great God intended to save his people in this very way. So she decided she would go. But she sent word to the Jews who were near to hold a fast for her three days and three nights, eating and drinking nothing; she would fast also. "And so," she said, "I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law, and if I perish, I perish."

What strong cries for deliverance, what earnest prayers must have ascended in those three days to the Father above! There is, in the Apocrypha, a prayer which is written by an ancient writer who lived near the time of Esther, and which expresses the feelings she must have made known to God in that dreadful time of fasting and prayer. I copy some sentences from the prayer:

"O, my Lord, thou only art our King. Help me, desolate woman, which have no helper but thee . . . give me boldness, O King of the nations and Lord of all power, give me eloquent speech in my mouth before the lion . . . and help me which am desolate, which have no other help but thee. O thou mighty God, above all, hear the voice of the forlorn, and deliver us out of the hand of the mischievous, and deliver me out of my fear."

When this mourning woman

put off her sackcloth and put on her jewels and her gorgeous queenly robes she was exceedingly beautiful. But though she decked herself with ornaments and dressed in splendor, and knew that the king at first chose her for her loveliness, she was none the less timid. She could only trust in the great King above. And by thus risking her life she saved her nation.

The story is a very beautiful one, and you can read the whole of it in the Book of Esther, and as you read I wish you to compare this lovely queen with the self-willed Jezebel in the Book of Kings. Remember, as you go on with the stories, that you, little girl, though you are not a queen, can be, in your small way, either like Jezebel or Esther, which you choose.

UNA LOCKE.

### I DON'T STOP TO DRINK.

A son of Dr. Jewett is a lieutenant in the army, and much thought of by his superior officers for special duty. Once called upon to convey an order in the shortest possible period, he was back sooner than was expected; when his superior said, "Is it possible you have been and back so soon?"

"Yes, sir," said Jewett; "for I spend no time at taverns on the way to get a drink."

So much for being a teetotaler.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### FOR THE TOMB-STONE OF A CHILD-ANGEL.

ON earth a bud of fairest promise given;  
Plucked by a Father's hand, to bloom above in heaven.

Also, selected:

"A bud of sweetest promise gone,  
Where the flowers are not death's."

COUSIN GENEIE BELMONTE.

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1866.

## A PARAGRAPH FOR LITTLE GIRLS.



AM a very little girl, but am growing bigger and bigger every year, and by-and-by I hope to be more useful than I am now.

Father works hard out in the fields, and mother works hard at home, for she has a deal to do among so many of us. What a many pennies it must take to buy all our clothes and bonnets and shoes! and then our breakfasts and dinners! Father had need work, and mother too.

Brother Jim goes out to work, and so does Tommy; Betsy and Ann are almost always sewing; baby can do nothing; but let me tell you what I do.

I cannot work and get money to buy a loaf, but I take care not to waste a single crumb; let the crust be as hard as it will, I eat it all up, and mother says it will make me a woman.

If I can't buy coal and candles, I take care not to waste them. I am too little to poke the fire and to snuff the candle; mother says I might set my clothes all in a blaze.

I do't know how much mother paid for my last shoes; it took all the money at the corner of the cupboard; so I take care not to get into the wet and dirt, that my shoes may last the longer.

I have had my bonnet a long time now; I never swing it about by the strings, nor crush it up together, nor leave it lying about; and mother says that is the reason it has lasted so long.

I have not got many playthings, for they would cost money, and wear out; so I play with the kitten, and pussy never costs anything, and never wears out.

Mother says time is as good as money, and that, if I cannot help her much, I should not hinder her by being untidy; so I keep everything about me as tidy as I can. I put up my little chair in the corner when I have done with it, that nobody may tumble over it. I try to learn to sew a little. Many a time mother has sent me with father's dinner into the fields. It would never do for mother to go, and carry baby too, while I was doing nothing. Sometimes I go over to the store on an errand; so that if I get nothing, I try to save something, and mother says that is the same thing.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, that when I sit on my little stool, mother often puts baby into my lap. I hold him as carefully as I can, and when he smiles I kiss him and cuddle him, and that makes him smile again. Mother says in time I shall nurse very prettily, but I can't toss baby about as she does.

Mother has taught me two verses to sing to baby, and she says she will teach me some more:—

"Hush my dear! lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed;  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

"How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven He descended,  
And became a child like thee!"

I am not sure that baby knows what they mean.

Mother says that before another year has gone by she will get me into the Sunday-School; and if she does, I'll try to be always in time, and mind all that is said to me.

I feel sure that I should always get on, but mother

says I must never trust my own heart, for it will deceive me. I must ask God, for Jesus Christ's sake, to pardon all my sins, and help me in every thing.

I know that mother is right, and I hope I shall do as she tells me.

## A PARAGRAPH FOR ELDER GIRLS.

THE writer has recorded the following incidents in the words of the narrator:—

I was the eldest of my father's family. My parents, being poor, were obliged to practise the most rigid economy to keep us from actual want. I had scarcely emerged from childhood when I had an opportunity to work in a factory at very low wages. My mother needed my assistance in her domestic labors, but said I must have clothes, and she did not know how they were to be obtained unless I could earn them; and father said I should have the privilege of doing just what I pleased with all that I could earn.

I entered the mill, and, surrounded by strange faces, commenced my new employment, amid the confused din of mysterious machinery. The days seemed exceeding long, and to my unskilled hands my work was very perplexing; but I was constantly cheered on by the thought that I was doing something towards lightening my parents' burdens. I had worked but two weeks when pay-day came, and I received my pittance with that peculiar joy that accompanies the successful results of the first efforts of honest industry. It was not enough to purchase a very much needed garment, but, added to what I hoped to obtain the next pay-day, would be just sufficient; so I consigned it to my hitherto empty purse, to be kept with a miser's care.

The next morning a group of girls were standing at the entrance of the mill, planning to present a destitute Christian woman with several articles of apparel. They invited me to contribute something. I answered evasively, as I thought of my nice new one dollar bill on the U. C. Bank for which I had laboured two long weeks. They said they intended to send the articles next week, and if I decided to give anything, I might hand it to them within a few days. At night, I told mother about the plan, and she said, "Can't you send her an apron?" "If I should," said I, "I shall not have enough to purchase my dress next pay-day." "The Lord has prospered you," said she. I raised my eyes from the floor, and said, "Had I better?" "Do as you please," said she, "for 'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'"

The next day I resolved the subject in my mind, and finally decided that I could do with a cheaper dress; so, after I left the mill, I entered a shop to invest half of my first earnings. I called for prints, and examined piece after piece, and finally selected a substantial fabric ornamented with tiny rosebuds and violets. My precious little bundle seemed to rest my weary limbs, and cheerfully I tripped home and enrolled it. My little sisters patted it, and all admired its beauty. Mother's approving smile amply rewarded me for my sacrifice, and I wondered how I could have hesitated about it. I had not thought of making it; but mother said if I would work a little while every evening, I could get it done to send with the rest.

I finished, ironed, carefully folded, and labelled it with the words, "A present from Mary." It was much the smallest present contained in the bundle; but I thought that none of the girls felt quite so happy in giving as I did.

Pay-day came again, and much to my surprise, the paymaster said, "Your overseer says you have been very faithful, here's your pay;" and then handing me another parcel, "there is a present for you."

The present exactly equalled my wages. I only said, "Thank you very, very much, sir;" but I think he guessed that I felt more than I said, for, with a smile, he replied, "Always do the best you can, and you will be prospered."

In an ecstasy of delight I hastened to obtain the material for my dress, and found an article better and cheaper than I had expected; so I had enough to pay for it without my present. With that I purchased something much needed in our family. The merchant said he would send it home in half an hour. I told him I would carry it myself. He said it was almost too heavy, but I thought I could not wait half an hour, so I clasped it in my arms and went home, and called a little sister to open the door; then, placing my load on the table, I said, "Here is my dress, and here is a present for mother." The surprise and delight of our family were only equalled by my own satisfaction.

That was the beginning of my prosperity, and for forty years since, I have never lacked the means of contributing something to a worthy object, nor have I ever needed a garment without being amply able to obtain it. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given, will He pay him again." And surely He has repaid me a thousand fold for lending Him half of my first earnings.

## THE OBEDIENT BOY.



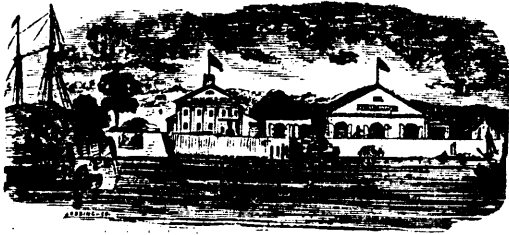
ANY boys and girls, after they have passed the age of twelve, seem to think that they know as much as their parents; and if they do not actually disobey their commands, they are inclined to question the wisdom of them. How

often a child may be heard to say, "I don't see why father or mother will not let me go there, or do this; I am sure there will be no harm;" or, "Other boys do so." If such words are not uttered, the thought comes into the heart, that perhaps, after all, father or mother does not know as well as the boy what is best. In a book written many hundred years ago, and which I am sure all my readers have seen, there is a story of a boy who, when he was twelve years old, was found in the temple at Jerusalem, with the learned men, hearing and asking them questions; and all who heard him were astonished at his understanding and his answers. Yet, after giving this proof of his wisdom, he returned home with his parents, and was *subject* to them. He did not hesitate to obey them, though he was really wiser than they; for this boy was Jesus, the Lord of heaven and earth, in whom is hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck if you have only a shilling a week is to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbour's alone; good luck is to fulfil the ten commandments, and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere.

MY CANDLE IS ALMOST BURNED OUT.—A little girl was asked why she was working so very hard. She replied, "My candle is almost burnt out, and I have not got another." Life is as a candle burning out; sometimes there is a thief in it, a disease consuming it more quickly, or it may be blown out, suddenly extinguished, and we have not got another.





For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE WRONG BOAT.

A GREAT crowd of passengers came hastening down to the ferries as the train from Buffalo came into Albany. Right at the gateway through which they all passed stood an officer calling in a loud voice, "Passengers for Springfield take the upper ferry!"

So the crowd divided, and by far the greater part went to the lower ferry, where a boat was just waiting to take them across to the trains going down the river to New York.

But when the Springfield passengers looked for their boat there was none there.

"We shall lose the train," said a lady in great excitement; "let us take the other boat; they land very near together."

"I don't like to try it," said I; "we might lose a great deal more time than we should gain."

Just as the bell struck on the ferry-boat the lady turned to a young man who was leaning against a lamp-post and asked quickly:

"Which boat do we take for the Springfield train?"

"Either one," said he confidently, "it makes no difference."

So, with a feeling of great relief, she hurried on board the boat, and, I am sorry to say, I followed her. At the other side stood another officer calling out, "New York and Harlem cars this way!"

"Where is the Springfield train?" asked the lady.

"Other depot, madam," said the man hurriedly; "better go back and take the upper ferry."

"Dear me," said the lady, looking about her, "can't we get there without going back?"

Now the depots were really but a short distance apart, but they were built on piers, so that to get from one to the other you must go a long way around, and cross two bridges. For my part, I was satisfied to take the officer's advice and go back to Albany, and after a little delay I crossed the upper ferry to the Springfield depot. There would be no train for several hours, so I sat down to wait and think about my adventure. In thinking it all over I came to the following conclusions:

If you want information on any subject, be sure and get that which is *reliable*; and if you know of any person whose business it is to *know that very thing*, and who has every opportunity to learn it correctly, that is the person whose judgment you should trust in the matter.

The officer was put there by the railroad company *on purpose* to tell people which boat to take, and it certainly was very foolish in us to trust to the information of a loafer because it happened to suit us. But I have known people to act just as unwisely in graver matters. At every point in life where two ways meet—the right and the wrong—God has put his officers to cry aloud, "*This is the way, walk ye in it*;" but many of the travelers pass the wrong way because some evil counselor says, "O it makes no difference which road you take, they both come out pretty much alike."

In the second place I concluded that two places may seem very near together and yet be so separated that they have not the least connection, just as my two depots were. There is one great aim for us all in this life, to glorify God and bless our fellow-men; and if we aim at anything else, no matter how near the right it may look to us now, by and by we shall find ourselves in the wrong harbor. And it does not help our case at all that we have gone in

very good company, and with people that profess to know.

And, finally, when my lady friend came into the depot, tired and out of breath with her long, weary walk, I concluded that if you have made a mistake and done a wrong or foolish thing, the very best way to get right is to turn square about and go back, and not try any round-about ways. Some people never will own that they have made a mistake, and if you show it to them, ever so plainly, they will argue, and explain, and try to justify it, and do everything but come out frankly and say, "Yes, I was mistaken. I didn't act wisely. I didn't choose the best way." There is always hope for people that are willing to acknowledge that they have been wrong; but Solomon says of the other class, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

### A PET LION.

A GENTLEMAN, visiting at a house in Algeria, says: "In a few minutes the door opened, and a lion entered the room, the man only leading him by a tuft of his mane. He was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown, all but his mane, which, although but a foot long, made, nevertheless, a respectable appearance. He did not seem to care about our being strangers, but walking about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed, however, a marked predilection in favor of his old acquaintances, and lying down before them, turned on his back to be scratched. After a scratch or two he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face, a proceeding he evidently did not approve of. Rising in a hurry, curling up his lips, and wrinkling his nose, he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth, a sure sign that he was not pleased. A hearty sneeze seemed to restore him to good temper; and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat, bestowed upon him by Captain Martenot, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knees."—*Kennedy's Algeria and Tunis.*



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### LOOK OUT FOR THE TEMPTER!

Nor long since, while in Minnesota, a friend and myself went out into one of those beautiful groves that abound in that state for the purpose of shooting pheasants. We had with us a dog (not much larger than one of my little reader's kittens) whose duty it was to "flush" the birds, when they would fly up and light upon a neighboring bush or tree. "Dick," for such was the dog's name, "treed" several, and as it was my first experience in this kind of hunting, I was greatly astonished at the apparent ignorance of the game. The birds would rise from the ground and light upon a bush just out of the reach of the dog, and quietly sit there until we would come up to within a few rods of them and kill them.

So intently was their attention taken up by the dog that they never once cast a glance around them to see if danger was near. They doubtless thought that so long as they were out of little Dick's reach they were beyond the reach of harm. But it was

\* This word is a hunter's phrase, and means to scare up

not so. The hunter was behind, and he it was who dealt out to them the full measure for their carelessness.

I thought (and it was a painful one) how much these birds resembled too many of our dear young friends. They go on from day to day in the dangerous path of life without any preparation whatever for the future, and relying solely upon themselves for the time when danger may come. They daily do some little act without carefully examining whether it involves them in danger, and so go on from one thing to another until they are finally destroyed soul and body. I hope when the tempter comes my little friends will not, like the birds in the story, sit quietly by without fear, but that they will fly to a refuge that is sure, to an arm that is powerful, and that will shield them from all harm of whatever kind, to our Saviour Jesus Christ. M.



### THE NEW BABY.

ANOTHER little private  
Mustered in  
The army of temptation  
And of sin.

Another soldier arming  
For the strife,  
To fight the toilsome battles  
Of a life.

Another little sentry  
Who shall stand  
On guard while evils prowl  
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling  
Guide and save,  
'Mid the perils of the march  
To the grave.

### A SMART LAD.

A BOY from the country was recently taken into a gentleman's family. One evening, after having been called up into the drawing-room, he came down into the kitchen laughing immoderately. "What's the matter?" cried the cook.

"Why," said he, "there are twelve on 'em up there, who could not snuff the candle, and they had to ring for I to do it!"

### THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

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

#### TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address, 40 cents per vol.			
" 5 copies	" 10,	" 88	" "
" 10 "	" 20,	" 85	" "
" 20 "	" 30,	" 83	" "
" 30 "	" 40,	" 80	" "
" 40 "	" 50,	" 75	" "
" 50 "	" 75,	" 77	" "
" 75 "	" 100,	" 76	" "
" 100 " and upward,	" "	" 75	" "

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.

All communications to be addressed to REV. SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.