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CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUPPERUNTIL
MORNING

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 23.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 239.

For the S. S. Advocate.

LITTLE MARY'S GRIEF.

WHAT is the matter with little Mary? There is a big sorrow swelling her young heart. She is full of grief and shame. What can be the cause of Mary's woe?

Mary has been doing wrong. Sorrow very seldom finds its ways into a child's heart unless sin open the door. What has Mary done?

An hour ago Mary was playing in high glee with her two brothers, when a thought about cherries popped into her head. There was a big cherry-tree at the foot of the garden which was at the back of Mary's home. They were almost ripe, and she longed to taste them, for when ripe they were nice sweet "black hearts," as Mary knew. So she ran to her mother and said:

"Mamma, may I go down the lot and see if the cherries are ripe?"

"They are not ripe, my dear," replied her mother, "I sent John to see this morning."

This ought to have satisfied Mary. It would if she had not felt a little more self-will than usual in her breast. But instead of going on quietly with her play, she put on a scowling face and in a bitter tone said:

"You are an ugly old mother. I don't like you one bit. I wish I had some one else for my mother."

These were strange words to fall from little Mary's lips. Had each

word been a toad or a viper her mother would not have been more surprised nor so much pained as she was to hear her daughter speak so. The good woman felt stunned. She sighed, cast a look of wonder, grief, and pity upon the little girl, and said:

"My child, when I am gone you will be sorry for the way you have spoken to your mother."



Now if Mary's mother had whipped her ever so severely she would not have felt as she did when she heard these words. The tones, the look, the words, all pierced the poor child's heart. They made her feel the wickedness of her conduct just as the look of Jesus made Peter feel the sin of denying his Master.

for Norah watched day and night beside her brother's bed, and did all that her skill and strength could do to make him well. Could she have borne his pain there is no doubt but that she would have done it.

Archie was grateful, but he knew he could never be well any more. So one day he looked into her

With a broken and contrite spirit Mary ran after her mother, and, falling at her feet, craved to be forgiven. She was forgiven and taught to seek pardon at the feet of Jesus too.

Mary is a woman now. Her mother is in heaven. But Mary has never forgiven herself for speaking those wicked words to her mother. She would give almost anything she has if she could unsay them. That cannot be. Words once spoken cannot be recalled. O how careful children should be of their words! Yes, and of their actions also. Dear child, ask God to keep you from doing any act or saying any word you wish undone or unsaid when you grow older and wiser, or when you shall stand at the bar of Christ to be judged.

U. U.

For the S. S. Advocate.

NORAH AND ARCHIE.

Who were Norah and Archie? They were orphan children. Norah was the elder, and she worked for herself and little Archie, earning a scant living for both by means of her spinning-wheel.

One day Archie was knocked down and run over by a gentleman's carriage. When Norah saw him writhing with pain she wept and said:

"O that I might bear the pain for him!"

That was impossible, yet it was no idle wish,

face and said, "Sissy, 'there'll be no more sorrow there!' I shall have no more pain there."

Poor Norah knew that he meant her to understand that he expected to die and go to heaven. She sobbed outright. Her heart was full of grief, too full to allow her to speak.

"Don't cry, Sissy; I shall see father, and mother, and Jesus, and I'll tell them you are coming soon."

Archie soon went to the happy land. Norah still lives. She is glad now that Archie is in heaven that she was kind to him when he was on the earth. The remembrance of that kindness is very sweet to her now.

Suppose that Norah had been cross and ugly to Archie, as many brothers and sisters are to each other, what sort of feelings would she have whenever she thinks of him? Sweet and pleasant ones? No, no. Far from that. She would be filled with regret, sorrow, pain, and shame. Archie's name would pierce her like a dart. But having loved him dearly and been so kind to him, his name is like a very pleasant melody in her soul. Let every brother and sister imitate Norah's beautiful love for Archie. Love one another dearly, O my children! Y. Z.

A SIMPLE PRAYER.

Be thou my guide to-day,
My arm whereon to rest,
My sun to cheer me on the way,
My shield to guard my breast.
From Satan's fiery dart,
And men of purpose base,
And from the plague within my heart,
Defend me by thy grace. BERRIDGE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AT A TURNING-POINT.

As THOMAS BENT was walking along the street one day he saw a gentleman drop a purse on the sidewalk. Thomas quickly picked it up, slipped it very slyly into his pocket, and walked on, saying to himself,

"I'm a lucky fellow. This purse feels as if there was a good lot of money in it. Hurrah for Tom Bent!"

Just then the boy's conscience waked up and whispered, "What are you going to do with that purse? It is not yours. If you keep it you will be a thief. Remember the eighth commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Thomas paused a moment to think. Then with flashing eyes he ran after the gentleman, and handing him the purse, said:

"If you please, sir, you dropped your purse. Here it is."

"You are an honest boy," said the man as he took the purse, and smiling pleasantly, handed him a dollar bill.

Thomas walked home feeling finely, as he had good reason to do. He had escaped a great danger. When he picked up that purse he was standing at a point where two roads met—one was the path of the thief, the other of the honest man. Had he kept the purse he would have entered the first path, and most likely have brought up, at last, in a state-prison; by restoring it he entered the way of honesty and right. So, you see, he was at a turning-point in his life and he turned it safely. Happy Thomas Bent!

Children, you now see what is a *turning-point*. Whenever you are met by a strong temptation to do a wrong act, you are at a turning-point. Let the temptation conquer you and you will find yourselves in the wrong road. Conquer the temptation and your feet will stand in the right way. Look out for turning-points.



This picture is intended to illustrate the danger which lies in the wrong road. As that poor fellow wandered into the rushing river and the pouring rain by turning the wrong way, so children who turn into the path of evil fall into many dangers and sorrows. Sin always hurts the sinner; if it be not quickly forsaken it kills and ruins him forever. Beware of sin, therefore, my children. Flee from it. Turn not into sinful paths for they are full of danger. X. X.

OUR ROSIE.

A HAPPY little maiden is our bright-eyed, blushing Rose; Sheltered in home's sweet bower from every wind that blows;

Fair as her pretty namesake that in the garden grows.

Sunny in temper, gentle, pleasant in word and deed;
So ready to the wishes of others to accede;
So glad if she can render some help in time of need.

She flings love's richest fragrance around her day by day,
Filling our hearts with gladness, and cheering life's rough way;

We prize our little Rosebud, and well indeed we may.

And yet she is not perfect, for if the truth were told,
Pride, like sharp thorns that nestle where rosy leaves enfold,

Twines round our flower and makes it less lovely to behold.

Not often—nay, but seldom, does she such feelings show,
But then we're never certain she'll keep them back, you know;

And so we wish that Rosie would let these thorn-points go,

And with that best of virtues her character adorn—
Humility, the noblest of graces heaven-born—

Then we would call our darling the Rose without a thorn! MYRA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LONESOME CHILDREN.



ULIA and MAUDE sat in the wagon which stood with its thills on the ground in the open shed. They were looking earnestly down the long lane after Daniel, who had gone for the cows. As long as he was in sight, they felt tolerably safe; but the moment he passed down the hill to the brook, they began to feel so wretchedly lonely they were ready to cry. They had been left in Daniel's care while their father and mother were gone to a Bible-class at the parsonage, a mile away. Daniel was the hired boy; the children thought he was a man; but I don't

believe he was more than twelve or fourteen years old. He was so kind and thoughtful for those little girls that I thank him in my heart to this very day, and I would as soon tell you his whole true name as not. It was Daniel Green.

"Now you sit right there in the wagon and you can see me a long piece of the way," he said, "and I will come back just as soon as I can find the cows. Nothing will hurt you, and you mustn't be afraid."

This sounded very kind and cheerful, but the children were timid beyond reason, and as soon as his protecting figure (though it was only his back they could see) disappeared from view, they began to call in concert, "Daniel! Daniel!" But he was too far away to hear, and every minute seemed as long as a quarter of an hour.

It was a summer day, and the sun had not thought of going behind the hills, and the four-o'clocks and marigolds and larkspurs were wide awake in the garden, but it would doubtless be dark before Daniel returned; at least, the children calculated it must, foreboding the worst. How melancholy that robin's song was! And there was a dog barking! To be sure, the creature was probably across the river in the woods, but it was likely he could swim. Story and picture books, of which they had a large store, were no satisfaction. O how lonesome the world was! They could not play with their dolls because it was the Sabbath day, and I do not think dolls could have interested them if it had been any other day. I will tell you what these little ones thought of for passing off the time. They went into the house and had a meeting, not a make-believe one, but a real meeting. They read a chapter in the Bible, and sung together. They knew a hymn beginning, "Ye angels who stand 'round the throne," which they sang all through, and then they each made a little prayer asking the Lord Jesus, who loves children, to be with them and take care of them, and to bring their father and mother and Daniel safe home.

So the time passed beautifully, and not long after Daniel came with the cows, and before the milking was done the old chaise, so ancient the boys called it "the ark," was seen on the long hill, and the world suddenly became bright again and full of people to the children, for the old chaise was bringing their father and their mother back to them.

UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"FATHER'S COME!"

How sad the piece under this title made me feel, for I thought of a little blue-eyed group, who once were dandled upon a kind father's knee, and ever when returning from an absence shouted him welcome home, but who now can say no longer, "Father's come!" The cold clods of earth rattled upon his coffin-lid a year ago; and as the budding flowers smile upon the face of spring, Nealy, a tender child of seven summers, is glad to plant some favorite flowers upon her dear pa's grave. The large tears gather in her deep blue eyes as sister tells her of the angel home where pa now dwells, and she often wonders how long it will be ere she too can bid adieu to earth and join him in that "beautiful land." Clarence and Ella wonder why pa stays away so long, and ask if the Lord wont let him come back. When sister tells them no, he cannot come to them, that he is now with Jesus and the angels, they do not comprehend it, but talk in their childish way of their own great grief. Poor little children! this is a cold world to live in without a father's love.

Pray for them, dear children of the Advocate family, that they may be led in the way of peace, find in God a father, and in heaven a home. HATTIE.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.



HURRAH FOR A HOLIDAY.

"HURRAH! hurrah!" shouted young Ernest one afternoon as he bounded out of doors into the street, "hurrah for a holiday!"

A waiting group of boys and girls replied to his cheer right merrily, and then away they went to the sea-shore to fish from the rocks.

Aided by their Uncle John, who met them at the fishing-ground, they had "good luck" in catching minnows. But after a while they grew tired of this sport, and Willie cried out:

"Let us go to the woods and pick strawberries?"

"A capital idea," cried Willie Vernon; "I know where there's lots of 'em."

"So do I," said Ernest's Sister Violet.

"Please, Uncle John, will you keep our fish and fishing-tackle for us?" asked Ernest. "We will come back this way and get them."

Uncle John smiled at Ernest's readiness to use him as a convenience, promised to carry the fish home for them, and added, "but don't go too far into the woods, children. I see thunder-heads in the West, and we may have a thunder-storm before sundown."

Promising to keep a bright look-out for the possible storm, the children scampered away to a strip of woods about half a mile from the shore. On the edge of these woods there was a meadow in which grew plenty of wild strawberries.

It did not take those children long to reach the strawberry meadow you may feel sure. The berries were plentiful, and they soon became busy as beavers filling their baskets with the luscious fruit. So busy and merry, in fact, that they forgot all about the "thunder-heads," until a sound in the distant West, like the growl of an angry lion, reminded them of Uncle John's warning.

"O dear, the thunder-storm is coming!" said Violet; "let us go home directly."

"Pooh! how easily frightened you are!" replied Harry Norton.

"Girls always are," added Willie Vernon with a sneer. "Boys are odious creatures," retorted Violet. "Hark! There is more thunder! Let us go!"

"It's a good way off," said Ernest. "We shall have time to fill our baskets before it reaches us if we make haste. Come, let us pick quickly."

So, instead of minding Uncle John's caution and hurrying home, as wise children would have done, they went on picking berries for another half hour. Meanwhile the

storm gathered in the West, and now, as if let loose suddenly from invisible bonds, it swept across the sky and burst over and around the woods in great fury. The wind blew fiercely, the thunder rolled terribly, and the lightning flashed very fearfully.

The children, being terrified, did the very worst thing possible. Instead of keeping away from the woods, they rushed into them for shelter. They either did not know or did not think that trees attract lightning and ought to be avoided in a thunder-storm. One boy crept into the hollow of a big elm. Another crouched behind a huge overturned root. Ernest crept close to the trunk of the largest tree he could find. Violet and the other girls huddled together beneath a big rock. Thus dangerously sheltered from the rain, they waited in much fear for the storm to pass by.

In the course of half an hour the western sky began to light up, and the rain poured down with less violence. The children grew hopeful, and shouted cheerily to each other from their hiding-places. But all at once a dark mass of cloud which hung overhead grew darker, a keen flash of lightning followed by a crashing clap of thunder and a deluge of rain, filled their hearts with fresh terror. A shriek from Ernest increased their alarm a hundred-fold. Peeping out from their hiding-places they saw that the lightning had struck the tree against which he had been standing and torn off some of its biggest branches.

"Ernest is killed!" shrieked Violet.

Violet was mistaken. Ernest's right leg was crushed under a fallen branch, but he was otherwise all right. I need not tell you how they gathered round him regardless of the rain, which was about to cease, nor how Willie Vernon ran with the speed of a deer for help, nor how carefully Uncle John and others carried the poor boy home. You can readily imagine all this. All I need to add is, that Ernest, after a few weeks of confinement, recovered the use of his leg, and that all the children learned two lessons from their fright which they never forgot.

Can you guess what those lessons were? No? I will tell you. They learned, first, *That children should always be careful to follow the advice of their parents and guardians*; and, second, *That no one should ever fly to a tree for shelter in a thunder-storm*. These were good lessons. It cost them a bad fright and Ernest some suffering to learn them. If you are wise you will let their experience become your teacher, and will make those lessons your own without money and without price. Are you wise enough to do so?

MY LETTER BUDGET.

HERE is the answer to the picture puzzle in the last Advocate: The persons—soldiers, Peter, angel. The passage containing the narrative—Acts xii, 19.

Here is a Bible acoustic:

One who from humble beginnings became a great soldier, a mighty monarch, and a writer of beautiful songs.

1. One who was a tale-bearer and the willing tool of a tyrant.

2. One who carried news of a cruel massacre to a persecuted soldier.

3. A vessel that contained the oil with which a shepherd was anointed.

4. An object which was made to represent a fugitive prince.

5. One whose father was a prince and whose mother was a sensible woman.

Two or three of my correspondents complain that the verse said to contain all the letters of the alphabet has no j in it. They are correct, but j was formerly used in words now spelled with j; the latter letter having been added to our alphabet in modern times.

Here is a letter from France which will please you as surely as the gift of a new drum if you are a boy, or a wax doll if you are a girl.

"MY DEAR GENERAL TRY,—You have been so very busy enlisting American recruits in your Try Army and leading them on to the victory, not only in a general way over sin and the devil, but also very specially over rebellion and slavery, that you have perhaps altogether lost sight of the commission you gave some years ago to a Frenchman who had requested you to take a rank worthy of the numerous band you have to lead, and to consent to be called *General* and not *Corporal* Try. You answered at the time very favorably, you deigned to accept the proffered title, and in return you authorized him, under the name and title of Captain Perseverance, to form a French regiment of your army, and to enroll as many young descendants of the Huguenots and young ex-Romanists as possible. This has been done. Captain Perseverance is now known by thousands of French and Swiss Sunday-scholars, and the

Try Army (*Gallice: L'ARMEE DES ESSAYEURS*) has been noticed, and discussed, and approved of in all the French Protestant children's papers. Not only is the regiment organized with its various officers, but it even has a band, the honorable title of band-master having been given to a gentleman in Paris, a deacon in the Reformed Church, who composed for us and set to original music a beautiful hymn with a chorus, the meaning of which is,

"Let us try, let us ever try,
Jesus will surely help us."

"A circumstance has just happened which is well calculated to test the efforts and the *perseverance* of the captain. He happens to be a Methodist preacher, and the late Methodist Conference just held in Paris, having ascertained that its finances were in a very poor plight and its treasury worse than empty, (on account of the extension inevitably given to the work, which now embraces, besides the regular circuit work, schools, seminaries, a Book Concern, a weekly magazine, etc.) has delegated the said Captain Perseverance to visit the United States and try what he can do by dint of application to replenish the empty treasury and obtain help to sustain a vigorous war against indifference, immorality, infidelity, and Popery. The captain may therefore be expected to land in New York somewhere about the beginning of September. Will you give him a hearty welcome, dear General? He will be willing to do any reasonable amount of hard work, and would be most happy to visit your soldiers to see how discipline is enforced among them, to address them on the religious state of France, on Sunday-schools and Methodism, and to obtain from each congregation a few dollars. As he has been specially occupied with Sunday-schools here, has organized the French Sunday-School Union, and founded and edited for seven years the French Sunday-School Magazine, he wishes to visit more particularly the American Sunday-schools, and would be most happy to collect the \$20,000 wanted to place our French connection on a safe financial basis.

"Now, General, if you cannot officially help him, you might perhaps, at least, announce his coming, and give him a *beetle bit* of a recommendation in your excellent Advocate. Please to try and show once more how wise you are, and how well-fitted to occupy the post of commander-in-chief to the honorable, powerful, and numerous Try Army.
J. P. COOK.

"P.S.—The French readers of the Advocate (there are a few) have often wondered why you still call yourself a mere *corporal*. They suspect that you are ambitious to imitate our great Emperor Napoleon I., who used to be called by his soldiers, 'the little corporal.' I have answered, however, that you are too much of an American to wish to imitate an emperor. Am I right? But if so, why don't you call yourself General or Commander-in-chief?"

Modesty, modesty, captain, keeps me a corporal. I shall be glad to see you in America, and I think the Advocate family will give you a hearty welcome.

T. J. D., of H—, says:

"Away out here, though many miles from your city, we have not forgotten our desire to do some good, but have a first-rate little Sabbath-school of about fifty scholars. We try to be of all the use possible to one another by singing together, talking together, and praying together. Only this morning all the boys and girls of the school formed themselves into a temperance Try Company, whose motto consists of a promise made by each member. It is, 'I will drink no liquor.' Just five words, as you will see—one for each finger and the thumb of one hand. Now, Corporal, as we intend to keep the pledge, and wish to persuade every person else to do so, we want you to admit us into your Try Company. Will you have us?"

Most certainly. The corporal goes in for a war of extermination against rum, slavery, rebellion, and all other sins. They are hard foes to kill. Like cats, which the adage says have nine lives, they require a good deal of killing before they die.

PERFECT TRUST.

A GENTLEMAN was walking one evening with his little girl upon a high bank, below which ran a canal. She coaxed him to descend the bank, saying:

"O, pretty! do take me to it."

The bank was very steep, and in descending the gentleman had to swing his child in the air, holding her by the right arm, several times. Whenever he did this, the child laughed gleefully, although she was in real danger.

"Tell me, Sophy, why you were not frightened when you were swinging in the air over nothing?"

Nestling her plump little cheek upon her father's face, she replied:

"Papa had hold of Sophy's hand; Sophy could not fall."

This was perfect trust. Happy is that man who, having placed himself in God's hand, saying, "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe," can look danger in the face and say, "God has hold of my hand. I cannot be harmed."



For the Sunday School Advocate.

HARRY LANE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Do you know Harry Lane?
He has golden brown hair;
He lives in that house
At the head of the square;
That stone-colored house
With the pillars and vines,
With the trellises fashioned
In pretty designs.

Have you seen Harry's pony?
Its color is white,
And its step is as fleet
As the wind in its flight.
So free and so graceful
Its proud, airy tread!
Such a long waving mane!
Such a beautiful head!

Have you seen his gay saddle,
His whip and his spurs,
And the red worsted bridle
That Harry prefers?
His hat, with its plumes
From the peacock's bright train,
Sweeping back on the breeze
As he scours o'er the plain?

No doubt you are thinking
As others have thought,
"How happy is Harry!"
For pleasures unsought
In countless abundance
Are lavished on him,
And playmate and servant
Must bend to his whim.

But all through the village
You'll seek for in vain
A lad so unhappy
As young Harry Lane.
He makes no one glad
With his glittering pelf;
Among all his treasures
He lives for himself.

A joy that's unshared
Is not a true joy;
'Tis the warm, loving heart
Makes the glad, happy boy.
There's nothing so potent
Our ills to remove,
As a nature unselfish,
A spirit of love.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

"Do not tease that poor creature," said a gentleman to an idle boy who was throwing pebbles at a watch-dog chained in a yard, laughing as he made him bark, and growl, and strain at his chain. "It is unjust to torment him, for the dog harms no one; it is cruel, for it gives needless pain; it is cowardly,

for were he not chained you would not dare to provoke him."

"He's but a dog," muttered the boy.

"Ever since I owed my life to a dog," said the gentleman, "I never could bear to see one ill-treated."

"How could you owe your life to a dog?" asked the boy with a little surprise.

"When I was a boy," said the gentleman, "I spent some months with my parents on the lower part of a mountain of the Alps which is named St. Bernard. We lived in a pretty wooden cottage, there called a chalet, with a roof very steep and sloping to let the snow fall off it, and heavy stones at the corners to prevent the winds blowing it away."

"What a strange place to live in!" said the boy.

"Higher up on the mountain was a great stone building called the Monastery of St. Bernard, where a number of monks used to live. I had heard that these monks were kind to travelers passing along that wild, cold, dreary mountain, and that they kept dogs to help them in finding poor people lost in the snow; but I had—at the time that I am speaking of—never been so high as the monastery, for being but a child, I had not had the strength to go so far."

"Had you a happy life there?" asked the boy.

"It was a wild, free, pleasant life. I loved to climb as high as I could, and pluck the pretty pink and purple flowers that grew on the soft green moss, and look at the glorious mountains around, when the glow of sunset reddened their peaks of snow. But I was not contented with this. I heard of bold travelers climbing to the tops of mountains, and without stopping to think that it would be folly in a child to attempt what a strong man might do, I resolved to steal off some day when my parents were absent from home, and try to reach some very high peak, and look down at the world through the clouds."

"Why must you wait till your parents were absent?" asked the boy.

"Because they had strictly forbidden me ever to go beyond sight of the chalet. My sinful disobedience, as you shall hear, nearly cost me my life."

"My parents set off one afternoon to visit a friend. I knew that they would not return till night, and as the servant whom they left behind always let me be much by myself, I thought that this was a favorable time for me to carry out my plan. I took my father's big stick to help me in climbing, and as soon as my parents had set off in one direction, I hurried away in the other. I was so eager that I fancy that I must have gone on for hours before I thought about being tired. Up and up I went; but the higher the spot I reached, the higher the mountain seemed to grow. At last, quite weary and faint, and panting with the toil of climbing, I sat down and looked around me. The view was, no doubt, very fine; the place looked to me very dreary and wild; there was not a sound to be heard, not even the tinkle of a sheep-bell. I began to feel lonely, frightened, and hungry, and thought that I had better go back. Then a big flake of snow came floating down through the air, and fell on my dress. A great many more soon followed. I shook them off again and again, but they came on faster and faster, and covered the ground all around, and hid the path and the track of my feet. Then I was frightened indeed; for how should I find my way back! The evening was closing in, the air grew fearfully cold, and I knew that should I remain there all night, I should be frozen to death before morning."

"You must have been sorry that you had not obeyed your parents," said the boy.

"The most terrible thought to me then, as I shivered and trembled with cold and fear, was the thought that all this trouble had come upon me because of my disobedience. I knew that I had displeased God, and I feared the punishment he might send. Stiff and tired as I was, I made many an attempt to find my way down the mountain; but I had completely lost the track, and did not know so

much as whether to turn to the right or the left. I called out, but no one replied. All now was growing dark around me, except the white glimmering snow. The heavy flakes still were falling; I sank ankle-deep at each step that I took. At last, quite exhausted, I sank down on the snow and cried bitter tears, which almost froze on my cheeks. I sobbed out a prayer to God; I begged him to forgive my sin, and for my poor parents' sake not let me die on the mountain. My mind seemed to grow quite confused; I could no more pray or think; I either slept or fainted."

"What a dreadful night of it you had!" cried the boy.

"The first thing which I remember when I awoke was the feeling of warm breath on my cheek, and then it was touched by what seemed the muzzle of some animal. I started and screamed with terror. I need not have been afraid, a true friend was beside me. One of the monks' brave dogs, large and strong, had found its way through the snow, guided doubtless by its power of scent, or rather by a kind Providence, to the spot where lay a poor half-frozen child."

"That was a mercy indeed!"

"I soon found," continued the gentleman, "that I had nothing to fear from the dog. He licked me, breathed on me, rubbed me with his rough hairy coat, tried to rouse me to motion, and showed me a little cask of drink which the monks had tied round his neck. When I had managed with my stiff, trembling fingers to open that cask, and had drunk of its warming contents, I felt the life coming back to my limbs. I could not, indeed, yet walk, but I dragged myself on to the dog's shaggy back, and gave myself up to his guidance. The noble creature, with his heavy burden, bravely struggled through the snow, nor rested till he had carried me to the monastery door. There I was sheltered, fed, and warmed, and placed in a comfortable bed. Never shall I forget my joy when I again heard the sound of a human voice, and saw the bright glow of a fire."

"What a famous dog!" exclaimed the boy.

"I heard afterward that that dog, whose name was Barry, had been the means of saving no fewer than *forty lives!* When his useful career was ended, his body was carefully buried, and his skin, stuffed to look like life, was placed in the Museum of Berne. Honor to the memory of that noble creature, whose course of active usefulness and kindness puts to shame that of too many of the more gifted race of man. Remember his history, my lad, and for the sake of brave old Barry, never ill-treat a dog."

A. L. O. E.

A QUESTION FOR YOU TO ANSWER.

Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

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