

THE LAZY ANT.

HEAR a little fable my own dear mother told me of a little ant who set out from his home in a bank in search of food. He crept along the warm ground, and up the buttercup stalks, and once even fell asleep in the bottom of a bluebell. He was woke up by a fierce bee, who was humming and trying to stab him with his sting. He ran down as quick as he could, and found that the golden carpet the sun had spread on the grass was rolling up, that he had scarcely any time to hunt up some prize. He had left half a dozen little flies, because too heavy, he thought, to carry, and now he found a little gnat under a daisy leaf. He pulled it once or twice, and in a fury rushed at it and drove his sting in its slim body; but he soon gave up trying, and set off home empty-handed. An old ant saw the prize he forsook, and quietly laid hold of it and marched after him. All the ants were angry at the one who brought nothing, and when the old ant brought in the gnat and told his tale, they one and all turned the reckless little fellow out. In great fear he crept into a little cave under a stone, and would have given up in despair had not a good-natured glow-worm, who stretched his fiery string across the cave, given him hope and good advice. The ant next morning set off, determined to try and not yield to idleness. He did try, and went home in triumph, and became A 1 in the busy town of ants he lived with.

So you see "try" is the word, try the secret of success. A boy is a poor stick indeed if any little thing breaks him.



PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

BLESSED JESUS, kind and mild,
Stoop to hear a little child:
At thy feet I come to pray;
Saviour, cast me not away.

Take away my load of sin,
Make me clean and pure within;
Teach me all I need to know,
Be my Shepherd here below.

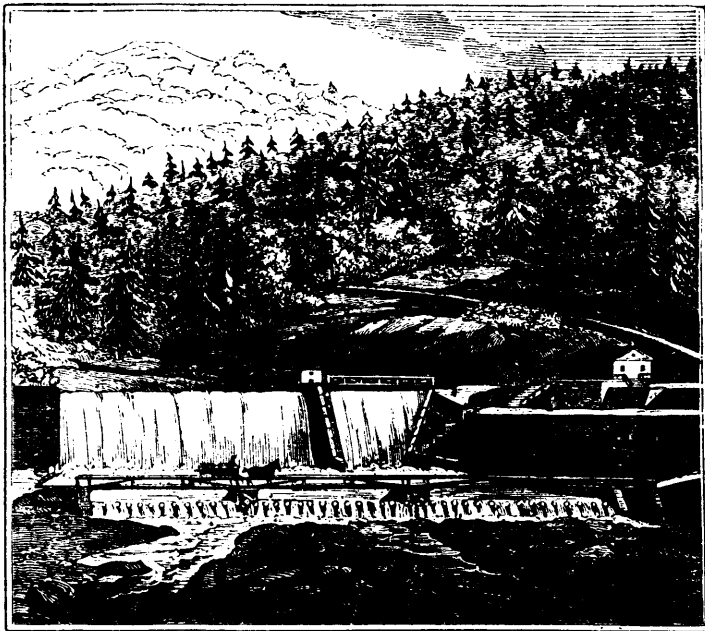
In my childhood may I be
Gentle, meek, and pure like thee;
Help me every sin to leave,
Lest thy loving heart I grieve.

Tender Jesus, thou didst call
To thine arms the children small;
Lo, I come, and humbly pray,
Cast me not from thee away.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOD'S ORCHARD.

DEAR CHILDREN,—In the Advocate of March 26 we told you something about "Seeds and Trees;" in this we want to tell you what becomes of the trees that die in God's orchard. They are all set out again, not on earth, but in the rich soil of heaven. And O how they will grow *there*, and how fruitful they will become *there*! Their fruit will be pleas-



ant, and rich, and fair, and beautiful; ever fresh and ever glorious, whose dropping will make music in the ear of God forever.

"Flowers of fadeless beauty there,
Trees of life with foliage fair;
Fruits the most inviting grow,
There is where I want to go."

O you would all like to be trees of the Lord's planting in heaven! Let me tell you, then, that if you would be you must be grafted here, and learn to bear what St. Paul calls "the fruit of the Spirit," Gal. v, 22, 23. There you learn that each tree in God's orchard bears *nine* varieties. What trees! They yield their fruit not only "every month," but every day. Do you doubt this? Let me assure you that it is really so. You say, "I have known Christian trees that did not bear such fruit as is mentioned in the text above." That is possible, and I will tell you why. I saw that nursery after the time when I saw the man and the boy setting it out, and I noticed that some of the roots had sprouted *below* the grafts, and I thought, "These must be destroyed or they will rob the grafts of the sap which is necessary to their growth and maturity." So it is with *some* of the trees in God's orchard. "Roots of bitterness" still remain, and rob the trees of their beauty and their fruits; and it needs a great deal of care and pruning to keep his orchard all right, and healthy, and fruitful. But God is watching over it, the Holy Spirit waters it, the blood of Christ nourishes it; and, under these, ministers, pious superintendents and teachers, and all the really good are working *in and for* it, and if it is not as beautiful, and perfect, and fruitful as infidels think it ought to be, we will remind them of the fact *that there is nothing in this world like it*; and that it is not, nor does it claim to be what it shall be when it shall take root and grow in heaven. S*****.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

RUM AND TOBACCO.



WO of your worst enemies, boys. You know that, eh? Well, do you act up to your knowledge? You may have heard it said fifty or a hundred times and not know it yet. If you knew a boy or a man that was your deadly enemy, trying to find out some way to kill you, would you play with him, or keep his company, or obey his bidding? And yet you do all this with rum and tobacco and then say that you know they are your enemies! The right way to treat such enemies is to fight

them. Let me tell you about a boy who did that. He lived many years ago and his name was Amos. He went as a clerk into a store where it was the practice to treat the customers and drink with them. Amos saw that the owner of the store as well as the clerks often became tipsy before the day was over. They patted their enemy on the back, called him a good fellow, and he overcame them.

Amos saw that if he would conquer this enemy he must fight him, and not "put him in his mouth to steal away his brains." Total abstinence societies had not been heard of then, but Amos got one up on his own account and for his own benefit. He determined never to drink. He was abundantly ridiculed about it, but he knew that he was right and the others were wrong. They went on drinking, and long after *every one of them* had died drunkards Amos was living, a wealthy, honored merchant-prince of Boston.

You may never have heard his name before, but I'll tell it to you now, and you will hear it many times more if you live. It was Amos Lawrence. As you might suppose, he never used tobacco, but he bought a great many of Uncle Toby's Stories on Tobacco to give away. He also gave away large sums of money for benevolent purposes. I have a very grateful remembrance of him, for, many years ago, when schools were scarce in the West, he gave a handsome sum of money to the Methodist Church to establish a university in Wisconsin. And I, who had long been waiting for such a chance, was one of the first students in the Preparatory Department of *Lawrence* University. And would he have made such a name for himself if he had taken to drinking as his fellow-clerks did? No; he would have died a drunkard as they did, and his name would have been forgotten, his good deeds undone, and his soul lost. Boys, which will you do, court these enemies or fight them? AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"I WISH I COULD DIE!"

LITTLE SIDDIE, a six-year-old member of an infant class, while sick with diphtheria, said to his ma, "I wish I could die!" He was asked why he wished to die, and he said, "I want to go to heaven and see the angels."

In about four hours that wish was granted. Happy little Siddie!

TRUE happiness is to be found in God only.

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,	" " 87½	" " "	" "
" 20 "	" 30,	" " 85	" " "	" "
" 30 "	" 40,	" " 82½	" " "	" "
" 40 "	" 50,	" " 80	" " "	" "
" 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.