

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Pictures of Health.

THE sun not only paints the flowers and makes pictures in the camera, but it will make you a picture of health if you will permit it to do so. It will paint roses on your cheeks, and cherries on your lips; and if it add to the groundwork a tint of brown, that may but increase the richness of the picture.

I am sometimes both amused and surprised to see people so much afraid of the sunshine. Pale and puny though they may be, and bleached out with living in the dark, and needing the sunshine ever so much, as soon as a ray of it rests upon them they jump up and shut it out as though it were poison. They close every window against it, and when they go out of doors they screen themselves from it with umbrellas.

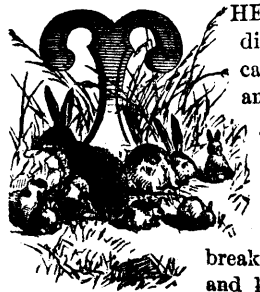
But the blessed sunshine does not seem to mind it at all. It goes right on, shining everywhere it can, creeping into every little nook, and purifying and blessing all within its reach. It has lately been found out that the sun is a wonderful restorer of health. In hospitals the patients on the sunny side of the house get well much sooner than others. In some modes of treatment they are placed where the sunshine falls full upon them, and that without the least danger of sunstroke. It is only in the hottest summer weather that we need to shield ourselves from the heat of the noonday sun. Perhaps then it would not hurt us much if our mode of living were correct. It is mostly men that drink, or use tobacco, or that work too hard, who suffer from sunstroke.

We ought neither to live nor to sleep in a room which the sunshine does not enter and purify every day. Even the senseless little flies will not stay where the sun does not shine, and why should we make for ourselves an atmosphere so bad that the flies will not live in it? Indeed, the sunshine is the best friend to all animal and vegetable life. God, who knows just what we want, made it purposely to give to all life and health and strength. The Scriptures recognize it as one of the greatest blessings when they glorify the divine impartiality that bestows it upon both the evil and the good. Let us then welcome it, and rejoice in it, and profit by it, as one of the best gifts of a gracious Providence.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Otter.

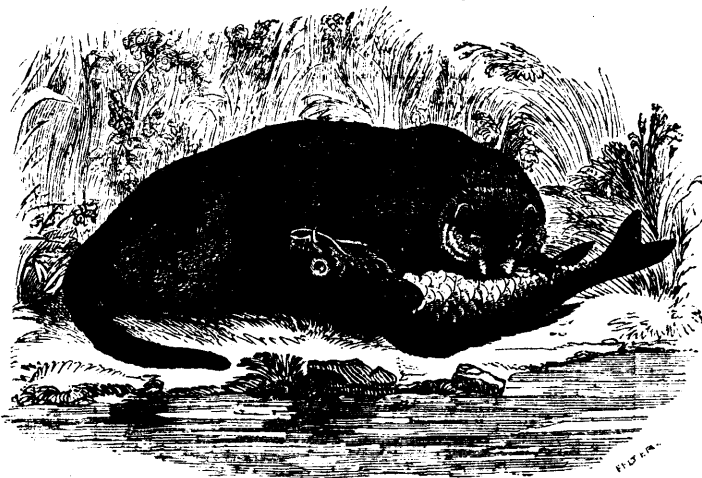


HE otter is a fisher. He dives in the water and catches his prey with teeth and claws. This one has just caught a fine large fish, and when he gets it well up on the bank he will turn it over, take what he wants for his breakfast out of the shoulder, and leave the rest for any one that is fortunate enough to find it. Some of the poor people in Scotland, where otters are numerous, go out every day to get the deserted fish, and thus the wasteful habits of this animal serve the wants of human beings.

But those who prefer to do their own fishing are not pleased to have the otter waste their supply, and when they discover his haunts they get up a grand hunt to destroy him. It requires great skill and patience to do this, for he hides very shrewdly in the bushes or grass, or in holes, and if that will not screen him enough, he dives into the water, swims off to a distance, quietly puts the end of his nose up by some lily leaf on the surface to breathe,

and there, with the rest of his body under water, he waits for the dogs to find him. When they do this he darts off in some other direction, and tries the same trick elsewhere; and with all the rest, he is not very readily killed after he is caught.

Otters are sometimes tamed as pets, or taught to fish for their masters. The American otter is about four feet and a half long, and is found mostly in



British America, but occasionally elsewhere in almost every part of the continent. Its fur is of some value, and is made into caps and gloves.

J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Going Barefoot.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. H. THOMSON.

The grass is up now fresh and green,
The sun shines bright and warm;
I'll take my shoes and stockings off,
I'm sure 'twill do no harm.
The frost has melted out the ground;
The ice, the sleet, and snow
Have gone with winter to his den
A long, long time ago.

The pretty birds up in the trees,
Now singing gay and sweet,
Have neither shoes nor stockings on
Their nimble little feet,
And neither have the tiny chicks
Which play about the yard;
There is no mud or dampness now;
The ground is dry and hard.



And I have grown a great stout boy
Since summer last was here;
I don't believe I'll catch a cold,
Of thistles I've no fear.

And what if I should stub my toe,
Or tread upon a stone?
'Twill only hurt a little while,
And I'll not cry nor groan.

O dear! how soft and cool the grass,
And velvet mosses too;
And look, my feet are sparkling o'er
With gems of shining dew.
I know the king upon his throne
Wears none more bright than those
Upon his royal hands and brow
Than I wear on my toes.

And now they're covered o'er with dust;
I've been out in the street;
I guess I'll run down to the brook,
That sings so clear and sweet,
And wash them clean and white again,
Then dry them in the sun;
This playing out doors barefoot, boys,
Is the rarest kind of fun!

The Right Kind of Fear.

"You are afraid to throw a stone through that window," said one boy to another.

"I am afraid to do wrong," was the brave reply, "and I hope I shall always be."

Such fear is right. It is what the Bible calls the fear of the Lord. The more of it we have the better.

And they
that know thy
name will put their
trust in thee, for thou,
Lord, hast not for-
saken them that
seek thee.

LITTLE hands can bring gifts to Jesus; little hands can be lifted to him in prayer; little hands can be active in serving him; little hands can receive the harp of gold, and make music on it in heaven forever.

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