



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SPRING FASHIONS.

It is becoming very fashionable for ladies to work in the garden. Not mere superintending, but right down earnest work is the order of the day. It has become so general that garden-tools for their especial use are manufactured in large quantities, and can be found at most hardware stores. When these cannot be had, the lighter common tools may be used, with the addition of a curved trowel, which is almost indispensable. Of course, the dress must correspond to the work. One style is made very much like a good bathing-dress. Another consists of sack waist, short skirts, and well-protected ankles—no hoops in either case. The shoes must be thick, and for early morning work high boots are the best. Gloves are worn when the work will admit of it. India-rubber are the best, but if they cannot be obtained, old kid-gloves are better than none. If the hands are inclined to grow rough, a little glycerine, rubbed on at night, will keep them smooth.

Of this fashion, it may be said for a rarity that it is quite as suitable for girls as for ladies. I tried something like it once, and the memory thereof haunts me still, deluding me into faint imitations in window-pots and city yards. When I was yet a child, our folks came into possession of a large garden, and my father gave me a generous corner of it on condition that I should cultivate it myself. I made quite a little Eden of it to my fancy. I laid it out in stars and diamonds, and filled them with plants and flowers. In one corner my father put up a little summer-house which I covered with various kinds of wild vines. The dear place! I visited it years afterward and found the latticed arbor broken down and the vines running rampant in one grand luxurious tangle.

But was that all?

O no; besides the great pleasure that it gave me, I gained health. Previously I had been a feeble child, but during the few years that I cultivated that garden I laid the foundation of a constitution that, with good care and God's blessing, will take me comfortably down to a green old age.

There is nothing better for health than out-door exercise. Every person should practice it in some form, and none is better than this. Dress appropriately and work moderately at first; you will be able to do more by and by. Soon you will begin to feel far better than when you were shut up in the house all day. In this particular case I advise you, girls, to "follow the fashions." AUNT JULIA.

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A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.

CORA was only seven years old when she came tripping down stairs one morning with a happy face, saying, "Auntie, I had such a beautiful dream last night."

"Had you, dear?" was the affectionate reply, "what was it?"

"O I dreamed I was playing with my Sister Ella somewhere. It was not at home, nor here; but it was such a beautiful place! and after a while papa and mamma came, and we were so glad!"

The Soldier to his Mother.

WORDS BY J. H. MCKELLAR.

MUSIC BY THOMAS DAVIES.

1. On the field of bat-tle, mo-ther, All the night a-lone I lay; Angels watch-ing
o'er me, mo-ther, Till the breaking of the day: I lay think-ing of you, mother,
And the lov-ed ones at home, Till to our dear cottage, mother, Boy a-gain I seem to come.

2. He to whom you taught me, mother,
On my infant knee to pray,
Kept my heart from fainting, mother,
When the vision passed away.
In the gray of morning, mother,
Comrades bore me to the town:
From my bosom tender fingers
Washed the blood that trickled down.

3. Kiss for me my little brother,
Kiss my sisters, loved so well,
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them how their brother fell;

Tell to them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country,
All from love to her and God.

4. Leaning on the merit, mother,
Of the ONE who died for all,
Peace is in my bosom, mother,
Hark! I hear the angels call!
Don't you hear them singing, mother?
Listen to the music's swell!
Now I leave you, loving mother—
God be with you—fare you well.

That very day Cora was taken sick, and in less than a week she had indeed gone to join her little Sister Ella in the beautiful place that God has prepared for all those that love him, for she was one of his children. L.



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THE DOG AND THE KITTEN.

BLACK PRINCE was a little pet dog belonging to an English lady. He had never seen a cat until his mistress went to take lodgings by the sea-side in a house where there was a neglected kitten. In exploring the house Prince soon found the little thing alone in a basket, and he was quite pleased with it. He went smelling about its basket, and finally ventured to take it up gently in his mouth and carry it to his own rug, where he licked and fondled it as tenderly as its own mother could have done. This he did repeatedly until he and the kitten became great friends. They slept together and played together; and though the kitten would sometimes make the little dog feel its sharp claws, he never seemed to mind it; he knew it was all in play. But one day when he was eating his dinner the little kitten crawled into the middle of his plate. He

could not allow this at all, but he did not snap it up shortly. He gently took it up in his mouth and carried it away to its own basket. He then returned and finished his meal. A good lesson is this for big children who tease and abuse little ones. J.

To shake off trouble we must set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—HOWARD.

AN army surgeon in Arkansas tried to hire a young, barefooted, coatless native as an errand boy. The astonished lad exclaimed, "Work! Why I can't work; I'm white!"

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