



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

First Work and then Play.

"So there is no school to-day?" said Mr. Clark, while they were all sitting at breakfast.

"No, father, and we hope you will give us a holiday," replied Charlie.

"What do you wish to do, my son?"

"O I have been wanting to go a fishing this long time, and this is just the right kind of a day for it. Can't I go?"

"And what does Leonard wish to do?" inquired Mr. Clark, with a glance toward his elder son.

"Just what father pleases," was the dutiful reply.

"Then you don't care for a holiday," was the gentle response. "You have no project on hand?"

"Well, father, to tell the truth, I did very much wish to go to the village, for our minister said if I would come over some day he would lend me Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition. But I thought perhaps you might want me to work in the garden."

"You are very considerate, my dear boy. And since I had been disappointed of the man whom I had engaged to do some gardening, I had concluded to set you and Charlie to work to-day."

So after breakfast Mr. Clark took the boys out to



the garden, and gave them each a vegetable bed to spade up, which with moderate application would take them four or five hours. The remainder of the

day they were to have to themselves. And as he would be gone all day, they might choose their own time for doing their work, but he advised them to work first and play afterward. At all events he should expect the work to be done.

He was soon gone, and Leonard took his spade and manfully commenced his task. At first he worked slowly, not tiring himself with violent exertions; and twice he threw himself down on the garden bench, and talked to Rover while he rested. When he had spaded up the whole bed he went to the house to get the rake, and he found it was just eleven o'clock. His mother gave him a draught of fresh buttermilk, and he drew for her a couple of pails of water. Then he raked over the bed thoroughly, and gathered out all the stones, and had a little time to rest before dinner.

All this while he had seen nothing of Charlie.

That rather selfish boy had, it seems, availed himself of his father's permission to time his work to suit himself, and had concluded to do his fishing first; and he excused this course by saying that he would perhaps be able to bring his mother some fish for dinner.

But the sun came out brightly, and he caught no fish; and instead of being wise enough to go home, he kept staying "just a little longer," until he was finally aroused by a slap on the shoulder from his Cousin Fred. He had then caught only three little fishes five or six inches long.

"What nonsense!" said Fred. "Why you don't catch enough to pay for your board. Aint you hungry?"

Charlie confessed that he was, and he was very much surprised to learn that it was four o'clock.

While they were going up to the house, Fred told him about his new pony which his father had got for his birthday present, and his sister had one too. Charlie expressed a great desire to see them.

"Well," said Fred, "we came over to-day on purpose to give you and Leonard a chance to try them, but we could not find you, so Leonard went out on my pony with sister Fanny."

Charlie was sadly mortified. Above all other things he delighted to handle horses. And to add to his chagrin just then they came in sight of Leonard's nicely finished garden bed, and his own lying beside it untouched. He could do nothing to it then. He must entertain Fred.

It was nearly six o'clock before the riders returned. They had been to the village, and got the books that Leonard had been wishing for. Then they sat down to supper. Charlie was too hungry to forego that, and as the young visitors were obliged to leave soon afterward, all that Charlie could do with the ponies was to take a little turn up and down the road.

Then he had to meet his father's reproachful looks, and to understand that he would be expected to do his neglected task in the garden, out of school hours during the coming week.

Charlie took a lesson from all this, and many times afterward he was known to quote and to act upon the motto, "First work and then play."

AUNT JULIA.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Baby Florence.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

You'd better believe she is pretty,
Our baby, our beautiful girl!
With her eyes full of innocent mischief,
With her hair just beginning to curl.
With her tiny feet constantly tripping,
For she is just learning to walk;
With her lips full of musical prattle,
For she is just learning to talk.

I watch her sometimes at the window,
She stands on the tips of her toes;
Outside you can see her eyes sparkle,
And the end of her little pug-nose.
She mimics the dog's solemn bow-wow,
She catches up every light word;
She mews, and she crows, and she whistles,
As shrill as a wild forest bird.

Only just a year old is our baby,
So pure and so happy is she,
That we long to enchant her, and keep her
Forever as young and as free.
But we might as well prison the sunshine,
Or stay the sweet growth of the flowers,
Or bind up the spray of the fountain,
Or fetter the swift-flying hours.

(God gave her, our beautiful baby!
He made her so sweet and so pure;
He gave her the undying spirit
That will to all ages endure.
God keep her! May Israel's shepherd,
Who carries the lambs in his breast,
Be near her in joy and in sorrow,
And guide her safe home to his rest,



Spikenard.

AFTER LAZARUS had been raised from the dead, he and his sisters and friends were so thankful to Christ that they wanted to show it out in some way, and so they made him a great supper. And they invited many people to it, who came in crowds, for they wanted to see Jesus, who had done this strange thing, and also Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. For the story about Lazarus had caused great wonder.

Now the sisters of Lazarus felt as though nothing was too good for Christ. "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." This was a perfume often used by kings and queens, and Mary looked upon Christ as the King of kings. It was probably because she loved him so reverently, and worshiped him so devoutly, that Christ said that this grateful deed that she had done should be told throughout the whole world wherever his Gospel should be preached. Christ looks at the heart, and no mere outward worship, however costly, will please him.

The spikenard plant, which formed the basis of this precious ointment, is represented in the above cut. For a long time learned men did not know where it grew, but they have recently discovered it in India. It was made up with other fragrant spices, oils, and gums, and put into onyx or alabaster boxes, and sealed. It is probably this seal that Mary broke instead of the box, as it reads in Mark. It is still used in some countries of the East.



There's not a heath, however rude, but hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude, and scent the evening hour;
There's not a heart, however cast by grief and sorrow down,
But has some memory of the past to love and call its own.

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