

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A WORD TO BOYS.

WHEN our late war closed, some Americans who had been living a long time in Paris came back here to rejoice with us, they were so proud of their native land, which was now for the first time a really free country. But they closed their visit soon and returned, and what do you suppose they said of us?

"It is hot there, and everybody is in a hurry; they all spit, and no one says, Thank you."

The weather here we cannot help, and we care very little what they say about the hurry; for we have a great country and much to do for it, so we have no time to be idle. As to the lack of politeness, there may be some room for improvement. It will do us no hurt to try to get more, though I would not wish to import any of the hollow French article miscalled by that name. But as regards the other accusation, I repeat it to myself very often, "They all spit," and I see no excuse for it. To be sure, some men put tobacco in their mouths, and that necessarily makes them spit. I am certain I should wish to spit too, until I spit it all out. Of course, when there is anything offensive in the mouth it should be removed, but it should be done as quietly as possible. Still, men and boys spit on other occasions, and on all occasions, incessantly, and without any good reason. I believe women do not practice it, (perhaps it is because their mouths are cleaner,) and they do not seem to think it necessary for men and boys to do so in their presence.

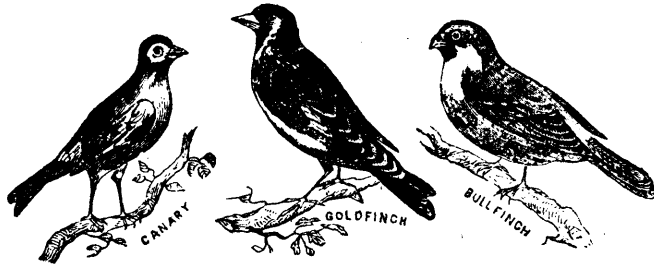
But it is not only an indelicate and offensive habit, it is also very injurious. If you take a looking-glass, and by its help look under the front part of the tongue, you will see several small openings, which pour out a clear fluid, called saliva, into the mouth. This is not to be thrown out and wasted, nor used up in chewing gum or tobacco. Its object is to moisten our food and prepare it for digestion in the stomach. Nature supplies no more of it than is necessary. If, then, it is wasted for other purposes, the food is imperfectly digested, and Nature, in the effort to repair the waste, makes a drain on the system which hurts the health.

Some boy, perhaps, will be just wise enough to say that he knows some good men that spit. Very likely, and they no doubt acquired the habit when they were boys like you, and no one told them better. But that is no reason why you should abuse your health and the better knowledge that God has given you. Boys, don't spit! AUNT JULIA.

## LINES FOR A SICK CHILD.

No doubt, little reader, the time goes slowly with you as you lie all day on your couch. You can spend some of it in looking up these passages in the Bible, and may Jesus comfort you with some precious promise.

WHEN wasted by sickness and weary with pain,  
Psa. xli, 3.  
So smitten, so faint I may ne'er rise again,  
Psa. xxxix, 4, 11.  
To whom shall I look, to whom shall I cry,  
John vi, 68.  
But to thee, blessed Jesus, who ever art nigh?  
Matt. xi, 28.  
I know thou art near in my deepest distress,  
Isa. xlviii, 10.  
O be near to sustain me, to comfort and bless!  
Isa. lxlii, 9.  
Let the keenest of tortures ne'er make me repine,  
Prov. iii, 11, 12.  
But remember thy anguish was greater than mine.  
Luke xxii, 44.  
'Tis because I have sinned that I languish and sigh,  
Luke xxiii, 41.  
But thou for my sins didst in agony die;  
1 Pet. ii, 24.  
And since thou hast suffered for me to atone,  
Isa. liii, 5.  
O take me, and wash me, and make me thine own.  
Psa. li, 5, 10.



## SPRING CONCERT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE'S a concert, a concert of gladness and glee,  
The programme is rich, and the tickets are free,  
In a grand vaulted hall, where there's room and to spare,  
With no gas-light to eat up the oxygen there.  
The musicians excel in their wonderful art,  
They have compass of voice, and the gamut by heart;  
They have traveled abroad in the winter recess,  
And sung to vast crowds with unbounded success;  
And now 'tis a favor and privilege rare  
Their arrival to hail and their melodies share.

These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set,  
Which they hope you'll comply with and may not regret.  
They don't keep late hours, for they've always been told  
'Twould injure their voice and make them look old.  
They invite you to come, if you have a fine ear,  
To the garden or grove, their rehearsals to hear;  
Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is born,  
Their music is sweetest at breaking of morn;  
It was learned at Heaven's gate, with its rapturous lays,  
And may teach you, perhaps, its own spirit of praise.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## SIGNS OF SPRING.

Yes, Spring is here, but how did you find it out? What was the first sign you saw of Spring? All the seasons approach so gradually that, like the break of day, or the opening of the rose, it is difficult to tell where they actually commence. But it often happens that we are not watching, and do not think about them until some little incident reminds us that they are here or near by. Little eyes are often very sharp, and they see the things they love a long way off. Jim saw the first sign of Spring when the ice broke up and spoiled his skating. Neddie discovered it when his papa tapped a maple-tree and the sap ran for making sugar. Little Indian Joe said, "Spring most here," when the first harrow-shaped flock of wild geese went screaming northward. Alice's first thought of it came with the discovery of a nest full of new-laid eggs in the hay-mow; but Susie did not really comprehend the idea until she found a bunch of wild flowers in the edge of the wood. What was the first sign of Spring that you saw? Do you remember now?

## THE LITTLE REPUBLICAN.

LITTLE GUSSIE one day heard General W. remark that he did not see the sin of slavery. Instantly Gussie's spirit was up, and he boldly asserted that the Bible said it was wrong. General W. replied that he had never seen it in the Bible.

"Then you haven't read it through, have you?"

"Yes, I have," was the cool rejoinder.

At first Gussie was puzzled, but after a moment's thought he exclaimed, "Then you must have turned over two leaves at once!"—*Independent.*

## LION AND JACK TAR.

PRINCE, a tame lion on board the British ship *Ariadne*, had a keeper, to whom he was much attached. The keeper got drunk one day, and, as the captain never forgave that crime, he was ordered to be flogged. The grating was rigged on the main deck, opposite Prince's den, a large barred up place, the pillars large and cased with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomily from his couch, and got as near to his friend

as possible. On beholding his bare back he walked hastily round the den, and when he saw the boat-swain inflict the first lash his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick beatings of his tail. At last, when the blood began to flow from the unfortunate man's back, and the "clotted cats" jerked their gory knots close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous; he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of his prison as if they had been osiers, and finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrific that it is possible to conceive.

The captain, fearing that he might break loose, ordered the marines to load, and present at Prince. This threat redoubled his rage, and at last the captain desired the keeper to be cast off and go to his friend. It is impossible to describe the joy evinced by the lion. He licked with care the mangled and bleeding back of the cruelly treated seaman, caressed him with his paws, which he folded round the keeper, as if to defy any man renewing a similar treatment, and it was only after several hours that Prince would allow the keeper to quit his protection.

## A PET PIGEON.

IN Leedsville, a tame pigeon accompanies two little children to school regularly, flying after them along the street, alighting on (dropping on) the fences, trees, and in the road before them. If it flies too far ahead you may see it turn round, and, looking at the children, wait patiently for their arrival, and then fly a stretch further on; and so it keeps doing until they reach the school. Then it perches itself upon the window-sill, where it remains till school is over, when it observes the same manner in going home.

## A BIG "MISTAKEN."

THE grandma of a little four-year-old had been telling her one day not to say that people lied, but rather that they were mistaken. Her grandma, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was a tough one to believe. After she had finished, the little girl looked up into her face and exclaimed:

"Grandma, that's the biggest *mistaken* I ever heard."

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