



## IN THE GARDEN

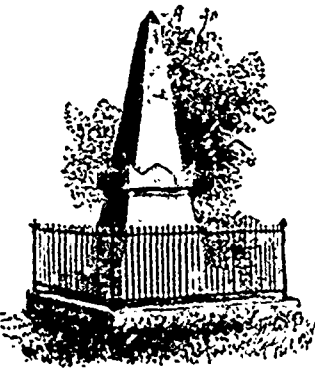
is still a place of many attractions, if not so far north that Jack Frost has spoiled its beauty. The petunias are still in bloom. The zinnias and nasturtiums glow with brightness, the chrysanthemums just begin to show color, and the dahlias stand in regal magnificence. How many of you remember the talk we had about dahlias a year ago? And how many of those that remember have tried to learn the native countries of our garden plants and flowers? I fancy there are a few lists tucked away in little portfolios. Here is one that says, the verbena and scarlet petunia came from Buenos Ayres, the sweet pea from Sicily, the dark sweet pea from Ceylon, mignonette from Egypt, and oleanders, lupins, artichokes, and locusts from Palestine. I guess the little daughter who made this list has been reading Miss Rogers's "Domestic Life in Palestine." She looks pleased when I say that. She has pleasant memories of that excellent book. Miss Rogers is a pleasant, lovable woman, and she has a habit of keeping her eyes open when she goes about the world. A very good habit it is, too. I advise you all to adopt it, and to look at all the pleasant and profitable things, never forgetting the flowers. I believe flowers were made to bless the eyes.

And with all the rest, have you seen any of Mr. Vick's tulips and hyacinths yet? I have, and the sight did my eyes good and my heart too. They do not cost so much money now as they did many years ago, when people went crazy, and made and lost fortunes on a single bulb. That was in Holland, and England, and France. Holland is still a great place for bulbs; the best that we have come from there, and our florists sell them. But Mr. James Vick does not live in Holland; he lives in Rochester, N. Y. You write him a persuasive letter with money in it, and see what a pleasant answer you will get. A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### The Boy that told the Truth.

A FATHER stood by the dead body of his only son. The tears ran down his face; it was hard to part with him, to put away that sweet, loved face where he would never see it again. But amid the sadness and the tears there was a sweet, calm look, and he said gently, though with a broken voice, "Eddie was a good boy. I never knew him to tell a lie." That thought was balm to his sad heart. Little boy, if you should die could your pa have such a thought as that to comfort him? C.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### Tobacco Using and its Kindred Vices.

"Now, boys, after all that has been said, I'd like to know what you think about this matter of using tobacco."

"It's a nasty habit," said Hardwell.

"And you do not intend to become a slave to it," I added.

"Well, no ma'am, I think not. It can do me no

good, it may do me much harm, and it will certainly cost me a good deal of money, which I believe I can lay out to better advantage in something else."

"How much would it cost you?"

"I don't quite know; but there's Tom Hardy uses a ten cent paper every day."

"How much would that make in a year?"

"Thirty-six dollars and fifty cents," replied George in a minute.

"And in the six years that would elapse before you are twenty-one that would amount to more than two hundred dollars principal, besides the interest that would accrue. That might help you through some tight place, and be the turning point in your fortune. At all events you would be better off by the whole of that amount, to say nothing of having a more agreeable presence, a healthier body, and a nobler soul."

I turned to the wen-cheeked boy, and he antici-



ipated my question by saying, "I am going to keep on till I get that ten dollar bill."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"Why 'Poisoner & Co.' say that they put a ten dollar bill into every fiftieth paper of tobacco, and I mean to keep on until I get one."

"How long have you been using tobacco, Carter?"

"About four or five years."

"And you have not found the ten dollar bill yet?"

"O it is only lately that it has been offered! But I heard of a man that did get one."

"If you had saved the money; that you have paid out for tobacco you would have had several ten dollar bills now safe and sure, would you not?"

The little fellow looked sheepish at this, and answered slowly, "I suppose I should."

"Well, it is not too late now. Stop using the tobacco at once, and carefully put aside the amount you have been accustomed to spend in that way, and you will soon have a ten dollar bill. And it will be far better money than that which is put into the papers of 'Poisoner & Co.'"

"Why, isn't their money good enough?"

"No, it would be as bad for you as their tobacco. From the very time that your hand should touch money gained in any such lottery fashion, it would itch to get more money not its own by that or some other species of gambling. Such a poison paper as that is a double snare of the evil one. Besides, it

is a lying trick of 'Poisoner & Co.' to get people to buy their tobacco. It may be that they did put up a ten dollar bill into every fiftieth paper for a week or so, but they could not keep it up long, for it would take twice as much money as they get. Fifty ten cent papers bring only five dollars. How, then, could they afford to put ten dollars into them? When you see that sort of bait you may always suspect a trap. Many a foolish lad will fall into it, and will learn to chew for the sake of getting one of those ten dollar bills. I am sorry that you will consent to be led by the nose in that sort of style, as if it were not enough to be poisoned, and made a nuisance of, and have your health destroyed, but that you should be made a silly dupe to these men, and a gambler into the bargain! The next step is to drink: nearly all drinkers used tobacco first. Its use makes them desire strong drink. Besides, boys often, by standing around taverns and corner grog shops to show off their smoking, fall into the company of tipplers, and then it becomes an easy matter to learn to drink. Thus closely are all vices linked together.

"Now just be independent, and make up your mind that you will earn your money honestly, and spend it carefully; that you will give up all bad habits, and aim at becoming an earnest, clean-mouthed, true-hearted man."

AUNT JULIA.

### The Blind Boy.

O SAY what is that thing called Light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy?  
What are the blessings of the sight?  
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make  
When'er I sleep or play;  
And could I ever keep awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of mind destroy;  
While thus I sing I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

C. CIBBER.

### The Story of Jesus.

"The story of Jesus," said an African, "is my hymn, my prayer, my Bible. I weep over it when I can't sing about it, and I sing over it when I can't weep about it. This is true, that I thank God for it from the sole of my foot to the top of my head." Is the Christian child as thankful for the blessing of a precious Saviour as that poor African?

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