

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Spider's Web.



WHEN I was at work in the garden this morning I saw a spider's web on the trellis, and I went to look at it. It was of the kind made by the geometrical spider, so called because its web is made with so much regularity. I always like to look at these webs, especially when the dew is on, for then the silken threads look as if strung with the purest gems.

But there was something else on this web—a fly's wing and a dead beetle. And when I touched the trellis down came Mr. Spider himself, hanging by a thread. I did not jump

nor scream, but I stepped back rather sprily. I dislike spiders. I always did. I am not afraid of them, for there are very few in this country

that are poisonous; but they are so fierce and so cruel and so quarrelsome that I cannot like them. Some of them fight each other like demons, and the victor eats up the vanquished.

It is even said of some kinds that the young ones eat up their own mothers! I declare, it is too horrible to think about.

There are many kinds of spiders. Father Long-legs is one kind. They do not all spin webs to catch their prey.

Some spin only just enough to swing themselves about on from place to place. Their silk is very curious. It is so fine that it would require thousands of the little cords to make a rope as large as one of your hairs; yet each cord is made up of thousands of strands. Talk of your six cord spool cotton! It is not worthy of mention compared with this. Above is a picture of a spider's spinning machine greatly magnified.

The web made by the silkworm can be wound off, and spun and woven. It is much coarser than the spider's web. One man in France tamed eight hundred spiders, which he kept for the sake of their silk. It is used in single threads for some scientific purposes, but people have never been able to make it into gauze or handkerchiefs or ribbons. It is much more available for catching flies and stringing dew-drops.

J. C.

Be Kind.

A GENTLEMAN had two little girls who in fine weather went out every day in a little carriage. Now there was a boy who lived near by, who did all he could to tease them every time they went out

to ride. At last he was so bad that their father thought he would call on the parents of the boy, and tell them about it. But that very day while they were out Mary said to Carrie, "I don't love little Thomas because he throws stones, and is a naughty boy."

"O, but mamma says we must love everybody, so I try to love little Thomas."

"Well, then, I will try too," said Mary.

So when they saw Thomas again Carrie said, "I love you, little Thomas."

Then Thomas went away, and they saw him no more that day.

The next day when they saw him they nodded to him, and said again, "I love you, little Thomas." A day or two after that they gave him some fruit that they had, and he soon became their fast friend.

have put in some seed. When you were eating that nice Spitzenberg this spring, or that golden pippin last fall, or that rich-melting Bartlett, what a nice thing it would have been to save the seed and plant it. Where? Why in the corner of the garden, or out behind the wood-shed, or all along the roadside.



If you should be continually putting in plum or pear, peach, cherry, or apple, and put stakes around them, and look after them a little, you might be able while yet a boy to line the roadside with fruit trees all along your father's farm, and perhaps your neighbor's farm too. If all my *Advocate* nephews should do so we would have lanes of fruit trees all through the country. I wonder if when I am old and gray-headed I shall be permitted to see such lanes in riding through the country, and think that some of my *Advocate* readers put them out!

And the girls can do the same too if they like, or they can perhaps get a corner of the garden to plant out a vine, or a bed of strawberries, or raspberries, or blackberries.

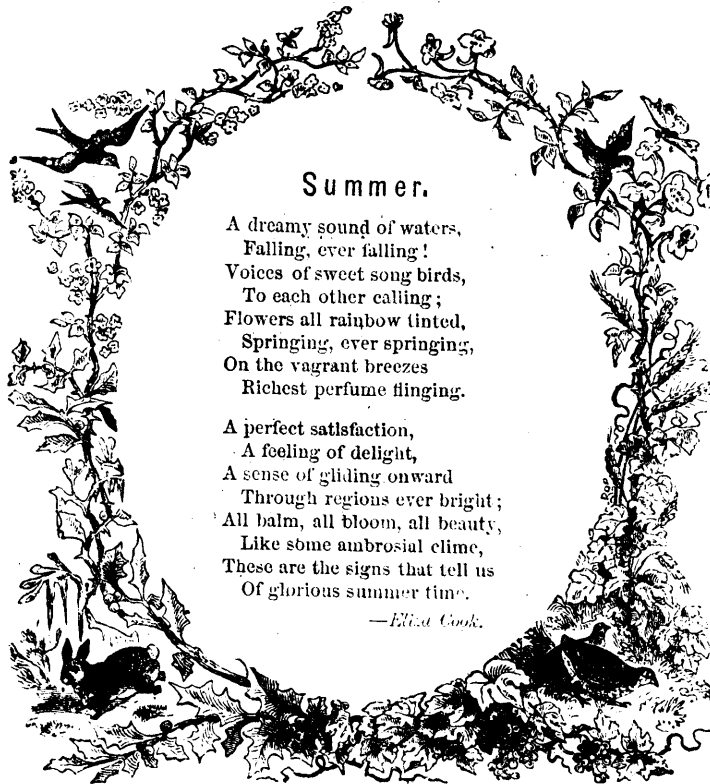
But pray do something every year, if it is only to stick down some currant

slips. It will be pleasant to see them grow, and to think that some day you or some one else will eat the fruit of them.

AUNT JULIA.

THE king's favor is toward a wise servant; but his wrath is against him that causeth shame. Prov. xiv, 35.

Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker, and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished. Prov. xvii, 5.



Summer.

A dreamy sound of waters,  
Falling, ever falling!  
Voices of sweet song birds,  
To each other calling;  
To each other calling;  
Flowers all rainbow tinted,  
Springing, ever springing,  
On the vagrant breezes  
Richest perfume flinging.

A perfect satisfaction,  
A feeling of delight,  
A sense of gliding onward  
Through regions ever bright;  
All balm, all bloom, all beauty,  
Like some ambrosial clime,  
These are the signs that tell us  
Of glorious summer time.

—Ellis Cook.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Our Northern Fruits.

The time of fruits has come again. Strawberries, cherries, and currants are ripe. Raspberries will soon follow, then blackberries and huckleberries, tomatoes and plums, peaches and melons, grapes, and pears, and apples. What a rich list is this! When you see oranges, pine-apples, and bananas, that come from warm latitudes, are you sometimes tempted to complain that we cannot raise many kinds of fruits in this country? If so just look over the above list once more.

I have heard ladies from South Carolina say that they do not have nearly so many kinds of fruit as we have here in the latitude of New York. Their apples were almost worthless, currants they never saw, and many of their smaller fruits were not so good as we have them. This might have been because they did not take sufficient pains to cultivate them, though I believe it is a fact that they cannot raise good apples there. And I would not exchange our northern apples for any other fruit in the world. Other fruits are very nice occasionally, but I do not know of any other that I could eat every day from August to April and not tire of it. I believe God has given to every latitude the fruit best suited to its climate. And our climate makes nobler men and women than the tropics do.

If we do not have fruit enough here it may be our own fault. What are our little folks doing to aid in its cultivation? Lucius, what did you plant this year? Nothing? You had no land? Was there not some neglected corner that you could beg? You had no trees? Well, then you could

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