

long, streaky clouds. We are going to find out where the clouds come from, and what they are made of. Then we want to find out why some clouds are round, and some long, and why they are of such a rosy color in the morning." "Then," said little Kate, "I want to know what the wind, which blows them along, is made of, and where it comes from. We have been noticing, too, the music which the animals make to the sun, when they see him."

"Do you see," said Joseph, "that he is just getting up! Listen, only now! There's the singing of the birds, the buzzing of the insects, the bleating of the lambs in the valley, and the cawing of the rooks a long way off. We mean this summer to count up the different trees and plants here, and, perhaps, the different earths, and rocks, and stones."

"Why," said Kate, "what is there to be learned from this old stump?"

"Ah," said Joseph, "our mother taught me many things from it; we had twelve lessons: 1st. We examined the roots, to see what they are made for. 2d. We learned about the sap. 3d. The trunk. 4th. The branches. 5th. The pith. 6th. The layers of wood. 7th. The bark. 8th. The buds. 9th. The leaves, and what they were made for. 10th. The little insects which live on the leaves and under the bark. 11th. How the tree came here, and what it was made for. 12th. We learned its name, and to what family of trees it belongs. And 13th. I am going to teach *all* this to you."

"But what is the use," said Kate, "of spending so much time in learning these things?"

"Ah, my dear Kate," said Joseph, "we ought to notice and learn every common thing around us. From the *plants* we get food to nourish us, medicine to heal us, and clothing to cover us. The wheat plants gave me the straw for my hat. The crocus

plant grew the yellow color for the ribbon. The indigo plant the dark blue for neckerchiefs. The flax plant the linen for my shirt; and the cotton tree for your gown."

"Yes," said Kate, "and my shoe-strings came from a silkworm, your coat from a sheep, and your shoes from a calf."

"And," resumed Joseph, "the oak trees are made into ships, the hemp plant into sails, and the wind blows them along. The earth gives us iron for our railroads; and water the mighty steam for the engines. These are all very common things, and yet man has found much good by thinking about them."

Thus little Joseph taught his sister every day about all the things they saw, until she was a great girl; and now they both enjoy more happiness than ever; for they are both teaching more than a hundred children how to feel that they are all the works of God, and how beautifully every thing is made to delight the eye and satisfy the soul that thirsts for knowledge.

Life.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night,
The wind blows out; the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past—a man forgot.

—Henry King, Bishop of Chichester,

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