



For the Sunday School Advocate.

BOUQUET MAKING.

SPRING is the time for flowers. Forest and field, and garden and road-side, are all gay with the little banners inscribed with the wisdom and goodness and love of the God that made them. It is true that we have flowers all the season until cold winter comes again, but at no time are they so sweet, so delicate, and so numerous as they are in the spring and early summer. Mother Earth seems to be laughing outright to find that warm weather has come back again.

The children have charming rambles now. I fancy some of you are gathering flowers for the bouquets that I was to show you how to make. But I would prefer to have each of you try it for yourself. I see Alfred has taken me at my word. Here he comes boisterously with his bouquet already made. He put it together as he went along, picking the flowers with short stems, packing them close together without regard to color, and then patting them down with his hand to make them nice and even! It has not so much as a green leaf in sight. Well, that is a boy's bouquet, and he will learn better after a lesson or two. It has one merit, the flowers are fragrant.

I see that Anna has brought her flowers in a basket. She cut them with a knife, which is better than scissors, since it does not bruise the stems. This allows the water to rise in them more easily, and the flowers will keep fresh longer. She places the stems in water, and providing herself with a knife and twine, she selects the top piece, which in this case is a fine cluster of white phlox. Below this she puts a circle of pink phlox, interspersed with nodding sprays of grass, winding the stems with the twine as she proceeds. Next come blue buttons and buttercups some small white flowers, then roses with leaves and buds, interspersed with clusters of violets, ever and anon giving the twine a turn, and finishing off with plenty of leaves to fall over the edge of the vase.

"Well, but what kind of leaves are those? They look so pretty!" remarks the inquisitive Melissa.

Hold your ear close till I whisper. They are carrot leaves, and they finish off the bouquet nicely.

But the one-sided bouquet for the mantle-piece is much more easily made, and quite as pretty in its place, only you should not put white at the top, if it is to set against a white wall. Here is one with a branch of arbor vite for its background, upon which the flowers are carefully arranged and tied, with a nasturtium for the center. Here is another with a big thistle on either side and a poppy in the middle. Really it looks very pretty. With the exercise of a little taste one can make a passable bouquet out of almost any kind of flowers.

"Except these with the weak stems," says a little voice at my side.

Poor timid Maggie! She has not even ventured to

show her flowers. Bring a soup plate or a deep platter with water in it. We do not intend to eat the flowers however. Now spread out these beautiful ferns on the edge, with the stems down in the water. Then lay these frail flowers over them. We want more white. Run, Maggie, to the roadside and get me some May flowers.

"O, but they're so common," says Maggie, "and they do not smell nice."

Never mind, they look pretty, and the leaves are really elegant. Now put this beautiful water-lily in the center. By to-morrow they will hold their heads as erect as they did when growing in the fields.

"Please, ma'am, I could get nothing but a rose," says Mina; "mother had but one."

Well, my child, that is just the thing for this slender little vase. It will look far more elegant than if crowded with a dozen flowers. And notice also—where you have but one flower alone with leaves—some shade of red is the prettiest that you can choose.

"O dear!" sighs Sophia, "here is all this morning lost. I ought to have been studying my algebra."

Then why are you here?

"Because I thought I should be able to learn something valuable."

That is no reason why you should neglect your school lesson.

"I am sure that I have learned a great deal that is valuable," says Minerva. "I believe God wishes to have us admire and make the most of the beautiful things that he gives us, always thanking him for them all. And if I can make bouquets as beautiful as Anna's it will greatly please my dear sick mother. The doctor says that a pleasant hour does her more good than medicine."

Yes, my child, you will often be able to make your home brighter, and to cheer the lonely hours of many a sick person, by a little skill in bouquet making. You should never neglect your duties for your own pleasure; but giving pleasure to others often becomes a duty, and it is worth the while to study the best way of performing it, even in the simple matter of making bouquets. AUNT JULIA.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHILE the editor is looking another way Aunt Julia slips in Cousin Kate's

CHAT WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,—Don't you love this sunbeam—the Advocate—which enters your homes every fortnight?

How mindful of the little ones was that honorable body, the General Conference, to give us so *Wise* a friend to warn us of evil, and with his great heart overflowing with kindness for his numerous family, to tell us of a Saviour's precious love for the lambs of the flock. O, I think we have just the editor!

His love for us is truly made manifest in supplying us such a capital paper, which richly merits the warm affection of our hearts. We guess he must

possess a bit of your love, judging from the entertaining missives published in one corner of the *Advocate* from time to time.

When I was a wee toddling of perhaps three or four summers, our first Sunday-school was organized in the quiet little village of A—— by Brother Lawton, who is now telling of Jesus's love in the far, far West, on the shores of the Pacific. He dearly prized the Sunday-school, and quickly saw our need of one.

At that time the *Advocate* was first introduced to us. Its pages have ever proved interesting, and have, we hope, influenced us to good. We never let any of its numbers pass unread, and nowadays its contents are rehearsed to little sister Mabel, who is a great lover of stories. Her heart beat feelingly for little lame Philip, and she thought Ronald was "such a good boy" to deny himself so much for another. The little boy's prayer for the missionary enlisted her sympathies, for she is strongly attached to a missionary friend in India. After repeating the story to her, she looked up with the big tears just ready to flow from her bright eyes, saying, "Kate, won't the bears catch Brother S——?" but quickly rallying her faith she added, "O, I know! The Good Man up in the skies will take care of him."

COUSIN KATE.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

—Methodist Protestant.

A BENEVOLENT COBBLER.—In a lonely village in Scotland, there is a good old shoemaker, who, during the last sixty years, has been the school-master to upward of *fourteen hundred children*; receiving *no pay*, except the joy of trying to do good! Although he is now eighty-two years of age, still he continues to "cobble" and hear lessons.

LOVE not sleep, lest thou come to poverty: open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread.—PROV. xx, 13.

WHOSO stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.—PROV. xxi, 13.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published on the *Second and Fourth Saturdays* of each month by SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.

TERMS.

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	40 cents per vol.
" 5 copies " 10, " "	83 " "
" 10 " " 20, " "	85 " "
" 20 " " 30, " "	88 " "
" 30 " " 40, " "	30 " "
" 40 " " 50, " "	23 " "
" 50 " " 75, " "	27 " "
" 75 " " 100, " "	28 " "
" 100 " and upward, " "	25 " "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

The year begins with October, from which time all subscriptions must date.

All packages are sent to the address of some individual or school. In such cases names are not written upon the several papers. Persons subscribing should therefore make arrangements for the proper distribution of the papers on the arrival of the package.

All communications to be addressed to REV. SAMUEL ROSE, Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.