

student to discover truth by the proper exercise of his own self-activities, but when this value is judiciously sought, the others are duly realized, and that in their proper relations.

Generally speaking, the stages of a completed Nature-Study lesson will show the following sequence:

The attentive exercise of the senses upon the objects or phenomena of study; that is, the getting of the "raw materials" of thought (observation).

Comparing, relating, seeking causes and effects, perceiving; in short, working over by mental processes the "raw material," the sense experiences, and reaching influences, generalizations, judgments (inductions), applying, where practicable, these inductions to new situations (deductions).

Expressing the steps or stages in the observing, reasoning, the judgments, applications if any, by speech, drawing, writing or other suitable mode.

Expression gives the opportunity to correlate reading, writing, spelling, composition, drawing, etc., with the Nature Study. For example, the children interested in the ground-bird's nest referred to, will take pleasure in describing the nest and the bird, making drawings of the situation, modelling the eggs in clay and coloring it, imitating the bird's song, neatly writing and reading their compositions, and, finally, studying in their reading books, W. C. Bryant's "Robert of Lincoln" with spirited appreciation. In this way the Nature-Study lesson not only makes opportunity for the expressive studies just named, but also renders them attractive, by showing the child how they are related to the needs that arise in his experience.

JOHN DEARNESS.

London Normal School.

Christmas Present for Every-body.

Christmas is coming,
It soon will be here,
The merriest day
In the whole bright year.
If you wish to please
Both the grave and the gay,
Both the old and young,
You can take this way:
One-fifty (\$1.50) enclose
With address of a friend,
Without any delay
To the "Advocate" send.
Each week in the year
To your friend 'twill bring
A fine Christmas gift
That's fit for a king.
More than fifty gifts!
And each one a prize
To instruct the mind
And delight the eyes.
And three cents will pay
For each of these gifts.
Think—only THREE CENTS!
But what loads it lifts,
Loads from heart and brain
And from body too,—
For if you stick fast
It will pull you through.

Our paper itself
Is this weekly prize,
In a hundred ways
'Twill open the eyes
Of your grateful friend
And all on his farm,
For both old and young,
It is sure to charm.
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
This year we'll send,
As well as next year's
To your fortunate friend.

—Santa Claus.

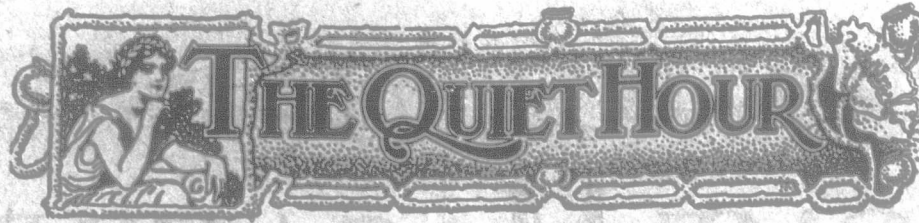
Headquarters: The "Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Premiums Please the Girls.

Dear Sir,—I have received the bracelet and friendship hearts, and am very well pleased with them. I shall do all I can to get subscriptions for the Farmer's Advocate," as we consider it the best farmer's paper.

JENNIE REID.

Algoma, Ont.



Learning to Pray.

Kneeling fair, in the twilight gray,
A beautiful child was trying to pray;
His cheek on his mother's knee,
His bare little feet half hidden,
His smile still coming unbidden,
And his heart brimful of glee.

"I want to laugh. Is it naughty?
Say,
O, mamma! I've had such fun to-day,
I hardly can say my prayers.
I don't feel just like praying;
I want to be outdoors playing,
And run, all undressed, down stairs.

"I can see the flowers in the garden-bed,
Shining so pretty, and sweet, and red;
And Sammy is swinging, I guess.
Oh! everything is so fine out there,
I want to put it all in the prayer,
Do you mean I can do it by 'Yes'?"

"When I say, 'Now I lay me'—word for word,
It seems to me as if nobody heard,
Would 'Thank you, dear God,' be right?
He gave me my mother,
And papa and brother—
O, mamma! you nodded I might."

Clasping his hands and hiding his face,
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
The little one now began.
His mother's nod and sanction sweet,
Had led him close to the dear Lord's feet,
And his words like music ran:

"Thank you for making this home so nice,
The flowers, and my two white mice,—
I wish I could keep right on;
I thank you, too, for every day,
Only I'm 'most too glad to pray;
Dear God, I think I'm done."

"Now, mamma, rock me—just a minute,
And sing the hymn with 'darling' in it.
I wish I could say my prayers!
When I get big I know I can,
Oh! won't it be nice to be a man,
And stay all night down stairs!"

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
Kissing and cooing her fond "Good-night,"
And treasured his every word.
For well she knew that the artless joy,
And love of her precious, innocent boy,
Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

—Mary E. Dodge.

They Brought Young Children to Him.
—S. Mark, x: 13.

How glad those Jewish mothers must have been that they had not lost the opportunity of bringing their little ones to Christ, and how thankful those children would always be that they had been held in the arms of the Saviour of the world, and that His hands had been laid in blessing on their young heads. And think of the feelings of the Master Himself. Scorned and rejected by the men He wanted to help, the love and trust of the little children must have been very sweet and comforting. The clinging arms around His neck, the confiding little head which nestled so close to His heart—that heart which was wounded and broken by the sins of the world—must have cheered and helped Him in His difficult work. No wonder he was "much displeased" with the disciples who thought their Master too busy to be troubled with children.

And He has not changed. He still loves the little ones, and is displeased with those who would keep them from Him. Can we doubt that He is also especially pleased with those who bring them to Him. If it is a grand work to awaken a hardened sinner to repentance, think what a blessed work it is to save a soul from the sorrow of looking back on a wasted life, to be the instrument in God's hands of setting his feet in the

right path from the first. Think, if some who have presented their whole lives as a beautiful offering to Christ, should some day gratefully own that it was largely your doing! Prevention is far better than cure. It is more sensible, as someone has said, to build a fence at the top of a precipice, rather than a hospital at the bottom. Schools are better than jails, and it is wiser to train children in the way they should go, instead of spending all our energies in the difficult task of trying to reform them when they are grown old in evil habits.

But are you doing this? Are you only teaching the children to "say their prayers," or are you showing them how to pray? Do they think they say them to "mother," or have you opened their eyes to the tremendous fact that they are addressing the great Creator of the universe? Children are so quick to grasp the truths which grown people can only learn slowly and painfully. And well they understand the difference between "saying prayers" with the lips only, and really "praying." At least, it is very easy to make them understand. One evening last summer, when a little five-year-old visitor of mine had hurried through her prayers and climbed into bed, I had a few minutes' quiet talk with her on the question of whether she had thought about God or not while she was on her knees. She looked very serious for a moment, and then said: "I'll say them over again!" and again the little curly head was bowed low over the clasped hands, as she knelt beside the bed. If she did not know the meaning of all the petitions offered, at least she knew that Jesus was listening, and that her words were not spoken into empty space.

You cannot bring the children to Christ unless you come with them yourself. You cannot teach them to know and love Him, unless you love Him yourself. Oh, never feel that your life is narrow or commonplace, if you have this grand opportunity of service within your reach. When the Master takes the children in His arms, He surely looks with loving approbation on those who have taken them by the hand and drawn them close to His side.

"Golden head so lowly bending;
Little feet so white and bare;
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened—
Lipsing out her evening prayer.

"Well she knows when she is saying,
'Now I lay me down to sleep,'
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

"Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
'If I should die before I wake'—
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
'I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

"O the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

"If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine."

HOPE.

Old-fashioned, but so Comfortable.

Warm, light and easy to slip on, this little wrap is called a nightgale after the beloved nurse who was such a blessing to the sick in the last half century. It is not at all difficult to make and will be a welcome gift.

Take a piece of soft woollen material, two and a half yards long, and three-quarters of a yard wide, herring-bone it all round, and edge it with a narrow knitted or crocheted edging, about three-quarters of an inch wide.

Divide the material exactly in half, and mark off nine inches from each side of the middle front edge, and join together with a little bow of ribbon to form a burnous at the back. Ten inches on each side below this little bow put a ribbon to secure the neck. Turn the two back corners up five inches and make them secure with a ribbon bow to form sleeves. That is the whole thing.

Many people prefer a knitted nightgale made with double Shetland or single vest wool. The number of stitches and size of needles must depend upon the fineness and character of the wool used. It is necessary to knit loosely both for the look and feel, which should be quite soft to the touch.

Put on from 100 to 150 stitches to make a width of three-quarters of a yard and knit backward and forward (garter knitting) until you have two and a half yards in length. Fasten off and take a crochet-hook and commence to make an edging—12 double crochet in one stitch, and one single crochet in the next, and so on all round, making the corners even fuller.

Now divide the whole piece of knitting in half and proceed as with the material.

—The Prairie Farmer.