

"IT WILL HURT MY FATHER."

SOME boys and girls will mind what their parents say when they are in their sight; but they do not obey when their parents are not looking at them. Two little boys were at play in a garden where there was a tree full of ripe cherries.

"O, Frank," said one of them, "let us pick some of these red cherries. Look, how fine they are!"

"No, Willie," said the other, "we must not touch them. You know we were told not to pick one of them."

"But, Frank, there is no one here to see us; you need not be afraid. And if your father should find out that we took them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you."

"That is why I will not touch them," said Frank to Willie. "I know my father would not hurt me; yet for me to disobey would hurt my father, and I would not wish to grieve him."

Did not that little boy know what it was to obey? We think he must have loved his father.

Now, young reader, what can you say for yourself? Do you at all times obey your parents? Is there no bad temper or ugly frown seen in you? No naughty word spoken by you? Have you not disobeyed, and shown that you have got an evil heart within? As a tree is known by its fruits, so is a child by its doings. Will you not, then, ask God to look upon you with love, and, for the sake of Jesus Christ, to forgive you all your sins? And will you not ask him for his grace, that your hearts may be right in his sight? Then we may hope to see you among those children who try to make their parents happy.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AN OLD WOMAN'S STRAWBERRY-PLANT.

A poor old woman made her home in a little attic. Her whole income was only about sixty cents a week. A kind visitor noticed that she had a strawberry-plant growing in a broken tea-pot which stood on the window-sill. The old woman tended the plant with great care, and it grew finely. Seeing this the visitor said one day:

"Your plant does well; you will soon have some strawberries on it."

"It's not for the sake of the fruit that I grow it," replied the old lady.

"Then why take so much care of it?"

"Well, ma'am," rejoined the woman, "I'm very poor, too poor to keep any living creature, but it's a great comfort to me to have that living plant. I know it can only live by the power of God, and as I see it grow from day to day it tells me that God is near."

Thus you see that strawberry-plant was the old lady's teacher. She learned a precious lesson from it every day. Let this teach you, my children, to make plants, flowers, trees, birds, and all other living things your teachers. Listen to them and they will all talk to you thus: "God made us. He keeps us alive. He feeds us, and clothes us with all our beauty. Will he not therefore care for you, O ye children, who are so much more valuable than we are?"

Now I want you to commit four lines to memory. They were written by HORACE SMITH. Here they are:

"Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!" X. X.

VERY GOOD.—To preserve apples from rotting put them into a dry cellar, of easy access to a large family of children.



SMALL AND SWIFT.

SAYS the big wagon wheel
To the little wagon wheel,
"What a difference between us I see!
As our course we pursue,
Can a small thing like you
E'er keep up with a great thing like me?"

Says the little wagon wheel
To the big wagon wheel,
"You are larger, I own, my good friend;
But my quickness supplies,
What is wanting in my size,
So I keep in the front to the end!"

THE DEW.

"MAMMA," said little Isabel,
"While I am fast asleep,
The pretty grass and little flowers
Do nothing else but weep.
"For every morning when I wake,
The glistening tear-drops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each flower's eye.
"I wonder why the grass flowers
At night become so sad;
For early through their tears they smile,
And seem all day so glad."
"What seemeth tears to you, my child,
Is the refreshing dew
Our heavenly Father sendeth down
Each morn and evening new.
"The glittering drops of pearly dew
Are to the grass and flowers
What slumber through the silent night
Is to this life of ours.
"Thus God remembers all the works
That he in love hath made;
O'er all his watchfulness and care
Are night and day display'd."

THE PRECIOUS PLANT.



TWO girls went to the neighboring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell. One murmured and fretted all the way, but the other only joked and laughed. At last one got out of all patience and said:

"How can you go on laughing so? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are not one bit stronger. I don't understand it."

"O," said the other, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant that I put on the top of my load, and it makes it so light I hardly feel it. Why don't you do so too?"

"Indeed, it must be a very precious little plant."

I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows," was the reply, "wherever you plant it and give it a chance to take root; and there's no knowing the relief it gives. Its name is *Patience*."

ABOUT IRON.

What is Iron?—The most useful of all metals; and as it is everywhere wanted, so it is almost everywhere found. It is rarely, however, found in a native or pure state, but mixed with earths and ores of various kinds, from which it has to be separated.

What are its Properties?—Iron is of a dark, blackish gray color, and is extremely ductile, being capable of being drawn out into wire as fine as hair. One of the singular properties of iron is that of possessing the magnetic virtue, or of being attracted

by the magnet or loadstone. The magnetic stone is a kind of iron ore found in mines in Germany, England, Arabia, etc.

What is Cast Iron?—Cast iron, or, as it is sometimes called, pig iron, is made by fusing the iron ore in a furnace with limestone and charcoal, and then letting the melted ore run into molds; in this state it is very brittle and hard, and possesses little malleability.

What is Wrought Iron?—Wrought or forged iron is made by heating the ore in a furnace till it becomes solid; while it is hot it is removed from the furnace and heavily beaten or hammered.

What is Steel?—Steel is made by melting wrought iron with a certain proportion of charcoal; for the finest and best kind pounded glass is added. Steel is of a finer and closer grain than iron, extremely hard, and capable of a fine polish. Its hardness renders it capable of receiving a very sharp edge, from which cause it is used for making all kinds of instruments used in cutting, such as knives, swords, razors, scissors, etc.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.

A LADY in Switzerland, addressing a peasant who was working in his garden very early in the season, said, "I fear the plants which have come forward so rapidly will yet all be destroyed by frosts."

"God has been our Father a great while," was the reply.

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