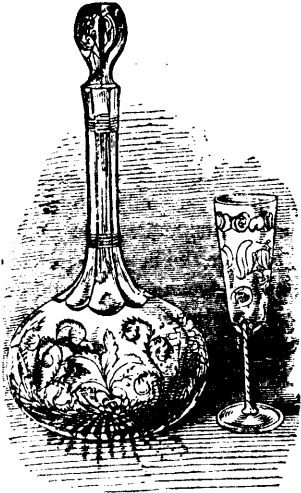


For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## Man's Handiwork.

GLASS-WARE.



THE works of God have occupied our attention in these pages a great many times. They are beautiful, wonderful, grand!

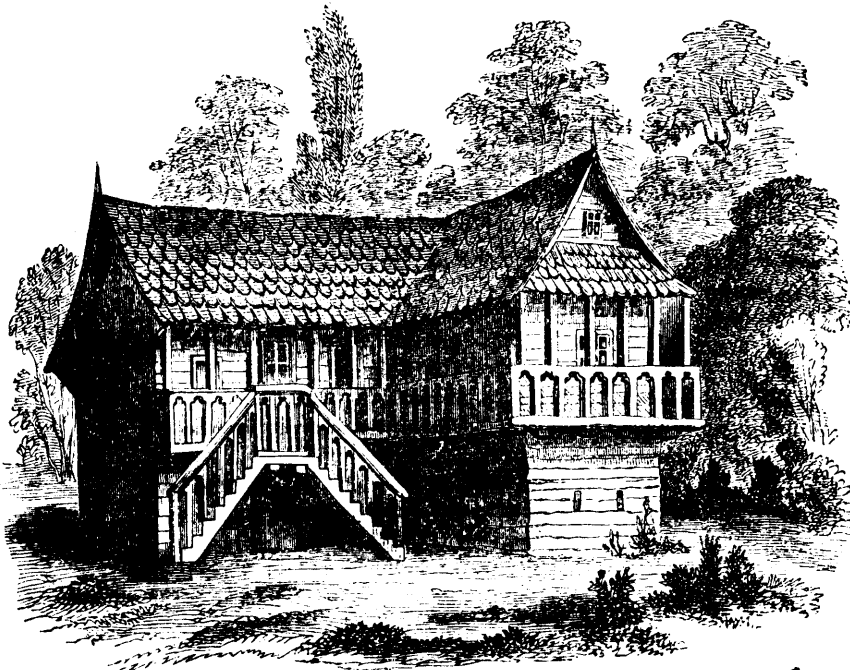
But suppose now we turn for a little time to some of the beautiful works of man, and see what he can do. We will select the glittering, bright colored, and beautifully cut glass ware known as the Bohemian.

It is made in the northern portion of Austria. You will all know where to look for Bohemia on your maps, and some of you will know that this province has been the scene of military prowess in the recent European war. Whether any of the glass ware was smashed or not we cannot say, but the pictures which we present were made previous to the war. Some of it is manufactured in Bavaria. This kind of glass, both white and colored, is imported into this country in vast quantities. The glass is made of sand, chalk, potash, brimstone, and arsenic, melted together, and mixed with various colors in the shape of oxides. Gold, when used, is of the purest, and is dissolved in strong acid.

The manufactories, or *fabriques*, are small and unpretending buildings, mostly of one room, and are scattered about in the various villages. Each *fabrique* has in the center a furnace with eight compartments, one for every different color, with a man and a boy to attend each one. The metal is taken out hot, and blown into moulds, and these rough vessels are sent out into the neighboring houses to be polished and ornamented by the cottagers who live in them. It is here that their wonderful beauty is acquired. These poor people, living in their block houses, are artists of the highest stamp. A wheel for cutting the glass, two or three brushes with which to put on the paints, and an oven to bake them in, are almost the only instruments they use. They draw their own patterns, or cut and paint by the eye without drawing even the outlines. It is very interesting to go from one cottage to another. In one you are amazed by the exquisite paintings in gold, silver, and colors. In another you see them cutting out all those beautiful leaf work, lily, bell-flower, octagon, and star-shaped vases, which is done not only by men, but by their children, girls and boys. A visitor says: "In one cottage I was particularly struck by the work of a man, his son, and two daughters, sitting at as many wheels, cutting the most elaborate but delicate figures. They were shaping from merely turned-over bell vases those beautiful varieties of lily and flower indented lamps for suspension, and vessels for holding bouquets. They traced the scrolls, stalks, and fibers with the same ease as the barefooted wife and mother prepared their supper in the wooden bowl on the earth floor behind them. There was but one apartment for the fine arts, the nursery, and the kitchen, yet all was neatness, perfect cleanliness, and order."



In one cottage were two young men, one of whom made scroll work, while the other painted flowers and butterflies. The latter displayed two large cases of beautiful insects, which he had gathered and preserved as copies to assist him in painting, and he imitated them with wonderful fidelity, both in form and color. Another in a few minutes etched a deer in the act of leaping over some broken palings—a most splendid and spirited animal. These wonderful figures owe their beauty to the fidelity with which they are copied from nature. It is indeed the highest aim of man's mechanical skill, to copy nature as nearly as possible. And what has he done at his best to compare with nature after all? Man makes some things to look like the creatures that God has made, but suppose we compare them. Man's creatures are but glass and metal and paint after all, and that only on the



BOHEMIAN ARTISAN'S COTTAGE.

surface. God's creatures have life, and grace, and action, they are perfect throughout, even to the finest fiber. Then, too, it is plain that man's highest skill lies in the imitation of the works of nature. God is the great Creator, man is his creature and his humble imitator. It is right that we should admire, and love, and imitate; but O let us never set up our wisdom and our ability in defiance of the wisdom and the ability of the Infinite Creator of all things!

J. C.

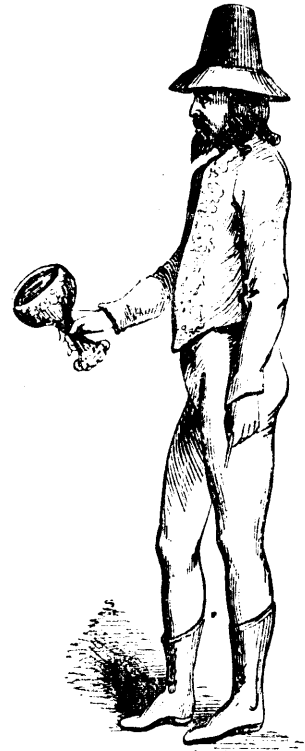
For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## Sunshine Pictures.

I SUPPOSE you know that daguerreotypes, photographs, etc., are taken by the aid of sunshine. I presume that some of you may know something about the principle on which they are taken. You will do so at all events when you study Natural Philosophy. The light must pass through a small opening into a dark room, where the reversed image falls like a shadow on the wall. The instrument with which such pictures are taken is therefore called a *camera*, that is, a chamber.

Now you can have a "camera" of your own if you choose. The best would be some good sized room that can be made pretty dark, the darker the better, letting in only a single ray of sunlight. Then

all around, where this ray of sunlight falls on the wall or the floor, you will see an image of whatever comes nearly in a range between the sun and the room. It will make a beautiful *living* picture. If light billowy clouds are floating near, you will see their shadows moving like magic across the scene. If a tree is in range, that will be pictured out with wondrous distinctness top downward. If the hole is low enough, so that you can get the range of things near the



BOHEMIAN ARTISAN.

ground, men or animals may come striding across your picture heels upward. The camera can also be made of a box with a hole in one side, and a little lid in the top for you to look through. In either way it is a very pretty experiment, and I hope some of you will try it. It always seems to me just such an innocent yet enchanting device as our kind heavenly Father might expressly arrange for the amusement and instruction of his children. I believe he loves to have us investigate, and study, and interest ourselves in the works of his hands. And as we do so let our hearts go out in admiration of his wisdom, in love for his kindness, and in thorough enjoyment of all the beauties with which he has surrounded us.

AUNT JULIA.

When holy children come to die,  
How sweet their latest moments are;  
Their happy spirits long to fly  
From this vain world of grief and care.

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