

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Dahlia.



ALL trees, and shrubs, and plants are supposed to grow wild somewhere. They certainly did so once. What would you think if, while rambling through the woods in South America, you should find potatoes growing wild; or if, in traveling through the wastes of Palestine, you should meet with oleanders, asparagus, flax, and sweet-william?

It is one of the glories of civilization that it gathers up all available vegetable productions from all parts of the world, and puts them into our fields and gardens. Among flowers we have the chrysanthemum from Barbary, clarkia from the Rocky Mountains, gilia from California, fuschias from Patagonia, the sensitive plant from Brazil, and the night-smelling primrose from the Cape of Good Hope. Lately we are getting many things from Japan—lilies, and squashes, and melons; and every year we are importing new things from various quarters of the globe.

It would be very interesting to go through our gardens, and tell the native country of every plant and tree. I know one little girl who is going to make a memorandum of all that she can find out, and see how long a list she can make. But many plants have lived in this country and in European gardens so long that it would be very difficult to trace their origin. Some, like wheat and barley, and onions and melons, have been cultivated by man from the earliest ages. Many have been so changed by culture that you would hardly recognize them if you should see them in their native state. This is especially true with regard to fruits like the apple and the peach.

Among flowers that have been greatly changed, we may mention the dahlia. This was found in Mexico, and introduced into England about sixty years ago. It was then a single purple flower of coarse habit and unattractive appearance. But cultivation has made it sport into unnumbered shades of all colors, excepting the blue series, and it has rounded up a hemisphere of rich half-folded leaves, and made it a very popular flower.

There are many other similar instances. We will recur to them at some future time. Perhaps, too, we shall borrow the list of the little girl we spoke of, and let you know what she finds out about the native homes of plants and flowers. AUNT JULIA.

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The Holy Name.

"Take not the name of God in vain." Children do not always think when they violate this command, but they should think. God thinks, and he remembers, and he punishes too. Sometimes he does it immediately, and sometimes he waits.

Not long ago a boy in England, named Richards, about thirteen years old, was playing with other little boys, and they fell into a dispute about their scores. Richards said that his score was more than twenty, but he could not make the other boys believe it. So he swore a big oath, wishing God to strike him blind if he had not made more than twenty. The next minute he threw up his hands in great distress, exclaiming that he could not see. His companions gathered around him, and found that it was indeed true. They led him home, and when the physicians examined his eyes they found them covered with a thick film, and they gave

him little hope of ever being able to see again.

If any of my readers have ever taken that blessed name in vain, or even carelessly, let them not think that they will escape punishment, for we are assured that the Lord will not hold him guiltless who does this. If the punishment is delayed, and time has been given them for repentance, let them repent sincerely, and ever after revere that blessed name. BERA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

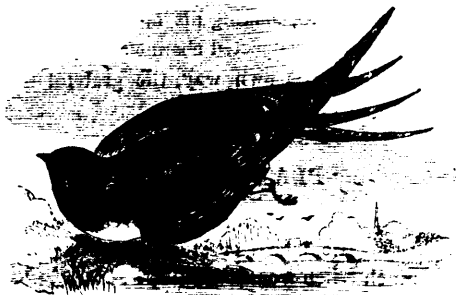
The Brook's Song.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. H. THOMSON.

I'm a happy little brook,
Dancing all day long,
O'er each mead and grassy nook,
Singing my sweet song.
O'er me bend the soft blue skies,
Stars look down with beaming eyes;
Fragrant flowers wave above,
Whispering vows of fervent love.
I'm a happy little brook,
Dancing all day long,
O'er each mead and grassy nook,
Singing my sweet song.



I'm a sparkling little stream,
None more blithe and gay;
Clear and bright my waters gleam
On my flowery way.
Sunbeams stoop my waves to kiss,
Thrilling all my soul with bliss;
Snow-white lambskins bend to drink
From my green and mossy brink.
I'm a sparkling little stream,
None more blithe and gay;
Clear and bright my waters gleam
On my flowery way.
I'm a dimpling, rippling thing,
Full of mirth and song;
Wild birds fan me with their wing
As I dance along.



O'er me bend the grand old trees,
Rustling softly in the breeze;
Happy little faces shine,
Looking, laughing, into mine
I'm a dimpling, rippling thing,
Full of mirth and song;
Wild birds fan me with their wing
As I dance along.

Lost time is never found again.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

To be Good is to be Happy.



Y dear little readers, I do not doubt that you have heard this sentence very often. Perhaps you have traced it in your copy-books, or used it as an example for a rule in your grammars; but have you ever pondered upon its meaning, or fully realized its truth?

You "don't believe it," Master Harry? You, Miss Minnie, "know plenty of bad people who are often happy, and plenty of good people who are nearly always unhappy?" My dear little ones, you cannot judge fully of either the happiness or goodness of any but your own selves. All are not good who profess to be, any more than all are happy who appear gay and smiling.

Won't you prove the truth of this, my children? Won't you be good, say just for a week, and see if you are not happier at the end of this week than you have ever been before? And what is it "to be good?" It is to do the will of God, and this you will find laid down in the Bible, more particularly in the New Testament. First of all you must go with a repentant and believing heart to Jesus, and ask him to pardon your sins, and help you "to be good." Who will be the first to try this? who will be the first to prove that "to be good is really to be happy?"

COUSIN NELLIE.

What a Little Boy Did.

A LADY was going to visit a poor woman, when her nephew, a boy of five years of age, brought a biscuit to her, and begged her to take it to the sufferer. "I can do without lunch," said the child; "I have had a good breakfast." And accordingly he did without lunch that the poor woman might have his biscuit.

Thieving.

OFT we see the young beginner,
Practice little pilfering ways,
Till, grown up a hardened sinner,
He in prison ends his days.
Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

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