

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
  
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL M. G.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 24.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 216.

For the S. S. Advocate.

DEAF MUTES.

SOME heathen nations put to death little children that are deaf, or blind, or lame, while they have hospitals for cats, and monkeys, and cows. It is only Christian people that build hospitals for the sick, the insane, the deaf, and the blind.

The fine building which you see pictured here is the Institution for Deaf Mutes near New York city. Children are sent here at an early age and taught reading and writing, and all such studies as you learn at school. But they cannot learn so fast

as you do, because they must do it all with their eyes, and do their talking with their hands. They must write out all they wish to say, or tell it by signs, or spell it with their fingers. This last they usually do by making a sign for each letter, and these signs are called the "deaf and dumb alphabet." Their teachers are very patient and kind, and teach them a great many things. Once a year the institution has an exhibition in some large hall in the city, and thousands of people flock to hear, or rather to see, what the poor deaf mutes have learned. The pupils seem to enjoy it very much.

Persons also frequently visit the schoolroom of the Asylum and witness the class exercises, and sometimes they put questions to the pupils. A visitor once asked a boy why it was that God had made him deaf and dumb, while others could hear and speak. And the boy with tender sadness wrote on the black-board in reply, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." But I do not suppose they would all say so, for there are bad boys and girls among deaf mutes as well as elsewhere. And we need not wonder if there are even more, for they cannot learn about God as others do. Their mothers cannot take them on their laps and tell them about their Creator and the blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ. It is very difficult to make them understand about God, because they cannot see him nor anything that is like him. To be sure, they can learn something about him as soon as they can use the deaf and dumb alphabet to spell out words, and still more when they can read; but during all their infancy and early childhood they are like little heathen. Ah, little reader, do you ever thank God that you are not deaf?



One of the teachers of a deaf and dumb asylum was once trying to teach a class of new pupils about death and a future life. When he was telling how persons grow old and die, one of the boys buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. The teacher inquired what was the matter, and he replied:

"I hate to be old; I will not be old; no, never indeed. I will not die, either. Must I become old?"

The teacher tried to show him that all must become old, but the boy would not be convinced. He continued to sign with his fingers, "Old, never!" and to shake his head.

After learning to write they have exercises in composition, just as they do at other schools. Here is a composition written by a boy thirteen years old named Jack:

"LITTLE STORIES.

"A girl was sick. She could not go to school. Her mistress gave her medicine, but she grew worse and afterward died.

"A man was rowing in a boat on the river. The wind blew hard. The boat was upset and the man was drowned.

"A boy wished to sell his book. He saw Thomas. He knew that he was a silly fellow. He sold his book to Thomas for twenty-five cents. Thomas could not read it."

It is true, that deaf mutes when grown up sometimes act like great children. But if you ever meet with them, be very kind, and patient, and respectful toward them, for, little as they know, it may be that they have improved their opportunities better than you have yours.

AUNT JULIA.

Our idle days are Satan's busy days.

For the S. S. Advocate.

THE BOY WHO BROKE HIS NECK.

SEE yonder boys sitting on a load of wood! I guess they are brothers. The little fellow cannot be much over eight years old. Take care, boys! I think you had better get off and walk down that hill.

Pooh! the boys reply in their thoughts. "Get off, indeed! Does that old foggy think we are city boys and can't keep our seats on a load of wood? Bah! Steady there, old Broad! Whoa, Brush!"

But Broad and Brush wont mind the "whoa." The hill

is long and steep. The load is heavy and presses hard upon their necks. Instead of going slower they start up. Their speed quickens. Away they go racing down the hill! Where are the boys?

Alas, they have tumbled off! Where are they? Here is the elder. "O!" he groans as we touch him. "What is the matter, my son?" "My shoulder." Dear me, it is dislocated! Hurry for a doctor. But the little fellow, where is he? Yonder he lies. How still and pale he is! Handle him gently. Alas, his neck is broken! He is dead!

These boys thought themselves very brave when they sat on that load of wood going down the steep hill. Were they brave? Maybe they were, but they were also rash and foolhardy. Bravery does not require a boy to risk his life or limbs needlessly. Let my readers mark this fact and learn a lesson of prudence from the misfortune of these two boys. The broken neck of the one and the dislocated shoulder of the other cry to all the boys in the world, "Don't be foolhardy. Be bold and brave where duty is to be done, but don't be rash!"

PEN-AND-INK PAINTER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT EDDIE SAID THE FIRST TIME HE HEARD HIS FATHER PRAY.

LITTLE EDDIE'S father was converted the day that Eddie was five years old. The child was not near at the time, and his father would not allow any one to tell him. Though he was a strong-hearted man, he did not think he could bear to hear what Eddie would say. Maybe he did not like to weep before his little boy.

Little Eddie, young as he was, had felt that he was a great sinner before God, and had sought and received pardon several months before, and would often urge his papa to love and serve God.

The third day after Eddie's birthday, Mr. H., the pastor, called at their house. After talking a few moments he said, "Let us have a prayer-meeting. We will all pray."

Eddie drew his little chair close to his mother. Kneeling by her side he quietly listened while the minister and his mother prayed. Then his father began in broken accents to thank our heavenly Father for changing his heart.

When the father arose, with his cheeks bathed in tears, Eddie's heart was filled with joy. He ran to him, and, leaning upon his lap, looked him in the face and said:

"Papa, I am so glad you are learning to pray. Don't cry! don't cry! If you can't pray as well as Mr. H. can he will teach you. Don't cry. I am so glad."

H.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### DR. RICKETTS AND THE APPLES.

WHAT a sorrowful looking girl this is! Thin and pale, and poorly dressed! Now she looks at the big apples on the stand as though she was hungry and wanted one. Poor Mary! She don't get many apples at home, nor much of anything else, save scolding and beating. Her father and mother are both drunkards and often abuse her. Do you not feel sorry for her?

But who is this old-fashioned man with a purse in his hands and an umbrella under his arm?

That is Dr. Ricketts. He is a very odd old man, as you may judge from his dress. Everything about him is of the old style. Do you see how his hair is fastened behind his ears and hangs down his back a short distance until it comes to a point? This is what is called a *queue*. If we should call it a *queue* it would not be misnamed.

You can only see the side of the doctor's face, but don't you think he looks good-natured? Far more so than the old apple-woman, for she looks rather cross. Perhaps, though, she has the toothache, as her face seems to be bandaged up. If she has, I don't wonder at her looking cross. But the doctor is buying apples. Let us hear what he and the apple-woman say.

"Fine large apples, my good woman. How do you sell them?"

"Sure and they're the largest apples ye'll find anywheres in the street at all, and I'm afther selling them for two cents apiece."

Poor little Mary! If she only had two cents how soon she would buy one. I wonder if she is not saying as much to herself as she stands looking at the apples.

"I'll take half a dozen of them," says the doctor.

If you could just now read Mary's heart you might, perhaps, find her wishing that this old man would give her one of his apples. What does he want of six apples? But now he turns toward her. You can't see it in the picture and so I must tell you all about it. I told you the doctor was very odd, and you must not be surprised at his queer sayings.

"Well, well, miss, and what are you doing here? You don't like apples, do you? Now look you here! I want somebody to carry these apples for me. Will you do it? Come, lift up your apron and I'll put them in. Now I want you to take them home for me."

"I don't know where you live, sir," says Mary.

"O never mind where I live. Take them to your home, and when you get there I want you to do me a favor. Will you do it?"

"I will if I can," Mary replies.

"Well, well," says the doctor as he takes a pinch of snuff, "if you can! Why, I guess you can. I want you when you get home to eat those apples for me, for, do you see, little girl, I don't care to eat them myself. And since they were made to be eaten I must get somebody to do it for me."

"Why, do you mean to give them to me?" says Mary, looking in his face astonished.

"How good you are at guessing," says the doctor. "Hit it the first time, sure! I do, indeed, mean to give them to you. Now go home as fast as you can and eat until you get enough."

That was the way good Dr. Ricketts sometimes helped poor folks. He had seen little Mary looking wistfully at the apples, and he knew he could easily make her a happier girl.

But was she any happier than he? Open your Bible and read Acts xx, 35.

F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE?

THROUGH a forest in Prussia a stout little boy and a delicate little girl were going along the road toward their homes. They had both been to the same town, though on different errands, and the little girl, Agnes, carried a heavy basket. But she looked cheerful, and neither the gloom of the forest nor the dusk of approaching evening cast a shadow upon her face. It was not so with the boy. He started at every little noise, and once he began to run, saying that he was certain that he heard a bear coming. Indeed, he had even begun to whimper when a man came along who knew them both. He called out cheerily, saying:

"And how does it happen that you little folk are out so late this evening?"

"My mother sent me to town," said Agnes, "to take a jelly to my aunt, who is sick. And I took her my Bible, too, for she had none, and she was very much pleased to get it."

"And are you not afraid here in the woods?"

"O no," said the child with a smile. "My mother said that God would take care of me if I do what is right."

"And perhaps," said the man, "she repeated the text, 'Who is he that shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?'"

"Yes, indeed, those were her very words."

"And you, Ernest," said he to the boy, "you do not look so cheerful. Do not these words comfort you too?"

"O no," said he sadly, but it was not like the "O no" that Agnes had uttered.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because," he whispered hesitatingly, "I was not following that which is good. I played truant and went to town to buy gunpowder, which my father forbade my having."

"Tut! tut! That's very bad," said the man. "Throw the gunpowder away, and when you get home tell your father the truth about it."

Ernest threw the little package into the ditch, and his heart was much the lighter for it. He forgot to think of the bears, and the next time he passed through the wood on a different errand he, too, found comfort in the text, because he could claim it as his own: he was following that which is good.

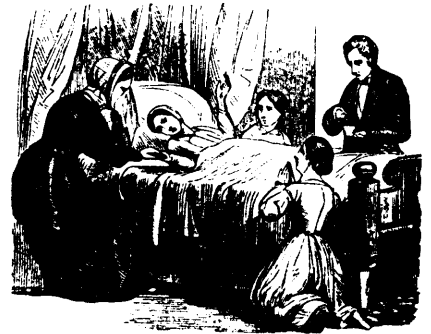
J. C.

### A GOOD RULE.

A CERTAIN man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied:

"My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I easily formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

Let every one who reads this do likewise.



### FOR A CHILD WHO IS ILL.

In my little bed I'm lying,  
Weary, weary all day long;  
And I cannot keep from crying,  
Though I know it's very wrong.

Jesus, thou canst see and hear me,  
Sleepless and alone I lie;  
But I know that thou art near me,  
When no other friend is nigh.

Thou canst comfort me, and make me  
Very patient, very still;  
For thou never wilt forsake me  
While I am so very ill.

Bless the doctor, who so gladly  
Tries to make me well again;  
Bless my mother, while she sadly  
Grieves to see me suffer pain.

Bless thy little child, and make her  
Better, holier, every day;  
And if she is dying, take her  
To the home that's far away.

### PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts, almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in your path.—ELIHU BURRITT.

### A GOOD ANSWER.

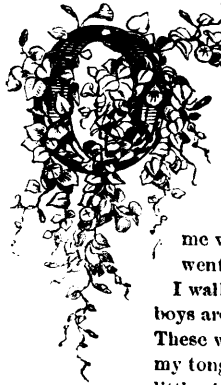
"How can you do the most good?" asked a lady of a little girl.

"By being myself just as good as I can be," was the reply.

## Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

## WHISPERS FOR CHILDREN WHO LOVE DIRT.



NE morning, just after a heavy rain, I saw some boys wading through a puddle. They were well dressed little fellows with boots.

"Boys," said I, "you will spoil your boots, you will wet your feet, you will get cold."

They looked up, grinned at me with much good-nature, and then went on wading in the miry puddle.

I walked on, saying to myself, "Those boys are very thoughtless little fellows." These words had scarcely dropped from my tongue when I came near a bevy of little girls running up and across a mound of wet sand. They, too, had nice clothes on. But the sides of their little shoes were filled with the dirty sand, their white socks were soiled, their pretty pantalettes were daubed with dirt spots, and they were in a fair way to make all their clothing unfit to be worn until it had passed through the wash-tub.

"Girls," said I, stopping near the mound, "shall I tell you a story?"

"A story?" said they. "O yes, sir, if you please. We like to hear stories."

"Very good," I rejoined, "come away from that dirty sand-heap."

The girls looked at each other with little blushes of shame on their cheeks, and stepping down to a spot of nice green grass, looked into my face with glances which seemed to say, "We are ready to hear your story, sir." Then I said:

"One day a little boy whose friends were very rich had received a great many presents. But instead of playing with them, he stood at the window pouting and pressing his cheek against the window-pane.

"What ails you, my son?" asked his mamma. "Do not your new playthings please you?"

"Yes, mamma, but—" replied the boy, cutting off his reply and blushing.

"But what, my son," inquired his mother.

"I want very much—something else," said the boy, evidently unwilling to express his wish.

"Tell me what it is, my son. I promise it to you," said the indulgent mother.

"O, mamma, but you would not, I am sure," rejoined the child.

"Is it money?"

"No; papa gave me money this morning—this morning—it is—"

"Come, speak out; you know I love you, and I should like to give you something you like. Tell me, my dear, what is it you want?"

"Mamma," said the boy, "I want to walk in that pretty mud which I see in the street! That would amuse me more than anything."

Here I paused, smiled, and saying "Good morning, children," walked away. I could see as I turned aside that the little girls were looking rather foolishly at each other's soiled feet, and when I looked back after a few moments I saw them busying themselves with their shoes and socks. I think my story hit them. They saw the folly of the silly little boy so clearly that it became a sort of mirror in which they also saw their own foolishness.

I wish this story would hit a full score or more of boys and girls belonging to our Advocate family who are so much in the habit of walking in mud-puddles and playing in the dirt that their good mothers find it impossible to keep them clean. Who can love a dirty boy? Who wants to pet a dirty girl? I don't like to see children so much afraid of dirt as to be unwilling to work in it when needful; but I do like to see them keep their hands, faces, and clothing as clean as possible. I know some pretty children whom I should like to kiss when I meet them, but—fugh! how can I kiss cheeks which are begrimed with dirt or smeared with molasses? I can't do it. I will keep my kisses for clean and neat children. For the dirty ones I print the following verses:

"A sweep may have a dirty face,  
And dirty hands and feet;  
His labors make them no disgrace,  
Unless when he has left the street  
He likes to keep them so,  
As if pure water were a foe.

"Yet only toils like his can find  
Excuse for such a skin!  
To cleanliness all should be inclined  
Who wish respect to win;  
For dirty folks, we cannot doubt,  
Are wrong within and wrong without."

## FOOLHARDINESS.

WHAT is that Indian about? He is doing what a truly brave man never does—a foolhardy act. Shall I explain his conduct?

Well, long ago, in the days when our forefathers had to carry their rifles into the fields lest they should be attacked by the Indians, a band of savages starting on a raid came to a fort, or blockhouse, in which only eight men were posted. Rushing upon the stockade or high fence which was around the fort, they were beaten off by its brave defenders with a loss of several lives. Then



falling back, they hid themselves in a field of rye and called on the defenders of the fort to surrender.

"Don't see anybody to surrender to," replied the commander.

Then, as shown in the picture, a foolhardy Indian leaped up from the rye as high as he could and cried:

"Here I be!"

You may be sure he did not do that rash act for nothing. In a moment eight bullets from as many rifles in the fort pierced his body. His rashness met with its reward, and his fellow-savages, discouraged by his death, slunk away through the rye.

The boy who skates over a dangerous spot, or swims far out from the shore, or climbs a dangerous steep, or does anything merely because he is put upon his mettle by some foolish fellow saying "You dare not do it," must be classed with the leaping Indian. Let every boy remember that while the highest courage will dare to do any duty, it dares to do nothing wrong. Stick a pin here, my children, all of you—Foolhardiness is not courage.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"You look pale to-day, Mr. Editor," says the Corporal as he looks curiously into my eye.

Yes, my Corporal, I have been quite sick. Cholera, with severe cramps, has had possession of me and given me a good shaking. I have suffered much pain, but the good God who watches over us blessed the skill of my doctor and nurse, and I am once more well, only very weak. I suppose I shall not be strong again until the cool September days (this is written Aug. 9) come. But what have you to say to-day, Corporal?

"I want to tell you of a noble boy of whom I heard the

other day. Call him IRAM, if you please. He was challenged to fight by a playmate. The boys formed a ring, and all was ready for the battle.

"Now strike me if you dare!" said Ira, the boy who had given the challenge.

"Iram stood quietly looking at the other a few moments and then calmly replied, 'No, I have nothing to strike you for.'

"This soft answer turned away the anger of Ira and he said, 'Well, then, let us be good friends again, for I have nothing to strike you for either.'

"There!" adds the Corporal, rubbing his hands, "wasn't Iram a noble fellow?"

He was, my Corporal, a real manly boy. He was cool, master of himself, and would not quarrel without a reason.

"I guess there wouldn't be many quarrels among children if every child tried to find a reason for getting up a muss before he begun it," observes Mr. Forrester, taking an imaginary pinch of snuff. (The squire, let me say aside, never takes real snuff, nor tobacco in any other form either.)

You are right, squire. Quarrels begin with passion, not reason, and I hope each of my children will make this resolve: "I will never begin nor enter into a quarrel until I can clearly see a good reason for doing so."

"O wise editor!" says the Corporal, gently punching my ribs with his cane, "if your children all make that resolution there won't be a quarrel in your Advocate family these fifty years—but here is a letter with a photograph. It comes from —, and says that the boy it represents having gone from home to live with his uncle, went to bed one night without praying. The next morning he felt guilty for this neglect. That it might not occur again he got a board six inches wide and three feet long, and printing these words upon it, 'DON'T FORGET TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS,' placed it at the foot of his bed. The little fellow was nine years old. He is in heaven now. His face is a very pleasant one."

Quite a device that for a little boy! He don't need it now, I'm sure, for in heaven it would be difficult to forget Jesus. I hope my readers will have so much love for Jesus in their hearts that they will remember to say their prayers without the aid of this dear boy's device. Read on, Corporal!

"ALICE G., of —, writes:

"I expect you will be very much surprised to receive a letter from me, a little girl not of much account in this world, but who expects to be as a bright and shining angel in the beautiful world above. I certainly wouldn't have written to you, but I wanted very much to have a question answered that greatly puzzled me; and as I thought editors were very good men, and accustomed to all sorts of questions, and both able and willing to give correct answers, I thought I would apply to one of them. Last Sabbath evening, while conversing with a few friends, our attention was arrested by the sound of music. We stopped our conversation and listened attentively. But although the performance was good, it did not seem suited to the calm, sweet Sabbath evening. There were waltzes, polkas, and quicksteps, but no words of praise to Him who giveth all good things. After a while the music ceased, and I asked my friend if such music was not unsuitable for a Sabbath-day. She replied that the birds warbled the same sweet notes on the Sabbath or on a week-day, and therefore it certainly would be no more wrong for us to sing and play our usual pieces on that day than on any other. Now here was a poser. I had always considered it wicked to play such music on the Sabbath; but why more wicked than that of the little feathered songsters? All the difference that I see is that their Creator formed all the little birds and taught them their sweet notes that they might the better praise him, and therefore it could not be wicked for them to sing and praise him on the Sabbath. But the waltzes, and polkas, and all those forms of music were composed by worldly men, and made only to better display the skill of the player and the melody of sounds. They were not composed for the glory of God or for anything but the praise of men, and to enable silly people to whirl around and around like spinning-tops. Now, Mr. Editor, will you do me the favor of giving your opinion on the subject. Is it more wicked to play our usual waltzes and polkas on the Sabbath than for the little birds to trill their customary notes on the same holy day?"

Alice is right. Waltzes and polkas are not fit for Sabbath use. They are of the earth, earthy. Bird-songs are simple melodies taught by the Creator to the beautiful things of the air. There may be bird-songs in heaven, but surely there will be no waltz and polka music there. I guess the folk who played waltzes and polkas on Sunday do not pretend to love Jesus. If they do the sooner they drop the pretence the better. Does anybody think that Jesus would dwell with people who play such music on his holy day?



**"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.

**THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE,**

TORONTO, C. W.

THE CANADA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is published, on the Second and Fourth Saturday of each month, by ANSON GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.

**TERMS.**

For 1 copy and under 5, to one address,	45 cents per vol.
" 5 copies	" 10, " " 40 " "
" 10 "	" 20, " " 87½ " "
" 20 "	" 30, " " 85 " "
" 30 "	" 40, " " 82½ " "
" 40 "	" 50, " " 80 " "
" 50 "	" 75, " " 28 " "
" 75 "	" 100, " " 27 " "
" 100 "	" 200, " " 26 " "
" 200 "	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.

The postage is prepaid at the office of publication and included in the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to REV. DR. GREEN, Wesleyan Book-Room, Toronto.