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CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUFFERUNTIL
M.C.

VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 2.

OCTOBER 27, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 266.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Baby's Wreath.

THREE loving sisters gathered flowers and vines one spring morning to make a wreath for their baby brother's brow. It was the work of love, and they did it with willing feet, nimble fingers, and laughing eyes. They were happy. Baby crowed with delight, and mother was pleased when she saw her pet's round head adorned with vines and flowers. They were all merry over the baby's floral crown, when good old grandmother came hobbling up to them leaning upon her cane.

"Don't baby look beautiful, grandma?" asked little Agnes, casting admiring glances on little pet.

"He looks very lively," replied grandma. "Those vines and flowers make a gay wreath. I hope the vines in pet's heart will always be as fresh and nice as those on his head."

"Vines in his heart?" queried Agnes. "Why, grandma, how funny! Vines don't grow in our hearts, do they?"

"Yes, child, they do indeed. Good vines or poisonous ones are sure to fill baby's heart."

Agnes was puzzled. Her grandmother seated herself on a rustic seat, took Agnes by the hand, and proceeded:

"Truth is one vine that ought to grow in every heart. Love is another and very beautiful vine. Patience, kindness, cheerfulness, are also both good and pretty vines. God plants all these in every heart by his Holy Spirit, and then appoints the owner of the heart to trim, dress, and keep them, so that they may bear fruit to his glory."

"How beautiful!" cried Agnes; "I never thought of that before, grandma; but what are the poison vines called?"

"Well, my child, there are many poison vines which if not rooted out will choke the good ones. There are, for example, *hatred, envy, temper,*

fretfulness, and above all the great giant vine **SELFISHNESS**, with many others."

Agnes held down her head in silence. She was thinking. She was looking into her heart to see whether it was filled with good vines or poison vines. That was a very wise act for a little girl. I commend it to all my readers. Let them find out what is in their hearts. If good vines are there, they must tend them with much prayer and care; if poison ones, they must pray that they may be rooted out, and good ones planted instead. Now is the time for this business, for childhood is the spring-time of life.

Do what you ought, come what may.



A Fable.

A TOAD which had been hopping lazily about all day came at length to a deep spring. Crawling upon a stone overlooking the water, he saw the antics of the merry frogs below. As he looked upon their shining green and yellow coats and sprightly forms, and saw the ease with which they leaped in and out of the water, toady became envious. As he looked upon himself he saw his dull knotty hide and clumsy body and limbs, and wished he was a frog. After becoming weary in bemoaning his sad lot, he crept under a plantain near by. In the morning a fearful noise awoke him. Peeping out from under his leafy roof, he saw to his horror some boys slaying and skinning the poor frogs. He kept close in his hiding place, until one of the boys on leaving by chance pushed him out with his foot. Toady shrugged up his back and closed his eyes, expecting his last hour was come, but the boys passed on, saying:

"Mr. Toad, if you were a frog we'd have your hind quarters too."

Toady crept once more upon his stone, and looked

into the water. One frog only had escaped. "Mr. Frog," said he, "how did you feel while your companions were being killed?"

"I thought," answered the frog, "if I were only a toad then I should not be killed!"

The moral of this fable is, that if we were what we would like to be, we should probably get what we would not like.

BROTHER TIM.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A Cheat.

"I DON'T care!" cried little Michael, when his brother William told him he would "catch it" if he didn't finish weeding the garden patch.

"You will care, though," replied William, "when father lays the rod over your shoulders."

"I don't care, I tell you, and I wont weed any more to-day," rejoined Michael spitefully.

"You'd better do it," pleaded his brother.

I guess Michael thought as William did in spite of his "I don't care," for after grumbling a while he went to work and finished his job. He did care after all.

"I don't care" is a cheat. Most children who say it don't mean it in their hearts. They say it to keep down their fear of punishment. But they do not succeed, though they keep on doing wrong. Their hearts will tremble in spite of the "I don't care" which drops from their lips.

"I don't care" are bad words, false words, wicked words, fit to help children to do wrong and nothing else. Don't use them, my children!

W.

A Good Rule.

A 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 spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but one 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 I then could play with more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"When I go to Heaven."

Do you ever say that? Do you ever think what you shall do and what you shall see when you are there? When you have the promise of going to the city, or of making a visit to grandma, you talk about what you expect to see and to do. Well, heaven is far more wonderful than anything you can see in this world, and besides, while something may disappoint you in earthly visits, you are sure to go to heaven if you have learned to love Jesus as you ought to; for he has said that all those that love him shall be with him where he is. So, then, if you are God's child it is perfectly right for you to think about what may happen when you go to heaven, and to talk about it reverently. I think little Sarah's feelings were about right. She had been singing a sweet hymn for her teacher, she dearly loved to sing, and when she had finished she threw her arms around her neck and said, "O when I get to heaven I shall have a golden harp, and shall sing with all the little children there. They are angels now, and I shall be one too." Her teacher inquired if she expected to die. "I would not be sorry to die," she replied calmly and seriously; "heaven is so beautiful, and they are all good there. I know mother would miss me, and my brothers and sisters, and you too. And when father comes home from California he will look around for his little Sarah, and they will tell him where I am, and he will be sad. Dear father, I would like to see him here again."

Little Sarah did die after a few weeks, and I have no doubt that her first views of heaven were sweeter and brighter for having thought about it beforehand. You and I may, and we may not, die so soon; but there is no reason why we should not think about our home in heaven, for it is very near us. And I believe the Lord wishes to have us do so, for he has told us a great deal about it, and he says that we are to be always ready, so that when he comes and knocks for us we may open to him immediately. Now I am going to get the good book, and read over once more all the texts that tell us about our home in heaven.

A. J.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

The Birthday.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"It is my birthday! Do you know
That I am ten years old?"
So said a little blue-eyed girl,
With waving curls of gold.

"It is my birthday. Let me see;
I'm eighty years to-day."
The old man's eyes were dim with age,
His hair was silver gray.

"O grandpa!" said the little girl,
"How very old you are!
And what a long, long time to live!
I cannot think so far."

"And yet, dear child, it seems to me
A short and troubled dream;
Just like a fickle April day,
Half shadow and half gleam."

"But there's so little of it left,
So few days more to live;
O, grandpa, will my coming years
So little have to give?"

"So little? Here your life begins;
A life that has no end;
It will be rich or poor as you
Its precious moments spend."

"But, grandpa, does the future bring
To you no dread, no gloom?
Is it not terrible to find
Yourself so near the tomb?"

"Nay," said the old man, "there is life
And joy beyond it all;
And gladly will my dull ears hear
The Father's homeward call."

A long time sat the little child
In busy, earnest thought;
Counting her years, and thinking o'er
The lessons they had brought;

Thinking, as children often think,
Of long life and its close,
But shrinking back, as children will,
From age and its repose;

Casting at last, in loving trust,
Her cares upon His breast
Who bids the children come to him,
And enter into rest.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Where God is not.

"WHERE is God?" was the question asked of a class who were reciting the catechism.

"God is everywhere," was the general response. The teacher talked to them a minute or two

about this, explaining that God is in all places, and knows all things, and then she asked, "Now can any of you tell me of a place where God is not?"

"Yes, I can," said a little boy. "He is not in all the thoughts of the wicked."

The thoughts of the wicked can hardly be said to be "a place;" yet that answer should make us reflect seriously, and ask, "Is God in our thought?"

Be Honest.

AN INCIDENT AT A RECENT FIRE.

A FEW days after one of the large fires which have been so frequent in our land during the past season, a gentleman who had kept a hat store, which had been burned, was accosted in the street by a boy, who said: "Mr. H., I have got a whole armful of hats that belong to you. I carried them home the day of the fire so that no one should steal them. If you will tell me where to bring them I will go right home and get them."

The gentleman appointed a place, and the boy ran away toward his home.

Soon he appeared with his hats, and sure enough, he had all that his two arms could hold!

When he had laid them down, the gentleman began to try first one and then another on his head. When he found one that fitted him, he said, "There, my little man, that is yours."

He was a poor boy, and a nice new hat that was "just a fit" was a greater treat to him than to many boys.

When the little fellow fully realized that the hat was his own he began to caper about, and cried, "See, see, I have got a new hat, and I didn't steal it either. I know another boy that has got an armful of hats, and I don't think he means to bring them back at all."

The boy that wears that hat can hold his head up straight, and look every one in the face, because he is an honest boy.—N. Y. Evangelist.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"Let your Light Shine."

A LITTLE girl heard her minister preach from these words, "Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your works may glorify your Father which is in heaven." She was a thoughtful little girl, and as she walked along home she said to herself, "I wish that I could glorify God, but how can my little light shine? It is so very small that nobody can see it. Now the minister is like a star; everybody sees his light and rejoices in it." Just then she saw something bright under the hedge. Stooping down to it, she saw that it was a glow-worm that lighted up all the leaves and grass around it. As she went on she thought, "God can make even a worm shine to his glory. Even so may a poor little child. I will do all that I can."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Boy with Sugar in Him.

"CHARLEY, what is it makes you so sweet?" asked a loving mother as she fondled her darling boy to her bosom.

"I dess," lisped the boy, "dat when Dod made me out of dust he put a little thugar in."

That was a queer conceit for a little boy. There was no sugar put into the dust of his body, but I suspect that some sugar—the sugar of love—had been put into his heart. That was what made him so sweet and precious to his mother. I recommend every child who has a sour or sinful disposition, to get a little of that sugar put into his heart to sweeten it.

Q.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1866.

THE TWO SONS.

Matthew xxi. 28-32.

The connection of this parable begins in ver. 23. Some of the chief priests and elders (rulers) came to Jesus, asking Him "by what authority" He taught the people. If they had really cared to know, they had had plenty of opportunity of learning from our Lord's miracles, as well as from His words, that He was sent from God (John v. 36; x. 25; iii. 2). Or if they had really wanted more information, no doubt He would have satisfied them, as He did Nicodemus and others. He always answered inquiries according to the spirit in which they were put. If any one came to him with a sincere desire to be taught, He never sent him away unsatisfied (John i. 38, 39; iv. 7-26; Matt. xiii. 10, etc.; John xii. 20-23). If any one questioned Him from mere curiosity, as the disciples did sometimes, He usually gave no direct answer, but made some pointed personal appeal (Luke xii. 23, etc.; John xxi. 21, 22); but if they came, as the Jews often did, "tempting Him," He answered by another question, or by a parable, which made them condemn themselves, and exposed their hypocrisy and hardness of heart (Matt. xiv. 1-4; xxii. 15-22).

It is the same with the Bible. The Bible is not given to tell us all that we should like to know, but to be to each of us a practical guide to eternal life. It is not great learning or talent that is the most essential thing to understanding it, though of course these may render great service in their proper place, but a *teachable spirit*. The Bible will be to us what we are to it (Ps. xviii. 26). If we go to it to cavil and make objections, or even if we go to satisfy our curiosity on points which do not practically concern us, and which God has therefore not clearly revealed, we shall find it full of difficulties. But if we go, each for himself, asking wisdom, and offering David's prayer (Ps. cxix. 18, 34, 125), we shall find it a sure and unerring guide (Ps. cxix. 105; Jas. i. 5).

Jesus answered the priests and elders here, by asking them another question. They asked Him what His authority was; He asked them what the authority of John the Baptist was. John had borne witness to Jesus (Matt. iii. 11; John i. 29, 33, 34), so if they believed in John, they must have believed in Jesus, too. But they *would not* believe, because He denounced their hypocrisy (Matt. iii. 7-10), yet they were afraid to confess their unbelief for fear of the people; so they said, "We cannot tell." Hypocrisy, prejudice, fear of man, evasion, succeeded each other. They *could not* tell, because they *would not*. So our Lord refused to tell them, any more distinctly than they knew already, what His authority was. They didn't use the light they had, and no more was to be given them (Mark iv. 24, 25). It was not more *evidence* they wanted, but more *faith*. The brightest sunshine will not enable a blind man to see: and they were blind (John viii. 43, 45, 47; ix. 39-41; 2 Cor. iii. 14, 15). We are all blind by nature, till Christ gives us light (Rev. iii. 17). Let us pray to Him, as Bartimæus did, to open our eyes according to His promise (Mark x. 51; Isa. xlii. 6, 7; Eph. v. 14.)

Christ then spoke this parable, which is so simple as hardly to need any explanation. We have a vineyard, and a father who orders his sons to go and work in it. There is no mention of wages, for he had a perfect right to his sons' labour, God has a right to all we have and are (Ezek. xviii. 4; Acts xvii. 28); and if He rewards us, it is of His free bounty.

The two sons represent two of the great classes of men. The first, who refused to go, those who are openly

wicked. The "publicans" were the men who collected the Roman taxes. These taxes were "farmed," i.e., the collectors paid a certain fixed sum to the government, and then extorted as much as they could from the people, that they might make as large a profit as possible. They overcharged whenever they had an opportunity (Luke iii. 13); they brought false charges of smuggling, in the hope of extorting hush-money (Luke xix. 8); and often became rich by their dishonesty (Luke xix. 2). Even among the Romans they were called "the wolves and bears of society;" and among the Jews, who had to pay the taxes to a foreign power, they were even more hated, and were regarded as "traitors and apostates," who took part in and profited by the humiliation of their country. Hence they were classed, as here, with the lowest characters, with sinners (Luke xv. 1), and with heathen (Matt. xviii. 17). They were not to be associated with (Matt. ix. 11), and "no money known to come from them was allowed to come into the alms-box of the synagogue or temple."

The second son promised to go, but did not, and represents those who profess to serve God, but are not His servants at heart. The "chief priests and elders," often mentioned with the "scribes" or lawyers, (who were commentators and expounders of the law) were the leaders of the people, and by their position professed to be especially the servants of God. They were very self-righteous, and, like all the Jews, proud of being descended from Abraham, and of being the people whom God had chosen from among the nations (John viii. 33, 39; Rom. ii. 17-20.)

Let us learn these lessons:—

I. *God requires practice more than profession.*

We all in a sense profess to serve God. We are baptized, we attend the worship of God, read the Bible, join in prayer, and probably consider ourselves very different from the heathen, or those who are openly wicked. But if our religion is only outward, it is *worse than useless* (Isa. i. 11-14; Ps. i. 16, 17; Amos v. 18-22; Matt. xxiii. 27, 28; Rom. ii. 21-23).

II. *No amount of past sin need prevent forgiveness.*

These publicans and their associates were very bad indeed, yet they were received by Christ, and admitted to His kingdom (ver. 31; Matt. ix. 11-18. See also Isa. i. 18; lv. 7; 1 John i. 7-9; 1 Tim. i. 15, 16; John vi. 37).

III. *Sin must be repented of and forsaken.*

It is possible to be proud of not being a Pharisee. People say sometimes, "Oh we are not hypocrites; we make no profession of religion;" as if that excused their want of practice too. But these publicans were only better than the priests because they knew they were wicked, and the others did not; just as a man who has a dangerous disease and knows it, is more likely to be cured than one whose disease is latent and hidden. But both will die unless they go to the physician.

Let us pray to be shown our need of the Great Physician, and go to Him to be healed. We hope the children will read in their Bibles, the texts referred to in this article.

THE BEAR'S DINNER.

"O, Papa! please tell us a story now, while you have nothing to do."

So exclaimed one and another of the group of little ones, climbing around their father, as he sat resting by the evening fire.

"Well, as I have 'nothing to do' I suppose I must. What sort of a story shall it be?"

"A bear story," said one; "O yes, tell us about the bear who stole a dinner."

Papa protested that he had told that story over and over again, but indulgently gave it again as requested.

We listened, too, to the story which was such a favourite with the children, and as we have never read it in the newspapers, we thought it might perhaps amuse our little folks.

"A good many years ago," said papa, "before I was born, my father and mother went to live in the northern part of New York State. If you look in your map now, you will see towns and villages dotted about where then there were scarcely any settlements—nothing but thick woods.

"Bears in 'em?" asked a boy with wide opened eyes.

"Yes, woods with bears in 'em—only think!"

"I shouldn't think your father and mother would have liked to go and live where the bears were."

"O, the bears did not often trouble settlers. I do not know that any ever came near my father's place. But afterwards, when they had come back to the East to live, and I was a little fellow climbing on my father's knee, just as you do now, he used to tell me this story about a man who settled out there—I suppose somewhere near them.

"This man had built a saw-mill, some distance from his house, and often he used to go to the mill to work all day, taking his dinner with him.

"You have seen a saw-mill? You know its use is to saw big, heavy logs—the trunks of trees—into nice, smooth boards, to build houses with.

"Well, one day the man had been hard at work all the morning at his mill, and when it drew near noon he began to feel hungry, and thought he would stop and eat his dinner. So he sat down on a large log upon which the saw was working, with his tin pail by his side. Was he afraid of the saw? Oh no; he could jump off at any moment if he came too near the saw.

"While he was eating the good things which his wife had put up for him, and thinking of his work, his home and his babies, who should come up but a rough old bear!

"Bruin snelled the goodies and thought he would put in for a share. So he quietly mounted the log on the other side of the dinner pail, and stuck his nose into it, as who should say, 'Give me some.'

"The good man was somewhat startled, you may believe, by the appearance of such a visitor. Of course he would not be so impolite as to refuse him a share of the feast; but he was afraid that when Bruin had finished his dinner, he might take it into his head to give him a loving hug by the way of thanks, so he prudently withdrew to a safe distance, and gave up the whole to him. Bruin munched in perfect content, with his nose in the pail and his back to the saw, while the owner of the dinner looked on from his hiding place, and wished for his gun.

But, in the meantime the log had been gradually working up towards the saw, and now all at once the bear felt a slight nip at his tail. At this he growled and gave an angry shake, moving a little further along the log. Presently he received another nip, and growled more savagely, but could not turn from his delightful repast. But when he was moved a third time within reach of the saw, and felt another bite, his bear nature could stand it no longer; so he turned in a rage, and hugged the old saw with all his might. And what happened then? Why, of course he was cut in two; and the man had bear meat enough for a number of dinners, besides nice bearskin caps for his little boys to keep their ears warm.

"Now you have been told to look out for a moral in a story; what shall we learn from this? Why,

"1. That he who steals a dinner is likely to pay dear for it.
"2. That he who flings himself in a passion against anything which annoys him will be apt to get sorely cut and wounded thereby, and make matters very much worse."

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!

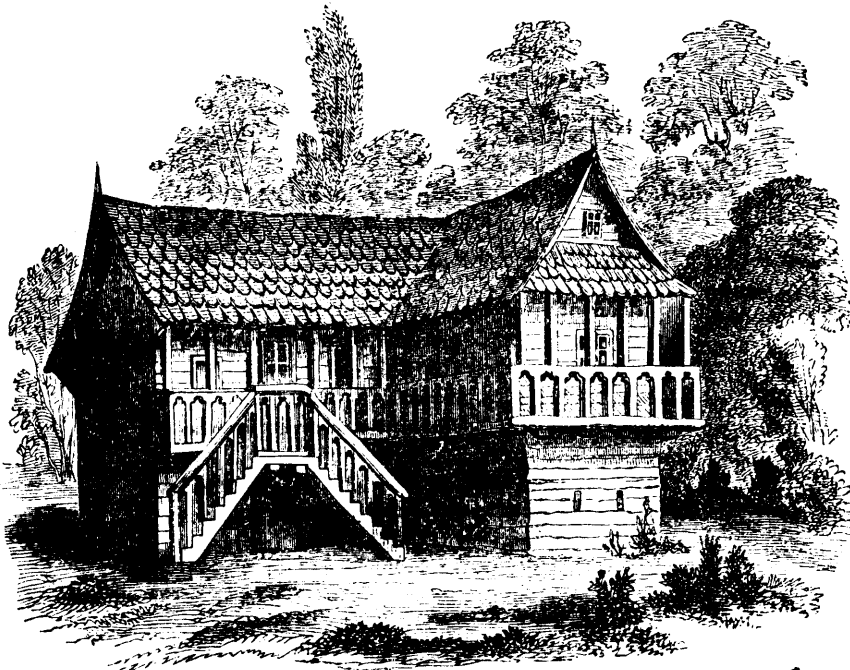
But suppose now we turn for a little time to some of the beautiful works of man, and see what he can do. We will select the glittering, bright colored, and beautifully cut glass ware known as the Bohemian.

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.

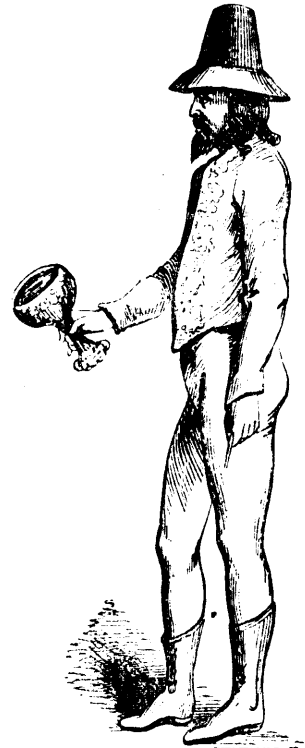
For the Sunday-School Advocate.

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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