

CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

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Polly and her Doll.

LITTLE Polly was a country child, and lived with her father and mother in a pretty little farm-house. She had no brothers or sisters, nor any neighbors near enough for her to play with their children. Hence Polly's young life was lonely, but it was pleasant, nevertheless, for Polly had a loving father and mother, and she was very fond of her pets. Nobody who loves and is loved can be miserable, you know. Mark that!

Polly's chief pet was her doll Jemima. It was only a wooden doll with a curly brown wig, pink cheeks, a red cloth dress, and a hat with a rooster's feather in it. Some of you would turn up your pretty noses at such a doll, but Polly prized it as no miss with a drawer full of playthings ever did prize even a wax doll. She used to carry it with her into the fields in summer time, and in winter it was her companion when she sat in the big settle before the kitchen fire. She dressed it, undressed it, talked to it, scolded it, kissed it, told it all her thoughts, put it to bed at night, and, in short, petted it until she loved it as none but a lonely little girl, with few playthings to amuse her, can love a wooden doll.

When Polly was seven years old she was sent to the village school, which was a mile from her home. The first day she went the doll had to be taken too, for Polly would not consent to leave it at home. It was very foolish to take a doll to school, because school is the place for study and not for play.

Of course the mistress could not permit Polly to keep her doll during study hours. "I must put dolly away for you until after school," she said; "our girls never have playthings in study hours."

Polly burst into a fit of crying, and replied, "You shall not have Jemima."

But in spite of tears and sobs, Jemima was hung by her belt upon a nail in a very undignified fashion, while her silly little mistress sat sobbing, weeping, and refusing to attend to her primer.

At twelve o'clock Polly received her doll to keep during the recess. She clasped it in her arms, kissed it half frantically, and ran into the play-ground. There a wicked thought popped into her silly little head, and she put it into execution at once. She actually ran away from school, and along the mile of high-



way until she reached home covered with dust, and her eyes very red with weeping.

Her mother soon drew the story of her sorrow from her lips. Before she had finished it Polly began to feel that she had done wrong. Her mother both smiled and frowned at her simple child, but the frown was more marked than the smile.

"Polly," she said, "you have acted badly. God loves children who obey their teachers; you have rebelled against yours. And you, whom I love so much, have made your teacher think very badly of me. She must think I have never taught you to obey. O Polly, Polly, how could you behave so badly!"

Polly now saw that she had been both silly and wicked. She quickly repented, begged to be forgiven, and, after confessing next day to her teacher, set to work at her studies with a diligence which pleased her teacher very much. Polly was really a good girl, with love for Jesus and her parents in her young heart, but owing to her great love for

her doll she had, for once, acted very naughtily.

Mark, my children, the cause of Polly's fault. *She loved her doll foolishly.* That love led to the faults I have described. Having noted this, mind you don't commit her fault yourself. *Mind you do not love your playthings, your amusements, or even yourself, foolishly.* Love God, love your parents, friends, and teachers *first and best.* Then you will avoid the fault which led Polly into sin, and which leads millions of grown up people into sin. If you love the creature more than the Creator you will not be able to love God *first and best* you will be able to avoid sin, and to keep the commandments of God. This is the lesson I wish you to learn from the story of Polly and her doll. W.

Translated for the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Lily.

In the center of Louise's charming little garden there was a beautiful lily of a dazzling whiteness. It stood in a small mound surrounded by a margin of green verdure. The amiable Louise, whose stature and delicacy made her resemble very much the lily, took great pleasure every morning in contemplating this, her favorite flower, and in watching the crystal drops of dew which had

loded in the chalice and on the leaves glittering in the morning sunlight. Then she raised her eyes with a feeling of admiration and gratitude to him who created the sun, the dew, and the lily.

The parents of Louise shared in the pure joys of their cherished daughter. They said often to each other:

"She is so beautiful and innocent, she resembles the lily itself in all its splendor."

But, alas! during the cold winter after Louise died, and when the season of flowers returned, the inconsolable mother could not see the favorite lily without afflicting and heart-moving remembrances of her beloved daughter. Then said her husband affectionately:

"Be consoled, my dear one, and hear me. You see this beautiful and cultivated lily, but before being here, where it flourishes in such beauty, this lily was only a young plant which grew in a hidden corner of the garden. Not finding it conveniently placed for growth, I took it up from its