

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A PICNIC.

WHAT a nice time these folk are having! They are at a family picnic. Chicken-pie, plum-cake, pears, grapes, a jug of water, bottles of milk, and I know not how many other good things, are being spread upon the white cloth which covers the green grass. How happy they all look! There is not a cross face in the party. Sam, with the pie, looks as jolly as a farmer at harvest-time. Ned, with the cake, looks as important as if he carried a queen's jewels in his hands. George, down in the corner, is pointing out the best places for the cake and pie with as much earnestness as a general telling his men to "charge bayonets!" Mollie, with the fruit-dish on her head, is charming. Nellie is as happy as a May Queen over that pile of plates, and the whole party are evidently bent on having a first-rate time. Don't you hope they won't be disappointed?

I think they will have a grand time because they are all good-natured. As I said before, there is not a cross-grained face in the party. If there were their fun would soon be spoiled. I have seen one selfish person destroy the happiness of a score of good-natured people. Suppose, now, that Sam should say to George, "I won't put my pie down there! What right have you to meddle with me?" Would not that display of temper make all the others miserable? Or suppose Ned should kick his aunt, who sits in front of him, and say, "Get out of my way, will you, and let me put down my cake!" Would not that streak of ugliness flash uncomfortably over all the others? Of course it would. Any one of that party could easily spoil the pleasure of all the rest—and his own too.

To make a picnic joyful every one in it must be kind, gentle, and cheerful. There must be no jostling for the best place at the feast, no fretting because something happens to be out of joint, no finding fault, no crying, no display of ill-temper, no greediness. *Each one of the party must try to make all the others happy.*



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## LETTER FROM A LADY MISSIONARY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I have had the pleasure of being counted among your missionaries in India for seven years, but have been obliged to return home for awhile in order to recover my health.

But I do not lose my love for the missionary work in the least, and I shall count it the happiest hour of my life if I ever set my feet upon the soil of India again.

Do you understand *why* we love the missionary work so well? It is *not* that we prefer to live in a hot climate, among strangers and people of another color, who worship idols and hate Christians and the Christian's God—of course not. We'd much rather live at home, where we can have the dearest blessings of life—religious associates and kind friends.

But then, many of those heathen become Christians when they hear of the true God and of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. So we love to be the bearers of these "good tidings of great joy," which you recollect the angels said should be "to *all* people,"—since God directed us in that way. I receive letters occasionally from the ladies of the India Mission, and as they know what a deep interest I take in the people there, they are so kind as to send me many interesting items of information.

In a letter which I received recently from Mrs. Thomas, who has over one hundred and twenty-five little Hindoostanee orphan girls under her care, she says:

"The girls are doing very nicely indeed, and we have every encouragement we could ask in regard to their progress in their studies, and in almost all kinds of needle-work. They now make, mark, and mend all their own clothing, and do knitting and crochet very nicely. We have sold this last year about seventy dollars' worth of their work. They presented Bishop Thomson with a handsome Cashmere choga, (a long, embroidered outer garment,) purchased with the proceeds of their labor, worth

Mark this last sentence. It is my recipe for making a happy picnic. I want you to try it at your picnic this summer. It is a sure thing. All recipes are not sure, as your mother has often found to her sorrow when she has tried a recipe for making cake or cooking in some new-fangled fashion. But my recipe never fails. I will print it in capitals. Mark it well! **TO MAKE A HAPPY PICNIC EACH ONE OF THE PARTY MUST TRY TO MAKE ALL THE REST HAPPY.** There it is, short, plain, and certain. Who will try it? F. F.

The greatest conqueror is he who conquers himself.