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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE PASSIONATE BOY'S BATTLE-CRY.

"O, JESUS, help me to conquer my evil passions!" Thus prayed a boy, we will name him Carlos, one morning whose temper was as quick to explode at a word as gun-powder is when touched by a spark. He rose from his knees with a strong purpose that, Jesus helping him, he would conquer himself, which you will all say was a very good and noble resolution.

A few moments later he was called to drive a team to work on the road. The man for whom he drove was fond of joking. So was Carlos. They joked at each other until the man, feeling that the boy's jokes were carried too far, seized a switch and whipped him. Carlos was moved to stone the man and run away, but the good Spirit whispered:

"Don't forget your resolve, Carlos. Keep your vow!"

"I will!" cried Carlos aloud, forgetting for the moment where he was.

"Will what?" growled the man fiercely.

This question made the bad fires in the heart of Carlos blaze furiously, and torrents of burning words began to pour up toward his lips. But a vision of his mother's sweet, calm face arose before him, and he seemed to hear her saying:

"You must govern your temper or it will govern you!"

In a moment the fires went down, and Carlos said, half aloud, "I'll conquer!"

"Quiet your muttering and go to work!" growled the man; "and see, too, that you mind your own business."

Mighty was the struggle within the boy's breast to keep down the passion which was again blown to a flame by the fierce tones of the speaker. But he did it, saying to himself as he seized the reins:

"Well, I'll show him that I can mind my own business and drive right too."

Seeing him do so well, the owner of the team again roused poor Carlos by saying:

"Well, this beats all I ever saw. I never saw a licking have so good an effect. I am very sorry I did not apply it sooner."

This was galling. Just then, to make matters still worse, they drove through the turnpike gate, and the tollman said to Carlos's employer:

"Don't you wonder he drives for you?"

"I suppose he's afraid I'd turn him off if he disobeyed me," replied the man with a sneer on his lips.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

PLAYING AT PLOWING.

HERE are three happy children. The limb of a tree is their plow. The boy and girl who are pulling the traces make a capital team—see with what a will that boy pulls!—while the little fellow who holds the handles steers his rude machine with the skill and earnestness of a real plowman. The sport of these children is harmless. They are playing with good-nature, and therefore they are happy. Innocent play is always happy play if played in love and good-nature. Mark that!

Some grown-up people have an idea that the happiest part of life is that in which you now are—namely, *childhood*. That children—*good* ones I mean—ought to be very happy is no doubt true; but I think there is still greater happiness in store for you as you grow up if you will only tread in the footsteps of Jesus. That is my opinion, and I think I have lived long enough to know.

A man who thinks he was happier when he was a boy than he has ever been since wrote a poem on the picture. It is very pretty. I want you to commit it to memory. Here it is:

THE FIRST PLOW.

O the happy days of childhood!
When our hearts were light and gay;
As we wandered in the wild wood
On a pleasant summer's day.

With our merry voices ringing
So gladsome and so free:
Not the birds around us singing
More free from care could be.

Sweet were the simple pleasures
That charmed those peaceful hours,
When we found our choicest treasures
In a few fresh blooming flowers;
When we sailed our tiny vessel,
Watched the soft white cloudlets pass,
Or in playful sport would wrestle,
And tumble on the grass.

One morning we provided
Ourselves with a mimic plow,
And while one of our number guided
Its course with a thoughtful brow,
The others with patience drew it—
Grave workers indeed were we;
But our plow—if you only knew it—
Was the branch of a fallen tree!

We are wiser now, and older,
And such trifling things despise;
But the summer-time seems colder,
And less bright appear the skies;
And as through life's tangled wild wood
We toil on sadly now,
We think of the days of childhood,
And that strange but dear old plow!

THE great Linnæus had the following inscription placed over the door of the hall in which he gave his lectures: "Live guiltless—God observes you."