

CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

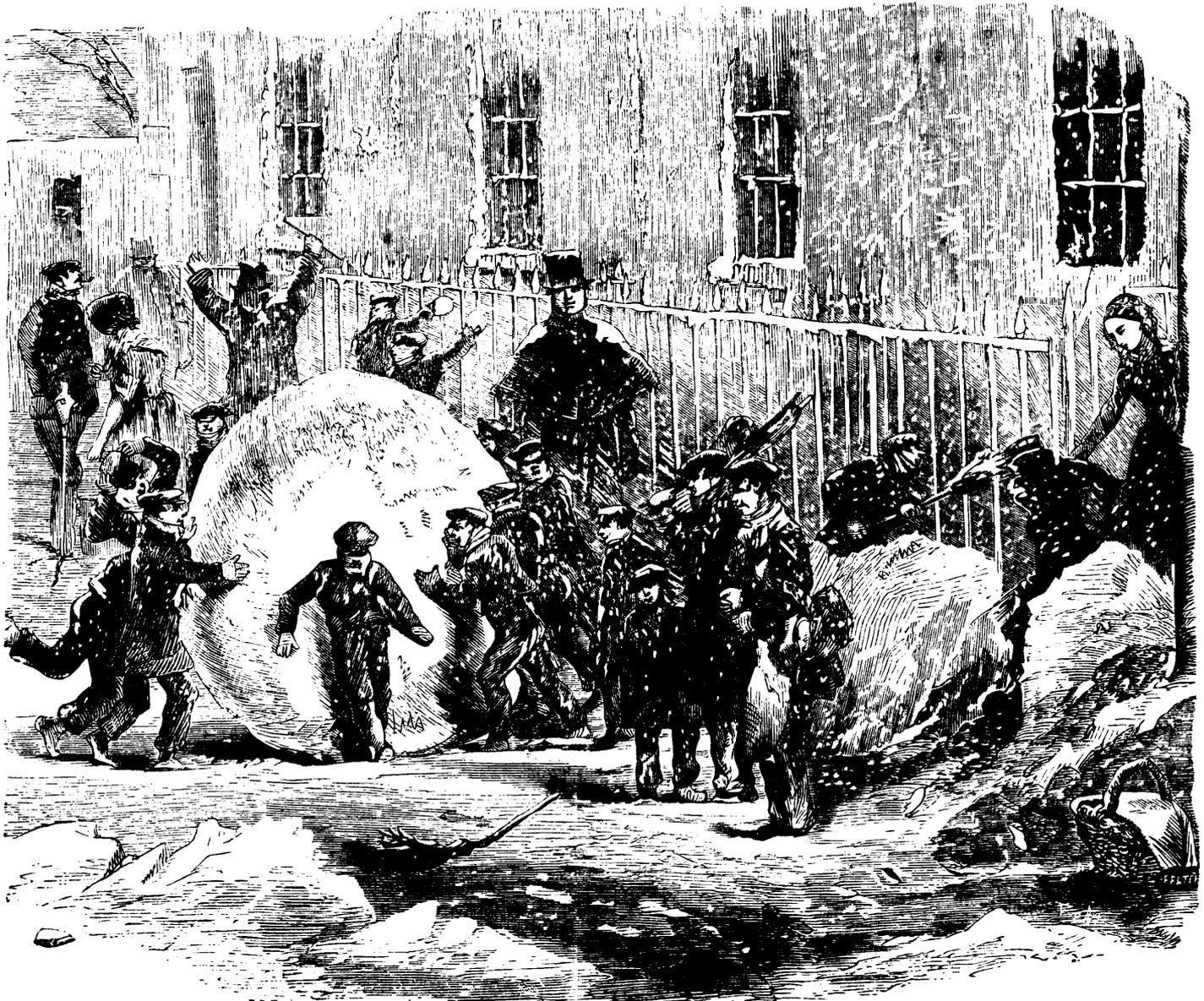
SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL ME

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 9.

FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 177.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE BIG SNOWBALL.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"ROLL him along, boys!" "Aint he a growin' big?" "Give him another turn!"

With these and similar cries a lot of jolly boys worked like a colony of beavers on a monster snowball which they were rolling up in the street one "Christmas day in the morning." They were having a good time, and making Christmas merry in a healthy, innocent way.

Not far from these sportive lads there was a poor boy busily sweeping the snow from the front of a house. He had no time to roll snowballs because he had his living to earn by hard work and chance jobs. But when his task was finished, while he was

waiting for his pay, he leaned on his broom, gazed at the snowball rollers, and said, half aloud:

"It grows bigger and bigger every turn. That's the way to git to be a great man!"

The boy's manner struck the owner of the mansion as he looked at him from the window. When the servant asked him for the boy's money, he said:

"Bring the boy in to me!"

The boy went in, and though the parlor looked very grand to him, he was by no means frightened out of his ready wit. Said the gentleman:

"What is your name, my little fellow?"

"Joe Gimber, sir," replied the boy.

"Who is your father?"

"Never had a father, sir—leastways I never heard I had one."

"Your mother, then, where is she?"

"Dead," said he solemnly. "She tried to sew for a living, but she couldn't make out and so she died. They put my sisters into the almshouse, where they died. They tried to take me there too, but I wouldn't go because I wanted to be independent."

"Independent!" cried the gentleman; "why, what on earth could a little fellow like you do?"

"O please, sir, I could do lots of things. First I sold newspapers, but I couldn't make nuffin to speak of at that. Then I sold apples, oranges, radishes, and wedgables for a man who knocked me about shockin'. So I quit him and sold clams on my own hook. Just now I gets lots of money sweeping off the snow from before people's doors."

"What were you saying to yourself just now when my servant called you, Joe?"

Joe hardly liked to tell a stranger his secret