

CHILDREN · AND · FORBID · THEM · NOT · TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

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THE LOST PENNIES.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"CHARLIE," said poor old Martha Brown to a neighbor's boy, "will you run over to the village and buy some things for me at the store?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brown," replied Charlie cheerfully, "I will go. What do you want me to get?"

The aged woman gave Charlie a list of the things she wanted. The boy ran off across the fields, glad to serve the almost helpless old lady, for he had a kind and feeling heart. At the store he bought bacon, cheese, candles, and other things, and after paying for them found that he had eight cents left. This he replaced carefully in his pocket and ran back to Martha's cottage as fast as his stout legs could carry him, and quite happy thinking of the service he was doing for good old Martha Brown.

Running into the cottage with a smiling face, he put the candles, cheese, molasses, and bacon on the table, and then took the change from his pocket. To his great surprise, part of it was gone! "How strange!" cried Charlie with a puzzled face. "I put the eight cents into my pocket, and now I can find only four."

Again and again he pushed his hand to the bottom of his pocket in vain. Four cents were gone. What had become of them? "Turn your pockets inside out," said old Mrs. Brown.

Charlie obeyed, and then the pocket told its own story. There was a hole in the bottom of it—a little rip—through which the pennies had dropped.

Martha Brown could ill afford to lose four cents, for she was very poor. But she was a wise woman and mistress of her temper. So she did not scold or fret over her loss, as some would have done, but with a smiling face she said:

"Charlie, you should learn to use the needle so as to mend your own clothes. I had a dear nephew,



one who could hem, and stitch, and sew buttons on as well as any girl. There is no reason why all boys should not learn to sew, and many reasons why they should."

Charlie was pleased with the idea, and began forthwith to use the needle under old Mrs. Brown's instruction. He soon learned to mend a rip, sew on a shirt-button, and was so pleased with his skill that he made a patchwork comforter, which won great praise at an exhibition.

I hope the boys won't sneer at Charlie, nor at Mrs. Brown for her counsel, for in my opinion it is a good

thing for them to know how to use the needle. Needle-work is properly girl's work. I know, but there is probably not a boy in the world who will not some day or other find it very convenient to be able to use the needle for himself. Hence, I advise every boy who can to acquire the art of using the needle.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE RASCAL.

I was sitting in my door one pleasant moonlight evening not long ago, listening to the wonderful music the crickets were making at one of their summer-night concerts. A good many other people were out enjoying the moonlight too, and as they passed down on the sidewalk I sometimes caught a little of their conversation from behind my screen of grape-vines.

By and by three boys came sauntering slowly along, talking earnestly, as boys sometimes do, and talking pretty loud, as earnest people are very apt to do. As they strolled under the cherry-trees by the gate, they stopped and seated themselves on the chain that runs from one of the "hitching-posts" to the other, as if they were in danger of running away. I didn't listen to the boys, but then I couldn't help hearing, and what I

heard was this. Two of them seemed to have been giving the third an account of some boyish scrape in which they had been engaged, and just as they came within easy hearing range one of them said:

"Old Spectacles thrashed us like murder, but the worst of it was we had to ask Sam Barker's pardon, and that was the toughest thing I ever did. I wouldn't have minded apologizing to a decent fellow, but I can tell you it hurt my pride to come down to such a regular old stupid as Sam."

"It didn't hurt my pride a bit," said the other, fanning himself vigorously with his palm-leaf hat;