

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE · SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

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For the Sunday School Advocate.

## EMMA OR JAMIE?

"I HOPE they haven't eaten up all my peaches," screamed little EMMA LOVESELF as she rushed through the hall into the dining-room of her father's house one morning.

Emma had been out making calls, and had heard on her way home that a basket of peaches had been taken to her house during her absence.

"The peaches are for family use and not for you; but I will give you some of them," replied her mother, handing her three nice velvet-skinned peaches as she spoke.

Emma clutched the peaches and began to cry and to mutter, "They are all mine. I will have them."

Of course her mother gave no heed to her tears, but Emma made herself and everybody else miserable all that day.

Compare this girl with a boy named Jamie. He is very fond of apples. One day his father brought him a beauty. "Thank you, pa," he said, and then taking out his jack-knife, he began to cut it into squares, saying:

"Come, Ella, Charlie, and Jane, help me eat this nice sweet apple," and then he divided his apple, taking only an equal share for himself.

One day Jamie heard his mother say, "I haven't a cent in the house." In a moment he ran up stairs, took all the cents from his money-box, and, running back to his mother, said:

"Here, ma, take my pennies."

A warm kiss on his round rosy cheek rewarded this generous offer—such a kiss as made the boy feel that his mother loved him.

Which of these shall I admit to membership in my Try Company, children? Jamie or Emma? *Jamie, eh?* No voices for Emma? Not one. Well, she deserves to be rejected. Selfish girls have no place in the Try Company—nor in heaven, unless they repent.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A SENSIBLE HORSE.

A GENTLEMAN named Lane sent his horse to be shod. The blacksmith made one of the shoes so small it pinched the horse's foot. The next morning, finding that his foot pained him, the horse lifted the gate of his pasture off its hinges with his teeth and trotted a mile and a half to the blacksmith's shop.

There the smith found him when he came to open



his shop. When the shop-door was opened, the horse went right up to the forge and held up the ailing foot. The smith examined the hoof, saw the difficulty, and reset the shoe. Then the horse trotted back to his pasture at a merry pace and in excellent humor.

This is no doubt a true incident. Can my children see any *moral* in it? Let them study it and find out, if they can, a lesson for children in the conduct of this horse. If they will send me their thoughts on the subject I will get the editor to print some of them if I find them worth printing.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## HOW SHALL I TRY TO BE USEFUL?

"You can all be useful if you will, boys," said a teacher to his class one Sabbath. "If you cannot do a great deed you can a little one."

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. Clearly, they did not believe they could be of any use, so he added:

"Well, only try."

"How shall we try?" asked one of the boys timidly.

"Keep your eyes open and your hands ready all this week, and tell me next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other," said the teacher.

"We will," replied the boys.

The next Sabbath those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips and eyes so full of light they fairly twinkled like stars. He smiled in response and said:

"Ah, I see by your looks that you all have something to tell me."

"We have, sir. We have," replied the boys in a chorus.

Then each one told his story. "I," said one, "thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much and was so greatly pleased that I mean to keep on doing it for her."

"And I," said another boy, "thought of a poor old woman whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seemed to give the old lady a good deal of comfort. I can't tell you how much she thanked me."

A third boy said: "I went walking along the street wondering what I could do. A gentleman called me and asked me to hold his horse. I did. He gave me five cents. I have

brought it with me to put into the missionary-box."

"I was walking with my eyes open and my hands ready, as you told us," said a fourth boy, "when I saw a little boy crying because he had lost some pennies in the gutter. I told him not to cry for I would help him find his money. I did find it, and the little chap dried up his tears and ran off feeling very happy."

A fifth boy said: "I saw my mother was very tired one day. The baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put the baby into my little wagon. She did, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had heard him crow and seen him clap his hands, teacher, it would have done you good; and O how much brighter my mother looked when I took baby indoors again!"

Thus, by trying, all the boys had found some way of being useful during the week. Now, I believe every one of my five hundred thousand readers could do a deed of kindness next week if every one would try. Does any one doubt it? No. No one can doubt it. Well, just think! Half a million useful acts! Half a million persons made happier! Half a million children trying to imitate Jesus by