

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH CANADA GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER LITTLE UNTO M.C.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 6.

DECEMBER 23, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 246.

For the S. S. Advocate.

PAINS, PATIENCE, AND PLEASURES.

"WHAT are these funny things, pa? They look like dry, dirty onions. What are they?"

"Lily bulbs, my dear," replied Mr. Hoper to his daughter Amelia, who was handling a number of bulbs which lay in a paper on the edge of a flower-bed.

"What are you going to do with them, pa?" asked the inquisitive child.

"Plant them, my dear," said her father as he dug up the border and carefully prepared the ground.

"When will they come up?" asked Amelia.

"Next July."

"Next July? O dear! That's a long time to wait. I like to plant things that come up directly."

"But suppose such beautiful lilies as those you admired so much last summer wont come up quickly, what then?"

"Well, then we must give them time or go without them," replied Amelia, who was as bright as she was impatient.

"Very well put, my child," rejoined Mr. Hoper, "and you will find that there are many other things more valuable than lilies which can only be won through toil and patient waiting. For instance, my Amelia wishes to become an accomplished lady by and by, but she can only obtain her wish by spending many years of her girlhood in hard, patient study. Learning and skill will not come in a moment in response to lazy wishes. They must be planted, watched, watered, and worked for through many years."

Amelia drew a long sigh and ran off. She knew her father was right, and yet she foolishly said in her heart, "I wish pa wouldn't talk such prosy stuff to me."

The bulbs soon went out of Amelia's thoughts, which were very much like butterflies, rarely dwelling long on anything. Autumn and winter passed

away too, like a morning dream. A new summer came. One beautiful evening in July, Amelia, while passing down the walk in the rear of the house, exclaimed:

"O, pa, see! What splendid lilies! Such beauties! Here are some magnificent ones, and here are some of the purest white ones I ever saw. They are perfectly beautiful. Where did they all come from?"

Mr. Hoper smiled as with his wife and little son he joined the enraptured girl on the border.

"Amelia," he asked, "do you recollect seeing me at work here last autumn planting bulbs?"

Amelia did recollect after a few moments.



"Can you call to mind what I said to you then?"

"Something about patient waiting and study, wasn't it, pa?"

"Yes. I told you that many precious things come to us only through toil and patient waiting. To enjoy the beauty of these lilies I had to dig last fall. I prepared the soil and covered the bulbs with leaves when the cold weather came. This spring I had to remove the leaves and loosen the soil. Here is the result. Some of the loveliest lilies you ever saw. Suppose I had been too idle to dig or too impatient to wait so many months, should we have enjoyed the pleasure of gazing on these lilies today?"

"No, pa, of course not."

"I am glad you see that so clearly, my child. Let it teach you to be willing to pay the appointed price of all that is good on earth. Good things can only be won through much toil and patience. Work is the price we must pay for our food and raiment. Work or starve is God's law. Hard, patient study is the price of learning; long practice must precede skill; and even right character, though in its beginnings the gift of the Holy Spirit, can only be brought to maturity by

means of much prayer, patient watching, and stern self-denial."

Amelia was not pleased with her father's words. Like thousands of other children, she wanted her good things at once and without effort. Foolish Amelia! She might as well have wanted daylight directly after sunset.

Let my children all learn to avoid Amelia's folly, and be willing to work hard and wait patiently for the good they desire. And let poor Thomas Plod cheer up. He spends all the evening over his arithmetic and grammar that he may not be marked deficient the next day, while young John Speedy gets his lesson up in half an hour, and laughs at