

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1863.

THE BOY THAT WAS LIKE A PIG.

Yes, the boy that was like a pig. Not in form, of course, for a boy and a pig are not made alike by any means. But a boy may be like a pig in disposition. A pig is selfish; a pig is greedy; a pig does not eat to live, he lives to eat. A pig quarrels over his dinner with his fellow-pigs. Now, if you will show me a boy or girl who is greedy, selfish, and quarrelsome, I will show you a boy who is "like a pig."

These thoughts came into my head while looking at a boy who was tending over a pig-pen playing with the ears of some pretty little pigs and saying, "Pretty little pig! pretty little piggy!"

The boy's aunt was near and she said to him:

"Georgie, I know a boy who is like a pig. Do you?"

"No, aunt, I don't know him, do I?" replied the boy, turning away from the pen and looking into his aunt's face as if he thought she was aiming an arrow at him.

"Yes, I think you do. Didn't you see how those pigs rushed to their dinner, how greedily they eat, and how



they pushed each other aside, squealed, quarreled, and bit one another? Now, don't you know a little boy who is almost always eating candy, or fruit, or cake? Don't you know a boy who rushes up to the table at meal-times, cries for the best things, crams his mouth so full he can hardly swallow, pushes his brother and sister away from his plate, and cries for more pie or pudding when his mother says he has eaten quite as much as a little boy ought to eat at one time? Do you know such a boy?"

Georgie held down his head. His aunt had drawn his picture exactly, and he knew it at a glance. It wasn't a pretty picture at all, and the boy didn't like it a bit. He pouted, poked his toe into the dust, and, speaking a little spitefully, said:

"I aint like a pig!"

"I am glad to see you feel ashamed of your conduct, my dear," said his aunt, without noticing his ill-humor. Shame is often the first step toward better doing. I have hopes of you. You will not always be a greedy boy, will you?"

"I aint very greedy," said Georgie in a snappish tone.

"I once heard of a man," remarked his aunt, speaking as if she had not heard his reply, "who loved to drink rum, and beer, and other strong drinks so much that he often became tipsy. One night, when his head was full of liquor, he tumbled into a corner near his cottage and slept alongside of his own pig!"

"That man was like a pig," said Georgie, laughing at the idea of a man sleeping with a hog for a bed-fellow.

"Yes, he was very much like a pig indeed. But what would you say if I were to tell you that he began to be so by being a greedy boy?"

"Did he, aunt? Please tell me about it," said Georgie, whose ears were always open to hear stories.

"There is not much to tell, my dear, only that when he



was a boy he was always eating and drinking. He was never at rest without something in his mouth. Now it was candy, then apples, then cake, and when at the table, O how he did cram his mouth and stomach! Well, he grew older, and began to use tobacco instead of candy. Next he drank beer instead of water. Then he took to rum, and, at last, he became a sot. A sot is a man who is as nearly like a pig as a man can be. If he had not learned to please his appetite when he was a boy he would not have become a sot in his manhood. But having learned to live as if he had been born to do nothing but eat and drink, he could not forget the lesson, and so the lesson became his ruin."

Georgie looked sober. The thought had crept into his mind that he was already walking in the path which led the sot to the pig-pen. He saw that the greedy boy is in danger of becoming the sottish man. He didn't like that thought. So he said in his heart, "I won't be greedy any more. I don't want to be like a pig."

Those were good words for Georgie to say. I hope he stuck to them as good parsons do to their texts. I think he did some, for I have not heard of his being called "greedy" since; but whether he did or not, I hope that greedy fellow who reads my paper and whose mouth is seldom without something in it besides his tongue, will take the hint and leave off living to eat. Let him learn to eat just enough to make the body healthy, and not to eat or drink for the pleasure of the thing.

MY LETTER-BAG.

"WHAT a big pile of letters!" exclaims Mr. Forrester as the corporal empties his mail-bag on the editorial council-table.

"None too big for me," replies the corporal. "I like to read them. But the editor looks at them as I suppose he might if he were required to put a pail of water into the thimble of a six-year-old miss."

That's a telling figure, corporal, for it would be just as easy to get the pail of water into the thimble as to print that pile of letters in the Advocate.

"Right, Mr. Editor," rejoins the corporal. "Print what you can and tell your correspondents that I have read them all and admitted all applicants to my noble Try Company. Those who don't get printed must prove their good qualities by being patient under disappointment. To the dear child who sends me dried flowers from the grave of Tecumseh, and to that one who sends me a sprig of evergreen, I return my thanks. May their hearts be filled with the beauty of Jesus! Here is a letter which says that Bertie, who died one year ago saying, 'O Jesus, come and take me! come and take me!' used to make our paper her constant companion, and to tell how she meant to write for it, and to join our Try Company when she grew older."

Sweet child! She now belongs to that part of the Try Company which is crowned. Happy Bertie! Read on, my corporal!

"M. J. S. says:

"There is a little dark-eyed prairie boy named Willie S., who gets on an old white horse every Friday morning and

rides over to the country post-office with a little carpet-sack slung over one shoulder. He brings it home full of papers, and magazines, and letters, and every second Friday he seems to jog old Doll a little faster than usual as he comes into the yard and tosses out the contents of the bag hurriedly on the carpet, and then holds up in triumph the little brown wrapper that contains his S. S. Advocate. Its pictures are always looked at before those of Harper or the Home Magazine, and to go away by himself and read a story in his Advocate is one of Willie's greatest luxuries. He reads the Letter Budget regularly, and often says, 'O, ma, I wish I could write well so I could send a letter too.' Willie is nine years old, and says the Lord's prayer audibly with his papa and mamma at the close of morning and evening worship; at the latter time he says the pretty verse, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc., and both times prays for his parents, his brother, and the baby, and grandpa. Not long since we heard a petition for some unknown friend at the close of Willie's prayer, and through curiosity tried to catch the name next time. Judge of our surprise when we heard 'God bless dear editor, amen'; and we may add that, all unbidden by his parents, he continues to add this little prayer all the time. God hears the prayers of little children, and surely, Mr. Editor, you must be very wise with heavenly wisdom if all your Advocate children pray for you thus."

I thank my dark-eyed prairie boy for putting me into his prayers. I hope many of my readers do the same. It makes me happy to think that thousands of little children daily say with Willie, "God bless dear editor!" It is a priceless blessing to be hedged about with children's prayers.

"Here are a few Bible questions to keep my Try Company busy over the best of books. I will call them



BIBLE QUESTIONS ABOUT DOORS.

1. Who shut herself within doors to behold a wonderful miracle?
2. What great woman stood at the door to receive a message from a great prophet?
3. What prophet found a door within a wall?
4. Against what door did a rich man roll a great stone?
5. Where did a notable prophet see a door open?
6. Through what door must they pass who travel to the heavenly city?

"Here is the answer to the pictorial enigma in our last number; 1. Killed Goliath. 2. David. See 1 Samuel xvii, 23-50.

"Here is a line from little FRANK, of Franklin Grove. He says:

"We have a very nice Sabbath-school in our village. It numbers from seventy to one hundred scholars. Our superintendent is ready for every good work, and we the scholars are always ready to carry out his wishes, for we all love him. I will tell you what he proposed last Sunday and what we are going to do. He told us that for twenty-four cents we could procure one hundred tracts. This would supply an entire company of soldiers with a tract apiece. We have two companies in the field, and we are going to raise money enough to furnish each soldier with one of those little messengers of truth. Now, Mr. Editor, don't you think this is a good move? Have any other schools sent tracts to our brave boys?"

Frank is a nice boy, the superintendent's plan is a nice plan, and the tracts will be a nice gift to the brave boys who have gone from Franklin Grove to fight for the Union cause.

"U. K., of Clinton, writes:

"My father is in the army. O, if he falls in battle, may I be permitted to meet him in heaven. He is a noble, brave, and kind father. I have as darling, kind parents as there ever were in the world.

"The boy that wrote that is a good son," adds the corporal, wiping the tears from his spectacles. "Children who admire and love their parents can be trusted. I want that boy in my company. The Lord bless him!"