

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## WAS ETTA A GENEROUS GIRL?

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

CHILDREN, do you know what a jury is? Twelve men who listen to witnesses, to the pleas of lawyers, and to the charge of a judge, and then say whether the person on trial is guilty or not, are a jury. Do you understand? You think you do? Very well. I shall, therefore, consider you a jury to try Miss ETTA LIVELY. I will be both counsel and judge in the case.

Listen, then, members of the jury, to the witnesses which I will now call. Mrs. Lively, will you please stand up? Tell us, madam, what you know about the prisoner's selfishness?

"Well, sir, Etta is my daughter. I love her very tenderly, and she is usually quite obedient to my wishes. A few weeks ago I was sick, sir, so sick I could not sew. When I recovered the summer was nearly over, and I had a heap of sewing to do for my children before the cool autumn weather came. Hence, I worked very hard, so hard that I found myself growing sick again. One afternoon I said to Etta, who is my eldest daughter, sir, 'Etta, dear, I want you to help me sew an hour before you go out to trundle your hoop this afternoon.'

"I don't want to. I want to join Fanny, and Jennie, and Nelly. We are going to have a nice time,' my child replied.

"But, my dear, you can help me a little first, can't you?' I asked.

"I don't want to. Let Mary help you. I want to troll my hoop,' she answered.

"Mary is busy with her work,' I said.

"Well, you can sew yourself; you sew very fast. I can't sew half as fast as you can. Let me go and play.'

"No, you must sew an hour first,' I said firmly.

"Then with much frowning and pouting my child threw her hoop into a corner, and taking her needle and her work, sewed in sullen silence for an hour. Then she went out to her play, and I looked at her work and found it was so puckered and crooked that I had to rip it all out and sew it myself. O dear, I was so sad and weary that I cried over that piece of work the rest of the afternoon."

Have you anything more to say, Mrs. Lively? "No?" Very well. You can retire.

Here is HATTIE HALL; let her tell what she knows of the prisoner at the bar. Speak, Miss Hattie!



"Please, sir, I don't think Etta is selfish. I— Don't tell us what you think, but what you know, Hattie.

"Well, sir, I know that when Etta had a nice pear one day and I admired it she gave it to me. At another time I was much pleased with a small doll of her's, and she gave me that. I think she is very generous, sir, and our teacher says she is the most generous girl in our school."

These, my jury, are the only witnesses in the case. They have given you facts which seem contradictory. What do you think? Is Etta guilty of selfishness or not?

"Guilty! but we recommend her to mercy."

That's your verdict, is it? Well, I think you are right. A girl who would rather see her mother sicken and perhaps die than help her sew an hour or two on a holiday afternoon must be selfish. As to her giving her things away, I fear she did that because she liked to be called generous. The things she gave away cost her nothing, and she felt more

than paid for them when her teacher and schoolmates called her generous. Yet, being generally obedient to her mother, she should not be punished very severely. You are right. Etta, stand up and hear your sentence!

The jury having found you guilty, I sentence you as follows: 1. You must spend half an hour every day in your chamber alone asking God to show you what is in your heart, to wash away your guilt and selfishness, and to give you his Holy Spirit to teach, comfort, and help you. 2. You must confess your selfishness to your dear mother, and prove your sorrow to be sincere by helping her all you can hereafter, and by obeying all her commands.

Let all my readers who approve my sentence say Ay! The *ayes* come like thunder-claps. Now, let all who think otherwise write me their thoughts, and give me the reasons why sentence should not be enforced upon Etta.

The jury is now discharged.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE WHEEL THAT WOULD NOT TURN.

"Do talk to me, papa," said Susy Norton, leaning wearily back in the carriage; "this is such a tiresome road, up one hill and down another, it seems to me like looking at the same thing over and over."

"I was just thinking," said Mr. Norton, looking around at Susy, "about the different tracks the carriages that have passed before us have made in the damp sand."

"Why," said Susy, leaning out to look, "I thought they were all just alike—little marks along through the dirt."

"No," said her papa, "not quite alike; here is one on this side that I have noticed ever since we left Middlebury. Do you see how crooked it is?"

"Why, yes," said Susy, laughing, "it's all scalloping in and out; I guess the man was a pretty poor driver and couldn't make his horse go straight."

"The trouble was in the wheel," said Mr. Norton, "and not in the driver, though I shouldn't wonder if he was a careless sort of a fellow and didn't take very good care of his things. One of the wheels must have been loose, so that instead of rolling around *true*, it tipped in and out as it turned, just as your hoop does when you don't hit it a fair blow, but strike it too high up."

"O I know!" said Susy; "we call that a *drunken*