

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTO ME

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 11.

MARCH 12, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 203.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TAKING AIM.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

THAT little boy with the long bow is learning to take aim. His big brother is teaching him. The little fellow is half afraid he shall fail to hit the bird, which you may see hanging from the pole; but he is so earnest and so patient, I think he will succeed after a few trials if he misses at first.

Now, my merry-hearted children, I want to do for you what that big boy is doing for his little brother. I want to teach you to "take aim," to aim at the right object, and to hit it.

"We have no long bows, or cross-bows, or guns, and we don't see how we can learn to take aim," you reply, do you? And I hear bouncing Miss Mary twittering like a bird and saying, "What is our dear old Uncle Forrester thinking about? Does he forget that more than half of his readers are *girls*? Does he want to teach *girls* to use guns, and long bows, and cross-bows?"

No, my blue-eyed Mary, no, not in the Sunday-School Advocate, though, by the way, I think the use of the cross-bow is very becoming in a young lady; but I want to teach you to *take aim with your*

minds. You know that you must all be either good or wicked, idle or industrious, useful or hurtful, happy or miserable in this world, and that you must go either to heaven or to hell when you die. You can *easily* be miserable, idle, hurtful, and wicked *without aiming to be so*, but you can't be good, industrious, useful, or happy without making up your minds to be so. It requires no effort to be wicked, idle, etc., because it is natural, and therefore easy; but to be good, useful, industrious, and happy is not easy. You must make up your mind very firmly and work harder than beavers to be the latter, or you will never, never succeed.

Now, *making up your mind to be good, useful, and happy*, is aiming at goodness, usefulness, and happiness. When a child says, "I will be good if Jesus will help me," that child "takes aim" at goodness just as truly as that boy in the picture takes aim at the bird when he points his bow toward it and sets his mind on hitting it.

A boy was once visiting his aunt. He saw in her house the picture of a man dressed in robes of office. Said he:

"Aunt, who was that man?"

"Your uncle, my dear," replied the lady. "See what a great man he is in his robes of office!"

"Why was he great?" inquired the boy. "What made him so?"

"Because," said the aunt, "he was fond of study, just as you should be. Look at those books by his side. He was always reading, and reading, and reading, until he had learnt all he wanted to know, and so he became a great man; and so may you, too, if you are only as fond of books as he was."

The boy thought much of his aunt's words. He often stood before the picture and said to himself, "What a fine thing it would be if I could be as great as he was. I will try it. I will study hard."

When the boy said those words what was he doing? He was aiming at learning and greatness, wasn't he?

Now I want you all to aim at learning too, for learning is a fine thing. Say, then, each of you, "I will study hard and learn all I can."

But learning is not the only thing you must aim at. You must aim at being useful to others and at being happy; but, most of all, you must *aim to be good*. If you are good you will be happy and useful too. You will also rise to heaven at last. Aim at goodness, then. That's the only object really worth hitting. Aim at it, my child, daily and hourly. Begin just now by saying in your heart:

"O, Jesus, I have a naughty, wicked heart. I want it made new and good. If you will help me, O Jesus, I will be good forever. I will think good thoughts, speak good words, do good acts, at all times and forever. O, blessed Jesus, teach me to be good! Make me good!"

I hope every member of our vast Advocate family will say this prayer and thereby begin to aim at goodness and glory. May God bless you all, my very dear children, and incline you to set your hearts firmly on this blessed object.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

WHEN WASHINGTON IRVING (an author whose books you will all want to read when you grow older) was a little fellow only ten years old he took part in a school exhibition. It was a great time with the boys, you may be sure, and they recited parts of the tragedy of CARO. Young Irving was to speak the part of Juba. But while waiting at the back of the curtain for his turn, he began eating a honey-cake. Just as his mouth was filled with the sticky substance he was called forward.

Poor boy! There he stood in presence of the crowd of spectators unable to speak, vainly trying to swallow his cake, for the honey in it had glued his jaws together. The audience, seeing what was the matter, began to titter. That made young Irving