

Sunday School Advocate.

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A PARAGRAPH FOR LITTLE GIRLS.



AM a very little girl, but am growing bigger and bigger every year, and by-and-by I hope to be more useful than I am now.

Father works hard out in the fields, and mother works hard at home, for she has a deal to do among so many of us. What a many pennies it must take to buy all our clothes and bonnets and shoes! and then our breakfasts and dinners! Father had need work, and mother too.

Brother Jim goes out to work, and so does Tommy; Betsy and Ann are almost always sewing; baby can do nothing; but let me tell you what I do.

I cannot work and get money to buy a loaf, but I take care not to waste a single crumb; let the crust be as hard as it will, I eat it all up, and mother says it will make me a woman.

If I can't buy coal and candles, I take care not to waste them. I am too little to poke the fire and to snuff the candle; mother says I might set my clothes all in a blaze.

I do't know how much mother paid for my last shoes; it took all the money at the corner of the cupboard; so I take care not to get into the wet and dirt, that my shoes may last the longer.

I have had my bonnet a long time now; I never swing it about by the strings, nor crush it up together, nor leave it lying about; and mother says that is the reason it has lasted so long.

I have not got many playthings, for they would cost money, and wear out; so I play with the kitten, and pussy never costs anything, and never wears out.

Mother says time is as good as money, and that, if I cannot help her much, I should not hinder her by being untidy; so I keep everything about me as tidy as I can. I put up my little chair in the corner when I have done with it, that nobody may tumble over it. I try to learn to sew a little. Many a time mother has sent me with father's dinner into the fields. It would never do for mother to go, and carry baby too, while I was doing nothing. Sometimes I go over to the store on an errand; so that if I get nothing, I try to save something, and mother says that is the same thing.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, that when I sit on my little stool, mother often puts baby into my lap. I hold him as carefully as I can, and when he smiles I kiss him and cuddle him, and that makes him smile again. Mother says in time I shall nurse very prettily, but I can't toss baby about as she does.

Mother has taught me two verses to sing to baby, and she says she will teach me some more:—

"Hush my dear! lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

"How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!"

I am not sure that baby knows what they mean.

Mother says that before another year has gone by she will get me into the Sunday-School; and if she does, I'll try to be always in time, and mind all that is said to me.

I feel sure that I should always get on, but mother

says I must never trust my own heart, for it will deceive me. I must ask God, for Jesus Christ's sake, to pardon all my sins, and help me in every thing.

I know that mother is right, and I hope I shall do as she tells me.

A PARAGRAPH FOR ELDER GIRLS.

THE writer has recorded the following incidents in the words of the narrator:—

I was the eldest of my father's family. My parents, being poor, were obliged to practise the most rigid economy to keep us from actual want. I had scarcely emerged from childhood when I had an opportunity to work in a factory at very low wages. My mother needed my assistance in her domestic labors, but said I must have clothes, and she did not know how they were to be obtained unless I could earn them; and father said I should have the privilege of doing just what I pleased with all that I could earn.

I entered the mill, and, surrounded by strange faces, commenced my new employment, amid the confused din of mysterious machinery. The days seemed exceeding long, and to my unskilled hands my work was very perplexing; but I was constantly cheered on by the thought that I was doing something towards lightening my parents' burdens. I had worked but two weeks when pay-day came, and I received my pittance with that peculiar joy that accompanies the successful results of the first efforts of honest industry. It was not enough to purchase a very much needed garment, but, added to what I hoped to obtain the next pay-day, would be just sufficient; so I consigned it to my hitherto empty purse, to be kept with a miser's care.

The next morning a group of girls were standing at the entrance of the mill, planning to present a destitute Christian woman with several articles of apparel. They invited me to contribute something. I answered evasively, as I thought of my nice new one dollar bill on the U. C. Bank for which I had laboured two long weeks. They said they intended to send the articles next week, and if I decided to give anything, I might hand it to them within a few days. At night, I told mother about the plan, and she said, "Can't you send her an apron?" "If I should," said I, "I shall not have enough to purchase my dress next pay-day." "The Lord has prospered you," said she. I raised my eyes from the floor, and said, "Had I better?" "Do as you please," said she, "for 'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'"

The next day I resolved the subject in my mind, and finally decided that I could do with a cheaper dress; so, after I left the mill, I entered a shop to invest half of my first earnings. I called for prints, and examined piece after piece, and finally selected a substantial fabric ornamented with tiny rosebuds and violets. My precious little bundle seemed to rest my weary limbs, and cheerfully I tripped home and enrolled it. My little sisters patted it, and all admired its beauty. Mother's approving smile amply rewarded me for my sacrifice, and I wondered how I could have hesitated about it. I had not thought of making it; but mother said if I would work a little while every evening, I could get it done to send with the rest.

I finished, ironed, carefully folded, and labelled it with the words, "A present from Mary." It was much the smallest present contained in the bundle; but I thought that none of the girls felt quite so happy in giving as I did.

Pay-day came again, and much to my surprise, the paymaster said, "Your overseer says you have been very faithful, here's your pay;" and then handing me another parcel, "there is a present for you."

The present exactly equalled my wages. I only said, "Thank you very, very much, sir;" but I think he guessed that I felt more than I said, for, with a smile, he replied, "Always do the best you can, and you will be prospered."

In an ecstasy of delight I hastened to obtain the material for my dress, and found an article better and cheaper than I had expected; so I had enough to pay for it without my present. With that I purchased something much needed in our family. The merchant said he would send it home in half an hour. I told him I would carry it myself. He said it was almost too heavy, but I thought I could not wait half an hour, so I clasped it in my arms and went home, and called a little sister to open the door; then, placing my load on the table, I said, "Here is my dress, and here is a present for mother." The surprise and delight of our family were only equalled by my own satisfaction.

That was the beginning of my prosperity, and for forty years since, I have never lacked the means of contributing something to a worthy object, nor have I ever needed a garment without being amply able to obtain it. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given, will He pay him again." And surely He has repaid me a thousand fold for lending Him half of my first earnings.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.



ANY boys and girls, after they have passed the age of twelve, seem to think that they know as much as their parents; and if they do not actually disobey their commands, they are inclined to question the wisdom of them. How

often a child may be heard to say, "I don't see why father or mother will not let me go there, or do this; I am sure there will be no harm;" or, "Other boys do so." If such words are not uttered, the thought comes into the heart, that perhaps, after all, father or mother does not know as well as the boy what is best. In a book written many hundred years ago, and which I am sure all my readers have seen, there is a story of a boy who, when he was twelve years old, was found in the temple at Jerusalem, with the learned men, hearing and asking them questions; and all who heard him were astonished at his understanding and his answers. Yet, after giving this proof of his wisdom, he returned home with his parents, and was *subject* to them. He did not hesitate to obey them, though he was really wiser than they; for this boy was Jesus, the Lord of heaven and earth, in whom is hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck if you have only a shilling a week is to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbour's alone; good luck is to fulfil the ten commandments, and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere.

MY CANDLE IS ALMOST BURNT OUT.—A little girl was asked why she was working so very hard. She replied, "My candle is almost burnt out, and I have not got another." Life is as a candle burning out; sometimes there is a thief in it, a disease consuming it more quickly, or it may be blown out, suddenly extinguished, and we have not got another.