

Sunday-School Advocate.

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A MODEL CHILD.



READ lately of a child named Annie who was very fond of grapes. What child is not? Some one gave her a bunch one day. Her father saw her with it and said:

"Give me a grape, Annie?"

Annie promptly pulled a grape from the stalk and gave it to her father with a cheerful smile. He took it and said:

"Give me another, my dear!"

She gave him another with the same cheerfulness as at first. He then asked for another, and another, until she gave him the last.

Annie's father was putting her love to a pretty severe test, but she bore it nobly, and proved, by her readiness to part with her last grape without a murmur, that filial love was stronger in her heart than selfishness. I wonder how many Annies I have in my Advocate family who would give every grape to pa or ma without a whimper. Do you think I have ten of them?

The corporal, at my elbow, whispers, "A host of them, Mr. Editor." I hope it is, corporal, but I—well, never mind, I won't write the word that was about to slip from the nibs of my pen. Perhaps it had better remain a mere thought forever.

But let us go back to loving little Annie again. The writer of her brief history says that one day, seeing her mother to be quite sick, she ran to her father, and in a tone of very tender sorrow, said:

"Poor mother very poorly!"

Her father, who was also quite unwell, and had laid his head on the sofa, replied:

"Yes, Annie, and father very poorly too."

On hearing these words the dear child looked into his face very earnestly and burst into tears. The next moment she ran for a cushion, which she placed under her father's head, and tried to comfort him with words spoken in her gentlest tones.

Don't you think Annie was a darling child? Didn't her parents love her fondly, think you? Wasn't she a great comfort to them? And she was only three years old! Wasn't she a model child? If you honestly think so, my children, you will do your best to make your parents happy. I give my blessing to every Annie among you.

WHEN MAY I JOIN THE CHURCH, GRANDPA?

A LITTLE girl went to her aged grandfather not long since and said:

"Grandpa, when may I join the Church?"

The good old man smiled, fixed his mild eyes on the child, patted her head gently, and said:

"Well, if you are good and love the Saviour, when you are ten years old."

"O, grandpa, I can't finish up all my play that soon," rejoined the child somewhat sadly.

"Well," said the old man, "but, my dear little daughter, you need not give up your play then; you can play on, but you must not do wrong in your play."

What do you think of that little girl's notion about joining the Church, my children?

You don't know, eh? That is an honest answer, and I will tell you what I think.

I think she had formed a wrong notion of religion. A child may love Jesus—and mark! to love Jesus is "to enjoy religion"—and yet do everything which is proper for a child to do. Play, study, and work are proper things for a child to do, but a wicked child will be wicked in play—will indulge wicked tempers, say wicked words, do wicked acts. A child that loves Jesus will do nothing in play which would offend Jesus. You see the difference, don't you?

Give your hearts to Jesus and join the Church, my children! Jesus is a good Shepherd and loves to see you

happy just as an earthly shepherd loves to see his lambs frisking about the pasture. Jesus forbids you nothing but sin, and he forbids that because he knows it would hurt you. He knows that the most pleasant sin a child can commit is like poison coated with sugar, and for that reason he says, "Children, don't touch sin! It will hurt you!" Isn't Jesus good?

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

AN, Esquire, you and the corporal are always here just at the nick of time. I believe we three have always crossed the threshold of this chamber at precisely the same moment. We are certainly a remarkable trio. If one is sick, or lame, or lazy, the others are sick, lame, or lazy too. We look alike, walk alike, dress alike, and are in all things so nearly alike that I doubt if we have one reader keen enough to tell which is which—but, corporal, you look as if you were dyspeptic. What ails you?

"I am a little low-spirited to-day," the corporal replies. "I really don't know why, unless I am dyspeptic as you suggest. To tell the truth, I feel jaded with over-much work. My mind is weary, and I sometimes feel as if I would be glad to sleep my last sleep and go to my home in heaven."

"You are in low spirits certainly, corporal," says Mr. Forrester. "You must cheer up, corporal. You are only fifty years old and have a score of years yet to live, though I do not know why either you or I need care to live twenty years longer. For my part, if I did not think my life was valuable to the children, I would as lief die now in this council-chamber as to live twenty years longer."



A COUNCIL IN WHICH NEITHER THE EDITOR NOR THE CORPORAL IS REPRESENTED.

I really must check this strain, Mr. Forrester; and as for you, Mr. Corporal Try, I shall hand you over to the Try Company to be court-martialed for giving way to lowness of spirits. What has Corporal Try to do with sighing and sadness I should like to know? Come, sir, shoulder your—I was going to say rifle—pen and report the contents of our letter budget!

"I hear and obey, Mr. Editor," replies the corporal. "Your rebuke is merited. I will not be sad but joyous as that group of little folks in yonder field. Tell your readers that I enlist about four hundred recruits who have applied lately for a place in my army. Their letters of application are some of them very nice—others are very scrawly—like hen's tracks—but they will write better by and by. Before reading some of the letters to you I will give you the answers to the questions about doors in the last number:

- "1. A prophet's son's widow. 2 Kings iv, 1-6.
- "2. The Shunamite lady. 2 Kings iv, 15.
- "3. Ezekiel. Ezek. vii, 7, 8.
- "4. Door of Christ's sepulcher. Matt. xxvii, 60.
- "5. In heaven. Rev. iv, 1.
- "6. Jesus. John x, 7-10.

"And here are some Bible questions about keys:

"1. The keys of the grandest kingdom in the universe were once given by a celebrated personage to a very humble individual. Name the kingdom those keys opened.

"2. The keys of the two most terrible places in the universe are in the possession of your dearest friend. Name the places.

"3. To whom did a celebrated prophet see the key of the bottomless pit presented?

"4. Who holds the key of David in his hands?"



"5. Whom did Christ accuse of taking the key of knowledge from the people?

"6. The servants of a certain king, by means of a duplicate key, opened his door and found their master dead. What was the monarch's name?"

"Here is a letter from ELIZA C. P. in behalf of the infant class of our Sunday-school in Ravenna. She says:

"TO CORPORAL TRY,—Over mountains and valleys, over lakes and rivers, I come with the plea of my fifty little ones begging to be enlisted in your most noble Try Company. We are but young, yet we want to do right, and with the help of our heavenly Father we will TRY to make FAITHFUL members of your great army. Will you admit us? There will be many bright eyes anxiously watching for your answer."

You ought to be proud of that batch of recruits, corporal. Who knows what that little band of fifty will achieve for God and their country before the last of them shall enter heaven?

"I am more than proud, Mr. Editor," replies the corporal. "You know the Roman general wept for his country's future when he thought that the brave veterans who had made her arms

glorious would soon be dead; but when the children marched before him shouting, 'We will be brave,' he dried his tears, smiled, and said his fears were quieted, for such children could be trusted with the care of his country's future. So I feel when the little ones come forward and pledge themselves to be good, and brave, and true to Christ. God bless the babes of Ravenna!

"FLORA, of Willoughby, says:

"I love to go to Sabbath-school, but I don't get there every Sabbath, for I live three miles from school, and sometimes it storms too hard to go so far. When I do get there I feel well paid for going, because the teacher makes our school so pleasant by talking and asking questions so cheerfully, and teaching us to sing such beautiful tunes from Bradbury's 'Golden Chain,' and also by distributing your lovely paper and the 'Good News,' furnished by our pastor, G. W. Chesbrough. This good man introduced the catechism in our school, and last year he awarded a prize to all who learned Catechism No. 1 thorough enough to say every word of it. I have learned No. 1 through, and am now learning No. 2. Will you accept Brother Ethan and myself as members of your Try Company?"

"Flora is worthy," says the corporal, and adds with a very solemn voice, "may she be counted worthy through Christ of a place in the choir in heaven!"

"WARDIE W., of Princeton, Ind., says:

"I have nice times at my Sunday-school. I wish it was Sunday all the time. I get so tired in the week I think Sunday will never come, and on Sunday I am so glad to go to Church and Sunday-school.

"A boy who loves the Sabbath," the corporal adds, "as Wardie does, gives pretty good evidence of his fitness for a place in the Try Company. I enlist him. May God preserve his soul from evil!"