

Sunday School Advocate.

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LITTLE NITA AND HER COMPANIONS.

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For the Sunday School Advocate.

(Continued.)



WITHIN the winter of this year a great event took place! for God sent a dear baby brother to Nita. His name you shall hear bye-and-bye. He was plump and rosy, and he was to have a very grand christening. The ceremony was to be performed in the house by the venerable Dr. Wardlaw, and several friends were invited to tea. Nita was in great delight at the fuss, her delight being doubtless increased at having a new white frock for the occasion. Her Mamma allowed her to stand beside the nursing chair, and hold the pin-cushion while she dressed baby. Oh, such a lovely long robe, and such a lace cap, lined with white silk, as the God-mother, Miss D'Olier, had that morning sent in. The white cap stood on end with rows of narrow Brussel's lace. Nita handed a baby pin when required, or laid down the pin cushion and helped to pull out the knots of white ribbon on the sleeves. Oh, how she longed to catch up Baby and give him a long hug; but she would not be allowed.

And now what do you think this grandly dressed baby was to be called? Just "Samuel;" and if you look up in the face of the dear friend who is reading you this story, you will see *his very own self*. Only fancy, Grandpapa, a baby in a long, white robe, and a Brussel's lace cap! Is it not funny? I shall just stop until you all take a hearty laugh, and clap your hands, and perhaps Grandpapa will take off his glasses and "laugh in the right place."

Well then, Nita ran down stairs to see the company arrive. First came the old Doctor's carriage, and by the light of the hall lamps she could see her Papa helping the old gentleman through the hall, and the Doctor's own man following with a portmanteau.

Nita then crept into the room and saw her Papa assisting to robe the Doctor in his canonicals. He was very tall, and wore a great white wig like a Judge. He had large silver buckles on his shoes. Then came Mrs. Courteney's carriage. She was sister to the God-mother. All the ladies were dressed in white. Nita remembers her disappointment on seeing that Mrs. Courteney only wore white ribbons as a head-dress, instead of the beautiful long ostrich feather which she usually wore. Nita did admire that trailing feather so much! Miss D'Olier (the God mother) wore what Nita's Mamma called an India muslin dress, richly embroidered, and a long train sweeping ever so far over the carpet; Nita feared to step on it. At last the Doctor stood up between the windows and began the ceremony. Rev. Mr. O., the male Sponsor, assisted Miss D'Olier to throw her train over her arm, and Nita ventured to creep a little nearer. She best remembers looking at her own dear, gentle loving Father, like no one else in this wide world! His black satin vest, plain breasted coat, white plaited lincens, knee shorts, black silk stockings, lovely white hands and teeth, jet black hair and whiskers, and above all, his sweet, placid countenance, never to be forgotten while memory lasts. Now I stop, but not to laugh.....

Well, I must proceed. Now, fancy that Father wiping the drops off Baby's forehead with his cambric handkerchief, and stooping to kiss him. He kept his head bowed for a short time, perhaps to hide his emotion, or perhaps to implore a blessing on his own dear little son, or perhaps for both causes, as Nita believes he used the handkerchief to his own eyes when he raised his head. Probably Miss D'Olier (who was a lively Frenchwoman) thought that matters were becoming too serious for the occasion; for the next instant she had the company in peals of laughter! she passed her arm through that of the grave young minister who was her fellow Sponsor, and called out, "Please Doctor don't sit down yet, this gentleman and I have got a job for you to do, be good enough to proceed." So saying she drew Mr. O. opposite the Doctor. Mr. O. shied! Cries of "Fie Mr. O." "Go on." "That's right." The old Doctor and Father smiled, and the latter proposed tea at once. Nita does not well remember what took place between tea and supper time, further than her playing on the hearth-rug with Mrs. Courteney's little lap dog. However she got leave to sit up for the grand event of supper, and every one seemed to be very cheerful, and Miss D'Olier laughed a great deal, and quizzed shy Mr. O. Grandpapa will, I dare say, be shocked to hear that at supper the company drank his health in real Port Wine, supplied by the God-mother. Then came singing of hymns and prayer, and Nita believes she fell asleep at prayer, and so must be excused from remembering anything further about the christening.

When little Sam left off baby caps, he became curly headed. Nita loved him greatly. When he was able to stand at a chair, he one day put a little marble in his mouth; I suppose he thought it was a comfit. The marble stuck in his throat, and was choking him. His Mamma snatched him up in her arms, and tried to pull it out, but could not. Nita burst into tears. Mamma said, "Run next door for Dr. Carter." Nita flew into the Surgeon's shop, but she was so much excited that she *could not utter one word!* She gasped, and tried to speak, but in vain. A gentleman who was talking to the Doctor, said, "If you know where that child lives go to her house at once, see, she is paralyzed from fright." The Doctor jumped over the counter, and not waiting for his hat, flew into Nita's Papa's house, but by that time the Mamma had thrust the marble down little Sam's throat, and he was again breathing. Oh, how glad Nita was, and how she hugged him, and tried to keep the other children quiet while he got a sleep.

When Curly-head could run about alone, he was very anxious for his Papa to put him astride on the saddle. He used to stretch out his fat arms, stand on tip toe, and say "Big Hosh" His Papa told him that whenever he was a big enough boy to have trowsers, he should be lifted on "Big Hosh." The kind Mamma of "Diamond Bright" heard this, and she made a little suit of dimity panjams and coat for Curly-head. She came in the evening, but little Sam was in bed, and did not see the present until next morning. Judge his delight when he came to be dressed. The whole family gathered to witness the investiture. When he put his fat legs into the trowsers, he shouted out, "Now Big Hosh!" and so Papa took him to the stable and allowed him to put "mine leg atosh" (his leg across.) He was a well tempered little fellow, but whenever he did not wish to say his letters, or take his medicine, or be washed, or repeat his verse, he used to shut his eyes, and nod his head, and say, "Boppin aheep." However, this same little boy came to be "quite wide awake," and to be a kind, useful man, and he never when grown up played "Boppin aheep," unless after a smoke.

Now give him a kiss for taking the trouble to read all this to you, and run off to play; you shall hear more about him another time. Good bye.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING

Live for something, be not idle—
Look about thee for employ!
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labour is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then while you may.
Scatter blessings in thy pathway;
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.
Hearts there are, oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning;
From this perfect fountain head,
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

SLOW OF SPEECH.



MANY are ready to offer Moses's excuse of "slow of speech" when urged to do their duty in speaking to the impenitent. But it is not eloquent words we need so much as a feeling heart.

A dear young girl, whose heart Jesus had touched, was burdened with sorrow and anxiety for her worldly, impenitent father. She prayed for him in agony, and how dare she approach one so deeply loved and revered upon this subject so near her heart!

But at length, summoning all her courage, she resolved to speak with him on the all-important matter.

"Father, I wish to speak to you," she said, with a beating heart and faltering lips.

"Well, daughter, what is it?" he asked, pleasantly.

The burdened heart could contain itself no longer. Bursting into an agony of tears, she said only,

"Your soul, father, your soul!"

That man of the world felt his heart pierced as with one of God's own arrows. He could only answer with choking voice, "Daughter, I will." And she led him to Jesus.

Remember this, dear lamb of Jesus, when you think you can say nothing to win sinners to him.

AN INFANT VOICE.—An agent of the American Bible Society received and forwarded the beautiful expression which follows: "Brother Herr, please receive the money in this box for the Bible and Missionary Societies. For several years my good pa and ma have been giving me little pieces of money to do good with, which I have dropped in this box until now it counts up five dollars, and I want you to take three dollars to send the Bible to the heathen in China, and two dollars to send the good missionary to tell the heathen of Jesus. I hope the Lord will accept and bless this small gift, coming from a little girl, (six years,) and help me to do more the next time."