

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1863.



LISTENING TO THE SCHOOL-BELL.

THE A NUMBER 1 BOY.

"I'll be real good to-day, see if I don't. I won't be ugly to Alfred, nor cross to mother, nor a bit lazy. I'll get all my lessons, and will be an A No. 1 boy."

Thus did ROLLO REDWOOD talk to himself one day. It was very good talk, and showed that Rollo knew what a good boy ought to be and to do. But there were two little imps in the boy's heart which made it hard work for him to actually be what he knew he ought to be, and to do what he knew he ought to do. One of these imps was named PUT-OFF, the other FIRE-UP-QUICK.

Rollo had hardly made his good resolution before his brother Alfred came into the garden having a whip in his hand. In a moment the imp Fire-up-quick pinched him, and he shouted:

"Bring me my whip! Bring me my whip, you little scamp!"

"I want to play with ooz whip," said Alfred, with a sweetness of spirit which would have won the heart of any A No. 1 boy in the world.

"I tell you you sha'n't have it!" cried Rollo in a passionate tone.

"I will have ooz whip," said Alfred, catching a little of his brother's ill-temper.

"Well, we'll soon see who's boss in this matter," rejoined Rollo, running and snatching the whip from his brother's hand with a violence which made him cry. Rather a poor specimen of an A No. 1 boy, wasn't he?

Just then HARRY OWEN, Rollo's favorite playmate, came along and said:

"Roll, I want you to go with me to Foster's brook before school. I've got an aquarium, and I want to catch some fish to put into it."

"You ought to stay and get your lesson," whispered Rollo's conscience.

"You'll have time enough to get that before school begins," suggested the imp Put-off. "It's only eight o'clock, and you will get back from the brook in half an hour."

"So I shall," said Rollo to himself. Then turning to his friend, he said:

"Yes, I'll go if you'll hurry back so that I may have time to just run over my lesson before school begins."

"All right, Roll. We won't be long. Let's hurry up."

Just then the voice of a lady, clear and sweet, rung through the air, crying:

"Rollo! Rollo!"

It was the voice of Rollo's mother, who wanted him to run on an errand to the butcher's store. She was without a servant at that time, and wanted to send her son to order some meat and vegetables for dinner. Rollo knew what

she wanted, but forgetting his purpose to be an A No. 1 boy, and anxious to go with Harry, he crept behind some currant-bushes, and, beckoning to his friend to follow his example, ran out at the back gate and off to Foster's brook.

Harry had his rods all ready under his father's shed, and they stopped only a moment on the way to get them. At the brook fish were scarce, so they roamed down to the pond into which it emptied. There they fished until by and by, through the still morning air, they heard the sound of the school-house bell.

"There's the bell!" exclaimed Rollo. "We shall be late! Come, Harry, let us run!"

Away they ran down the lane and along the village street, arriving at school heated, tired, and too late for a merit mark. Of course, Rollo's lesson was unlearned. He received a mark of demerit, his teacher reproved him, and he went home at noon thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and in a very unhappy mood of mind. No A No. 1 boy ever feels as he felt.

"Rollo, you treated me wrong this morning," said his mother as he entered the house. "I saw you run when I called you. It was very unkind of you. You knew I needed you, and now you will get only a made-up dinner, for I could not leave the house to order anything fresh."

Rollo was about to grumble at his mother, but just then his conscience whispered:

"Rollo, you are a wicked boy. You began the day with some very fine promises which you have not kept. You are anything but the A No. 1 boy you resolved to be."

Rollo looked sad. His better thoughts and feelings came back. He bowed his head upon the table, sighed, sat thinking silently a while, until big tears rolled down his cheeks. Then, with a face full of grief, he looked up and said:

"Mother, I can't be good. I know I can't. This morning I made up my mind to be an A No. 1 boy, and I've hardly done anything good since. It's no use trying to be good any more."

"You must never give up trying to be right, my son," replied Mrs. Redwood. "But, maybe, you don't try in the right way. If you try in Rollo Redwood's strength only, you will be likely to fail forever; but if you try in the strength of Jesus and Rollo Redwood together, you will be enabled to say with a man who once did great things for Jesus, 'I, Rollo Redwood, can do all things through Christ strengthening me.'"

Rollo opened his eyes and looked very earnestly at his mother. I think he opened his heart also, for after a moment or two he replied:

"I see through it now, mother. I've tried in the wrong way. I'll try another way now. I'll join the Saviour's Try Company."

If Rollo carries out that promise he will soon grow into an A No. 1 boy. It is Christ's help that enables boys and girls to be and to do right. Let every boy and girl who is tired of trying in his or her own strength begin trying in the name and strength of Jesus! Let those who do so write me about it and tell me how they succeed.

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

CORPORAL, walk in! Squire, be seated! How did you enjoy the "Fourth," gentlemen? I hope you didn't burn your fingers, singe your eyebrows, or get your skulls hit by a falling rocket-stick. I hope—

"There, that will do, Mr. Editor," says the corporal, a little rudely. "You mistake us for a couple of boys, don't you? We love boys,"—"Yes, and girls too," whispers Mr. Forrester—"but we have outlived our play-days. We celebrate the 'Fourth' by cherishing patriotic thoughts. But, Mr. Editor, I am a little more grave than usual, for the first letter I opened to-day tells me of little FRANK B. S., who just before his death said, 'Mamma, I forgot to say my prayers. Shall I get out of bed to say them?' 'No, Frankie,' replied his mother, 'you are too weak. You may say them in bed.' Then Frankie said the Lord's prayer. It was his last prayer. Before the day ended he was in heaven."

A very sweet fact that for his friends to connect with Frankie's last day on earth. What next, corporal?

"Here is a letter from Chaplain LOZIER, of the Thirty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, showing how the boys and girls can help save their country. He says:

"Now all you boys and girls who want to help save the country hold up your hands! O what a multitude of little hands would be held up if I could only be there to take the vote in your Sunday-school. The fact is, that the hearts of the dear little children are too pure to be either rebels or 'sympathizers.' Yes, the boys and girls all want

to help save the country. Well, now, I'll soon show you just how to do it. Just help save the lives of the soldiers who are fighting to save the country. That very hand of yours can do this very thing. It can pick and dry a few blackberries that will do as much toward saving some sick soldier's life as the best doctor in the state can do. I can't explain how this is now, but your neighbor, who was a soldier and came home sick or wounded, can tell you that blackberries are the best thing a soldier can get to eat in many cases of sickness. Now when you go out to the 'patch' are you going to eat as long as you can cram one down and not pick any for the soldiers? No, I guess you will not. Try and get as many as a quart after they are dried, and get sister or mother to make a little bag out of a piece of strong muslin, and print your name on a piece of paper and sew it on the little bag, and when the soldier gets your nice berries he will say, 'God bless that dear little boy!'

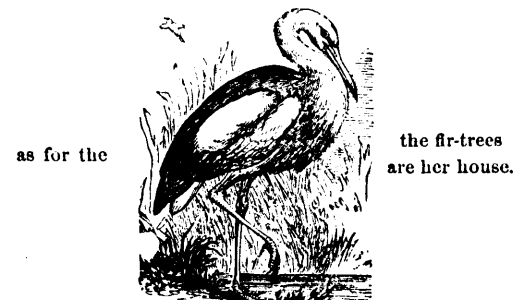
"And now, my little girl, what can you do for the soldiers? You may be afraid the briars would scratch your dear little hands. Well, what if they do? You can have it to say that you 'bled for your country,' and that is saying a good deal. You can do this much anyhow: You can pick and dry a quart of cherries or plums for the sick soldiers, can't you? Certainly you can, and will, too, I feel confident. Fix them just like I told the boys to fix the blackberries, and you'll get the soldier's blessing. And now I want to whisper something to you. Some of these days, when you hear your pa or ma talking about how strong they are for the Union, and how much they love the soldiers, you ask them if they love the soldiers a bushel of dried apples or peaches? or a few barrels of potatoes? or a bushel of onions? or a keg of kroust? That's the kind of Union-savers and soldier-lovers that we're looking for now-a-days! Why, just to think of it, I have been in the army and I have seen the poor soldier pay ten cents for three little scrubby potatoes such as you would hardly feed to the pigs! They have been glad to get onions at five cents apiece! Now we want your pa and ma, and everybody else's pa and ma, to contribute plenty of these things to the sanitary commission, and those who haven't any such things to give can give money, and we will send them to the noble boys, and it will not only make them glad, but also save many of their lives. The Indiana boys and girls can send these things free of cost to Dr. Hannaman, Sanitary Agent, Indianapolis, and they will be sure to be forwarded to our soldiers. Now, boys and girls, don't forget to help save the country!"

Let every boy and girl who lives within two miles of a patch of blackberry-bushes make a note of what Chaplain Lozier says. The country must be saved, and the children must help do it. Here is a pretty PICTURE PUZZLE:

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted; where the

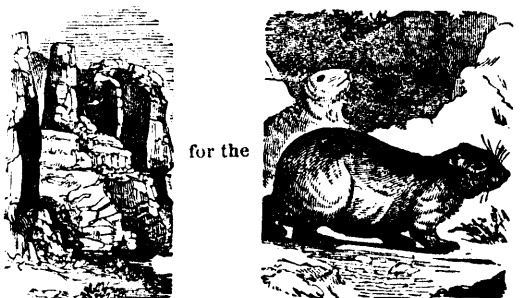


make their



the fir-trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the



for the

Here are the answers to Bible questions about keys: (1.) The kingdom of heaven. Matt. xvi, 19. (2.) Hell and death. Rev. i, 13-18. (3.) The fifth angel in John's vision. Rev. ix, 1. (4.) Jesus. Rev. iii, 7. (5.) The lawyers or scribes. Luke xi, 52. (6.) Eglon, King of Moab. Judges iii, 15-25.