

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

"A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."



SOLDIER in a European army, whose life and conduct were anything but Christian, was brought to Jesus in a singular way, which may serve to illustrate the truth, "A little child shall lead them." He was quartered some weeks, in the winter, with a pious farmer and his family. They were kind and hospitable, and truly religious. His first meal in that house made an impression upon his mind.

Before eating, the parents, children, and farm servants, each stood behind a chair, and bowed the head while the father asked a blessing. After they had eaten, all did the same, and the father returned thanks. All went to their occupations, the children to school, except Johnny, the youngest. The soldier sat down after dinner, gazing from the window on the surrounding objects, feeling impressed with this thought—these people love God.

While thus meditating, the little boy came up lovingly, looked into his eyes, and said, "Tell me something about the dear Jesus." Rather startled at this request, he began talking about dogs, horses, cows, and other things. When he stopped, the little one looked into his face again, and said, "Do tell me something about Jesus." Somewhat ashamed, the soldier replied, "I don't know anything about Him." Johnny, much surprised at this answer, replied, "And you so big, and don't know anything about Jesus Christ? If you don't love Him and serve Him, when you die you won't go to heaven." The soldier could not reply. This was an arrow from God. He soon left the house, and joined his comrades in the village. In vain he tried to forget the child's words. "And you so big, and don't know anything about Jesus." He lingered till dusk, and returned to the farm-house, hoping that he might avoid the praying. The careful wife had reserved his supper, and as he sat down to the table, his little friend said, "Pray first, then eat." Quite discomfited by this rebuke, he laid down his knife and fork, not knowing what to do. The little fellow, seeing his embarrassment, folded his hands and asked God's blessing on the soldier's supper. Strange thoughts passed through his mind while eating.

When the table was cleared, all the family were seated for evening worship, and each one was supplied with a Bible. All united in reading the Scriptures, the good father making a few comments. The soldier read with them. All joined in singing a hymn. The father prayed, and did not forget the soldier. They then retired for the night, all except their guest, and the farmer and his wife. They spoke kindly to the young soldier and read other portions of Scripture, and prayed, and then showed him his room. The strangest kind of feelings came over him. The spirit of God was shedding light on that dark mind. He was ashamed, troubled, hardly knew what to do. So he knelt down by the bed and prayed, "O God of this house be my God." The first prayer he had offered for many years. He now prayed for mercy. He was led to the sanctuary, found peace in believing in Jesus, and is now a devoted disciple of Christ, labouring for the extension of his kingdom.

LOVE BEGETS LOVE.

Passing along the street the other evening, I overheard a little girl say to a young lady with whom she was walking, "I DON'T LIKE HER." "Don't like her," said the lady, "Why not?" "Because she does not like me!" Was this a sufficient reason for dislike? Love attracts, and hate repels. We love those who love us; and like the little girl, we do not like those who dislike us. But God is not like us: He loves those who are enemies to him. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." And, children, is not here a reason why we should love God? He LOVES US! Would you like to know this? "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." We should love him, "because he first loved us." To each little boy and each little girl, God says, "My son, my daughter, give me thy heart in return for my love to thee." Shall we not each cry out to Him,—

"Here's my heart, O! take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above."

J.

A TROUGH TEACHING.

While travelling one day I saw a watering-trough at the road-side. Kind hands had placed it there, so that any thirsty horse might drink, when passing. From a bountiful spring near by, the water was conveyed to the trough, and the evident intention was to have the trough always full, always overflowing. To my surprise, the trough was nearly empty, and the water came only in slow and scanty drops. Another look, and the reason was plain—there was a leak. The trough was good; the supply was plentiful; but instead of running along the right channel, to fill the trough, only a few drops reached the trough, the rest passed uselessly away through the leak.

Now, thought I, here's a lesson for the boys and girls of Canada. God has given you weeks and days, hours and moments. Why are some not wiser? Why does that trough called memory contain so little? Because days and hours run through a leak called Laziness, or another leak called Play, while only a few scattered moments are given to the work of putting verses and hymns, and rules and lessons in the memory. Why are some boys not better? Why are some so easily conquered by General Pride or Captain Wilful? Why are some almost as useless as that empty trough? Because the most of their time, and thoughts and efforts have been given to profitless amusements and bad company, and very few moments or none at all to prayer. And prayer is the channel through which goodness comes from God to the heart.

There is a lesson for older people. When a young man can spend money on the costliest broadcloth, or the best cigars, or the strongest of strong drinks; yes, and time, too, and nothing, or next to nothing, in improving his mind, adorning his heart, and thus blessing the world—there's a leak.

When a young woman spends most of her time contriving plans for the adornment of the body, and most of her money in carrying out such plans, thereby neglecting to adorn her mind with Bible thoughts and her heart with Bible feelings—there's a sad leak.

When a man devotes nearly every waking moment,

nearly all power of thought, nearly all strength of body to acquire money, pleasure, and earthly good, and neglects the soul and the endless future—What a sad leak!

The leak made the trough useless. Once the thirsty pony gladly hailed its welcome music, as with unceasing song and tireless industry it furnished an ever-plentiful and welcome supply. But the leak came; the usefulness ended. Let us stop the leak. Boys and girls, stop the leak. Parents, stop the leak. Professed disciples of the ever-pleading Jesus, stop the leak. Yes, stop it, and our Sunday Schools shall never die for want of skilful Teachers and large Libraries. Stop it, and many a mother who begins to fear for her child would soon begin to hope. Stop it, and turn all the consecrated energies of God's united people into the channel of holy usefulness, and soon, very soon, the waters of life would gladden every thirsty land.

G. W.

A CHILD'S GOSPEL.

A minister preached a sermon, founded on these words:—"And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me. And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

When the sermon was ended, a little girl who heard it, ran home with joy in her heart, to her sick mother, and as she entered her room, cried, "Oh, Mamma! I have heard THE CHILD'S GOSPEL TO DAY."

So said another, six or seven years of age, when on her death-bed she asked her eldest sister to read the same passage to her. The text being read, and the book closed, she said, "How KIND! I shall soon go to Jesus; He will soon take me up in his arms; bless me, too; no disciple shall keep me away." Her sister kissed her, and she said, "Do you love me?" "Yes," she replied, "but don't be angry, I love Jesus better; He first loved me."

Little reader of the *Advocate*, commit to memory the beautiful words of this text, and then sing,—

"Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound."

FILIAL FEAR.

A little boy was tempted to pluck some cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said his evil companions, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is too kind to hurt you." "Ah," said the brave little fellow, "that is the very reason why I would not touch them; for though my father would not hurt me, yet I should hurt him by my disobedience."

Think of this, children. When you are tempted to disobey your KIND parents, YOU HURT THEM. And as your Heavenly Father has commanded children to "obey their parents," if you are disobedient to them, you GRIEVE your Heavenly Father.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA S. S. ADVOCATE.
MR. EDITOR,—

I have thirty-six in my infant class who wish to be enrolled in your TRY COMPANY, Haty, Minnie, and Willie and Frank, all wish to be officers; they are all trying to love the Lord Jesus.

W.

PORT DOVER, 31st Oct., 1865.