

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · WE ·

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 15.

MAY 14, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 207.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LEARNING TO PRAY.

THAT mother is teaching her child to pray. That shows she loves her child as a mother should. Some mothers only love their children's bodies, and they therefore only feed them, dress them, pet them, and treat them pretty much as they would a pet lamb, a pet kitten, or a pet bird. But the mother in the picture loves the whole of her child—her body and her soul. And that is why she is teaching the child to pray. She knows that the little one can never be either safe or happy unless she is brought to love and serve the great Being who made and preserves all things. Is she not a good and wise mother?

The child looks as if she loved to pray. Mark her earnest face! Can't you see that she is thinking of God by her solemn air! Do you think God hears her—that little child—pray?

No doubt he does, for he hears even the whispers of every child in the world. Yes, when your heart whispers ever so softly, so that you hardly hear yourself think, God hears. Of course, then, he hears that little child's prayer.

Does God answer the prayers of little children? No doubt of it. Do you suppose he would tell children to pray if he did not intend to answer them? Of course not. But has God asked children to pray? He has. Would you like to see his request? Here it is: "WILT THOU NOT FROM THIS TIME CRY UNTO

ME, MY FATHER, THOU ART THE GUIDE OF MY YOUTH?"

Is not that a kind request? What do you say to it, my child? Will *you*, like the little one in the picture, say yes, by beginning to pray?

You have begun, have you? Happy child! Keep on in the path of prayer and it will lead you to eternal life.

Here is a very short prayer which you may commit to memory:

O that I, a little sinner,
Feeble, helpless little sinner,
To the cross may find a passage,
Find a passage to thy throne.

Praying ever, ever trusting,
May I travel to death's gateway;
Ever near me let me find thee,
Ever let me fondly love thee.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

WAS FANNY A THIEF?

FANNY FOWLER's mother was dead, and Fanny had a little brother, named Willie, of whom she was very, very fond. But it pleased the great lover of children, Jesus, to call Willie to his home in heaven.

Of course, Willie's death made Fanny very sad. To show her love for him, she wanted to put some flowers in his coffin.

"Where can I get them?" she asked herself. "Pa has no garden, and he would not give me money to buy them. Where can I get them? Ah! I know."

Why did Fanny say she knew where to get flowers? Because she thought of a beautiful garden

in the city which belonged to a very rich man. So, putting on her bonnet, she went down to that garden, and, standing in front of the rails, peeped slyly in. She then looked up and down street, and seeing no one, she crept under the rails and plucked a handful of beautiful roses, geranium-blossoms, petunias, and amaranths.

Having crawled beneath the rails back into the street, she was about to run home, when a hand was laid firmly on her shoulder. Looking up she saw a lady, who said in a very kindly voice:

"Was it right, my dear child, for you to gather those flowers?"

"Yes, it *was* right," said Fanny in very positive tones.