



THE OLD WELL.

For a little while all went well, but by and by Frankie lost his courage. It hurt his fingers to hold upon the stones. He slipped, and down they went again. The little boy was dreadfully frightened, and cried as if his heart would break.

"Don't cry, Frankie," said Jamie; "let us pray to God again and he will help us more next time. If we pray to him he will certainly help us to get out."

And so once more the same prayer was said in the water.

"Now, Frankie," said the older brother, "push hard against me and we will climb up slowly."

So the two little backs were pushed together, and slowly the little feet and hands crept up upon the opposite sides of the well. This time, after much encouragement from Jamie and many tears, Frankie held on until they reached the top. Jamie then called aloud for his mother. She heard the voice, and rushing to the door, she could see nothing at first of her little boys. He called again, and looking in the middle of the yard, she saw a little hand sticking up above the sod. Very much agitated, she rushed toward it.

"Don't be frightened, mother," said Jamie, "we are safe. You take little Frankie out and I will hold on to the stones."

Frankie was soon drawn out, and then brave Jamie was assisted to climb out. He told his mother how it happened when they had both put on dry clothes and were sitting by the door looking upon the great dark hole in the yard, and how they had prayed to God and he had put it into their minds how they could get out of the well. Then their mother kneeled down and thanked God with them for his mercy in preserving their lives, and for his goodness in helping them, little boys as they were, to escape. She taught them always to pray when they were in trouble, and to be sure that the heavenly Father, who sees us when our parents cannot, and who can help us when they have not the power to do so, would hear their prayer and answer it.

We can see how God knows what we wish and need, although we cannot find such words to tell him as we desire. It is not necessary that we should pray as those that are older for God to understand us. If we sincerely wish God's blessing, if we desire to be good children—to love and obey the Saviour—if we simply tell him so, or offer the Lord's prayer, or say our evening prayer, God sees our hearts and he will give us just what we need.

There was once a Frenchman at a great meeting in a grove. Many people were praying to God to

forgive their sins, and he heard them and made them happy. This Frenchman could only speak two English words. He wanted God to forgive him and to give him a new heart. He thought he must ask for this in English, as the others were praying around him. (Of course, he was mistaken, for he might just as well have prayed in French.) So he prayed, "January, February! January, February!" These were the only English words he could think of. What he wanted when he prayed these words was to be forgiven. God knew his sincere desires and answered the prayer of his heart. His sins were forgiven and he rejoiced aloud.

God hears your little simple prayer and he loves to answer it.

"Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

"The Lord attends when children pray;
A whisper he can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear."

I LOVE.

I LOVE the Lamb who died for me,
I love his little lamb to be;
I love the Bible, where I find
How good my Saviour was, and kind;
I love beside his cross to stay;
I love the grave where Jesus lay;
I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down;
I love to think the time will come
When I shall be with him at home.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"IF I WERE A PRINCE!"

WELL, now what would you do or what would you have if you were a prince? I suspect that your little head is full of extravagant notions on that subject. You have visions of magnificent skates, rocking-horses or live ones, and dogs, or you may fancy some musical instrument and books without end! Now Jimmy turns up his nose. He never would touch a book, not he! He forgets that his princely parents or guardians would be able to compel him to do so. Indeed, if he were a prince, a good education would be indispensable, and he would have to study much harder than he does now. Then, too, he would be obliged to pay very great respect to his parents, for lords and princes are accustomed to the utmost respect from all around them.

In the times of Lady Jane Grey, of whose twelve days' reign you may have heard, the children of noble families were trained so strictly that they were not allowed to sit when their parents were receiving company in the drawing-room. If they became very tired, they were permitted to kneel upon cushions; but even if strangers were present, they were obliged to remain standing on one side of the room for hours together. Then there was so much to be learned about behavior and etiquette, and they were obliged to do everything just right, even in their plays and amusements, or else they were "sharply taunted, and sometimes corrected with pinches, nips, and bobbs." This means, I suppose, that they were scolded, had their noses snubbed, and their ears boxed. At all events, their treatment was so harsh that they were glad to take refuge in their books.

The Lady Jane had a teacher whom she very much liked, and she says, "When I am called from him I fall to weeping, because whatever else I do but learning is full of grief and trouble and wholly dislikes me."

Yet these same severe parents were ready to try to put her on the throne of England. You will find her story a very interesting page of history.

King Henry IV., of France, when he was a little



fellow, was permitted to run out barefoot on the hills and play with the peasant boys as represented in the above picture. This is a very unusual thing for young princes to do, but this was done so that he might grow up strong and robust. But when his school-hour came he had to leave his little playmates to their sports while he went to his books. If it had not been for the wise training and the learning that he got while a boy, it is not probable that he would ever have become the great man that he was afterward. Indeed, there are so many things that princes need to know in order to act their part well that it is customary to give them a very thorough education.

Jimmy thinks now that he will dodge to the other side by saying that as he is not a prince he does not need to study. Ah, but, my dear boy, do you not know that any man who is wise and skillful may in this country become a ruler if he choose? And would you choose to be so much of a dunce that the people would not elect you to any office? I do not believe that you are so giddy and thoughtless, so unworthy of your country, as to say yes to that question. But besides the matter of ruling, there are a thousand other things that you will want to be wise enough to do well, and if you should grow up without learning you will be greatly vexed with yourself and sorry that your friends did not make you study when a child. So now is the time while you are young. Give up your foolish fancies of what you would do if you were a prince and make yourself a true nobleman.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE TOMMIE.

TOMMIE L. is a very sober boy, five years old. His papa is a lieutenant in the army, and his little playful brother took sick one day and died. Tommie cried very much at first. Then he tried to be good, and we think by his talk that he knows what some words mean better than he can pronounce them, for he says, "When I am ten years old I want to be pre-verted, for I am going to be a preacher."

God bless little Tommie and convert him soon, and let him grow up to be a good man. H.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"JESUS MAKES ME QUITE HAPPY."

Who said that? A dying girl in India. She was born and reared a heathen. The missionaries found her, taught her about Jesus, and she died saying:

"Jesus makes me quite happy."

I print this fact that you may have an answer to those who ask, What's the good of raising money for the Missionary Society? It makes many heathen happy in Jesus. Isn't that good enough? X.