

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER LITTLE

UNTIL ME

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE TRUANT BOY IN PRISON.

THERE are several boys in one of our city prisons. "Why are they in prison? What bad deed have they done?" you ask. You may well ask what *bad* deed, for *good* deeds do not get boys into prison. A jail is a place for evil-doers, not for good boys.

These boys are thieves. One of them—he is only nine years old!—robbed his sister's trunk of one hundred and twenty dollars, which belonged to his uncle. The others helped him hide it at first and to spend it afterward. They are all of them in prison and will be tried for their crime.

Isn't it sad? How came it to pass? What made those boys steal and spend stolen money? They were not thieves when they were babies and little children. They learned to steal somewhere. How was it?

Their first step was disobedience. They would not mind their parents. They would have their own way. Instead of keeping at home evenings, they would play at street-corners with bad boys. Then they played truant, and then they stole, and now they are in jail. Alas, poor miserable boys!

O bad boy, beware! You are beginning just as they did, by being disobedient, self-willed, obstinate. Take care! You are in a bad road. It leads to sin, crime, shame, and death. Take care! take care! Quit your evil ways. Go to the Lord Jesus, and become his little loving, happy disciple. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHISKY AND THE BIBLE.

How calm and bright is that sick boy's beautiful face! The light of heaven shines upon it. There is peace in his heart and heaven in his eyes. The book in his hand is the Holy Bible. It speaks comfort to his soul; it makes him brave to endure the pains of sickness, and bold to meet the coming of the Angel of Death. Happy, happy boy!

But the other side of the picture has nothing pleasant in it. Only the darkness of sin is there. See that threatening fist! Mark those frightened children! Behold that terror-stricken mother! You understand it all. The fist belongs to the drunken father of those children. His brain is full of the fire of whisky, his heart burns with the fury of wicked passion. He is full of drunken madness. The sight of his dying boy does not affect him. Whisky has taken his human heart away and given him the heart



of a brute. Don't you think whisky is a terrible thing?

The picture shows you the difference between loving the Bible and loving whisky. The sick boy has been to Sunday-school and learned to love the Bible. It gives him light, joy, love, and hope. It even helps him to bring a little bit of heaven into the wretched hovel he calls his home. See him! He is almost in heaven. The angels who will carry him to Jesus are not far off. Isn't he a diamond shining in the dirt? A flower blooming on a dunghill? A saint in prison? A ray of light shining in darkness? Blessed Bible! Who would not love a book which can give such comfort and beauty to a child dying in the home of a drunken father?

How different are the effects of that whisky-bottle! Darkness, rags, misery, want, passion, and woe have come out of it. It has proved to be a nest of venomous serpents, a stream of deadly fire, the mother of many curses. Cursed be the whisky-bottle! It is a curse to all who learn to love it.

Children, love the Bible and abhor strong drinks. Read the former, avoid the latter. Cling to God's word. Pledge yourselves never to drink the drink that's in the drunkard's bowl. In the former is light, peace, heaven; in the latter darkness, guilt, hell. Hurrah for the Bible! Down with strong drink! Y. Z.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

GOD'S LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Now, Aunt Helen, I'm all ready for fun," said Willie Hunter when he had brushed the dust from his clothes and rested a little after his journey into the country.

Willie had come down from the city to spend the summer with his little cousins, and though his kind Aunt Helen was very glad to see him, and meant to try and make him very happy, yet she had some fears lest he might lead her little boys into evil. She was thinking about this when Willie came into the room, and so before he went into the garden where his cousins were playing, she called him to her side and asked him about his journey. He told her all about it, especially how he had seen them making up a freight train at a station where they were stopping.

"It was so strange, Aunt Helen," said he; "the men would go to a great heavy car and push against it, and at first it would just move along the least mite and then go faster and faster, till by and by it would rush along as if it had an engine to pull it, and run down where the others were standing. You see it was a

*down grade*, and when the cars were once started they would go themselves."

"Yes," said his aunt, "I have often seen them making up trains that way, and it always makes me think of the way people begin to do wrong and walk in wicked ways. They take such little steps at first that they scarcely seem to move, but they go faster and faster all the time, till at last they are rushing away to ruin. Sometimes, if there is a switch just at the right place, they get turned off on to another track, but it is always hard work after they get fairly started."

Willie looked at his aunt and laughed, saying, "I suppose that's because they get too big to be *switched*, like Howard Miles; his mother can't do anything with him."

"There are different kinds of switches," said Aunt Helen; "but isn't it sad, Willie, to think what a little push may start somebody on a '*down grade*?' You wouldn't like to know that you had done such a thing?"

"No, indeed, auntie," said Willie, glancing toward the garden where he could see his cousins at play.

"I was thinking about Fred and little Charlie," said his aunt; "did you know they were God's little children, Willie?"

Willie looked at his aunt as if wondering what she meant.