

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPER · LITTLIS

UNTO · M · E

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 17.

JUNE 10, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 233.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"THEY WILL NOT COME TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL!"

How do you know? have you asked them?

"No; but they are Roman Catholic children; their parents won't let them come."

Well, now you try it. Such children do very often come. I have known them to come more than once myself. There was one in the West once, only seven years old, and after she had attended the school some time, she was awakened one night by her father coming into her room. He took her up in his arms, carried her down stairs, set her gently down, and asked her very earnestly, "Mary, can you pray?"

"O yes, father, I can pray."

"Will you kneel down and pray for your poor father?"

She knelt down, put up her hands, and asked God to love her father and have mercy on him, and pardon all his sins for Jesus Christ's sake.

Then her father wanted her to read the Bible to him. So she got her Bible and began to read at the third chapter of John. She read along till she came to this verse: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life."

"O that is for me!" said the father, "for just such as me! I can believe in him. I do believe in him."

And from that hour the poor man went on his way rejoicing in Jesus Christ with great joy.

Now you remember that, and whenever you see a Roman Catholic child, you be sure to ask him or her to come to the Sunday-school.

A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate

GOING DOWN STAIRS THE WRONG WAY.

"HILLO, here I go," shouted Percy Raynor as he leaped upon the baluster-rail and slid down stairs.

Percy usually went down stairs that way. It was "jolly good fun," he said, "to slide down so." Perhaps it was, but "jolly good fun" isn't always the best thing in the world even for lively boys.

Percy found this to be true one day when, having reached the end of the stairs, he twisted himself off the rail and found his arm entangled between two balusters. "O!" he shrieked, and fell to the ground insensible.

"What's the matter, Percy?" cried his mother, rushing into the hall.



"Percy's killed!" cried his sister, looking at his limp form with horror in all her features.

"What ails the boy?" inquired Mr. Raynor, rushing from his study; then, after glancing at Percy a moment, he turned to the servant, who was on the stairs, and added, "Kate, run for Dr. Snively!"

Percy was now carried into the parlor, where he quickly revived. The doctor soon came in and found that the giddy boy had broken his arm.

I doubt if Percy ever goes down stairs by way of the baluster-rail again. He paid a pretty good price for learning that the right way of going down stairs is the best way.

Perhaps Percy's experience will benefit those boys and girls among my readers who are sometimes called "harum scarum" boys and girls. What those words mean exactly I don't know. They are used, however, to describe children who do almost everything in a wild, giddy, out-of-the-way fashion. For instance, they go up stairs two steps at a time, they slide down stairs on the rail, they sit on tables instead of chairs, they run when they should walk, they laugh and shout when they should be quiet, and, in short, they are always acting with the restlessness of eels, doing even right things in a wrong manner. Such ways are not best. In Percy's case they led him into serious disaster. Let harum scarum boys and girls look out, if they don't mend their manners, lest they too fall into trouble when

they don't expect it. Remember, it is always safe to do just right, but it is never safe even to do a right thing in a wrong way.

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE PRAYER THAT GOD HEARS.

A GREAT many years before the parents of two little boys—Frankie, who was about five, and Jamie, who was about eight—came to live in the house where they were at the time the accident happened which I am about to relate, there was a well in the front yard. It was quite deep, and stoned all around the sides. A well being afterward dug in another place, this old well was closed up. Boards were laid over the top and earth was thrown upon them, and then the place was covered over with nice sods of green grass, so that no one would imagine that there had ever been a well there. But after many years the boards began to rot, and one day, when the little boys were playing together in the front yard, the boards broke away and down they fell

into the water! It was deep, but not over the head of the younger boy. It was cold, and it chilled them as they fell into it. Little Frankie was very much affrighted. He cried aloud, but no one in the house could hear him down in the bottom of the well. Jamie did not cry, but he comforted his little brother.

"Don't cry, Frankie," said he, "I will pray to God to help us get out of the well, and I know he will hear us and tell us how to do it."

"Now, you say the prayer with me," said the undoubting little fellow. What he wished to ask of God was help to get out of the well. He wanted our heavenly Father to put into his mind the best way to get out; but he did not know how to ask God to do this. The only prayer he offered was the one his mother taught him, and this was *prayer*. If he offered it God would know what he wanted. So, standing in the water together, Jamie reverently repeated with his eyes closed his evening prayer, and little Frankie's voice mingled in with his:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Now, Frankie," said the little fellow, strengthened by his prayer, "God will help us. You turn round and push your back against mine, and climb up on the stones, pushing against me all the time."