

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH CANADA GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER LITTLE UNTIL M E

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 5.

DECEMBER 8, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 269.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Evening Prayer.

THOSE children are preparing for their nightly sleep. The good God has kept them from danger all day, has fed them, clothed them, and given them friends to care for them. They are thanking him for these mercies. Is not that right? Would it not be wrong to sleep without thanking him?

Then those children know that they have done some wrong acts, thought some evil thoughts, spoken some evil words during the day. They are sorry now, and are asking God to forgive them for Jesus' sake. Is not that right? Would it not be wrong to sleep without asking for pardon?

Again, those children know that dangers of many kinds will be around them while they sleep. Fire may burn their home, thieves may break in, disease may smite them, or death may force its way into their chambers. They are asking God to preserve them from these and all other dangers. Are they not right? Wouldn't it be wrong not to do it?

As I look upon them, I think of other children who rush from their evening play to their chambers, lay aside their day dreams, and tumble into bed like wild colts, without one thought of God, or one word of prayer. How ungrateful! How wicked!

Which children do you approve? The *praying ones*? Good! Prove the sincerity of your approval by imitating their example. Let your voice be heard by the Great Father every night, ay, and every morning too, offering grateful praise, asking for pardon, and seeking for preservation from the dangers of the day and of the night. He will hear your prayers, and keep you, pardon you, and bless you for evermore. Will you pray to him morning, noon, and night?

P. Q.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Little Gate Opener.

BY QUEERSTICK.

LITTLE GATE OPENER is a small sprite which hates children with all its powers. I have often seen it through a pair of old spectacles which I keep very carefully among my treasures. It is not homely in form nor ugly in manners, as you might readily fancy, but it is a light-footed, smirking, graceful thing, always ready to do anything for boy or girl.

Let me tell you some of its ways.

Moses, who was the son of a rich man, one day came to the gate leading from his father's estate. "O dear!" drawled the boy, "how I do hate gates. I wish somebody would open this gate for me."

"I will," said Little Gate Opener, stepping forward from under a tree, and pushing the gate open.

"That's right," replied the lazy boy, as he went whistling away to school, the little sprite following at his heels.

After school began, Moses took his slate and his arithmetic and wrote down the first figures of a sum. After a few moments he yawned so loud that the teacher heard him; and then he whispered to himself:

"Plague on these sums. I can't do them. I wish somebody would help me."

"I will," whispered Gate Opener, slipping to his elbow, taking his pencil, and setting down the work of the sum.

Next came a composition. "I can't write it. I hate compositions worse than vinegar," whined he.

"I'll write it for you, Mose," whispered the sprite, taking his pen, and writing a composition.

Thus this smirking sprite helped Moses to open every gate he came to until

the boy fell in love with the creature, and declared it was splendid. The sprite replied with a mocking laugh to the boy's praises, and kept busy helping him open all the gates that stood in his path.

By and by, at the end of his school days, Moses came to the *prize* gate. He begged the sprite to open that as he had all the others; but the creature only mocked and giggled, and said, "You must open that yourself."

Of course he couldn't do that. Had he made his arm strong by opening *study* gates for himself, he would have been able to open the prize gate too; but