

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SOMEBODY CARES FOR YOU.

"STUFF and nonsense!" muttered little Bob King to himself as he skulked away to the further part of the entry. "All they care for us anyway is to knock and cuff us about. Dad hits ye on one side of the head and ma'am on t'other, and she says all boys is good for is to make trouble. The man at the mission did talk mighty fine to us yesterday about how folks loved children and how much they was trying to do for them, but I don't see nothing that looks much like it to-day. All the men and women is going about their business just as if there was no children."

Here Bob's soliloquy was cut short by the opening of a door just behind him, and he displayed remarkable agility in dodging a cuff from an old man who passed out with some fierce words about little brats that were "always kicking about in the way." Poor little Bob had some reason to feel as if there was no place for him in the world. There certainly was not much for him in this crowded tenement-house that he called his home. He was not one of those robust boys that can pick themselves up when they have been knocked down and run off without minding it, and he got plenty of abuse but no sympathy.

The Sunday previous he had been at the mission-school, where he was particularly pleased with the man who talked to the scholars from the desk, telling them how much folks loved them because they were children, and had immortal souls, and were going to grow up to be men and women by and by. He said, too, that God loved them and cared for them every day. You have heard such talk many times, and you probably know that it is true; but if you had such a home and such treatment as Bob had, perhaps you, too, would have been tempted to think it "all nonsense," that God had forgotten you, and that all that grown people care about you is to have you get out of the way.

But I can tell you of a worse case than Bob's. It



happened among slaves who were so cruelly oppressed and down-trodden that they did not seem to have energy enough left to enable them to do anything good. Their little boys were all not merely cuffed and kicked about; they were killed outright—thrown into the river. If Bob had lived in those times he might almost have been excused for thinking that God does not care for little children. But God did care even for those. He took all the little ones that died to his own bosom, to be with him forever, just as he did your dear little baby sister that died a short time ago. But that was not all, for God prepared a way to save

until he hears the beautiful story of Moses and learns that God cares for him as well as for all other children; that he watches over him every moment, and is waiting to help him do right and be happy. I think it will make a man of him to feel that he has such a Friend, and I know that if he tries with all his heart to serve God he will be happy now and forever.

AUNT JULIA.

EXCELLENCE is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence, that success may be the reward of industry and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace.—COWPER.

one of these little boys alive and make him the deliverer of his friends and of their whole nation from the cruel bondage that oppressed them. For you will remember, if you have read the story, that it was their cruel masters that obliged these slaves to kill all the little boys.

But God put it into the heart of one mother to hide her babe a few weeks. And when the little fellow became so old that she could not keep him in the house any longer without being found out, she made a little water-tight cradle, put him into that, and hid him away among the reeds and rushes in the shallows of the river. And then God led the king's daughter there to find him and admire him so much that she determined to raise him and adopt him as her own son. She let his mother take care of him at first, and when old enough he was brought to the princess and taught to call her mother. She took him and gave him the best education in her power, so that he became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Of course, this was of great use to him when God chose him to be a law-giver and a leader to his people to take them out of slavery to the promised land.

Here, you see, God not only preserved the life of this little boy, but he opened the way to give him a good education, and in return Moses gave all his life to the service of God. As for little Bob King, I hope

he will go to Sunday-school