

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · ME ·

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 6.

DECEMBER 24, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 222.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHY WAS HE DROWNED?

"ROBERT, you may go to church this morning," said a lady one lovely Sabbath to a lad of fifteen who worked on her husband's farm.

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Robert with so demure a face that his mistress had no doubt he was glad of the opportunity to go to the house of the Lord.

Was he? Not at all. He was a cheat and a sham, for no sooner was he out of doors than he snapped his fingers and said to himself with wicked glee:

"Go to church, indeed! Catch me going there this fine morning if you can. No, no. I'm in for a good sail down river."

With these evil thoughts in his heart Robert ran down to the river-side, and, joining two other boys, hired a boat. They pushed out into the stream. Then as Robert was leaning over the stern fixing the rudder, the other boys, *just for fun*, as they said, rocked the boat. Fatal fun! The motion caused the boy to lose his balance and to fall head-foremost into the water. He came to the surface, lifted up his arms in great terror, and shrieking, "Save me! save me!" sunk again. Men from the shore got out the body in a short time, but Robert was gone—gone to meet Him whose law says:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!"

Why was Robert drowned? *Because the other boys rocked the boat?* Not exactly. That was the *occasion* of his death, to be sure, but the *cause* of it was his violation of the Holy Sabbath. Would he have been drowned if he had gone to church?

Take care, then, Master Headstrong, how you trample upon God's law? It seems very pleasant to you, as it did to Robert, to break away from church and Sabbath-school; but he found the way of SELF-WILL to be a short road to the grave, and so may you. Take care, my boy! take care! "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, (and to a boy also,) but the end thereof are the ways of death."

U. U.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE GIRL WHO HAD FAITH.

THERE was once a severe drouth. The sky was like brass for many weeks. The earth was parched, and the flowers, vegetables, grain, and trees were all wilted and dying. At last the people said:

"We must meet and pray for rain."

They met on the day appointed. Among the people came a little girl named Mary, carrying a large umbrella. The good minister saw her and said:

"Why, Mary, what made you bring an umbrella this lovely morning?"

"I thought, sir," replied Mary with charming simplicity, "that as we were going to pray for rain, I should be sure to want the umbrella."

Thus Mary's umbrella showed her faith. And God honored that faith, for before the prayer-meeting was ended, the wind arose, clouds covered the sky, and rain came pouring down in torrents. Then Mary's umbrella found its use, for it enabled her to



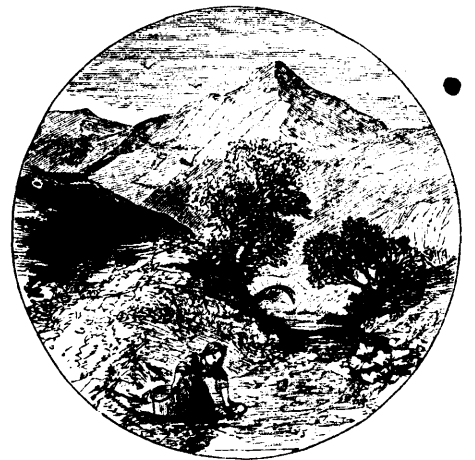
go home dry, while the big folk who had less faith got a good wetting, which you are saying, perhaps, "served them right."

I wish all my readers had a faith like that of little Mary. She believed that God would keep his word. She had more faith than the minister and all his Church. They believed God would send rain some time if they asked him. She believed he would send it at once—just when they asked it and needed it.

I am not sure that God will always send rain, or harvests, or riches just as we wish him to do, because we sometimes wish for things that would hurt us if we had them; but I am sure that if we pray to be made pure and true and good, God will answer our prayers, even though we are very little children. Let all the children pray, then, for these precious gifts, for concerning such things Jesus says to them all, "Ask and ye shall receive." Isn't that a most precious promise?

U. U.

If we would not fall into things unlawful, we must sometimes deny ourselves of those that are lawful.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

"IT NEVER DRIES UP."

I WAS staying at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to bring all their water from a well.

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired.

"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often in hot weather."

"And where do you go then for water?"

"To the spring, a little way out of town."

"And if the spring dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the stream higher up—the best water of all."

"But if the stream higher up fails?"

"Why, ma'am, that stream never dries up—never. It is always the same winter and summer."

I went to see this precious brook which "never dries up." It was a clear, sparkling rivulet, coming down from the high hills, not with torrent-leap and roar, but with the steady flow and soft murmur of fullness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every child's little pitcher. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink. The sheep and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden along the dusty road knew the way (as I could see by their tracks) to the well that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the waters of life and salvation, flowing from the "Rock of ages," and brought within reach of all men by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Without waiting till earth's wayside brooks shall fail, let every child hasten at once, with heart athirst, to the heavenly well "*which never dries up.*"

A CHILD, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?"

Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is!"

Was ever a question more truthfully, beautifully, or touchingly answered?