

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

## GRACE AND PRAYER.

**T**WO little boys of the ages of six and seven, were one day dismissed from the drawing-room by a sudden order "to bed," owing to a dispute, and a raised tone of voice, heard in a corner of the room where these young gentlemen were seated.

The father's order "to bed," was enough, and none dared plead. Georgie, with his usual gentleness, allowed himself to be undressed; and after saying his prayers, with a full heart and quivering lips, got into bed, though it was still daylight, and the summer sun had scarcely sunk to rest. Edward, who had in the meanwhile blustered and stormed all the time he was being disrobed, would not keep silent, but said, "it was a shame they should be sent to bed," besides many other thoughtless and angry remarks, which it is as well not to repeat. There he stood! at the bedside of his brother, his cheeks red with passion, with bare head and feet, his proud little spirit declaring, "I'll not say my prayers to-night; I shan't kneel down." The nurse finding her persuasions useless, deemed it best to leave him "to return to his senses," as she said, when the following conversation took place between the two children:—

"O, Edward dear, don't say that, do say your prayers."

"I shan't say them Georgie, so go to sleep," answered the petulant child.

"Oh! but Edward," continued his brother, "you might die before the morning, so *do* say your prayers, pray do."

"I tell you that I don't care if I do, but I will not say them."

"Then," said Georgie, "I shall be afraid to sleep with you, as good angels will not rest with us if you are not good."

So, getting out of bed, he tried to throw his arms round his brother's neck, but he would not let him. So Georgie sat and wept on the floor, because he was sorry his little brother was so naughty; till weary with weeping, and finding tears would not avail to turn his heart, he rose, saying, "Then I must pray for *you*, if you will not pray for yourself," and folding his childish hands, he knelt; but almost before his petitions had been uttered, they were heard and answered, for the good Spirit had been wrestling with the evil, and had "overcome;" so that the victory was complete, and peace and love again reigned in the turbulent little bosom.

Poor Edward, with open arms and a bursting heart, clasped his dear brother's neck, and wept; and then, side by side, they once more knelt; Edward to say his nightly prayer, in sorrow and deep repentance; Georgie to thank God for making his dear Edward good again. It must have been a pretty sight, though seen only by the great God and his angelic messengers. Nor would the circumstance have been known on earth, had not their good and watchful nurse waited near the unclosed door, anxious to hear her little charges resting in peace. They now happily resumed their places in their warm nest, and as childish faith is *strong*, they were soon asleep, resting on the certainty that their prayers were heard, and that they were forgiven. Who can doubt that holy, happy angels guarded that bed?

"FORGIVENESS to the injured does belong;  
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

## THE BEE HIVE.

**T**HERE is a swarm of B's for the little folks. How we wish all the children would see how much honey every B carries.

B cautious, B loving, B kind and B true;  
B courteous to all, B friendly to few;  
B earnest, B striving, B meek and B just,  
B careful of life, for leave it you must;  
B hopeful, B faithful, B anxious to learn,  
B egin a good work, and from it ne'er turn;  
B e sure to B patient whenever B set,  
B y evils which may a bad spirit B get;  
B friend and B love those who are in distress,  
B cause some are poor, do'n't like them the less;  
B e serious, B happy, B anxious to pray,  
B ecome what our Saviour would have you to B;  
B stir those who slothful their calling B tray,  
B e never desponding, gain courage each day;  
B instant in season, B constant, B pure,  
B generous, and in your profession B sur;  
B like the Apostles who followed their Lord,  
B certain to place all trust in his word;  
B e faithful to him, and B frank like a child,  
B e trusting, for God is now reconciled.

## "MORE FOR MY MOTHER."



**I**S there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as with a glowing cheek he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining the situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, though have musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already," said his interrogator; "why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy quietly.

"But you wish to leave; what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied, with a half-reluctant frankness: "I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice, "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If in the meantime you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will

please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered.

## BABY'S CASTLE.

BY GEO. COOPER.

Baby owns a tiny castle  
On the carpet plains of home  
And its walls are woven willow,  
Fine within, from floor to dome;  
Snowy curtains at the window;  
Downy couch where baby dreams;  
Laces, too, that softly glimmer  
In the sunlight's golden beams.  
That's the heritage of baby,  
And it's held in state so grand,  
Mother says—if no one else does—  
"He's the king of Baby land."  
Here he bravely fights his battles,  
When old puss would shyly creep  
Over guarded moat and turret,  
Just to curl herself in sleep.

All is still in baby's castle;  
Not the slightest noise we make;  
Surely, *now* the rogue is napping;  
Peep! the blue eyes wide awake!  
See! the dimpled arms are round us;  
Hear the "cooing" mild and low;  
May the angels keep you darling,  
Everywhere your feet may go!  
Baby's man-at-arms is mother,  
And she watches all day long;  
When his babyship would slumber,  
Then she sings a loving song.  
Soon comes "papa" home at evening,  
Storms the castle all so gay,  
Makes a prisoner of Baby,  
Bears him joyfully away!

## WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.



**L**ITTLE boy came in from school the other day looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He hardly spoke at supper-time, and ate very little. His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked him again, "Willie, what ails you, dear?" "Mother," said he, "mother, I *swore*. The minute I spoke it I was afraid of God, and ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could! Mother, will God ever forgive me for taking his holy name in vain? Pray for me, mother," and Willie sank upon his knees and hid his face. His mother did pray for him, and Willie did pray for himself; prayed to be forgiven; prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again. "I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than to be a swearer."

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing; he wanted the Word of God on the subject, he said; "he wanted to study it, and stick it on his mind, carry it about with him everywhere;" so she found and copied this text: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain." Exod. xx, 8. This is the third commandment.