

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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For the S. S. Advocate.

## THE PASSIONATE BOY'S ROCK.

OLIVER HAWKINS was the most fiery little boy in the village of —. A sharp word would set his passions into a blaze, just as a little flame makes a heap of shavings into a bright bonfire. If he was hindered from doing as he pleased, if others would not do what he wished, if he was unable to get what he desired, in short, if his will was crossed in any way or ever so little, he would fly into a terrible passion. O how he would scream, stamp the floor, tear his hair, make ugly mouths, and say wicked words! He was a painful sight to behold when in those fits of passion.

Of course, he was not a happy boy. Did you ever know a passionate boy to be a happy one? No. Passion makes those who indulge it miserable. So Oliver was a miserable boy, and one day when he was in a very thoughtful mood of mind he said to his mother:

"O, mother, I wish I could conquer my temper."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Oliver," replied his mother, "because you will be a much happier boy if you ever become master of your temper, and you can conquer it if you try in good earnest."

"Do you think so, mother, truly?" said Oliver, looking with an earnest eye into his mother's face.

"Yes, truly, my dear boy," rejoined Mrs. Hawkins; "but you must get help from heaven. Whenever you feel your temper rising you must say this prayer: 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.'"

"What is meant by the 'Rock that is higher than I,' mother?"

"Jesus, my son, is that rock. Pray to him and he will forgive your past sins, and help you to resist your wicked temper in the future."

"I will, mother," said Oliver seriously, and then in his inmost soul he said, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

The rest of that day Oliver kept saying his prayer, and did not get vexed with anybody or anything.

"Well," said he as he dropped off to sleep that night, "nobody has tried my temper all this after-



"FATTY" AND OLIVER.

noon. I wonder if Jesus kept them from vexing me?"

The true state of the case was that Oliver, aided by the Saviour, had kept himself from being vexed, and so little things, which before had set his heart all ablaze, did not disturb him at all that afternoon. He was hiding behind the "Rock."

The next morning as he was dressing himself the string of his shoe broke. "Bother!" he cried, and the bad fire in his breast began to blaze; but he remembered his prayer and checked himself, saying, "No—lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!" and then he became calm again.

This was a victory over himself, and Oliver went down stairs with a smile which his father was greatly puzzled to understand. He had usually seen him come to the table pouting; but Mrs. Hawkins knew that his smile was a symbol of victory, and she gave him a look of approval that, little though he was, he well understood.

After breakfast Oliver's little brother Fred went to him and said, in a tone that implied doubt:

"Please play with me, Ollie, will you?"

"I will, little Fatty," said Oliver, very much to

"Fatty's" surprise. "Fatty" was Fred's pet name.

Fatty did and said many little things that morning which fell like sparks on Oliver's fiery temper, but the silent cry of "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," always brought a shower of grace from Jesus which put out the rising flame in a moment.

After playing with Fatty until that little fellow was tired, Oliver said:

"Come, Fatty, sit with me under the piazza and I will show you my new picture-book."

"Will you?" said Fred, fixing his big blue eyes wonderingly on his brother.

"Yes, come!" replied Oliver, leading the way toward the house.

There, under the shadow of the piazza, seated together on the grass, the brothers enjoyed real delight. Mrs. Hawkins saw them from the window, and calling Oliver in a gentle voice, said:

"I am glad to see my boy sitting so peacefully under his Rock."

Oliver smiled at his mother as she stepped back into the parlor, and then, looking up, said, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Oliver, I am pleased to say, kept clinging to his "Rock," and though he had many hard struggles with his old temper, finally conquered it. He is an old man now and has lived through many storms, but he is happy and peaceful, and fails not both in his troubles and joys to cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." That sweet prayer saved him. I commend it to you, my dear young reader. It is a beautiful prayer, and if you offer it sincerely Jesus will fold you to his breast, make you good and pure, and keep you so to the end of your days.

W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

"HENRY, my dear, don't go to play with your friend Martin to-day. His folks are busy. They want him to work, and will not like to have you hinder him."

"Very well, mother," said Henry, in reply to the kind words of his gentle mother.