

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### A BOY SAYING HIS MORNING PRAYER IN THE WOODS.

THREE little boys were playing one morning beneath some noble forest-trees in a right merry mood. Suddenly one of them stopped playing, put on a very grave face, and said:

"I have forgotten something. I forgot to say my prayers this morning. You must wait for me."

He then went quietly into a lovely little nook in the bushes, knelt down, said his prayers, and went back to his companions and his play.

How many boys are there, think you, who would have acted as this one did? There are too many, I fear, who forget to pray; but where is the boy who on calling his neglect to mind would have courage to step aside and perform his duty? Don't you think such boys are scarce?

You will not wonder when I tell you that this boy became an officer in the army, fought bravely for his country, and died the death of a hero in battle. Brave men, you know, are made out of brave boys. Cowardly boys grow into cowardly men.

Be brave, then, my children, for God and the right. Stand up for Jesus always and everywhere, and Jesus will give you strength, blessing, and eternal life.

X.

Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

### I'M NOT TOO YOUNG FOR GOD TO SEE.

I'm not too young for God to see;  
He knows my name and nature too;  
And all day long he looks at me,  
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say;  
He knows the thoughts I have within;  
And whether I'm at work or play,  
He's sure to see it if I sin.

O how can children tell a lie,  
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,  
If they remember God is by  
And always has them in his sight.

If some good minister is near,  
It makes us careful what we do;  
And how much more we ought to fear  
That God who sees us through and through.

Whenever I would do amiss,  
However pleasant it may be,  
I'll always try to think of this,  
I'm not too young for God to see.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE TWO RUSSIAN SERF GIRLS.

MANY are the strange, sad stories of wrong and wickedness done under the serf system in Russia. It is very likely that for every one we might bring one or more to match from our own slave-land. But two wrongs never make a right; and, while we thank God that the Russian serfs are all free now, we will hope and pray that we may soon be able to say the same of the slaves in America.

Many years ago two orphan girls might be found in one of the elegant houses of St. Petersburg. Sometimes they mingled in society. They were modest and winning, and much noticed, for they were reputed great heiresses. But they were good girls, and found their greatest happiness in their elegant home ministering to the wants of their kind but aged grandfather, who was their only guardian. We expect the aged to die, but it came very hard for Mari and Petrowna when their grandfather was taken away, for they loved him dearly. True, he left them all his property; but this was a small consolation, as you will acknowledge when I tell you what they found among his papers. It was a letter telling them that he had been a serf, and that they were now serfs, the property of old Count Valansky. When he was a young man his owner, the count,



had permitted him to go into business for himself, only requiring the payment of a small sum of money yearly. Neither his wife nor his son, the father of these two girls, had known this, but now he must leave the dread secret to them. He had often tried to purchase their freedom, but the count would not listen to it. Perhaps if they would write to him for themselves he would consent.

The poor girls wrote, offering almost any amount their owner might be pleased to ask, but their request was denied. The old count had made a foolish vow that he would never free a serf, and he would not break it; but he promised that they should not be molested if they paid the same tax that their grandfather had paid. This did very well for a year or two, but then word came that the count was dead. They soon found that they and all their property had passed into the hands of an heir who would have no pity upon them. He sent them to work on one of his estates with the other slaves, while he took their property for his own use.

It was a hard task for these two delicately nurtured girls to go into the kitchen and the dairy, and harder still to associate with the rude, coarse, and ignorant slaves, and to bear their taunts and the unkindness of the new master, who seemed to owe them a spite because he knew that he was doing them a wrong. But they bore it all without complaint, until they were ordered to marry some of the coarse, brutal men, and then they made up their minds to run away. They set out at night alone across the wide prairie. They knew not the way, but they asked God to guide their feet, and thus wandered on. After two days they came to a forest, where they found some berries to eat with the bread they had brought with them. They went around the foot of a high mountain until they reached a broad river, and thither they followed for a day or two. Then they fancied that they heard some one following them. O how eagerly they ran lest they should lose their new-found liberty! Soon they spied a boat, and without stopping to think they jumped into it and pushed from the shore. The river bore them swiftly on, but when they came to look around they found they had neither sails nor oars. However, there was a bag of biscuit, and for the rest they cared nothing, only to get away from the evils behind them. For five days they floated on, and then the river spread out wider than any water they had ever seen before, and the next morning they were out of sight of land. They had floated out to sea. No doubt they thought they would die here; but death itself was better than the servitude they had left, and so they took their fate calmly. Their biscuit was not quite all gone, but they suffered so

greatly from thirst that when the sun became hot on the third day of their sea-voyage Mari fainted. Still Providence watched over them, and a ship came in sight. Petrowna succeeded in attracting the attention of the crew, and they were taken on board.

The ship was bound for Denmark, where the girls found a gentleman who had formerly been a clerk to their grandfather. He gladly provided a home for them, and, indeed, I believe it was said that he had been engaged to Mari before he went to Denmark and while her grandfather was still alive. So now he made her his wife, and thus endeth the story of the two Russian serf-girls.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### "I LIKE TO COME."

A TEACHER one day said to a little girl in her class:

"You are a good child for coming to Sunday-school when your mother sends you."

"Ah, but I like to come," replied the child, looking into the teacher's face with a smile.

"I like to come!" That was a capital reason, was it not? Don't you think that girl found it very easy to obey her mother with that *liking* in her heart?

Now, if my children will only learn to *like* their Saviour they will find it as easy to keep his commandments as that girl found it easy to obey her mother's wishes. May the Saviour fill your hearts with his holy love!

E. W. S. I.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### GETTING IN AT THE WINDOW.



Be careful, be careful, little folks! It is but a few weeks since one of our number lost her life while trying to get in at the window. Her parents were to be at home by the usual time school let out, but that day, unfortunately, school was dismissed at noon, and little Esther, like a good girl, went home. Home was the best place for her, and she was certain that she could get in by the window. But she was not careful enough. The sash fell on her neck and there was no help near. And there her parents found her little senseless form when they came home. It was a sad meeting. But we hope that the little spirit was having a glorious meeting with the angels; and perhaps she sung to them the song she had just learned in the Sunday-School Advocate, for I suppose the angels love to hear our Sunday-school songs, and I am certain they would delight to teach the little Sunday-scholar the songs that they sing in heaven.

### TRUST.

Two little boys were lying together in a trundle-bed. Willie, the elder of the two, who was only six years of age, awoke in the night very thirsty. Being told that he could jump up and get himself some water, he began to cry and said that he was afraid. Upon this his little brother, two years younger than himself, spoke encouragingly to him and said:

"God is right here, Willie! God is right here! You needn't be afraid, Willie!"

So Willie jumped up and went and got himself some water, and then came back to his little bed all safe, and soon he and his little brother were fast asleep again.

CENSURE usually spares the raven and the owl, but the pure white dove had better beware.