

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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But saw the fiery glare around
Darting from cloud to cloud.
Yet from its unsuspecting harm
It raised no fear in him;
While his sister, pale with dire alarm,
Trembled in every limb.

But of her terror-stricken state,
Soon as he was aware,
He went to her, and on his slate
Wrote, "God is everywhere."

O happy mute! those words of thine
A simple faith make known,
And trust in power and love divine
Thousands might wish their own.

Are there, who read this truthful tale,
Who from the storms of life
Are oft afraid their faith will fail
In the conflicting strife?

Let such, e'en from this narrative,
Learn where to cast their care,
And comfort from the thought derive,
That "God is everywhere."

Present to comfort the distress'd,
To heal the wounded heart,
To give the weary mourner rest,
And peace and hope impart.

Are there, who to temptation prone,
Oft fear that they shall fall?
Unto the High and Holy One
Let such for succor call.

He who once trod the watery way,
When waves were tossing high,
E'en now is prompt as then to say,
"Be not afraid, 'tis I."

And they who to this Saviour seek,
Shall find, in answered prayer,
That He who made the dumb to speak
Is present "everywhere."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"I TAN DO TO MEETIN' NOW."

THERE was a little boy in the West whose father was a minister, so poor as to be unable to buy shoes for his son. The only complaint the child made was, that he never "went to meeting."

One day the minister received a box of clothing from some kind

friends at a distance. While the box was being opened the boy stood watching the process with a bright light in his eyes, and saying, "Where are my shoes, pa? Where are my shoes, pa?"

At last his father came to an entire suit of boy's clothes, from cap to shoes. When it was all laid out for him to look at he clapped his hands and shouted:

"I tan do to meetin' now, tan't I, pa?"

Bless that little fellow! He valued his clothes not because they were rich or pretty, but because they fitted him to appear at church. May God bless that "go-to-meeting boy!"

There is a little fellow among my readers who often says, "I don't want to go to church." Which

THE DUMB BOY'S ADMONITION.

'Twas where a channel's waves divide
An islet from the fatherland,
And rugged cliffs in towering pride
Like nature's giant guardians stand.

Lingering, the scenery to explore,
Two travelers roamed along the coast,
And on the hills, above the shore,
The pathway to the beach was lost.

Then, in a cottage on the wild,
Seeking for one the way to show,
At their desire, a willing child
Came as their guide the road to show.

No word he spoke, but forward went,
And nimble as a mountain goat,

Ran lightly down the deep descent
To meet below the waiting boat.

Poor child! one sense from him was gone;
But other qualities possessed,
Had made a weeping mother own
She in her speechless boy was blessed.

Docile and meek, he had received
The wisdom coming from above,
The Gospel message had believed,
And learned that "God is love."

Of this there had been recent proof,
When with terrific crash
The thunder o'er their cottage roof
Followed the lightning's flash.

The boy, insensible to sound,
Heard not the rumbling loud;