

Children's Sermon

A Rough Road.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison.

The way of the transgressor is hard.—Proverbs 13:15.

Once when we were traveling through the country we came to a cross-roads. There were two ways and we did not know which we ought to take. After thinking it over we took the one that went to the left. It was a very good road at first, smooth and easy and well-kept. But after a little it began to be narrow and steep and rough, and then we knew that we were on the wrong road.

Every boy and girl comes to a time in life when he must choose which road he is to take. There are two roads that are before us. One is the right road and the other the wrong, and there is something very strange about these roads. The wrong road always appears very easy and smooth at first, and the right road very hard.

Idleness seems very pleasant and easy. I have no doubt that some of you when you have had to go to school and work hard, have thought what a fine thing it must be never to have any work to do or lessons to learn, like some of the idle boys and girls you know about. But that idle road leads to poverty and shame, so it is not such an easy road after all. Work and study are hard. The right road is not easy at first, but it always leads to honor and happiness.

In the same way to many young people, doing wrong seems so much pleasanter and easier than doing right. It is always hard to be good at first. But the good road always becomes easier and smoother the farther we go.

Jacob, about whom the Old Testament tells us, when he was a young man chose the wrong road. He deceived his old blind father and cheated his brother Esau. He, no doubt, for a

while thought that the wrong road was very fine and easy and pleasant. But it was not long before he began to find that the road became harder. He had to leave his home, and never saw his mother again. He had to go off to a land far away and live among strangers, who did not treat him very kindly. He had a very unhappy, sad life, and when he was old his sons treated him just as he had treated his father. He learned that the way of evil was a very hard, rough road.

No one ever started out to travel the wrong road who did not find it rough and hard. We do wrong sometimes because we think that maybe it will bring us pleasure or happiness. But wrong always means unhappiness and suffering. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Now, how are we going to keep from going the wrong road? Out in the country at the cross-roads they have sign posts which have been put there to tell people which way to go, so that they will not make a mistake.

God has put a sign post to show us the way we ought to go. It is the Bible. If, whenever you come to a place in life, where you must decide between right and wrong, you will go to the Bible and will do what it tells you, I am not afraid that you will take the wrong road.

Here are two things about these roads that we ought always to remember. One is about the wrong road: "There is a way that seemeth good, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

The other is about the right road: "The path of the righteous is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Let us be sure and look at the guide post and take the right road.

Norfolk, Va.

ca—Washington, New York, Boston, Richmond, Baltimore. I enjoy the stories in your paper and especially the "Children's Sermon."

Your friend,
Tamworth, Va. Julia Garrett.

Dear Julia: I am glad you are better now. I had appendicitis once, too, and I know how bad it is.
H. A.

LIKES THE PRESBYTERIAN.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school every day. I have not missed a day yet. I like your paper very much. I have two brothers. Their names are Candler and Kenneth.

Your friend,
Marietta, Ga. Frances Campbell.

Dear Frances: I am glad to know that you like the Presbyterian. You have done well not to miss school at all.
H. A.

SELF-DENIAL.

Dear Presbyterian: I have just read the Children's Letters, and the "Children's Sermon." I have been hearing about the great food riot and am going to plant some vegetables in my back yard. I have a penny-string to fill for a society of which I am a member by the fourth of March, and am trying to deny myself something to help fill it. I am eleven years of age.

Your new friend,
Pauline Powers Donnan.
304 W. Washington St., Petersburg, Va.

Dear Pauline: I hope you got your penny string full. It is a splendid plan.
H. A.

A PRAYER.

Dear Presbyterian: I do not see many letters from Mississippi, and so I thought I would write you. I am a little girl seven years old; go to school every day and Sunday, too. I am in the second grade. My grandpa gives a nickel when I get a 100, and a good many nickels I have had. Miss Manifee wrote a story called Mary's prayer, and my Grandpa Moseley wrote out in verse the prayer, and I hope you will publish it:

Remember, Lord, that I'm a little girl;
Keep me from the evil of this world.
Do not forget that I a little orphan be,
And have no friend, lest Thou be friend to me.
How shall I live, or how shall I be fed,
Since all once dear to me are dead?
O, Thou, great, everlasting King!
Hide me beneath the feathers of Thy wing.
I know Thy tender heart will melt
When you bring to mind the sorrows I have felt.
Amen.

Hattiesburg, Miss. Amelia Moseley.

Dear Amelia: I am glad to have another letter from Mississippi. It is very nice for you to have so many nickels. What do you do with them?
H. A.

AN ANSWER.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl seven years old. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Elizabeth Laird. Dr. Laird is our pastor, and we love him very much. I send the answer to Louise Carson's puzzle. Washington, New York, Boston, Richmond, Baltimore. I hope you will print this letter. My grandma lives in Arkansas, and I want her to see it. I like to read the letters in your paper.

Your little friend,
Danville, Va. Betsy Ogg.

Dear Betsy: You were very clever to guess the puzzle. I have seen older heads than yours fail.
H. A.

the readers think so? I would like to correspond with some of the readers of the Presbyterian of the South?

From your unknown friend,
Tifton, Ga. Vera Swindal.

Dear Vera: I am indeed glad to hear from Georgia again. I am sure some of our girls and boys will like to write to you.
H. A.

ENJOYS THE STORIES.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I am in the fifth grade. My father takes your paper and I enjoy reading the "Children's Letters" very much. I go to school every day. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday.

Your unknown friend,
Branford, Fla. Hattie Kemp.

Dear Hattie: I am glad to have a letter from Florida. Write us something about your part of the country. Some of our boys and girls live a long way from Florida and would like to know more about it.
H. A.

PERFECT ATTENDANCE AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL FOR THREE YEARS.

Dear Presbyterian: I was sick in bed with measles last week, and last Sunday was the first time I had missed Sunday-school in nearly three years and I certainly did hate to miss then. While I was sick one of my little friends gave me little Dolly Dingles, and I made another just like it with all the dresses. I live at the State Agricultural College, where

there are eight hundred cadets. We have a large Y. M. C. A. here with a fine swimming pool, and I learned to swim and dive there.

Your little friend,
Mary Leighton Mills.

Clemson College, S. C.

Dear Mary: It was too bad for you to have the measles. Your record at Sunday-school is splendid and I am glad you have that fine pool.
H. A.

PETS.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school and like it fine. I have a pet chicken; his name is Peddler, and I have a pet cat and a pet dog; my cat's name is Blackie and my dog's name is Bell. My mother takes your good paper and I like to read the good stories.

Your unknown friend,
Mary Eliza Monroe.

Dear Mary: You certainly have a lot of pets. Can they do any tricks?
H. A.

HAS HAD APPENDICITIS.

Dear Presbyterian: I have written you several letters before and you have always printed them, so I hope you will print this one. I was in the eighth grade at school, but I can't go any more this session as I have been ill in the hospital with appendicitis, but I am better now. I am thirteen years old. I will answer Louise Carson's "Puzzle for Wise-heads." Names of five great cities in Ameri-