

No. 304.

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THE  
**THUNDER-STORM.**

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*Revised by the Committee of Publication.*

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PHILADELPHIA:  
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,  
NO. 146 CHESTNUT STREET.



THUNDER

Children's  
Books  
Collection

Prize  
for Questions  
awarded to  
Fred Denison  
Lilla Denison

1855. Eca.

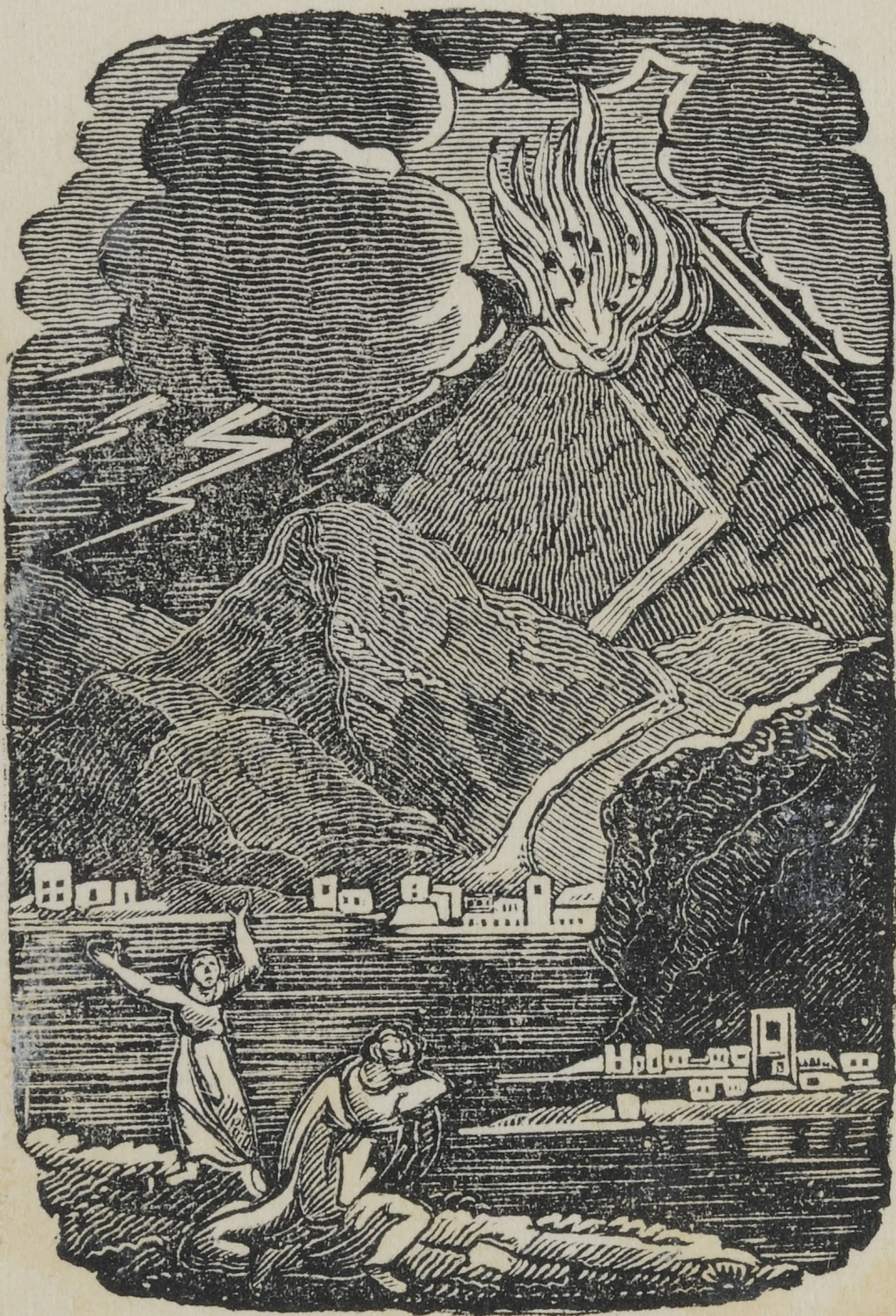


THE  
THUNDER STORM.

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Revised by the Committee of Publication of the  
American Sunday-school Union.

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IN a small village in the county of N——, there lives a lady, who takes great pains to do children good. Some years ago she began a Sunday-school, which is taught in the Church, and which she attends in all weathers, though nearly a mile from her own house. There is also another School kept in the same place on the evenings of the week, for the good of all who wish to attend, and to learn to read the Holy Bible. It happened that this kind lady went one evening, to see how this School was going on. It was on Monday, the 5th of July, 1819. The evening was most beautiful. The birds sung sweetly. People were busy working





in the fields, and all was peace and quietness. When the lady arrived at the Church, she found that the Schoolmaster was not come, and she sat down in the porch. She watched the children amusing themselves by running up and down in the Church-yard, and saw Susan Nobes remarkably active and happy. Susan was about thirteen years old. Now I don't know whether any of these children had any serious thoughts of death and judgment, while they were playing about; and yet a Church-yard is a solemn place, and should lead us to solemn thoughts whenever we walk in it. You do not only see the graves of old people, but children of all ages die, and are buried in that Church-yard in which you walk. My



dear child, when you go into a Church yard, you should say to yourself—"I see little graves as well as great graves. I am very young, but not too young to die. Oh! am I ready to die, and to meet the Judge? Has he changed my wicked heart, and pardoned my sins, and do I love and fear him: Lord Jesus, forgive me. Make within me a clean heart, that, if I die while I am a child, I may be ready; and may go to Jesus and happy angels in heaven." I don't know whether any of the children who were playing in this Church-yard, had any such thoughts as these—and least of all Susan Nobes, whom the lady saw so happy. But I must go on with my story. The School-master came, and when they had done reading, all the children, who were able, joined with the master in singing very sweetly the following lines:

“ Before thy throne our knees we bend,  
 To thee our ceaseless prayers ascend,  
 O spare us, Lord, awhile, O spare;  
 Our strength renew, our hearts prepare,  
 Ere life's short circuit wander'd o'er,  
 We perish, and are seen no more.”

Now some time before this, they had seen flashes of lightning through the great church



window. It was very awful, but the lady thought that they were well employed, and she did not wish that they should go away before they had done. When the singing was over, they all knelt down to pray.—The lightning rapidly increased, and seemed to fill the window with a blaze of light. But the master went on praying in a very earnest manner. He is one who loves Christ; and I dare say he thought that if he, or any of his little flock, were to be struck dead, they could not do better than die on their knees, seeking mercy from Jesus. So he did not pray less because of the storm, but longer; though it was so very dreadful, that all present really thought they should very soon be killed. You may fancy how awful it was, when I tell you that a thunderbolt struck the steeple, and forced down a beam from the roof just over the door of the room where they all were. Large stones were also broken off the steeple.—The noise was like the sound of a great gun close by. The lady, the master, and two girls, were struck down by the lightning.—The children were so frightened, that they began to scream and run about as if they were beside themselves. The lady begged them not to run away from her, for a water-spout had burst near the Church, and the



rain had poured in so much, that the lower part of the Church, which stands on the side of a hill, was like a river; and they might almost have been drowned in the water.

Now there was one very affecting thing. Little Susan Nobes cried out, "Indeed, indeed, I will strive not to sin any more."— Oh! I hope that little girl will not forget the vows which she made to God in her trouble, for it would be sad indeed to promise to hate sin and love God, when death seemed near, and to forget him when all danger was over. You see what was most on her mind, when she thought she was going to be struck dead. She might feel sorry to leave her father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and schoolfellows; but she said nothing about all this. No. She thought most about *sin*. Sin seemed then to be a dreadful thing indeed; and she promised to strive against sin in future. Now, my dear children, learn from this, to ask yourselves in every thing you do, What you will think of it when you come to die? If you are naughty, and tell lies, or steal, or speak bad words, or do bad things, or swear, or play about on Sundays, or disobey your parents, it may not trouble you much while you are well, but what will you think of such things when you come to die? Oh! how will you



wish that you had been good, and had done what your kind friends bid you! Oh! what a dreadful thing will sin seem to be, when Death and Judgment stare you in the face! Oh! then pray to the Saviour now while you are well. His grace can help you. Jesus Christ loves to see even very little children turn to him. He says, "I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me."

"Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
Employ my youngest breath;  
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,  
Or fit for early death."





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