

face and said, "Sissy, 'there'll be no more sorrow there!' I shall have no more pain there."

Poor Norah knew that he meant her to understand that he expected to die and go to heaven. She sobbed outright. Her heart was full of grief, too full to allow her to speak.

"Don't cry, Sissy; I shall see father, and mother, and Jesus, and I'll tell them you are coming soon."

Archie soon went to the happy land. Norah still lives. She is glad now that Archie is in heaven that she was kind to him when he was on the earth. The remembrance of that kindness is very sweet to her now.

Suppose that Norah had been cross and ugly to Archie, as many brothers and sisters are to each other, what sort of feelings would she have whenever she thinks of him? Sweet and pleasant ones? No, no. Far from that. She would be filled with regret, sorrow, pain, and shame. Archie's name would pierce her like a dart. But having loved him dearly and been so kind to him, his name is like a very pleasant melody in her soul. Let every brother and sister imitate Norah's beautiful love for Archie. Love one another dearly, O my children! Y. Z.

A SIMPLE PRAYER.

Be thou my guide to-day,
My arm whereon to rest,
My sun to cheer me on the way,
My shield to guard my breast.
From Satan's fiery dart,
And men of purpose base,
And from the plague within my heart,
Defend me by thy grace. BERRIDGE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AT A TURNING-POINT.

As THOMAS BENT was walking along the street one day he saw a gentleman drop a purse on the sidewalk. Thomas quickly picked it up, slipped it very slyly into his pocket, and walked on, saying to himself,

"I'm a lucky fellow. This purse feels as if there was a good lot of money in it. Hurrah for Tom Bent!"

Just then the boy's conscience waked up and whispered, "What are you going to do with that purse? It is not yours. If you keep it you will be a thief. Remember the eighth commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Thomas paused a moment to think. Then with flashing eyes he ran after the gentleman, and handing him the purse, said:

"If you please, sir, you dropped your purse. Here it is."

"You are an honest boy," said the man as he took the purse, and smiling pleasantly, handed him a dollar bill.

Thomas walked home feeling finely, as he had good reason to do. He had escaped a great danger. When he picked up that purse he was standing at a point where two roads met—one was the path of the thief, the other of the honest man. Had he kept the purse he would have entered the first path, and most likely have brought up, at last, in a state-prison; by restoring it he entered the way of honesty and right. So, you see, he was at a turning-point in his life and he turned it safely. Happy Thomas Bent!

Children, you now see what is a *turning-point*. Whenever you are met by a strong temptation to do a wrong act, you are at a turning-point. Let the temptation conquer you and you will find yourselves in the wrong road. Conquer the temptation and your feet will stand in the right way. Look out for turning-points.



This picture is intended to illustrate the danger which lies in the wrong road. As that poor fellow wandered into the rushing river and the pouring rain by turning the wrong way, so children who turn into the path of evil fall into many dangers and sorrows. Sin always hurts the sinner; if it be not quickly forsaken it kills and ruins him forever. Beware of sin, therefore, my children. Flee from it. Turn not into sinful paths for they are full of danger. X. X.

OUR ROSIE.

A HAPPY little maiden is our bright-eyed, blushing Rose; Sheltered in home's sweet bower from every wind that blows;
Fair as her pretty namesake that in the garden grows.

Sunny in temper, gentle, pleasant in word and deed;
So ready to the wishes of others to accede;
So glad if she can render some help in time of need.

She flings love's richest fragrance around her day by day,
Filling our hearts with gladness, and cheering life's rough way;

We prize our little Rosebud, and well indeed we may.

And yet she is not perfect, for if the truth were told,
Pride, like sharp thorns that nestle where rosy leaves enfold,
Twines round our flower and makes it less lovely to behold.

Not often—nay, but seldom, does she such feelings show,
But then we're never certain she'll keep them back, you know;

And so we wish that Rosie would let these thorn-points go,

And with that best of virtues her character adorn—
Humility, the noblest of graces heaven-born—
Then we would call our darling the Rose without a thorn! MYRA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LONESOME CHILDREN.



ULIA and MAUDE sat in the wagon which stood with its thills on the ground in the open shed. They were looking earnestly down the long lane after Daniel, who had gone for the cows. As long as he was in sight, they felt tolerably safe; but the moment he passed down the hill to the brook, they began to feel so wretchedly lonely they were ready to cry. They had been left in Daniel's care while their father and mother were gone to a Bible-class at the parsonage, a mile away. Daniel was the hired boy; the children thought he was a man; but I don't

believe he was more than twelve or fourteen years old. He was so kind and thoughtful for those little girls that I thank him in my heart to this very day, and I would as soon tell you his whole true name as not. It was Daniel Green.

"Now you sit right there in the wagon and you can see me a long piece of the way," he said, "and I will come back just as soon as I can find the cows. Nothing will hurt you, and you mustn't be afraid."

This sounded very kind and cheerful, but the children were timid beyond reason, and as soon as his protecting figure (though it was only his back they could see) disappeared from view, they began to call in concert, "Daniel! Daniel!" But he was too far away to hear, and every minute seemed as long as a quarter of an hour.

It was a summer day, and the sun had not thought of going behind the hills, and the four-o'clocks and marigolds and larkspurs were wide awake in the garden, but it would doubtless be dark before Daniel returned; at least, the children calculated it must, foreboding the worst. How melancholy that robin's song was! And there was a dog barking! To be sure, the creature was probably across the river in the woods, but it was likely he could swim. Story and picture books, of which they had a large store, were no satisfaction. O how lonesome the world was! They could not play with their dolls because it was the Sabbath day, and I do not think dolls could have interested them if it had been any other day. I will tell you what these little ones thought of for passing off the time. They went into the house and had a meeting, not a make-believe one, but a real meeting. They read a chapter in the Bible, and sung together. They knew a hymn beginning, "Ye angels who stand 'round the throne," which they sang all through, and then they each made a little prayer asking the Lord Jesus, who loves children, to be with them and take care of them, and to bring their father and mother and Daniel safe home.

So the time passed beautifully, and not long after Daniel came with the cows, and before the milking was done the old chaise, so ancient the boys called it "the ark," was seen on the long hill, and the world suddenly became bright again and full of people to the children, for the old chaise was bringing their father and their mother back to them.

UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"FATHER'S COME!"

How sad the piece under this title made me feel, for I thought of a little blue-eyed group, who once were dandled upon a kind father's knee, and ever when returning from an absence shouted him welcome home, but who now can say no longer, "Father's come!" The cold clods of earth rattled upon his coffin-lid a year ago; and as the budding flowers smile upon the face of spring, Nealy, a tender child of seven summers, is glad to plant some favorite flowers upon her dear pa's grave. The large tears gather in her deep blue eyes as sister tells her of the angel home where pa now dwells, and she often wonders how long it will be ere she too can bid adieu to earth and join him in that "beautiful land." Clarence and Ella wonder why pa stays away so long, and ask if the Lord wont let him come back. When sister tells them no, he cannot come to them, that he is now with Jesus and the angels, they do not comprehend it, but talk in their childish way of their own great grief. Poor little children! this is a cold world to live in without a father's love.

Pray for them, dear children of the Advocate family, that they may be led in the way of peace, find in God a father, and in heaven a home. HATTIE.