

thoughts, but seeing nothing but kindness in his questioner's eye, he replied:

"I was a thinkin' that a chap who wants to get on in the world ought to be like that snowball—always gathering as he goes."

"Very good, Joe, provided he gathers grace and virtue as well as money. Would you like to live with me, Joe?"

Joe said he should, and was accordingly introduced into the servants' department. There, by faithfulness to little duties, he gathered good-will and confidence from his employer and skill for himself. After a while he was placed in the gentleman's law-office. There he gathered knowledge and won more confidence. In short, Joe went on gathering as he grew older until he became a successful lawyer, a rich man, a Christian gentleman.

If my boy and girl readers will let Joe teach them to gather as they go—to gain a little knowledge, a little skill, a little wisdom, a little faith, a little love, a little hope, a little of everything good every day, they will not have seen the picture of the big snowball and read Joe's story in vain. Who will resolve, like Joe, to gather as he goes?



THE LITTLE HOME.

"I wish, mamma," said Ella Harrison, "that we were rich like the Goldacres. It is so disagreeable living in a small house with only four rooms in it. If we were only rich I should be satisfied."

Mrs. Harrison, a sweet-looking, middle-aged lady, who sat in one corner of the room with her youngest child, a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed little fellow of four years asleep, upon her lap, looked up with a mournful smile into the beautiful face of her daughter.

"Thousands, my dear child," she said, "are at this very moment breathing a similar wish. Is it not a great pity their desire cannot be gratified? What a happy world we should have! Don't you think we should?"

There was a slight accent of irony in Mrs. Harrison's tone, and Ella instantly perceived it.

"It seems to me, mamma, that every rich person might be happy if they only would; but I presume that you are about to point out to me the Smiths, who are the wealthiest and still the most miserable of all our acquaintances. But really, my dear mother, if we were rich don't you think we should be very happy?"

"I am very rich, and very happy too," said Mrs.

Harrison, with a self-satisfied air. "I know of none in this world with whom I would exchange places."

Ella dropped her crochet-work into her lap, and looked with surprise into her mother's face.

"We rich!" she exclaimed. "Why, how do you make that out? Wouldn't you exchange places with the Goldacres, who live in a perfect palace, and who have hosts of servants, and who dress in silks and satins every day?"

"No, I would not exchange places with Mrs. Goldacre," said Mrs. Harrison; "for if I did I should have to resign you and Nelly, and your dear father, and my brave little Tommy."

"O I do not mean that at all," said Ella; "I did not mean that you individually should make the exchange. I meant that the whole family should share in it. Would you not be willing to have papa take Mr. Goldacre's property, and have him take ours?"

Mrs. Harrison shook her head.

"Why not, mamma? It seems to me that you are very unreasonable."

"If we had their riches, my dear child," said Mrs. Harrison, "we might fall into sin, and sin brings misery. As I before told you, I already consider myself very rich—rich in what I have, and richer in what God has promised me. I am rich in my health, rich in my husband, rich in my children, rich in my cottage home, which our industry has made tasteful and comfortable. I am rich in mental wealth, for we have a great many valuable books, and they have been well read by us all. I am rich in the white roses that clamber over the walls yonder and peep with breath of incense through the windows—rich in the calm thoughts which visit all who, with thankful, contented hearts, look upward and say:

"Praise to our father God,
High praise in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand doth give,
And what it takes away."

"But if we had more," said Ella, "you would have more to be thankful for."

"I have all that my heavenly Father has seen fit to give me, and that is enough. Think how many have less than we have. Think of the poor in the backwoods of Canada, about whom we have just been reading in Mrs. Moodie's book—those who have little or nothing with which to supply the demands of hunger through the cold and dreary winter; think of the thousands in cities who are stowed in cellars, and back rooms, and garrets, who seldom breathe the fresh air, or see glad sunshine; think of the poor Irish who a short while ago were starving to death, gasping with their dying breaths, 'Give me three grains of corn! Only three grains!' Think of the millions in Africa and Asia, who are living in ignorance and degradation, of which we can hardly form any conception, without the Bible, without Christ, without instruction, without the knowledge of God and heaven. Contrast with these human beings our own happy lot, and acknowledge yourself to be deeply ungrateful. Instead of being thankful for what you have, you are murmuring because your portion is not larger. You did not order the circumstances of your birth; you might have been born on heathen ground, or amid the beggars of Dublin or Paris."

"That is true, mamma," said Ella; "I never thought of that before."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DON'T FRET, MOTHER.

"Don't fret, mother. I shall die before the week is out," said sick little Mary to her mother, who was watching beside her bed. Mary said this cheerfully, for she knew death would be gain to her.

But Mary did not die. God spared her to do work for him on earth. May she be a burning and a shining light!

How many of my readers would feel as Mary did when face to face with death? Just as many as love Jesus and no more. Faith and love conquer death. Do you trust in Jesus, child?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

AUTUMN DAYS.

"MAMMA, I've searched the garden through,
The roses are not there,
The fragrant pink, and violet blue,
And lilac blossoms fair;
And in the meadows once so green,
Nothing but faded grass is seen.

"My pear-tree by the garden-gate
I've watched with much delight,
It grew so pretty, tall, and straight,
Without defect or blight:
But in my lonely walk to-day
I found its bright leaves torn away!

"I'm sure I tried to tend them well
Through all the summer dry;
And now, dear mother, can you tell
What makes the flowers die?
The trees and meadows all appear
So faded, desolate, and drear."

"The Autumn days are come, my child,
And gloom o'er earth is spread;
Your flowers which late in beauty smiled
Are faded but not dead;
Spring's quick'ning breath and gentle rain
Will waken them in bloom again.

"Then hail, my child, the autumn days
With tones and words of cheer;
And Him in adoration praise
Who keeps your treasures, dear,
Safe till the wintry storms are o'er,
In spring their beauty to restore. H. A. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE HISTORY OF TWO SCHOOLMATES.



ERMIT me to tell you a story concerning two school-boys whom I well knew. They were not twins, as their names and age might indicate. There was but a day's difference in their ages, and their names were John and Joseph.

They were schoolmates, but their parentage and their names were very different. John was fortunate in having pious parents, of temperate habits, who always instructed their children, by precept and example, in wisdom's ways, and against the ensnaring vices of the age, especially tobacco and rum.

But Joseph was unfortunate. Though his parents were Church-members, yet his mother was a snuff-taker, and I believe the whole family were tobacco-users and brandy-drinkers; for his father kept a still-house for making cider-brandy, so that they always kept the "pure stuff" on hand, and of course used it liberally.

Joseph had a number of brothers, some of whom, as might be expected under such circumstances, found drunkards' graves; and they had things convenient, as one might fancy, for there was a burying-ground right opposite, and this, in connection with the still-house, seems very appropriate.

Joseph began to chew tobacco when quite young, and continued it, and brandy-drinking also, which made him a sot in his teens. Think of it—a sot in life's early morning, when, if ever, life should be fair, joyous, and pure! Possessing as good natural advantages as John, or perhaps any other person, still, when the dews and freshness of youth should have been upon him, he appeared old and miserable, and before he was twenty-one he had paid the penalty of violated physical laws, and slept in a drunkard's grave,

"With his wealth of life all wasted."

But John took a different course. Adhering to the example and counsel of his parents, he has never