

"Because I thought there was time to get to school when I left the house; but the clock struck just as I turned the corner of Greenwich-street, and then I thought I had better keep right on."

"Well, the case looks a little peculiar. I'll excuse you this time, but don't let it happen so again, Master Albert. Take your seat, sir—and now, James, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I have no excuse to offer, sir," replied James, blushing; "I was very busy fishing down at the pond, and the time went faster than I thought. I'm sorry, sir, that I didn't start earlier."

"Eh! eh! Fishing, eh? Well, one is apt to forget himself when he's fishing. Your fault, it seems, was a want of *thought*, not a purpose to break my rules, nor a careless disregard of them. I'll excuse you this time, because your intention seems to have been good and you have told me the plain truth. But, James, you must *think* next time you fish and be at school in season or I'll not let you off as easily as I do now. Take your seat, sir."

Thus both of these boys escaped the ferule, Albert by lying, James by telling the truth. The lie in the one case *seemed* as profitable as the truth in the other. But was it *really* as profitable, think you? Didn't Albert injure *himself*? Didn't he feel mean, cowardly, and guilty? Wasn't God angry with him?

On the other hand, did not James, by telling the truth in the face of probable punishment, increase his moral courage and his self-respect? Did he not also keep a good conscience, and secure the approval of the All-seeing God?

Which do *you* admire? Ah, I know. You all admire James; you all condemn Albert. Prove your admiration sincere by always telling the truth, let it cost you what it will.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ST. PETERSBURGH.

No other large city in the world is quite so far north as the capital of Russia. All this cold country was once nearly a wilderness; but about a century and a half since, Peter the Great, who was then Czar or Emperor of Russia, took a fancy to have the capital of his empire built up here on the Gulf of Finland, at the mouth of the river Neva. True, it was all a great morass then; but the great Peter's will was fixed. Hundreds of thousands of his subjects were ordered on, the swamp was filled up, grand streets were laid out, fine houses went up, and thus suddenly sprang into existence one of the largest cities in Europe. We believe it ranks next to London in size. True, it cost one hundred thousand laborers their lives; but what did Peter care so long as his city was built!

Its principal street is four miles in length. The public buildings are magnificent, and we get a fine view of them as we sail over. The houses are large and the roofs brightly painted. Probably no other city in the world would look so fine from above. But looking at the roofs and the streets of a city is not all we want, so let us tumble out and run around a little. Look at these three palaces side by side. It would take you not less than ten minutes to walk the length of one of them.

If you tire of walking you can ride on such a bench on wheels as this—what do you call it?—ah, yes, a drosky. The passenger gets on it astride and is driven through the streets at a break-neck pace. You think they might be afraid of running over somebody? There is little danger, you see, for



THE WINTER PALACE.

the streets are very wide and not crowded; but if the driver should happen to run over any one he might well be afraid, for he would be obliged to answer for it, perhaps with his life. Well, why do they do it then? Because the gentlemen and nobles, who often employ them, oblige the poor fellows to drive at the top of their speed.

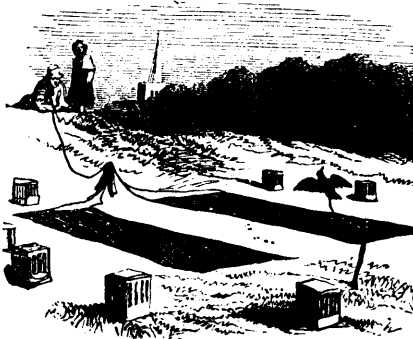
Very elegant carriages can be procured for the ladies if we have money to pay for them.

You will observe that the most of the houses of this city, even the dwellings of the nobility, are not more than one or two stories in height, though they spread out widely. An enterprising foreigner, a Yankee, I suppose, built a number of three story houses to let, but it was a poor speculation—no one wanted the third story.

O, you have found a building more than two stories high, have you, Sammy? Yes, that elegant building is the winter palace of the czar. You will find other public buildings of equal height.

The Czar Nicholas had his former palace on this same site destroyed by fire. When he resolved to rebuild, his proposition was the new palace should be finished in exactly one year. "With the czar is power, with the czar is death," and the work was done in the specified time, though a large number of the workmen died through the effects of confinement in the over-heated rooms. This palace contains six thousand inhabitants—quite a respectable little town of itself.

AUNT JULIA.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

THE FOWLER'S SNARE.

Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.—Prov. i, 17.

The bird is caught. Its legs are in the snare. Poor bird! Its freedom is lost, and it must now spend its days in a cage. Pity it had not seen the

snare in time. Then it would have kept its freedom. Alas, poor bird!

I hope my reader will never be caught in the snare of the fowler. *No fear of that, sir. I aint a bird!* That you are not a bird is true. That there is no fear of your being snared is not true. Know, my child, that Satan spreads snares for children's feet. When you are tempted to lie to conceal a fault or gain your end you are close to one of his snares. When you hear a voice saying, "There is no need of being a Christian yet; time enough for that by and by," you are near another. Indeed, his snares are everywhere. Take care, then, my child! Ask God to keep your feet from falling into Satan's snares.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE NEW TALMA.

"You succeeded so well, Katy," said Aunt Eva, "in making a talma for your doll, don't you think you could make a larger one for some

poor child to wear that would be of use to her?"

"I don't know, aunty; but I am sure little Nanny Adams would be glad enough of one. She comes to our Sabbath-school, and has only a thin old cape to put over her shoulders. If you would help me, I do believe I could. What could we make one of?"

"We will consult mother about that, and if she can spare us anything we will set to work directly."

Mother found some breadths of dark brown stuff which would answer quite well, and Katy was happy as a lark when she found herself fairly at work upon it. How delighted poor Nanny would be, and her mother too. It was that thought which gave Katy so much pleasure. There is nothing makes us more happy than to do good to some one in need, and children cannot learn too early to take a part in such labors of love.

She was two days in making the garment. The seams were much longer than those on her baby's little coat, and she often grew tired and wished it was done.

"One stitch at a time will surely finish it if you only persevere," said Aunt Eva.

And, sure enough, on the evening of the second day little Katy slipped on the talma, and a pretty coat it was, fit for any little girl to wear. It had taught Katy an excellent lesson of industry and benevolence.

"Now we will cover a few buttons with those bits of brown silk you saved, Katy, to set on the sleeves and pockets, and our work will be done."

"I did not think they would come useful so soon," said little Katy as she sat down to learn of her aunt how to cover a button neatly. "Why, aunty, they look just as nicely as if I had bought them."

"Yes," said her aunt, "and it has saved a dime's expense. That would buy a nice little Testament or number of tracts, and who can tell how much good they might accomplish. Now to-morrow I will try to make over an old bonnet of yours I saw in the attic closet yesterday, which mother says is of no use, and then we can give both to the little girl."

How happy little Nanny and her mother were made by those simple gifts, which cost not a single penny to make, and which were a great blessing to the givers also. Do not keep old idle garments for "the moth and rust to corrupt," but lay up treasures in heaven by means of them. Jesus Christ considers every kindness you do to his poor as done to himself.

J. E. M'C.

PATIENCE is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant Despair.