

looked carefully in every direction that they might be sure and not miss them.

The older brother had now become badly chilled; but still he pressed the younger in his arms, and prayed to the heavenly Father that he would send them aid.

Voices are heard shouting around the cliff. The light of the lanterns gleam through the storm into the dark recesses of the cave; a faint response is heard, and the boys are found. But what a sight is this, melting all eyes to tears! The older boy sits still, almost perished in the cold, while the younger lies unconscious, breathing gently in his slumber upon his brother's breast. He had saved his brother's life at the risk of his own.

How different his feelings that night, as both sat around the warm fireside with their parents and talked over and over again the perils of the storm, than if he had thought only of himself and his little brother had been chilled to death in the snow. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Our heavenly Father has made us to be happier in seeking the welfare of others than in trying only to shield ourselves from suffering, or to obtain for ourselves enjoyment. How much nobler it is! How we admire it in others! and it is just as noble in ourselves. If we would do noble acts we must think of them; we must deny ourselves, pray for divine help, and be constantly seeking some way to do a kind deed for another. Then when the hour comes in which we may aid another, even at some peril to ourselves, it will be natural and easy for us to do it.

A lad, among many other noble boys, volunteered to enter the army. He was a brave boy, beloved by all because he was always ready to offer his services for the comfort of others. In a battle one of his company was shot down and lay bleeding upon the earth. The enemy was close upon their lines, driving them back. They had to leave their companion behind them to save themselves from being taken prisoners.

Just at this moment the fallen soldier raised his hand and called for water. Feeble and bleeding, he was burning with thirst. This lad started with his canteen of water to relieve him. The officers and men of the company called him back, telling him it was at the risk of his life that he went. But he persevered. He could not leave his suffering comrade, he said, begging for a drink of water. Just as he stooped over him, pouring the refreshing drops upon his parched lips, a cannon-ball took off one of his arms! He did not regret the act. He was nobly doing what he believed to be his duty, and what he would desire to have done to himself in the same hour of suffering. Every one that saw the deed respected the generous boy. One might live a whole life and not win so warm a regard or so well-deserved a fame as is secured by one such noble, self-sacrificing act. It is becoming, in some measure, like our blessed Saviour, who "lived not unto himself," but "tasted death for every man," and who, "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross." In following the example of Jesus Christ in suffering for the good of others and in yielding up our comforts for their benefit, we shall experience a portion of his joy, and by and by hear Him say who notices every sacrifice made in his name, "Well done, good and faithful servant." P.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"CAN'T YOU READ AT ALL?"

"WHAT, can't you read at all?" said ROBERT KINDLY one day to a poor orphan boy who was his fellow-apprentice.

"No," replied LEONARD, "I wish I could."

Poor fellow! He had never had a chance to learn, and was not in the least to blame for being a dunce. But several boys who heard his reply, not thinking of this, burst into a loud laugh and shouted, "What a dunce!" "Why, he's a regular blockhead!" "O my, can't read!" and similar unkind phrases.

But Robert Kindly was made of better stuff. So, instead of laughing, he said, "Then I'll teach you."

"O thank you, thank you!" said Leonard.

So Robert became Leonard's teacher. Leonard was quick and smart. He soon learned to read. He is a prosperous farmer to-day, and never thinks of Robert without saying in his heart:

"He was the making of me. God bless him!"

Now suppose that Robert had been like the other boys, what would have followed? Wouldn't Leonard have grown into an ignorant man? Wouldn't his ignorance have kept him poor? Might not his poverty have made him wicked?

Didn't Robert do a good deed then when he said, "I'll teach you?" Yes, Robert sowed good seed that day. The fruit is Mr. Leonard Parsons, a respectable farmer and a pious man.

Shall we not all pray, God bless Robert Kindly? Better still, will we not all imitate him by doing good to all as we may find opportunity? U. U.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Just over the brow of the hill,
Overlooking the valley below,
Where the feathery pines are all tipped
With crystals of beautiful snow,
A little brown cottage doth stand
And some of the inmates I know.

There's Jimmy, a red-headed lad,
Full of business from morning till night,
Nicely blending his work with his play,
And seeming in both to delight,
With a motive that's higher than they—
An earnest desire to do right.

There's Annie, a gay little witch,
With round rosy cheeks and black eyes,
With a voice that is sweet as a bird's,
And lips that would scorn to tell lies,
With hands always ready to help—
Is not little Annie a prize?

The gray-headed grandfather sits
In a chair by the warm, glowing fire;
Half asleep in the soft light he sits,
And the children draw near to admire
The thin snowy locks and white beard
Which mark the long years of the sire.

The dear mother's grave, pleasant face
For a moment a dull shadow wears,
But shadows are there out of place,
And the wife has forgotten her cares,
For hark! on the still evening air
Her husband's quick footstep she hears.

There is poverty, so says the world,
In the little brown house on the hill;
There are riches of value untold,
That the heart with contentment doth fill;
The wealth that is better than gold,
That all men may have if they will.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE TWINS.

MAURICE and MAUDE are twins. But you would never guess it. Not only are they unlike in their faces, but they are almost opposite in their characters. Maude is a very industrious, persevering child. She never begins any piece of work without finishing it, and she does not like to commence one thing while another is unfinished. Now Maurice will have four books which he is reading lying about at once. Then there will be a kite, two boats, a cradle for Maude's doll, a work-box for his mother, a rolling-board for Bridget, a new pigeon-box, a checker-board, a water-wheel, a weathercock all commenced at once, as well as several tools and playthings to be mended. He has not a single drawing finished, while Maude has several which her father has caused to be framed.

"Ho, I can't stop to finish things. You see it isn't in my nature," said Maurice.

"I would make it so, then," said his aunt.

But Maurice does not attend to her advice. If it were not for his dear little sister, who finishes his compositions for him and writes out half his other exercises, he would be in continual disgrace at school. If Maude is missing for some time you may be sure she is off in the attic or some other out-of-the-way place finishing something for Maurice as fast as her fingers can fly. I am not sure it is best for the lad that he has this help, but tender-hearted Maude could not endure to have him blamed. The scholars have a newspaper which is issued by themselves every Wednesday, of which Maurice is supposed to be editor, but it never would be prepared in season if it were not for the quiet little twin who says nothing but works the more.

Pierce, the man who cuts the fuel for Maurice's father, says, "That boy is like the bird called the woodcock, which is always crying 'Do, do,' but builds the poorest nest of any bird in the woods."

UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A CHARITABLE DOG.

A CHARITABLE dog? Yes, a charitable dog. Why shouldn't a dog show charity to a brother or sister dog?

This dog's name was Carlo. At one time, instead of eating his dinner as usual he was seen to carry it away. He did this for several days. His owner, feeling curious to know what he did with it, followed him, and found that he carried it some distance to a hole in which a lost dog with a litter of puppies had taken refuge. Carlo seemed to pity the stranger and her helpless family. He showed his pity, too, by giving up his own meals and picking up stray morsels of food for his own support.

Noble Carlo! If he was a dog he knew how to be kind to a fellow-dog in distress.

I have seen a big boy tease a little one in distress. I have seen a well-dressed boy laugh at a ragged one. I have seen a boy with nice warm boots on trying to tread on the naked toes of a boy who was too poor to buy boots. I have seen a boy with a stomach so full of the good things he had eaten that he could scarcely walk, turn a hungry beggar child from the door with a harsh word. If I had these boys and Carlo together in my room I should tell them the story of Carlo's charity and say:

"There, boys, Carlo is the noblest fellow of you all."

I don't know as that would alter them any, for if boys wont mind Jesus, who tells them to be kind, and merciful, and loving, I'm sure they wouldn't mind a dog's actions. Such boys are "hard cases." I don't know whether anything will make them kind. I know what *would* do it. If they would ask Jesus to give them new hearts he would do it, and then O how kind, gentle, and charitable they would be.

U. U.