

her, "You must come home. Your work is done." Without a word the mother obeyed the summons, and Annie suddenly found herself motherless.

Annie was in a life tunnel now. O how cold, and dark, and dreary it seemed to her. No mother to caress her, to smile upon her, to kiss her, to talk to her, or to teach her how to live. Poor Annie! No wonder she wept, and sorrowed, and thought that henceforth no more sunlight would shine upon her.

But it did shine again. Annie did not stay long in the tunnel. She knew her mother was gone to Jesus, and that gave her comfort. She prayed to her mother's God, and he smiled upon her. She turned toward her father, her brothers, and her sisters, and found they all loved her. Thus by degrees Annie left the tunnel, and found herself in God's blessed sunlight, stronger and better, if not happier, than when she entered it.

So it will be with you all, my children. Every life has its tunnels, that is, its sorrows. Every one of you may be the better for those sorrows, if you will look to God for help and love in them. Finally, death is the tunnel at the end of life, and you will pass out of that into the blessed light of heaven, if you trust and love Jesus. X.



The Child's Comforter.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.
Isaiah lxxvi, 18.

O PLEASANT is the morning world,
Sweet are life's early hours,
With the banner bright of hope unfurled,
And the pathway strewn with flowers!

Yet, children, I have known the rain
Fall heavily at morning,
And drown the grasses of the plain
Without the slightest warning.

And I have seen the little child,
Whose very heart seemed breaking
At the sudden tempest, bleak and wild,
That greeted him on waking.

And, children dear, though happy now,
There really is no telling
How soon the sudden flood of woe
May o'er your path be swelling.

Sweeter than parents' kindest word,
To soothe the child tears falling,
In that dim hour there may be heard
The child-friend softly calling:

"As one his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you;"
For this is what your Saviour saith,
The Faithful and the True.

For the Sunday-School Advocate

Mina's Choice.

MINA, delicate, blue-eyed Mina, was reading the beatitudes to her mamma one day, as they are found in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. When she had finished her mother said:

"Mina, if you could have but one of these blessed tempers mentioned by our Lord, which would you choose?"

"I would choose to be pure in heart," replied Mina, after thinking several minutes.

"But why choose this before all the other blessings?" asked her mother.

"Because," rejoined Mina, "if I had a pure heart I should have all the other graces too."

Wise little Mina! No gray-bearded doctor of divinity could have made a better choice, or defended it with a better reason. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!" O. P. Q.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Child Harpers in Heaven.

HERE is a verse I want every child in the Advocate Family to commit to memory:

"There are many little children now
In heaven with harps of gold,
And harps on earth so beautiful
You never could behold.
And these little children play their harps
So tenderly and sweet,
That the angels love to listen
As they bow at Jesus' feet."

I expect to hear those little harpers play before a great while myself. I think it will make me very happy to stand with the angels and listen to the children's music. But do you think I shall see any children among those harpers, who when on earth refused to serve Jesus? Do you think Jesus takes willfully wicked children and makes harpers of them in heaven? No, no. Only those children who are sorry for their sins, and who learn to love the Saviour, are admitted into that glorious band of harpers. So if you wish to belong to it, my child, you must ask Jesus to give you a new heart. Will you do it? Now? Just now? X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Pleasant Brother.

BY UNA LOCKE.

"WHERE are you going, Brother Sam? Where are you going? Can't I go too?"

It was little Ira's voice. He was only four years old, and his oldest brother was already grown a man. Sam was the kindest of brothers to the younger children, and now could not bear to disappoint the little one. So instead of saying, "O don't you bother! How do you suppose you are going all the way to Centerville on horseback with me!" he took little Ira on his knee, and gave the refusal the form of a very pleasant, amusing chat. "Why, you see," he said, "it is very cold, and I haven't made any arrangements for making up a fire under my great-coat. I think it would be best for you to wait till we get that done, and then, only think! how comfortably you could sit under my great-coat on the horse by this good bright fire, and never feel one bit the frost that bites so!"

Ira was greatly diverted by the picture drawn to his imagination, but still more was he pacified and amused by the tone of Sam's voice, and the comical twinkle in his eye. He was not really deceived as to the possibility of building a fire under his brother's great-coat on horseback: but the pleasant way in which Sam talked, and the nice little sketch that seemed like a fragment of a fairy tale, made him quite happy to see his brother go without him.

And this occurred more than sixty years ago, and

Ira is an old man, but I have often heard him tell how freshly the event still remains in his memory, and how pleasantly it comes back to him. His brother went long ago into the better country, but he left behind him the remembrance of many little kindnesses and pleasantries which made his brothers and sisters happier in those old days, and have been a heir-loom which may be better than gold to the third generation after him. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Speak Kindly to Him.

A FARMER once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to the grateful fellow:

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy as the tears gushed from his eyes. "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

A kind word! Think of it. That farmer had it in his power to give that boy money, clothes, playthings, but the poor fellow craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the farmer had ever so little heart the boy must certainly have had his wish granted.

A kind word! You have many such spoken to you daily, and you don't think much of their value; but that poor boy in your village, at whom every other boy laughs, would think he had found a treasure if some one would speak one kind word to him. Suppose you speak it? The next time you meet him, instead of laughing at him, speak kindly to him. Then watch him, and see how he looks. See if his eyes do not brighten, and his lips smile. Try it.

Kind words! They are blessed things. Speak them, children, every day. Scatter them like sunbeams everywhere. They will bless others, and then return to bless your own hearts. Kind words forever! Y. Z.

The Greatest Teacher.

It is said that Victoria, the queen of England, when at home in her beautiful palace at Windsor, has a Sunday-school which she attends, and in which she has a class of children. Many little boys and girls would, no doubt, feel greatly honored to be taught by a queen. But, children, you may have for a teacher, if you wish it, the greatest of all kings—the Lord of lords and King of kings; for Jesus Christ has said, "Learn of me."