

went to the Sunday-school, and a little fellow, who was struck with severe paralysis, as soon as he could say a word, asked the doctor if he would not be well enough to go to Sunday-school the next Sunday. And how well these would like it who never yet heard of it. Poor neglected things, what long, dreary times they must have!

One Sunday, not long since, a gentleman who is trying to establish Sunday-schools (blessings on him!) passed a meadow where quite a number of children were at play for want of something better to do. The good man stepped aside and began to talk to them. It was Easter Sunday, and he gave them an account of the origin of that festival. The little girls soon bethought themselves that it was a kind of meeting, and they motioned to the boys to take off their hats, and the talker had a very quiet audience, I assure you. And when he had finished he was going to give each a little book, but he found he had but five or six left. So he gave these to the children who seemed most serious, and told them to read to the others. Immediately five or six little groups were formed about the readers, while the missionary went on to the village to look up some one whom he might interest in the subject of opening a school for the benefit of these lovely and well-disposed children. We hope he succeeded.

J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## LITTLE BIRDIE, I ENVY YOU!

A ROBIN hopped one morning outside the window of a house in the country and said, "Chirp, chirp, chirp," which in bird language meant "Bread, bread, give me a crumb of bread!"

A child sitting on its sister's knee said, "Birdie, birdie, pretty birdie!" but the sister said:

"Little birdie, I envy you!"

What made that girl envy the little bird, think you? She was not poor; she had a nice home, loving friends, and plenty to eat, drink, and wear. What was the matter with her?

She had a sinful heart. That was her trouble. She was not happy. She thought the bird was. That was why she envied it. But what is a bird's happiness compared with that which a good girl or boy may enjoy? If that girl had known the love of Jesus she would not have said, "Little birdie, I envy you!"

## "ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE."

"You have only five minutes to live," said the sheriff to a young man who for the crime of murder was condemned to die. He then took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say speak now, for you have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said, "I have to die. I had one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found my little brother gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found his hair was clotted with blood and brains, and he was dead! Whisky had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one word more to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people—never, never, NEVER touch anything that can intoxicate!"

As he pronounced these words the drop fell, and he was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital and the awful spectacle. My little heart seemed as if it would burst and break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there, while looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man as it hung between

heaven and earth, as unfit for either, there it was that I took the pledge never to touch strong drink! Long years have passed away, white hairs have thickened around these temples, then so ruddy and so young, but I have never forgotten the last words of that young man. I thank God that I have never violated my promise. When the tempter has offered me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE EASTER FESTIVAL IN RUSSIA.



LENT in St. Petersburg is very strictly observed. No flesh-meat is allowed to be eaten. Black bread and sour cabbage constitute the principal diet. The theaters are closed. Dancing and all public amusements are prohibited, excepting concerts. During the last weeks in Lent the churches are thronged with persons of all classes and ages, making confession and receiving the communion as the law requires. On the last Saturday the housewives go into a general house-cleaning, cooking, and baking. Easter Sunday comes at last. The churches are thronged, and when the officiating priest announces the magical words, "Christ is risen," the whole assembly breaks out into expressions of joy, the most



universal of which is a tender embrace. All are equal. Not only do relatives and friends kiss each other, but masters and servants, moujiks and noblemen, the poor and the rich. "Christ is risen!" is the greeting, and the response is, "He is risen indeed," and then follow three kisses on the cheek, in allusion to the Trinity.



More solid manifestations of love and charity accompany this general joy. It becomes the duty of those who have means to give to the needy. Money, food, and clothing are distributed to those who are in want. Gifts of love and friendship are also exchanged, as with us at Christmas, and social visits not unlike our New Year's calls are also made. On these occasions the guests are invited to partake of

refreshments set forth with cake, eggs, and confectionery, and the inevitable liquors.

During the ensuing week the military schools, the cadets, and the soldiers present themselves in the square fronting the palace to congratulate the imperial family. The emperor and the grand duke pass from rank to rank, and bestow on the soldier the paschal kiss.

The Greek Church, as you remember that I have already told you, is the state Church in Russia. It is also the prevailing Christian religion in Greece, European Turkey, and some smaller countries. It is in many respects similar to the Romish Church, from which it separated about a thousand years ago. But it has no pope, and does not pretend to be infallible. It does not teach the worship of images nor admit the existence of purgatory, and it permits the priests to have wives. It is generally supposed to be less corrupt than the Romish Church, but after all it is very different from our own dear Protestant religion. It gives the people no Bible, no Sunday-school, and no blessed Christian Sabbath, at least, no such Sabbath as we enjoy. It does not teach that men have the privilege of knowing their sins forgiven and their names written in the Lamb's book of life. O, children, these millions and millions of people here in Russia would reach out their hands in great joy for such privileges as you possess. Go, then, my little ones, thank God for the teachings that you have and live up to them.

AUNT JULIA.

## SONG FOR OUR TRY COMPANY.

HAVE your efforts proved in vain?  
Do not sink to earth again;  
Try—keep trying.  
They who yield can nothing do;  
A feather's weight will break them through;  
Try—keep trying.  
On yourself alone relying,  
You will conquer; try—keep trying.  
Falter not, but upward rise;  
Put forth all your energies:  
Try—keep trying.  
Every step that you progress  
Will make your future so much less;  
Try—keep trying.  
On the truth and God relying,  
You will conquer; try—keep trying.  
Ponderous barriers you may meet,  
But against them bravely beat;  
Try—keep trying.  
Naught should drive you from the track,  
Or turn you from your purpose back;  
Try—keep trying.  
On yourself and God relying,  
You will conquer; try—keep trying.  
You will conquer, if you try—  
Win the good before you die;  
Try—keep trying.  
Remember, nothing is more true,  
Than that they who dare will do;  
Try—keep trying.  
On yourself and God relying,  
You will conquer; try—keep trying.

## "I BELIEVE HE WILL SAVE ME."

A GIRL seventeen years of age, the daughter of a respectable Jewish merchant, being near death, said to her afflicted father:

"I know but little about Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I never before loved him; I feel that I am going to him—that I shall be ever with him. And now, my father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth; I entreat you to obtain a New Testament, which tells of him."

The father afterward became a humble follower of the once despised Saviour.

FLOWERS are beautiful thoughts that grow out of the ground and seem to talk to us.