

family, and prayed to the good God who doeth all things well to teach them how to patiently and humbly bear this new great sorrow.

They had just risen from their knees when a loud hurrah brought them to the door, and the next minute a pair of strong arms were about the mother's neck, and her face covered with kisses from a pair of mustachioed lips, while little Artie stood looking on half frightened, yet almost a mind to pitch into the stranger that would dare to kiss mamma.

"It was Brother Joe," I hear my readers say. You are right. Yes, it was Joe, all safe and sound, well and hearty as a soldier could be. But wasn't that a happy home that night? And didn't Brother Joe have to make his tongue fly fast, telling them all about himself? how the man made a mistake in putting down the names of the killed and wounded, and put down Joseph Lee instead of Josiah Lee; and how he (Joe) had hurried home as fast as steam could carry him, and got home a day sooner than he expected, just in time to give them a pleasant surprise.

"Artie must have his flag out to-morrow," said Joe, "and we will have a regular hurrahing time over it."

A long time they sat there, Josie entertaining them with an account of his perils and adventures; and when he ended they knelt again in prayer, and the mother poured forth such a prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude to God as only a mother can.

Didn't they have a glorious time the next day? Wasn't Artie proud of his soldier-brother Joe? And didn't he strut around with Joe's cap and gun, and fancy himself a real soldier? Didn't Joe eat his fill of the berry-pies grandma and mother made? Didn't Allie think there never was such a happy girl as she was when Joe took her upon his big stout shoulders and rode her up and down the hill? Didn't Joe have to go around and be shown all the new things in the house and garden? And grandma would stand in the door and watch him, and over and over again bless her darling boy. BELLE P. R.***

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

NEVER GIVE UP.

I SAW a little girl that acted on that motto the other day. Over some simple, easy lesson do you think? O no; she was trying to overtake a car—a horse-car, to be sure, but then she was such a little thing, why she could not have been more than seven or eight years old, and when she waded out into the snow and held up her hand for the conductor to stop, she was so small he did not see her. He was looking over her at the grown-up people on the sidewalk, and so the car went on and she waded back and trotted along on the sidewalk. Surely, I said to myself, she will not think of overtaking us; but we did not go very fast; we stopped often for one and another to get off or on, and the persevering little thing almost overtook us. I could see her face brighten with hope, but the conductor was inside and did not see her. Soon the car ran on faster, and she was left quite behind, but she trotted on nevertheless.

Brave little girl! I said to myself. Why didn't I stop the car for her? But I had doubted at first whether she wished to get on, and still more whether the conductor would be willing to wait for her, even if she had perseverance enough to follow. And so we ran on two or three blocks, and I lost sight of the little traveler among the many passers-by; for this happened on the upper part of Broadway in New York. But soon we slackened our pace and made several stops, and to my surprise the little figure came in sight again and gained on us fast. She was within half a block, but she was too timid to hold up her hand. The conductor was about to pull the strap to go on when I pointed out the child and told him how far she had run to overtake us. He made a signal to her which she promptly answered, and in less than half a minute she was on board.

Then the smiles came through the tears that still

stood in her eyes, and her lip quivered a little in spite of the triumph. I felt just like catching her up in my arms and crying "Bravo!" That girl will make a smart woman if she lives, you may be sure of that, and O I hope she will make a good one too! I hope she will try equally hard to get on board the Gospel-ship that will land her safe on Canaan's happy shore. Take a lesson from her, children. Never give up anything that is good. Never give up.

AUNT JULIA.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OFF SHE GOES!

How steadily yonder ship sails! The water is smooth, the wind fair, and the ship is well ballasted. If she had no ballast in her hold she would capsize.

Boys and girls need ballast as much as ships. "Why, how can boys and girls carry ballast? Must they carry stones in their pockets?" asks you laughing little shaver.

Not exactly, my merry little querist, but they should carry *knowledge* in their brains. Knowledge is the ballast for children.

Children and youth need to know reading, geography, arithmetic, languages, the sciences, and, above all, they need to know God and his dear Son, Jesus Christ. The last is the best knowledge of all. If they have no facts in their heads they will be silly, vain, and useless. If they have no knowledge of God and no faith in Jesus they will be wicked.

My dear boy, my charming girl, have you ballast aboard? Are you storing your head with facts and filling your heart with the love of God? If so, you will sail happily through life into the port of glory. If not, if you don't make haste to get ballasted, you will be—what? A wreck! A lost child! X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IS THAT MOTHER?

A DYING soldier boy who expected his mother to visit him, was slowly passing away upon a bed in a hospital. His sight was growing dim, and earthly objects began to fade from before him. A kind lady nurse was at his bedside wiping the dew of death from his clammy forehead. Supposing she was his mother, he smiled, whispered softly, "Is that mother?" drew her toward him with all his feeble strength, rested his head in her arms, and died with that sweet word "mother" on his lips.

The poor soldier boy deceived himself, but the deception, doubtless, made his last moments pleasanter than they would have otherwise been. I want

those children, boys especially, who treat their mothers unkindly, to notice how that dying soldier lad sighed for his mother. Let them learn from it how they will feel toward mother when trouble comes upon them, as come it will sooner or later. Then they will long to hear her pleasant voice, to feel her soft hands, to nestle in her loving bosom. Ah, there is no place for a child in trouble like a mother's breast. And yet, how many children shoot sharp arrows of spite, anger, and disobedience at it!

Children, dear children, don't sin against your mothers. They love you very dearly. They would die for you if necessary. Love, honor, obey them. Remember the *fifth* commandment! X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LUCY AND MINNIE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"JUST look at my pretty red shoes;
They're fastened with cunning rosettes;
Among all the girls in my school
Not another such fine slippers gets.

"And see, I've a beautiful dress
Of rose-colored satin barége;
I think such a dress can belong
To very few girls of my age.

"I've a locket and chain all of gold,
And a bonnet all roses and lace;
And every one praises my curls,
Or speaks of my beautiful face."

So Lucy tossed up her proud head,
But her beautiful features soon wore
A shadow, for one after one
Her playmates slipped out at the door.

A plain little girl, Minnie Wren,
Poorly dressed in the soberest gray,
Who wore neither jewels nor pearls,
Had a charm which had won them away.

Poor Lucy! Not all your gay clothes,
Or the soft silky waves of your hair,
Are so fair as the beautiful robe
That the plain little Minnie doth wear.

For yours are the garments of pride
That will with the season be past;
Hers the humble adorning of love,
Which will through eternity last.

THE TWO GIFTS.

A COLLECTION for missions was being made at a church door. Up walked the richest man in the congregation, and laid a fifty dollar bill in the plate. The people admired the gift, and praised the giver.

Directly after him there came a little pale, poor girl, meanly clad, with poverty written in all her looks, yet with a countenance full of sweetness and a tear trembling in her eye, and she laid beside the rich man's bill a single penny. No one noticed or cared for her gift. But the Saviour saw it, and he accepted it, as far more precious than the rich man's offering. Why?

That morning the rich man had said to himself: "What shall I give to the collection to-day for foreign missions? I must give a fifty dollar bill, for that is what will be expected of me, and I wish my donation to be above all others."

That morning the little girl had been reading her Bible, and as she laid it down she thought:

"If Jesus did so much for me, oh! what can I do to show my love to him? There is to be a collection for missions to-day, and I have only a penny, but I will give my penny for Jesus's sake, and he will accept it from me, for I love him very much."

Then she knelt down and asked for a blessing on it. She said:

"O my Saviour, here is a penny, which I will give to thee. Take it, Lord, although I am not worthy to give it, and bless it so that it may do good to the heathen."

Then rising from her knees, she carried it to church, and modestly dropped it into the plate.

Bear in mind, dear reader, that it is not only *what* we give, but *how* we give, that makes the service acceptable.