

as good for you as it was for her, for you too will find it harder to love Jesus by and by than it is now.

The great God says to each of you, "My son, give me thine heart." Who will obey the voice of the Lord?

X.

MOTHER AND GOD.

A LITTLE boy only six years old was precipitated to the bottom of a deep vault by the caving in of the floor. He struggled against death in his horrible situation for over an hour and a half. When rescued he exclaimed:

"O, mother, when I fell I called loudly upon you, but you did not answer; then I shut my eyes and called upon God."

For the Sunday School Advocate.

RUSSIA.

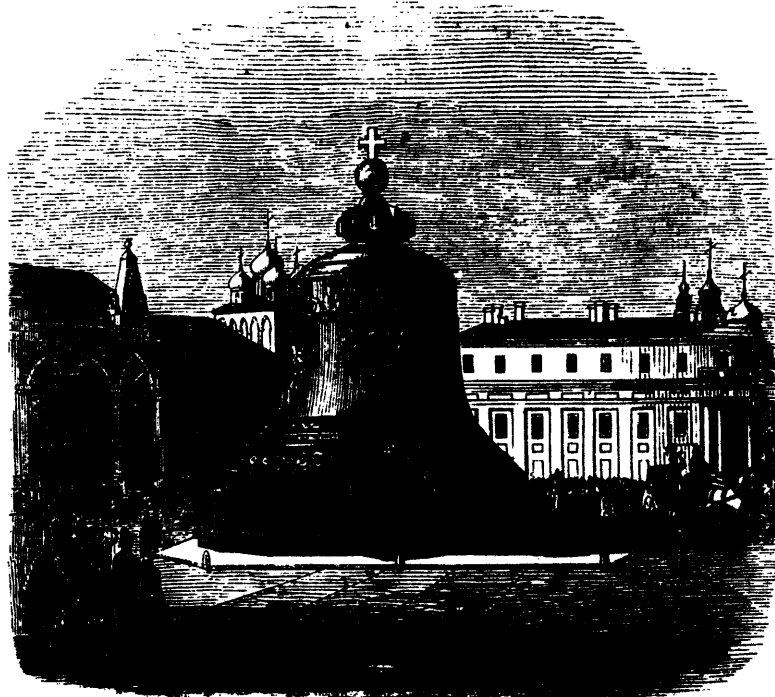
THE Russian empire is very large. It covers about half of Europe, a country of similar size in Asia, and a large tract in North America. In passing through the southern part of European Russia we shall be struck with the immense level plains which compose this part of the country. During some portions of the year these are covered with rich vegetation, which is frequently swept off by great swarms of locusts. In the winter their great stretches of snow give fine scope for the long Russian sleigh-rides that story-books have made so famous. However, we will still cling to our own snug and expeditious conveyance. Sweeping away up toward the center of Russia in Europe, the fantastic city of Moscow will strike our eye. This was formerly the capital of the Russias. And what is the present capital? "St. Petersburg." Right; and at some future time we will visit that city.

There is Moscow—that great collection of picturesque houses, with their roofs painted red and green. Mark, too, the immense number of domes and spires, belfries and turrets that shoot up into the air with still more gay and glittering colors. Their numerous churches are nearly covered with domes and turrets. The bell always occupies the large one over the center of the church. They say this central dome represents the great patriarch of their Church, with his head raised between heaven and earth, and the spires and turrets are like the deacons and priests that surround him.

The first of these churches is St. Basil. Its domes and turrets blaze in the sunlight as if incrustated with a thousand gems. Scales of golden fish, skins of serpents, dragons' heads, and other curious things are represented upon them. This fantastic edifice is more than three hundred years old. It was built by a czar named Ivan, the Terrible, in acknowledgment to God for some victory he had achieved. After it was finished he called the architect who had planned it, and who had tried hard to please him, and after praising it greatly, he asked him whether he thought he could erect another more beautiful. The artist truthfully replied that he thought he could. The cruel monarch then ordered the man's eyes to be put out, as a punishment, he said, because he had not done his best, and also to prevent him from ever building a more beautiful temple. Surely God could not be pleased with all the temples that so wicked a monarch might build.

Do you observe what an immense space this city covers? It is said to be twenty-seven miles in circumference. But if you look closely you will see that the houses are quite scattered, mostly interspersed with yards and gardens, and only one or two stories high.

The glory of the city is gone so soon as you enter its limits. It is clumsy, badly built, and there is



very little in it worth seeing. There is one thing, however, that I am quite certain will interest you. This is the Queen of Bells—the largest in the world. It is twenty feet high and weighs nearly two hundred tons. It was suspended to a huge wooden beam, and was rung by tying a rope to the tongue and pulling it back and forth. The tongue was fourteen feet long, and it took forty men to swing it. But hardly a year had its deep tones charmed the ears of the people of Moscow when the building in which it was hung took fire, and their "Queen" fell to the ground and was broken. It has lately been elevated upon a granite pedestal, and there it now stands with but a silent tongue to tell the tale of its fall

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

O THERE'S not in this wide world
A place half so sweet
As the room where my teachers
And dear schoolmates meet,
On the blest Sabbath mornings
To sing and to pray,
To hear about heaven
And learn of the way.

As soon as the tones
Of the bell, sweet and clear,
Float out on the breeze
To my glad, list'ning ear,
I snatch up my books
And hasten away
To hear about heaven
And learn of the way.

And a penny I take
Every day that I go,
For my teacher has told me—
I'm sad that 'tis so—
There are millions of heathen,
In lands far away,
Who ne'er hear about heaven
Or learn of the way.

No sweet Sabbath dawns
On those far-distant climes;
To call them to worship
No bell sweetly chimes;
And we must send Bibles
And teachers away
To tell them of heaven
And show them the way.

The hymns that we sing
In our school are so sweet,
And lessons of wisdom
Our teachers repeat.
O! not all this world's pleasures
Would tempt me to stay
From that dear, sacred place
On the blest Sabbath-day.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

OBEDIENT DAVID.

"STAND by that gate, my son, and keep it closed until I come back," said a farmer to his son David, a little fellow of only five years old.

"Yes, pa," replied the child, going to his post of duty while his father went off in search of a missing sheep, which he wanted to shut up with the flock inside the gate.

The lost sheep was far astray, and the farmer was led in pursuit a good way from his child. Meanwhile the sky clouded over, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the rain came heavily, very heavily down. What did little David do? He was wet to the skin; did he run home crying? Not he. He was a heroic boy. He had received a command not to leave the gate, which he meant to obey in spite of lightning, thunder, and rain. So he stood still in the storm like a faithful soldier at his post.

"Come in, Davie! You will get wet," cried his sister, who saw him from the window.

"I can't. Pa told me to stand here until he came back," replied the child.

His mother then called him. He obeyed her, of course, and ran dripping into the house and straight to his mother's arms, weeping and saying:

"Dear mother, do you think God will be angry with me for leaving the sheep before father came back?"

Noble boy! He forgot himself and his wetting in the greatness of his desire to obey his earthly parent and to please his heavenly Father. Duty was that boy's meat and drink, and I don't wonder that God loved him so well as to call him up to heaven while he was yet very young. I wonder how many of my readers would obey their fathers as David did his?

W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TAKE THE RIGHT TURNING.



TRAVELER was trying to cross the Cumberland Mountains. He went on his way prosperously. Night was near by, but his destination was nearer; he would soon be there. He crossed a brook—the path branched, and he took the *wrong* direction. So, as the result of this one error, all that night, instead of being housed with kind friends, he was wandering alone in the storm and darkness, climbing wearily over craggy heights and slipping down over wet moss and loose stones, lost! lost! How important it is when there is a choice of two ways before us that we should take the right one.

A CHILD'S DEFINITION OF LOVE.

ONE afternoon, just after school had closed and I was locking my desk preparatory to going home, little Willie stole softly to my side, climbed upon the desk, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me.

"I love oo, teacher," he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?" I asked inquiringly.

"It's what makes us dood to folks," he replied at once.

MAX looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.