

sat down upon the floor of the hall. She wept bitterly, both from cold and hunger. This was the second day and night she had passed homeless and unfriended in the streets. She sat and wept until at length she fell asleep. What Christian father would choose to have his daughter sleep in such wretchedness?

"It seemed," she afterward declared, "as if an angel told me where to go in the morning," and as soon as she awoke she inquired the way to the Mission at the Five Points.

Very early in the morning the poor child stood at the door of the office with a sad face and her little bundle under her arm, and modestly said:

"I have no home, sir. My father and mother are dead, and I have nowhere to go, because the lady with whom I lived has gone to the country. I have had very little to eat for two days, sir. I can read and write. My mother was a Christian woman."

Mary found kind friends at the Mission. She was clothed, sent to school, taught the truths of the Bible, and made acquainted with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. She was a kind, modest, obedient little child, and everybody loved her and wished her well.

After a few months it chanced that a gentleman saw her and became so much interested in her history that he offered to adopt her as his own child. He had no children of his own. The proposition pleased Mary and her friends very much, and the arrangements were soon completed. A few days afterward the gentleman went to his home and Mary went with him.

"Go, Mary, my child," said her friend. "Be a good child, fear God, and keep his commandments. May God bless you!"

"I will try to be a good girl, sir," she answered, as the tears and sobs told her love for those who had cared for her. One after another she kissed the little ones, and went away to try the uncertainties of a new home and new friends. Poor girl! she had not friends enough to lightly part with those she was leaving.

She was lovingly received by the lady whose adopted daughter she had become. All was strange at first, and occasionally she would long for her lost home; but the lady was kind, and Mary soon won a place in her affections, and became a loving daughter.

Years have passed since, and you would scarce recognize in the beautiful girl that meets you in the parlor the poor little child who wandered cold, hungry, and miserable through the streets of New York city. She is now heir, not only to all the property of her adopted parents, but also to all their love and sympathies.

But, better than all, she has since given her heart's best love to Jesus, is an accepted servant of the Divine Master, and is faithfully laboring to do good to the poor and glorify the precious Saviour, who found her in her distress and brought her out of all her troubles. She has recently established a Sunday-school, and is toiling earnestly there for the good of souls.

Now, dear children, is not *reality* stranger and more encouraging than *fiction*? May you not do what Mary Atchison has done? She was kind, modest, obedient, and everybody loved her. May you not be *kind, modest, and obedient*? She gave her heart to the Saviour—will you not do the same? You will thus secure the happiness of a peaceful conscience here and the bliss prepared for those who love God hereafter.—*New York Examiner.*

HEAR instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.



THE CHILD AND THE RILL.

CHILD.

BEAUTIFUL rill,
Sparkling and bright,
Gliding so still
From morn to night,
Who taught thee to flow,
Who ordered thy course
And thy fount below,
Who gave it its source?

RILL.

'Twas God, my dear child,
Who gave me my source;
He taught me to flow,
And ordered my course,
'Neath the shade of the trees,
By the side of the hill,
'Midst the grass and the flowers,
So gentle and still.

And this is the place
For me to do good;
At the foot of the hill,
In the shade of the wood,
I water the herds;
I refresh the tall trees;
I nurture the flowers,
And cool every breeze.
And if, my dear child,
God e'er fixes your lot
At the foot of the hill,
Come, O come to this spot.
Hear the beautiful birds
Sing among the thick bowers,
And see the blithe bees
Sipping sweets from the flowers.

See what beauty and love,
And what happiness too,
Spring up by my side,
And your pathway pursue:
Nor sigh to be great
Like the ocean or flood,
But like the small rill,
Be content to do good.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW CHARLIE WAS CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND.

I LIVED in an old farm-house away off in the country. I was the youngest of four brothers. Merry times we had together. I often wandered off with them. One morning, I remember it well now, though I was but six years old, they called me to get my

cap and walk with them. We started in high glee. We went through an old forest path. After we had walked a long distance, my oldest brother, who had carried with him his gun and was anxious to use it, proposed that we should go to a distant pond where he might find some game "worth shooting." I was tired and did not want to go. My brother Charlie, next older than myself, said we would stop together not far from where we were by a pleasant stream.

So we were left alone. Brother Charlie was a quiet, thoughtful boy, and when we had reached the little stream he took from his pocket a favorite book. After asking me if I did not wish to gather the berries that grew near me in the moss, he was soon buried in his book. He was sitting on a smooth stone that lay in the sand which formed the margin of the stream.

After gathering the bright red berries, I saw at a distance some beautiful flowers that my mother, I was sure, would like. I went for them, and then went back to my mossy seat. As I looked at Charlie I saw that he was as deeply engaged in his book as ever. I thought that his stone seat was a very low one. I would have a softer one than his on the green moss. I tried to arrange the flowers for mother.

Then I looked up again and I saw that the stone on which Charlie sat was lower than before. The top of it was on a level with the sand around him.

"Charlie," I said, but he did not notice. "Charlie!" I called again.

He looked at me, then at his book again. "Very pretty," he said, "don't trouble me."

He thought I wished him to look at my flowers. Then again I called, "Charlie, the stone is getting buried up! Your feet are, too!"

His feet were stretched out on the sand. He looked at them and saw they were sinking into it. He started—stood up. He could hardly move his feet to do so, the sand held them so tightly.

"What can be the matter?" said Charlie.

I was stooping to pick up my flowers, which had fallen, as he spoke. I looked toward him again. The sand was rising round him higher than ever.

"I must get off this sand," he said, and as he tried, each movement that he made brought the sand higher.

"O, Charlie," I called, "come away! There is going to be an earthquake and you will be swallowed up if you stay."

As he saw that he was sinking deeper his face turned pale. "It is quicksand!" he said, and then shouted for help, but none came.

Charlie knew I could not help him, and only tried to help himself. But the more he tried the faster he sank. So he stood still and shouted with all his strength. We were in the midst of the forest, and he knew no house was near, nor did any road pass that way. For a long time Charlie shouted, I know not how long—it seemed many hours to us—and all the time he was sinking deeper and deeper.

At length an answering shout was heard, and we saw three men coming toward us. When they saw Charlie they ran to rescue him. They at length drew him out. Then they helped us home.

Our mother was told of all, and you may be sure she was thankful that her boy was saved. In the evening she called us to her, and told us of other escapes like Charlie's of which she had heard, and how some poor men had been buried alive in just such dangerous quicksands. Then she told us that she was sure we none of us should ever forget Charlie's danger, and that as long as we remembered that, we must remember that evil habits were just