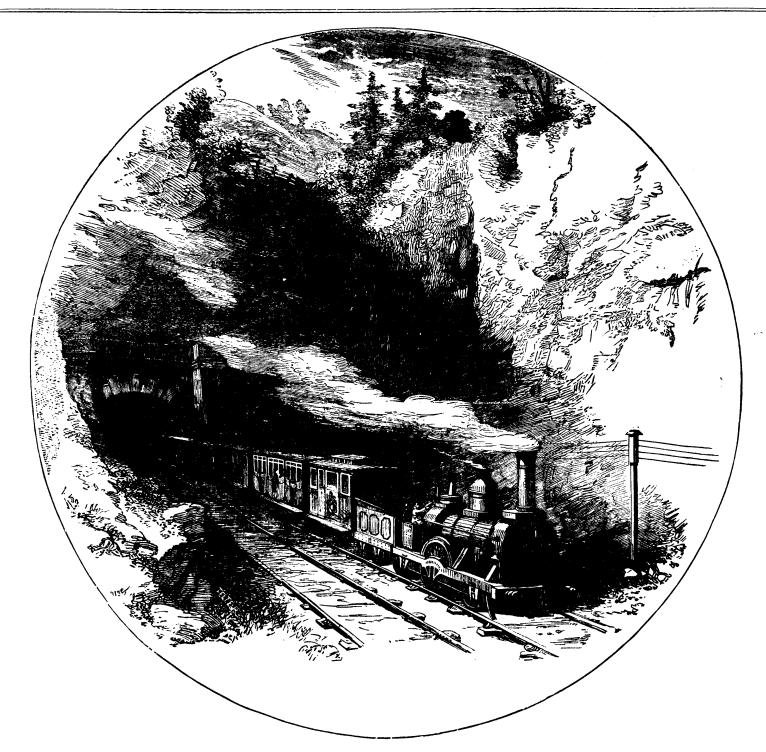


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For the Sunday-School Advocate,

Going Through the Tunnel.

Our of the bright sunshine, and into the damp, dark tunnel rushes the engine with its train of cars. How dark it is there! The child turns to his fa-

self through the gloomy passage. It is not pleasant almost always with her mother, and was as happy

had a very dear, fond mother. Annie loved her

to be in a tunnel. It is pleasant to get out of it. You understand that, my child, don't you?

Well, life has its tunnels as truly as railroads. I a railroad train gliding smoothly between green know a little girl, suppose I call her Annie, who banks in the clear sunlight.

But one day Annie's mother was touched by the ther, hides his head in his bosom, and wishes him- very dearly, more dearly than I can tell. She was finger of her heavenly Father, and his voice said to