

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL ME

CANADA

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Going Through the Tunnel.

Out 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 father, hides his head in his bosom, and wishes him-

self through the gloomy passage. It is *not* pleasant 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 know a little girl, suppose I call her Annie, who had a very dear, fond mother. Annie loved her very dearly, more dearly than I can tell. She was

almost always with her mother, and was as happy in her mother's love as the midsummer days are long. Annie's life was passing very pleasantly, like a railroad train gliding smoothly between green banks in the clear sunlight.

But one day Annie's mother was touched by the finger of her heavenly Father, and his voice said to