

in very bitter sorrow. The same grief pierced the hearts of all the parents of those wandering boys.

Willie wrote a letter to send by the first homeward-bound ship his vessel met at sea. He wrote when they went into port. He wrote every opportunity that offered. But of all the letters he wrote during that long, tedious, unlucky voyage of five years only one reached his parents, and that was the first, full of penitence and requests for pardon. That gave some small comfort to his father and mother.

Five years at sea! What a tedious life it was to Willie! But being resolved to redeem his fault, Willie gave himself to the study of his duties, grew to be a large, noble-looking fellow, was made a boat-steerer, and when he was paid off looked like one of the noblest sailors who ever trod the deck of a ship.

Didn't Willie hurry home when he was discharged from his ship? Didn't his heart beat hard and quick when he walked straight into the old homestead and saw his father reading the paper, his mother busy with her sewing, and his youngest sister at her side drawing pictures on her slate? Walking up to his father, he slapped him on the shoulders and said:

"Mr. Winsom, would you like to hear some news from your son Willie?"

The old gentleman looked over the rims of his spectacles into Willie's face, wondering what right that sailor had to be so familiar with him. But his mother rose from her chair and gazed upon him with earnest eyes. His voice, though greatly changed, awakened an old echo in her heart. A moment or two of earnest gazing sufficed. The mother soon saw that her own lost Willie stood before her in the person of the manly sailor. Rushing toward him she cried:

"Why, father, it's our Willie! it's our Willie!"

The next moment her head was resting on Willie's shoulder, and her heart comforted by hearing him whisper, "Mother!" Then the father waked up to the idea that his lost son was come home again. He grasped his hand, embraced him, and bade him welcome a thousand times. It was the little sister's turn next. She did not, could not see how the tall sailor could be her brother, whom she could only just remember as the boy of five years before. But she too yielded at last, and there was no happier family in all the land that night than in Willie Winsom's home.

Willie went to sea again after that and became captain of a noble ship. Most of the other boys, however, came to an evil end. But to this day Willie would give all he is worth if he could strike the doings of that fourth of July in which he gave way to temptation from his history. He calls that day the "dark day of his life." It dwells with him as an ugly memory, and if he could speak to the boys who read the Advocate he would say, "Boys, beware of giving way to the first temptation! Don't give up to wrong because bad boys laugh at you! Be true to yourselves, to your parents, and to God!"

To which speech, if I were present, I would add a very hearty, earnest Amen!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW GOD LIGHTS THE STARS.

A LITTLE girl, looking up into the sky with great earnestness, asked:

"Pa, has God any matches to light the stars with?" and added, "I wonder where he keeps them?"

That dear little girl should have been told that God keeps the stars, the moon, and the sun shining just as he made light at the beginning, when he said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

A TEACHABLE SPIRIT.—A sensible little boy, when one day asked whether he should not like to teach a class of Sunday-scholars, wisely and humbly said, "I had rather be taught."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A STROLL ON THE NEWSKI.

STARTING near the splendid winter palace of the czar, we find ourselves on the Newski, the finest street in the city—the Broadway of St. Petersburg. There are many fine buildings on this street. They are high and spacious, and have a grand air that is truly imposing. Lewis thinks it the finest city he has ever seen; and Horace, who has traveled much, wants to know if it is not the finest city in the world. Well, my boy, some other travelers have thought so on first sight, but I believe they did not continue long of this opinion. However, it is one of the finest, and we will admire it as it certainly deserves.

The Newski is the great promenade of the city. Here is much more life and bustle than we shall find in most other parts of the metropolis. The wide street is thronged with fine equipages, and pedestrians of all ranks jostle each other on the pavements. There goes a general, here an officer of the imperial household, and I would not wonder if we might see the emperor himself.

Marian calls our attention to the large number of churches. The religion of the empire is that of the Greek Church, but all others are allowed. Roman Catholics, Greeks, Protestants, and Arminians, all have their places of worship here, and on this account this fine avenue is sometimes called the Street of Toleration.

But what is the crowd now? O here goes the emperor—that fine-looking man sitting alone in his sleigh and driving himself. He is fond of driving. The crowd fall back and clear the way, but his appearance does not create very much excitement. He likes to go out alone in this way.

Down this way you see the houses are smaller and lower; and here, have we come to the end of the street? No, it is only a slight turn. We cross a bridge and enter a part of the city that is essentially Russian in its character. Very few women are to be seen. The men wear long beards and longer cloaks, or *caftans*, as they call them, and the street is lined with red and yellow one story houses. Down still further is the cattle-market. If we go in here we shall see peasants, in their country costume, from all the neighboring villages. Some of the men have brought cattle, and, like drovers in other countries, they have a notion that they must take strong drink to keep the cold out. Here are milk-maids with sleds, or strange-looking yokes, for carrying their milk.

And here is a fruit-stand with a really pretty-looking girl sitting by it, improving her time at work

when she has no customers. But what a queer-looking contrivance! What is she doing with it? Is that a hay-cutter, or a lantern, or a lace-loom, or—well, are your Yankee wits all exhausted? She is neither weaving lace nor making a rope; so much is evident. Neither is her machine a spinning-jenny, nor such old flax-wheels or wool-wheels as you sometimes see in your grandmother's garret; but for all that she is *spinning*. And having told you so much, I think I shall leave you to find out how she does it at your leisure, and you may come home when you are ready.

AUNT JULIA.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

THREE little girls were seated
Beside a mother's knee,
Who, with a joyous visage,
Was gazing on the three.
Her heart was well-nigh broken
When yesternight was come,
And her dear little children
Were lost afar from home.

She spoke to loving Mary—
And fell straightway a tear—
"Come, eldest of my darlings,
Let me your story hear."
"After we left you, mother,
Our course we gladly took
Across the smiling meadow,
Across the babbling brook.

"The berries we were seeking
Soon in our baskets lay,
When little Minnie, looking up,
Espied a squirrel at play.
We left the vines to watch his pranks,
But Bunny soon was gone,
And as he leaped from tree to tree
We all went wandering on.

"And soon away within the wood
He found his little nest;
He crawled within and hid himself,
As if he wished to rest.
The night, so dark, began to come,
And so we turned again;
We thought if we were late, mamma,
That it would give you pain.

"We took each other by the hand,
And fast as e'er we could,
We hastened in the way we thought
Would lead us from the wood.
We wandered far, and soon the stars
Came peeping one by one,
And we were there, far in the wood,
Three little girls alone.

"Sweet Minnie, youngest of us all,
Began to sob and cry,
And Clara's face was very pale,
A tear stood in each eye.
We sat beneath an oak-tree tall;
I wiped their tears away;
And then we knelt upon the leaves,
And each one tried to pray.

"You know you told us, dear mamma,
Our God was always near;
In every hour, in every place,
That he could hear our prayer.
And there we bowed before him,
We told him who we were,
Begged him to send an angel
To lead our father here.

"We scarce had ceased our earnest prayer,
When, through the woods afar,
I saw a bright light gleaming,
'Twas like a burning star.
And soon I heard a voice, mamma,
A voice that well I knew
And rising from our knees so quick,
To father's arms we flew."

LOOKING UP.

As the Rev. Mr. Childlaw was leaving the side of a dying soldier in one of the western hospitals, he heard the uncomplaining sufferer say, "It is a blessed thing to die *looking up*."

"And what does my brother behold looking up?"
"Christ and heaven," was the prompt and joyous response.