



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE EXILES.

DRUNKARDS again? No. Why, that man has fallen down flat, and they are whipping him to make him get up. Yes, I see; but he is not drunk. He is an old man. He has come a long distance on foot, and he is weak and tired with his journey, and I suppose he would about as soon die just where he is as to get up and go on. He appears to be an intelligent man, but very sad, as if some great sorrow had swept over him. But why do they beat him so? and those other fine-looking men in the party, why are they chained together in that way and ordered about by those fierce-looking soldiers?

Ah, my little travelers, it is a sad story, but, alas! too true. These are political prisoners, men that have offended the government, or perhaps some of them have broken some law of the country, and for these causes they are sent into exile. They are on their way to Siberia, that great cold country in Asia that stretches away to the east of Russia in Europe. There they are put to work in the mines of the government—men of genius, education, and ability are all thrust in together and soon worked to death. This is a sad punishment even to those who have done wrong; but as they are often sent off without trial, it not unfrequently happens that the innocent suffer with the guilty.

I recall a sad case, a thing that happened to one Ambos, a professor in a university, who was also a Lutheran minister, falsely accused of a crime, and through the malice of some enemy made to appear guilty. So he was suddenly torn from his friends and hurried off to Siberia. It was a sad blow to his aged parents, for they had already lost two sons in the army, and this son and a daughter were all that were left to them. As he lived at a distance from them, it was some time before they heard of it, and even then they could not learn what had become of him. The whole thing was involved in great mystery, and the old father sunk under the trouble and anxiety, and died.

After some years a traveler called at the inn of the place and inquired for the friends of Ambos. He told them that the year previous, while traveling in Siberia, he had found poor Henry Ambos in rags at work in a gang of prisoners. He had told him his name and history, and begged him on his return to hunt up his family and let them know where he was. The mother and daughter immediately began to take some means to get at the truth of

the matter and to petition the emperor in his behalf. It was a serious undertaking, but the sister, Betty, had her heart in it, and she determined to push it through. So she visited the place where her brother had lived, and at last succeeded in getting a full account of the trial and of the injustice that had been practiced, and with the necessary papers and a petition for his pardon she set off for St. Petersburg.

Here she had the greatest difficulty in getting her papers before the emperor. The officer whose business it was to attend to such matters absolutely refused to have anything to do with them, and she could get none of the others to listen to her. At last she determined to see the emperor himself, though this was an undertaking attended with the greatest difficulty. The doorkeepers would not admit her to the palace, and she had not friends of sufficient influence to get an interview for her. So she watched his suite when he went to church, or to the park, or to reviews, but all to no purpose; the guards or the servants always kept her back. At last some ladies of rank became interested in her story, and one of them, the Countess Elise, offered to let her go in her dress and carriage, and be introduced in her name. This would gain her entrance to the palace and then she must manage for herself. So she was admitted, and the emperor, being told that the Countess Elise waited to see him, came to meet her. Of course, he was very much surprised to see that it was not the countess at all, but a stranger; still he was not angry, and he permitted her to state her business, even condescended to look over the papers she had brought with her, and before she left he gave her reason to hope that her brother would be pardoned. After five days of suspense she received the pardon of her brother with the emperor's seal and signature, and then she rejoiced with great joy.

But she would not trust the precious paper out of her own hands. Nothing would answer but that she must go herself and take it to her brother. So she started off alone on that long and weary journey. For a whole week she traveled day and night, and after a couple of days of rest she traveled another week, for there were neither railroads nor balloons on her route. She traveled post, as it is called, which is something like our stage-coach traveling. O how eagerly she presented herself to the officer at the end of her journey and showed him the pardon of her brother. He received her kindly and read

over the paper carefully, and then said slowly:

"I am sorry, but the Henry Ambos mentioned in this paper is dead!"

Poor girl! Her efforts had been all in vain. God, in whose hands are the lives of all, waits not the movements even of the Russian emperor; he had pardoned the poor worn-out man and taken him home to rest in heaven.

Yes, though we may scarcely ever think of it, that will be the end of all our travels, my little ones. However widely we may wander here, we shall all come at last to the same gate, some sooner, some later; but one by one we shall all certainly come there. And what will be our lot after we have passed through it? Can we answer that question? How little it matters where we spend our lives here, but how much it matters where we spend them hereafter! AUNT JULIA.

THE TEAR-BOTTLE.

It is a custom among the Chinese to have a tear-bottle. When two women quarrel they go before a magistrate. A tear-bottle is given to the person who says she is aggrieved, and if she

can fill it with tears, the magistrate says, "I perceive you have been harshly treated. I shall award a great punishment to the one by whom you have been oppressed."

If she can only half fill it, the punishment is reduced one half, but if she cannot shed one tear, there is no punishment at all.

RULES FOR DOING GOOD.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
In every place you can,
At all the times you can,
As long as ever you can.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW EMMA ROSE MINDED HER TEXT.

"EMMA, dear, repeat your verse," said Mrs. Rose to her daughter one morning at family prayer.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," said Emma.

Prayer was then offered by Emma's father, after which the little girl bounded into the garden to look at her flowers. Emma was very fond of flowers, and this morning the first thing she did was to take her little green watering-pot, fill it with water from the well, and go to a bank under the dining-room window. There she meant to water a lovely Fuschia, or Ladies Ear-drop, which her aunt had sent her a few days before. But, to her great grief, the flower-pot was overturned and the Fuschia broken.

The cause of this disaster was close at hand. It was Emma's cat which had capsized the flower-pot. Emma's anger rose within her breast like a sudden storm. Her eyes flashed. She ran with uplifted arm toward puss, and was about to strike her a heavy blow when her morning text came into her mind. She dropped her arm in a moment, and, instead of striking, stroked puss gently, saying:

"You have broken my flower, puss, but I mustn't get angry. I must rule my spirit. I must be slow