The Little Travelers.

[The following lines will be cheering to those who are striving in youth to journey on to Mt. Zion; for the time is now near at hand when the golden gates will lift up their everlasting doors, and "let the little travelers in." It is those who keep the commandments, the righteous nation which keepeth the truth, which will enter in through the gates into the city. We copy it, with some alterations, as we find it among our selections.]

LITTLE travelers ZIONWARD,
Soon to enter into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest; There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crown his followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in.

Who are these, whose little feet,
Passing life's dark journey through,
Soon will reach the heavenly seat,
They have ever kept in view? "We are those whose willing hands,
Strive our Master's will to do,
Keeping all his ten commandants,
'They are holy, just and true.'

"Soon our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
There we all shall meet at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in.

Little by little.

From the window near which I now write, I saw, some time ago, some workmen clearing away the rubbish from a vacant lot over the way. Then others came who, spadeful by spadeful, dug deep foundations. Presently the masons began their work. Click! click! click! incessantly their hammers were going. One rude stone after another was fitted and adjusted in the solid walls, which soon began to rise above the level of the ground. Then the brick-laying began. Brick after brick! Brick upon brick! Little by little. One application to the blood of cleansing, then another. One little act of piety, then another. One little opportunity, its little gains, its little temptations, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Little by little.

He seemed to live ever on the verge of heaven. His converse was with God and Jesus. He looked by faith on things unseen. His piety shone forth in every word and work. How was this blessed character formed? Not by the transformation of a day or year did this sinful man acquire it. Little by little. By persevering industry, by steady effort, that blessed character was, little by little. By persevering industry, by steady effort, that blessed character was, little by little. Builders for time! Builders, in time, for eternity! Despise not the little things of life, its little opportunities, its little gains, its little temptations, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edifice, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent edi- Home and Foreign Record.
Miriam.

Among the females whose names are recorded in the volume of inspiration, we recollect but one or two instances in which notice is taken of them during their childhood, and brief indeed are the records of those ancient worthies, even in womanhood. Miriam, the sister of Moses, who ever, is introduced to us at an early age, and under circumstances, too, which place her in a lovely attitude, and cause her to be remembered ever after as a creature of more than ordinary interest.

The edict of the "king which knew not Joseph," has gone forth, and every male child born among the Hebrews must die. In one machination, he had them follow by the pious Shiphrah and Puah, and in order to make sure the work of destruction, he charges all his people, saying, "Every son that is born, ye shall cast into the river." Accordingly, many a sweet babe, whose eyes had scarcely opened to the light of heaven, was torn from its mother's embrace, and thrown into the sluggish water, to feed the hungry crocodile. Sad and many were the wailings in the land of Goshen, for the Hebrew dwellings were watched by the sentinels of Pharaoh, and the first life-cry of their issue, for if seen thus employed, she would at once be recognized as the mother—and how could she know what became of her darling—whether he was devoured by a crocodile or picked up by one of the sable daughters of Egypt? While she hesitates, a happy thought enters her mind. Her heart real- or of the right stamp! It was not enough for these cred writers have been silent as to the personal appearance of Miriam. The name itself, signifies "exalted," and we have always thought of her, as a tall, stately woman, with dark clustering hair, flashing eye, and noble mien. She was gifted too with the spirit of prophecy, and had, perchance, long seen in the dim visions of the future, the day-star of liberty dawn on the captive Hebrews.

And now we behold them fleeing from the land of Goshen, towards the Red Sea, with the Egyptians in hot pursuit. By the express command of Jehovah, they encamp by Baal Zephon, on the border of the sea, in order to give their pursuers time to overtake them. In the evening, the thunder of chariots is heard! On they come, and as they near the fugitives, the cloud which had hitherto stood over the camp, rises majestically and settles down between them and their pursuers—dispensing light to the one, and darkness to the other. Then came the strong east wind, piling up the waters of the deep on heaps, and then, the triumphant passage of the Israelites. The morning dawned. O what a morning was that to the sons and daughters of Jacob! All safely landed on the opposite shore, while the corse of the Egyptians darkens the sand.

The sudden transition from despair to triumph completely overwhelms the pious Hebrews, and Moses breaks forth in a song, which, for sublimity, has few parallels in the sacred volume. "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously! the horse and his rider hath he cast into the sea." Can popular history furnish a parallel to this? Miriam, the prophetess, after the vicissitudes of nearly, if not quite ninety years, stands before us, not as a feeble decrepit woman—but in the attitude of very girlishness, leading on the women of Israel with all the enthusiasm of youthful vigor. Here was zeal of the right stamp! It was not enough for these ardent females, that they had heard Moses and his brethren; no, they too, must swell the anthem, and "sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously!"
The next incident recorded in the life of Miriam is fraught with lessons of warning to the vainly ambitious. While the Israelites abode at Hazeroth, Miriam and Aaron, led away by the evil spirit of jealousy, raised a sedition against Moses, and the cloud departed. Aaron turned to look upon his elder sister, and exclaimed, "How disfigured is the lovely countenance!" She was leprous, white as snow. Aaron in the agony of his spirit, cried out, "Alas! my Lord, I beseech thee, lay not the sin upon us, wherein we have done foolishly, and wherein we have sinned." Moses too, the meek and tender-hearted brother, entreated the Lord for mercy upon them, and they should be shut out of the camp soon days. The Israelites, to evince the respect which they had always paid to her worth, journeyed not, until the days of her banishment were expired. And now we fancy we see this smitten Laughter of Amram all alone outside the camp of God's people covered with sackcloth, and sitting in ashes. Inside the camp, there is a solemn and subdued stillness, for all bewail her fallen estate. Can it be, that this is she, who with timbrels and dances led the song of triumph at the Red Sea? Ah! what a mournful lesson for weak human nature—recorded, we doubt not, for our instruction, while perhaps, numberless, heroic and praiseworthy deeds, are passed over in silence.

For thirty-nine years, this noble woman shared the toils and privations of God's people in their wilderness wanderings—during which time she could recall the happy day of her departure from the island of St. Thonias, to labor among the slaves. After many days of prosperous sailing, and abundant mercies, a day of terror came. A pirate ship hove in sight, and bore down rapidly upon them. The captain prepared his ship, as well as he could, for defense; every sailor took his post; but the missionaries—what could they do but retire to the cabin and lift up their cry to that Almighty One who hears prayer? They did so, and stayed themselves on their God.

The pirate ship approached, till it came within gun-shot of the Britannia, and then, from the cannon ranged along the deck, began to pour out a heavy fire. And there were grappling irons on board, or strong, sharp hooks, fixed to long ropes, ready to throw into the Britannia, and hold her fast, while the pirates should board her, and do their work of destruction. It seemed that there was little chance of escape from such an enemy. But the captain, whose heart was sinking at the fearful prospect before him, did not know what powerful helpers he had below, in the few peaceable missionaries, whose fervent prayers were then ascending, through the noise of the fight, to heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw grappling irons across to the other ship, their own was tossed violently, and the men who held the ropes were thrown by force into the sea. Vexed by this disaster, the pirate captain sent others, who shared the same fate. Seeing he could not succeed in this manner, he resolved to fire at the Britannia, to sink her with the repeated blows. But this effort strangely failed also, for the balls missed their aim, and fell into the sea. The smoke of the frequent charges was very dense, and hung about the vessel for some minutes, hiding them from each other's view. At last, a sudden gust of wind cleared it away, and to the amazement of the pirate captain, the Britannia was seen at a distance, with all her sails spread to the wind speeding swiftly away from the attack. And they were forced, in great anger, to abandon their purpose. Thus wonderfully had God appeared, and saved the vessel, in answer to prayer. The missionaries' prayers had been greatly honored; but they were to have a further fruit still.

Five years afterwards, during which the missionaries had been diligently preaching the gospel at St. Thomas, they, and the other missionaries on the island, agreed to meet together and celebrate the anniversary of their deliverance from the pirates, and to thank God for his other mercies. As they sat together, word was brought that a stranger wished to speak to them. And, at their permission, a tall man entered, with fine, bold features, and a bold expression of face. The missionaries wondered, and one asked, what was the stranger's business with them.

"First answer me one question," said he. "Are you the men who came to this island five years ago, in the English ship Britannia?"

"We are," replied the missionary who had spoken.
"And you were attacked upon the sea by pirates?"

"Exactly; but why are these questions?"

"Because, answered the stranger, "I am the captain who commanded the pirate vessel which attacked you."

Then the missionaries looked at one another in silent wonder, as their former enemy continued:

"The miraculous way in which your vessel escaped, was the cause of my own salvation from the power of sin, through faith in Christ."

The pirate captain explained the case still farther, stating, that in his amazement at their strange escape, he had inquired of the captain of the British man-of-war, who commanded the pirate vessel which had gone to one of their chapels in the United States, and heard a sermon which issued in his conversion.

"And thus," he concluded, "from a pirate captain, I am become a poor sinner, justified by the grace and mercy of Christ; and my chief hope is now to do with making the weeks. The period of seven days is often mentioned in the history of Noah, and weeks, in the story of Jacob. The same division is known in the early accounts of heathen nations. Hume says that in his time the seventh day was holy. The Sabbath must have existed then. When Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, and they were living in the wilderness, before reaching mount Sinai, God gave them manna to eat; and he told them to gather twice as much on the sixth day as on other days, for none would fail the next day, because it was the Sabbath; proving that the Sabbath was known and regarded before it was proclaimed on mount Sinai. If the Sabbath was a benefit to Moses and Aaron, and to you and me, if it is necessary for people now to have one day set apart particularly for God's service, it was just as beneficial and necessary for Enoch and Abraham and Sarah, and the people who lived in those days. The Sabbath was therefore set apart at the creation of the world, for the good of all mankind. When we consider that the Sabbath was established by God himself, as soon as he finished making the world, how much should we respect and honor it. He also early made it a delightful privilege to keep it. He not only set apart, but blessed the day. It is a day when we may, in a special manner, enjoy God's presence. He will meet us, and be found of us, and if we approach him with penitent and believing hearts, he will give us great enjoyment in his service, and we shall find it the most delightful and profitable day of all the week."

The above we find in the Child's Paper for July. The writer of it is doubtless an observer of Sunday; but he forgets that it was not Sunday which was instituted at creation; it was not Sunday which God pointed out as the Sabbath in the wilderness, before it was proclaimed on Mt. Sinai. When he says that we should respect and honor the Sabbath, he forgets that we are dishonoring and trampling upon it when we disregard the day which God has set apart, and observe another in its stead.

He says that God not only set apart the day, but blessed it. But what day did he bless? Not the first day of the week, if we may believe the record, but the seventh, which alone he has declared to us is the Sabbath of the Lord our God. The truth, children, is this: Most people acknowledge the necessity of the Sabbath; and they endeavor to enforce it from Scripture; but every argument they can bring from the Bible to prove the institution, immutability, and perpetuity of the Sabbath, is...
an argument in favor, not of Sunday which they observe, but of the seventh day which God set apart for man.

The following piece also, entitled, The Sabbath of Mt. Sinai, we take from the next number of the same paper for August. The argument is good for the Sabbath, but not one syllable of it applies to Sunday, as they doubtless intend to have it understood. We like to see people bring forth arguments from the Bible for the observance of the day which God has hallowed for mankind; but when they have clearly proved that the seventh day is the Sabbath, we do not like to see them, regardless of their own teaching, go right on and observe another day which we have no command to keep. This is inconsistent.

**THE SABBATH OF MOUNT SINAI.**

"Was the Sabbath law given on mount Sinai for the Jews only, or for all mankind?"

"It is a moral law, of universal obligation."

"How do you make it out? How does it differ from the laws made especially for the Jews?"

"The laws of God, as we find them in the Bible, are of two kinds, moral and ceremonial. The moral laws are binding alike on all, and we can clearly see their wisdom and justice. The ceremonial or positive laws are those which were made particularly for the Jews, and the reasons for them are to us not always plain.

God chose the Jews to be his people. He brought them out of captivity in Egypt, and directed them to go to a beautiful land where they were to set up his worship. Before arriving there, they stopped at mount Sinai to receive his instructions. The mountain presented an awful appearance. There was a thick cloud on the top of it, and the thunder and the lightning, and a noise like a trumpet, frightened the people very much. A loud noise was heard. It was the voice of God; and what did he say? He proclaimed ten laws; they were those which we now call the Ten Commandments.

After that, God called Moses up into the mountain, and gave him a book. It had only two leaves, and was made of stone; and the writing in it was written by the finger of God. Oh, what important words must those have been, written by the finger of God. What were they? Just what he had spoken from the cloud. They were his ten great laws.

"Many other laws were given at that time, but all the rest were told to Moses, and Moses told them to the people. A marked difference, you see, attended the giving of the ten commandments: God proclaimed them with a loud voice from the top of Sinai, and God wrote them on stone, because he meant them not only for the Jews, but for all people; they are moral laws for the government of his moral creatures. And one of these is 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' God has put this commandment in the code of moral laws universally binding. He has placed it on the same authority which enjoins us to love him, to honor our parents, and which forbids murder and stealing. It has been remarked that it occupies a peculiar place among the ten commandments; the first three point out our duties to God, the last six our duties to man, and the Sabbath stands between the two. An old writer calls it a "golden clasp," which joins the rest of the moral laws together; without the Sabbath there would be neither love to God nor love to man.

"The Sabbath was instituted at the creation of the world; it was the delight of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. After 2500 years it was re-proclaimed with awful solemnities on mount Sinai, and writ-
warning, suddenly, and unexpectedly. While our friend was enjoying the best degree of health, and probably calculating on long life, he was cut down. Probably he had put far away the evil day, and said to himself, In a few years, after I have made a little more property, I will turn from the world, and serve God; but I am young now and would like to enjoy the world a little longer, ere I take time to repent. Still I mean to be prepared to die ere old age with its decrepitude creeps upon me; but if I turn now I shall have to give up all the enjoyments of life, deny myself the pleasures of the world, and be a steady, sober man: this I cannot do at present, but I intend to by and by. But alas! his hopes are for ever perished. He sleeps in death. Are the righteous to sit in judgment upon the wicked? and shall we, if saved, be called to judge our neighbor? If so, what works have we made for their salvation? Will they not rise up in judgement and condemn us?

These thoughts, dear friends, are brought to my mind by the death of a neighbor. About 6 o'clock on the 16th of July, a hard thunder storm arose, and continued for some time. In about an hour it seemed to lose some of its fury, when a man came and told us that Mr— had been struck by lightning. We hastened there, but death had done its work surely: our friend was beyond the reach of hope. It seems as if the great adversary of mankind, is in haste to place as many as possible beyond the reach of mercy. He seems to know that his time is short. Death hesitated not a moment, but drew the bow and our friend slept in his embrace. He was sitting in the door, watching the rain as it fell—one instant he was happy in health and strength—the next he lay a lifeless mass upon the ground. He was what the world calls a good man, but he was not a Christian. O we thought as we saw them making his last bed, of the difference between his present rest, and what it might have been had he accepted of life. Then he would have slept in Jesus, and his sleep would have been short; for Christ will soon come and then his tomb would have been opened and he would go home to glory, to die no more.

But let us drop the vail; for long is to be his sleep. O it is too dark to look upon. O my friends, are we clear? I would that the blood of none of our friends and neighbors be upon us, were they taken from life. O let us be at our post day and night, and faithfully warn all around us to be prepared to meet God. For one I feel determined to put my hand to the plow with re-doubled energy. May Israel's God assist us all to awake to the cause of Christ, that we may live to his glory, and be found of him without blemish. 

J. E. G.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Beloved Friends:—As I look back upon my past life, fraught with sin and iniquity, I am led to wonder why God has permitted me to hear the warning notes of the present message. And why is it? Why are any of us allowed to hear and embrace the glorious truths so clearly brought to view under the sounding of the seventh angel? Is it because we are worthy? Ah, no. It is because our God is a God of love and mercy.

For a number of years I lived on in sin, regard-
thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Shall we then say they only left this world to pass into another? Would not this be making God a liar? Shall we believe the Devil who was a liar from the beginning, and who was the father of lies?

But I will add more: and the Lord God said, Behold the man has become as one of us to know good and evil: lest he put forth his hand, and take of the tree of life, and eat and live for ever: therefore he sent him forth from the garden of Eden, and placed cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life. And who will say that God was not ever able to guard that tree? Is man more powerful than him who made us?

Lately a minister remarked, in regard to one who had fallen asleep, "Mourn not for your companion; for she is happy. To-day is she in paradise: children your mother is in heaven." Long has such doctrine been preached from the sacred desk, and but few have been taught God’s holy word in its purity. Let us try faithfully to counteract the poison that is leading millions astray.

In that which is least, is faithful in much. The word in its purity. Let us try faithfully to coun-

teract the poison that is leading millions astray.

Long and conquer more kingdoms for himself. The able to guard that tree? Is man more powerful

in that which is least, is faithful in much.

What Shall I wish Thee?

What shall I wish thee, my darling boy? Shall I wish thee a life of unclouded joy, That the hours shall pass like the summer wind, And leave not a trace of woe behind? Not this, not this, my child.

Shall I wish my boy the noble heir
To mines of gold and to jewels rare—
A mighty place in the world's estate,
And a lofty home with the wealthy great? Not this, not this, my child.

Shall I wish for thee an honored name
That shall stand on the golden rolls of fame;
That thy deeds may be echoed along Time's shore
Till the echoes of time shall be heard no more?
Not this, not this, my child.

But Oh, for my child a humble seat
On Calvary's mount at Jesus' feet;
And a home at last in the happy plains
Where the glorious Saviour ever reigns:
God grant thee this, my child.

Cyrus.

Long ago there was a mighty king called Cyrus, who took a great army and went abroad to fight, and conquer more kingdoms for himself. The place where he lived was Persia, which you will find, if you look for it, on the map of Asia, and he went to conquer a very splendid city called Babylon, which you will find on the same map.

This city was very large and powerful. It was surrounded by very high, strong walls, and the gates were of brass, and so firmly secured that it seemed impossible that the king should ever get in. Besides this, the people inside had provisions enough to last them for a long time, so that there saw no hope of making them give up the city for want of food, which is sometimes done.

Every thing seemed to promise that the re-
sistance of Babylon would be successful, and that king Cyrus would be obliged to return to his own country. But many years before, God had said that the city must be taken by Cyrus. If you will look at the forty-fourth and forty-fifth chapters of Isaiah, you will see this prophecy. Nothing that God decrees, fails of being fulfilled, and how-
ever impossible it might seem that this should be accomplished, it yet came to pass. The large riv-
er Euphrates ran through the city, and of course it ran in and out under the walls. It occurred to Cyrus that another channel might be cut for this mighty stream, and when the water had all run into it, his troops could easily march into the city through the deep dry bed. This magnificent pro-
ject was at length executed, and one night when the inhabitants of the city were plunged in revelry and intoxication, little dreaming of the danger so near them, the waters of the Euphrates were drained off into the new channel, and Cyrus led his soldiers into Babylon and gained an easy prize. Thus fell the mighty, the impregnable Babylon.

That night "Belshazzar the king," made a great feast in the palace, at which he profanely used the precious golden vessels which his father Nebuchad-
nezzar had taken from the holy temple of Jerusa-
lem. Just when the merriment was at its great-
est height, the king and his lordly guests were wondering what this prodigy could mean, it ran in and out under the walls. It occurred to

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est height, the king and his lordly guests were suddenly struck with fear and amazement by see-
ing a hand, writing on the wall the mysterious words, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." While all were wondering what this prodigy could mean, it was proposed to bring in a very wise man cal-
ded Daniel, who had come to Babylon a Jewish captive, in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. When Daniel came in, he told the king that the writing meant, that God, to punish his wickedness, was about to deliver the kingdom into the hands of his enemies. You will find an account of this wonderful event in the fifth chapter of Daniel, which I am sure many of you have read. Daniel's prediction proved to be true, and the chapter ends with these words: "In that night was Belshazzar king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom."

This Darius the Median, otherwise called Cyza-
res, was the uncle of Cyrus, and appears to have assisted Cyrus in the command of his army, so that the victory is here set down to his name.—

Selected.

A Bad Habit.

"O, mother I am tired to death!" said Jane Mills, as she threw herself into a chair, on her return from school.

"Tired to death!" repeated her mother, slowly.

"Yes mother I am; almost, I mean," she ad-

ed.
"No, my daughter, nor even almost," said Mrs. Mills.

"Well, at any rate," continued Jane, "I would not walk from here to school again, to-day for anything in the world!"

"O, yes you would, my dear," said her mother gently.

"No, mother, I am sure I would not; I am certain nothing would tempt me."

"But I am nearly certain you could be induced to go without any urging," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, try me, and see if anything could make me willing to go."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Mills, "I should offer to take you to the panorama this afternoon? I expect to visit it."

"Do you, mother?" said Jane, with great animation. "May I go? You promised to take me when you went."

"I intended to have done so," replied her mother; "but the place where it is exhibited is a very long way beyond your school."

"But I am quite rested now, dear mother!"

said Jane. "I would not fail of going for all the world! Why do you smile, mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have."

"What do you mean by inconsistent, mother?"

"Why, when a little girl says, one minute, that she would not walk a particular distance for anything in the world, and in the next minute says she would not fail of walking still farther for all the world; she not only talks inconsistently or extravagantly but foolishly. It is a very bad habit to use such expressions."

"Yesterday, when you came home from school, you said you were almost frightened out of your life, and when I inquired as to the cause of your alarm, you replied that you had met as many as a thousand cross dogs on your way home from school. Now, my daughter, I wish you to break yourself of this bad habit. When you are tired, or hungry, or frightened, use the simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may be tired, very tired, or exceedingly tired; or you may be alarmed, or frightened, or terrified."

"From this time let your lips speak the thing you mean. The Bible says, 'Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay; and adds that whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' Will you try to remember what I have been saying, and strive to correct this fault, my dear child?" said Mrs. Mills.

"Yes, dear mother," replied Jane; "for I know it is wrong, and I feel ashamed and sorry for it."

"Well my dear," added her mother, "improve? And now you may get ready to go with me to see the panorama."—Teacher's Offering.

"There is Joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." This brings encouragement home to all. All cannot be Luthers, to reform countries; or Whitefields, to preach to thousands; or Careys, to translate the Scriptures into other languages. But can we do nothing? Surely some one soul is thrown in our way to whom we may be useful—a child, a servant, a relative, a neighbor.

Trust in God.

When trials cloud our way
And darkness dims our day,
A sweet voice seems to say,
"Oh, trust!"

"Tis God who plants us here;
The tender shoot he'll rear,
And bear through every fear:
His trust.

Remember.

A little boy was amusing himself with his playthings upon the Sabbath.

"Edward," said his mother, "it is the Sabbath-day."

"O, is it?" said he, "I did not remember."

"That is the very command which God has given us," said the mother: "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

Children often excuse themselves by saying, "I did not think," "I forgot," "I did not remember," but such excuses are not acceptable to God.

We may plead ignorance as an excuse for the neglect of duty, but not forgetfulness.

"Father, what should you like best to have?" asked a little fellow. "A good son," was the reply.

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All communications for the Instructor should be addressed to Eld. James White, Rochester, N. Y.