



THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the manner in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby covered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The tones may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,—
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,
Envy, and anger, are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
*Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.*
—*Youth's Companion.*

Bible Reading.—No. 9.

THE TWO SONS AND THE TWO OFFERINGS.

THE fourth chapter of Genesis begins with the birth of the two sons of Adam and Eve, their names, and occupation.

Cain, the oldest, was a tiller of the soil; that is, he was a farmer. Abel, his brother, was a shepherd.

Here we see more of the effect of the curse. The earth must be tilled, the thorns and thistles subdued, before man could obtain food to eat. This was Cain's occupation.

Adam, by his sin, had lost dominion over the animals, and they now ran wild. Before they could be of use to man, they must be tamed.

Those which would best pay for the trouble, were trained and cared for by man, and protected by him from those of a ferocious nature. This was the business Abel followed.

"In process of time," we read, these two

brothers brought offerings unto the Lord. Each brought the productions of his care and toil—Cain, the fruits of the ground; Abel, the firstlings of his flock and the fat thereof.

The Lord had respect for Abel's offering; but for Cain's he had not respect.

It may seem strange to some why this was so. Both, no doubt, had been instructed what to bring unto the Lord, and how to present it.

The firstling of the flock—perhaps a lamb—showed faith on Abel's part of a Saviour to come, who was to die for his sins; and no doubt he presented it with a full sense of his being a sinner, forever lost, without that Saviour.

The fruits of the ground bore no faith on Cain's part of a coming Saviour, and his offering might have been presented grudgingly and with a complaining spirit.

Cain had to labor hard to obtain a livelihood. The sight of beautiful Eden from whence his parents had been driven, may have caused him to have wrong feelings toward his Maker; and with such feelings he could not realize himself a sinner, nor see the justice of God in such dealings toward his parents; nor could he understand his mercy in sparing them after they had sinned.

His heart was in no condition to have the Lord respect his offering and bestow upon him a blessing.

We read that he became very angry. Here let us pause and see if we do not often witness some of the same spirit in others (and may be in ourselves) that was in Cain.

If others are enjoying what they have not, instead of considering how many undeserved blessings they do have, they become jealous, envious, and angry; and if they can, will say, and may be do, many things to injure those who never did them harm.

My dear young reader, beware of such a spirit. It will make you very unhappy, if not lead you to ruin, as we shall see it did Cain.

C. GREEN.

"A Soft Answer."

"WINNIE, that is *mine*; you shall not have it." So said little Arthur Harcourt, as he snatched a box of toys from his younger brother. Winnie was but a baby, and began to cry most heartily, as he toddled after his brother and attempted to regain possession of the playthings.

"Come, master Arthur, give him the toys, there's a good boy," said nurse, rising to interfere between the quarreling children.

"No, I shan't," cried Arthur angrily; "they are mine; and he spoils all my things. I say he shall *not* have these."

"Then you are very, very naughty," exclaimed nurse, as she took little Winnie on her knee, and tried to console him for the loss of his toys.

Arthur began to mutter something of which only "don't care" was audible, when the door opened, and a little girl entered.

"Winnie, darling," she said, "what is the matter? Look! Sissy has brought you such a pretty book full of pictures. If there isn't Arthur sitting on the ground! What has happened, nurse?"

The cause of the quarrel was soon explained, and good-natured little Emily, in another second, was kneeling by Arthur's side, her arm clasped round his neck, and her cheek pressed to his, as in her own sweet way she was endeavoring to pacify him.

"You know, Artie, darling, mamma did so hope we should not give kind nurse any trouble while she was away; I am sure you would like to please her. Besides, it was such a little thing to quarrel about, and I am sure baby would have given you the box if you had asked him gently, and had let him have something else. But come now, Arthur, and be friends, and then I will have a game with you." Artie, however, did not stir. "Now do, Artie," entreated Emily; "I think I must remind you of that little verse mamma so often repeats to us—

"Do to another as you'd have
Another do to you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do."

"And, Artie, mamma says that if we do not love and forgive one another, we shall never go and live with Jesus. Do you remember how gentle and kind Harry was? He never made Winnie cry." Artie's eyes filled with tears. "I am very sorry," he murmured. "Then come and tell nurse so, and kiss Winnie." So saying, Emily took the little boy's hand, and led him toward

his brother. All was soon peace again; and, a short time afterward, the merry peals of laughter which came from the nursery testified that all unpleasantness was forgotten.

Ah! if little boys and girls who read this story, only knew and felt the influence of kind words, how many a scene of strife might be prevented, how many evil passions be effectually subdued! Even in the nursery, as in the school-room, and during after life, a gentle tone, a soft answer, will benefit those by whom we are surrounded. None are too young to do good. Remember, example is better than precept. And you, my little friends, who have younger brothers and sisters, take care to utter no harsh words, but, like Emily, soothe the angry feelings, and gently point out the errors into which they may fall; for does not the Bible assure us that "A soft answer turneth away wrath"?—*Sel.*

The Broken Plate.

SUSIE is a bright little girl with black eyes, and has many pleasant ways. But she has one bad habit that all children should try to shun. It is untruthfulness; and this our Heavenly Father regards as a great sin.

One day Susie, who was staying with her auntie, was so unfortunate as to break a plate. Oh, how her little heart did beat, and how she did wish that she could put the broken pieces together again; but no! there they were, staring her in the face; she could not make the broken plate whole. What was she to do? She heard two whispering voices within. The first said, "Now, Susie, run and tell auntie all about it." The other said, "No, no, Susie; gather up the broken pieces and throw them away; you can make up some story about the affair, and nobody will be the wiser for it.

The recording angel was waiting to see which of these voices Susie would obey. Alas! he turned away sorrowing. The bad spirit had conquered. Susie did not know that her cousin up stairs had looked down and seen all that had been done. Oh, how it saddened the heart of this good cousin to think that dear little Susie would be so wicked.

A few evenings afterward she took Susie on her lap and told her all that she had seen her do. How guilty this little girl felt then! She knew all the time that she had done wrong, and now her sin had found her out. How much better it would have been if she had frankly acknowledged the truth in the first place! Then she would have had

God's smile, and the approval of her own conscience.

I cannot say that Susie has never told a lie since; but I do hope that, seeking help from above, she is trying to conquer this evil habit. Children, beware of the first step toward an untruth, remembering that "lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord."—*Child's World*.

Be Slow to Accuse.

"MOTHER, I can't find my seventeen cents anywhere," said Arthur, coming into his mother's room with quite an anxious face. "I put it right here in my pocket-book, and that into my overcoat pocket. It has been hanging up in the hall all day; and I do believe that new girl has taken it out. She saw me have it last night and put it away."

"Look in your other pockets, Arthur. A little boy who is so apt to forget things must not be too positive that he put his money in his pocket-book. And never accuse any person of stealing without a shadow of evidence. That is very sinful as well as very unkind. What if Susan should lose her money and accuse you of stealing it? Would you feel very pleasant about it? Remember the golden rule."

"But, mother, she looked guilty when I said I had lost it, and that I knew some one had taken it out of my pocket."

"Very likely she did look confused on hearing you make such an unkind speech. She knew very well there was no one in the house you could suspect of taking it but herself. You might as well have said so in plain words. An innocent person is more apt to look guilty, when accused of crime, than one who is hardened in wrongdoing. The latter usually has a face ready made up to suit any occasion. A gentleman once said that the most guilty looking person he ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse which afterward proved to be his own."

"But what *has* become of my money, mother? It is gone, that is certain."

"I believe you lost a fine top once, that it was supposed a little neighbor had stolen," said his mother with a smile.

"But I can't have left this down in the grapevine arbor this winter weather."

"But there are plenty of other losing places about. Did you have on that jacket last evening?"

"No, mother, I believe I had on my gray one, but then I *know* I put it into my pocket-book."

"Don't say you know, dear; for it may

be an untruth. Please bring me your gray jacket."

Arthur walked slowly up to his room; but he walked back slower still, and looked very foolish when he came into his mother's room again.

Mother comprehended it all at a glance, and smiled as she said,—

"I wonder who looks guilty this time!"

"Oh, mother I am sorry, but I did not mean to accuse Susan so wrongly. I remember now just as plainly as can be, wrapping up those three five cent pieces and two pennies in that bit of paper, and putting it into my jacket pocket."

"It is a very serious thing, Arthur, to make such charges as you did a few moments ago against an innocent person. What if you had mentioned it among your school-mates? It would not be long before it would be told all about—'Susan, at Mr. Reynold's, steals. I wonder they keep her.' If she ever wished to get another place it might be a very difficult matter. Though you contradicted the story afterward, it would never undo the mischief. Many will repeat an injurious story, who will never take the trouble to correct it. I will pray for you, dear boy, that you may learn to correct this sinful habit; and I hope you will pray with me. You never will improve a bad habit until you pray over it. Run now and tell Susan you have found your money; and try to make some amends for your injustice, by being more than usually thoughtful and obliging."—*The Methodist Protestant*.

A Beautiful Allegory.

A TRAVELER who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful allegory which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel:

"Every man," said the dervise, "has two angels, one at his right shoulder and one at his left. When he does anything good, the angel at the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because, having been well done, it is done forever. When he does evil, the angel at the left writes it down, and waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head, and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah, I have sinned; forgive me!' the angel rubs out the record; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the beloved angel at the right shoulder weeps."

NEVER scare off a fly with a club when a feather will do as well.

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., OCTOBER 15, 1870.

Beacon Lights.

BEACON lights are used to signal the approach of an enemy, so that the people of the invaded country may make timely preparation to defend their homes. They are also used to mark the situation of rocks, or dangerous places at sea, so that the mariner may escape shipwreck, on dark and stormy nights.

The Arabs, however, use beacon lights for quite a different purpose. They are a fierce and warlike people, and often attack caravans, plundering them without mercy. Yet these wild Arabs, as they are called, have some excellent qualities. They are noted for their hospitality, and strive to excel each other in deeds of kindness and generosity to strangers. The historian, in speaking of their customs, says, "The dark side of the Arab character had a beautiful contrast in certain noble and generous qualities. The moment the fierce marauder ceased to be in a state of war, he became quite another man. His tent was the asylum of the stranger, the home of kindness and hospitality. The traveler who sought his protection, or confided in his honor, was entertained without the thought of remuneration. The host regarded him not merely as his guest, but as a member of his family. He would defend his life at the risk of his own."

They not only entertained those who called on them, but sought the stranger and pilgrim, and conducted them to their tents. For this purpose, they lighted fires on the hills and in the valleys, and kept them burning brightly throughout the night. By these beacon lights the lonely wayfarer knew where to find a place of safety and repose. An Arabian poet says, "Thy fires are kindled after sunset in every valley. The weary traveler spies these red signals afar through the obscure night."

Cannot we learn some useful lessons from the customs of these wild men of the desert? Shall not we be admonished to lure strangers to our homes, especially those who are destitute and friendless? Cannot we serve God, and find happiness in making their hearts glad?

But above all, let us try to light them to that heavenly home where weariness, pain, and want,

never come. The dark night of ignorance rests upon many, and the heavy clouds of sin envelop nearly all; and every Christian should be a "bright and shining light," to lure sinners to Jesus, and lead them along the road to the celestial city.

Who among our young readers will strive to hold forth the truths of God's word, the true light, and exemplify its principles in all their intercourse with men, thus beckoning and guiding them from the darkness of Satan's dominion to the home of the blest?

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid." "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Matt. 5:14, 16.

The Beautiful Comb.

LET me tell you one more of Krilof's fables. A lady gave her son a beautiful comb, which pleased him so much that it was scarcely ever out of his hands. He was constantly passing it through his long, silken hair, which it never hurt, tore out, or injured. It was a pleasure to use it.

But one day the boy mislaid his comb, and went playing and romping about until his hair was in a sad tangle. His nurse tried to smooth it out; but the boy howled, "Where is my comb? Bring me my comb!"

The comb was found, but the hair was so tangled that the comb could not be passed through it without giving him pain, and tearing out some of his locks by the roots. The boy burst into tears and cried:

"What a wicked comb you are!"

To his surprise the comb found a tongue, and replied through its teeth, "My dear, I am what I always was. The fault lies in your hair, which has become tangled."

But the boy was vexed, and snatching the comb from his nurse's hand, threw it into the river.

Do you know what Krilof's comb represents? It stands for the *truth* of God. While boys and girls are disposed to be right, they love the truth. God's word is pleasant to them. But when their hair gets tangled, that is, when they run into bad practices, the truth pains them. They hate it. They throw it away, and, need I add, are ruined. Children don't like to have their hair combed when it is tangled. Let them strive, therefore, to keep it from being tangled; that is, let them avoid running into evil practices.—*S. S. Advocate.*

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple tree old—
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it would n't be right.

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,
'Do n't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day.'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one he would answer me, 'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he would n't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mourning strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played:

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, oh, beware!
Your father is gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day!'"

Then Willie turned round, and as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

Look on This Picture, Then on That.

"WILLIE, please bring in some wood; this fire is getting low."

"Oh! dear; I can't, I have got to get my lesson yet; besides it is Ned's work to bring the wood for this stove."

Aunt Anne looks grieved, and baby's little pug nose gets red with cold; so aunty has to put him down and let him cry while she gets the wood herself.

Willie looks and feels quite ashamed and unhappy, but tries to excuse himself by thinking, "Well, it was Ned's work, and he ought to have done it."

Now look on this: "Sadie, hand mamma her scissors from that shelf. Quick, child, mamma is in a great hurry."

Sadie flies to the shelf, and, standing on tiptoe, tries hard, but in vain, to reach the scissors. Susie, who is studying hard over a long example in complex fractions, sees her fruitless efforts, and says, kindly, "Wait, sis, you are not tall enough; I'll hand them to you." Mamma's heart is gladdened to see her daughters so pleasant and obliging; and Susie goes back to her example, and it seems perfectly clear from beginning to end. So in helping others we often reap greater good ourselves.

Which picture do you like best, children? Let each one try to cultivate a kind and obliging disposition, and be always ready to help one another, and bear one another's

burdens, and "thus fulfill the law of Christ;" for 'tis

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Will make our home like Heaven,
That dear, dear, home above.

LAURA BELL.

Finger-Marks.

A SHORT time since, a gentleman employed a mason to do some work for him, and, among other things, to "thin-whiten" the walls of one of his chambers. This thin whitening is almost colorless until dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his bureau standing in the room, white finger-marks. Opening the drawer, he found the same on the articles in it, and also on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same marks on the contents of a bag. This proved clearly that the mason, with his wet hands, had opened the drawer, and searched the bag, which contained no money, and had then closed the drawer without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The thin whitening which happened to be on his hands did not show at first; and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his wickedness.

As the work was all done on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They all leave their finger-marks, which will one day be revealed.—*Home Journal*.

Two Buckets.

"How dismal you look," said a bucket to its companion, as they were going to the well.

"Oh!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way," said the other; "now I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you will be cheerful as I am."

SEE that each hour's feelings, actions, and thoughts, are pure and true; then your life will be such.

Sabbath-School Department.

The Word of Life.

You cannot make the Bible more to your pupils than it is to yourself. What is the Bible to you? An interesting book of history, perhaps; or, a book of curious customs and manners; or, a book full of knotty theological points; or, a book of excellent commandments and precepts to be obeyed. God's law, it may be, to you. Now, what it is to you, it will be to your pupils. Certainly it will not seem more to them. And none of these conceptions are enough. The Bible should be to you, life. "Lord, to whom shall we go?" said Peter. "Thou *only* hast the words of eternal life." Let these gracious promises be *your* life. Rejoice in them, meditate upon them, day and night, and then God's word will be a fountain of life to those you teach.

How Shall I Become a Good Sabbath-School Teacher?

It is a mistake to suppose that the best educated or most gifted persons always make the best teachers. On the contrary, it is a matter of observation that unusual gifts are not so commonly accompanied with patience and concentrated interest in the work, which are essential to the highest measure of faithfulness.

To become a good teacher, this is a first requisite: Establish good moral and mental habits.

A young minister once asked an aged divine what he considered to be the first requisite for entering the sacred desk. "Clean hands," was his reply, alluding to that response of the psalmist to the query, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands," &c.

This response is emphatically and literally applicable to the Sabbath-school teacher. To be fitted for his work, he must not only have a clean reputation, an every-day life which will command the respect of his pupils, but he must have a pure sincerity of speech and manner, and a habitual correctness and promptness in meeting his engagements which will win their confidence.

First impressions are proverbially powerful, especially with children, and one look of irreverence, or one word of vulgarity, is often sufficient to blight every good influence which a teacher might have exerted over his class. A lack of order and system in his domestic or business habits which makes him irregular or unpunctual in his attendance, or in meeting any appointment, is almost equally fatal to that reverent esteem which lies at the basis of a teacher's power over the young. If you would be a good teacher, make up your mind at the beginning that you will never suffer an apology to be called for from you to your pupils—in other words, that you will habitually be to them a pattern of

promptness, truthfulness, and neatness, so that all their associations with you will be those becoming the sacred relation you bear to them.

Having thus cared for your external influence, in the second place: Earnestly cultivate a holy passion for the work.

Here is the mainspring of the whole machinery. How do you view your work? Is it mere Sabbath ceremony, a pleasant service, or a listless labor for the hour, on which only an occasional thought is bestowed during the week which intervenes? Do you ever find it difficult to fill up the hour with instruction, and experience a sense of relief when the superintendent's bell closes the exercise? If this be so, stop, I beg of you, and repent of your sacrilege! You have been treading with heedless feet on holy ground! You have been criminally indifferent to a most sacred trust! Go to your secret closet and shut the door! Fall at the feet of Jesus, and bow your soul beneath the shadow of eternal things until you gain some just sense of accountability before the great white throne—until you can almost see his eye resting upon the precious souls committed to your care, and feel its piercing glance as it turns from them to you in searching inquiry, or sorrowful rebuke; and then remember that he has placed you in charge of that little flock, that he has put into your hands his own message to their souls, a message which it cost him his heart's blood to communicate.

Nay! remember that you stand in an exclusive position as their spiritual teacher—that you stand in the place of nearest access to them, and strongest influence over them; that if you are not the instrument of highest good to their souls, you are in the way of them who might be! No person on earth—not the pastor—not the parent, even, has so favorable a position for reaching their hearts as you occupy!

Look forward, then, from this point; look beyond the shores of time. Behold yourself with them standing around the throne of God! Imagine the possibility that they may then appear condemned and horror-struck, but in their anguish turning on you a look of bitter reproach!

Or change the scene, and picture to your heart the rapturous thrill of grateful delight with which you will welcome them, all glowing with seraphic joy, and lead them, the fruit of your instrumentality, to the feet of Jesus, to receive their crowns, and to begin their praises! Imagine their happiness and yours as you recall the toils and trials of your earthly days, and see the Providence which guided you in leading them to Christ.

Dwell on these scenes until you find kindling within you an earnest zeal, a burning desire to gain their souls; until you can lift up fervent, agonizing prayer in their behalf; until your heart yearns over them as a mother over the bedside of a dying son;

until your waking thoughts are filled with plans to do them good, and your nights disturbed by anxious fears respecting their salvation.

You will then have the foundation laid to become a "good teacher." You will then carry with you into their presence that tenderness of heart which will beam in the countenance, and kindle, as by an electric spark, a corresponding interest and sensibility in them. You will then possess sufficient motive to give zest and energy to the labors which you must undertake in their behalf—for zeal is not in itself sufficient to do your work, or discharge your trust.

(To be continued.)

How to Work.

LET it be firmly settled in the mind before we put our hand to the work that what we are about to do is the task assigned to us in the order of God's providence; that it is a task which he will inspect, and that it must be executed as well as we are able, in order that it may meet his approval. There are children who are too young to be left alone in the preparation of their lessons. The teacher must sit with them while they prepare; they must work under his eye, and have him by them to apply to, and ask help from, when they come across a difficulty. Now some of the deepest lessons of divine truth are to be learned from our management of children; and the way of so doing work that it may be a source of spiritual consolation and strength, is among these lessons. Do the work under the eye of your heavenly Master; and look up in his face from time to time for his help and blessing, an internal colloquy with him ever and anon, so far from being a distraction will be a furtherance. For no work can in any sense prosper which is not done with a bright, elastic spirit; and there is no means of keeping the spirit bright and elastic but by keeping it near to God. Keep as close under his eye when working as you can; and open your heart to him as often as you can.—*The Pursuit of Holiness.*

Discouragement.

DO MATTERS look discouraging, teacher? Are there adverse influences about you that make themselves felt in the class? Do you lament interruption, and a low tone of the school? Yours it is to labor where Providence has placed you. Be not discouraged. Hold up the banner, if you can do no more. Let the Sabbath-school cause at least be represented in the persistent carrying on of the school through the best efforts possible under the circumstances. If you only exist as a school, stemming valiantly the tide of adverse influences, you do something for God, and he knows each difficulty in your way. Never abandon a school while there are scholars enough for one class left, and a teacher to lead them. You know not of what larger organ-

ization it may, in God's good time, prove the nucleus. You know not how many schools one child, faithfully taught, may, by-and-by, successfully organize or influence. You know not at what hour your imperfect, struggling little school may be called upon, in God's providence, to yield some service for the truth. It is good to work on, or, being unable to work on, simply to stand fast and wait on the Lord. Be of good cheer; he shall strengthen thine heart. The struggle with present obstacles may give you needed strength for future greater undertakings. At all events, still show your colors. Hold up the banner of the cause!—*Sunday-school Times.*

WHEREVER in this world we are,
In whatso'er estate,
We have a fellowship of hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom we wait.

The Teaching Spirit.

SAID a most successful Sabbath-school teacher, when inquired of, "The true secret of success is the teaching spirit. By this I mean the spirit that *must* teach—that dies if it don't teach." Here is the secret—not in a temporary burst of passion, but in a steadfast devotion to the work of teaching. Such a spirit is one of love to the truths of the Bible. It is one that realizes these truths in the teacher's own experience and life. To such a teacher these truths are so precious that he *must* communicate them—so excellent that he cannot speak of them in a style of empty cant—so personal to him that he cannot speak of them without true feeling.—*S. S. Teacher.*

THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.—"When in Madera," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scenes and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen rising upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and the darkness overshadowed me, and my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist and calling to me ever and anon, saying, "Press on, master, press on; there is light beyond!" I did press on. In a few minutes the mist passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transparent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at the moment between me and the heavens. O ye, over whom clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Pass on; *there is light beyond.*

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

We are obliged to omit the lessons this week on account of the absence of the editor, but will have them ready for the next issue. We suggest that it would be well for those who have learned the lessons up to the present number, to review.

Bro. Bell is in ill health, and is absent to recruit. We hope the prayers of the children and friends will follow him, that he may recover soon, both for his own good and that he may again be fully able to occupy his place in the editorial chair.

His absence will account for all mistakes that may be noticed, as the work necessarily falls into inexperienced hands. * * *

Where Education Begins.

EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's looks, with a father's nod of approbation, or the sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with a handful of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with a bird's nest admired but not touched; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good,—to God himself.—*Blackwood.*

The Temple of Diana of the Ephesians.

AMONG the "Seven Wonders of the World," the temple of Diana must be reckoned. It is referred to in the nineteenth chapter of Acts, and described by historians. A temple in Ephesus in honor of the goddess seems to have been several times built and rebuilt. Pliny speaks of the last one as having required 220 years to bring it to completion. "It was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, two hundred and twenty in breadth, and was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven pillars of Parian marble, each of which was sixty feet high. These pillars were furnished by as many princes, and thirty-six of them were curiously carved, and the rest were finely polished. Each pillar, it is supposed, with its base, contained one hundred and fifty tons of marble. The doors and panneling were made of cypress wood, the roof of cedar, and the interior was rendered splendid by decorations of gold, and by the finest productions of ancient artists."

Nero, the Roman Emperor, robbed it of much of its valuable treasure; and it was finally burnt by the Goths, in A. D. 260. Among the confused ruins of ancient Ephesus it is now impossible to tell with

certainty where this magnificent temple stood. "So passes away the glory of this world." Let us seek our home in a world where the glory is greater and more enduring.

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY INTERESTS.

BEN ADAM had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest to a Jew.
Year after year, awaiting him it lay,
Until the double coin two pieces grew,
And these two four—so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

BEN SELIM had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way;
Ben Selim died too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reached Heaven, angels with pride,
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

Five Answers to a Question.

I ASKED a student what three things he most wished. He said, "Give me books, health, and quiet, and I care for nothing more."

I asked a miser, and he cried, "Money! money!"

I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread!"

I asked a drunkard, and he loudly called for "strong drink."

I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words, "Wealth, fame, and pleasure."

I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian. He replied that all his wishes could be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said, "I greatly desire these three things: first, that I may be found in Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; thirdly, that I may be with Christ."

To-morrow is the day when lazy people like to work.

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