

THE YOUTH'S
 THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.
 INSTRUCTOR.

VOL. XVIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 15, 1870.

NO. 18.

TRUE BEAUTY.

Beautiful faces, they that wear
 The light of a pleasant spirit there,
 It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
 The work of the noble, good, and true,
 Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
 Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
 Through summer's heat and winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
 Who walk the pathway sweet and pure
 That leads to the mansions strong and sure.
 —Picture Magazine.

BIBLE READING. NO 8.

My dear young readers, it is a sad lesson we learn from the first sin committed on this earth.

The 3d chapter of Genesis gives us an account of the fall of man from God. It is told in a few words, but they tell all.

Soon after their transgression, our first parents saw that they were naked.

They were deprived of that glory given them by their Maker for a covering to their bodies, as well as of their innocence of mind.

They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, and a sense of their sin and shame came over them, and they hid away from his presence.

He called for them; and no doubt they felt sorry for their wrong course as they came forth to give him an account of their misdoing.

Read carefully Adam's excuse for not coming at once, without his Maker's calling him.

When he had given his reason, the Lord asked him directly if he had not eaten of the fruit of the forbidden tree.

Did he frankly confess his wrong? Oh, no. Like too many, he sought to cast the blame upon another. And who was that, but the one that he, a short time before, so ardently loved!

My young readers, remember that sin makes cowards of us; and our best friends

are not spared, when we try to cover wrong to save self.

Do you think that Adam's course was in the least honorable? Not at all.

"The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

Here, Adam cast the blame on the Lord for giving him the woman, and on his wife for giving him the fruit.

He tries to stand clear of all blame. How often do we walk in his footsteps. If we would always confess our wrongs, instead of laying the blame on some person or circumstance, we would appear far more noble in the sight of both God and man.

Did the Lord accept his excuse? Did he accept the woman's excuse because she was beguiled by the serpent? No. He cursed the earth, that its former beauty might not be so pleasant to them. Thorns and thistles, instead of beautiful flowers, sprung from its surface; and Adam was required to earn his bread by the sweat of his face, instead of enjoying that sweet, untiring labor in his garden home.

Sin clothes our bodies in rags, and our spirits with shame. So in the case of Adam and his wife.

They had coats made for them to wear, out of skins—the former covering of animals.

God would not trust them with the light and glorious covering he gave them at first.

What a sad change; but we see it so always, when man disobeys and wanders from the way of God.

This is not all. We next see them driven from their loved home, the beautiful garden of Eden; no longer to gaze on its flowers, to watch the waters of the rivers as they coursed through the midst of it, or to eat the luscious fruit plucked in rich clusters from its vines. They were also deprived of access to the tree of life.

They were now victims of death. They now began to reap a harvest, the seeds of which had been sown by their own hands.

Here, my dear readers, we see the first sad consequence of sin.

They began to realize that God would do just as he said. It is a sorrowful story; a sad reality to them, and to us all, as we shall see in our future readings. C. GREEN.

Nothing Lost by Giving.

I CALLED the other day on my friend, Mrs. T., who has the finest collection of roses I ever saw. She took me out to see them,—white roses, red roses, yellow roses, climbing roses, and roses in pots, the gay giant of battles, and the modest moss rose,—every species I had ever heard of, and a great many I had never heard of, were there in rich profusion. Mrs. T. began plucking, right and left. Some bushes with but a single flower, she despoiled. I remonstrated: "You are robbing yourself, Mrs. T." Said she, "Mr. Laicus, do you not know that the way to make the rose-bush bear is to pluck its flowers freely? I lose nothing by what I give away."

This is a universal law. We never lose anything by what we give away.—*Christian Union.*

A True Story.

Little Ella S—has furnished us an example of love for Jesus worthy of our remembrance and imitation. Suffering the entire night from a grievous tooth-ache, she finally concluded to visit that dreaded place, the dentist's. Although repeatedly assured by mamma that it could be extracted without pain, it was very difficult for her to make up her mind to go; but her sufferings increased as the day wore on, and she took the money and timidly set out. There, on the dentist's window-sill, was the sign,

NITROUS OXIDE GAS ADMINISTERED.
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.

Although her tooth ached so terribly, her mind was busy with other thoughts as she hurried along; and as she entered the dentist's door she decided not to use the gas. "But I cannot promise to draw your tooth without pain unless the gas is administered," urged the dentist.

"How much will it be if I take the gas?"

"One dollar."

"And how much if I do not?"

"Fifty cents."

"Well then, I won't take the gas."

Returning home, pain-tears still in her eyes, she showed her mother the half dollar, and inquired if all the money she had received was her own. Smiling through her tears as her mother answered in the affirm-

ative, she related what she had done, adding,—“Now I am so rich!”

“But why did my little daughter suffer such pain when the tooth could have been removed without?”

“O mamma, I thought on the way, ‘If I can have it out without the gas, I will, if you will not object, have all this money to give to our Sabbath-school missionary cause, and it may do *so much good.*’ But I am sure, mamma, Jesus must have been there to help me bear the pain, for I found I could do it, and was not at all afraid.”

“Yes, my darling,” said mamma, as she folded Ella in her arms and fondly kissed her, “you may give your money to the good cause. Our blessed Saviour always assists those that serve, and labor, and suffer, for him; and with his blessing you can accomplish many difficult but useful things.

My dear reader, what will you do, and what are you doing for Jesus?—*Child's World.*

Doing Good.

A few days ago, says a writer in the *S. S. Times*, while traveling from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, via the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, I noticed a little boy, about six years old, passing from seat to seat, handing to each passenger something to read, after the fashion of the peddlers who go through the cars with dime novels and other trash. When the boy reached my seat, I found he had tracts, such as “Will You Be Saved?” “Prepare to Meet Thy God,” and many others of a similar nature, and he said, in a very distinct tone of voice:

“Will you read a tract, sir?” and handed me one.

Thus he went from seat to seat, giving his tracts, until nearly all in that car were engaged reading God's truth in the shape of tracts given by this little hand.

Two persons, the little fellow said, told him they were good enough without reading his tracts. He said he thought they were the ones that ought to read them. A gentleman by my side said to the boy:

“Why do you give those tracts to the people?”

His reply was prompt—“*To do good.*”

“What is your name?” said the gentleman.

“Willie C.”

“And where do you live?”

“Near Pittsburg.”

“Do you go to Sabbath-school?”

“Yes, sir; that's where I learned about Jesus' doing good, being 'about his Father's

business' when a boy, and I want to do good."

I found, afterward, nearly every one in the car reading tracts. Oh! what an example and what a rebuke did Willie C. give every older Christian in that car! How many of us who have traveled for years have neglected the "Master's" business in this respect, giving the word, in this shape, to the moving mass of humanity who may be on their last journey?

"Sow beside all waters," is the command. Do we do it? May God bless little Willie and his tracts, is our prayer.—*S. S. Times.*

My Father's House.

IN my younger days, while living with my father in the State of New York, he purchased a piece of land on which he built a house. It was very nice for a newly-settled country. It was built of cucumber. Some of you may wonder what I can mean by a cucumber house. Well, I will tell you. In the West there are a good many trees by that name. Father's house was built of very large cucumber trees. The bark was peeled from the outside, and the inside hewed smooth, which left a shade of blue and yellow.

Now it fell to my lot to carry the dinner to father, as I was his only child except the baby. Now father had marked trees all along through the woods leading to the new house; if he had not, I might have got lost and known not whither I had gone. But you may be sure it was no unpleasant task to take my pail or basket at the appointed hour and start on my errand; and keeping my eyes on the marked trees, I soon came in sight of my father's house.

Now children, I would have you learn a lesson from the above. We are all traveling through a wilderness; but our Father has waymarks all along, so if we heed them, we need not get lost. We, also, have waymarks by which we may know when our journey is almost ended. We have passed nearly all, and soon, if we follow as directed, we will be in sight of our Father's house. But oh! how different from the one I have been describing. The inmates of that house are sleeping in the silent tomb. The house, too, is not there; but the home to which we are going stands secure. Death cannot rob us of our loved ones there. No gushing tears nor farewell partings. No sorrow, sighing, nor any pain, in that bright home. And oh, how beautiful! The mansions are gold; the streets, too, are paved with the same. The gates are of pearl. And then the tree of life; the crys-

tal river that courses its way in gentle murmurs through that delightful region. There, too, are the fadeless flowers—in short, everything which can please the eye or charm the ear. But 'tis in vain to attempt to describe in full the glories of the place. Dear children, will you try to be there?

SUSAN ELMER.

The Prince and the Serfs.

MANY years ago, there was a little boy named Alexander. He was the son of Nicholas, the mighty emperor of the Russias.

In his father's empire there were many millions of poor people who were called serfs. These were kept in a state much resembling slavery, and were sold with the lands on which they lived. Many of them were poor and wretched; some few were prosperous and wealthy; but all were under the control of the lords on whose territories they dwelt.

One day Nicholas noticed that little Alexander looked very sad and thoughtful, and asked him what he was thinking of.

"Of the poor serfs," replied the little boy, "and when I become emperor I will emancipate them."

This reply startled the emperor and his courtiers; for they were very much opposed to all such plans for the improvement of the condition of the poor. They asked little Alexander how he came to think of doing this, and what led him to feel so interested for the serfs. He said, "From reading the Scriptures and hearing them enforced, which teach that all men are brothers."

The emperor said very little to his boy on the subject, and it was hoped that the influences and opinions which prevailed in the royal court, would gradually correct the boyish notions of the young prince. But this expectation was vain. The early impressions of the little boy grew deeper and stronger, and when at last the great Nicholas died, and Alexander was placed upon his father's throne, he called the wise statesmen of the land to his councils, and a plan of emancipation was formed, and the imperial decree went forth, which abolished serfdom throughout all the Empire.

It is in this way that God works wonders by the power of his word. The great fact that God had "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," lodged like an incorruptible seed in the heart of the young prince, and growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength, at last budded and blossomed, and brought forth the fruit of blessing for millions of the human race.—*H. L. H. in the Christian.*

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 15, 1870.

THE CHARMER.

AMONG the busy throngs of men who are hurrying, and bustling, and crowding, along the way of life, eager for riches and fame, may be found a class of people who are calm and happy; and although they love to do good and be useful, they find time to look about them and admire the beautiful and curious things that God has made.

They delight in studying the works of nature, and in tracing therein the wisdom and goodness of Him who created all things. In field and forest, in bud and flower, in the little streamlet or the mighty river, on the bosom of the wide ocean, or on the rugged sides of the lofty mountain, they find something to admire, something to awaken in the heart deeper emotions of gratitude, and more fervent love to the Giver of all good. Such persons are called naturalists.

Naturalists observe many very curious things, some of which remind them of the follies and experiences of men.

One day a naturalist saw a bird fluttering about a tree in a very unusual manner. Slowly and carefully he crept nearer and nearer, till he could see the cause of the strange actions of the bird. A large serpent was coiled around one of the branches of the tree, and, with head raised, jaws distended, and eyes gleaming and sparkling almost like coals of fire, he was making strange and rapid motions with his forked tongue.

The bird seemed frightened, and yet so completely charmed that it had no power to fly away, but kept drawing a little closer to the glaring eyes fixed so intently upon it, until, as it was about to be pierced by the deadly fangs of the serpent, the naturalist interfered and saved its life.

It is said that in some countries serpents often ascend trees, devour the eggs or young birds in the nest, and then await the return of the parent birds to charm and destroy them, as we have just described.

There is a serpent that has power to charm and destroy men. You will find his name in Rev. 12 : 9. He first deceived the pure-minded

dwellers in the garden of Eden, and since that time thousands upon thousands have fallen into his fatal embrace. He tried to charm and mislead even the Son of God, as you will see by reading Matt. 4 : 1-11.

We are all in danger of being misled by him. He will try to charm us with a prospect of obtaining riches, fame, worldly pleasures, and fleshly lusts. Let us all beware of the charmer; for he charms but to destroy.

It is said that some men have acquired the art of charming snakes so that they can take them in their hands and extract their fangs, without harm; but be that as it may, our only safety is in securing the help of Him who is "stronger than the strong man armed," and who will yet lay hold on the dragon, that old serpent which is the devil and Satan, and cast him into the lake of fire. Rev. 20 : 2, 10.

Work for the Sabbath-School.

THE boys in the back woods prize their Sabbath-school enough to deny themselves to attend it. They are also willing to work for it. One little Michigan boy I have heard about, who used to walk five miles every Sabbath to attend his school. Finally, the roads became so badly blocked with snow, and the cold so great, that he could not go any more. His teacher encouraged him to get up a little Sabbath-school class at his home, promising to come over and teach it. The little boy threw his whole heart into the work; and what was the teacher's surprise to find, when he came, a company of sixty scholars collected to start a new school. All had been gathered by the faithful labors of this boy who loved the Sabbath-school.

A boy of thirteen, in Nebraska City, was hopelessly converted. He loved his Bible better than any other book, and longed to teach its good news to others. He was placed in charge of a class of Danes and Bohemians, and taught them with the greatest zeal and impressiveness. His class grew to a large room full, and several were employed to help him. His being able to speak the Danish language was a great assistance to him; but the great secret of his success was that he loved Jesus and his word, and was full of pity for perishing souls.

Who will work for the Sabbath-school? If you really desire to do good in it, God will open the way. One of the easiest ways I know for a child to do good in it is to bring others into its loving fold. This, in many schools, is done almost entirely by the children's efforts. Who can tell what a great work in the world that boy or girl you lead for the first time to the Sabbath-school may accomplish? If he is left to the schooling of the street, ruin only is before him.—*Child's World.*

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A SORRY LOSS.

By the gate of a garden near the wood,
A brother and sister together stood.
"Beyond the gate you are not to roam,"
Their mother had said, as she quitted home.
But, tired of playing within the bound,
Frank opened the gate, and they looked around.
"Oh! Jessie," he cried, "how I long to go
To play for a while in the wood below."

"But, Frankie, what did our mother say?"
Said the little one tempted to go astray.
"She thought in the wood we might get harmed,"
Said Frank; "but we need not feel alarmed;
There is nothing to hurt us; and oh, just see
That beautiful squirrel on yonder tree!"
And away ran Frank to the green retreat,
While Jessie followed with flying feet.

They chased the squirrel with laugh and shout;
They gathered the flowers, and played about;
And then, as they feared it was getting late,
Returned unhurt to the garden gate.
No questions were asked, and nobody knew
What Frank and Jessie had dared to do
Till on Saturday night, as they sat alone,
Frank to his mother the truth made known.

"But, mother," he said, "tho' we went in the wood,
We got no harm, as you thought we should.
Into the water we did not fall,
Nor did we injure our clothes at all."
"My son," was the answer, "it may be so;
Yet something you lost in the woods, I know.
Think well, and then tell me," the mother said,
As she laid her hand on her Frankie's head.

"My knife, my ball, and my pence," thought he,
"I have them all safe; then what could it be?"
I know," at length he said, with a start;
"I lost the happy out of my heart!
I have not felt easy since then," he sighed;
"And I could not be merry, although I tried.
Mother, I'm certain not all my play
Made up for the loss that I had that day."

Frank's tears fell fast as the summer rain;
But the happy came back to his heart again,
As he to his mother his fault confessed,
And her pardoning kiss on his lips was pressed.
Dear children, remember this simple lay;
For if in forbidden paths you stray,
Though you seem unhurt, and your fault be hid,
You will lose a treasure, as Frankie did.

—*Child's Paper.*

Heart Murder.

THE *Children's Friend* tells the story of a little girl who went to bed with a heavy heart, and whose sobs brought her mother to her side, seeking to know what ailed her. "My child," said her mother, tenderly, stooping down to her bedside, what troubles you? Tell me."

"Oh, mother, I am so glad you have come!" cried Alice, uncovering her head and seizing her mother's hand; "I can't go to sleep."

"Do tell me what's the matter with my dear daughter."

"Oh! mother, I killed cousin Ruth in my heart to-day, I did!" and tears flowed afresh. "She got angry, and I wished her dead. I can't ask God's forgiveness till I

am friends with Ruth. He won't hear me; for my heart had anger and hatred in it. Oh, mother!" and the poor child wept as though her heart would break.

Her mother tried to comfort her, but there lay the cold, heavy weight of sin upon her bosom, and she could take no comfort.

"Oh! if I could only see Ruth, and ask her forgiveness, then I could pray and go to sleep," she said piteously. "Mother, can't I go to Ruth's house? Her mother thought a moment. She felt that to help her child to feel and act right in this respect was important. "Yes, my child, you shall go," she said.

Alice's father was called, who, wrapping his weeping child in a blanket, carried her into the next house, where her cousin Ruth lived. She was taken to Ruth's bedside. It was a melting scene to witness the confession, the entreaty for forgiveness, and the kiss of reconciliation. Then Alice wiped away her tears, and laying her head on her father's shoulder, she asked to be carried home.

Once more in her own chamber, Alice kneeled down and prayed to God to forgive her for the sin of hating Ruth. "Give me love in my heart," she cried earnestly, "because 'God is love;' and because it was love which made Jesus die on the cross for us! and oh! keep me from hating and killing anybody in my heart."

So did little Alice pray. Sin and conscience, love and hatred, had been fighting in her heart. But love gained the victory. —*Sel.*

Walking with Jesus.

"I WANT to live like one of Jesus' children," said a young girl to her teacher; "but it seems to me I don't know how. I thought I had given my heart to him, and yet every now and then I wake up to find I am not going as I ought. He's so far off. How can I make him seem nearer?"

"When you are at school, or away from home, do you not often think or speak of your mother?" asked the teacher.

"Why, certainly; every hour in the day, I suppose," replied the pupil, wondering at such a question.

"Do you recollect what is said about the disciples as they went from Jerusalem to Emmaus?"

"I don't think I do."

"Then turn to the last chapter of Luke, and read from the thirteenth verse."

"Ah, there is your answer," interrupted the teacher, as the fifteenth verse was read. "If we would have Jesus walk with us, we must have him in our thoughts and on our lips."

Sabbath-School Department.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON SIXTY-TWO.

JACOB FEARS TO MEET ESAU.

1. What did Jacob do after Laban departed? Gen. 32: 1.
2. Who met him? Ibid.
3. What did he do as he journeyed near the land where Esau dwelt? Verse 3.
4. What did these messengers say when they returned? Verse 6.
5. How did Jacob feel when they told him this? Verse 7.
6. What preparation did he make to meet Esau? Ibid.
7. Why did he make this division? Verse 8.
8. To whom did Jacob go for protection? Read verses 9-12.
9. What did he ask the Lord to do? Verse 11.
10. What confession did he make? Verse 10.
11. What promises did he plead? Verses 9, 12.

LESSON SIXTY-THREE.

JACOB SETS APART RICH PRESENTS FOR ESAU.

1. What did Jacob set apart as a present to Esau? Gen. 32: 13-15.
2. Into whose hands did he deliver these presents? Verse 16.
3. What did he tell the servants to do with them? Ibid.
4. What did he tell the servants, that had charge of each drove, to say to Esau when he met them? Verses 17-19.
5. What did Jacob hope to accomplish by these presents? Verse 20.
6. Why do you suppose Jacob thought Esau would be angry with him and seek his life?
7. What did Jacob do during the night before he met Esau? Verses 22, 23.
8. Did Jacob cross over the brook that night? Verse 24.
9. Why do you think Jacob so planned that Esau would meet all his servants, and cattle, and children, before meeting him?

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON FIFTY-NINE.

CHANGE OF MINISTRY FROM THE WORLDLY, TO THE HEAVENLY SANCTUARY.

1. What is the principal topic of the last four lessons? Ans. The ministration in the worldly sanctuary.
2. To what purpose did the priests serve in this continual round of ministration? Heb. 8: 1-5.
3. Have we any high priest in this dispensation? Heb. 8: 1.
4. Who is that great High Priest? Heb. 4: 14.
5. Where is he said to

be? Heb. 8: 1. 6. Of what is he said to be a minister? Verse 2. 7. When did the ministration in the earthly sanctuary virtually cease? Ans. At the death of Christ. 8. What occurred in the sanctuary at the death of Christ? Luke 23: 45. 9. What did this rending of the vail indicate? Ans. That the most holy place of the earthly sanctuary was no longer sacred. 10. Why was it no longer sacred? Ans. Because God had forsaken it. 11. What had Christ said in speaking of this time? Luke 13: 35. 12. What preparatory work was performed in the tabernacle before the services commenced in it? Ex. 40: 9-11. 13. When was the heavenly sanctuary anointed? Ans. Before the close of the seventy weeks. Dan. 9: 24; see Lesson Thirty-One. 14. Then when do we conclude that the ministration in the heavenly sanctuary commenced? Ans. At the close of the ministration in the earthly. Read Heb. 9: 6-12.

LESSON SIXTY.

THE MINISTRATION IN THE HEAVENLY SANCTUARY.

1. On whom were the sins of the transgressor figuratively laid, in the ministration of the earthly sanctuary? Ans. On the sin-offering. Lev. 4: 2. Who is our great sin-offering under the new covenant? 1 Cor. 15: 3; 2 Cor. 5: 21.
3. Did Christ really bear our sins on the cross, as the victim figuratively bore the sins of the transgressor under the old covenant? 1 Pet. 2: 24.
4. What did the priest offer in the worldly sanctuary? Lev. 4: 6, 17; 16: 14, 15.
5. With what does Christ, our great high priest, enter the heavenly sanctuary? Heb. 9: 12.
6. How many holy places or apartments were there in the worldly sanctuary? 7. Of what were they said to be figures? Heb. 9: 24.
8. Then how many holy places must there be in the heavenly sanctuary? 9. Where did the priests of the earthly sanctuary minister throughout the year till the day of atonement? 10. Then if the priests in the earthly sanctuary served unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, where must the ministration in the heavenly sanctuary commence? 11. What scriptures seem to teach that our Lord ministers only in the most holy place? Heb. 9: 8; 10: 19.
12. What word is translated "holiest," and "holiest of all," in these scriptures? Ans. *Hagion*.
13. How is the same word rendered in Heb. 8: 2? Ans. "Sanctuary."
14. How is the same word rendered in Heb. 9: 24? Ans. "Holy places."
15. How is *Hagion* rendered in all these passages by the Douay Bible? Ans. "Holies."
16. How is it rendered in each of these scriptures in Macknight's translation? Ans. "Holy places."
17. Is the word, in its literal meaning, singular or plural? Ans. Plural.
18. What do we conclude, then? Ans. That our Lord is "a minister of the *holy places*," Heb. 8: 2; that "the way into the *holy places* was not yet made manifest," Heb. 9: 8; that Christ is not entered into the *holy places* made with hands, &c.

Don't Close the School.

THE trying time is at hand. The hibernating process will be attempted. The young mortals will be likely to lose their Sabbath-school privileges, the only religious privileges which some of them enjoy. In view of the coming crisis, we therefore cry out: "*Don't close the school.*"

But cries Deacon Love-rest, "We cannot keep it open. Think how bad the roads are, and how keen the winds are, and how cold the school-room is, and—and—we always have closed in the winter." But is not winter the time when district-schools most do flourish, and when singing-schools thrive, and when protracted-meetings abound? If men and women, boys and girls, can and do throng such gatherings at this very season, and rejoice in it, too, why, we ask, can they not attend the school? Depend upon it, deacon, the love of ease is at the bottom of the neglect of the school, and that, too, among the so-called *laborers*; for the children are ever ready, so far as my inquiry and my observation goes.

But cries Sister Ailing, "They will take cold, and become sick." These boys and girls who dwell where roads are so bad, are not made of such stuff as that. Children who can romp the whole day long in weather of all sorts, are not to be extinguished by the same familiar surroundings, simply because the Lord's day has come. Give them the Sabbath-school, or depend upon it, they will get an equal exposure in a far worse cause. If they are not properly clad, parents should see to it. If parents cannot, teachers and school people generally should. There may be an occasional place where the school "open all the year round" is impracticable, but such places are highly exceptional. What is needed to keep the schools open all winter is *consecration and courage.*

"Christian, if the heart be warm,
Snow and ice can do no harm."
—*Baptist Teacher.*

Class Oversight.

THE watchful care and wise supervision of Sabbath-school classes demand the thought and prayer of every teacher.

A few suggestions on this theme, with special reference to senior classes, are here presented.

In this, as in every great and good work, begin right. A work well begun is half done. Unfailing promptness in attendance, as well as in all matters of duty, should be the first and constant rule.

The scrupulous punctuality and attention to duty demanded by military service, though at first deemed difficult and exacting, soon become easy, simply from force of habit. So with punctuality and devotion to duty in our Master's service, in the Sabbath-school army. Its habitual observance would soon reveal the insufficiency of many of our excuses, and would influence the whole class to imitate your example.

This punctuality will also afford opportunity for extending warm Christian greetings, which should never be omitted. The humblest individual may be the most sensitive, and therefore the most easily offended at the lack of kind attentions. Study to make all feel at home in the class; be kind, frank, and cheerful in your demeanor; have no favorites; be well prepared, and strive to make the exercises and lessons as interesting and attractive as possible; and avoid formality as the plague. With diffidence and reserve thus removed, interest will be awake and attention secured, and the first step taken toward the proper observance of order—"Heaven's first law."

Study the personal character, habits, and feelings, of your class, and adapt instruction accordingly. Be methodical, not for the sake of method merely, but with a definite aim, and yet with flexibility to accommodate your conduct and teaching to circumstances. Never be led into confusion; be yourself, and act naturally.

Successful class supervision is largely due to the manner of presiding over your little flock, and to the interest you yourself feel and manifest. Nor is it due to this in the class alone, but out of it are afforded some of the best opportunities for wise superintendence. Invite your class to the church services and week-night meetings, and then be there yourself to welcome them. Carry their names and addresses in your memorandum book, and call upon them at their homes or places of employment on your way to and from your own daily business. A little thought and judgment in the arrangement of time, will, with many teachers, go far toward obviating the necessity of making special visits, save on especial occasions. To those unable to visit regularly—and there are many good teachers thus situated—a blessed way of reaching and influencing your class is by letter. "Good news from a far country is like water to a thirsty soul;" and so a kind note now and then, carrying a tender and earnest personal entreaty to the unconverted, a few words of comfort and consolation to the afflicted, and of affectionate regard to all, and wrapped up, as it were, in the many prayers of an anxious teacher, will find a warm welcome, and be blessed in leading many to the fountains of life, or causing them to drink deeper draughts therefrom.

Above all, *be in earnest.* An earnest man, even in a bad cause, will attract attention, gain confidence, command respect, and increase in power. How much more, then, is earnest, assiduous effort and watchcare to be desired and sought in this blessed work.—*Sel.*

Anecdote of Louis IX.

LOUIS IX, king of France, was found instructing a poor kitchen boy; and on being asked why he did so, replied:

"The meanest person hath a soul as precious as my own, and bought with the same blood of Christ."

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

Patience.

PATIENCE is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptation, endures persecution, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the State, harmony in the families and societies; she comforts the poor, and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and approves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex, and every age.—*Bishop Horne.*

ENIGMA.

He who by Paul was said to be
"Approved in Christ," the Lord;
He who by night did once repair
To hear the Saviour's word;

He who from childhood's early days
The sacred Scriptures knew;
He who the throne of God beheld,
And seraphim did view;

He who the apostle's want relieved
When in a prison bound;
He who, when Peter came to him,
Believed, and comfort found;

He who the helpless infants slew
With cruel, bloody hands,
Thus spreading grief thro' Bethlehem's coast,
And mourning through the land;

The initials take; they will proclaim
The city once so fair,
Where first the Lord's disciples did
The name of "Christian" bear.

—*S. S. Visitor.*

The Barefooted Boy.

About thirty years ago, we knew a little, white-haired boy, who lived in one of the mountain towns of New England. His father worked hard upon his rocky farm to support his little family, in addition to which, from Sabbath to Sabbath, and also at other times, he preached the gospel freely to the poor, and endeavored to save men from the wrath to come.

This little boy had to work quite hard, live on plain food, and sometimes was obliged to wear poor clothes. Often he was without shoes, usually going barefoot in the summer months, and sometimes even after the frost had begun to stiffen the ground. His mother sent him regularly to the village church and Sabbath-school, where he learned

the Scriptures, and obtained books from the library, which he read with much interest. Nor would she allow him to remain at home, though he was often obliged to go barefoot to church and Sabbath-school.

There were several other boys there, who were better dressed, if not better behaved, than this little boy; and they used to take delight in pestering, plaguing, and nicknaming the barefoot boy; and one of them, the son of the pastor of the church, when in the same class in Sabbath-school, would sometimes kick the bare feet of the little boy with his new morocco shoes, of which he seemed quite proud.

The little boy did not stay away from Sabbath-school for this, but kept studying and reading; and one day when his father procured him a pair of stout, stubbed shoes, he was much elated with the thought that Bill Blank would not be likely to try to kick his feet any more with his morocco boots.

A good many years have passed since then, and not long ago I spent a Sabbath at that same village church. The house was well filled. I thought I saw the boy who wore the morocco boots sitting somewhere in the gallery, while the barefooted boy was in the pulpit, preaching the gospel of Christ to a deeply-interested and tearful congregation. And I thought I would tell our little readers about it, so that they might not be ashamed to go to Sabbath-school, even if they went there barefoot; but would be in earnest to learn all they could, and fit themselves for future usefulness.

And if any of our readers are so foolish and so wicked as to be proud of their own fine clothes, and despise and torment others who are less richly clad, they will do well to remember that the time may come when they would be proud to make the acquaintance and share the friendship of some one whom they now regard as only a barefoot boy.—*Sel.*

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