

and twenty, and we are encouraged to hope for further increase in numbers. The School progresses in great harmony; the superintendent, teachers, and scholars seem to have but one object, and that is, to do and get good. It is a subject of great rejoicing that any of our youthful friends, through the instrumentality of Sabbath teaching and instruction connected with pastoral labor, have become scholars in the school of Christ; but so it is: seven, during the past year, have, as we trust given their hearts to the Saviour, and give evidence of a work of grace by the life they live.

But while we have been called to rejoice in the salvation of some of our youthful friends, we have been called to pay the last tribute of affection to one of the brightest ornaments in our school, Melina L., who has long been a beloved member of our school is no more. That dreadful disease—consumption, brought her to an early grave. She lived well, and died well: "That life is long which answers life's great end." She lived to glorify God, and will doubtless enjoy him forever. She early became a member of the school, and at proper maturity became a teacher, and continued such until health failed, and she was obliged to relinquish a task which, in health, she delighted to perform.

Ere our tears were dry, and our weeping over, another of our young friends was transported from earth to the Paradise above—Mary W.—"Death loves a shining mark." Mary had for a length of time been afflicted, but she endured patiently her long sickness. She was always dutiful to her parents, affectionate and kind to brothers and sisters, mild and gentle in all her intercourse with friends—none saw her hut to love. In her last days Mary gave her heart fully to the Saviour, and died in hope.

I would urge upon my young friends and members of Sunday schools, in view of God's merciful and gracious

manifestations in the salvation of some, and the providence that has removed others, to consider upon their latter end, and lay up treasure in heaven.—*Sunday School Advocate, N. Y.*

[FOR THE RECORD.]

### Caution to Parents.

How often the remark is heard, "What a pretty little girl that is!" I dare say some of you have heard it, and perhaps have wished yourselves in the place of those so admired, and have even thought how happy such children must be who have pretty faces, and to have fine clothes to wear. But, my dear children, such things cannot make children happy any more than grown people. As to beauty, be each contented with the share that God has given you. But remember that it is right for you to take care that your persons are agreeable to your friends—as far as cleanliness and neatness can make them so. Never waste a minute in regretting that your hair is not black; if it is so, be quite sure it is best for you—but *take care that it is tidy and clean*—that is your part.

If your eyes are grey, don't fret because they are not blue; but be sure to turn them away from what is wrong—notice well the beautiful works of creation, and take care that no eye shall ever behold them wearing the proud look, which is abomination to God. Believe me, the plainest children may be lovely to their friends, by a kindly, gentle spirit shining in all their actions and words.

I was very much impressed with the wide difference between beauty and amiability a few months ago, in the case of a little girl with whom I happened to meet. If I had met her in the street I dare say I should have been very likely to say, "What a lovely child!" her complexion was so very fair, her eyes the colour of a clear summer sky, bright fair hair, and a figure straight and well-formed, together with a dress so neat, though