

THE YOUTHFUL
THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.
INSTRUCTOR.

VOL. XVI.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., OCTOBER, 1868.

NO. 10.

WATCH!

Watch, for the time is short;
 Watch, while 'tis called to-day;
 Watch, lest the world prevail;
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
 Watch, for the flesh is weak;
 Watch, for the foe is strong;
 Watch lest the Bridegroom come;
 Watch, though He tarry long!

Chase slumber from thine eyes;
 Chase doubting from thy breast;
 Thine is the promised prize
 Of Heaven's eternal rest.
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
 Thy Saviour watched for thee
 Till from his brow there poured
 Great drops of agony.

Take Jesus for thy trust;
 Watch while the foe is near,
 Gird well the armor on,
 Watch till thy Lord appear.
 Now when thy sun is up—
 Make thou no more delay—
 In this accepted time,
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray!

HOW THE LORD ANSWERED A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

DEAR CHILDREN: The Saviour does not say you must be big, like men, before he will hear and answer your prayers; but he does say that men must become like little children before they can enter into the kingdom of Heaven. See Matt. xviii, 3. All of God's people are counted as little children in the Scriptures. The beloved apostle John, when addressing old and young, says, "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth," 1 John iii, 18, and in chap. ii, 18, he says, "Little children, it is the last time." Also in verse 28, "And now little children, abide in Him, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence and not be ashamed before him at his coming." And John says of these little children in chap. iii, 22, "And whatsoever we ask we receive of him because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight."

Then you should not think that because you are a little child, God will not hear your prayer, though you keep his commandments and do those things that are pleasing to him.

I wish now to tell you how I think the Lord heard and answered the prayer of a little boy. When I was about seven years old I was visiting one day at a neighbor's house, and after playing for some time with another little boy about my age, we entered into conversation about our mothers, for we both had good mothers, and we loved them very much. We wondered what we should do if our mothers

should die and we be left without a mother to care for us while we were little, and truly this is a solemn thought, and one which all children should reflect upon, who love their mothers; and they should be very careful how they grieve them, or bring unnecessary cares upon them, and thus bring them down to the grave, for it is a sad thing for little children to be left without the care of a mother.

As the little friend and myself thus reasoned we came to the conclusion that we would rather die first than to be bereft of our mothers. But before we parted this little boy remarked that he thought my mother would not live long. I asked him why he thought so. He replied that the doctor said that she had the consumption, and would not live a great while. This sad news, coming from the doctor, at once gave rise to feelings of grief which my little friend noticed, and he tried to comfort me by saying that "The doctors don't know everything." But I knew that she had a bad cough, and that the consumption was a dangerous disease; so I at once gave up all hope, and bidding my little friend good bye, I started for home with a heavy heart, thinking over my probable condition, that I should soon be left without a mother to love and care for me, and that I should never see her any more in this world.

These thoughts were too much for my childish nature to endure, so I began to weep. After crying for some time, and inquiring of myself what I should do, I remembered that my parents had taught me that when we are in trouble we should go to the Lord in prayer, and though I had been in the habit of daily saying that familiar prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c., before going to bed, yet I never went to the Lord and asked for such things as I stood in need of, feeling that if I asked in faith, nothing doubting, I should receive them. But this time I resolved to go to the Lord, as I felt that there was no other source from which I could get help, so I knelt down in the road and asked the Lord to keep my mother alive until I grew up to be a man. I then got up and went home, feeling much better, and by the time I reached home I had almost forgotten my trouble.

Now little reader, you may judge whether the Lord answered that prayer, when I tell you that it was not until twenty-six years after that prayer was offered, and not until I had grown up to be a man of thirty-three years, and had a little family of children upon which to place my affections, before I was called to follow my aged mother to the grave. Think, over a quarter of a century had rolled away, and I had long forgotten my prayer, yet when I was moving along with that large and solemn procession toward the graveyard, my little prayer, with all the scenes of that bitter day, came up before my mind as vivid as though it were but

yesterday, and I could not help but believe that the Lord heard that simple but earnest prayer.

And here I would say that it was a wonder to all who knew my mother, that she had lived so long. A physician remarked to me shortly after her death that "it was a miracle that she had lived so long, for," said he, "the first time I ever saw her, and that was over twenty years ago, I thought she could not live a year." Let me say in conclusion, dear children, that when you are in trouble, go to Him who has promised that not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without his notice." He will answer the prayers of his little ones.

JOHN F. BALLENGER.

HEART-WORK.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Prov. iv, 23.

At the idea of work, many an idler will pass by this article in silent contempt, or, at least, a timorous dread will dissuade many a reader from a candid consideration of my subject, merely because it advocates work.

Not so with all. The student, the farmer, the mechanic, and the industrious Christian, have no such instinctive dread of work. No; to all such as delight in wholesome labor, the word heart-work possesses and conveys to the mind an idea rather pleasant than otherwise.

The word keep, in the text, conveys an idea of danger, as if the heart might be taken by some enemy, or by some means this place were in danger from unseen foes, and like a fort in time of war, it must be kept in repair, and in as good a condition for self-defense as possible. The sacred writer seems also to indicate in this direction that diligence is necessary, and not diligence alone, but *all* diligence is called for, as though such efforts would be made by the enemy to take this fortress (as we may well term it), that it would only be by the most strenuous and the most unceasing efforts and vigilance that it could be defended from the attacks of its foes.

Keep; that is, watch, defend, keep in a state of defense, the heart. Here the heart is put for the mind, the whole mental fabric, including the memory, the imagination, the will and all the reasoning powers; also the desires and the passions, and every natural power of the individual originally granted to man, in the person of Adam, the father of our race.

The heart, thus defined, or mind, is the place in which every individual forms character. It is the mental workshop, doubtless located in the brain, where thought is originated, and the powers of the mind cultivated and developed.

We say it is the mental workshop; and as the mechanic by industry and skill produces or rather manufactures the articles peculiar to his line of trade, so each individual, in the secret recesses of the soul, is daily forming a character for good or for evil. Every thought which is made a welcome guest in the heart, every desire which is habitually indulged, every decision of the will, every excursion of the fancy, every flight of the passions, every fact treasured in the memory, all and each of these, act a part in the formation of character.

As the mechanic exposes some article before his shop, to indicate to the public what his business is, so does each soul of man, unconsciously, advertise to the public, his peculiar employment within. The soul which is sensual, and whose thoughts are groveling, bears in his countenance, and in his conversation, marks which can not be misunderstood. The man whose thoughts are of covetous designs,

shows the same in his dealings; and the man of holy and noble aims manifests in his daily walk his true character.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether it be pure and whether it be right, says Solomon. We cannot look into the heart of any one, and see what is going on there, as we can into the shop of the mechanic; but we can see by his acts and words as well; yes, each youth and child, as well as each older person, is daily toiling in his mental workshop, in the formation of character; and every conclusion of the mind, every decision of the will, every flight of the imagination, every fact noted and treasured by the memory, each of these with all the fires of the passions, are doing a daily work in either purifying or polluting the soul.

Here is the work, then, to defend this workshop, for evil spirits are daily and hourly striving to fill it with vain and evil thoughts. In order to defend it you must make it a kind of fortress or fort; not armed as with swords and rifles and weapons of war, but with spiritual weapons, taken from God's word, pure thoughts, and holy words, and then the acts will be righteous, and the signs will indicate to the world that holiness is within.

JOS. CLARKE.

WHAT RELIGION WILL DO.

We are all human, and, as human beings, we are ever aiming to better our condition, to rise higher and higher in some sphere or other; either to be a farmer, lawyer, doctor, senator, statesman, or hold some office which will bring us into public notice. We all desire to lead, direct, to be looked up to, or something of this sort. All this we strive by every way and means to accomplish. To sum up, "*we are all trying to be somebody.*" But very few ever realize their expectations.

Now the question comes, What is the trouble? Why do our brightest prospects and most deeply laid plans fail? There is certainly trouble somewhere. Probably the most reasonable conclusion we can come to is that they were not laid right; we did not build on the sure foundation. And if the plans we have tried have failed, let us try something else.

Let me propose a plan for us to base our actions upon; it is this: Get religion. Religion will do a great deal for a person. No matter what position in life he occupies, it is the only sure platform. Religion will make a rogue an honest man; it will make a cruel man kind, tender-hearted, affectionate; and an impatient man patient. Religion will make a blasphemer a praying man; it will make a man industrious, cheerful, prudent, generous, forbearing, and in fact it will make of any one just such a person as we all love and respect; such a person as he designed man should be. In fact religion is the stepping-stone for us all to step from under the curse that rests upon every man, woman and child of Adam's race.

Many of us have learned that religion is the only true source of enjoyment in this world, and that is what the mass are striving for. But is this all it will do? No. It will secure us a life beyond this vale of tears,—a home on an earth made new. It will give us eternal life, where we shall be free from sin, and dwell forever in the society of angels.

Now if religion is such a good thing, young friends, let us get it. It costs nothing; it is to the rich and poor alike. "Whosoever will, let him take the waters of life freely." Let us get religion if we would be happy here or hereafter. Yes, get pure and undefiled religion. GEO. W. BARNES.

Reading for Very Small Children.

"FEED MY LAMBS."

A LITTLE TALK WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

I WANT to have a little talk with you, dear children, all by ourselves. I want all the older ones who would laugh at our simple words, and plain talk, to turn to their own part of the paper and learn all they can there.

It may be that you would like to know who I am; so I will tell you that I am a school teacher. I have spent most of my life with children, and love them very much. I love to talk with them, and hear them read. I love to see them play, and hear them laugh and shout. I love to see their eyes sparkle when they are happy.

But I love most of all to hear them sing sweet hymns, and tell of the love of God in their hearts. Do you love the Lord? I know that some of you do, I wish you all loved him.

But how may you know that you really love the Lord? Do you know you love him when you feel happy? If you keep his words, and never wish to do any of the things that he has told you not to do; then you may know that you truly love him. This is the best way to know that you love God, for Satan sometimes will try to make you think you love the Lord when you do not. Your actions will always tell whether you love him or not.

I know that some of you, who will read this, do not love the Lord as he wants you to love him. But still I can love you and pray for you. Our Lord loved those who did not love him, and I must do so too. But I want you all to begin now and try to learn to love the Lord.

Did you ever think how much he has done for you? He has given you every good thing you have. I wish you could see it as it is. It may be that we will talk of this at another time. G. H. BELL.

THE FIRST LIE.

CAN any little child tell me where, and by whom, the first lie was spoken in this world? One says, "Cain told it." One says "Gehazi." No: there was a sad falsehood spoken before either of those told by Cain or Gehazi. It was the worst lie that was ever spoken, and it did more harm than any other.

It was spoken in the garden of Eden. Did Adam speak it? No. Did Eve? No. Who did? The serpent. Can serpents talk? No. This serpent spoke because he was made to do so by Satan. Who is Satan? He is a wicked spirit. He was once an angel in Heaven; but he disobeyed God, and he was cast out of that blessed world with many more angels who did wrong as he did. He does not love God. He does not love any holy or good being. He never does any thing good. He is pleased with all wicked and evil persons and all wrong things. He likes to see little children, and men and women, do wrong. He is glad when you disobey your parents and are angry. He is glad when you speak lies and use bad language. He wants you to be like himself. He wants to keep you out of Heaven. He is sorry when you are obedient and truthful, and when he sees loving thoughts in your heart toward God, your heavenly Father, and Jesus Christ, your Saviour. He wishes you would never pray, and never read the Bible, and never go to God's house. He does not like the

beautiful hymns you learn, nor to hear you sing them with praise in your heart. He would be pleased if there were no Sabbath school, and no church, and no preaching, and no Sabbath day.

You will remember all the story. He took the form of a serpent; and, I suppose, the serpents then were more beautiful than they are now. He spoke in a pleasant voice to Eve when she was standing looking upon the forbidden tree. He asked her about it. She told him that God had bidden them not to taste the fruit, and had said that they should die if they ate it. Then Satan told the first lie. He told her she would not die, and that God knew, that, by eating that fruit, she would become wise, and know good and evil. She knew a great deal of good now. What a pity that she should learn any thing evil! But Satan persuaded her that it was very desirable to know both good and evil, and very excellent to be wise. He spoke that falsehood, and Eve believed him.

Dear children, remember that, when you speak what is not true, you are like Satan. Jesus, when he was in this world, called him the Devil, and said he was the father of lies. He puts wicked thoughts into your hearts. He is glad when you do not speak the truth. How can you be sure to resist his temptations? By praying to the Lord Jesus to keep you from his power. Pray every day that Satan may not be allowed to persuade you to sin in any way, and especially to tell lies; and when you feel inclined to hide any thing from your father or mother or teacher, pray in your heart that you may be able to speak the whole truth bravely. A beautiful hymn says,—

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

S. G. A.

The above beautiful piece for children is taken from *The Child at Home*. May all our little readers mark the terrible consequences of "The First Lie," and so always speak the truth.—Ed.

LITTLE CHRISTIANS.

I HEARD a few weeks ago, about a little boy, who when his father left off praying in his family, was very sad about it; and when he could not prevail upon his father to pray, he knelt down himself, and prayed to God.

I believe little children can love God as well as older people; and many little children have served God in this world, some of whom have with their parents suffered martyrdom, and will in Heaven wear the victor's crown.

Little children, you can love and serve God; you may have his smiles and his love shining in your heart. You may taste the sweets of pardoning love; but you must, with those who are older, watch and pray. You will find a part to act in this great work; you have sins to overcome and victories to gain.

In Heaven there are many names of children in the book of life, who will come up in the first resurrection all glorious like their Lord.

Little ones, you may speak and act every day so that all shall see that you are Christians; but first give your young hearts to God.

"Little words of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make this world an Eden,
Like the Heaven above."

JOS. CLARKE.

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., OCTOBER, 1868.

HOW TO GET A BLESSING.

ALL of our young readers want a blessing, and all of you may have one. Let me tell you one way that you can obtain it. The apostle Paul mentions one of the beautiful sayings of Christ, which is not recorded by any of the evangelists. It is this, "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." Acts xx, 35. Here, then, children and all, is a way for you to get a blessing from the Lord. "Give, and it shall be given you." Praise the name of our Heavenly Father for this simple and easy way to get a blessing.

Children and youth, don't go hungry and starving, when you can receive the blessing of Heaven on so easy terms. Contribute of your mites to some benevolent purpose, and He who cares for the little sparrows will not fail to notice your offerings. May the blessing of Acts xx, 35, rest on you all.

"WANTED."

TAKING up a magazine not long since, our eye rested on the following suspicious notice, under the head of *Wanted*:

"Wanted, active persons, of either sex, to engage in a pleasant employment, who can clear from \$5 to \$12 per day," with, "Send for our circular," &c. To all of which we would say, Beware! such pretenders "lie, and the truth is not in them."

But while the journals of the day are stuffed full of such extravagant notices, nearly all of them resting on the basis of fraud and quackery, staring us in the face from every newspaper column that chances to come under the eye, they may, nevertheless, suggest to our minds an important idea.

There is a calling in which "active persons of either sex," young or old, can find employment of the most profitable character; and we can assure you, young reader, after having tried it for sixteen years and rising, that it **PAYS WELL**. Need we suggest that the Christian profession, "the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," is the one we refer to? And though it is not guaranteed in this employment that we shall always be able to "clear from five to twelve dollars per day," yet if we patiently labor and wait and pray, in the world to come we shall receive "everlasting life."

Ah, this is the calling in which the Lord of the vineyard wants every one to engage. Here is work for all,—rich and poor; high and low; young and old; maimed and whole; halt and blind; sick and well; small and great,—labor here is in good demand, and will be until the pail of eternity shall rest down on our world.

Youthful reader, have you obeyed the command, "Son, go work in my vineyard?" If not, go at

once and act the part of an obedient child. Soon "the night cometh when no man can work." Let us toil on while the day lasts. Soon the heavenly steward will call the laborers, and every worker will receive his penny.

CLIMBING.

CHILDREN, especially boys, are very fond of climbing. It is not considered so proper, or becoming for girls to climb, yet many of them appear to enjoy the sport finely. Now, children, girls and boys, one and all, if you will listen to me awhile I will tell you about some climbing that you may all do, and I am sure if you will try it with as much zeal as the little boy tries to climb the tree or fence, you will succeed, and call it delightful. Indeed, it will stamp the rich glow of health and happiness upon your countenance; cause you to appear lovely and beautiful in the eyes of God, of holy angels, and of all good men; bring you all the real good there is in this world; and most of all, if you are an active and faithful climber, when you reach the topmost round of the ladder, the glittering gates of a most beautiful city will open to you, and bright angels will bid you enter.

Already some of you guess what I mean. The ladder we will call the ladder of sanctification. You may read about the eight rounds of this ladder in 2 Pet. i, 5-11. To climb this ladder is to do what Peter tells us, and happy are they that do these things. You will want some instruction to mount up this shining course, but you may get the instruction you need from your Christian parents or guardians, from the Holy Bible, and from Jesus, by seeking him in prayer.

Youth, how many of you are climbing in this narrow way? This heavenly ladder will be taken down before long, and then there will be no way to reach a home in Heaven. If you will enter into this noble work you may have the blessing of God at every advance step, and as you climb higher and higher, you will get nearer and nearer to God, until you shall behold the King in his beauty.

If you take the steps as they are given,
In you will gospel fruits abound,
And in the solemn day of reckoning,
Your name in life's good book be found.

And then you'll have an abundant entrance,
Through gates of pearl to life's fair tree;
You will walk its golden streets, immortal,
From sin and pain forever free.

H. A. ST. JOHN.

THE SUGAR CAMP.

DEAR YOUTH AND CHILDREN: I often think of you, and while many of you have kind parents, and are surrounded with the comforts of life, and have the privilege of Sabbath Schools, and meetings, how many are deprived of these things. Many have no able father to provide and care for them.

Do you ever think how lonely such must feel as they hear no father's voice? Perhaps their mother is overtaxed to see that their wants are supplied. But the Lord has made some precious promises to such, and he pities them.

I once knew a widow and her little son, who were making maple sugar. They had worked very hard through the day, and as the evening came, their stock of wood and logs was used up. The lad sorrowfully inquired of his mother what they should do for logs. She replied, "May be the Lord will

send us some." The next morning as they went back to the place of boiling, and came in sight, behold! there were plenty of logs rolled up around the kettles, and a number more close by. Think you they felt grateful as they were thus surprised? The Lord sent a strong man along that way, and put it into his heart to do it. Thus he works by means. How great are his mercies. He is able to heal all our wounds, though they may be deep and painful.

I know of a great many without a father, and who are coming up with no fear of God. Poor children! How are angels grieved at their deeds. I hope the readers of the Instructor will learn to love the Lord with all the heart, and be overcomers, so as to live on the earth when it shall be made new. This world is one of trial and temptation, but if you endure to the end, you will finally get a glorious crown of gold, and a beautiful harp, on which you may chant the eternal praises of God.

F. C. CASTLE.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

SWEET home of my childhood, I think of thee still,
E'en though with sad mem'ries my heart thou dost fill;
I passed in thy bosom life's sunniest years,
There, too, I remember the bitterest tears.

I find my affections entwine round the spot,
Where sorrow and joy, blended, fell to my lot;
Each room in the house I remember full well,
Oh! could they but speak what a tale they would tell!

'Neath the roof of the barn, just o'er on the hay,
'Twas there I oft knelt, when a child, for to pray,—
'Twas there I first felt that my sins were forgiven,
And experienced first the sweet blessing of Heaven.

My heart is oft sad as I muse on the past,
On the years that since childhood have hastened so fast;
Sometimes I have yearned for a parental home,
And sorrowed that I as a stranger must roam.

Yet why should I murmur, or ever repine?
The friendship and favor of friends have been mine;
And He, too, who heareth the young raven's cry,
Hath bidden me seek for a mansion on high.

This be my endeavor, oh! this be my aim,
To follow my Saviour, and honor his name,
And soon he is coming to gather his own,
Oh, let me prepare for a heavenly home!

Lure me not with earth's pleasures, its wealth or renown,
Lure me not, I am seeking a glorious crown.
I'll strive to press forward, forgetting the past,
That o'er sorrow and sin I be victor at last.

Come all my dear friends, come go with me where
A home and a mansion in bliss we may share;
Oh, let us walk humbly, and make no reserve,
Nor e'er from the path of obedience swerve.

SARAH E. LINDSLEY.

New Haven, N. Y.

MY LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM.

As I have not written for the INSTRUCTOR for some time, I will relate a little of the experience of a small child who is now in the present truth, upwards of thirty years ago, while living in the state of New York, our little Delilah, who was then as near as I can remember about seven years of age, all at once became very much changed. She seemed anxious to do right in all things. Her mind seemed to be fixed on heavenly joys.

One day while I was out after water she came to meet me, saying in her childlike simplicity, "Clarissa thinks about notions," speaking of her little sister who was about two years older than herself.

Another time she told how she wept one night upon her bed as she thought of the Lord. About this time one morning she related the following dream: "I dreamed last night," said she, "there were two rows of people or companies. On one side were the good; on the other the wicked. Then there was one who appeared to her to be a woman, or angel, who went to each of the good folks (as she called them) and touched them on the forehead, repeating each time, 'that's done.'" I told her it spoke in Revelation of the Lord sealing his people, says she, "They called it sealing." She thought in her dream that she was among the good.

And now, dear youth and children, we are in the time of sealing, but it will soon be over. May you so live that you may be among that happy number that will be found with the seal of the living God. Then you will be safe in the time of trouble which is just before us, and with the redeemed enter through those pearly gates into the city, partake of the fruit of life's fair tree, where you will wear the golden crown, the beautiful dress, and be unspeakably happy as you gaze on the unfading glories of Heaven.

S. ELMER.

Ashfield, Mass.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY JOSEPH CLARKE.

LESSON THIRTY-SIX.

JACOB AND ESAU.

Teacher. We have seen that Isaac copied the good example of his father Abraham; and for this the Lord blessed him. Which of the sons of Isaac was obedient to God and to his parents?

Child. Jacob.

T. What can you say of Esau, the brother of Jacob?

C. He was a grief to his parents. Gen. xxvii, 46.

T. Because of his disobedience and willful ways God was displeased with him; but Jacob sought to be good and useful. What was his reward?

C. His father blessed him.

T. Was Esau pleased at this?

C. He hated Jacob.

T. Yes; envy arose in his heart because of this.

What did he now do?

C. He said he would slay his brother.

T. In thinking and saying this, what very wicked man did he resemble?

C. He was like Cain.

T. What dreadful crime did Cain commit?

C. He took the life of Abel his brother.

T. Did God permit Esau to destroy his brother Jacob?

C. He did not.

T. How did Jacob escape from his brother Esau?

C. His parents sent him away.

LESSON THIRTY-SEVEN.

JACOB'S DREAM.

Teacher. In our last lesson the parents of Jacob had sent him far away from his home, that he might be safe from his cruel brother Esau. To whom did they send him?

Child. To Laban his uncle.

T. At that time the country through which Jacob traveled, to go to Laban, was probably new and mostly without inhabitants. Where did Jacob sleep at night?

C. Upon the ground.

T. To whom did he look to keep him from harm while he slept?

C. He trusted in the Lord.

T. What happened to him while sleeping alone in the forest?

C. He had a wonderful dream.

T. Yes; the Lord gave him a sweet and holy dream. What was it about?

C. He saw a ladder reaching up to Heaven.

T. What else did he see?

C. Bright and holy angels.

T. What were they doing?

C. Passing to earth upon the ladder.

T. What were other angels doing?

C. Passing up to Heaven upon the ladder.

LESSON THIRTY-EIGHT.

JACOB'S DREAM CONTINUED.

Teacher. As Jacob dreamed of the ladder reaching from earth to Heaven, and of the angels ascending and descending upon it, whom did he see standing above it?

Child. He saw the Lord there. Gen. xxviii, 18.

T. Did God speak to Jacob?

C. He spoke kindly to him.

T. Yes; he tells Jacob it is God who speaks to him. What did the Lord say of the land upon which Jacob was resting?

C. That it should be his. Gen. xxviii, 18.

T. Was it then a good land?

C. It was a beautiful country.

T. What did God promise him?

C. That he would keep him from harm. Verse 15.

T. What else did he promise to Jacob?

C. To bring him back again. Verse 15.

T. When Jacob awoke what did he say?

C. Surely God is in this place. Verse 16.

T. He said, too, "How dreadful is this place." What else did he say of it?

C. That it was "the house of God, the gate of Heaven."

T. What did he do with the stone which he rested upon?

C. He set it up for a pillar.

LESSON THIRTY-NINE.

JACOB AND LABAN.

Teacher. Jacob, greatly encouraged by his dream, pressed on his journey, toward Haran, where Laban lived. As he approached the place he saw a well and flocks of sheep; here were the friends to whom he had fled for safety. How was he received by his Uncle Laban, and his family?

Child. They were all very glad to see him.

T. Why was this?

C. Because his mother was the sister of Laban.

T. How long did Jacob stay in the house of Laban?

C. Twenty years.

T. Was Laban kind to Jacob?

C. Not always.

T. Whose flocks and herds did Jacob take care of?

C. The flocks of Laban.

T. Was he faithful in his work?

C. He was very careful.

T. Did God bless Jacob?

C. God blessed him greatly.

T. Why did God prosper Jacob and defend him from harm?

C. Because he trusted in God.

T. Yes, Jacob was a man of prayer.

LESSON FORTY.

JACOB'S RETURN.

Teacher. For twenty years Jacob had cared for Laban's flocks and herds, and by his toil and care Laban had become wealthy. But as he was often unkind, we cannot be surprised that Jacob wished to return to his parents, from whom he had been long absent; so he and his family and his servants, and his flocks and herds, were soon on the way back to the home of his youth. Was Laban displeased at this?

Child. He was.

T. Yes; he feared to lose so good a servant as Jacob. Did he do Jacob any harm?

C. God did not let him do this.

T. After this who came out with four hundred men, to destroy Jacob?

C. Esau, his wicked brother.

T. What did Jacob do?

C. He prayed all night to God.

T. And God softened the heart of cruel Esau, so that he felt kindly toward Jacob. What did Jacob give to Esau?

C. Large presents.

T. Did Esau receive them?

C. He did.

T. What did Esau now do?

C. He went away from Jacob.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I PROMISED you, children, that at some other time I would tell you about Jesus' dying for us, and about his coming to earth again by-and-by, to take all the good folks to Heaven. But I see that Bro. Phelps has resumed the "Bible stories" he was telling you, and as he will tell you of these same things, in due time, I will only say a few words more and then leave the pleasant task to him.

It was a long, long time after Adam and Eve ate the fruit which God told them not to eat, that one night some angels came to some men who were watching their sheep, and told them that a Saviour was born in Bethlehem. And then the angels sang, and a great many other angels joined with them, and made the night air ring with their sweet music. They sang because they were glad that a way was opened for mankind to be saved. The shepherds went to look for the babe which was to be their Saviour and ours, and they found him in a stable, in a manger.

Just think of that, children! Jesus, our Saviour, lying in a manger for his first bed. And then when he grew up to be a man, some wicked men took him and nailed him to a great cross, drove great nails through his hands and feet, and hung him up till he died. That was a dreadful time; Bro. Phelps will tell you all about it by-and-by. Jesus suffered terribly, and it was all to save us. After he died he came to life again, and went back to Heaven, and he is there now pleading before his Father, that we may be forgiven for all we do that is wrong. And if we will love him, and be *really* sorry that we had done wrong, and try real hard to do right, then God will forgive us, and when Jesus comes again he will take us to Heaven with him.

He is coming to take all the good folks away to Heaven, and then while the good folks are there this earth will be desolated, with no one living upon it.

Now, children, you will try to be good, won't you? so that Jesus will take you when he comes. We don't want to leave any of the little children to be burned up with the wicked. And after the

wicked are all destroyed, then God will make a new earth, and we will come back here to live; and then there won't be any bad folks any more; and there won't be anything to make you feel bad; and nobody will die; and the flowers won't fade. They will always keep bright and pretty; and everybody will be happy. Oh! it will be such a nice home. Won't you all try *very* hard to be good, children, so that you can live in that beautiful home?

Good bye, now. Your friend,

M. J. COTTRELL.

A TRUE STORY.

I ONCE had a brother, an only brother, with an honest, unsuspecting heart, and bright talents. He was thrown out upon the world, not friendless, but was dependent on his own resources for a livelihood when quite young. Thus surrounded with many influences that were foreign from those sweet, home religious influences which would have been the case had his mother lived, he imbibed some bad habits, like many other young men, such as using tobacco, seeking pleasure at the theater, and other places of amusement; which are so often thought to be manly, but are only snares of the enemy to entrap souls and finally bring them to ruin.

The great Rebellion broke out and he enlisted and went to the war. After being gone some over two years he returned on a furlough to visit his friends. The corrupting influences of the war could be very manifestly seen. It had not led him to seek the Lord, but had led him to lightly esteem some sins which once he would have shuddered at the thought of doing.

A short time after his return to the army, he was wounded, and failed rapidly. I went to see him. I asked him about giving his heart to the Lord. Said he, "It is too late. I am too sick to think any thing about making a change now. Sickness is no time to get converted."

I asked him if he would serve the Lord, give his heart to him, providing the Lord would raise him up so he might return to his friends, and have an opportunity of serving God under more favorable circumstances. Said he, "Sickness is no time to make promises! I have waited too long; the time was when I was well to give my heart to the Saviour; but now it is no time for me." I tried to show him that Christ could save even then. All the reply I could get was, "Sickness is no time to get converted, but when in health," and thus he died.

I have thought many times since, how true that when in health, when we have the free use of our mind, are free from pain and suffering, this is the time to give our hearts to the Lord. Then you will have something to sustain you in sickness, and comfort you in suffering. May none of the youthful readers of this narrative have to say in the end "I have waited too long," but come to Christ now, as you are, without any delay. Cast yourself at his feet, seek pardon for all your sins, and in the hour of sickness you can enjoy the grace of God which bringeth salvation. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."
H. N. S.

FOSSIL IVORY.—The tusks of at least one hundred mammoths, or about forty thousand pounds of ivory, are bartered for every year in New Siberia. Notwithstanding the large amount carried away, the supply does not diminish. These remains are found along the valleys and near the mouths of great rivers. Many mammoths have been discovered with the skin protected by a double cover-

ing of hair and wool, and the flesh was so sound as to afford food for dogs and wild beasts.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Sitting alone in my room this morning reading an old paper, my eyes rested upon the following: "When I was a little child," said an old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left without her guidance. Like others I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and as it were, drawn back, by the soft hand upon my head. When I was a young man I traveled in foreign lands and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that soft hand was upon my head and I was saved. I seemed to feel its presence as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice that must be obeyed. "Oh do not this wickedness and sin against God."

My heart was filled with sadness as the thoughts of my own mother, who now sleeps in Jesus, came fresh to mind. It reminded me so forcibly of her patience and forbearance, and her many admonitions for her children to walk uprightly and in the fear of God.

My dear children, scorn not the teachings of your kind and loving mothers. Death may rob you of her; then you will feel as I have felt, that her sympathy and counsel were of priceless value. I have often thought how pleasant it must be for children to sit around their mother and hear her read the INSTRUCTOR, and talk to them of Christ and the resurrection; to have her picture to them the beauties of the new earth, and listen to her warnings against the evils of this wicked world, and to have her impress upon their tender minds the necessity of preparing for the time of trouble, and of being ready to meet Jesus when he comes.

Now dear children, some of you will live to behold Jesus coming clothed with majesty, power, and great glory, to gather all his children home. Do you not want to be among his chosen ones? will it not pay for every sacrifice you can make here for his sake just to hear him say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you!" I think it will. How will you feel if you are not ready when he comes? you will have no time to prepare then. No mother's prayers or tears can save you, but you will be lost without hope of salvation. The awful sentence will be pronounced, "Depart ye cursed."

Oh! come, my dear children; begin at once to commit all your ways unto the Lord. Be careful to do no sinful action, to speak no angry word, but remember at all times, "Thou, God, seeest me."

You will have to struggle hard, but by the grace of God, and the aid of his good angels, you may be overcomers, and be saved among his bright jewels of his glorious kingdom.
EMMA E. STURGES.

Fairfield, Conn.

THE MONAD, the smallest of all creatures, swarms by myriads in a drop of water, for it has been computed that within this small space five hundred millions could be comprised; and this calculation is not a stretch of the imagination, as the Monad is never found to attain a length greater than the twelfth thousandth part of an inch. In a cubic inch of a certain kind of mold, consisting entirely of animalcule, more than 41,000,000 of distinct beings were estimated by Fhrenberg to exist.

INSTRUCTOR ITEMS.

OUR LESSONS. Bro. Clarke has some sweet little lessons in this INSTRUCTOR for small children. We trust these lessons are used among our people where there are small children to instruct. It requires much thought and patience to prepare lessons for very *little* children; and we trust that the kind labors of Bro. C. will be appreciated. The exercises in this number meet the editor's ideas of infant lessons—exactly.

BRO. BALLENGER tells a very affecting story on another page, "How the Lord Answered a Little Boy's Prayer." There are hundreds of such blessed reminiscences which our contributors should forward to the columns of the INSTRUCTOR. We have no objection to well-written stories, that are true, which illustrate some part of Christian experience. Let us have them.

AS WE PROMISED.

In the last INSTRUCTOR, in the "Letter Department," we printed the letter of a little boy who, being a cripple, was unable to pay for his INSTRUCTOR. We suggested that there were many who would be glad to give 25 cts. to send the paper to this dear boy, and his brother, who both are crippled. We proposed also to publish the names of all such donors, and the sums they gave. So here is the list:

ORRIN TREMBLEY,	25 cts.
DANIEL SUTHERLAND,	27 cts.
ELLEN M. SAWYER,	50 cts.

Orrin and Daniel say they want to pay for the INSTRUCTOR to be sent to the lame boy, and Ellen says she wants to pay for it to go to the orphan girl who wrote from Orland, N. Y. May God bless these children who have set so worthy an example in Christian benevolence. Perhaps it is because these children have all lost a dear father, why *they* alone should think of the needy. The Lord bless you all, children.

"HAB-BA-KOOK."

The young reader may feel a little inclination to mirth by the following anecdote, but it is nevertheless a pointed illustration of the folly of denouncing any system or thing what we do not really understand:

"When in Paris some years ago," said Mr. Webster, "I received an account of a French infidel, who happened to find in a drawer of his library some stray leaves of an unknown volume. Although in the constant habit of denouncing the Bible, he had, like some infidel writers, never read any part of it. These fugitive leaves contained the prayer of Habakkuk (chap. iii.). Being a man of fine literary taste, he was captivated with its poetic beauty, and hastened to the club-house to announce the discovery to his associates. Of course, they were anxious to know the name of the gifted author:

to which inquiries the elated infidel replied, 'A writer by the name of HAB-BA-KOOK; of course a *Frenchman!*' Judge of the infidel's surprise when informed that the passage he was so enthusiastically admiring was not produced by one of his own countrymen, nor even by one of his own class of so-called free-thinkers, but was penned by one of God's ancient prophets, and was contained in that much-despised book, the Bible!"

NOVEL-READING.

No habitual reader of novels can love the Bible, or any other book that demands thought or inculcates the serious duties of life. He dwells in a region of imagination, where he is disgusted with the plainness and simplicity of truth.

This paragraph, short and truthful, is clipped from one of our exchanges. To it the editor of the INSTRUCTOR says—Amen. How many of his youthful readers agree with him? Let all who do thus feel never come within speaking distance of a novel. Read what the early believers did with bad books, in Acts xix, 19.

A SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

THE following was duly communicated to the INSTRUCTOR. Those who solve this riddle will certainly be considered as possessing a share of that attribute called "common sense."

Find the correct answer to each of the following questions, and their sum will give the following result:

A word which means God's holy law
Has the letters you wish to draw;
Their Roman value in my mind
Will give the sum you wish to find.

- Number of books in the law.
- Number of generations from Adam to Christ.
- Number of disciples assembled at Pentecost.
- Number of years the last Jewish temple was in building.
- Number of persons saved by the ark.
- Number of sections in the longest psalm.
- Number of epistles in the New Testament.
- Number of days Moses was in the mount.
- Number of years in the exode from Egypt to Canaan.
- Number of the family of the Israelitish patriarch when they moved to Egypt, as given in the last book of the Pentateuch.
- Number of times in the year that all the Hebrew males appeared before the Lord.
- Number of days Elijah fasted in his retreat from Jezebel.
- Number of the years of the life of Moses.
- Answer given next number.

GOOD-NATURE, like the little busy bee, collects sweetness from every herb; while ill-nature, like the spider, collects poison from honeyed flowers.

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