


THE YOUTH'S


THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.

# INSTRUCTOR.

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NO. 23.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the crystal stars  
Peep from out the darkening sky,  
Till the somber earth is arched  
With a jewelled canopy.

One by one the warbling birds,  
Winter over, homeward flee,  
Till our silent woods are glad  
In their loving minstrelsy.

One by one the tiny seeds  
In the ground must lie and sleep;  
One by one the silver drops  
Fall from clouds that kindly weep.

One by one the smiles of joy,  
Words of peace, and acts of love,  
Gild the gloomy sky of life,  
Fill the shining world above.

—Sel.

BIBLE READING.—NO. 11.

It may appear unprofitable to pursue the history of Cain further; but we find that the Lord has thought best to notice it, and there may be more for us to learn in the Bible record of it.

We read that Cain went out from the presence of the Lord into another land. Here he had a son, and built a city. We understand by this, that he was the founder of that city, having others to help him build it, showing that at this time the earth was being filled with people.

He named the city after his son, no doubt thinking it would stand much longer than his son would live, thus hoping to hand down to posterity the name of its founder.

We should think he would, as a murderer, desire that his name should be forgotten; but, like many wicked men who have committed great crimes, he sought to appear better than he was, by doing a seeming good for his fellow-men.

The names of his descendants are briefly given, with their occupation and conduct. We may be sure the Bible record is correct; and the truth is given that we may see the end of evil-doers, and the reward of the just. Lamech, one of Cain's descendants, and the fifth from him, takes to himself two wives, setting an example contrary to the

will of God; and, although it is recorded that from his family came the father of them who dwell in tents, and deal in cattle, of another who was the inventor of instruments of music, and of him who was an artificer of brass and iron; still, it states that Lamech was a murderer.

He does not seem to think his crime so great as Cain's; for, if the slayer of Cain is punished sevenfold, he thinks the person who should take his life, should receive a seventy-and-sevenfold punishment.

Here ends the record of Cain's family. And, although he sought to perpetuate his name in building a city, and though that city was long ago destroyed, yet the Lord has preserved a record of it, with his example, also the names and course of his posterity, until another murderer is added to the list, when he ceases to notice it further.

In the short account we have of Cain and his descendants, we find the dealer in cattle, the musician, the artificer of brass and iron, all, calculated for the benefit and pleasure of their fellow-men; but we do not read that the fear and blessing of God were with them; and, judging from the wicked course of Cain, and the way the history of his family ends, there was no such thing taught or regarded by them.

Their portion was in this world, and so it will be with all who forget God, and choose a course contrary to the one his word directs.

C. GREEN.

“NOT TO-DAY.”

PENITENT hearts sought the altar of prayer where the servants of God offered earnest petitions to Heaven for them. It was a scene, no doubt, that angels beheld with interest.

Parents and children, brothers, sisters, and friends, entreated each other to seek the Lord, until not a heart turned away from the spot untouched. Oh! what joy on earth and in Heaven when sinners seek the Lord! You who love pleasure and pursue happiness, find it here, such as worldly

amusements cannot give. But one circumstance impressed me more than any other. While many presented themselves to God, I noticed one little girl sitting alone, with a sad, thoughtful face. I said to her, "Don't you want to go, too? You want to be saved, and now is a good time to seek the Lord. Come, go with me." The tears streamed down her cheeks; but she said, "Not to-day."

I knew she had praying friends; and how I longed to see her go with others to the altar of prayer; but she was firm in her resolve, and I left her. Oh! I thought, what if she should not have another chance! What if her name, ere another opportunity comes to her, should be numbered with the dead. But I pray that the sweet impressions made that day may not wear away from that young heart; that her tears may still flow, and her heart remain tender, until she yields up all to God, and finds pardon for her sins.

"Not to-day." Others have said it; and how many are saying it! Let me live for myself and the world a little longer, then I will repent, then I will seek the Lord, then I will confess my sins; there is time enough. But could we number the days left us, in which to form a character for Heaven, to cease to do evil and learn to do well, how earnest would we be to improve each one! To-day, probation is still ours. Jesus still pleads for us. God still hears prayer. There is yet forgiveness for sin. But this can be but a little longer. Soon the sweet angel of mercy will have fulfilled his mission to earth. Then there will be no more appeals from the servants of God; no more prayers, no more entreaties. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, children and friends, will have done their work; and how many will then want one single day to seek the Lord! but it will be too late. To-day is ours. To-day, we may repent. To-day, we may forsake our sins. To-morrow, it may be too late. A few more days like to-day, and probation will close with us. God's saints will soon be numbered and sealed. Oh! to be one of them! to wear with them a shining crown! to live in His presence who died to save me from sin! It is worth all I have; all I can give, all I can suffer.

"Come joy or come sorrow, what'er may befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for them all."

M. D. AMADON.

MUCH SPEAKING.—An open mouth is a sign of an empty heart, as a chest open is a sign there is nothing in it. When money or jewels are within, it is kept locked.

#### Do More for Mother.

"Is THERE any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as, with a glowing cheek, he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly,

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then, recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking him why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already?" said his interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have *not* left it," answered the boy, quietly.

"But you wish to leave it; what is the matter?"

"For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half-reluctant frankness: "I must do more for my mother!"

Brave words! Talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice, "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If meantime you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong; and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind; and I am much obliged to you." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a

bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by the desire to help his mother will always find friends.—Sel.

#### An Incident.

WHEN I was a child, I sought, and I believe found, the dear Saviour. I was very happy, and wanted all my playmates to become Christians. But, alas! I did not always do right; and I fear that I sometimes stood in their way.

One day, I asked my cousin if she would seek Jesus. She wanted to be good, but thought Christians were not all as good as they should be, and that there was not much difference between a Christian and one who was not. Said she, "Don't be angry with me, but I want to tell you that I have sometimes heard you speak unkindly to your sister."

She had, then, been watching me very closely; and my unguarded words had led her to distrust me as a Christian. I could not lead her to Christ. She grew up a proud woman. Since then, when I have heard children who profess religion use unkind words to playmates, brothers, sisters, or parents, I have thought of that incident in my boyhood days, and wondered if the result would be equally sad.

Remember, children, that if you are trying to be Christians, you will be watched very closely, to see if you err by word, act, or look. And, if you do wrong, they may not tell you of it, as my cousin did me, but, perhaps, will say to others, "I don't believe he is as good as he pretends to be, after all, or he would not be so ill-natured to his parents and playmates. If he is a Christian, I don't want to be one." Children, be careful of your words.

ADOLPHUS SMITH.

#### Unchecked Growth.

"I SAW, years ago," said an old man to a little boy, "a little packet of something that I thought was rubbish lying about in a drawer; and without thinking what I was doing, I scattered it upon the grass-plot before my window. It happened to be the seed of a common plant; and before long it sprang up and burst into blossom. I thought little of it at the time; but I soon found it began to spread itself all over the garden, till it seemed likely to choke everything else. I got persons to help me root it up; yet all our efforts for some time seemed unavailing; and it was not till after we had worked for several years that the

ground was quite cleared of it. A little of the plant would perhaps have been an ornament; but its overgrowth became a trouble, as it seemed likely to injure every shrub that was near it.

"What is the meaning of this story, O master?" asked the boy, thinking there was some deeper truth in the words than at first sight appeared.

"I mean this," the teacher answered:

"There are some habits we allow ourselves to get into, such as regarding everything from a satirical or a humorous point of view, that threaten to render useless all our more serious thoughts and higher aspirations. Remember, either satire or humor may become a deadly enemy to good, if it is allowed to spread unchecked."

#### Can the Virgin Mary Take Care of Me?

AN IRISH boy asked his priest, "Will the blessed Virgin Mary take care of me?"

"Yes, my son, if you are true to all the requirements of the holy Catholic Church, she will take care of you.

"Are you sure she will take care of me?"

"Quite sure, if you do as I command you."

"Will she keep my soul, and take me to Heaven safely when I die?"

"Yes, if you die in the bosom of the Church."

"You are very sure, sir?"

"Yes; quite sure."

"Well, sir, I am not sure; for I read that once, in going from Jerusalem, she lost her own child; and if she could lose *him* she might lose *me*."

But Jesus can and will take care of you, and save you, if you put all your trust in him.

#### Good Boys vs. Smart Boys.

HIRAM POWERS is reported once to have said (and those having the charge of our educational institutions should remember his words):

"Educate the *hearts* of the people, and the heads will take care of themselves."

"Give, in your schools, rewards to the *good* boys, not the *smart* ones."

"God gives the intellect; the boy should not be rewarded for that."

"The great danger of our country is from its *smart* men."

"Educate the *heart*, educate the *heart*! Let us have *good* men."

A KIND word, or even a kind look, affords comfort to the afflicted.

## Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER 1, 1870.

### LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"I AM discouraged." This sentence so often greets my ear that I wish to express a few thoughts upon it. The question is frequently asked, Why is it, my young friend, that you do not attend the prayer-meeting any more? It is seldom that we hear your testimony in the social meeting; why is it? The answer is usually something like this: I am discouraged. It is of no use for me to try to be a Christian. If I had no more to overcome than some have; or, if I could overcome my faults as easily as others do, it might be of some use to try. But I have tried, and have failed. I am discouraged.

My friend, you have no right to say this. Perhaps you did not go about the work in the right way, and with the right motives. Pause a moment, and look at the matter understandingly and intelligently. See if there is any *real* cause for your discouragement. But, before examining your own case further, let us look at the life of our Saviour, and see what his example has been in these things.

Christ once had a friend who was almost his equal in wisdom, power, and position. Through jealousy, this friend became his deadly foe, and was cast from his presence. But he determined to do him all the injury he could, in thwarting his plans, and in every possible way.

This world was created beautiful and fair. Then man was made in the image of his Maker, a noble, intelligent being. This wicked one who had dared to rebel in Heaven, resolved that this newly-created being should be destroyed, and so set himself to the task. His purposes were, for a time, accomplished, as we well understand. But there was a way by which man could be redeemed, and restored to his primitive state—and even more; he could be made *immortal*, and placed beyond the danger of ever again falling under the influence of this wily enemy.

Death was pronounced upon man for his

disobedience. Christ, all tenderness, all love, compassion, and benevolence, interposed, and freely offered himself a victim, to stand between offending man and an offended God, and avert this terrible calamity. But man, full of prejudice and all manner of evils, refused to accept this gift. Even those who had been his peculiar treasure, his own chosen people, rejected him. This, of course, pleased Satan. It was his design that it should be thus. And still he was not satisfied with this, but sought to ruin Christ himself; tempting him severely, and annoying him in the most aggravating way. Was not this discouraging? If any one has ever had cause to be discouraged, had not he? But who ever heard of his complaining of discouragement? yielding to despair? and saying, Its of no use to try? Think of these things, my friend, and take courage.

But, perhaps you will say it is hardly a fair illustration, as Christ was a more exalted being than we are. But is he not, in every sense, our example? But if you object we will take, for our example, the case of Paul and Silas, and others, in our next.

J. R. T.

(To be continued.)

**PERSEVERANCE.**—A poor woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a charitable neighbor. A very little girl came out with a small fire-shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. I said to the child, "Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" She was quite confused at my question; but her answer was very striking: "Yes, sir; if I *work long enough*."

Humble worker, make up for your want of ability by abundant continuance in well-doing, and your life will not be trivial. The repetition of small efforts will effect more than the occasional use of great ones. —*Feathers and Arrows.*

A Muddy stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down, they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a short time keep its purity in foul company; but a little later, and they mingle.