



The Youth's Instructor.

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THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

A CONFLICT strange is being fought,
A wondrous thing is being wrought;
The human soul's the battle-ground,
The marks of sin the fatal wound.

Lo! right and wrong in bright array,
Each seek to win the dread affray;
Vile spirits whisper in the ear,
And bid the sinner not to fear.

While Satan works with wily art,
Upon the tender, youthful heart,
Bright angels stand with wings of white,—
Blest messengers of heavenly light,—

And point to glories yet to come,
And whisper, "Rest, and joy, and home."
If evil gains the ground at last,
Then life is wasted, "harvest past."

The battle may be fierce and long,
Yet if the good o'ercome the wrong,
Their feet will tread the golden floor
Of King's high palace evermore.

O children, play the "game of life"
With art and skill, and win the strife;
It is no game of simple chance,
No battle fought with spear and lance.

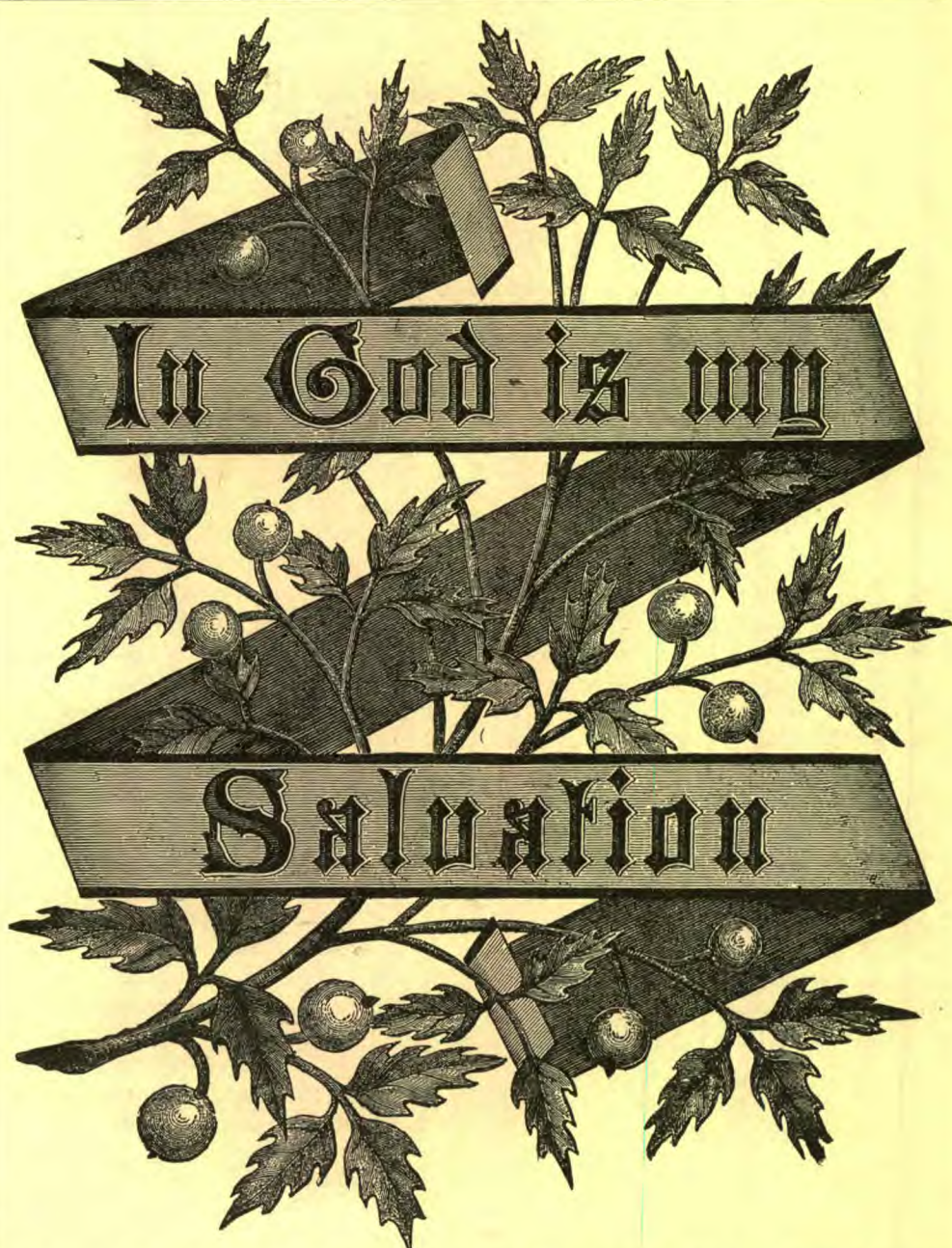
But 'tis for you to simply say,
With help of God, I'll gain the day;
And then to fight with foes within,
Until you conquer every sin.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

WHAT MADE TWO CHILDREN CRY.

HEARD this morning of two children feeling very bad, and crying bitterly; and I would like to tell my young friends the causes of their sorrow.

In the first place, I will say that I am a teacher in two Sunday-schools, — one a church, the other a mission-school. Yesterday some of my scholars were absent, and this morning I thought I would inquire after them.



I went first to a wretched tenement house, and after going up two pairs of stairs, knocked at the door of a dark room (lighted by only one little window) which Johnny Wilder called his home.

Mrs. Wilder opened the door. The first thing she said was, "O Miss A——! Johnny said that he was afraid you would be here this morning."

"Afraid!" said I. "Did n't he want to have me come?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" she replied; "only I suppose he did not like to have you know why he was not at Sunday-school. The poor boy cried about it half the day, and several times last week, too, because I would not let him tramp every night."

"Tramp!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"The boys tramp bran," she replied.

But that I did not understand; so I asked her to explain. And then she told

me that at this busy season, they were sending off great quantities of grain from the depot, and when they came to load up bran, they hired little boys to get into the car and tramp on the bran as it was poured in; thus making the car hold about four times as much as it otherwise would. For this they were paid ten cents an hour; and it was only done in the evening.

I can assure you that tears quickly came to my eyes when I heard that Johnny did this; for I knew that he worked hard all day at the match factory, and that, when he came home at night, he had to cut wood for his mother, or more often hunt about the streets and alleys to gather chips and blocks for her to burn. And then to think that, after his meager supper, instead of going to a night's sleep (which, happily, is just as sweet to a poor as to a rich boy), he would walk a mile, and for four and sometimes six hours tramp bran! I pictured to myself how hard it would be to stand in the cold, night air, tramping, tramping, and the fine particles of dust constantly rising, filling throat and lungs; and this for a tired, growing boy, after a hard day's work! Yet Johnny cried because his mother would only allow him to go every other night. She knew if he went oftener he would soon be ill.

Mrs. Wilder explained the need of this going. She said that it was only by the pay received from extra night-work that he was able to get suitable clothing for Sunday-school. "When he has worked two nights more," she said, "he can get a pair of boots; so you will see him next Sunday."

When I see him, don't you think I shall remember at what cost he came? While thinking of this dear boy's love and willing sacrifice for the Sunday-school, I walked to a distant part of the city to the beautiful, elegant home of Mabel Ward.

When I inquired of Mrs. Ward the reason of her daughter's absence, she said, "To tell the truth, Mabel cried so about going, that I allowed her to stay at home. I had told her that she should have a new hat and sack for Sunday; but they did not come as they were promised; and so the poor child cried herself into quite a fever, and I told her she need not go."

Just then, Mabel came in from school, dressed handsomely, as she always was. After a few words of greeting, I said to Mrs. Ward aside, "Why could not Mabel have worn this beautiful school-suit yesterday?"

"Oh! that would never do," she replied; the girls all dress so much now-a-days! And I can assure you that it is getting to be really a burden to me."

I could not but tell her that the gay, fine dress of the present day was a heavy burden to many a Sunday-school teacher; that they were often pained to find that the attention of the scholars was not given to the lesson, but to the new and beautiful costumes they saw; and that the appearance of one little fashionable miss would

often set at naught the most earnest and prayerful efforts of a teacher.

Tears came to both Mrs. Ward's and Mabel's eyes when I told them why Johnny Wilder cried; and when I left Mabel, she put her arms around my neck, and said, "I hope I shall not be so foolish and wicked again." I pray God she may not forget this Monday morning's lesson. — *Child at Home.*

SOWING WILD OATS.

Boys, never let any one say of you, "He is sowing his wild oats;" for there is a very old Book which says, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

When I hear any one say of a boy, "Oh, he is a little wild,—smokes and drinks a little, I believe, but then he will come out all right, he is only sowing his wild oats;" I always say to myself, "I would not give much for that boy."

When I see a boy smoking his first cigar, I always think of the harvest,—foul breath, a palsied hand, impaired memory, ruined health. When I see a boy drinking his first glass, I see also, not far off, a sorrowing mother, a ruined home, a blighted name, a lost soul.

When I see a boy spending his time in idleness, his Sabbaths in pleasure, his evenings in the bar-room, I see in the misty distance a decrepit, miserable, drunken old age; for friends will grow weary in working and praying for his reform. Death will have its victim; and in imagination I see a shallow grave, a rude coffin, a burial where there are no tears, no sighs, no regrets. His mother died long ago of a broken heart; his father went sorrowing to an early grave. Who is there to mourn for the drunkard?

Boys, if you have any regard for your good name, any love of home, any hope of Heaven, don't give any one reason to say of you, "He is sowing his wild oats;" "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Edith M. Lisle.*

ROYAL GUESTS.

THE invitation has been received, and the people of God are now preparing for a visit.—not a visit to any town, city, or place in this world, but to Heaven, the city of God.

The time for preparation is very short, as they will now soon start on their journey. The company will be a very select one, no sinner being permitted to go, but those only who are pure in heart.

Not for one, two, or three days or weeks will they be heavenly guests, but for a thousand years. Rev. 20:4. Then, too, each one that is welcomed to this city will receive a gift, a gift from God,—ETERNAL LIFE.

What a visit this will be! Dear reader, are you getting ready to go on this journey? If not, I beg of you to prepare at once. The expenses are light in comparison with the many enjoyments that such a trip will afford,—only to give up all sin and keep God's commandments.

This is the last invitation that will be given mankind to visit Heaven. By-and-by, when Christ leaves the mediatorial seat, the invitation will be withdrawn.

Will you go? How can you refuse such an invitation! Royal guests! Just pause for a moment and think, and I am sure you will desire to go, that you will accept the invitation, and that you will make the necessary preparation. W. CRUZAN.

THOUGHTS TO CLOSE THE DAY.

WHAT know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?

SILENT INFLUENCE.

"I HAVE no influence," said Elsie Lee to her friend, Miss Tomasin. Why, I am so timid when in company I hardly dare raise my eyes or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the older lady, "and yet you are always exerting influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a bunch of violets from a German flower-girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not notice them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with you, my dear. You love your Saviour, and you try to serve him. You think you cannot speak for him, but if you live for him, and with him, in gentleness, patience, and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does more good."

"The other evening Jerry Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive, indignant gesture spoke for you, and the young man turned and said, 'I beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"

Silent influence for good and for evil is stronger than we sometimes think. Let us not under-estimate it.—*Christian at Work.*

HELPING THE MINISTER.

"ONE thing helped me very much while I was preaching to-day," said a clergyman. "What was that?" inquired a friend.

"It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to try to understand every word I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, little ones; and when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to the grown up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones.

The Sabbath-School.

THIRD Sabbath in November.

LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON XCVIII.—A JEWISH MAIDEN MADE QUEEN OF PERSIA.

DARIUS HYSTASPES continued to be kind to the Jews as long as he reigned. He lived about thirty years after the temple was finished. Then his son Xerxes took his place, and reigned about twenty-two years. Xerxes was famous for raising the greatest army that was ever known. This mighty host, however, was defeated and put to flight by quite a small number of Greeks. Xerxes, like his father, treated the Jews kindly. After his death, Artaxerxes Longimanus reigned over Persia. In the Bible, this king is called Ahasuerus.

At one time, Ahasuerus made a great feast to his princes and servants; and while they were drinking and making merry, he sent for his queen, Vashti, to come, that they all might see her remarkable beauty. Vashti refused; and this made the king so angry that he put her away from being queen, and chose another to fill her place. The woman that was chosen was very beautiful, and her name was Esther. She was a Jewess of the tribe of Benjamin; and her cousin Mordecai was one of the king's servants.

Now there was a certain man at the king's court, named Haman, whom Ahasuerus had made the chief man in his kingdom, and commanded that all men should bow to him. Mordecai refused to do this; whereupon Haman was so angry that he caused the king to make a decree that, on a certain day, all the Jews throughout the vast kingdom of Persia should be destroyed.

When Mordecai heard of this, he mourned greatly, and sent to Esther, to ask her to intercede for her people. At first she was very much afraid to go before the king without being invited; for it was a law of the Medes and Persians that if any one should venture into the presence of the king without being called, he should be put to death, unless the king chose to hold out his scepter toward him. Finally she said, "I will go; if I perish, I perish." When she came before the king, he received her kindly, and asked her what she wanted. She replied by inviting him and Haman to a banquet which she would prepare the next day. At this banquet the king urged Esther to tell him what she would like to have him do for her, promising to grant her request even though it should take the half of his kingdom; but she only asked him to come again the next day.

As Haman was going home from the banquet, he saw Mordecai in the king's gate. Mordecai neither stood up nor bowed to him, and Haman went home filled with great indignation. He told his wife and his friends of all the honors which he had received; but said that all this could not make him happy so long as Mordecai, the Jew, sat in the king's gate. Then they said, "Let a gallows be made of fifty cubits high, and to-morrow speak thou unto the king that Mordecai may be hanged thereon; then go thou in merrily with the king unto the banquet. And the thing pleased Haman; and he caused the gallows to be made."

Some time before this, Mordecai had saved the life of the king by informing him that two of his chamberlains were going to kill him. The night after the banquet, King Ahasuerus could not sleep. So he sent for the book of the records, and had them read before him. In these records it was found written that Morde-

cai had saved the king's life. Ahasuerus then asked what honors Mordecai had received for this, and the servants answered, "There is nothing done for him."

The next morning, before Haman had time to ask that Mordecai might be hung, Ahasuerus said, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" Haman, thinking that he himself must be the one, proposed that the man should be dressed in the king's apparel, with the king's crown upon his head, and ride through the city on the king's horse, one of the king's most noble princes going before him, and saying, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor."

Then the king told Haman to take Mordecai and do unto him as he had said. Haman did so; but it humbled him greatly, and he went home to his house, mourning, and with his head covered. Soon a messenger came in haste, to take Haman to the queen's banquet. At this banquet, Esther told the king how Haman had tried to destroy the Jews, and asked that her life and the life of her people might be spared. The king was very angry on hearing this, and commanded that Haman should be hung on the gallows that had been erected for Mordecai.

Ahasuerus then made Mordecai the chief man in his kingdom. The decree for the destruction of the Jews could not be changed, but another was issued granting them permission to defend themselves. This they did so well that seventy-five thousand of the Persians were slain.

QUESTIONS.

1. How did Darius Hystaspes treat the Jews until the close of his reign?
2. How long did he live after the temple at Jerusalem was finished?
3. Who then took his place?
4. For what is Xerxes famous?
5. How did Xerxes treat the Jews?
6. Who reigned over Persia after the death of Xerxes?
7. What name is given to this king in the Bible?
8. What was the name of his wife?
9. How did she displease the king? Esther 1:3-12.
10. What did he then do?
11. Whom did he take to be queen instead of Vashti?
12. Who had brought her up? Esther 2:5-7.
13. What man had Ahasuerus made the chief man in his kingdom?
14. What had the king commanded in regard to him?
15. Who refused to bow to Haman?
16. How did Haman seek revenge?
17. What did Mordecai do when he heard of this?
18. Why did Esther fear to ask the king to spare her people?
19. What did she finally say?
20. How did the king receive her?
21. What did she say when he asked her what she wanted?
22. When at the banquet the next day, what did the king say about doing her pleasure?
23. What did she ask of him?
24. What made Haman indignant and angry as he was going home that night?
25. What did he do by the advice of his wife and his friends?
26. How had Mordecai once done the king a great service?
27. How did Ahasuerus spend the night after the banquet?
28. What did he find in the records?
29. Who do you think disturbed the sleep of the king?
30. What inquiry did the king make the next morning?
31. What did he say to Haman when he came to ask that Mordecai might be hung?
32. What reply did Haman make?
33. Why did he speak in this way?
34. What did the king then tell him to do?
35. How did this make Haman feel?
36. How did the king find out Haman's wickedness?
37. How did he punish him?
38. How did he reward Mordecai?
39. How were the Jews saved from destruction?

THE ART OF QUESTIONING.

A GREAT deal of the success of a teacher depends upon the *manner* in which questions are proposed. Perhaps the most important requisite under this head is *animation*. Slow, dull, heavy questioning wearies children, and destroys their interest in a lesson. It is by a rapid succession of questions, by a pleasing and spirited manner, by dexterously challenging all who seem inattentive, and, above all, by an earnest feeling of interest in the subject, and of delight in seeing the minds of his scholars at work, that the teacher will best kindle their mental activity, and give life and force to his subject. Hence it is necessary to avoid long pauses, and all monotony of voice, or sluggishness of manner; to vary the phraseology of your questions, and to seek in every way to kindle interest and enthusiasm about the lesson. But in doing this let us remember that we cannot give more than we possess; we cannot raise the minds of others above the level of our own; and therefore it is important that our manner should show a warm interest in the subject, and that our own love for sacred truth should be so strong as to convey itself, by the mere force of sympathy, into the hearts of those whom we undertake to instruct. I have seen teachers whose cheeks glowed and whose manner became suffused with earnestness as they spoke the words of healing and of life. I have seen their eyes glisten with tearful joy as one little one after another had his intellect awakened to receive the truth, and his heart touched with sacred impressions. And I have known well that these were teachers who, whatever their intellectual gifts might be, were the most likely persons to obtain an entrance into the hearts of children, to exercise a right influence over them, and to find, after many days, that the seed they had thus sown in hope and fear had been watered by the divine favor and benediction, and brought forth rich and glorious fruit.

Of course we must not counterfeit an emotion which we do not feel, nor use an earnest manner as a mere trick of art, or as a machine for making our teaching effective; but a Sabbath-school teacher will never be worth much unless his own heart kindles at the thought of the permanence and preciousness of the truths he has to teach, nor unless he feels a positive pleasure in witnessing every new proof of the unfolding of mind on the part of his class. Such feelings are sure to give vigor to his teaching, a vivid and picturesque character to his illustrations, earnestness to his manner, animation to his voice, and a quick, active, and telling character to his method of questioning.—*J. G. Fitch.*

BESIDES all our teachers' meetings for intellectual preparation, we need such a teachers' meeting as Moses had above the clouds, from which he came with shining face and burning heart to teach God's law to his Bible-class of three millions of people; such a teachers' meeting as Peter had in the upper room, that God keeps open for us still, from which he came transformed, and taught an Old-Testament lesson so powerfully that three thousand were converted in a single day. We shall succeed, if we go to the class-room through "the upper room."—*W. F. Crafts.*

CHOOSE good people for companions.

IMPORTANT PASSAGES IN GARFIELD'S LIFE.

At fourteen he was at work at a carpenter's bench.

At sixteen he was a boatman on the Ohio Canal.

At eighteen he was studying in the Chester, Ohio, Seminary.

At twenty-one he was teaching in one of Ohio's common schools, pushing forward with his own studies at the same time.

At twenty-three he entered Williams College.

At twenty-six he graduated from Williams with the highest honors of his class.

At twenty-seven he was a tutor at Hiram College, Ohio.

At twenty-eight he was principal of Hiram College.

At twenty-nine he was a member of the Ohio Senate,—the youngest member of that body.

At thirty he was colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment.

At thirty-one he was placed in command of a brigade, routed the rebels under Humphrey Marshall, helped General Buell in his fight at Pittsburg Landing, played a prominent part in the siege of Corinth and in the important movements along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.

At thirty-two he was appointed Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland, participated in the campaigns in Middle Tennessee and in the notable battle of Chickamauga, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

At thirty-three he was in Congress, the successor of Joshua R. Giddings.

At forty-eight, having been continuously in Congress since he was thirty-three, he was elected to the United States Senate.

At forty-nine he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

INSIDE THE HAT.

It is said that an ex-mayor of Poughkeepsie, New York, upon a certain occasion, gave every newsboy and bootblack in that city a new hat, inside the crown of which, in each case, were the following words neatly printed on circular pieces of black paper:—

"Do n't drink, do n't swear, do n't chew, do n't smoke! Be industrious, work hard, play hard, and you will never be hatless.

"With the best wishes for your future welfare. —————."

A BOOK OF THREE LEAVES.—An old minister used to carry about a little book with only three leaves, and no words in it. The first leaf was black, the next scarlet, the last white. Each day he looked at it, and at last told what it meant, something in this way: "Here is the black leaf, that shows my sin and what it deserves. Then comes the red page, to tell me of Jesus' blood. I look at it, and weep, and look again. Lastly comes the white leaf, a picture of my dark soul washed in the cleansing fountain and made clean."

The Children's Corner.

IF I WERE YOU.

WHAT would I do if I were you?
First thing I'd make a rule
To put my hat and boots in place
When I came home from school.

What would I do if I were you?
I would n't pout and cry
Because I could n't have my way
About a piece of pie.

What would I do if I were you?
I'd speak a pleasant word
To this and that one in the house,
And not be sour as curd.

And when a body asked my help,
I'd try to do a favor,
So that it should not always have,
A disobliging flavor.

If I were you, my little friend,
I'd try to be so good,
That my example, all around
Might follow if they would.

I'd go to Jesus now, and give
To him my naughty heart;
Ask him to make it new and pure,
And his own love impart.

Then 'twill be easy to obey
His law and parents' rule;
And you'll be happy, too, as good,
At home, or play, or school.

—*Child's Own Magazine*.



BABY ELEPHANTS.

GENTLEMAN in Ragoon bought three young elephants and sent them to England. They are said to be very tame, cunning, and playful. They will not steal paddy (unhusked rice) themselves, though they know where it is kept; but when the boys go to see them they will come up and coil their little trunks around a boy's arm and pull him along to the stable, and up to the paddy bag, and make a cat's paw of the boy's hand, until he takes up a handful of paddy. Then he lets go of the arm, and turning up the end of his trunk, opens it like a cup and most coaxingly invites the boy to drop in the paddy. If the boy puts it back into the bag, he instantly seizes his arm again and makes him try once more, until he gets the paddy in his trunk; then he doubles his trunk under, opens his mouth, and blows the paddy out into it, and scampers off feeling as jolly as a boy does when he thinks he has done a cunning thing.

These are only little baby elephants from two to three years old, yet they allow the boys to ride on their backs, will lie down and get up at command, and perform quite a number of tricks.

It takes an elephant just about as long to grow as it does a man, that is, from eighteen to twenty years. They live, in this country, to about the same age as old men, that is, from eighty to one hundred years, though in the books you will read that they live to be two and three hundred years old. It may be so in Africa, but I doubt it.—*Watchman*.

LETTER BUDGET.

STILL the little white-winged messengers, letters, come thronging in, filling our "Budget" to overflowing. But let them come, the more the better; and if they do not *all* appear in the INSTRUCTOR, do not be discouraged, but keep trying, writing as good a letter as you can,—and *be sure to write it yourself*. We always enjoy reading those letters most which come right from our little readers themselves, unaltered by papa, mamma, or the "big brother." This is what the mails brought us this week:

Maggie M. Deal, of Lakeview, Michigan, says that this is her first letter to the "Budget," and that she hopes that we will overlook all mistakes. She has taken the INSTRUCTOR three years, and thinks that it is a good paper. She is ten years old, and is trying to be a good girl. Be sure, Maggie, you learn the right way to be good. There is but *one* right way, and that is to let the good One lead you.

W. S. F., of Flat Rock, Michigan, tells us in a nicely written letter how much he likes the INSTRUCTOR, and hopes that all its readers like it as well as he does. He attends day-school, and Sunday-school twice each Sunday. He will be twelve years old in December.

May Havens, of Onarga, Illinois, writes: "I am a little girl eight years old. I have been keeping the Sabbath for about four years. I attend Sabbath-school every week. We have a very nice school, but it is quite small. I have a good teacher; her name is Jennie Owen. I have one little sister living, and two brothers and two sisters sleeping in their graves. I love to read the Bible, for it teaches me to be good. Love to all the INSTRUCTOR family."

Jesse C. Roese, of Maiden Rock, Wisconsin, says that this is his first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. He is ten years old. His parents embraced the truth when he was only three years old, and he has since kept the Sabbath with them. They live so far from church that he can attend Sabbath-school only in the summer. He desires to live up to the truths taught him in the INSTRUCTOR.

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