

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

VOL. XVI.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST, 1868.

NO. 8.

THERE IS A GOD.

That there's a God, who rules on high,
 Can any reasoning man deny?
 Can any one so impious be
 As to dispute a Deity?

Were there no Overruling Hand,
 Would peace and plenty crown our land?
 Would day and night by turns appear,
 Nor deviate from year to year?

Would winter, summer, fall, and spring,
 Alternately their blessings bring?
 Would not the rivers cease to flow,
 And vegetation fail to grow?

Cease, then, ye Atheists, nor pretend
 Such groundless doctrine to defend.
 Say 'tis so wondrous, who can tell
 But there's a God, a Heaven, a hell?

J. H. DARLING.

St. Peters, Minn.

THE GOLDEN PATHWAY.

HERE is a nice little allegory from *The Children's Magazine*, which may remind our readers of some of the Saviour's beautiful parables. Read it, children, and let me ask, who of you, like little Mary, have entered the "golden path" that leads to the world of light above? God bless you, child, youth, and keep you from being swallowed up by the dark waves of the sea of time.—Ed.

Sometimes, when the sun is low in the sky and is setting over the sea, I dare say many of my readers have seen a beautiful streak of golden light reaching from the shore to the place where the sun is setting. The rest of the sea remains of a dark color, whilst this beautiful golden path runs in a straight line for miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach.

Well, such a bright, golden path as this, little Mary saw in her dream. Just into the midst of the path a little boat was launched, with sails as white as snow. It was the prettiest little boat Mary had ever seen, and she longed to be sailing along in it.

Presently she seemed moving through the air, and found herself, as she thought, seated in the little vessel which she had been watching. She found herself quite alone, but was not frightened; a gentle breeze came behind and filled the sails, and she was floating on fast to the bright light beyond.

Very soon, however, she began to feel rather cold, and thought the path seemed not to be quite so bright; the waves were rough, and she was tossed about. She began to wish that she was back again on the shore with her mother. Of course

poor Mary knew nothing about managing the sails or steering her bark; so the little boat was tossed by the waves, the wind was cold, the light grew dim; she was drifting out of the narrow, golden path, and could not tell how to get into it again.

She remembered that her mother said, "Whenever my little Mary is in trouble, she must kneel down and say, 'Our Father,' and then the kind Saviour who used to take children on his knees and bless them, will send his angel and comfort his little one."

All this Mary remembered in the boat. So she knelt down in the bottom of the vessel, and said the Lord's Prayer, until she came to the words, "Deliver us from evil." After she had said that, she found that the little vessel had drifted back again into the narrow, golden path; the same warm wind filled the sails, and she went on and on, until she came to a lovely city all shining like the brightest gold; and just as she was going into the gate that led to the city, she awoke.

Her mother had returned to the room, and, seeing her little girl wake up with a start, she asked her what was the matter. Then Mary told her mother, in her own simple words, her strange dream, and asked her what it meant.

"I think you will hardly understand now, my darling," said her mother; "but perhaps by and by you may know the meaning. The bright streak of golden light was meant to teach you that the way to Heaven is a golden road; the straight line shows you that it is a straight road, and the short time it took you to get out of it, shows that it is a narrow road. The open sea into which you drifted, shows that outside of the narrow road all is cold, and dark, and stormy. And the way by which you found it again, shows that God alone can keep us safe from all the coldness and the storms that are round about us. Prayer to him, and trust in his love, are the best means of keeping us in the narrow path, and of leading us to rest in Paradise, and to the bright and happy home in Heaven.

BE CAREFUL.

DEAR CHILDREN: It has been some time since I have said anything to you through our excellent little paper; but I have not been silent because I have lost my interest in you, nor because I have forgotten the lambs of the flock; but because my time and attention have been taken up with other duties. During the past year, my dear mother has passed away, and is now numbered with the silent ones of earth. My father has been an invalid through the entire year. I have watched over a loved brother through a long and dangerous illness; but God, in mercy, has spared his life.

But I must not forget what I am going to write

about. First, I would like to impress upon your minds the importance of being careful not to hurt the feelings of your earthly friends by unkind words or actions. Soon, father, mother, brothers, sisters may be laid in the cold and silent tomb. Then our hearts will ever be wrung with incurable anguish if we have treated them unkindly. Let us ever treat our friends in such a way, that if they should be taken from us, we can always remember them with feelings of satisfaction.

But what I most wish to urge you to be careful about, is, not to grieve the dear Saviour. You may, perhaps, think Jesus never feels sorrow now, because he is in "Heaven above, where there are joys for ever more."

I think you are mistaken. I have no doubt but that he is pained whenever he looks down upon this earth, and sees little children doing wrong. Especially is his kind heart grieved when he sees those who profess to love him, doing that which brings shame and disgrace upon his cause, and dishonor upon his name.

No grief is so hard to be borne as that which is brought on by professed friends. We learn from Holy Writ that there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and, surely, there must be sorrow over the sins of professed Christians.

We are admonished to "grieve not the Holy Spirit;" and if angels turn away in sorrow from sinful mortals, how much deeper sorrow must that "compassionate One" feel, who poured out his life even unto death for fallen man. Please take your Bibles and read Matt. xxvi. We read, "He began to be sorrowful and very heavy;" again, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Three times, the agonizing cry ascends to Him whose ears are ever open to the cries of the faithful, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

What cup did Jesus pray might pass from him? Read of his betrayal by a professed friend, his mock trial, his ascent up Calvary, his cruel death, and remember that he knew his disciples would all forsake him; and that the one who professed the warmest attachment, would deny him with an oath; also, the fact that your sins, and my sins—that the sins of the world were pressing heavily upon him; and you have a faint idea of the bitter cup, from which he prayed to be delivered. The Father gave him strength to bear it; and we learn that he meekly bowed his head, and drained it to the very dregs, all for you and me, dear reader.

Now do you not think he has had enough to bear already, without our adding still more suffering by our sinful course? As I glance over these scenes to-night, I deeply regret that I have ever caused one pang more to enter that already stricken heart.

Dear young friends, let us, from this moment, set a firm and determined resolution never, knowingly, to bring reproach and shame upon his dear name again. Let us be careful of all our words and ways, lest we "crucify him afresh, and bring him to an open shame." Ere long, all who cause grief in the bosom of the Saviour, will have passed away, and God will have cleansed the universe of sin and sinners. Then will Jesus have joy unmingled with sorrow. Then will he gaze with rapture on that happy throng who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Then will his ear be greeted, not by the revilings and curses of wicked men, but by melodious voices singing, "Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb!"

God grant, dear reader, that you and I be not among those who shall be banished from the pres-

ence of the Lord; but may we be among that happy company who shall go in and out, and find pasture on those ever-green plains, where joy and gladness will dwell for ever more.

J. E. FRENCH.

LITTLE EDDIE.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: It is with feelings of sadness that I relate to you the story of little Eddie.

The 7th of July, 1868, he left home with a cheerful face, to go to school, and, with the rest of his schoolmates, was in his place in time.

All were well and happy, little thinking that before night, one of them would pass the way of all the earth. But alas! at noon the teacher, having told the scholars not to go to the pond, left for her dinner. She had not been there long until a messenger arrived for aid. The boys had disobeyed her command, and gone to the pond. The eldest, being about fourteen, had coaxed Eddie in, telling him he would not let any one drown while he was there. Eddie took him at his word, and went in, thinking it would be nice to have a swim; but this proved to be dear sport. He was soon seen struggling for life, but the promised help was not given. He was heard to say, Oh dear! and then was heard from no more.

Dear readers, I desire to learn from this a lesson that I may never forget: that is, that life is uncertain to any of us. Truly, God has to-morrow in his keeping, and he will give it to whom he will. No man can say whether God will give him "to-morrow" in this world, or in eternity.

WHAT IS LIFE?

"A mist in the sun-ray—a leaf on a stream,
A bubble unbroken—a beautiful dream,
A star passing swiftly athwart the pale sky,
A blossom unfolding when winter is nigh,
A breath or a zephyr on even's soft wing,
A web yet unraveled—a mystical thing,
A song of a wave on the ocean-washed strand,
A gem to prepare for the heavenly land,
A pathway that leads to the glory that's nigh,
A time so to live, that we fear not to die."

M. P. HARE.

Marion, Iowa.

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time a kernel of corn thus bemoaned itself:—How hard my lot,—torn from friend and brother and buried in the earth. I am now brought into the society of worms and creeping things. Here the sun can never enter. I shall no more see his light. I was taken in the spring time of life, when my hopes were brightest and strongest; I shall mingle no more in the circle of loved ones; my days are numbered; I am doomed to die. What's this I feel? I am dying!

A neighbor overhearing began to remonstrate: "Neighbor, except we die, we abide alone. We shall rise again clothed in beauty, not now to be anticipated. We shall again see the sun, and enter presently upon a new existence. Be comforted, and suffer patiently all the will of our Maker, whose servants we are. What if we are buried low, we shall some day mount toward the sun, and wave our leaves in the breath of heaven. We shall each in turn serve our generation, and our seed shall fill the heart of man and beast."

The moral may be found in Job xiv, 14; 1 Cor. xv, 36; John xiv, 24.

CATHARINE E. CLARK.

Reading for Very Small Children.

"FEED MY LAMBS."

STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Come, dear children, and list to my story;
Simple, yet true, shall the narrative be
Of a Friend who descended from mansions of glory,
And died on the cross for you and for me.

His birth was among the poor and the lowly,
With naught but a stable to shelter his head;
Yet angels of God, so high and so holy,
Came near, to behold where the Saviour was laid.

Sweet were the words those angels were singing
As o'er the dear Babe they hovered around.
"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth bringing,
Good will towards men," was the joyful sound.

His childhood days were passed in retirement;
But although unseen and unhonored by men,
He obeyed his parents by heeding each requirement;
In Nazareth he dwelt in subjection to them.

As time passed on, he became a great Teacher,
And went about on this earth, doing good.
While the proud and the haughty rejected this Teacher,
Few and humble were those who heeded his word.

His whole life was replete with sorrow and danger,
No home did he have, which might shelter his head.
On earth he wandered alone and a stranger,
Despised and rejected of the proud and the vain,

Till at length by wicked men he was taken,
And nailed to the cross on Calvary's height.
In agony he cried, "My God, why hast thou forsaken?"
While the sun, in darkness, hid his face from the sight.

'Twas thus that he suffered, the pure and the holy;
'Twas for your sins and mine that he died.
Oh! let us accept him, that ere long in his glory,
We may behold him, and with him abide.

Now, in Heaven, for you he is pleading,
And kindly invites little children to come.
Oh! come, while sweet mercy is for thee interceding;
Make Jesus your friend, in Heaven there's room.

EMMA ROBINSON.

Pulaski, N. Y.

AN HOUR WITH THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE CHILDREN: I want to talk with you a little while. Do you know what we mean when we talk about being saved? You know who Jesus is, don't you? And you have heard how he left his beautiful home in Heaven, and his Father who loved him more than we can tell, and the good and lovely angels, and came down here and died for us.

I will try to tell you why it was that Jesus died for us, and what we mean by being saved.

You all know who the first man was, do n't you? and the first woman? I think I hear many little voices say, "Yes; Adam and Eve."

Well, after God had made this earth, he made Adam and Eve, and gave them a nice home in a pretty garden, where the birds sang very sweetly, and where there were a great many beautiful flowers, and ever so many trees loaded with delicious fruit, and he told them they might eat of every tree in the garden except one; but told them if they ate the fruit of that tree, they should surely die.

God told them which tree it was, so that they would not make a mistake. Do you know what it is to die? Perhaps you never saw any body die;

but you have seen a dead bird, have n't you? or a dead chicken? And you know it could not move, or sing, or chirp, or eat. May be you have had a little kitten die; and you know she could n't open her eyes, or mew, or pur, or you had her buried in the ground. Well, when folks die, they are just like that; they can't talk, or move, or think, and they are put into a coffin and buried. That was what God meant when he told Adam and Eve they should die if they ate any of that fruit. But Eve did not mind; she ate some of the fruit, and then told Adam that it was good, and he ate some, too.

God felt very bad when he saw them disobeying him, for he knew that now they must die; and Jesus and the angels felt very bad, too. The angels all stopped singing; and then Jesus went to his Father and told him that he would come down to earth and die, and then come to life and go back to Heaven, and then every one who would love him, and try to do right, might, by and by, be made alive again. If Jesus had not done this, we should never live any more after we die. Don't you think Jesus loved us very much, to leave his Father, and the good angels, and his glorious home, and come here and die, so that we might be made alive again.

And God loves us very much also, or he would never have let Jesus suffer and die to save us. That was the only way in which we could be saved. God's law could not be changed. So Jesus died for us. Don't you think you will love him very much, and try to be good children, so that he will save you when he comes. He is coming to take all the good folks to Heaven by and by. Perhaps I will tell you about that some other time; and about his dying for us. But now I must bid you good bye.

Your friend,

M. J. COTTRELL.

GOOD DOG LION.

BRO. A. W. SMITH, of Manchester, N. H., where I have been stopping, has a large, beautiful, black dog, called Lion. He is very mild and gentle to all the family, but strangers must look out how they meddle with what does not belong to them. By the way, he is a health reformer; eats only twice a day, and never asks for food oftener.

He is a very knowing dog, and readily understands all that is said to him. But what struck my mind the most, was his prompt obedience to what his master told him to do. He only has to be told *once* to do anything, and that in a low voice. He is very fond of going with the horse when his master goes to ride. Just now, as the horse was being taken out, Lion began to run and play and wag his tail, delighted with the prospect of going with the team. But his master said to him in a gentle tone, "I guess the dog had better stay at home." Immediately Lion stopped his playing, dropped his head, and went back to the house. No more had to be said to him. He always minds just so.

When I saw this, I thought how differently some children act from what dog Lion did! Let them be told to stay at home, and they will begin to cry and ask again and again if they cannot go. Such children should be put to shame by this good dog. Prompt, uncomplaining obedience is the greatest beauty of children.

D. M. CARRIGHT.

DO NOT MAKE EXCUSES.—Children, do not form the habit of making excuses. If you have done wrong, be willing to own it. Do not try to hide it, or throw the blame on another. A person who is quick at making excuses, is not likely to be good for anything else.

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST, 1868.

INCONCEIVABLE!

Pious and learned mathematicians and astronomers tell us that some of the celestial lights of heaven are so distant from this world of ours that their light, which travels at the swift speed of 190,000 miles per second, has not yet reached us since the creation of the world, about 6000 years since, when God first said, "Let there be light!"

Will some of our little friends, who are good in figures, please reckon up the distance that these celestial lights must be from the earth, according to the due estimate? And if you get a sum of figures which is altogether beyond the comprehension of man, then think of that inconceivable One, who made all, governs all, and knows all, and to whom each of us shall one day give an account.

VERBAL VICIES.

DEAR CHILDREN: Here are a couple of paragraphs, from a worthy author, which I hope you will all read and remember. They may be of great value to you while surrounded by the corrupting influences of these last days. Especially should the boys heed this friendly admonition.—Ed.

"Indulgence in verbal vice soon encourages corresponding vices in conduct. Let any one of you come to talk about any mean or vile practice with a familiar tone, and do you suppose, when an opportunity occurs for committing the mean or vile act, he will be as strong against it as before?"

"It is by no means an unknown thing that men of correct lives talk themselves into crime, into sensuality, into perdition. Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any iniquity you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who approves and relishes it, and I need not tell you how soon your moral sense will lower its level. Becoming intimate with it, you lose your horror of it. This is reason enough for watching the tongue most carefully."—*Huntington*.

COME TO JESUS.

YOUTHFUL READERS: Jesus invites you to come to him and find rest. The Spirit is calling upon you to come to the Saviour, who with outstretched arms is waiting to receive you. Jesus loves you, and wants to save you. Angels, too, are interested in your salvation. Yes; there is joy in Heaven, when one leaves the ways of sin, and turns his feet into the path of the commandments. Angels rejoice, and bear the glad tidings to Heaven.

Jesus loves you more than any earthly friend. He bids you leave the honors and pleasures of the world, and place your affections on things above. A still, small voice is ever whispering, Come, and points to the true and lasting joys of Heaven. There are bright mansions, which Jesus has prepared for those who love and obey him here.

Heaven is a pure and happy place. Those who shall be accounted worthy to enter those realms of glory, will be pure and holy, having their robes

washed and made white in the blood of Jesus. They will stand without fault before the throne of God.

Dear children, do you not want to be of that happy company? Jesus bids you come. Whosoever will come, may come, and partake of the water of life freely.

Come to the Lord in prayer, and, with deep penitence of heart, confess all your sins, and ask him to forgive you for the sake of Jesus, and accept you as his child. And having felt the assurance of his pardoning love, strive to be faithful to do his will. Do not neglect secret prayer.

Be watchful and guarded at all times. Love and honor your parents. Be kind and gentle to your brothers, sisters, and playmates. Strive to be faithful in all you have to do. And now while Jesus is interceding for you, oh! grieve not his tender Spirit, but accept offered mercy, and come and be saved.

H. F. DAVIS.

Woodstock, Me.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Matt. v, 16.

Jesus says, "I am the light of the world." John viii, 12. He has also said to his followers, "Ye are the light of the world." Matt. v, 14.

The light which we are admonished to let shine, we have received from the Lord, who is a sun and shield. As the moon reflects the light received from the sun, so should we, instead of having the light in us become darkness, reflect its bright and life-giving rays upon all around.

As we are susceptible to the influence exerted by others, so we are capable of exerting an influence, for good or evil, upon those with whom we associate. The nature of the influence we exert depends upon the manner in which we let our light shine.

We have light shed upon our pathway, by the perfect principles of God's holy law—the law of liberty. Again, we have light to guide our steps in the teachings and example of the Saviour, who came not to destroy, but to fulfill, that law. He taught obedience and conformity to all its precepts. He left a spotless life, that law being the test,—a perfect exemplification of its pure and Heaven-born principles. Thus he let the light shine which emanates from the great fountain of truth and light, and thus others have been led to glorify God. The whole influence of his life and teachings tended to draw those which he came to save to the truth, the light, to God, and thus the Father was glorified in their rescue from darkness, in their salvation from sin.

We see, then, my dear young friends, the claims this subject has upon us. We are to follow him, to keep the commandments of God as he kept them, to walk in the light, to let our light shine. It is our Heavenly Fathers' design that we exert a like influence—an influence at once elevating and refining, causing others to love the light, the truth, and thus drawing them toward God, the great fountain of light and truth. This influence we may exert upon our fellows, by our words—presenting the truth in all its Heaven-born beauty and attractiveness, bringing out its harmony, showing that it is part of the divine nature, in unison with the character of God, and, if obeyed, adapted to bring the greatest amount of enjoyment of which our fallen natures are susceptible.

Again, we may exert this influence by a life in accordance with, and exemplifying the principles which we profess and advocate. Not by being of those who say and do not, but by having our words and daily life agree every time. As the rays of the Sun of righteousness have lighted up the path that leads to holiness, to victory, to eternal life, we are left without excuse if we choose darkness and perish at last.

Dear readers of the Instructor, "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i, 5, 7. May we be saved from groping in darkness, which the enemy would, through evil angels, force upon us. Let us walk in the light, and let our light so shine that we may not only save ourselves, but that others may be led to glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

"So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine."

N. ORCUTT.

Bordoville, Franklin Co., Vt.

BIBLE STORIES. NO. 3.

THE FALL OF MAN.

DEAR CHILDREN: A long time ago I wrote No. 3, of these stories, but the editor never received it; so I will try and write again. And now I wish to ask all the readers of this little paper to go to God often in prayer, that his especial blessing may be with all those who try to write for your benefit through your paper.

In the last story, I told you about the creation of man and woman; how beautiful they were; a sinless pair. They walked and talked with God. Holy angels held communion with them. They must have been happy. They were happy. All the works of God had been pronounced good. They were in the enjoyment of all. God placed them in that beautiful garden to dress and to tend it. God told them they could eat of all the fruit that grew in the garden. The fruit of the tree of life they could eat, which would have made them immortal. But of the fruit of one tree in the midst of the garden they were commanded not to eat. This tree was called the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Of this tree God had said they must not eat; for if they should eat of it, they would surely die. Oh! how could they dare eat of this tree; yet they did eat of it, and were driven from the garden, and condemned to die.

No doubt you are anxious to know how it came about, that they ate of this tree. Well, you know that little boys and girls are often tempted to do what their parents tell them they should not do. It is the Devil that tells them to do wrong, and they should never hearken to the voice of the Wicked One. This same evil being went into that beautiful garden, in the form of a serpent. Just what that serpent was we are not told. But the Devil talked with Eve, through the serpent, about the tree of knowledge. He made her think that God was unjust not to let them eat of the fruit of that tree; that if they should eat of it, they should not die, as God had said, but become as gods, knowing good and evil. Eve hearkened to the voice of the tempter, looked at the fruit of the tree, wished she could eat of it, and, no doubt, wished that God had

not told them not to eat of it, just as children often wish that "Pa" or "Ma" had not told them they must not do this or that; and like Eve, by thinking about it, they are soon led to do wrong. Children should never think of doing what they are told not to do, lest they yield to the temptation.

Eve put out her hand and ate of the fruit, and gave to Adam. No doubt Adam wondered at the rashness of Eve in eating of the fruit of the tree. He knew it would cause the displeasure of God. He did not wish to be left alone, and have Eve driven away from him. In despair, he took the fruit from her hands and ate it. But were they any happier for doing wrong? No, no. They were very unhappy now. They knew they had sinned. Children, are you ever any happier when you do what you know to be wrong? I think you are all ready to answer, No; I am very unhappy when I do wrong. Then always try and do right.

God could not overlook this sin; no, no. They had disobeyed the great and good God. They had sinned, and they, and all their posterity, were doomed to a life of misery and woe, which would end in death. They were found out in their sin. They tried to hide away from God, for they were ashamed. God called to them out of the garden, and asked them what they had done. In shame they had to confess their guilt. But it was too late. They had sinned, and now they must die. There was no way of escape. God cursed the ground for their sakes. They must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Their sorrows were multiplied greatly.

In my next, I will tell you something about the Evil Being that caused man to disobey God. I will tell you this, so that you may know how to avoid his snares. Then I will tell you of the plan that was afterward devised to save man.

H. F. PHELPS.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY JOSEPH CLARKE.

LESSON TWENTY-SIX.

ANGELS VISIT LOT.

Teacher. What took place at evening?

Child. Two angels came and sat in the gate of Sodom.

T. Did any one see them?

C. Lot saw them, and bowed before them with great reverence. Gen. xix, 1.

T. Did Lot invite them to his house?

C. He urged them to receive his hospitality. Gen. xix, 2.

T. Did they accept his invitation?

C. At first they did not; but as he pressed them they consented. Gen. xix, 2, 3.

T. Were the people of Sodom respectful to the angels?

C. They were very disrespectful and wicked. Gen. xix, 9.

T. What did they endeavor to do?

C. They attempted to break into the house of Lot. Gen. xix, 9.

T. What did the angels do?

C. They smote the wicked men of Sodom with blindness. Gen. xix, 11.

T. What effect did this have?

C. They could not find the door of Lot's house. Gen. xix, 11.

T. What did Lot do?

C. He entertained the angels in the best manner. Verse 3.

T. Of whose manners does the course of Lot remind you?

C. Of the ways of Abraham.

T. What did the angels say to Lot?

C. They warned him to leave the city of Sodom. Gen. xix, 14.

T. Why?

C. Because the Lord would destroy it. Gen. xix, 4.

T. Did Lot desire his family to go with him?

C. He did; but his sons-in-law refused to go. Gen. xix, 14.

T. Why did they refuse to go?

C. They looked upon Lot as fanatical and deceived, as one that mocked. Gen. xix, 14.

LESSON TWENTY-SEVEN.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

Teacher. Only two angels were sent to Sodom, and three were present when Abraham made his plea for that city. Who was it that talked with Abraham?

Child. We think it was the Lord Jesus Christ.

T. Why do you conclude thus?

C. Because Abraham calls him the Judge of all the earth. Gen. xviii, 25, 26.

T. Is Christ called an angel in the Bible?

C. He is called the archangel. 1 Thess. iv, 16; Jude i, 9.

T. Who came to Sodom in the evening?

C. Two angels. Gen. xix, 1.

T. Where did they stop?

C. At the gate of Sodom. Gen. xix, 1.

T. Was Sodom a walled town?

C. It probably had walls and gates.

T. For what purpose?

C. As a protection from enemies.

T. Who saw the angels?

C. Lot saw them, and rose up to meet them. Gen. xix, 1.

T. What did Lot say to them?

C. He greeted them, and invited them to his house. Gen. xix, 2.

T. Did they seem inclined to go with Lot?

C. Not at first. Gen. xix, 2.

T. What did Lot continue to do?

C. He urged, and they finally yielded to his wish. Gen. xix, 3.

T. Why was Lot so urgent?

C. Because he knew it would be unsafe for them to lodge in the street.

T. Do you think Lot knew they were angels?

C. The Bible does not say that he did.

T. How did he entertain them?

C. Very hospitably. Gen. xix, 3.

LESSON TWENTY-EIGHT.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.—CONTINUED.

Teacher. What does Paul say about entertaining angels?

Child. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Heb. xiii, 1.

T. What did the people of Sodom do?

C. They attempted to break in the door of the house of Lot. Gen. xix, 5-11.

T. When Lot could not still them, what did the angels do?

C. They smote the men at the door with blindness. Gen. xix, 11.

T. Did this quell the riot?

C. The wicked men wearied themselves to find the door. Gen. xix, 11.

T. What did the angels advise Lot to do?

C. To flee with all his family from Sodom. Gen. xix, 12.

T. What reason did they give?

C. That they were sent to destroy that wicked city. Gen. xix, 13.

T. When Lot warned his family, who refused to believe?

C. His sons-in-law did not believe. Gen. xix, 14.

T. How did Lot seem to his sons-in-law?

C. As one that mocked. Verse 14.

T. What do you understand by this?

C. They thought he was fanatical, or somewhat insane.

T. In the morning what course did the angels pursue?

C. They hastened Lot and his family. Gen. xix, 15.

T. Did Lot hasten, as he was directed?

C. He did not; but lingered, as if unwilling to go. Gen. xix, 16.

T. Did the angels leave him to be destroyed with the city?

C. They took him, his wife, and two daughters, and led them out of the city. Verse 16.

LESSON TWENTY-NINE.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.—CONTINUED.

Teacher. When the angels had led Lot and his family out of the city, did they tell them they were out of danger?

Child. He said to him, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain. Escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." Gen. xix, 17.

T. Did Lot flee to the mountain?

C. He desired to take refuge in a little city near at hand. Gen. xix, 20.

T. Why did he not wish to flee to the mountain?

C. He feared some evil might come upon him. Gen. xix, 19.

T. Did the angels yield to his wish?

C. Lot was permitted to take refuge in Zoar? Gen. xix, 21, 22.

T. Were all the family of Lot preserved?

C. None but his two daughters.

T. What became of his wife?

C. She became a pillar of salt. Gen. xix, 26.

T. For what reason?

C. Because she looked back. Verse 26.

T. Do you think she desired to return?

C. No doubt she wished to go back.

T. What now took place?

C. The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire. Gen. xix, 24.

T. Were these cities wholly destroyed?

C. They were. Gen. xix, 25.

T. Who alone were saved?

C. Lot and his family. Gen. xix, 29.

T. Who viewed the destruction of these cities afar off?

C. Abraham beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. Gen. xix, 28.

LESSON THIRTY.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.—CONTINUED.

Teacher. Where was Sodom situated, as is supposed?

Child. Where the Dead Sea now is.

T. The Arabs call it "Birket Loot."

C. What does this name mean?

T. It signifies Lake of Lot; it is also called the Sea of Sodom. It is 1312 feet below the level of

the Mediterranean Sea, and is "by far the deepest known fissure on the earth's surface." What river empties into this sea?

C. The river Jordan.

T. Has the Dead Sea any outlet?

C. It has not.

T. Notwithstanding so large a river empties into this sea, its waters remain continually on the same level. Why is it sometimes called the Salt Sea?

C. Because its waters have an exceedingly salt and bitter taste.

T. There is a mountain on its south-west side, called by the Arabs, "Hajir Oosdom." What is the meaning of this name?

C. Stone of Sodom.

T. Of what substance is this mountain composed?

C. It is rock salt. (See Lippincott's Gazetteer.)

T. Messrs. Smith and Robinson found upon the west side of this lake a fruit, inviting to the eye, but bitter to the taste, and which crumbled to dust in the hand. What has this fruit been called?

C. The apples of Sodom. (See L. G.)

T. What do these relics go to prove?

C. That this was the site of the ruined cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

A YOUNG NOVEL-READER.

THE following brief, though heart-touching, incident, is taken from "Sketches from Life," published by the Am. Tract Society, and is a terrible warning to those youths who suffer their souls to be influenced and poisoned by those productions of our times, called novels. May kind Heaven smile upon the dear youth who shall read this, and deliver them from the traps of Satan.—Ed.

Charles F— was an orphan boy. When but eleven years old, he was taken by his guardian to a clergyman in a New England village, to be fitted for college. He was a boy of uncommon talents; his manners were winning and gentle, his voice was sweet, his disposition generous; and he early manifested a contempt of danger and a power of endurance rarely to be seen in a child.

But he was a novel-reader. He had read all the Waverly novels, and many of Marryatt's, before he was eleven years old, and their effect was apparent. He had no taste for other reading, and no taste for study. The life of an adventurer was the only life he seemed to desire. It was in vain that the clergyman sought to divert his mind into a better channel; and in vain that his wife, with a mother's kindness and affection, labored for his good. He was mild and lovely; but he had chosen his path in life, his plans were matured, and nothing could deter him from his purpose. He remained three years, and all the family became greatly attached to him. They loved him for his amiable qualities, and because he was an orphan. Perhaps, too, they loved him more on account of their fears for him.

Alas! those fears were soon realized. One morning he was missing. Hours passed, and he did not return. Days passed, and then they heard of him by the seacoast; and then, that he had become a sailor.

Many were the lamentations over the poor child who had so early made himself a wanderer and an outcast. His name could not be mentioned without calling forth sighs from the family he had left; and often, in the long winter evenings, as they sat around the cheerful fire, they talked of poor Charles, and wondered upon what part of the wild ocean he was then tossing.

Once they heard from him, that he wished him-

self back among them; and again, that he had become reckless and bad; his gentle manners had quite forsaken him; he was no longer the thoughtful, romantic boy, but was fast growing up to be a bold, abandoned man. Novels had done their work.

Five years passed away, and one summer morning, as the family were sitting together in their pleasant parlor, a low and feeble knock was heard. On opening the door, a young man entered, and sunk into the first chair that presented itself. One glance was sufficient to show that he was in the last stage of consumption; the next, and they recognized Charles F—. "My poor boy," exclaimed the mother, throwing her arms about his neck, and bursting into tears. All wept except the prodigal himself, and he only compressed his lips and became more pale.

At length one said to him, "You can't think how we mourned for you, Charles, when you went away."

"It was the worst day's work I ever did," was his reply, in a subdued voice.

But oh! the fearful change that five short years had wrought in him. He had grown prematurely old. Scarcely a trace remained of the once beautiful boy, except in his large, dark eyes. His countenance expressed unspeakable woe and despair. He knew that he must soon die, and felt that he was not prepared. "It is too late," he said. "I have tried in vain to fix my mind on serious things. I have been very wicked; it is too late." "Oh! no," they answered; "it is never too late while life lasts; the merits of Christ are all-sufficient; cast yourself on him." He shook his head mournfully, and again replied, "It is too late for me."

In this state of mind he went to reside with a physician, and once more left his early home, never to return. They had put into his hands the "Pastor's Sketches," by the late Rev. Dr. Spencer, referring him particularly to the story of "The Young Irishman," and he promised to read it. No more could be done for him now, except to commend him to God, with whom "all things are possible."

A few days afterward, as the family were sitting at dinner and talking about the unhappy boy, the book was returned. A note came with it from a member of the physician's family with whom he had been placed. He had requested that it might be sent to the clergymen, with his "kind regards." And he was dead. He had been left alone for a few moments, when he burst a blood vessel, and died suddenly. No one knew to whom his last thoughts were given, or what were his hopes of the heavenly world. "He died, and made no sign."

So sunk into the grave, in his nineteenth year, one who, but for the corrupting influence of bad books, might have lived a long and happy life, an ornament to his country, and a blessing to all around him. And I wish that all who print, circulate, or read such ruinous writings, could but look upon that orphan's grave, and hear his history.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

SHE guarded you when well, and watched over you when sick.

She sat by you when fretful, and put cooling drinks to your lips, and spoke soothing words in your ear.

She taught you to pray, and assisted you in learning to read.

She bore with your faults, and was kind and patient with your childish ways. She loves you still, and works for you, and prays for you every day you live. No one is so kind or so patient with you as she. No one loves you so much.

Are you kind to her? Do you love her? Do you always obey her?

INSTRUCTOR ITEMS.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—Well-written articles for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. Will our correspondents please bear in mind that the work of preparing a suitable variety of matter for each monthly issue depends largely on the contributions of our friends? Do not leave to the editor that which should be done by yourselves. There is sufficient ability in the ranks to fill half a dozen papers like the INSTRUCTOR with beautiful gems from the mind each month, that will sparkle like dew in the sun. Let us all aim to keep our little sheet well toned up, that what is published, may have a molding influence on the reader.

But let none have a trial because their pieces are not printed. The editor doesn't publish all he writes himself. There has to be much discrimination used in the choice of matter, and if articles are not published, it is simply because they are supposed not to be worthy. But send us your contributions, that we may have an abundant variety, from which to prepare the paper.

"FOR JESUS' SAKE."

DEAR CHILDREN: Did you ever think of the import of these words at the end of your prayers to God. We cannot ask the Lord to bless us for our own sakes, because we merit nothing. We have failed to keep his righteous law, and had not Jesus come and kept it, and then died a sacrifice for us, we never could have come to God, and received pardon for our sins.

The Lord remembers the sufferings of his dear Son, when we mourn over our sins, desire forgiveness, and pray to him for strength to overcome our wrongs. When we are in earnest to do right, he blesses us with his Spirit, which assures us that our prayers are heard, and the Lord smiles upon our endeavors to be good. Besides, we should think of the sufferings of our Saviour, and try to appreciate his love for us, and strive to do right; for he feels the same interest in our welfare that he manifested toward the poor and the outcast, when he was here. For his sake, we should try, all we can, to help those who are needy.

How many of us think what we can do in the way of self-denial, that we may do good to others. Many of us have more than we really want, while there are those who have not the means to get even the INSTRUCTOR to read. How it would please the Lord to see us deny ourselves, and send this little paper to such, that they might learn of the goodness and love of the dear Saviour, and of his soon coming. When we do this for his sake, we will be sure to have his blessing.

Jesus loved us, and for our sakes died for us. Now for his sake, let us deny ourselves, and remember the poor, not only in our prayers, but in trying to make their condition as pleasant and happy as our own. C. GREEN.

CHILDHOOD.—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images. One impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lips, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after-scouring can efface.

DO YOU LOVE GOD?

We may think that we love God, yet be mistaken in this thing. Now we may know certainly, if we love him, and just how much.

We know that Christ loved the world, because he he came, and lived and died for us. He humbled himself, and left his beautiful home in Heaven, to bring us to himself. His labors, his self-denial, his whole course of life, while here, showed how much he loved us. His love was even unto death; he gave his life a ransom for us. Truly, Christ first loved us.

Now, do you love him with a love like that? If so, your whole lives will manifest his spirit of wisdom, holiness, and zeal; you will take up every cross, deny self, and emulate his spirit.

When called to part with some evil habit, do you find it difficult? Then think of Jesus' love. Do I love my sin more than I love my Saviour? Did Christ die for me, and can I not deny myself for his sake? Shall I return disobedience for his love?

But he only asks what is right. All he requires is holiness and purity of life. He requires me to do only what will, in the end, ennoble my character, and fit me for Heaven. Certainly, his commands are reasonable, and his service is a delightful and pleasant one. JOS. CLARKE.

OUR TRIALS.

DEAR CHILDREN: I have often thought I would like to say something to encourage you amid the trials that surround you in this present evil world. The old deceiver is as ready to make us believe a lie to-day as when he deceived our first parents in the garden of Eden. Sin has increased at a rapid rate, and, were it not for the aid of the Holy Spirit, there would be none able to stand against the prevailing tide of evil. My heart aches to think how regardless both adults and youth are of the all-important subject of religion. Truly, many despise reproof, and often are our trials increased by their scorn and contempt. But though they cause us grief and anguish, they cannot do us any harm; for when we go to Jesus in humble prayer, he kindly soothes our anguish, and helps us to rejoice amid our sorrows. He increases our faith in his promises, and then he bids us look up and cast our care upon him.

Though our trials are severe,
We will strive to overcome,
And exchange our trials here
For a happy, heavenly home.

CHARLOTTE WEBSTER.

Gratiot Co., Mich.

IDLENESS is the dead sea which swallows all virtues, and is the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

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