

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

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NO. 9.

WHITE AS SNOW.

‘Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ Isa. i, 18,

Dear children, the Saviour is pleading,
 Oh! hear his affectionate voice,
 Repent, for the time is receding,
 And in his forgiveness rejoice.
 In compassion, and love he is saying,
 To all of the dwellers below,
 “Though your sins be colored as scarlet,
 I’ll make them as white as the snow.”

Young reader, this promise is given,
 That you may have part with the blest,
 Ascend with the faithful to Heaven,
 And share in their heavenly rest.
 The Saviour is ready, and waiting,
 Rich blessings on you to bestow;
 Your heart may be filled with corruption,
 He’ll wash it as white as the snow.

Come children, and youth, to the fountain,
 That’s opened to wash away sin;
 While mercy’s sweet notes are resounding,
 The way to salvation begin.
 When Satan would tempt you to evil,
 In prayer to Jesus then go;
 He’ll shield from the power of the Devil,
 And keep your heart white as the snow.

Now soon the dear Saviour is coming,
 Surrounded by angels of light:
 He’s coming to make up his jewels,
 And take them to mansions so bright.
 Be humble, and zealous, and faithful,
 And then full salvation you’ll know;
 Your body and heart will be spotless,
 Your raiment be whiter than snow.

H. A. ST. JOHN.

Ransom Center, Mich.

IN MEMORY OF ALMA A. MORSE.

DEAR LITTLE READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR:
 Another of your number is gone. Little Alma sleeps. The sun daily bathes the earth in light, but the soft rays wake not our darling. The little birds flit among the trees, and pour forth their melody as in other days, but one who was delighted with their song hears no sound. The sweet buds change to blossoms, but a sweeter child, who made them her earliest care, has drooped and faded.

Alma was eight years of age. She loved your little paper, and was always glad to get a new one. The letters from little children, and the poetry, seemed to please her most. When she found little verses that she liked, she would read until she could repeat them from memory. The following were among her favorites:

“Every spring the sweet young flowers
 Open bright and gay,
 Till the chilly autumn hours
 Wither them away.”

There is a land we have not seen,
 Where the trees are always green.

“Little birds sing songs of praise
 All the summer long,
 But in colder, shorter days
 They forget their song.
 There is a place where angels sing
 Ceaseless praises to their King.”

When but six years old she would repeat these lines with rapture, often pausing to exclaim, “Oh, is n’t it pretty?” Among the many little songs which she sung so prettily was the “Child’s Dream,” and the “Child’s Desire,” one of which you have seen in the INSTRUCTOR. Indeed, Alma was an ardent admirer of every thing beautiful. When she could gather the little apron full of wild roses her joy was complete. She was sick eleven days, with diphtheria, quiet, sweet, patient, and perfectly sensible all the while.

Only the day before her death she noticed and spoke of the little wrens that flew about and sang near the window. The last twelve hours she could speak only in a hoarse whisper, but talked sensibly about dying, and the better land to which she was going.

As father and mother told her that the next moment (to her, after dying) she would see Jesus, who loves little children so well, and the shining angels bringing white robes, and golden crowns and harps for good little children, and all who are washed and forgiven by the blood of Jesus, and then the beautiful city, with streets of gold, and gates of pearl, and the river, and tree, of life, with its twelve kinds of fruit, and the flowers which never wither, which her little hands might pick, her eyes brightened with animation and she said she only dreaded the pain of dying. Then we told her that

“Jesus can make a dying bed,
 Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

At the foot of the bed on which she lay, hung a picture of Christ, and the Lord’s prayer. At this she would gaze, and as mother talked with her about Jesus and his care for little children, her lips often moved as if in prayer. At last she called for all her friends, saying, as she placed the little arms around father’s neck, “I must die.” Then laying her head on mother’s lap, turned the large blue eyes on the weeping group, in one farewell glance, and then passed away without a struggle.

Oh! what could we do when loving eyes are closed and sweet voices hushed in the silence of death, did we not know that the Lifegiver is coming soon to gather His jewels that are scattered over, and hid in, the earth? How could we see the coffin close over our loved ones? how could we hear the damp clod fall harshly on the coffin lid, if we looked forward to a long life during which we must

toil in loneliness and sorrow? But such is not our hope.

The same Jesus who was once upon earth, and took little children in his arms, is soon coming again. The time that will elapse before that event will be nothing to those who have fallen asleep, for they are unconscious. We have laid our little Alma away in the prettiest part of our yard, waiting for that glad morning when she, with multitudes of others, will hear and obey the call, "Awake and sing! ye that dwell in the dust."

Dear children, let us prepare to live with Jesus and good angels, that whether we die, or live, we may have a part in the first resurrection;

"For soon will the daybreak be dawning,
Then the friends of yore
Will blossom once more,
And we'll all meet again in the morning."

Rest, darling, rest,
Pain cannot touch thee now;
Grief ne'er will dim the eye,
Nor shade the marble brow.

Sleep on, sweet child,
The little wrens still sing,
And plaintive whippoorwill
Chants as in early spring.

The flowers blossom, too,
And fair trees gently wave,
Spreading a pleasant shadow
Over thy little grave.

Alas! the buds will fall,
Chilled by autumn's breath,
And the sheen of verdant trees
Grow dim, and fade in death.

We sigh for a sinless world,
And weep that we stay so long
Where the beautiful die; oh! when
Shall we join the deathless throng?

Our saddened hearts still cry,
Come, Saviour, quickly come;
Oh! wake the silent sleepers,
And take the faithful home.

In robes forever spotless,
'Mid blossoms ever bright,
Anon we meet thee, dear one,
Forever safe from blight.

H. I. FARNUM.

SMALL THINGS.

"For who hath despised the day of small things?" Zech. iv, 10.

MY DEAR YOUNG READERS: A few thoughts suggested by the above language of the prophet, I pen for your consideration. All, alike exposed to temptations and dangers, we are alike interested in the kindly admonitions and instructions found upon the sacred page. We may each consider the language as addressed and applying to us. And while each for himself has an individual experience to gain, a character to form, there is great danger that we fail to give to what may appear to us to be small things, that attention which their importance demands. While we may be looking forward to great achievements, great battles fought in the conflict with the enemy, we forget that it is "the little foxes that spoil the vines;" and that through little victories gained, we finally overcome. If we have a journey to perform, it is accomplished step by step. If we seek for knowledge in the sciences, we have patiently to learn little by little. Our minds are not capable of grasping all at once. We have first to learn the alphabet,—the names of the letters, then how to arrange them to form words that ex-

press ideas; next to arrange words into sentences, and each day of patient application and attention to small things, is rewarded by the attainment of new principles and ideas. In mathematics, we commence with the first principles of Arithmetic. We learn something of the nature of figures, of their relative value, how they must be arranged to express that value, and so we go on through addition, subtraction, &c., learning the various rules and their application by constant, persevering effort. Each rule learned, each principle understood, each example wrought out, prepares us to take the next step in advance, and thus, little by little, we master arithmetic, and if we persevere, also algebra and geometry.

Thus it is with the work our Heavenly Father requires at our hand. It is not a rapid growth like that of Jonah's gourd which grew up in one night and perished in a night, but to grow day by day;—to increase steadily in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. Our life, in which we are to accomplish this important work, is made up of minutes, hours, days, and years, and each of these periods of time has its duties to be discharged, its privileges to be improved;—a course of discipline wisely adapted to give an experience in the things of God, to develop a holy character, to prepare for the conflict before us. If we neglect the present—to grapple with, and overcome the difficulties of to-day, ("small things" though they may appear,) we cannot hope to be prepared for the battle of to-morrow. Attention to these small matters that are ever present with us, gives strength;—a little victory gained to-day prepares us for greater attainments to-morrow, while weakness is the result of neglect every time.

Let us then despise not "the day of small things." Look at the illustrations of the importance of small things seen in the book of nature, and observe the result of apparently insignificant beginnings. See the grain, cast into the ground by the husbandman. The small blade first appears, then under the influence of the invigorating sunbeam, and the gentle shower, it daily grows and thrives, until the ripe grain rewards the toil and patience of the laborer. Again see the flower seed buried in the earth. See first the germ appear, and then the little plant growing almost imperceptibly from day to day, the buds shoot forth and increase in size, and after a time opening into the beautiful flower, to be admired by us, and worthy to be used as an illustration of God's care for us by the dear Redeemer: "Consider the lillies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." What a lesson of trust and confidence in God, is enforced by the beautiful emblem.

The tiny shoot from the little acorn, is the germ which becomes the giant oak. The little rivulet, flowing so noiselessly along, is one of the sources of the mighty river; and contributes to replenish the broad ocean. It is the daily food that strengthens and sustains life. So the Saviour taught us to use this petition: "Give us this day our daily bread," and the constant, daily supply, in answer to this prayer, is needful to strengthen for the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us, to fit us to do and bear, and finally bring us to share in the joys of the heavenly inheritance. Our Heavenly Father does not give us blessings to last a long time in the future. To-day, in answer to prayer, we receive our daily bread, and to-morrow, if spared, our wants return, and we shall need to use the same petition, and receive from the same bountiful hand a rich supply.

Oh! may we ever remember that it is the little

words of good cheer and encouragement; little deeds of kindness, love, and obedience; the faithful discharge of little duties, at home and abroad; the exercise of little self-denials, little plans of thoughtful consideration for the good of others; the bearing of the little crosses, the attainment of little victories; that will enable us to overcome, and insure a final and glorious triumph.

May we also remember on the other hand, that it is the avoidance of little evils, little sins, little self-indulgences, that are forbidden by God in his word; little deviations from the strict rule of Christian integrity; the resisting of all the little temptations and insinuations of the enemy; that will insure the presence of God and of Christ with us, by the influence of the Comforter, dwelling in us: that will enable us to bear the fruits of the Spirit; and ultimately of the Spirit to reap life everlasting.

N. ORCUTT.

Bordoville, Vt.

THE SABBATH.

LINES FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

DEAR mamma, it is Sabbath day,
And I must neither run nor play,
And make a noise, and frisk about
As other days when at my sport.

Though very young, yet I will try
To think of God who lives on high,
Who made the trees, and grass, and flowers,
The flowing streams and shady bowers.

The sun and moon, and, dear mamma,
You said He made each twinkling star,
The hills, and mountains, by his word,
And the great ocean is the Lord's.

Who would not love to think of One
Who such mighty deeds hath done?
And then he feeds and clothes me too,
And gives me dear papa and you.

O mamma, teach me to be good,
That I may love Him as I should;
And may all my little ways
Do honor to the Sabbath day.

M. D. A.

BIBLE STORIES. NO. 4.

SATAN.

DEAR CHILDREN: According to promise, I will try and tell you something about Satan. I well remember when I was a very little boy, on hearing of Satan, how he would try to ruin our souls, and how very wicked he was, I used to wonder who he was, and where he came from, but never could get any satisfactory idea, or answer to my queries.

But I am very glad that we are not left in darkness in regard to this great enemy of mankind. People have very many curious notions about this evil being. Some think there is no such being as Satan, that all the Devil there is is the evil in a man's nature.

Now this is only a cheat of the Wicked One himself. That book of books, the Bible, gives us some very important information on this point, so that we may see what a great and wise foe we have to contend against.

The first account we have of him is in the garden of Eden, where we learn that he tempted Eve, and caused Adam and Eve to disobey God. So we learn from this that he was an enemy to God, and tried to work against the plans of God. Ezekiel, chapter xxviii, reveals to us some very important facts. Please turn and read the chapter from the first to

the twentieth verse. Those who cannot read, get your parents, or your older brothers or sisters, to read it to you. Another text will be found in Isa. xiv, 12-14. Also Luke x, 8.

Now to make it easy to understand, I will say it seems very plain that Satan was once a high, exalted angel in Heaven. He stood as the covering cherub over the throne of God. He was full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty, and walked up and down in the city of God. He was upon the holy mountain of God, and was perfect in all his ways, till iniquity was found in him.

But there was one being higher than he, between him and God. This was the Son of God, and when God said to his Son—"Let us make man in our image," Satan became jealous; he thought he ought to be consulted about this matter. Then was sin found in him. He rebelled against the government of God, and other angels rebelled with him.

We read in Rev. xii, 7, 8, "There was war in Heaven; Michael (or Christ) and his angels fought against the dragon (the Devil); and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in Heaven."

Satan and all his angels were cast out of Heaven, and have now taken up their abode here upon the earth. Here he is still in rebellion. He is fighting against God in the persons of his saints. All who try to be good have to contend against his wicked devices.

At first, on account of his high position in Heaven, his heart was lifted up because of pride. Oh! the sinfulness of pride! Let it not remain in your hearts. He expected to prevail in Heaven, but he did not, and he never will prevail. Although his efforts have ever been against the government of God, yet he will come to an end. He will be devoured by fire. He will never again mar Heaven, but will be brought to ashes upon the earth, and never be any more.

Praise God! he will have a clean universe. No sin, no tempter, no Devil. All will be pure, without a single blot; a peaceful, happy, glorious abode for the finally righteous. Will you not strive to be there?
H. F. PHELPS.

TWO BAD BOYS.

THE other day I was riding in a street car in Boston. The car was full and crowded. A lady entered with two small boys, about four and six years old. By and by a seat was vacated so that one could sit down. The lady attempted to sit down, but the boys pushed for the seat to occupy it themselves. The woman, who was probably their mother, said to them, "I will sit down, and you can stand up." But they began to push and crowd harder than ever for the seat, saying that they would sit down any way. So the woman gave way to them, and let them sit down while she stood up!

Now, children, was not this a shame? Were they not bad boys? You will all say yes, I know. Good children honor their fathers and their mothers. I hope that none of my readers will do as these boys did.
D. M. CANRIGHT.

PRAYER AND WORK.—Rev. Drs. Leod and Watson, before going on their missionary visit to India, were crossing a loch in the Highlands of Scotland in a boat full of passengers, when a furious storm arose. One of the passengers exclaimed: "The two ministers should begin to pray, or we'll a' be drowned." "Na, na," said the boatman; the little one can pray if he likes, but the big one maun tak' an oar."

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER, 1868.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN FRIEND: Do you sometimes have dark hours, and sorrowful moments, while attempting to serve the Lord? Do you frequently feel cast down, and as though you must come to a halt because you had not strength to go further? Do you feel that the battle waxes hotter and hotter, and that the terrible engines of the enemy are opened upon you, and that certainly you must fall? Are you weak, faint, cast down, discouraged, tempted, oppressed, and hard beset by the enemy?

Ah, well, never mind; bear up bravely, hope in God, take courage, be valiant for the cause, and you will come out all right at last. The best of Christians have had their darkest hours; their seasons of fiery temptations, when it seemed as though they surely would fall; but they persevered, got the victory, and their experience is recorded for our encouragement. Abraham, Job, David, Daniel, and the holy apostles, all had their fiery trials, and all got the victory; and so may you. Read 2 Cor. iv, 8, 9, and take courage. God never forsakes them that trust in him. Your trials, probably, are nothing compared with those of others. Call to mind what some of the ancient worthies endured for the truth's sake, and then be encouraged to endure for Jesus' sake.

Just think of Abraham's trial when called to offer his only son. Of Job, in his grievous afflictions and bereavement. Of David, when his son Absalom rebelled against him, and led a whole kingdom against his father. Of Jonah, in the whale's belly. Of Daniel, who was cast into the lions' den. Of John the Baptist, who was thrust into prison, and beheaded. Of the apostles, who, all but one, suffered a violent death for the truth's sake. Of Stephen, who was stoned. Of Paul, shipwrecked, and a night and a day in the ocean.

Ah, verily, my dear young friend, others have had trials as well as ourselves. Did they endure? so may we. Did God sustain them? so he will you, if you trust in him. Then bear up bravely; hope on; lift your desires to Heaven, and you will find that "weeping endures but for a night, and joy cometh in the morning."

TRYING TO CHEAT GOD.

MR. C. was a member of a Christian church; but his religion was of a spasmodic character, and his harp often hung on the willows down by the cold stream of worldliness. But, when the Lord saw fit to revive his work, he was foremost in shouting glory to God. "I do not like to hear Mr. C. talk and pray in meetings," said little Betsy. "Why not?" said her mother. "Because," she answered, "if he can talk so earnestly and pray so loud in meetings, I know he can pray at home; but he does not. He is only making believe, and trying to cheat God; but God can see through it."

ABOUT HEAVEN.

MY DEAR LITTLE READERS (or hearers; for probably many of you are too small to read, yet): I want to talk with you a little this morning about Heaven. You all have heard about Heaven. Many of you hear about it every day. Your father or mother, older brother or sister, or, perhaps, some kind friend, or your teacher, tells you about Heaven. Well, Heaven is a blessed place, and I wish that every body thought more about it.

"But *what* is Heaven?" perhaps some little inquisitive ones ask, who, though they may have heard this word a thousand times, would like yet to know what it really means. Well, I will try and tell you. Heaven really means that which is *high* or *arched up*. You know the sky is sometimes called heaven; but it is so called because it is so high, and looks overhead like a great molten arch. And the place where God dwells is called Heaven just because it is so very high.

There are three heavens. The place *high up in the air*, where the birds fly, and where the clouds sail, is the first heaven. Farther off, and higher up still, where the sun and moon are, and where the little stars twinkle like diamonds in the sky, is the second heaven. But higher, higher, higher up still, is where God, and Jesus, and the holy angels dwell! this is the Heaven that the minister talks about in his sermons; the Sabbath School teacher speaks of it in the lesson; and we sing about it in our beautiful hymns.

Every thing is all glorious and most lovely in Heaven. There are buildings there, too, and a thousand times more beautiful than the nicest ones ever made in this world. Even the great crystal palace of London, or our own beautiful capitol at Washington, would look mean beside the buildings of Heaven.

And there are trees and vines in Heaven. Such, too, as we never dreamed of in this world, for beauty and size. These are not covered with dead leaves, twigs, and limbs, nor do they have great gnarled knots, as some of the trees do here. Oh, no! And they are loaded down with fruit, pleasant to look at, and good to eat; not poison, as some of the good-looking fruits and berries are here.

There are beautiful lakes and streams of water in Heaven. Water as clear as the crystal over the face of your father's watch. It is not roiled and muddy as some of the streams in this world, with great, miry marshes at the edge.

But I cannot tell about the many wonderful things in Heaven in a little paper like the INSTRUCTOR. It would take a book larger than the great Family Bible, or Webster's Dictionary, or even larger than a strong giant could lift, to describe all the glorious things of Heaven. All I can say more now, is, little reader, be good and obedient, and then when Jesus comes you may go to Heaven and enjoy the place yourself.

THE LITTLE CHILD AND ITS MOTHER.

CHILD.

MAMMA, I feel afraid to go
 Off in the dark to-night;
 The moon and stars don't shine, I know;
 There's not a bit of light;
 And sometimes I'm afraid to go
 Alone, when it is day,
 Out in the pleasant shady grove,
 Or in the yard to play.

"And when I walk out in the fields,
 I sometimes fear I'll see
 Some creature that will carry off
 A little child like me.
 Mamma, I don't know what it is,
 Nor can I tell you why,
 But something whispers in my ear,
 And makes me fear to die."

MOTHER.

"My child, why should you be afraid,
 When God who dwells on high,
 Views every creature he has made
 With ever watchful eye?
 And don't you know that angels bright
 Are sent from Heaven above,
 To guard and keep you day and night,
 If you the Saviour love?"

"And, though you can not see their forms,
 Nor yet their footsteps hear,
 God's word assures us they are nigh
 Those who their Maker fear.
 They gather 'round the weeping saint
 With grief and woe oppressed,
 And when they see him 'bout to faint,
 Point him to endless rest.

"They stand beside the dying bed,
 And point to that bright home,
 Where tears of grief no more are shed,
 And death can never come.
 They're sent to guide the erring ones
 Whom Satan tempts to stray,
 And in their ears when doubts arise,
 Whisper, This is the way.

"'Tis Satan, child, that tempts your mind,
 And whispers in your ear,
 And if to yield you are inclined,
 There's surely danger near.
 But if you ask the Lord, he'll send
 The tempter far away;
 And holy angels will defend
 The little ones that pray."

M. M. STOWELL.

Spafford, Wis.

"WELL-WRITTEN ARTICLES FOR THE
YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR."

MY YOUNG READERS: I never have written but one article expressly for print, and that was rejected, and you may wonder, then, why I take courage to respond to the above urgent call for your little paper; for, surely, all that appears in it is good, consequently should be "well written." I will try to tell you, that is, if I succeed in making my little effort presentable.

The INSTRUCTOR is a valuable youth's paper, and should be ably assisted by contributions to its columns, if, as the editor says, there is "ability," which I doubt not; and I would like to lift the burden, if never so little.

I have a little girl, thirteen years old, who would not do without the INSTRUCTOR, if she had to deny herself a new dress, or many other articles, to get it. But, three years ago, when she was first persuaded to pay her money for that, instead of a trashy story paper, she thought it very dry and uninteresting, and wondered what I could "see

about it that was so very good." And will not my dear readers and little friends be glad to know that I have reason now to hope that she is trying to be a Christian? And not a *little* do I think is due to the influence of the INSTRUCTOR.

Then she has smaller brothers and sisters who listen with delight to such of the paper as they can understand. There are no other Sabbath-keepers in our neighborhood; but, by the blessing of God, we are much happier in our loneliness than when observing Pope's day with the people.

Ever yours,

S. H. BONFOEY.

MY RESOLUTIONS.

1. Try to keep the Sabbath day holy.
2. To be lovely, meek, and gentle.
3. To be a lamb of God, and love him.
4. To try and read my Bible every night and morning, and not neglect my prayers.
5. Try to be a friend to my associates.
6. To be always ready to give up to anybody (when it is not wrong to do so).

These resolutions were found in a little girl's portfolio after her death. She died at the age of twelve years. How many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will adopt them, and try every day to carry them out?

"I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. viii, 17.

H. E. SAWYER.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY JOSEPH CLARKE.

LESSON THIRTY-ONE.

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

Teacher. What did God tell Abraham to do?

Child. To offer his son Isaac for a burnt-offering. Gen. xxii, 2.

T. Where did he tell Abraham to go to do this?

C. To the land of Moriah. Gen. xxii, 2.

T. What was this place supposed to be?

C. Mount Moriah, where Solomon built the temple many years afterward.

T. What was it in Abraham's time?

C. It was no doubt a wilderness.

T. Did Abraham go, as God directed?

C. He rose early in the morning and prepared to go. Verse 3.

T. What took place on the third day of his journey?

C. Abraham saw the place afar off. Verse 4.

T. What did he then do?

C. He told his servants to remain, while he and his son Isaac would worship in the mountain. Verse 5.

T. Did Abraham declare his intention fully to them?

C. He did not.

T. Did Isaac know his father's errand wholly?

C. He did not.

T. Why do you think so?

C. Because he asked of his father, Where is the lamb for a burnt offering? Verse 7.

T. What did Abraham reply to this?

C. My son, God will provide himself a burnt-offering. Verse 8.

T. When Abraham came to the place, what did he do?

C. He built an altar and laid the wood in order. Verse 9.

LESSON THIRTY-TWO.

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.—CONTINUED.

Teacher. Having constructed an altar and arranged the wood, what did Abraham next do?

Child. He bound his son Isaac upon the altar.

T. Did Abraham proceed to sacrifice his son?

C. He did. Gen. xxii, 10.

T. Do you think Abraham loved his son Isaac?

C. No doubt he did very greatly.

T. Why then would he sacrifice his son?

C. Because the Lord directed him to do so.

Verse 2.

T. Is there any other instance in the Bible where God commanded any one to sacrifice a human being?

C. Not one. He forbids it. Gen. xx, 13.

T. Why did the Lord command Abraham thus?

C. To try his confidence in God.

T. What does Paul say of Abraham's feelings at this time?

C. That God was able to raise him up even from the dead. Heb. xi, 19.

T. When Abraham had prepared to offer his son, what did the angel of the Lord do?

C. He called to Abraham from Heaven. Verse 11.

T. What reply did Abraham make to him?

C. He said, Here am I. Verse 11.

T. What did the angel say to Abraham?

C. He directed him to spare Isaac his son.

Verse 12.

T. Why?

C. Because Abraham had proved that he would obey God.

T. What did he offer instead of his son?

C. He offered a ram which God had provided.

Verse 13.

T. What did God promise Abraham for his obedience?

C. To make of his family a great nation. Verse 17.

LESSON THIRTY-THREE.

DEATH OF SARAH, ABRAHAM'S WIFE.

Teacher. What is spoken of in the twenty-third of Genesis?

Child. The death and burial of Sarah, the wife of Abraham.

T. What sacred writers commend her faith?

C. Paul and Peter. Heb. xi, 11; 1 Pet. iii, 6.

T. Where did she die?

C. In Kirjath Arba, or Hebron, in the land of Canaan. Gen. xxiii, 2.

T. What was her age?

C. One hundred and twenty-seven years. Verse 1.

T. What did Abraham do?

C. He came to mourn and weep for her. Verse 2.

T. What did he ask of the children of Heth?

C. As a stranger, he asked a burial-place.

Verse 4.

T. What did they reply?

C. Thou art a mighty prince among us: in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead. Verse 6.

T. What did Abraham ask?

C. To purchase the cave of Macphelah, of Ephron, the son of Zohar. Verse 9.

T. When Ephron offered to give both the field and the cave to Abraham, what did he do?

C. He declined the gift, and purchased the cave and field for four hundred shekels of silver. Verses 15, 16.

T. The title to this being made sure, what was done?

C. Sarah was buried there.

T. Abraham was afterward buried in this sep-

ulcher, and Isaac and Rebekah also, and others of their descendants. See Gen. xlix, 29-31. What is this place now called?

C. Hebron; also it is called Haleel.

T. These names, Haleel and Abraham, are used as the name of the same person. (See Bible Dictionary.) Is this a flourishing place?

C. It is said to be a very pleasant country.

T. Yes; the field of Ephron still seems to retain a portion of its former excellence. It is still a town of from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants.

LESSON THIRTY-FOUR.

ISAAC AND REBECCA.

Teacher. After the death of Sarah, what did Abraham do?

Child. He called his eldest servant to him. Gen. xxiv, 2.

T. What did he direct him to do?

C. To make a solemn promise before God.

T. To what effect was this oath?

C. That he would not choose, of the wicked Canaanites, a wife for Isaac.

T. Where should he go to select a companion for Isaac?

C. To his own country, among the people of God.

T. Did his servant do as directed?

C. He immediately set out on his errand to Mesopotamia. Verse 10.

T. How was he attended on this journey?

C. He took ten camels, laden with provisions for the journey, and rich presents. Verse 10.

T. When he arrived at the city where Bethuel dwelt, what did he do?

C. He made his camels to kneel at the well. Verse 11.

T. What did Abraham's servant now ask of God?

C. That God would especially direct him in his errand. Verses 13, 14.

T. Who took great pains to supply him with water to quench his thirst?

C. Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel. Verse 15.

T. In what way did she manifest a Christian spirit?

C. In her kindness to this aged stranger, in acts of hospitality to him and his company.

T. What opinion did the servant of Abraham form concerning her?

C. A very favorable one.

T. When he came into the house, what course did he take?

C. He gave an account of his journey, and his errand, from the first. Verses 34-49.

T. Was his message favorably received?

C. It was.

LESSON THIRTY-FIVE.

ISAAC AND REBEKAH.—CONTINUED.

Teacher. Abraham's servant, having given a clear and eloquent description of his master's charge to him, and of his experience by the way, being very kindly received at the house of Bethuel, the father of Rebekah, now submitted the matter to their decision. What reply did Bethuel, and Laban his son, make?

Child. That Rebekah should go, as the Lord had spoken. Verse 51.

T. What did Abraham's servant now do?

C. He bowed himself to the earth, and gave thanks to God? Verse 52.

T. What next did he proceed to do?

C. He gave rich presents to Rebecca, to her mother, and to her brother Laban. Verse 53.

T. Until this time he had declined food. What did he now do?

C. He and his men partook of the refreshment prepared for them.

T. When morning arrived, what request did he make?

C. That he might be immediately sent back to his master. Verse 54.

T. The family wished to detain Rebekah for ten days. What did he say to this?

C. Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way. Verse 56.

T. Having obtained the consent of Rebekah, what was now done?

C. They sent Rebekah away, under the care of Abraham's servant, to Canaan, where Abraham and Isaac abode. Verse 59.

T. The parents of Rebekah bestowed blessings upon her, and bade her adieu. By whom was she attended?

C. By her nurse and other female attendants.

T. The company returned, and were met by Isaac, who, yet sorrowing on account of his mother's death, had just gone forth to meditate at eventide. The servant, in his clear and eloquent manner, gave to Isaac an account of his journey, and introduced Rebekah; and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death. They were greatly blessed of God.

Letter Department.

The following extracts from letters, written mostly by our young friends, will be of interest to those who are partial to this department.—Ed.

EVA A. SHARPE, of Clyde, Ohio, writes:

I am going to write for this little paper. I am fourteen years old, but have never written for the INSTRUCTOR. I sincerely hope that you will forgive me. I want to meet all the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth, if I am permitted to enter that "goodly land." I am trying to keep the "commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Pray for me, that I may live faithful.

F. BROWN, Ravenna, Mich., says:

I prize the INSTRUCTOR highly. Its pages teach us how good the great God is. I love to read the letters which the children write, to show that they love the Lord. Pray for me, friends, that I may still press on in the path which leads to a happier land.

CHARLES E. WOOD, North Brownville, Mich., writes:

I have taken the paper about one year and a half. I like our little paper, and wish it came every week. I would like to take it longer. I would also like to pay for it, but I cannot get the money. I am a poor crippled boy. I have one brother who is a cripple, too.

[Who is there among our young friends who would like to pay for this crippled boy's INSTRUCTOR? Who says I? We will print the names of such as wish to do so in the INSTRUCTOR, when they inform us.]

E. A. HAYS, Orland, N. Y., says:

I would like to be a constant reader of the INSTRUCTOR, but as I am an orphan girl, I am deprived of that privilege. My mother died when I was quite young. When I was twelve years of age, my dear, kind father was taken away from me. Oh! how I loved my father. It seemed as if my whole being was wrapped in his. Whenever I see children disobeying their parents, I think they do not consider how soon they may be deprived of their tender care.

Dear friends, I have been taught to keep the first day of the week, but I have been reading for myself, and I find that God commands us to rest on the seventh day, and we ought to obey his commandments. Pray for me.

[Let this dear orphan be remembered in the prayers of our young friends. Also, who will pay for her

INSTRUCTOR? Let some of you who have fathers, and mothers, and good homes, speak.]

CLARA TOMLINSON, of Richmond, Iowa, says:

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: For the first time I try to say a few words through our little paper. I am seven years old. I cannot write myself, so I get my sister Emma to write for me. I want to be a good girl. I want to keep the Sabbath aright, and obey my parents, and set a good example before my brothers and sisters, and those around me. I want to overcome all my sins. I know that I have a great many to overcome before Jesus comes.

EMMA CURTIS, of Richmond, Iowa, writes:

For the first time I try to write a few lines for our little paper. I am fourteen years old. It has been some time since I started in this good cause, yet I am not tired of serving the Lord. I have a dear mother sleeping in the grave, waiting for Jesus to come and raise her from her dusty bed. I want to live as I should, so that I may meet her in the kingdom. I have the privilege of meeting with the brethren and sisters from Sabbath to Sabbath, and hearing their good testimonies. I go to Sabbath School. I have commenced to read my Bible through, and find many good promises for those that will come to Jesus. I want to make a new start for the kingdom. I feel the need of watching and praying, that I may not enter into temptation. Pray for me, that I, with my parents, sisters, and two little brothers, may stand with you on Mount Zion, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

ELLEN S. ABBOT, Searsmont, Me., writes:

I love to read the INSTRUCTOR. It cheers my heart to think that our little ones can have so good instruction in these last days, when we are expecting the Master will soon come. I am sure that if they live out its teachings, they will be fitted for a home in the kingdom.

Children, my prayer is that you may be wise for yourselves, and give your hearts to the Lord, one and all who have not. Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." You see, dear little ones, the call is for you. Will you accept it?

ABBIE B. PIERCE, of Alden, Minn., writes:

I love to read the INSTRUCTOR, although I have arrived at middle age. I prize the articles on "Present Truth," penned by Uncle Harvey, very much. I think them worth the price of the paper. I wish there were more Uncle Harveys. I feel to thank the Lord that there are those who are caring for and looking after the welfare of the youth in our land. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that I may be a faithful Christian, and run with patience the race that is set before me. What a blessed hope is ours—to think that we shall not always strive in this world of sin, but that our blessed Saviour is soon coming to take his waiting children home to dwell with him. May this be your happy lot, and mine, is the prayer of your friend.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

"Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich." Prov. xviii, 6.

A poor but very pious woman once called to see two rich young ladies, who also loved the Lord. Without regard to her mean appearance, they received her with great kindness into their drawing-room, and sat down to converse with her upon religious subjects. While thus engaged their brother entered the room. He was a gay, proud, thoughtless youth, and looked much astonished at their unusual guest. One of them rose up with dignity, and said, "Brother, do n't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, only she has not got her fine clothes on."

QUESTIONS FOR PARENTS.

Do you pray for your children, earnestly, constantly, believingly?

Do you teach your children perseveringly, unweariedly, lovingly?

Do you watch your children tenderly, patiently, solemnly?

Do you make companions of your children, that they may walk in your ways as you are walking in the ways of God?

Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.

INSTRUCTOR ITEMS.

In consequence of attending the camp-meeting at Wright, this number of the INSTRUCTOR is considerably delayed, as well as other work in the Office. But with physical, mental, and spiritual strength refreshed, we expect to be "on time" next number.

NOVEL-READING AGAIN.

In the last INSTRUCTOR we published an article warning our youthful readers against novel-reading. A few days since our eye rested on the following paragraph in the N. Y. *Independent*, which shows some of the wretched results of reading those books called novels. Read it, youth, of both sexes, and never make companions of those popular works which have Satan for their author, and tend to certain perdition. The paragraph mentioned reads thus:

"The London *Spectator* says that a boy of fifteen got hold of Bulwer's novel of Paul Clifford, and became so infatuated with the life of a highwayman, that he at once commenced the work of robbery by breaking open a till, and taking flight with its contents. He was caught, however, and sentenced to incarceration for four years."

Poor, misguided youth! He is to be greatly pitied. And whether he deserved a four-years' term in bridewell as much as Mr. Bulwer, is, at least, a question.

THE CAMP-MEETING.

DEAR READERS: I can not let this paper go to press without informing you of the blessed meeting lately held in Wright, Sept. 1-7. It was good to be there. Probably this was the most important meeting that has been held since the commencement of the cause of present truth. There were many hundred people present, and every thing was conducted with the greatest order and propriety for such a place.

Truly it was a solemn time. We all felt that we were nearing the Judgment, and that it was but a little while that we had to work for Jesus. It was a meeting in which both young and old felt like consecrating themselves, and all that they possessed, to God. The word preached was quick and powerful, and the effect was visible in that large congregation. Hundreds came forward for prayers, at the invitation from the servants of God. Oh, what a solemn work is this, to make ready for the coming of Christ.

Dear youth, we wish you well; but still none but Christ can save you. How is it to-day with your souls? Do you have the blessing of God? Do you read the Bible? Do you pray in secret? Do you watch unto prayer? Do you bear testimony in meeting? Are you sober, meek, kind, and are you careful of your time? Oh, these are solemn questions. But we must be right if we are saved. I

beseech you, let there be no blots of sin on your souls. Make haste for Christ's coming. Who will be ready? Ah! who?

"THEY SHALL COME AGAIN." Jer. xxxi, 16.

LINES on the death of Gene Davis, a gentle boy of two and a half years, who delighted in singing, loved to go to meeting, and would sometimes at home sing for hours together, stopping at times for a moment and saying, "Ma, Gene loves to sing," "Gene loves the Lord. The Lord is good to Gene, gives him pa and ma and loves Gene."

Gene is gone, we no more hear
The music of his song;
Our hearts are sad, our home is drear,
The days and nights seem long.

We hear no more in gentle tones,
"Ma, Gene loves the Lord;"
How precious are such little ones!
Heaven is their reward.

A little while and they will leave
The enemy's dark land;
Then wipe thy tears, no longer grieve,
But ready, waiting stand,

To clasp them on the happy shore,
Where sorrows never come;
Sickness and death will then no more
Invade our peaceful home.

R. F. COTTRELL.

"ADVENT."

In derision, people often apply this word to those who look for the soon coming of Christ. It is a mark of gross ignorance for them to do so, for, if they well understood the meaning of this word, they would take some other mode of casting contempt.

"Advent" is an honorable word and means, the coming to; applied to Jesus' coming, it refers to the glory of his second coming. It is a word that makes the hearts of good people leap for joy. There is to them music in its sound. At its mention they think of all the glories of Heaven, and the scenes which lead to it; the Son of Man; the white cloud; the millions of angels attending Him; the resurrection of the sleeping saints; the translation of the living; the dreadful cry of the wicked. Ah, they will not ridicule the word "Advent" then, but will wish they were Adventists, in heart and soul; but like the scoffers in Noah's time, it will be too late.

My little friend, are you ashamed when your wicked companions call you "a little Advent?" I am sorry if you are afraid of this beautiful name. Consider, dear child, that the wicked have turned things upside down; they call good evil, and evil good; but I hope you will call things by their right names.

JOS. CLARKE.

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