

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

VOL. XVIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.

NO. 17.

THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

It was such a *little* thing,—
 One slight twist of crimson string;
 But 'twas stealing all the same;
 And the child who took it knew
 That she told what was not true,
 Just to screen herself from blame.
 First a theft, and then a lie,—
 Both recorded up on high.

It was but a *little* sip,
 Just a taste upon the lip;
 But it left a longing there.
 Then the measure larger grew,
 And the habit strengthened too,
 Till it would no curbing bear.
 So the demon *Drink* decoys;
 Soul and body both destroys.

It was but one *little* word,
 Softly spoken, scarcely heard,
 Uttered by a single breath;
 But it dared to take in vain
 God's most high and holy name,
 So provoking wrath and death.
 Soon the lips, once fresh and fair,
 Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one *little* blow,—
 Passion's sudden overflow,—
 Scarcely heeded in its fall;
 But, once loosed, the fiery soul
 Would no longer brook control;
 Laws it spurned, defied them all,
 Till the hands,—love clasped in vain,
 Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah! it is the foxes small,
 Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
 That destroy the tender vines;
 And it is the spark of fire,
 Brightening, growing, curling higher,
 That across the forest shines.
 Just so, step by step, does sin,
 If unchecked, a triumph win.

JESUS IS PRECIOUS.

THE first thought which occurs to my mind, as I sit down to write for your little paper is, Jesus is precious. And still another thought suggests itself—the presents you receive from your friends and parents. All these you prize in proportion to their value. You lay them away very carefully in your boxes and drawers, and you call them precious; and when you visit each other, you exhibit them with a "Papa gave me this last Christmas;" "Aunt Maria sent me this for my New-Year's Gift," &c., &c. Perhaps a whole hour passes, examining

these little valuables. Isn't this right? many little voices are inquiring.

Yes, children, all right, provided you don't forget to exhibit Jesus, and talk about the precious gift sent from Heaven to you, in your little gatherings. Jesus your Saviour is the most precious of all.

He left his beautiful home in Heaven, the company of holy angels, and came here to save you, that you, too, might share this home with him. Jesus, the "Lamb of God," spent long and weary years, traveling from city to city doing good, healing the sick, raising the dead, comforting the distressed; then, like a sweet and gentle lamb, was willing to die for us, though he had done no sin.

He had a few chosen followers who loved him more than any earthly treasure. They forsook all,—Jesus told them they must, if they would be his disciples.

What do you think made them do this? I will tell you:

They discovered so much of heavenly beauty and loveliness in his character, that their choicest treasures here became as nothing in their estimation, compared with this precious gift sent from God, their Father, to save them from all their sins.

And how deeply they mourned over their lost treasure (as they supposed) when cruel men nailed him to the cross. You will find it mentioned in the 20th chapter of St. John, verses 11-16, how sad Mary felt as she stood at the sepulcher weeping. When she discovered a man whom she supposed to be the gardener she inquired, "Sir, tell me where they have laid him, and I will take him away."

This man proved to be Jesus; and he sent her to his brethren to say unto them, "I ascend unto my Father and to your Father, and to my God and to your God."

Oh! how they rejoiced when he came into their midst, comforting them in their sorrow, by explaining to them how the scriptures must be fulfilled concerning him.

A short time after he took them with him out to Bethany, and lifting up his hands he

blessed them, then was taken up into Heaven out of their sight. Acts 1:10, 11, says that while they looked steadfastly toward Heaven, as he went up, two men in white apparel stood by them, and repeated the following words: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

How much this promise comforted them, is found in the last two verses of Luke. It reads, "They returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple praising and blessing God."

This same sweet promise spoken by angels 1870 years ago, was given for all that love him, until he shall be seen coming upon the white cloud, having upon his head a golden crown, as mentioned in Rev. 14:14.

I hope all the little readers of the INSTRUCTOR will love and prize this heavenly gift, the Son of God.

He is your Saviour, children; and if he is n't more precious to you than all your little earthly treasures, I fear you are not ready for his coming. In proportion as you value him, you will talk about him.

Did you ever know, or hear, of a fashionable young lady's forgetting her jewelry when she dressed for a gay party? No, never; say you. Neither will the humble follower of Jesus forget Him whom his soul loveth.

God so pitied and loved us that he gave the most precious gift in all Heaven to save us from our sins, and from an eternal death.

Do you wonder that this was my first thought as I took up my pen—Jesus is precious? With my whole soul I can say to you, my little friends, He is the Chief among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely.

Come, come to him, children; he will receive you with open arms.

Do not stay away one moment longer. Be "reconciled to God." Now, now, while you are reading these words, bid him a hearty welcome into your affections. He is knocking now at the door of your hearts. Oh! bid him come in. It is there he loves to dwell, and take up his abode.

You know not how soon you may lie beneath the green sod,—no time then to make your peace with God.

Partake now of this bread of life, that your souls may become strong and healthy in Christ Jesus.

He is waiting to be gracious, if you are only willing to put away all your sins. In the heavenly sanctuary he stands pleading with his Father; crying, My blood, Father, I spilled for them. Spare, spare a little longer.

A very little while longer, children, and salvation's hours will be numbered with the

past. He that is holy, will be holy still; and he that is filthy, filthy still.

Sweet mercy, which has been offered to the sinner without money and without price, will soon be gone, gone forever.

No pardon then, for even the children. They, too, turned the cold shoulder, and refused to have this man Christ Jesus rule over them.

Once more I invite you to accept this precious heavenly gift. Make Jesus your friend here on earth; prize him more than any earthly treasure.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

"It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest."

MRS. M. C. TRUESDAIL.

Monroe, July 10, 1870.

The Third Commandment.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

How plain is this command! How many disregard it! Little boys, as well as men often seem to forget that the Lord will bring them to an account for thus insulting him. Children and youth, if you wish to be free from this sin, shun the company of those who can, and do, so abuse their Maker. Read Prov. 4:14.

If you would have a tender heart, never utter, nor even listen to, idle words of this kind. Remember the words, "Thou God seest me."

A youth of fourteen years lay upon his death-bed. All his life he had broken this commandment. His mother stood beside him weeping. He said to her, "You taught me to swear, and used to laugh at it. You now think I am dying; but I don't want you to tell me I am." How dreadful such a death! Would you escape it? "Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee." Prov. 4:24.

Another youth, at the same age, used his first profane word. It frightened him as it came from his lips. But the example of his playmates and continued repetition hardened his heart, and he grew up a profane man. He entered the army as a soldier in the late war. Misfortune and sickness led him to read the Bible, and reflect upon his past life. The awful sin of swearing came to him with such force that he has often been heard to say that the roar of a hundred cannon, or a peal of the loudest thunder, did not startle or shock him as a single

oath from the lips of his comrades. So addicted were they to profanity, that he often refrained from conversing with them, fearing to hear God's name taken in vain.

Could you but feel as he did then, and ever keep a sense of the sacredness of God's holy name in your heart, you would never be guilty of this terrible sin. Think of it, and read, and ponder in your mind the words of the wise man, in Eccl. 12 : 1.

C. GREEN.

Trust in God.

THERE is danger all around us. Let us be where we will, it is only the protecting care of our Heavenly Father which keeps us safe from the ills of life. It is a very sweet thing to trust in God. In his holy word he has told us that "they who trust in him shall never be ashamed," which means, they will always find that he takes care of those who commit themselves to him truly and sincerely.

Did you ever think how many are the little things which would harm us greatly, if not prevented? A match left unnoticed, may be dragged away by a little mouse, and the house set on fire, perhaps all in it burned up. A lamp may topple over, and more than one be consumed by the flames it creates. A fall from a step may occasion instant death, so may a slight stumble on the pavement. Thousands of little events, unnoticed by us, might disable us for life, or send us into eternity; yet it is only when great danger surrounds us that we cry to God for help. Dear children, always ask God to bless your going out and coming in, even if it be only to go to school or take a walk through the streets.

We all know that traveling on the railroads is very dangerous. Yet thousands go and come, every day, safely. How many of these commit themselves to God before they enter the cars? How many are trying to be ready, should they meet death in this manner?

I am compelled to go from my home in the country, very often, to the next town. I go on a new railroad, very much of the way over high embankments and long bridges, built across deep chasms. The engineer is a wild, reckless boy, and, it is said, is often in liquor. But I must go. There is no other way. But then, dear children, I think, it is not the safety of the road, nor the carefulness of the conductor, nor the skill of the engineer, which takes us through. It is God, in the power of whose hand that great and powerful engine with its long train of cars, and the men who guide it, are *very little things*, and they can

move only as he gives them permission. I trust in him, not in the officers, nor the engine, nor in the cars.

Very lately I waited for the train a long time. I asked the Lord to guide the men, and control them by his own power that we might all go over safely; and that if it should be his will that any of us should be suddenly called from life, he would take us into his kingdom. Thus praying, I rode safely on. The next day, on the same track, the cars were demolished, though mercifully all lives were saved. Could I forget God's mercy to me?

The blessed Bible says, "A horse is a vain thing for safety." How many trust themselves to ride in carriages, saying, "Our horse is perfectly safe; we are never afraid with him." Yet just such horses, gentle for years, have been known to become frightened and the riders lose their lives. Not in horses nor in the most careful drivers, dear children, lies your safety, but in the watch-care of the great God. Will you think of this, and learn to ask him to take care of you every hour and wherever you may be.—*Young Reaper.*

Obedience; or, What Charlie Did.

TURNING into a certain street, I saw a company of boys playing very earnestly, evidently enjoying themselves greatly. One I noticed in particular, who seemed to be the leader of their sports; and just as I came up with them, he was proposing a new game, and giving instructions in regard to it. His whole heart seemed to be in the thing. At this moment a window was thrown open in the house I was passing, and a gentle voice called—

"Charlie, your father wants you."

The window at once closed; and that mother, as I took her to be, immediately withdrew, without even stopping to see whether Charlie heard.

The boy was so busy that I doubted if that quiet voice would reach his ear; but it seemed she knew better than I. The words hardly escaped her lips when everything was dropped. The boys were left at play; and Charlie was soon within doors, where, of course, I could not follow him.

Charlie had learned to obey. Always remember that prompt, cheerful obedience is what you are to render parents and teachers. Do not wait to be spoken to the second time, but run at the first call.

"This little fellow," said Martin Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen its shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging; calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God alone to think of him."

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.

THE SIGNAL GUN.

SOME years ago a large, strong, and beautiful steamship set out on a voyage across the Atlantic. There were hundreds of passengers on board, and they had a fair prospect of a safe and speedy passage. The ship was new, its officers were experienced seamen, and but little fear of accident was entertained by any.

But when far out in mid-ocean, the ship took fire. The flames spread rapidly, and all efforts to extinguish them proved in vain. Then followed a scene of confusion not easily described. Shouts and groans, tears and prayers, were intermingled, while the dense columns of smoke rolled up in solemn grandeur to the sky.

There was hurrying to and fro, the boats, which hung by the side of the ship, were being quickly filled with passengers and lowered to the water, while some were procuring planks and timbers and constructing rude rafts to save them from the fatal embrace of the hungry sea.

Now the only hope these unfortunate people could have of saving their lives was in being picked up by some ship that might chance to sail near them; for they would all perish from thirst and hunger long before they could reach land in their small boats or on their rafts. When ships are in need of help at sea, they fire a cannon at short intervals to let other ships know that they are in distress. This is called *the signal gun*; and if the captain of a ship hears such firing, he sails immediately in the direction of the gun.

As soon as it was found that this noble ship could not be saved, they began to fire the signal gun; and among the men appointed to this work, was a boy about seventeen years of age. His name was Stuart Holland. He was very faithful in the discharge of his duty, and seemed to have no thought in regard to his own safety.

The angry flames rushed on furiously, crowding the passengers from the ship, and coming nearer and nearer to the magazine, where the powder was kept. It was considered no longer safe for any one to remain on the ship, and the officers and crew began to leave it. The men all left the guns and urged Stuart to follow

them; but he steadfastly refused, working all the harder to make up for the want of their help. After all had left the ship and were about to push away from the burning wreck, they shouted to Stuart, entreating him to leave the gun and immediately come to them before the fire should reach the magazine, and the terrible explosion should destroy both them and him. But all entreaties were in vain, and the last that was seen of Stuart Holland he was diving down into the magazine for more powder.

When the captain and his brave officers dared remain no longer, they plied their strong arms to the oars and sped away from the burning vessel.

As the boats slowly receded, every eye was fixed on the ship, and every heart beat with emotion for the noble boy who was so generously giving his own life in trying to bring relief to them. Regularly the faithful signal gun boomed over the waters, and as they heard it, they knew that Stuart was yet alive.

Lower and lower sank the ill-fated ship below the horizon, and heavier grew the dark cloud of smoke that hung over it, till a sound like distant thunder came over the sea, fragments were thrown high in the air, and then all was still. The fire had reached the powder, and all that remained of the noble ship was blown to atoms. The signal gun was heard no more. Stuart's work was done. He had been faithful in duty. He had given his life in a noble endeavor to save the lives of others; yet his memory will ever live in the hearts of all who know his history.

Who among our readers will be as faithful and self-sacrificing in the work of the Lord?

Who Is Your Friend?

WHO is your friend? Not the boy or girl, man or woman, who tries to lead you astray, tempts you to do wrong, mocks at sacred things, or gives you bad advice or bad example. Such a person is your enemy. Listen not to him.

Who is your friend? The person who tells you to do right, to walk in the truth, to be faithful in good works; the person who urges you to pray, to study God's word, to be always at church, to look forward to full membership with his people, to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Such a person is your true friend. Listen to him.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A HAPPY HOME.

I HAVE a home, a happy home,
And friends who love me, there;
With daily bread I still am fed,
Still have warm clothes to wear;
I've health and strength in every limb;
How grateful should I be!
How shall I show my love to Him
Who shows such love to me?

While some are blind, or deaf, or lame,
I hear the sweet birds sing,
Can bound along with joyful song,
Can watch the flowers of spring;
No wasting pain my eye to dim,
From want and sickness free,—
How shall I show my love to Him
Who shows such love to me?

And blessings greater still than these
A gracious God has given,—
The precious word of Christ our Lord,
To guide my feet to Heaven.
Among the shining cherubim
I trust my home shall be;—
How shall I show my love to Him
Who shows such love to me?

My God, I am a feeble child;
Oh, teach me to obey.
With humble fear to serve thee here,
To watch and praise and pray!
My love is weak, my faith is dim;
But grace I ask from thee,
That I may prove my love for Him
Who lived and died for me.

—*Child's Companion.*

RAGGED TOM AND HIS SURETY.

ONE Sabbath afternoon, a big boy stood at the door of a Sabbath School. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sabbath before. His father and mother had brought him, and begged that he might be received again. The Superintendent said,

"We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school, sir," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home; he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We would take him back if we could secure his good behavior. I will see," said the Superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang the bell for silence. All listened while he said, "That boy wants to come into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behavior. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed: the elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him so well. The others did not care for him.

But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry that no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of

"Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The Superintendent soon heard his little voice saying,—

"If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You, Tom! a little boy like you! Do you know what it means to be surety, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is bad again, I'm to be punished for him."

"And are you willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the Superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy, with downcast face, walked across the room. He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that. I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—never!" I think God had put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was graciously helping Tom's work as the surety.

As the children were leaving the school, the Superintendent saw this big boy and little Tom walking and talking together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to the mother, "Where is your son Tom?"

"O, he is just gone up stairs with a great boy that he brought with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"O yes, sir."

The Superintendent went slowly and gently up the stairs; and as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the big boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice saying,

"O Lord, make this boy, that has been the worst boy in school, O Lord, make him the best boy."

The Superintendent kneeled by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them. The big bad boy became one of the best boys in the school. God raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to a missionary college. He is now a missionary, and is preaching to the Africans about Jesus, who became the surety for sinners.—*Sel.*

"MOTHER," said a little girl who had just come in from the new-fallen snow, "the snow is such a pure, pure white, that I could not help saying in my heart again and again that little verse, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than the snow.'"

That is a sweet prayer, and one which we should all use.

Sabbath-School Department.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON SIXTY.

JACOB FLEES FROM PADAN-ARAM.

1. What did the sons of Laban say when they saw how Jacob prospered? Gen. 31:1.
2. How did Jacob know that Laban was also displeased with him? Verse 2.
3. What did the Lord tell Jacob to do? Verse 3.
4. What promise did God make, to encourage Jacob? Ibid.
5. What did Jacob do? Verses 17, 18.
6. In what manner did Jacob leave Padan-aram? Verse 20.
7. How long was it after Jacob had fled before Laban found out that he had gone? Verse 22.
8. What did Laban then do? Verse 23.
9. How many days did he pursue before he overtook Jacob? Ibid.
10. Where did he overtake him?
11. What did the Lord do to prevent Laban from doing harm to Jacob? Verse 24.
12. What did the Lord mean by telling Laban not to speak to Jacob good or bad? Ans. That he should not persuade him to return to Padan-aram by fair promises, nor force him to do so by words of threatening.
13. What did Laban say about this? Verse 29.*

*NOTE.—And so will God always take care of those who put their trust in him and obey him as Jacob did.

LESSON SIXTY-ONE.

1. What did Laban say Jacob had done? Gen. 31:26.
2. How did he claim that he would have sent him away? Last part of verse 27.
3. Why did Jacob say he had stolen away un-awares? Verse 31.
4. Of what crime did Laban accuse Jacob? Last part of verse 30.
5. Did Jacob know that Rachel had stolen these little images that Laban called his gods? Verse 32.
6. How long did Jacob say he had served Laban? Verse 41.
7. How long did he serve him for his daughters? Ibid.
8. How long for his cattle? Ibid.
9. Did Jacob serve Laban faithfully all these twenty years? Read verses 38-40.
10. If any of the flock were lost, or stolen, or torn of wild beasts, who bore the loss? Ibid.
11. Did Laban require Jacob to do this? Verse 39.
12. How many times did Laban change Jacob's wages? Verse 7.
13. Who prevented Jacob from becoming poor and going away empty? Verse 42.
14. How did Laban finally bid farewell to Jacob and his family? Verse 55.

15. What may we learn from this chapter? Ans. That God is able to bless and prosper the faithful and obedient under any circumstances.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON FIFTY-SEVEN.

THE MINISTRATION OF THE GREAT DAY OF ATONEMENT.

1. How did the high priest prepare himself to enter the most holy place? Lev. 16:4. 2. What day of the Jewish year was set apart as the great day of atonement? Lev. 16:29-31. 3. What animals did the priest take for the services of that day? Verses 8, 5. 4. Which of these did he provide for himself? Verse 3. 5. Which did he take from the people? Verse 5. 6. What did he do with the bullock? Verses 6, 11. 7. What special preparation did he make just before entering the most holy place? Verse 12. 8. Why did he take this precaution of entering with a cloud of incense before his face? Verse 13. 9. What did he do with the blood of the bullock? Verse 14. 10. For what purpose was this offering of the blood of the bullock made? Verse 11. 11. What was done with the two goats that had been taken from the people? Verses 7, 8. 12. What did the priest do with the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell? Verse 9. 13. How was this offering made? Verse 15. 14. For what purpose was it made? Verse 16. 15. What did the sprinkling of the blood upon the mercy-seat signify? Ans. That the transgression of that law contained in the ark, beneath the mercy-seat, demanded the life of the transgressor. 16. Do we forfeit our right to life by transgressing the law of God?

LESSON FIFTY-EIGHT.

1. How did the priest make an atonement for the altar of incense? Lev. 16:18, 19. 2. Was the altar, here mentioned, the altar of burnt-offering, or the altar of incense? Read Ex. 30:1-10. 3. Why was it especially necessary to "cleanse" this altar of incense as specified in Lev. 16:19? Read Lev. 4:1-18. 4. What was done with the bodies of the animals whose blood was used to make an atonement? Lev. 16:27. 5. How were the sins finally removed, in a figure, from the sanctuary? Lev. 16:21, 22. 6. RECAPITULATION: How did the sanctuary become so polluted, by the "uncleanness of the children of Israel," as to make a work of cleansing necessary? Ans. 1. He who had broken the commandments of God, brought his sin-offering to the door of the sanctuary and there presented it to the priest. Lev. 4:3, 14. 2. He then laid his hand on the head of the victim, thus confessing his sin and transferring it to the victim. Lev. 4:4, 15. 3. The victim was slain for the sin of the transgressor whose guilt had been placed upon it. Ibid. 4. The blood of the victim bearing that sin and guilt was borne by the priest into the sanctuary.

Lev. 4: 5-7, 16-18. And thus the work went on throughout the year; the sins of the people being transferred from themselves to the victims offered in sacrifices, and, through the blood of those sacrifices, transferred to the sanctuary. 7. When was the work of cleansing the sanctuary performed? Lev. 16: 29. 8. How was it done? Ans. 1. The high priest entered the most holy place and there offered the blood of a bullock as an atonement for himself and for his house. Lev. 16: 11-14. 2. Having cast lots upon two goats taken from the people, he offered the blood of the goat on which the Lord's lot fell, as an atonement for the people and for the sanctuary. Lev. 16: 7-9, 15, 16. 3. After having made an atonement for the altar, Lev. 16: 18, 19, and having made an end of reconciling, or purifying, both the holy places, verse 20, he bore the sins that had defiled them, to the door of the sanctuary, and put them upon the head of the scapegoat by which they were borne away into the wilderness. Verses 21, 22.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.

And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

To Teachers.

WHEN you are going to work for others, my friends, you must have something in you that is worth giving to them. Going among them because you have a few ideas that they have not, and rigorously insisting on their accepting those ideas—that is not working for them. The garden of the Lord must be in you if you are going to be fit to work for others. You must have some tender-

ness, some sweetness, some generosity, some patience, some forbearance, some heroic self-denial, if you would work to any purpose. There must be something go out of you that shall both touch them, and inspire in them a nobler character and a higher life. There must be some yearning desire in you that shall be like a power to them. If you are going to work for others, and you wish to have something worth carrying to them, you must work in this garden of yours first. You must take care of your gentleness, and meekness, and generosity, and magnanimity, and insight, or faith. You must have a sense of the preciousness of Christ, and of God's company with you from day to day. There must be some flavor, some sweet atmosphere of love in your own souls, if you are going to carry these qualities to other persons.—H. W. Beecher.

How to Maintain Order in the Class.

1. BE in your place five minutes before the opening of the school, to receive your scholars. See that they take their proper places in silence.

2. Request your scholars to face the Superintendent during singing and remarks, and to close their eyes during prayer.

3. Place yourself and your scholars in such a position that you can easily, and at all times, have command over them, and see what they are doing.

4. Let *silence* and *attention* be the watchwords in your class, and whenever these are disturbed, cease teaching, and give your attention to the cause, till order is again restored. When teaching, see that every scholar is attentive and hears what you say.

5. Let instant attention be given to the sound of the bell or the Superintendent's voice, and when any change takes place in the routine of school duties, be especially vigilant in repressing any risings of disorder.

6. Strictly adhere to the regulations of the school, and see that the scholars do the same, so far as they are concerned, and give them clearly to understand what you expect from them as scholars.

7. Do not leave your class during school time; at the close of the school lead your scholars out, and see that they disperse quietly.

8. In case of absence, provide a substitute, or give timely notice to the Superintendent.

9. Visit your scholars at their own homes, especially absentees. By this means you will better understand the character, disposition, and circumstances of your scholars, and secure the co-operation of the parents.

10. Govern with absolute firmness, teach with attractive kindness, and prepare your lessons beforehand.

If these suggestions are carried out perseveringly and prayerfully, they will add much to your own comfort and usefulness, and tend to secure the improvement and salvation of the souls of the children committed to your care.—*Teachers' Golden Hour.*

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

A Little Heroine.

THE rare faculty of presence of mind was recently manifested in so extraordinary a degree by a little girl upon one of the lake steamers that it is worth recording: A Chicago lady accompanied by her daughter, aged twelve years, were among the passengers on the last trip of the boat from Chicago to Buffalo; and when a day or two out, the girl, in roaming about the vessel, found her way into the kitchen and remarked to the cook that she thought the stove smoked considerably, to which the cook replied that she was mistaken. The child had heard her mother say that she dreaded traveling on a boat for fear of fire; and with this in her mind, and taking another look at the place where the smoke seemed to come from, she discovered that it did not issue from the stove. Going on deck, she discovered the wood-work around the smoke-stack on fire, and the flames just eating their way into the cabin. Without giving any general alarm, she went to the steward and told him the boat was on fire. He informed the mate, who called the deck hands aft, and extinguished the fire without one of the passengers' being aware that anything of the kind had occurred. There were twenty-two ladies sitting on deck in the bow of the boat, among them the mother of Annie, while this was going on. After the work had been done, Annie went to her mother and said, "Don't be frightened, mother; the boat has been on fire; but it is all over now." The captain was so greatly pleased with the cool, calm, and quiet manner in which the child performed her part, that he refunded the passage money of both, and offered to take them back to Chicago free of charge. It was a brave act, to say the least; and had she screamed, "Fire!" as most persons would have done, with so many ladies on board, the consequences might have been of a very serious nature.—*Scl.*

The Grateful Tiger.

A TIGER had a live dog cruelly thrown into its cage one day. Not being very hungry, the usually fierce creature did not touch the trembling little victim. This quietness gave the dog courage, and he began to lick the tiger's eyes, which were sore. This act seemed pleasant to the wild beast, and the dog continued it from time to time, till the eyes of the savage animal got well. The tiger from that time took his tiny, four-legged doctor under his patronage, looked upon him kindly, and allowed him to eat what he chose of the food thrown into his cage. Henceforth they lived like bosom friends.

Thus you see that even a fierce tiger can be grateful for a little favor. How much more, then, should children learn to be grateful to their friends for the

great favors they have received? When I see boys and girls unkind and insulting to their parents, who have done and suffered so much for them, I tell them the story of the tiger and dog, and say "Children, don't be less grateful to your kind parents than the tiger was to the little dog."—*Children's Friend.*

My Master is Always In.

"JOHNNIE," said a man, winking slyly to a lad of his acquaintance, "you must give me extra measure; your master is not in."

Johnnie looked solemnly into the man's face, and replied: "My Master is always in."

Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God. Let every one, when he is tempted, adopt Johnnie's motto: "My Master is always in." It will save him from many sins.

It was an admirable reply of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, made to some one who inquired why he continued to study his lessons over and over previous to teaching his classes: "Because I prefer that they should be supplied from a running stream rather than a stagnant pool."

Herein is a valuable hint for Sabbath-school teachers.

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