

# The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 19.

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“Hear Counsel, and receive Instruction, that thou mayest be Wise.” Prov. 19:20.

## GOOD LIFE.

He liveth long who liveth well;  
All else is life but flung away;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;  
Buy up the moments as they go;  
The life above when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest home of light.

## Please Yourself.

“Oh, dear! I do hate to do what I don't want to,” said Richard Belton, as his mother asked him to go and weed out the cucumbers.

“And do you suppose you are the only one who feels like that?” said his mother.

“Well, mother, I don't believe any one dislikes not having his own way as badly as I do. I do just wish that for one week I could do exactly as I liked.”

“You may, if you are willing to allow me the same privilege.”

“Why, mother, I thought you always did do just as you liked,” said Richard.

Mrs. Belton looked up with an odd little smile:—

“If we try our experiment, you will see whether that's so,” she said.

“Oh, I am sure I am more than willing. Do you really mean it, mother?”

“Certainly.”

“Oh, goody!” cried Richard. “Then I may go fishing, instead of weeding the cucumbers?”

“Yes, if I am at liberty to please myself, too.”

Oh, dear, yes! and away ran Richard. And no sooner was he gone, than Mrs. Belton shut up her sewing machine, and put away Richard's new linen suit on which she had been at work. Then she took a new book, and lay down on the sofa to read. Mrs. Belton was without a servant that week; and after her morning's work, it was much pleasanter to amuse herself with “The Earthly Paradise,” than it was to sew.

Richard came home at a late dinner time.

“Is n't dinner ready?” he said; “I am as hungry as I can be.”

“Oh, I did n't feel like getting dinner,” said his mother, carelessly. “It was very warm to go round the stove. You can get yourself some bread and milk; I have had some. I only get a hot dinner on your account, and now I am going to please myself.”

Richard said nothing, but he felt rather put out; for he did n't care much for bread and milk.

He went up to bed early, and presently his voice came down the stairs in an injured tone,—

“Why, mother, my bed is n't made.”

“I did n't feel like it,” said Mrs. Belton; “I had been at work, and was tired. You can either make it yourself, or sleep in it as it is. You have only to please yourself.”

“Well, if I ever!” said Richard. But he made no complaint. He spread the clothes on his bed any way; but it was not very comfortable.

The next morning when he came down, he found nothing on the breakfast table but toast and coffee.

“Why, mother!” he said, much disap-

pointed, “I thought you'd have my fish for breakfast. They were such nice ones.”

“You know I dislike to touch fish,” said Mrs. Belton. “They are such cold, slimy, disagreeable things, and it is such an unpleasant business to clean them; I did n't care enough for them to cook them to please myself.”

Richard said no more; but he began to have misgivings.

After breakfast he sat down to read a story book, instead of doing his usual chores round the house; but he felt uncomfortable. His mother washed up the dishes, and then sat down to her embroidery.

After a while, Richard lounged out of the room, but presently came running back very much excited:—

“Oh mother!” he cried, “John Markham and his father and his brother are going up on the mountain to camp out two or three days; and they want me to go. Can't I?”

“I do n't see what you have to wear,” said his mother. “It's too hot for cloth clothes. You'd be very uncomfortable; and your last summer's suits are so outgrown that I gave them to the Sabbath-school children.”

“But my new suit, mother. You said it would be just the thing for some such expedition.”

“I do n't care to finish it now,” said Mrs. Belton languidly; “I am interested in this work, and the machine is n't pleasant to run this hot weather. I am going to please myself.”

“But, mother,” said Richard, “what shall I do with no clothes? and I do want to go to the mountains so.”

“But, Richard, what am I to do with the garden full of weeds? and I do so like to have it in order.”

Richard had a great mind to fly into a passion. Then he looked up and caught his mother's eye, and burst out laughing. “I give in,” he said; “I guess I'll go and weed the cucumbers.”

“Very well,” said Mrs. Belton; “then you shall have your clothes in time to go with the Markhams.”

“All right, I reckon,” said Richard. “It would be a pretty poor kind of a world where every one pleased himself.”—*Child's World.*

## The Door of the Heart.

“BEHOLD, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.” Rev. 3:20.

This language, dear youth, is addressed to you. At the door of your heart, the Saviour stands knocking. Do you hear his voice? Will you open your heart and invite him in? Oh, welcome visitant! Noble guest! But perhaps you have tried to open the door of your heart, and have not succeeded. Then try again. Persevere. Humbly ask your Saviour to assist you. Freely speak to him who has knocked so long and so loudly. Tell him your difficulties. Ask him to help; to show you how to remove them; and he will send his Spirit to enlighten and comfort you.

Suffer not sleep to overcome you again. I do not speak of that sweet sleep which God gives you, to restore your strength daily, but of that stupor which benumbs your moral faculties.

As the palsy cripples the outward man, so does this stupor cripple the spiritual powers. Awake, dear youth, ere it is too late.

Do not sink back discouraged; but from within, call to Him who stands without; until he shall so soften your heart that you may be able to give up all your own way, and cheerfully submit to him. Thus you will open your heart and admit Him whose right it is to rule there.

JOSEPH CLARKE.

## Escapes of Rafaravy.

(Concluded.)

[THE conclusion of this narrative has been long delayed; but we trust our readers have not lost their interest in the remarkable experiences of this devoted woman.—ED.]

It will be remembered that Rafaravy was on her way to the port of Tamatave, where she expected to meet Mr. Johns, the missionary. She was accompanied by her friends, Sarah and her husband, and had got safely on her way as far as the capital. Here, she and Sarah remained concealed in the house of a friend, while Sarah's husband went on to Tamatave to ask advice of Mr. Johns.

While she was thus waiting for some word of counsel from the good missionary, fifteen or twenty men came one day to the house where she was staying, for the purpose of searching it. They were not searching for Rafaravy, but for something else which they suspected might be concealed in the house. They tried to push open the door of her room; but she held it firmly in its place, and the men soon went away. Slipping from her place of confinement, she immediately escaped from the house, climbed over a wall, and succeeded in reaching the house of a friend in safety.

The men who had been searching the house, soon returned, and went into the very room where Rafaravy had been concealed; but she had gone. The God that she worshiped and trusted, had delivered her out of their hands.

At the end of a fortnight from the time that Sarah's husband set out for Tamatave, there came a messenger from Mr. Johns. He sent them money to buy food, and directions for their journey. He told them to take courage and come to him, for he hoped to find them a passage on a ship that would take them away from the land of such fierce persecutions.

So, with many prayers and tears, they parted with their kind Christian friends in the capital, and set out in the night, on their journey to Tamatave, which was two hundred miles distant. Day after day they traveled on, till their feet became so swollen that they could scarcely move. One dark night the rain poured down in torrents; but these poor women could find no shelter, and so lay upon the cold ground all night. Sometimes they got lost in the night, and had to lie down and wait till morning.

Before they reached the end of their journey, their little stock of food was all gone; and as they had no money to buy any more, they were nearly starved. Yet they sweetly comforted each other as they talked of the dear Saviour and of Heaven. They remembered that he, too, had not where to lay his head. When they went up the hill, they thought of Christian climbing the “Hill of Difficulty,” as described in “Pilgrim's Progress.” Once they came to a deep river and could find no

way to cross over, but upon a narrow plank. This made them think of Christian and Hopeful when they asked the "shining ones" if there was no way to the "Celestial City" but through the river.

Again they came to a large river in which there were a great many crocodiles. It was not safe to swim across this river, and so there was a little boat kept there to take people over. Now Rafaravy and her friend did not like to ask the boatman to take them across the stream, because the queen had made a law that every one who crossed this stream should be closely questioned; and they would not have told a lie even to save themselves from being taken back and put to death. Yet there was no other way to get across, and so they ventured to ask a passage in the boat. It so happened that the boatman had just taken over some soldiers, and, thinking that these two women belonged to the same party, they asked them no questions. And thus the Lord delivered them again from their enemies.

At length, after eight weary days and nights of fear, anxiety, pain, and suffering, they reached Tamatave. Here they met Mr. Johns at the house of a friend who secreted them. There they read, and prayed, and rejoiced, together. They had some narrow escapes from their enemies even here; but Mr. Johns finally got them on board a ship, in which they sailed to England, where they could enjoy their religion unmolested.

PHEBE A. MINER.

## The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, FEB. 15, 1871.

### A Parting Word.

OUR labors in connection with the INSTRUCTOR commenced in June, 1869. Those labors have now come to a close. Aside from the constant sense of incompetence that has rested upon us, we have found it the pleasantest occupation of our life. We have come to love the INSTRUCTOR very much; yet, dear as it is to us, we now cheerfully resign it into the hands of one who has a love for it equal to our own; and who will, we trust, make it a far better paper than it has been in the past.

The present Editress is not a stranger to the INSTRUCTOR family, but is well known through the excellent articles from her pen, that have for so many months graced the columns of the INSTRUCTOR.

Sr. Trembley has our utmost confidence as an able writer, and an earnest, devoted Christian. May the blessing of God attend her labors, and may her connection with the INSTRUCTOR be a long, useful, and happy one.

Of the Assistant Editress we can also speak in the highest terms of commendation. Talented, well educated, and an efficient Sabbath-school worker; Sr. Fairfield is well qualified for the work she has been chosen to perform. Her name is already familiar, as the writer of the articles on "The Reporting System."

With such editorial advantages, and the prompt assistance of contributors, we bespeak for the INSTRUCTOR a prosperous career, and for its readers a rich feast of good things to come.

And now, to the dear readers of the INSTRUCTOR we would say, Farewell! Love and

cherish your paper. Read it with care, and try to be profited by it. May the Lord give you a clean heart, and, finally, receive you into his kingdom.

G. H. BELL.

### A Thankful Heart Makes a Diligent Hand.

THE "American Board" is the name, or part of the name, of a big missionary society, which some of you may know, and some may not. It receives almost half a million of dollars a year to send the gospel to the heathen with. Of course, you think, there must be some pretty large givers, and there are; but you will be pleased to know that the largest giver last year was a little girl eleven years old.

"Why, how can that be?" somebody will ask. The biggest, I mean, according to her age and her means. She is the little daughter of a poor widow. She had sent six dollars, and in sending six more, she wrote a little letter to the superintendent of her Sunday-school, in which she says: "I pick berries after school, and go to New Milford early in the morning, before school, and sell them. I've got eleven dollars. Here are six; and I paid mamma's tax, that was four; and got me a sundown. The tax man gave me twenty-six cents. I get so tired; but then I think I am not a heathen girl, so I forget being tired."—*Sel.*

Will not the little girls of the INSTRUCTOR family—yes, and the little boys, too, have some of the same spirit that this little girl has? Will you not see what you can do for the cause of truth? Cannot you give the INSTRUCTOR to some one who is too poor to take it? Cannot you get subscribers for the paper? Will not each of you do all the good you can?

Why is it, do you think, this little girl has done so much to send the gospel to the heathen? It is because she feels thankful for what the Lord has done for her, and wants others to enjoy the same blessings and the same hope of salvation.

Do you think she has been as happy in making such a use of her money, as she might have been in paying it out to get fine things for herself? Oh yes! far happier. Dear children, do not you love the dear Saviour? and do you not feel anxious that others should enjoy his love? Will not you try to find your happiness in doing good? —*Ed.*

### What Jesus Will Say.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school, one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

Edith was silent for a moment, and then raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied, "Ella, when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me that it made no difference what the girls said, who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Ah! little readers, never ask what this or that one will say, when you are doing what

is right; but what Jesus, your king, will say at the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.—*Sel.*

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### "COME UNTO ME."

BENEATH the shady branches  
Of a large old maple tree,  
Sat a young child, and mused upon  
The words, "Come unto Me."

With tones so sweet and childish,  
With face so full of love,  
And heart so full of pious thought,  
She raised her eyes above,

And prayed—"Dear blessed Saviour,  
Thy holy love instil,  
To bend my stubborn heart to thee,  
And make me do thy will;

"That I, in gentle whispers,  
Thy gracious voice may hear,  
And feel thy sweet, protecting love,  
That casteth out all fear.

"For in this world of ours  
That looks so bright and gay,  
Are very many tempting things  
To lead my heart astray.

"And it may be that trials  
Across my path may be,  
Dear Saviour, then with what delight  
I'll read, 'Come unto me.'

"Oh! to thy breast the weary  
May ever safely flee!  
So let me ever gladly read  
Thy words, 'Come unto me.'"

—*Sel.*

### Make Me a Christian.

A HINDOO boy, as he was walking in the garden one day, felt bad about his sins. He went to the missionary, and in a gentle voice said, "If you please, sir, make me a Christian." The missionary, surprised and pleased by what he heard, said to the little Hindoo, "I cannot make you a Christian, my dear child; but God can. You must ask God to forgive your sins, for the sake of Jesus, and to send his holy Spirit to live in your heart."

A short time after, the same little boy came to the missionary, and said with a soft voice and a sweet smile on his face, "The Lord Jesus Christ himself has come to live in my heart." "How is that?" asked the kind missionary. "Why, I prayed as you told me, and I said, O Lord Jesus, if you please, make me a Christian; and he was so kind as to hear me, and come and live in my heart ever since."

If you wish to love and serve Jesus, go to the blessed Saviour, drop on your knees, and pray in your heart, "O Lord Jesus, make me a Christian." Jesus says to you, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—*Sel.*

### What the Worm Did.

A NATURALIST, standing near a fine sycamore, saw a single wood-worm about two inches long, forcing its way under the bark of the tree. He said to the owner, "If that worm is not destroyed, your tree will be ruined." This timely warning was unheeded, and the sycamore went to decay.

What is the lesson to be learned from that dead tree? This: Many who once promised to be good and useful in the world, have been ruined by a single sin.

LET us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path.  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

## Sabbath-School Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

## LESSON EIGHTY.

## PROMISCUOUS QUESTIONS IN REVIEW.

NOTE.—As the pupil gives an answer to each of the following questions, he should be required to give a reference to the scripture that furnishes the answer. In many instances, the verse need not be required, but the chapter should always be given.

1. Where did the ark first rest after the flood?
2. What persons were saved in the ark?
3. What else was taken into the ark?
4. What became of the people and animals that were not taken into the ark?
5. Why was the flood brought upon the earth?
6. What covenant did the Lord make with those that remained alive after the flood?
7. What was given as a token of this covenant?
8. How did the Lord deliver Lot from Sodom?
9. How did he put a stop to the building of the tower of Babel?
10. What did the Lord tell Abraham to do with Isaac?
11. How did he prevent Abraham from taking the life of his son?
12. What promises did the Lord make to Abram when he called him to leave his country, and go into the land of Canaan?
13. What promise did the Lord make in regard to Isaac?
14. What promises did he make to Abraham at the time he changed his name?
15. What promises did Abraham receive, after having shown a willingness to sacrifice his only son in obedience to the command of God?

## LESSON EIGHTY-ONE.

## PROMISCUOUS QUESTIONS IN REVIEW, CONTINUED.

1. How many sons had Isaac?
2. Which of these sons fled from home?
3. Where did he sleep the first night?
4. What strange experience did he have during the night?
5. Why had he fled from home?
6. What reason had Esau for wishing to take the life of Jacob?
7. Who beside Jacob was guilty in the affair of deceiving Isaac?
8. What advantage had Jacob taken of Esau before this time?
9. Who dealt falsely with Jacob when he was in Padan-aram? In what ways?
10. How many times did Laban change Jacob's wages?
11. Did Jacob ever return to Canaan?
12. Did he see his father after his return?
13. What caused him to leave Padan-aram?
14. What trials did he have on the way?
15. What members of his family died just before he fully completed his journey?
16. In what part of the land of Canaan did Jacob dwell?
17. Where did he and his family go to worship, before he came to Hebron?
18. What did Jacob bury under an oak tree, before they went up to Bethel to worship?
19. What was done on each day of the week of creation?

## BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

## LESSON SEVENTY-SEVEN.

## REVIEW.—THE TEMPLE.

1. Why was Moses instructed to build the sanctuary in the form of a movable tent, called the tabernacle?
2. Was it taken into the land of Canaan?
3. By what permanent structure was it succeeded?
4. By whom was this temple built?
5. What admonition did Solomon receive from his father in regard to building the temple? 1 Chron. 22: 17-19; 28: 10, 20.

6. Where do we find a full description of this building? 1 Kings 6; 7; 2 Chron. 3; 4.

7. In what respect was this sanctuary similar to the one built by Moses? Ans. Especially in that the sanctuary proper, in each, consisted of two apartments; the first of which was called the holy place, and the second, the most holy.

8. Were the sacred vessels of the temple similar to those of the tabernacle? Ans. They were; but increased in size and number.

9. Who destroyed this temple and led the Jews into captivity? 2 Chron. 36.

10. Why was it thus destroyed?

11. Who gave them permission to return and rebuild the temple?

12. By whom was this second temple enlarged and beautified?

13. By whom was it destroyed? Ans. By the Roman army under Titus, A. D. 70.

## LESSON SEVENTY-EIGHT.

## REVIEW.—THE SANCTUARY OF THE NEW COVENANT.

1. When were the services of the worldly sanctuary of the first covenant abolished? Ans. When that covenant expired; at the death of Christ.

2. What miracle was performed to show that even the most holy place was to be considered sacred no longer?

3. By what was this sanctuary succeeded? Ans. By the heavenly sanctuary of the new covenant; of which the worldly was only a figure. Heb. 8: 2; 9: 9, 23, 24; &c.

4. How many apartments has the heavenly sanctuary?

5. What holy vessels were seen in this sanctuary by John? Rev. 4: 5; 8: 3; 9: 13; 11: 19.

6. Who is the high priest of the heavenly sanctuary? Heb. 8: 1; 4: 14.

7. Has this High Priest entered this heavenly sanctuary? Heb. 8: 1, 2; 9: 24.

8. Could the sacrifices made in the worldly sanctuary really take away sin? Heb. 10: 4, 11.

9. Then why were they instituted? Heb. 8: 1-5.

## Surface-ism in Sabbath-School.

SURFACE-ISM is the tendency of poor, indolent humanity. It is so much easier to work round the outside, than it is to dig down, that this poor world has always been afflicted with surface work.

The surface family is a large one. Dr. Quack Surface is an eminent physician, very popular with fashionable people, who want to violate all the laws of health, and then have their symptoms treated as dispensations of divine Providence. His brother, the Rev. Dr. Surface, is the most popular divine in—we don't just like to name the city. Prof. Surface, first cousin to the above, is engaged in cramming boys with Greek and Latin paradigms for examination, and calls himself an educator. Miss Surface teaches in the public school, stuffing the memory a little, and drawing her pay; while another of the family conducts a fashionable private school, where the outside is carefully gilded and the inside fearfully empty. Hon. John Surface is a member of the United States Senate, and succeeds in covering the shallowness of his intellect by the elephantine character of his tread, and the lofty sound of his "pulmonary eloquence." The Surface family is a most influential one, and it is with no little trepidation that we venture to criticise any of its members.

Not of any of the above honored members of this illustrious and numerous family do we now write, but of those who are in the Sabbath-school work. One member of this gilt-edged family teaches her class most daintily, hears their verses, utters a few general remarks, very appropriate, very suitable for "dear young people," her words falling melodiously from a honeyed tongue—and that is all. As for any vigorous effort to get hold of the deeper natures of the scholars, to get into the holy of holies, the heart; as for any earnest attempt to conquer the child's nature for

CHRIST, there is none of it. Earnestness does not run in the family. And yet Mrs. Surface is perhaps an influential teacher, is regarded as a most exemplary teacher; is molding the character of younger teachers. The superintendent feels obliged to consult her. She really thinks herself doing a noble work. And yet how empty, how vain, is all this patronizing trifling! How will God strip off this fair outside, and show the shameful waste of golden opportunity, the utter hollowness of the pretense.

And there is Mr. Superintendent Surface. He has nice maps, song-rolls, beautiful arrangements, careful classification. All these things good superintendents like. But Superintendent Surface revels in them, lives in them, never goes beyond them. He can tell the distance from Dan to Beer-sheba, but the distance from his scholars to CHRIST, does not enter into his thoughts. He knows the depths of the Dead Sea; but he never dreams that his popular school is the deadest of dead seas. His bell-taps are exact, his drill is perfect, his picnics and Christmas trees are "splendid," and he is considered a pattern superintendent. But his teachers' meetings have no tender, contagious zeal in them, no children's meetings are held, few of the scholars are ever converted, because neither effort nor prayer is expended in that direction. His school is a flourishing one—like the fig-tree on which the Lord Jesus found "nothing but leaves."—*National S. S. Teacher.*

## Pray with Them.

In twenty-five years of Sabbath-school work, I have observed that three-fourths of the conversions to God in our classes, have been those in which the teachers have prayed individually and alone with their scholars. Said one of my boys to me—he is now teacher of one of the largest infant-classes in the land—"Do you remember when you took me under the pine tree, in that sweet, cool shade, and there, alone with God, you prayed with me? I date my conversion from that day."—*Ralph Wells.*

## Be Careful of Your Words.

Who can tell the power for good or evil of but one sentence falling on a fellow-creature's ear, or estimate the mighty series of emotions, purposes, and actions, of which one articulate breath may be the spring? "A word spoken in season, how good is it!" In another sense than the poet's, all words are winged; and imagination can illy track their flight. Evil or idle words may seem, as they are uttered, light and trivial things; yet if light, they are like the filaments of the thistle-down—each feathery tuft floating on the slightest breeze, bears with it the germ of a noxious weed. Good, kind, true, holy words, dropped in conversation, may be little thought of, too; but they are like seeds of a flower or fruitful tree, falling by the wayside, borne by some bird afar, haply thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain-side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.—*North British Review.*

## Control Yourself.

A good deacon, who was naturally a high-tempered man, had been used to beating his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion, and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

FEAR thou the Lord, and thou shalt then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make thou his service thy delight,  
He'll make thy wants his care.

CHRIST sacrificed for man; but man does not willingly and cheerfully sacrifice for Christ.

## The Youth's Instructor.

### LITTLE PILGRIM.

LITTLE pilgrim, here below,  
Journeying through a world of woe,  
Dost thou know the path of life  
Is a path of ceaseless strife?

Every moment, every hour,  
Some unseen satanic power,  
Filled with cruel, hellish hate,  
Lurking in thy path doth wait.

Little pilgrim, watch and pray,  
Trust in Jesus day by day;  
He hath conquered hell and sin,  
In him thou shalt victory win.

—Sel.

### Letters from Little Folks.

MONTEREY, Mich., Jan., 1871.

DEAR BRO. BELL: For the first time I write a few words for the INSTRUCTOR. I am twelve years old, and with my father and mother, and two little sisters, I am trying to keep the Sabbath.

How pleasant it is to see the new year come once more.

I cannot write very well, but I want to tell you how I love our little paper, and that I am trying to keep the commandments of God. I feel that I am far from being what I must be, to be ready to meet the Lord when he comes; yet I am determined to fight the good fight, and hope to be saved among his jewels. Pray for me that I may prove faithful.

ELI STONE.

GOSPORT, Indiana.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I am trying to serve our Lord and Master and to get ready for his coming. I have a great deal to do, for I am very far from being ready for his appearing. I want to meet you all in the kingdom of God. I would like to hear from you all through the INSTRUCTOR.

D. F. RANDOLPH.

BOWERSVILLE, Ohio.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I love our little paper very much. I love to read its beautiful pages that tell of that better land. Oh! are we striving for a home there? Let us go to work in earnest to get rid of all our sins, and prepare for the soon coming of our dear Lord. I want to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR on Mount Zion. Pray for me.

BELLE COTTRELL.

BRADFORD, Vermont, Jan., 1871.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am a little girl ten years of age. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR. I think the most of my Bible and my paper, of any treasures I have in this world. We don't have any Seventh-day meeting here. We have a Sunday School. I am trying to be a good girl. We keep the seventh day. We are not ashamed of our Lord or his holy Sabbath.

IDA C. DEMASS.

### A Sure Helper in Trouble.

If you are ever placed in great straits and difficulties, there is no remedy for it like prayer. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee."

A poor man was once so reduced that he had no food for his family. The children went weeping to bed, and the half-famished mother wept over them, until she, too, was exhausted, and fell asleep. The poor father looked with anguish on his sleeping ones, and then went out into the bright moonlight, to talk alone with God. He walked on to a retired place, where he had often gone to pray.

Here those words in Habakkuk came into his mind:

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

As he thought upon it, his heart was lifted up until it was full of joy, because full of God's presence. He almost forgot that he was poor and hungry, in praying for more and more of this presence of Christ in the heart. He walked home at last, full of joy and the sweetest peace. What do you think he found on entering his poor home? Right there by the bedside, on a wooden bench, was laid a joint of roasted meat and a very large loaf of bread! Oh! don't you think he felt as if God had sent an angel to help him? He gently woke his wife, and then the little ones, and such a supper as they feasted on! It seemed like angel's food to them.

What was still more remarkable was, that God had so influenced the heart of a very miserly old man, to call up his servant in the night, and bid her carry the food to this poor man's cottage. But all hearts are in God's hands, and he can turn them about at his own will. He can send us help from the most unlikely sources. So let us never fail to call upon him in the day of trouble, and bless and thank him for the mercies we still have. We cannot be in so bad a case that we have nothing to be thankful for.—*Child's World*.

### The Little Worm-peddler.

WHEN I was coming down from the mountains this summer, a little boy got on to the stage with a box which seemed to be filled with earth. "What have you there, my little boy?" said I.

"Worms." "Worms! what are you going to do with them?" "Sell them. Two for a cent. The fishermen can't get them in the lower part of the mountains, and so I go up the valley here and dig them, and bring them down and sell them."

"But how do you pay for such a long stage ride?" "I don't pay, I shine; I shines his boots," pointing to the driver. "So you have an occupation besides peddling worms." "Yes, that is the way I get my living. I have fifteen dollars already laid up, and it's only the beginning of the season."

"You're a smart boy," I said. "But is this all you are going to do?" "No, indeed. I go to school over in Vermont during the winter—pay two dollars a week for board." "So you have no home then?" "No." "No father?" "No." "No mother?" "No! nobody. I make my own way, and one of these days I'm going to college." "To college! To what college?" "Amherst. That is a good one, isn't it?" "Yes, one of the best in the country; but you wont ever go there." "You'll see."

My little friend was certainly determined to do something in the world, and was in this respect a good example to those who are blessed with more privileges, with friends, and the advantages of education. But where there's a will there's a way, and I have no doubt if his purpose is good, his chance is as good as anybody's. I could not help thinking while I was talking, of many who, from just the same circumstances in which he is placed, have risen to the very highest positions in wealth and influence. We can cite examples familiar to us—some who have made great attainments for good, and some for evil.

After all, it does not make so much difference where we start, as how we start—whether in the mountains of New England, or on the

plains of the West; for usefulness depends upon what principles are the basis of action.

"My little friend, one more question before we part: Do you go to church or Sabbath-school?" "Yes, sir."

"And do you contribute to the support of the church?"

"Yes, every Sunday put in a copper. Last Sunday I put in a quarter."

He is going to be something not only, but do something—do something for the church and his fellow-man.

And I said, "God bless the little worm-peddler."—*Child's World*.

### Cowardice and Bravery.

THE worst cowardice in the world is that which makes us shrink from what we know to be right.

To do right and trust God for consequences, is the greatest bravery and the highest wisdom.

AMONG the pithy suggestions of Ralph Wells we find the remark, that it took him a long time to learn that Sabbath-school teaching was not preaching. He would come before the class brimful of a proposed lecture. But he discovered a better way. "I learned to get the lesson out of the class." He found that one single thought brought out from the scholar himself, was worth a year's thinking for him; that a single idea coming out of his boys' heads was of more profit to the class than fifty questions he himself could ask.

CYRUS, king of Persia, when a boy, was asked what was the first thing he learned. In reply, he said: "To speak the truth." This is one of the most important lessons of life, and cannot be learned too early. There is no attribute of our being more beautiful than truthfulness. It sheds a glory upon the whole character. It does away with all distrust, inspiring in its stead, sentiments of faith and confidence.

NOTE.—By some inadvertence, lessons seventy-five and seventy-six in last INSTRUCTOR were transposed.

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