and coffee. I found nothing on the breakfast table but toast.

He was not comfortable. 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 will be away from home till tomorrow morning. I do not 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 not care to finish it now," said Mrs. Belton languidly; "I am interested in this work, and the machine is not pleasant to run this hot weather. I am going to please myself."

"But, mother," said Richard, "what shall I do with the garden full of weeds? and I do so like to have it in order."

"Oh, good!" cried Richard. "Then I may go fishing, instead of weeding the cucumbers?"

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

"Oh, dear!" said Richard. "I am interested in this work, and the machine is not 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 my new suit, mother. You said it would be a pretty poor kind of a world where every one pleased himself!"—Child's World.

The Door of the Heart.

REMEMBER, 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 his mother will eat 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 visitor! Noble guest! But perhaps you have tried to open the door of your heart, and have not succeeded. Then try again. Persuad, humbly ask your Saviour to assist you. Freely speak to him who has knocked so long and so slowly. 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, but that slumber which benumbs your moral faculties. As the palely 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; and He will come in, and sit down as it were at table with you. He 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 concealment, 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, supposed concealed, and, while 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 those 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 swiftly continued, and, after the other escape, they reached the Saviour and of Heaven. They remembered that he, too, had not where to lay his head. Before they set up in the house, a young 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. Th’s made them think of Christian and Hopeful when they asked the “shining ones,” “Is there no way to the “Celestial City” but through the river.

Again they came to a large river in which there was a great number of crocodiles. It was not safe to swim across this river, and so there was a little boat kept there to take people over. Now Raffray and her friend did not like to be 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.

nights of fear, anxiety, pain, and suffering, having been taken back and put to death. Yet have told a lie even to save themselves from being taken back and put to death.

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 incompetency that has rested upon us, we have found it the pleasantest occupation of our life. We have come to love the Instructor, and have been thankful for so many months graced the columns of the Instructor.

The present Editor 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 a 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.

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 we 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. Here are six 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 getting it out to get the things she needed 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?—En.

What Jesus Will Say.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school, one pleasant day in early spring, when they thus addressed the town where they live. "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, "Eliza, 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 said. So she took her Bible and read to me these words: ‘And the King shall answer and say unto you, 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.

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 my 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.

A naturalist, standing near a fine sycamore, saw a single woodworm 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 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.

PROMISSUOUS QUESTIONS IN REVIEW.

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. Did Jacob ever return to Canaan? 12. Did he see his father after his return? 13. By whom was this temple built? 14. What promises did he make to Abraham at the time of Isaac? 15. Who besides Jacob received a willingness to sacrifice his only son in obedience to the command of God? 16. Where do we find a full description of this building? 17. In what respect was this sanctuary similar to the one built by Moses? 18. Especially in what? 19. What are the principal differences between the two buildings? 20. What vessels were in this sanctuary by the time the Lord told Abraham to sacrifice Isaac? 21. Who were the first to offer the sacrifices in this sanctuary by the time the Lord told Abraham to sacrifice Isaac? 22. What miracle was performed to show that even the most holy place was to be considered sacred no longer? 23. By what was this sanctuary succeeded? 24. By what was it destroyed? 25. Who was the high priest of the heavenly sanctuary? 26. Who is the high priest of the heavenly sanctuary? 27. Surface-Sanctum in Sabbath-School.

Surface-sanctum 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 affiliated with surface work. The surface-sanctum is an estimable person, very popular with fashioanable people, who want to violate all the laws of health, and then have their symptoms treated as diseases. In Miss Surface's class, a gentleman is observed to be in a London state of grace. He has attended the Master's school, and become a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile, and imagination can illly track their flight. Evil or trivial things; yet if light, they are like the filaments of divine Providence. His brothers, the Rev. Dr. Surface, is the most popular divine in...
LITTLE WORM.

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 dollar, and five for a quarter." The fisherman's wife, instead of selling 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 much do you pay for such a long stage ride?" "I don't pay, I shine; I shine his boots," pointing to the driver. "So you have an occupation besides peddling worms."

"Yes, one of the best."

"And after all, it does not make so much difference."

"You'll see."

"And when will you go to work in earnest to get rid of all your sins, and prepare for the soon coming of our Lord?"

"When time to learn that Sabbath-school teaching is the greatest bravery and the highest wisdom."

"What was still more remarkable was, that he was going to work in earnest to get ready for his coming."

"Yes, the Lord will get ready for his coming in the world."

"And here those words in Habakkuk came into his head: 'Neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I 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 that presence of Christ in the heavens above."

"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, bended over, as if there was yet life, joint of roasted meat and a very large loaf of bread! Oh! do you not think he felt as if God had sent an angel to help him? He gently woke his wife, and cried out to her, "There is such bread and meat!" We cannot be in so bad a case that we have nothing to be thankful for."

The Little Worm-peddler.

DEAR BRO. BELL."

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! and I am 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.

Belle Cotterell.

BRADFORD, Vermont, Jan., 1871.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am a little girl ten years of age. I love to live 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 meet- ing here. We have a Sunday School. I am trying to be a good girl. We keep the Sabbath. I want to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR on Mount Zion.

Belle Cotterell.

DEAR YOUTH'S 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! and I am 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.

Belle Cotterell.

BRADFORD, Vermont, Jan., 1871.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am a little girl ten years of age. I love to live 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 meet- ing here. We have a Sunday School. I am trying to be a good girl. We keep the Sabbath. I want to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR on Mount Zion.

Belle Cotterell.