

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

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THE RAIN-DROP.

"A LITTLE particle of rain,
 That from a passing cloud descended,
 Was heard thus idly to complain:
 My brief existence now is ended;
 Outcast alike of earth and sky;
 Useless to live, unknown to die!"

"It chanced to fall into the sea,
 And there an open shell received it;
 And, after years, how rich was he
 Who from its prison-house relieved it!
 The drop of rain had formed a gem
 To deck a monarch's diadem."

THE LADY WITH EARRINGS.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: Some time since I was reading an article in the columns of your valuable paper on the subject of dress, which suggested to me a little occurrence which took place in the State of New York, about twelve years ago. And now, with the permission of the editor, I will relate it.

There was a young man attending school at the village of L., who, feeling the language of Paul deeply impressed upon his mind, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," pressed out to a neighboring town to endeavor to fulfill the great commission of the Saviour. In the process of time, as he repeated his visits stately, several persons in that community made a profession of religion, and showed by their godly walk and conversation that they were seeking for the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

In common with others of that neighborhood, nearly all of the sisters had been in the habit of wearing many of the gewgaws so common in these days of extravagance and pride, in the shape of earrings and such foolish trinkets. The young minister, in the fear of God, endeavored to the best of his ability to hold up the Bible doctrine on the subject of adornments as taught by the apostles, Peter and Paul. (Do my readers recollect what they say about outward adornings?) Well, the most of this little company had no very great difficulty in understanding what was meant by such language, nor were they very backward in putting into practice the apostles' teachings. If you had afterward stepped into that old school-house, on the days appointed for worship, perhaps you might have told in most cases who professed to love the Lord by their having laid aside these useless trappings.

But there was one, a middle-aged lady, who still continued to wear her earrings and other like things. She was not one of the "young converts," but had some years previous made a profession of religion. The minister, feeling deeply, both on her own account and that of the evil effects that might

arise from her example, took a convenient opportunity to converse with her on this subject. He found that she had about as many as fimsy and as inconsistent excuses for her persisting in her former course as some people now have for not keeping the Lord's Sabbath! But, having done all that duty required of him, he requested her to ask counsel of God in this matter, and dropped the subject.

As he was leaving the house he breathed a fervent prayer that as he had endeavored to do his duty in the matter the Lord would now take the case into his own hands.

Children, do you think the Lord hears the prayers of his servants about such matters? Well, let us see. After a few weeks the sister came to meeting plainly attired, and without her earrings. What had happened, do you suppose? We will let her tell her own story. Sermon being over, the usual conference meeting was held. Here one after another arose to tell their progress in the good way, and last of all this sister arose. Tears flowed freely, and for some time she could not speak; at length, in broken accents and subdued tone, she informed us that during a thunder-storm a few days before, as she sat in the door watching the descending torments, the lightning struck a tree in front of the house and passed directly through the house; the next recollection that she had of the occurrence was that she was lying prostrate upon the floor on the opposite side of the house. As she gradually became conscious she thought of death. "I supposed," said she, "that I never should recover from the electric shock that I had experienced. And what do you think I did? Why, just as soon as I could move my hands, I removed those foolish things from my ears. I did not wish to leave the world with such trappings on, but as I have recovered and find myself unharmed, I mean by the grace of God never to disfigure my person with these useless things again, which I should not wish to wear at the hour of death."

I believe she kept her word. So you see, my young friends, that people may bolster themselves up in a course of wrong conduct, and even deceive themselves in the matter, only to be undeceived at the hour of death, or in the great day of Judgment. Let us be careful to deal honestly with ourselves, and seek no excuses for disobeying God.

JAMES G. STERLING.

Watson, Mich.

LIVING RIGHT.

I AM much mistaken if it be not easier to die like a martyr than to live like a Christian; and if the glory of our faith be not better displayed in a life of meekness, humility, and self-denial, than even in a death of trial.

THANKSGIVING.

WHAT a dreary night to precede Thanksgiving day. The friendly moon has hid her face, and the November wind is howling mournfully among the bare-branched trees, and laying the new-fallen snow in drifts. The traveler, as he hastily turns his steps homeward, patiently submits to have his nose pinched by Jack Frost, and his hair ruffled by the frolics of the wind, while thinking of the warm, pleasant fireside that awaits his coming. Ah, these firesides! they make home a happy place. But think ye not there are some this night who gather around no cheerful fire? Ye who have plenty, remember ye have the poor always with you. In the shadow of yonder great house, stands a little hovel. A single light gleams forth from that broken window, and a mother with her three little ones crouch around a few dying embers. As every gust of wind penetrates their miserable dwelling, the shivering inmates gather closer to each other, endeavoring in vain to restore warmth to their chilled frames. How the wind sighs and moans. Mingled with every blast, can ye not hear the cries of the suffering poor?

"Mother," said little Matty, "to-morrow will be Thanksgiving."

The widow Carter moved not. Her eyes were vacantly fixed on the coals, but her heart was far away. She was a child again. A gay, "free-hearted, careless one." She witnessed again the abundance of her father's house, and the joyous festivities and social gatherings of Thanksgiving day. With a sigh she passed over those happy years, and saw herself first setting out in her journey through the world, hand in hand with one who made all of life, shared with him one happy Thanksgiving day. She fain would have omitted the sad scenes of later years, but memory, with a faithful hand, pictured them all. The solemn death-bed scene, the agony of separation, the dark, sad days of bereavement and loneliness, were all lived over again in those few moments.

"Mother," again repeated Matty, wearied with the long-continued silence, "mother, do you know to-morrow is Thanksgiving? And we will have some fire, I hope," she added, shivering, "and a nice dinner, too, for I'm real hungry."

The mother had again returned to the sad realities of their present condition, and a spirit of repining arose within her, as she thought of those who were surrounded with ease and plenty, while she and her little ones were destitute of the common necessities of life. Thanksgiving? What had she to be thankful for? Life was but a burden, and her children were almost starving.

"Ma," again spoke Matty, "what makes you look so? Ain't you glad it's Thanksgiving?"

"Hush, child, hush," said her mother, "it's no Thanksgiving to us. We have nothing but poverty."

"You have us, mamma."

The mother gazed a moment on the three forms surrounding her, and then clasping them in her arms, exclaimed, "My children are still left me. Thank God! I have much to be thankful for."

The curtains have been drawn in that splendid mansion, and the inmates have gathered around their cheerful fireside. A noble-looking man, of perhaps thirty-one or two, with a lovely child of six or seven years of age, in his arms, her golden curls entwining among his dark locks, and the pretty young wife and mother, form an interesting picture.

"Papa," said Aggie, "are you thankful?"

"What do you mean, love?"

"Why, you know," replied the child, stroking his hair with her little hand, "you know to-morrow will be Thanksgiving day, and we ought to be very thankful to God for all he has given us."

Mr. Leslie gazed fondly at his wife and child, and then cast a look at his well-furnished apartment, and said with emotion, "Truly God has blessed me, and I have much, very much, to be thankful for."

"Well, then, papa, there are a great many poor people who have no fire or clothes to keep them warm, or food enough to eat, and our Saviour said, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

"And where did my little Aggie learn that?"

"I read it in my Bible to-day, papa, and I could not help thinking that poor little Matty Carter, who has no kind father, as I have, would not have any Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow."

"Where does Matty Carter live, Aggie?" inquired Mr. Leslie.

"Only a little way around the corner," said the child, and springing from his knee she clapped her hands, exclaiming, "Oh! I know, papa, you are going to get something for them, ain't you?"

"I shouldn't wonder if such an event should happen, one of these days," replied her father, laughing, and after speaking a few words in a low tone to his wife, took his hat and overcoat and left the house. After an hour's absence he returned, and found Aggie still up, anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"Have you sent them, papa?" she asked, as he entered the room.

"Sent what, little fairy?" said Mr. Leslie with a roguish look.

"Why, something nice to Matty's mother. Ah, I know you have, I can tell by your eyes. Will they get them to-night?"

"No, not to-night," returned her father, "as it was too late to send them. But they will be there early in the morning."

"Oh, I am so happy!" murmured little Aggie, as she laid her head on her father's shoulder, "and God will bless you, papa, for Christ said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" A tear trembled in Mr. Leslie's eye as he glanced from his sweet child to his wife, and met an answering look of approval and affection.

Thanksgiving morn dawned bright and clear, and the Carters arose from their pallets of straw to contend once more with hunger and cold. But not long. God will not forsake thee, poverty-stricken ones. Cheer up, succor is already advancing. Matty's nice Thanksgiving fire and dinner are forthcoming.

A rap at the door. What can it mean at this early hour? Perchance their infuriated landlord; and Mrs. Carter's hands tremble from an undefined fear, as well as from cold, as she unfastens the latch. "Does the widow Carter live here?" inquired a good-natured, rosy-looking man, as he slapped his hands together to keep them warm.

"Yes, sir," responded the widow, dreading she knew not what.

"All right, then," returned the man cheerfully. "Whoa, horses," as he drove a team up to the door, and threw down a load of wood, all ready for use. "Ye see, ma'am, somebody has a care for warm toes Thanksgiving day," and with an expressive smile, he jumped into the wagon and drove away before the poor woman comprehended the meaning

of the affair. She was soon brought to her senses, however, by the shouts of the children, "Hurrah for Thanksgiving! now we can have a fire." And Matty gathered an armful of that God-sent wood, and the family gathered around *such* a fire,—it was meat, drink, and all.

Rat, tat, tat, against the door in quick succession, and on Matty's opening it, several well-filled baskets and huge parcels were showered upon her, more than the little arms could hold. Who could have guessed their wants so clearly? Shoes and stockings for the little feet, and food enough "to last a month," as the children said, and various articles conducive to their comfort, and last of all a ten-dollar gold piece, wrapped in white paper, on which were written the words, "Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

The widow Carter caused her children to kneel beside her, and raising her streaming eyes to Heaven, exclaimed, "Truly, weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. The God of the sparrows takes care of us. Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

There was joy in the mansion, and joy in the hovel, that Thanksgiving day, but "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Rural New Yorker.*

"I AM THE VINE." JOHN XV, 5.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: While we love our earthly parents and friends who have loved us, and kindly labored to promote our happiness; and while we strive to profit by their efforts, and their lessons of instruction, have we realized that we have a friend in Jesus, whose love far exceeds that of all earthly friends? Have we realized what he has done for us? Leaving us a spotless example, he has labored to induce us to follow him, to avail ourselves of, and profit by, the rich lessons of instruction he has given, and the sacrifice he has made for us. He has given us line upon line, and precept upon precept. The way he would have us walk in is so plainly marked that we need not mistake it. He has used a variety of illustrations to impress truth upon our minds, to lead us to understand, to feel and realize, our relation to him, and what he requires of us. More than this. He has become poor that we might be rich,—has suffered death that we might have life.

By these varied illustrations, what would otherwise have made but a momentary impression upon our minds, is stamped there in living characters. It cannot be blotted out. While we have understood that in order to grow in grace, and prosper spiritually, we must have the spirit of Christ; the illustration used in the above language of the dear Redeemer, places the matter so plainly before us that we feel its force and importance as never before.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches." How beautiful and appropriate the figure. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye except ye abide in me." How plain. We must sustain the same relation to the Saviour that the branch does to the vine. We are entirely dependent upon him for nourishment, for spiritual life, for the ability to bear fruit to the glory of God.

If, from any cause, the branch be severed from the vine, or the flow of sap through it be hindered, it can bear no fruit,—will wither and die. So with

us. Unless united to Christ by true, living, active faith, accompanied by works, and thereby made perfect, we cannot avail ourselves, in any degree, of the sacrifice made for sin, or the ministration and intercession of our great High Priest. A mere profession of faith will not answer. We must "abide" in him, and have him abide in us,—have that close connection and union with him that shall cause his Spirit to flow in our hearts, else we can perfect no fruit. The hypocrite may deceive his fellows,—may appear to us to be a lamb, and still have the nature of the wolf, but he cannot deceive the Good Shepherd. His scrutinizing eye will detect the deception at once.

Read carefully again John i, 1-8. How plain. How striking the illustration. How vivid the impression made upon our minds. We no longer have a vague, indefinite idea of the relation of members to the great Head of the church. We no longer rest satisfied with a nominal or merely professed union with Christ. We inquire, earnestly, with reference to our case: Is that union real? Are we living branches? Are we keeping "the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus," so that we have the divine influence of the Holy Spirit flowing from God and his dear Son through us, quickening, invigorating, causing to grow and bear fruit; as does the sap, in its circulation through the vine and its branches? We see that the Saviour's petition, that we might be one with him as he is one with his Father, must be answered, in order that we be fruitful branches. Otherwise we shall be cast forth, withered, gathered and cast into the fire.

How little do we realize this. How careless, how indifferent. And Satan is pleased to have it so. He would have us, unconscious of danger, pass the precious moments in drowsiness and slumber. How many are deceived by him, living with a false hope. Drawing no nourishment from the vine, they are unable to endure the winter's chilling blast, or the summer's scorching heat. They have not glorified God in obeying the truth. They have not trusted in him for help, and felt that without him they could do nothing.

How utterly wretched their condition. Self-deceived, expecting admittance into the city with gates of pearl and streets of gold. They have professed to be servants of God,—branches of the vine. They come with the plea, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?" Too late they learn that this is not sufficient. What agony, what despair seizes upon them, as they hear Jesus say, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." "Not every one that saith unto me, 'Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."

Dear young friends, let us see to it that we are not deceived,—that we are in deed and in truth branches of the vine. Let us abide in Christ, that we may have him abide in us, that we may bring forth much fruit, and thus our heavenly Father be glorified in us,—in our bodies and spirits which are his." N. ORCUTT.

Bordoville, Vt.

GOOD BOOKS.

Good books are to the young mind what the warming sun and the refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter. They are more; for they may save from that which is worse than death, as well as bless with that which is better than life.—*Horace Mann.*

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1868.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

I SUPPOSE that every reader of the INSTRUCTOR is anxious to do all the good he or she can before Christ comes. Well, I am going to tell you one way in which even the smallest lamb of the fold can do a little good.

The plan is a very simple one; it is this: *You may all do good by giving somebody a tract.*

Now the Lord has put it into the hearts of some of his servants to write excellent tracts treating upon the different points of "present truth." These the S. D. A. Publishing Association has printed in neat style, and they are being furnished at a very low price,—at the rate of *sixteen hundred pages for one dollar.* And there is not a child or youth who reads the INSTRUCTOR who could not accomplish good by circulating some of these excellent tracts.

Many of the youth would be able to buy them to give to others themselves, and those who are unable to do so, might be furnished with a little outfit by parents or others who are interested in this good work.

All of you have neighbors and young associates whom you wish might see the truth on the Sabbath question, or the coming of the Lord. Well, might not even *you* do such good by presenting them with an appropriate tract? The Association has just published the second edition of a neat 4-page tract, treating on the Sabbath question, called, "Which Day do you Keep? and Why?" This is furnished for 37 cts. a hundred by mail, or 25 cts. a hundred by express. And it would be an excellent tract for our young friends to experiment with as colporters. Who will order a hundred, and see that the neighbors and friends have the truth placed before them? It is high time that the young were doing more as *laborers* in this great and glorious cause. And who will commence as workers in the field that we have proposed?"

If you are not able to give away a hundred tracts, perhaps two or three little boys or girls could put their pennies together and get that amount, and then share in the blessed work of distributing them; or you might send for less. Remember, dear youth, that Jesus has said, "It is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*." I know you all might be blessed by engaging in such a work. And then one soul saved through such an act would be a star that would shine forever; oh, how blessed that would be!

But I must close. Who sends for tracts for colporter use?

THERE were two classes in the day of Noah's flood, those who were inside the ark, and those who were without; two in the parable of the gospel-net, those who are called the good fish, and those who are called the bad; two in the parable of the ten

virgins, the wise, and those who are described as foolish; two in the account of the Judgment day, the sheep, and the goats; two sides of the throne, the right hand, and the left; two abodes, when the last sentence has been passed, Heaven, and hell.

Reader, which side will you be on?

LEANING ON A PRINCIPLE.

CHILDREN, can you understand what this means, to lean all your weight upon a principle? Let me tell you a story, which will explain what I mean.

A little boy was sent by his mother to the village well, for a pail of water. As the child came near the well, he saw some children at the pump. One of them, a naughty, bold girl, says to her mate: "There comes that little Advent boy; don't let him come here; we will keep on pumping."

The little boy heard her words, and calmly stopped, and waiting with his little pail, said: "Mother is in a hurry for some water, but I can wait." The naughty girl was so pleased at the little boy's patience and kindness, that she soon gave him a place at the pump, and very quickly the obedient boy was tripping home, with his little pail of nice, cool, clear water.

He pleasantly told his mother and sister what had happened, and they loved him the more for his firmness. His parents and sisters had taught him that he must be good, whether his mates did right or not; and this was the principle he leaned upon at the well.

JOS. CLARKE.

WHAT OUR BEST FRIEND CAN DO FOR US.

DEAR CHILDREN: Some months since I said I would tell you something of what your best Friend is able to do for you.

Should some one ask you what your parents do for you, any of you could answer at once, "Why, they give me food to eat; warm clothes to wear; a place to sleep at night; books to read; and things with which to amuse myself, besides a great many other things that I cannot tell."

This is a great deal, and without these blessings you would not be happy, yet you may have all these things and not be *truly* happy. Your friends can give you earthly blessings, but they cannot give you what you most need.

But perhaps you are wondering what it is you so much need before all these things. I will tell you. When Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden fruit, thus doing what the Lord told them not to do, their hearts, which had hitherto been pure and sinless, became wicked and disobedient. And since then it has not been easy to do that which is good and right. It is more natural to do wrong in this world of sin, and before we can enter that beautiful home that Jesus, our best friend, has gone to make ready for us, our hearts, by his grace, must become changed, and it become easy for us to do that which is right and good; and this is what Jesus is able to do for you. Yes, he can take away all that is evil about us, and put in its stead that which is pure and lovely.

"But," says some thoughtful little boy, "how shall I know what is right? My mother tells me I must be good, and I think a great many times that I will, out of love to her. But then, first I know, I am doing something that she says is wrong. It is true she often tells me what is wrong, and then she reads to me something in the Bible to teach me what

is right, but I cannot always tell when I am away from her."

That is all so, but this is what Jesus has promised to do, to *keep you*.

"But how can he keep me," says another, "I cannot hear him, nor see him?"

That is also true, but if you would always listen you would hear something telling you which is the right way. It is a very low, still voice, but it is always at hand to warn you of danger. It would take long to tell you all the means that your Heavenly Friend uses to help you, but so anxious is he to save all, every body, that he leaves nothing undone. Yes, dear children, he can make you holy and happy, and fit for a home with beings who have never sinned. Should you be taken into their midst as you now are, all sinful and unholy, you would not feel happy at all; but if you strive hard to become good, and have your heart changed by grace, at last you will be a conqueror over sin, and help swell the song of the redeemed.

May each succeeding day add new treasures to victories already gained, and when probation is ended with any or all of us, may we be safe beyond sin's dark dominion.

M. D. A.

A WARNING.

In the month of June last, the son of a widow lady, and another young man, becoming discontented, filled their valises with their best clothes, and, unknown to their friends, left the State of New York for Michigan.

At Cleveland they were to embark for Detroit. Putting their baggage on board the Morning Star, they paid their fare, and while waiting, took the opportunity to look about the city. Through some misunderstanding the boat started an hour sooner than they expected.

It seemed as though it was so ordered, to set them thinking, for on that trip the Morning Star was sunk, and by their not embarking on it, their lives were saved.

Taking passage in another steamer, they came on to Michigan, without anything but the clothes they wore. They soon told that they ran away from home. One of them wrote to his friends and told them where he was, and that he had lost his clothes. Soon he received a box of clothing, and a letter from his mother, telling how they missed him, also a letter from his sister, saying, many times, "Brother, come home." He often looked very sad, and thought he would start for home; said he would like to see his mother; that she was the best woman in the world—"she never spoke a cross word to me." But after seeing his chum he would seem hard-hearted, and would say, "I never will go back without as good clothes as I left home with."

Two weeks ago the house of a neighbor was entered in the night, and a trunk of clothing taken out through the window. Soon the young men were arrested. There was no good evidence against them, but, showing guilt, they were frightened into a confession of the crime with which they were charged. One of them said if they would let them go he would show where the things were concealed.

The trunk, containing between two and three hundred dollars' worth of clothing, had been carried some four miles. They crossed a small lake, and put it into a hollow, covering it so closely with sticks and leaves that it would not have been noticed if a person had walked over it.

Now they thought they were free, but another

gentleman took them in behalf of the people. One of them resisted this time, and said he never would go to Hastings alive, but a weapon of death being pointed at him, he was quelled, and he wept when he found that he must go. They are now bound over to court, and, without doubt, will have to serve in State prison.

These young men might now be enjoying the comforts of home and the society of loving friends if it were not for the first wrong step. Perhaps there are hundreds of young men this moment who have been cared for by religious parents, who have been honest, obedient children, but as they grow to manhood they are becoming weary of parental watchcare. Look out, young men, how you let the enemy sow the seeds of discontent in your hearts, knowing that in this way he can the more effectually lead you on to certain ruin.

If any who may read this account have left their homes, be admonished, I beseech you, and return like the "prodigal son" before you reach that chapter in experience which shall leave a stain on your characters in after life. If not found out and brought to justice as these young men have been, remember that every wrong act will be so many thorns in your pillow in the dying hour to pierce you through and through. But if you will return and repent now, in the last day, all will be well.

ANGELIA J. EDMUNDS.

PRAYER.

In an article headed "The Camp-meeting," in a recent number of the INSTRUCTOR, are the following, among other serious questions: "Do you pray in secret? Do you watch unto prayer?" and as I read them I thought I would like to hear the answer of every child who read them.

I doubt not that some can give an answer in the affirmative, but how is it with each one? Is there one who neglects to pray? It is not enough that your parents and friends pray for you; you must pray for yourselves.

We are surrounded by so many temptations, and are so liable to do wrong in these last days, that it is unsafe for us to spend a single day without going to the Lord in secret prayer; and we should pray to him many times during the day. We should let nothing hinder us from doing this duty; and if practiced much we shall learn to love it better and better, until we would sooner think of doing without our meals, or our sleep, than without our seasons of prayer. The Bible teaches us to pray without ceasing. Let us strive daily to see how near we can live up to its teachings.

JENNIE R. TREMBLEY.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY JOSEPH CLARKE.

LESSON FORTY-ONE.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHERN.

Teacher. How many sons had Jacob?

Child. Twelve.

T. What was their employment?

C. They were shepherds.

T. What is the business of a shepherd?

C. To take care of sheep.

T. Did Jacob's sons act wickedly?

C. They did.

T. Who came and told their father of their bad conduct?

C. Joseph.

T. Yes, and Jacob loved this son because he was grieved at the ill conduct of his brothers. What did he now make for his son Joseph?

C. A beautiful coat.

T. When the brethren of Joseph saw that he was so much beloved of their father, what did they do?

C. They hated him.

T. How did they speak to their brother?

C. Very unkindly.

T. The sons of Jacob again went away with their flocks, in search of pasture, but Joseph remained at home with his father. After a long time Jacob became very anxious to hear from them; what did he tell Joseph to do?

C. To go and find them.

LESSON FORTY-TWO.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHERN, CONTINUED.

Teacher. Joseph, having been told by his father to search for his brethren, immediately set out to go. Why did his father send to hear from them?

Child. Because he loved them.

T. Yes, Jacob loved all his sons. Did Joseph easily find his brethren?

C. He did not.

T. No; he walked many miles and became very weary with his journey. At last he sees their flocks afar off, and joy springs up in his heart. When his brethren saw him they did not rejoice; what plan did they agree upon?

C. To destroy his life.

T. Was it because they hated him?

C. It was.

T. Is it right to hate any one?

C. It is wicked.

T. Why did Cain kill Abel?

C. Because he hated him.

T. Why did Esau wish to take the life of Jacob?

C. Because he hated him.

T. What does Christ bid all do?

C. To love each other.

T. If the brethren of Joseph had loved him, how would they now have treated him?

C. With much kindness.

LESSON FORTY-THREE.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHERN, CONTINUED.

Teacher. The sons of Jacob seeing their brother coming to them, planned to slay him, and to cast him into some deep pit. What did they propose to tell their father in order to deceive him?

Child. That he was killed.

T. In what manner?

C. By some wild beast.

T. What sin would this be?

C. That of lying.

T. Where does God say liars shall have their part?

C. In the lake of fire.

T. Which of the brothers proposed to save the life of Joseph?

C. Reuben.

T. Yes, he desired them to place their brother alive into the pit, hoping to come again and take him out, and send him safely to his father. What did these cruel brothers first do to the lad who had come so far to see them?

C. They took away his coat.

T. They stripped off the coat his father had given him as a present for his good conduct; what next did they do?

C. They placed him in the pit.

LESSON FORTY-FOUR.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHERN, CONTINUED.

Teacher. Having cast Joseph into the pit, the unfeeling brethren sat down to eat; while eating they saw coming toward them a company of merchants, with their camels, which were laden with spices, balm, and myrrh; and as they were passing, it was suggested to sell Joseph to them as a slave. Did they sell their brother?

Child. They did.

T. How much money did they get for him?

C. Twenty pieces of silver.

T. Was not this a very wicked act?

C. It was.

T. What crime did they thus commit?

C. That of stealing.

T. Will thieves enter the new earth?

C. They will not.

T. With whom will they have their part?

C. With liars.

T. Where did the Ishmaelites go with their spices and other goods?

C. Into Egypt.

T. Did they take Joseph with them?

C. They did.

T. Reuben was absent when Joseph was sold; afterward he came to the pit to take him out; not finding him, what did he do?

C. He mourned greatly.

LESSON FORTY-FIVE.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHERN, CONTINUED.

Teacher. What did the merchants do with Joseph after they came into Egypt?

Child. They sold him.

T. To whom did they sell him?

C. To Potiphar.

T. Who was Potiphar?

C. A captain.

T. In whose army was he an officer?

C. In the army of Pharaoh.

T. Was Joseph a faithful servant?

C. He was.

T. What did Potiphar make of him?

C. An overseer.

T. Yes; an overseer is one who is entrusted with the care of business matters; what was he made overseer of, by his master Potiphar?

C. Of all that he had.

T. After this a very wicked person told a lie about this good man, and his master Potiphar, believing what was told him, had Joseph shut up in prison. Did he still fear God, and continue his honorable course in prison?

C. He did.

T. When the keeper of the prison saw that he was a good and faithful man, what did he make him an overseer of?

C. Of the prisoners.

PAYING FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

TO THE LITTLE ONES: I want to tell you a story, children, how my little boy pays for his INSTRUCTOR. Some of you may think you can't pay for it, but there are many ways, if little children are anxious to have the paper, by which they can help their parents pay for it.

Our children had been without the INSTRUCTOR some months, and were getting so they really wanted the paper, and have it they must, if they had to pay for it themselves. One day my little boy chanced

to work for a good neighbor in his cane-field all day for twenty-five cents. On returning, he exclaimed, "Now, mother, I can have the INSTRUCTOR awhile, can't I?" The child felt exceedingly happy to think that with his own little hands he could pay for the paper awhile. Very soon the money was handed him, and he could think of nothing else he wanted half as much as he did the paper.

You know, little children, there are many toys that would be pleasing to the eye, that could be bought with a few cents, but Russell could not be satisfied until the money had been inclosed in an envelope, when he, with countenance beaming brightly, gazed on the stamp that was placed upon it, free of charge to him, by one interested to help him on in the good work. So away he sped to the Office close by, that the money might soon be at Battle Creek. At last a package came, addressed to him, with back numbers, for which he feels very thankful. He thinks it pays to work in the cane; and now, children, lest you are weary of my story, I will close by asking you to save your cents to help your parents pay for the INSTRUCTOR.

ANNA R. KELSEY.

Deerfield, Minn.

CHILDREN CAN DO GOOD.

How many times I have been cheered and comforted by the pleasant words and kind acts of children. When I was at the Institute, not able to go around much, the little girls would often come in to see me. But was that all they did, just to look at me? No; not by any means. One day a little girl came in and sat down close by me. I said to her, "This makes me think of my own little girl, whom I have not seen for months," and the tears came into my eyes. As she noticed the tears she clasped her arm around my neck, and spoke thus affectionately: "Sr. W., don't feel bad." "No," said I, "darling, I won't," and as she was about to leave, she said, "Your trials will all be ended when Jesus comes."

Did these words do me any good? Most certainly they did, and coming from a child, I thought much of them. And to make my sick room pleasant, the children would occasionally favor me with beautiful flowers, for which I felt very thankful, for I admire flowers much.

These favors have been granted me since I came home, by the children. One day a little girl brought me in a dish full; every flower and sprig was neatly arranged. Oh, that this little girl may be as particular in having every act of her life as near right as she tried to have the flowers placed in order,—then I think she will have the privilege of beholding the beautiful flowers in the new creation.

Dear children, Jesus notices all these acts of kindness, and every child of God will highly appreciate them. I do very much. I love children dearly. But oh, how much Jesus loves! So much so that he gave his life that you might have immortal life in his everlasting kingdom.

Children, how pleasant you can make life by watching for an opportunity to do good; by a kind and soothing word to the afflicted; by a kind act to another, if it be only to lead a blind brother, as I saw a girl do last summer. Always respect the aged. Never be proud of what you do, because that would be wrong and sinful, and Jesus cannot look upon sin with any allowance. Be watchful and overcome every unpleasant feeling. Ask the Saviour to help you in your trials and perplexities. No doubt you have just as much as you can get along with some-

times. But the dear Saviour has promised to be a present help in time of need.

We are living in a time when it requires very close watching, or we get overcome before we are aware of it. Dear children, my mind is often drawn out for you. I have been young, too, and know something of life's trials; but I have found it good to be patient and submissive. This is a great lesson to learn. Oh, may you so live that it may be said, you have "done what you could."

R. A. WHEELER.

Johnstown Center, Wis.

A DROP OF WATER.

WHAT is the smallest house to live in? Do you say, A drop of water? Yet millions of living creatures live in a drop of water. What mites they must be! Yes, mere atoms—a thousandth or twenty-thousandth part of an inch in size; and such queer shapes! They look like bottles, funnels, fruit, wheels, crabs, serpents, eels, and worms. Some are soft, like leeches; others have a hard, flinty shell. They are of all colors, green, red, yellow, and of no color at all. The green scum you see on stagnant water is formed of them. Some emit light like a glowworm. A ship sailing on the ocean at night often seems to leave a trail of light behind her in the waters. It is caused by millions and millions of these little creatures. They are called in-fu-so-ri-a. Not a drop of water from the ocean, not a drop from the clearest spring, pool, or running brook, but has millions of them in it. You cannot see them with the naked eye, only by a microscope. They have horns, claws, bristles, oars, paddles, and move swiftly about, as if time was short, and there was plenty to do. So there is; and they do their part.

Deposits of the shelly in-fu-so-ri-a form the fine sand which is used in making the beautiful porcelain ware. The famous pyramids of Egypt are built of them; for what is limestone but the dead bodies of these little creatures? Charleston, in South Carolina, is built on a bed of them; and they are at work all along the coast, filling up the harbors and forming shoals.

What pains God takes in making even the smallest things. Nothing is too small for his care and notice. Nothing is too small to be of use in his wide kingdom. Some of his greatest works are done by the power of littles. Let nobody despise little folks; no, no.

DON'T BE ASHAMED.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well of your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companion; and if a bad boy laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. There is our near neighbor, in particular, now one of our wealthy men, who told us a short time since, that, when a child, he was glad to receive cold food from his neighbor's table. Be good, my boy; and, if you are poor, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man and addicted to bad habits.

Avoid him who ridicules religion.

INSTRUCTOR ITEMS.

What has become of Uncle Harvey? There are several who are very anxious that his excellent articles on "Present Truth" should be resumed, and appear regularly. Come, "Uncle H.," don't hide your light under a bushel. Let us hear from you in season for the December number.

Let those youth, who, from their age and opportunities, should be advanced in the things of the Spirit of God, carefully read Bro. Orcutt's article on another page, entitled, "I am the Vine."

We shall publish a piece of music soon, entitled, "The Beautiful Crown." We are only waiting for a new font of music type which has been ordered.

Will E. A. Hays, who wrote from Orland, N. Y., please tell us to what post-office we shall send her INSTRUCTOR?

NOT FORGOTTEN.

In the September INSTRUCTOR we published two extracts, one from Charles E. Wood, North Brownville, Mich., who, on account of his bodily infirmities, was unable to pay for his paper. The other was from E. A. Hays, Orland, N. Y., who, being a dependent orphan, felt that she, too, must be deprived of the privilege of reading the little paper.

We called the attention of the liberal to these young friends, with the statement that we would give due credit in the INSTRUCTOR for all moneys received to be applied on their papers. In the following INSTRUCTOR there was sufficient received to pay for the paper to each for two years; and since then the following names and sums have been received:

FOR CHARLES E. WOOD'S INSTRUCTOR.

Master Rice, Lee Summit, Mo.,	25 cts.
Bertie Walter, Watson, Mich.,	25 "
Wilbur F. Hool, Compton, C. E.,	50 "
D. M. Bemis, Portland, Mich.,	25 "
Lillie Smith, Convis, Mich.,	10 "
Alpha F. Waters, Cedar Creek, Mich.,	10 "
Theron D. Waters, " " "	10 "
Albert J. Waters, " " "	05 "
Wesley Cram, Roxbury, Vt.,	25 "

FOR E. A. HAYS' INSTRUCTOR.

Louisa Bedford,	25 "
W. F. Hool, Compton, C. E.,	50 "
E. A.,	25 "
Dora Sutherland, Battle Creek, Mich.,	25 "

Here is enough already to pay for the paper for these two young friends for several years. Perhaps enough has been received at present for this object. May the Good Shepherd bless all the kind donors.

WRITE! YES, WRITE!

SOMEBODY beautifully says, "A little drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that

which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think." What an interesting idea is contained in these few words. But who of us shall be the happy ones that will pen those thoughts which shall cause others to think of Justice, Righteousness, and Truth?

A WORD IN KINDNESS.

BRO. AMADON: Permit me to say a few words of encouragement through the INSTRUCTOR, to the crippled boy in Michigan, and the orphan girl of New York.

TO THE BOY. My dear boy, you are going to have the INSTRUCTOR to read. I hope and trust it will do you good. I have been a reader of this little paper for many years. I am now a man, but I still prize it very much. I love to hear, through its columns, from the young members of the household of faith, who are striving to be overcomers. I hope you will carefully read your Bible and the INSTRUCTOR, and be a good, Christian boy. May you and your brother, who is also a cripple, love and serve the Lord, and at last have a home in that happy land where the lame will leap as a hart. See Isa. xxxv.

TO THE ORPHAN GIRL. Dear friend, although you may not have kind parents to care for you, yet if you call upon the name of the Lord and keep his commandments, he will be a Father to you, and a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Though you may be poor in this world, yet it is your privilege to be rich in faith, and an heir of Heaven, and to be permitted at last to enter the New Jerusalem, the walls of which are of jasper, and the city of pure gold. Our Saviour says, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." John xiv, 2, 3. Strive to be there. W. F. HOOL.

Compton, C. E.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN LAST INSTRUCTOR.

1. Number of books in the law,	5
2. Generations from Adam to Christ,	75
3. Disciples assembled at Pentecost,	120
4. Years the last temple was in building,	46
5. Persons saved in the ark,	8
6. Sections in the longest psalm,	22
7. Epistles in the New Testament,	21
8. Days Moses was in the mount,	80
9. Time occupied in the exode,	40
10. Number of Jacob's family,	70
11. Yearly assemblies of the Hebrews,	3
12. Days of Elijah's fast,	40
13. Years of the life of Moses,	120
Total,	650

Word which means God's law—Decalogue.

Letters in this word which are used in the system of Roman Notation—d. c. l.

Value of each:	{ D=500
	{ C=100
	{ L= 50
Total,	650

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