

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

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NO. 21.

THE SUMMER IS GONE.

The mantle of summer is faded again,
 And the brown shades of autumn spread over the plain;
 Her strength and her beauty, her honors are flown,
 And summer retreats to her palace alone.

Yet, turning in kindness, her generous heart
 Gives a smile and a blessing to us ere we part;
 Farewell, then, thou warm-hearted maid of the sun,
 We thank thee for all that thy kindness has done.

For us thou hast mused the young birds of the spring,
 And given to autumn her riches to bring;
 But mostly we thank Thee, thou Ruler of Heaven,
 For spring, summer, autumn, by thee are all given.

But we are unworthy, presuming, and vain,
 Nor adore as we should do for all that we gain;
 Thy love for thy children is boundless as space,
 Then grant us we pray thee thy Spirit of grace.

Let its beams pierce the depth of this mantle of night,
 That enrapt our cold hearts and obscures its pure light;
 Let chaos no longer preside in the mind,
 Nor dark superstition nor ignorance bind.

Let not prejudice govern with obstinate sway,
 Excluding the brightness and pureness of day;
 But oh! let us rather look humbly to thee,
 Thy Spirit will teach us, thy grace set us free.

AUTUMN.

The summer has passed away. Its frail flowers have withered and died, and the gorgeous autumn flowers unfold their bright leaves instead. The maples have changed their bright green suit for robes of crimson and gold. The forest leaves have turned a rich brown, and given the earth a fine carpeting. The poplars still are beautiful as the gentle breeze sways their branches to and fro, and exposes the silvery lining of their leaves. "The wild ivy, now changed to a golden hue, encircles many a tree trunk with a glorious crown." The nuts are ripe, and falling from the trees, and the squirrel begins his task of storing them away for winter use.

The birds have ceased their warblings, and flown away to a warmer climate. The song of the "brown old grasshopper" seems touched with a slight sadness; but the shrill cricket pours forth his music as merrily as if the sunny days were to last forever. Though some things cling to their

summer garb much longer than others, yet all have finally to submit to the chilly winds and biting frosts of stern November.

The waning year brings to mind the fact that things here are subject to decay and death. Everything that is beautiful, and calculated to bring us joy and peace, has been marred by Satan's destructive hand. No lasting pleasure here. But God has graciously given to those who love him the promise of an inheritance

"In that land of light and glory,"

where decay and death are not known.

J. R. TREMBLEY.

BIBLE READING.—NO. 10.

THE FIRST MURDER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

MY DEAR READERS: Another sad tale of sin is ours to reflect upon in connection with the offerings of Cain and Abel.

It seems the Lord still wished to benefit Cain, even after his exhibition of anger. In the ninth verse, we read how kindly, and yet how plainly, he tells Cain how he also may obtain the blessing.

Did he accept of this good counsel? No; he sought for Abel, and talked with him. We have no knowledge of what this conversation was, but may judge it was about their offerings. Cain's anger was only the more aroused by it; for now it bursts forth, and he slays his brother.

We are shocked at his crime, and may wonder if he was not. His victim lies dead at his feet. Does he not relent now? It seems no feeling of sorrow or regret moves his heart; for, when he is asked where his brother is, he adds a lie to his crime, and declares he does not know, and boldly asks the Lord if he is his brother's keeper.

Oh, how wicked! And all of this comes from disobedience. First, he refuses to bring the proper offering; then, is angry because it is not accepted.

Even now he does not repent; but is angry still more because Abel's offering is accepted. See 1 John 3:12. He hates

Abel, and, to get him from his sight, slays him. He feels no sorrow, manifests no shame; but dares to confront his Maker with a lie and an insulting question.

There is no hope of his repenting; so the Lord drives him from his presence, and adds to his labor by declaring the ground henceforth should not yield her strength—that is, her full increase. He is also to bear the stigma of fugitive and vagabond.

Does Cain, even in this, relent and feel sorrow for his sin? No; the punishment for his crime he complains of as being greater than he can bear, and not the sin itself.

In the fourteenth verse, we learn that he feels his loss by having the Lord's face hidden from him; and as a murderer, a fugitive, and vagabond, he fears others may take his life. God is still good to the poor outcast, who is not deserving his mercy, nor his protection; and, as *he* would not take from Cain his life, he would not suffer *any one* else to. Hence, that he might be known, a mark is set upon him, and a terrible judgment pronounced on that person who should not respect that mark.

Here, my dear young friends, we learn what a dreadful thing it is for a man to have his own way.

How many, like Cain, from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to the grave, have their own way; and unless the mercy of God interposes, and they repent, are lost—lost forever.

Try, oh! try, children and youth, to find the way that leads to God, instead of seeking your own, and at last, like Cain, find yourselves cast forever from the presence of God.

C. GREEN.

The Power of Goodness—A True Story.

ONCE there was a good man whose name was John Kant. He lived at Cracow, in Poland, where he taught and preached. It was his rule to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong to others.

When he got to be quite old, he was seized with a wish to see once more the home of his childhood, which was many miles distant from where he then lived.

So he got ready, and, having prayed to God, set out on his way. Dressed in a black robe, with long gray hair and beard, he rode slowly along.

The woods through which he had to pass were thick and dark; but there was light in his soul, for good thoughts of God and God's works kept him company, and made the time seem short.

One night, as he was thus riding along, he was all at once surrounded by men—

some on horseback, and some on foot. Knives and swords flashed in the light of the moon, and John Kant saw that he was at the mercy of a band of robbers.

He got down from his horse, and said to the gang that he would give up to them all that he had about him. He then gave them a purse filled with silver coins, a gold chain from his neck, a ring from his finger, and from his pocket a book of prayer, with silver clasps.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber chief, in a stern voice; "have you any more money?"

The old man, in his confusion, said he had given them all the money he had; and when he said this, they let him go.

Glad to get off so well, he went on, and was soon out of sight. But all at once the thought came to him that he had some gold pieces stitched in the hem of his robe. These he had quite forgotten when the robbers asked him if he had any more money.

"This is lucky," thought John Kant; for he saw that the money would bear him to his friends, and that he would not have to beg his way, or suffer for want of food or shelter.

But John's conscience was a tender one, and he stopped to listen to its voice. It seemed to cry to him in earnest tones, "Tell not a lie! Tell not a lie!" These words would not let him rest.

Some men would say that such a promise, made to thieves, need not be kept; and few would have been troubled after such an escape. But John did not stop to reason.

He went back to the place where the robbers stood, and walking up to them, said, meekly, "I have told you what is not true. I did not mean to do so, but fear confused me; so pardon me."

With these words he held forth the gold pieces; but to his surprise, not one of the robbers would take them. A strange feeling was at work in their hearts.

These men, bad as they were, could not laugh at the pious old man. "Thou shalt not steal!" said a voice within them. All were deeply moved.

Then, as if touched by a common feeling, one of the robbers brought and gave back the old man's purse; another, his gold chain; another, his ring; another, his book of prayer; and still another led up his horse and helped the old man to remount.

Then all the robbers, as if quite ashamed of having thought of harming so good a man, went up and asked his blessing. John Kant gave it with devout feeling, and then rode on his way, thanking God for so

strange an escape, and wondering at the mixture of good and evil in the human heart.—*Sel.*

“No,—P'raps.”

A SKETCH FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

I WAS walking in the back garden belonging to a semi-detached villa the other day, when I became aware, by the musical chorus of voices, that four little girls were at play in the garden next ours,—Annie, and Polly, and Kate, and Louey; but Louey was a very little girl, only six years old, scarcely able to enter into some of their games.

All at once, it struck the elders of the party that they might climb over the low wall at the bottom of the garden, and get away into the fields to gather king-cups, if they could only get rid of Louey, who was too little to accompany them, and yet would cry if they left her.

“How shall we do?” asked Kate.

“I know,” Annie answered; “and we will not tell a story, either.”

“You send her away, then,” said Polly.

“I am going to, if you will only have patience. “Louey, dear,” she called in a different tone; and the child came bounding to her side.

“Will you go into the house for me, and bring my large list ball? and then by-and-by we will play at rounders.”

“Yes,” said the little one, willingly; but do n't run away while I am gone.”

“No,—p'raps.”

The “p'raps,” meant to express a doubt of their remaining, was spoken under her breath, but not so low but it reached my ears; for the gardens were separated only by a hedge.

“And you won't run away, Katie?”

“No,—p'raps.”

“Nor you, Polly?”

“No,—p'raps.”

“Then I will go and bring the ball; and you are sure you will play as soon as I come back?”

“Yes,—p'raps.”

Having perfect faith in the loudly-pro-nounced no and yes, and not hearing the qualifying “p'raps,” little Louey ran upon the errand.

No sooner was she out of sight, than, in a trice, they were over the wall, and had crossed the first field before Louey came back to the garden.

For a long time she doubted their intention to deceive her, and peered about behind bushes, and in the summer arbor, to see if they had hidden themselves so that they might laugh at her alarm.

But at length, Louey, having searched every part of the garden, and called repeatedly upon their several names without receiving any answer, was obliged to believe they had given her the slip whilst she had gone into the house good-naturedly to oblige them. She sat down upon the turf, and began to sob and cry as though her little heart would break.

Dear little children, was this right on the part of Annie, and Polly, and Kate?—I do not mean the running away, but the means they took to get rid of Louey.

Annie said she would *tell* no falsehood; but had she not done what was in every respect as bad,—*acted* one?

Oh! believe me, it is not alone the *words* the great Truth-lover looks at; he trieth the very hearts and reins, and will only be satisfied with those who speak the very truth from their hearts.—*Sel.*

A Boy's Character.

Do you, my boy, who sits reading these lines, know that you have a character? If so, what kind of a character? good or bad? For, boy as you are, and never thinking that any one notices your ways from day to day, rest assured your character is known wherever you are known. The man who keeps the store opposite knows you. The blacksmith knows you. The farmer whose house you daily pass knows you. The lame soldier who stops every day to rest on the bench at the grocery has a pretty good guess at your character; for he sees you with the boys, and marks your style of play, your talk, and your temper. And all these boys, too, know whether you are good-tempered and honest, or whether you are always quarrelsome, domineering over others, cheating at play, and trying to secure the best of everything for yourself, not caring who is the loser if you are gratified.

Now, is it worth while to begin early to establish a good character? A good boy is known to be good as readily as a bad boy is known to be bad. Yet children seldom think how delightful it is to grow up with the love and confidence of their family and the neighbors whom they daily meet. Most boys think only of having as much fun and pleasure as possible, not caring how they get it, how much they disgust their teachers, or how much they grieve their mothers.—*S. S. Visitor.*

How CAN we expect to live with God in Heaven, if we love not to live with him on earth?

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER 1, 1870.

Music.

THERE is music in all nature to those who have an ear to listen; but that music will be sweet or discordant according to the state of the mind. No harmony of sounds can be so enchanting as to charm one whose heart is wholly depraved. The heart rightly attuned by love will drink in music from all around.

There is music in the tones of the mother as she lulls her child to sleep—music such as makes her seem to the child an angel. There is music in the tones of love as they awaken the deep and holy affections of the heart. There is music in the tone of sympathy that brings the tear of gratitude to the eye. There is music in the moaning winds of autumn, as they sigh among the leafless trees. It brings sad, mournful recollections of by-gone days, and absent or departed friends. There is music in the very name of a friend. But the most exquisite music is in the name of Jesus. He is our best friend, and the only one that can deliver us from sin and give us true happiness. How sweet that name of love! May we all find a balm to our sin-stricken hearts in this all-powerful, all-glorious name.

A Talk with the Children.

I WAS thinking, this evening, what a pleasant sight it would be to see the children of the INSTRUCTOR family all together, and have the privilege of looking, for once at least, into their smiling, happy, joyous countenances, and beholding the brightness of their youthful eyes.

The INSTRUCTOR visits, twice every month, the homes of over three thousand children; and would you not, dear children, with me, love to see them all together in one large company, and have the pleasure of forming a personal acquaintance with each one? I know you would. But this large family are widely scattered. An ocean of many miles in width separates some, while in our own land, and among our own people, weary miles lie between us. But, were it possible for us all to meet here on this earth in its present state, would we

see happiness depicted on every countenance? see them all good and free from sin? Oh, no! far from it.

The great enemy of all good would still have power to tempt; and some—many perhaps, while parleying with temptation, would fall into the snares set for their feet; and as a result, unhappiness would follow. And then, too, sickness and death, cruel death, would enter our ranks, and tear from us, perhaps, the very ones we loved the most and best.

But, dear children, one and all, there is a time and a place, not very far in the distance, when a company, much larger than the one of which we have been speaking, will assemble; and it will be where there is nothing to mar our happiness. No sin, no pain, no separation, no death. It is where "farewell" is never heard—where tears are forever wiped away—where we may not only look upon the assembly of youth and children once, but forever. Do you not want to be there? Methinks I hear a "Yes" from every one. Well, dear children, you can be there. Put away all that is wrong; do that which is right; follow that which is good; love God and his blessed word; and you may be one of that company which the apostle says is "innumerable."

A. M. DRISCALL.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Forgiven? or Forgotten?

MANY times a sin is passed lightly by without our seeking forgiveness for it. Soon conscience ceases to speak, and we think no more about it. Do we not sometimes flatter ourselves that it is forgiven when it is only forgotten? J. R. T.

THERE is a little weed which sometimes creeps into our canals and rivers, which seems very insignificant at first. But if left to itself, it grows so fast, and its rope-like stems become so matted, that it seriously hinders navigation. Just such a multiplying evil is one little secret sin suffered to take root in the heart. "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

GREAT works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LITTLE EYES AND LITTLE HANDS.

LITTLE eyes,
Like the shining blue above,
Full of light and love,
Full of glee;
Telling of a life within,
In a world of sin,
Born to you and me!
Will they see the golden way
Leading up to day?
And the God to whom we pray,
In the skies?

Little hands,
In the long and weary strife
Of a toiling life,
Will they win?
Will they early learn to bless?
Rescue from distress?
Will they fear to sin?
For the true, the good, the right,
Will they bravely fight?
Strew along the paths of night
Golden sands?

Little feet,
Entered on a thorny way;
Will it lead to day
And renown?
As its rugged steeps are trod,
Will they climb to God,
And a seraph's crown?
Where the loving Saviour goes,
Finding friends or foes,
Will they follow till life's close,
As is meet?

Little eyes,
May they wear an angel's guise
In the upper skies!
Little hands,
May they, doing God's commands,
Rest in fairer lands!
May these little feet,
Thee, dear Saviour, run to meet
At thy mercy-seat;
And, with joy for sins forgiven,
Press to Heaven!

LETTERS.

MANTORVILLE, MINN., Oct. 18, 1870.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I am seven-teen years old. As I love to read the letters in our little paper, I thought I would, for the first time, try to write a few lines for it. I am a cripple, and confined to my bed. Last summer, at our camp-meeting at Wasioja, I was baptized and united with the church, and the brethren took me off from the town. I feel that I am not as thankful as I ought to be for the many blessings which are bestowed upon me. I am living with a kind brother, and have the best of care. I feel that we have a great deal to do and but little time to do it in. You will please remember me in your prayers.

HENRY MARSH.

CHARLOTTE, MICH.

DEAR BRO. BELL: I thought I would write a few lines for the INSTRUCTOR. I love the present truth very much. I am a little boy only thirteen years old. I embraced the present truth at the camp-meeting at Charlotte. I am striving to overcome, and be saved when Jesus comes to make up his jewels.

FREDDIE B. HILL.

WARSAW, Sept. 10, 1870.

DEAR EDITOR: For the first time I will write to

you. I am a little girl ten years old. I love the INSTRUCTOR very much. I would like to go to Sabbath-school; but there is no church near us. I am trying to keep all the commandments of God. Pray for me.

MARY TRUESDELL.

Little Things.

It is the little things of every-day life that make up the life-record. The words, the acts, and the motives by which we are actuated, all tell for or against us.

How careful we should be to have our motives pure. No pride, no selfishness, no undue love of approbation; but love, pure love, should shine in all our acts. Not seeking to do some great thing; but attending to the little duties of each day.

We can none of us be excused from doing the little things, however weak we may be. Even a child may find little acts of kindness to perform. He may do right at home; and, though it may pass unnoticed, yet it is all written in the life-record.

Yours, striving to do the little things,
M. J. M. SAWYER.

Greenville, Mich.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken,
By a single angry word.

Power of Kindness.

A poor woman used to give an elephant, who often passed her stall in the market, a handful of greens, of which he was very fond. One day he was in a great fury, and broke away from his keeper, and came raging down the market-place. Every one fled; and in her haste, the market-woman forgot her little child. But the furious elephant, instead of trampling it to death, picked it up tenderly, and laid it on one side in a place of safety. Do you think she was sorry she gave him his handful of greens as he went by? No. We sometimes profit by a kind action when we least expect it.

Jesus Went about Doing Good.

"HE was not content with sending his disciples to do it, or doing it at a distance. No; he would walk to the spot himself. He delighted to do good. He would sacrifice needful rest or food to do it. He would go out of his road to do it. He would spend a whole day in doing it. He would do it for the worst. All of us might imitate him more in this. None are too young to help in comforting the poor and the sick."

Sabbath-School Department.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON SIXTY-SIX.

JACOB RETURNS TO BETHEL.

1. Where did the Lord tell Jacob to go and dwell? Gen. 35: 1.
2. What did he tell him to make there?
3. What did Jacob command his people to put away from them before they went up to Bethel to worship God, at the altar that he had been told to make there? Verse 2.
4. What else did he tell them to do?
5. Do you think God is pleased to have us take pains to be neat and clean when we go before him in worship?
6. What did Jacob do with the strange gods, and with the earrings, that he took from his people? Verse 4.
7. Do you think Jacob thought that God would be pleased to have his people wear such ornaments as earrings?
8. Do you think he is pleased with it now?
9. What kept the people of the cities of Canaan from pursuing Jacob and his family, and destroying them? Verse 5.
10. What happened to Rebekah's nurse at this time?
11. Where was she buried?
12. What was her name?
13. Do you think she was very old?

LESSON SIXTY-SEVEN.

GOD'S PROMISES TO ABRAHAM, ISAAC, AND JACOB.

1. What did God say to Jacob about his name as he appeared to him again? Gen. 35: 10.
2. Had anything been said to Jacob before this, about a change in his name? Gen. 32: 28.
3. By whom?
4. What promise did God make to Jacob in the 11th verse?
5. To whom was this promise first made? Gen. 17: 6.
6. What promise is recorded in Gen. 35: 12?
7. Where do we find the promise that the Lord would give this land to Abraham? Gen. 13: 15.
8. Where do we find the promise that he would give it to Isaac? Gen. 26: 3.
9. Had Jacob ever received this promise before? Gen. 28: 13.
10. When and where did he receive it at the first? Read Gen. 28: 10-19.
11. What did Jacob do, after God had made him these promises and left him? Gen. 35: 14.
12. What did Jacob call the name of this place? Verse 15.
13. Had he ever set up a pillar in this place before? Gen. 28: 18, 19.

14. What vow did Jacob make at that time? Verses 20-22.

15. Had God now done for Jacob all that he desired him to, when he made the vow?

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON SIXTY-THREE.

THE MINISTRATION IN THE HEAVENLY SANCTUARY.

1. How often was the ministration in the earthly sanctuary performed? 2. Was the ministration in the heavenly sanctuary repeated? Heb. 9: 23-28; 10: 14. 3. Where was the ordinary work of ministration performed in the earthly sanctuary? 4. Where was the work performed on the great day of atonement when the sanctuary was cleansed? 5. Since the work in the heavenly sanctuary is performed but once, of what may we be assured when our great High Priest enters the most holy place and begins the work of cleansing the sanctuary? Ans. That the closing work of probation is being performed. 6. For what purpose was the work performed in the most holy place in the earthly sanctuary? Ans. 1. To make an atonement for sins, and, 2. To cleanse the sanctuary. Lev. 16: 16, 19, 33. 7. What must be the purpose in the heavenly? Ans. The same as in the figure. 8. How could it be possible for the heavenly sanctuary to need cleansing? Ans. The same as the earthly—on account of the sins of the people that had been transferred to it. 9. Is there any positive declaration in the Scriptures, that the heavenly sanctuary must necessarily be cleansed? Heb. 9: 23. 10. What were the "patterns" spoken of in this verse? See verses 1-10; &c. 11. With what were these patterns cleansed or purified? Lev. 16: 12, 19. 12. What are the "better sacrifices" here referred to, by which the heavenly sanctuary must be cleansed? Ans. The blood of Christ. Heb. 12: 26; 10: 10; &c. 13. When did the angel say that the sanctuary should be cleansed? Dan. 8: 14. 14. Could it have been the earthly sanctuary that he referred to? 15. Why not? Ans. Because that passed away hundreds of years before the expiration of the 2300 days. 16. When did those days expire? 17. Then when did the work in the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary begin?

How Shall I Become a Good Sabbath-School Teacher?

(CONCLUDED.)

No GREAT enterprise was ever yet accomplished without labor; and no man may justly expect to be rewarded with such precious jewels as souls and eternal crowns unless he labors for them.

Let me say, then, finally; Fit yourself to teach. Keeping steadily the object in view, you need to concentrate upon it all your talents and resources. You must,

1. Know your pupils thoroughly. They differ in their characteristics. They have been under various influences. Some of their characteristics or influences may stand directly in the way of the object you wish to accomplish. One may be in the midst of skeptical surroundings. His parents may be cavaliers at God's word, or his associates scoffers, and his own confidence thereby undermined. Another may be guilty of some sinful practice or evil habit which blunts his conscience and hardens his heart. A third may be proud and sensitive by nature, so that any personal counsel or appeal in the presence of others may be worse than lost upon him; while a fourth, of just the opposite disposition, who loves a little publicity, and takes self-righteous pleasure in a show of his better feelings, would, on this account, derive quite as little benefit from such a mode of address.

A wise teacher will study such minds, and search out such influences, and adapt himself to them. In his study and search he will always find something on the other side to assist him directly to his purpose. He may find that an early religious awakening has left its impression on the mind and heart, and may be stirred up into a new flame.

One is so constituted that the "terrors of the Lord" are the only incentives which will affect him; and another so devoid of fear that the quakings of Sinai would not move him, though the tenderness of Jesus' voice will melt him to tears; while a third, untouched by love or fear, has a conscience which the truth of God will pierce to the quick.

With minds like these committed to his stewardship, it is unpardonable for the servant of Christ to be ignorant or heedless of their peculiarities. He must know them in their every-day life. He must know their homes and their companions, their history and their habits. He must win their confidence and affection. He must dive into their secret thoughts, and explore the springs and motives. In short, he must make them his book for the study of human nature; for the business he is on has to do with the entire renovation of that nature, by implanting in its secret depths the seed of a new life.

Having acquired a knowledge of the material on which he is to work, a good workman will next look to his tools. As a final requisite to be a good teacher, you must,

2. Prepare yourself thoroughly. Whatever may be said in favor of extemporaneous preaching, there certainly is no reason nor Scripture for extemporaneous Sabbath-school teaching. * * *

The narratives of the Bible, when taken in their connection and spread before the mind, are among the sweetest and most touching stories to which the children ever listened; and its moral lessons do so sparkle everywhere with suggestions and illustrations, that a mind properly awake cannot help clothing them with interest and impressiveness.

But the Sabbath-school teacher of the present

day must be awake—wide awake. He has to do with a class of mind which is ever on the alert for something fresh—which will not be satisfied with dull words or stale repetitions—which will discover almost at a glance whether the teacher himself understands what he is teaching, and will soon desert a sleepy instructor for a more entertaining book or paper.

If we would do them good and win them to Christ—if we would maintain their respect for us, or hold their attention, or even keep them in our classes—we must be ready to meet their active, inquisitive minds with real instruction and fresh illustrations. We must not only understand what we teach, and be capable of making them understand it, but we must have some skill in illuminating and applying and enforcing truth. We must be able to take hold of their minds and hold them in the focus of the light of revelation, until its radiance melts through the crust of frivolity and selfishness, and makes its impress on the conscience and on the heart. Goodness will not do this. Piety will not do it. No amount of sincere affection, or Christian zeal, or earnest prayerfulness, will compensate for the lack of knowledge—clear, definite Bible knowledge; just such knowledge as comes only by laborious study of the word of God.

The teacher must have actual knowledge to impart, and this knowledge he must work for. Fortunately for him, the resources from which he obtains it are to be found in and around the sacred page. They are within reach of the humblest and poorest.

As I have said before, it is by no means the best educated, or the most talented, who make the best teachers. It is the most determined and devoted, the cheerful, energetic workers who love to labor for Christ and for souls. Such never need despair of accomplishing their object. Thanks to Christian travelers, and Biblical commentators, and Sabbath-school literature, the means are close at hand. If they will, they may become so familiar with Bible history, and Bible scenes, that they will feel the interest and enthusiasm almost of an eye witness, in recounting and explaining what Jesus and his disciples taught; and this enthusiasm will communicate itself to every pupil, and open their hearts to the reception of heavenly influences.

A teacher who is thoroughly in earnest will never lack for means of illustration, nor methods of application of the word of God. He will never want for occupation in Sabbath-school hours, nor for pupils. He will never fail to be successful in all for which he is responsible—viz., becoming a good Sabbath-school teacher. He will hardly fail to be rewarded with the richest of all Heaven's gifts—the gift of souls.—*English Magazine.*

A TEACHER without head and heart preparation for his class, is as useless to them as is a dry well to a thirsty man.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

Strong Character.

STRENGTH of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now if it here we make a great mistake: we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he that is mastered by them is weak.

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial, remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

Talent.

CHRISTIANS frequently excuse their neglect of duty by saying that others are more gifted and better competent to discharge these duties than they are themselves; but let them remember that though they may have but one talent, they will have to give an account for the use of it; and the faithfulness or neglect of those more gifted will not be considered in their own account; for every man has received his own gifts to do his own work, and every one will have to render his own account. * *

The day of Judgment will reveal the difference between a life of faithfulness in the service of God, and a life of selfishness. The end of the one will be joy and peace; the end of the other misery and despair. Live constantly with reference to that great day.

There went a man from home, and to his neighbors
twain

He gave, to keep for him, two sacks of golden grain.
Deep in his cellar one the precious charge concealed;
And forth the other went and strewed it in his field.
The man returns at last—asks of the first his sack:
"Here, take it; 'tis the same; thou hast it safely back."
Unharm'd it shows without; but when he would
explore

His sack's recesses, corn there finds he now no more:
One half of what was there proves rotten and decayed;
Upon the other half have worm and mildew preyed.
The patrid heap to him in ire he doth return.
Then of the other asks, "Where is my sack of corn?"
Who answered, "Come with me and see how it has
sped!"—

And took and showed him fields with waving harvest
spread.

Then cheerfully the man laughed out, and cried, This one
Had in sight to make up for the other that had none.
The letter he observed, but thou the precept's sense,
And thus to thee and me shall profit grow from hence;
In harvest thou shalt fill two sacks of corn for me,
The residue of right remains in full to thee.—*Sch.*

God's Remembrance.

It is said that God "remembered Noah." Surely, God never forgets! Yet there are times when he may be said specially to remember.

Picture to yourself the horrors of the deluge. The fountains of the great deep breaking up; the bursting clouds pouring their torrents upon the doomed earth; the consequent gloom and loneliness, as the ark, borne gradually up above the highest point to which some despairing wretch might flee for safety, was driven here and there upon the waters—floating over a sinful world. No light through the encircling clouds; no voice of succor from Heaven; only the ceaseless downfall of the pitiless rain—truly, there was need of faith, sublime as the patriarch's, calmly to meet this hiding of the covenant God.

But he "remembered Noah;" and so will he remember us. In our saddest days, under our heaviest burdens, when life seems at a standstill because of the impenetrable gloom of sore trials, and sight cannot discover one ray of delivering light, faith should grasp the assurance that the Eternal Ruler never forgets, and in his own time will appear for our help.—*E. M. C.*

THE TWO HOUSES.

THERE went a wise and a foolish man,
And each to build him a house began;
One built on a rock, and one on the sand;
And when the two houses erect did stand,
While the sun shone on them, no man could see
Which house of the two might the firmer be.

But when the dark sky began to frown,
And the wind and the storm and the rain came down,
The rock-built house bore the shock right well,
While its neighbor tottered, and crashing, fell.
So those shall stand in the tempest's shock,
Who build on God's promise,—the Bible rock,
While the hope that wars against God's command,
Shall fall with a crash, like the house on the sand.

WILLIE F. CRAMER, of Brighton, Iowa, sends us the following answer to "Enigma," in No. 18:

ANSWER.—"Appelles, Rom. 16:10; Nicodemus, John 3:1, 2; Timothy, 2 Tim. 3:15; Isaiah, Isa. 6:1, 2; Onesiphorus, 2 Tim. 1:16-18; Cornelius, Acts 10:1-46; Herod, Matt. 2:16-18; Antioch, Acts 11:26."

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