

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

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NO. 12.

THE LORD'S GOODNESS.

The Lord is kind, the Lord is good;
 He gives me clothes, he gives me food.
 I ought to strive with all my might,
 To serve and do his will aright.

The Lord is kind, the Lord is good;
 And if you love him as you should,
 He will reward and bless you, too,
 And bring you all your journey through.

The Lord is kind, the Lord is good;
 And if men loved him as they should,
 He would reward both great and small,
 And on Mount Zion save them all.

MATILDA J. AVERY.

Bowling Green, Ohio.

THE EVE OF THE OLD YEAR.

"It is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
 And ask them what report they've borne to Heaven."

We have come to the last month of the year, and well may we use the above beautiful lines. The months and weeks of another year are gone. However they have been spent, they are past. We can never have them again. We shall do well to sit down alone and talk them over with ourselves. What has been done by us is all written down. We may not have kept a diary of it all, but it is remembered. It may have been forgotten by us, and those with whom we have associated, but still an account is kept.

We are hastening to Judgment scenes, and shall have to meet a history of it there. If we have done well, happy will it be for us; but if our course has been evil, oh! how shall we meet it there? What solemn thoughts crowd into our minds! What if we find there unrepented sins? What if we behold there our characters all spoiled and worthless?

But we have not arrived there yet. A little time is left us to look over our lives and see that all is right. Not only have we reached the evening of another year, but the mighty shadows of time itself fall heavily around us. How important, then, that we improve this little time left us! Every wrong act can be made right, all right—not one sin left, not one stain upon our garments. Pure and holy we may stand before our Judge. We may be acquitted there.

Yes, we each have a case in the court of Heaven. But we have ONE interested for us there, and if we are in earnest to secure his favor, to confess and forsake our sins, and be clothed with his righteousness, it will be well with us. Then why should not this thought occupy our minds more than any other?

Oh! yes; I must be there. I cannot lose so great joy as awaits God's people. To hear, at last, the voice of my Saviour bidding me welcome, is greater

joy than I can conceive now. Sometimes he lets me taste of his love here. Sometimes he meets me here and speaks comfort to my heart; but I must meet him there and see him as he is—the marks in his hands where he was wounded for me, and bow before and worship him who has done so much for me. Yes, I must be there. Who of us will have such joy? Dear reader, will it be you and I? M. D. A.

THE OPEN EYE.

LITTLE "Lulu" turned to the picture of an eye the other day, and shrank away from it. It troubled her. It seemed to her a dreadful thing to meet alone, without the surroundings of the human face.

What a wonderful thing it is!—this organ by which we see all that is beautiful in the world; by which we seem to reach the souls of those whom we love, and read there the tender thoughts that they exercise toward us.

How good in God to give us this globe, or ball, with its strange and blessed capacity! I must tell you something of its structure; so that, when you look into your mirror, and see under the fringed curtain the blue, or black, or hazel eye, you may think, not only of the color and expression, but of the wondrous mechanism, and of the divine Hand that made it. It would puzzle me to make you understand all the hard words that learned men apply to the different parts of this organ; but I think perhaps I can so simplify terms, that you may get a better knowledge than you now have of the "windows of your soul."

You can see the "cornea," that is what you would call the white of the eye, in the glass, and the little black pupil, and the colored "iris" that surrounds it; but you will have to look at the picture of an eye to see the "sclerotic coat," that extends from the cornea, back of the eye-ball; and the "choroid membrane," that lies next to it, and gives out at the front part a fringed substance; and also the coloring-matter for the iris. Then there is that marvelous "retina," where every thing that we see is impressed, for the time, as an image upon paper through a lens.

My brain aches as I think of the little arteries and veins, and curious vessels that go to make up this one beautiful feature. It would take a whole volume to describe to you the bundles of fibres, the delicate tissues, and the three "humors,"—"aqueous," or watery, and "crystalline," or clear, and "vitreous," or glassy,—and the muscles, one to move the ball upward, one downward, a third toward the nose, a fourth outward, and three others to roll it in any direction you please, with still another to raise the upper lid and depress the lower at the same time.

Then there is the "lachrymal," or tear gland, to wash the eye, and keep it moist and clean; two small openings to absorb the surplus fluid, a sac to hold it, and a tube to carry it off through the nostril.

Then the eyelashes to screen the delicate organ from the dust, and little oily glands along the lids to keep it moist.

Are you not amazed?

But stranger to me than all is the power that the eye has to move us to fear or to love. You have felt this as a dear father or mother gives you a look of approval or of anger. How quickly does the one glance call you with joy to their arms! and how do you shrink from the other with the desire to hide yourself from the gaze!

And, if the human eye has this power to bring gladness or sorrow to your soul, think of the scrutiny of the almighty and all-pervading Eye, from which you can never escape; and try to have your actions such as will bring an approving and a loving gaze that will fill your soul with peace.—*Tract Journal*.

BIBLE STORIES. NO. 5. THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

DEAR CHILDREN: Listen a little while and hear how Jesus, the Son of God, offered to give his life as a ransom for poor, fallen, sinful man. Before the rebellion of Satan in Heaven all was peace. No where could a blot or stain be seen on all the works of God; all was beautiful. And when the work of creation was completed, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Oh, what a happy time! But ah! the blight that soon followed!

As soon as Satan was cast out he turned his attention to man. And here he succeeded but too well. By his own wickedness he brought himself and all those who sympathized with him into great trouble. He knew what his doom must finally be, and now he desired to bring as many as he possibly could to share the same fate.

All Heaven was filled with sorrow at the rebellion of Satan; and now again, at the fall of man, the harps of Heaven were hushed in silence. Angels wept over the scene; sorrow filled their hearts. Man was lost. That noble and heretofore sinless pair was doomed to die. Ah! what could be done? Was there no ransom? no way of escape? No doubt angels would gladly yield up their lives to save man. But ah, an angel could not pay the ransom. God's law had been broken. That holy, just, and good law had been despised and broken by man, and an angel could not redeem him.

"But, behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." The only Son of God offers to die for man. He offers to give up all the society of angels, holy and good angels, and all the glory he had with his Father,—offers to leave all the beauty and glory of Heaven, and dwell with man and die the shameful death of the cross. And all this to save poor man, who had sinned against God, and deserved to die because he had sinned. Oh! what love! amazing love! pity unknown!

But stop! can the Father accept of his Son? Will his Son pay the ransom for man? Ah, yes; the Son of God can purchase redemption for man. But will God give his Son, his only Son, to save a race of rebels? Yes, he gives his only Son, that we may have life.

No doubt it cost a great struggle for Jesus to

yield all to save man. Angels did not wish to lose the society of one so lovely. God could not have been willing to give his only, his well-beloved Son. But the love for man constrains them to make the sacrifice. Oh! what manner of love! "because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him," "and herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Now if any man accept of salvation through Jesus, he can live. Dear reader, accept and live; come to Jesus now, and have life, eternal life.

H. F. PHELPS.

NOT WILLING TO LEARN HIS OWN FAULTS.

A FABLE.

PADDLE, my lady's lap-dog, and Tom, her favorite cat, had long entertained feelings of jealousy and envy toward each other; but at last they made it up, and agreed to be friends. Instead of snapping at Tom to make him go farther from the fire, that he might have the very front, Paddle would merely nudge him gently along, looking amiably at him at the same time; and Tom, though he would not give way an inch farther than he was obliged, made no warlike demonstrations, such as putting up his back and swelling his tail.

"I think, dear friend," said Paddle one day (not being yet quite satisfied with the deference paid to him by his companion), "we fail to show the reality of our regard to each other in one respect.

"What is that?" asked Tom.

"We are not candid with each other as to our mutual faults. Don't you think it would greatly improve us both if we acted the part of honest reprovers to each other?"

"I don't know but what it might," said Tom.

"Be assured of it," said Paddle; "and, that we may no longer neglect one of the most sacred duties of friendship, let us begin this very day."

"With all my heart," said Tom; "and, that being the case, do you know I've often thought that when you—"

"Hush!" said Paddle: every thing in order. You know, dear, I am older than you. I may say I remember you a kitten: so let me give you the benefit of my observations first."

"Very well," said Tom. "I'm ready."

"Well, then, first, dear, said Paddle, "you are too fond of the front of the fire, and sit in such a way before it, that I am obliged to have recourse to many gentle hints before I can induce you to move. In the next place, dear, when we go to dinner, you invariably try to take the nicest pieces, which I look upon as indelicate. In the third place"—

"When will my turn be?" interrupted Tom.

"Stop!" said Paddle: "I haven't done." And he went on to enumerate several other infirmities in Tom's character, the exhibition of which he considered in some way to affect his own comfort.

Tom, with some effort, contrived to wait it all out, and then asked, "Pray, is that all?"

"All I can think of at present," said Paddle.

"Then," said Tom, drawing himself up, "in the first place"—

"Thank you," said Paddle, interrupting him. "You must excuse my staying now. I hope you'll improve upon what I've said to you; but I have an engagement, and can not stop any longer this time."

—*Child at Home*.

A LETTER.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDS: How often I have thought I should like to write a few lines for our good little paper, which comes to us from month to month laden with precious things from our Master's table. It has been about five years since I first saw the INSTRUCTOR. It was first sent to me by a kind aunt, who has always taken great interest in my spiritual welfare.

The INSTRUCTOR did not please me "one bit" when I first saw it; and the reason was because there were no stories in it. It was too sober for me. I had read novels too much to be suited with anything but light reading. Although I did not go to the same extent in reading novels that some have done, yet I had indulged this practice too long to be interested in many things that are really useful. And this soul-destroying habit of novel-reading is just what I wish to warn my young readers against. It is one of Satan's most bewitching plans for drawing the mind away from good things. Any one who loves to pore for hours over some tragical tale, or story, will never have any time nor disposition to read the Bible or other good books, for they are too dry and insipid for their perverted minds to feed upon.

I hope if any who read these lines are in the habit of reading novels, they will break themselves from it immediately. This I know can be done, for I have done it myself. By steadily resisting the tempter, and by cultivating a taste for good reading, I have become so that I abhor the very sight of a fictitious story of any kind whatever, and there are no two papers in the world that I ever read or saw that I think more of than the *Review* and *INSTRUCTOR*.

I love to read them and to know how God's people are getting along in the narrow way. Though I am separated many miles from any of like faith, yet there is not a day that passes but I think of them. Especially do I often think of those dear youth, who like myself profess to love and serve the Saviour. I often wonder if they meet with the same trials that I do. I hope and pray, that though I may never look upon the faces of any of the *INSTRUCTOR* family here, we may clasp hands on the immortal shores of the heavenly land, never more to part.

P. A. FOSTER.

Whitehall, N. Y.

SIBERIAN RAPIDS.

THE whole of Siberia forms one vast inclined plane, which, from the frontiers of China, slopes gradually toward the north, till it ends in extensive marshes on the shores of the frozen Ocean; and, consequently, all the rivers run in a northerly direction toward the sea. Their current is generally slow; but here and there, where the ground falls abruptly, the usually tranquil surface of the waters is disturbed, the waves rise, and the roar of the angry torrent is heard at a great distance. Such falls are called rapids.

The preparations for the descent of a *porog*, or rapid, are made by the Siberian boatmen with a solemnity which fills the mind with a kind of vague fear. When the boat approaches the fall, and the roar of the torrent begins to be heard, and the foaming crest of the waves is near, the voice of the captain is heard above the noise, and the rowers draw in their oars. The captain cries, "Pray to God!" and at these words the whole crew kneel, while the pilot says a prayer in a loud voice.

The sailors then return to their places, and at the

command, "*Grebite silno!*" (Row hard!) they begin to row with all their might. A fearful anxiety is felt by all, which increases as the boat draws nearer the fall. The pilot stands at the bow, having in his hand a white handkerchief twisted up into a rope. With this he makes signals to the crew, as his voice is lost in the noise of the waters. Two men hold the helm, ready to obey his slightest signal. When the fall is a dangerous one, two more men hold an oar to assist at the decisive moment to keep the head of the boat in the direction of the current; for if it turns its side to the current, it is lost.

"We sailed down the river," says M. Hansteen, "in a strange, cumbrous kind of boat; and I was not a little uneasy at first at its great size, but four days of quiet sailing allowed me time to get used to it before reaching the first fall. At length we felt the first wave—the oars were drawn in—the boat began to be tossed about—the swiftness of its course increased every moment—the noise of the waters was deafening—all our nerves were on the rack—we were rushing along much faster than a horse could gallop! At length we passed it. The water is now calm; the pilot comes down from his place, wiping his brow, and says to the principal person on board, 'I congratulate your lordship.' He pays the same compliment to the captain. Every one exclaims, 'Praise be to God!' and the deep silence which had reigned till then, is broken by hearty cheers."

KINDNESS.

LITTLE READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: Let me ask you one question. Are you kind to all, and at all times? Are you striving every day to cherish more closely this virtue that will endear you to every one you meet in the journey of life, or are the weeds of unkindness and angry feelings allowed to choke this plant of heavenly growth? A kind word or act costs but little, and yet what sunshine and gladness it may shed upon the rough pathway of some lone, tired wanderer. All have a duty to perform in this respect toward their fellow-beings, but in none is it more highly prized or becoming than from children to parents.

Perhaps nearly all the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* are children of Sabbath-keepers, and I hope are trying to obey all the commandments of God. If so, you must be very kind, or you are certainly breaking the fifth commandment, for we cannot from the heart keep it if unkind feelings have any place there. Think of the many anxious hours your parents have spent; weary days and sleepless nights, in watching over your helpless infancy; and do you think their interest is less now? Oh, no; every fond parent will answer, for it is your spiritual good they are now seeking, and can any child who loves his parents, reward all this kindness by indifference to the many tender counsels and warnings not to stray from the fold of Christ? Then, dear children, if you love your parents, and would reward them for their faithful care, show your love by kindly heeding their counsels to serve God, and thus secure a home with them in his everlasting kingdom.

L. E. BUXTON.

CHILDREN should strive more earnestly to cultivate thoughtfulness. "I didn't think," is the excuse we often hear for wrong-doing. It is never a very good excuse. You can avoid many careless actions by a little thought.

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER, 1868.

"CLING TO THE ROCK, BROTHER!"

The following touching incident was related in a recent discourse delivered by a Baptist minister in Detroit:

"In the mountains of Pennsylvania, as the cars were hurrying down a steep grade, the whistle sounded, '*Man the brakes!*' Quick as thought the men were at work. What was the matter? Two children were on the track! In an instant the elder placed the younger in the recess of the rock, and said, as he laid down on the farther side of the track, '*Cling to the rock, brother! cling to the rock!*' Down came the thundering train, but the child was safe because he clung to the rock."

To-day we would say to all the members of the Instructor family, *Cling to the Rock, children!* cling to the Rock Christ Jesus, and you will be everlasting safe.

"HE HAS NO MOTHER."

CHILDREN, read thoughtfully the following little story, and let it teach you to be more charitable toward the failures of your young associates who have no mother. How many such there are in the Instructor family. God bless them. But here is the story:

"Sitting one day in the school-room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then, turning away, she answered, '*I do not want to hear another word; Willie has no mother.*' The brother's lips were silent. The rebuke came home to him, and, stealing away, he muttered, '*I never thought of that.*' He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of '*Willie,*' compared with his own happy lot. '*He has no mother.*'"

"Do we think of this when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer '*no mother*' to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently to him, then. Aye, speak tenderly to the motherless."

OUR HANDS.

SOME REASONS WHY WE OUGHT TO LOVE GOD.

We ought to love God, because he is so good, and wise, and great. In our talk last October, I told you of some things that God has done for you; and now I want to tell you of more.

Did you ever think what you could do without hands? You could not work, or play, or write, or print. You could not roll your hoop, or throw your ball. You could not play with your doll, or fix its clothes. Now just look at your hands. See how they are made. See how many joints there are in them, and how nicely they move. Could you make anything like that? No; you could not. No one but God could make a hand.

How unhappy you would be, if you were to have your hands tied for one day! If you should lose even one hand, you would give almost anything if you could get it back.

It is the great God who has given us our hands. How careful, then, we should be to use them just as he wants us to. You should never use your hands to hurt any of the things which God has made.

I have heard of a boy who would throw stones at birds, break up their nests, and kill their young ones. Was that right? Did not God make the little birds, and are they not his? This wicked boy would get angry at the boys at school, and pull off their hats, throw clubs, and sometimes strike them. Did he make good use of his hands? He seemed to be glad when he could make others feel bad.

Did this boy love the Lord? I hope none of you who read this will do any of these bad things. I want you to begin *now*, and try harder than you ever have done, to find some good thing always to do with your hands. You want to do good things with them every day and every hour. Do not wait for a chance to do some great thing. You may do a great deal of good in little things. Rock the cradle, play with your little sister, lead your little brother, or draw him in his cart. Bring in wood, pick up chips, gather flowers, fan the sick one, or do anything that will make others happy, and do them good.

Don't let your hands be idle. You will find enough for them to do, if you look for it. Let every one see that you mean to do good with your hands, and so prove that you love God for being so good as to give them to you. If you are good children, it will make you happy to do in this way.

I always like to have something to do. It makes me happy to be useful. When I was a small boy, my mother once sent me two miles from home for some butter. She awoke me very early, so I might get back with it before the sun got so hot as to spoil it. At first I did not want to go, for I was sleepy, and the road was long and dusty, but when she told me that if I did not go, father would have to leave his work and go himself, I dressed myself as soon as I could and started. At first I was a little cold, but I walked so fast that I soon got warm. I kept thinking how I was going on this errand instead of father, so that he need not leave his work. *I was earning just as much as a man*, in going after that butter. I thought that I was doing some good, and that made me happy. The singing of the birds seemed sweeter than ever before. The leaves never looked so green, nor the flowers so pretty. The dew-drops never sparkled so brightly, and I was never more happy. The way seemed short, and when I got back in time for school, my face wore such a pleasant look, that mother smiled, and that was worth a great deal.

My teacher, too, seemed pleased when I told her about my morning walk, and all my lessons for that day seemed easy. Can not you be happy in doing good with your hands? Try and see.

G. H. BELL.

Battle Creek, Mich., Dec. 1, 1868.

A GOOD CHILD.

DEAR CHILDREN: Would you like to know what it is that makes a good boy or girl? I will give you my opinion of it.

A good child will not disobey his parents; will not cry when they forbid his doing anything which he wishes to do; will not quarrel with his brothers and sisters; will keep still in meeting and during family prayers; will not play on the Sabbath; will not run away from home; and does not find fault with, nor complain of, what his parents do for him.

Now, little children, if you are like this, I think

you are very good children; if not, I fear that you are not good, nor are you ready for the coming of Christ. Think of these things, and see how it is with you.

D. M. CANRIGHT.

A MORNING OR EVENING HYMN.

THROUGH the pleasures of the day,
When I read and when I play,
Let me ever keep in view,
God is seeing all I do.
When the sun withdraws his light,
And I go to rest at night,
Let me never lay my head
On my soft and easy bed,
Till I lift my heart in prayer
For my Heavenly Father's care;
Thanking him for all his love
Sent me from his home above;
Praying him to kindly make
Me his child for Jesus' sake.

—*Child's Paper.*

LOVE YOUR PARENTS.

"Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

THIS is the fifth precept of that law which is holy, just, and good.

Perhaps, dear children, you all remember that "love is the fulfilling of the law." No doubt you all admire and esteem the principle of love; are cheerful and happy when dear, good friends love you. Do you not often wish for a circle of friends who shall think of, and pray for you? Then remember that to have friends you must show yourself friendly.

Do you prove yourself to be a friend to your parents, by keeping that rule of love which commands, "Honor thy father and mother?" The Bible declares that true charity, which is love, "doth not behave itself unseemly; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil." How much at variance with God's rule of love is the petulance and impatience of a child, manifested in words and actions towards a careworn, tired mother!

O, dear young friends, are we not striving to have the love of God perfected in us? Do we not wish to look up to God, to the heavenly, holy sanctuary without any spots on our characters? Then let all "unseemly" words and actions be put away.

Dear child, when you are sorely tempted by our wicked foe to manifest sourness and impatience towards father or mother, stop and think what toiling, careworn servants they have been to you in all your life. Cannot many of you call to mind their earnest prayers put up in your behalf?

Full well do I remember the deep forests of a far-distant New-England State that often witnessed a father and son bowed beneath the lofty, leafy canopy, as that father poured out his supplication for his son. Can I ever forget those labors of love? Never! never!

And cannot some of you remember of having heard the solemn voice of devotion sounding forth in the deep silence of night, and did you not listen and catch from that parent's lips the utterance of your own name, coupled with those strong cries for your safety and salvation? Be assured that such has been their manner towards you. Do you sometimes see failings in your parents and guardians? dwell not, enlarge not upon them; but call to mind their labor of love for you, and above all, remember that peace and joy will ever attend the cultivation of that love enjoined in this holy command, "Honor thy father and mother."

F. W. MORSE.

BOOKS THAT SHOULD BE WRITTEN.

"AND there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen." John xxi, 25.

These are the last words in the gospel of John. And how expressive they are! What a world of meaning they contain! This beloved disciple had some idea of the length and breadth of the goodness of God in giving his only Son to die for fallen man. "Even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written" on the subject of infinite love and infinite wisdom displayed in man's redemption and salvation. Children, let us rejoice and give praise to God for his tender mercies, and gladly accept of the glorious privilege of becoming sons and daughters of the Almighty.

Here is a little verse which it would be well for you to commit to memory.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every stock on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Tho' stretched from sky to sky."

H. A. ST. JOHN.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY JOSEPH CLARKE.

LESSON FORTY-SIX.

JACOB'S SORROW.

Teacher. We will now leave Joseph in prison, and go back to his father Jacob, who is in deep mourning. After Joseph was sold to the Midianites, what did his brethren do with the coat of many colors, which they had taken from him?

Child. They returned it to Jacob.

T. They covered this beautiful garment, so dear to Joseph because it was a present from his father, with the blood of an animal, which they slew for this purpose. Why did they do this?

C. To make Jacob think his son was dead.

T. When he saw the coat all covered with blood, what did he say some evil beast had done to Joseph?

C. He said that an evil beast had devoured him.

T. How long did he mourn for his son?

C. Many days.

T. What did all his sons and daughters try to do?

C. To comfort him.

T. What did Jacob do?

C. He refused to be comforted.

T. He said also that he would go to the grave unto his son mourning. What did he mean by this?

C. That he would mourn till his death.

T. Yes, and he did no doubt do this till he had his son restored; for it is written, Thus his father wept for him. Gen. xxxvii, 35.

LESSON FORTY-SEVEN.

JOSEPH IN PRISON.

Teacher. We will return to the prison where Joseph was confined. Had he committed any crime for which he was imprisoned?

Child. He had not.

T. While in the prison, he won the esteem and love of the keeper and the prisoners. How did he do this?

C. Because he was good.

T. Yes, he behaved wisely and purely. To whom did the keeper commit all the care of the prison?

C. To Joseph.

T. Among the prisoners were two servants of king Pharaoh, to whom God gave remarkable dreams, which they could not understand, and Joseph explained these to them. Were the dreams fulfilled as Joseph had said?

C. They were.

T. Right; and one of them was set at liberty and placed in favor with his master Pharaoh, as Joseph had said he would be. Did he remember the favor?

C. He did not.

T. Is it very wrong to forget those who have done us good?

C. It is.

T. Do children sometimes do this?

C. I fear we do.

T. Often children are forgetful of the kindness of their parents, and oftener they forget God.

LESSON FORTY-EIGHT.

PHARAOH'S DREAM.

Teacher. After a time, Pharaoh king of Egypt had a dream, which no one of all his wise men could explain; and being very anxious to know its meaning, he was troubled, for the dream was quite remarkable. When the servant who had been in prison saw this, what did he do?

Child. He remembered Joseph.

T. True; and he told Pharaoh how he had explained his dream, while in the prison. What did he wish Pharaoh to do?

C. To send for Joseph.

T. Did Pharaoh do this?

C. He did.

T. When Joseph was called to appear in the palace to explain or interpret this strange dream (which your teacher will read to you), he immediately prepared to come, as he had been directed. When Pharaoh saw Joseph before him, he asked him if he could explain his dream. Did Joseph proudly boast that he could do this?

C. He did not.

T. What did he say to Pharaoh?

C. It is not in me.

T. What did he say that God would give to Pharaoh?

C. An answer of peace.

T. Children, notice the humility of this answer to the king of Egypt.

LESSON FORTY-NINE.

PHARAOH'S DREAM.—CONTINUED.

Teacher. Pharaoh now relates his dream to Joseph, and he immediately understands its meaning. What did he tell the king there would be in Egypt?

Child. Harvests of plenty.

T. How long would this be?

C. For seven years.

T. Right; for seven years the fields would give very great crops of all kinds of food for all. After these seven years of plenty, what would follow?

C. A severe famine.

T. A famine; that is, a time when the fields would yield no crops or harvests of anything to live upon; no wheat, or any grains, or fruits. How long did he say it would last?

C. For seven years.

T. Yes; first seven years of plenty, then seven

of famine. What did he advise Pharaoh to build?

C. Great storehouses.

T. For what?

C. To fill with food.

T. True; in these great storehouses were to be stored immense quantities of various kinds of grain during the years of plenty, so that there might be something to live upon in the severe famine to follow. Did Pharaoh follow this advice?

C. He did.

LESSON FIFTY.

PHARAOH GIVES AUTHORITY TO JOSEPH.

Teacher. Pharaoh wisely took the advice given him, and decided to lay up a great amount of food, during the plentiful years, for the years of famine. Whom did he appoint over this great work?

Child. Joseph.

T. Why did he do this?

C. To save life.

T. You are right; Pharaoh saw that God had fitted this man for the work in hand. God had given him discretion and wisdom. Over what did he give Joseph authority?

C. Over all the land of Egypt.

T. What further did Pharaoh do to him?

C. He placed a ring upon his hand.

T. Yes, he took the ring from his own hand and placed it upon Joseph's, as a token of great confidence, and arrayed him in robes of honor. What did he place upon his neck?

C. A chain of gold.

T. What did Pharaoh command the Egyptians to do?

C. To honor him.

T. From being a prisoner, Joseph was now suddenly made a governor over a powerful kingdom. Did this make him proud and lifted up?

C. It did not.

T. How old was he at this time?

C. About thirty years of age.

THE CAMEL'S NOSE.

You have read the story of the camel who poked the end of his cold nose into his master's tent, and asked leave to just warm it a little. His master said he might; and pretty soon he let his head follow his nose. But, as the man was very busy with a certain skin-bottle he had beside him, he did not notice about his head. So the camel took courage; and it was not long before he stood head and shoulders in the tent. But the man was growing more and more stupid, so he paid no attention to these encroachments until the camel was half in the tent. Then he said it was time to turn the great creature out; for the tent was only large enough to shelter one. But the only answer the camel made to the invitation to go out was to deliberately tramp in on his four legs. The man got into a passion, and beat him with his club. But the camel knew he was the bigger and stronger, so he gave the man a stroke with his hoof, which made him glad to beat a retreat himself. Then the huge creature settled down comfortably, and ate up the man's bread; but he only sniffed scornfully at the skin-bottle. He made himself at home, and allowed the man to curl into a little corner he had left, and make himself as comfortable as he could.

Now, I want you to think of this camel when a bad boy seeks to have you join him in some of his doings. It may be a very little thing at first; but it is "the camel's nose." If you buy a glass of beer with him on the Fourth of July, you will be likely to buy a glass of whisky with him by Christmas-

time. If you help him eat a "first-rate melon" from a neighbor's field when you are out fishing some day, and feel especially warm and thirsty, it will be a stepping-stone to a bank or mail robbery some future day. Do n't yield an inch to a bad companion; if you do he will take ten miles. "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."—*Temp. Banner.*

KITTY'S REBELLION.

A TRUE STORY.

BRO. AMADON: I found the story of Kitty's rebellion written in prose in the *Advocate and Guardian*. With your permission, I will give it to the INSTRUCTOR family in verse. May it suggest profitable thoughts to some parents as well as children.

Two little eyes are twinkling at the open cottage door,
Two little feet come pattering along the kitchen floor,
Beside the mother's rocking chair now trustingly appears,
A little one whose life is told by months instead of years.
A gentle being she had been, obedient, and mild,
The household pet, the mother's joy, the father's darling child.
The summer sun shone scorchingly on Kitty while she played,
And so she came to ask a drink of mother's lemonade.
The mother whispered, "Please, mamma" (as children ought to say),
"But Kitty tan't say please," she said, so back she went to play.
The sun kept shining warmer still, and Kitty thirstier grew,
So pattering back the little feet returned, to ask anew.
"Kitty, say please;" "I tan't say please!" So baby trudged away,
And came and went a dozen times, but "please" she could not say.

'Twas supper time,—her table chair was by the mother's set,
And "Now mamma, lift Kitty up," is heard from little pet.
"Please, now mamma, lift Kitty up," the mother gently said.
But Kitty murmured, "Tan't say please," and firmly shook her head.
She turned away, the rest sat down,—sat down, but who could eat
While darling Kitty, mourning, gazed upon her vacant seat?

The mother led her to her room, and told her, tenderly,
How wrong it was to disobey; then kneeling solemnly
She prayed that God would make her child obedient and good;
But prayers and tears would not avail, her will was unsubdued.
Then father gave word after word, all were repeated well,
Till he said *please*, then parrot's tongue ceased as by magic spell.
Their darling child had needed not the chastening rod till now,
But duty nerved the father's heart, while love fell every blow.
An evil angel helped the child resist each effort made,
And so the long night passed in moans, while parents watched and prayed.

The morning broke, their loved one rose with feverish lip and brow;
They feared that she would sooner die than yield the contest now.
They told her how her little will was raised against the Lord
While she refused obedience as taught us in his word;
And God would not be pleased with them, unless they made her mind,
Although to her their chastenings might seem almost unkind.
'Twas all in vain,—The mother's heart now wrung with pain and grief.

Sought for a lawful compromise by which to bring relief.
She placed a cup of nice new milk upon a low-seat chair,
Then left the room, and watching stood near by in earnest prayer.
The child drew near, her hot hands pressed the cool sides of the cup,
But ere she raised it to her lips looked piteously up;
Then suddenly she sat it down and moaning went away,
To come and go, and come again, and look so wishfully.
Desire and honor struggled hard within that little breast,
But baby as she was, 'twas clear she understood the test.

A ride was then proposed by one who thought she should obey,
Now Kitty capered round the room in childish ecstasy.
"Go ask mamma, please get your hat," he said to her, but no!
If there must be a *please* to this, she did not wish to go.

For nearly twenty-four long hours she neither drank nor ate,
But wandered round from room to room, pale and disconsolate.

Again the mother's arms infold her in the place of prayer,
Again with gentle, loving voice she tells how sad they are
To see their Kitty suffering so because she will not mind,
To see her grieving Jesus, too, when he had been so kind.
Then kneeling, with strong cries and tears, implores the Spirit's power,
To melt that heart, subdue that will, and seal it from that hour.
Faith claimed the blessing so desired, and so to her 'twas given,
Till light and peace filled all the room, and made it seem like Heaven.

Her neck is clasped, her lips are pressed, her ears delighted hear,
"Pense! pense! pense! pense!" as though her child could ne'er
forbear.

All radiant with love and joy, pet kisses every one,
While on a happier home than this the sun had never shone.
The right had triumphed once for all, her will was now subdued,
She from that hour has e'er revealed a heart by grace renewed.
The babe of eighteen months had learned to yield her will to God,
And ever since, obedience has seemed a pleasant road.

M. M. OSGOOD.

Lairdville, N. Y.

HOW TO GLORIFY GOD.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." John xv, 8.

DEAR CHILDREN: Did you ever think how many ways there are to glorify God? If we incline our hearts to obey him he will give us his Holy Spirit, which will put good thoughts into our minds, and lead us to do good to others. As you profess to love Jesus, acts of kindness to others will lead them to inquire why you should do so, and this may lead them to the truth, and to obey God by keeping his commandments.

Again, is there not some little boy, or girl, to whom you might give some little book that tells of Jesus and Heaven, or, what perhaps might be better still, a copy of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*? Your kindness to such might lead them to the Saviour, and thus give you a companion to share with you the home Christ has gone to prepare for all that do his will.

Again, is there not some poor person, who loves and obeys the truth, but who is unfortunate, whom you could assist by some act of kindness, and thus lighten his load? Your kind act might come in a very trying time to him, which would cause him to praise God for his goodness in putting it into the heart of a little child to help him. In this way God would be glorified.

These good acts, at times, might cost you some self-denial, but read what Jesus says in Luke ix, 23. Besides being his disciple, you will be a blessing to all about you, and have that peace in your heart that he speaks of in John xiv, 27.

Again, God may be glorified by the young's showing respect and reverence to those older than themselves, and especially to the aged and infirm. To illustrate, I will mention one little incident that came under my observation during the last Conference of the S. D. Adventists at Battle Creek. The large church here was densely crowded, the gallery as well as the lower seats. Many could not get a place to sit. I observed some little boys retaining their seats, not thinking to give them to much older persons who stood near them. While looking around and wondering why this was so, one little boy arose, and, going to a middle-aged man, invited him to accept of the seat he had vacated. Several other boys arose and did like him. Here, thought I, is the power of example. Here is a little boy, who, by a good example, has led his companions to glorify God by doing as he desires we should, and as he has commanded in Lev. xix, 32.

Dear children, there are a great many ways to do good, and thus glorify God; and what seems very strange, there seems to be no way in which we may benefit others but that there is in the Scriptures some passage that will apply to that act. Read the Bible carefully, and treasure its words in your heart: it will give you something better than gold or choice silver. Prov. viii, 19.

Yours, striving to overcome.

C. GREEN.

HOME.—A child was one day talking about its home when a person present inquired, "Where is your home?" "Where mother is," was the beautiful reply.

INSTRUCTOR ITEMS.

PRICE REDUCED.

AFTER some reflection on the point, the Trustees of the Association have decided that the price of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR shall hereafter be the same as in years past, that is, 25 cents a year. So those who now remit for the year 1869, need not send but 25 cents for the volume. The price, for a time past, was put up to 50 cents per year, with the idea that it would be issued semi-monthly; but that plan not being deemed advisable, the price is now reduced to 25 cents. But the friends of the INSTRUCTOR should bear in mind that this reduction in terms will call for more promptness on the part of the subscribers, or the little paper will not be well sustained. At 50 cents per year, we were enabled to have a *very large free list*, but, with the present reduced terms, the paper for such persons will have to be paid for by the free-will offerings of the liberal. Let the worthy poor be cared for.

TAKE NOTICE!

WITH this number of the INSTRUCTOR, the subscription term of nearly *seventeen hundred* subscribers expires. WE WANT TO HEAR FROM ALL SUCH IMMEDIATELY. Send in your 25 cents, friends, and let the INSTRUCTOR bless you with its heavenly teachings through the year 1869.

MONEY CREDITED.

HEREAFTER, all subscriptions and donations for the INSTRUCTOR will be duly acknowledged in each number of the paper.

SCRIPTURAL EXERCISE.

1. WHAT name did the venerable Jacob obtain, When wrestling with an angel did victory gain?
2. What disciple was that in whom Paul did confide? And the same you will find did at Troas reside?
3. What kind of a tree does the word of God say, By the sanctuary stood in Joshua's day?
4. Will you now name the man who in Zorah did dwell, And was father of him who in strength did excel?
5. Name the book that sums up the whole duty of man, By saying, Fear God and obey his commands.
6. What kind of a spirit is that which is said To bring forth from the grave the mouldering dead?
7. What country is noted as the place of birth Of the father of all the faithful on earth?
8. Now the tenth judge of Israel you will please name, Whose children were sixty, a family of fame.
9. Name the stream by which sublime visions were given To Ezekiel, a true prophet of Heaven.
10. Whose children were appointed the ark to convey, While Israel journeyed in the wilderness way?
11. Where was it that Samson was enabled to slay A thousand Philistines in one single day?
12. When is the best time to return to the Lord, And gladly obey all of his blessed word?

Initials now read in the order then given, And you have just what Jesus is saying from Heaven. Remember, oh! remember, dear children and youth, This *now very solemn and momentous truth*.

H. A. St. JOHN.

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