

THE YOUTH'S
 THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.
INSTRUCTOR.

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A GEM.

If a pilgrim has been shadowed
 By a tree that I have nursed;
 If a cup of clear, cold water
 I have raised to lips athirst;

If I've planted one sweet flower
 By an else too barren way;
 If I've whispered in the midnight
 One sweet word of day;

If in one poor, bleeding bosom,
 I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
 If a dark and restless spirit
 I with hope of Heaven have filled;

If I've made for life's hard battle
 One faint heart grow warm and strong—
 Then, my God! I thank thee—bless thee,
 For the precious gift of song.

—Sel.

MEDITATIONS.

THE Scriptures say, "God is love." Cannot I say the same from experience? He has promised to be a Father to the fatherless. Have I not ever found him a tender and compassionate Father?—a present help in every time of need?—a comforter in trial's darkest hour? Oh, to be like my blessed Master! Oh, for purity of heart—to be freed from sin! And oh, for more of that disinterested benevolence which prompted my Saviour to endure what he did for me! Holy Jesus! So pure! So holy! Shall I ever be like him? He has promised to make me so, if I walk in harmony with his precepts.

My Saviour is soon to appear on the great, white cloud, clad in his kingly robes. Will he then say to me, Well done; enter into the joy of thy Lord? As the golden gates are swung back upon their glittering hinges, will these weary feet pass in, and find rest? Beautiful thought! This privilege is mine. My Father has promised it; and his promises have never yet failed. I can trust him for this.

I want to see the King in his beauty. I want to see the countless millions who will then be redeemed by his precious blood, and the bright angels who have ministered to me in all my journeyings through this

dark world. Shall I see them and talk with them face to face? Will this voice unite with theirs in the heavenly halleluiahs, and shouts of praise to God and the Lamb? As angel fingers touch the harp strings, shall mine, too, join in making melody to God? Will this aching brow ever wear a glittering crown, and these parched lips partake of the pure water of life? This heart that has many times been in rebellion against high Heaven, can it be so softened and subdued by the grace of God as to harmonize with Heaven itself? Shall I be made immortal, and live and reign with Christ? Blessed Redeemer! I'll live for thee here, that I may live with thee by-and-by. My soul says, with the poet,

"Oh! that I could forever dwell
 Delighted at the Saviour's feet;
 Behold the form I love so well,
 And all his tender words repeat.

"The world shut out from all my soul,
 And Heaven brought in with all its bliss;
 Oh! is there aught from pole to pole
 One moment to compare with this?"

"This is the hidden life I prize—
 A life of penitential love;
 When most my follies I despise,
 And raise my highest thoughts above."

JANE R. TREMBLEY.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

"I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches." John 15: 1, 2, 4, 5.

How full of love and tenderness are these words of our Saviour! Oh, the depth of that love! It is breathed forth in nearly every verse of this chapter.

Says Jesus, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Can it be possible that we are as closely united with Christ as the branch

is with the vine? We see that the branch grows right out of the vine, starting at first from a little bud on the body of it. At first, it is very small and tender; but, as it receives the nourishing sap from the vine, it gradually expands till, bursting its envelope, it spreads forth its delicate leaves to the light. These, catching the genial rays of the warm sun, continue to grow till a little stem is formed, which, in process of time, becomes a branch.

Now let us try an experiment. With pruning knife in hand, we will go out to the old grape-vine, which never fails to be loaded from year to year with delicious fruit, and cut off several branches, letting them lie wherever they chance to fall.

After a few days, we will go and examine them. Do you think we shall find them fresh and vigorous? Oh! no. We shall find them all withered and dead. Their leaves that were once so green and beautiful, are blackened and crisp; and their fruit is shriveled and decaying. Alas for the poor branch! It could not live without the vine.

You will say that the branch is a part of the vine; that it grows out of the vine, and cannot live unless fed and supported by it. And so it is. Jesus says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." If Christ is the vine, and we are the branches, how can we live without abiding in Christ, any more than the branch of the grape-vine can live when severed from the vine? We cannot.

In the last part of the fifth verse and the first part of the sixth, we read, "Without Me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered."

But what is it to abide in Christ? Let the first part of the tenth verse answer. "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love." So you see the way is all plain. If we keep the commandments because we love God, he says that he will come and take up his abode with us. Read John 14:23. What a sweet union it is, to have Jesus come and take up his abode in our hearts; he in us, and we in him.

How happy are they that abide in Christ, nourished and strengthened every hour by him, and ever dwelling in the sunlight of his love. Who can afford to be cut off as a branch, and be withered?

Let us, then, be diligent in searching our hearts, that we may know that we are really in Christ; that we are daily receiving new life from him, and bearing fruit to the glory of his name. Let us keep his commandments, and abide in his love, thus growing up into Christ, "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge

of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Eph. 4:13. G. F. RICHMOND.

Taking the Wrong Train.

READER, did you ever in your traveling experience, by mistake, take the wrong train, or the wrong car? Perhaps you have not, or, it may be, some who read this have made a mistake of this kind, at some time. Be that as it may, you will see at once that to take the wrong car or train is a misfortune, and a very keen disappointment, sometimes involving serious consequences.

But I would call your attention to a mistake, somewhat similar to this, which we are in danger of making, and which many are at this moment making, in spiritual things. It is this: To flatter ourselves that we are in the path which leads to Heaven, when, in fact, we may be on a side-track leading further and further from God.

It is a small thing to be carried by mistake far out of our intended course when traveling; but to be deceived in spiritual things is a far more serious matter, for several reasons: First, because the consequences of this mistake involve the loss of eternal life, unless the mistake is remedied; second, because a mistake of this kind is often fatal; as people do not like to see a mistake of this kind, and will push on and on, until it is too late to return; while he who embarks upon the wrong train is quick to discover his folly, and will hasten to get right again.

Be careful, then, dear youth, to be right in spiritual things; or if you have made a mistake, and are upon the wrong track, make haste to get right again.

Are you breaking any of God's commandments? or are you daily living in the neglect of known duty? Are you uniting with the world, and becoming indifferent and careless to the cause of God? Then you are upon the wrong train. Hasten quickly to remove yourself and your effects to the train occupied by the people of God who walk in his ways. JOS. CLARKE.

Taking Pains.

JULIUS CÆSAR, coming toward Rome with his army, and hearing that the senate and people had fled from it, said, "They that will not fight for this city, what will they fight for?" If we will not take pains for the kingdom of Heaven, what kingdom will we take pains for?—T. Watson.

EVERY good act is a flower, which will beautify our final home.

Somebody Loves Me.

Two or three years ago, the superintendent of the Little Wanderer's Home, in——, received one morning a request from the judge that he would come up to the courthouse. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, dirty, ragged, and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The judge, pointing to them—utterly friendless and homeless—said,

"Mr. T., can you take any of them?"

"Certainly, I can take them all," was the prompt reply.

"Ah! What in the world can you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them."

He singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again:

"What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T. replied, firmly and hopefully. They were washed, and supplied with good suppers and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the children. Mary was the little girl whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T., in reference to her,

"I never saw a child like that; I have tried for an hour to get a smile, but failed."

Mr. T. said afterward himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression—yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school, he called her into his office, and said, pleasantly,

"Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl that would wait on me, and would sit on my knee; and I loved her much. A kind gentleman and lady have adopted her, and I would like you to take her place, and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her a penny, and told her she might go to a shop and get some candy. While she was out, he took two or three newspapers, tore them into pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned, in a few minutes, he said to her,

"Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me; pick up those papers, and make it look nice?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was as-

tonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant; and, half fearful of mental wandering, he went to her, and said,

"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

Oh, I have got some one to love! somebody to love me!" the child answered, earnestly, as if it were Heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love, that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one loved her and desired her affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face. Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and now lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.—*Sel.*

If One Lesson Won't Do, Another Will.

"MOTHER," said Henry, "I can't make Mary put her figures as I tell her."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But she won't let me tell her how to put the figures, and she does not know how to do it herself," said Henry, very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Mary won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach her one *in patience*. This is harder to learn than any lesson in figures; and, perhaps, when *you* have learned this, the other will be easier to both of you."

Henry hung his head; for he felt that it was a shame to any little boy to be fretted by such a little thing, or, indeed, by anything; and he began to think that perhaps *he* deserved to be blamed as much as Mary.

Children very often complain of their playmates, or brothers and sisters, when they are very much in fault themselves. A fretful, impatient child makes himself and all about him very unhappy. Will you all try to learn a lesson of patience?

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept distressed friends company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way, and the miseries of our pilgrimage. It tells the soul sweet stories of the succeeding joy; what comfort there is in Heaven; what peace, what joy, what triumph, what songs, and halleluiahs, there are in that country whither she is traveling, that she goes merrily away with her present burden.

Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER 15, 1870.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

IN some countries the people have customs that would appear very curious and strange to us.

If you should travel in some parts of Asia, you would be surprised to find the men wearing from two to fifteen caps at the same time. These caps are of different sorts, some made of linen, some of woolen, others of cotton, and worn one upon another, the outer one being richly ornamented and having embroidered upon it passages from the Koran or Mahometan Bible. Notwithstanding this extravagance in dressing the head, they have but two other garments, except the sandals, and one of these serves as a bed at night, and the other as a covering. Sometimes, however, they sleep in a sack to protect them from the attacks of troublesome insects.

The women stain their nails red, and their feet and hands brown. They paint their eyebrows and eyelashes black, and keep all the lower part of the face covered with a veil or with folds of linen. The men also paint; or rather stain their arms, lips, and other conspicuous parts of the body, not white or delicate pink, but *deep blue*. This they prick in with the point of a needle so that it cannot be washed off. In this way some make jet-black flowers upon the cheeks or forehead.

The women wear a great many rings; not only in their ears or on their fingers, but also on their arms and in their noses. Many of the rings worn in the nose are as much as three inches in diameter. These poor people think that by thus painting and decorating their persons they render themselves beautiful and attractive.

If you were to be invited to dinner in that country, you would find yourself obliged to get down to a tray set on the ground, instead of drawing up to a nicely spread table; and this too, not because of the poverty of your host, but because it is the *fashion*. Instead of sitting in a chair, you would sit on a cushion laid upon the

ground. Instead of eating with a fork, you, with all the rest, would have to help yourself from the tray with your fingers. If you should try to be polite and sociable, and inquire after the health of the ladies of the family, you would be thought guilty of an insult that might cost you your life. And if you should praise any of the children, you would be suspected of evil intentions.

Now, strange and foolish as these customs appear to us, there is no doubt but ours would appear no less ridiculous to them. And, on the whole, are not many of our customs even more unnatural and inconsistent than theirs? How silly it is, then, to follow the fashions as thousands of thoughtless persons do, with such eagerness! And how many of the young readers of the INSTRUCTOR are willing to become blind slaves to unnatural and hurtful customs rather than be governed by good sense, the laws of our being, and a conscience enlightened by the word of God?

"I Thought They would Miss Me."

THESE were the words of two little Sabbath-school scholars who were lying on a sick bed, burning with fever, in response to their teacher's telling them that he had missed them in his class. The children felt an interest in the Sabbath-school. Their lessons were always perfectly learned. They well knew that perfect lessons and punctuality would be missed.

While delirious, they would often call upon their mother and sister to help them study their lessons; for they thought by the next Sabbath they would be able to attend. But their hopes for a time were disappointed; for their sickness did not pass off in a week.

They had the genuine Sabbath-school spirit. This little visit did their teacher and myself much good; and we left with the conviction that their example was worthy the imitation of older scholars, and even teachers.

E. T. SISLEY.

THE essence of true nobility is forgetfulness of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CLOSE OF THE SABBATH.

The light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away;
What record will it leave
To crown the closing day?
Is it a Sabbath spent
Of fruitless time destroyed?
Or have these moments lent,
Been sacredly employed?

To waste these Sabbath hours,
Oh! may we never dare;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of prayer.
But may our Sabbaths here,
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a foretaste clear
Of that sweet rest above.

—*Child's Album.*

Letters from Little Folks.

WASHINGTON, N. H.

BRO. BELL: I thought for the first time I would write a few lines for the INSTRUCTOR.

I am now living with Bro. Mead's family. I started to serve the Lord the fourth Wednesday in June, when the meeting was here, and was baptized by Bro. Rodman.

I want to be an overcomer. I want to have all my sins washed away. I feel that I would put the whole armor on, and run the race that is before me. I am trying to keep the commandments of God. I want a right to the tree of life. Pray for me, that I may prove faithful, and meet you all on Mount Zion.

HATTIE M. HARRIS.

NORTH VOLNEY, N. Y., Nov., 1870.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I am eleven years old. I am striving to keep God's holy law. Will you please pray for me, that I may overcome all my sins, and have a place on the New Earth? Pray for my father, that he may do right, and keep the Sabbath. My mother and sister are keeping the Sabbath with me. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much.

WILLIE CHESBRO.

Phebe E. Johnson, of Marshall Co., Ind., writes:

"I want to give my heart to Jesus, and meet you all on Mount Zion."

We hope you will do so, Phebe. Jesus says, "Come;" and what have we to do but to go?

This corner may be made very interesting. It may be a real feast for the little folks. Children, let your letters come in. Don't be afraid to write your experience, your daily trials and conflicts. If you think your lot a hard one, we can sympathize with you, and, perhaps, say something to help you.

Also, tell us of your victories, your hopes, your aspirations, and your progress in the Christian life. If you are advancing, growing in grace, we want to know it; it will encourage us. Again we say, Let the letters come in.

"Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky."

The Dew-Drop.

I WENT out one morning early to see the dew-drops; there was one on every blade in the grass-plot. I have seen jewels sparkling in the ring on the lady's finger, and glittering in the jeweller's shop; but I have never seen a gem so pure and bright as the jewels worn by the grass-blades. I stooped down and looked at them, and the grass said, "Are you come out to look at me?"

"No; to see the dew-drops."

A little sparkling drop shook himself up:

"What!" said he—"what was that?"

"Come out to see you, beautiful dew-drops," I said.

"What for?"

"I love to see the calm, blue heavens reflected in your bosom."

"That is because I am pure," said the dew-drop. "Heaven is always reflected in a pure bosom. You cannot see Heaven in the bosom of muddy water, nor in the heart of a wicked child. Tell the children who love Jesus to be pure, even as he is pure."

I picked the blade of grass to look closer at it. Just then the sun began to rise; the dew-drop changed from blue to glowing sunlight. It shone like a little sun, as I held it, and looked lovelier than ever.

"Beautiful!" I said.

The little drop smiled. "The day is breaking, and the good sun is changing me into the likeness of himself. Tell your little Christians, when Jesus shall appear, they shall be like him. But the day is breaking—the sun is drawing me—I'm going, going—"

"Don't go yet," I said; "stay, and talk to me."

"He is sending down his bright sunbeams; I feel them drawing me. I'm going."

"Stay, little dew-drop," I said; "stay and talk with me all day long."

"Only in the night I live on earth, and when day breaks I flee away to heaven on the beams of light. Christians are the dew-drops of Jesus. They, too, stay on earth while the night lasts; and when Heaven's day breaks, and the shadows flee away, Jesus will draw up his dew-drops to himself. But I cannot stay; the sunbeams are drawing me. I feel their loving kisses. I am going up to the calm heaven—up to the glorious sun. I'm going."

It grew brighter and heavenlier, and smaller. I looked and looked, till I looked in vain; there was only the blade of grass—the dew-drop was gone.—*Observer.*

ONE act of charity is worth a century of eloquence.

Sabbath-School Department.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON SIXTY-EIGHT.

THE DEATH OF RACHEL AND ISAAC.

1. What sad event took place as Jacob and his family came near to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem? Gen. 35: 19.
2. What did Jacob do? Verse 20.
3. Do you think the death of Rachel was a great grief to Jacob?
4. What reasons can you give for thinking so?
5. How many sons had Rachel? Verse 24.
6. What were their names?
7. How many sons had Jacob in all? See last part of verse 22.
8. How many wives and concubines did Jacob have?
9. Do you think that his having so many wives was a source of happiness in the family? or was it a cause of trouble?
10. Did Jacob ever see his father after he came back to Canaan? Verse 27.
11. Where did Isaac dwell?
12. Who dwelt there before Isaac?
13. How old was Isaac when he died? Verse 28.
14. Who buried him? Verse 29.
15. How long had Jacob been away from his father's house? Ans. Nearly thirty years.
16. Where had he been?
17. Why did he go to Padan-aram?
18. Do you think it was any punishment to Rebekah to be so long separated from her favorite son?
19. Do you think she deserved this punishment?
20. Why so?

LESSON SIXTY-NINE.

REVIEW.

1. Who was the first man that dwelt on the earth?
2. Where was he first placed?
3. Describe the garden of Eden.
4. Why was he driven from this beautiful place?
5. What was the name of Adam's oldest son?
6. What wicked thing did Cain do?
7. Why did he kill him? 1 John 3:12.
8. What son was given them in place of Abel?
9. What did God bring upon the earth in the days of Noah?
10. How high did the waters rise?
11. What became of all the people and animals that were upon the earth?
12. Why did God destroy them?
13. What are the people called that lived before the flood?
14. How many generations lived before the flood?
15. How old did the antediluvians live to be?
16. Which one of these patriarchs lived the shortest time upon the earth?
17. Did he die?

18. Why did the Lord take him?
19. Which of these patriarchs lived the longest?
20. How old did he live to be?
21. What relation was Enoch to Methuselah?
22. What relation was Methuselah to Noah?
23. How long had Methuselah been dead when the flood came?
24. How long was it from the creation to the flood?

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON SIXTY-FOUR.

REVIEW: NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

NOTE.—These review lessons will not only afford a profitable exercise to classes that have learned the preceding lessons, but will enable those who have never learned the first lessons of the series, and who cannot now obtain them, to get the main points of those lessons, and thus be prepared to understand succeeding ones. The references given in the body of the lesson should be committed to memory so that they can be given at any time. Those in the margin need not be learned unless thought best by the superintendent.

1. What king reigned in Babylon when the prophet Daniel and his people were captives in that city? Dan. 1.
2. What was the extent of his dominion? Dan. 2: 37, 38. *
3. What thoughts came into the mind of this great monarch of all the earth as he lay upon his bed? Dan. 2: 29.
4. Who made known to the king "what shall be in the latter days"? Verse 28.
5. In what way did he make these things known? †
6. Who related the dream and gave the interpretation of it? †
7. Relate the dream: Dan. 2: 31-35.
8. What nine verses give the interpretation of this dream, as given by the prophet?
9. What did he say the head of gold denoted?
10. What did he say should arise after him?
11. By what part of the image were the second and third kingdoms represented?
12. What is said of the strength and conquests of the fourth kingdom?
13. By what part of the image was this fourth kingdom represented?
14. What did the toes of the image denote? Verse 41.
15. What did the prophet say should take place in the days of these kings that should rule over the fourth kingdom in its divided state? Verse 44.
16. Describe the kingdom of God.

LESSON SIXTY-FIVE.

REVIEW, CONTINUED.

1. Where do we find a second revelation concerning the four great, successive, universal monarchies of the world? Ans. Dan. 7.
2. When was this revelation made? ‡

* Dan. 4: 22; Jer. 27: 4-11.

† Dan. 2: 1, 2, 3, &c.

‡ Dan. 2: 19-45.

§ Dan. 7: 1.

3. How long was this after the wonderful dream, related in the second chapter, was given to Nebuchadnezzar? Ans. About forty-eight years.

4. Was Nebuchadnezzar living when this second revelation was made? Ans. He was not.

5. To whom was this revelation made?

6. In what manner?

7. What verses contain the record of this remarkable dream?

8. What did Daniel see?

9. Describe the first beast, verse 4; the second, verse 5; the third, verse 6; the fourth, verses 7, 8.

10. What verses contain the interpretation of this dream?

11. What are these beasts said to represent?*

12. What did Daniel particularly desire to know? †

* Verses 17, 23.

† Verses 19, 20.

MY CLASS.

Nor one, but all, my God,
I give them all to thee!
Wilt thou not take them, Lord,
And save both them and me?

There is that little one,
With such a tender frame,
We see the pure, white soul,—
I need not tell her name.

And oftentimes I fear
That short her life will be;
But whether long or short,
May it be all for thee.

There is my darling one,
The life of all the rest;
I try to love alike,
But fear I love her best.

Save her, O Lord! I know
Her beauty is a snare;
I tremble for her soul—
Dear Father, hear my prayer.

And then, the questioning one
Who searches mysteries,
And seeks out every cause
In great men's histories.

Her questions show such deep,
Such sifting, earnest thought,
I cannot answer her
With words such as I ought.

In searching, may she find
The Author of all truth;
And dedicate to thee,
Her happy, gifted youth.

The careless little girl,
With temper unsubdued,
Frank, loving, yet so wild
My words do her no good.

Yet thou canst touch her heart;
Oh, break her stubborn will!
Yet do it gently, Lord,
I could not wish her ill.

Not one, but all, my God!
Each child, yea, every one;
I ask it only through
The merits of thy Son.

—*Amelia Williams.*

Having an Aim.

J. C. GARRIGUES, of Philadelphia, is about to issue a work entitled "The Sabbath-School Idea," in which is found the following:

The teacher, of all persons, and the Sabbath-school teacher, of all teachers, should seek distinctness of aims. Children, in consequence of their inexperience and their pliability, are more easily led astray than grown people. The interests at stake are more momentous than those which concern merely the loss or gain of money. It is the duty of every teacher, therefore, to spend some time in reflection. Less action, and more thought, is sometimes the true wisdom. If the teacher would have a full measure of success in his work, he should occasionally pause, and take time for consideration. He should fix upon certain definite ends to be accomplished, and then keep these steadily before him.

Let the teacher aim distinctly to teach something. This may seem a very simple rule, hardly worth uttering. Yet many make a serious mistake just here. They occupy the teacher's chair, they go through a certain routine of duty from week to week; but they do not teach. Let it be remembered that talking is not necessarily teaching. Hearing recitations is not teaching. Teaching is making some one know what he did not know before. Let the teacher, when the hour is over, ask himself this question: Do my class know anything which they did not know before? or have they merely exhibited to me what they had learned in preparing the lesson? Have they gone away with a distinct, positive addition to their scriptural knowledge? This will be found a searching and critical question; and the teacher who can answer it in the affirmative will find himself surely gaining a hold upon his scholars. Nothing so effectually secures good attendance as the consciousness on the part of the pupils that they are learning. But the teacher who would reach this end, must aim at it with distinct purpose; and must habitually raise the question whether he has really been teaching. If he does not, he may depend upon it that much of his labor is going to waste. He is working, but doing nothing.

How to do Good.

It is not by a few, fragmentary, or occasionally great and brilliant efforts that Christ's work is to be done; but by those influences, indirect as well as positive, which distill from a life. Patient, earnest, Christian labor *never fails*. Its results may be unostentatious, moulding, reforming, vitalizing the character, unrecognized, perhaps, by the dim spiritual eye of the world; but they are not unseen or unblest by Christ himself, for whose dear sake it has been wrought.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

Sabbath-Breaking.

A WICKED man boasted of his two acres of "Sabbath corn." "All the work that was done on it was done on the Sabbath," he said; "and it will yield seventy bushels to the acre; so I don't see but nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sabbath work, however the priests or the Bible may say that work done on that day never prospers. My corn tells another story." And what answer was given him? "If you had read the Bible as you should, you would know that the great Ruler of the universe does not always settle his accounts with mankind in the month of October."

Ah! the day of reckoning will come.—*Sel.*

THE WELL THAT NEVER DRIES UP.—I was staying at a village near the sea-coast, where the people had to bring all their water from a well. At all hours of the day, but chiefly before breakfast and before tea time, little feet, often unshod, but very active, might be seen passing along the narrow lane, with every kind of pitcher, kettle, and can, to a fresh-water well.

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired.

"Dry! Yes, sir, very often in hot weather.

"And if it dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the spring higher up—the best water of all."

"But if this spring higher up fails?"

"Why, sir, that spring never dries up—never. It is always the same, summer and winter."

I went to see this fountain which "never dries up." The water was clear and sparkling, running down from a high hill, and passing through a gravelly bank, not with torrent leap and roar, but with the steady flow and soft murmur of fullness and freedom. It flowed down to the wayside. It was within reach of every child's pitcher. Some children were there, filling their different vessels to the brim. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink. The ewes and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way—as I could see by their tracks—to the spring that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the water of life and salvation flowing from the "Rock of Ages," and brought within reach of all men by the gospel of Christ Jesus. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of trial and adversity; but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. 21: 6.—*Sel.*

"WILL MY CASE BE CALLED TO-DAY?"—So asked a client of his lawyer, with the greatest eagerness, having heard that the Lord Chancellor's decision was expected. "Are you sure," was his anxious inquiry, "that nothing is left undone? If judgment is pronounced against me, I am a ruined man." The lawyer was a Christian man; and the question suggested to him the solemn inquiry, "What if my case come on to-day, before the eternal Judge, whose sentence there is no reversing! am I prepared?" Let every reader put the important question to himself—"Is nothing left undone for me?"

TALENTS.

God intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so weak and small
That they have not any.
He will surely ask,
Ere I enter Heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me is given.

FAITH has an influence upon all other graces. It is like a silver thread that runs through a chain of pearls; it puts strength and vivacity into all other graces.

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