

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

"I LOVE THOSE THAT LOVE ME: AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME." PROV. VIII, 17.

VOL. III.

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The Little Travelers.

[The following lines will be cheering to those who are striving in youth to journey on to Mt. Zion; for the time is now near at hand when the golden gates will lift up their everlasting doors, and "let the little travelers in." It is those who keep the commandments, the righteous nation which keepeth the truth, which will enter in through the gates into the city. We copy it, with some alterations, as we find it among our selections.]

LITTLE travelers Zionward,
Soon to enter into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crown his followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in.

Who are these, whose little feet,
Passing life's dark journey through,
Soon will reach the heavenly seat,
They have ever kept in view?
"We are those whose willing hands,
Strive our Master's will to do,
Keeping all his ten commands,
'They are holy, just and true.'

"Soon our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
There we all shall meet at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in.

Little by Little.

FROM the window near which I now write, I saw, some time ago, some workmen clearing away the rubbish from a vacant lot over the way. Then others came who, spadeful by spadeful, dug deep foundations. Presently the masons began their work. Click! click! click! incessantly their hammers were going. One rude stone after another was fitted and adjusted in the solid walls, which soon began to rise above the level of the ground. Then the brick-laying began. Brick after brick! brick after brick!—so the wall rises. Now they have reached the second story, and now the third. Still the same quiet and gradual process is going on. Brick upon brick! Brick upon brick! Now they have reached the fourth story, and now the fifth. I look from my window this morning, and the house is enclosed and completed. There it stands! an extensive and imposing five story edifice, towering far up, and capable of affording ample accommodations for purposes of trade or residence.

I cannot help *thinking* as I look at that house. It was but as yesterday that it was begun, yet there it stands completed. How was it put there? Little by little. There was no miracle wrought. No giant's strength was applied to it. No Her-

cules labored upon it. Plain, common men did all the work. Brick upon brick! They toiled patiently and steadily, but always doing their work little by little. Now look at it! How astonishing a result has come from those many little bits of labor, well planned and perseveringly performed! * * *

I look further. I see other builders, in the Church of Christ. I see an eminent minister of the Gospel, not long since gone to his rest. His fame for piety, usefulness and learning, are wide as the Christian world. He stood in the first rank of the preachers of the Gospel. Volume after volume came forth from his exhaustless mind and his untiring hand. Millions of pages of his undying thoughts have been scattered in various languages through many lands. What a glorious reputation did he build up! What an enviable work of usefulness did he do! How was it done? Brick upon brick! Little by little! A well-settled plan of life, a steady industry, an untiring perseverance, something well done every day—and behold the edifice!

I looked into the dwelling of an aged and eminent saint. The sweet perfume of holiness filled the dwelling. All venerated, all praised, all loved him. He seemed to live ever on the verge of heaven. His converse was with God and Jesus. He looked by faith on things unseen. His piety shone forth in every word and work. How was this blessed character formed? Not by the transformation of a day or year did this sinful man acquire it. Little by little! One application to the blood of cleansing, then another. One temptation resisted, then another. One besetting sin conquered, then another. One little act of piety, then another. Little by little. By persevering industry, by steady effort, that blessed character was, with God's help, formed. * * *

Builders for time! Builders, in time, for eternity! Despise not the *little things* of life, its little opportunities, its little gains, its little temptations, its little sins, its little calls to usefulness. Let your plans be well laid, both for time and eternity. Be ever found adding one little to another. Lay one brick on another, daily, assiduously, perseveringly; and when the magnificent castles in dream-land, for which others despise your unpretending, plodding round of daily exertion, shall have clean vanished and gone, *your* building will stand forth in sight of men and angels, firm, capacious, and beautiful forever.—*Home and Foreign Record.*

Miriam.

AMONG the females whose names are recorded in the volume of inspiration, we recollect but one or two instances in which notice is taken of them during their childhood, and brief indeed are the records of those ancient worthies, even in womanhood. Miriam, the sister of Moses, however, is introduced to us at an early age, and under circumstances, too, which place her in a lovely attitude, and cause her to be remembered ever after as a creature of more than ordinary interest.

The edict of the "king which knew not Joseph," has gone forth, and every male child born among the Hebrews must die. In one machination, he has been foiled by the pious Shiphrah and Pirah, and in order to make sure the work of destruction, he charges all his people, saying, "Every son that is born, ye shall cast into the river." Accordingly, many a sweet babe, whose eyes had scarcely opened to the light of heaven, was torn from its mother's embrace, and thrown into the sluggish water, to feed the hungry crocodile. Sad and many were the wailings in the land of Goshen, for the Hebrew dwellings were watched by the sentinels of Pharaoh, and the first life-cry of their helpless sons was but the signal for violence.

In the house of Amram, of the tribe of Levi, there was a strange commotion. A son was born, and no Egyptian eye or ear regarded it. The mother looked with joy on the newly born, for she saw that he was a "goodly child" and as day after day rolled on, and still the Egyptian spies came not, she could not but recognize the hand of God in the preservation of her offspring, and she resolved to hide him, if possible, from the destroyers. For three short months she succeeded, and at the end of that time, finding that she could no longer elude the search of the oppressor she prepared an ark of bulrushes, in which she placed her precious treasure, and "laid it in the flags by the river's brink." She could not safely remain to watch the issue, for if seen thus employed, she would at once be recognized as the mother—and how could she go home and sit down by her lonely hearth and never know what became of her darling—whether he was devoured by a crocodile or picked up by one of the sable daughters of Egypt? While she hesitates, a happy thought enters her mind. Her little daughter Miriam has followed her to the river, and now stands afar off, weeping, perhaps, at the fate of her little brother she had learned to love so fondly. Jochebed speaks words of comfort to the little girl, and bids her remain and watch what will become of the child.

Presently a company of ladies approach the spot where sleeps the unconscious infant, and the heart of the little maiden throbs with intense emotion. It is Pharaoh's daughter, attended by her maidens. Anon, she spies the ark among the flags, and sends one of her maids to fetch it. When she opened it and beheld the babe, she was struck with its singular loveliness, and had compassion on it, and we doubt not covered its little face with kisses. "It is one of the Hebrew's children," said she, and doubtless her woman's heart realized at once the tenderness of the mother, who had thus cared for her doomed boy. At this juncture, Miriam runs up and with artless simplicity asks, "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?"

This question could not have been asked in a more proper manner, or at a better time. Pharaoh's daughter, with feelings of sympathy, warmly excited, grants her permission, and the glad child bounds to her humble abode, and summons her mother. The ark with its precious burden was borne back to the house of Amram, and the lovely, prudent little sister, whose discretion had accomplished so much, was permitted to see the budding graces of her baby brother, daily unfold before her sight, although she might not—*dare* not call him *brother*.

The sacred historian here draws a veil over the life of Miriam, reaching through many years. We only know that she *lived*—sharing the cruel bondage under which her people groaned—"sighing by reason of their bondage" until their cry came up unto God, and he heard their groaning and remembered his covenant with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and sent Moses and Aaron and their queenly sister before his chosen people, to bring them up out of the land of bondage. Micah iv, 6. Pardon us for the use of the term "queenly," since the sacred writers have been silent as to the personal appearance of Miriam. The name itself, signifies "exalted," and we have always thought of her, as a tall, stately woman, with dark clustering hair, flashing eye, and noble mien. She was gifted too with the spirit of prophecy, and had, perchance, long seen in the dim visions of the future, the day-star of liberty dawn on the captive Hebrews.

And now we behold them fleeing from the land of Goshen, towards the Red Sea, with the Egyptians in hot pursuit. By the express command of Jehovah, they encamp by Baal Zephon, on the border of the sea, in order to give their pursuers time to overtake them. In the evening, the thunder of chariots is heard! On they come, and as they near the fugitives, the cloud which had hitherto stood before the camp, rises majestically and settles down between them and their pursuers—dispensing light to the one, and darkness to the other. Then came the strong east wind, piling up the waters of the deep on heaps, and then, the triumphant passage of the Israelites. The morning dawned. O what a morning was that to the sons and daughters of Jacob! All safely landed on the opposite shore, while the corpses of the Egyptians darken the sand.

The sudden transition from despair to triumph completely overwhelms the pious Hebrews, and Moses breaks forth in a song, which, for sublimity, has few parallels in the sacred volume. "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously! the horse and his rider hath he cast into the sea." Can profane history furnish a parallel to this? Miriam, the prophetess, after the vicissitudes of nearly, if not quite ninety years, stands before us, not as a feeble decrepit woman—but in the attitude of very girlhood, leading on the women of Israel with all the enthusiasm of youthful vigor. Here was zeal of the right stamp! It was not enough for these ardent females, that they had heard Moses and his brethren chant the praises of their deliverer—they too, must swell the anthem, and "sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."

The next incident recorded in the life of Miriam is fraught with lessons of warning to the vainly ambitious. While the Israelites abode at Hazereth, Miriam and Aaron, led away by the evil spirit of jealousy, raised a sedition against Moses, and it is worthy of remark, that like our mother Eve, the former was first in the transgression. She could not bear to think that Moses, who had so far forgotten his Jewish parentage as to marry an Ethiopian woman, and who was her junior in years, should receive divine communications, in a manner so signally superior to herself and brother. The meekness of Moses prevented his resenting their insults, but the Lord heard them, and his anger was kindled. Having called all three out "unto the tabernacle of the congregation," He came down in a cloud and commended his servant Moses, severely rebuking Aaron and Miriam, and the cloud departed. Aaron turned to look upon his erring sister, and alas! how changed was that lovely countenance. "She was leprous, white as snow." Aaron in the agony of his spirit, cried out, "Alas! my Lord, I beseech thee, lay not the sin upon us, wherein we have done foolishly, and wherein we have sinned." Moses too, the meek and tender-hearted brother, entreated the Lord for her, and the Lord heard him, but commanded that she should be shut out of the camp seven days.

The Israelites, to evince the respect which they had always paid to her worth, journeyed not, until the days of her banishment were expired. And now we fancy we see this smitten daughter of Amram all alone outside the camp of God's people covered with sackcloth, and sitting in ashes. Inside the camp, there is a solemn and subdued stillness, for all bewail her fallen estate. Can it be, that this is she, who with timbrels and dances led the song of triumph at the Red Sea? Ah! what a mournful lesson for weak human nature—recorded, we doubt not, for our instruction, while perhaps, numberless, heroic and praiseworthy deeds, are passed over in silence.

For thirty-nine years, this noble woman shared the toils and privations of God's people in their wilderness wanderings—during which time they compassed the hill country of Seir and Edom. In the first month of the fortieth year, they came to Kadesh, in the desert of Zin. It was a land of barrenness, "no place of seed, or of figs, or of pomegranates, neither was there water for the people to drink." In this lonely and barren spot, Miriam sought the sleep of death. Her age could not have been much less than one hundred and thirty years. Her grave was made in the desert, and although she died unmarried, and left neither son nor daughter to drop a filial tear above her resting place, yet the Lord knoweth the place of her sepulchre, and when the archangel's trump shall sound, to call to judgment the sleeping millions of the redeemed, Israel's three chosen leaders shall hear its voice and come forth—from Zin's arid sands—from Hor's lofty summit—and from "the valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth Peor."—*Mrs. T. F. M. Curry. Christian Diadem.*

The Power of Prayer in the Case of a Pirate.

SOME years ago, several Moravian missionaries sailed in the ship *Britannia*, from London, to the island of St. Thomas, to labor among the slaves. After many days of prosperous sailing, and abun-

dant mercies, a day of terror came. A pirate ship hove in sight, and bore down rapidly upon them. The captain prepared his ship, as well as he could, for defense; every sailor took his post; but the missionaries—what could they do but retire to the cabin and lift up their cry to that Almighty One who hears prayer? They did so, and stayed themselves upon their God.

The pirate ship approached, till it came within gun-shot of the *Britannia*, and then, from the cannon ranged along the deck, began to pour out a heavy fire. And there were grappling irons on board, or strong, sharp hooks, fixed to long ropes, ready to throw into the *Britannia*, and hold her fast, while the pirates should board her, and do their work of destruction. It seemed that there was little chance of escape from such an enemy. But the captain, whose heart was sinking at the fearful prospect before him, did not know what powerful helpers he had below, in the few peaceable missionaries, whose fervent prayers were then ascending, through the noise of the fight, to heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw grappling irons across to the other ship, their own was tossed violently, and the men who held the ropes were thrown by force into the sea. Vexed by this disaster, the pirate captain sent others, who shared the same fate. Seeing he could not succeed in this manner, he resolved to fire at the *Britannia*, to sink her with the repeated blows. But this effort strangely failed also, for the balls missed their aim, and fell into the sea. The smoke of the frequent charges was very dense, and hung about the vessel for some minutes, hiding them from each other's view. At last, a sudden gust of wind cleared it away, and to the amazement of the pirate captain, the *Britannia* was seen at a distance, with all her sails spread to the wind speeding swiftly away from the attack. And they were forced, in great anger, to abandon their purpose. Thus wonderfully had God appeared, and saved the vessel, in answer to prayer. The missionaries' prayers had been greatly honored; but they were to have a further fruit still.

Five years afterwards, during which the missionaries had been diligently preaching the gospel at St. Thomas, they, and the other missionaries on the island, agreed to meet together and celebrate the anniversary of their deliverance from the pirates, and to thank God for his other mercies. As they sat together, word was brought that a stranger wished to speak to them. And, at their permission, a tall man entered, with fine, bold features, and a bold expression of face. The missionaries wondered, and one asked, what was the stranger's business with them.

"First answer me one question," said he. "Are you the men who came to this island five years ago, in the English ship *Britannia*?"

"We are," replied the missionary who had spoken.

"And you were attacked upon the sea by pirates?"

"Exactly; but why are these questions?"

"Because," answered the stranger, "I am the captain who commanded the pirate vessel which attacked you."

Then the missionaries looked at one another in silent wonder, as their former enemy continued:

"The miraculous way in which your vessel escaped, was the cause of my own salvation from the power of sin, through faith in Christ."

The pirate captain explained the case still farther, stating, that in his amazement at their strange escape, he had inquired of the captain of the Britannia, and had learned that it was through the prayers of the missionaries on board; that hence he had sought the acquaintance of the Moravian people—had gone to one of their chapels in the United States, and heard a sermon which issued in his conversion.

"And thus," he concluded, "from a pirate captain, I am become a poor sinner, justified by the grace and mercy of Christ; and my chief hope has been that I might some day be able to see you, and relate to you my conversion. This joy is granted to me to-day."

He ceased, and you may imagine the feelings of the missionaries. They were met to celebrate their deliverance from the pirates, on that day five years ago, through prayer. And there stood before them the pirate captain himself; not fierce now, but humble and pious, who traced his own deliverance from the bondage of Satan, to the same prayer that rescued them from him! And they all knelt down together before God, and thanked him for his great mercies.—*Selected.*

David Hume and his Mother.

It is agreed that Hume received a religious education from his mother, and early in life was the subject of strong and hopeful religious impressions; but as he approached to manhood they were effaced, and confirmed infidelity succeeded. Maternal partiality, however, alarmed at first, came to look with less pain on this declaration, and filial love and reverence seemed to have been absorbed in the pride of philosophical scepticism; for Hume now applied himself with unwearied, and unhappily with successful efforts, to sap the foundation of his mother's faith. Having succeeded in this dreadful work, he went abroad into foreign countries; and, as he was returning, an express met him in London, with a letter from his mother, informing him that she was in a deep decline, and could not long survive. She said she found herself without any support in her distress; that he had taken away that source of comfort upon which, in all cases of affliction, she used to rely; and that now she found her mind sinking in despair, she did not doubt that her son would afford her some substitute for her religion; and she conjured him to hasten home, or at least

to send her a letter containing such consolation as philosophy can afford a dying mortal. Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland; but before he arrived his mother had expired.—*Quarterly Review.*

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

ROCHESTER, AUGUST, 1855.

The Sabbath of the Creation.

"WHEN was the Sabbath instituted?"

"At the creation of the world.

"What are the reasons for thinking so?"

"The Bible says so, in the second chapter of Genesis. The division of time into weeks was very early. The sun and moon divide time into days, months, and years, but the sun, moon, or stars, have nothing to do with making the weeks. The period of seven days is often mentioned in the history of Noah, and weeks, in the story of Jacob. The same division is known in the early accounts of heathen nations. Homer says that in his time the seventh day was holy. The Sabbath must have existed then. When Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, and they were living in the wilderness, before reaching mount Sinai, God gave them manna to eat; and he told them to gather twice as much on the sixth day as on other days, for none would fall the next day, because it was the Sabbath; proving that the Sabbath was known and regarded before it was proclaimed on mount Sinai. If the Sabbath was a benefit to Moses and Aaron, and is to you and me, if it is necessary for people now to have one day set apart particularly for God's service, it was just as beneficial and necessary for Enoch and Abraham and Sarah, and the people who lived in those days. The Sabbath was therefore set apart at the creation of the world, for the good of all mankind.

"When we consider that the Sabbath was established by God himself, as soon as he finished making the world, how much should we respect and honor it. He also early made it a delightful privilege to keep it. He not only set apart, but "blessed the day." It is a day when we may, in a special manner, enjoy God's presence. He will meet us, and be found of us, and if we approach him with penitent and believing hearts, he will give us great enjoyment in his service, and we shall find it the most delightful and profitable day of all the week."

The above we find in the *Child's Paper* for July. The writer of it is doubtless an observer of Sunday; but he forgets that it was not Sunday which was instituted at creation: it was not Sunday which God pointed out as the Sabbath in the wilderness, before it was proclaimed on Mt. Sinai.

When he says that we should respect and honor the Sabbath, he forgets that we are dishonoring and trampling upon it when we disregard the day which God has set apart, and observe another in its stead.

He says that God not only set apart the day, but blessed it. But what day did he bless? Not the first day of the week, if we may believe the record, but the seventh, which alone he has declared to us is the Sabbath of the Lord our God.

The truth, children, is this: Most people acknowledge the necessity of the Sabbath; and they endeavor to enforce it from Scripture; but every argument they can bring from the Bible to prove the institution, immutability, and perpetuity of the Sabbath, is

an argument in favor, not of Sunday which they observe, but of the seventh day which God set apart for man.

The following piece also, entitled, *The Sabbath of Mt. Sinai*, we take from the next number of the same paper for August. The argument is good for the Sabbath, but not one syllable of it applies to Sunday, as they doubtless intend to have it understood. We like to see people bring forth arguments from the Bible for the observance of the day which God has hallowed for mankind; but when they have clearly proved that the seventh day is the Sabbath, we do not like to see them, regardless of their own teaching, go right on and observe another day which we have no command to keep. This is inconsistent.

THE SABBATH OF MOUNT SINAI.

“Was the Sabbath law given on mount Sinai for the Jews only, or for all mankind?”

“It is a moral law, of universal obligation.

“How do you make it out? How does it differ from the laws made especially for the Jews?”

“The laws of God, as we find them in the Bible, are of two kinds, moral and ceremonial. The moral laws are binding alike on all, and we can clearly see their wisdom and justice. The ceremonial or positive laws are those which were made particularly for the Jews, and the reasons for them are to us not always plain.

God chose the Jews to be his people. He brought them out of captivity in Egypt, and directed them to go to a beautiful land where they were to set up his worship. Before arriving there, they stopped at mount Sinai to receive his instructions. The mountain presented an awful appearance. There was a thick cloud on the top of it, and the thunder and the lightning, and a noise like a trumpet, frightened the people very much. A loud noise was heard. It was the voice of God; and what did he say? He proclaimed ten laws; they were those which we now call the Ten Commandments.

After that, God called Moses up into the mountain and gave him a book. It had only two leaves, and was made of stone; and the writing in it was written by the finger of God. Oh, what important words must those have been, written by the finger of God. What were they? Just what he had spoken from the cloud. They were his *ten great laws*.

“Many other laws were given at that time, but all the rest were told to Moses, and Moses told them to the people. A marked difference, you see, attended the giving of the ten commandments: *God proclaimed them* with a loud voice from the top of Sinai, and *God wrote them* on stone, because he meant them not only for the Jews, but for all people; they are moral laws for the government of his moral creatures. And one of these is ‘Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.’ God has put this commandment in the code of moral laws, universally binding. He has placed it on the same authority which enjoins us to love him, to honor our parents, and which forbids murder and stealing. It has been remarked that it occupies a peculiar place among the ten commandments; the first three point out our duties to God, the last six our duties to man, and the Sabbath stands between the two. An old writer calls it a “golden clasp,” which joins the two tables of the law together; without the Sabbath there would be neither love to God nor love to man.

“The Sabbath was instituted at the creation of the world; it was the delight of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. After 2500 years it was re-proclaimed with awful solemnities on mount Sinai, and writ-

ten by God himself on tables of stone, in a code of moral laws to be obeyed and loved wherever the knowledge of Him shall be made known. Let us remember the divine authority of the Sabbath. ‘This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.’”

Levity.

BELOVED YOUNG FRIENDS:—Through Providence I am again permitted to write you a few lines, hoping that they may be a source of encouragement to you. I value the *Instructor* more and more. I have been much encouraged by reading the cheering communications from the youthful truth-seekers.

I have lately attended a Tent-meeting for the first time in my life. I was much refreshed in spirit by hearing the word of truth; and there made new resolves to press forward, to sacrifice self, and die to the world. In view of the time of trouble that is fast coming upon the earth, we should cast off every weight, overcome our besetments, and get the victory over the world and all its snares. This world has many vain allurements, especially for the young; and I know by experience that it is hard for some to overcome, especially those that are given to levity. They let their too mirthful spirit overcome them instead of overcoming it.

This may appear to some to be a very harmless thing; nevertheless it is a temptation of Satan. It is one of his mildest baits by which he gets the victory over many. This is probably one of my greatest besetments, but I hope by the grace of God to overcome it. Let us all strive.

Another great snare to the youth is pride. Look into some of the elegant churches on the “Pope’s Sabbath,” and see the gay throng assembled there. Have they come to worship God? I fear that many of them, even those that bear the name of a Christian, come more as it were to worship at the shrine of fashion than to worship God. In my mind they as literally break the first commandment as those that bow down before the dumb idol. O young friends, let us prove ourselves clear of this sin, and think of the example of our dear Saviour, who wore not costly apparel, and needed not the chiming of church-bells to call him to his devotions; and whose example we must follow if we wish to dwell in his kingdom; for “God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.”

Let us strive, as our Saviour commanded us, to love one another. What a beautiful precept this is, “Little children love one another.” Considering the source from which it came, and the true happiness we should secure in obeying, let us always strive to cultivate this principle. In the example of our Saviour and his disciples, their hearts were knit together by love. We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.” “He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death.” 1 John iii, 14.

CAROLINE M. CORY.

Meridan, Mich., July, 1855.

Reflections on a Death by Lightning.

So death has entered our neighborhood and taken one, the strongest, healthiest of our number, and borne him away into the land of darkness as darkness itself. He came without a moment’s

warning, suddenly, and unexpectedly. While our friend was enjoying the best degree of health, and probably calculating on long life, he was cut down. Probably he had put far away the evil day, and said to himself, In a few years, after I have made a little more property, I will turn from the world and serve God; but I am young now and would like to enjoy the world a little longer, ere I take time to repent. Still I mean to be prepared to die ere old age with its decrepitude creeps upon me; but if I turn now I shall have to give up all the enjoyments of life, deny myself the pleasures of the world, and be a steady, sober man: this I cannot do at present, but I intend to by and by. But alas! his hopes are for ever perished. He sleeps in death. Are the righteous to sit in judgement upon the wicked? and shall we, if saved, be called to judge our neighbor? If so, what efforts have we made for their salvation? Will they not rise up in judgement and condemn us?

These thoughts, dear friends, are brought to my mind by the death of a neighbor. About 6 o'clock on the 16th of July, a hard thunder storm arose, and continued for some time. In about an hour it seemed to lose some of its fury, when a man came and told us that Mr. ——— had been struck by lightning. We hastened there, but death had done its work surely: our friend was beyond the reach of hope. It seems as if the great adversary of mankind, in his haste to place as many as possible beyond the reach of mercy. He seems to know that his time is short. Death hesitated not a moment, but drew the bow and our friend slept in his embrace. He was sitting in the door, watching the rain as it fell—one instant he was happy in health and strength—the next he lay a lifeless mass upon the ground. He was what the world calls a good man, but he was not a Christian. O we thought as we saw them making his last bed, of the difference between his present rest, and what it might have been had he accepted of life. Then he would have slept in Jesus, and his sleep would have been short; for Christ will soon come and then his tomb would have been opened and he would go home to glory, to die no more.

But let us drop the veil; for long is to be his sleep. O it is too dark to look upon. O my friends, are we clear? I would that the blood of none of our friends and neighbors be upon us, were they taken from life. O let us be at our post day and night, and faithfully warn all around us to be prepared to meet God. For one I feel determined to put my hand to the plow with re-doubled energy.

May Israel's God assist us all to awake to the cause of Christ, that we may live to his glory, and be found of him without blemish. J. E. G.
Minnesota, July, 1855.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From J. E. Grems.

BELoved FRIENDS:—As I look back upon my past life, fraught with sin and iniquity, I am led to wonder why God has permitted me to hear the warning notes of the present message. And why is it? Why are any of us allowed to hear and embrace the glorious truths so clearly brought to view under the sounding of the seventh angel? Is it because we are worthy? Ah, no. It is because our God is a God of love and mercy.

For a number of years I lived on in sin, regard-

less alike of the past and the future, and thought only of present enjoyments. In this wild career I was led onward by the example if not the precept of those who should have led my thoughts upward, from earth to heaven. I mean my parents. O my heart aches as I think of them. What an account will parents be called to give! And are there not some who profess the present truth, and seem to be walking purely in the sight of the Lord, that yet allow their children to run in the broad road? Fathers, mothers, we beseech of you in the name of the Lord, awake. Why will ye slumber, closing your eyes to the eternal interests of your children. O arouse yourselves and set about the work in earnest, and Heaven will assist you. As I said, for some time I lived on in sin, until God was pleased to convert me under the preaching of a farewell sermon by a M. E. minister. For ten months the Spirit strove with me. I was ready at times (I thought) to give my heart to Christ; but the spirit of the world would bear away the victory. O matchless love, that did not leave me! At last I found peace in believing. Then came the trial. Friends opposed. How could I perform my duty and follow Christ into a watery grave? How much easier it would have been to have observed the ordinances of modern times, and have been poured or sprinkled. But no. I must be buried with Christ. The Lord assisted me and I obeyed his commands. I will not speak of my backslidings and my heart wanderings while I was a Methodist; suffice it to say, that the Lord was merciful and forgiving; and shortly after I had entered the gilded walls of "Babylon," the cry reached my ear. "Come out of her;" also, "If any man worship the beast." &c. I obeyed the voice, forsook the creeds of a fallen church, and took the Bible as my rule of faith. But how unworthy has been my walk since then. True if I know ought of my own heart, I can say it is my sincere desire to walk humbly before my God; but I find my heart tied down to the world by far too much. I find that lightness is my besetting sin, and I fear I am not guarded enough.

Young friends, you who have taken Christ for your portion, if you are tried in the same manner, join with me and let us try to overcome. Yes we must, for in proportion as the spirit of the world creeps in, the spirit of religion creeps out. O then let us gird on the whole armor, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

JULIA E. GREMS.

Minnesota, July 14th, 1855.

From S. A. Chapin.

God made man of the dust. To have been immortal Adam certainly must have had another man made within. But saith the Scriptures, God made man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. And God placed Adam in the beautiful garden of Eden, and commanded Adam, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. But the Devil, that arch deceiver said, Ye shall not surely die, but shall be as Gods.

They ate the fruit, both Adam and Eve and death was passed upon them; for God said, Dust

thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Shall we then say they only left this world to pass into another? Would not this be making God a liar? Shall we believe the Devil who was a liar from the beginning, and who was the father of lies?

But I will add more: and the Lord God said, Behold the man has become as one of us to know good and evil: lest he put forth his hand, and take of the tree of life, and eat and live for ever: therefore he sent him forth from the garden of Eden, and placed cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life. And who will say that God was not ever able to guard that tree? Is man more powerful than him who made us?

Lately a minister remarked, in regard to one who had fallen asleep, "Mourn not for your companion; for she is happy. To-day is she in paradise: children your mother is in heaven." Long has such doctrine been preached from the sacred desk, and but few have been taught God's holy word in its purity. Let us try faithfully to counteract the poison that is leading millions astray from God: let our light shine, and improve our talent, though it be but one. He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful in much.

SARAH A. CHAPIN.

Palmyra, Wis., 1855.

What Shall I wish Thee?

WHAT shall I wish thee, my darling boy?
Shall I wish thee a life of unclouded joy,
That the hours shall pass like the summer wind,
And leave not a trace of woe behind?
Not this, not this, my child.

Shall I wish my boy the noble heir
To mines of gold and to jewels rare—
A mighty place in the world's estate,
And a lofty home with the wealthy great?
Not this, not this, my child.

Shall I wish for thee an honored name
That shall stand on the golden rolls of fame;
That thy deeds may be echoed along Time's shore
Till the echoes of time shall be heard no more?
Not this, not this, my child.

But Oh, for my child a humble seat
On Calvary's mount at Jesus' feet;
And a home at last in the happy plains
Where the glorious Saviour ever reigns:
God grant thee this, my child.

Cyrus.

Long ago there was a mighty king called Cyrus, who took a great army and went abroad to fight, and conquer more kingdoms for himself. The place where he lived was Persia, which you will find, if you look for it, on the map of Asia, and he went to conquer a very splendid city called Babylon, which you will find on the same map.

This city was very large and powerful. It was surrounded by very high, strong walls, and the gates were of brass, and so firmly secured that it seemed impossible that the king should ever get in. Besides this, the people inside had provisions enough to last them for a long time, so that there

saw no hope of making them give up the city for want of food, which is sometimes done.

Every thing seemed to promise that the resistance of Babylon would be successful, and that king Cyrus would be obliged to return to his own country. But many years before, God had said that the city must be taken by Cyrus. If you will look at the forty-fourth and forty-fifth chapters of Isaiah, you will see this prophecy. Nothing that God decrees, fails of being fulfilled, and however impossible it might seem that this should be accomplished, it yet came to pass. The large river Euphrates ran through the city, and of course it ran in and out under the walls. It occurred to Cyrus that another channel might be cut for this mighty stream, and when the water had all run into it, his troops could easily march into the city through the deep dry bed. This magnificent project was at length executed, and one night when the inhabitants of the city were plunged in revelry and intoxication, little dreaming of the danger so near them, the waters of the Euphrates were drained off into the new channel, and Cyrus led his soldiers into Babylon and gained an easy prize. Thus fell the mighty, the impregnable Babylon.

That night "Belshazzar the king", made a great feast in the palace, at which he profanely used the precious golden vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken from the holy temple of Jerusalem. Just when the merriment was at its greatest height, the king and his lordly guests were suddenly struck with fear and amazement by seeing a hand, writing on the wall the mysterious words, "Mene, mene, tekul, upharsin." While all were wondering what this prodigy could mean, it was proposed to bring in a very wise man called DANIEL, who had come to Babylon a Jewish captive, in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. When Daniel came in, he told the king that the writing meant, that God, to punish his wickedness, was about to deliver the kingdom into the hands of his enemies. You will find an account of this wonderful event in the fifth chapter of Daniel, which I am sure many of you have read. Daniel's prediction proved to be true, and the chapter ends with these words: "In that night was Belshazzar king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom."

This Darius the Median, otherwise called Cyaxares, was the uncle of Cyrus, and appears to have assisted Cyrus in the command of his army, so that the victory is here set down to his name.—*Selected.*

A Bad Habit.

"O, mother I am tired to death!" said Jane Mills, as she threw herself into a chair, on her return from school.

"Tired to death!" repeated her mother, slowly.
"Yes mother I am; almost, I mean," she added.

"No, my daughter, nor even almost," said Mrs. Mills.

"Well, at any rate," continued Jane, "I would not walk from here to school again, to-day for anything in the world!"

"O, yes you would, my dear," said her mother, gently.

"No, mother, I am sure I would not; I am certain nothing would tempt me."

"But I am nearly certain you could be induced to go without any urging," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, try me, and see if anything could make me willing to go."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Mills, "I should offer to take you to the panorama this afternoon? I expect to visit it."

"Do you, mother?" said Jane, with great animation. "May I go? You promised to take me when you went."

"I intended to have done so," replied her mother; "but the place where it is exhibited is a very long way beyond your school."

"But I am quite rested now, dear mother!" said Jane. "I would not fail of going for all the world! Why do you smile, mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have."

"What do you mean by inconsistent, mother?"

"Why, when a little girl says, one minute, that she would not walk a particular distance 'for anything in the world,' and in the next minute says 'she would not fail' of walking still farther 'for all the world,' she not only talks inconsistently or extravagantly but foolishly. It is a very bad habit to use such expressions.

"Yesterday, when you came home from school, you said you were almost frightened out of your life, and when I inquired as to the cause of your alarm, you replied that you had met as many as a thousand cross dogs on your way home from school. Now, my daughter, I wish you to break yourself of this bad habit. When you are tired, or hungry, or frightened, use the simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may be tired, very tired, or exceedingly tired; or you may be alarmed, or frightened, or terrified.

"From this time let your lips speak the thing you mean. The Bible says, 'Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay; and adds that whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' Will you try to remember what I have been saying, and strive to correct this fault, my dear child?" said Mrs. Mills.

"Yes, dear mother," replied Jane; "for I know it is wrong, and I feel ashamed and sorry for it."

"Well my dear," added her mother, "improve! And now you may get ready to go with me to see the panorama."—*Teacher's Offering.*

"THERE is joy in the presence of the angels of God over ONE sinner that repenteth." This

brings encouragement home to all. All cannot be Luthers, to reform countries; or Whitefields, to preach to thousands; or Careys, to translate the Scriptures into other languages. But can we do nothing? Surely some one soul is thrown in our way to whom we may be useful—a child, a servant, a relative, a neighbor.

Trust in God.

WHEN trials cloud our way
And darkness dims our day,
A sweet voice seems to say,
"Oh, trust."

'Tis God who plants us here;
The tender shoot he'll rear,
And bear through every fear:
Him trust.

Remember.

A LITTLE boy was amusing himself with his playthings upon the Sabbath.

"Edward," said his mother, "it is the Sabbath-day."

"O, is it?" said he, "I did not remember."

"That is the very command which God has given us," said the mother: "*Remember* the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

Children often excuse themselves by saying, "I did not think," "I forgot," "I did not remember," but such excuses are not acceptable to God.

We may plead ignorance as an excuse for the neglect of duty, but not forgetfulness.

"FATHER, what should you like best to have?" asked a little fellow. "A good son," was the reply.

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