

# YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. VII.

BATTLE CREEK, MAY, 1859.

NO. 5.

For the Instructor.

## LITTLE OFFERINGS.

THE little Sabbath School here have been acting on the plan of Systematic Benevolence, as suggested in a recent No. of the INSTRUCTOR, and like it much. They think it a great privilege to have a portion of their weekly earnings to put in to the treasury of the Lord. It has been nine weeks since they commenced, and their little offerings amount to just one dollar, which they wish to have sent to the INSTRUCTOR to help send it to poor children that are unable to pay. This object seems to be the first that claims their attention; we therefore enclose the one dollar for this purpose.

Upon the first day of the week,  
The Apostle Paul did say,  
"Let every one of you by him,  
In store, his offering lay."

Although a mite, t'will be received,  
By Him who rules in love;  
And he who has a heart to give,  
His treasure lays above.

There, moth and rust cannot corrupt,  
There, thieves cannot destroy,  
And he who has his treasure there,  
Will endless bliss enjoy.

God loveth those, that cheerful give,  
Of what is lent them here;  
And trust the promise of his word,  
To reap a harvest there.

Come, Children, then, come one and all,  
Your little offerings bring,  
Into the storehouse true, that you,  
Eternal Life may win.

L. J. RICHMOND.

Ashfeld, Mass.

For the Instructor.

## LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"For this is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that ye should love one another." 1 John iii, 11.

Love one another! What beautiful words! How we love to dwell upon them, for as we do so, we seem to imbibe some of the same tender, loving Spirit that was breathed by the Apostle into these inspired lines. This Commandment was from the beginning, still is, and ever will remain; for it is based upon an immortal principle.

How sweetly the Apostle talks on this subject. He was the "Beloved Disciple;" "had leaned on Jesus' bosom;" had drank in his loving accents as he comforted his sorrowing disciples in view of his departure, as he promised the Holy Spirit, and assured them of his return to receive them to himself; had heard him say, "This is my commandment that ye love one another as I have loved you;" and listened as he fervently besought the Father that they might be one as he and his Father were one: so that, after en-

joying all these precious privileges he was well qualified to instruct on this interesting theme. And how very appropriate these words seem at the present. How much we need to be reminded of our duty in this respect in these times of unbounded selfishness. But surely those whose joys, hopes, interests and sympathies are one, will find it no hard task to fulfill this Commandment, especially if they love him who first loved them, and manifested that love by giving his life for them.

Dear Children, do you sometimes feel a spirit that is averse to this Command of our Saviour? Does hatred and revenge strive for the mastery, when you feel that you have been injured, or your rights trampled upon by your young associates? Do you find it hard to exercise a spirit of forgiveness? O think of Jesus, of the wondrous love he has shown for you, and how he prayed for his enemies, "Father, forgive them;" and surely you cannot remember all that he has done and suffered for you and still cherish a spirit of hatred. If you imagine that you love God while you hate your little friends, you are certainly deceived, for the Apostle says, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" inferring that it is impossible. Again he says, "Beloved, if God so loved us (that is, so as to give his Son to die for us) we ought also to love one another." We love our friends, and yet how many of us, do you think, would endure the test if called upon to die for them? There have been instances where persons have offered to die for a FRIEND, and the world have wondered and applauded, and their names have been handed down to admiring generations. But with what careless indifference they can remember the fact that the beloved Son of God cheerfully gave his life for his ENEMIES. O how we ought to love this blessed Saviour, and not forget that he said, "Love one another as I have loved you."

Dear Children, Will you try to remember these words at all times? so that when tempted to retort with an angry look or word you may call to mind Jesus, his precepts, his examples, and be enabled to resist evil, overcoming it with good. It will not be hard to do this when your own will is submitted to God's. For says the Apostle James, "Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you." Thus you may please the Lord, be a



blessing to your friends and associates, and finally gain an entrance into the everlasting kingdom of God.

A. M. A. CORNELL.

*Battle Creek, Mich.*

#### THE BLACK LAMB IN THE FOLD.

NELLIE HAVEN'S mother had long been sick. When the cold North winds began to blow, they left their pleasant home and went to the far South, hoping the balmy breezes might bring the roses to her pale cheeks. The large hotel where they lived was full of people, many of whom were sick and sorrowful; but there was not one child for a playmate. As Nellie could not be all the time with her mother, she grew very lonely. O how she longed to see her dear brothers at home.

One day, she saw a funny little black girl lying in the hot sand, and singing merrily to herself. This was Patsy, whose duty it was to scour all the knives. Nellie told her to ask if she might come and play with her dolls. Patsy looked amazed as she sprang from her warm resting-place, and laughingly said: "Missis will be right glad to let me please the little white lady wid a sick modder!" When her work was done, she laid aside her tow frock, and made herself as neat as possible, and with a face radiant with delight, she tapped at the parlor door. Nellie allowed her to hold her finest doll, which she called "Queen Victoria," and which ever after blundering little Patsy called "Queen Toby."

"You'se a mighty good little lady," she said, "last Summer dar was a pert little Miss here from your place, up dar, and she cry a heap, she so feared o' me! An' after she find I no hurt her, she wouldn't touch me, feared de black would come off! Who larn you be so kind to black chillen?"

"My mother, Patsy; Have you got a mother?" replied little Nellie.

"No, Missee; my mammy she done dead four year ago; and daddy—somethin' comed o' him, I neber knowed what. Who telled your modder be good to black folks?"

"Jesus taught her; and she teaches me all his lessons," said the artless Nellie.

"Jesus! why, my mammy knowed him! When I lib wid her and daddy in our cabin, she used to tell me heaps o' words to say to him. Mammy's Missus she loved him too; and when mammy got sick, she come an' read de good Book, and talk to Jesus in our cabin. But quick as one die, den de oder die too; an' I heerd dey both gone to lib wid him togedder. I hain't heerd nothin' 'bout him since I come to lib wid dese people. Do you 'spect it's my mammy's Jesus dat your modder knows? I don't b'leve he's in Florida now."

The tears started to Nellie's eyes. "Yes, Patsy," she said, "there is but one Jesus; and

some day when mamma is better, she will tell you all about him, and teach you some of his sweet lessons."

So gentle and winning was the poor child, that when Spring came with health on its wings, Mrs. Haven resolved, as a thank-offering to Him who had spared her to shelter her own little fold, to gather the black lamb among them. With the consent of the family with whom she lived, Patsy came to the North with them. She has now learned that Jesus lives in Florida, as everywhere else; and often does she "talk," as in the days of her infancy, "to mammy's Jesus." Now, dear children, you see how much was done through the kindness of one little girl. Had Nellie, when lonely, tossed her head, saying, "I won't play with a black child, nor let her touch my playthings!" where would Patsy have been to-day? One kind word to the despised may lead to great results; therefore never turn away scornfully from any of God's creatures.—*Young Reaper.*

#### AN INDIAN'S GIFT.

In a portion of the Southern Territory from which the red man has now been driven, I once attended a large protracted meeting held in the wild forest. The subject on which the preacher dwelt, and which he illustrated with surpassing beauty and grandeur, was "Christ and him Crucified." He spoke of the good Shepherd who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffeting of the heartless soldiers. He drew a picture of Gethsemane and the unbefriended Stranger who wept there. He pointed to Him as he hung bleeding upon the cross.

The congregation wept. Soon there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest, with tears on his cheeks, approached the pulpit and said, "Did Jesus die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give to Jesus, the white man take them away; me give him my dog and my rifle." The minister told him Jesus could not accept those gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle and my blanket: poor Indian, he got no more to give—he give Jesus all." The minister replied that Christ could not accept them. The poor, ignorant, but generous child of the forest bent his head in sorrow and meditated. He raised his noble brow once more, and fixed his eye on the preacher, while he sobbed out, "Here is poor Indian, will Jesus have him?" A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the soul of the minister and people, as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat, in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The Spirit had done his work, and he who had been so poor, received the earnest of an inheritance which will not fade when the diadems of earth shall have mouldered for ever.—*Am. Messenger.*



## THE PRAYING LITTLE GIRL.

A LITTLE girl in the city of London was one day playing with her companions. Taking them by the hand, she led them to a shed in the yard, and asked them all to kneel down, as she was going to pray to God." "But don't tell my mother," said she, "for she never prays, and she would beat me if she knew that I did." Instead of keeping the secret, one of her playmates went directly and told this little girl's mother, who was very much struck, but for the present took no notice. Some time after, on her going in-doors, her mother asked her what she had been doing in the yard. She tried to avoid giving a direct answer. The question being repeated, the answer was the same, when, her mother having promised not to be angry with her, and pressing the inquiry by very kind words, she said—

"I have been praying to God Almighty."

"But why do you pray to him?"

"Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him."

"But how do you know he hears you?"

This was a difficult question indeed: but mark her reply. Putting her little hand to her heart, she said, "Oh, I know he does, because there is something *here* that tells me he does." This language pierced her mother's heart, who was a stranger to prayer herself; and she wept bitterly.

Let good children do as this little girl did,—bow their knees before God Almighty. However short and feeble their little prayers, they may be sure he hears them if they are offered in earnest, for he says, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."—*S. S. Banner.*

## PLANTING A CROP FOR GOD.

"FATHER, what crop had I better plant for God?" asked a little boy whose father had given him a bit of the garden ground to raise something to turn into money for benevolent objects; "will beans or onions fetch most?"

"I can tell you," said his aunt, who sat by.

"What?" asked the little boy.

"I would lay out four beds in your garden. Plant the seeds of love in one, the seeds of obedience in another, truth in a third, and humility in a fourth. These will raise a beautiful crop for God."

"O, aunty," said the little boy, "I am trying to raise those seeds every day in my own heart; but my mother says the weeds grow fastest. O, I have to dig so."—*Prac. Christian.*

## THE CIRCUS.

A CIRCUS came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the boys agog. Quarters of dollars and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus-ri-

ders carried away which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity. "Hallo! Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?" "No, sir," answered Johnny, "father do n't like 'em."

"Oh well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go in for once, and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "my father would give me money if he thought 'twere best; besides I've got twenty-five cents in my strong-box, twice enough to go."

"I'd go, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man. "Your father need n't know it."

"I shan't," said the boy.

"Now why?" asked the man.

"Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been I could n't look my father right in the eye, and I can now."

[*Child's Paper.*]

## A CHILD'S FAITH.

[THE following anecdote illustrates the simple faith which children have, and also shows how readily those children obey earthly parents who love their Father in Heaven.]

An intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten Summers, sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the young mind. His father approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book:

"George, what have you there?"

The little fellow looking up with a confused air, promptly gave the author of his dangerous companion. The father gently pointed out to him the danger of reading such books, and having confidence in the effect of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side. In a few moments the father discovered a light, and on inquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the book to the flames.

"My son, what have you done?" "Burnt that book, papa."

"How came you to do that George?" "Because, papa, I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

"But would it not have been better to save the leaves for other purposes, rather than to destroy them?" "Papa," replied the conscientious little fellow, "might not others have read and been injured by them?"

Happy child! Beautiful conclusion! O that more were possessed of the same discerning and obedient spirit.—*Watch. & Reflector.*



## YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY, 1859.

### THE CITY OF GOLD.

Who ever heard of such a thing as that! A city of real gold! Well, all those who read the Bible have read about a city of gold. A great many don't like to read this book, or if they do read, it is in a hurried way, and such don't know what wonderful things are to be found in the Bible. The Bible is the most interesting and profitable Book in the world. It contains a history of people and places for nearly six thousand years, and one very important thing about it is, *All it tells us is truth.* "Thy Word is Truth."

But what about the city of gold? Well, we will try to tell you, and to be sure and start right will quote a verse of Scripture so as to get a "good foundation." Rev. xxi. 28. "*And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.*" Perhaps a great many little boys and girls did not know that it really read so before. Well, some children read the Scriptures a great deal as many older ones do, in a careless manner, and very often think it don't mean just what it says. Such have forgotten the Prophet's words, that "the Lord is not a man that he should lie." No, when God tells us anything, it is always just so; and so we know this must be true about the golden city, for it was the "revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave to him."

A full description of this city will be found in the last chapter (but one) of the Bible; and if it was not so long, and I had more room, I would quote the whole of it. But read carefully Rev. xxi. The name of it is New Jerusalem. Verse 2. And it is also called Holy Jerusalem, because it is such, and nothing wicked nor bad will ever go into it. The Devil used to live in this city before he broke the Ten Commandments, but the very moment he got to be a sinner, God cast him out; so every one now that wants to go to New Jerusalem to live, must be good and keep the Law of God.

This city is now in heaven, for Paul says, "Jerusalem which is above is free, and is the mother of us all;" [Gal. iv, 26.] but it will not always remain there, for the Apostle John was told by an Angel a while after this, that "New Jerusalem would come down from God out of heaven." Rev. iii, 11. But this will not take place until after the Lord shall come, and "miserably destroy" all those who now despise his gracious offers of salvation.

I have not time nor ability to speak of all the wonders of this city of gold. It lies four square, and is of the most dazzling brilliancy. It has twelve pearly gates and a lofty wall garnished with the most precious stones, and in its twelve foundations are inscribed the names of the Apostles of the Lamb. But its greatest glories are within. Here we find the Throne of God, the Tree and River of Life, the Sea of Glass, Golden Streets, Harps of Gold, Starry Crowns, White Robes, and (O think of it!) an eternal weight of glory laid up for the faithful. Here is God our heavenly Father and Jesus our kind Saviour and Redeemer. Here we shall sing the song of Moses and the

Lamb, and fully understand the Apostle's words that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him." Oh, that City of God!

G. W. A.

For the Instructor.

### BE LOVELY.

DEAR CHILDREN: I have been thinking how much good every one of you might do, if you would only try. Some children are willing to part with some of their little treasures to make others happy. They are quite free to give when it is in their power, but there is something more that they can do. It costs nothing, yet it is more difficult to give than all their treasures. It is **KIND** words. I have been in families where unkind, fretful words cast a shadow upon the whole household, and I have felt the same darkness falling upon me. I have heard older children speak unkindly and fretfully to the younger members of the family, and have watched its effects upon the little ones who possessed happy dispositions, but were soured and spoilt through unkind and fretting words.

How careful an older sister should be of her young brother or sister lest her influence should prove an injury to him or her. Above all things should she exert a happy influence upon the young members of the family. If she tries, she can do much to make home happy, and shed a sunshine in the family. But it is too often the case that the older children do not realize that their influence tells, and that they are responsible for the influence they exert. I have felt grieved as I have seen them watch almost every move of the little brother or sister, not with a view to help them, to encourage them, to make them happy; but to fret at, complain of, and tease them, until there is stamped upon their countenance a disagreeable, cross expression. This can be removed now if the work is taken hold of cheerfully, patiently and energetically; and happy countenances may be seen, and sunshine be in the dwelling instead of a shadow.

When the sister is tempted to break out into a fretful, fault-finding strain, I would say, Stop, ask yourself what good result will your words produce? Will they make the little brother or sister any better? or will they plant in their little breasts bitter, unhappy feelings? Then say to yourself, I will try to speak just as sweetly and pleasantly as I can. It will act like a charm. You may not see the good results in a moment, but every time you check this fretful, fault-finding spirit, it will give you grace to stand against the next temptation. Persevere. Don't be discouraged if you do fail at first. If the tongue goes in its wonted course a few times when you are not on your guard, do not give up the battle. Go to God, and often plead with him for strength. It will be given. Jesus has promised to hear the needy when they cry. Claim the promise; it will be verified. Try in the strength of the Lord to cast a sunshine in the family. There are no shadows in heaven. All is happiness. There will be no fretful ones there; no unhappy looks; no unkind words; but every countenance will be radiant with joy. In heaven there will be an eternal sunshine.

ELLEN G. WHITE.



For the Instructor.

**INCIDENTS OF MY YOUTH. No. 5.**VOYAGE TO IRELAND—IMPRESSED INTO THE  
BRITISH SERVICE—ATTEMPT TO  
ESCAPE—IMPRISONMENT.

OUR voyage from Prussia to Ireland was replete with trials and suffering. It was a Winter passage down the Baltic Sea, and through the winding passages of the Highlands of Scotland, under a cruel, drunken, parsimonious captain, who denied us enough of the most common food allowed to sailors. And when through his neglect to furnish such, we

were in a famishing condition and almost exhausted with pumping to keep us from sinking, he would swear and threaten us with severer usage if we failed to comply with his wishes. Finally after putting into an Island and furnishing a fresh supply of provisions, we sailed again for Belfast, in Ireland, where the voyage ended. From thence two of us crossed the Irish Channel to Liverpool, to seek a voyage to America. A few days after our arrival "a press-gang" (an officer and twelve men) entered our boarding house in the evening and asked to what country we belonged. We produced our American protections which proved us to be citizens of the United States. Protections and arguments would not satisfy them. They siezed and dragged us to the "rendezvous," a place of close confinement. In the morning we were examined before a naval Lieutenant, and ordered to join the British Navy. To prevent our escape, four stout men siezed us, and the Lieutenant with his drawn sword going before, we were conducted through the middle of one of the principal streets of Liverpool like condemned criminals ordered to the gallows. When we reached the river side, a boat well manned with men was in readiness, and conveyed us on board the *Princess*, of the Royal Navy. Here we were measured, and a minute description of our persons taken and then confined in the prison room on the lower deck, with about sixty others who claimed to be Americans, and impressed in like manner as ourselves. This eventful epoch occurred April 27th, 1810.

One feeling seemed to pervade the minds of all who claimed to be Americans; viz., that we were unlawfully siezed, without any provocation on our part, hence any way by which we could regain our liberty would be justifiable. In a few days the greater portion of the officers and crew took one of their dead on shore to be buried. It was then suggested by some that this was a favorable time for us to brake the iron bars and bolts in the porthole and make our escape by swimming in the strong current that was rushing by us. In breaking the bars we succeeded beyond our expectation, and when all ready to cast ourselves overboard, one after another, the boats came along side with

the officers, and our open place was discovered. For this they began by taking one after another and whipping them on their naked backs in a most inhuman manner. This dreadful work was in progress for several hours, and closed about nine o'clock at night, intending to finish next day. But they did not have time to carry out their cruel work, for orders were given to tranship us all on board a Frigate near by, that was weighing her anchors to put to sea. In a few days we came to Plymouth, where we were re-examined, and all such as were pronounced in good condition for service in the British Navy were transferred to one of their largest sized stationary ships, called the "Saint Salvador Del Mondo." On this monstrous floating castle were fifteen hundred persons in the same condition as myself.

Here, in conversation with a young man from Massachusetts, we agreed to try to make our escape if we perished in the attempt. We prepared us a rope and closely watched the soldiers and sailors on guard till they were being relieved from their posts at midnight. We then raised the "hanging port" about eighteen inches, and put the "tackle fall" in the hands of a friend in the secret, to lower it down when we were beyond the reach of the musket balls. Our rope and blanket, about thirty feet long, reached the water. Forbes, my companion, whispered, "Will you follow?" I replied, "Yes." By the time he reached the water I was slipping down after him, when the alarm ran through the ship, "A man overboard." Our friend dropt the "port" for fear of being detected, which left me exposed to the fire of the sentinels. But I was soon in the water, and swam to a hiding place under the "accommodation ladder" by the time the boats were manned, with lanterns, to hunt us out. We watched for an opportunity to take an opposite direction from our pursuers, who were repeatedly hailed from the ship to know if they had found any one. We had about three miles to swim with our clothes on except our jacket and shoes; these I had fastened on the back of my neck to screen me from a chance shot from the ship. An officer with men and lanterns descended the "accommodation ladder," and sliding his hand over the "slat" he touched my hand, and immediately shouted, "Here is one of them! Come out of that, you sir! Here is another! Come out, you sir!" We swam round to them and were drawn upon the stage. "Wo are you?" demanded the officer. "An American." "How dare you undertake to swim away from the ship? Did you not know that you were liable to be shot?" I answered that I was not a subject of King George, and had done this to gain my liberty. "Bring them up here!" was the order from the ship. After another examination we were put into close confinement with a number of criminals awaiting their punishment.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS; I never fully realized the oppressive nature of bondage nor the value of freedom before. Since that time God in great mercy enabled me to see that I was in willing bondage to the most cruel tyrant that ever lived, and that there was but one way to escape his power, and that by believing on the name of the only begotten Son of God.— My prayer also is that no consideration may prevent you from fleeing from the murderous power of the Devil. [John viii, 44,] and by faith laying hold of the Son of the living God for freedom. "For if the Son makes you free, then are you free indeed."

Blackman, Mich.

JOSEPH BATES.



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

## LESSON XIII. 1 JOHN III, 9-11.

9 Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

10 In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the Devil; whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God; neither he that loveth not his brother.

11 For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.

QUESTIONS.—What testimony is borne in the first part of this verse? What is meant by committing sin? (See vs. 4.) What did the Saviour say to Nicodemus about the new birth? (See John iii, 5.) Why will not those sin who are born of God? (See 2d clause.) What is meant by "seed remaining in him"? (A. The word of truth, 1 Pet i, 23; Jas. i, 18.) [VERSE 10.] From this verse what seems to be the distinguishing difference between the children of God, and the children of the Devil? (A. That the former have been born again.) What two marks are mentioned here by which we shall know that a person is not of God? Then have we not a strong testimony in favor of Obedience and Love? What other texts can you bring to show if a person hates his fellow that he hates God also? [VERSE 11.] What message do we have in this verse? How old is this commandment? Why do the writers of the Bible say so much about loving each other? (A. Because we are by nature the children of wrath, (Eph. ii, 3,) and filled with the spirit of hate. Titus iii, 3.) Will this be an evidence that we love God when we love each other? (It will, See 1 John iii, 14.) Which is it that rules in you, the spirit of love or the spirit of hate?

## LESSON XIV. CHAP. III, 12-14.

12 Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous.

13 Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.

14 We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

QUESTIONS.—What wicked character is introduced in this verse? Who was Cain? What did Cain do? Who was Cain said to be of? What does this mean? (A. Giving way to the bad passions of the heart; and being ruled by the Devil.) Why did Cain slay his brother? Then it was the spirit of envy, was it not, which led him to perform this bad deed? What does the Bible say about the spirit of envy? (A. That where it exists there is confusion and every evil work. Jas. iii, 14, 16; Rom xiii, 13; Gal. v, 21; 1 Pet. ii, 1.) [VERSE 13.] At what does the Apostle tell us not to marvel? Will it be a natural consequence that if we love God we shall be hated of the world? (Ans. It will. See John xv, 19; 2 Tim. iii, 12.) [VERSE 14.] What evidence is here mentioned as a sign that we have passed from death to life? Can you mention other evidences of this change? What is the great evidence of a renewed heart? (A. The fruits. Matt. vii, 20. If a person loves God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, he has fulfilled the law, and the work is genuine. Matt. xxii, 37-40; Rom. xiii, 10.) But what of him that loveth not his brother? What does this mean—abideth in death? (A. That he is still carnal, and is in the broad way to destruction. See vs. 15.) Which road are you trying to walk, the one that leads to life, or the one to death?

## LESSON XV, CHAP. III, 15-17.

15 Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.

16 Hereby perceive ye the love of God; because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

17 But who so hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

QUESTIONS.—What statement is in the first clause of this verse? Then is it necessary to take a person's life to become a murderer? Which one of the Ten Commandments declares against this sin? If it is a fact that the spirit of hate constitutes us murderers, should we not be in fear? Did you ever see any one filled with the spirit of hate? What were such in the sight of God? (A. Murderers.) But what of the murderer in the last clause of this verse? [VERSE 16.] In what act do we have an exhibition of the love of God? If our Saviour laid down his life for us, what ought we also to be willing to do? What would be the highest expression of our love to our brethren? (A. To risk, or lay down our lives for them. John xv, 13.) Why is this? (A. Because we hold life dearer than every thing else.) [VERSE 17.] What is mentioned in this verse as a test of our love? (Ans. Benevolence.) Does this constitute one of the highest evidences that we love our brethren? (Ans. It does.) Why is this? (A. Because we are by nature covetous and parsimonious.) Can the love of God dwell in those who of their ability refuse to administer to the wants of the needy? What do the Scriptures say of the covetous man? (A. That he is "abhorred of the Lord." Ps. x, 3.) Can the covetous person be saved? (A. No. "Nor covetous shall inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. vi, 10.) What is Paul's exhortation, Heb. xiii, 5? (A. "Let your conversation be without covetousness." What commandment condemns this sin? Are you trying to flee this and all other sins?

## LESSON XVI. CHAP. III, 18-21.

18 My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

19 And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him,

20 For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.

21 Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.

QUESTIONS.—What affectionate title is used in the 18th verse? What remarks are here made concerning our love? What is meant by loving "in word and tongue"? (A. To say and not do; to promise and not perform.) But how should we love? What is meant by this? (A. That sincere love which manifests itself in kind words and the sympathy of the heart.) [VERSE 19.] Reasoning from the preceding verse, to what conclusion does the Apostle arrive? (A. By loving in "deed and truth" we may know that we are in the truth, and shall get a good conscience in the sight of God.) [VERSE 20.] Can we expect that God will excuse what our own hearts condemn?—Then if our conscience convicts us, may we not expect that God, who knows all things, surely will?—Should we always be very attentive to the warnings of conscience? If we cease to do this, what will be the result? (A. Our hearts will become seared, and consequently, no good judges in matters of conscience.) [VERSE 21.] When may we have confidence toward God? Should not this be understood of a conscience that is properly enlightened by the word and Spirit? Have you evidence that your own heart is thus enlightened? What will be some of the fruits of a soul renewed by grace?



## LETTERS,

"Little children, abide in Him."

From Catherine Foreman.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Once more I am permitted to throw in my testimony on the side of truth, believing with all my heart that if we do not keep the Commandments of God and the Faith of Jesus, we never can enter the promised land. Jesus has said, "If ye would enter into Life, keep the Commandments." As we can get to heaven no other way but by the way of the cross, let us be willing to bear it patiently until the victory is won.

Do we realize the time in which we live as we ought? I fear that some of us do not. O let us awake out of sleep and come out into the clear light of truth. The Lord threatens to spue the lukewarm out of his mouth. Let us turn from all our lukewarmness and heed the counsel of the faithful and true Witness, to buy the gold tried in the fire, and open the door of our hearts and let the Saviour in. Remember that Jesus is coming, and he will try each one's work of what sort it is. If it is gold and silver or precious stones, it will stand; but if it is hay, wood or stubble it will be burned up. Let us have the gold tried in the fire.

Findley, Ohio.

Charlotte Wetmore writes from McKean Co., Penn., "Dear Young Friends, I have a great desire to speak to you through the *Instructor*. I am trying to keep the Commandments of God and the Faith of Jesus. I meet with many temptations here, but I am determined to press my way on towards Mt. Zion. Let us prove faithful a little longer; we shall soon see the King in his beauty, O let us be ready to meet the lovely Jesus, that he may say to us, 'Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

Arvilla L. Lanphear writes from Nile, N. Y., "I feel it a great privilege to have so good a paper as the *Instructor* to read, and I hope all my young friends feel the same. I love to read its pages and hear that they are striving for an inheritance in the kingdom of God. I hope we shall all enter in at the strait gate that leads to eternal life."

Sarah M. Kenyon writes from Monterey, Mich. "I have a long time felt deeply interested in our little paper, the *Youth's Instructor*. It is plain to be seen that the friends of the cause are putting forth strong efforts to make the *Instructor* as profitable as possible. Much pains are taken to have every page laden with the pure truth that will guide the young to heaven. If we faithfully follow its teachings, we can, by the grace of God, make our escape from this to a better world. May we accept the offer of a crown of never-fading glory at God's right hand."

Lucretia Cranson, Battle Creek, Mich., says: "I have been a reader of the *Instructor* ever since I was six years old. My father commenced to keep the Sabbath at that time, and although I was young, yet when he told me the seventh day was the Sabbath, I believed it and have tried to keep it ever since. O how thankful I am that I had praying parents that have instructed me in the narrow way. But now I am bereft of a kind father; never shall I forget his dying words. He called

us three children to his bedside and told us he was going to leave us, and that we must obey mother and keep the Sabbath. He early taught me to pray and ask the Lord to forgive my sins and help me to be a christian. I want to overcome all my besetments that when Jesus comes I may be numbered among his children, and be prepared again to see my dear father and all those that are keeping the Commandments."

Viah O. Edson, writes from Martville, N. Y.:—"When I look back to the time where I first sought the Lord and obtained pardon of my sins, I feel to confess that I have lived very unfaithful to the Lord I professed to love. But for some time past I have felt like striving more to arise, and I mean by the help of God to be zealous and repent, and open the door of my heart that the dear Saviour may come in.

"Dear friends, let us press on a little longer here, and soon, if faithful, we shall be permitted to gaze upon the glories of the earth made new, and enjoy pleasures for evermore. For one I want a home in heaven."

Vermelia A. Wheeler writes from Brookfield, N. Y.: "I long to be like Jesus. I want to be humble and get where I can be owned and blessed of the Lord, and have his smiles continually. I want to deny myself of the pleasures of the world, and all pride, and the vanities of earth, that I may at last share the reward of the faithful. Pray for me that I may be found faithful, and at last enter the haven of eternal rest."

E. Foster writes from Allegan, Mich.: "Dear Children, I am very glad that you have such an excellent little paper as the *Instructor* to read and to help you on your journey to Mt. Zion. My heart turns to you when I think of the wrath that is coming upon the children of the wicked. Oh, flee to God; trust in him; try to overcome all the evil that is in your nature. He will accept of your prayers if they are sincere. Love God and keep his Commandments, that you may have right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city."

Charles W. Andrews writes from Clinton, Mass.: "Dear Young Friends, I feel very glad that God in his mercy has called after me, and that I ever started to serve him; and by the grace of God I am determined to come up on higher and holier ground. I want to put on the Christian's armor, and fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life, and follow my Lord through evil as well as good report. It is good to serve the Lord, and I entreat you, young friends to start for the kingdom. If you have not started before, start now. Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation. O let us give our hearts to God before it is too late. Who does not want to inherit everlasting life? Young friends, seek the kingdom, it is worth striving for. We can have it through Jesus."

[This letter got mislaid, or it would have appeared in print before; and we may add that other communications would have found an insertion sooner if we had had the room. We shall always insert articles and letters at the very earliest opportunity.]



## YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY, 1859.

☞ We confidently hope the Youth in our ranks will maintain a growing interest in the prosperity of their own little paper. The quantity of selections in this No. indicate a paucity of original matter. Let those who prefer a paper filled with sweet reading, well savoured with the Present Truth, send us the fruit of their pens as they obtain utterance. Remember the wants of the next INSTRUCTOR.

☞ THE "Little Offerings" referred to on another page were safely received. It don't take but a few offerings of this sort to make quite a large one---or at least enough to pay for one No. of the INSTRUCTOR. Shall we have them?

☞ WHAT has become of the contributor of "God made the world in beauty?"

☞ BRO. CZECHOWSKI. It is received. "Je vous remerci."

For the Instructor.

## PETER'S DELIVERANCE.

'Tis midnight; and, the busy world  
Has ceased from toil and care—  
Why then is yonder weeping band,  
Still bowed in fervent prayer?

Ah! one is from their number gone—  
A brother, ever dear,  
Who, when afflictions pressed around,  
Was wont their hearts to cheer.

With them he sang their songs of praise,  
With them he knelt to pray:  
At length there came a ruthless band,  
And bore him thence away.

Within the dreary prison walls,  
He, bound in chains, doth lie;  
The cruel monarch has decreed,  
To-morrow he must die.

But pray, What evil hath he done,  
For which he has been tried?  
'Tis only preaching pardon free,  
Through Christ, the Crucified;

Ye mourners dry those falling tears;  
For God has heard each prayer:  
And he who watches o'er his saints,  
Doth still for Peter care.

For lo! commissioned from on high,  
In haste, an Angel flew—  
Before him bolted doors gave way,  
And light the prison grew.

"Peter arise," the angel cries,  
"And put thy sandals on;"  
And as the galling chains fall off,  
They hasten to be gone.

They pass the door, although before  
The guard in order stands,  
And through the massive iron gate,  
Which opens without hands.

And as the Angel guide withdrew,  
And Peter left alone,  
He hastens on his way to make,  
His great deliv'rance known.

Once more he joins that faithful band,  
And tells the joyful news,  
How God hath saved him from the king,  
And persecuting Jews.

With wonder, joy and gratitude,  
They all, with one accord,  
Recount the wonders of that night,  
The dealings of the Lord,

Ashfield, Mass.

SUSAN ELMER.

For the Instructor

## From a New Contributor.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have been a reader of the *Instructor* from its commencement, and often felt as though I would like to say a few words to you through its columns. I like to hear from others, and feel as though we all should try and do what we can to help sustain the paper. We can express our interest in the cause of God, tell of our determinations to serve him, and in this way may encourage and help each other.

I praise the Lord this morning for the hope of everlasting life. It is worth everything. For several years I have been trying to serve the Lord; and although I have been unfaithful, yet I know by experience there is peace and happiness in the religion of Jesus Christ, that this world can neither give nor take away. When we take upon us fully the yoke of Christ; willingly and cheerfully deny self, and bear every cross, we feel that it is indeed easy and his burden is light. We enjoy the sweet blessing of the Lord, and feel that come life or death, all is well; "we are Christ's, and Christ is God's." But when we are half-hearted in his service, everything goes hard. O I feel that it is much better to be a whole christian. Jesus is worthy of our best affections. He has been willing to come into this world to suffer and die that we might be saved. How we ought to love him, and how careful we should be in all our ways to please him who has done so much for us. I am sorry I have ever grieved his tender Spirit; sorry I have been no more in earnest to enjoy his blessing. But I cannot atone for the past; for the future I will try to follow the Lord fully.

It will advantage us nothing to have started in the good way and run well for a season, if we grow weary in well doing and lay off the armor before the victory is gained. The promise of being saved, is to those only who endure unto the end. Jesus says, "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels." That we may each be of that happy number, of whom the Saviour will not be ashamed when he comes, is my prayer.

Jefferson, Iowa.

F. J. STEVENS.

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