

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, JULY, 1859.

NO. 7.

For the Instructor.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

There is beauty, there is beauty,
In the christian's home on high.
And the splendor of that city,
Doth all human skill outvie.

There is music, there is music,
Where the saints and angels sing;
And their songs of joy and gladness
Make the heavenly arches ring.

There is glory, there is glory,
Round the radiant throne of God;
And those only will behold it,
Who are washed in Jesus' blood.

There'll be shouting, there'll be shouting,
When the ransomed millions meet,
And dear friends, by death long parted,
Shall in heaven each other greet.

O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
All beset with diamonds fair;
And unspotted are the garments,
That the saints immortal wear.

Where the tree of life is blooming,
Where the crystal waters rise,
There's my home, and there's my treasure,
In the fields of Paradise.

S. ELMER.

For the Instructor.

THE GREAT REWARD.

DEAR YOUTH: This is the first time I have taken up my pen to communicate to you through your little paper. If I were acquainted with you all, I should better know what subject would most interest you. Most of you are strangers to me; but I desire to become acquainted with all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the land of bliss and happiness. I want to speak to you a little about the blessings the Lord will bestow upon those, who in this life have the testimony that their ways please him. Says Paul, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. ii, 9.

The apostle does not tell us in this verse what those things are which God hath prepared for them that love him. And if we had only this text from which to derive light in regard to what will constitute our future happiness, we might think that man can know nothing about the blessings that are in reserve for the people of God; and what motive would we have to prompt us to love God and do his holy will? What would we have to encourage and revive us when the en-

emy would overcome us? Certainly we should be of all men most miserable. But we are not left in the dark on this point: the next verse gives us light. "But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God."

Yes, blessed be God, we may know what the Lord has in store for us. We may know what great things God will do for his dear children. He will save them from death, give them eternal life, perpetual health, beauty, joy and peace. He will give them the glorious new earth, and the new Jerusalem—the city of the living God, in which are many mansions, and will establish over them the lovely Jesus, who shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and put on their heads beautiful crowns, and commune with them freely. He will suffer them to live with their christian friends, whom they have loved on earth, and with holy angels who serve God night and day, and whom God so often sends to those who shall obtain salvation; and he will grant them to range the beautiful fields of Paradise, and wing their way to other worlds to view the wondrous works of their Creator: and they shall eat of the fruit of the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; and drink of the water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. . . And God himself shall be with them, and be their God, and they shall be his people. Rev. xxii.

Dear readers, do you not long for the time when God will reward his children? Do you not desire to see Jesus, who used to take little children in his arms and bless them, saying "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and who will soon return to earth again to take the kingdom under the whole heaven? Are you not willing to sacrifice anything for eternal life, where sorrow and pain, and sickness and temptations and sin cannot enter, and where beauty, joy, peace, glory, and happiness shall ever dwell? Do you not desire some of the beautiful fruit of the tree of life, and thirst for a full draught of the water of life, and long for the lovely angels to gently conduct you through the length and breadth of the Paradise of God? Would you not delight to join all the angelic choir in singing praises to him who hath redeemed us by his blood from every kindred, tongue and people? May God grant you all to lose sight of the trifling pleasures of earth and set you affections on the home of the saints, that you may have the eternal weight of glory

which is obtained through walking in the footsteps of Jesus.

DANIEL T. BOURDEAU.

West Enosburgh, Vt.

IN THEE DO I PUT MY TRUST.

"Mother, what did the Psalmist mean when he said, 'Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust?'"

"Do you remember the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods last week?"

"O yes, mother; wasn't she beautiful?"

"She was a gentle, loving little thing; and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?"

"I do not like to think of that bridge, mother; it makes me giddy. Do you believe it is safe—just those two planks laid across, and no railing? If she had stepped a little to one side, she would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?"

"Yes, she stopped a minute as if she did not like to go over, and then looked up in her father's face, and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said, 'You will take care of me, dear father; I don't feel afraid when you take hold of my hand.' And her father looked so lovingly upon her, and took tight hold of her hand, as if she were very precious to him."

"I think David felt like that little girl when he wrote the words which you have just read."

"Was David going over a bridge, mother?"

"Not such a bridge as the one in the woods; but he had come to some place of difficulty in his life, and whenever he was in any way troubled, he looked up to God just as the little girl did to her father, and said, 'Preserve me, O God.' It is the same as if he had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid if you take hold of my hand.'"

"O mother, how beautiful! But God did not really take hold of David's hand, and lead him through the trouble?"

"No; but God loves his children who trust him—who feel safe in his care—just as the father did his little daughter; and though he does not take hold of their hands, he knows how to make them feel as peaceful and easy as if he did."

"Mother, can I be one of God's children?"

"Yes, my dear. If you love him, and trust him, and try to please him, he will call you his own, and lead you all your life, and make you very happy."

"Will there be any bridges in my life? I mean, shall I have troubles? Now I have not any, have I? I have not to look up to God and ask him to take care of me?"

"You must not think great troubles are the only ones we have to meet with. You will have many small troubles, and will need to look to

your heavenly Father to take care of you through them."

"What troubles do you think I will have, mother?"

"You had one this morning. Sarah was unkind to you, and you were sadly grieved."

"Could I go to God with such troubles?"

"Yes, my dear; you can tell him just as you would me all your unhappiness, and ask him to comfort you."

"Mother, I am very glad we read that psalm this morning. I think I love God better already, and I hope I shall always trust him."

"I hope you will; and if you begin when you are a little girl, you will learn better and better about him, and be far happier than those who have no such Friend to go to in trouble."

"Why, cannot everybody go to God with their wants?"

"Certainly, if they will; but a great many people never tell him their troubles—never ask him to forgive them, nor to take care of them. They did not begin in their childhood, and it is difficult to learn this trust when we are old."

"O, I hope I shall learn it now, while you can help me, mother."

"God alone can help you, my child; ask him to teach you to trust him."—*Young Reaper.*

DUTY.

There is a certain word that children often hear, and that some of them do not love. It is the word *duty*. It is the doing of what is rightly required, promptly, pleasantly, willingly. Is that your way, reader? Think a moment. There! it has just flashed upon you that you left a task undone. Up, nimble feet; up nimble fingers, and at it. Don't stop to dread, to reason; when you determine to do it, it is half done. Then the angel of Content will stop the flutter of its little wings, and nestle down so smilingly in your bosom, that you will be happy the whole day after it. Mother's smile will seem sweeter, father's voice will be full of music, and every thing you look upon will take bright colors and soft harmonies.

If you want to see the colors and hear the harmonies that a happy mind makes—do your duty!—*Reaper.*

READING THE SKY.

"Come here, Patty," said uncle Philip; and "come here, Peter. You have read your books, and now I will teach you how to read the sky."

"When the sky is clear, it says, Love God; when it is stormy, it says, Fear God; when it is lit up with the sun, it says, Praise God; and when one part is clear and shining and another part cloudy, then it says, Love God, Fear God, and Praise God, all at the same time."

Little Patty said she would read the sky every day; but Peter said if she did she would be

sure now and then to read it wrong. She would fear God when she ought to love him.

"Never mind that," said uncle Philip, "never mind that, Patty, for you cannot be much wrong while you love, fear, or praise God."—*Golden Rule.*

TO THE BOYS.

Boys, did any body ever pat you on the head and say, "You'll be a rich man before you die." Did it please you very much? I presume it did. You think it would be a fine thing to live in a large house, with a beautiful garden around it, and ride in a new carriage.

But there is *danger* in growing rich. I presume you think I mean the danger of taking dishonest ways of making money—cheating, stealing, forging and such; but I do not mean any of these. There is danger that in becoming rich, you will also become *selfish*. You may be so engaged in making money, that you will forget to make yourselves noble men—forget to cultivate your minds—forget to govern your tempers—forget to polish your manners; and on the contrary, become as hard hearted as the copper cents you so much admire, and as dull and rusty as the oldest one you ever saw. Then do you suppose good people will respect you, just for your money? No, indeed. A gentlemanly, intelligent and generous man of wealth is respected, but one who has only his money to recommend him is poor indeed.

The Bible says, "If riches increase, set not your hearts upon them." Put your money to some good use, and then it will not rust your souls.—*Sel.*

EXTRACT FROM PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

"Now the cook sent up to signify that supper was almost ready, and sent one to lay the cloth and the trenchers, and set the salt and the bread in order.

Then said Matthew, The sight of this cloth, and of this forerunner of the supper, begetteth in me a greater appetite to my food than before.

Gaius: So let all ministering doctrines to thee in this life, beget in thee a greater desire to sit at the supper of the great king in his kingdom, for all preaching, books and ordinances here, are but as the laying of the trenchers, and as sitting of salt upon the board, when compared with the feast that our Lord will make for us when we come to his house.

So supper came up, and first, a heave shoulder and a wave-breast were set on the table before them; to show that they must begin their meal with prayer and praise to God. Lev. vii., 32. Deut. ii., 14. The next they brought up was a bottle of wine as red as blood. So *Gaius* said to them, Drink freely; this is the true juice of the vine, that makes glad the heart of God and man. So they drank and were merry.

The next was a dish of milk well crumbed;

Gaius said, Let the boys have that that they may grow thereby. 1 Peter, ii., 1, 2.

Then they brought up in course a dish of butter and honey. Then said *Gaius*, Eat freely of this, for this is good to cheer up and strengthen your judgments and understandings. This was our Lord's dish when he was a child. Isaiah, vii.

Then they brought up a dish of apples and they were very good tasted fruit. Then said *Mathew*, May we eat apples, since it was such by and with which the serpent beguiled our first mother? I made the scruple, because I a while since was sick with the eating of fruit.

G: Forbidden fruit will make you sick; but not what our Lord has tolerated."

THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL.

A little girl had been attacked with a sudden and violent pain in her head, which ended in blindness. She was taken to an eminent oculist who pronounced her incurable. She wished to know what the doctor said about her state, and her mother told her.

"What, mother!" exclaimed the child, "am I never to see the sun, nor the beautiful fields, nor you, my dear mother, nor my father? oh how shall I bear it?" She wrung her hands and wept bitterly. Nothing seemed to yield her the slightest comfort, till her mother, taking a pocket Bible from the table, placed it in her hands. "What is this, mother?" inquired the disconsolate little girl. "It is the Bible, my child." Immediately a score of its most consolatory passages presented themselves to her mind. She paused, turned her poor benighted eye-balls towards the ceiling, while an angelic smile played on her countenance, and then as if filled with the Holy Spirit, breathed forth in an impassioned but scarcely audible whisper, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—*Sel.*

The time was when the Bible was one of the most expensive books in the world. *Madox*, in his history of the exchequer, says, that in 1230, the building of the two arches of the London bridge cost eight pounds less than the estimated value of a single Bible which a certain abbot bequeathed to the abbey of Croxton. In 1272, it is said that a laboring man was obliged to lay aside the wages of fourteen years in order to procure a Bible. In 1299 the Bishop of Winchester borrowed a Bible from a convent of that city, and was obliged to give his bond drawn up in the most formal and solemn manner, for its return at a certain specified time. Since that time the art of printing has been discovered, and now an entire and beautifully executed copy can be had for the trifling sum of twenty-five cents. As if to confer special distinction upon this blessed book, Providence has so ordered it, that this is not only the first, but the cheapest book ever printed by man.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY, 1859.

For the Instructor.

FAST CHILDREN.

Not long since, on my journey from Battle Creek to Waukon, I was riding in the stage with several other passengers besides myself. Among them was a lady and her little son (a boy of seven or eight years) who were just returning from a visit to their friends in the State of Missouri. At first, I was very much pleased with the appearance of our youthful passenger, as he was a lad of great memory and large observation, and could tell with correctness the names and location of a great many places between Missouri and Minnesota. But I had been in his company but a short time, before I found he was sadly deficient in respect for his mother. And one remark in particular made me think I was premature in my opinion of his good breeding, and brought to mind the truthful adage, "It is not all gold that glitters."

He had just been teasing his mother for some candy, and her refusal to gratify his request waked up the ideas of the young hopeful who began to retort with much spirit. His embarrassed mother took occasion to show the inconsistency of his request, in asking for candy upon the "Mississippi Bluffs," a half a dozen miles from any store or shop whatever; and also told him that he "knew how to behave in company as well as any boy of his age, if he was a mind to." "That I does," rejoined young sauce-box impudently, "but you don't though!" and a careless flirt of the hand, and a kick at his mother made me think that he was of that class of whom Paul tells us in 2 Timothy, third chapter and second verse. For a dozen miles or more our little fulfiller of prophecy exercised his gift greatly to the disgust of the passengers. Not a subject was introduced, but what he was the biggest one among us, and whether it was religion or what not, his tongue ran like a magpie's, and it was difficult to get in a word edgewise. Ah, thought I, here is a living commentary on the words of Solomon, "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

I now want to enquire of the little readers of the INSTRUCTOR, if there are any such children among you? Are you acquainted with any who read this paper that manifest so much disrespect for father or mother? And is not that boy or girl to be pitied who has so far cast off restraint that he will speak and act like this little boy in the stage coach? I know you will answer, yes, and I hope you will try to avoid the pernicious society of all such.

This age is notorious for fast children, and fast children soon make fast young men and women.

By fast children I mean, those who are getting ahead of their years, and usually manifest their precocity in disobedience to parents. Such often remind me of a custom said to exist among the Hindoos, namely, "that a child was of age as soon as he could conquer his mother." O, I hope we shall have none of this heathenish practice in the INSTRUCTOR family, but rather that each one will esteem it a privilege to obey their parents in the Lord, for as the apostle says, "this is right."

G. W. A.

Waukon, Iowa.

For the Instructor.

INCIDENTS OF MY PAST LIFE. No. 7.

Port Mahon—Subterranean passage—Holy stone—Wash day—Threatened punishment—Trying hour—Dreadful storm—Twenty-four hours' liberty—New situation.



THE winter rendezvous of the Mediterranean British squadron was in the isle of Minorca, harbor of Port Mahon. Sailing after the middle of the seventh month is dangerous. See St. Paul's testimony, Acts xxvii, 9, 10.

While endeavoring to escape the vigilance of our pursuers, after we stepped out of the Spaniard's market boat (see No. 6,) away beyond the city, at the base of a rocky mountain we discovered a wooden door which we opened, and away in the distance it appeared quite light. We ventured on through this subterranean passage till we came to a large open space where the light was shining down through a small hole wrought from the top of the mountain, down through the dome. This subterranean passage continued on in a winding direction which we attempted to explore as far as we dared to for the want of light to return to the center. On both sides of this main road we discovered similar passages all beyond our exploration. Afterwards we were told that this mountain had been excavated in past ages for the purpose of sheltering a besieged army. In the center or light place was a large house chiseled out of a rock, with door way and window frames, designed undoubtedly for the officers of the besieged, and rallying place of the army.

After a close survey of this wonderful place, we became satisfied that we had now found a secure retreat from our pursuers, where we could breathe and talk aloud without fear of being heard, or seized by any of the subjects of King George III. But alas, our joy soon vanished when we thought

again that there was nothing here to eat. When we ventured to a farm house to seek for bread, the people eyed us with suspicion, and fearing they would seize us, and hand us over to our pursuers, we avoided them, until we became satisfied that it was in vain to escape from this place, and so returned to the ship. The stone of this mountain is a kind of sand-stone, much harder than chalk, called "*holy stone*," which is abundant on the island, and made use of by the British squadron to scour or holy-stone the decks with every morning, to make them white and clean.

In the mild seasons, the sailor's uniform was white duck frocks and trowsers, and straw hats. The discipline was, to muster all hands at nine o'clock in the morning, and if our dress was reported soiled or unclean, then all such were doomed to have their names put on the "*black list*," and required to do all kinds of scouring brass, iron, and filthy work, in addition to their stationed duty, depriving them of their allotted time for rest and sleep in their morning watch below. There was no punishment more dreaded and disgraceful to which we were daily liable.

If sufficient changes of dress had been allowed us, and sufficient time to wash and dry the same, it would have been a great pleasure, and also a benefit to us to have appeared daily with unsoiled white dresses on, notwithstanding the dirty work we had to perform. I do not remember of ever being allowed more than three suits at one time to make changes, and then only one day in the week to cleanse them, viz. about two hours before daylight once a week, all hands (about 700) called on the upper decks to wash and scrub clothes. Not more than three quarters of these could be accommodated to do this work for themselves at a time; but no matter, when daylight came at the expiration of the two hours, all washed clothes were ordered to be hung on the clothes-lines immediately. Some would say, I have not been able to get water nor a place to wash mine yet. "I can't help that! clear out your clothes, and begin to holy-stone and wash the decks." Orders were most strict that whoever should be found drying his clothes at any other but this time in the wash-day should be punished. To avoid detection and punishment, I have scrubbed my trowsers early in the morning, and put them on and dried them. Not liking this method, I ventured at one time to hang up my wet trowsers in a concealed place behind the main top sail; but the sail was ordered to be furled in a hurry, and the lieutenant discovered them. The maintop men (about fifty) were immediately ordered from their dinner hour to appear on the quarter deck. "All here Sir," said the under officer that mustered us. "Very well, whose trowsers are these found hanging in the maintop?"

I stepped forward from the ranks, and said, "They are mine, Sir." "Yours, are they? you — —!" and when he had finished cursing me he asked me how they came there? "I hung them there to dry, Sir." "You — — see how I will hang you, directly. Go down to your dinner, the rest of you," said he, "and call the chief boatswain's mate up here." Up he came in great haste from his dinner. "Have you got a rope's end in your pocket?" He began to feel and said, "No Sir." "Then away down below directly and get one and give that fellow there one of the — floggings he ever had." "Yes, Sir, bare a hand."

Thus far, I had escaped all his threats of punishment from my first introduction into the ship. I had often applied for more clothes to enable me to muster with a clean dress, but had been refused. I expected now, according to his threats, that he would wreak his vengeance on me by having the flesh cut off my back for attempting to have a clean dress, when he knew I could not have it without venturing some way as I had done. While thoughts of the unjustness of this matter were rapidly passing through my mind, he cried out, "Where is that fellow with the rope? why don't he hurry up here?" At this instant he was heard rushing up from below. The lieutenant stopped short and turned to me saying, "If you don't want one of the — floggings you ever had, do you run." I looked at him to see if he was in earnest. The under officer, who seemed to feel the injustice of my case, repeated, "Run!" The lieutenant cried to the man with the rope, "Give it to him!" "Aye, aye, Sir." I bounded forward, and by the time he reached the head of the ship, I was over the bow getting a position to receive him near down by the water, on the ship's bobstays. He saw at a glance it would require his utmost skill to perform his *pleasing* task there. He therefore commanded me to come up to him. "No," said I, "if you want me, come here."

In this position, the Devil, the enemy of all right and just motives, tempted me to seek a summary redress of my grievances, viz. if he followed me and persisted in inflicting on me the threatened punishment, to grasp him and plunge into the water. Of the many that stood above looking on, none spake to me that I remember but my pursuer. To the best of my memory I remained in this position more than an hour. To the wonder of myself and others, the lieutenant issued no orders respecting me, neither questioned me afterwards, only the next morning I learned that I was numbered with the black list men for about six months. Thanks to the Father of all mercies for delivering me from premeditated destruction by his overruling providence in that trying hour.

Ships belonging to the blockading squadron in

the Mediterranean sea were generally relieved and returned to England at the expiration of three years; then the sailors were paid their wages, and twenty-four hours' liberty given them to spend their money on shore. As the Rodney was now on her third year out, my strong hope of freedom from the British yoke would often cheer me while looking forward to that one day's liberty in the which I was resolving to put forth every energy of my being to gain my freedom. About this time the fleet encountered a most dreadful storm in the gulf of Lyons. For a while it was doubted whether any of us would ever see the rising of another sun. These huge ships would rise like mountains on the top of the coming sea, and suddenly tumble again into the trough of the same with such a dreadful crash that it seemed almost impossible they could ever rise again. They became unmanageable, and the mariners were at their wit's end. See the Psalmist's description, Psa. cvii., 23-30.

On our arrival at Port Mahon in the island of Minorca, ten ships were reported much damaged. The Rodney was so badly damaged that the commander was ordered to get her ready to proceed to England. Joyful sound to us all! "Homeward bound! Twenty-four hour's liberty!" was the joyous sound. All hearts glad. One evening after dark, just before the Rodney's departure for England, some fifty of us were called out by name and ordered to get our baggage ready and get into the boats. "What's the matter? Where are we going?" "On board the Swiftshore 74." "What, that ship that has just arrived for a *three year's station*?" "Yes." A sad disappointment indeed; but what was still worse, I began to learn that I was doomed to drag out a miserable existence in the British navy. Once more I was among strangers, but well known as one who had attempted to escape from the service of King George III.

The Swiftshore was soon under way for her station off Toulon. A few days after we sailed, a friend of my father's arrived from the United States bringing documents to prove my citizenship and a demand for my release from the British Government.

JOSEPH BATES.

Springport, Mich. June 14, 1859.

For the Instructor.

PLACE OF REFUGE.

"And his children shall have a place of refuge."

Oh, how consoling are these words of inspiration! When sorrow fills the heart, and the bitter cup of disappointment is pressed to the lips of the desponding one, how dear then is an assurance like this; that in the "fear of the Lord is strong confidence and his children shall have a place of refuge." Now we know, that the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate: and he shall destroy the sinners

thereof out of it. And we know also, that they shall call on rocks and mountains to fall on them. Then there is a promise of God for them. Hear it. "I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." And again he says, "Then shall they call upon me but I will not answer; they shall seek me early but they shall not find me." But mark how different are the promises to his children. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

With my whole heart I can adopt the language of another, that one good promise of the Lord is better than all the world besides; because we know that what the mouth of the Lord has spoken cannot fail. Dear children, do you not want to be with the little flock, to whom Jesus says Fear not, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom? If you do, take courage; the Lord will help you to overcome. God sees your little trials, and marks all your tears; and he will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able to bear.

My prayer is, that when the dear Savior shall be revealed from heaven, we may all be found keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

MARY JUNE.

Burlington, Mich.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up;"
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To loose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away;"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breeze,
Upon a summer day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom to,
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

[N. Y. Evangelist.

LETTERS,

"Little children, abide in Him."

From S. E. LINDSEY.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I can say that I am determined by the help of the Lord to obtain the perfect victory over everything which is displeasing in his sight. It is now about seven years since I began to keep the Sabbath, and try to serve the Lord. During this time I have had many trials, but have ever found the Lord a present help in time of trouble.

I have of late endeavored to examine my heart to see if I was keeping anything back from the Lord. My prayer is, "Search me O God and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Satan will leave no means untried to keep us careless and indifferent in this important time; therefore let us not sleep as do others, but watch and be sober.

Yours in love, hoping to overcome.
New Haven, N. Y.

From C. C. H.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have professed the truth for nearly three years, and can say that I have not been sorry that I started to keep the commandments of God. I feel solemn while I realize the state that the young are in, while I see them losing their interest in the truth, and separating from the people of God to follow their own pernicious ways. It stands me in hand to examine myself, and to see that I am right in the sight of God, that I may be able to stand in the shaking time. While at the conference, and hearing Bro. Waggoner speak upon the condition of the young, it caused me to search my heart, and I hope I shall profit by that meeting. I cannot bear the thought of merely being outwardly identified with the people of God. I know that this is the case with many youthful professors. O that the Lord will give me strength to come up to his help against the mighty.

From a Little Girl.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have had the INSTRUCTOR one year, and I love it dearly. I have learned many good lessons from it. I thank the Lord that he has given me such a good paper to read.

The Lord said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." God loves us and gave his Son to suffer and die for us that we might have a home in heaven; and if we do not it is our own fault.

Dear friends, think of these things and get ready. Do not put it off and say, I will some time; but begin now and get ready, that when the Lord comes

you may be saved. Pray for me that we may meet where parting will be no more.

ADALINE A. BOSTWICK.

Stockton, Ills.

A. P. Patten writes to Sister White from Brewerton N. Y.: "I saw you at Roosevelt last fall, and with sincere attention listened to your exhortation. It reached my heart. The third angel's message was then news to me, and since that time I have longed to be a christian, to enjoy the favor and smiles of God's dear Son. O how solemn these new truths seem. I often feel glad in my heart that the Lord gave me a willing mind to investigate them, and did not let me pass them lightly by. It seemed like something of a struggle to leave my youthful associates and seek the society of the sect that is everywhere spoken against. I now hope I love God better than earth's pleasures. May I ask you to remember me when you call upon the name of the Lord.

"From your unworthy sister inquiring the way to God's kingdom."

The Child's Answer.

Little Nellie L— had lost her father, and her mother was poor. Her sweet temper and winning ways gained her many friends. Among these was an excellent lady, Miss N—. A glimpse of Nellie's bright face peeping in at the door always brought a smile of peculiar tenderness over Miss N—'s placid features.

She loved to sit by the child, softly stroking her hair; and while looking thoughtfully into her smiling eyes, would often say, "Poor, poor Nellie!"

When Nellie shook her head, with a heart too happy to forbode evil, her friend would caress her still more fondly, and say, "Poor, poor Nellie!"

The child's heart seemed troubled by these pitying words, for she asked one day, "Why do you call me poor? Please don't, Miss—, I'm not poor—why, I've got twenty-five cents and a good mother!"

"Rich little Nellie," said her friend. "A good mother! Ah, how long I was in learning what this little one already knows!"

"A good mother"—could any earthly treasure have made her so truly rich?—Sel.

Seeking Early.

For the Instructor.

When I was a child I loved dearly to go after blackberries, and would sometimes start with the sun, that I might get there before the best were picked by others; and I knew too they were sweeter before the sun beat hot upon them, while yet the dew that helped to ripen through the night lay like beads upon their heads. When I reached the picking ground the large ripe berries seemed to say, "They that seek us early find us." I was just

thinking how much berry-picking was like seeking Jesus. When the little child goes to find him, he starts in the morning of life, and finds quickly and easily, and enjoys his love and presence with a greater relish then, and has the fruit of his love to feed upon when the toils and cares and sorrows of manhood beat upon his head. How different with those who seek berries at noon. Their business has detained, or their carelessness or indolence prevented their coming until the sweet ripe fruit is very difficult to be found; and they, weary with the labor and heat of the day, have but little heart to seek, and when they find, are too much worn to enjoy. So he who allows business or pleasure or indolence to consume his time or energies till manhood arrives, till the noon of life, finds that the cares of business distract, or the pleasures of the world have greater power to allure, or sorrow weighs him down; he has but little time to seek, and if he finds, he has little time to enjoy to what he might have had by seeking early. "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." Prov. viii, 17.

M. M. OSGOOD.

Sabbath Reading.

THERE are many youth and children who spend the Sabbath in a careless, idle manner. They are half inclined to play, and are usually glad when the holy hours of the Sabbath are past. They may hear the truth preached, and see it practiced before them. They may attend meeting, and often feel deeply impressed with what they hear. Yet amid all these influences, they are growing up careless, partly, at least, in consequence of not employing all the hours of the Sabbath as they should. They do not know what to do with themselves a part of the Sabbath at least.

Parents, too, do not know what to do with their children on the Sabbath, or a part of it. Our suggestions may relieve both parents and children. We know three little boys, at the ages of twelve, ten, and five, who are naturally very active and playful, who spend most of the Sabbath reading. They have many good friends who have given them books, and their parents have bought more. Their little library consists chiefly of thrilling narratives of the Scriptures, such as those of Moses and Joseph. We have known the oldest of these boys to read three hours at a time to the other two, and all seem to enjoy it exceedingly. They were in this way kept from doing wrong, and were getting the very best information.

Children, read this to your parents, and tell them that Bro. White has for sale, Pilgrim's Progress, at 50 cents; Threefold Cord, Dew Drops, Milk for Babies, Chaplet of Flowers, Daily Food, and Ten Commandments, all for 75 cents; also, Youth's Instructor bound in paper covers, 4 vols. at 25 cents a volume.

He will send these to those who want good Sabbath reading for their children at the above prices and pay the postage.

JAMES WHITE.

A WORD TO MOTHERS. In the evening when your children have prayed for pardon and peace, endeavor to infuse the spirit of that beautiful expression of the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down

in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only make me to dwell in safety." At no time is the influence of a mother more valuable than when her children are retiring to rest.

HYMN.

For a child troubled with sudden flights of passion.

Heavenly Father, I, a child,
Weak and erring, come to thee!
For a temper meek and mild,
Thou alone caust give it me.

When beset with trials strong,
Angry words my lips would soil,
Hastening forth, an eager throng,
In a wild and fierce turmoil;

Ere the tide of life has flung
O'er my brow a furious flush,
Help me, Lord, to curb my tongue,
And each sinful thought to crush!

Grant me this, through His bless'd name
Who his fiercest foes forgave,
And the tempter overcame,
Me to succor, me to save!

Holy Saviour! for the past
Deign in mercy to atone!
Henceforth, may I follow fast
In thy footsteps to thy throne!

[Sel.]

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