

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

"I love them that love Me: and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

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For the Youth's Instructor.

A PRAYER.

Do thou us guide, do thou direct,
Keep us from pride; love and protect.
Keep us from sin, from nets and snares,
From wicked men, from worldly cares.
From outward ill, and inward woes,
From Satan's skill and false repose.
From earthly toys, forbidden loves,
Counterfeit joys, dispel reprove.
Renew my heart, and change my will,
In every part thy love instill,
Teach me to pray, to meditate,
From day to day, early and late.
The witness give that Enoch had,
Within me live, and make me glad,
In thee and thine, thy works and ways,
Help me and mine, thy name to praise.

J. C.

For the Youth's Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—No. 24.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

Scenery and Climate of Lima—Earthquakes—Destruction of Callao—Ship out of her Element—Cemetery and Disposal of the Dead.



LIEUTENANT CONNER (now Commodore) who commanded the United States schooner Dolphin, got under way, and the next day arrived with the whale and boat in tow. By invitation, the day following, the citizens of Lima came down in numbers to witness how the North Americans cut in and stow away the big whales found in their waters.

The climate in this region is healthy, and the scenery most delightful. There are floating white clouds, beyond which may be seen the indigo colored sky, apparently twice the distance from the earth that it is in North America. And then there is the sweet salubrious air and strong trade winds and evergreen fields, and trees bending with delicious fruit, while the ground continually teems with vegetation for both man and beast. There are no storms of rain, and the people say it never rains there. Their city is walled and guarded on the east by towering mountains, easy of ascent, even above the white-capped clouds which sail below the admiring beholder un-

til they strike a higher ledge of the mountains, then rise and float away over the vast Pacific on the west. And still farther in the distance on the east, about 90 leagues, lie in huge piles the continual snow-capped Andes, all plain to the naked eye, which continually send forth gushing streams that water the plains below. This is also conveyed by means of walled ditches to the streets of the city.

Much more could be added to this interesting description to make a residence there very desirable. But one shock of an earthquake (and they are frequent there), perhaps in the dead of the night when the inhabitants rush into the streets to save themselves from falling dwellings, crying, wailing and screaming aloud for mercy, is enough to make one perfectly willing and in a hurry to exchange his position for almost any region where the earth rests quietly on its own foundation.

It is stated in Mr. Haskell's Chronology of the World that Lima was destroyed by an earthquake in October, 1746. This I think could not have been the city of Lima, but the sea port of this city, called Callao. For the most celebrated and central part of the city of Lima is the Palace Square, on one side of which then stood a very ancient, long, one-story, wooden building, where city officers transacted their business. I was frequently told that this building was the palace or dwelling-place of the Spanish adventurer Pizarro, after his conquest of Peru. If this statement was correct, then it will be allowed that Pizarro occupied it long before the earthquake in 1746. Hence that part of the city could not have been destroyed. But her sea-port, called Callao, was.

The city of Lima is situated about six miles in the interior from her sea port Callao, and is about seven hundred feet above the level of the sea on an inclined plane. While I was there in 1822-3, seventy-seven years after the earthquake, I frequently visited the place to view the massy piles of brick, from about eighteen inches under water to as far down as I could see, that composed the buildings and walls of the place at the time of the earthquake. I was told that a Spanish frigate was lying moored in the harbor at the time, and after its destruction by the earthquake she was found three miles inland, about half way from the port of Callao to the city of Lima, some 350 feet above the level of the sea. Allowing this statement to be true, and I never heard any one attempt to disprove it, then it must have been the earthquake that

caused the earth first to rise under the sea causing the body of water between it and the land to rush on with such force, that the frigate was carried up the inclined plane, and when the water receded she was left some three miles from the sea-shore!

From all appearances Callao was overflowed by the sea, for its ruins lie nearly on a level with the sea, and are under a lake of water separated from the ocean by a sand bar. I have heard, and also observed, that the sea does not rise and fall here at stated periods as it does in almost all other harbors and places. Hence it is clear that the body of water which covers the ruins of Callao, is not furnished from the sea.

Another singular curiosity in this place was the cemetery, about five miles out of the city, which was different from anything I had ever seen. At the entrance was the church with the cross. Part of the way round the cemetery was double walled. The space or passway between these walls appeared to be about forty feet wide. The walls were about eight feet high and seven thick, with three rows of cells where they deposited the dead. These were rented to those who could afford to deposit their dead in this style, for six months or any length of time. Some of these cells were bricked up, and others had iron doors that were locked. The unoccupied ones were open for rent. In the center, between the walls, were deep vaults covered with iron gratings in which we could see dead bodies all tumbled together without order. I learned that when the six months, or whatever time the cells were rented for, closed, the bodies were taken out and pitched into the vaults in the center. Thus they could accommodate others. In another department the dead were buried underground in rows. Near by the church was a large circular vault, with a steeple-top covering resting on pillars several feet above the vault. This was another burying-place. On looking over the railing placed around it to prevent the living from falling in, the sight was most revolting. Some stood erect, others with their heads downward and in every imaginable position, just as they happened to fall from the hand-barrow, with their ragged, unclean clothing on in which they died. These of course were the abject poor, whose friends were unable to pay rent for a burying-place underground or in one of the whitewashed cells in the walls. The dead soldiers were carried out of the forts and dumped in here with little ceremony. The air is so salubrious there that no offensive smell arises from these dead bodies. They literally waste away and dry up.

Monterey, Mich.

For The Youth's Instructor.

THE ANGELS ARE HERE.

CHILDREN, how often do you think of this? Not long since there was a good little girl helping her aunt, and one afternoon after she had been very

busy at work she began to sing, and after singing a while she says to her aunt, "I am so happy tonight; I feel as though the angels were here!"

And no doubt they were, for her aunt was happy, and all seemed to enjoy the same. And how joyous the thought that we shall soon be with them, and be as they are, if we overcome all our evil habits and bad tempers.

May the Lord bless you, that you may be more and more like them every day,—kind, condescending and loving, is my prayer. s. c.

For the Youth's Instructor.

WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR MY SOUL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Believing it to be a duty as well as a privilege for us to speak to each other, I write a few lines through the medium of the *Instructor*. I receive great encouragement in hearing from the young who are striving to gain the reward of the righteous. I have thought that perhaps I did not contribute my share to the common stock of encouragement; for I am certain that we should all, both young and old, be anxious to come behind in no good word or work.

My parents, myself, brothers, and sister, came out upon the Sabbath about ten years ago, at which time myself, sister, and others of our age, all young, started for the "better land." We indeed felt God's blessing upon us, and many melting, soul-stirring seasons did we enjoy. At length as we became older, the temptations of youth coming upon us, some of our number fell back, and soon getting cold and indifferent, lost all the vitality of religion; I was among that number. I could not give up God and the love of his truth entirely, but strove to evade my duty and thus gave place to the Devil, who came in, as usual in such cases, like a flood.

O, my dear friends, here let me say to you, do not dare to live in a constant neglect of duty; even a slight neglect brings a coldness, which leads to a greater neglect, and finally the self-discouraged soul becomes enveloped in thick darkness. This is often, very often, the case.

But to continue. After removing to the West my mind was not at ease, although new and busy scenes with labor, study and pleasure, were opened before me. I became fully convinced that this world afforded no substantial joys, and the deeper we plunged into the things of the world, the greater the darkness. With this resolution, God in mercy manifested his love and compassion to me, and enabled me to turn from the downward path, and place my feet in the narrow way which leads to life.

O, my young friends, I cannot express to you my joy and gratitude to God, that he has in my wanderings called after me, and blessed me while seeking his face and favor. I very often realize the presence of God's Spirit, and the joy unspeakable as of old.

The past few months have seemed short, and I rejoice that each brings us nearer the end. Shall

we not strive, not through our own strength but God's, to live so that we may hail with joy Him who is preparing mansions for us, and will shortly return to gather those who love his appearing?

Yours in hope of eternal life,

F. W. M.

High Forest, Minn.

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

O God, I see the morning light
And thou hast kept me through the night;
I thank thee for thy love and care,
And beg thee hear my morning prayer.

Keep me, O God, again to-day,
And take my naughty heart away;
O, make me gentle, good, and mild,
Just like the Saviour when a child.

And when to-night I fall asleep,
O, come again the watch to keep;
So let my life all pass away,
With God my keeper night and day.

For the Youth's Instructor.

A LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have been thinking this morning, that I would be glad to express my gratitude for the *Instructor*, as it comes to us richly laden with truth, and encouragement to the youth who are trying to serve God, and make heaven their home. I can certainly say I am thankful for it. I am glad to hear from so many of my young friends who are trying to walk in the narrow way, and I will say with you I mean to go through and stand upon mount Zion.

O, I am glad there is a rest that remains for the people of God, that the lone, weary pilgrims have not always got to contend with a strong adversary who is constantly trying in one way or another to divert their minds from the things of most importance, and lead them away from God, but there is a day coming when his power shall cease.

It is an encouraging thought that if we bear the trials of life aright, every one that we pass through numbers one less to bear. I feel that I would not wish to be exempt from them, for I see that I need much purifying if I would ever have a part among those who shall be found without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. But how important that we daily, with all our hearts, seek the blessing of God, that we may be able to resist the temptations of the enemy, and be daily overcomers. Let us remember when we go to him our own unworthiness, and also his ability and willingness to save those who go to him in the Saviour's worthy name. Yes, his promises are sufficient if we will with all our hearts believe.

Fellow pilgrims, let us be of good courage. Though darkness may for a short time encompass our pathway, yet if we hold on to the Saviour with an unyielding grasp, he will in his own good time reveal himself to us as a prayer-hearing and pray-

er-answering God. Praise his holy name! Why will we not be faithful to one who has done so much for us? May God help us, and save us at last, in the prayer of your unworthy sister.

M. A. B.

Waukon, Iowa.

For the Youth's Instructor.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

I DOUBT not that many of the readers of the *Instructor* are highly interested in the Sabbath School. Some of you are so situated that you can attend these instructive schools every Sabbath.

How pleasing and beneficial this must be to all who sincerely love the study of God's holy word. The word which is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path, and able to make us "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

You, dear young friends, cannot prize these hours of searching and reciting the word of God, too highly. You cannot be too punctual in attending the school, nor too anxious to gain all the instruction possible. Every verse of scripture you commit to memory, and every lesson you learn and recite well, and retain the instruction received, is more valuable than gold.

The following verses found written (I think) in the Bible of a little boy after his death, show how highly he prized and loved his Bible:

"This little book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

"Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all."

You can commit more verses of scripture to memory perhaps, than at first one would suppose. One sister recited in the Bible Class at one time last Summer one hundred and fifty-eight verses, and was not corrected on but *one word*. Some of the young in that Sabbath School learn from forty to fifty verses a-week. One boy about ten years old learns about twenty. I was much interested in attending the Bible Class in that church a few times last Summer.

Just now I call to mind the very pleasing and profitable Sabbath Schools in Battle Creek, a few of which I have been privileged with attending. I can remember the little boys that could say but one or two verses. Some would stand up and repeat a verse of a few words, while we all listened with interest.

I hope and pray that the blessing of the Lord may rest richly upon all the Sabbath Schools. And I would suggest that all the young commandment-keepers that do not have Sabbath Schools to attend, should learn a few verses of scripture each week and recite them at home.

Your friend, hoping to meet all the readers of the *Instructor* in the city of God.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER, 1860.

EDITORIAL GOOD BY.

WE now take the parting hand for 1860. A few more days and this year will be numbered with the things that were. Time in its onward flight has also brought us to the close of another volume of our little juvenile paper. With this No. we close up our labors on Vol. viii of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

While looking over the past Numbers of this Volume, our heart glows with satisfaction to see what has been accomplished. The little paper has been sustained, even beyond our expectations. An interest has been awakened in behalf of the INSTRUCTOR which is very cheering. This is just as it should be, and may it ever be our privilege to record interest and prosperity respecting this unpretending little messenger. What heart could an Editor or Publisher have to write and print for those who had no sympathy for his toils and labors? I am not finding fault, but only speaking of a fact which may Heaven grant shall never take place. God bless you all, my dear readers, friends and patrons. You have done nobly with your means, your pens and prayers, and I trust you all have the evidence that this kind of labor is not in vain in the Lord.

And now here's my heart, and here's my hand, to meet you in that heavenly land—so, Good by.

G. W. A.

A BURMESE OATH.

THE following is the form of an oath used by the benighted inhabitants of Burmah. One cannot help thinking of the words of Paul while reading this strange caricature of an oath. Speaking of the heathen he says, "Professing themselves to be wise they become fools," "and their foolish heart was darkened."

G. W. A.

"If I speak not the truth, may tigers, elephants, buffaloes, poisonous serpents, scorpions, &c., seize, crush and bite me and my relations. May we be subject to all the calamities that are within the body, and without the body; and may we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, deafness, leprosy, and hydrophobia. May I be struck with thunderbolts and lightning, by day and by night, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking truth, may I be taken with vomiting clotted black blood. When I am going by water, may the genii who guard the water, assault me, the boat be upset, and the property be lost; and may alligators, porpoises, sharks, and all other sea monsters, seize and crush me to death. And when I change worlds, may I suffer unmixed regret in the utmost wretchedness in four states of punishment."

THE APOSTLE PAUL.

No one individual occupies so prominent a place in the New Testament as the apostle Paul. He was a very learned man, and about one-third of the New Testament is from his pen. His whole life was spent in doing good. He traveled far and near telling the people that Christ died to save sinners. God did many mighty works by him, and at last he suffered martyrdom by a cruel heathen king. If faithful we shall soon see Paul, for he has a crown laid up in heaven.

Here is an alphabetical list of sayings found in the writings of this holy man:

A bstain from all appearance of evil.
 B e not weary in well doing.
 C hildren, obey your parents in the Lord.
 D o all things without murmurings and disputings.
 E ndure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.
 F ollow after charity.
 G rieve not the Holy Spirit.
 H old fast the form of sound words.
 I f it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live
 J udge not one another. [peaceably with all.
 K eep thyself pure.
 L et brotherly love continue.
 M ind not high things.
 N egllect not the gift that is in thee.
 O bey them that have the rule over you.
 P ray without ceasing.
 Q uench not the Spirit.
 R emember them that are in bonds.
 S o run that ye may obtain.
 T ouch not, taste not, handle not.
 U nderstand what the will of the Lord is.
 V oid vain and profane babblings.
 W alk in wisdom toward them that are without.
 X amine yourselves whether ye be in the faith.
 Y oung men likewise exhort to be sober-minded.
 I t is good to be Z ealously affected in a good thing.

Take your Testaments and hunt up the places where these texts occur, this will make you more familiar with the writings of the good man Paul.

G. W. A.

For the Youth's Instructor

A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HIVING.

B AFFECTIONATE, B benevolent, B obliging, B conversant, B teachable, B forbearing, B frugal, B cheerful, B childlike, B joyful, B prayerful, B patient, B modest, B perfect, B humble, B strict, B wise, B firm, B plain, B meek, B true, B obedient, B persevering, B merciful, B instructive, B consistent, B forgiving, B constant, B grateful, B Christlike, B hopeful, B watchful, B sober, B peaceful, B lovely, B holy, B strong, B good, B calm, B pure, B mild, B kind,

And heaven will B yours.

LUCINDA DAWSON.

Rockford, Iowa.

"WHERE YE 'GOIN'?"

It was but a few days since that death entered our midst—a little one was cut down—and a tender tie was broken. The funeral services were nearly over—the minister of God had spoken comforting words—the last look had been taken of the clay-cold form—and the quiet procession had nearly reached the last resting-place of the little child now sleeping in the arms of death.

But here we reach the aggravating part of our story. We had passed along, solemnly and quietly, until just before we reached the burying-yard we turned a corner. Here we encountered a knot of children—boys of this generation. One of them, probably their leader, stalked up to the minister and hooted out, "Where ye 'goin'?" No answer was returned, for we felt as solemn as Elisha did when he was mocked by the children of Bethel. Then the bearers were accosted with the same pass-word; and this impertinent, saucy remark, with other things, was thrown out to several carriages in the procession. But no one deigned a reply to the insult. We pitied his heathenish bringing up. Soon we were to the grave's mouth, the coffin was lowered to its narrow home, and when the minister was about to repeat the benediction this boorish youth had to be pulled back from getting between the preacher and the grave. But I will go no further, for such details are far from making one feel pleasant.

A word in reflection. We did not despise this boy of a dozen years because he was ragged. No. Nor particularly because he was dirty. No. Nor yet wholly because he was rude in his manners. But why? Because he was a brassy, bold, disgraceful specimen of a youth. Here, boys, in cities like this and elsewhere, you can see graduates in the street course of education. I don't say this lad was one, but he was certainly in the intermediate department. Here we also can see illustrations of Solomon's words, that "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Here also we often get reminded of Paul's prophecy concerning the youth of the last days. But I'll stop. And may the Lord preserve the young readers of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*—help them to avoid every appearance of evil—and finally grant them and the writer a place in the fair fields of Paradise restored.

G. W. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

THE POOR SLAVE.

I WONDER if the little readers of the *Instructor* when surrounded with blessings, remember to praise God for them?

When you lie down upon your beds at night in quiet repose, and when you rise in the morning, having the society of parents, brothers and sisters, do you kneel and praise God for giving you such perfect rest?

While such bounteous favors are conferred upon you from your heavenly Father's hand, do you think of some poor sufferers who are deprived of them? There are the poor little slave boys and girls who have feeling, sensitive hearts, like your own. They are torn from the embrace of parents, brothers and sisters, and sold on an auction block, to be sent far away among strangers, where they are unmercifully treated, and often whipped if they do not obey all their masters' wishes. They hear no words of comfort when in distress, but their aching hearts must ever ache on. They have no mother's fond caress. They hear no father's gentle encouraging tones. They have nothing to amuse them, and have naught to fear but their master's bloody lash. They have no one to tell them of God, and how Jesus died to save them from their sins. They have not even a Bible to point them to the Lamb of God.

Oh, who can hear or read of such cruelty without hearts of pity? Much more, what must those hearts be who inflict such sorrow upon their fellow-creatures? But God and angels notice it all, and it is all remembered in heaven.

When the day of God's vengeance comes upon his enemies, these brutal slave-dealers will be rewarded double for all their sins. I remember a number of years ago of reading a slave-boy's wish, and committed it to memory. I will here insert it,

"I wish I were that little bird,
Up in the bright blue sky,
Who sings and flies just where he will,
And no one asks him why.

"I wish I were a cunning fox,
And hide me in a cave;
I'd rather be a savage wolf,
Than what I am—a slave.

"My mother calls me her good boy,
My father calls me brave;
What wicked action have I done
That I must be a slave?

"I saw my little sister sold,
So will they do to me;
My heavenly Father, let me die,
And then I shall be free."

M. D. B.

For the Youth's Instructor.
TEASING.

"ARTHUR, why do you tease me? Did you ever know your mother change her mind without some good reason?"

"No, mother," said the little boy with a significant gesture of the hand, "but I've always kept thinking that perhaps sometime you might."

Now, dear children, is it not reasonable to conclude that if a little boy only three years and a few month's old watched his mother so closely to see if sometime she would change her mind and give him what he teased for, that Satan with his angelic sagacity and six thousand year's experience, watches

human beings to see if they will not fall in with his teasings to do evil, even if they have repeatedly said, Get thee behind me Satan?

Now children, when you feel tempted to do anything wrong, just think Satan is watching you, and then lift up your heart to God and pray to be delivered from evil.

I have much more to tell you about this little boy now eight years' old, and the many interesting questions he asked me about Heaven and the necessary preparation therefor, which I may tell you next month.

M. H. I.

For the Youth's Instructor.

MY MA WOULD N'T LET ME.

TO-DAY I met with a little girl that had often expressed a desire to come to our Sabbath School, and when I asked her why she did not come last Sabbath (as she had told me before that she intended to come, for her pa had said she might,) her answer was, "My ma would n't let me."

Dear little children, those of you who have parents that are willing to have you obey God, and are not only willing but very desirous and will go with you, to such I would say, you should be very thankful to God for the privilege you have. This little girl wants to keep the Sabbath, and says she has tried to keep one or two. She told me she did not do any more than she could well help doing; but as her parents do not keep it we cannot tell how long her love will continue.

O may God raise up a standard among the little children, or may the little children rally around the one that is already raised up,—one that has been trampled as it were under foot by the majority. Dear little friends, Jesus says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark x, 14. Now, children, if any one forbids your obeying God, think of the words of Jesus. I would say to you as the apostles did to a certain Jewish high priest, "We ought to obey God rather than men." You will find this in the fifth chapter of Acts. Hunt up the passage and see why they spake so to the high priest. I hope I shall meet all the little children that read this, in the clouds of heaven, when Jesus shall appear.

C. VAN GORDER.

For the Youth's Instructor.

SWEETER FAR IN HEAVEN.

EARTH is beautiful. Nature presents to the eye the sublimest picture. Beautiful forests, high, lofty mountains, in all their imposing majesty; placid waters, all combined, present a most delightful scene which we can but admire. As we gaze upon it, our hearts ascend in adoration to the great Omnipotent who formed the heavens and the earth. But as the pensive autumnal breezes bring to view signs of decay in the falling leaf and fading flower, when all in nature presents a barren aspect, then our hearts yearn for that which is eter-

nal, and passes not away, even a heavenly home, where our hearts are never sad, and cherished hopes are never blighted, but the reality of the Christian's final reward is ours forever to participate in.

Often while listening to music our hearts are light, almost to fascination. Still when we contemplate the rich strains poured forth from angelic touch, filling heaven with their musical sweetness, and the anthems from the seraphic host who offer praises to God, then all of an earthly nature fades away, and with delight we feel it will be sweeter far in heaven.

In the comparison of earth with the glory, love and peace of heaven, the former is lost in obscurity; and as we catch the glowing theme of the redeemed in their thanksgiving to the great Author of our redemption, we feel that a life spent in sacrificing in the service of Christ, is nothing when compared to the glory that shall be revealed when our journey here is completed, our work done, and we are pronounced conquerors through Him that loved us and died for us.

E. A. HASTINGS.

New Ipswich, N. H.

Extracts from Letters.

[THE following list comprises only an item in each letter. We have to condense to avoid crowding out other matter. This column is still open for young and old, small and great, or any who have a good word for the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.]

M. M. Stowell, of Stockton, Ills., says: "Young Friends: I have often thought of writing to you through the *Instructor*, but thinking its pages might be filled by those much more capable of writing for the young, I have remained silent. But to show my interest in the *Instructor*, and the welfare of its readers, has induced me to write. Is this little paper prized as highly by its readers as it should be? Have all the exhortations and warnings been heeded, that have been given from time to time through its columns? Time in its onward flight has brought us near the close of another year, and what advancement have we made in the Christian race since its commencement? How many admonitions have been heeded, and how many precepts obeyed, that will tend to help us on toward mount Zion? Let us think of these things, and may the Lord help us to be prepared to meet him when he comes?"

M. L. Wright, of Portage City, Wis., says: "I feel very thankful for the *Instructor*. I don't know what I should do without it. I have often thought of its readers, and thought that I should like to write a few words to you. I was ten years old when I first made a start in the cause of Christ. Let us realize that we are in the slippery paths of youth. We need the graces of the Spirit. Glory be to God for the many blessings he has in store for his children. If we are only faithful a little longer we shall see Jesus, and reign with him in glory."

J. P. Rathbun, of Byron, Mich., says: "Dear youth and readers of this little paper, here we are in the close of the autumnal season, when the precious fruit of the earth is being gathered for the good of man. In view of the goodness of our heavenly Father, let us praise and thank him for all his blessings to us. This portion of the season is well calculated to remind us of our mortality. Let us all, dear readers, improve the time, that we may finally eat of the tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

L. M. Castle, of Edwards, N. Y., says: "I would say to you, one and all, that my determination is still to press my way on to the kingdom. Though dangers may arise, there are none so great as those we fall into by disobeying God. The prospect of gaining that land where none shall say, I am sick, is enough to make us lift up our hearts and rejoice. I hope to meet all the faithful at last."

S. A. St. John, of Defiance Co., Ohio, says: "This is the first time I have written to you through this paper. I thank the Lord that my lot has been cast with those that are keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. I feel that the Lord has been very merciful to me in permitting me to see his truth. I am determined by the help of God to press forward towards the mark of the high calling. I have a great desire to be prepared to meet my Lord when he comes to make up his jewels. I like the *Instructor* very much. I hail its monthly visits with joy. I love to peruse its precious pages. I hope you are all striving with me to gain that heavenly land where we shall meet to part no more."

E. Macomber, of New Shoreham, R. I., says: "Dear children: I would say a word through the *Instructor*. Suppose Jesus should come into your home sometime when you feel a little fretful, and wicked, and don't mind your mother, or your father, or guardians, don't you think you would hide yourself? Jesus knows all about your conduct; no dark night can hide you from him. I want to meet all the little children that read the *Youth's Instructor*, and all the good boys and girls that shall be saved in the blessed kingdom that is soon, very soon, to be set up on the earth. I live on an island surrounded with the ocean that Bro. Bates has told you about. How good he has been to tell you about his voyages on the ocean. Pray for him and me, and my boys and girls, that we may be saved. I fear sometimes that they will be destroyed. All you that pray, pray for them and me, and the Block Island children."

J. H. McPheter, of Knoxville, Iowa, says: "I am trying to keep all the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. I know that I have sinned, but I will try to overcome my sinful ways so that I can have a right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city."

R. P. Beach, of Norfolk, Ct., says: "Dear young

friends: This is the first time I attempt to say a few words to you through the *Instructor*. I am twelve years old, and have had the *Youth's Instructor* to read two or three years. It is very interesting. I have been trying to serve the Lord a little more than a year. I am sorry that I have not served him better. I want to overcome and be prepared to meet God's dear children on mount Zion."

A. M. Church, of Galva, Ills., says: "I would give in my testimony on the Lord's side through the *Instructor*. I have been a reader of this paper for more than a year, and I prize it above all others. I feel to praise the Lord for what he has done for me, and I am determined with the grace of God assisting me, to gain the prize, and at last stand on mount Zion with all the readers of the *Instructor*. There we shall have white robes, and crowns of gold, which our Saviour will place on our heads with his own hand. May we all live so that we can meet Jesus in peace, and say, 'Lo! this is our God, we have waited for him.'"

M. E. Emans, of Leipsic, Ohio, says: "Dear young friends: I take up my pen to say a few words to you through the *Instructor*. I love to read the letters and exhortations it contains, and I feel like adding my mite. It is my great desire to do the will of God. While the children of this world are striving for the riches, and honors, and pleasures of this world, let us strive to keep all the commandments of God that we may have a home in the heavenly city."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me.

☞ We now intend to print the January No. of the *INSTRUCTOR* in season to reach its readers by New Years. In order to not fail in this calculation we hope our writers will be in good time for No. 1.

☞ Hereafter we shall not print letters only as we have a community of them. But as the letter department possesses much interest for a great many, let all who will speak often to "edification, exhortation and comfort."

☞ Bro. White has lately ordered over one hundred dollars' worth of nice paper for the *INSTRUCTOR*. We shall also print the next volume from type that is new. This will vouch for its typographical appearance.

☞ Hope the January No. will be the most attractive, interesting and best paper ever printed: and then may all the rest of the volume be just like it. But we can do nothing without money, prayers and sympathy. Then who is on the side of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*?

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