

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. X.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1862.

NO. 2.

Selected for the Youth's Instructor.

Sabbath Morning.

TUNE—"Prairie Flower."

Oh the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright,
Joyfully we hail its golden light:
All the gloomy shadows chasing far away,
Bringing us the welcome day.

CHORUS.

Day calm and holy, day nearest heaven,
Day which a Father's love has given;
Oh the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright,
Glad we hail its golden light.

All the days of labor, ended one by one,
Glad are we the six days' work is done.
Sweet to have a day of sacred, holy rest—
'Tis the day that God hath blest.

CHORUS.

Let us spend the moments of this holy day,
So that when they all have passed away,
Sweet 'twill be to think the quiet Sabbath even,
Brings us one day nearer heaven.

CHORUS.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Incidents in My Past Life. No. 38.

BY ELDER JOSEPH BATES.

At Home—Religion—Temperance—Farming—My Promise—Seaman's Friend Society—Missions—American Tract Society—American Colonization Society—Meeting-house—Religious Revival—Its Effects—Tea and Coffee.

THE last number of the Instructor closed with the account of my last voyage, leaving me in the enjoyment of the blessings of social life on the land, with my family and friends.

My seafaring life was now finished. I once more esteemed it a great privilege to unite with my brethren in the Christian Church. I also gladly re-engaged in the temperance reform with my former associates, who had been progressing in the work during my absence.

My father in his last will requested that I should unite with my mother in the settlement of his estate. Before the year came round my mother was also removed by death. I now turned my attention to farming, and commenced improving a small farm which my father had bequeathed me. Through the aid of an agricultural weekly paper, called the *New England Farmer*, for a theory, and with some of my ready cash, I soon made some perceptible alterations on the farm, but with little or no income.

My companion had often said that she wished I had some way to sustain my family by living at home. I promised her that when I had gained a competency by following the sea, then I would re-

linquish the business and stay on shore. When asked what I considered a competency, I answered, Ten thousand dollars. After tasting the sweets of the Christian's hope, I found it much easier, with all the opening prospects before me, to say where I would stop in this business, if the Lord prospered me.

I now enjoyed the privilege of reading some of the periodicals of the times, especially those on religion and morals. The sailors' wants were now beginning to be agitated through a periodical called "The Sailor's Magazine." A few friends of the cause came together and we organized the "Fairhaven Seaman's Friend Society." A little pamphlet called "The Missionary Herald," advocating the cause of foreign missions, also enlisted my feelings, and engaged my attention to some extent. My intercourse with what the Herald called the heathen, enabled me to see more clearly their moral and religious wants. I also became much interested in the work of the "American Tract Society," which was organized in Boston, Mass., in the year 1814, and was embracing all the evangelical denominations in the United States. I read with pleasure and helped to circulate many of their tracts on religious subjects and temperance reform; but my interest began to wane when they manifested their unwillingness and determination not to publish any tracts in favor of the down-trodden and oppressed slave in their own land, when they were solicited by anti-slavery men so to do. It became manifest and clear that their professed unbounded benevolence embraced the whole human race, of all colors and complexion, except those who were suffering under their task-masters, and perishing for lack of religious knowledge within the sound of their voice, in their own churches, and by their firesides. Such inconsistency rests heavily on the managers of the Society.

About this time I began also to read "The African Repository," the organ of the American Colonization Society, organized in the city of Washington, D. C., in the year 1817. The character and tendency of this Society was after this fully set forth by Wm. Jay, of N. Y., in 1835. He says, "Of the seventeen vice-presidents, only five were selected from the free States, while the twelve managers were, it is believed, without one exception, slave-holders. The first two articles of the constitution are the only ones relating to the Society. They are as follows:"

Art. I. This Society shall be called The Amer-

ican Society for colonizing the free people of color of the United States.

Art. II. The object to which its attention is to be exclusively directed, is to promote and execute a plan for colonizing (with their consent) the free people of color residing in our country, in Africa, or such other place as Congress shall deem most expedient. And the Society shall act to effect this object in co-operation with the general government, and such of the States as may adopt regulations on the subject.

The subject was new to me, having had but little knowledge of it while following the sea. For a while it appeared that the movers of this work were honest in their declarations respecting the free people of color, and the abolition of slavery from the Union. But when anti-slavery societies began, and were being organized, from 1831 to 1834, it became evident that they were the worst enemies of the free people of color, and clearly manifest that they labored to perpetuate slavery in the slave-holding States, and manifested the most bitter opposition to anti-slavery men and measures.

Up to 1832 the Christian church in Fairhaven, with which I had united, had occupied a rented hall, and now began to feel the need of having a house of worship of their own in a more convenient place. Four of the brethren united together and built one, which was called "The Washington-street Christian Meeting-house." Soon after it was finished and dedicated we commenced a series of religious meetings, in the which the Lord graciously answered our prayers and poured out his Spirit upon us, and many souls were converted. The other churches became zealously affected, and the work of God spread throughout the village. For many weeks in succession the church-bells were ringing morning, afternoon, and evening, for preaching, and social meetings. It was thought by those who spoke of it that the whole population of the unconverted were under the deep movings of God's holy Spirit.

Our village had been blessed with several revivals before, but I was from home, except during two, the last of which I have just mentioned. The first one was in the year 1807, when the people were immersed in the love and pleasures of the world, and pride of life. The work was wonderful to them, and altogether unexpected. Although we had a stated ministry and regular preaching, it was ascertained that there were but two family altars in the place, viz., at Mr. J.'s, and my father's. I remember that I felt deeply interested in that work, and loved to attend their prayer-meetings, and have often thought that the Lord at that time forgave me my sins, but I, like too many other youth, neglected to tell my feelings to my parents, or any one, feeling that religion was for older ones than myself; and before the revival wholly subsided, my mind was occupied in preparing for my first European voyage.

From the year 1824, when I made my covenant

with God, I had lived up to the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, but had continued the use of tea and coffee without much conviction about their poisonous and stimulating effects for about seven years longer. With my small stock of knowledge on the subject, I was unwilling to be fairly convicted that these stimulants had any effect on me, until on a social visit with my wife at one of our neighbors, where tea was served us somewhat stronger than our usual habit of drinking. It had such an effect on my whole system that I could not rest nor sleep until after midnight. I then became fully satisfied (and have never seen cause to change my belief since), that it was the tea I had drank which so affected me. From thence I became convicted of its intoxicating qualities and discarded the use of it. Soon after this, on the same principle, I discarded the use of coffee, so that now it is about thirty years since I have allowed myself knowingly to taste of either. If the reader should ask how much I have gained in this matter, I answer that my health is better, my mind is clearer, and my conscience in this respect is void of offense.

Sylvester Graham, in his lectures on the science of human life, says: "There is no truth in science more fully ascertained, than that both tea and coffee are among the most powerful poisons of the vegetable kingdom."

Tea is spoken of in the Transylvania Journal of Medicine, as an anodyne, in some cases as truly so as opium. The Encyclopedia Americana says: "The effects of tea on the human system are those of every mild narcotic, taken in small quantities—exhilarating." Dr. Combe, in his work on digestion and dietetics, observes that "when made very strong, or taken in large quantities, especially late in the evening, they (tea and coffee) not only ruin the stomach, but very seriously derange the health of the brain and nervous system."

Brady, Kal. Co., Mich., Jan. 21, 1862.

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Great Point.

DEAR CHILDREN: Just so true as life, health, and blessings almost innumerable are now granted to us, just so true they will all pass away, and in a few short years at the longest, our days of probation will be closed. And just as certain as the Bible is a book of truth, just so certain will those who seek earnestly for salvation have a part in God's everlasting kingdom, and enjoy happiness forever; but those who continue to sin, and do not seek repentance at the hand of the Lord, will be forever lost. These are truths which are revealed to us in the word of the Lord. For nearly six thousand years they have been before the children of men; and there have always been some, a few in every generation, who have trembled at the word of the Lord, have turned away from sin and

wrong, and sought and obtained salvation. But a far larger number have rejected the counsel of the Lord, have continued to sin all through their lives, and finally died with no hope of pardon, no hope of salvation, no hope of an inheritance in the beautiful new earth, where sin and sinners have no place.

But how is it with *us* who live now? We occupy the same position, in one sense, as those have occupied who have lived before us. That is, while we now live in the world salvation is offered us, if we will only obey the precepts of God's word. If we do not obey, we have no reason to hope beyond this life.

We see multitudes of people on every side of us; they are full of plans and schemes—some seeking to become wealthy, some seeking to decorate their bodies with apparel that they may appear fine in the eyes of the world; all are seeking happiness in some way. But I repeat the question, How is it with us? When we read, "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the things that are therein shall be burned up," do we feel that we will make the Lord our portion, and his truth our hiding place? Let us remember that our time is made up of golden moments, which if improved *well* will gain us the great reward.

J. F. BYINGTON.

Battle Creek, Mich.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Little Children—Jesus Blessed Them.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Having taken my pen to write a few lines, I want to speak a little of the love of Jesus for children, and of his blessing them when here on earth. There were once brought unto him young children, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. This displeased the Saviour, and led him to say, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not. And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and blessed them." Matt. x, 14, 16.

"*And blessed them;*" yes, the adorable Son of God took up little children, and folding them in his lovely arms, pronounced a blessing upon them. Do you not think this rejoiced the hearts of their parents greatly?

Jesus went about doing good. He spent his life in usefulness, in acts of love and mercy to man; and finally died on the cross to save us from the second death. His love extended even to little children. He did not pass them by with coldness and indifference, but upon them he bestowed a blessing.

Now do you not desire, when you read in the Bible of his mission of love to this world, and of his suffering and agony, and that he is coming again to

take his people home to reign with him, to be good little children, so you can be saved too? Do you not anxiously want to see this same Jesus in his kingdom, and his Father, the Creator, and all the holy angels, with all good people?

He is now in heaven pleading with the Father for poor sinners. He desires that we should not be lost, but be saved forever. Soon his work will be done in the heavenly sanctuary, and he will come to earth. He is not coming again to hunger and thirst, to mourn and weep, to bleed and die; but he will come KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS. He comes to awake the sleeping saints, and to change the righteous living, and take them to reign with him forever.

"There all our griefs are past,
There all our sorrows end;
We gain a peaceful rest at last,
With Jesus Christ our friend."

Would you secure this desired rest, and enjoy the blessedness of the love and presence of Jesus to all eternity, O give your little hearts to him, love and obey him, keep all of God's commandments, then may you enjoy the presence of the Lord now by his Spirit, and hereafter have eternal life.

Of one little child we read, "He grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground." 1 Sam. iii, 19.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

Selected for the Youth's Instructor.

Charles and his Mother.

A DEVOTED Christian mother some years since related what had then recently passed between herself and little boy, then not far from four years old.

In conversing with the child occasion was offered her to ask him this question; "Charles, do you not want to go to heaven?" With much thoughtful solemnity, and modest deliberation, he answered, "No, mother!" She, of course, was not a little surprised; and after assuring herself that she had not misunderstood him, she asked for his reasons. "Why do you not want to go to heaven?" The little fellow, his breast heaving with emotion and eyes filling with tears, replied: "*I have been such a wicked boy that I AM AFRAID TO SEE GOD!*"

Now let not the little reader infer that this child was wicked in the sense of using bad language, or being quarrelsome, or otherwise outwardly faulty; for the reverse was true. All but himself would have pronounced him a lovely and excellent child. But his conscience had been enlightened: he had been taught that God's law "is exceeding broad," that "the thought of foolishness is sin," that great sin may be committed by the indulgence of wrong feelings, even when not made known to others by words or actions.

This truth is entitled to the serious reflection, not of children only, but those also of larger growth.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1862.

G. W. AMADON, EDITOR.

THE January number of the present volume closed the story of Bro. Bates' seafaring life. For more than three years the ship has made its monthly voyages to our readers, carrying interest and pleasure wherever she dropped anchor. Hereafter our venerable brother comes before us in the character of the Christian reformer, the philanthropist, the temperance advocate, and finally a preacher of present truth. His articles to many will have more interest than ever.

WE have not occupied as much space as usual in this number of the Instructor, from the fact there were so many good things said by others, we saw no need of it.

Questions for Young Bible Students.

THE PROPHETIC PERIODS.

WHAT is a prophetic period?
 How many prophetic periods are there in the Bible?
 Which is the longest one?
 Which the shortest?
 Where did the twenty-three hundred days begin?
 When did they end? What event then occurred?
 What is taught by this period?
 When did the thirteen hundred and thirty-five days begin? When did they end?
 What do we learn by this period?
 Where did the twelve hundred and ninety days commence? Where did they end?
 What reasons have we for these dates?
 In what year did the twelve hundred and sixty days begin? When did they end?
 What instruction is derived from this period?
 What different names are applied to it in the Bible?
 Where did the seventy weeks begin? Where end?
 How many years do they make?
 From what period are they cut off?
 How many of these weeks reached to Christ?
 Why is this period said to be determined upon the Jews?
 What is the great lesson taught by this prophecy?
 How much time is covered by the five months of Rev. ix?
 In what year did they begin? When did they end?
 What political event marked their commencement?
 What happened at their close?
 What particular instruction do we derive from this period?
 How much time is represented by the hour, month, and day of the sixth trumpet?
 When did this period begin? When end?
 What remarkable event signified their termination?

What is the latest date for the ending of any prophetic period?

What is meant by the angel's declaration in Revelation, that "time shall be no longer?"

What rules are given us in the Scriptures for reckoning prophetic time?

What is the grand design of the prophetic periods?

For the Youth's Instructor.

Pride.

HAVE thought quite lately I would say something to the readers of the Instructor about pride. First, because it is a time when every one, old and young, should be very humble before God. A time when only a few months more will pass and time itself will be no more for any one to forsake sin and prepare to meet the Saviour. And also, because I fear there are those who do cherish this serpent in their bosom. Even among the children can be seen its poisonous influence. I do not think pride is as common among the boys as the girls, though they do many other things which are very wicked and sinful.

I have seen some young girls who seemed so fond of their dress and manners that they appeared even foolish. I cannot think that God looks upon such with approbation.

Any one can tell a proud person or child. They are stiff in their appearance. They move just so exact, their step is very precise. When in company their conversation is about dress, telling what articles of dress they would like or intend to have; and this is about all the conversation that interests them. They do not appear natural, free, and easy. They like to think that they appear very genteel, a little more so than any one with whom they associate. I have seen some whom I thought took pride in the way they spoke their words. In reading they have a tone and manner so unnatural that I have thought, How can such love God, when they love themselves so well. I am sorry to say I have seen Sabbath-keeping children do those things, but it is so.

I cannot think that they realized that they did it, for they would blush if they knew how it looked.

Who does not love free, active, buoyant children, even though they are approaching manhood or womanhood? Simple and graceful in manners—modest and unassuming in their behavior—not fond of showing themselves, but retiring and bashful. Not the bold, forward child who seeks to attract the notice of every one; nor the stiff, proud boys and girls who love themselves and wish alone to be loved. No such ones will never enter the beautiful city of God. It will be only the pure and the good, for there—

"The good alone are beautiful."

Oh may the children of those who are looking and preparing for the coming of Jesus, be his hum-

ble followers, remembering that the Saviour did no sin. He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and all this that our sins might be forgiven and finally blotted out. Who would not seek for such loveliness of character as this?

Try, dear children, and God by his Spirit will help you.

M. D. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Chapter Two of my Experience.

HE minister spoken of in my last article, whom I had hoped would embrace the truth, turned against me, and told my associates to treat me coldly, and not hear me talk on religion. Said he to one whom I had given some papers to read, "Burn them up or let me have them! Don't read his papers, nor hear him talk! I will manage Moses." So my young companions all forsook me, and when we met they either treated me with cold indifference, or abused me for backsliding, as they called it.

Elder Miller invited me to come to his house and spend an hour or two with him, and he would convince me, as he said, of my errors. So I went to hear him talk. Sometimes he would argue out of the Scriptures, at other times he would tell me I could be a great man if I would come back to the faith I had left; and at other times he would tell me every body had given up the Advent doctrine in the East. Finding all his efforts fruitless, he tried to work upon my sympathies.

Said he, "Moses, folks told me you would backslide, but I told them you would not, but alas! I find that I was wrong. You are gone. I took you into the church and trained you, and taught you to argue until your equals are hard to find, even among ministers. Little did I think I was training a pup to bite me. Now you can retrace your steps immediately, or we will turn you out of the church!"

I went home crying to think I must be turned out of the church for believing the Bible; but so it was; for this time I must be rejected. I was disfellowshipped, and my associates were warned against having anything to do with me. I began to realize that I could not "be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease." I mourned and wept to think I had been treated so cruelly.

My father did all he could to comfort me, but I felt as though I had met with a great loss. My church fellowship was gone, and I was disgraced, although I had done nothing amiss. My father opened the Bible and read, "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil for the Son of man's sake." Luke vi, 22. Said he, "Men have separated you from their company; they have cast your name out as evil. Here is the place for you to rejoice. The Saviour says, Leap for joy; in this is a title to the kingdom."

But I could not realize the blessing. I tried over and over again to rejoice, but every effort was in vain, until my attention was called to the next verse: "Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy; for, behold, your reward is great in heaven; for in the LIKE MANNER did their FATHERS UNTO THE PROPHETS." I then began to ask the question, Am I any better than the prophets? They suffered more than I have or perhaps ever will. Shall I refuse their company? Weeping Jeremiah prophesied with his feet fast in the stocks, while they have only separated me from their company, and cast my name out as evil. Then the blessing came. If my former brethren rejoiced to get rid of me, I rejoiced to think that I was worthy to suffer for the truth. I would have given the world, had it been mine, to have had my enemies know how sweet God's blessings were at that time. I praise God that there is suffering in the way to the kingdom.

MOSES HULL.

Battle Creek, Mich.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Little Altha,

OR, THE WAY TO GET RIGHT.

The following story was contributed to the Instructor by one who often writes for this paper. We hope the "little Althas" in other places will read it carefully, and grow wiser and better by this little girl's experience. If any of you have an inclination to be fretful and peevish, think of Altha, and then fight these unlovely traits as you would a nest of wasps, and get out into the freedom enjoyed by good boys and girls.—ED.

SOME children are very kind and affectionate when every thing goes to please them, but when their feelings are crossed in any way they instantly lose all their good nature.

Such was the disposition of little Altha, about whom I will tell the Instructor children, as I am aware that they are fond of true stories, hoping it may lead those who have not to forsake their sins.

Altha's parents were dead, and she lived with friends who gave her a home and desired in every way to make her happy and good. In return they expected she would love and obey them.

It was very easy for Altha to love her friends, only when they required her to obey contrary to her wishes, when, I am sorry to say, dark clouds cast their shadows over the bright home of Altha. This was often a source of great grief to her friends. They tried to point out the folly of her course to her,—remonstrated with her,—prayed for her,—but still dark hours would sometimes come. Altha felt often under no particular obligations to obey them. She preferred her own way and thought she had a right to have it. Thus day after day would she yield to very unhappy and fretful feelings, rather than out of love and respect to obey those who sought her highest good.

One evening after an unpleasant afternoon, Altha was alone with her friend. She had so often used entreaties and reasoning with her, and found it all of no avail, that her heart was overwhelmed with sorrow. What could she do more than she had done? She had tried to be kind to her, making sacrifices for her which she hoped would cause Altha to love to make them back again; but now all her hopes were frustrated. She sat down and wept aloud. As her only hope, she silently lifted her heart to God to help her.

She felt there was but little hope unless some ministering angel came to her relief. She did not see that even her sorrow caused Altha's feelings to become tender. At length with a hope that God witnessed her anxiety and care, and would not leave her to sink beneath any burden he had laid upon her, she broke the silence:

"Altha," she said, "why do you cause me so much grief? Why cannot our home always be peaceful and happy? How cheerfully we could live here together. It might be all sunshine in our dwelling. Why cannot it be so? You know how I love you when you are good. Can I not say something to you to touch your feelings? Altha, what would you give if now at once you could become good, and we live happily together?"

Poor Altha felt the force of what her friend was saying, and now did desire to be good. She began to feel that she would do any thing that would make her good.

"But," her friend added, "would you give any thing you have, even your choicest things?"

"I think I would," she answered.

"Well, there is ONE THING you can give which will make you good, which is to give your heart to God."

"But I do not know how."

"Will you listen to me if I will tell you?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember the prayer the poor publican offered up to the Lord?"

"I think I do."

"Will you repeat it to me?"

Altha was touched, and with quivering lips she repeated, "Lord, be merciful unto me a sinner." In doing this the whole weight of her sins seemed to rest upon her. The Holy Spirit was subduing her heart. She wept, and confessed, and wept again. She brought up every instance where she knew she had grieved her friend, and begged forgiveness of her. She flung her arms around her neck, and there wept and sobbed aloud. They then knelt in prayer, and the peace of Heaven sweetly filled their hearts, and scattered away all their gloom.

This was a happy hour to them both. Altha was now loved more tenderly than ever by her friends, and as she sought to obey them her love increased for them, and the clouds which had so often obscured their sky, disappeared, and much less oftener appeared to disturb the sunshine of their quiet home. Sometimes after this Altha would be taken in a snare, but she had learned the way out. "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy."

Dear children of the Instructor—Confess and forsake your faults. Love, honor, and obey your parents. How they love and feel for you, and pray for you when you do wrong. The fifth commandment is especially for you. Do not let your lives be blotted in disobedience to it. Think of God's goodness. Think of heaven with all its purity. Bring to God your hearts now, and he by his grace

for Jesus' sake will purify them, and fit them for his kingdom.

"There is a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.

"We seek to high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear,
As home and friends around us."

The Honest Boy.

A LITTLE boy whose name was John,
Whose pa from home one day had gone,
Went out of doors to seek some play,
'Twas on a pleasant Summer day.
He hopped and jumped and skipped around,
In every thing some sport he found;
At length a little wand'ring fly,
Upon the grindstone he did spy.
He thought he'd cut the fly in two,
And for his father's ax did go;
With ax returned, he raised it high,
Thinking sure he'd kill the fly;
With dreadful force he plied the stroke,
When lo! his father's grindstone broke.
The ax was dulled, the stone in two,
And now thought John, "What shall I do?"
Thought he, "What will my father say,
When he returns at close of day?"
John felt sad, his sport was ended;
But still no harm had he intended.
In doleful mood he went away,
He felt so bad he could not play.
At eventide his pa came home,
And quickly saw what had been done:
His father cried, "I wonder who
Has broke my grindstone quite in two?"
"I did it pa, yes pa, 'twas I;"
Said little John, who would not lie.
"To strike a fly your ax I raised,
I struck so hard, I was amazed
To see the stone when it had broke;
I thought 'twas stronger than an oak.
I'm sorry, pa, I broke the stone,
I never will another one;
If you will me this time excuse,
I never more your ax will use."
"O John, my son!" his father cried,
"I am so glad you have not lied;
I would not have you tell a lie
For all the grindstones 'neath the sky."

For the Youth's Instructor.

Little Mary Ann.

WE would like to tell the readers of the Instructor some things about this interesting little girl, which we learned from her mother's pen. She was the daughter of William and Mary P. Shaw, of Fairhaven, Mass. She was a child of much promise, and beloved by those who knew her. She made herself especially so to the poor, as she was never willing an unfortunate person should leave the house without administering to his wants. Ever obedient to her parents, she loved the Sabbath and kept it with her mother. When deprived the privilege of going to Sabbath School, she would recite her lessons at

home. She committed all the book of Matthew and most of Mark, to memory. She was also a constant reader of the Instructor, and prized it very highly. We send some lines of alphabetical sayings she wished published in the Instructor. The sentiments in them she tried to imitate.

But her work on earth is done. She has gone to the cold grave. She was taken sick from home with Diptheria, and died in a few days, aged 11 years, 3 months, and 3 days.

To her afflicted mother, who was very sick at the time of Mary's death, we would say, We rejoice that you do not mourn as those that have no hope. Oh no, you have much to comfort you in this bereavement. Although denied the melancholy satisfaction of administering to her last wants, or looking on her lovely form after death had robbed it of vitality, you can look beyond the power of the destroyer to the Life-giver, who in a little from this will burst the fetters of the tomb, and all who die in him will come forth clothed in immortal bloom, to die no more. Happy thought! May we, dear sister, so live as to be among that happy throng, is the prayer of your unworthy friend.

P. M. BATES.

Monterey, Mich.

Extracts from Letters.

F. T. Wales writes from Melbourne, C. E.:

"My prayer is that the good Lord's blessing may go with the Instructor wherever it may find a resting place, and be a lasting benefit to the children of God's remnant people. May the Lord bless, strengthen, and direct Bro. Amaden in his labors."

J. Strickland of Burr Oak, Mich., says:

"Dear Bro. Amaden—I am a little boy. I live where I can't go to meeting, but I want to be good and keep the Commandments. I like to read the Instructor. I want to live so as to be ready when Christ comes. I think it will be a happy meeting to meet all the Sabbath-keepers."

A. Stebbins of Wileyville, N. Y., writes:

"I love to peruse the pages of the Instructor, and learn how my friends are getting along in the Christian course. I want to overcome the temptations of this life, and be separate from the world. I want to be a follower of my meek and lowly Jesus who gave his life for all. We ought to feel willing to suffer for him who is so good and kind to us."

J. W. Stewart writes from Cleveland, Ohio:

"Dear Youth—This world is doomed to fire. Soon the blessed Jesus will come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. So we should not love the world, nor the things of the world. If you love the world, the love of the Father is not in you."

A. Lanphear writes from Nile, N. Y.:

"I am still striving to make heaven my home, and I mean by the assisting grace of God to overcome, that I may at last have a part in his everlasting kingdom. I know that I have a great many besetting sins, but I hope that the Lord will help me to overcome them all. Oh young friends, there is a great need of our living more holy, and setting a better example to others. We are too much conformed to the world."

S. R. Nichols writes from Worcester, Vt.:

"It rejoices my heart to know that many of the dear readers of this valuable little paper have already enlisted as soldiers under the banner of Je-

sus. But I realize that we are living in perilous times, in which the enemy has come down in great wrath, seeking whom he may devour. Many and sharp will be the conflicts between this cruel foe and the legal subjects of king Jesus."

Clarissa Shortridge writes from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa:

"Dear readers of the Instructor: For the first time I attempt to write a few lines for our little paper. I would have written sooner, but I did not feel worthy. But I do think by the grace of God that I have reformed. I have resolved that I would keep every one of the commandments, that I would lay aside hoops and all other earthly vanities and follow Jesus, and gain treasures which will never be taken away."

E. Beiler of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, writes:

"I have been studying about the truth for ten months, and have finally resolved to obey the Lord, come what will. By his grace I intend to live as near right as I know how. I am alone in this new way, although I have a good mother and three sisters. My father has long been at rest."

M. L. Field writes from Anamosa, Iowa:

"Dear Friends: How thankful we should feel toward our heavenly Father for showing us his truth. May we all be sanctified through it, and be ready and waiting when Jesus comes. I rejoice that if faithful we shall soon be beyond the temptations of Satan, where we shall no more receive the scoffs and scorns of this wicked world, but will enjoy the society of angels and all the good of earth forever. I hope God will continue to bless the efforts of the Instructor."

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Alphabet to Happiness.

Attend well to your own business.
Be punctual in all your engagements.
Consider well before making engagements.
Do right in all things without fear.
Envy no man his apparent prosperity.
Fret not at disappointments.
Give liberally to the suffering poor.
Hold fast your integrity.
Infringe on no man's rights.
Judge not others severely.
Keepest away from evil company.
Lend to those that cannot buy.
Make no display of your charities.
Never profess what you do not practice.
Occupy your time in usefulness.
Pay every one his just dues.
Quarry not with your associates.
Remember your dependence on Providence.
Strive to promote the happiness of others.
Treat every one with civility.
Use the things of this world with discretion.
Vilify no person's reputation.
Watch against every temptation.
Xamine your own character.
Yield not to the persuasion of the vicious.
Zealously pursue the path of duty,
& hope for everlasting joy.

TRANSCRIBED BY MARY ANN SHAW.

Verses for a Little Child.

My little body's made by God,
Of soft warm flesh and crimson blood;
The slender bones are placed within,
And over all is laid the skin.

My little body's very weak;
A fall or blow my bones might break;
The water soon might stop my breath,
The fire might close my eyes in death.

But God can keep me by his care;
To him I'll say this little prayer:
"O God! from harm my body keep,
Both when I wake, and when I sleep."

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Goodness of God.

GREAT is the goodness that God manifests to those who love and fear him! He supplies their temporal wants, forgives them their sins, preserves them when they are in danger, gives them his Spirit and the watchcare of good and mighty angels, teaches them his truth, guides them in the way they should go, shows them their faults that they may overcome, supports them in their trials, and promises to deliver them from the seven last plagues which are soon to be poured on millions of our race, and from the second death, and to give them a life that will never end, and a rich and glorious reward in the kingdom of God.

Dear children, do you love and fear the Lord? If so, all these blessings are yours. And if God is so good unto you, should you not be grateful, and should you not be sorry that you have ever displeased him? We hear many complain when they have not all they desire. We hope this will not be the case with any of our readers. If we consider that we justly deserve God's frown, and that we are unworthy of the least of his blessings, we shall be thankful for the smallest token of goodness that we receive. O that we might always manifest suitable gratitude to our kind heavenly Father for his goodness unto us. Then would he love us more, and bestow greater blessings upon us.

D. T. BOURDEAU.

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