

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

VOL. X.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL, 1862.

NO. 4.

There is a God.

"THERE is a God," all nature cries—
The earth, the sea, the lofty skies.
The lowliest plant that decks the vale,
The insect sporting on the gale,
The earliest flower that spring gives birth
To adorn and beautify the earth,
The streamlet gliding through the plain,
The wild bird's sweet and plaintive strain,
The blue depths of the boundless sea,
Type of his own immensity,
The sun advancing to the west,
The full moon rising in the east,
The brightly twinkling star of even,
And all the radiant host of heaven,
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar,
They all the Almighty's power adore,
And with united voice proclaim
Through the whole earth, Jehovah's name.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Incidents in My Past Life. No. 40.

BY ELDER JOSEPH BATES.

Falling Stars—Moral Reform—Raising Trees—Culture of Silk—Second Advent of Christ.

MY last closed with some extracts relative to the falling stars in 1833. Here are a few more from other authors:

The Commercial Observer of Nov. 25, 1833, copied from the Old Countryman, reads as follows:

"We pronounce the raining of fire, which we saw on Wednesday morning last, an awful type, a sure forerunner, a merciful sign, of that great day, which the inhabitants of the earth will witness when the sixth seal will be opened. The time is just at hand, described, not only in the New Testament, but in the Old. A more correct picture of a fig tree casting its leaves (or green figs), when blown by a mighty wind, it is not possible to behold."

Extracts from the People's Magazine, Boston, Jan. 1834, on the falling stars of Nov. 13, 1833:

"The Rockingham, Va., Register" calls it a "rain of fire"—"thousands of stars being seen at once." Some said, "It began with a considerable noise."

The Lancaster, Pa., Examiner says:

"The air was filled with innumerable meteors or stars. . . . Hundreds of thousands of brilliant bodies might be seen falling at every moment, . . . sloping their descent toward the earth, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, resembling flashes of fire."

The Salem Register speaks of their being seen "in Moca, in the Red Sea."

The Journal of Commerce informs us that "three

hundred miles this side of Liverpool, the phenomenon was as splendid as here," and that in St. Lawrence Co., "there was a snow storm, during the phenomenon, in which the falling stars appeared like lightning." . . . That in Germantown, Pa., "they seemed like showers of great hail."

A captain of a New Bedford whale ship, one of my acquaintances, says that "while lying at anchor that night on the coast of California, in the Pacific Ocean, I saw the stars falling all around me."

Prof. Olmstead, of Yale College, says: "The extent of the shower of 1833 was such as to cover no inconsiderable part of the earth's surface, from the middle of the Atlantic on the east, to the Pacific on the west; and from the northern coast of South America, to undefined regions among the British Possessions on the north, the exhibition was visible, and everywhere presented nearly the same appearance. Those who were so fortunate as to witness the exhibition of shooting stars on the morning of Nov. 13, 1833, probably saw the greatest display of celestial fireworks that has ever been seen since the creation of the world."

In connection with these portentous signs in the heavens, moral reform was working its way like leaven throughout the United States. To all appearance some unseen agency was assisting those that were struggling in the up-hill work of opposing the masses, while they were soliciting and enlisting the energies and sympathies of men, women, and children, to help stay the tide of intemperance and slavery, which to all human appearance, if not stayed, would demoralize and debase us below the moral standard of all the civilized nations of the earth, before the close of the then rising generation.

What appeared the most inexplicable in moving forward this work, was to see ministers, whose Christian characters were before unsullied in the community, pleading in favor of slavery, upholding rum-drinking and rum-selling, and keeping a large majority of their church and congregation under their influence. Others were mute, waiting to see how their friends decided. Some there were, however, who took a noble stand in the work of reform.

Moral Reform Societies were multiplied in various places, as were also Peace Societies, having for their object the abolition of war. They proposed to settle all disputes or difficulties of importance, by reference to a Congress of Nations.

After finishing my buildings on my farm, before referred to, I commenced the work of raising mul-

berry-trees, to obtain their foliage to feed the silk-worm, designing to enter into the culture of silk. I had erected a school-house on my place, in which I designed to have a manual-labor school for youth. I calculated to employ them a certain portion of the time to gather the mulberry foliage, and attend to the feeding of the silk-worms; and as the work advanced, other branches of the business also, such as reeling and preparing the silk for market. By an examination of able writers on the subject, I was satisfied that silk could be produced to advantage in New England as well as in Europe. While my trees were maturing, we raised and fed the silk-worm two or three seasons on a small scale, which satisfied me that by attention and care the business could be made profitable. Many that commenced the business about the time I did, also entered into the speculation and excitement about raising the Chinese *Multicaulis Tree* for sale, which enriched some, disappointed many, and caused a failure, because silk-culture could not be made a money-making business in its infancy. I was endeavoring to raise my trees first, before entering upon the business, and had many trees which had begun to bear fruit, and my third orchard in a thriving condition, designing, if I lived, to attend to that business only.

In the fall of 1839, while engaged in my orchard, one Eld. R., an acquaintance of mine, and preacher in the Christian connection, called upon me and enquired if I would like to go to New Bedford, about two miles distant, that evening, and hear him preach on the SECOND COMING OF CHRIST. I asked Eld. R. if he thought he could show or prove anything about the Saviour's coming. He answered that he thought he could. He stated that the North Christian Meeting-house in New Bedford was offered him to give a course of five lectures on that subject. I promised to go with him, but I was very much surprised to learn that any one could show anything about the *time* of the Saviour's second coming.

A little previous to this, while spending an evening in a social company of friends, Eld. H. stated that he had heard that there was a Mr. Miller preaching in the state of New York that the Lord Jesus Christ was coming in about 1843. I believe this was the first time I had ever heard the subject mentioned. It appeared so impossible, that I attempted to raise an objection, but was told that he brought a great deal of scripture to prove it. But when I heard Eld. R. present the scripture testimony on the subject in his first lecture, I was deeply interested, as was also my companion. After meeting, we had rode some distance toward home, absorbed in this important subject, when at length I broke the silence by saying, "That is the truth!" My companion replied, "O, you are so sanguine, always!" I argued that Eld. R. had made it very clear to my mind, but we would hear further. The meeting continued with crowded congregations and increasing interest to the close, and I felt that my

mind was much enlightened on this important subject.

I now obtained Wm. Miller's books of nineteen lectures, which I read with deep interest, especially his argument on the prophetic periods of Daniel's vision, which heretofore, when I read the Bible in course, appeared to me so intricate, and led me to wonder what importance there could be attached to those days connected with his pictorial prophecy of chapters vii and viii. But I now began to learn that those days were so many years, and those years were now to close in about 1843, at which period of time, according to Mr. Miller's view of the prophecies, Christ would personally appear the second time.

Monterey, March 19, 1862.

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Lost Boys and their Dog Pomp.

DEAR CHILDREN: I will here relate for you a little incident that occurred when I was a small lad, and when this country (Illinois) was quite thinly settled, and the woods but a wilderness. I, in company with my brother two years older than myself, started to hunt a cow that had strayed away. We started into the woods, and traveled a long way without paying any attention to the direction we were going. Finding ourselves very tired, and no hopes of finding the cow, we concluded to return home, but as we had not paid attention to the course we had come, we did not know which way to go. After some consultation we agreed upon the direction to start, hoping we were right, but fearing we were wrong; and after traveling some way, we concluded we were wrong, and without much hesitation, we began to retrace our steps.

Our faithful old house dog walked close to our side all the while, until we thought we were wrong, when we started in another direction; and thus we continued to wander about, tired and hungry, the thistles striking our bare feet, and making them sting so badly as almost to make us cry. At last, finding all our efforts fruitless, we stopped, and as we thought of our dismal situation, lost in the woods and night coming on, we both began to cry. At this, our dog Pomp seemed to know we were in distress, and would look up into our faces and whine as though he wanted to help us.

It is on an occasion like this, my dear children, that we can feel how dear our parents and our homes are. And it was there in the dark woods, made still more drear by the idea of being lost, that my acts of disobedience came to mind; and I resolved to be obedient to my parents, whom I never valued so much as I did then; and never be ungrateful for the tender love they had for me. I think it would do some children good to be lost in the dark woods for a little while. Those who think they are old enough to do as they wish, and do not

appreciate the watchful care of their parents. It would lead them to reflection, and to a sense of their own dependence.

But to return to my narrative: We wept bitterly at the thought of having to stay in the woods all night, and Pomp seemed to feel sorry for us too. He would walk around us, and then sit down and look in our face, and whine, and seemed very anxious to help us. At this time the thought came into my mind, Send Pomp home, and then follow him. I told my brother of my plan, and he gave the command, "Pomp, go home!" The dog seemed to understand it all, and immediately started off on a trot, and we started after with new courage, trusting in the guidance of our faithful dog; nor were we disappointed; for in a short time we were in sight of our home, which we were never more glad to see.

Now, my dear children, I fear that many of you are wandering in a more dreary wilderness than we were: that is, the wilderness of sin. But there is One who is ready and willing to lead you in the right way, if you will only obey him and keep his commandments. Let us ever strive to love him who first loved us, and sent his own Son to suffer and die for us, that he might lead us out of this wilderness of sin to our Father's home above, where Jesus has gone to prepare us a mansion, and has promised to come again to take us to himself. John iv, 3. Was ever love like this? O no!

My dear little children, do you not want to be among the one hundred and forty-four thousand? Then you must keep the commandments; for this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments. And the fifth commandment says, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

I. F. BALLENGER.

Oneco, Stephenson Co., Ills.

For the Youth's Instructor.

There are no Tears in Heaven.

WOULD not wish to dwell where tears are shed no more? Where no billows of sorrow roll over the soul, and where the heart is no longer crushed by its weight of trouble? Death will have no power to snatch the loved ones from that blessed abode. No rude storms or raging blasts sweep across those ethereal skies. There bright flowers will never fade; there will friend meet friend to part no more. What is earth, compared with that glorious rest! It is fading, and soon will pass away; but heaven will last for ever.

Why is it that so many are seeking their treasure here, and look not above for that which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away? Truly their eyes are blinded that they cannot see. But though they may raise the siren voice of peace

and safety, yet there is a day coming of darkness and desolation. In that day, wealth, friends, and worldly power will avail us nothing,—but a well-grounded hope in God.

There is a little space left us to seek righteousness, that we may stand in the trying time before us. Shall we neglect these precious moments? Shall the world, with its glittering pleasures and its giddy mirth, have power to close our eyes against the truth, and we spend the time of probation in thoughtless gaiety? God forbid that such should be the case of any who have professed to be the followers of Jesus, and have looked forward with longing hearts to his appearing.

But if we would escape, we must be zealous and repent. A mere profession will not save any. Those who know their Master's will, and do it not, doubly great will be their condemnation.

Dear Children: Those of you who have praying parents and kind friends to aid you in the service of God, despise not such privileges. What excuse can you offer for not being a Christian? Will you not be dumb in that day when you are required to give an account to God? Repent, I beseech you, while yet sweet mercy lingers. How can you slumber when the awful judgments of God are looming over a guilty world, just ready to fall? Flee, O flee to the sure Refuge, ere the storm bursts upon you! Hide under the covert of His wings, until the calamities be overpast.

There are dazzling crowns laid up for you, and treasures far richer than the pearls of the ocean will be your reward, if you will renounce the world, and meekly bear the shame and reproach heaped upon the true followers of Jesus. Those who would enter the bright mansions in glory, must live a dying life. Our dress, our words, our actions, must all tell for religion. The proud heart must be broken, and the haughty spirit humbled. O beloved children, determine NOW. Surrender ALL to God.

E. P. W.

Medford, Minn.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Love Your Neighbor.

GIVE me a cent, Sammy," said a little boy of about six years to one of his playmates who was holding in his hand two or three pennies. "Give me a cent," he continued. But as Samuel still hesitated, a thought came over him, and he exclaimed, "You don't love your neighbor as yourself!" Sammy thought a moment and gave up the penny.

This little boy belonged to the Sabbath-school, and took the Instructor; but he now sleeps in death, and his little grave is not far from our dwelling. And though several years have passed since this little incident took place, I never shall forget how honestly he exclaimed, "You don't love your neighbor as you do yourself."

S. ELMER.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL, 1862.

G. W. AMADON, EDITOR.

Questions for Young Bible Students.

ABOUT THE DEVIL.

MENTION the name of the great foe of mankind.
Where did Satan come from?
How did he come to be a Devil?

How many devils are there?
What is their condition now?
What is to be their final end?
Who are the Devil's followers?
Who is Satan's greatest enemy?
Under what name is this being first spoken of in Scripture?
Why is he called "the Serpent"?
What writer calls him an "Angel of Light"?
Why?
Where and why is he called "the Anointed Cherub"?
Why is he compared to "a Roaring Lion"?
What is the meaning of "Devil?" of "Satan?" of "Beelzebub"?
Why is he called "the Prince and Power of the Air"?
Why are Satan and his angels termed "unclean spirits?" "evil angels?"
Who characterizes Satan as a Murderer? Why?
Why does he bear the name of "Destroyer"?
What titles does he bear in Rev. ix, 11?
Why does he go by the name of "Deceiver?" "Adversary?" "Enemy?"
Who gives him the appellative of "Lucifer"?
Why?
Why does he bear the high title of "Prince of this World"?
Who calls him a "Liar"?
What are some of the principal lies he is now trying to make the human family believe?
Who calls him "the Accuser of our brethren"?
Why does he go by the name of "the Dragon"?
How may we all triumph over this wily foe?

THE Apostle Paul tells us that in the last days perilous times shall come, for evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse. This is now literally true, just as Paul said. And while men and women are going in the way to ruin, children follow after in their wake. They, too, are waxing worse and worse. Oh, how I pity the children that live in these days. There are more chances to be lost than there are to be saved? The Devil is trying to ruin us every moment, and the natural heart gravitates fearfully downward. Children, you must watch and pray, or you will go over the falls!

CHILDREN, are you getting ready for the Saviour's coming? The end of all things is about upon us, and how do you feel in view of it? It is with children the same as with older people; while some are thoughtful and serious, others are careless and trifling. But none, neither young or old, will go into the kingdom of God, unless they are born again, and obey the truth. God help you, young readers, to be wise unto salvation; and while the Saviour remains a short time longer in the heavenly Sanctuary, to choose that better part which shall never be taken from you.

ONE word to our patrons. Dear friends who have a mind to try to help the youth, Now [is the time to do what you can to save precious souls. Let every one who has any tact to instruct children, occupy a corner frequently in the Instructor. Letters are continually received at the Office, stating what the Instructor has done for this and that one, and how it is prized by the children. We want all to do what they can to make it a source of profit to the juvenile portion of the remnant. The Instructor should go out carrying a high tone of morality, food to the hungry, and interest to all. It should be emphatically a *Bible paper*. If all lend a helping hand in this work, we shall have the innocent pride that our subscribers get value received for their money.

WHAT a place heaven must be! Nothing bad in it. No Devil, no sinners, no temptations, no sickness, no imperfection; but all is peace, joy, satisfaction; and love, gentleness, and goodness rule in every heart. There is no falling away in heaven; all who get there will eternally remain good. There we shall see the holy of every age and time, from the days of old father Adam down to the last saint that falls asleep in Christ. There will be a countless host of children in heaven, who have obeyed God in all ages. What a wonderful story they will have to tell to the youth who are saved in the last days. Some will tell us how wicked the world was just before the flood, and how hard it was for them to do right. Others can give us an account of their sufferings in Egypt; how the Egyptian youth and children laughed at them for their religion. Others can tell of the terrible journey through the wilderness to the land of Canaan, and how terrified they were when God came down on Mount Sinai and gave the people his law. Others can tell how they marched over the river Jordan as God dried it up, and how the walls of Jericho fell down when the priests blew their horns. Some can tell us of cruel wars, and of the splendid temple Solomon built. Others can relate the dreadful account of the Babylonish captivity, and how they hung their harps upon the willows, and refused to sing the Lord's songs to their enemies. And then there will be those little He-

brew boys and girls who saw Jesus Christ upon earth, and heard him preach, and saw him work miracles. And there will be those children who lived in the Dark Ages, when Catholics put people to death for obeying God. What a story of experience they will have to relate! Finally, we shall all see as we are seen, and know as we are known, and the happiest of all will be that these troubles are all over forever, and as for our sins, we cannot call to mind one of them, for God has *blotted them all out!*

Oh, heaven will be a good place. Children, let us all try to be there.

For the Youth's Instructor.

A Sorry Sight!

WHILE standing near my window the other day, my attention was arrested by an incident in the street, which created some unpleasant sensations in my mind. A boy of my acquaintance had by some means got the ill-will of some Irish boys, and they were seeking revenge in earnest. One would trip him up, and then part of them would beat him unmercifully, while the rest would cry out, "Beat him!" "Kick him!" "Kick him in his mouth!" and all manner of such expressions. Fearing for the boy's safety, (as it happened near my own gate) I stepped out and opened it just in season to let him pass in, when he ran across the lot, a short distance, to where his father was at work, and made his escape. Feeling again a little for my own safety, I passed into the house, for their saucy words and vile oaths indicated that they might vent their angry spite upon me in a shower of stones or dirt.

But I had some serious reflections. I had no proof but that this boy was passing along the street in a quiet manner, when thus assailed by these wicked street characters. Neither did I know but it was as they said, that he had thrown stones at them. I hope not, though. I had not time then to inquire into the matter. I could not help thinking of the fable of poor Tray, and the query would come whether he did or did not provoke these hasty-tempered boys. I hoped it was not the case.

And now I want to say a word to children about being in the street. If I wanted a child to find the broad road to ruin speedily, I would just let him go into the street to play. It may be that all boys who play in the street are not so bad. The only reason is, they have not been there long enough to learn all the lessons taught in the street. I have sometimes thought there was hardly safety in sending a decent, orderly little child through the streets alone.

Not very long ago a good little boy came to my door for protection from a volley of stones thrown by boys in the street. And it is not simply such actions, but vulgar and low language is too common for children to hear, whose parents profess to be preparing for the coming of the Lord. Solomon says, "Enter not into the path of the wicked. Avoid it,

pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." I hope sincerely that there are no children who love the Sabbath and come to the Sabbath-school, who love to play with wicked boys or girls. This cannot be; for if they love wicked children they do not love the Sabbath or Sabbath-school.

My prayer is, May the Lord spare the children of the remnant. Only a few more months and the hours of probation will close. All labor bestowed upon children must be done speedily. I am glad there is hope now, and while mercy's door is open, may the children flock to Jesus and find shelter from the approaching storm of God's wrath.

M. D. A.

A Letter to the Children.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I am a stranger to most of the readers of this little sheet, but not to the truths it advocates; and I feel much love for all, particularly the children, who are trying to live out these truths. But what is better than all else, we have the assurance that the Lord loves the children who fear him and keep his commandments. "*If we keep his commandments, and they are not grievous.*" This we can do if we have that love for him which we ought.

Do you ever think how many children there are who have never been taught anything about God's law. I am well convinced that there are many in this place who, if they have ever heard of God, certainly do not love or fear him; for my heart is often pained to hear the most blasphemous oaths fall from the lips of school boys, as they pass my home. Do you think these boys are ready to have the Saviour come? Let me tell you how one little boy feels about it.

Not long since I was in the street, when two boys were walking behind me. One said to the other, in a tone of voice that indicated earnestness, "They say the world is going to burn up in a hundred days, and Billy Moore says he is not going to swear any more if it is true." There is an "if." If it is true he is n't going to swear any more. This little boy's conscience tells him he has broken God's law, and he trembles to hear anything said about the end of the world. It was only fear that prompted him to make that remark. He has no love for his heavenly Father, or else it would be his delight to refrain from swearing. The Bible says the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. He made a beginning, but I fear he swears now. Perhaps if he, with other children here, could have the privilege you do, and hear the last solemn message to a dying world, some of them would learn to love God, break away from their sins and be numbered among the lambs of the fold.

Sabbath-keeper's children have a work to do. Unless you are ready when Jesus comes, you will be more guilty than those children who have not

heard the truth. Be diligent, my little friends, in getting ready for that event which is just at the door, that you may see the King in his beauty and walk the streets of the New Jerusalem. Do n't forget to pray for those children who are in darkness, that the light of present truth may shine into their hearts, that they too may dwell in that beautiful country.

M. J. CHAPMAN.

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Traveler and his Echo.

- TRAV.—I'm in a wilderness, I know;
Will God's word teach me where to go?
ECHO.—Where to go.
- TRAV.—I'm poor and weak, to sin a slave;
Must die unless God's Son will save.
ECHO.—God's Son will save.
- TRAV.—If I would reach that heavenly land,
Must I obey all God's commands?
ECHO.—All God's commands.
- TRAV.—Though youthful friends may turn away,
Shall I observe the seventh day?
ECHO.—The seventh day.
- TRAV.—But trials are in the Christian's way,
Can I overcome if I watch and pray?
ECHO.—Watch and pray.
- TRAV.—Should an enemy hate, or treat me ill,
Must I treat him well and love him still?
ECHO.—Love him still.
- TRAV.—Shall I cast on Jesus all my care,
And friends and foes embrace in prayer?
ECHO.—Embrace in prayer.
- TRAV.—Will good works for my sins atone?
Or, must I trust Christ's blood alone?
ECHO.—Christ's blood alone.
- TRAV.—When the great atonement day is done,
Will He come forth to bless his own?
ECHO.—To bless his own.
- TRAV.—Will his saints be glad when their sorrows
are o'er,
And shout alleluia as never before?
ECHO.—As never before.
- TRAV.—Echo! your lessons please me well;
I'll travel on, so farewell, farewell.
ECHO.—Farewell, farewell.

Battle Creek, Mich.

A. P. P.

Presence of God.

LIVE in the sight of God. This is what heaven will be—the eternal presence of God. Do nothing you would not like God to see; say nothing you would not like him to hear; write nothing you would not like him to read; go to no place where you would not like God to find you; read no books of which you would not like God to say, Show it me. Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say, What art thou doing?

Letter Department.

It has been several weeks since we served up a feast of letters to our readers, so we have quite a liberal supply this month. We are glad to see such an interest in the Letter Department; it speaks well for our contributors. But here come these little documents, and the first I get hold of is from Abbie M. Gould. Writing from Loudon, Vt., she says:

"*Respected Editor*—I seat myself to write a few lines for the Instructor. I love the little paper very much. Have read it ever since I was big enough. I should hardly know how to get along without it now. I hail its monthly visits with delight. I often see pieces in it from those I dearly love. Have often thought, I wish I was a Christian, and then I could write for the Instructor. But to-night I certainly wish I was a Christian, for death is in our midst. To-morrow I expect to attend the funeral of one of my school-mates. Only two weeks ago we were at school together, very happy, and neither of us thought of death. To-morrow she is laid away in the cold, cold grave. If it had been me, what must have been my fate!"

Alice M. Avery, of Locke, Mich., says:

"*Dear Young Friends*—I esteem it a privilege to address you through the Instructor. I prize the little paper very much. I know not what I should do without it, and I hope to profit by what I read in it. I feel thankful that the Lord is so mindful of me, a sinner. He is very good to us all, and we should try to please him. I can say that I love the truth, and am trying to keep the commandments of God. I love those that love him. I feel that troubles are coming on this world, and I have a great work to do to get ready for the appearing of Christ. I want to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. What a blessed thing it will be to be hid in the day of God's wrath! I want to be of that happy number that will stand on Mount Zion, and sing redeeming love."

Emma J. Day, of Lovett's Grove, Ohio, writes:

"I wish to write a few lines through our little paper, the Instructor. I love to read it very much. There are so many good pieces in it, and then there is that long piece from Bro. Bates. How thankful we ought to be that we have such kind friends that are interested for our salvation. I have been thinking more of late of the coming of Jesus. I believe his coming is very near. Everything indicates it, and what must we do to be prepared for his coming? Sometimes when I think of what I have to overcome, I have almost given up in despair; but the promises of God are sure. 'My grace is sufficient for you,' and again, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' These are encouraging."

Little Mary E. Ballou, of Salmon River, N. Y., contributes her mite:

"*Dear Young Friends*—I would say a few words for the Instructor. I love it. I love to keep the Sabbath with my parents. I love the children of the Instructor. I am nine years of age, but I must write. Young friends, pray for me that I may be saved."

Seward Lightner, of Russiaville, Ind., says:

"I like our little paper very much. I am trying to keep all of the commandments. I want to love

the Saviour, and do his holy will, and be saved when he comes. I sold walnuts enough last winter to pay for my paper. I do n't know how I could do without the Instructor."

Deborah Ingraham writes us from Monroe, Wis:

"For the first time I try to write a few words for the Youth's Instructor. I believe the Lord is soon coming, and I want to be ready. I believe we have but a short time to stay here, and endure trials and temptations which so easily beset us. Soon probation will close; then he that is filthy will be filthy still, and he that is holy will be holy still. Pray for me that I may be found a good Christian, and at last enter the Holy City."

Mary and Ellen Maria Markillie, of Almena, Mich., send us the following joint epistle:

"Dear Bro. Amadon—We are two little girls. We have no school nor meetings to go to on the Sabbath. We like to read the Instructor. The Sabbath seems a long day to us; but we want to love the Lord and keep his holy day, that we may be prepared to meet Jesus when he comes. We thank you for the good reading you send us. Will you pray for us?"

Laura N. White, a little Sabbath-keeper at Ceresco, Mich., says:

"I have read the Instructor with pleasure for nearly six years, and am trying to profit by the good advice given in its pages. A few weeks ago we were called to part with a dear little brother, and I want to be prepared to meet him when Jesus comes. I am blessed with praying parents, and many Christian friends, and privileges, which some of the readers of the Instructor do not enjoy. I mean to strive to be a perfect overcomer."

Elizabeth Boaz, writing from Ottawa, Ia., says:

"I thank the Lord for the Youth's Instructor, and for the good reading it contains. It rejoices my heart greatly to learn that so many of its young readers have enlisted as soldiers under King Jesus. May God help them to fight a good fight, and lay up treasure in heaven."

Martin Luther Newton sends the following from Freeport, Ills.:

"Bro. Amadon—I feel very thankful for the Youth's Instructor. I think it is the best paper I ever read. I would like to have it come oftener. We are all glad, when it comes, to read it. I should like to see all who write for the Instructor. I hope this paper will keep up, and not die out. I am ten years of age. I hope that we shall all be found in the eternal kingdom, and pass through the gates into that holy city which Jesus has prepared for us, and live forever with him. O what a happy time that will be! I hope we are all striving to overcome the enemy. I like to hunt up the questions that come out in the Instructor. I am trying to read the Bible through. I have got as far as the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy."

Elsie Howe writes from Orange, Ionia Co., Mich.:

"Dear Young Friends—I have often thought I would like to say a few words to you through the Instructor, but have delayed for the reason that I could not say anything interesting. But as I have been reading so many interesting pieces and letters in the last Instructor, I cannot help saying, Praise the Lord for the good this little sheet does! A year ago I was following the pride and fashions of

this sinful world, but the Lord has seen fit to let present truth shine on my path, and now I too am trying to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. I feel that we are living in very solemn times, and that I have need to be up and doing, that I may be prepared for the Saviour's coming."

Geo. D. Ballou, of Salmon River, Os. Co., N. Y., testifies as follows:

"We are living in a time when we need all the instruction we can get from older people. Satan is working with all his might to deceive the world. Christ is our example. We must follow him, or we never can obtain heaven. Christ will love us if we are good. I want to be a follower of him. If we fear God and keep his commandments, we shall live in heaven. Yours, striving to be Christ-like."

Adda Bartholf, of Whitewater, Wis., makes the following inquiry:

"Bro. Amadon—Will you give your opinion through the Instructor, how old children should be to be proper subjects for baptism, and also other necessary qualifications? I am ten years old."

Ans. Yes, I will. Just as soon as a child is old enough to know right from wrong, and will do right, they are old enough to be baptized. Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

From a Mother in Israel.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have been highly interested in your little sheet from its first publication; and it is the best paper for children and youth that I have ever seen. It is certainly a great privilege to have it to read. I am now in my sixty-second year, and I take great pleasure in reading it. I often think how much greater the privileges of Sabbath-keepers' children are, above what they were in my childhood and youth. Then, there was no religious paper for children, but I was brought up by christian parents and taught to believe the Bible, and to keep the commandments of God; only we kept the first day of the week for the Sabbath.

My mother told me, as soon as she thought I was capable of understanding, that there was a day of judgment coming, when the children of God would be gathered home to heaven, and the earth would be burned up, and all the wicked should be cast into a lake of fire and brimstone. This was a shocking thought to me, for I felt that I was a sinner; but after meditating upon it, I made up my mind if I perished it should be at the feet of Jesus, pleading for mercy. I can now say the Lord has been very merciful to me, in leading me into the light of his truth, for which I praise his name. And that the readers of this paper may give good heed to its instructions, lay up a treasure in heaven, and obtain eternal life, is the prayer of your aged friend.

LYDIA M. LOCKE.

Salem, Ind.

Childhood and youth are vanity.

An Unpleasant Picture.

For the Youth's Instructor.

DEAR CHILDREN: I was once at a certain place where there lived an old gentleman, whose locks were whitened for the grave. He was quite infirm. It was with much difficulty that he moved about.

He had passed his life thus far "having no hope, and without God in the world." He did not remember his Creator in the days of his youth," and when the evil days came, he had no comfort beyond what this world affords. His constitution was broken, his strength was failing, and he was just passing away with no bright hope of the future. Oh, what a sad sight was this!

As I pondered over his unhappy condition, I felt to pity him, for, thought I, he has not the Christian's comforts in this life, and unless he turns to God he will finally be denied the bliss of heaven. I could but hope that his life might be made as pleasant as possible, for it seemed evident that this was all the happiness he would ever have.

He had kind friends that were ready to minister to his necessities, and he had many things for his present comfort, but I noticed one thing that very much annoyed him. It is painful to speak of it or even think of it.

He had two little grandchildren who, if they had done as they should, might have been a comfort to their poor old grandpa. For children, when they carry a pleasant disposition and a smiling face, are a blessing in any household—they are loved by all around. But these children had never learned to respect the aged, and their grandpa was under the necessity of having his door fastened to keep them out of his room; and when by accident it was left open, they would creep in and lay their hands on all the mischief they could find, and tease and perplex their old grandpa until he seemed weary of his life.

And when we came around the table for supper, their mother requested them to be seated on the lounge until we had done; but instead of seating themselves quietly as they should, they came around the table in a boisterous manner, and teased and whimpered; and one of them grew so outrageous that his mother led him toward the cellar door, and frightened him into silence, by telling him she would shut him up in the dark.

And when they were requested to carry in some wood, each said the other might do it, and after being coaxed awhile to no purpose, they finally had to be *hired* to carry in wood to keep their poor old grandpa warm.

Oh! thought I, if I had everything else in the world to make me happy, my peace would be very much destroyed by such unruly children.

Dear children, go not in the way of the wicked, but learn to be dutiful, kind, and good.

CALISTA M. COBURN.

Grass River, N. Y.

By Grace.

By grace many of the readers of the Instructor have seen that they were in the broad road to ruin and death, and have forsaken that road for the narrow way that leads to life. By grace we have been permitted to understand and obey the Sabbath of the Lord as brought to view in the commandments of God. By grace we are in probationary scales, and on interceding terms with Jesus, while he yet lingers in the heavenly sanctuary. By grace we can afflict our souls, and confess our sins that they may go before us to judgment. By grace we seem to be living in the closing scenes of the world's history, when God's anger is about to burst upon the heads of the ungodly that do not obey the third angel's message. By grace those that have made Christ their refuge, will stand while the fierce anger of the Lord will be poured upon the ungodly in the seven last plagues. By grace the poor slave will soon go free. By grace we believe that the Lord will soon come in the clouds of heaven, to give to each as his work shall be. By grace the redeemed will be without fault or guile before the throne. By grace they will have a right to the tree of life and enter through the gates into the City. By grace the writer of this piece means to meet you there.

LUCINDA DAWSON.

Peosta, Iowa.

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