

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. X.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH, 1862.

NO. 3.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Little Acts of Love.

WISHING that every reader of the Instructor would commit to memory and practice the following selected lines, I send them for publication, if the Editor thinks proper. ● L. A. B.

"Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below,
But little acts of kindness,
Which any child may show.

A glass of water timely brought,
An offered easy chair,
A turning of the window blind,
That all may feel the air.

An early flower, unasked, bestowed,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice, to gentlest whisper hushed,
To spare the aching head.

O! deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose."

For the Youth's Instructor.

Incidents in My Past Life, No. 39.

BY ELDER JOSEPH BATES.

Change of Residence—Progress of the Temperance Cause—Progress of the Anti-Slavery Cause—My own Position—Mob in Boston, Mass.—Falling Stars.

SOLD my place of residence in the year 1831, and was occupied much of my time in 1832 in locating my dwelling house and out buildings on my little farm, and was also associated with three of my Christian friends in building the Washington-street meeting-house. In 1831 it was stated that three thousand temperance societies were organized in the United States, with three hundred thousand members. (See *Daniel Haskell's Chronological View of the World*, p. 247.) Thus in four years—or from 1827—temperance societies had progressed from our small beginning in Fairhaven. Many ships were also adopting the temperance reform.

About the close of 1831, and commencement of 1832, anti-slavery societies began to be organized again in the United States, advocating immediate emancipation. As the work progressed, anti-slavery advocates were mal-treated and mobbed in many places where they attempted to organize or hold meetings to plead for the poor oppressed slaves in our land. Colonization societies and their advocates were foremost in this shameful work, as any

one may learn by reading William Jay's "Inquiry into their Character and Tendency." All their declarations of benevolence for the free people of color, and ardent desire to benefit the poor oppressed slaves, and finally save our country from the curse of slavery, vanished like the morning cloud and early dew, when reading of their disgraceful acts of violence in the city of New York and other places, to shut out the pleadings of humanity for the down trodden and oppressed slave. The New York Commercial Advertiser, and Courier and Enquirer, were then among the best friends of colonization, and slave holding.

I then began to feel the importance of taking a decided stand on the side of the oppressed. My labor in the cause of temperance had caused a pretty thorough sifting of my friends, and I felt that I had no more that I wished to part with; but duty was clear that I could not be a consistent Christian if I stood on the side of the oppressor, for God was not there. Neither could I claim his promises if I stood on neutral ground. Hence my only alternative was to plead for the slave, and thus I decided.

In our religious meetings we talked and prayed, remembering "them that are in bonds, as bound with them." Heb. xiii. Some were offended, and some feared disunion. Notwithstanding the conflicting views and feelings in our midst, there were some in the churches that held to the principles of anti-slavery. And as the work advanced onward during the years of 1832 to 1835, in which there was much contention from all quarters of the Union about this matter, a call was made for a meeting in which about forty citizens of Fairhaven came together and organized the Fairhaven anti-slavery Society, auxiliary to the New England anti-slavery Society. This drew down the wrath of a certain class of our neighbors, who also called opposition meetings in the which they passed resolutions denouncing us in very severe terms. Not for the principles which we had adopted in our constitution, for they were not contrary to the constitution of the United States, but because we had united together to plead for the abolition of American slavery, which they declared unconstitutional, and very unpopular. Threats were often made that our meetings would be broken up, &c., but fortunately we were left to go onward.

One of our members on going to Charleston, Carolina, was arraigned before the authorities of the city, charged with being a memb

haven anti-slavery Society. To save himself from being dealt with in their way, he renounced his abolitionism, as he afterwards declared. But opposition was more clearly manifest in the North where societies were continually organizing, than in the South.

William Lloyd Garrison, editor of an anti-slavery paper, called, *The Liberator*, published in Boston, Mass., was heralded in many of the periodicals of that time (1835), as a most notorious abolitionist. Rewards, some as high—I think—as fifty thousand dollars, were offered for his head! The citizens of Boston, in and about Washington street and vicinity, where the anti-slavery meetings were held, became most furiously excited, and assembled on a certain afternoon around the building which they learned he occupied, and pursued him to a carpenter's shop, where he had fled from them, and brought him forth to the assembled multitude in the street and placed a rope around his neck, to put an end to his life. Some of his friends who were watching their movements, seeing his imminent danger, rushed around him, assuming in the confusion to engage with them, by laying hold of the rope so as to keep it from tightening round his neck, while some of the mob with the other end of the rope, and all rushing furiously, with hallooing and shouting, along the street, leaving the great body of the assembled multitude of "*gentlemen of property and standing*" listening with breathless anxiety to learn what was being done with their victim. Meantime the mob and Mr. Garrison's friends had continued running on unrestrained until they found themselves at the portals of Leverett street jail. Once there, by some measures of his friends, the jail was opened, and Mr. Garrison, to the astonishment of his wicked persecutors, was placed out of their reach; nor would the jailer bring him forth without orders from the law abiding officers. As soon as the storm abated Mr. G. was honorably released and resumed his position, again pleading for the abolition of American slavery. The pro-slavery papers of Boston, in attempting to remove the stain and disgrace of this uncivilized work from the capital of the pilgrims, and a portion of its citizens, labored hard to prevent its being recorded as the work of a mob, and they declared that the people assembled on that occasion were "*gentlemen of property and standing.*"

Previous to the foregoing occurrence, and while the subject of anti-slavery and pro-slavery was agitating the Union, a wonderful phenomenon occurred in the heavens, which caused consternation and dismay among the people, namely, *the stars falling from heaven!* Many watchmen in the cities, and sailors in their night watches on the ocean, together with those that were up and their friends which they called up to witness the exhibition of the falling stars, were now relating what they had witnessed, and also the newspapers of the times.

I will here give a few extracts. First from the N. Y.

Journal of Commerce, Nov. 15, 1833. Henry Dana Ward in closing up his account of this thrilling scene (which has been so often re-published) says, "We asked the watchman how long this had been. He said, 'about four o'clock it was the thickest.' We gazed until the rising sun put out the lesser falling stars with the lesser fixed stars, and until the morning star stood alone in the east, to introduce the bright orb of day. And here take the remark of one of my friends in mercantile life, who is as well informed in polite learning as most intelligent merchants of our city, who have not made science their study. Sitting down to breakfast we spoke of the scene, and he said, 'I kept my eyes fixed on the morning star. I thought while that stood firm we were safe; but I feared every moment that it would go and all would go with it. The reader will see that this remark proceeded from an almost irresistible impression of an intelligent eye witness, that the firmament had given way, that the whole host of stars had broken up, yet hope clung to the morning star, which never shone more glorious.'"

In a subsequent statement he adds, "The dawn was a full hour, that morning, earlier than usual, and the whole eastern sky was transparent like molten glass, so as I never witnessed before or since. An open arch of brilliant light arose from the east, above which arch stood the morning star, inexpressibly glorious for its brilliance and firmness on the face of the dark, transparent, and bursting firmament."

From the *Baltimore Patriot*:

"MR. MUNROE: Being up this morning (Nov. 13, 1833) I witnessed one of the most grand and alarming spectacles which ever beamed upon the eye of man. The light in my room was so great, that I could see the hour of the morning by my watch which hung over my mantle, and supposing there was a fire near at hand, probably on my own premises, I sprang to the window, and behold, the stars or some other bodies presenting a fiery appearance, were descending in torrents as rapid and as numerous as I ever saw flakes of snow, or drops of rain, in the midst of a storm."

From the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, Dec. 13, 1833:

"The meteoric phenomenon which occurred on the morning of the 13th of Nov. last, was of so extraordinary and interesting a character as to be entitled to more than a passing notice. The lively and graphic descriptions which have appeared in various public journals, do not exceed the reality. No language indeed can come up to the splendor of that magnificent display. I hesitate not to say that no one who did not witness it can form an adequate conception of its glory. It seemed as if the whole starry heavens had congregated at one point, near the zenith, and were simultaneously shooting forth, with the velocity of lightning, to every part of the horizon; and yet they were not exhausted—thousands swiftly followed in the tracks of thousands, as if created for the occasion, and illuminated the firmament with lines of irradiating light."

Monterey, Mich.

For the Youth's Instructor.

For the Youth's Instructor.

"O, I Shall Want to be There!"

THE mild blue eyes of gentle, curly-headed little Hattie beamed with brilliancy as she thus exclaimed. The unusually joyous expression of her countenance, and earnest tones of her voice indicated that with childish innocence she was uttering the true feelings of her heart. In almost breathless silence she had been listening to her mother's reading. And of what charming place, little readers, think you she had been hearing? Was it the menagerie, the fair, the singing concert; or was it to auntie's, or grandfather's, to meet dear little cousins and friends, that she so greatly desired to go? O no, it was none of these. It was a most delightful city, where all the little ones have been invited, not to spend a few hours, days, or weeks, but to dwell there.

It was the beautiful New Jerusalem, of which, perhaps, most of you have read, or like Hattie, listened as some kind friend has read you a description of it from God's holy book. And can you really say from the heart with this good little girl, "O, I shall want to be there?" Will you accept the kind invitation of that dear friend, the blessed Saviour, who so loved us that he left all the glories of heaven, came into this world, went about doing good, and at last suffered the cruel death of the cross that we might live with him forever?

Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Luke xviii, 16. "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. viii, 17. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." John xiv, 2, 3. Will you engage with as much earnestness in making preparation to go to this holy, happy place, as you would if your parents had promised you a journey to some distant country? You will have none too much time if you commence this moment; for in a little while Jesus will come to take his children home.

Yes, his promise cannot fail. Very soon he will appear on the great white cloud with all his holy angels, and then it will be too late to get ready, for he will accept none but those who are patiently waiting and watching for him. All your filthy garments of sin must be laid aside, that you may be clothed in robes of righteousness. You must keep all the commandments of God, and get your little hearts so filled with the love of Jesus that there will be no room for evil there. Then you need not fear being left behind. No. He will not forget one little lamb of the flock. In the heavenly city there will be room for all. Dear little readers, will you be there?

A. F. MOSHER.

At the request of an invalid sister, who has been deprived of the use of her eyes for nearly two years, I have penned the above lines, dictated by her for the Instructor.

S. R. NICHOLS.

The Jewish Captives.

Is Thyatira's lonely cell,
Two Jewish captives lay;
Their feet made fast within the stocks,
And guarded night and day.

Not long before, the envious Jews
Had crucified their King;
And, hence, to preach a risen Lord
Was thought a dangerous thing.

Yet Paul and Silas fearlessly
The truth would still proclaim,
Though many stripes were laid on those
Who taught in Jesus' name.

And though with iron bands confined,
In God they trusted still;
Their chiefest aim to glorify
And do their Master's will.

And often from their dungeon rose
The fervent, humble prayer:
Those prayers were heard in heaven above,
And angels watched them there.

Not iron bands nor bolted doors
Could hold those captives long:
Although but weak and feeble men,
Their great Deliverer's strong.

'Twas in the silent hush of night,
The solemn midnight hour,
When God saw fit to lose their bands,
And manifest his power.

An earthquake shakes their prison walls;
Meanwhile an unseen hand
Unbolts the ponderous prison doors;
And loosens each one's bands.

And as the solemn voice of praise
The midnight silence broke,
Out of his sleep in sore amaze,
The affrighted jailer woke,

And would at once have killed himself,
Had not those words of care
Which fell from Paul restrained his fears,
And checked his wild despair.

"What must I do, sirs, to be saved?"
The jailer trembling cried:
"Repent, believe, and be baptized,"
The steadfast Paul replied."

The jailer brought his prisoners forth,
And though so late at night,
He and his house were then baptized,
Before the morning light.

Now when their enemies had heard
What wonders had been wrought,
They came themselves and from the jail
Both Paul and Silas brought,

Who on their holy mission went
To preach in every land,
Salvation through the Saviour's name
The kingdom is at hand.

SUSAN ELMER.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH, 1862.

G. W. AMADON, EDITOR.

An Explanation.

THIS number of the Instructor is printed about four weeks later than usual, for four reasons. 1. Bro. Cornell's work on Miraculous Powers put it back some. 2. We have not as much help as usual. 3. Other work which seemed very necessary to be attended to, hindered. 4. Bro. Hull has been fighting the Lord's battles with a Spiritualist in Battle Creek, which has kept us all busy night and day. But as victory triumphantly turned on the side of the truth, we don't mind that.

We hope our numerous readers will accept this apology for the tardiness of the March issue, and still invoke the divine blessing upon the Youth's Instructor. "Be instant in season," is our motto.

Questions for Young Bible Students.

ABOUT CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

WHO knew the Holy Scriptures from his childhood?

What great king called himself "a little child?"

What four children did God give much knowledge and wisdom?

What prophet says, let young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name of the Lord?

What lad slew a giant with a stone and sling?

Who disputed with the Jewish doctors at twelve years of age?

Whom did God bid to sacrifice his son?

What writer says, "Childhood and youth are vanity?"

Repeat David's prayer in Ps. xxv, 7.

When will the command go forth to slay the aged, youth, and little children? and why?

What youth once saved the life of the apostle Paul?

What has the Saviour said of little children?

What happened to the children that mocked Elisha?

When will a child play upon the hole of an asp, and lead a lion, leopard, and a bear?

What does the wise man say of a child left to himself?

To whom did Jesus say, Weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children? and when?

What king began to reign when he was eight years old?

How were the ancient Hebrews to punish "a stubborn and rebellious son?"

What is the exhortation to children in the xxxivth psalm?

Who supplied the loaves and fishes when Christ fed five thousand men?

When will a child die a hundred years old?

What damsel required the head of a man of God?

Who said to Elijah, "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth?"

What is the important requirement in Eccl. xii?

How did Paul tell Titus to exhort young men?

Repeat the fifth command in the law of God.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Children's Fears.

DEAR CHILDREN: Here is a short story for you. May be most of you have read it. I have read it quite a number of times, and it always does me good. I take it from another little paper for children.

Not long since two little boys were lying together in their trundle-bed. Willie, the oldest of the two, awoke in the night very thirsty. Being told that he could jump up and get himself some water, he cried, saying that he was afraid. Upon this his little brother, two years younger than himself, spoke encouragingly to him, and said, "God is wight here, Willie! God is wight here! You need n't be afraid, Willie!" So Willie jumped up and got himself some water, and then came back to his little bed all safe, and soon he and his little brother were fast asleep again.

I thought, as I read this simple little incident, of our Saviour's words: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Yes, little children are just the ones to receive good impressions and learn wisdom. Are there any little children who read this paper who are troubled with fears, think of what this little boy said, "God is wight here." There is a world of greatness in this simple truth. The Bible says the eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good. This is how God is right here.

O, if every one would think of this they would have more courage and less fear. Sometimes children do so wrong that they cannot realize the care of God over them. Dark and evil influences control them and all their actions. They do not think that God sees them, and that it is all written down in his book in heaven.

There is a kind of fear I love to see in children, though many do not possess it. It is a fear that always comes when God is near us. A fear to break one of his commandments. A fear to disobey your parents in the smallest particulars, or to tell a lie, or to practice deception in the least. Though you cannot see God, he can see you; and when you least think he sees you, perhaps a wicked act is being recorded in his book of remembrance. This kind of fear always brings hope and courage, because then we can have confidence toward God, and we know he will give us what we ask of him.

I would like to appeal to those children who are living on in sin, who might come and find

forgiveness of all their sins. Do not longer delay. Think how sweet it would be to know that every wrong thing you had ever done was all pardoned, and then the peace which might fill your hearts. Give your hearts to God, and ask Jesus to forgive your sins, and let his blood wash them away, and all will be well. Then you will not have so many unhappy hours, and feel so often that you lose confidence in God, your friends and yourself.

May the Lord help the children that when Jesus comes the angels may gather them with the righteous into the heavenly garner. M. D. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Lost Children.

DEAR CHILDREN: An incident occurred in the year 1839, in the State of Vermont, which I will relate to you. On a bright summer afternoon, two sisters, one aged nine, and the other about three years, left their home to pick berries. They wandered away over the hills, and through the spruce thickets that abound in some portions of that State, until they were weary and began to think of home; but scores of little by paths led their feet in different directions, and the right way home they could not find. Night was approaching and they were terrified with the thought of being lost.

They heard the woodman's ax in the distance, so they climbed upon a log and called loudly for "pa" to come and take them home, but no one came to their rescue. Soon heavy clouds gathered, the lightnings flashed, the thunders pealed, and the rain fell heavily upon them. It was now getting quite dark, and they sought shelter in an old log building that stood back far away from inhabitants, and had long been desolated. Trembling with fear they crept to one corner of the room, the broken roof hardly affording them a shelter, and seated themselves in some old broken chairs.

At length the oldest said, "Let us pray." They then knelt down and in childish simplicity asked the Lord to take care of them. The eldest then resumed her seat, and taking her little sister's head in her lap quieted her to sleep, while with wakeful eyes and sobbing heart she passed the long, dreary hours of night.

The hour of midnight came and passed. But let us leave them for a little while, and go with me in your imagination across the hills to their home. The almost frantic mother is riding at full speed on horseback from one neighbor to another to gain tidings if possible of the lost children, while others are preparing for a thorough search at day-break.

It would have been very unfortunate for the little girls had they not been found till day-break, for they had determined to start in a wrong direction, the next morning, which would have led them farther and farther away from home into the thick

wood, but no doubt the Lord had heard their prayer, for they were rescued.

As the tidings reached the woodman, before mentioned, he remembered hearing the cries of children in the woods, and with another man set out in search of them. They resolved not to eat or sleep until they had found them. They at length found their way to the old building. The children were very much frightened as they entered, supposing the Indians had come to take them, but their fears were dispelled when they were informed that they had come to take them home.

The sound soon rang across the hills, "The lost children are found!" "The lost children are found!" Soon they were made happy in greeting father, mother, brothers and sisters, and sympathizing friends.

More than twenty years have now passed since this incident occurred. The youngest of these sisters is now trying to keep the commandments of God, and often lifts a prayer to him for her sister who so kindly watched over her during that fearful night.

Dear children, and youthful friends, Are you lost in the dark mazes of sin? Do the by-paths of folly and sinful pleasure lead your unwary feet away from the strait path that leads to our Father's house? Oh! seek a shelter in Christ. Seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and may the glad tidings soon greet our ears that "the lost is found." A fearful storm is gathering to fall upon the wicked. May you and I be sheltered in that day, and finally reach the home of all the good and blessed.

C. M. COBURN.

For the Youth's Instructor.

"Think on these Things."

DEAR CHILDREN AND YOUTH: Do you ever consider how many privileges you enjoy?

First of all, that you were early taught in the ways of wisdom, blessed, most of you, with schools, with books, filled with useful knowledge, wise teachers, and faithful parents. (I am sorry there are some who have neglected this.) But this you must make up by diligence.

You have been happily situated in this land of light, where, so far, all enjoy liberty of conscience, all who please can learn to read and write. Here are libraries, books on every subject; here the poor have equal privileges with the rich; here no tyrant can, as yet, oppress.

The people of other lands do not enjoy these privileges. Even in our own country are many States where the curse of slavery has debased the people in darkness and ignorance. A soldier from this place—now in Virginia—writes home that the poor people in that part of the State are so ignorant that they seem to him to be almost idiots. And a gentleman here who has seen these people, says it is not far from the truth.

In Europe, Asia, and Africa many of the poor are so debased, either by oppression, poverty, or vice, that they are only a few degrees above the brutes, and often their minds are so ruined, that schools and books would be wasted upon them. They are sunk too low to rise.

Think of the blessings we have enjoyed in this happy land, the tree of liberty, planted in early times by the virtuous exiles, who fled to this continent, to escape the thousand perils of other lands, where wicked priests and blood-thirsty tyrants hunted for the virtuous and good to put out the lights and memory of the righteous. Such a land as ours never before existed. Never before was a land all strewn over with schools and institutions of learning, all sown with Bibles and tracts, all cut up with railroads and canals, and newspapers conveying intelligence every day are sent over the land. Children, think of these things.

The poorest child can have more advantages here than the proudest emperor a thousand years ago; and as many advantages of instruction open to you as you could ask. Do you improve them?

These blessings have not been valued and soon may be taken from you. Soon the troubles now arising may so extend as to affect the school, the place where you now may reap rich harvests of wisdom. Do you improve every moment, every hour?

Children and youth, remember God will call you to an account, for the manner you improve your opportunities; precious moments, in which you may cultivate the mind, and thus be fitting for usefulness; precious privileges of education, to polish and refine the mind, to improve the understanding, and give solidity to the judgment, to stimulate the growth of and invigorate the mental powers. Think of these things when pleasure allures to vanity, or ease lulls the powers asleep.

Set a value upon the precious intellects God has given you, and thank him for them, and for the many means he has given for the improvement of them. Then give all to God; sanctify all to him; so shall he say to you, "Well done, good and faithful servant," when the harvest is reaped and the wheat is in the garner.

JOSEPH CLARKE.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Little Mary.

"COME here, pa," said Mary, who lay upon her sick bed. The father was a physician, and hastened to the bed-side of his little sick girl, ready to administer to her wants; but how was he surprised and touched when she made her request: "Do, pa, let her have some; she is poor," said she.

The child had been listening to a conversation between her father and an old lady, who wanted some pork. He had told her positively he had none to spare—had laid in only for his own use.

He was a kind, tender-hearted, benevolent man, but not a Christian; and the poor woman applied to him perhaps because she had not the ready pay, and knew he would not press her. Therefore when denied she left the room with a fallen countenance, and, no doubt, a heavy heart. This touched the little girl's sympathy, if not her father's, and she ventured to speak in the aged woman's behalf. And these few words from Mary, spoken in a tone so full of pity and melting tenderness, at once touched the doctor's compassion, and he followed the woman to the next room, and with tears in his eyes told her she could "have fifteen or twenty pounds," and "I don't know but more."

Thus we see the importance of children's being good, since they have such an influence over the minds of their parents. They may restrain them from doing wrong, and may induce them to do right. Don't you know that the Lord has chosen the weak things to confound those that are mighty.

I once heard of an infidel who withdrew from a Methodist class-meeting, and out of curiosity thought he would listen at the window, and see what he could hear. One after another arose and spoke of the religion of Jesus Christ, which he scoffed at and ridiculed, and branded them as hypocrites. Finally a little girl arose and bore testimony to the same things that men and women had done. This touched his heart; conviction seized him, and he had no rest until he believed in Jesus. He reasoned like this: If religion can give this little child courage to arise in a congregation like this, and speak in such an affecting manner, there must be something to it, and I will begin to search into the matter.

I have been thinking of late that before the church comes up fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, there must be more converted youth and children in it than there is at present. Surely there is nothing that would convince unbelievers more than to see children rejoice in this Advent hope, and live accordingly. May the time soon come when our hearts shall be cheered by testimonies from the youth and children that they have "GOT RELIGION."

E. J. W.

For the Youth's Instructor.

From Elder Sanborn.

EAR BRO. AMADON: Permit me to say a few words to the readers of the Instructor, which I consider the best paper in the land for the instruction of children. I am sorry that more of the Sabbath-keepers' children do not read it and heed its instruction. As I travel from place to place preaching the commandments of God and faith of Jesus, I find many disobedient children, whose wicked tempers and ways will have to be subdued, or they will be destroyed when the Lord comes.

Children, permit me to caution you a little.

When your father or mother tells you to do anything, do not wait to be told the second time, but go right along and do it without a word of complaining; and when strangers are at your house, be quiet. When your father or mother is talking with strangers do not come before them and begin to talk and interrupt them, which is very unbecoming for children.

Do you love your father and mother? You say, yes, but how can you make me believe it? Answer, By obeying them, in all that they say to you, for that is the way that God wants you and your parents to show your love to him. See 1 John, v, 3. "For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." And you know 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." If you want a description of this land, read Rev., chapters 21 and 22,

Dear children, love Jesus, love your parents, love each other, and God will love you, and Jesus will say when he comes, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Matt. xxv, 34. I want to meet all the readers of the Instructor then, and stand with them on mount Zion.

ISAAC SANBORN.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Smiles and Frowns.

DEAR CHILDREN AND READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I have often thought I would like to write something for your little paper, but feeling so incapable of communicating anything that would be of use to you, I have remained silent. But since the little circumstance took place that I am about to relate, it has given rise to a train of ideas which I will use here.

Sometime ago a friend of ours, that had been left a widow with one blue-eyed boy, wished us to take the little fellow into our family and let him go to school. The evening after he came, one of our sisters and her daughter were here. Soon the little lad seemed quite attached to her, and was heard to say, "I love Abby." Some one said to him, Why do you love her? With childish honesty the little fellow replied, "Because she smiled on me." O, thought I, what a lesson. How much better a smile than a frown.

Dear children, will you try to remember this, a smile will win, and if your little mates do not always do by you as it would seem right, don't look frowning and cross, but try to keep a smiling feeling in your heart, so as to have it upon your countenances. This will subdue little passions that may rise in your fellows when they see you careful and no frowns on your face. Remember, too, what poor sinners we are, and that when we turn to the Lord with all our hearts, how the blessed Jesus smiles on us. What a thought, that if we serve him faith-

fully until the end, he will give us a smile of approbation at last that will be worth ten thousand worlds like this!

My heart often feels for the children in these last days of peril and danger; but I am so glad Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Yes, dear children, it is possible for you too to have a part in this great and important work of getting ready to meet the dear Saviour. I would not forbid you in any way to come. I would encourage you, if it were in my power. I would give you a smile to cheer you on, and when the good Lord in any way cheers and comforts, encourages and lightens my poor heart, I would wish the same, and more, upon your young and tender hearts. May the Lord help us each and all to make sure work here for eternity, so that when all these trials and conflicts are past, we can meet the dear Saviour and receive his blessed smile.

M. B. PIERCE.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Now is the Accepted Time.

IT is very natural for children to look forward in the future with the desire of doing some great work. We often hear children say, "I wish I was older. If I was older I would do this or that, I would serve the Lord, etc." It is perfectly right for children to expect to do more as they advance in age; but it is not right to neglect present duty because we cannot do as much as others, or because we cannot do as much as we could if we were older. We should not defer till to-morrow that which may be as well performed to-day. Delay is dangerous; and unless we are faithful in the performance of present duties, we have no reason to expect that we shall excel in the future.

Time is short. The signs of the times confirm us in the belief that the Lord will soon make his appearance in the clouds of heaven. Soon the plans of many a youth will be overturned, and it becomes the children of the remnant to make religion the first business of their lives. In the solemn day of accounts many will lament because they did not commence to serve the Lord when they were young. In that day many will take up with the sad lamentation, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. We have neglected to give our hearts to the Lord. We have loitered away precious time. We have hardened our hearts by slighting offered mercy, and by putting off the work of preparing for the coming of the Lord."

Dear friends, if you would be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus, see to it that you work for him *now*. You have no promise of to-morrow. "Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." 2 Cor vi, 2; Heb. iii, 15.

D. T. BOURDEAU.

For the Youth's Instructor.

A Kiss for a Blow.

A VISITOR once went into a school in the city of Boston where he saw a boy and girl in one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed the rage that was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother when her teacher caught her eye. Stop my dear, said he, you had better kiss your brother than strike him.

The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected the sister; with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster. He was completely subdued. Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows.

If men, women, families, and communities and nations would act on this same principle this world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. Nation would not lift up the sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more.

The above story my little boy requested me to send to you to be published in the Instructor. He is eight years of age.

E. MACOMBER.

Newport, R. I.

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IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

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