

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. X.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JUNE, 1862.

NO. 6.

I have a Bible of my Own.

I HAVE a Bible of my own;
How thankful I should be
That I am taught to read and know
What God has done for me!

I know he sent his blessed Son
From holy, happy heaven,
To die for sinners, such as me,
That we may be forgiven.

I know that if I seek his face,
As I in prayer can do,
He will, for Jesus Christ's dear sake,
Forgive and bless me, too.

And when God sees that children try
To do his holy will,
I know he'll help them by his grace,
And keep them safe from ill.

For the Youth's Instructor.

'Incidents in My Past Life, No. 42.

BY ELDER JOSEPH BATES.

First call for a conference to discuss the subject of the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ—Convened in Boston, Mass.—Conference address sent forth to the world—Diving bell—Gathering stones from the bottom of the sea—First Second Advent Conference.

THE Signs of the Times, of Boston, Mass., Sept. 1 & 15, 1840, published a call for a General Conference, on the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, saying:

"The undersigned, believers in the second coming and kingdom of the Messiah at hand, cordially unite in the call for a General Conference of our brethren of the United States, and elsewhere, who are also looking for the Advent near, to meet at Boston, Mass., Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1840, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to continue two days, or as long as may then be found best. The object of the Conference will not be to form a new organization in the faith of Christ, nor to assail others of our brethren who differ from us in regard to the period and manner of the Advent, but to discuss the whole subject faithfully and fairly, in the exercise of that spirit of Christ, in which it will be safe to meet him immediately at the judgment seat.

WILLIAM MILLER,
HENRY DANA WARD,
HENRY JONES,
HENRY PLUMER,
JOHN TRUAR,
JOSIAH LITCH,
JOSHUA P. ATWOOD,
DANIEL MERILL,

DAVID MILLARD,
L. D. FLEMING,
JOSEPH BATES,
CHAS. F. STEVENS,
P. R. RUSSELL,
ISALAH SEAVY,
TIMOTHY COLE,
J. V. HIMES.

"We have received other names, but too late for insertion. No person will be expected to take any active part in the Conference, except he confesses his faith in the near approach of our Lord in his kingdom; nor will any one be expected to take a part in the discussions until he has been introduced to the committee of arrangements, and has made known to them the part or point he is prepared to discuss."

In accordance with the call, the General Conference convened in Chardon Street Chapel, Boston, Mass., Oct. 14, 1840, and continued two days with increasing interest; at the close of which the communion of the Lord's supper was administered to about two hundred communicants of different denominations. Many of them were from remote distances. The meeting closed by singing the hymn beginning,

"When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come."

The Spirit of the Lord had pervaded the meeting from its commencement, but now it seemed to vibrate and move the whole congregation. The singing of the hymn just mentioned, was "with the Spirit and with the understanding also." Thank the Lord now for that joyous occasion.

From this Conference, an address in pamphlet form, of 150 pages, was circulated to thousands that were in (and those not in), the faith of Christ's second coming, in the United States and foreign lands. Eld. Joshua V. Himes entered into this work apparently with all the zeal of Joshua of old, in his preaching and editorial department, in circulating all the light which could be elicited from every quarter on the subject of the second advent of the Saviour. Not because he believed that Christ was coming in 1843, for in conversation with him some time after he commenced the editorial department of the Signs of the Times, he told me in confidence that he could not see it satisfactorily to his mind, and therefore did not believe it. "Why," said I, "if this is your position," or words to that import, "why do you advocate it in this public manner?" His answer was that he voluntarily took this position to bring out all the light that could be obtained on this subject, and it was possible that he should see it clear, and yet believe it—as he afterwards did, and admitted it.

I had known Eld. Himes from his youth, and for many years had been intimately acquainted, and associated with him in the reforms of the day, and often cheered, strengthened, and edified, under his preaching. I knew him to be zealously affected in

the cause of God, but not fanatical. And the instance here narrated was evidence of the strongest character to my mind, even to this time, that he was not moved out to take such a peculiar stand before the world altogether by human instrumentalities.

Previous to the Conference I had engaged myself as one of the proprietors of the New Bedford Bridge, to superintend its repairs, and at the same time keep it passable for carriages and footmen; hence there was some doubt about my getting to the meeting. At that time we were engaged with a vessel and diving bell in removing the stones, that by some means had got into the channel of the draw-bridge, and were an obstruction to the heavy laden ships passing through at low tides.

As some of my readers may wish to understand something respecting the operation of picking up rocks and stones from the bottom of the ocean, twenty-five or thirty feet under water, I will try to explain it.

A schooner, or two-masted vessel, is hauled up and secured by ropes, close to the draw-bridge. There is a tackle between her mast-heads, the lower part of which is hooked into an iron eye strap, which was fastened at the top of a diving-bell, standing on the schooner's deck.

The bell itself was in the form of a sugar-loaf, or cone, about nine feet high, and six feet in diameter at the bottom. It was provided with a seat inside for two persons, and when sunk to the bottom of the sea, the water would rise up about three feet in the open bottom. (Sink a teacup or bowl bottom side up in a pail of water, and you will have a very fair illustration of a diving-bell.) The space inside, above water, contained our allowance of air. For two persons it would last about an hour and a half; then it became necessary to be hoisted up to the surface for a refreshment of fresh air. To communicate with our companion's on deck, three telegraphic lines (or cords) were in working order—the lower ends being hitched up inside of the bell. A few small glass blocks were set into the upper part of the bell, which lighted up our apartment while under water, about equal to the light above, at sunset.

I went down with the diver a few times, for the purpose of ascertaining more correctly how the work could be accomplished. The bell was provided with guys to change its position when at the bottom, and a kind of basket to put the stones in. It was then hoisted from the deck, and we crawled underneath and up into the seats about four feet from the bottom. When the bell reached the water by lowering the tackle, and began to shut all the air out except what was contained where we were, it produced a shuddering sensation, and singular cracking noise in our heads, more especially on the ears, causing an involuntary working of the fingers there to let more air in, and relieve us of the pain-

ful sensation which continued to some extent while under water.

After the bell reached the bottom, we could telegraph to be moved any way within a small circle. When the diver loaded the basket with rocks and stones by means of his iron instruments, it was made known to those on deck by pulling one of the cords, and then it was hoisted up and emptied. By means of a rope attached to the lower end of the basket, the diver would pull it back again, and thus he might continue his risky work until admonished for life to pull the telegraphic cord, and be hoisted up for a fresh supply of God's free air.

While at the bottom of the sea, we could learn very quick when the tide turned to flow in, or ebb out, by its motion over the shells and stones, which we could see as plainly as in a little brook of water. No matter how deep the water, its ebbing and flowing moves the whole body alike from top to bottom. Where the tide ebbs and flows, the vast bodies of river and harbor waters are in constant rushing motion, from the top to the bottom. But this is only while the change of tide is taking place. And twice every twenty-four hours a new body of rushing waters are rolled into the harbors from the mother ocean, adding fresh sources of healthy action to the fish that swim, and the stationary shell-fish, and those buried beneath the sand at low water mark,—all for the benefit of man, and especially the poor who live near the sea coast.

By persevering in our new business in picking up rocks and stones from the bottom of the sea, the ship channel was cleared in time for me to leave, and with my companion, be present at the opening of the first Second Advent Conference in the world, much to our gratification and pleasure. Bro. Miller, in the wisdom of God was suddenly taken ill about this time, and could not leave his home in Low Hampton, N. Y., to attend the Conference, which was a disappointment to many.

Pine Creek, Allegan Co., Mich.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Earthly and Heavenly Blossoms.

DEAR CHILDREN: How lovely the blossoms were on the trees, a few days since. As I was admiring them, I thought, Will they all come to perfection? By and by a wind arose, and these beautiful blossoms were flying in the air,—but I was glad to see some yet remaining on the parent stem. Then a frost came, and still some were left uninjured. Then a still more violent wind arose, and more blossoms were wrenched off.

Now, dear children, in these observations I thought of the children of the remnant,—those precious blossoms for eternal life. How many of them will come to perfection, and bear fruit to the glory of God. How many will be shaken off by the Prince of the power of the air? How many will be hardy enough to endure the spiritual frost produced

by the coldness, indifference, and neglect of those who should have a warming, cheering, enlightening influence upon them? How many will hold on and hold out through what we call "the shaking time," that will shake off all that can be shaken? The promise of life—ETERNAL LIFE—is only to those who will endure unto the end; not those who start fair, like the blossoms that were shaken off, but to those who finally come to perfection.

May we, dear children, be of that happy number.
M. H. LYON.

For the Youth's Instructor.

God is Good.

ES, dear children, *God is good*. Do you want me to tell you why I say he is good? One thing is because he has been so very good to me. When I was less than a year old my mother was taken from me by death. Consumption did its work quickly; but ere she died she gave me to her aged mother. Her health being quite poor, it brought a great burden of care upon her; but well did she perform the task, and as far as I can remember, every day my heart became more closely knit with hers. She was ever so kind and tender of me, and I thought her word was my law, and I loved to obey her. How narrowly I watched her. If I saw her suffering, it caused me to suffer; and often did I tell her if she died, I wanted to die also. Little did I think she could be taken from me, but alas, lingering consumption had fastened itself so firmly upon her frail form that medical aid was of no avail. I saw her failing health, and in every way that I could save her a step, it was a joy to me. Although young, I could do many things to lighten her daily cares. How it cheered me to hear her say, "My little girl can do nearly all my washing for four of us in a family." I was then about eleven years old. She lived till I was in my fourteenth year.

As we were alone one day she said to me, "My child, what will you do when your mother is gone?" What could I answer! after a while I said, "Oh, mother, don't leave me; I could not live without you; no one will love me as you do." She said, "God will love you, my dear child." She wept with me awhile and then said she had long prayed that she might be spared till I was old enough to take care of myself, and she believed God had heard her prayers.

In a few days she was taken raising blood and brought down quite low. O how tenderly I watched over her; how I tried to make her sufferings as light as possible. At length Spring came, and the trees put on their foliage. I saw that my mother grew weaker and weaker, and I felt that she must die. O how fervently I plead with my heavenly Father to spare her a little longer, but if it was not his will, to take me, for I thought I could not live without her.

One afternoon, the last of May, she seemed to brighten up a little; my heart was filled with joy as a gleam of hope sprang up within me,—a hope that perhaps she would be spared. She called me to her bedside, told me to sit down, as she had something to say to me. I seated myself by her and looked at her a moment; what a change had come over her! it pained my very heart. "Esther," said she, "I am going to leave you." Oh how different her voice sounded; it thrilled my very heart. I could not speak. She said again, "My child, what will you do when I am gone? This world looks dark and dreary for me to leave you alone without a mother. But God is good; he will never leave you if you love and obey him. Will you ever try to trust in him? Will you daily pray to him, that his care may be over you? Your health is poor, but I leave you in the hands of my kind friend, Jesus. Will you always remember my advice to you?"

I put my arms around her neck and said, "Oh mother, I will, I will! But mother, don't leave me; for I don't love any one but you and God." My heart was so bound up with hers, that I thought no one else could share with her in my affections. That night we watched over her. As she lay quiet and easy, she begged of me to go to bed. I did so, but not to sleep; ah no, sleep was far from me. I had lain but a short time when I heard my father say, "I am afraid she is going." I ran to her bedside; the death-rattle was in her throat. She raised her eyes to me; I can never forget that look. I knelt by her, took her hand and said, "Oh, mother, do you know me?" "Yes," said she, "it is Esther, my child." It was her last words; she died holding my hand.

Dear children—Did any of you ever stand by the bedside of a dying mother? If you have, you can imagine my feelings at that time better than I can describe them. How dreary every thing seemed to me. I did not like to hear the birds sing; I thought they only mocked at my grief. We followed her to her grave. Every thing seemed changed when we had buried her. It seemed as though I never could return to the house again; but some friends went back with us to comfort us in our affliction. It was different with me from most children of my age. My mother's health had ever been poor, my own constitution feeble, which kept me at home nearly all of the time. I had never been away three days at a time without her. Thus you see my whole being seemed bound up in her. I had many kind friends, but none could fill the place of that mother. And now while I pen these lines my eyes are dimmed with tears at the thought of her. And whenever I see children that have a kind mother, feeble in health, toiling and suffering from day to day to rear them up to an age that they can be able to take care of themselves, and treat her unkindly, oh how it pains my heart, and I pray God to help them to realize how lonely they would be without her.

Dear children, those of you who have kind parents, oh be kind and obey them. If they chide you for your faults, do not treat them unkindly. Remember the promise of God to obedient children: "Thy days shall be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." That land will be upon the New Earth. Let us all try to have a dwelling-place there.

ESTHER P. WARREN.

Medford, Min.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JUNE, 1862.

G. W. AMADON, EDITOR.

Questions for Young Bible Students.

ABOUT WATER.

Q N what day of the week did God create the oceans and seas?

How was Paradise watered?

How did the Lord anciently punish the inhabitants of this world?

In what country were the waters once turned to blood?

When and where, according to the New Testament, was the ordinance of baptism first performed? who was the administrator? what remarkable appearance attended Jesus' baptism?

What is meant by that scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days?"

Whose voice is sometimes compared to "the sound of many waters?" can you tell why?

What did Pilate do when he refused to crucify the Saviour?

How many times has the river Jordan been divided? when, and by whom?

What mighty miracle was once performed at the Red Sea?

Which of the apostles attempted to walk on the water? why did he not succeed?

By what river did Ezekiel see "visions of God?"

What happened to the swine that the devils possessed?

How did Elisha heal the water at Jericho?

What character does the apostle James compare to a rolling wave of the sea?

What is the promise to those who give a disciple a cup of cold water?

Tell the name of the river which will flow from the New Jerusalem.

"Laying in Supplies."

EVERY well-rigged vessel before she puts to sea, lays in a careful stock of "supplies." These consist of provisions, wood, water, clothing, medicine, &c. Without a proper stock of sea-stores, no judicious commander will ever venture from port. And it would be the extravagance of folly to think of braving the storms of old ocean, without a chart and compass, and other nautical instruments. But it is not of laying in supplies to navigate the lakes, or cross the briny deep, that I am thinking of.

Human existence is often compared to a sea. Every being born into the world has got to make a voyage over this sea. This is called the voyage

of life. Even children must cross this sea, stormy and boisterous as it usually is. It took old father Adam nine hundred years to cross this rolling deep, while others have shot across it with the speed of an arrow.

As we launch off into this sea, we should also secure our stock of supplies. Not the kind we use in navigating oceans and gulfs and other waters, but such as Grace, Wisdom, Hope, and Love to God and man. In crossing the sea of life we shall not always have fair weather and pleasant sailing. We shall encounter the eddies of passions, the maelstroms of despair, and the currents of sinful pleasure. Here we shall need our "supplies" of grace and hope and love for what is holy and good.

For this voyage also, the children, little boys and girls, must lay in their stock of supplies. They must go to the store-house of the word of God, and there learn how to make this dangerous voyage. They, too, must get their supplies of Truth, Obedience, Experience and love for all that is pure and holy. Then the gulfs of iniquity will not swallow them; the torrents of sin will not overwhelm them; and their little barks will not be drifted off into uncertainty by the strong currents of sinful pleasures.

Little readers, have you laid in your supplies?

Children Playing with a Bear!

[We read in the Prophets that the time will come when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid, and the calf and the bear feed together, and a little child shall lead them; but we did not know as such familiar greetings as the following would take place till then.]

MR. ATKINSON heard the following story in his Siberian travels: Two children, one four and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends who were haymaking. They had gone from one thicket to another gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the sport. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest apprehension, went up to him. He looked at them steadily, without moving. At length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed, the children were delighted with their new playfellow. The parents, missing the truants, became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest.—*Sargent's School Monthly*.

WHEN a child says "I will" or "I won't" a second time, that is a bad day for parent and child.

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Missionary Rooms.

WHILE in Boston a few weeks since, I visited the missionary rooms, where there are hundreds of the *very* images made and worshiped by the heathen nations. I had seen the pictures of these heathen gods, but now I saw the original. These images had been sent from every part of the world, by missionaries, and they are all labeled so that visitors may know where each is from, and by whom it was sent. It was truly interesting to look them over, and see their almost endless variety of size, shape, and material. They were made of wood, stone, gold, silver, brass, iron, clay, horn, bone, &c., &c. There were images of men, beasts, birds, and fishes. The great wooden image of Baal, or Moloch, was like a man with a beast's head, and was cut or carved from a log of wood. It was much decayed, and is probably several hundred years old. There were also many smaller images of nearly the same shape, made of brass,—rude, ill-shaped, ugly looking things.

As I gazed upon these images, I thought, is it possible that millions of human beings have been, and still are so depraved as to adore and worship such objects as these! Alas! it is still true that darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people. As we looked around upon those relics of heathenism, we could see a specimen of the state of those lands where the light of the Bible has not shone, or where it has been rejected. While viewing some of the meanest of these images, I was struck with horror at the thought of loving or adoring such unsightly monsters.

I said to Bro. Lockwood, "What reason we have for gratitude that we have the light of the Bible!" The first two commandments are to prohibit idolatry. The tendency is to love the creature more than the Creator. The world is full of idolatry to-day. Some worship houses, lands, gold, silver, horses, and chariots. Our only safety is to love God with all the heart, and thus flee from idolatry. "Little children keep yourselves from idols." 1 John v, 21.

M. E. CORNELL.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Learning Right.

IT is very important for all, and especially for children, to learn that which is right and true, for what is early impressed on our minds, although afterward found wrong, is nevertheless hard to be thrown aside. Much reasoning is needed sometimes to take away from a person that which was simply told them by their parents, even without evidence.

I used to think Sunday was the Sabbath, and why? Well, really, when I came in after years to inquire why, I found I had been told so in my youth by my parents and guardians, and that was the sum of it. My aunt told me, when I was perplexed to

know how to harmonize the fourth commandment with the lesson I was learning on the numbering of the days of the week, that Christ had changed the Sabbath. My Sunday school teachers used to tell the children if they got rude upon Sunday, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy;" and we, of course, supposed it meant *Sunday*! I thought surely my good aunt and Sunday school teachers know what is right, and so let the matter rest there for that time.

But I have found that evidence was lacking to prove their statement. That evidence they could not give me, and so I have had to lay that aside as something that was learned *wrong*.

My father died when I was about seven years of age, and I went to live with my grandfather. He used to call me to him when he was at work in his shop, and tell me my father was in heaven. I told him I thought he *was dead*. "Well," said he, "his body is dead, but there is a part of man that cannot die, and that is in heaven." Although this looked very mysterious, I supposed I must believe it because my grandfather said so, and of course *he* must know.

Another lesson grandfather taught me was, if I was a wicked boy, my immortal soul would die. I suppose he saw by my perplexed look what a dilemma my mind was in, and he said, "It will go to a lake of fire and brimstone and burn forever and ever, and that is called the death that never dies." I supposed it was all true, because *grandfather* told me so. I have no doubt but he firmly believed it.

A few years since, when I became satisfied that men could only obtain immortality by faith in Christ and obedience to God, I paid my grandfather a visit. He thought I was fast becoming an infidel, and he prayed the Lord to show me that I "had a soul that must *die, forever die, and never die.*"

But these doctrines, you say, are contrary to the Bible. True, and some of them, as I have said, looked strange to me even when proposed in childhood. And what I have to say to you about learning right, is, be sure and learn from the right source,—the Bible,—and then you will learn right.

I know a little boy, who when reading a book, if it contains an idea contrary to the Bible on the subject of present truth, stops short and says, "Oh! that's a mistake! that don't agree with the Bible!"

May you all, my little readers, learn the truth. Learn it in meekness, obey it with firmness, and then you will be saved.

J. N. L.

Timothy.

FROM childhood's earliest years
 God's precious word he knew,
 And with his growth, unchilled by cares,
 The heavenly knowledge grew.
 For by God's Spirit moved,
 Young Timothy became
 A teacher of the word he loved,
 To lead men to the Lamb.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Thoughts.

BEAUTIES rare, flowerets are,
We with pleasure greet;
Footsteps light, faces bright,
Oft in life we meet;

Yet how few we find true,
In this world of woe—
Envyings, quarrelings,
Turning friend to foe.

Tribulation and temptation
Cometh unto all;
And each heart, beareth part
In the sinful fall.

But from woe, here below,
We may timely flee;
And through One, Thy dear Son,
Find access to Thee.

Faithfully, patiently,
Let us ever try
To fulfill Jesus' will,
And him glorify.

Then at last, trials past,
In our home above,
There may we happy be
With the God of love.

RUBIE M. GIFFORD.

Pleasant Valley, Ohio.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Little Ivie and Gibby:

OR TRAIN A CHILD IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO.

WE all know children love stories; yet it is not profitable to indulge in reading them, unless they contain some moral. I think, however, that both parents and children may derive a good moral lesson from the following.

Little Ivie was just five years old, and had commenced going to school for the first time in his life; for although he was a sprightly and intelligent little fellow, his mother would not permit him to attend school until he had completed five years to the very day, because the school law in Ohio requires that age before entitled to the public fund.

Ivie was my youngest scholar, and his lesson came first in order after the morning recess; and as he had not finished eating a piece of bread he carried out with him, I told him to put it up until he had done reciting. He laid it upon the stove, and when he had finished his lesson it was nicely toasted.

He was delighted with this, and continued the same practice, until one day when he turned to get his toast, lo! and behold it was gone. He scanned the room with a searching look, and not being able to find it, turned to me in disappointment and astonishment, saying, "School miss, where is my bread?" "I don't know, Ivie," said I; "did you not get it?" "No," said he, "I believe Gibby has got it."

Gibby denied it, but his countenance betrayed

him. I saw at once he was guilty. However I told Ivie to wait a few moments until I was at leisure, and I would look into the matter; but most I wanted was time to consider the case, for it was evidently a hard one. Only a few moments had elapsed when Ivie came to me, and opening his hand, displayed the very piece of bread (or what remained of it) saying, "Here it is! Gibby had it!"

What means he employed to persuade him to confess and restore the stolen property, I do not know, but he was a shrewd little fellow, and had succeeded well, and I now thought, the fact that we had found the rogue was established beyond a doubt. But how was I taken back, upon approaching Gibby, to hear him positively affirm that he did not take it.

At this time I had just commenced keeping the Lord's holy Sabbath, and realized more fully the fearful consequences of breaking God's law, than I had ever done before. I talked with Gibby upon the point, until he trembled and wept and confessed to me that he took it.

This little boy did not know much about God. He did not seem to know that the great God who lives in heaven, had written a law for us with his own finger, in which he said, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not lie," or "bear false witness," which is the same. He said he was sorry, and would not do so any more; but it was wonderful to see the suspicion with which Ivie regarded him. He did not really despise him, but feared and pitied him. He would not play with him, neither sit by him in school. If Gibby sat down near him he was up and off, saying in a whisper, "You told a lie! you stole!" He had been taught that it was such a fearful thing to do as Gibby had done, that he could not forget it.

About a week after this a little circumstance came up which will show how seriously he regarded it. An extract from Christ's sermon on the mount was read by a class of little girls, and when they had finished, I took the book to ask some questions on the lesson. Ivie had been sitting by my side during the recitation, but I had not noticed that he was particularly interested in the matter, until he asked the question, "Does God love any one who tells lies?" "No," said I; "do you know what the Bible says he will do with liars?" "Burn them up," said he. "Yes, all liars shall have a part in the lake of fire." "Why, Gibby told a lie," said he, "will the Lord burn him up?"

This was a very unexpected question, and I must confess almost confounded me, for I did not yet understand that he was making a present and personal application of the lesson. However, I tried to tell him how Jesus had died that the Lord might forgive those who had broken God's law, and if Gibby was sorry, and would not do so any more, the Lord would forgive him this time, and not burn him up at last.

May the Lord help all the dear children of the In-

structor to flee these things, and be found at last with those who have clean hands and no guile in their mouth, that they may be saved from the devouring fire. E. J. W.

Battle Creek.

A Touching Incident.

THE saddest story we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, whom his mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket, all shining with gilt and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out and play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss Cottage," when an enormous eagle swooped him from the earth and bore him to his nest high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyre being at a point which was literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the low-lands, long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim!

For the Youth's Instructor.

"I Will Honor my Mother."

MOST a noble sentence to fall from the lips of a little lad, when there are so many saucy boys and girls, that care so little what their mothers say to them.

To-day, I was much pleased while reading about little George that would not fight with Asa, because his mother had told him "to do good for evil."

"I will not fight," said George; "call me what you please. I will honor my mother." Excellent, doubly excellent resolution, when we call to mind how exceedingly perplexing Asa was to George.

These little boys were playing together with others after school. Asa wanted to have everything just to suit his mind, but the boys would not consent.

"Then I will not play," said he. "Then you need not," said George. "We want no one here that will not play fair." This made Asa mad; and he dared George to fight him. But the noble lad called to mind that his mother had told him he must not fight, and he would not. Then said the wicked boy, "You are a mean sneak of a coward."

Now it was quite trying to George to be called a "coward;" and at first, he thought he would strike Asa. But just then he thought of his mother, and of her good counsel, and he said, "I will not fight, call me what you please. I will honor my mother."

Do you not think, dear young friends, that George

was a wise little boy? He was so careful to keep the fifth commandment, that it seems as though he would keep the fourth if he could hear it explained. Are you trying to honor your parents? Do you obey them? Do you shun the company of wicked children all you can, and do you render good for evil? The Bible says, "Hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. i, 8; see also verse 10. And again, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." Prov. x, 14, 15. Please read the whole chapter and commit it to memory.

Beloved children, "see that none render evil for evil." 1 Thess. v, 15. Say not I will do so to him as he hath done to me. Prov. xxiv, 25.

In love.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

Barton Landing, Vt.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Little Della.

HAVE thought for some time of saying a few words through the Instructor, but fearing that I should fail to interest its readers I have refrained from writing; but of late a circumstance has come under my notice which I thought perhaps might interest some.

In our neighborhood lived a family consisting of two grand-parents, father and mother, and six children. Two months ago they were all well and happy; but disease entered their circle, and in a few days the kind, loving mother, was taken away and borne to the silent tomb. Little Della was the youngest of the family, and hardly old enough to realize that her mother was dead. It was indeed pitiful to hear her beg of the family to take her to her ma; and often she would put up her little hands and say, "Ma, do take me! do take me!" And when she saw that her mother was gone, she would quiet herself to sleep.

Her oldest sister and other friends, watched over her day and night and tried to soothe her, but she failed rapidly. Disease preyed upon her little form, and in about twenty days she died. The little hands were crossed over her pulseless heart. The little tongue that so often plead to go to her ma, was still. A bunch of early moss was placed in her small white hand to wither with her. She was taken to the silent grave and buried with her mother, there to wait till Jesus, the life-giver, shall wake the dead. Then we trust that angels will bear her to the tree of life, and Jesus will place a crown upon her head.

Dear children, we know not how soon death may enter our houses, and take a kind parent, or a brother, or sister. Let us therefore prepare for the solemn scenes that await us, that whether we wake or sleep, we may at last have a resting place in the heavenly kingdom.

M. T. MARKS.

Burlington, Mich.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JUNE, 1862.

The Instructor.

In the May Instructor we stated, "Bills are sent in this number to all who have not paid this and past volumes, to show you how much you owe, and you are requested to pay the amount without delay. If you do not, the Secretary will go through the books and set black marks upon your names, and you will get no more papers until we hear from you. He will go through the books each month, for three months, the first time before another Instructor is printed, and will mark out the names of those who owe the most, till all delinquents are erased. Now you are timely and fully warned, and if your paper is stopped, you will know the reason."

According to the above, the names of 160 subscribers have been erased, who owe the sum of \$193.22. Next month all will be erased who owe 75 cents or more.

These persons should either pay their debts, or report themselves unable to do so. We hope most of them will pay up, and renew their subscriptions. Now is the time to do it, when you send advance pay for Vol. xx of the Review, which commences June 3.

JAMES WHITE.

"Blessed are the Peacemakers."

THE dear Saviour pronounced a blessing upon the peacemaker, as he sat upon the mount teaching the multitude.

Do the little children understand what a peacemaker is? Do you think it is one who is peevish and fretful when desired to do something contrary to his wishes? Or one who teases his brothers and sisters, and when they do not please him, will raise his hands to strike them? "No!" I think I hear a hundred little voices say. The Saviour, who never sinned, would not approve of such a child as this; and hardly any one could love them.

What has led me to think of this subject of late is, that I have had occasion to notice a boy who is very far from being a peacemaker. He teases his little brother for hours at a time; will chase his sister about the yard and strike her; uses very bad language in the street, and often oaths. He will deceive his mother, and mock his father, who is too deaf to hear him. It is awful to think that one child will do all this, but it is so.

I trust not a child who reads the Instructor, or hears it read, would think of such an example, only to shun it. I hope many of its readers are instructed in the holy Scriptures as Timothy's mother and grandmother taught them to him, so that such sins never cling to them.

I have now given you an example of a peacemaker, so I will try to tell what peacemakers are.

Such honor their parents, for that is the fifth commandment. They are respectful to their brothers and sisters, loving them as themselves, for this is part of the law of God.

Bad language is never heard to fall from their lips; but soft and gentle words, such as add grace to the hearers.

Should you go into the Sabbath-school where they are, you would find them quiet and attentive, behaving in such a manner as to win the approbation of their teachers and superintendent.

Should you see them in the day-school, you would find them obedient and punctual there, not incurring the displeasure of their teachers by wicked pranks and roguish tricks. No peacemakers ever do this.

In the house of God they are quietly seated, listening to what is said, as a child of God ever does. The assembly of the saints would not be disturbed by noisy feet, were all peacemakers. In fact they are beloved by all who know them.

Dear children, which character do you love best? Which, think you, does God love best? Which will you try to imitate? If you will try to be such a peacemaker as Jesus blessed, one day you will find them all gathered together in one company.

Little children think a great deal of each other's society, but often some little peace-breaker will destroy the happiness of all the rest. But there will be nothing but peacemakers in heaven. Not one unhappy disposition in all the New Earth. Who would not love to be there? Who will not try hard to be of those to whom Jesus will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you?" May not one of our little readers be left out.

M. D. A.

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