

# The Youth's Instructor.

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"Hear Counsel, and receive Instruction, that thou mayest be Wise." Prov. 19:20.

## WHAT THE BIRDS TOLD.

"WHAT a dreary, sorrowful world is this!"  
Said the owl from his hollow tree;  
"Yet the lark is glad for the dazzling light,  
And the robin can sing in glee.  
Poor, foolish birds, they are merry now,  
But the angry storms will beat  
Through the leaves that shelter their shallow nests,  
With the snow and the cutting sleet."  
  
But higher and higher the blithe lark soared,  
Till the earth lay far below;  
The verdant valleys, the waving woods,  
Smiled bright in the sunlight's glow.  
"What a beautiful world has the Father made!"  
She sang as she upward flew;  
"The land, the water, and over them all  
He has spread the warm sky's blue."  
  
"Wherever on wayward wings we soar,  
O'er ocean, o'er earth, through air,  
The humblest, the weakest, by night and day,  
He guards with a patient care.  
He has given us each some song to sing,  
And we utter them not in vain,  
For he hears the hum of the lowliest bee,  
And the sparrow's tremulous strain."  
  
From her peaceful nest, on the swaying bough  
The robin sang soft and low:  
"Oh! kind is the Father that made the leaves,  
And bade the green grass grow.  
He made the brooklets that we might drink,  
The fruits that are rich and sweet  
He hangs on the boughs, when the flowers are gone,  
That we may be glad and eat."  
  
"We know that the summer that lingers now  
Will vanish at his command;  
That the flowers will die, and the leaves will fall,  
When winter shall shroud the land.  
But the frailest wing will his good hand guide  
Through spaces of pathless air,  
To climes where the date and the citron grow,  
And summer dwells always there."  
  
"He loves the creatures that he has made,  
And nothing is mean or small;  
For tender compassion and boundless love  
Are lavished alike on all.  
So the world is bright if our hearts are bright,  
And fair if our souls are fair;  
For the gifts of his beauty may come to all,  
With the bounty of sun and air."  
—Sol.

## A Walk among the Trees.

As I was out walking among the trees, viewing the beauties of nature, I paused, and wondered at the great variety of trees there were in the forest. At the right is a sturdy old oak. It has stood the storms of many winters, and is now grown so large, and has sent out so many branches, that "the beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of the heaven dwelt in the boughs thereof."

At the left are trees of various kinds and sizes. Among these are some which are tall and straight and very beautiful, while there are others which are very crooked, knotty, and ugly. I notice some which are crooked and cross-grained, and on them are large, crooked limbs. Among the smaller trees are some which look as though their backs were broken, and some are bent two or three different ways, and are small and stunted.

But why are not all these trees like the old oak, tall, straight, and healthy? Why are some so crooked and ugly? Is nature partial? Does she make one tree grow up

straight and beautiful and another crooked and uncomely? Certainly this cannot be. The trouble is, these crooked trees have been bent over while young, by some hard storm, or it may be some mischievous boy has climbed them and thus bent them over so they have grown up in this shape. But is there no remedy for these poor, crippled trees? Can they not be made straight again? There is, I think, a way in which the small trees may all be made straight. But it will be almost impossible to make the large ones entirely straight again; for the larger they are the harder they are to straighten.

We first take a large, straight stake and drive it firmly into the ground beside the little tree. Then straightening the tree up, we fasten it to the stake with cords. Thus it will, if kept in this position, grow up and be a straight and beautiful tree; yet it will not be quite so beautiful, perhaps, as those which have never been bent over.

Now we are prepared to ask what lesson we can learn from these things in nature. Perhaps they may be taken to illustrate several important truths. But there is one application we may make of them which I think will be of special benefit to the little readers of this paper. We will let these trees represent people; then the large trees will represent grown people and the small ones children. Now, children, look around you and see if there is not as great a variety of people in the world as there are trees in the forest. Some of you will perhaps notice a man about forty years of age, who is a large man, possessing strength of mind and body. He has made life a success. By honest toil he has accumulated property. He is also a Christian, and gives much to sustain the cause of Christ and to assist the poor and needy. Thus he has become a great and good man, and may be properly represented by the large oak tree before mentioned.

Now look again, and you will perhaps discover among the rest another man about the same age, but possessing entirely different qualities. He is diminutive both in body and mind. He has for many years indulged in the use of tobacco and occasionally strong drink. He has indulged his passions to such an extent that he has injured both his mind and body, and has become so poor that he is dependent on his neighbors for support. Perhaps if you had seen him twenty-five years ago, you might have seen a bright lad just merging into manhood; but you would have noticed him occasionally indulging his appetite and passions unlawfully; thus he formed bad habits in youth which were the real cause of his ruin. He has since tried several times to reform, but has failed every time. There is but little hope for him.

This man may be properly represented by a tree that has grown up very crooked, is covered with knots and ugly limbs, is rotten in the center, and is also badly bent over. It has been tied to a large, straight stake a few times in order to straighten it; but it was so badly bent and so large that the first storm and wind that came tore it loose again, and it assumed its old position.

Now, children, if you will look around you again, you will see some young men

and women, and also little boys and girls, just beginning to form bad habits and learn evils which will cause them to grow up worthless. These are like the little trees which are bent over while young. Now when any little boy or girl teaches others anything which is bad, they are like the bad boy that bends the little tree.

Now, my little readers, let me ask you by what class of trees you are going to be represented, the large, straight, and beautiful ones, or those which are crooked and ugly? If by the first class, then you must, if you are crooked, be made straight while young; that is, if you have formed bad habits, you must overcome them while in youth; for the older you grow the stronger the habits will become, and consequently the harder they will be to correct. This stake we are to be straightened by is the law of God. It is perfect, for it contains all our moral duty. If we will do just as the law says, we will do just right.

Now, children, do not form any evil habits while young; for if you do, you must overcome them or be lost. But if you have already formed them, remember that the sooner you overcome them the easier it will be done; for you know that the younger the tree is the easier it is made straight.

C. H. BLISS.

## October.

THERE is something in the very name, October, that is suggestive of fullness and ripeness. It brings to the mind visions of grapes swelling with the purple wine, showing like clusters of amethysts on the brown vines, as the last yellow leaves fluttered away from them; visions of orchard boughs stooping with their wealth of gold, and crimson and russet, and dropping, at a touch, the ripened fruit on the ground, as if weary of holding them so long. In the woods there are stores of nuts, and all the sunshiny day you can hear them falling. The boys are out among them gathering their treasures for winter. How they shout and laugh, as they pelt the loaded boughs, and chase the squirrels that seem half disposed to dispute with them for the possession of the property.

Nature has a great deal of work to finish in this month, and she is working steadily at it day and night. Besides a thousand little jobs, whose doings escape our notice, but which would make sad gaps in the beauty of next year, if left undone, there is the corn to ripen and mature. The buds for next spring will be carefully cased in double and triple wrappings against the cold and wet. Never did a mother more tenderly protect her babe against the keen air than does nature guard these delicate nurslings of hers. First, she covers them with a downy fold, softer than the finest wool, then with layer after layer, cunningly wrapped together, and finishes all with a coat of varnish that turns every particle of moisture, and then she leaves the infant blossoms as safe for the winter as the nursery pet in its dainty cradle.—*Little Corporal.*

FEAR God for his power, trust him for his wisdom, love him for his goodness, praise him for his greatness, believe him for his faithfulness, and adore him for his holiness.

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### Love not the World.

"LOVE not the world," neither the things that are in the world." This is a divine command. But why is this restriction laid upon us? Is it because our Heavenly Father is arbitrary, and wants to deprive us of enjoyment? Does he hold us in check unnecessarily? and is it for his good, and the benefit of the heavenly host? The Scriptures teach us that he withholds no good thing from his children. His far-seeing eye discovers all the dangers that are hidden beneath a fair exterior, where poor mortals may think there is great happiness in store. He would not have us love the world; for there is no union between it and Heaven. Christ says, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." We cannot love both at the same time. There are dangers in the world which the unsuspecting youth does not see. Its vanities and follies are not in harmony with Heaven—are not in keeping with its law. Its glitter and show promise happiness to those in pursuit of it; but its promise is never kept, and all realize it sooner or later.

A few days since, I was walking on the banks of a beautiful stream, and I noticed the leaves and every light substance that fell upon the water floated down stream. There was nothing to stay their progress. There was nothing above them to cling to, and there was not weight enough in themselves to secure a foothold on the bottom. Thus I thought it is with those who place themselves in the arms of the world. Once there, they float on and on with the current, possessing no power in themselves to stand still or turn and face the current. On they must go until the broad waves of fashion sweeps them into the broad sea from whence there is no escape.

I observed also that numerous companies of flies, bright-winged bugs, &c., were flying about over the water; and as one chanced to light on the surface, fish, unseen by it, caught it in its mouth and made a meal of it. Poor, innocent fly! The ripples sparkled in the sunlight; the stream was very beautiful, and thousands of its comrades were merrily humming by its side. It did not know that danger—even death—lurked beneath such a beautiful surface. Did the other insects take warning and flee from the enchanted spot? No! they heedlessly passed on.

Thinking myself much wiser than the insects that hovered over the eddying stream and wrecklessly lighted on its surface, I had no thought that there was danger for me; I had no fear of the fishes or the dangers to which they were exposed. The hum of the waters charmed me and lured me on to the brink. As my eyes were steadily fixed

on the scene before me, I thought not there was danger for me, until the crumbling bank whereon my feet were placed gave way, and I was fast sliding down, down, into the stream. But, unlike the less fortunate fly, I found something to cling to, and so extricated myself, having well learned the fact that it will not do to follow wherever fancy may lead. I thought as I saw it would not do to venture so near to danger that it is just so with those who are charmed with the pleasures of the world. It will not always do to even stand and look on; for the feet may be upon a slippery foundation.

### Present Pleasure.

WE all love to be happy, and how to secure the greatest amount of real happiness is a question very proper for our study. Evidently the God who made us with such a disposition desires to have us happy, or he would never have planted that desire within us. I know all my readers like to feel well and enjoy themselves, because children always do. We know very well how mother is urged almost every day by the little ones to go here or there where they can run and have a fine frolic. And how apt they are when the house becomes quiet to feel lonesome or go to sleep but as quick as there is any laughter, or story-telling, or play, how bright the eyes will look, and how wide awake every one becomes. This is because the children love to be happy. This disposition is right when it is kept within proper bounds.

But I want to say to the children, that present pleasure sometimes results in permanent injury, and brings great misery upon us. So we should look beyond the present in our desire to be happy. You have all heard of the butterfly and the ant. The former, like some people, only thought of the present, enjoying herself through the pleasant summer weather, never thinking of the cold, wintry storms so soon to come; while the busy ant toiled hard during the good weather, and had a supply of stores laid up for the dreary days of winter. Now which found the most happiness in the end? You can all answer it. So it is with many people; they only look for the passing moment—think of nothing but the present. The time will come when they will see the folly of this course, and regret it very much.

This is also seen in the appetite of many. They think they must eat at any moment when anything comes in their way that seems desirable, at any hour of the day. Why do they eat? It is not because they need food to supply their wants, but because it tastes good. What is the result? They give way to their appetite until it rules them, and they think they cannot deny themselves anything. And so they learn to live to eat; and quite likely that appetite will finally carry them to a drunkard's grave. But if not so bad as this, they injure their stomachs until they become dyspeptic and can hardly eat anything without it gives them bad feelings. So a little present gratification prepares them for a great amount of pain. Now this is a great loss.

This is the way, children, that many people become sickly all their lives, and make themselves and others much trouble. How much better to govern the appetite with reason, and only eat when we need food, and of such kinds as will benefit us.

Many children want to have their own way, and it is generally that they may have some present pleasure. They ought to think

how little experience and knowledge they have, and that father and mother know best what is for their good. But many times they cherish this stubborn spirit till they become stiff-necked and come to some bad end. How much better it would be to learn to submit their own spirit, and learn to obey so that when they are old, they will not have to look back and think how they grieved their parents and sinned against God.

Dear children, we should realize that the present is given us for a purpose; not merely to enjoy now, but to prepare for usefulness, to do good, and learn how to help ourselves and others. And we are sure to realize far more happiness in the end by doing right always than merely trying to enjoy the present. This life is for a good purpose; that is, to use it well, to be faithful in duty; and a long life, an eternal life, depends upon the use we make of the present one. God gives us a short piece of life now to use, and if we do not use it well, it is all we can have; but if we do, then he will give us a life that will fully satisfy us. David said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Let us not think too much of present pleasure, but look forward to the great future life promised to the faithful.

GEO. I. BUTLER.

### The Fear of the Lord.

"COME, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord." Ps. 34: 11.

There is no accomplishment that can so adorn the character as this, the fear of God. The man of years and the little child, the youth and the strong man, all need this jewel of great price. Without this, the most learned and eminent of mankind are light as vanity.

To have the fear of God always before our eyes, we must understand the character of God and his law; and then we must always remember him, and keep his statutes in mind. Also the rewards of virtue and the penalty of vice, and all that we can learn of God, should ever be present with us.

The book of Deuteronomy, especially the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters, contains much to inspire holy fear in the mind of the Bible reader; and no portion of the word can be omitted if you possess and maintain this fear. Also by prayer and meditation we strengthen the fear of God in our hearts. By these, and all other means, we keep it alive and active and strong in in the heart; for it is by the constant cultivation of all the Christian graces that each of them increases and strengthens.

A proper fear of God leads us to do his will; and doing his will leads us to love him and keep his commandments. This fear of God leads us to give ourselves and all we have to him. If we truly fear God, we shall never be ashamed of his cause, nor shall we be ashamed to obey him, however unfashionable it may be to do his will. And this may teach you to know if you truly fear him, if you willingly obey him; but if you shun the self-denying path, through shame or fear, it proves that your fear is very slight, or that you do not possess it. Seek, then, to strengthen this virtue, the fear of God in the heart.

JOS. CLARKE.

"GIVE to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again."

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

**"WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY."**

There are lonely hearts to cherish  
While the days are going by;  
There are weary souls who perish  
While the days are going by;  
If a smile we can renew,  
As our journey we pursue,  
Oh! the good we all may do  
While the days are going by.

There's no time for idle scorning  
While the days are going by;  
Let our face be like the morning  
While the days are going by.  
Oh! the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes;  
Help your fallen brothers rise  
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us  
While the days are going by,  
One by one we leave behind us  
While the days are going by;  
But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow  
While the days are going by.

—S. S. Teacher.

**Girls, Help your Father.**

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen!" said farmer Wilbur, as he sat down to figure out some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crotchet-work. "I shall be glad to do so, if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said, reflecting. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would seem sad if I didn't know something of them, after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-head at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to idle all the evening, though she was in haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cosily in his arm-chair, enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over; but the hearty, "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up where a man can have such an amanuensis," said the farmer. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Not every one that would be willing, if able," said Mr. Wilbur, which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor. If asked to perform some little service, it is done at the best with a reluctant step and an unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father! Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—*Sel.*

**Saved.**

He was a boy in the Sunday-school. For ten years he had gone in and out, repeating his lessons, reading the Bible, listening to his teacher; and yet his heart had not been touched. People were interested in the lad, because of his intelligence and general good behavior. He was a favorite with the teacher because of his ready answers and respectful attention. But what was passing in his mind, and whether or not he had any but a very passing interest in the eternal things that they talked about, could not be known. He listened, but he spoke no word by which his teacher could know of his real feelings. And so one day, after soliciting divine help, he resolved to speak to him. For this purpose he asked him to accompany him home after the afternoon school. And then, in the quiet of the room, the teacher put the startling question, "John, are you saved?"

He looked quite struck. He blushed, then turned pale, stammered, and at last said, "No, teacher."

"Not saved, John? Then, of course, you are lost," said the teacher, sadly.

John looked sad too. He did not like to think that.

"But you need not be lost, John. If you come to Jesus he will save you."

"But how can I come, teacher? I don't know where to find him."

"He is here, waiting. You can come to him in prayer."

John went home and thought about it. The next day he came to his teacher. "I am saved now, teacher, and I am quite happy."

"But how do you know, John?"

"I came to Jesus. I said, 'Just as I am, O Lamb of God, I come;' and then I know he saved me, because he put this text into my heart, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"That is right, John; you are saved."

John did not hide his light; he told everybody he was saved. If we all did the same, how many others might have the blessing.—*Teacher's Golden Hour.*

**Just One.**

WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk; so I listened.

Presently an elderly tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars!"

"Why?" said a dozen, altogether—for they were like some children who always say, "Why?" when they are told to do anything—bad children those!

The elder said, "If you don't, they'll eat you up alive."

So the flowers went to shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and said to herself, "Oh! that's a beauty; I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called out, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet; I want to keep him; surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again; there was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone; she was almost killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her scattered leaves. "Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin will destroy a noble boy or beautiful girl as sure as the worm the rose.—*Sel.*

**The Struggle and the Victory.**

"JOHNNY," said a farmer to his little boy, "it is time for you to go to the pasture and drive home the cattle."

Johnny was playing at ball, and the pasture was a long way off, but he was accustomed to obey; so he started without a word, as fast as he could go. Being in a great hurry to get back to play, he only half let down the bars, and then hurried the cattle out; and one fine cow in trying to crowd over, stumbled, and fell down, with her leg broken.

Johnny stood by the suffering creature, and thought to himself: "Now, what shall I do? That was the finest cow father had, and it will be a great loss to him. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," whispered the tempter, "you found the bars half down, and the cow lying there."

"No, I can't say that," said Johnny, "for it would be a lie."

"Tell him," whispered the tempter again, "that while you were driving the cows, that big boy of farmer Brown's threw a stone, and hurried her so that she fell and broke a leg."

"No, no," said Johnny, "I never told a lie, and I won't begin now. I'll tell my father the truth. I was in a hurry, and frightened the poor creature, and so she fell and broke her leg."

So, having taken this right and brave resolve, Johnny ran home as if he was afraid the tempter would catch him; and he went straight to his father and told him the whole truth. And what did his father do?

He laid his hand on Johnny's head, and said, "My dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own than that my boy should tell an untruth."

And Johnny, though very sorry for the mischief he had done, was happier than if he had told a lie to screen himself, even if he had never been found out.—*Sel.*

**What Makes a Man.**

WHAT is it that makes a man? Can you tell? We can tell you what does not. Good clothes do not; a handsome face does not; learning does not. You must have something else to make a man of. We have seen a very good description of a man, which reads thus:—

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind,  
Full of affection for its kind;  
A helper of the human race,  
A soul of beauty and of grace,  
That truly speaks of God within,  
And never makes a league with sin."

This is the kind of a man worth something in this world. We want a great many more such men than we now have. Will you not strive to be such a man?—*S. S. Missionary.*

**Be Content.**

OH dear! I don't see what you buy me such thick shoes for," said little Jenny Ray; "they are only fit for clod-hoppers. Why can't I have a pretty pair of French gaiters, like Annie Swift's?"

"We buy such things as we can afford and think suitable for you," answered her mother. "I am sorry that instead of being thankful for them, you should fret so. I wish you were more like the man who said, 'I never grumbled but once, and that was because my shoes were worn out, and I had no money to buy new ones. Soon after, I met a man who had no feet, and I went home contented with my bare ones.'"

"I'm not so badly off as either of them," laughed Jenny; "so I'll be glad I have got thick shoes to protect my bare feet, and and that I have feet to be protected."—*Sel.*

## The Youth's Instructor.

### THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

The beauties of nature,  
How charmingly bright;  
How lovely and pleasant  
Are they to the sight!  
The lofty-peaked mountains  
In garments of snow:  
The billows of ocean,  
The brilliant rainbow;  
The tall, towering trees  
In vestments of gold,  
Point up to far heaven,  
Where beauties unfold,  
In the far-flaming West  
At the closing of day,  
As the sun sinks behind  
The sea's silver spray—  
Ah, the grandeur that then  
Unfurls to the view;  
The curtains of amber  
Are tinted with blue;  
And the white, fleecy clouds  
All bathed in the light,  
Melt all their bright hues  
With the dark shades of night.

Thus falleth the twilight,  
So mellow and sweet—  
The time when dear friends  
Most lovingly meet.  
But oh! for the quiet  
Of midnight's still hour!  
When all things are silent,  
Save the clock in the tower!

Then how calm and serene  
The thoughts that arise,  
In the breast of each one,  
As he looks on the skies;  
Which thrills him with rapture,  
And fills him with joy;  
He feels pure and happy  
As an innocent boy.

We gaze at the heavens  
With eager delight,  
And think of a haven  
Where cometh no night;  
A haven where cometh  
No darkness or death;  
"Where all the saints enter,"  
The Holy One saith.

—F. H. Phillips.

### The Power of Jesus.

DEAR CHILDREN: When you read the Bible, do you find a new beauty in it every time? If you do, you must love to study it. Will you read with me the first six verses of the third chapter of Mark? "And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a withered hand. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day; that they might accuse him. And he saith unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth. And he saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill? But they held their peace. And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out; and his hand was restored whole as the other. And the Pharisees went forth, and straightway took counsel with the Herodians against him, how they might destroy him."

Christ had entered the synagogue, as he often did, to teach the people the way of life; but they watched him, that they might accuse him. Instead of opening their hearts for the reception of divine truths, they violated the commandments of God, which teach only love to God and man, by hating

the Son of God, and even upon the holy Sabbath seeking an excuse to destroy him.

See how mildly the loving Jesus rebukes their iniquity by saying, "Is it *lawful* to do good on the Sabbath days or to do evil? to save life or to kill?" Had they examined their own hearts and confessed their sin, he would have unfolded to them the mysteries of the kingdom of God. But they held their peace.

Because of the hardness of their hearts, the Saviour was *grieved*, and turning to the needy man who at his command had stood forth in the crowd, said, "Stretch forth thine hand." He could not do it, that poor cripple, from whose hand life had long since fled. But did he try? The narrative says, "And he stretched it out." Yes; he believed in the power of Jesus, and it was restored whole as the other. Do you not think that man was glad to have the use of his hand again? Do you not suppose he felt like thanking him every time he met his Lord? I have no doubt that he did, and would do all in his power to do something in return for the great blessing.

Read in the first chapter of John's gospel, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth." This same Jesus who was with the Father in the creation of the world, and afterward was made flesh and dwelt among men, is yet in the word of God entreating us to be like him, that we may be sons and daughters of the Lord.

Our natural feelings are selfish. We want the most praise and the best of everything. These vain desires make us cripples. God created all things for his glory, but in this natural state of heart we seek to glorify ourselves, and can no more glorify God than the man with the withered hand could earn his living by labor.

Christ commands us to stand forth, to separate ourselves from the world. This we can do like the man in the congregation, and Jesus will work for us. We cannot convert ourselves, but we can stand forth—we are needy. Let us look to Jesus; he will turn us from the error of our ways; reaching after him continually, he will make us whole. Then we will praise him forever and rejoice in his salvation.

H. M. VAN SLYKE.

Hamilton, Mo.

### The Almond Blossoms.

"MOTHER," said a little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! What can be the reason?"

"My child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each; then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violets."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them," said her mother, "and see which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could hardly believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the humble violet had a delightful odor.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"It is this little violet."

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance in flowers is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak

without reflection say to you, 'What charming blue eyes!' 'What beautiful curls!' 'What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember, also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless."—*Young Pilgrim*.

SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—A drowning man plucked from the jaws of death is happier with three feet of bare rock than others with thousands of broad acres; so is the humble Christian happier with the hope of Heaven than the men of the world are when their corn and wine do most abound, and all things go well with them.

GOOD ADVICE.—Do not be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others tread on you a little. In other words, do not let a failure or two dishearten you. Accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently to our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in the month of April, sometimes cloudy, and sometimes clear and favorable.

### Your Conversation.

OF what character is it? Is it pure? Whatever it may be, be assured it is an unerring index to your heart. The tree is known by the fruit. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Let your words be words of truth and purity.

Boys, never be idle. Always have something to do. You can study when you are at work with your hands. Every work of God has a lesson upon it for your mind to master. Never be idle when you can find so much to do.

It is your every-day experiences which will cultivate you—the little silent workings within and without—slower, perhaps, than the uprisal of a coral island, but just as sure. It may take years to bring you above the surface; but every shell that you throw off raises you so much higher.

If I am conscious of the Lord's approbation of any work, I feel more joy than in ten thousand smiles of a deceitful world.

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