

The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 19.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER 1, 1871.

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

THE VICAR'S SERMON.

WHATSOEVER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to Heaven;
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says *any* lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But, believe me,
To *himself* he is a sneak.

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own your fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty
If your eyes you do not shut;
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut?

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word will please,
Say it if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures;
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it then with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true,
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now and ever,
Be as thorough as you can.

One Drop at a Time.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long, or more. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty spoiled. Just so our characters are forming; one little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

The Stolen Melons.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

CHARLIE RAYMOND was the only child of a poor widow. Mrs. Raymond was obliged to work early and late to procure the clothes which enabled Charlie to attend the district school, as well as the food, wholesome, but coarse, which helped to make him one of the healthiest and merriest boys in the village.

Charlie was blessed with a good mother; and, although she took in washing and did odd jobs for her more favored neighbors, and paid her daily visits to the little grocery on the corner in a faded calico dress, she carried a heart as honest and pure as any lady in the land. Mrs. Raymond was one of the most humble creatures in the world, too; and yet when her son came bounding home from school, his cheeks rosy with health, and his bright eyes beaming with intelligence, no matter how tired and worn out she felt, she forgot it all in an outburst of prideful emotions for her darling. She would look forward to the time when Charlie would be the comfort of her old age, and many were the airy castles she built for his future.

One afternoon, Charlie entered the little room where his mother was engaged in assorting clothes for the next day's wash. His manner was less frank than usual, and a faint color swept over his broad forehead as he said:

“Mother, Ned Jones and Will Garnet, and all the other boys, are going out for a little fun to-night, and they want me to go along. May I go?”

“Ned and Will are wild boys, my son, and no fit companions for any well-behaved lad. But where are they going to-night? There will be no moon. Why not go this afternoon?”

Charlie colored more deeply, and fidgeted uneasily in his chair.

“They are only going out as far as the toll-gate. We'll be certain to be back by nine o'clock, if not sooner;” and Charlie picked up a stick and commenced whittling awkwardly.

“I'm afraid, Charlie, there is mischief brewing. Ned Jones and Will Garnet do not go out on such a night as this for nothing. Why are they going to the toll-gate?”

Charlie hung his head, but made no reply, while Mrs. Raymond continued, with feeling:

“You, my boy, are my all. Your integrity and honor are worth more to me than anything else in the world, and it is my duty to watch over you, to guard you against the influence of evil companions; therefore I must refuse to allow you to accompany those boys to-night.”

Charlie was old enough to have an idea that it would be unmanly to cry, so he kept back his tears; but his handsome face wore a doleful expression of anger and resentment as he went out by himself and sat down in the shadow of the well-curb, instead of doing little errands for his mother, as was his wont. Charlie had quite set his heart on going with his schoolmates, and he felt his disappointment sorely.

“Mother's good enough, I s'pose,” he said to himself; “but she's awful queer. What will Ned and Will say, I wonder? Some-

how I never can have any fun, like other boys. Won't it be jolly, though, when I'm twenty-one, and can go where I please?”

The next day, Mrs. Raymond received a visit from the gate-keeper, who informed her that her son, with others, had entered his garden on the previous night, and after picking as many melons as they could carry away, had completely destroyed the remainder, together with the vines. Mrs. Raymond listened to the recital with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs. She could hardly believe that her son was a thief, and yet Charlie's manner that morning had been such as to convince her that the man spoke truly. The gate-keeper demanded payment for the damage done, and threatened exposure if not amply remunerated. The poor woman wrung her hands in anguish. She had barely money enough to buy her next meal, and could give him only promises which were received ungraciously enough. The parents of the other boys were in easy circumstances, and the next day only Charlie Raymond's name was mentioned in connection with the raid made on the gate-keeper's garden. Piously educated, as he had been, he keenly felt the reproach heaped upon him; and ere a week had passed away, he had left his native village and was gone, no one knew where.

Within the narrow limits of a felon's cell, a tall man was pacing to and fro. He was young in years, but the guilt of many crimes was shrouding his heart in perpetual shadows. His hands were dyed with the blood of a fellow-creature, and for this last and darkest crime, his own life was to be given up. That day—his twenty-first birthday, the day he had in childhood looked forward to with such eager longing—he had received his sentence of death, and now he was waiting, in anguish and remorse indescribable, a visit from one to whom he owed his life, and yet to whom he had rendered only cause for tears and deepest sorrow.

The prison door opened and a tottering form, over whose bent shoulders fell locks whitened for the grave, but not with years, entered the cell. This was her first meeting with her son (for the unhappy prisoner was no other than Charlie Raymond) since he left her roof, hoping to flee from the shame of his first transgression, but for which—he said it himself, with mournful emphasis and with his dying breath—he might have ended his days honored and happy, instead of meeting the fate of a convicted felon.

Boys, bear in mind that a man does not become an incendiary, or a burglar, or a murderer, all at once, but that he goes step by step from a lesser to a greater sin; and remember, too, when tempted to commit some trifling misdemeanor, it may lead the way for you—as the theft of the melons did for Charlie Raymond—to the gallows.—*Sel.*

WE should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

God never made his work for man to mend it.

RELIGION is not an art, a matter of dexterity and skill, but a new nature.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER 1, 1871.

MISS J. R. TREMBLEY, : : : : EDITOR.
MISS E. R. FAIRFIELD, : : : : ASSISTANT.

A Singular Prayer.

A poor Indian was converted. He dwelt in heathen lands, and had never known anything about Jesus, and Heaven, and the future life, until he learned of them by a missionary. His first thought, on being taught from the Bible, was to thank God for sending him the light of his truth. His heart was filled with gratitude, and he wanted to praise the Lord, and pray to him. But he supposed the Lord could not understand him if he prayed in his native language. What could he do? He felt that he must pray; and he could speak only three words in English; they were January, February, March. Feeling that he could not be denied the privilege, he knelt down, and simply said, January, February, March; January, February, March. This was his prayer; and, though it was singular, it was not meaningless. All his confessions and supplications, and all his gratitude and praise, were conveyed to the heavenly sanctuary through the mediumship of these simple words.

Children, do you think the Lord could understand such a prayer as this? I do. Certainly, I do. He did the very best that he could; and that is all that is required of any one. If our prayers come from the heart, the Lord will listen to them, though we use the simplest words.

Fear not, little Christians, that, because your prayers are broken, and your sentences disconnected, the Lord does not care to hear you. When the heart speaks, its words are as sweet incense to the Lord.

Nothing but Leaves.

"AND when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever. And presently the fig tree withered away." Matt. 21:19.

As Jesus saw the fig tree spreading out its branches, and looking so luxuriant, he came to it, expecting to find fruit thereon; but he searched in vain. No fruit was to be found; nothing but leaves.

Some of us are like this tree. We do not bear fruit; that is, our lives are not filled up with deeds of kindness. We do not live to do good to others, to glorify the name of God. We may profess to be Christians, we may attend Sabbath-school and meeting on the Sabbath; yet this alone is not Christianity. The fig tree had all the appearance of being a thrifty, fruit-bearing tree; but when the Saviour came to search for fruit, he found none. So with us; when search is made for fruit, there is nothing but leaves. Said the Saviour, "It is your Father's good pleasure that ye bear much fruit."

As the fig tree withered away, so we will wither and die spiritually, unless we work for Jesus—unless our lives are filled up with useful deeds. And in the day of God's wrath, when the wicked are consumed, we shall perish with them.

Let us, dear young friends, be living branches of the Vine, workers in the cause of Christ, that when he comes, he may find a rich harvest of golden fruit.

"Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap with years of strife—
Nothing but leaves.

"Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripening grain;
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

"Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past,
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves.

"Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves—
Nothing but leaves?"

VIRGINIE MERRIAM.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Love at Home.

GIVE me that sweet influence of a home full of love. When wearied with life's cares, what soothes us like a welcome to such a home full of that heavenly blessing? Peacefully flows the stream of life on its onward course. The winds and storms ruffle it not when love dwells within the hearts of all that form the home circle. Home is one of the sweetest words because of the heavenly influence it sheds over its possessors, and their associates cannot but partake of the sweets of its influence.

A love for the beautiful is ennobling, and leads our minds upward till we soar from the fading vanities below, and our thoughts dwell upon those holy enjoyments in store for those who love that heavenly home. There is love unfading that knows no end. No harsh words there ever greet the ear, nor will we ever be pained with the harsh look that cuts deeper and wounds the heart.

But the purest love is a deep, unchanging love for God. So dear are we to him, fallen as we are, that he could part with his well-beloved Son, that we might be possessors of that divine love and become more like him; that we might be fitted to surmount all the storms of life's tempestuous ocean, and land our bark safely beyond all danger of wreck.

Children, do you want that love to aid you while enduring the trials that children have while trying to gain that eternal haven? Seek it from Him who is all love, and is willing to impart to you that heavenly gift which, if cherished and nourished, will lead you safely through. MARY H. LUKE.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Rev. 21:1.

"AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

Peter says that we "look for a new heavens and a new earth." 2 Pet. 3:13. He also says that "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise." 2 Pet. 3:10. John also says that "the heaven departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together." Rev. 6:14. Do not let us forget for a moment the

great and solemn events just before us; the passing away of the present heavens, and the mighty events accompanying that terrible scene, when the wicked will call for rocks and mountains to cover them. See Rev. 6:15-17.

These subjects being pressed upon your minds frequently should not cause you to feel as if it were a light or common thing. Too many are becoming hardened. Reader, may it lead you to tenderness of heart and conscience to consider such subjects as these. We are daily nearing the great event for which the universe has been waiting for about six thousand years. Can we stand unmoved? Already the signs in sun, moon, and stars, have taken place, and all is now still, like the calm before the hurricane. It is an awful stillness.

Reader, are you deceived by the bustle and glitter of the present time? If you are, I beseech you to arouse from this dreadful enchantment. It may cost many a ruggles to break from Satan's charms; but it is the only safe way. A greater contrast could not be than that between the present state of things and the ushering in of the new. It will come—it must come—and the time cannot be distant. Who will think of it, and prepare? JOS. CLARKE.

The only one Alive.

LITTLE Harry was sweetly sleeping. He knew not that his mother was absent that evening and had left him in my care. He had played so hard during the day that I had no fear of his waking to cry for his mother. While I sat sewing, I thought of the little ones that had been taken from these parents and laid in the grave. So I opened the good book and looked at their names recorded there, saying, The only one alive is little Harry, the pet of his parents. Ah! thought I, sad indeed for them if called to record his death also. But, dear readers, Harry only lived one more day and night, and then he died of congestion of the brain.

I need not tell you how much we miss him or how sad we feel; but I wish to remind you that we, too, may die very suddenly, or the Lord may soon come and find us unprepared for his coming and his kingdom. Let us give the Lord our whole hearts. We may be his children, and have eternal life. I plead that we may fear God. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil. Prov. 8:13. Fear God, and keep his commandments.

C. E. COLE.

Marshall, Mich.

He Could Be Trusted.

ALFRED was missing one night about sunset. His mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor, coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought Alfred was safe enough to be with them.

"No," said the mother, "he promised me he would not go there without my leave, and he *always* keeps his word. He never told me a lie."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and his mother was still watching and listening for the step of Alfred; but it was half-past eight before his merry shout and whistle were heard, when he ran in through the gate.

"Confess, now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with the other boys, and so kept away till late."

How the boy's eye flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No, sir! I told my mother I would never go there without her leave, and *do you think*

I would tell a lie? I helped James to find the cows which had strayed into the wood, and did not think I should be so late."

James, coming up the street just then, came in to tell us he was afraid we had been alarmed; they had been so far in the wood it made them late in getting home.

The neighbor, turning to the mother as he took his hat to go home, said, "I think there is comfort in store for you, madam. Such a boy as that will make a noble man."—*Sel.*

Work.

"WORK well done is twice done." Never mix up things; do one thing at a time; begin one thing and finish one thing—make clean work as you go. Have order, system, regularity; a place for everything, and everything in its place. Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate, insensibly, into bad workmen.

Training the hands and the eyes to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation, who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

A rival of a certain great lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my father's boots once."

"Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well."

Everything in nature and grace is active, full of life and motion, on the wing. The sun, the moon, the sparkling heavens, the floods, the rippling brooks and flowing fountains; the birds warble on every tree in ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; and the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work.

Idleness is the bane, the moth, the gangrene, the curse of life.—*Sel.*

Asking Father.

A GENTLEMAN of fine social qualities, always ready to make liberal provisions for the gratification of his children, a man of science, and a moralist of the strictest school, was skeptical in regard to prayer, thinking it superfluous to ask God for what nature had already furnished ready to hand. His eldest son became a disciple of Christ. The father, while recognizing a happy change in the spirit and deportment of the youth, still harped upon his old objection to prayer as unphilosophical and unnecessary.

"I remember" said the son, "that I once made free use of your pictures, specimens, and instruments, for the entertainment of my friends. When you came home you said to me, 'All I have belongs to my children, and I have provided it on purpose for them; still I think it would be respectful always to ask your father before taking anything.' And so," added the son, "although God has provided everything for me, I think it respectful to ask him, and to thank him for what I use."

The skeptic was silenced; and he has since admitted that he has never been able to invent an answer to this simple, personal, sensible argument for prayer.—*Sel.*

FAITH, amid the disorders of a sinful life, is like the lamp burning in an ancient tomb.

Sabbath-School Department.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE.

PHARAOH'S CRUELTY.

1. How did the people get straw to make brick when Pharaoh refused to have it furnished to them? Ex. 5: 12.
2. What was done to the officers of the children of Israel when the people were unable to make their full allowance of brick? (Verse 14.)
3. Who were these officers? Ans. They were Hebrews appointed to oversee the work of their brethren.
4. What did these officers do when they were so cruelly beaten by their taskmasters? (Verses 15 and 16.)
5. How did Pharaoh answer them? (Verses 17 and 18.)
6. To whom did they then go? (Verses 20 and 21.)
7. To whom did Moses go with their troubles? (Verses 22 and 23.)
8. Why did the Lord allow his people to be so cruelly treated? Ans. So that they might be the more willing to leave the land of Egypt.
9. What did the Lord say to Moses? Ex. 6: 1.
10. What did he say he had heard? (Verse 5.)
11. What had he remembered?
12. With whom was this covenant made? (Verses 3, 4; Gen. 15: 18; 17: 4, 7, 8; 28: 4.)
13. What was this covenant?

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SIX.

MOSES AND AARON COME BEFORE PHARAOH.

1. What did the Lord tell Moses to say to the children of Israel? Ex. 6: 6-8.
2. Did the people hearken to these gracious words of promise? (Verse 9.)
3. Why not?
4. What did the Lord then tell Moses to do? (Verse 11.)
5. How old was Moses at this time? Ex. 7: 7.
6. How old was Aaron?
7. How old was Moses when he visited his brethren and slew the Egyptian? (Acts 7: 23-28.)
8. How long did he remain in the land of Midian? (Acts 7: 29, 30.)
9. What sign did the Lord tell Moses and Aaron to show to Pharaoh when they came before him? Ex. 7: 9.
10. What did the magicians do when Moses and Aaron performed this sign? (Verses 11 and 12.)
11. What became of their rods?
12. Did Pharaoh hearken unto the petition of Moses and Aaron to let the children of Israel go? (Verses 13 and 14.)
13. What did the Lord tell Moses to do then? (Verse 15.)
14. What did he tell him to say to Pharaoh? (Verses 17 and 18.)
15. Could the magicians perform this miracle also? (Verse 22.)
16. What effect had this miracle upon Pharaoh?

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON EIGHTY-FOUR.

OUR ADVOCATE.

1. Will the righteous be present at the great tribunal when their record is examined and their cases decided? Ans. They will not.
2. How does it appear that they will not be present? Ans. Because they will not obtain a resurrection from the dead till after the investigative judgment at which they are accounted worthy of that resurrection.
3. Who will be present as an advocate to attend to their cases? 1 John 2: 1.
4. What is an advocate? Ans. One who pleads the cause of another.
5. What other passages of Scripture speak of

Christ as an advocate or intercessor for his people? Rom. 8: 34; Heb. 7: 25; 9: 24.

6. What must be the work of our Lord as an advocate at the tribunal of his Father? Ans. 1. To show from the books of record that they have repented of, confessed, and forsaken, their sins, and through faith in him made complete work of overcoming them.
2. To confess their names before his Father and the holy angels, and to offer his blood as an atonement for their sins.
3. To secure their acquittal and the blotting out of their sins. Rev. 20: 12; Matt. 10: 32; Luke 12: 8; Rev. 3: 5.
7. Will their sins be remembered any more after they are blotted out? Isa. 43: 25; Jer. 31: 34.
8. Since the dead are to be judged out of those things which are written in the books (Rev. 20: 12), can they be brought to an account for their sins after the record of them has been blotted out?
9. Then can it be that the sins of any can be blotted out before the judgment at which their cases are to be investigated?
10. When will the sins of the righteous be blotted out? Acts 3: 19.
11. What event is to follow the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord? Acts 3: 20, 21.
12. What do we conclude from these promises? Ans. That the blotting out of sins is to be accomplished before the second advent of our Lord.
13. What must precede the blotting out of the sins of each individual? Ans. The examination of the record of his life, and the decision from the Father that he shall be accounted worthy to have a part in the first resurrection.
14. Of what have we here an additional proof? Ans. That the judgment scene of Dan. 7: 9, 10, precedes the appearing of our Lord in the clouds of heaven, and the resurrection of the just.

LESSON EIGHTY-FIVE.

1. What office did our Lord fill when he was upon the earth? Ans. That of a prophet, or teacher. Acts 3: 20-23; 7: 37; Deut. 18: 15-19.
2. What office did he take when he passed into the Heavens? Heb. 4: 14, 15; 8: 1, 2.
3. What did he offer in his ministration in the first apartment of the heavenly sanctuary? Ans. Prayers of penitent believers, and his own blood as a sacrifice for sin. Rev. 8: 3; Heb. 9: 12.
4. Where was the closing work in the ministration of the high priest performed? Ans. In the second apartment of the sanctuary.
5. In what did this part of his ministration consist? Ans. In cleansing the sanctuary, and confessing the sins of the people upon the head of the scape-goat. Lev. 16; Dan. 8: 14.
6. How was the worldly sanctuary cleansed? Ans. By the sprinkling of the blood of the atonement, the sins that defiled the sanctuary were in a figure blotted out, and removed from the presence of God.
7. Then what must be the closing work of our great High Priest in cleansing the heavenly sanctuary? Ans. The *real* blotting out of the sins of his people, so that they may no more have a place in the book of God's remembrance.
8. But what is the final work of our Lord, for his people, while acting as their advocate in the judgment? Ans. To secure the blotting out of their sins.
9. What do these facts prove? Ans. That the blotting out of the sins and cleansing of the sanctuary are identical and constitute the closing work of our Lord's priesthood.
10. Where does the work of cleansing the sanctuary take place?
11. Then where must the investigative judgment be held?
12. When did the work of cleansing the sanctuary begin? Dan. 8: 14.
13. Then when did the judgment scene, described in Dan. 7: 9, 10, open?

NOTE.—Lessons Sixty to Sixty-three should be reviewed in connection with the study of Lesson Eighty-five. Error:—The answer to the third question in Lesson Eighty-two, should be *three* (books) instead of *two*. G. H. BELL.

TRUST IN GOD.

Yes, the little birds find shelter,
And hum their evening prayer,
And close their weary eyelids,
Without a thought of care,
They droop their glossy heads
Mid the feathers on their breast,
And leaving God to watch them,
Thus sweetly fall to rest.

Dear cherished little sleepers,
Their merry song is still—
No care for morrow's lodging
Their gentle bosoms fill.
Guardian angels round them,
Watch with a silver rod,
For they've left their every sorrow
All in the care of God.

And if birds so trust our Father,
Who giveth them a home,
Why should our hearts murmur
When evil shadows come?
If God will feed the raven,
And think for all the birds,
Will he not love his children,
And listen to their words?

Ay! let us trust his goodness,
His promise and his love,
And, like the birds, be happy
With his blessing from above.
Have not a thought of trouble,
While future paths are trod,
But keep our hearts from evil,
And leave our care with God.

—E. B. S.

Running Errands for Jesus.

"How I wish I had lived in Jesus' time," said little Louis, looking up brightly after his mother's Sunday evening reading. "How I should have loved to do something for him."

"What could a little boy like you do for Jesus?" asked his mother.

"I could run errands for him," he said.

"And did you never think you could do the same now? Jesus has a great many errands he wants done every day."

"What is one, mother?"

"Well, he wants some one to drive home poor old Nellie's cow from the pasture every day now that she is lame and cannot go out."

Louis looked up in surprise. "Does he care about that, mother?"

"Certainly; Nellie is one of his dear children, though she is old and poor; and every little kindness we do to her, he considers just the same as doing something for him. You know the verse about it."

"Yes: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Louis had heard that verse a great many times, but never realized what it meant till now.

"Can you tell me some other errand Jesus would have me do?" he asked.

"Jesus always wishes us to bring people to church and the Sabbath-school when we can. He wishes somebody to look after those new-comers down in Bank Street, and try to bring them in. There seems to be a number of children about."

"They are rough-looking folks, mother; and I heard one of the boys use bad words in the street."

"So much more need of bringing them under better influences. Jesus came on purpose to save folks. Then, when your teacher is ill, as she often is now-a-days, Jesus wants some one to be very attentive, and save her steps by waiting upon her and being very kind and thoughtful about making her trouble. You can truly think, my boy, that every kind action you do toward any

one is doing something for Jesus. It is just what he would do in your place."

Are there not other children ready and willing to run errands for Jesus?—*Child's World.*

Little Sins.

JOHN and Thomas walked up the street together. When they got to the fruit stand on the corner, Thomas put his hand into a bag of peanuts and took out a handful and put them in his pocket and walked off.

"Why, Tom, you did not pay for those nuts," said John.

"I know it; but what if I did n't!"

"Oh! that is stealing!"

"What! taking a few nuts? that's nothing! The man didn't see me."

"Yes, it is, Tom. God saw you if the man did not; and mother says a small sin is just as bad as big sins."

"O, I often take an orange or apple when I go to the store."

"Tom, I beg of you to never do it again, because it will teach you to be a real thief some day."

"Why, John, I would not be that for anything."

"Yes, Tom, mother was telling brother and myself the other day, it was so important to form good habits while we are young, for they grow with us, and it depends on our characters in this world what we shall be in the next."

"Why, John, you talk like a minister. I wish I was like you, but then I have no mother or father to teach me as you have."

"I know you have not, and I am real sorry for you; but if you ask our Heavenly Father, he can teach you better than any earthly parent can do."—*Child's World.*

THE GOLDEN PENNIES.—A little boy, who had plenty of pennies, dropped one into the missionary-box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, or the missionary. His was a *tin* penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so, looked around with a self-applauding gaze, as if he had done some great thing. His was a *brass* penny. It was not the gift of a "lowly heart," but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do." That was an *iron* penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As the fourth boy dropped his penny in the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathens! I'm sorry they are so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a *silver* penny. It was the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his penny with a throbbing heart, saying to himself, "For thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this penny, hoping that the poor heathen, whom thou lovest, will believe in thee, and become thy disciples." That was a *golden* penny, because it was a gift of love.—*S. S. Teacher.*

The Earlier the Easier.

An old man one day took a child on his knee, and talked to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour, and pray to him, and love him. The child knew that the old man was not himself a Christian, and felt surprised. Then he looked up into the old man's face, and said:

"But why do n't you seek God?"

The old man was affected by the question, and replied, "Ah, my dear child, I neglected to do so when I was young, and now my

heart is so hard that I fear I shall never be able."

Ah, my dear reader, believe him. "Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to hear to-morrow. And weeks, and months, and years hence, even could you be sure of them, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ. "They that seek Me early shall find me."

"Something Good."

"WHAT will you be when you are a man?" I asked a bright little fellow who with his brother was trudging to school one morning.

"Oh! something good," he replied.

"Then you will be a minister, I suppose, will you not?"

"I do n't know," said he; "all ministers ain't good. I know a minister who runs horses and gets mad when he's beat; and I do n't think he is any better than other folks."

"Well, what will you be?" I asked again.

"Oh! something good, and that's all."

This was a noble answer, was it not, children? Yes; worthy of even older ones than he. It has sounded in my ears ever since, though it was over a year ago that I heard it. "Something good!" This covers a large ground, for real goodness is true greatness. It is not the profession, the name, or the employment alone, that makes the man, though it may be of importance what that choice shall be. In choosing a profession or business, first of all, ask yourself if it is such as you can follow in the fear of God; then if you can ask the blessing of the Lord upon it, make it your aim to be as good in it as it is possible for you to be. A merchant's runner may be one who will rise higher in the estimation of the good and great than the employe at his side who is unfaithful in duty.

It is not in great matters only that real goodness may be shown. Trifles make up the sum of life. In sickness, poverty, and distress, in the humble cottage, and in the mansion, alike is true goodness a precious gem to be admired and sought after. Seek for it, and be wise. M. E. P.

A POLISH prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom; and on any particular occasion he would take it out and view it, and say, "Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father."

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