

The Youth's Instructor.

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

"HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS IN HIS ARMS."

Once I wandered on a mountain;
Wildly blew the chilling blast,
And the sky, all cold and cheerless,
Was with leaden clouds o'ercast.

Soon a stifled cry of sorrow
Sounded on the wintry air;
Could it be some lonely sufferer
Had been left to perish there?

Still that cry, so low and wailing,
Filled with care my anxious heart;
It must be some tender lambkin
Wandered from the flock apart.

And I thought, "Surely, the shepherd
Of the sheep will grieve to know
That the lamb is in the darkness,
In the bitter cold and snow."

Then again I listened; faintly
I could hear the shepherd's cry,
"I have heard thee; I am coming;
I will save thee ere thou die."

So the little one was folded
To the gentle shepherd's breast,
And its cry was hushed in gladness;
It had found its long-sought rest.

O my soul, thou, too, hast wandered,
And the Saviour seeks for thee;
Stay not here on the bleak mountains;
To his arms for refuge flee.

Colder, fiercer, blows the tempest;
Thou wilt perish here alone!
All the flock is sheltered safely;
None will hear thy bitter moan.

Saviour, Saviour, come and fold me
Closely to thy gentle breast;
Let my cry be hushed in gladness;
Let me find in thee my rest.

—Helen L. Smith.

Mammoth Cave, Continued.

AFTER leaving Kinney's Arena, we arrived at the chief city, situated immediately beyond the rocky pass. Here I found an enormous room about two hundred feet in diameter, and forty feet high. The floor was covered with heaps of rock, which have probably fallen from above. They resemble the ruins of a desolate city.

From this city to the end of the cave, which is nearly three miles, there are several places which have the appearance of such overhanging cliffs as may be seen on the banks of rivers. What seems to be the end of the cave has the appearance of rocks fallen in and filling up the passageway; and no doubt if these rocks were removed, the cave would be found to continue on to a great distance.

We now turn back to take other avenues or passageways which we have passed, and travel a few miles farther. There are two routes in the Mammoth Cave, one called the short and the other the long route. It being in the spring of the year, during high water of Green River, that I was there, it was then impossible to cross the river in the cave which is a branch of Green River. I could only travel the short route and a part of the long one. The long route is about nine miles from the entrance of the cave to its terminus. The short route, with all its avenues connected with it, is nearly as long. There are many divisions that the guides do

not take explorers into, and many more that are not explored. Nature surely equals art here.

Our next place of notice was the Deserted Chamber, the point where the water left the main cave to reach Echo River after it had ceased to flow out of the former into Green River. We then arrived at Wooden Bowl Cave, which took its name from finding a wooden bowl there that had long since been used by the Indians. That portion of the cave itself resembles a wooden bowl, inverted. The communication from Wooden Bowl is by an avenue called Black Snake from its appearance which resembles a crooked, or serpentine, course of black walls. Passing this, we came to a place called Martha's Palace, which we entered by passing a steep declivity and pair of steps called the Steeps of Time. The palace is about forty feet high by sixty in diameter. There was nothing here of particular consequence, and so we passed on. We soon came to a clear spring of water where we found a tumbler and quenched our thirst. Presently we came to points of more interest; a little to our right I saw what the guide named Side Saddle Pit. It bore a close resemblance to a lady's Side Saddle, for horseback riding. I stepped to its edge and took first a look up into a dome above, and by holding my light in front of me, could look up about sixty feet. It seemed like a small cavity and as though I could almost reach across it with my cane, and to look up so high seemed grand. I drew as near to it as I could, when the guide gave me a gentle warning not to lean over the edge too far or I might fall. He then lit one of his lights and dropped it below. I watched it till it struck the bottom. It went down, down, nearly one hundred feet. I felt as though the guide's warning was timely, for if I had moved a few feet farther I would have fallen all that terrible distance. How foolish I would have been had I not heeded the warning of the guide, had my own way, stepping a little farther and plunged off that terrible pit in such extreme darkness. Just so with you, dear children. When your parents and others warn you of the dangers of evil society, or bad playmates that they know to be dangerous, and you do not heed them, one step more and ruin is certain.

About twenty feet to the left of this pit is a place called Mineros Dome. I do not know that I can better describe it than to compare it to an inverted cistern ten feet across and fifty feet high. With its smooth, gray surface, by our lamps it looked very beautiful.

A little way on and the guide cried out, "Danger on the left." We halted a moment while he lighted another "Bengal light" and hurled it down a terrible chasm. I watched it till it struck the bottom. I was again frightened, to think that one or two steps farther to one side, and I would have plunged down this chasm one hundred and seventy-five feet. This pit is from fifteen to twenty-five feet wide, and has a wooden bridge across it by which we could pass over, presenting a good view from all sides. The guide said they called this Bottomless Pit. After viewing this place, we took a look above us and saw an inverted pit or dome that penetrates the rock over our heads about sixty feet. The rock that forms this pit and dome is

gradually dissolving so that they are enlarging. At the bottom of nearly all these pits water can be distinctly heard, showing that water dissolving the rock is the cause of these frightful chasms.

Our next will open with an account of Gothic Arcade or place where the Indian mummy was found. E. B. LANE.

(To be continued.)

The Five Peaches.

A COUNTRYMAN, one day, returning from the city, took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see; and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with the rosy cheeks and soft plum-like skins. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking:—

"How did you like the soft, rosy apples?"

"Very much, indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy; "it is indeed a beautiful fruit—so acid, and yet so soft and nice to the taste. I have carefully kept the stone, that it may grow a tree."

"Right and bravely done," said the father; "that speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming in a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine, and thrown the stone away," said the youngest; "besides which, mother gave me half of hers. O, it tasted so sweet, and so melting in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father; "thou hast not been prudent. However, it is very natural and childlike, and displays wisdom enough for thy years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my little brother threw away, cracked it, and ate the kernel—it was as sweet as a nut to my taste; but my peach I have sold for so much money that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying, "Beware, my boy, of avarice."

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father, turning to his third son, who frankly replied:

"I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor—the sick George, who has had the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on his bed, and I have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud; "brother Edmund!" Edmund was still and silent, and the mother kissed him with joy.—*Young Pilgrim.*

A Striking Question.

"MAMMA," said a little child, "my Sabbath-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live awhile that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here. But I do not see any one preparing to go there; why don't you try to get ready? You scarce ever speak about going."—*Sel.*

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER 15, 1871.

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

Envy Punished.

A KIND sister hands us the following interesting anecdote. Many times in our life have we seen this scene acted over on a smaller scale among children, as well as others. Envy is a monster to be dreaded. It is quite likely to appear worse to us when we see it in others; but no one is safe while he cherishes envious feelings in his heart, and the sooner such evil traits are overcome the better. There are those who would willingly suffer loss themselves for the sake of seeing others suffer. Though all do not suffer so great a temporal loss in consequence of it as did the Burmese potter, yet they will, if the evil is not overcome, sustain the loss of eternal life in the heavenly kingdom.

"A Burmese potter, it is said, became envious of the prosperity of a washerman, and to ruin him, induced the king to order him to wash one of his black elephants white, that he might be 'lord of the white elephant,' which in the East is a great distinction.

"The washerman replied that by the rules of his art he must have a vessel large enough to wash him in.

"The king ordered the potter to make him such a vessel. When made, it was crushed by the first step of the elephant in it. Many times was this repeated, and the potter was ruined by the very scheme he had intended should crush his enemy."—*Merry's Museum.*

Camel's Hump.

BEING this morning within two and one half miles of this celebrated summit of the Green Mountains, I yield for the first time in my life, to an inclination to visit it, accompanied by Bro. H. Dyke. And hoping to interest at least some of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, I furnish a few notes by the way.

The Green Mountains, from which Vermont derives its name, extend quite through the State from south to north, and, following the western range, divide it into two very nearly equal parts.

Up the rugged cliffs we ascend on horseback and on foot, till we stand upon this far-famed eminence four thousand one hundred and eighty-three feet above the level. The wind rudely shakes the observatory from which I now write. Here we find a barren, rocky point, or rather nearly a solid ledge, covering an area, perhaps, of fifteen or twenty acres, the south end of which presents a bold front one hundred and sixty feet in depth. As we approach the edge of it, bracing against the boisterous wind, holding our hats firmly upon our heads, caution suggests to us not to go too far. A lady of courage and hardihood is said to have eaten her dinner, last summer, sitting on the edge of this ledge, with her feet hanging over the precipice.

Of this entire lofty range of mountains, the Chin of Mansfield rises the highest, although only about one hundred feet higher than this. It is also visited by many more of the travelling public, being favored now with an open carriage road to the hight.

Favored with a beautiful October morning, we gaze with delight upon the diversified scenery, till it fades away in the dim distance. The eye sweeps over numerous ranges of mountains towering high above the fertile valleys, countless forests clothed with variegated foliage, extensive fields, flourishing villages, verdant hills, bounding streams, productive farms dotted with the comfortable homes of the industrious husbandmen. Aided by the spy-glass, we could see much of the State, a portion of New Hampshire, New York, and Canada, and the entire length of Lake Champlain.

Truly, say some of our readers, especially those who never saw the Green Mountains, it must indeed pay well to climb these mountains to feast the eye with such delightful scenery. This is so, but it will pay ten thousand times better to give your hearts to God, to go on step by step in the path of obedience, till you stand high up on the rock of truth, in holy communion with the great Creator; and finally plant your feet on the earth made new. Though "the eye is not satisfied with seeing," yet with spirits refreshed, and inspired with the buoyant hope of an endless life in the world to come, we conclude our visit to Camel's Hump, in solemn prayer to God, and hasten our steps down the mountain side to our post of duty, hoping with all the redeemed to stand upon Mount Zion and survey the delightful fields of Paradise in the world to come.

"There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
And in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire."

A. S. HUTCHINS.

Camel's Hump, October, 1871.

DAILY DUTIES.

See, link by link the chain in made,
And pearl by pearl the costly braid;
The daily thread of hopes and fears
Weaves up the woof of many years.
And well thy labor shall have sped
If well thou weav'st the daily thread.

True Courage.

A LITTLE drummer boy in one of the regiments during our late war had become a great favorite with the officers, as well as with the privates, by his unremitting good-humor and straightforwardness. One day, while he was in the tent of an officer, the tipping glass was passed from one to another. A captain passed a glass to the boy; but the little fellow manfully refused it, saying, "Sir, please excuse me, for I am a cadet of temperance and do not taste strong drink."

"You must," said the captain. "You belong to our mess to-day, and to refuse to drink with us would be unmanly and impolite."

Still our young friend stood as firm as a rock on total abstinence, and held fast to his integrity.

"He is afraid to drink," said the captain; "he will never make a soldier." Whereupon the major, who happened to be present, and who was adorned with more gold lace than manliness, said:

"I command you to take a drink, and you know to disobey orders, the penalty is death."

Our little hero, raising his young form to its full hight, fixing his bright, clear eyes upon the officer, said, "Major, my father died a drunkard; my brother fills a drunkard's grave. Each of them sometime in his life touched his first glass of intoxicating drink. I have my first glass yet to taste. And when I entered the army, I promised my mother while on her bended knees, that with the

help of almighty God I would not taste of strong drink, and I mean to keep my promise. I am pained to disobey orders from my superiors, but I would rather suffer than to break my word and disgrace a loving mother who reposes confidence in her absent boy."

From that time our young hero had hosts of friends. May God bless all such boys, and guide them in the path of duty.

M. Wood.

The Golden Rule.

"WILLIE," said Mrs. Page, as she lay upon her bed, very sick, "I want to talk to you a while. I may not be here long; and I want to tell you a few things that are in my mind. You are trying to serve Jesus. You want to honor him. You want to please him. Now, remember that in no way can you please him better every day than by keeping the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Try and follow this teaching of our blessed Lord, and you will be both good and happy. And I want you to take care of little Nellie. She is not a strong child, and will miss a mother's care. You must be both a mother and a brother to her. Promise me that you will, my son."

"Oh! I will promise anything you ask," said he; "only don't leave me!" And the poor boy, who was not much more than a child himself, wept bitterly.

"God knows best, my dear son; and he will do all things well. If I must go from you, he will care for and protect you. I can leave my children in his hands."

A very few days passed, and Willie was motherless. No one in all the city cared for him but little Nellie. He was poor, and too young to do hard work; but he must do something to support himself and his little sister. But he searched in vain for something to do. Some people wanted no boy, and others said he was too small. Even the crossings were all spoken for by other boys; and there seemed nothing left for him to do but starve.

One day, he was searching for employment as usual. He was hungry and discouraged. Just as he was crossing a crowded street, he heard a cry; and, looking up, he saw a lame boy with crutches, who was trying to cross. He could only walk very slowly; and, while he made his way along carefully, and painfully, the street became full of vehicles, and one horse seemed to be coming upon him. Poor Johnny was sadly frightened, and knew not which way to turn. Willie saw him; and, in a moment, he shouldered him and his crutches, and carried him safely over. He was a heavy load for the little fellow, being almost as large as himself; but he did not stop to consider that; and, although it was pretty hard, he carried Johnny across the wide street, and set him safely down on the pavement.

"How can I thank you enough?" said a young lady who was crossing behind him. "I was so afraid my little brother would be run over! Here, little boy, take this!" and she held out some money.

"No, I thank you. I only did as I would be done by. If my little sister was lame and in the street, I should want some one to help her across."

"But can't I do something for you, my boy?" said the lady.

"I don't want anything but something to do. My little sister and I must have something to eat and wear; and I am trying to find work; but nobody seems to want me." And Willie looked very sad.

"I can find you something to do, I know. My father wants a boy in his store; and I

will ask him about it just as soon as I get home."

Willie looked very happy, and thanked the lady with all his heart. And he was not disappointed this time; for Mr. Hildreth took him at once, and liked him so well that he said Providence must have sent him just in the right time.

Willie was never sorry he helped the lame boy across; and he still keeps up his practice of the "Golden Rule."—*Well-Spring.*

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

In some way or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in his own way
"The Lord will provide."

At some time or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in his own time
"The Lord will provide."

A Talk with the Boys.

I HAVE two minds about you, boys. I mean you older ones, from ten to fifteen, or thereabouts. Sometimes I meet you on the streets, and you bow to me pleasantly, and your faces look so bright and manly that I say to myself, "What grand, noble men they will make!" Or I see you at my home, or in your homes, and I feel proud of you, and I know your mothers do, too. And then, perhaps the very next day, I see you shouting and laughing at a poor dog that is frantic with terror at some dreadful thing tied to his tail; or, worse, I see you abusing and tyrannizing over some unlucky little mate, who doesn't happen to be as strong as you are, and can only resist your abuse by impotent rage, which seems to you vastly amusing. It is *such fun* to pelt a poor, little wretch with snowballs, every one of which goes as straight as an arrow to its mark, while his fly wildly in every direction but the right. It is *such fun* to throw a little fellow head foremost into a snowdrift, or catch him by the ends of his scarf and whirl him around until he is half strangled, and then let him drop like a bullet to the ground. It is *such fun* to run off with his ball; to split his top with a well-aimed "peg;" to send his marbles into a dirty puddle; to make, in a thousand ways, his life such a burden to him that he never goes upon the street without looking nervously around to see if you are in sight.

I tell you, boys, when I see such things as these, and I *have* seen them for years and years, then I change my mind, and think you must have, somewhere in your natures, a streak of cowardice, and ruffianism, meanness. Mean! Why, there are no words in the English language strong enough to tell how mean it seems to me. You who ought to be the defenders of everything weak and unfortunate and defenseless, whose very strength should make you gentle, and who should scorn anything so cowardly as finding pleasure in seeing others suffer, I wish I could make you feel how dastardly it all is, far below even the beginning of a true manhood.—*Little Corporal.*

He Forgot it Was Sabbath.

A LITTLE boy was amusing himself with his playthings on the Sabbath.

"Edward," said his mother, "don't you know it is the Sabbath?"

"Oh, is it?" said he; "I did not remember."

"That is the very command which God

has given us: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'"

Children often excuse themselves by saying, "I did not think; I forgot; I did not remember." But they ought to think; they ought to remember.—*Sel.*

Alice Blake.

ALICE Blake's home was a very pleasant one. The house stood in a very lovely grove with its green lawn sloping down to the water's edge. Every comfort that heart could wish, Alice had; but still she was not happy. You will be surprised at that, but you will not wonder when I tell you the reason. Alice had a very naughty temper. If her mother wished her to do anything she did not wish to, she would pout, or not do it if she could help it. If her little playmates did anything that did not suit her, she would get very angry, and perhaps strike them. Now, little reader, although the birds sang so sweetly, Alice had no music in her heart; even the beautiful flowers that our Heavenly Father has tinted with so many brilliant hues failed to charm Alice. Her mother had many dear friends who often came to visit at their lovely home, and all thought Alice a very pretty child, but not a kind one.

Dear little reader, if you have all these comforts, a lovely home and kind friends, remember God has given you them for some wise purpose. Perhaps it is to give to others some of these good things—a nice little basket of fruit, or a glass of jelly, or a pleasant ride to a poor, sick one, or some of the toys from the many that you have to some little child—not forgetting the words of love and sympathy that hearts are aching for want of. Then you will be truly beautiful in the eyes of your friends, but much more lovely in the sight of your Heavenly Father who spared not his own Son that we might be happy forever.—*Child's World.*

Lift a Little.

ONE day while walking up the street, I saw, a short distance before me, quite a small boy carrying a large bucket. It seemed very heavy, for the little fellow was bending under its weight, yet he went resolutely forward, only stopping to change it from one hand to the other.

He was poorly clad, and, as he turned his head, I recognized him as the son of a poor widow, who was obliged to work very hard to earn food and clothing for herself and her two little boys. My heart ached for the little fellow who was beginning so early to bear life's burdens, and I wanted to help him. "Lift a little," he seemed to say to the passers-by as he trudged on with his load.

Soon I heard rapid footsteps behind me, and in a moment, a bright-faced boy, the only son of a professor in one of our colleges, passed me. When he reached the little boy, who was still bending under his burden, he stretched out his hand, and, taking hold of the bucket, bore on his stronger arm the larger share of the burden until he reached his own home.

How I honored the boy for his kind act! I knew his own heart was beating a happy measure, for we are never so happy as when doing something to make others happy. And as the widow's son went struggling on, I knew his burden seemed less heavy, that for a little while it had been borne for him. His heart was lighter, too, because another had shown him kindness, and the memory of that little act would be a bright spot to him in many a toiling day. It cost little,

the act of thoughtful kindness; but how much happiness it brought!—*Sel.*

Drowning the Squirrel.

WHEN I WAS about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me; they like to dig holes in some open place where they can put out their head to see if danger is near. I thought, now I shall have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal to come out, so that I might kill it. I was soon pouring water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggle, and said, "Ah! my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me, saying, "Well, my boy, what have you there?"

I turned, and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man, with long, white locks, that had seen sixty winters.

"Well," said I, "there is a ground-squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged, one day, just as you are, drowning a squirrel; and an old man, such as I am, came along, and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you, would you not think I was cruel? God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as to you. Why torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?' He added, 'I have never forgotten that, and never shall. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this as long as you live; and, when tempted to destroy any little animal or bird, to think of what I have said: God does not allow us to kill his creatures for our pleasure.'"

More than forty years have since passed, and I have never forgotten what the good man said, nor have I ever wantonly killed the least animal for amusement since. Now, you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its effect yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell; but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it. The Bible says, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—*Sel.*

Praying over Lessons.

"THERE," said a little boy, "I have learned my lesson sooner than ever; I believe it does me good to pray over my books."

He was asked what he meant by so saying.

"Well, when I came home from school and looked over my lesson, I thought how difficult it was. At first I said, It cannot be learned in so short a time as I have; but then I remembered what my Sabbath-school teacher had told me about Daniel and his three companions; so I thought if prayer aided them, it might help me. I then prayed over my lesson, asking God to make my memory good, and I learned my lesson in half the time."

This little boy took an excellent method; and if he continues to look to God for a blessing on his studies, he will not look in vain. And why not ask divine aid in one's studies, as well as in anything else? Learning is not easy work, and we need God to help us. Our minds are under his control, and he can make the memory strong, and enable us to do more work in one hour than we could otherwise do in two.—*Presbyterian.*

The Youth's Instructor.

PRESS ON.

SEEK the Saviour while you may—
Not to-morrow, but to-day.
He loves the children, and rejoices
When he hears their little voices

Calling on him to forgive
And teach them daily how to live.
Soon he'll come, and will he find us
With the enemy far behind us,

Struggling on through opposition
To secure a high position
In the Heaven far above,
Where bright angels sing of love?

Joyful will the meeting be
When from sin our hearts are free,
When we meet on Canaan's shore,
There to dwell forevermore.

E. H. KYNETT.

Bath, Mich.

The Boy that Would n't Get Mad.

I ONCE heard an interesting story about two little brothers. One of them was ten years old and the other eight. The oldest had, within a few months past, indulged a hope that God had given him a new heart. He thought he was a Christian—that he loved the Lord Jesus Christ. But his little brother did not believe that his heart had been changed. He thought his brother no more a Christian than he had always been. He said he could not see any difference. Yet he meant to try him and see; for as his brother now appeared more sober than usual, and was more willing to go to meeting than before, he did not feel certain that he was not a Christian.

Now, how do you think this little boy, undertook to find out whether his brother was really a Christian? Why, every time he could get a chance, he would tread on his brother's toes, kick his heels, or pinch his arms, to see if he would not get mad, as he used to do. But his brother bore it all with meekness and good nature, without an angry word or look. This was very different from what he used to do. He had before always been ready to take revenge on the spot for such an abuse. The youngest brother was sure he could not do so; for he knew he would get mad if anybody should treat him so unkindly. He soon became convinced that his brother was a Christian and he was not; he became very anxious about the salvation of his soul, and in a short time he, too, indulged the hope that God had pardoned his sins, and given him a new heart.—*S. S. Gem.*

Honesty.

AN instance of the finding of money was told us a few days ago. A lad named Johnny Black, twelve years old, picked up on the street a pocket-book containing evidently a large amount of money. He put it in his pocket and turned back to walk in an opposite direction to that in which he was going when he found the pocket-book, in the expectation of meeting the loser, on the hunt for it. He had gone but a block when, sure enough, he met a man very excitedly searching the pavement, and walking quite hurriedly. Johnny went up to him and touched him.

"Have you lost anything, sir?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"A pocket-book with a large amount of money in it."

"Come in here with me."

"And the two walked into a store, where, in the presence of the proprietor, the man

named the amount of money and gave a list of papers contained in the pocket-book he had found. It contained \$16,000 in bills, the amount named by the stranger, and all the papers he had mentioned, when the little fellow, without any apparent emotion, handed the stranger the pocket-book, with its contents.

"Now," said the stranger, "you come with me!"

And he took Johnny to a clothing store, and fitted him out with a nice, warm suit of clothes; thence to a boot and shoe store, where his pedal extremities were adorned with an elegant pair of calf-skin boots; then to a jeweler's they went, and the boy was presented with a fine gold watch and chain, the former bearing the inscription, "Presented to John Black (aged 12), for his Honesty in Returning a lost Pocket-Book Containing \$16,000. By the Loser, 1868."

Will not Johnny be happier and better all his life than if he had kept, or tried to keep, the money?—*Sel.*

I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loved me so.

The Child's Gospel.

"O MOTHER, I have heard the child's gospel to-day!" cried little Mary, who had hurried home to her sick mother. "Our pastor said that Jesus died for the little ones, just as much as he did for grown folks, and that we may love him and be his little lambs just as really and truly as if we were as tall as he is. Don't you feel glad, mother? I do. I was in such a hurry to get home to tell you, that I run up against old Miss Green. She made a crooked face at me, and said, 'Children are always in the way.' But it did n't take the happy out of my heart one bit, for I knew Jesus did n't think children were in the way; and I was so glad to think that I had heard the child's gospel."

THE UNBLESSED MEAL.—Thirty years ago, a little boy, the son of pious parents, was invited to spend a few days at the house of a friendly family. When dinner came on the table, Philip, though very hungry after his journey, could not be persuaded to touch a morsel of food. Again and again did they urge him to eat, and as often did he look wishfully at the contents of the table, but resolutely declined. At last the lady kindly inquired if there was any reason why he did not eat his dinner. Bursting into tears, and sobbing so that he could scarcely speak, he exclaimed, "You hav n't blessed it!" That family ever afterward asked the blessing of God on their food, and that little boy is now a missionary in Jamaica.

I RECOLLECT a pleasant story, told by a pious minister, about a monk of former days. He resolved to leave his monastery on the ground that he there too frequently met with causes of provocation, and was betrayed into anger and other sins. Accordingly he retired into the desert in the hope that solitude would enable him to serve God with an easier mind. One day his pitcher happened to upset, and, when lifted up, fell a second time, which kindled his anger to such a pitch that he dashed it to the ground and broke it into a thousand pieces. When he came to himself, he said: "I now see that

I cannot be at peace, even in solitude, and that the fault lies not in others, but in myself." He then returned to the monastery, and, after many strenuous efforts, succeeded in subduing his passions, not by flight, but by self-denial.

GRACIE'S PENNIES.—I have heard of a little girl whose parents kept a family missionary-box, into which their little six-year-old daughter insisted upon putting her two pennies with the rest. Some time after, she was saying her evening prayer at her father's knee, when, to his surprise, she hesitated a moment, and then added: "Lord, bless my two pennies for Jesus' sake. Amen." Waiting until she was in bed, he asked his wife: "What made Gracie say that?" and the reply was: "She has prayed thus every night since giving her pennies to the missionary-box." May we not believe that the little one's pennies will surely be blessed, and learn from a child the lesson, ever to send a prayer with our alms-giving?—*H. L. H.*

DON'T MIND THE PATCH.—Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It speaks well of your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions, and if bad boys sometimes laugh at your appearance, say nothing, my lad, but walk on. We know many a rich man who was once as poor as you. Be good, my boy, and if you are poor, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.

"CAN you tell me" said Napoleon, "who Jesus Christ was? I will tell you. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself, have founded great empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded an empire upon love, and this very moment tens of thousands would die for him. I am not mistaken—I know human nature well. Those kings were only men as I am only a man. Jesus Christ was alone. No other ever resembled him. Jesus was more than man. Thousands have been animated with such an enthusiasm for me that they would die for me; but to inspire such devotion, it was necessary that I should be visibly present among them, that they should feel the influence of my looks, my voice, my words. Jesus alone hath so elevated the mind of man to the unseen that it is insensible to time or space."

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