

The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 19.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER 15, 1871.

NUMBER 24.

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

DAUGHTER, DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT.

DAUGHTER, do n't let mother do it;
Do not let her slave and toil
While you sit a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear
Bring the lines upon the forehead,
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, do n't let mother do it;
Do not let her bake and broil
Through the long, bright summer hours;
Share with her the heavy toil.
See, her eyes have lost their brightness,
Faded from her cheeks the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble, weak, and slow.

Daughter, do n't let mother do it;
She has cared for you too long.
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless laughter,
Seek her side, to cheer and bless,
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, do n't let mother do it;
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain,
To the house so sad without her,
Never to return again.

The poetry given above I clipped from one of the newspapers the other day, thinking it would be good for the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. How many mothers there are of whom these lines are a description, toiling early and late for children and home, until almost ready to drop into the grave. And how many daughters there are, alas! who seem never to notice mother's weary steps when they might so easily relieve them.

We hope the daughters who read the INSTRUCTOR will remember the lines, "Don't let mother do it," when she is ready to drop with weariness, and lend a helping hand. Here is a chance to obey God and keep that commandment which says, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and, shall I say it? something the Lord delights in even as much as praying or speaking in meeting. I have known people who could go through the forms of religion with ease, and those who saw them would be apt to think them very pious, yet they could selfishly have their own way and seek their own ease while others were toiling and wearing out for them and they never notice it. God loves a faithful spirit, and although prayer is important and speaking in meeting also, yet we believe he regards such a spirit as this even more. What bitterness of heart should we feel when the sod lies over her head to remember our selfish ease was purchased at the terrible cost of her life, and that had we done our duty, borne our share of the burdens, we might have the blessing of her society still. Children, think of these things, and act accordingly. GEO. I. BUTLER.

In the New Testament you will find quotations from every book in the Old Testament, except Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Solomon's Songs, and Ecclesiastes.

Do good to them that hate you.

Don't Act a Lie.

WHEN quite young, I once acted a lie, and my heart is sad whenever I think of it. One day when mother had company, she took the china sugar-bowl to the kitchen to fill it. I stood beside her while she was cutting up the large pieces. For a moment she left her work. I knew I ought not to do it, but I thought I would try to cut a little; but as I brought down the knife to strike, I hit the handle of the sugar-bowl, and it fell; and in a moment I put the handle in its place, and shoved it against the wall so that it need not fall off. I had only done so when mother came in. Oh! if I had only told her the truth then; but something whispered, "Don't tell yet; wait a little."

"Mother went on with her work; but soon a heavy blow jarred the bowl, and down fell the handle. If mother had looked into my face, she would not have said,

"Why, can it be that such a jar should break the handle? but I see, I was careless in setting it against the wall."

I was on the point of saying, "No, mother, it was I that was careless; I did it;" but something said, "Don't tell at all, now; it can't be helped;" so I kept still and acted a lie. I did not say, I did not do it; but by saying nothing, I made believe I did not, and let my mother be deceived. I meant a lie, and it is the thoughts we have in the heart that God looks at.

Not many months after that, my mother was taken sick. I was sent away from home to stay most of the time. When father came for me, and told me she could never get well, that she must soon die, that lie came up before me, and I felt as though my heart would break. "Now," I thought, "I will tell her." But when I reached home, she was so sick and weak she could only see me for a few moments, and they hurried me away before I could tell her. She died that night. Oh! what bitter tears I shed as I looked upon that sweet, cold face, and remembered how I deceived her.

Many years have passed since then; but when I go home, and see that sugar-bowl, still without a handle, my sin comes up before me. I never think of it but my heart is heavy. I hope God has forgiven me, though I can never forgive myself. And when I see a child trying to deceive, even in sport only "making believe," I always want to beg him never to deceive, never to make believe a lie. —*Child's Paper.*

Each One Can Do Some Good.

EACH one can do something, and exert an influence for good. Do you say, I have no talent? If you have not, it is because you have buried it. So dig it up and put it to use. Though it be very small, it will count something. The rill, the river, the lake and the ocean, are all made up of little drops. Each individual drop which falls from the clouds help to make up the vast ocean. So every good deed, however small, helps make up the sum of well-doing. And every one of which it may be truly said, as of the woman in the gospel, "She hath done what she could," shall hear the Master say, in the day of rewards, Well done.

Do you say, I have no influence, I am but

a cipher in the world? The answer is, Ciphers are of use when placed on the right side of significant figures. So take your stand, with heart, hands, and voice, on the right side of every question of right and of reform, and your influence, though small, will tell to the glory of God on earth, and to the good of men. And if you withdraw your little influence from the wrong side of the scales, and give it on the right side, you double its value for good; for, when the scales are evenly balanced, say five pounds in each, you change one pound from one side to the other, and it leaves but four in the one side, while it increases the other to six.

We are living in a world of good and evil; and the two do not evenly balance; the evil seems greatly to outweigh the good. But those who choose to be good and to do good will find, in the end, that they have made a wise choice. They will have a part with all that are of real worth; while the others, being weighed in the balance, will be found wanting. Then whatever your influence weighs, be it more or less, let it be on the right side. Do what you can, be it ever so little, and in the end, the Judge will say to you, Well done. R. F. COTTRELL.

The Friend who Cares for Us.

SOME years ago, Captain D. commanded a fine ship that sailed from Liverpool to New York. During one voyage, he had all his family on board the ship with him. One night, while all were quietly asleep, a sudden squall of wind arose. It struck the vessel with great force, and threw her over on her beam ends. There was great tumbling and crashing of things on board. The passengers awoke in a great fright. They were in danger. Every one on board was alarmed. Some jumped out of their berths and began to dress themselves in a hurry, not knowing but the vessel would sink.

The captain had a little girl on board, about eight years old. She awoke with the rest of the passengers.

"What's the matter?" asked the frightened child. They told her that a squall of wind had struck the ship, and thrown her over on her side.

"Is father on deck?" she asked.

"Yes, father's on deck."

"Then it'll be all right," she said, and quietly sunk back on her pillow and went to sleep again.

How beautiful this was! What a lesson we should learn from it! We have a father in Heaven, wiser, and stronger, by far, than that little girl's earthly father was. And when danger comes, or storms burst upon us, we may be sure our Heavenly Father is always on deck. He knows all about the vessel, the winds, the waves, the rocks, the storms. He is on deck all the time. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." He is "on deck," for he says, "Lo, I am with you alway." He is "on deck," for he has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." When the storm comes, he is always "on deck" to take care of you.—*S. S. World.*

Unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek, offer also the other.

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BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER 15, 1871.

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

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year has rolled its ample round,
Its joys and sorrows all are in the past;
And shall the record of its deeds be found
In favor, or against us each, at last?

Thy coming, Lord, is hastening on apace;
The heavens will soon reveal thy lovely form;
Then we shall meet and see thee face to face,
And find sweet refuge from the fiery storm.

O, help us so to live the coming year
That not one act or thought we shall regret,
And draw us nearer to thee, Father dear,
And help us thy commands to ne'er forget,

That when the Lord in glory shall appear,
Thy weary saints in readiness may be
To hail with joy the closing of that year
Which shall precede the year of jubilee.

"Choose you This Day whom ye Will Serve."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: We must consider the above admonition as addressed to us. And as we are influenced by motives in our choice between different objects, we should weigh well the objects and influences presented before us, not only in their present bearing, but in view of their probable future result, that we may choose wisely.

If we should approach a place where two roads separate, and knew that one led to certain death, and that we could travel the other in safety, which would we choose? If we were hungry and thirsty, and two tables were spread before us, and we were assured that the food upon one was prepared by an enemy and contained a deadly poison, while the other was prepared by the kind hand of a dear friend, containing nothing that would harm us, but was composed of materials best adapted to our wants, of which should we partake?

We have two roads diverging before us. One is broad, gradually descending, and its appearance, so far as the view opens before the natural eye, is inviting. But a kind friend has informed us that it is beset with dangers, and leads to certain destruction. A constantly increasing gloom and darkness settles down as we go forward. At its end, over a terrible precipice, is seen the dark and gloomy abode of the giant, despair. There is no other way that those who have entered upon this road can avoid going over that precipice, to certain death—not only to share the first, but the second death—but to retrace their steps to where the roads separate, and take the other way.

That is narrow, and appears rough and difficult. But as we gaze up the ascent, the mellow, cheerful light seems to increase in brightness. And that dear Friend, who has more than an earthly father's or brother's affection for us, has assured us that it is the path of safety. He has told us that the light shall shine more and more, till all darkness disappears, and the bright, beautiful day continues on, on forever.

By traveling in this straight and narrow way, we shall secure the friendship and favor of Him who has power to save from death. Such have the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come—all that is worth anything in this world, and eternal life in the world to come.

We are unsatisfied, hungry, and thirsty. There is spread before us the world, its riches, pleasures, and honors. We are told that these will satisfy our hunger and quench our

thirst. He who tells us this once told a lie, and even now "there is no truth in him." It is not safe to believe and trust him. He told our first parents that, even if they disobeyed God, they should not die. That this was a falsehood is proved by the pain we suffer, the pale faces upon which we gaze, the badge of mourning, the funeral train, the white tombstones we see upon almost every plain and hillside, and by that wail of anguish that goes up from thousands of homes, where the living mourn for those whom death has claimed for his victims.

Ah! an enemy presides at that table. There is poison there—the poison of sin—deadly as the bite of the serpent sent among the Israelites. "The wages of sin is death." Rom. 6: 23.

Another table is spread before us. On it is bread that will satisfy, "water springing up into everlasting life." If we eat of that bread, we shall never hunger. If we drink of that water, we shall never thirst. At the head of this table sits One who has proved himself our friend. It is safe to sup with him.

If we strive to satisfy our cravings for the world, the more we partake of its riches, honors, or pleasures, the more we crave; ever unsatisfied, ever hungering. If, on the other hand, we accept the invitation given through the prophet Isaiah, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isa. 55: 1, 2.

If we hunger and thirst after righteousness, we shall be filled—led in green pastures, and beside the still waters. In the end, we shall be satisfied when we awake with his likeness.

Dear readers of the INSTRUCTOR, which road will you travel? At which table will you sit? Of what food will you partake? Oh! may your choice be like that of Joshua, through whom came the admonition at the head of this article.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve. . . . As for me and my house, we will serve the LORD." Josh. 24: 15. N. ORCUTT.

Be Firm.

I REMEMBER of once reading of a man who, upon his dying bed, gave this parting advice to his son: "Always have a mind of your own, and then stick to it." The son, in after years, became the first mate of a vessel. While they were out upon a voyage, the captain was taken sick, and deranged, which threw the command upon the first mate. This displeased the second mate, who, with the owner of the ship, wished to get the command from him.

As they were sailing one fine morning, not a cloud in the sky, the first mate had occasion to go below to his chest. His eyes fell upon a barometer, a rare thing in those days, as they were just coming into use. Unbeknown to the other officers of the ship, he had bought it to test it. He saw that the mercury was falling very rapidly. Without informing the rest, he came upon deck and gave orders to prepare for a storm with all haste. The second mate and the owner of the vessel were enraged at this order. They tried to take the command from him; but he thought of his father's advice. He told them he was commander of the vessel, and would be obeyed.

What enraged the sailors most, was, the

sky was cloudless, and there was not the least sign of a storm, that they could discern. Vessels were passing them under a crowd of sail, and should they be such fools as to hang back to prepare for a storm? The mate was stern. He would not be persuaded to countermand his order.

Just before sun-down, clouds began to arise, the wind began to whistle through the rigging of the vessel, and before morning they were in one of the most violent storms they had ever known. As the storm ceased in the morning, and they were in sailing rig again, they passed numerous wrecks of those that went by them the day before. Now, said the first mate to the owner of the ship, if I had listened to you, you see where we would have been. The owner acknowledged that he was right, and gave him full command on the next voyage.

Children, in looking into our barometer (the Bible) we see there is a terrible storm, or time of trouble, coming, such as the world has never seen; as Daniel says, "A time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation."

What is the condition of things in the world now? I will try and tell you. It is something as it was upon the ship—while there was one who saw signs of the approaching storm, there were many who could discern nothing but a pleasant sail. So it is now—a few have found, by looking into God's book, that his judgments are soon to be poured out upon the earth (the seven last plagues), and that Christ is soon coming to save his people from these judgments. While a few are looking for these things, the great mass cannot discern the signs of the times; but look for a long time of happiness and pleasure here, and would try to dissuade you from obeying the truth. But, dear children, have a mind to obey God, to study his word, then it will be well with you.

Like this faithful sailor, begin at once to make preparations for the coming storm. Begin to take in sail. Take a reef in the sail of pride. Take in the sail of vain conversation. Take in your streamers. Look well to the rigging of your vessel. Have your main cable, which should be made of faith, hope, and love, fast anchored above, then with your chart, and your eye upon the pole-star, Jesus, you will soon outride the storm that is coming.

Up, children, up at once, and get on board. Soon the plank will be withdrawn from the gangway (Jesus will leave the sanctuary), our vessel will be far out to sea, and no man can get on board. Who will go? Come, all. W. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Employment of Time.

MORTALS possess nothing more valuable and important than time. There is no satisfaction so real as that which arises from the proper employment of time. The great and wise Solomon refers us to the ant, not only as an example of industry, but of the prudent use of time; for she, with steady application, gathers her little store, and she gathers it in the summer, wisely improving the season to secure her supply; and thus she is able, in winter, to rejoice over the fruits of her well-timed application and pains.

Here is a lesson, young friends, worthy of our most serious consideration. Job 12: 7, 8, says, "But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee." We, like the ant, birds, and beasts, have our time for useful employment, and it remains for us to

decide whether we will improve the time and talents which the Lord has intrusted to our care. Youth is the time when right principles may be so impressed upon us as to influence every action of our future life. Each moment has a duty of its own to be performed, and the present is the only one that we can call our own. How careful we should be to improve these precious moments in laying up a store of useful knowledge.

It is with a view to eternal happiness that I recommend the proper employment of time. The more diligently we discharge the duties of our station here, the better will our future be.

MAGGIE CHAMPER.

Gosport, Ind.

CONSCIENCE.

Thus without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice would call,
Conscience soon will prove so hard
That it will not speak at all.

—Sel.

Grandpa's Fight.

"WHAT can be the trouble now? Something, I'm sure, or these little feet would never walk so slowly," said grandpa, as Mary came into the kitchen, where he sat by the fire, one cold morning in December.

"Tears too," he said, putting his hand to her face, as she laid her hand on his shoulder. "Grandpa's eyes can't see his pet's tears, but he can feel them."

"Grandpa should n't feel my tears, then he would n't know I have any. But I can't help their coming," she said, as they burst out afresh. "Dickey's dead, and that ugly Tom Jones killed him, I'm sure."

"Why sure?" said grandpa.

"Because he said he would, the other day, when Dick killed one of his doves. I told him I was sorry, and wanted to pay him for it, but he would n't let me. If I was a big boy, instead of a little girl, I'd kill Carlo, or do something to him. I'd pay him somehow;" and her usually pleasant face looked almost fierce.

"So would I," said grandpa. "And let me tell you what a fight I had once, to pay a boy."

"You know I was in a good many battles, when I was a young man," he continued, "and lost both eyes and got a wooden leg by the means; but I believe I never had quite so hard a fight, as when I resolved to pay Jim Ellis for tearing my kite to pieces, when I was but twelve years old."

"Now I had two professed friends near me at that time, one named Conscience and the other Revenge; and as soon as I found out what Jim had done, they began advising me."

"Knock him over," said Revenge.

"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," said Conscience.

"That rule will do very well for Jim, but not for you," said Revenge, "I'd pay the hateful fellow some way. He deserves a good whipping."

"Love your enemies, and if they hunger, feed them, and if they thirst, give them drink; that will pay him," whispered Conscience.

"Yes, that will pay him well," I said. "I'll do as Conscience tells me;" and then I tried to drive Revenge away.

"But the bad fellow would n't go, and kept telling me I was a fool and a coward, not to be revenged on him, and tried very hard to force me to do as he wished."

"But my good Conscience stood by and helped me fight him off. And a desperate fight it was. He was determined to conquer

me, and I was equally resolved to conquer him. But it was n't fair play. He was a big fellow, and more than a match for Conscience and me together.

"At last another friend, named Prayer, came to help me. The instant Revenge saw him, he began to tremble, and after a few feeble blows, ran away out of sight; and had it not been for the scratches and bruises he had given me, I should have forgotten there ever was such a fellow, I was so happy in being free from him."

"Wait a minute that is n't all," he said, as Mary began to speak. "Just the instant Revenge let go of me, I went to my desk in the school-room, and taking out a top that Jim Ellis was very fond of playing with, and I knew he had long wished to own one like, put it in his desk. It was his birth-day, so I wrote on a slip of paper, 'Will Jim Ellis please accept this as a birth-day gift from his friend Charley?' Jim never tore my kite after that, nor was he anything but a true friend."

"I guess Revenge has run away from me," said Mary, her face looking quite like herself again. "Maybe he does n't like to hear such stories about himself."

"You won't have Carlo killed?" said grandpa.

"I guess not; and I think, grandpa, I can spare Tom one of my fuschias, after all; he wants one so much, and is so fond of flowers. I guess I'll give it to him Christmas."

"Right, my little girl; and remember if ever that ugly fellow, Revenge, troubles you again, Prayer will certainly help you to conquer him."—Sel.

Martha Kinsley.

"JANE BLAIN, was that you laughing?" asked Mrs. Seymour of a little girl, between eight and nine years of age.

"It was, ma'am."

"Come up to my desk, then." Tremblingly the little charity scholar approached the teacher.

"This makes the second time you have laughed aloud to-day; and as I have expressly forbidden any such conduct, it remains for me to do as I said I should—punish you."

The fair-haired child held out her hand. The ferule was about descending upon the small, white palm.

"Hold, Mrs. Seymour!" exclaimed Martha Kinsley. Her black eyes flashed, and her whole frame shook like a leaf. Little Jennie was not to blame. I made a face, I know; for I pinched my fingers twice in my slate; and papa says when I turn up my nose and throw down my eyes, it is enough to make anybody laugh. And if any one is to get a whipping, I am the one who deserves it. If you will please whip me instead, I will promise never to make any more faces when I hurt myself, if I can help it."

Tears stood in the eyes of that proud girl, who, though but eleven years old, quailed not before the ferule that was still raised. Every eye was on Martha, and the teacher looked at both children as they stood before her. The ferule dropped.

"No, Martha," exclaimed the teacher, "you have acted nobly in saving her. Here is a book I designed to give, on Friday afternoon, to the best-behaved scholar; and I now present it to you, both for your truthfulness and nobility, and I hope this little transaction will be a lesson to every pupil present. Be always truthful, and never suffer another to receive chastisement for that of which you may yourself be guilty."—*Western Home.*

PRAY for them which despitefully use you.

Aggie's New Friend.

"MAMMA, our lesson to-day in class was that verse, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.' Our teacher talked to us about it, but I do n't understand it at all yet."

"Do you know who is speaking, Agnes?"

"Yes, mamma, it is Christ; and he means that when we do any kind or good thing, he is pleased. But I do not see how my being kind to lame Jennie Thorne or bringing new scholars to Sabbath-school will be doing it unto him, he is so far out of sight."

"Aggie, when I was gone to Boston last summer, how many times did you kiss baby Charlie every night and morning?"

"Why three times, mamma. Once each for you and papa, and once for myself."

"And how many times did you forget to water the choice plants I left in your care?"

"Not a single time."

"And yet I could not see you, daughter."

"But I knew just what you would do, and what you wanted of me. And how nice they all looked when you came home."

"Just that, darling, Christ means when he says, 'Ye have done it unto me.' He is out of sight now; but whenever you do what he bids, or do kind acts because he would like to have you, or work with the thought of him, then you are doing it for him, just as you did for me when I was gone."

"I see now, and I can be doing for him all the time just as I did for you. Oh! that is sweet—to have some one to work for all the time."—*Child's World.*

"I Cannot, Sir."

A YOUNG man—we will call him honest Frank—who loved truth, was a clerk in the office of a rich merchant. One day a letter came recalling an order for goods, which had been received the day before. The merchant handed it to honest Frank, and with a persuasive smile, said:

"Frank, reply to this note. Say that the goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanding the order."

Frank looked into his employer's face with a sad, but firm, glance, and replied:

"I cannot, sir."

"Why not?" asked the merchant, angrily.

"Because the goods are now in the yard, and it would be a lie."

"I hope you will always be so particular," replied the merchant, turning upon his heel and going away.

Honest Frank did a bold as well as a right thing. What do you suppose happened to him? Did he lose his place? No; quite different. The merchant was too shrewd to turn away one who would not write a lying letter. He knew the untold value of such a youth, and at once made him his confidential clerk, at an increased salary.—*S. S. Advocate.*

For thousands of years, the same sun has been pouring its bright beams into the bosom of the earth, warming and making it green and fertile, generating its winds and storms, and swelling the sails of its commerce. Yet its eye is not dimmed, nor its natural force abated. For thousands of years the same majestic ocean has been rocking and rolling in the hand of God, as in its mighty cradle, now calm as a sleeping babe, now raging like a maddened giant: the mirror of its Maker, the broad highway of the nations. And no waste of waters, of ebbing or of flowing tide, marks approaching dotage or decay.

THERE is rest for the weary.

The Youth's Instructor.

A Poor Memory.

A LITTLE girl, on coming from church, was asked by her father to tell the text. "I can't," she said, "I have such a poor memory." But a minute or two after she was telling her mother about the dresses and bonnets of all her little playmates. "I don't see," said her father, "but your memory is a wonderfully good one." Charlie was troubled in the same way.

"How I wish I had a better memory!" complained Charlie, when he was reminded of the errand he forgot to do for his mother when he was coming home from school.

"Yet you can remember some things very well, can't you?" said mother.

"Well, mother, I don't feel sure about anything, unless I write it down, or tie a string on my finger, or do some such thing to make me remember."

"Which finger did you tie a string around, to remember the pair of skates I told you you might stop at the store and get?"

"Not much danger of my forgetting that," said Charlie, with a smile.

"I suppose you have it written down somewhere, that I gave you permission to go to the skating-pond to-morrow afternoon?"

"Now, mother, I know you are jesting. You know I could not forget what I have been thinking about with so much interest all the week."

"Then you can remember some things, it seems. Those that you take an interest in, and those that you think over and about. Now, here you may find the secret of improving your memory. First, pin your attention down to what you wish to remember. Repeat it over and over again to yourself, and often recall it as you go about your other duties. Learn to take an interest in every duty, and it will come easy to remember them. You can cultivate the memory as well as any other power of your mind; but it must be done by hard work, by holding the mind with bit and bridle."—*Sel.*

THROUGH grace I can conquer every sin.

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