

The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 20.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1872.

NUMBER 2.

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

THE ONE TALENT.

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use;
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know he will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in his presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame,
When I hear my humble name,
And cannot repay his claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,
Others add to it ten-fold,
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!
All my sloth I now condemn;
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, oh, teach me what to do!
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something yet to do for Thee,
Thou who hast done all for me.

—Teacher's Treasury.

Kate's Forgiveness.

"I WILL never speak to Clara Martin."

"O Nellie, that is a very hard thing for you to say."

"You could not be surprised though, Kate, if you knew everything."

"I should be grieved, if not surprised, Nellie; and though I do not so much as wish to know everything, I am quite sure that you might better think over your words again, and resolve to forgive Clara, whatever she may have done."

"No, Kate, it is quite impossible; and all the girls say the same. They all know what she has done, and they all declare that they will never speak to her again."

"But this is very unkind of them, and quite too hard for Clara to bear. What has she done?"

"Oh! several things. She has been so rude, Kate, that you could never guess the things she has done."

"Whatever they are, she will soon be sorry for them, and perhaps she will apologize; and then, of course, all the girls whom she has offended will forgive her at once."

"I don't think they would even then; but Clara Martin will never apologize, I know; she is too ill-tempered and proud for that. Don't you take her part, will you, Kate?"

"I don't know, Nellie; if you all turn against her, poor child, she will need some one to take her part; and I do not yet know whether you or she was the more wrong."

"Then I will tell you all about it, Kate, for I think you ought to know. She has been in a dreadful temper all day, but this is what began our quarrel: I could not find my grammar anywhere, and I could not remember where I had put it."

"Ah, little Nellie, you were the first to be wrong after all, you see. If you remembered the motto on the school-room wall, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place,' you would not have lost your grammar."

"Well, do n't begin to scold me, Kate, for I did not begin the quarrel. I asked Clara to lend me hers, for she was not using it; and what do you think she said?"

"I cannot tell."

"She said, 'No, I will not, for you might be dishonest enough to keep it!' There! As if anybody in our school ever did such things!"

"That was certainly very unkind in Clara; but she must have been very angry at the time, or she would not have said it."

"Well, all the girls said what a shame it was, and that only made Clara worse. She told me I was a stupid little thing, and that she would not like to learn her lessons any better than I did mine. And she said something quite as bad to each of the others; but the worst things of all, and those which made us therossest, were said about you."

"About me?" said Kate, in surprise.

"Yes, dear Kate. I don't know how she found it all out, but she says she knows everything about you. She says your father is poor enough to be her father's servant; that you never have so much as even a shilling a week for pocket money; that all your dresses are quite poor and common, and that you will soon have to leave school because your friends cannot afford to keep you here."

"Well, supposing it is all true, Nellie; should I be any the worse for being poor?"

"No, Kate, you would still be the dearest girl in all the world. But she said something else about you; she said we would not make so much fuss with you if we knew that before you came to this school you were turned away, expelled, from the last school."

"That is not true," said Kate, looking very white.

"True! We know that not a word of it is true. And must not that Clara be a mean and wicked girl? You will not speak to her again now, will you, Kate?"

"I think I shall, Nellie, but I will think about it first." And Kate walked away for a little quiet thought.

If you had known Kate Davis, you would not have been surprised that she was the greatest favorite in all the school. She was quite a year older than the other girls, and she was taller, too. She had soft brown eyes, and a face that was rather pale. She was a serious girl, and her smiles were so sweet and kind that they were valued by all about her. She was a real friend, always ready to help others, and she never got angry, even in play, or said unkind things to the rest. They all loved her, and were glad to be with her; and it seemed as if they could never say enough in her praise. So you may be sure they were both surprised and indignant at Clara Martin's speech. They each said something to her about it, and one girl even said, "You ought to be dismissed from the school for saying such wicked things."

Kate walked to the bottom of the garden, where the girls could not see her, and she could not keep the tears from coming into her eyes. It is always hard to have unkind

things said about one, and Kate felt it. She wondered, too, where Clara had gained so much information about her. She remembered that her last letter from home had said something about her being obliged to leave school if her father lost some money which was in a bank which was said to have failed. She thought Clara must have seen this letter. She felt in her pocket, and found it was not there.

"I must have drawn it out with my pocket-handkerchief," she said to herself; "but it was dishonorable of Clara to read it, even if she found it."

And so of course it was, for no girl of honor would read a letter addressed to another without special permission.

Kate hurried into the house to search for the letter. She could not find it, but the postman had just brought another for her, full of good news. The money in the bank was safe, and her father was not, after all, a poor man, and as for Kate, she might stay at school as long as she liked.

Gladdened with this good news, Kate made up her mind that she would forgive Clara. She went back again into the garden to finish her quiet walk. There, behind one of the trees, she saw Clara Martin crying bitterly. Kate went up to her and called her softly. She started up with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Go away," she said. "Why do you disturb me? I am not going to apologize, for I am not sorry; go away."

But Kate was not to be repulsed like that.

"Clara," she said, gently, "let me stay. I am not angry with you, but I want to talk to you, for I know you are not happy."

Clara tried to push her away, but Kate was taller, and she took the trembling girl in her arms and kissed her, and laid her cold hands on Clara's hot forehead.

Poor Clara could only cry the more, for she had not expected this; and Kate soothed her and talked to her kindly.

"I do not so much mind the things you said about me, but I should like to have my letter back."

"O Kate, I am so ashamed!" said Clara.

"I found the letter and read it, and I knew it would tease the girls to talk about it. You will never forgive me."

Kate kissed her once more.

"I have quite forgiven you," she said, "because I am sure you will not do so dishonorable a thing again. And you have misunderstood the letter, Clara; the only reason why I left the other school was because I was ill, and they thought I might better not remain."

"I did understand it, Kate, but my wickedness made me say the other. I will tell the girls all about it. Come with me, Kate."

So they walked up the garden together, to the great amazement of all the other girls; and Clara confessed her wrong, and begged their pardon, and told them that as Kate had forgiven her, she hoped they would not be angry long.

"Dear Kate! that is the way she is revenged," said one of the girls. "I wish we were all more like her."

"Ah!" said another, "we shall never be that without God's help. Kate Davis is a Christian!"—*Young Pilgrim.*

SUNBEAM LOVE.

A DARLING little infant
Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam
Came through the open door,
And, striking on the carpet,
It made a little dot;
The darling baby saw it,
And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming
With a world of perfect joy,
As if an angel's presence
Had filled the little boy;
And with his tiny finger,
As in a fairy dream,
He touched the dot of sunshine,
And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother
To share his infant bliss;
Then stooped, and gave the sunbeam
A pure, sweet baby kiss.
O Lord, our Heavenly Father!
In the fullness of my joy,
I pray that child-like feeling
May never leave the boy;

But in the days of trial,
When sin allures the youth,
Send out the light to guide him—
The sunbeams of thy truth;
And may his heart be ever
To thee an open door,
Through which thy truth, as sunbeams,
Make joy upon life's floor!

—The Children's Prize.

The Coming of Jesus.

"I will come again." John 14:3.

JESUS is coming. This is *certain*. He never deceived his disciples. He told them plainly that it was necessary for him to go away. He could not remain with them always. It behooved him to suffer and to enter into his glory, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. But, said he, "I will come again." Blessed words! Comforting hope! He will not stay away forever. No; he is coming again. The promise is sure. It cannot fail. The time of his absence may seem long, but it will be over by-and-by. "Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." "He which testifieth these things saith, Surely, I come quickly."

Jesus is coming; then all men will be judged. The last great Judgment has not yet occurred. Now is the day of probation. Salvation is offered freely to all who will accept it; but then the hour of mercy will be past. All nations will be summoned to give an account of their conduct before the judgment-seat of Christ. Many do not believe it; nevertheless, it is so. God "hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." Solemn thought for the sinner.

Jesus is coming. Then the human family will be separated. All classes mingle together now. Saints and sinners all live in the same house, and attend the same church. But then the dividing line will be drawn. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, wives and husbands, ministers and people, friends and neighbors, will part to meet no more. On the Rock of Ages, the inrolling tide of humanity will be separated and flow to the right and the left. On which side shall we be found? Shall we be borne upon that stream which lands safely in the city of God? or shall we be carried down the gulf-stream of despair that empties into the whirlpool of perdition? If we are in the family of God, it will be all right.

Jesus is coming. Then he will save his

people. They are saved now by faith, but this is not eternal salvation. They are subject to sorrow, pain, and affliction; but then they shall be gathered from every land and completely delivered from all the ills, burdens, and dangers, that attend this mortal state. When he appears the second time, it will be without sin unto salvation, to them who look for him. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem, and we shall be forever saved.

Jesus is coming. Then he will raise the dead. Earth's history has been a long, dark night of weeping. Death has been filling homes with sorrow, and hearts with grief, for nearly six thousand years. Who has not lost a friend? The air is full of farewells to the dying, and weepings for the dead. The heart of Rachel, crying for her children, will not be comforted. Thank God, this will not always be. The morn will break in glory by-and-by. Our loved ones will come forth, clad in immortal beauty.

Jesus is coming. Then earth will smile again. Now it groans beneath the curse. Thorns and thistles infect the soil. It is marred and bruised with earthquakes, volcanoes and hurricanes; but then the great Peace-maker will lift his voice and say, Peace, be still; and the earth will be quiet. What fair and beautiful landscapes will greet the eye when the "wilderness shall blossom as the rose, and streams break out in the desert." The city of God will descend, and all things be made new.—J. W. Thomas.

Happy for Three Pins.

WE once saw a little girl ask her mother for a piece of the moon. She thought that beautiful thing would make her happy. We knew how many would be pleased, if they could get something not to be had.

We knew a little girl who told her father if he would buy for her a little thing covered with gold beads, she would be so happy. She promised, if she could only once own that glittering thing, she would never ask him for anything else. Her father was very kind, and although he knew that it would only make her happy a very short time, yet he bought it.

That little girl's cup of pleasure was full. She was so delighted that everybody meeting her thought her face was like sunshine, because her heart so rejoiced. But a few of the gold beads dropped off. The charm was gone. Her source of pleasure was dried up. Not one week had passed before she thought her bright, beautiful present was good for nothing.

We were lately riding in an omnibus, and there was a neatly dressed old lady who had on her lap a large bundle of newly washed clothes. It was a windy, dusty day. Her newspaper wrapping but poorly covered her clean linen. She drew up one end, and the other was loose. She needed four instead of two hands to keep out the flying dust. We could wish she had a better covering. When we handed her three pins, it would have done your heart good to see how happy those simple pins made the old laundress. Had we presented her with five dollars, they could not have done the duty of the pins. Her regular employment for months—perhaps years—may have depended on the cleanliness of those pieces of linen. How little will make us happy, if we have a contented heart and never forget that we deserve so little.

The good, old Christian who, in her deep poverty, invited a tract distributor to sit down at her red-pine table, made the visitor wonder. She had *dry bread and turnip-tops* for her frugal meal. Said the visitor, "Aunty, where is your salt?" "My dear child," said the aged saint, "that would be too much for a poor sinner like me. I bless God for what he gives, and ask him for a thankful heart."

That humble meal had a happier guest than a thousand princely tables groaning with every kind of luxury. "How little we need to make us happy," said a fellow-pilgrim to the writer, as he sat in a *tomb* in Africa, sharing the humble food prepared by an Arab. But to learn this lesson aright, we must go where St. Paul went. "I HAVE LEARNED TO BE CONTENT."—*Sel.*

Joash.

"AND Joash did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, all the days of Jehoiada the priest." 2 Chron. 24:2.

Jehoiada, the priest, was a man of great influence, and was much beloved. He possessed good judgment, and was firm in his adherence to the true worship of God, in the midst of apostasy and idolatry. Jehoshabeath, the wife of Jehoiada, was the means of saving the life of Joash, when the wicked Athaliah murdered the sons of Ahaziah (her grandsons), and thus was Joash rescued from death, by his aunt, and by her secreted until he was seven years old, when Jehoiada, the uncle of Joash, placed him on the throne of the kingdom.

At the age of seven years Joash began to reign, and he was very zealous in the worship of God, and in putting down idolatry. He restored the worship of God, and repaired the temple which Solomon had built in Jerusalem, for the worship of God; for the wicked kings and people of Israel had closed the house of God, or used it for idol worship.

Thus did Joash do the work of a true reformer for twenty-three years, or as long as his good Uncle Jehoiada lived; and everything prospered with him. The whole nation of Israel enjoyed the favor of God. No enemies could prevail over them while they honored God. Their fields produced abundantly, and business prospered; but a change came. Good old Jehoiada died at the age of one hundred and thirty years, honored and lamented (verse 15). He, by his influence, restrained and directed king Joash in the paths of virtue and truth.

But now a change came. The princes of Judah, knowing the weakness of Joash, came and visited him after the death of Jehoiada (see verse 17), and caused him to permit the worship of idols. And now, the nation being free to walk in the ways of the heathen, made rapid strides downward, to idolatry and ruin.

God did not leave them at once, but sent prophets and good men to them, to warn and instruct them, and bring them back to his own pleasant fold. But all in vain. Finally, Zachariah, the priest, son of good old Jehoiada, arose, and boldly rebuked the king and people for their sins; and now, instead of hearkening to his counsel, they conspired against him, and at the commandment of king Joash, slew him in the temple of God. (See verse 21.)

Thus we see Joash, who began his reign so favorably, and who had for many years obeyed the commandments of God, now, as he approaches the close of life, suddenly change his course at the death of his good uncle, and deliverer, and friend, and not only turn away from God, but murder the son of Jehoiada, his own cousin, because he would be true to his God. Was it not sad?

Who would suppose it possible that any one could be so ungrateful as Joash was to his Uncle Jehoiada as to murder his son,

and so ungrateful to God as to turn to the worship of idols? Yet so it is; the princes of Judah came, and made obeisance to him, flattered him, drew him away from God; and how distressing the thought, that he could follow them down to ruin, and draw his people down to ruin also.

Will any who read the INSTRUCTOR now, ever forsake the path of life, and, like Joash, listen to the proposals of the enemies of God, and embrace the principles of evil? God forbid. JOS. CLARKE.

Two Inheritances.

SOME years ago, there appeared in our newspapers a paragraph advertising for the heirs to the estate of a wealthy gentleman who had recently died in England, and calling upon them to come forward and prove their claim to the property. Certain professional gentlemen, both in this and the other country, were referred to, whose names were a sufficient guarantee of good faith, and who were also prepared to prosecute the claims of any who might wish to consult them. At once, those in this country who bore the family name of the deceased owner became greatly interested; and not only these, but all who could trace out even a distant relationship, or connection by marriage, were eager to establish it.

Of course, among so great a number of applicants on the score of name and relationship, many were disappointed. Some, though they bore the name, did not really belong to the family of the deceased owner, and others, for want of evidence, could not substantiate their claims; yet there were many who, after much pains and earnest endeavor, at length obtained the inheritance, enjoyed it, some for a longer time, some for a shorter, then left it to others.

There is another inheritance, far superior to any we can possess here. No language of earth can describe it. Golden streets, and gates of pearl, and foundations of sparkling gems, but faintly portray its splendors. This inheritance has been left by will to all who can prove themselves the rightful heirs. He who bequeathed it had an entire right to bestow it on whom he would, for he purchased it with the sacrifice of his own life, and sealed the will with his own blood. This will has become unchangeable by the death of the testator, and in it he provided that its contents shall be published throughout the whole world, and also that special messengers shall constantly make proclamation of this good news, and call upon all persons to prove their heirship without delay. But though this inheritance is so glorious and excellent a possession, not liable to pass into other hands, or be lost through failure or misfortune, or be destroyed by fire or water, like the estates of this world; though it is "incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away," there exists with regard to it a strange and fatal apathy. Many hear of it, not with eagerness and earnest questions as to how they may obtain it, or whether it is possible that they may be among the number of heirs, but with utter indifference. One would suppose they did not believe the report at all. Yet ask them, and you may probably hear them say carelessly that they suppose the tidings are true, and that they expect to find themselves among the heirs at last, and to fare quite as well as those who take so much trouble about the matter. They forget that they are admonished to "make their calling and election sure," and to "examine" and "prove their own selves."

But the true heirs, those who can prove their high birth, and their relationship to the

Lord of the inheritance, will surely one day receive it with unspeakable satisfaction. Though the principal is as yet reserved for them, they are constantly receiving the earnest of it, and constantly looking forward to it. Though the inheritance itself is a perfectly free gift, many of them have suffered the loss of all things to win it, and counted the cost none too great. And not one of them will even for one moment regret the self-denials, the sacrifices, the expenditures, through which they have entered upon it. "For the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."—*American Messenger*.

Submitting to God.

TO SUBMIT to the will of God is the great and important thing in conversion. We have an example of submission in our Saviour. He prayed that the bitter cup of suffering might be removed from him, if it might please his Father; "nevertheless," said he, "not as I will, but as thou wilt." How beautiful was his submission. He had done no sin, yet how submissive in the hour of suffering.

My youthful reader, let this be an example to you. And do you wish to show your submission to God? How can you best prove to yourself and others that you are submissive to God? I will tell you. Submit cheerfully to parents, guardians, and teachers. This duty is taught in the fifth commandment. You may test yourself by this. When you greatly desire a thing which your parents do not think best to indulge you in, do you quietly and patiently submit? Do you trust that they know better what will be for your good, and cheerfully take their counsel? If not, if you are fretful or sullen on account of having your wishes denied and your will crossed, you may be sure that you are not yet so fully converted to God as you must be, to enjoy fully his approbation and have a preparation to live in his presence and in the society of holy angels.

How good is this spirit of submission! Try it; and you will find it sweet. It will yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness. I want to meet you in the kingdom of God; and I want to help you in the way that will conduct you there. Submit the whole heart to God, and by faith in Jesus Christ claim the promises, and you shall be saved. Shall we meet in glory? Let us strive for it.

R. F. COTRELL.

Loving One Another.

NOTHING tells the world so quickly that we are Christians as love one for another. The love that Jesus had in his heart for all proved him to be the Son of God; and if we have the same love that he had for all, it will prove to all who see us that we are his true disciples, being like him in our love. The apostle John says, "Love is of God." So it is not of us or of the world; and if we have it, we shall be like God; and as Christ had this love, we shall be like him also, if we have it.

Now, the world is looking for this love among Christians; and they are looking for it among young Christians as well as among older ones. The unconverted and wicked do not expect to see hatred, malice, envy and unkind acts, among young Christians, any more than among those who are older. We

have often thought that more love was looked for among the young disciples of Jesus than was expected to be found among his older followers. We don't know that this is right; but certainly no one will say that less should be looked for. If the little pilgrim followers don't love each other, and live as Jesus did, who should? Jesus was just as good and loving when he was a child as he was when he grew up. His heart was the same always. Let all his young followers be like him, loving, kind, and gentle to one another. "Love is of God."—*Young Pilgrim*.

Hark!

ONE! two! three! fire, boys, from box 132! Run, Fred, Frank, and George! Hurry along! Do n't you hear the alarm? Listen; there, it strikes again. It will be a tough fire, boys. The wind is blowing a perfect gale. Do Fred, Frank, and George remain motionless on their seats while the little tappers call them to duty? Do they sit still and finish the story which they are reading, or the game in which they are interested? Not they. Everything is dropped in the twinkling of an eye. The horses are brought from the stable, hitched to the machine, and before the alarm has sounded the second time, they are speeding to obey the summons. But suppose they had waited, suppose the whole fire department had said, "Oh, it is only a false alarm; no need to hurry; no need to go. Let us finish our game first." If such were the case, my young friend, what would have become of our famous city of Boston this morning, when the fire broke out? It would have been laid waste. And unless we obey the call of the third angel, and awake to the alarm that is now sounding throughout the world, put away our sins, drop the vanities and follies of this world, and consecrate ourselves to God, we shall be like unto a great city destroyed by fire. God forbid, my young friends, that you or I should loiter behind; but rather be one of the first to obey the call, and have our robes (character) washed clean and white in the blood of the Lamb. M. WOOD.

Finish What you Begin.

My great grandmother Knox had a way of making her children finish their work. If they began a thing, they must complete it. If they undertook to build a cob house, they must not leave it till it was done; and nothing of work or play to which they set their hands, would she allow them to abandon incomplete.

I sometimes wish I had been trained in this way. How much of life is wasted in unfinished work. Many a man uses up his time in splendid beginnings. The labor devoted to commence ten things and leave them useless, would finish five of them and make them profitable and useful.

Finish your work. Life is brief; time is short. Stop beginning forty things, and go back and finish four. Put patient, persistent toil into the matter, and be assured, one complete undertaking will yield yourself more pleasure, and the world more profit, than a dozen fair plans of which people say, "The man began to build and was not able to finish."

ADVERSITY is the diamond dust Heaven polishes its own jewels with.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1872.

MISS J. R. TREMBLEY, : : : : EDITOR.

Dangers of Procrastination.

TRULY, procrastination is the thief of time. This life at longest is none too long in which to make the necessary preparations for that life that is yet future. We have never yet heard of Christians regretting, on their death-bed, that they had served God too long, or that they entered his service too soon. On the contrary, nearly every Christian who has his reason in the hour of death, mourns that his entire life had not been spent in serving God. "A person converted in youth," says John Angell James, "is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine through the long, bright day. But a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while." Youth is the time to serve the Lord, says one of old; and who shall say that he did not understand what he was talking of?

Let me here relate an incident which came to my notice some years ago. A young lady became acquainted with present truth. In her inmost soul it found a lodging place, and she loved it. The Lord had done much for her, and she really desired to acknowledge it, and turn her feet into his testimonies. But there were some difficulties in the way. She was surrounded by a large circle of young friends, for whom she had formed strong attachments; but among them all, there were none who professed religion.

She had three brothers and one sister, older than herself, who were leading members of fashionable society. Could she leave all, and start alone to serve God? Could she have one friend to go with her, it would be a great help. The struggle was desperate. She was halting, as she really felt, between life and death.

After pondering the matter long and well, she introduced the subject to her sister Lou, saying that she would henceforth keep all of God's commandments if her sister would join her. That wicked *if* was in the way, and came near proving her ruin, as we shall see. Lou said that she had been seriously thinking of the same herself; but how could they, she queried, tear themselves from the world, and go in an opposite direction (for they knew that to follow Christ fully, they must leave the world behind), without their brothers would go too?

Said Lou, the new ball room will be completed soon, and our brothers are engaged to play for the opening ball (they were

members of a cotillion band); so it will be useless to mention it to them until that is past.

It was a sad conclusion for them. The Spirit of God was striving with them both, and then was the time to yield to its gentle pleadings. But alas! they let the most fortunate season pass unimproved. They did not know—the Judgment alone will tell—how much good they might have done, what a powerful influence for good they might have had over their numerous associates, had they not deferred the day of repentance.

The night came for the ball. It was pronounced a grand affair. The company was select; none but the *elite* was there. The two sisters were, as usual, the reigning belles, the pets, the favorites. Though at first they had hard work to keep their minds off from their conviction of duty, yet Satan well knew that by flattering their pride and love of applause, he could win them to himself. He succeeded well.

Several weeks passed, and no mention was made of the important subject which had previously agitated their minds. Finally, as conscience was still at work, the subject was again introduced to Lou. But this time she only laughed, saying, "It is too late! If you had made me promise before the ball, it would have been all right; but now I have no inclination to yield."

Some years have passed, and though they have since given their hearts to the Lord, they cannot labor for the good of others to such advantage as they might when young, and when such strong attachment existed between them and their young friends. As they grew older, and were separated from those who were formerly so dear to them, they lost their influence to a great extent.

Young friend, would you secure to yourself a passport to Heaven, and aid your associates in gaining an entrance there, do not put off the day of repentance. Seek the Lord to-day. It will, no doubt, cost you a struggle to give up the world; but the longer it is deferred, the harder it will be in the end. Youth is the time to serve the Lord. Begin the work to-day.

A Lord in the Family.

A POMPOUS, silly school-boy was one day boasting how many rich and noble relations he had; and, having exhausted his topics, he turned with an important air, and asked one of his school-fellows,

"Are there any 'lords' in your family?"

"Yes," said the little fellow; "there is one, at least; for I have often heard my mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our elder brother."

The boy was right; and, as he grew up, it was his privilege to know more of this Elder Brother, and to tell the perishing multitudes the tidings of his grace.

Blessed are they who have one Lord in the family, and who know him as their elder brother and their everlasting friend.

Mammoth Cave, Continued.

AFTER viewing those frightful pits and high domes mentioned in our last, we entered Gothic Arcade, a long, arched room situated at the opening of a branch of the main cave. Mammoth Cave is one continuous subterranean passage, with numerous smaller ones leading off to the right and left. In order to visit the points of interest, it is necessary to quite often leave the main avenue and enter side caves which open into the large one.

Gothic Arcade forms the opening into a branch division, situated fifteen feet above the floor of the main avenue. We ascended into this apartment by a flight of wooden stairs placed there for that purpose. The first point of interest in this room was a small niche in the left wall, where an Indian mummy was found. This hollow is just large enough for a person to sit in. The body found there was that of a female, dressed in the skins of animals, and adorned with such trinkets as are usually worn by the Indians.

Near this mummy was also found the body of an Indian child, dressed and attired in the same manner, in sitting posture, resting against the wall of the cave. It is thought they wandered into this apartment and, becoming bewildered and lost, sat down and died in the positions in which they were found. They certainly were not preserved by art and placed there, but, on the contrary, must have been preserved by the purity of the atmosphere of the cave, which is so pure that whatever is placed there knows no decay, but becomes perfectly embalmed. I am told that when the cave was first discovered, many of these mummies were found there.

It seems to be a peculiar trait of Indian character to manifest great regard for their dead. During some difficulties with them, which resulted in war, hundreds of these mummies were carried out and burned, to provoke the Indians to leave their secret retreats, and come to their rescue, in order to give their enemies more advantage by open contest; but all to no account. The Indians paid no attention to the device of the whites, thereby proving that those deceased were not their dead, but belonged to some other tribe.

I procured a photograph of the one found in Gothic Arcade, which represents a different tribe from any I have ever seen. This mummy was taken out by a Mr. Nahum Ward, of Manella, Ohio, and was photographed by E. Klauber, of Louisville, Ky. It was then placed in the rooms of the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., in the year 1815. From the appearance of the photograph, I should think this person was about medium size, possessing more than ordinary strength. Her forehead is very high and full, the top of her head flat, and slopes back from the organ of benevolence, which is very full. The back part of the head is quite fully developed, while the most striking characteristic of her head is an utter lack of the organ of reverence. Her feet and hands are quite small.

But I will not stop longer with this description. It is a little singular how these persons could have climbed up to this place from the main cave, a distance of fifteen feet of perpendicular rock, and then, be-

coming lost, die in this condition. But it is still more wonderful to know what an effect the silence and darkness of the cave has on the mind. On one occasion a gentleman wandered away from the guide and party he was with, thinking he would have a pleasant time making explorations alone. He had not gone far when, by accident, his lamp was extinguished, and he left alone in that terrible gloom of silence and darkness, surrounded by dangerous pitfalls. In this condition he became immediately insane, and crawling behind a large rock, remained in that position forty-eight hours; and although the guide repeatedly repassed the rock behind which he was secreted, in search of him, he made no noise; and when finally discovered, he endeavored to run and make his escape.

Another instance was of a lady who allowed her party to get so far in advance that she could not hear their voices, and in attempting to overtake them, fell and extinguished her lamp, when she became terrified at her situation, swooned, and, although discovered in a few moments after, was found in a state of insanity, from which she did not recover for years. Persons quite often wander from their guides, and when found, are in a state of insanity, or in the act of crying, or are earnestly engaged in prayer.

I cannot refrain from here comparing such with our condition in this world of darkness and sin, without our precious guide, Jesus. We soon become bewildered and insane, and are likewise in danger of many pitfalls of error. Let us not think for a moment that we can go alone; for our light will soon, by accident, become extinguished, and we ruined and lost. But if we have thus wandered, let us by tears and prayers await our returning Guide, who will not forsake, but will come to our relief. I will not weary you longer. We have not traveled far on our way this time, but next we will find some interesting things in Gothic Chapel, Register Room, and other places.

E. B. LANE.

(To be continued.)

Pleasant Recollections.

WHEN I was a very little girl, a kind uncle of mine went to London, and brought me home a nice book. I think I can see its bright cover and pretty pictures now. It was called, "A Present for the Young," and contained much good instruction. I kept it as a choice treasure for many years, but how it disappeared I could never tell. I read it over and over again, and some of its contents are deeply imprinted in my mind.

Last night, when I could not sleep, one verse after another came to my recollection, and I thought if your good editor deemed them worthy, I would write them for the INSTRUCTOR. I well remember just how I felt when I used to read them. With what vague trembling I looked into the future, and how exactly they expressed the feelings of my heart, and how earnestly I desired the Lord to take my hand and guide me safe along the slippery, unknown way. I feel sure that he heard my request, and gratefully would I thank him that through youth and middle age he has led me with a Father's loving care—through joy and sor-

row, by a way that I knew not, to a place where his truth is proclaimed, where his children love to keep all his commandments, and are striving to prepare for the soon coming of the blessed Saviour.

When I think of the dear young readers of the INSTRUCTOR, I hope there are many among the number that earnestly desire the same heavenly guidance. If so, I am sure they will not be disappointed, for Jesus has said, "They that seek me early shall find me." "In all thy ways acknowledge Me, and I will direct thy steps." These are precious promises, and many, many more are contained in his holy word. Let us seek them out, plead them at his throne daily, acquaint ourselves with him, and be at peace; that when he comes, we may joyfully meet him as a faithful friend, and not as an angry judge.

Look from thy throne, O God, and see
An inexperienced youth,
Who would desire to walk with thee
In all the ways of truth.

Jesus the path of youth has trod,
He knows our hopes and fears;
I'll trust my sympathizing God
In all my joys and tears.

If I look forward, every scene
Is dubious and unknown;
Perhaps my path may be serene,
Or with afflictions strown.

Yet, led by Thee, my heavenly guide,
Depending on thy care,
I'll walk, kind Shepherd, near thy side,
Secure from every snare.

If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God regards the orphan's cry,
Oh! what have I to fear?

If I am rich, he'll guard my heart
Temptations to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.

If I am poor, he can supply
Who has my table spread,
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills the poor with bread.

If in the spring of youthful bloom
I should be called to die,
He'll guard my body in the tomb
And raise to worlds on high.

SUSANNAH SISLEY.

Battle Creek.

You are Called to Labor.

THE young are apt to be slow to realize that they have a responsibility to labor for the good of others and the advancement of the cause of truth. If they seek the Lord for themselves, are baptized and unite with the church, they are too apt to think that their work is done, and feel secure, without feeling any of the burden of the work and the responsibilities of the cause. This should not be so. The sooner you feel, my friends, that God has called you, not merely to seek your own salvation in a selfish way, but to work in his cause, the better it will be for you. You are called to labor unselfishly for the salvation of those who may be saved. If you would be like Christ, you must do as he did. And how was that? He did not come into the world to save himself. He was rich. He needed nothing. But he undertook to save man, by giving himself a sacrifice for our sins. How great was his love!

Christians should follow Christ. The great lesson of the school of Christ is disin-

terested benevolence, unselfish love, and self-denying labor for the good of others. This lesson is taught by his example. Do you resolve to follow him? Then walk as he walked, and labor for the good of others; and do not desire to be saved, without being instrumental in saving others. God calls you to labor; to bear a part in his work. Will you strive to feel your obligation, and to do what you can? If you do, you will be approved of God, and share in his kingdom and glory. R. F. COTTRELL.

Our Lord Is Coming.

SIGNS proclaim that the coming of the Redeemer is near, even at the doors. And are we prepared to hail him with joy? There are not many who can say that they are ready and waiting for that event; and this should behoove us to be up and doing while the day lasts; for soon the night cometh, in which no man can work. There will be many trials to pass through, many mountains of difficulty to surmount, many a rugged path to travel when weary and foot-sore; but the knowledge that, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," should buoy us up to renewed energy, fresh courage, and new zeal, in the things which pertain to our eternal welfare, keeping in mind, the while, that, "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

Oh! that we could realize more fully the near approach of that eventful day, when the heaven shall depart as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island shall be moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, shall hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and shall say to the mountains and rocks, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

But "unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." How lamentable will our cases be if we are at last deceived, and call to the rocks and mountains to fall on us, and hide us from the sight of the Saviour, whom we have professed to be looking for.

But what unspeakable joy will be ours to hear from the beloved Master's lips, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." Let us strive with more determination than ever to be sincere and honest with ourselves, lest, being deceived, we fail to obtain the prize to be given to the faithful at the end of the race.

EVA A. SHARPE.

Clyde, Ohio.

Power of Kindness.

A HORSE, passing down the street in a stage, suddenly stood still and refused to go. The driver beat him, but the animal would not stir. A kind-hearted man who was passing, picked up a little hay and put it before the horse. As he ate it, the man patted him on the neck and coaxed him. In a minute or two the stubbornness was gone, and the horse and driver went on their way. So much for patience and kindness.

The Peacemaker.

"Two can play at the same game," said Leonard Blake, a flash of anger in his eyes, as he stood looking at his broken kite.

In a fit of passion, a boy named Albert Grant had stamped on Leonard's kite and broken it to pieces.

As Leonard said, "Two can play at that game," he started forward with the intention of cutting the string of Albert's kite, which was flying high in the air.

"Don't, Leonard!" exclaimed an older boy, in a voice of warning, as he saw the lad's purpose.

"He broke my kite, and I'll break his," said Leonard, pausing and looking round at the older boy, who now moved quickly to his side.

"Come, I want to talk to you," and the boy, putting his arm in that of Leonard's, drew him away.

"Talking won't mend my kite," said Leonard, impatiently.

"Nor will breaking Albert's mend it."

"It will spite him, and that's something."

"Something worse for you than for him," answered the other.

"Worse for me? I'd like to see you make that out."

"The spite would hurt your soul, as our teacher says, and that would be a worse hurt to you than the destruction of Albert's kite would be to him. Don't you think so? Revenge is a wicked feeling, you know."

"Revenge!"

"Yes, only another word for spite. To do a thing for spite is to be revenged. Now, I am very sure that if you had cut Albert's kite string just now, it would have caused you a great deal of suffering. Albert would have struck you, and you would have struck back. From friends you would have become enemies."

"We are enemies now," said Leonard. "Do you think I'll ever speak to him again?"

"Yes; after he sees that he did wrong, and does what he can to make amends, you will forgive him."

"Catch him making amends!"

Even as the two boys talked, Albert Grant began slowly pulling in his kite. The hot flush of anger had faded out of his face, and the fiery gleam from his eyes. A voice speaking within told him that he had done wrong, and he was already feeling ashamed and sorry. Slowly and steadily the kite came down, until at last it struck the ground.

"Leonard will smash it all to pieces," said a boy standing near.

Albert made no reply, but kept on winding the cord with which he had flown the kite. As soon as he had finished doing this, he lifted the kite from the ground and walked with it to where Leonard stood talking with his friend.

"I'm sorry," he said, reaching out the kite to Leonard. "I get mad so easy, and do n't know what I do. Here, take mine. I can make another."

"Oh, no! Never mind about it," answered Leonard, taken by surprise and instantly softened. "I don't want your kite. I'm only sorry you broke mine. But then may be I should not have said what I did. It made you angry."

"Take it, Leonard," urged Albert, "I'll feel better if you do."

"No; but I'll tell you what; you go home with me and help me make another. That will put us square."

"Agreed!" cried Albert, in a cheery voice, and with a brightening face.

And the two lads went off together, friends, instead of enemies.

Blessed indeed are the peacemakers! How much we all owe them.—*Children's Hours.*

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE WHITE LIE.

I WAS in trouble beyond any doubt—

I was in trouble—and how to get out?

"Tell a white lie," said the devil to me.

"Tell a lie? Oh! how dreadful! But what would it be if I should,—though I never shall tell one," said I.

"Do n't be frightened," said he, "we won't call it a lie—A few words, in their way, quite as good as the truth, And for this occasion far better, forsooth."

But my little white lie, when I'd told it, grew black;

Then, oh! how could I hide it, or how get it back?

For it never would do to be caught in a lie,

For 'twas known that a very good youngster was I.

I must manage in some way to keep it from sight;

"Tell one more," said the devil, "'twill make it all right."

But my two grew to three, my three were soon four,

And my four gave rise to a dozen or more;

Till I felt in my soul such a sense of disgrace,

I had scarcely one friend I could look in the face;

And at night to my room I went creeping up stairs—

God is truth! could I sleep without saying my prayers?

But my fears and my conscience thus followed about,

I was really half glad when the lie was found out;

For it was—it is always the way with a lie—

And all said that a very bad youngster was I.

Good or bad, I have learned in one thing to be wise,

And shun in the future all little white lies. —*Sel.*

Letters.

DEAR READERS: It is some time since I have written you through the paper. I am still trying to overcome, and at last meet you (happy thought!) in the earth made new.

Let our actions always tell
On the book of life, All's well.
Truly, earnestly, we'll fight
Every action to have right.

HENRY MARSH.

LA SALLE Co., Ill.

DEAR EDITOR: We write for the first time. We love our paper, and like to learn the lessons in it. We are often tempted to do wrong, like many others, but hope to overcome, and meet all our young friends on Mt. Zion. We like to hear from the young Sabbath-keepers, and want to be good, like others are, and be saved in Heaven.

WM. T. HIBBEN,
EMILY S. HIBBEN.

STINESVILLE, Ind.

DEAR FRIENDS: It is through the mercy of God that I am living. I am but a youth, but try to honor my Creator by doing his will, and keeping his commands. I love the INSTRUCTOR, and the Bible Lessons. I wish I could be where there is a Sabbath-school. I ask an interest in your prayers, that through grace I may conquer every sin. While mercy still lingers, I want to be forgiven.

HENRY F. RANDOLPH.

Eliza Holingshead writes from Tittabawassee: I am thankful for the *Review* and INSTRUCTOR, which, through your kindness, I have the privilege of reading. I am often strengthened by reading the cheering testimonies from loved ones. My papers are very dear to me.

DEAR EDITORS: I write you to say that I am striving to get ready for Jesus' coming. I see nothing to bind me here. When I see what troubles there are on the earth,

I fear and tremble, lest I shall not be able to go through. FREDDIE B. HILL.

The grace of God is sufficient for you, Freddie. Only trust him; he never forsakes his children in time of trouble.

OLIVET, Mich.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: We are many of us miles apart, but still we all must know that Jesus is soon coming to make up his jewels. How many of us have given our hearts to Jesus, and are prepared to meet him? If there are any of us that have not received his love in our hearts, let us take the step while it is to-day, for to-morrow it may be too late. Jesus has told little children to come unto him. Nothing will please him better than for us to give him our whole hearts. I am sure we all want eternal life. Many of us, perhaps, have not the privilege of attending Sabbath-school and meeting, but we may do the best we can with the help of our good little paper, and by truly trusting in Jesus, who died for us, we may be conquerors, and stand on Mt. Zion.

Do we ever think how much our Heavenly Father does for us, and how little we do for him in return? May we all truly trust in Jesus. In these last days, Satan will try every way to turn our young minds from the right. I am trying to live a true Christian life, and I ask all the INSTRUCTOR family to pray for me, that I may be steadfast and not turn to sin, but ever be found keeping all of God's commandments. And may we all so live that when Jesus shall come, we may be gathered to him to wear a starry crown. AMANDA E. SLOAN.

We remember meeting this dear girl on the camp-ground at Charlotte, and hearing her testimony in favor of truth. The Lord blesses those abundantly who give themselves without reserve to him. She shall have our prayers, and we ask her to pray for us. The letters this month are very dear to us.

Little Freddy and His Penny.

"MOTHER, I've got a penny; may I go and spend it?" asked little Freddy one day, as he twirled the new bright coin in his fingers.

"What do you wish to get with it, my son?" asked his mother.

"Oh! I do n't know," said he, casting his eyes down. "A stick of candy."

"You know, Freddy," said his mother, "I do n't like you to eat candy; and there is nothing else you can get for a penny that you will care for at all, five minutes after you get it. I do wish, my son, that your pennies did not trouble you so much!"

"Trouble me, mother! How do they trouble me?"

"As soon as you get one, you want to spend it, Freddy; and as you cannot do so without displeasing me or doing yourself harm, I think they are more trouble than pleasure to you."

"Oh, dear!" said Freddy, throwing himself on the floor, and drawing a long sigh, "I do n't know what to do. I am sure I could spend my money."

"Freddy," said his mother, "did you ever think how much good your pennies might do if you would only save them till you got a good many of them together, and then give them to some poor person, or buy a nice book

to give to some poor child who has no books, as you have?"

"Why, mother, I never thought of that," said Freddy, his face brightening up. "I'll try to save my pennies after this, and see what good I can do with them."

Freddy ran into his own little room and dropped his penny into a small box which stood on the table. After this, he went on carefully gathering up the fragments. Whenever a penny was given to him, he would put it into a box. He told his mother one day that the pennies did n't trouble him any more, since he had found out what to do with them. He liked to get money and save it, that he might do good with it.

One day, about two or three months after this, Freddy came home from school in a great hurry. He ran into the house, and without stopping to speak to any one, rushed into his own room, seized his money-box, emptied it, and was off again before his mother had time to notice what he was doing. In about half an hour he came back again, looking very bright and happy.

"Why, Freddy," said his mother, "what does all this mean? Why did you run into the house and fly out again without stopping to speak to any one?"

"O mother, please excuse me. I was in such a hurry I forgot all about it. I wanted my pennies to buy a new slate for little Sally Brown. She fell down and broke hers just as she was coming out of the school-room. You know the people she lives with do not love her, and would have whipped her if she had carried home the broken one. So I told her not to cry, but to walk slowly on, and I would get her a new one in a few minutes. I am so glad, mother, that I followed your advice and saved my pennies."

Freddy remembered his mother's good advice in after life. He kept on gathering up the fragments, and in this way often had it in his power to do good to others.—*Sel.*

The Little Loaf.

IN a time of famine, a rich man sent for the poorest children in the town, and said to them: "There is a basket of bread; you may come each day and take a loaf until it pleases God to send better times." The children attacked the basket, and disputed as to which should have the largest loaf, and then went away without once thanking their benefactor. Only Frances, a very poor but cleanly dressed girl, modestly remained behind and had the smallest loaf which was left in the basket. She gratefully returned thanks, and went home quietly. One day the children behaved very badly, and poor Frances received a loaf very much smaller than the rest; but when she took it home, and her mother cut it open, a number of silver pieces fell on the floor. The poor woman was astonished, and said, "Go and return this money immediately; it must have been put in the bread by mistake." Frances went directly to the gentleman, who said: "My dear child, it was no mistake. I had the money put into the loaf to reward you." Remain always peaceable and contented. Those who are satisfied with a little always bring blessings upon themselves and family, and will pass happier through the world.—*Sel.*

THINK much more than you talk. Think before you speak. Talk little about yourself, and never say anything but good of an absent person.

Thoughts about Weeds.

I HAD just closed my book, after reading the beautiful description of the new earth, the future home of the saints, when my eye rested on a patch of weeds, which, like all weeds, were neither comely nor beautiful. The thought suggested was this: Will there be weeds in the heavenly garden of the Lord? When everything is created lovely, as it was in the first paradise on earth, shall we find any beauty or utility in the growth of noxious weeds? The conclusion must be that there will be no weeds there. Nothing that will offend or mar the beauty of the place will be suffered to grow in heavenly soil. But not so here. The tares and the wheat will both grow together till the harvest, and then they will be separated; the tares to be burned, and the wheat gathered in bundles and saved.

Yes, truly there are many weeds in God's earthly garden. There is our neighbor Thistle, ostentatious, proud, boastful of her superior colors and touch-me-not airs. When fully ripe, she loves to scatter her light, fleecy treasures with a liberal hand, dispersing abroad indiscriminately at the invitation of every breeze or puff of favor. She flatters herself that she is doing acts of charity, and will be rewarded in Heaven for her generous donations and services to the church generally. But what did Christ say to the Pharisee who fasted twice in the week, &c.

And there is little Miss Chickweed, who makes no pretensions like her flaunty neighbor, Madame Thistle, but keeps close within her sphere, as she says, dresses very plain, and never troubles any one, or talks about her neighbors. She feeds the hungry little chicks bountifully if they go where she is, but makes no pretentious boasts of it—it is her nature to do so, and she hopes her amiable, harmless life, and quiet temper, will be a sufficient passport to effect an entrance within the pearly gates. The atoning merits of Jesus' blood, and the overcoming of secret faults, or bearing the cross of Christ, she knows nothing of. How then can she "sing the victor's song triumphant" hereafter?

There are many others, good, bad, and indifferent, in the weed family; but I will forbear to mention them. The question should come home to every one, Am I a weed? If so, where is the promise to me? And again, Am I satisfied to be found thus at the time of harvest, when the separation shall reveal the fact too late to escape the doom of the unprofitable tares?

M. E. P.

Making Others Happy.

A MOTHER who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired for the night, what they had done that day to make others happy, found her twin daughters silent. The question was repeated.

"I can remember nothing good all this day, only that one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. This is all."

The other spoke still more timidly. "A little girl who sat on the bench with me at school has lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book, and wept. I felt sorry, and laid

my face on the same book, and wept with her. She then looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

"Come to my arms, my darlings!" said the mother; "to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."—*Sel.*

A Letter.

GENESEEE, N. Y.

My dear friends, I am glad of the privilege of speaking to you through our good little paper. Oh! that we might all be Christians. We must be if saved. We must be Christians if we enjoy eternal life on the earth made new. If we keep all of the commandments, we will have a right to the tree of life. Is that all? Yes; that is all. If I keep every one of God's precepts, I can see Jesus and all of the holy angels, and then we will meet our loved ones that have died in hope. But God says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Can we do that? Oh, yes; for he would not tell us to do anything we could not.

Again, we cannot serve God and mammon. That is, we cannot serve the Lord and cling to the riches of this world. If any think a great deal of riches here, let them look ahead and meditate on the riches of eternal glory in the kingdom of God. Is it not worth living for? Can we not bear our afflictions for the sake of a home there forever, when we have but a little time to stay here? Even if time should continue hundreds of years (which we do not believe), we expect to live but a little while here. How much better, then, that we do not follow the fashions of the world, but lay our treasure up where moth and rust doth not corrupt—which is in Heaven.

Oh! let us all try our very best to do what is right. When we get up in the morning, let us say, I will resist temptations, and do all the good I can to-day, and try and not do anything wrong, and then kneel down and ask God to help us. Ask in faith, and he will hear you. Then we must watch continually, for fear Satan may lead us astray; for he is very cunning, always trying to have some one do wrong. Christian friends, I mean to be an overcomer, and go through, God helping me. I believe in my heart that the blessed appearing of our Lord and Master is near, even at the door; and I mean to be ready, for Jesus has died to save me, and he will wash my sins away, I believe. Only think, again, what is this world good for? We see the sin and folly of fashionable life, and we see the rich reward of the overcomer—the glory and splendor which adorns the city, the streets paved with gold, the gates of pearls. Only one sight of the Saviour, the angels, and all the glory would be worth more than all the trials we have here, or could have if we were Christians. And more, if we are not saved, look where we will go. Oh! the anguish we will suffer, the pain we shall have to endure in the unquenchable fire that comes from God out of Heaven. The wicked will see the reward of those who have kept the law of God, and see the reward of those who have been led by Satan. I believe we are living in the last days; and if we obtain a home on the earth made new, we must work, for the day of Judgment is near at hand. Let us watch and pray.

EMILY HOWE.

The Youth's Instructor.

Home.

WHAT an endearing word. Well might the poet say, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Children, were you ever separated from your kind friends at home—father, mother, brothers and sisters—for a short time. How you longed for home. How you counted the days to know when the time would come when you might see the dear ones at home again. How thankful we ought to be for these pleasant homes. Let us make the most of them, as time passes, in trying to be good and obedient, and in getting ready for that better home. Here we are in a sin-cursed earth, with death, our great enemy, ready to step in and take some loved one from the home circle. How oft we wish his scepter were broken, and the bright Star of morning would dawn.

Let me tell you: A kind Friend left his beautiful home, where he was rich; gave up all that he had; became poor, that many might become rich, and have good homes. This friend not only became poor, but he suffered and died, that we might live. Do you suppose this Friend forgot his home as he wandered about here without a place to lay his head? No; many times he used to call upon his Father at home to help him endure the trials he had to pass through. Many times he thought of the home he had left, as he was ministering to the sick, and doing acts of kindness and love.

He labored and tried to get men to go to his beautiful home. Hear him talking to his friends as he was about to leave them: "In my Father's house are many mansions." "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Will these homes be beautiful? Hear what Paul says in 1 Cor. 2: 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Will these homes stand? The city hath foundations. Its builder and maker is God. Its streets are of gold; its waters are the river of life; its fruit, the tree of life. That fruit which man was deprived of eating because of sin, will be sweet to the taste of the redeemed children of God.

Home, home, sweet home; will not this be sweet to the overcomers? Glorious home! I want to be there. I want you to be there. Dear children, you may be there, you can be there, if you will try. Try, oh, try, to overcome all your bad habits; try to be like Jesus, and when we have overcome and entered those pearly gates, we can sing:

"Safe at home, and safe forever."

WM. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Imitating the Copy.

THE day was bright and fair, and one of my little scholars had grown restless, and anxious to be excused. I set him a copy, and told him that as soon as he had written it, he might go home. He was unwilling to try, because he could not write as well as he wanted to, and said he could not do it. I told him if he did as well as he could, it would be right. I watched him, and many times he attempted to write, and then would rub it out because it was no better. He was so discouraged that he cried. I explained to him that he was not expected to write as well as the copy, but he must leave his work on

the slate and let me see it, that I might know that he had tried to do as I wished him to. When he did do this, it was quite acceptable.

Our Heavenly Father has given us a copy, and required us to imitate it. Jesus is our example. We cannot be equal to him in goodness, yet we can imitate him if we keep him before our minds, and strive to do so. Though we may detect faults in ourselves every day and hour, our kind Parent and Teacher would not have us be discouraged, and if we keep on striving to do the best we can, we shall meet his approbation.

C. M. SHEPARD.

HOPE.

The night is mother of the day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the skylark lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.

—J. G. Whittier.

If e'er in doing aught you dread
Disgrace if others know it,
Then, dear child, the only way
Is for you not to do it.

BLESS, and curse not.

Money Received.

Each 50 Cents. R J Drummond 21-5, Mary McCallum 2 copies 21-1, J Brezee 21-5, Ada E Lasher 20-9, D E Cash 21-6, Maria West 21-5, Effie King 21-9, Susan Baker 20-1, Leroy Depas 21-5, Augustus Enoch 21-5, T H Jeyes 21-5, E J Beardsley 21-5, Belle Stimpson 21-3, Joseph Merrill 21-5, Eugene C Decker 21-5, C Z June 20-1, Alfred Nettleingham 21-5, Frank E Jones 20-5, H B Howard 19-13, Mary A Carr 20-11, C W Olds 20-1, S A Cardell 21-6, M W Kerns 22-8, E G Sage 20-4, S Farrar 21-7, Mary Powers 21-1, L S McClure 21-1, M A Lyons 2 copies 21-1, A J Cross 21-5, P L Cross 21-5, D P Loughhead 21-6, S E Arnold 21-7, Octavia Jeffries 21-5, R W Page 21-5, Josie Cook 21-5, S B Whitney 20-8, Carrie Dalby 21-1, Wm Evans 21-5, J Brigham 21-1, George W Green 20-5, R J Foster 22-5, Helen Taber 21-5, Ida A Snow 21-5, Myron C Snow 21-5, Mrs J Mesrole 20-8, C H Kay 21-5, Sarah F Hobbs 21-5, A Lupton 21-5, John Coats 20-9, J L Howe 21-1, J L Lock 22-1, Willie Payne 21-5, L C Gammon 21-5, Isaac Zirkle 21-3, J Van Giesen 21-5, Lucinda Black 21-5, Nora Gorton 21-5, Sarah I Dennis 21-5, Carl A Stoddard 21-5, Rebecca Ake 21-5, Ida Schoonmaker 21-5, Alexander Suite 21-5, C R Cook 20-6, J V Bosworth 21-5, B G Allen 21-6, C H Tubbs 20-1, A J Denton 20-12, A L Hussey 20-11, L A Covey 21-5, Jessie Dorcas 21-5, Mary G Brown 21-5, M M Buckland 21-5, W E Barrows 21-5, A E Smith 21-5, Emma Cromer 21-5, Zenos Andrews 20-1, L J Campbell 22-2, J M Baker 21-1, L A Hoff 20-4, Anna M Paist 21-5, Warren Clark 21-5, F McClure 21-5, W H Snook 21-5, D Wilcox 21-5, Nettie Hodges 19-8, Amos Ambrun 21-1, A Kiefer 21-5, Wm E Houghtaling 21-6, F Armond 20-3, B Irvin 20-10, Thomas McKee 21-6, N J Kilgore 21-7, Charlie Kilgore 21-5, U C Kilgore 21-5, E H Adams 21-11, Z R Nicola 21-7, M E Edmonson 21-5, M J Mitchell 21-5, J Lackland 21-5, James Cramer 21-5, Alfred Vaughn 20-1, Hattie Martin 21-5, E Nettleingham 21-5, Mary J Moore 21-1, Emily Hebbins 21-5, Hansen Socks 21-5, Mrs. A R Brown 21-5, Emma Carpenter 20-9, G B Bardwell 21-5, Geo Smith 21-5, L W Vorhees 21-5, A E Hayward 21-5, Thadens Butcher 21-5, F D Alvord 21-5, A C Rider 21-5, F E Cottrell 20-1, E B Saunders 21-5, J P Rathbun 22-5, M A Briggs 20-3, D J Price 20-6, Martin Langdon 21-8, Joseph Stone 21-1, Carrie Mace 21-5, S Honeywell 21-5, Lucia Swan 20-3, Aseneth Treat 21-5, Roxy Boyers 21-5, F Boyers 21-5, F M Boyers 21-5, L Heatherby 21-5, Loney Abraham 21-5, Emma Brockaway 21-5, Peter Fleisher 21-5, C T Slown 21-5, Anna Russ 20-9, H Woodward 19-1, M J Reed 21-9, Richard Otis 20-1, Geo W Potter 21-6, Culver Spencer 20-1, Agnes Flory, M A Jameson, W H Moody, E Lander, Bell Call, Harry Hinkley, Susan Maycroft, Mary Lawson, all 21-5.

Each 38 Cents. Mary Affolter 21-1, Wm A McCallum 21-1, John E Stowell 21-1, I S Phippeny 21-1, Rusa Evans 21-1, Calvin Green 21-1, Willie Ocker 20-8, Carrie M Hare 21-1, Elmer Francisco 21-1, Burtie Francisco 21-1, A W Dean 21-1, Nora E Roberts 21-1, M B Garrett 21-1, V K Chandler 21-1, Ida J Kittle 21-1, Hattie Chipman 21-1, Wm P French 21-1, M Dunn 21-1, M Chamberlain 19-8, J H Boyd 21-1, W P Yount 21-1, Irena Gregory 21-1, L S Gregory 21-2, Wm N Lowe 21-1, S J Shanabout 21-1, Marietta Yeomans 21-1, Irena M Tripp 21-1, Mrs John Trounce 21-1, Oscar Dartt 22-7, C R Hight 21-1, Michael Schono 21-1, O H Pratt 21-1, Wm Kerr 21-1, E Place 21-1, Charlotte Hawes 21-1, P Kundert 21-1, W C Chamberlain 21-1, C M Noble 21-1, S F Bunker 21-1, E E Lyon 21-1, Jennie James 21-1, Freddie White 21-1, J J Atherly 21-1, Lydia Y Hellyer 21-1, A E Nelson 21-1, Milton Buck 21-1, Willie Shepherd 21-1, Lemon Hatch 21-1, Franklin Hatch 21-1, Lucetta Hatch 21-1, Della Galloway 21-1, Wright Barker 21-1, Alice McPherson 21-1, Hattie Golden 21-1, Mrs M Chapman 21-1, E H Kynett 21-1, B. F. Hicks 21-1, Sarah Maynard 21-1, George Maynard 21-1, Charlie Bailey 21-1, J F Bliss 20-4, Rosa M Hallock 21-1, James E Chase 21-1, Ellen R Towle 21-3, M J Hackett 21-1, Willie E Tyrol 21-1, L A Smith 21-1, C F Stephens 21-1, J Fuller 21-1, N E Roark 21-1, Luella Strickland 19-9, Harlow J Bates 21-1, Lorán A Palmer 21-1, Ella Duke 21-1, C Baldwin 21-1, C Davis 21-1, M A Cruzon 21-1, Leva Cruzon 21-1, C M Finch 21-1, A S Wilkinson 21-1, W H Dodge 21-1, Hannah Sawyer 21-1, W H Meyers 21-1, Geo F Gould 21-2, Jessie Cheesbroy 21-1, Carrie P Towle 21-1, Stillman Hammond 21-1, James Lander 21-1, F C Castle 22-1, Paris Simpson 21-3, E A Clark 21-1, W Miller 21-1, C Rasmussen 21-1, Rebekah King 21-4, Carrie Ferrin 21-1, Mary Stains 21-1, F B Miller, Jessie Maunt, C Ferguson, H Gatherer all 21-1, Clara Seibl 21-4, M Avery 20-7, E D Gleason 21-7, Nellie Parkhurst, E M Jones, H E Smith, B M Miner, David Alway, Jane Walker, Willie Herald, Alfred Eden, A P VanHorn, Eugene Merriam, Ella Dutton, D Olmstead all 21-1.

Each 25 Cents. Arthur Knox 21-1, Mary Fisher 21-1, Theresa Andrews 21-1, Fey Cutler 21-1, Lucy Kelly 21-1, Elma L Clark 21-1, Allie and Minnie Preston 21-1, S D A Tract Society

21-1, Carrie Austin 21-1, Eliza E Root 21-1, Mary Warren 21-1, James Rolls 21-1, H Davong 21-1, Mary Shively 21-1, Frank Decker 21-1, Willie Sweeny 21-1, Sarah Willis 21-1, Ella Willis 21-1, Stephen Wallace 21-1, M P Hare 21-1, Ruby C Canright 21-1, Clarence Eaton 21-1, Maggie Neal 21-1, Albert Lowery 21-1, Belle Abbot 21-1, C Christianson 21-1, Mary A King 21-1, Ella L Garn 21-1, F M Whitmore 21-1, Florence B Loundale 21-1, J J Shepley 19-21, Mary Whitney 21-1, Wallace Potter 21-1, Albert Rathbun 21-1, Clara Carr 21-1, Nancy Gilman 21-1, H F Heredeen 21-1, Nettie Colwell 21-1, Lula Galloway 21-1, Nannie Galloway 21-1, Amblar Ackerman 21-1, Orson E Morse 21-1, Alice Rose 21-1, S McDonald 21-1, Nancy Thompson 21-1, A J Haskins 21-1 E and S Wisel 21-1, Emma Hussey 21-1, I Laughery 21-1, P C Steward 21-1, C E Reynolds 21-1, Eugene Damon 21-1, Allie Ayers 21-1, Alma Root 21-1, Charlie Burdick 21-1, Charles Samson 21-1, Emma Burlingame 21-1, Emma B Saunders 21-1, Monroe Kaufman 21-1, Nellie Francis 21-1, Sarah E Hatch 21-1, R C Wiggins 21-1, Annie Eldred 21-10, Edgar P Hussey 21-1, Denton Parrott 21-1, Annetta Denham 21-1, Florence Alling 21-1, L A Howard 21-1, Rose M Tuttle 21-1, Lowe Clark 21-1, Lillie Stoddard 21-1, Eva Smalling 21-1, Mary Samson 21-1, Anna Gotham 21-1, Jonie Morrison 21-1, Mittie Ketchum 21-1, Myra Randall 21-1, Julia Green 21-1, C Remington 21-1, W B Woodruff 21-1, P Van Black 21-1, Cora Bucklin 21-1, Edith Landon 21-1, E D Wilch 21-1, R G Gillman 21-1, Earnest Curran 21-7, Charles Stebins 21-1, Ira P Chase 21-1, A H Hale 20-1, Almira Baxter 21-1, Ellen More 21-1, Willie Lee 21-1, C M Elliott 21-1, A J Crawford 21-1, S B Clark 21-1, Gladys Hartwell 21-1, Fredy Stafford 21-1, P C Harris 21-1, Wm Wiseginer 21-1, Sarah Difer 21-1, Mary Eck 21-1, J J Morris 21-1, Harrison George 21-1, Mary J Goss 20-1, E D Bearn 21-1, Alfred Paro 21-1, M J Ryan 21-1, Silas Labounty 21-1, Nettie Williams 21-1, Rush Potter 21-1, A Murdock 21-1, Hattie Cook 21-1, Abba Owens 21-6, Emma Welch 21-1, Flora J Tubbs 21-1, Nichols & Robbins 21-1, Harme Starks 21-1, Willis Potter 21-1, Ida R Gillhespy 21-1, Francis Whisler 21-1, Mary S Wolf 21-1, C Spotts 21-1, Wm Fisher 21-1, T T Hayward 21-1, H E Horr 21-1, O L Horr 21-1, Aquilla Thompson 18-1, C Passenger 21-1, Catie Mitchell 21-1, Ammarilla Spracklen 21-1, Mariab Spracklen 21-1, I J Kenner 21-1, Mary Rice 21-1, A J Scott 21-1, Ella H Davis 21-1, L Spencer 19-20, H C M Stephens 21-2, Mary Bracket 21-1, A J Taylor 21-1, Wm C Baker 21-1, Ina Squire 21-1, H W Jackson 21-1, Jennie Sweet 21-1, C Anderson 21-1, E Valentine 21-1, N Morehead 21-1, Mary Miller 21-1, John Lucas 21-1, Alice Johnson 21-1, Elsie Castle 21-1, G Snyder 21-1, Byron Eddy 21-1, Owen Dally 21-1, Abby K Yelt 21-1, Mrs A Parker 21-1, A W Sheapher 21-1, G K Clarke 21-1, Thomas Tate 21-1, Nettie Carthy 21-1, Ida Wycoff 21-1, E E Borgwell 21-1, C A Maycroft 21-1.

Miscellaneous. H Rosseau \$1.00 19-7, Emma F Hutchins 1.00 20-1, Viola M Carter 85c 20-1, L Hastings 40c 20-1, N J Rice 35c 21-1, Anton Korb 2.00 7copies 21-1, Mrs John Bennet 88c 21-1, H E Hopkins 1.25 20-1, F M Hinds 80c 20-1, E E Mitchell 40c 21-1, J F Sindinger 1.00 3 copies 21-1, Mariette Lamson 20c 20-1, Frank E Lindsay 30c 20-10, Cora Stiles 40c 21-1, Emma L Jackson 32c 20-1, Abigail Mills 1.00 21-1, S A Bourdeau 1.14 23-1, L A Hammond 1.40 20-1, E H Root 19c 21-1, A M Jones 1.26 21-1, J M Mosher 1.00 20-1, R W Rhodes 74c 21-1, Fostoria Musser 1.25 20-1, L D Smith 40c 21-1, Ida M Hopkins 76c 22-1, William Morton 8.00 12 copies 21-1, Lydia Foster 72c 20-1, Solon M Andrews 40c 21-1, Samuel Haskell 1.00 22-10, A L Burroughs 1.00 20-1, Alice Bisbee 1.85 21-1, Josephine Hodges 35c 20-4, Earnest J Smith 61c 21-1, D C Brunson 1.26 21-1, B S Mellinger 62c 21-1, W G Watson 15c 20-2, M L Edwards 1.00 20-1 D Sevy 40c 21-1, J H Lonsdale 1.00 21-7, Chas. Adams 40c 21-1, A E Whittaker 1.00 20-5, Abby Sage 1.00 20-1, J D Morton 1.00 21-5, A Prentice 1.25 21-5, W H Stanton 1.50 20-1, S Rumery 1.50 21-1, L A Gurney 40c 21-1, B L Whitney 72c 21-1, M Tener 20c 19-23, C M Goodale 1.00 21-7, Geo T Lay 75c 22-1, James A Leighton 40c 21-1, Emily Arnold 49c 21-1, James Thurston 49c 21-1, John Weller 49c, 21-1, L Drain 33c 21-1, V Drane 32c 21-1, Spencer N Curtis 40c 21-1, W Bard 40c 21-1, Wm Phinesey 66c (2) 21-1, James Converse 34c 21-1, O A Wilbur 40c 21-1, John Freeman 80c 21-1, S C Conrey 40c 21-1, Anna Hodges 40c 21-1, Hiram Hunter 1.00 22-9, B W Pauley 2.00 20-1, Joseph Leach 2.00 22-5, Jayson Austin 75c 21-2, Angie Adams 40c 21-1, H E Carver 1.00 20-1, W S Walser 1.00 21-6, D E Stewart 1.00 21-11, Mary Morton 1.25 21-3, John Buttolph 42c 21-2, Jerusha Cole 1.00 20-1, A Shaupp 1.00 22-9, A Green 1.75 (6) 21-1, R Taber 1.00 21-5, Elvira A Coomer 37c 21-1, Ada Dinsmore 37c 21-1, T W Ewing 40c 21-1, M L Morgan 1.24 20-1, G S Morgan 1.24 20-1, F Freeman 1.65 20-5, S Reरिक 24c 20-9, Geo Koon 40c 21-1, A J Stifer 40c 21-1, D A Harford 40c 21-1, W E A Walter 1.00 19-2, J F Bartholomew 40c 21-1, E Woodhouse 1.00 21-5, J I Snow 35c 21-1, Mary Bracket 40c 21-1, W L Bucham 40c 21-1, S F Russell 40c 21-1, R S Geer 1.00 3 copies 21-1, T S Harris 1.00 21-11, A W Clark 40c 21-1, C More 1.00 20-8, H Allbrouse 1.50 20-1 H L Gaskill 1.00 21-4, J Sutherland 1.00 (3) copies 21-1, W A Towle 18c (3) copies 20-1, Mrs James Gould 19c 20-11, Alice Palmer 19c 20-11, Edward Mead 19c 20-11, W W Putnam 4.00 (16) 21-1, A Spencer 30c 21-1, Rebecca Glunt 40c 21-1, R E Clark 40c 21-1, Mary M Johnson 40c 21-1, Hiram Ward 40c 21-1, Ida W Ballinger 1.00 22-1, Eliza A Pierce 40c 21-1, S O James 36c 20-1, Cora Clark 26c 20-1, L D Eddy 85c 20-1, Wm Smith 40c 21-1, E Baker 1.00 19-19, James Adams 1.00 21-6, Flora Stull 1.25 20-2, E C Champlin 1.25 20-2, R E Kent 29c 21-1, A L Johnson 40c 21-2, L E Higley 28c 21-1, M B Obrist 1.00 20-1, I D Cramer 40c 21-1, Lizzie Ferry 1.00 21-1, M H Mott 85c 22-6, H H Dayton 40c 21-1, T B Gourley 3.00 21-5, John Judson 12 copies 5.60 22-1, A J Kellogg 2.00 20-1.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association.

TERMS - VANCE.

Single copy,.....38 cents.
Three copies to one address,.....\$ 1.00
Seven copies to one address,..... 2.00
Twelve copies to one address,..... 3.00
Twenty-five copies to one address,..... 6.00
Single copy, ordered for friends,.....25 cents.
Single copy, furnished by Tract Societies,.....25 cents.
No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Address, REVIEW & HERALD, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.