

The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 20.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH, 1872.

NUMBER 3.

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

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago,

When grandmother's hair was golden-brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that was scarcely sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and care-worn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eye
Has never gone away.

And her needles catch the fire's bright light
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's loves,
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night;
Only a sermon, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen gray:

"But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces without a break,
That in youth are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped,
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
Which we court, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children came to say good-night,
With tears in their bright, young eyes;
While in grandma's lap, with a broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

—Sel.

Voices of Grace.

It is marvelous and beautiful to observe how various are the voices of free grace. "I am thirsty," says one. "Come ye to the waters," she cries.

"I am hungry," says another. "Then eat ye that which is good," she says, "and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

"But I am poor, and have nothing to buy with." "Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

"We are weary," sigh the laborers in the sun-beaten fields. "Come unto me," breathes her answer, like a breeze from the waters, "and I will give you rest."

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee," she whispers to the pilgrim ready to faint on the highway.

"Behold the fountain!" she cried to the guilty, "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—*The Myrtle.*

The Sisters.

A MOTHER called her two little girls to her room one pleasant morning, and said, "I'm sorry, but one of you will have to stay at home to-day, my dears, for Jane's father is sick, and I promised her that she should go to see him; and I cannot take the care of Eddie all day."

Of course she could not. You had only to look into her pale face, and on her thin, weak body, to know that.

As her two little girls, Fanny and Alice, were standing before her when she said this, she saw their countenances fall. "I wish it were not so," the mother added feebly; "but I would be in bed, sick, before the day was half over, if I were left alone with Eddie. Some one has to look after him all the time."

Fanny pouted and scowled, I am sorry to say, and Alice looked sober and disappointed. They went from their mother's room without speaking. When so far away that she thought her voice could not be heard by her mother, Fanny said, in a sharp, resolute tone, from which all kind feeling had died out:

"I'm not going to stay at home, Miss Alice! You can make up your mind to that."

Alice did not reply, but she sat down quietly. Her disappointment was keen, for some little girls in the neighborhood had made up a small pic-nic party and were going to have a pleasant day in the woods.

"It will be as mother says," she spoke out, after thinking for a while.

"I'm the oldest, and have the best right to go," answered Fanny, selfishly. "And what's more, I'm going;" and she commenced putting on her things.

A few tears crept into the eyes of Alice. It would fall upon her to stay at home. Fanny was selfish and strong-willed, and unless positively ordered by her mother to remain at home and let her sister go, would grasp as her own the pleasure to which Alice had an equal right with herself. If the decision were referred to her mother, a contention would spring up, and then Fanny would speak and act in a way to cause her distress of mind.

"If mother should make Fanny stay at home," Alice said, in her thoughts, "she would pout, and fling, and act so ugly that there'd be no comfort with her; and mother is n't strong enough to bear it."

The tender love that Alice held in her heart for both her mother and dear little two-year-old brother Eddie, was all-pervading, and soon turned her thoughts away from the pic-nic and its promised delights, to the pleasures and loving duties of home.

"I'm going to stay," she said, coming back into her mother's room with a bright face and cheerful voice.

"Are you, dear?" It was all she said, but in her tone and looks there was a precious heart reward for Alice.

"He has been so sweet all day!" said

Alice, coming in where her mother sat by a window with the cool airs of the late afternoon fanning her wasted cheeks. She had a weary look.

"And you have been sweet, too, my darling!" answered her mother, in a very tender voice, as she laid her hand on Alice's head. "I don't know what I should have done without you. It has been one of my weak days. But you look tired, dear," she added. "Sit down in that easy chair and rest yourself. Come, Eddie."

And she held out her hands for the child, but he clambered into Alice's lap, and laid his cunning little head against her bosom. Both were tired—loving sister and pet brother. It seemed hardly a minute before they were asleep; and as the mother, with her eyes that were fast growing dim, looked at the tranquil faces and quiet forms, she thanked God for such a precious gift.

Bang! went the door, starting the mother from peaceful thoughts, and arousing Alice from the light slumber into which she had fallen. In came Fanny, all in disorder, and threw herself into a chair, looking the picture of unhappiness.

"Have you had a pleasant time?" asked the mother, speaking with a kind interest in her voice.

"I've had a horrid time!" answered Fanny, flinging out the words angrily. "I never saw such a mean set of girls in my life. They would n't do anything I wanted to do, nor go anywhere I wanted to go."

"That was bad," said the mother. "And I suppose you would n't do anything they wanted to do, nor go anywhere they wanted to go?"

Fanny did not reply.

"How was it, my child?" urged the mother.

"Had n't I as much right to have my way about things as any of them?" demanded Fanny. "There was that Kate Lewis—I can't bear her. If she said, 'Let us do this, or let us do that,' every one agreed in a minute."

"You with the rest?" said the mother.

"Indeed, I did not!" replied Fanny, impatiently. "That Kate Lewis can't lead me about by the nose, as she does other girls. I have a mind of my own."

"Perhaps," answered the mother, seriously, "you would have come nearer to the truth, my child, if you had said a self-will of your own. I find, from your account of things, that you wanted everything your own way, and because the rest would not give up to you, you made yourself disagreeable and unhappy, and so lost all the pleasure of the day. I'm afraid you were not in just the best state of mind for enjoyment when you left home this morning."

This was too much for Fanny, already feeling so miserable; she broke out into a fit of sobbing and crying.

In what different conditions of mind were the two girls at the close of this day! Alice, awakened from a brief, but refreshing, sleep by the entrance of Fanny, sat, with

tranquil heart and peaceful face, looking at her unhappy sister, who had selfishly claimed the day for pleasure, not caring how wearily it might pass for her, and pitied her miserable condition, while Fanny cried from very shame and wretchedness.

Dear little readers, need I ask any of you, even the youngest, what made all this difference? You have come to know, through some painful as well as pleasant experiences, that happiness waits not on any selfish demand, but creeps lovingly into every heart, which, forgetful of its own ease, or comfort, or pleasure, seeks the comfort and blessing of others.

Do not forget this, dear children. Keep it always in mind, and it will not only save you many unhappy hours, but put warm floods of sunshine and joy into your hearts. —*Children's Hour.*

DESIRES OF THE HEART.

I WANT a home in the city above;
A home from sin set free;
For I know that Jesus shed his blood,
To purchase that home for me.

I want to be purged from my evil ways,
And walk in the narrow way;
I want to know the will of God,
And cheerfully obey.

I want to be faithful here below,
In the work my Saviour has given,
And, by my words, and actions, show
To others the way to Heaven.

I want my affections centered above;
On things that are pure and divine;
I want to taste a Saviour's love,
And that shall quicken mine.

LOUANDA PRESLER.

Unsaid Words.

MARY loved her brother William. They lived happily together. One morning William told a little story which he had heard.

"You are mistaken," interrupted Mary; "it is not so."

"Yes, it is, I am sure," said William.

"No," said Mary, "this is the way the story was told; I heard every word of it." She then gave an account very different from that of her brother. William smiled, but did not reply.

"You are laughing at me, you naughty boy," said Mary in an angry tone; "don't you believe that I speak the truth?"

"Yes, sister," said William, gently; "there is some mistake—perhaps I may be in fault."

"I knew you were," said Mary, "and that you would have to own it at last."

She had scarcely said the words before she was sorry. She wished to ask William to forgive her, but she was too proud to do so. She hurried out of the room, and slammed the door after her.

A little voice kept whispering, "Go back and ask William to forgive you; you spoke unkindly to him." "No, no; he need not have provoked me." "You are to blame, Mary," still whispered the little voice. "William is good; he will get over it, and will think none the worse of me." And with this selfish idea, Mary hushed the good voice which had been urging her to do right. But she was not happy. She hastened home, and went to her brother.

"Will you forgive me, William? I am very sorry I spoke so unkindly."

"To be sure," said he; "it is just the same as if the words had never been spoken."

"No, my dear children," said their mother, "you are mistaken. The wrong has been repented of and forgiven; *but the words have been spoken, and can never be unsaid.* The Bible says that for every idle word we shall give an account. What will be our record if we indulge in angry and sinful ones? Let us speak, then, only words of love and kindness, and these we shall never wish unsaid." —*Child's Paper.*

What to Read, and How.

A YOUNG man found that he could read with interest, nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard one say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply; "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who had said that his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read the wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he had ever derived from reading poor ones.

Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent and promising young man.

Some, who do not read flashy and worthless books, and who read good books, read them hastily, and with very little attention. They seem to desire to be able to say that they have read certain books.

It does one very little good to say that he has read a book. A gentleman once asked a young reader of this class if he had read a certain book.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What do you know about it?" asked the gentleman.

"I know—I know that I have read it."

He spoke the truth. He had read the book; and he knew that he had read it, and that was all that he knew about it.

Of course he derived no benefit from reading that book. Perhaps the reading of it kept him out of some mischief; but, on the other hand, it tended to form a bad habit of reading.

No book does any one any good unless it is understood. Unless you get some definite ideas from a book, there is no use in reading it. —*Youth's Visitor.*

TEMPTATION can have no power over the heart while it thinks of the bleeding Saviour.

A Beautiful Incident.

ON a beautiful summer's day a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana, to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse he addressed his young hearers in such words as these:

"Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to, eternity. The present is linked to the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit; as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man; and as the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next; Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God in the next, and Enoch walking with God here, is Enoch walking with God in the calm and better world. I beseech you, live, then, for a blessed eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon, and learn a lesson of wisdom. The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state; and, more wisely than man, builds its own sepulcher, from whence, in time, by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature in almost an angelic form. And now that which crawled, flies, and that which fed on comparatively gross food, sips the dew that revels in the rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, if it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue, it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that you are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight, 'Live for the future.' —*Sel.*

A Cure for Anger.

TWO LITTLE sisters, one seven and the other five years old, were playing together, when a little difference arose between them. Lucy, the elder, feeling that anger was rising, said: "I am getting angry; I might better go out of the room for a few minutes." She went out, and soon returned with all the angry feelings gone. How she spent the few minutes, I think most of our little readers will know. Lucy had not read her Bible in vain; she knew the meaning of those sweet and encouraging words:

"Ask, and it shall be given;" and many times she had proved them to be true when fighting against her naturally hasty temper. How many sad scenes would be avoided if all children would follow the example of little Lucy!

If any one offend you, before answering, try to call to mind this golden sentence: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger;" and if you attend to it, you will save yourself hours of regret and repentance. —*Sel.*

Selfishness.

A DOG and a cat were once sitting by a kitchen door, when the cook came out and threw several pieces of meat to them. They both sprang to get it; but the dog was the stronger, and so he drove the cat away, and devoured all the meat himself.

This was selfishness; by which I mean that the dog cared only for himself. The cat wanted the meat as much as he did; but he was the stronger, so he took it all.

But was this wrong? No; because the dog knew no better. The dog has no idea of that beautiful golden rule of conduct,

which requires us to do to others as we would have them do to us. But children have a different nature, and a different rule of conduct. Instead of being selfish, like the dog, they are commanded to be just and charitable.

Selfishness is only caring for one's self. It is a very bad thing, and every one should avoid it. A selfish person is never truly good, or truly happy. How miserable should we all be if every person were to care only for himself!—*Sel.*

THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND.

Now that my journeying's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come before I further run,
And give myself to God.

What sorrows may my steps attend,
I never can foretell,
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

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

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

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

How a "Little Maid" Became a Missionary.

AMONG the people of God, many years ago, there dwelt a family in which there was a girl who loved the Lord. She was interested to hear about God, and how, in answer to prayer, he would heal the sick, and work for his people. All such information she treasured up. In process of time, there was war, and many of the people of God were taken captive, and became servants to the king. This girl was among the number, and was placed in the family of a captain that did not worship the true God, but at certain times went to a place called Rimmon, where he bowed before an idol, and worshiped, thus violating the second commandment. The little maid did not give up her religion, nor cease to speak of God and his people in the midst of these idolatrous worshippers.

This captain was a leper. The leprosy was a loathsome disease, and the Jews considered a person left of God when afflicted with it. One day, the maid said to her mistress: "Would God my lord were with the prophet in Samaria; for he would recover him of his leprosy." This saying was told the captain, whereupon he took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment, with a letter from the heathen king to the king of Israel; not knowing the difference between a prophet and king, or at least not thinking but a people whose God was the Lord, and in whose midst was a prophet, that by the blessing of God would heal the sick, the king, as a matter of course, would be a believer.

This move came near causing war again between the two kings; but finally he found his way to the prophet, and was not only healed, but became a believer in the God of the Bible. Thus this captive maid in a heathen family became a missionary, and was an instrument in the hands of God of bringing one, at least, to embrace the true religion. The history of this little maid may be found in 1 Kings 5.

How many are there in the INSTRUCTOR family who would like to become missionaries? You can become such if you will.

It is not necessary that you go to a heathen land, nor be taken captive, as was this little maid. But when among those who are not believers in the Sabbath and other truths of the Bible, you can speak of the goodness of God, and how loving the Saviour is, and willing to bless all that come unto him. Perhaps, after getting some of your associates interested in this manner, you can get them to subscribe for the INSTRUCTOR, and thus be the means of helping them to be Christians. Who will try, and report your success to the editress of your paper?

S. N. HASKELL.

The Moon and the Dewdrop.

A LITTLE Dewdrop lay glistening on the leaf of a wood violet, which bloomed unnoted and alone, under the drooping branches of a willow by the roadside. And though the beautiful moon was shining brightly, and smiled lovingly upon her, still little Dewdrop was unhappy and discontented.

"Why am I so small and insignificant an object? I, who so long to do good and to be of some use in the world. Why am I hidden away where I am of no use to any one? I shall fall to the earth and perish, and none will be the wiser or the better for my having been in the world."

But the moon called to her: "Little Dewdrop, why so sorrowful? Do you not know that even the smallest may be of use? Do you know that none are sent into this world except for some wise and good purpose?"

But dewdrop was sad, and hid herself in a large purple violet. "I am too small, I never was made to be of use, or I would never have been left here, where none will ever see me."

And the moon, sad and sorrowful for the little dewdrop, passed on and hid herself, and the sun rose in all his beauty and strength, and as his hot beams fell upon the earth, the little dewdrop saw that all the birds of the field flew to the cool spring near by to slake their thirst. The cattle flocked there, and even man stopped to drink of its cool waters, and passed on. And the poor little drop sighed and said, "All, all turn to the beautiful spring, and are satisfied, but none heed so small an object as I."

But at last one drew near, sad and careworn, and as others had done before, turned his steps toward the spring, but retracing them, he threw himself under the tree, and buried his face in his hands.

"What use, what use to strive longer to eke out this miserable life? As well give up at once and die, when all turn against me."

But the little violet lifted her sweet face, and sent forth so delicious a fragrance that the man gazing upon them, forgot for the time his sorrows; and as happier thoughts filled his bosom, he sent up a prayer of thankfulness to the Maker of flowers, and then stooping, kissed the delicate blossoms, and thanked them for the sweet peace they had brought to his sore, wounded heart. But the violet said:

"Nay, but thank thou this beautiful drop of dew, who all through the heat of the day has kept my roots cool and moist, else I should not now be blooming here for your happiness."

Then the little dewdrop, sore abashed at her own ingratitude and discontent, said: "Not I, but the good God who placed me

here, is to be praised, for at last I see that it was for a good purpose."

And the weary traveler went on his way, refreshed in soul as well as in body; and that night the moon smiled down upon the little dewdrop, now happy and thankful, for had she not learned the sweetest, though often the hardest, of life's lessons—to be content, and do God's will, wherever or however situated? Only let us wait his own good time, doing the work that is before us with patience and submission, and surely he will reward us.—*The Standard.*

A Troublesome Visitor.

WHEN a person is about to enter upon any great and important undertaking, he prepares his mind for it. Then, when looking at the greatness of the work face to face, he is apt to be tried with doubts about his fitness, or tempted to give it up altogether. When Moses was to become a law-giver to the children of Israel, he went to Mount Sinai and spent forty days preparing for it. So, before the Son of God entered upon his public labors to save the world, he spent forty days in the wilderness in fasting and prayer. While he was there alone, the devil, that great enemy, found him out. He knew that Jesus was the Son of God, and that he had come to repair the ruin which Satan had wrought; and he determined to ruin him.

So the devil went to Jesus while in the wilderness, hungry and alone, and tried to make him doubt the fatherly love of God. I suppose he pretended to sympathize with him when he asked him to turn the stones into bread. But Jesus told him that man is not to live by bread alone, and did not yield to this temptation. You see by this how Satan likes to take advantage of our circumstances. If poor, he will tempt us to complain of God. But remember that the Son of God was tempted in like manner that he might feel for us. He knows what temptation is; but he resisted it every time, and will impart to us strength and grace to do the same if we ask him to. "Ask, and ye shall receive."

Disappointed in this, the devil then took him to the pinnacle of a temple, then told him if he was really the Son of God he could cast himself down and God would care for him that he did not get hurt. But Jesus did not gratify the desire of Satan in this, but said, firmly, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." This is the way temptation should be met. If we rush recklessly into danger, we have no assurance that God will befriend us, or work miracles to save us from the consequences of our rashness.

Satan next led him to the top of a high mountain, and showed him the beautiful land—cities, villages, lakes, rivers, fruitful fields, and lovely landscapes—and said Jesus should have them all, if he would but fall down and worship him. This was a great offer—a strong temptation—but did Jesus yield? No. He said, "Get thee behind me, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." What a glorious answer! It drove Satan from him, and the good angels came and ministered unto him.

Christ came to earth on purpose to become acquainted with our griefs and sorrows. He leaves on record the account of his own temptations, thereby to invite our confidence, and encourage us to tell him all our trials and sorrows, that we may share his sympathizing love. How precious to have such a Friend, who understands us just as we are, and is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—*Golden Threads.*

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH, 1872.

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

In Memoriam.

DEATH has entered our Office of Publication, and snatched from us one of the most valuable and efficient laborers. Our dear sister Mina Fairfield, whose name has stood during the year past at the head of our editorial columns, as assistant editor of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, is now numbered with the dead. For particulars in regard to her sickness and decease, see *Review* No. 11. We can here give no better words in memoriam than are found in an essay entitled *Passing Away*, written by herself, and read before the Society of Bible-readers, of Battle Creek, at the close of the year 1868.

And now dear Mina has passed away. She was fully prepared for a part in the first resurrection. For four years last past, we have worked side by side. We feel prepared to say that one more faithful in the discharge of duty—more zealous in the work of the Lord—cannot be found. We miss her. We have met with a loss, but it is her gain.

The article in Vol. 19, No. 19 of INSTRUCTOR, headed, *What the Seasons Teach Us*, was the beginning of a series which she contemplated writing. But they are left unfinished. Dear reader, this article, "*Passing Away*," is the last you will ever read from her pen. Read it carefully and prayerfully. Treasure its sentiments in your heart. Make your life useful as was hers, that you may at last have a place with her, and all the redeemed host on "Zion's beautiful hill."

"PASSING AWAY."

Go to the babbling brooklet, and let the burden of its song sink deep into your heart. As it ripples along toward the mighty ocean, it seems ever to be murmuring, "I am passing—swiftly passing away." Turn to the lofty oak, and learn well the lesson it teaches. Look at its faded leaves, and the many dead and leafless branches upon it; does not the sight send the thrill of pain and sadness to your heart? Ah! we find written there, in characters too plain to be mistaken, those words so fraught with sorrow, "passing away." Can naught be found which fadeth not? We pause before this rose-tree just blossoming into beauty. Surely, a thing so beautiful must be lasting. With eagerness we examine it. Alas! it withers. Not a leaf is perfect.

Thus we may view all things in nature. We find "passing away" indelibly written

on each leaf and flower; we hear it breathed in the sighing and moaning of the wind, and sung by the pattering raindrops; while the laughing, dancing waters of the brook, as well as the grand rushing of Niagara, weaves it into a merry song, unconscious that thousands of hearts are heavy and sad from realizing its meaning.

Oh! would you know the full import of those simple words, "passing away," go to the silent churchyard. Stand alone in that solemn place, and there reflect upon them. We know it is but the imagination of our own hearts, but still it seems so real that we can with difficulty make ourselves believe that a low murmur does not arise from the silent sleepers there, "We have passed away; you may soon follow us." Yes, "man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Well has the prophet expressed it in words like this: "The earth mourneth and fadeth away; the world languisheth and fadeth away; the haughty people of the earth do languish."

Weary of beholding things that wither at the touch, we again inquire, Is there nothing which escapes? Is there naught that endureth? Yes, every kind word, every good thought and act, is registered in Heaven beyond the reach of the destroyer. A faithful record is kept of all our deeds, both good and evil; and these things pass not away. These things we must meet in judgment. How necessary, then, to have a record which will continually speak in our favor, that when called to render an account, we may stand acquitted before the Judge of all the earth.

The year 1868 is also swiftly passing by.

"Yes; the year is growing old,
And his eye is dim and bleared."

The events of this year will soon be numbered with the things that were; yet a book of remembrance has been faithfully kept, and we will be justified or condemned according as our deeds have been good or evil. Let us seek to have our lives such during the coming year, that we may have secured to us the "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

"Passing away." How plaintively is the sad story of man's fall and its effects breathed out in these simple words. All things around us fade and wither away because the curse is here. Beautiful and glorious will the new earth be. There shall be no more curse, neither the effects of it; for the things that now are will have forever passed away. The faithful people of God will then receive eternal life in a land where nothing shall fade, and where the words passing away shall forever be blotted from remembrance, while all nature shall bear a new inscription and sing a happier song; for all shall be fadeless, and never pass away

SHORT LECTURES,

TO YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN.

Number One.

BY ELD. JAMES WHITE.

IN giving a course of very brief lectures to the youth we shall enter into their everyday life, and shall point out errors to which they are exposed, and shall give them the instruction they need.

One of the earliest errors into which many youth run is that of being in too great haste to become men and women. They get ahead of their years. They put on airs to give a ripe appearance when in reality they are green boys and girls. This makes them appear in the eyes of all sensible people extremely green. Such are in danger of feeling that they are older than their mother, and know much more than their father.

This fast feeling sometimes gets hold of quite small children. We knew a little boy who once asked his mother how old he was. His mother answered, "You are four years old." The little fellow, inspired by the fast feeling, then stated to his mother, "Yes, I am four years old, most five, and shall be six before the summer is out."

In small children this fast feeling appears sometimes rather amusing and cunning. But in lads and misses from twelve to sixteen years of age it is really disgusting and painful. By this time they should have learned to "put away," as Paul says, "childish things." When youth reach the age of twelve to sixteen, they should know that the riper judgment of their parents is far preferable to theirs. By this time they should understand that "childhood and youth are vanity."

This fast feeling often leads lads and misses to appear what they are not. They will sometimes put on a spirit of bluster, and appear as if doing a large business. It is this that leads the lad of eight, or ten, or twelve, to put his pencil, with a good deal of business dignity, in his hair over his ear, in imitation of business men. It is this, mingled with pride, that leads the young miss to take her muff as she goes out in a delightful spring morning.

Now in the place of things of this kind, we recommend a thoughtful, modest, yet natural, simplicity of manners, which always give to youth the real and true beauty and loveliness of their age. Every youth should guard against efforts to be what they really are not. They may reach forward for qualifications of true manhood and true womanhood. But they should guard against leaping over youth, and affecting to be men and women, when they are really only children.

This spirit indulged in youth, will cling to some in riper years, and, in those whose senses have been blunted by such follies in youth, it may appear to poor advantage in middle age. To illustrate: A certain keeper of a tavern in our native town asked a book peddler, who stopped at his house for the night, to let him see his books. With the airs of a man of letters, the landlord handled the books, and, taking up an algebra, asked what it was. And being told what it was, replied, "Oh! yes; when I was at Maramashee I saw a man who could talk algebra, and before I left I could say some easy words." This man learned in his

youth to affect what he was not, and the spirit of this disgusting folly followed him up to manhood, and makes him appear to those who know that algebra is not a language, but a branch of mathematics, the biggest kind of a simpleton.

Life of Christ.—No. 1.

BY ELLEN G. WHITE.

THE first thirty years of the life of Christ were passed in the obscure village of Nazareth. The inhabitants of this village were proverbial for their wickedness, hence the inquiry of Nathaniel: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The evangelists say but very little in regard to the early life of Christ. With the exception of a brief account of his accompanying his parents to Jerusalem, we have the simple statement only, "And the child grew, waxed strong in spirit, was filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him."

Christ is our example in all things. In the providence of God, his early life was passed in Nazareth, where the inhabitants were of that character that he was continually exposed to temptations, and it was necessary for him to be guarded in order to remain pure and spotless amid so much sin and wickedness. Christ did not select this place himself. His Heavenly Father chose this place for him, where his character would be tested and tried in a variety of ways. The early life of Christ was subjected to severe trials, hardships, and conflicts, that he might develop the perfect character which makes him a perfect example for children, youth, and manhood.

Children and youth are frequently situated where their surroundings are not favorable to a Christian life, and they quite readily yield to temptations, and plead as an excuse for pursuing a course of sin, that their surroundings are unfavorable. Christ chose retirement, and through a life of industry, keeping his hands employed, he did not invite temptation, but kept aloof from the society of those whose influence was corrupting. Christ placed his feet in the most uneven path that children and youth will ever be called to travel. He did not have allotted to him a life of affluence and indolence. His parents were poor, and dependent upon their daily toil for sustenance; therefore the life of Christ was one of poverty, self-denial, and privation. He shared with his parents their life of diligent industry.

None will ever be called to perfect Christian character under more unfavorable circumstances than that of our Saviour. The fact that Christ lived thirty years in Nazareth, from which many thought it a wonder if any good thing could come, is a rebuke to the youth who consider that their religious character must conform to circumstances. If the surroundings of youth are unpleasant and positively bad, many make this an excuse for not perfecting Christian character. The example of Christ would rebuke the idea that his followers are dependent upon place, fortune, or prosperity, in order to live blameless lives. Christ would teach them that their faithfulness would make any place, or position, where the providence of God called them, honorable, however humble.

The life of Christ was designed to show

that purity, stability, and firmness of principle are not dependent upon a life freed from hardships, poverty, and adversity. The trials and privations of which so many youth complain, Christ endured without murmuring. And this discipline is the very experience the youth need, which will give firmness to their character, and make them like Christ, strong in spirit to resist temptation. They will not, if they separate from the influence of those who would lead them astray and corrupt their morals, be overcome by the devices of Satan. Through daily prayer to God, they will have wisdom and grace from him to bear the conflicts and stern realities of life, and come off victorious. Fidelity, and serenity of mind, can only be retained by watchfulness and prayer. Christ's life was an example of persevering energy, which was not allowed to become weakened by reproach, ridicule, privation or hardships.

Thus should it be with the youth. If trials increase upon them, they may know that God is testing and proving their fidelity. And in just that degree that they maintain their integrity of character under discouragements, will their fortitude, stability, and power of endurance increase, and they wax strong in spirit.

The Beautiful.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I think we should cultivate a taste for the beautiful, especially the beautiful in nature. I would not despise art, for it is often pretty, sometime beautiful. But it is in nature we find the original, the living, the truly beautiful. Art can be only an imitator.

It is of flowers I wish to speak now, although there are many very beautiful things in nature, towering up to heaven in sublimity and grandeur. All can and should cultivate flowers. Flowers are always good, always smiling, always appropriate. In scenes of festivity they are a living charm and joy; in places of sadness they add a heavenly solemnity. They smile with those that smile, and weep with those that weep. Flowers may always be given as a token of love and friendship. They are never out of place; they are used on the "bridal day, the festival, the tomb."

I love everybody that loves flowers. Give me a bouquet of roses, geraniums, and verbenas, and in my happiness I will not forget the giver. Flowers are the poetry of plants; the sunshine of vegetation; the footprints of angels. God makes the plants grow, blossom, and smile on us; and shall we not thank him for them? Flowers speak to me of innocence, purity, Heaven, and God. That home must be dreary, and that heart cheerless, that has no "pet" flowers. Children, make your flower beds. It is healthy for the body and mind to work among flowers; besides, it softens the heart; it makes one better. When Eden shall be restored, it will be a flowery land. "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Isa. 35: 1. Give your pastor flowers, if you want to make him feel that you love him.—*World's Crisis*.

Temptation.

"I WANT the spirit that will look temptation in the face, and say, 'Begone,'" said a boy to his sister.

"And one thing more; you want Bible spectacles to know temptation when he comes," answered his sister, "for he does not always show 'his colors.'"

How Hardly Shall They That Have Riches Enter into the Kingdom of God.

OUR Saviour spoke these words to his disciples after conversing with the young man who came to him inquiring what good thing he should do that he might inherit eternal life. Jesus, in answer to his question, told him that he lacked in one point, and that if he would be perfect, he must go and sell that which he had, and give to the poor; and by so doing, he should lay up a treasure in Heaven. This made the young man sorrowful; for he was rich, and had great possessions.

Our Saviour, knowing how hard it was for them that trust in riches to give up their possessions, and be resigned to the will of God, said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." He also added, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Although our Saviour seems to doubt whether it is possible for a rich man to enter into the kingdom, yet he does not say that it is impossible; for in reply to their questioning among themselves, "Who, then, can be saved?" he answers, "With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible." The danger is not so much in riches themselves as in trusting in them; for says Jesus in the same connection, "How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God." They who have riches are in danger of putting their trust in them. They do not remember that God is the giver, and that they are to render an account to him at the last day.

Let us not be as the rich man who tore down his barns and built greater, and said to his soul, "Eat, drink, and be merry," lest it be with us as it was with him; for God said unto him, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." We know not how long our lives may be spared. We might better be poor, so far as this world is concerned, if we can only be rich toward God, rich in faith, rich in good works. Paul says to Timothy, "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches; but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they may be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

We infer from this charge in Paul's letter to Timothy that there is danger of the rich becoming high-minded, and trusting in uncertain riches.

Let us, dear friends, heed this gracious charge, and lay up a good foundation against the time to come, that we may then lay hold on eternal life. Let us not covet rich possessions. We cannot afford to set our affections on this world; for what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul.

Our conclusion from the Bible is, that riches are very uncertain and dangerous. It is the most earnest prayer of the writer that we trust not in uncertain riches, but lay up for ourselves treasures in Heaven.

HOMER ALDRICH.

Battle Creek.

WORK AWAY.

Work away!
 For the Master's eye is on us,
 Never off us, still upon us,
 Night and day!
 Work away!
 Keep the busy fingers plying;
 Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
 See that never thread lies wrong;
 Let not clash or clatter round us,
 Sound of whirling wheels, confound us;
 Steady hand! let woof be strong
 And firm that has to last so long!
 Work away!
 Bring your axes, woodmen true;
 Smite the forest till the blue
 Of heaven's sunny eye looks through
 Every wide and tangled glade;
 Jungle, swamp, and thicket shade,
 Give to day!
 O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
 Pioneers! Upon the ridges
 Widen, smooth the rocky stair—
 They that follow far behind,
 Coming after us, will find
 Surer, easier footing there;
 Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
 From the dawn to dusk of day,
 Work away!
 Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
 Ye that see the promised land,
 Harken us! for ye can speak
 Of the country ye have scanned
 Far away!
 Work away!
 For the Father's eye is on us,
 Never off us, still upon us,
 Night and day!
 Work and pray!
 Pray! and work will be completer;
 Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;
 Love! and prayer and work the fleetest
 Will ascend upon their way!
 Live in future as in present;
 Work for both while yet the day
 Is our own! for lord and peasant;
 Long and bright as summer's day,
 Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
 Cometh soon our holiday;
 Work away!

Unseen Influences.

WHAT is it that raises the sea and makes the tide flow round the world? What is it that keeps the moon making her ceaseless flights around this earth? You call it gravitation. What is it that gives firmness and stability to all that is of the earth? It is invisible, but is potent. It is all around us. Why, the morning sunbeams that fall so gently on the eyelid, they scarcely waken the sleeper, have power to raise the largest pile of rocks. The monument of Bunker Hill was considered immovable. Yet, when a few years ago a cord was let down from the center of the summit of that pile, men were surprised to find that the point marked by that cord in the evening, was not the point marked by that cord in the morning. They found the great pile was changed in some way. How was it? Where the morning light so gently fell from the east on the face of that pile, the little rays of heat, each one almost imperceptible, expanded the rock, and one side rose higher than the other; and when the rays fell upon the southern part, another part; and on the western part they changed back the vast pile from the position which it held. Who would have thought it? Yet those sunbeams were lifting the vast pile of rock. So God is working around us, teaching us, instructing us how the spiritual may operate upon a human heart; and if God's Spirit be given to man, if the light and truth influence the human heart, shall it not be that unseen influences may change, may

correct, may control, may purify, may elevate?—*Bishop Simpson.*

Two Little Hands.

THERE are many little hands in this great world, bonnie wee hands that belong to dear little people, and that look so very charming that one cannot help taking them up and covering them with kisses. Of two such little hands I am about to write.

These little hands are very soft and plump, with rows of saucy little dimples under the small fingers, and they get as brown as a nut in the summer days, so that their little owner is called by his friends, "Little Brown Hands."

Sometimes these little brown hands get into mischief, it is true, but they do a great many good things, and they are such dear, restless, little hands, always busy the whole day long, that, indeed, I do not see how we should ever get along without them.

All the violets love these little brown hands, and watch for them in the early spring days, to come to visit their home down by the brook in the meadow, opening their blue eyes wider and wider each day, as they think how glad the little brown hands will be to find them growing there in the bright, green grass.

The wild roses bend their heads low, when the little brown hands come to pick them, the buttercups smile, and the sweet clover blooms blush with joy when they see the little brown hands coming; indeed, all the flowers love to see these little hands, and even the tall, waving grass kisses the tips of the wee fingers as they pass by, and there is nothing good in this world, I think, that can help loving such little hands.

Santa Claus brought these little brown hands a pretty pair of bright, red mittens to keep them warm in the cold, winter days, and they were loved so much that the little brown hands wanted to wear them all the time, in-doors and out.

But one morning, while taking a walk, the owner saw two other hands, a little smaller than his own, perhaps, and these other hands were all purple with cold. In an instant off came the pretty red mittens from the little brown hands, and with a "Here, poor baby," they were on the other pair of hands, and the "poor baby" went on his way rejoicing.—*The Myrtle.*

Be Obedient.

ONE of the signs given us in the word of God that we may know the great day of the Lord is near, is the condition in which we find children at the present time: Without natural affection, with no respect for the aged or their superiors, with a spirit of disobedience, and with a determined will to have their own way, and to seek their own pleasure. What else could we expect but that they would grow up profane swearers, thieves, gamblers, and even murderers?

I ask, How does all this come about? I answer, They have rejected the word of God. Does this come upon them all at once? No; they first begin to transgress in little things, then to disobey their parents, and when reprimanded or questioned about it, Satan, ready to destroy them, suggests to them to lie, to hide their faults; and after telling one untruth, they tell more to cover the first, and

thus they keep on, step by step, until they become so hardened that the truth cannot reach them.

What was it that gave David confidence before God when he was old and gray-headed, that he could ask God not to forsake him? Read what he says in Ps. 71: 17, 18: "O God, thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation." God had taught him, and he tried to walk in the way of his testimonies.

Dear children, how many of you are trying to keep his commandments, one of which reads, "Honor thy father and mother," etc.? This is the first commandment with promise. Our dear Saviour was obedient to his parents. Let us imitate this holy pattern, realizing that what we do for one of his we do for him, and shall not lose our reward.

"Then press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
 With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer,
 His love like a stream in the desert will flow,
 Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe."

W. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Black Knot.

As I walked in a gentleman's garden last summer, I was struck with a strange look of a fine plum tree. "What is the matter with that plum tree?" I asked, for it was covered with ugly looking black knots. "We do not know," said the lady; "but it is killing the tree. Some say," she added, "that it is caused by flies puncturing the bark, and laying their eggs inside; but I hardly think it is that."

No, it is not that, as I have since seen. It is a plant, a black plant of the fungus family, preying on the tree and sucking its life out of it. What smut is on our corn, rust in our wheat field, black knot is on our plum trees. And it kills great numbers. The seeds of it float in the air. When a good chance offers, they lodge on the limbs of some favorite fruit tree, stick to it, take root, spread and grow, and grow and spread, until they come to the unsightly thing, called the "black knot." I dare say you have seen some on the trees of your garden. People try to cut it off with a knife, but it is of no use. It will kill the tree and nothing will stop its ruin.

I looked at the poor plum tree with real sorrow. "It is then a gone case," said I. The leaves still look green and pretty, waving in the beautiful sunshine; but, oh, those black knots all over it! It was an ugly sight, for they would stick there till the tree died!

It made me think of the ugly seeds of evil which are everywhere floating in the air, and everywhere seeking some fine character to fasten on and blacken. I know boys and girls who, I am afraid, have the "black knot" fastened on them; they have at least ugly black spots, which look very alarming.

What a "black knot" lying is. What a "black knot" bad words are. What a "black knot" ugliness is. What a "black knot" self-will is. What a "black knot" pride is. The "black-knot" disease is as bad for people as for trees. It deforms and defaces. It blackens. It ruins at last.

Is there no cure for the "black knot"? There is prevention, and an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Potash in the soil will help make a glassy coating on

straw of wheat, and on the stems of trees, which hardens them against the attacks of fungi. It is as much as says to the bad seeds floating around and trying to find a place to stop, "We do not allow any soft or weak spots for you to get hold of."

That is precisely the way you should act toward the seeds of evil hovering in the air. Harden yourself against them. On no account let them get a lodging on you. Be well fortified.—*Child's Paper*.

"Stealing into Heaven."

"Oh! if I could only steal away from this world, away from the fascinating power of Satan! away from pride, covetousness, deceit, fraud, and crimes of every description! if I could only steal into Heaven," said a young man to me not long since. "If I could only steal a passage into Heaven, and know that I would be accepted of God, I would be content."

It is doubtful whether the worldling would be content to dwell in Heaven, where all is harmony and love, where every heart beats in unison with God's holy law, and swells with pure affection. Whoever enters there will be pure, as God is pure, and holy, as God is holy; not in degree, but in nature. And the loveliness of Jesus will be reflected in them.

To steal into Heaven would be to steal into the presence of God and his Son and the holy angels. Is Heaven the place for those who are filled with evil surmisings, murmurings, complainings, self-love, self-will, and self-righteousness? These things indulged prove the person to be at enmity with God and his holy law. He who would go to Heaven, and dwell in the presence of the pure and holy, can do so by complying with the conditions set forth in God's holy word. The Lord has said: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shall honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. 58: 13, 14.

Young friends, I want to be a citizen of the New Jerusalem. I want my young friend who thought he would steal into Heaven, with all the INSTRUCTOR family, to keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus, that we may all have a right to enter in through the gates into the city.

M. WOOD.

George's Feast.

"Please give me a cherry."

"No, sir! These are my cherries. I picked them all myself, and I'm not going to give them away."

"Well, can't you give a fellow just a few? You've picked all there are on the tree."

"Well, then, you should have come earlier. I've had too hard a time to get them, I should think, to have them all teased away from me."

"Come away, Dick," said Alfred, "and let old Greediness have his cherries, if he wants to get up at five o'clock to get the start of us. Come on, and let him have his feast."

Mike, the gardener, went off with his

wheel-barrow, laughing and saying, "Master George got the start of you, for once," and it did him good.

Dick and Alfred went off down to the river with their fishing lines, and soon forgot all about the cherries in the fun of catching fish for a good dinner. But Georgie sat down under his cherry-tree, and ate his cherries, one by one, with great relish. All too soon he reached the bottom (or rather top) of his hat, for they tasted just as good when he had done as when he begun. It did not trouble him in the least that they would have tasted equally good to Dick or Alfred. They were his cherries, fairly gathered, and who had a better right to them?

At noon Dick and Alfred came home with a nice string of fish, which were served up crisp and hot, about two o'clock, for dinner. But, somehow, Georgie did not care for any of them. His head ached, and he lay on the sitting-room lounge untempted by the savory smell that came from the dining-room. Before night the doctor was summoned, and everybody was flying about, wondering what could ail Georgie. But at length the cherries came up, and the cause of his suffering was clear enough.

Dick and Alfred were too much frightened about him to say a word about his greediness. But the next morning when he lay in bed, too pale and weak to get up, he said, in a shame-faced way:

"You better believe next time you can have all the cherries. I never want to see a other. Served me just right, anyway."

"Oh, not so bad as that," said Dick. "Next time we'll all go shares, on fish and cherries too."—*The Myrtle*.

Trusting in the Lord.

THERE are many beautiful passages in the Holy Scriptures exhorting us to trust in the Lord. The thirty-seventh psalm contains a number of these exhortations to trust in Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." In the fifth verse, we read, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

He has promised that if we trust in him, and do good, we shall dwell in the land, and those who wait on the Lord and keep his way shall see the wrong-doer cut off; and because they trust in him, he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them.

I would here relate an incident in the experience of a soldier of the Union army, during the late war, which shows the faithfulness of the Lord to them who trust in him. Seeing himself a sinner, he gave his heart to God, and tried to serve him, though surrounded by wickedness on every hand. He faithfully discharged every duty allotted him, until an order came which led him to feel that to obey would be violating his sense of right. He decided to be free from condemnation by not obeying the command given. I will not say he was right in this; but all the circumstances are not given whereby we may judge whether his course was right or not. He was arrested and put under guard. He now began to consider more fully the nature of his offense. If court-martialed, he would be condemned, and perhaps sentenced to serve in some government prison a number of years, separated from friends at home, whom he was expecting soon to see. The thought almost overcame him, and he hardly knew what to do.

While in this state of mind, the words

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," Ps. 50: 15, came to him with such force that he resolved to present his case to the Lord, and in prayer, he besought him to deliver him out of his present trouble.

As he was thus pleading in his heart to God, he saw the officer who ordered his arrest looking at him. This only caused him to pray the more earnestly. He felt his prayer answered, and very soon came the order for him to go to his quarters.

The soldier had tried the Lord, and his faith was strengthened. Some time after this, he asked the sergeant who released him how the lieutenant appeared when he gave the order for him to go to his quarters. "He acted as if he was mad," was the reply, thus showing, how, against his will, he released the soldier from serious consequences had he been tried for disobedience.

If we do good and trust in the Lord, we need never fear; for he has promised to be a present help in every time of trouble.

C. GREEN.

Battle Creek.

Willie's Faith.

WILLIE was the only son of his parents. When very young, his mother began to teach him about God and Heaven, and his mind seemed to drink in all the sweet things she told him, just as the flowers receive into their bosoms the drops of dew that give them strength and beauty. Before he was three years old, he would often sit gazing into the sky, and would say:

"Willie's watching for the holy angels, and waiting to hear them sing."

The lesson that his mother endeavored to impress most deeply upon his young heart was that of faith in God; faith in him for all things, and that for Jesus' sake he would bestow upon him all necessary good.

When he was four years old, a terrible shadow settled down upon him, and by the time Willie was seven, their home and everything was taken from them, and they were thrown upon the charity of friends. Soon Willie's clothes and boots began to wear out, but his mother was too poor to purchase new ones. On one occasion he came to her, saying:

"Mother, can't I have some new boots? My toes are all out of these. The snow gets in, and I am so cold."

A tear filled his mother's eye when she answered, "Soon, Willie, I hope to give them to you."

He waited patiently several days, until one morning, as he stood at the window watching the boys trundling their hoops, he sobbed:

"Oh, mother, it is too hard! Can't I get some boots anywhere?"

"Yes, Willie, you can."

"I can?" he eagerly exclaimed. "Where? Where? Tell me quick!"

"Do you not know, my son?" replied his mother. "Think now."

Willie stood for a moment, as if in deep thought; then, with a smile, looked up to his mother's face, and said:

"Oh, I know! God will give them to me, of course. Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go now and ask him." He walked out of the parlor into his mother's room. She quietly followed him, and, standing concealed from view, saw him kneel down, and, covering his face with his hands, he prayed:

"O God! father drinks; mother has no money; my feet get cold and wet. I want some boots. Please send me a pair, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This was all. He often repeated his pitiful little petition, and the best of all was, he expected an answer to his prayer.

"They'll come, mother!" he would often say, encouragingly; "they'll come when God gets ready."

Within a week, a lady who dearly loved the child, came to take him out walking. He hesitated for a few moments; but soon determined to go, and they started off. At length the lady noticed his stockings peeping out at the toes of his boots, when she exclaimed:

"Why, Willie, look at your feet! They will freeze. Why did n't you put on a better pair of boots?"

"These are all I have, ma'am."

"All you have! But why don't you have a new pair?"

"I will, just as soon as God sends them," he confidently replied.

Tears filled the lady's eyes, and, with a quivering lip, she led him into a shoe store near by, saying: "There, child, select any pair you please." The boots were soon selected, and a more happy, thankful boy never lived.

On his return, he walked into the center of the room, where his mother was sitting, and said:

"Look, mother! God has sent my boots! Mrs. Gray's money bought them, but God heard me ask for them, and I suppose he told her to buy them for me."

There he stood, with an earnest, solemn light in his eyes, as though he were receiving a new baptism of faith from Heaven; then quietly added:

"We must always remember how near God is to us," and kneeling at his mother's feet, he said: "Jesus, I thank you very much for my new boots. Please make me a good boy, and take care of mother. Amen."

Willie is now fourteen years of age, and is a consistent member of the church of Christ. In all things he trusts his Saviour; every desire of his heart he carries directly to God, and patiently waits the answer, and it always comes.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." Matt. 7:7.—*Children's Friend.*

Letters from Little Folks.

CENTRAL CITY.

DEAR EDITOR: I take your paper, and love it very much, it has such good advice, and teaches us to do good. I hope that all your young readers will follow it, and learn to be good.

KATIE HATCH.

YATES CITY, ILL.

DEAR FRIENDS: I love your little paper very much, and would not like to part with it. I have two little brothers. We do not go to Sabbath-school, but we learn verses to say on the Sabbath. If I am faithful, I expect to meet you on Mount Zion. Pray for me, that I may.

IDA BLISS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have been a reader of the INSTRUCTOR ever since I was a small child, and I have ever dearly prized it. I am thirteen years of age, and this is my first letter for our good paper.

The past year has been to me an eventful one. I have been afflicted with disease; but the Lord has delivered me out of my distress, and I feel grateful for it. Since I began to mend, I have been trying to consecrate myself fully to the Lord, and I mean it shall be the chief end of my life to do his commandments, and tread the narrow

pathway, that in the end I may not call for rocks and mountains to fall upon and hide me. Let us one and all try to make the present year one of true advancement in overcoming, that those who so faithfully try to teach and guide our young minds may be encouraged and not feel at the end of the year that their labors have been in vain. Pray for me that I may be in earnest to gain the great reward.

MAY EGGLESTON.

The Youth's Instructor.

The Instructor.

WE are happy to report 240 new subscribers for the INSTRUCTOR during the month of February. Good!

The price for single copy at 38 cents is not only too small, but odd change. It is now put to 40 cents.

The subscription price of the INSTRUCTOR is probably below cost. This is done to encourage subscriptions. Until the circulation reaches 10,000, the old friends are invited to pay 50 cents a year if they choose to do so.

JAMES WHITE.

Pres't S. D. A. P. A.

Letter to the Children.

DEAR young friends, though it is some time since I have written anything for the INSTRUCTOR, I still feel a deep interest in your welfare, and desire that you may be the sons and daughters of the Most High. A part of my time is spent in helping the youth to prepare for the active duties of this life. But what advantage is a knowledge of the things of this world without a saving interest in the atoning blood of our Saviour? Dear friend, have you this saving interest? Have you cast yourself into the outstretched arms of Him who died to save us?

If we would be the children of God, we must be Christians every day. We must come to God for strength to overcome our sins, and he will hear our prayers, and strength will be given. Here is the promise to the overcomer: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things;" "I will be his God, and he shall be my son." Glorious victory! precious promise! desirable relationship! Let us strive to make our calling and election sure.

C. L. BOYD.

Scripture Exercise.

Who was taken from her husband by a heathen king? What at the presence of the Lord, though inanimate, will sing?

For whom did Satan set his first alluring snare? Who warns us—in these days—of false teachers to beware?

What nation heard the voice of God, then broke his first command?

Who in the wilderness was slain, then buried in the sand?

What city, built by Ashur, for its base corruption God sent his servant Jonah to preach to its destruction? The first letters of these answers a deacon's name will spell.

Who in this dispensation first a martyr fell.

W. H. KINNETT.

Bath, Mich.

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

Single copy,.....40 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.