

The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 20.

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NUMBER 4.

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

THE BEST FRIEND.

Jesus is a loving friend,
One who ever will attend
Those that seek him in their youth,
And obey his word of truth.

If you will his love secure,
And your future life insure,
Give your undivided heart,
He will not accept a part.

Leave the world and sin behind,
Serve him with a perfect mind;
Raise your thoughts to him above,
Love him in return for love.

'Twas for you that Jesus bled,
All our sins on him were laid;
Can you slight his dying pain?
Must it be for you in vain?

Oh! do not, in sinful pride,
Pierce afresh his wounded side;
But accept the wondrous grace,
Freely offered to our race.

Come and bow with contrite heart,
Ask the pardon he'll impart,
And when he shall come again,
You shall live and with him reign.

R. F. COTTRELL.

Search the Scriptures.

THESE are the words of our Saviour, and, although addressed to a class who, through malice and ignorance of the Scriptures, were persecuting and seeking to destroy him, form a command, to which if we take heed, we shall do well. It is one of his sayings of which he has declared, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock."

In considering these words of Jesus, with a desire to do them, we shall notice, 1. What the Scriptures are; 2. Why we should search them; and, 3. How we should search them.

1. What are the Scriptures? They are the will of God; made known to man through, first, his servants the prophets, and second, his Son. That what the prophets have written and spoken is the word of the Lord, or that God commanded or inspired them to write and speak, is evident, first, from the prophets themselves; for whenever they spoke, as a prelude to what they were about to say, we hear them exclaiming, "Thus saith the Lord!" "Hear the word of the Lord!" "The Lord said unto me, Speak!" And secondly, from the testimony of the apostles. The apostle Peter tells us that "the prophecy came not in olden time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." And he exhorts us to take heed unto this sure word of prophecy as unto a light that shines in a dark place. The apostle Paul, also, has told us that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

That God has spoken of his Son is evident, first, from the words of the Saviour himself. He says: "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment what I should speak. . . . Whatsoever I speak, therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak." Secondly, from the testimony of the apostle to the Hebrews, he says: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers, hath in these last

days spoken unto us by his Son." And thus it appears, from the united testimonies of the Son of God, the prophets, and the apostles, that the Scriptures is the will of God made known to us through them.

2. Why should we search them? As the Scriptures are the word of God, we should search them because they are profitable, first, for doctrine. This is pointed to in prophecy, and acknowledged by all those of observation and experience, to be a time of special darkness and error. "Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness, the people." Many are given over to strong delusions to believe a lie, and walk in darkness because they receive not the truth in love. "Thy word is truth;" and, therefore, if we would escape the error and consequent darkness of the present time, let us search God's word, and it will be a lamp to our feet and a light to our path.

The Saviour said to a certain class of individuals, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures;" and from this, we may safely conclude that a knowledge of them is a safeguard against error. Secondly, For reproof, correction, and instruction. 2 Tim. 3:16. "All have sinned,"—transgressed God's law. Sin defiles and corrupts our ways; but God's word reproofs and corrects us for our sins by bringing them to light, and making known the dreadful consequences that will follow, in such a way that we are led to inquire, "Wherewithal shall we cleanse our way? The answer is, "By taking heed thereto according to thy word." Yes; God's word is a faithful monitor. It not only reproofs and corrects, but instructs how to cleanse the way from all the impurities that sin has caused. They "thoroughly furnish unto all good works." We should search them, for, thirdly, they testify of Christ as the great sacrifice for sins that are past; they testify of him as "the way, the truth, and the life," "the living water," "the bread of life." And he has said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." As the Scriptures are profitable for doctrine, for reproof, correction, and instruction, and because they testify of Christ as the way, the truth, and the life, we inquire,

3. How shall we search them that we may be the most profited in so doing? We learn how we should search the Scriptures, first, by the example of those noble Christians at Berea to whom Paul and Silas preached. "They searched the Scriptures daily." See Acts 17:10, 11. And secondly, from the testimony of those who have been noted for their piety and holy lives; which is that it should be with earnest prayer for the Spirit of God to guide into truth: and this testimony is confirmed by that of the apostle, who says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, . . . and it shall be given him." It should be a daily, prayerful work. And if we thus obey the Saviour's command and "search the Scriptures" for the purpose of being enlightened, reproofed, corrected, instructed, thoroughly furnished unto all good works, and to learn of Christ who is the way of salvation, we shall find at last that we shall not only be likened unto a wise man whose work stood amid all the raging of the elements, but that we have been made wise even unto salvation.

EDWIN R. JONES.

The Garden of Peace.

In an ancient city of the east, two youths were passing a beautiful garden. It was inclosed by a lofty trellis, which prevented their entering; but, through the openings, they could perceive that it was a most enchanting spot. It was embellished by every object of nature and art that could give beauty to the landscape. There were groves of lofty trees, with winding avenues between them; there were green lawns, the grass of which seemed like velvet; there were groups of shrubs, many of them in bloom, and scattering delicious fragrance upon the atmosphere.

Between these pleasing objects, there were fountains sending their silvery showers into the air; and a stream of water, clear as crystal, wound with gentle murmurs through the place. The charms of this lovely scene were greatly heightened by the delicious music of birds, the hum of bees, and the echos of many youthful and happy voices.

The two young men gazed upon the scene with intense interest; but, as they could only see a portion of it through the trellis, they looked about for some gate by which they might enter the garden. At a little distance they perceived a gateway, and they went to the spot, supposing they should find an entrance there. There was, indeed, a gate; but it was locked, and they found it impossible to gain admittance.

While they were considering what course they should adopt, they perceived an inscription over the gate, which ran as follows:

"Ne'er till to-morrow's light delay
What may as well be done to-day;
Ne'er do the thing you'd wish undone,
Viewed by to-morrow's rising sun.
Observe these rules a single year,
And you may safely enter here."

The two youths were very much struck by these lines; and, before they parted, both agreed to make the experiment by trying to live according to the inscription.

I need not tell the details of their progress in the trial: both found the task much more difficult than they at first imagined. To their surprise, they found that an observance of the rule they had adopted required an almost total change of their modes of life; and this taught them what they had not felt before, that a very large part of their lives—a very large share of their thoughts, feelings, and actions—were wrong, though they were considered virtuous young men by the society in which they lived.

After a few weeks, the younger of the two, finding that the scheme put too many restraints upon his tastes, abandoned the trial. The other persevered, and, at the end of the year, presented himself at the gateway of the garden.

To his great joy, he was instantly admitted; and if the place pleased him when seen dimly through the trellis, it appeared far more lovely, now that he could actually tread its pathways, breathe its balmy air, and mingle intimately with the scenes around. One thing delighted, yet surprised him, which was this: it now seemed *easy* for him to do right; nay, to do right, instead of requiring self-denial and a sacrifice of his tastes and wishes, seemed to him a matter of course, and the pleasantest thing he could do.

While he was thinking of this, a person came near, and the two fell into conversation. After a while, the youth told his companion what he was thinking of, and asked him to account for his feelings. "This place," said the other, "is the Garden of Peace. It is the abode of those who have chosen God's will as the rule of their lives. It is a happy home promised for those who have conquered selfishness; those who have learned to conquer their passions and do their duty. This lovely garden is but a picture of the heart that is firmly established in the ways of virtue. Its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace."

While they were thus conversing, and as they were passing near the gateway, the youth saw on the other side the friend who had resolved to follow the inscription, but had given up the trial. Upon this, the companion of the youth said, "Behold the young man who could not conquer himself! How miserable is he in comparison with yourself! What is it makes the difference? You are in the Garden of Peace; he is excluded from it. This tall gateway is a barrier that he cannot pass. This is the barrier, interposed by human vices and human passions, which separates mankind from that peace, of which we are all capable. Whoever can conquer himself, and has resolved firmly that he will do it, has found the key to that gate, and he may freely enter here. If he cannot do that, he must continue to be an outcast from the Garden of Peace."—*Parley.*

Pride.

WATCH against it. It is an abomination to the Lord. Prov. 16:8. It is an insidious foe. You need to guard every avenue of the heart and soul against its entrance; for with stealthy tread, and almost imperceptibly, it creeps into the human heart. An incautious friend may utter a word of injudicious praise, and in a moment a feeling of self-complacency fills your heart. This is pride. Nature, with lavish hand, may have bestowed in rich profusion her gifts upon you. You may possess symmetry of form, beauty of feature and complexion. You may have large mental abilities, and be able to gain distinction in art and literature. For all this, you may be grateful to God; yet you should humble your soul, and realize your responsibility; for, "to whom much is given, of him shall much be required." Every talent should be employed in the service of God, and improved upon to his glory. Be assured, that if a feeling of self-importance or self-dignity attach to you on account of these gifts, you are not, you cannot be, in favor with Heaven.

These are not the only inroads in which pride may seek an entrance into the human heart. You may possess none of these gifts, yet if you seek to make up the lack by artificial aid or outward show, in order to gain the applause and approbation of your fellow-mortals, you are just as assuredly fostering pride in the heart, and bringing the same condemnation and frown of Heaven upon you.

It is said in Holy Writ that "the heart is deceitful above all things." In no one thing, perhaps, are we in greater danger of being deceived and entrapped and ensnared by the enemy of all righteousness, than through the channel of pride. It is a source of evil which we must guard against and root entirely out of our hearts, if we would enjoy the favor of God. It is a sin which is detestable in the sight of Heaven, and will ultimately bring the wrath of God in certain destruction upon all who do not fully erad-

cate it from their hearts. Mal. 4:1 reads: "Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, . . . shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."

How important that we divest ourselves of pride, and seek that heavenly grace, humility. This is a most excellent grace. Those who possess it in the most eminent degree, are most in favor with God. It is the humble, confiding soul that God loves. It is the poor in spirit, those who rely wholly upon the merits of Jesus to cleanse them from all sin, that will find acceptance with God, and be made partakers of his holiness. "Be clothed with humility; for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." 1 Pet. 5:5, 6.

MARY E. GUILFORD.

Custalia, Ohio.

"IS THE SERMON DONE?"

CLOSED was the preacher's last appeal;
The worshipers were gone,
Though some still lingered here and there,
Round many a sod and stone;
When up there ran a little lad—
"Sir, is the sermon done?"

"The preacher's words," replied the man,
"Are ended, it is true;
But those great precepts he has taught,
Demand attention too;
And so the sermon is not done,
But it is all to do.

"Tis easy a short Sabbath hour,
To learn of wisdom's way—
To listen to the word of God,
And mark what preachers say;
But 'tis our duty through the week
To ponder and obey.

"Then will the sermon, boy, be done,
When evil is abhorred—
God, not alone on this his day,
But every hour adored,
For piety makes every place
A temple of the Lord." —*Sel.*

The Coming Tide.

A LITTLE boy was standing on a rock upon the sands of the sea. The rock was dry and safe; the summer sunshine was playing on the ocean, whose quiet waves were rolling inshore with a ceaseless murmur and splash, as they fell upon the beach. The little boy was very happy, for there was nothing to make him sad; and he jumped up and down on the ledges of the rock, picked the fresh-smelling seaweed and hunted for shells, thoroughly amused with everything around him. But though the day was so bright, and the sea so peaceful, and the sunlight so pleasant, *the tide was rolling in*—stealing a little at a time over the silver sands, and coming nearer and nearer on every side with every throb of its great heaving breast. But the little boy was happy for all that; he knew nothing about the tide; the rock was high and dry; and he, healthy and amused, had no thought of fear. But a gentleman who was walking near, saw him on the rock, and, knowing what was coming, called out to him to leave his chosen play-ground, and get higher up the beach.

"Why?" asked the boy.

"Because the tide is rising," said the stranger, "and will soon flow over the place you are standing on."

I am sorry to say that instead of thanking this gentleman for his kind warning, and instantly obeying his counsel, the boy *did not believe him*, and, though he said nothing, he

did not leave the rock. Pleased with the place, and well content with his little treasures of sea-weed and shells, he *wanted to stay where he was*, and so persuaded himself to think it was all right, and that even if the tide *did* come, he could run when it was near enough to make it dangerous to stay any longer. Well, he lingered still a little while to take a few more jumps, to pick a few more shells, to choose a bit more sea-weed, and then, all at once, a big wave swept right round the rock, and turned it at once into an island with water on every side. Poor little boy! how pale he looked! But, just at that moment, the big wave rolled back again, and the little boy laughed merrily at his own fears. Yet hardly had the echo of his cheery laugh died away among the cliffs, when a heavy wave came in again with greater force, threw a shower of spray all over him, and once more turned the rock into an islet, and not only so, but tossed its watery arms toward him, as if it wanted to wrap him in its cold embrace. And now the stranger, who had patiently waited for him to make up his mind, came nearer, from the landward side, and called to him to jump into his arms.

"Come," he cried, "trust to me—quick, before the next wave comes and sweeps you off!"

But the little boy, quite frightened, now began to cry. Afraid to jump, for fear the gentleman should let him fall, afraid to stay, for fear of the waves, he hesitated, and, as he did so, another and a larger wave dashed up with a roar and a heavy splash that wetted him all over, and the little boy, thoroughly terrified, instead of springing into the stranger's arms, leaped the other way, and fell headlong into the sea.

What a lesson this teaches us! If we neglect to hear God's warning voice, some wave of sin will be sure to sweep us away.—*Sel.*

Peace at Home.

"WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home.
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come."

By a reference to Testimony No. 13, page 66, you will see that by gluttony, difficulties arise between professors of religion. If any of the young who read this, find themselves in little quarrels with their mates, at home or at school, it is quite possible that they will find, on inquiry, that over-eating, or eating too often, was the cause.

Now, dear children and youth, if it is a fact that the improper use of food has so great an influence upon the conduct, then it becomes very necessary to bring the appetite to a proper limit; that is, to avoid wrong articles of food, and to avoid taking too much at a time, and too often. Generally speaking, children who are continually eating, are fretful and sullen; while families that train the young to habits of temperance and industry, are pleasant and happy and agreeable. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Matt. 5:9.

JOS. CLARKE.

Don't Be Lazy.

A LITTLE boy was once walking along a dusty road, the sun was very warm and oppressive, but, as was his usual way, he stepped along very quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey.

He soon heard a carriage coming, and, when it had caught up with him, the driver reigned in his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride, which he gladly accepted.

When he was seated in the carriage, the

gentleman, a good old quaker, said, "I noticed thee walking along briskly, and so asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walking lazily, I would not have done so, by any means."

Boys, think of this, and wherever you are, whatever you may be doing, never be lazy, and you will always be repaid for your trouble in some way. Do n't forget the Bible says: "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—*Sel.*

Go and Tell Jesus.

I SHALL never forget how I remained for a long time in sorrow and darkness because I knew not how to go to Jesus. When I was a little child, I dearly loved to go with my parents to the house of worship. The minister told us that little children might love Jesus, and have their past sins forgiven. I tried to have faith, I knew I loved my Saviour, and believed he loved me.

But he failed to tell me how to be an everyday Christian. When temptation came, I did not know how to meet it. For several years, I mourned over my sins; but when I learned to read my Bible, I learned that Jesus was pleading for me. He says, "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, and heal all your backslidings." I returned to my blessed Saviour, and confessed all my sins to him. He pardoned them all, and I loved him better than ever before.

Children, if you go to Jesus and humbly ask forgiveness for breaking God's holy commandments, and earnestly resolve to keep them in future, he will wash your sins away in his own precious blood. And when he comes to gather in his jewels, you can dwell with him in the beautiful city of God.

"Thank God for the Bible,
'Tis there that we find
The story of Christ and his love,
How he came down to earth from his beautiful home
In the mansions of glory above.
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he came down to earth from his beautiful home
In the mansions of glory above.

"While he lived on this earth,
To the sick and the blind
And to mourners his blessings were given;
And he said, Let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he said, Let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

"Thank God for the Bible;
Its truth o'er the earth
We will scatter with bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
'Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth
'Till we go to that beautiful land."

SARAH GORTON.

Oswego Co., N. Y.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.—The ground-work of character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of every word said. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults; but I know he will not deceive. I build on that confidence."

They are right. It is lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in the child, there is something to depend upon; but when the truth is gone,

all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it may you never again depart.—*Sel.*

Cornelia's Wish.

THE door opened and closed with a terrific slam, and Mrs. Clifford's two daughters rushed in and crossed the room to the front window.

"Is she coming? Do you see her?" eagerly inquired Mary, the younger of the sisters.

"No; not yet," answered Cornelia; and the eyes of both were again in anxious expectation turned down the street.

"How long she is in getting along! I do wish she'd hurry. Isn't she in sight now?" was Mary's next question, some five minutes after.

"No—yes; she is too!" exclaimed Cornelia, suddenly, "That's her! Oh! it's real fun! We'll see her eyes snap when she comes up. Won't she be provoked though, when she finds we've run off and left her?"

"Left who?" asked Mrs. Clifford, laying aside her book. "Who are you talking about?"

"Ellen Pratt, mother; she sits just in front of us, and she's the hatefulest, most disagreeable girl you ever saw. She wanted to walk home with us to-night, and we told her she might; but we hid her things away, and while she was hunting for them, we ran off and left her."

"And is this right? Is it doing as you—"

"But we did not hide them far," interrupted Cornelia. "We only put her dinner basket just behind the stove, and threw her bonnet and shawl into the wood-box."

"You promised her she might walk home with you?" asked Mrs. Clifford.

"We promised her in this way: we told her that if we walked she might walk with us; but we did n't walk; we ran every step of the way, without stopping once. Besides she's such a horrid looking fright, I should be actually ashamed to be seen walking beside her. She wears an old, worn-out, faded gingham dress; it looks old enough to have come out of the ark, and it's all patched with new pieces, and darned in ever so many places; and last week when she tore it, she had it mended with calico. We asked her why she did n't put in some of the same, and she said, 'there was n't any more like it.' We girls call it her dress of many colors. Look! there she goes now; see, mother!"

"And is this all the reason of your dislike to her?" inquired Mrs. Clifford quietly. "Does n't she behave properly?"

"Yes, mother; she's what Miss French calls a pattern scholar," answered Cornelia, "and they are just the kind I don't like. You see she's the youngest, and she wants to keep right round us big girls all the time, and we do n't want her. She wants us to mark out her lessons for her, and help her do her sums, and all sorts of things; and we do n't want to be bothered."

"And why not help her? As she has no companions of her own age, it is why she wishes to be with the older scholars; and if she desires a little assistance, it ought

to be given her." After making some more remarks, Mrs. Clifford paused.

"But I don't like her! I can't endure her," said Cornelia, impatiently; "and if I can't, I can't, and there's no use in trying; I only wish the whole family would move out of town. I detest every one of them. I wish Ellen anywhere, I do n't care where, so that she does n't trouble me."

Mrs. Clifford forbore to press the subject further, but was determined at some future time to refer to it again.

It was Friday afternoon, and there was no school again until Monday, but Ellen did not come on that morning as usual, and various remarks concerning her went from mouth to mouth.

"I guess she stayed at home to help her mother wash," said one.

"Or to add a few more patches to her dress of many colors," said another. "At any rate, it's a real relief not to see her round; I always did abominate the sight of her," was Cornelia Clifford's concluding observation, as the day wore away, and no Ellen Pratt appeared.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday came and went: still she did not come. Where was Ellen Pratt? Was she sick? or what was the occasion of her absence? inquired the teacher from time to time of different members of the school. But no one could tell. Ellen had not been seen since the day she left school.

Recess of Friday afternoon came, just two weeks from the time our story opens, and the girls of Miss French's school were out enjoying their usual recreations; but their amusements were soon clouded and brought to an abrupt termination.

A hearse coming slowly up the street, followed by only a few mourners, caused every countenance to be lengthened and saddened, and every voice to be hushed.

"Who is dead?" inquired one and another of the assembled group; but no one could answer.

"Who is dead?" asked Cornelia Clifford of a lady who was passing. Mrs. Denning told her. What was it that made her start as if a lightning flash had struck her? What was it that made her grow sick and faint, the blood suddenly recede from her face, and the pulsations of her heart almost cease? Oh! it was the name of Ellen Pratt that fell upon her ear. It was the overwhelming, agonizing reflection, that the last time she had spoken her name was to wish her anywhere, she cared not where, so that she would n't trouble her.

And Cornelia's wish—her cruel, wicked wish—had been granted. Ellen Pratt's pale, homely face, her old, faded, patched gingham dress, and disagreeable ways, would never trouble her more. She had passed from earth, and the cold, silent grave was waiting to receive her. But oh! what feelings of self-condemnation and anguish filled Cornelia's soul at this harrowing thought. What bitter tears of penitence and sorrow she shed that night, as she stopped on her way home and knelt by the new-made grave: but tears, anguish, and regret, could avail nothing now. The words had been spoken and could never be recalled. They were registered against her: they were written on memory's tablet, and had left a rankling wound in her breast, which all the joys of life could never heal.—*Selected.*

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL, 1872.

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

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming, Spring so fair,
Teeming with ambrosial air;
Coming with its perfumed breath,
Scattering the shades of death,
'Mid the varied scenes of earth,
Bringing life and joy to birth.
'Tis a spring ne'er seen before,
Of which the prophets sang of yore;
A Spring whose flowers will never fade,
A Spring whose sunshine knows no shade;
A Spring that fears no withering blight,
A Spring of never-ending light.

Oh! haste, perpetual Spring of joy,
Of peace and love without alloy,
Bid old bleak wintry Time be gone,
And bring us the eternal morn.
Let life spring up from land and sea,
And form the blood-washed company;
Let thorns and thistles cease to grow,
And joy set every heart aglow.
Let hills, and rocks, and valleys sing,
Rejoicing with the new-born Spring;
Let the desert waste be glad,
The barren land with verdure clad;
Let the trees of healing grow,
Bury scenes of want and woe.
Let earth's loved ones wake to life—
Haste, O Spring, and end the strife.

—*World's Crisis.*

THOUGH April gives us the promise of spring, we still understand that the frosting is unwilling to leave us. He came and unceremoniously took from our sight the beautiful flowers and fresh leaves which the gentle showers of spring and warm rays of the summer's sun had brought us; and now he is reluctant to leave, and make way for their return.

The past winter has been cold and severe, and sometimes dreary; yet it has had many charms for the reverent eye. Its sky-pictures and beautiful frost-work, its sparkling snow-mounds, and the frost-trees, formed during the night, from the moisture in the air the previous day—a view of these pays us well for all inconvenience experienced from its dreariness and severity.

The work of the divine Artist will bear our closest inspection. The work of art may look well in the distance; but it cannot vie with the beauties of nature. A critical examination discovers to us its imperfection; but the handiwork of the Creator is perfect in all its parts. One never tires of the study of nature, and an effort to understand the mysteries of godliness.

As the warm sun rises higher and higher in the heavens, and its gentle rays gradually loosen the earth from the cold embrace of winter, and gives evidence of the return of spring, our hearts rejoice. We are reminded that soon the earthly chain will sever, and our eyes shall behold the radiant light emanating from the throne of God, and this "mortal shall put on immortality," and live eternally where the gloom of winter is unknown, and all that is beautiful and

true shall last forever. Let us be ready to hail with joy the coming spring.

SHORT LECTURES,

TO YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN.

Number Two.

BY ELD. JAMES WHITE.

LAST month we spoke of the very common error into which the youth of our day run, namely, of being in too great haste to become men and women, when in reality they are only boys and girls. It is best for children and youth to appear simply what they are. To reach forward in their feelings ahead of their years, and appear what they really are not, leads to the formation of a superficial character. Such are most likely to be superficial in all they do. We will at this time speak only of the common error of a superficial habit of reading.

The majority of the books issued from the American press, are so unreal as to be totally unfit for youth to read. And very many of the religious books of our time are filled with what we choose to style insipid religious fiction. Any book, the influence of which is to lead the reader to simply chase the story through it, without seeking to reach to the depth of the author's meaning, is injurious to the mind of the reader.

We cannot better give our views upon this subject than in the following from the valuable work, entitled, "Sprague's Letters":—

"And the first suggestion which I would offer on this subject is, that all your reading should be, as far as possible, with some definite object other than merely to occupy your time. If you have no object in view, you may be sure that you will accomplish none; and thus your reading will be at best a mere waste of time, and not improbably will be fraught with positive intellectual or moral evil. When you take up a book, decide if you can, from its title, or its table of contents, what good purpose you can accomplish by reading it, what faculties of your mind it will be likely to improve, or what moral dispositions to refine or elevate; and having settled this point, if the book be worthy of your attention, you can hardly fail to be benefited by reading it.

"Another remark closely connected with the preceding is, that you should never allow yourself to read without reflection. There is no habit more easily acquired than that of occupying the eye merely upon an author, and leaving the mind to its own wanderings; and there is scarcely any habit which, in the end, more completely unstrings the intellect, and renders it incapable of commanding its own powers. The legitimate design of reading is, not to supersede, but to assist reflection—not to put the faculties to sleep, but to brighten them by active exercise. Different books, it is acknowledged, require different degrees of mental exertion; but you may take it for granted, that a book which is not worth the labor of some thought, is not worth the labor of reading.

"Whatever book you may have in hand, let your mind be just as intensely employed as is necessary to enable you to realize the full advantage of reading it; that is, to enable you to comprehend its full meaning, and to give it, so far as may be desirable or practicable, a lodgment in your memory. If you find your thoughts at any time wandering obstinately from your author, and if no effort will bring them under your control, so that you can read to advantage, and such cases will sometimes occur from mere physical derangement, better lay aside your book than to continue reading in this attitude of mental vacancy. You will be none the wiser for what you read, and you may be forming an intellectual habit which will diminish your power of acquiring wisdom in more favored circumstances.

"It follows, from the remark just made, that you should be on your guard against reading too much. There is such a thing as a diseased intellectual appetite, which craves an excess of food, and is only satisfied with devouring everything that comes in its way. But to indulge such an appetite were just as preposterous as to think of nourishing the body by taking a quantity of food which should altogether exceed the digestive powers of the system. If you would read to advantage, you must incorporate what you read with your own thoughts, and gather from it materials for future reflection. But this you can never do, if your whole time is occupied in reading, or if you take up one volume after another in such rapid succession that your mind can retain no distinct impression of the contents of any of them.

"Some of the minds which have shone most brilliantly, have been but little occupied with books, being far more conversant with their own thoughts than the thoughts of others. Remember that a few books carefully read, and thoroughly digested, and used as helps to intellectual exertion, will be of far more use to you than scores of volumes which are gone through with little thought, and the contents of which either instantly pass out of the mind or remain in it an indigested mass of materials."

The Bible is a book of infinite value. It is a matter-of-fact book. It speaks of real things. It has to do with the sober realities of this life, and distinctly points out the humble way to the life to come. It is a book of practical lessons. It teaches, in the plainest terms, what the youth should do, and what they should not do.

The Bible is just the book that all young people should read attentively. Its style is so real, and its instructions so pure, that while it can harm no one, it is sure to benefit all who read it attentively and prayerfully. We earnestly recommend the youth to read the Bible, and to cultivate a love for reading this book of books. And we will here lay down this one rule, that if by reading other pleasing and exciting books, the interest in the Bible decreases, the reader is most certainly being injured by common reading. Therefore, when young persons find their love for the Bible decreasing, and at the same time love for common reading

increasing, they should, to say the least, be more select in their common reading. They should read less, reflect more, and should cultivate a love for the precious word of God.

Life of Christ.—No. 2.

BY ELLEN G. WHITE.

CHRIST retained a perfect identity of character, although surrounded by unfavorable influences, and placed in every variety of circumstances. Nothing supernatural occurred during the first thirty years of his life at Nazareth which would attract the attention of the people to himself. The apocraphy of the New Testament attempts to supply the silence of the Scriptures in reference to the early life of Christ, by giving a fancy sketch of his childhood years. These writers relate wonderful incidents and miracles, which characterized his childhood, and distinguished him from other children. They relate fictitious tales, and frivolous miracles, which they say he wrought, attributing to Christ the senseless and needless display of his divine power, and falsifying his character by attributing to him acts of revenge, and deeds of mischief, which were cruel and ridiculous.

In what marked contrast is the history of Christ, as recorded by the evangelists, which is beautiful in its natural simplicity, with these unmeaning stories, and fictitious tales. They are not at all in harmony with his character. They are more after the order of the novels that are written, which have no foundation in truth; but the characters delineated are of fancy creating.

The life of Christ was distinguished from the generality of children. His strength of moral character, and his firmness, ever led him to be true to his sense of duty, and to adhere to the principles of right, from which no motive, however powerful, could move him. Money or pleasure, applause or censure, could not purchase or flatter him to consent to a wrong action. He was strong to resist temptation, wise to discover evil, and firm to abide faithful to his convictions.

The wicked and unprincipled would flatter and portray the pleasures of sinful indulgences; but his strength of principle was strong to resist the suggestions of Satan. His penetration had been cultivated, that he could discern the voice of the tempter. He would not swerve from duty to obtain the favor of any. He would not sell his principles for human praise, or to avoid reproach and the envy and hatred of those who were enemies to righteousness and true goodness.

The life of Christ was passed in simplicity and purity. He possessed patience which nothing could ruffle, and truthfulness which would not be turned aside. His willing hands and feet were ever ready to serve others, and lighten the burdens of his parents. His wisdom was great, but it was child-like, and increased with his years. His childhood possessed peculiar gentleness, and marked loveliness. His character was full of beauty, and unsullied perfection.

It was said of him, "The child grew, waxed strong in spirit, was filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." Important and useful lessons may be drawn from the life of Christ. What examples for

parents in educating their children! And what a pattern we here find for all children and youth!

If children would have firm constitutions they must live naturally. The path of obedience is exalted by the Majesty of Heaven coming to the earth, and condescending himself to become a little child, and living simply and naturally, as children should live, submitting to restraint and privation, giving youth an example of faithful industry, showing them by his own life that body and soul are in harmony with natural laws.

Christ's example shows that a sound constitution is necessary for strength of intellect, and high moral attainments, which are susceptible to the divine influences of the Spirit of God. Although children live in a fallen world, they need not be corrupted by vice. They may be happy, and through the merits of Christ attain Heaven at last. But happiness must be sought in the right way, and from the right source. Some think they may surely find happiness in a course of indulgence in sinful pleasures, or in deceptive worldly attractions. And some sacrifice physical and moral obligations, thinking to find happiness, and they lose both soul and body. Others will seek their happiness in the indulgence of an unnatural appetite, and consider the indulgence of taste more desirable than health and life. Many suffer themselves to be enchained by sensual passions, and will sacrifice physical strength, intellect, and moral powers, to the gratification of lust. They will bring themselves to untimely graves, and in the Judgment will be charged with self-murder.

Is this the happiness desirable which is to be found in the path of disobedience and transgression of physical and moral law? Christ's life points out the true source of happiness, and how it is to be attained. His life points the direct and only path to Heaven. Let the voice of wisdom be heard. Let her mark out the path. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Temptations are on every side to allure the steps of youth to their ruin. The sad deficiency in the education of children leaves them weak and unguarded, vascillating in character, feeble in intellect, and deficient in moral strength, so that so far from imitating the life of Christ, the youth generally are like a reed trembling in the wind. They have not physical constitution, or moral power, because they yield to temptations. Through sinful indulgences, they stain their purity, and their manners are corrupted. They are impatient of restraint, and flatter themselves if they could only have their own way they should then be very happy.

Parental restraint is irksome. Children generally are not educated to self-control, and to habits of industry and obedience. They have superficial characters. They have followed inclination instead of duty. They are relieved from responsibility and care, and grow up worthless. If children and youth would seek their highest earthly good they must look for it in the path of faithful obedience. A sound constitution, which is the greatest earthly prize, can only be obtained by a denial of unnatural appetite. If they would be happy indeed, they should cheerfully seek to be found at the post of duty, doing the work which devolves

upon them with fidelity, conforming their hearts and lives to the perfect pattern.

They will then in their efforts to preserve integrity of soul, have the power of God, and his Spirit and grace will strengthen the intellect. In their efforts to train the minds for usefulness, they will be a blessing to others, instead of seeking to please themselves. And they will be shielded by the strong bands of moral obligation, and will not be inclined to give license to the evil propensities of the heart. They will then be happy indeed. They will then feel that they have a title to Heaven, and can enjoy the present life, and a foretaste of Heaven to come.

Mammoth Cave, Continued.

NOT far from the seat of the mummy is a large column extending from the floor of the cave to the ceiling above, called Post Oak, because it resembles that kind of wood, although of stone. The guide on one occasion placed his lamp behind one of these, near the wall, and, to my surprise, the rock was quite transparent, so much so that the lamplight could be seen quite plainly through it. It was composed of alabaster stone. I saw a great many curiosities made of this material.

We now come to Echo Arcade, a cave over another cave. By pounding, or striking forcibly on the floor, you can hear a hollow sound, showing it hollow beneath.

We passed on till we came to a place called Register Room. It was about three hundred feet long, forty wide, and from eight to fifteen in height. The ceiling is white and as smooth as though it had been plastered. This place is called Register Room, because almost everyone wishing to leave his name will take his lamp and with the smoke of the blaze trace it on the white wall. I did not stop to count them, but I should think a great many thousand names were written there.

Gothic Chapel is a large room the ceiling of which is supported by natural columns of stone. Sometimes explorers will hang their lamps on these posts, lighting up this chapel, causing it to look very beautiful. In this room several persons have been married.

Next we came to Vulcan's Smithy, a room the floor of which is strewn with what looks very much like cinders of a blacksmith shop. They are flakes of stone called stalagmitic nodules, colored with black oxyd of iron. Then came a ledge of rocks called Bonaparte's Breastworks. We pass these and come to what looks very much like an arm-chair, formed by a notch in a column of stone, with the remaining portion forming the back and arms of the chair. This was the most natural of anything I saw in the cave. Jenny Lind, while in the United States, visited this cave and sang some of her beautiful pieces sitting in this chair.

The next thing was a portion of rock projecting from the wall of the cave, looking very much like an elephant's head, and took that name. As the guide pointed this out, and asked me what it resembled, I told him. He replied: "Well now, you have seen the elephant."

The next "point" of interest was a long, pointed rock projecting sixteen feet from the floor over a chasm seventy feet deep. After viewing this, we entered a pass called

Elbow Crevice—a crevice in the rock, fifty feet high, from three to five feet wide, winding a long distance and opening into an interesting room in the side of the cave. After seeing this room, we returned, passed Gatewood's Dining-table, and arrived at Napoleon's Dome. This is fifty feet high, and from twenty to thirty feet wide. After passing this, we came to Lake Purity, a pool of water rightly named, for I never saw such pure water, never. My guide told me to look down. I held my light before me and stepped on a pace or two, and to my surprise was standing in water so pure I could hardly discover it. I plunged my hand down to satisfy myself that it was really water, when I could only tell by the feeling where the water was. The purest glass I ever saw was hardly as transparent as this water. I could only think of the Paradise of God with its pure river of life, clear as crystal for a comparison.

E. B. LANE.

(To be Continued.)

Bird Studies in Winter.

AH! now we see—now that the November winds have torn away the green and purple and crimson curtains, behind which the homes of the little birds were hidden—where it was that they lived and raised their young ones last summer. How strange we didn't find out more about it then! The leaves were so thick, and they were so sly, and we had n't learned how to look. We will make thorough work, now while the birds are away and the trees are bare, of this nidification study. Do n't know what that means? Why, the nesting of birds, and the next time they come with their jolifications, we'll have our eyes and our wits sharpened all ready for them.

Look here, now, right over our heads, in the midst of the branches of this young elm tree, is an oriole's nest. Little did you think as you passed under it to school that those bright birds that were flashing in and out among the trees of the orchard, and filling the air with their sweet, brave songs hours before your eyes were open in the morning, were making this small pocket of a nest to lay their eggs and swing their babies in. Would n't it have been nice if you had happened on just the right morning to know what was going on, and could have watched from behind this post to see just how they did it. You would have seen one bird come first with a thread or string or fiber of grass or flax, and tie one end securely with his beak and claws to a small twig, and then take up the other end and fasten it securely to another twig, two or three inches off, taking care to leave the string hanging between the points where it is tied, as low down as the nest is to be long—the first thread looking just like the swing your brother fastened up for you on the branches of the cherry tree. Then the other bird would come with another fiber, and if she found the first all right, would tie hers in just the same way, only she would have it cross the first; then there would be two swings, crossing at the lowest point, like the wires of an egg-beater. Then they would bring more fibers, tying them all around so as to make a sort of skeleton nest; and then they would weave in more threads or fibers, the other way, until they had filled

it out round, and tied it so tight that a tempest could not shake it off.

Now it is all ready to be finished. We do not consider our houses ready to live in until the carpets are down, and the walls hung with something to make them cozy and comfortable. Just so the birds. They find either hair or fur, or wool, for a soft lining, and work away to pack it smooth and even, getting into the nest and rubbing their breasts against the wall, all the time chirping to each other in the lovingest way; only if a dog or a cat, or a small boy, happens along to interfere with them, the soft notes turn to an angry scold, by which the intruder is warned off the premises. While they are about their domestic business, which concerns on one in the world but their own two selves, they do not want to be interfered with. How in the world they ever double themselves up to get down into this deep well of a nest to smooth the lining and set on the eggs is more than I can imagine.

If these same orioles had been building their nest anywhere down in the Southern States, they would have varied it to suit the circumstances. There they guard against heat instead of cold; so they put the nest on the north-east side of a tree, and make it of the long moss that hangs beard-like from the live oak trees, and do not line it at all, but leave it in open-work, so the winds can run in and out, and fan the young ones, and keep them cool.

I am glad the orioles do not all stay South, we should miss them so. They make our summer glad, and gay, and musical by their chatty, songful, shooting-star-like ways; and they are really useful, too. Can you guess how? I'll tell you. I had a good chance one day to watch one. He came into the cherry tree, directly under my window, for his dinner. I ran to the window when I heard his glad whistle, and watched him go all over the branches, now holding fast with his claw to a twig while he stretched himself far as he could possibly reach for a beetle hidden under a leaf; then he would hop sideways a few steps, then glide along the branches, and so, going all over and over the tree, as if he were bound to clean it thoroughly of all the insects on it (there were a great many black lice then, and he seemed to be making his dinner of them), chuckling to himself, and occasionally giving a loud shout, as though he were enjoying it immensely. His black and orange feathers were brilliant, I assure you, when he came out into the sunshine. It is said that orioles are quite fond of certain little juicy scarlet balls that, at certain seasons, are found dangling from the cherry branches, and that they do not hesitate now and then to help themselves to a bite, and take home a bunch of them to their young ones. "Who has a better right, I should like to know?" Their main living is caterpillars and beetles, and I doubt not they feel the need of vegetable food once in a while for health. These birds are called Baltimore orioles, because the brilliant black and orange of the males are like the colors on the coat-of-arms of Lord Baltimore.

Have you ever wondered why the male of so many species of birds is so much more highly colored than the female? A good many persons have wondered and formed theories about it. The one that seems to me most likely to be right is this: They say

where the male bird is gay and showy, he does not take his turn in sitting on the eggs to hatch them; but where both of the parent birds are much alike, and both of a sober tint, each takes a share in the work of incubation. A bird of dull color is not easily noticed among the branches and leaves, or on the ground, if it nests there. You see if a boy who can hit a mark with a stone so neatly, should happen all of a sudden to spy a bright red mother bird on a nest, he would not stop to think before he would send a pebble speeding after it; and when it was too late to think, the beautiful creature might be killed, and how sorry he would feel when he heard the other bird mourning for his dead mate, and thought of the pretty eggs, and the little birds that might have been, but for his temptation, and now can never be. We shall find, as we go on to study nature, how God takes care for the preservation of his creatures. Does not this care in coloring the sparrow, to ensure her safety, look some like the answer, before it is said, to the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil?" And who knows but this is for the good of the boys as well as the birds?—*F. B. J., in Laws of Life.*

The Broken Saw—A Story for Boys.

A BOY went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys; they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without and in search of boys. The work was not very hard—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going on errands, and helping round. At last, Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy now-a-days that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you; because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try; the wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him. "Why, of course I did n't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw. "Mr. Jones never makes allowance," said the other boy; "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have staid, only that he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He dar n't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill could n't stand it, and would n't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was afraid; Mr. Jones has got such a temper." "I think he'd better owned just at once," said Sam. "I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy.

"I'd run away before I'd tell him," and he turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood-house, walked out into the garden, and then went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones; but she was n't so

ciable, and he would rather not. "Oh, my God," said Sam, falling upon his knees, "help me to do the thing that is right."

I do not know what time it was, but when Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you, before you saw it in the morning."

"I should think morning soon enough to tell of your carelessness. Why do you come down to-night?"

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to tell a lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it; but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, "There, Sam," he said heartily, "give me your hand. Shake hands; I'll trust you, Sam. That's right; that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board" he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how this is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind and faithful master.—*Sel.*

Woodland Rambles.

LET us for a moment glance at the inducements which are held out to us to step aside from the ordinary cares and perplexities of every-day life, and drink in the health-giving, invigorating air of some of these delicious spring days. We naturally leave the crowded busy streets, and are drawn, as if by a strong magnet power, toward the grand old woods. If it be spring-time, as it now is, and the eye has become weary of gazing at naked branches, and the feet tired of treading the frost-hardened earth, or, as is too often the case, the body has lost its elasticity from long inaction and confinement in overheated rooms, then will the woods have a charm for us which we may seek for in vain, elsewhere.

"Come ye into the grand old woods!
There entereth no alloy."

All that is found within these grand temples of Nature is from the hand of the great Master Workman, and will bear the close inspection of the most critical eye. How quickly will one forget his weariness as he listens to the first gush of melody which issues from the overfull throat of the red-breasted robin, as he tilts among the swelling leaf-buds, and almost cheats one into the belief that he is a breathing, vocalized blossom of spring-time, so bright is his plumage amid the tender greenness of the bursting foliage. Involuntarily, and often unconsciously, we attempt an imitation of the bird-note, thus giving our lungs free and healthful action, and more fully preparing the body for the work which is in store for it. We almost forget the song and the singer, as our steps lead us along the woodland pathway in search of new beauties, which every spring unfolds. We may be too early for the sweet violet or anemone; but are we not fully compensated for the disappointment as our eyes rest upon a little knoll of ragged earth, and as we stoop to examine the tufts of emerald moss surrounding, and oftentimes crowning it, to find nestled among the greenness the brilliant berries of the *Mitchella*, or partridge berry, while the scarlet

leaves of the last year's blackberry vine cling lovingly to the parent stem, only waiting to be pushed off when Dame Nature shall have seen fit to provide a suitable substitute? Thus we slough off the old leaf of an in-door existence through the "tedious winter" and give place to new springs of thought and action by coming in contact with woodland creations.

I never was more fully aware of the beneficial effects of a ramble of this kind, than on the eleventh day of December last. I had been trying to imagine myself ill during the morning, and feeling as if the clerk of the weather had made a mistake in not sending the snow in time to cover the unsightly rubbish that usually collects in back yards after a Massachusetts Thanksgiving, when my sister proposed that I should accompany her to the woods for ferns and mosses. Ferns and mosses! What could the child be thinking of! Ferns and mosses the eleventh day of December! To show my willingness to please her, and my sisterly regard for her extreme want of wisdom, I robed myself in coat, hat, boots and mittens, and, armed with a trowel and a carving-knife, we started. A brisk walk of a mile brought us to the woods in question. By the time I had climbed the first wall, the ugly pain in my shoulder was entirely forgotten, and, in fact, had taken its departure. The uncomfortable chill which had vexed me during the morning had given way to a warm glow, and I found mittens and coat becoming quite burdensome. Rubbish no longer met my eyes; but every fallen trunk and broken tree-limb showed evidence of the great artist's handiwork. No lady's skillful fingers ever wrought such delicate lace work, as encased many of the moss-covered branches which strewed our pathway, and formed a misty covering for the gray old rocks. Each step brought us in close contact with some new miracle which we did not attempt to explain.

With every new beauty came added strength, and a desire to prolong our rambles, until we found ourselves on the outskirts of the wood, on the border of a swampy meadow, from the center of which gleamed scarlet tufts of vegetation from among the dry, brown grass. As we investigated the matter more fully, we found it to be the *Sarracenia*, or pitcher plant, which is among the most curious of our American wild flowers. In early summer-time the petiole is usually filled with water, in which are myriads of drowned insects. To-day, each crimson petiole held a globule of transparent ice. Each cluster contained from twenty, to fifty or sixty of these hirsute, delicately-veined drinking-cups, which by the aid of our friendly trowel and carver we soon had in our possession, roots and all. La Place once said that certain discoveries in mathematics had lengthened the life of the astronomer, by enabling him to realize new privileges and new delights. As truly may it be said that my woodland ramble on a chill December day imparted more strength and health to mind and body than the mere moping over the "cheerful anthracite," and inhaling its poisonous gases, could have done, even though it might have been thought more comfortable at the time. Suffice it to say that the products of that day's ramble carried joy and gladness to many hearts beside our own; for after being skillfully and artistically arranged among ferns, and other woodland productions, they occupied a most conspicuous position at the Woman's Bazaar held in Boston during the Christmas holidays, and were then scattered far and near to cheer the invalid in her sick-room, and pervade the close atmosphere with a breath of woodland sweetness.

If nine-tenths of our school-girls, who, after reciting a shabby lesson in French and German within the walls of an over-heated school room, and then after a dainty (?) dinner of roast turkey, plum pudding, mince pie, nuts and raisins, seat themselves in a lounging chair, and study into the mysteries of the last new pattern of crotchet or tatting, if they would but take a luncheon-basket on their arm, and go into the woods, and after doing full justice to the edibles, give as much time to examining the exquisite formation of the ferns, and the minute flowering of the various mosses as they would be likely to expend on useless and expensive fancy work, they would find that not only had their bodily organs received new impetus for activity, but the mental powers had been strengthened and enlarged.

I have dwelt more particularly upon spring-time rambles, because this is the time of the "annual miracle," but one can derive benefits from woodland rambles at all seasons of the year. What can be more refreshing to the overtaxed brain and weakened body, than to throw aside all care of household duties and study confinement, and spend a day with a congenial companion, in the midst of the beauties of a *summer* woods. One needs no book; for is not the great Book of Nature open to us, speaking audibly in the musical rustle of the leaves, in the tall tree-tops, in the rippling brooklet which flows at our feet, and in the myriad insects which flash in the sunlight? At such a season one drinks in the very "elixir of life." Autumn presents no less attractions than does the queenly summer. She spreads her many colored carpet beneath our feet, and woos us with her mild breezes to take a new lease of life by a stroll among her varied landscapes. Looked you ever through stained windows of richer coloring than those through which you gaze as you enter the autumn woods and look up to the clear, blue sky? Did your feet ever enter a grander cathedral?

Did you ever go into the woods after one of those spring snow storms which sometimes come even after we have begun to look for spring blossoms? The keen, frosty air may make you shiver for a few moments, but all discomfort is soon forgotten, in the beauty of the scene before you. Like a fairy palace is the grand old wood! No tessellated pavement of Roman antiquity can vie with the matchless "Carara" which is broken here and there only by the tiny, geometric tracks of the rabbit. Snowy arches lighted up by the bright morning sunlight, over which bend the branches of the tall, stately pines whose massive trunks look like grim sentinels guarding the entrance to this palace of beauty. Everything within range of our vision has received a pure baptism, while over all hangs the clear, blue dome of heaven. Can one look upon a scene like this and not feel his whole soul go out in love and adoration to the Good Father who has made us only a *little* lower than the angels? Let us look well to it, that we keep our bodies in a condition, by proper exercise, and a personal contact with the beauties of the outer world that they may indeed be *fit* "temples of the Holy Ghost."
—*Herald of Health.*

Letter.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Do we fully realize our indebtedness to God? Do we acknowledge it, and try to manifest our gratitude to him in striving to live out the present truth? "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." How kind to offer to direct our paths if we but acknowledge him in all our acts and words!

Are we willing to be led of God? Should he lead us in a path which would require great self-denial and sacrifice, are we willing and ready to follow him? Let us strive to live so as to have the Spirit of God within us to such a degree that we shall meet all the little trials of life with patience and submission. Let us strive to form such characters as shall stand the final test. When we realize that each one must give an account to God, it becomes us to be active in the work of preparation for that account which must so shortly be given. May the Lord give each of us meekness and humility and strength to perform every duty faithfully, that we may stand in readiness when our Saviour appears.

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee."

MATTIE TENNEY.

The Lost Lamb:

O LORD, our Shepherd, deign to keep
Thy little lambs, thy feeble sheep,
And when our feet would go astray,
Uphold and guide us in thy way.

Our Shepherd, Jesus, kindly gave
His precious life, the flock to save:
Oh! may we hear and know his voice,
And in his love alone rejoice.

When faint and trembling with alarms,
Oh! gather us within thine arms:
Kind Shepherd, on thy gracious breast,
The weakest lamb may safely rest.

Lead us to pastures rich and green,
Where thy free bounties most are seen;
There may thy gentle waters roll,
To cheer and save the fainting soul.

Thus blessed, though we should walk the vale
Where death's deep shadows will prevail,
We shall our Heavenly Shepherd see,
His rod and staff our comfort be.

THERE was a little lamb that lived in a
very beautiful green field,

Where flowers blow,
And streams flow.

He was under the care of a very kind shepherd, and was kept quite safe. The little lamb ran about among the grass, and played there, and wagged its pretty tail, it was so glad and happy. There were many other lambs, and they were never angry, they never hurt each other; but they all lived in peace and love.

One day the little lamb of which we speak ran away from the rest, and went to the end of the field. All around it there was a bank and a hedge, to keep the flock from going astray. The little lamb went up to the top of the bank, and looked through the hedge. Everything seemed very pretty on the other side; there were many fine plants, and the birds were singing in the trees, and there was a large, broad path that seemed to lead to some green fields beyond.

For many days the lamb went to the bank, and looked through the hedge. Then he did not seem so pleased as before with his own field,

Where flowers grow,
And streams flow;

but he wanted to go on the other side, and to run in the broad path.

After some time, he looked about along the hedge, to try to find a hole through which he might creep, and then go just a little way

on the other side, and soon run back again. After looking a long time, he found a hole in the hedge. He put in his nose, and then his neck, and then part of his body, when a sharp thorn gave him a prick on the breast that covered it with blood. He pushed it aside, and went further in, when many thorns pricked his face, and his back, and his feet, and made his eyes almost blind. He ought to have gone back, but he saw a place where the hedge seemed thinner, and he pushed toward it. It was hard work, the wool on his back was torn, and he was hurt all over; but at last he got through the hedge to the other side. He now seemed glad, and rested on the grass, and heard the birds sing, and looked around and saw what a wide country there was all around, where he could rove about from place to place.

He then rose, and went into the broad way. He found that it led into many other paths, and he ran on into one and another, and into a great many more paths. He seemed glad for a time, but as the sun was setting, he wanted to get back again to the field from which he came. So he tried to find his way back again; but the more he went from one path to another he seemed to get farther and farther away. He was quite lost. He then lay down under a tree, for he was very tired; and oh! how he wished that he had never gone astray!

Then it began to get dark. The clouds were very heavy, and the rain fell fast, and a great storm came on. The lightning began to flash, and the thunder to roar, and his little limbs shook with fear. The tree under which he lay was struck by the lightning; he was only just able to run away before it came down upon the place where he had rested. Some of the branches fell on his back as he was going away, and gave him great pain.

The little lamb now ran into a thick wood, and tried to find shelter there. The night soon came on; not a star was to be seen; all was dark. The lamb was cold and wet, hungry and weak. He knew not where to go or what to do.

In the dark night, he heard the cries of wild beasts. Soon a great lion roared aloud, and came nearer. He saw the little lamb, and soon came near to him. Oh, how he did shake with fear! He rose, and tried to run away. The lion was about to spring upon him, when, lo! the little lamb fell down into a deep and narrow pit. The lion stood over the pit and roared, and lashed his tail. The lamb fell to the bottom of the pit, among thorns, and mud, and creeping things. Oh, how he suffered! His wool was torn and dirty, his body was full of pain, and the lion was near him. There the lamb lay, and his cries became more and more faint, and he seemed ready to die.

While the lamb was going astray, the kind shepherd, on walking around the field, missed him. He saw the foot-marks, and found the hole in the hedge, and some of the wool left there, and knew the sad state of his little lamb. He then took his crook in one hand, and a lamp in the other, and went after the lost one. When he came into the dark wood, he stopped, for he heard the faint cries of his little lamb. He then ran to the pit. The lion saw him and his lamp, and turned around and ran away, for he was afraid of the shepherd. The cries of the little lamb had almost died away when the shepherd came near. By the light of his lamp he saw the lamb, and he spoke kindly to him. Then with his rod and with his crook he drew him out of the dirty pit.

The kind shepherd then took the little lamb, and washed him quite clean, and put oil on his wounds, and bound them up, and took him up in his arms, and carried him in

his bosom. Oh, how happy was the little lamb now! When he heard the lion and the wild beasts roar, he clung closer and closer to the arm and the heart of the kind shepherd, who bore him back to the field.

Now the little lamb no more wished to go astray. He loved to keep near the good shepherd, and was safe and happy in his fold.—*Set.*

Who is like the little lamb? We all are. Every one of us has gone astray. But Christ came, and bore our sins in his own body on the cross; and we ought now to dearly love and serve Him who came to seek, and to save that which was lost. The lamb first indulged his desire to get out of the field. Then, when he began to meet difficulties in the way, he ought to have gone back immediately.

The lion who discovered him, and would gladly have devoured him, may well be compared with our enemy who, the Bible says, goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

But the kind shepherd who was in search of the lost one, heard his piteous cries, and took him in his arms, and gently bore him back to the place from which he had wandered. So the Good Shepherd gently leads us back to the fold, if we cry to him, that he may hear our voice. Christ has said, "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." And he did give up his life for us. Will we return to the fold?—*Ed.*

DARE to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when you are convinced you are wrong.

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