

The Youth's Instructor.

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

LIVERWORTS.

They are laughing in the meadow,
They are smiling in the dell;
Upon the woody hill-tops
The blue-eyed beauties dwell;
And unto those who love them
A pleasant tale they tell.

They speak of sunny weather,
Of birds and babbling brooks,
Of walks within the forest glens,
And rest within its nooks,
And many a dreamy fancy
Recorded not in books.

From fallen leaves and withered
They mischievously peep,
And laugh at later flowers
Unwakened from their sleep,
While tenderly they guard them,
And loving vigil keep.

In modest maiden beauty
Some blush along the way,
While others flock the meadows,
Or by the fountains stray,
In white or blue habiliments
To greet the April day.

They seem at frolic ever,
Now hiding from my sight,
And then together clustering
As if in half affright,
Yet conscious of their holiday,
And happy in the light,

No other coming flowers
To me are dear as they,
Of those that bloom in April,
Or in the genial May;
I would that thus to comfort me
They evermore would stay!

For tales of vanished childhood
To me they sweetly sing,
And to the fading memory
They recollections bring
Of home and loving faces—
A precious offering.
—The Aldine.

Wisdom.

"HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom; for the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

While we have a knowledge of a gem of such intrinsic value, so exceedingly rare and difficult of attainment, how happy the privilege of receiving information as to what this priceless treasure consists in, and the manner in which it may be obtained. Listen to the words of inspiration: "And unto man he said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." This is not the much-boasted wisdom of the present generation, which is diffusing itself so rapidly over the globe, and abounding more than at any previous era of the world's history. It is not that which the masses are now most eagerly in pursuit of; for these are acknowledged to be pleasure, honor, wealth, and fame. Yet men are supposed to be growing wiser. Gradually declining in physical strength and stature, but rapidly expanding intellectually, and becoming capable of developing greater intellectual achievements, and ingeniously contriving "cunning inventions," which were never before conceived. And this is esteemed wisdom. But we are informed that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." True wisdom is now as it was anciently, a pearl of

great price, valued above rubies, and to be had in possession by those only who will seek for it as for hid treasures.

Its happy recipients are indeed endowed with God's best gift to man. It enlightens the understanding, causes light to spring forth from obscurity, turns from the path of error to that of truth, and points to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

Wisdom is truly ennobling and elevating, making even the enemies of its possessor to be at peace with him. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

God is infinite in wisdom. We read that the "Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth, and by understanding hath he established the heavens." And in contemplating the works of his hands in the heavens above and the earth beneath, beholding the blue canopy of heaven stretched forth as a curtain, with its countless hosts, the green verdure spread out as a beautiful carpet beneath our feet, and the broad expanse of waters containing innumerable living things—all created by the omnipotent hand of an all-wise God, we can but exclaim with the psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!" Naught but the infinite wisdom of Jehovah could have fashioned the worlds and inhabited them, and established the mighty works thus powerfully wrought by him; "For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast."

M. L. S.

The Old Monk's Picture.

An old Mexican monk in his cell painted an allegorical picture which may now be seen in the public library of one of our cities. It represents a beautiful maiden, standing on a narrow island, with only room for her feet to rest upon, and all around her dashes and rages a lake of fire. The angry tongues of flame leap up and almost lave her feet; yet she smiles on, all unconscious of her danger. More dreadful still, upon each billow's crest rides a malignant fiend, and they have closed around the seemingly defenseless girl, and are winding their coils about her, one seeking to fasten chains to her limbs, and others tugging with all their fiendish strength to drag her into the burning pool. The muscles of every arm are knotted with the struggle, and the hate and malice of the pit are written on every brow. Yet serenely the maiden smiles, for she sees nothing of her danger. A golden cord of grace, descending from above, is twined amidst her sunny hair, but death stands overhead ready to cut the thread. A hand of help is reaching down to her, which she must take or be lost in the abyss. A company of attendant angels, anxiously awaiting her decision, complete the picture.

This is no fancy sketch of the old monk's brain, but a true picture of the condition of every one out of Christ. "They stand upon slippery places, and fiery billows roll beneath them." Thousands of fiends are busily at work to insure the soul's ruin, and the offers of mercy and pardon must all be cut short by death. Grace is a hand reaching down from Heaven offering us salvation, and faith is the hand reaching up to receive it. "They that be for us are more than they that be against us." Oh, will we not make friends

of these blessed attendant angels, by enlisting under the same great Captain? Who would stand for half an hour in such position as this young girl is represented as standing in? And yet if you have not accepted of salvation, you are in an immeasurably worse one. Oh, hasten to take the proffered hand of help, or you must sink in those burning waves forever!—Sel.

Taste and See.

A BLIND girl had been in the habit of reading her Bible by means of raised letters, such as are prepared for the use of the blind; but after a while, by working in a factory, the tips of her fingers became so calloused that she could no more by her hands read the precious promises. She cut off the tips of her fingers, that her touch might be more sensitive; but still she failed with her hands to read the letters. In her sorrow, she took the Bible, and said, "Farewell, my dear Bible. You have been the joy of my heart." Then she pressed the open page to her lips, and kissed it. As she did so, she felt with her mouth the letters, The Gospel according to St. Mark. "Thank God!" she said, "if I cannot read the Bible with my fingers, I can read it with my lips."

In that last hour, when the world goes away from our grasp, press this precious gospel to your lips, that in that dying kiss you may taste the sweetness of the promise, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Talmage.

Appearances Are Deceitful.

"WHAT a beautiful light that lamp gives!" said a moth, as he stood brushing his wings on the sideboard.

"Yes, it does," said a fly, who fluttered with great difficulty toward the moth. "But you had better not go near it, for it's anything but safe."

"Surely, there can be no danger there," said the moth; "the flame looks so cheerful and bright."

"Yes, but it burns," said the fly. "I'm suffering from it now. I ventured too near, and it so injured my wing that it is almost useless."

"I really think you must be mistaken," answered the moth. "I don't see how that beautiful light could injure anybody. I shall fly and see."

"Take care," buzzed the fly, "for appearances are sometimes deceitful."

"All right," said the moth. And he flew off to see the flame, and going too near fell fluttering on the table, severely burnt, and nearly dead.

"There's folly now," said the fly. Some people will trust appearances rather than heed the kind warnings of those who have suffered through their deceitfulness.

HUMILITY is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it, the most splendid natural and acquired acquisitions lose their charm.

WORLDLY pleasures are no more able to satisfy the soul than the light of a candle to give day to the world.

SPRING.

I am coming, I am coming,
Said the gentle voice of spring;
I am coming with the flowers,
And the pretty birds that sing.

I am coming with the crocus,
And the daffodillies too,
With the violets and the pansies,
And the bluebells filled with dew.

With the honeysuckle climbing
O'er the porch and window-sill,
With the daisy and the snowdrop,
And the tulip sweeter still.

They have all been sweetly sleeping
'Neath the crystal robe of snow;
God their little lives was keeping,
Now they come to bloom and grow.

God thus careth for the flowers,
He for us must care much more;
When the gentle Jesus calleth,
We will rise to die no more.

—Interior.

For Christ's Sake.

"THERE, Mary, now don't you think that I deserve to be called a good husband?" said the young man, smiling as he dropped into the lady's hand half a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes, you are, Edward, the very best husband in the world."

"Thank you. And now I want you, dear, to have the mantle by New Year's Day. I'm anxious to see how you will look in it."

"But, Edward, you know we are not rich people, and it really seems a piece of extravagance for me to give thirty dollars for a cloak."

"No, it is not either. You deserve the mantle, Mary, and I've set my mind upon your having it."

It was evident the lady was predisposed to conviction. She made no further attempt to refute her husband's arguments, and her small fingers closed over the gold pieces.

Edward and Mary Clark were the husband and wife of a year. He was a book-keeper in a large establishment, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. The love of Christ was the motive power in the hearts and lives of both.

Mrs. Clark came into the sitting-room suddenly, and the girl lifted her head and then turned it away quickly, but not until the first glance told the lady that the fair face was swollen and stained with tears.

Janet Hill was a seamstress whom Mrs. Clark had occasionally employed for the last six months.

"Won't you tell me what is troubling you, Janet?"

"Nothing that anybody can help," answered the young girl, trying still to avert her face.

"But perhaps I can. At any rate, it does us good sometimes to confide our sorrows to a friend."

And so, with kind words and half-caressing movements of the little hand laid on the seamstress' arm, Mrs. Clark drew from her lips her sad story.

She was an orphan, supporting herself by her daily labors; and she had one brother, just sixteen, three years her junior. He had been for some time a kind of under-clerk in a large wholesale establishment, where he had seriously injured himself in the summer by lifting some heavy bales of goods; and at last a dangerous fever set in, which had finally left him in so exhausted

a state that the doctor had little or no hope of his recovery.

"And to think I shall never see him again, Mrs. Clark," cried the poor girl, with a fresh burst of tears. "To think he must die away there, among strangers, in the hospital, with no loving face to bend over him in his last hours! Oh, George, my darling, bright-faced brother George!" And here she broke down in a storm of sobs and tears.

"Poor child, poor child!" murmured Mrs. Clark. "How much would it cost for you to go to your brother and return?" she asked at last.

"About thirty dollars. I have not so much money in the world. You see it's four hundred miles off."

A thought passed quickly through Mrs. Clark's mind. She stood still a few moments, her blue eye fixed in deep meditation. At last she said kindly, "Well, my child, try and bear up bravely, and we will see what can be done for you." And the warm, cheerful tones comforted the sad heart of the girl.

The lady went up stairs and took the pieces out of her portmonaie. There was a brief, sharp struggle in her mind. "Somehow I've set my heart upon this mantle," she thought, "and Edward will be disappointed. I was going out to select it this very afternoon. But then there's that dying boy lying there with strange faces all about him, and longing, as the hours go by, for a sight of the sister who loves him; and would not this thought haunt me every time I put on my new cloak? After all, my old cloth mantle is not so bad; and it can be turned. And I'm sure I can bring Edward over to my way of thinking. No, you must go without the mantle this time." And she closed the portmonaie resolutely, and went down stairs.

"Janet, put up your work this moment; there is no time to be lost. Here is the money. Take it and go to your brother."

The girl lifted her eyes a moment, almost in bewilderment to the lady, and then as she comprehended the truth, a cry of such joy broke from her lips that its memory never faded from the heart through all the after years of Mrs. Clark's life.

"George! George!" the words leaped from her lips, as the sister sprang forward to the low bed where the youth lay.

He opened his large eyes suddenly—a flush passed over his pallid face. He stretched out his thin arms. "Oh, Janet! Janet! I have prayed God for the sight of you once more before I die."

"His pulse is stronger than it has been for two weeks, and his face has a better hue," said the doctor next morning, as he made his morning visit through the wards of the hospital.

"His sister came yesterday and watched with him," answered the attendant nurse, glancing at the young girl who hung breathless over the sleeping invalid.

"Ah! that explains it. I'm not certain but that young man has power enough left to recover, if he could have the care and tenderness for the next two months which love alone can furnish."

How Janet's heart leaped at the blessed words! That very morning she had an interview with her brother's employers. They had been careless, but not intentionally un-

kind, and the girl's story enlisted their sympathies.

In a day or two, George was removed to a quiet, comfortable private home, and his sister installed herself by his couch, his nurse and comforter.

Three years have passed away. Mrs. Clark sat in her chamber, humming a nursery tune, to which the cradle kept a sort of rhythmic movement. Suddenly the door opened. "Sh—sh!" said the young mother, and she lifted her finger with a smiling warning as her husband entered.

"There's something for you Mary. It came by express this afternoon."

The lady removed the cover, with eyes filled with wonder, while her husband leaned over her shoulder and watched her movements.

A white box disclosed itself, and, removing the cover, Mrs. Clark descried a small, elegantly chased hunting-watch. She lifted it with a cry of delighted surprise, and, touching the spring, the case flew back, and on the inside were engraved these words:

"To Mrs. Mary Clark. In token of the life she saved."

"Oh, Edward! It must have come from George and Janet Hill," exclaimed the lady. "You know she's been with him ever since that time; and she wrote me last spring that he had obtained an excellent situation as head clerk in the firm. What an exquisite gift, and how I shall value it, not simply for itself either."

"Well, Mary, you were in the right then; though I'm sorry to say I was half vexed with you for giving up your mantle."

"I've not had one, but I've never regretted it."

"Nor I, Mary, for I cannot doubt that your act of self-denial saved the young man's life."

"It would almost seem so, Edward, and I bless God for it," added his wife, fervently, her eyes filling with tears.

The husband drew his arm around his wife, and reverently said, "Blessed be God, Mary, who put it into your heart to do this good deed. You remember who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"—S. S. Workman.

Bad Company.

NOTHING is worse for children and youth than bad company. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." So the best book tells us. Some children get caught in bad company when they are not aware of it beforehand. Here is a good illustration of their condition given by Rev. Mr. Hervey, pastor of the Universalist church in Peabody. He is talking to the children of his Sabbath-school:—"Some young people get fettered sometimes. In the Brazilian forests the hunters catch the monkeys in this way. They have some very small boots made and covered inside with pitch. These they carry into the woods, and then in full sight of the monkeys, who are watching them from the tree-tops, they pull off and on their own boots several times. Then they go away, leaving the little boots behind. Down come the monkeys and pull them on in imitation of the hunters. Then the hunters rush upon them and catch the silly creatures—for they can't climb with boots on, and they can't shake the boots off. About the worst 'tight boots' that young people can get trapped with, is bad company."—Myrtle.

A NICHE FOR EVERYBODY.

In this world of earnest labor,
There is work enough for all;
Work to suit all kinds and classes,
Great and mighty, weak and small.

Do not sit and idly mutter,
That you have no work to do,
Up and find a field of labor;
There is room enough for you.

Do not wait for something lofty,
Something grand, or something high,
Do some work, however humble,
Only do it earnestly.

One kind word may help a brother
Almost wearied of this life;
One kind look may give him courage
Boldly to renew the strife.

If you meet with one in trouble,
Sore oppressed, by grief cast down,
Do not pass him by unheeded,
With a cold and scornful frown.

Help the feeblest or the weakest,
All who need your sympathy;
You will cheer them by your kindness,
If you help them tenderly.

Work is plenty, if you wish it,
You may find it everywhere;
But, for strength to do it rightly,
Ought to be your daily prayer.

—Golden Censer.

I Stand at the Door.

"BEHOLD, I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me."

Dear children, do you realize that these are the words of God's dear Son? It may be well to illustrate them: Suppose you were living in a beautiful mansion, and your father was so immensely rich that your every want was supplied without asking; but as your benevolent soul thought of others that were hungry, naked, and destitute, you say, "In my father's house there is bread enough, and to spare. I will go myself and carry to them all." It is Christmas day. The morning is stinging cold; but this does not deter you. Your loving heart is warm with the happy anticipation of relieving "the wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

Your basket is filled to overflowing from your bountiful table; and as you approach nearer, and nearer, your heart beats with increased joy at the thought of how welcome you will be, and how happy the distribution of all these nice things will make them. The very moment your feet touch the steps, your gentle, loving rap is heard, but no one comes. Again you rap; but no one bids you enter. Then your rap is heard louder, and still louder, than ever before; while in the most affectionate manner you enumerate the many comforts you have brought with you to make them happy. The day is far spent, and only a few willing, starving souls could be induced to share with you. Nearly all turned the cold shoulder by refusing to invite you in.

Dear reader, can you not fully realize how you would feel without passing through even one such bitter day's experience? Yet the Father's only beloved Son left his beautiful mansion in Heaven where all his surroundings were more beautiful than any prince, or king, that ever reigned on earth.

The home of Solomon in all his glory would but feebly compare with Jesus' home in Heaven, surrounded with shining angels, waiting to obey his commands.

Then think, children, of the dear Saviour, pleading with his Father so lovingly to let him leave all this grandeur and glory, to come to this sin-cursed earth to offer his life a ran-

som to redeem us from our poor, wretched, lost condition.

He came first to his own people (the Jews), but their cruel words were, "Away with him. Crucify him, crucify him." Still his loving heart yearned over them as he turned away from their city after pleading with them for three long years. He bids them a long farewell in the following words: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Matt. 22: 37, 38.

And now, dear reader, what is he saying to us under the very last message of mercy that will be given to sinners? Please turn and carefully read, Rev. 3: 14-22, and while you read, swing wide open the door of your hearts and from your inmost soul cry out, O Lamb of God, come in, come in. He will welcome you to his loving arms, and forgive all your past coldness. Every lover of Jesus will rejoice with you; and the glad, joyful news will be borne by sweet angels, to the sanctuary above, and all Heaven will rejoice over one sinner's return.

The storm is about to burst upon a guilty world. The burning of Peshtigo and Chicago, is but an item compared with the general wail of sorrow, under the pouring out of the seven last plagues.

Jesus is inviting you now, to open the door of your hearts, and just as sweetly, and tenderly, as the mother-hen warns her brood of an approaching storm, has he warned you. Will you hide now beneath the wing of his love? The strongest are as weak as the tenderest chicken, without his protection. There is no shelter out of Christ. Direct your eyes heavenward, to the great Redeemer, pleading his blood for lost sinners. Read again and again what he suffered in Gethsemane—all, all, to save lost man.

To-day, will you listen to his voice, and bid him a hearty entrance into your soul's best affections? If Satan suggests your unworthiness on account of past sins, repeat this beautiful verse:

"Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

Children, shall we meet each other there?

M. C. S. TRUESDALE.

My Mother Looked Sad.

LATE one autumn I returned from the forest with a beautiful brown rabbit imprisoned in my box-trap. I conveyed it home with an exulting heart, in the buoyancy of unreflecting boyhood, expecting congratulation and the expression of congenial joy from my loving and beloved mother, in announcing the welcome tidings of my success. Rare pleasure would she share with me upon exhibiting my innocent captive. I loved my mother's smile; but as I hastened to relate my achievement; how great was my disappointment! My mother looked sad. "My son, I wish you had a taste for higher and better pursuits," was her only reply. Volumes were contained in these few words. They indeed damped my spirits, and sent pain to my heart; but they were words of wisdom and love. They awakened the sober, salutary thought that time was not given me for selfish gratification or unprofitable amusement, but for mental and moral culture, and for the great ends worthy of a rational being. They struck deep into my memory and my conscience, and often they revived, in a sober hour, in future years, to check way-

ward inclinations and to reprove and restrain me when solicited by temptation to devote time to ignoble objects.

What thanks shall I render to God for such a mother? Many a child would have been cheered with smiles and gratulatory words, fanning the growing passion for the trap and the gun. And what might have been the moral influence of such treatment from my own fond mother in that momentous period of my life? I tremble at what might have been the result. *Self-indulgence* I imagined to be the source of happiness; and in this delusive, ruinous sentiment I might have been confirmed, to my utter undoing.

That scene is fresh before me; my mother at her spinning-wheel—the trap introduced, despite the sobering words just spoken—the prisoner released in my inconsiderateness to play in the room, as if this must gratify her whom I so much loved, no less than myself. Poor victim! Few were his terrified leaps, ere he rushed into the open, blazing fire upon the hearth, whence he was taken with the tongs by my distressed mother, and dispatched in haste to end his pains. Then too, *I was sad*; for I had brought to a miserable death the innocent animal; and all my promised pleasure had vanished, like the smoke of the fire into which my captive had vainly hurried for safety.

Then and there I learned the lesson, never to be forgotten, that the pursuit of mere pleasure at the expense of the happiness and life of the inferior, harmless creatures around us is irrational and criminal. It was time to have higher aims, and to inspire nobler objects. This was seen and felt by one who loved me more wisely than I loved myself, and whose fervent desire and prayers were, that my happiness might be found in the fear, love, and service, of God. She well knew that a heart unrenowned and devoid of Christian affection could not be the abode of joy or peace, which will abide through the changes of time, and survive the sorrows of earth and the solemnities of death and the grave.—*Mother's Treasury*.

Willing and Obedient.

"If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword." Isa. 1: 19, 20.

Willingness and obedience comprise in their bright circle all that God requires. Are you willing?

Willing with earnest heart to pray?
Willing to knock and wait?
Willing to leave the world's broad way,
To find salvation's gate?

Willing to seek, to strive, to run,
Obedient be, and true?
Willing to say, Thy will be done?
And then that will to do?

Willing to trust the great I Am,
To love him and adore?
Willing to own the Son, the Lamb,
And praise him evermore?

—*Youth's Bible Studies*.

TO CARRY out the great designs of mercy, some fountain of inspiration is wanted, to which all men may have access alike—a divine guide and monitor that can be sent to every dwelling, and which will be always the same. Do we possess such a treasure? What is it? *The Bible*. The written word of God, comprising the law and the gospel—the law to be the rule of our life; the gospel to show us the way of salvation.

THE warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JUNE, 1872.

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

Latter-day Scoffers.

YOUNG FRIENDS: Read with me the third chapter of second Peter. The precious truths contained in this chapter should impress our minds with the deepest solemnity; for they are directly applicable to these last days. The third and fourth verses say that in the last days there shall come scoffers, walking after their own lusts, saying, Where is the promise of his [the Lord's] coming? These scoffers are willingly ignorant. They scoff at the idea of the world's being destroyed by fire, and claim that it is too beautiful to be destroyed. But it is vastly inferior in beauty to the world before the flood.

Let them scoff. It is no more than we shall expect if we are familiar with the teachings of the Bible. We must not turn to the right nor to the left. He who puts his trust in God has a friend who is mighty, and may claim for himself the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

The day of Judgment is just at hand. It will condemn the wicked, and vindicate the righteous. It will show that we have truly been Christ's followers, or the contrary. Following the Judgment is the second coming of the Lord, in all the splendor and grandeur of Sinai when the law of God was proclaimed. He comes, not to determine who will be saved, and who will be lost, for that is decided before. At his appearing, the righteous will be made immortal.

But "where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Fire shall come from God out of Heaven, and devour the wicked, and even the "elements shall melt with fervent heat." On account of the sin and corruption that was in the world, the Lord found it necessary to purify the earth with a flood of water; but when the saints shall be removed from the earth, it will then be cleansed by fire. His punishment will not come again upon the earth, for righteousness will dwell here ever after.

We look for these things to take place literally, for God has spoken it, and he does not speak in vain. Signs show that we are now upon the crumbling verge of eternity.

We have not followed cunningly-devised fables in coming to our conclusions. The present time is as the days of Noah and Lot. The sins that should characterize the last days are manifest on every hand. There are scoffers, walking after their own lusts. In order that these scoffers shall have no influence over us, we need to gird on the whole armor of God. By mingling with the unconsecrated, the spirit of the times may gain foothold in our own hearts. "Be ye

separate" are the words of our divine Lord. Let me be among those who are accepted of God rather than with those who have scoffed at his truths when the final Judgment day shall come.

Earthly Things Perish.

MAN builds, but time destroys. We need no display of eloquence, no idle flow of words, to convince us of the fact. We see it verified in every phase of nature that comes within our mind's reach. All we read, all we know, shows us the perishability of material objects.

Man, in his vanity, has even aspired to erect a monument that shall forever proclaim to the world the greatness of the ashes that lie beneath. How vain the effort! The marble towers high and fair toward heaven. The winds and rains of years descend upon it. It crumbles—totters—falls! and what was the minister of pride to one being, perhaps forms the lowly resting place of another equally as aspiring.

What is once a city in a few years becomes a heap of ruins. Where now is Thebes, that of old was monarch of the East? Centuries ago, there poured through her hundred gates the tramp of thousands; now we know by what comes to us through the voice of ancient history that there was such a city. Her gates are closed—are fallen—and the winds seem voices of the long past sighing her requiem over her, "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."

Hearts, in numbers even as sands on the sea-shore, have ceased to beat. Generation has replaced generation. Brains have planned, and hands have executed; yet time has breathed upon all things, and all have vanished—have faded away, as a morning vapor.

The present is ours, but the blight is upon us. "Yet a little while, and the things that now know us shall know us no more forever." Our day will be over, our night come, our work done. The narrow house, the tomb, a handful of earth shall fall—"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."

But as after life comes death, so, after death comes the resurrection. Though Thebes has perished, though Babylon is fallen, and Ninevah is laid low, though all earthly habitations shall be destroyed, yet another city shall arise—even the New Jerusalem, whose walls shall be of jasper, and whose streets shall be of pure gold.

"If a man die, yet shall he live again?" For the Bible says, "And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. . . . Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. . . . Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" 1 Cor. 15: 49-56. ADA M. CLARKE.

Battle Creek.

WHEN mists have hung low over the hills, and the day has been dark with intermittent showers, at length great clouds begin to hurry across the sky, the wind rises, and the rain comes pouring down; then we look out and exclaim, "Why, this is the clearing up shower." And when the floods have spent themselves, the clouds part to let the blue sky tremble through them, and the west wind bears them away seaward; and though they

are yet black and threatening, we see their silver edges as they pass, and know that just behind them are singing birds, and glittering dew-drops; and lo! while yet we look, the sun bursts forth, and lights them up in the eastern heaven with the glory of the rainbow. Now, to the Christian whose life has been dark with brooding cares that would not lift themselves, and in which chilling rains of sorrow have fallen at intervals through all his years, death, with its sudden blast and storm, is but the clearing up shower, and just behind it are the songs of angels, and the serenity and glory of Heaven.

The Beautiful Land.

It is spring. The snow and ice have disappeared, the cold stormy days of winter are in the past, and while everything in nature is changing its appearance, and showing new life and beauty, we are reminded of a greater change which will ere long take place, when this earth will bloom in more than the beauty and freshness of spring. The air will be more balmy, the sunshine clearer, the rugged rocks and barren fields with everything which speaks of decay will disappear, and mountains, hills, valleys, and plains, be clothed in living green. The little birds sing sweetly now, but they will sing far more sweetly then. Pretty flowers bloom around us here, but there they will be unfading.

Sometimes everything seems beautiful and lovely, and for a time we almost forget the dark shadow resting upon our earth. But soon clouds arise, the beautiful fade, the lovely die, and how changed the scene. But there, dark clouds will never appear, the voice of song will never be hushed in sorrow. Here, even little children are not exempt from sorrow, and how often we hear their plaintive cries, expressive of grief. But there, the children will always be happy—no little disappointed faces, no little suffering forms will ever be seen.

Dear children, in all of your happy dreams and anticipations you cannot think of anything as beautiful and lovely as this place will be. I am sure you will all want to go there, for children love what is beautiful. Here, they often have sorrow and trouble quite hard for them to bear, and sometimes they think that they will be more happy when they have grown to be men and women. In this they are mistaken. But, in this beautiful land, they may find all the joy and happiness they so much desire. And, my dear friends, you may all go there—yes; every one. An invitation has been given to all, and little children are especially mentioned. M. L. HUNTLEY.

A Comparison.

WHILE at my uncle's in the State of Wisconsin, I saw a young fawn that my cousin had caught. It loved to bound away over the fields and fences. My uncle had two dogs that were sure to follow if they saw it start. One morning I saw it start, and the two dogs after it. I felt anxious for its safety, and feared the dogs would overtake it. I thought they would tear it in pieces, should they succeed in catching it. It was gone some time out of sight. My cousin, seeing my anxiety, told me that the dogs could not overtake it. But still I feared they would. Presently I heard the fawn

coming. Still I feared that the dogs would overtake it; but it cleared the last fence at a bound, and came up where we were. Soon the dogs came up, full of eagerness, muttering their disappointment in low growls. But they dare not touch it. The fawn lay down in its place in safety.

This incident reminds me of the Christian race. Our adversary is trying to overtake us. But let us take courage, and strive earnestly to overcome, and gain an inheritance in Heaven, sweet Heaven, where Jesus is.

WM. C. CORY.

St. Charles, Mich.

ONWARD.

We are climbing up the mountain;
We have left the plain of sin;
And though many foes are conquered
There are battles yet to win.

We have buckled on the armor.
We have taken faith's broad shield,
And with Jesus for our leader,
We are sure to gain the field.

But the other band of soldiers
Marches in a broad, smooth road;
We prefer the narrow pathway,
'Tis the one that Jesus trod.

Yes, we're toiling up the mountain,
Oft by storms and trials driven,
For, though we could slide to ruin,
We must climb to get to Heaven.

Does the way seem dark and lonely?
Christ is near, we're not alone,
Does it seem a thorny pathway?
Jesus wore a thorny crown.

Onward, upward, we will journey,
Looking forward to the prize,
Knowing that the cross awaits us
Ere the crown will greet our eyes.

We will bear it after Jesus,
His unflinching soldiers be;
Working, fighting, for our Saviour,
Till we gain the victory.

—Sel.

How Shall We Escape?

DEAR YOUTH AND CHILDREN: How shall we escape the evils that are in the world? Pride, extravagance, and folly, prevail; but the sacred word teaches humility, the wearing of modest apparel, and economy. Foolish talking is a very common sin, and is indulged in by many who profess to follow Christ. They forget that for every idle word they must give an account. "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation."

Dear friends, I ask again, *How shall we escape?* We have evil natures, as well as others—yea, more; the special attacks of the enemy are directed against those who are striving to keep all the commandments of God, and prepare for Jesus' coming.

Many do not believe that Jesus is about to fulfill his promise to "come again" and receive his followers unto himself. That will indeed be a day of joy and gladness to the faithful child of God, but of gloom and terror to the unprepared. How many passages of Holy Writ declare that those who "shall abide the day of his coming, and stand when he appeareth" will be pure and without fault. Yes, dear young friends, if we are prepared to stand with the children of God then, we shall not be stained with sin. Thank God there is a way of escape. See 2 Peter 1:4: "Whereby are given unto you exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, *having escaped* the corruption

that is in the world through lust. We may escape, but there is great danger that we shall not be earnest and faithful enough in overcoming.

Let us not shrink from separating ourselves from the spirit and love of the world, or being different from them in dress, manners, and conversation, since the Lord has marked out the way. Let me urge you to be whole-hearted and conscientious, and Jesus and holy angels will help you.

SARAH E. PIERCE.

Ella's Flower Garden.

LITTLE Ella had been visiting her friend Amelia one beautiful spring day, and had come home quite charmed with her flower garden.

She could not rest until her own little plot of ground had been laid out in a similar manner. Here was a little cross sown with white flowers, and there a star of golden ones with a great crescent surrounding it, the borders of which were to be pansies of the richest royal purple. Much time and thought did she give to her garden, and not a weed was suffered in the clean gravel walks. She followed her friend's practice, and every fortnight got Bridget to pour over the paths a boiler full of hot water. This killed off every weed among the stones, and saved a great deal of weeding and watching.

Little Ella's cheeks grew rosy with the exercise, and she was so engaged with her flower garden that Sabbath seemed quite a break in the week. She usually sat with her book by a window that overlooked her flowers, and I fear her thoughts were more on them than on her Sabbath reading.

"I am really glad to see my little girl so faithful to her garden," said mother one Sabbath afternoon. "Amelia gave you quite a start in the business, did n't she?"

"Yes, mother. I am very glad I made her that visit," said Ella, a little surprised that mother should have brought up the subject on that day.

"Now there is another little garden I should love dearly to have you copy after. It is Nelly Aikin's."

"Why, mother, I think you can't mean it. Nelly hasn't walked a step for a year or more, and her little garden is full of weeds. I don't think there are a dozen flowers in it. She never goes into it, unless some one helps her out, and then she can only lie in the shade upon the green grass."

"Ah, Ella, the garden I mean has some of the sweetest flowers in I ever knew, and the fewest weeds. They are, too, just such flowers as the Lord loves best."

"I should like to raise those of all others," said Ella, looking out rather curiously into her flower beds.

"It is the heart garden I speak of. Little Nelly has cultivated the sweet flowers of love and patience, of meekness and quietness, in a wonderful degree. I wish my Ella would strive hard to do the same. It would be a sad thing if the little flower garden should be all beautiful and blooming, while the heart was full of weeds. Only Jesus can help us in this work, but he is ready and willing to do it, and there is no work he loves better than to help these little heart gardeners.—*Child's World.*

Confidence in a Parent.

DO YOU know what faith is? I think you do; and although it is very common to hear persons say they cannot believe, I fear it is because they will not. You know what faith in your father or your mother means.

A young child can have faith in a parent.

A little girl, whose mother had always told her the truth, and in whom she trusted, went with her one day to a large town. The child had been used to living in the quiet country, and the bustle and the noise was alarming to her, for she was not strong; and her head ached, and her limbs grew weary, as they entered the town. A great crowd was gathered together to see some show in the street, and Lucy pressed her mother's hand, for her heart beat, and she was frightened.

"Do not be afraid, Lucy," said her mother, "I will not take you into danger; you are quite safe; keep my hand, nothing shall hurt you." And the child believed her mother, and was happy. Well, this is faith in a mother whom she could see. It would be harder to trust in one she could not see.

Clouds had been gathering for some time, and soon the rain fell. The mother looked at her little delicate girl, and said, "Lucy, dear, I dare not take you any further; I must go, for I have business to do elsewhere. I must leave you in this shop; don't you go away from it, and I will be back as soon as I can; but my errand will take me some time."

The child looked into her mother's eyes, and said, "You won't forget me, I know." And, after a kiss and a blessing, the mother left her under the care of the master of the shop, and went out to attend to her errand.

At first, she was amused by seeing the gay ribbons measured, and the ladies coming to do their shopping; but after a while she began to long to see her mother, and to hope that she would come before dark, for it was winter. She had a bun to eat, and was not hungry, but she was tired. A little girl, older than herself, now came into the shop, and they began to talk. Lucy told her how she was to wait there for her mother, and how glad she should be when she came.

"Perhaps she will forget you," said the little girl.

"I am sure she will not do that," said Lucy.

"How can you be sure? She may, you know."

"She promised," was the child's reply. "She never broke her promise yet."

Another hour passed away. It seemed like a day to the weary little one. The gay customers had gone home, and the shopmen were putting away the goods; the gas was lighted, and still the mother had not returned. A woman came into the shop at this moment whom Lucy knew. She lived near her father's house, and, seeing the little girl, offered to take her home.

"No, thank you," replied the child; "mother will come for me; I must wait."

At length the mother came, and oh! what love was there in her kiss to the trusting, patient child. The confidence of faith she had shown pleased her; and when they were once more by their fireside at home, and Lucy was nestling in her bosom, her mother told her that this was the very kind of trust which God required of his children—to try no means to save themselves but according to his word; to believe alone on the Lord Jesus for salvation, and to trust his promise, which says, "Whosoever believeth shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life."

LEAF BY LEAF—THE ROSES FALL.

LEAF by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer roses droop and die.
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs will gush anew
In the pleasant April rain,
And the summer rain and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in their bloom
Droop like maidens, wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies,
Like a silent gem, apart;
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter will have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew;
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

Maude and Lizzie.

THERE was great excitement in Mrs. Raymond's family when Uncle John wrote from Paris that he was coming home for a month, and would take one of the girls back with him, to pass six months with their Aunt Julia, and take lessons in music and French with their cousins. Uncle John was a partner in a large dry-goods house, and resided in Paris, selecting silks, velvets, and other rich materials, to send across the water. The little cousins spoke French fluently, to the wonderment of Maude and Lizzie Raymond, who had shed tears innumerable over the "horrid verbs" and other difficulties of the language.

Mrs. Raymond was very glad of an opportunity for the girls to have such an addition to their education, for she was very poor, and could give them few advantages. She knew the choice would lie between Maude and Lizzie, as the three little ones were still too young to leave home, even to visit kind Aunt Julia.

"I think John will take Maude," she thought, "she has so much musical talent, and is so pretty. Dear little Lizzie is a home flower, so helpful and domestic. There is nothing brilliant about Lizzie, but I should miss her terribly if she left me."

Uncle John came in the summer days, when the children were having a vacation from school, and Mrs. Raymond, never very strong, was resting a little from the task of teaching, for she earned a support as a music-teacher.

As the visitor came up the garden-walk to the house, he heard voices in the parlor, and paused a moment before entering.

Maude was speaking:

"You know, Lizzie, my music is far in advance of yours, and I have improved very much in my French since Uncle John was here last, so I feel quite sure he will take me to Paris. You don't care much about it, do you?"

"O Maude! not care! If you go, I shall not grudge it to you, and one of us certainly ought to stay and help mother."

"Certainly, and you are worth twice as much as I am in the house. I really believe you like dish-washing, stocking-darning, and house-cleaning."

"Somebody must do such things," said quiet little Lizzie. "I love music too, Maude, and I hope soon to be able to take a few of mother's pupils, and save her some of the long walks in bad weather."

"I hope to do something better than drudge as mother does," said Maude. "If I get this chance for a Parisian finish, I shall try to have a position in some large seminary."

"Will you dust Uncle John's room now, Maude? I have so much to do to-day. It

is all ready, but some dust may have gathered since I put it in order yesterday."

"Oh! Lizzie! you run in. I want to practice that last piece of music. One of the passages is so difficult, and I want to play my very best for Uncle John."

"I can't stay here any longer then!"

The next moment the piano was opened, and Uncle John entered, to find Maude practicing diligently. He was a kind uncle, but not a man that talked much. After the welcome was over, and his pretty lot of presents distributed, he quietly studied his little nieces, showing no partiality, but giving both a kind and fatherly love.

Lizzie was not much with him, but Maude was his almost constant companion. She was a very showy and brilliant pianist, and her French was very fair; so she played and chattered, quite confident that she was impressing her uncle with her accomplishments, and would win him to take her to Paris. If he asked for Lizzie, he was sure to hear she was making the beds, sweeping rooms, cooking the dinner, or engaged in some other domestic duty.

"I could not enjoy your visit so much," Mrs. Raymond said to her brother, "if Lizzie did not take so much care off my hands. I cannot afford to keep any servant but a half-grown girl for rough work, but Lizzie is a great help."

"Let me see, how old are the girls?" Uncle John inquired.

"Maude is sixteen, Lizzie fifteen."

"Maude does not seem to assist much in the pudding-making business."

"I make her take her share generally, but she is so anxious to be with you, that Lizzie takes her work too. It is their own arrangement."

"Then Lizzie does not care to be with me?"

"Lizzie is always ready to sacrifice herself for Maude or me, dear child," said the mother. "Tell me, John, what you think of Maude's music?"

"She plays well, in good time, correctly and brilliantly. She will make an excellent teacher. Does Lizzie play well? I have not heard her."

"She is shy. You would never hear her if she knew you were listening. Stay here, on the porch, and I will send her to practice."

An hour later Uncle John went to find his sister.

"Why did you not tell me?" he said eagerly. "Lizzie is a born musician. Every note she strikes has a soul of its own. She made me cry—me, old as I am. She wants teaching, culture, and she will play wonderfully. Give her to me for a few years. I will place her in our best school with my Gracie. If she brings the same patience to her studies as she shows in her home life, she will surely excel. You will miss her, but it will be for her advantage. Maude will be able to take some of your pupils in the fall, and she could take a few French scholars. Let her help you at home too. I have entirely disapproved of her selfishness, in throwing all the domestic care upon her sister, and had decided to give the patient, self-sacrificing girl a holiday, even before I heard her play."

So the choice fell upon Lizzie, greatly to her own astonishment. She went to Paris and remained until the war brought her uncle's family to America again. In her home to-day, she is still the dutiful, tender daughter, lightening all her mother's cares, and earning a handsome income as a teacher of music and French. Maude has secured a position in a seminary, but her salary hardly suffices for her own finery, and she is now, as ever, quite willing to throw her own share of filial duty upon Lizzie.—*The Methodist*.

Our Thoughts.

THERE is nothing that affects us more than our thoughts. They are the source from whence all our actions spring. Good and evil have their origin from the thoughts and intents of the heart.

The wise man says, "As he [man] thinketh in his heart, so is he." How true this is. There are but few people who can keep their real feelings and thoughts without revealing them. The thoughts have a strong influence upon the countenance, to make it appear just what the heart is within; so if a person says but little or nothing, he is known by all who associate with him by his looks.

Anxiety, anger, guilt, joy, and other strong feelings, are seen and known although the person under their influence may not say a word. Evil thoughts corrupt the heart, and degrade the man, woman, or child, who cherishes them.

We should fight against them, for they are the secret foes to our happiness. If suffered to control us, they will unfit us for good society here, and shut us out of Heaven hereafter.

Many a person has had to regret the evil thoughts cherished when young. As they grew older, these thoughts became stronger, and when they would put them away, they have found these foes too strong for them to conquer.

Would you, my young friends, be masters of your own actions? Suffer none but good thoughts to have an abiding place in your hearts. Keep that citadel with all diligence, and suffer not your imagination to dwell on anything that is not good and pure. Suppress anger, smother all wrong feelings, and guard against every thought that is low and debasing. Remember, we carry in our countenances just the thoughts we have in our hearts. God sees and hears these thoughts, and he declares there is nothing hid but shall be revealed. What we sow, we shall also reap, and if in youth we cherish evil thoughts, we shall have a harvest of bitter reflections to reap, and to lament over.

The Bible tells us of a better way, so that in this life we may enjoy the fruits of cherishing good thoughts. It abounds in good counsel, and shows to us what thoughts and actions are acceptable to our Creator.

We have his promise to help us on in this way, and by yielding to him our hearts, we will find where the source of

"—our help lay,

To watch and pray,

And drive all evil thoughts away."

CALVIN GREEN.

The New Dress.

MANY years ago, a lady had a beautiful dress made for her little girl. To be sure, it had no extra ruffles and trimmings, such as people think they must have now-a-days; but the material was rich, and the color soft and pretty, and little Alice was anxious to array herself in her new dress.

But while she was dressing herself, there came in to see her one of her little playmates; one whose parents could not afford to dress their little girl, except in the plainest of clothes. And what was the surprise of Alice's mother, when her little daughter came into the room, to see her dressed, not in the new, fine dress, but in one of her old-

er and plainer ones, more like that worn by her visitor.

How beautiful did this little act of self-denial make the little girl appear in the eyes of her mother. No dress, however fine, could have made her half so sweet. When the little friend had gone, the mother called her little girl to her side, and asked her why she had not worn the new dress.

"Oh! I thought," she answered, "perhaps poor little Jennie would like it better if we were more alike."

The new dress became an old one, years ago, and doubtless long ere this has been made into paper, or woven into some rag-carpet; but the owner of the little dress, through all her life, possessed "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," which is in the sight of God of great price.—*S. S. Gem.*

THE FARMER BOYS.

Oh, give me the joys of the farmer boys,
In the meadows and fields so bright;
'Mong the cattle, and herds, and the singing birds,
And the daisy blossoms white.
The note of the horn as it sounds each morn,
Is the music sweet to me;
And the dews distilled from the amber rills,
The gems I love to see.

Oh, give me a home—if ever I roam—
Where plenty and comfort abide;
And the ceaseless song of industry's throng,
Fills the soul with feelings of pride.
The sweat of the brow, while holding the plow,
Brings riches of vigor and health;
Contentment and peace each day will increase,
Thus giving invaluable wealth.

O knights of the soil! ye champions of toil!
The world is moved by the plow;
The sickle and flail—they never will fail—
Each man is obliged to allow.
So manfully fight like a conquering knight,
For labor wins the prize;
And the hand of toil, though tanned and soiled,
The bread of the world supplies. —*Sci.*

The Young Gardener.

LITTLE Bessie is quite a gardener, and sometimes she helps gardener Jenks arrange the flower-pots.

One day, Bessie was in the garden with her little brothers. "Oh, what little seeds!" she said. "Can it be that plants grow up from such little things as these?"

"Of course they do," said Master Edward, as he came along with a wheelbarrow full of rich, soft loam. "My flower-bed is full of them; and, when I have covered them up with this earth, they will begin to sprout, and at last grow up nearly as high as my head."

"Yes, Eddy," said little Hiram, "you give them something to eat out of your wheelbarrow, and I will give them something to drink out of my watering pot; and they will grow up just as we do, Bessie."

"Do you know," said the old gardener, who was transplanting some choice slips near by, "that you are sowing just such seeds all the time; and that they will grow up to be flowers, weeds, trees, and shrubs, after a while?"

"Your garden is the world. When you do all you can to make others happy, you are planting the little seeds of kindness and love. When you do any unintentional mischief at home or at school, and frankly confess it, without any wicked attempt at concealment, you are planting the precious seeds of truth. When you give your money, or a part of your food and clothing, to the poor and suffering, you are planting the seeds of generosity and mercy. When you pray to

our Father in Heaven, and seek to walk in the love of Christ, and to do, for his sake, what he would have you do, you are planting the seeds of holiness. And these seeds will grow up into the most beautiful flowers and delicious fruits in after-life—aye, and throughout eternity."—*The Children's Album.*

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

YOUNG ROBINS.

SEE, upon that apple-tree,
Little robins two and three,
In the nest they lie.
Don't disturb them, children dear,
But in kindness leave them there
Till they learn to fly.

See! the mother-bird appears,
Fluttering, chirping, for she fears
You will harm her brood.
How distressed she seems to be
When we go so near the tree;
Let us not intrude.

God, who made the earth and sky,
Made the little birds that fly
In the open air,
And he hears them when they sing,
Whether still or on the wing,
And they have his care.

SAMUEL O. JAMES.

How to Be Good.

WE frequently hear little children say, "I want to be good." Well, that is a good desire, and I like better still to see them trying to carry it out.

When I hear children say this, and then when their parents or friends ask them to do anything, see them frown and fret, and perhaps wait to be told several times before they start to obey, I can but feel in my mind some doubt of their sincerity. When I see them dispute, and perhaps get angry and strike each other, and selfishly try to have their own way in everything, I feel still more doubtful on the subject. But when I see them obey the first time they are spoken to, and do so cheerfully and willingly, I feel very sure they want to be good.

And when I see them kind and unselfish with each other, trying to please one another in their little plays, and trying to help their parents bear the burdens of life, I feel quite certain indeed that they have set out in earnest to be good children.

Dear children, the way to be good is to do right. The Lord tells little children, in his holy word, what their duty is. You will find in your efforts to do right, that you have sinful hearts to contend with; but the Lord has promised to help all who come to him sincerely desiring to overcome their sins. If you want to be saved when Jesus comes, you must try to do right; and though you will doubtless fail many times, yet if you do the best you can, and then ask Jesus to help you, he certainly will. He has said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

R. C. BAKER.

Letters.

MACKFORD, WIS.

DEAR EDITOR: I take your paper, and love to read it. I am a little girl eight years old. I keep the Sabbath and go to Sabbath-school. I want to be a good girl, and obey my parents, and be saved when Jesus comes.

LUELLA BAKER.

DEAR FRIENDS: I think the INSTRUCTOR is a precious paper. It instructs me, and I hope it instructs you. I see so many children writing for the INSTRUCTOR, I thought

I must have a few lines there too. I have been studying the Bible for some time. I learn from it that those who are good shall be saved. I have commenced to live out the present truth, and think, if I continue faithful, I shall finally enter through the gates into the city of God.

ARDWAN W. MINTUN.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H.

DEAR READERS: This is the first time I have written to the dear INSTRUCTOR. I love to read it, and learn the lessons in it. I hope we shall have more lessons soon. I keep the Sabbath, and thank the Lord for giving us the holy rest-day. I hope to be saved when Jesus gathers his people home.

JOHN F. WILKINSON.

EMMET, IOWA.

DEAR EDITOR: This little paper was sent to me by some friend about one year ago. I was very much interested in it, and I made up my mind that when I could get some money, I would send for it. As money is scarce, it was quite a while before I could get it. But I have it at last, and here it is. I commenced to keep the Sabbath about six months ago. It was very hard at first to keep it. I was a very wicked boy, but I have overcome all. I have never heard an Advent preacher in my life. There is but one family of Sabbath-keepers in this county, besides ourselves. I have been studying the Scriptures for the last three months so as to prepare myself to answer when I am asked why I keep the Sabbath. The tract entitled God's Answers to Man's Excuses I have learned by heart, and can tell all the passages that teach about the Sabbath in the Bible. I am doing my best to keep all the Lord's commandments.

JOHN HENRY MATTERN.

DEAR FRIENDS: For the first time, I write for our little paper. I am young, although I feel a great interest in the salvation of my soul. I am trying to keep all the commandments of God; but Satan often tempts in many ways. I sometimes feel discouraged, and think that I must fall by the wayside. But by the prayers of my friends, I shall be able to stand the temptation of Satan, and be prepared at the coming of our Saviour. I am trying to live so that I may be prepared.

EMMA A. GIFFORD.

The Blue Bead.

TWO LITTLE girls had been playing prettily together!

I could hear their sweet voices calling to each other as I sat by my window:

"Susan, come over here; there's a bit of sun to warm you." "O Sarah! such a pleasant spot! Now come here; there's a bush with scarlet leaves to hang over us like curtains."

It was autumn-time, and there was a chill in the air, so that the sun felt good to the children, and the rich colors of the foliage gave a certain glow that made them forget the cold.

Sarah went and sat down under the red bush upon a stone. She called the seat a throne; and, as the name means a princess, that was all in good keeping.

She had a dark complexion, and red roses in her cheeks; and she wore a red riding-hood, that was tied over her black hair. She made a bright figure in the landscape! Susan means "lily." She was fair, with soft,

brown curls; and her mother had wrapped her in a blue cloak, with hood to match.

The little girls made a pretty contrast as they sat side by side with their arms clasped around each other.

It did me good to watch them at their play, so happy and merry were they, and so gentle, and yielding, and polite.

The lily made beautiful garlands of the gay leaves, and twined them around the princess, until she was brighter than royal diamonds would have made her; and the princess bowed her head, and held the lily close to her cheek, and kissed it, as if she felt that it was the sweetest flower in the world.

Then they came out from under the scarlet canopy, and went hunting among the withered leaves upon the ground for things with which to make a show. They had each of them a bit of window-glass; and they made a little cavity in the earth, and put bits of crockery and tiny pieces of autumn flowers, as the velvet marigold and the many-colored dahlia, in a hole, and covered it with the glass; and they asked so many pins a sight.

I was interested for the success of the exhibition; for I know what little things make up a child's world; so I began to gather together pins enough to take me frequently to the show when I should hear the summons: "Aunt, we are ready for spectators."

I had not been a minute away from the window when I felt that there was a change in the tone outside. The sweet voices had grown discordant; and the children, my princess and my lily, were contending about something.

"It is mine; I found it first," said one.

"But I picked it up first," if you did see it," said the other.

They had worked themselves quite into a quarrel by the time I had reached them, although I had made haste, for I cannot bear one harsh note from a little child's voice; and I thought, "maybe I can settle the dispute, and bring peace again."

What do you think it was that had bred such trouble and sorrow between the little playmates?

Nothing but a tiny blue bead!

"Is this all?" I asked the little people, who stood abashed, with flushed faces, as I took the pretty thing in my hand and held it out before them. For one little blue bead they had made the whole beautiful nature around them seem sorrowful!

Perhaps you do not understand this; but I think you all know that when your hearts are full of peace and joy and love, the things that are external have a greater brightness and beauty in them than when you cherish anger and other wicked tempers in your soul. Is it not so?

It would have been so much wiser for the princess, who first saw the bead, to say, "You may have that, Susie dear!" and for the pure, white lily to have kept her petals unsullied by answering, "No, Sarah darling, you shall have it; it will make such a pretty show!"

That was the way they began their play, each trying to find the best place for the other.

To be sure, they saw their folly about the pretty thing that made the trouble when I talked to them for a half-minute; but it would have been a happier day to think about at night if there had been no strife in it. However, they were very, very sorry, and showed their penitence by trying very hard to do right the rest of the day. And I believe they accomplished it; for I saw no more cross looks, and heard no angry words; and when they said their evening prayers, and were tucked into their pretty white bed, and I

The Water of Life.

from the Fresh Laurels, by permission of Biglow and Main, Successors to Wm. B. Bradbury.

CHORUS

1st 2d

1. Jesus the water of life will give Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly, Jesus the water of life will give, Freely to those that love him.
Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Freely, freely, freely. Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Flowing for those that love him.

DUET CHORUS DUET CHORUS

The Spir-it and the Bride say, come Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly, And he that is thirsty let him come And drink of the water of life.

FULL CHORUS

The fount-ain of life is flow-ing, Flow-ing, free-ly flow-ing. The fount-ain of life is flow-ing, Is flow-ing for you and for me.

2. Jesus has promised a home in Heaven,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a home in Heaven,
Freely to those that love him.
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely, freely, freely,
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely to those that love him. CHORUS.

3. Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love him.
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely,
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love him. CHORUS.

went for my good-night kiss, my princess said, "Aunt, I didn't forget, after you told me, that I was the great King's daughter, and that I was to try and do honor to my Heavenly Father."

And my lily said, "And I tried to remember and not trail my white leaves in naughty dust."

"You know who it is that helps us to do right. I hope you have asked him to make to-morrow better than to day," said I. "If God keeps you safe from all harm through the night, and brings you to the light of another morning, you must give him thanks, not only with your lips, but in your lives, by walking in his holy ways. Will you try?"

The children were quite ready to promise; and it was such joy the next evening to hear their little voices as they talked to each other in the twilight:

"You've been a real sweet, white lily to-day, Susie."

"And you've been a grand, good princess, Sarah."—*Child at Home.*

SINCERITY is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

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