

# The Youth's Instructor.

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

## THE STRAINS THAT ANGELS SING.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,  
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lonely plains,  
Heaven's joy-bells ever ring;  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel strain hath rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong!  
And men at war with men hear not  
The love-song which they bring;  
Oh! hush your noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing.

And ye beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
Oh! rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing.

For, lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet word foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall, o'er all the earth,  
Its ancient splendor fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

—Sel.

## Selfishness.

SELF is always with us; no one besides is so near. Therefore nothing is more natural for us than to be selfish. It requires much effort to overcome selfishness. Indeed it is right for us to love ourselves, to desire our own good. It is impossible for it to be otherwise. "For no man ever yet hated his own flesh." But what I mean is, that it is much to overcome *sinful* selfishness—a selfishness that forgets that others have equal desires and equal rights to enjoyments with ourselves.

To overcome this sin we must in our imagination change places with others, and think what we would desire were we in their circumstances. Remember the golden rule: All things whatever you would that men should do to you, do you even so to them. This rule, given by the dear Saviour, will help to get victory over selfishness.

Have you got this victory? Are you free from sinful selfishness? It is saying much to say that we are free from it. Should one presume to say he is free from it, we might suspect that extreme selfishness led him to this conclusion. So selfish as to believe that he is entirely free from selfishness!

Let us beware of this insidious foe which ever is so near us. Let us strive to forget our own pleasure in laboring for the good of others. My youthful reader, it is possible for you to do some good to others. Will you not try to do so; and get a victory over selfishness?

R. F. COTTRELL.

## Religious Excitement.

ALLOW us to ask, kind reader, Are you earnestly striving to work out your salvation? You may inherit wealth—a fortuitous combination of favorable circumstances may render you famous—nature may give you health and vigor; but neither friends, nor fortune, nor nature, can bestow upon you eternal happiness. You will never go to Heaven by accident; an effort is needed. The mightiest exertion of which you are capable is required. Hear the great Teacher: *Agonize to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able.*

You cannot commence too soon. You have not a longer period granted you, in which to prepare for eternity, than is necessary. Time is flying on with tireless wing. Having commenced with earnestness the great work of securing for yourself a mansion in the skies, you have need of prosecuting it till the end of your probation, with increasing intensity of purpose. No matter with what alacrity the runner of a race begins, if he gives out before the terminus is reached, he does not win the prize. The blight that destroys the grain just before the golden-eared harvest invites the reaper's sickle, is no less detrimental than the early frost that nips the infant blade. The emigrant who, having safely passed the dangers of the deep, is carried on shore to die, fails of realizing his cherished visions no less than he who, upon the point of embarking, expired in the father-land. So he who serves God, long and faithfully, but dies an apostate, misses Heaven just as surely as if he had lived a sinner all his days. Many years ago, the Holy Ghost told the prophet Ezekiel to write, But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned; in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die. Do not say that the self-righteous is meant; for the sooner he turns from his spurious righteousness, the better. If he holds on to that, he must sink to ruin.

If you are thus in earnest, you will make religion the business of life. As the plant absorbs from air, and earth, and water, only what is essential to its growth, and allows the noxious elements to pass untouched, so you will lay every providential occurrence under contribution to minister to your growth in grace. In all things you will aim to please God; your feelings may fluctuate, but your outward life will present to the world a beautiful uniformity. You will do right at all times and under all circumstances. In unswerving rectitude you will be like the old Roman, of whom an enemy bore testimony, "that it would be easier to turn the sun from his course, than Fabricius from the path of honesty." You may be devoid of comfort at times; but instead of neglecting your closet, you will visit it the oftener. The smoldering embers of the family altar may be nearly extinct; but you will only put on fuel the more carefully, and with the breath of prayer blow them to a flame.

Your corruptions may struggle hard for

the mastery, and in fact often prevail; but you will wrestle with them the more vigorously, and call the more earnestly upon God for help, lest these sons of Zeruiah prove too hard for you. He is not in earnest to secure his salvation, who, upon an interruption of his enjoyments, becomes careless, prayerless, immoral, and wicked.

Let us warn you against a practice but too prevalent at the present time. Many as soon as they lose the power, think themselves fully justified in giving up the form of godliness. This is a great mistake. If a man faints, it is not the best way to recover him to cut off his head. If your fire goes out, you will not warm your room by petulantly throwing off the fuel and pouring on water. So if your spiritual affections become languid, use incessantly the means of grace. Give yourself no rest. Stir up your heart to take hold of God. Strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die.—*Earnest Christian.*

## Anger.

ANGER is what little folks call "getting mad." It is a plant in the heart of almost every one, and it bears very bad fruit. It is a weed that ought to be pulled out of every young heart in the world. The same feeling that causes the little boy to raise his hand and strike his brother, or sister, or playmate, is that which causes a man to draw a knife and stab his fellow-man to the heart, or draw a pistol and shoot him down. Everybody would call him a murderer; and so he would be.

John, that disciple whom Jesus loved so well, has written for us these words: "Who-soever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." 1 John 3:15. The great lesson to be learned from this is, that all who cherish anger or hatred in their hearts never can have eternal life. How dreadful this would be! Who can bear the thought for a moment?

With a little time to think, all can see that anger is a very bad thing. It is a weed that, if left to grow, will soon crowd everything that is good out of the heart. Pull it up, boys; pull it up, and throw it away! It is worse than worthless. Plant love in its place, and be diligent to cultivate it all you can. When it is growing well, the fruit will be words of kindness and deeds of love to all. There is nothing but love in Heaven. Love the Lord with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself, and that happy place will be your home. I. D. VAN HORN.

DIDN'T LIKE THE WAGES.—An honest boy once went to work in a store, but left in a few days. His mother, in surprise, asked him if he was treated unkindly, or if he did not like the work.

"Mother," said he, "my employer was very kind to me, and the work suited me exactly; but I didn't like the wages. He wanted me to tell lies about his goods and thus cheat his customers. I knew this would be a sin, and the wages of sin is death."

HE cannot speak well that cannot hold his tongue.



## THE ROBIN'S MATINEE.

THERE come to my window—sometimes to my door—  
Two dear robin red-breasts, each morning, at four;  
They sit in the elm tree, with fluttering wing,  
And, hid in the branches, they merrily sing.  
They have black-banded surplice, with note-books be-  
tween,  
Made of whispering leaves, and their covers so green;  
They have galleries, too, and a high architrave,  
A choir-loft, and aisles, with a pulpit and nave.  
Their windows are Gothic, of sunniest hues,  
Glazed, curtained, and washed with the purest of dews.  
Perched close together, so lovingly there,  
Responding in anthem, and chanting, and prayer,  
I love every strain that our birdies prolong,  
For God and his angels delight in their song.  
One morning I woke with the light at my door;  
My robins were there; it was just striking four!  
How quickly they sang to me! Note after note  
Poured silvery streams from the quick-throbbing throat;  
Now abrupt, then a chirp, now a pert, funny twirl,  
Like the full, ringing laugh of a musical girl;  
Now cadences deep, then a trill; and the strain  
Repeats all the octaves, again and again,  
Till nature, responsive, from hillside and lawn,  
Awakes at the notes of the robins at morn.  
The day-star hangs low on the brow of the hill,  
Afar in the wood moans the sad whippoorwill,  
The herds are home-coming, at ease, through the grass,  
And cosily browsing the flowers as they pass,  
The watch-dog is rousing the house with his bark,  
The dairy-maid springs to her toil with the lark,  
The crickets are chirping, close by on the bough,  
There is croaking for rain, though it rained but just now;  
Yet sweetest, and purest, most welcome of all,  
My own matin-robins still warble their call.  
They have opened a church in the old elm tree,  
And are preaching true sermons of duty to me.  
The dawn-light may greet me for many a day,  
The dust-flake and heat-drop be thick in my way,  
My heart may grow sad as I journey along,  
My roof-tree be leafless, all silent its song,  
But oft shall I think of the window and door  
Where my pet robins caroled each morning at four.  
—Little Corporal.

## The Logic of the Life.

"SIR," said a pious lad to his pastor one evening, "the fellows in our shop are always picking flaws with Christianity, and arguing against the Bible, and I don't know how to answer them."

"The best logic one can use," answered the pastor, "is the *logic of the life*. Give them that, and they can't gainsay you."

"The logic of the life?" asked the lad, not quite understanding what his pastor meant.

"I will tell you," said he. "There was once employed at a dye-house as wicked a set of fellows as could well be—scoffers at religion, despisers of the word of God, swearing, drinking, betting, fighting, gambling. At last, one of the number was drawn to a prayer-meeting, where the Spirit of God laid hold upon him. Poor John was almost in despair about his sins; but Jesus came and spoke peace to his soul.

"Light broke in upon him. He gave up his cups and drinking companions, brought home his wages, set up the family altar; and everything, within and without, wore an improved look. Two of his fellow-workers, seeing this change in him, attended meeting with him, and resolved to reform their ways.

"John's religion was severely put to the test at the dye-house. The dyers ridiculed him, and brought all their infidelity to bear against him and his religion. Tom and George tried for a time to stand up for him, and withstand the ungodly storm from their persecuting associates; but, after a while, they gave up, grew ashamed of their religion, deserted John, and went back to their old ways. As for John, much as his patience was tried, he bore it all, watched over his weak points, clung closer to Jesus, and stood firm as a rock. John did not under-

take to say much; but his consistent Christian life was a powerful plea in behalf of his principles.

"One day, however, after his fellow-workmen had been boasting what good infidelity would do, and how much harm the Bible had done, John's soul was stirred within him; he turned round, and said firmly, 'Well, let us deal plainly in this matter, my friends, and judge of the tree by the fruit it bears. You call yourselves infidels. Let us see what your principles do. I suppose what they do on a small scale they will do on a large one.

"Now there are Tom and George; you have tried your principles on them, and know what they have done for them. When they tried to serve Christ, they were civil, good-tempered, kind husbands and fathers. They were cheerful, hard-working, and ready to oblige. What have you made them? Look and see. They are cast down and cross; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week; their children go half clothed; their wives are broken-hearted; their homes are wretched. That is what your principles have done.

"Now I have tried Christ and his religion; and what has it done for me? You know what I used to be. I was ill-humored, hateful, and hating. My wife was ill-used. What has religion done for me? Am I not a better man than I was? Go and ask my neighbors. Ask my wife. Let my house bear witness."

"John stopped. The dyers had not a word to say. He used a logic they could not answer, the *logic of the life*. If you cannot argue, you can act. If you cannot reason with the enemies of the Bible, you can live out its blessed truths, and so, 'with *well-doing*, put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.'—*Golden Threads*.

## Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother.

SARAH had a dear, kind mother who loved her very much, and did all in her power to make her happy. One day, her mother desired her to go up stairs and bring her something which she needed for her work. Instead of getting up quickly, and going for it pleasantly, she said, petulantly, "Oh! I don't want to go. Can't Ellen go?"

"No, my dear, I wish you to get it," said her mother, gently.

"I have to do everything!" said Sarah, slamming the door behind her, and stamping up stairs. Her mother called her back; and she opened the door, saying crossly, "What do you want?" Her mother told her to shut the door easily, and to walk up stairs quietly; adding, while her mild blue eyes filled with tears, "Soon my Sarah will have no mother; then she will be sorry for this behavior." Sarah went off muttering to herself, "No danger of her dying: she only says that to frighten me." Ah, poor child! she forgot to honor her mother.

Weeks passed on. Sarah's mother was taken sick; and in a few months she died. Then that afternoon's behavior rushed upon Sarah's mind with terrible force, and she wished within herself: "Oh, that my dear, dear mother could come back again, that I might tell her how sorry I am, and show her how good I can be!" But it was too late then. She was sorry, as her mother told her she would be. But her mother was gone now. Her voice would never again be heard in prayer for her children.

Oh! children, if you would be saved from such bitter grief, remember to honor your parents while God spares them to you.

## Come unto Me.

THIS was the language of our Saviour saying that we might cast our burdens upon him, and he would give us rest. Are we weary? are we heavy laden? let us cast our cares upon him; he is ready and willing to bear them for us.

What love Jesus must have for his children, to bear all their burdens, and share all their griefs. Are we willing to give up all our earthly enjoyments and commit ourselves unreservedly to his service? If so, he will give us strength to endure every trial that awaits us.

How much we ought to love our blessed Saviour who has done so much for us in coming to this world of sin and sorrow, and shedding his precious blood upon that cruel cross, that we might live. Let us be in earnest, and keep all of God's commandments, and by so doing, we may finally receive a crown of life in the world to come.

AMANDA E. SLOAN.

Olivet, Mich.

## The Clog.

"FATHER," said Freddy running into the house quite out of breath, "that old cow has broken into the corn lot again. All the others quickly followed her. We were making an oar to our boat, to put in the place of the one that was broken, and so we saw the ugly cow push down the fence with her horns and jump over. Josiah and I have had a hard time to get them out."

"Poor old Spot, she doesn't know when she is well off. I shall have at last to put a clog on her foot, that will stop her mischief."

So the unruly cow, who would not be content in her nice clover field, where was plenty of food, and a nice running stream to drink from, had a heavy block chained to her which she could draw about, but not jump with.

It was very unpleasant, and she tried her best to shake herself loose from it, but all to no purpose. At last she gave it up and settled down as quietly as the rest of the herd grazing in the same pasture.

"That cow makes me think of the way God deals with his children sometimes," said grandpa, as he sat with little May on his knee by the sunset window, looking out on the field where the cattle were.

"Why does it grandpa?" asked Freddy.

"When their feet get to straying, he often sends some trouble to act like a clog upon them. One of his dear children was growing too fond of gay company. She often looked at her face in the glass, and thought, with pride, how beautiful it was. To save her poor soul, God sent a mist of darkness over her eyes, and she grew blind. Then she must leave the company that was such a snare to her, and she could not see the face she was in danger of worshiping rather than her God. Many times afterward did she thank him for sending her this trouble which led her to rest wholly upon Jesus. She knew that the blindness was only for a little while here, that she was soon going to a land where all eyes shall be opened. Grandpa has had many a clog in his day, which he thought very hard at the time, but he saw the use of it afterward.

"Don't fret at crosses, dear children, for they are all meant to teach us some lesson of good, to keep us back from some evil way that would bring us into far greater trouble and danger."—*Child's World*.

THE gates of Heaven are low-arched; we must enter upon our knees.

COME unto Me, all ye weary.



## HARVEST TIME.

Lord of the harvest, help me  
Some sheaves to gather in,  
Oh! give me souls for Jesus,  
From the broad fields of sin.  
I'll bear the heat and burden  
Of all life's harvest day;  
In strength divine I'll glory,  
Nor faint along the way.

With love, oh! let me gather  
From childhood's happy throng,  
Such as are learning early  
To chant redemption's song.  
I'll bring them to my Saviour,  
An offering pure and bright;  
Such gained his earthly blessings,  
And gem his crown of light.

Help me to pluck the erring  
From ways that lead to death;  
I'll tell them of the gladness  
In wisdom's pleasant path;  
I'll bear the scoffs and jesting  
Of those in Satan's snares,  
And seek anon to pluck them,  
From place among the tares.

Oh! for this mission fit me,  
Let me be pure within;  
Give the divine anointing,  
And free me from all sin;  
And then in Heaven crown me,  
Grant me a robe and palm,  
Amid the blood-washed harpers  
Who praise the atoning Lamb.—*Sol.*

## Animals.

## THE LEOPARD.

THE leopard is an inhabitant of Africa, India, and the Indian Islands. A black variety inhabits Java, and is not uncommon there. Its height is about two feet. This and the following *Felidæ* are accustomed to live much on trees, and are on that account called tree-tigers by the natives. Nothing can be more beautiful than the elegant and active manner in which the leopards sport among the branches of the trees; at one time they will bound from branch to branch with such rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow them; then, as if tired, they will suddenly stretch themselves along a branch so as to be hardly distinguishable from the bark, but start up again on the slightest provocation, and again resume their graceful antics. It is easily tamed, and expresses great fondness for its keeper, and will play with him like a cat.

A remarkably beautiful specimen in Wombwell's Menagerie was exceedingly fond of playing with the tuft at the extremity of a lion's tail, and from the familiar manner in which he patted and bit it, he evidently considered it as manufactured for his own particular entertainment.

This animal is exceedingly fond of some scents, especially preferring lavender water, by means of which predilection it has been taught to perform several tricks.

The leopard and panther are considered as the same animal, on the authority of Mr. Gray.

## THE OUNCE.

The Ounce is a native of India, and has been often confounded with the leopard. Its fur is much more rough than that of the leopard, and the tail is almost bushy, especially toward the extremity. Its body is marked with irregular, wavy stripes, and the head is adorned with black spots. The general color is a yellowish gray.

It is easy to distinguish the ounce from the leopard, by the distinctness of the markings, and also by the roughness of the fur, which latter distinction, in the opinion of some naturalist, shows that it lives in mountainous regions. The habits and history of this animal are but little known.

## THE JAGUAR

Inhabits America. It is larger and more powerful than the leopard, which it resembles in color, but has a black streak across the chest, and a black spot in the center of the rosettes. It is fond of climbing trees, and finds little difficulty in ascending, even when the trunk is smooth and destitute of branches. It chases monkeys successfully, and is said to watch for turtles on the beach, and to scoop out their flesh by turning them on their backs and inserting its paws between the shells. Nor does it confine its attention to the turtles themselves, for it watches them lay their eggs, and then scoops them out of the sand with its claws. It often makes fearful havoc among the sheepfolds, and is said to depart so far from the usual habits of the *Felidæ* as to enter the water after fish, and to capture them in the shallows by striking them out of the water with a blow of its paw. There have been instances of the domestic cat acting in the same manner.

When it captures one of the larger animals, it destroys it by leaping upon its back, and twisting the head of its prey round, until the neck is dislocated.

## THE PUMA

Inhabits the whole of America, where it is held in much dread by the natives. Its color is a uniform gray, fading into white on the under parts of its body, and this similarity of color is the reason that the name "concolor" has been given to it. It lives much on trees, and usually lies along the branches, where its uniform dusky fur renders it so like the bark that it can scarcely be distinguished from the branch. This habit it preserves when in captivity.

Mr. Eaton Stone, the celebrated equestrian who has traveled for many years in the wilder parts of America, told me that the puma is accustomed to follow men by scent, and to track them on their journey, waiting for an opportunity to spring upon them unobserved. If the traveller keeps his eye upon the animal it is perfectly harmless, but it will wait for the moment when his eye is withdrawn to spring upon him.

The Americans always speak of this animal as the panther, or "painter," as it is more familiarly pronounced, and many authors still term it the *cougar*, a word contracted from the original elongated unpronounceable Mexican name "Gouazouara."

## THE CANADA LYNX.

The Canada lynx is a native of North America, and is remarkable for its gait. Its method of progression is by bounds from all four feet at once, with the back arched. It feeds principally on the American hare, as it is not courageous enough to attack the larger quadrupeds. Its length is about three feet. Its skin forms an important article in commerce, and between seven and nine thousand are imported yearly by the Hudson's Bay Company.—*Young Crusader.*

## Luther's Snow Song.

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,  
Every bird unto its nest;  
But I wander here alone,  
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said the wife, who

had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said—

"Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!"

"Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God," and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a scholar. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep, they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain with them.

They sent him to school, and afterward he went into a monastery. There one day he found a Bible, which he read, and learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the strong echo of the good news—"Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street-singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

The following is the whole of the song which Luther sung on that memorable night:

Lord of Heaven! lone and sad,  
I would lift my heart to thee;  
Pilgrim in a foreign land,  
Gracious Father, look on me.  
I shall neither faint nor die,  
While I walk beneath thine eye.

I will stay my faith on thee,  
And will never fear to tread  
Where the Saviour-Master leads;  
He will give me daily bread.  
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor—  
He will feed me from his store.

Foxes to their holes have gone,  
Every bird unto its nest;  
But I wander here alone,  
And for me there is no rest.  
Yet I neither faint nor fear,  
For the Saviour Christ is here.

—Home Words.

WOULD N'T RUN IN DEBT.—A New York paper says that the other day a little son of a well-known banking officer in Wall street lost his purse while coming from Central Park, and a stranger seeing his discomfort, paid his railroad fare, three cents. The boy, thanking him, said: "If you will tell me your name, I will bring it to you to-morrow."

"Oh! no," said the gentleman, "never mind about it."

The boy persisted, saying his father never allowed him to get in debt.

"I will not give you my name, replied the gentleman, but I live at No. —, on — street."

The next morning the door bell was rung at that house, and our little hero told the amused servant his errand.

"Which of the gentlemen is it?" said she; "there are several in the family."

The boy twisted on his heel, and after a moment's thought, said: "Have you a photograph book in the house?"

She brought it, and, turning over its pages, he said, pointing to one: "That's the one; please give him these three cents, and tell him that the boy who borrowed it in the cars yesterday left it to pay his debt."

If that little fellow grows up with the careful principles he has now, he will be a man to be trusted.



# The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY, 1872.

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

## MY WANTS SUPPLIED.

Am I hungry? Christ will give  
Bread on which my soul may live.

Have I wandered? I may come  
Back to him and find a home.

Do I thirst? He gives me drink;  
Christ will never let me sink.

Do I faint? He will sustain,  
And revive my heart again.

Am I weary? I may rest  
On my loving Saviour's breast.

Do I murmur and complain?  
He gently chides, to give no pain.

And I'll ever grateful be  
For the love he bears for me.

## A Scripture for Each Day of July.

### CONCERNING THE HARVEST.

1. Now learn a parable of the fig tree: When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things [the signs], know that it [the coming of the Lord] is near, even at the doors. Verily I say unto you, This generation [that sees these signs] shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled. Matt. 24: 32-34.

2. Go to the ant thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. Prov. 6: 6-8.

3. Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. John 4: 35, 36.

4. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself: first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come. Mark 4: 28, 29.

5. The enemy that sowed them [the tares] is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. Matt. 13: 39.

6. He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame. Prov. 10: 5.

7. Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest. Matt. 9: 37, 38.

8. Let both [the wheat and tares] grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them

in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn. Matt. 13: 30.

9. Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe: come, get you down, for the press is full, the fats overflow; for their wickedness is great. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. Joel 3: 13, 14.

10. And another angel came out of the temple which is in Heaven, he also having a sharp sickle. And another angel came out from the altar, which had power over fire; and cried with a loud cry to him that had the sharp sickle, saying, Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for her grapes are fully ripe. And the angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth, and cast it into the great winepress of the wrath of God. Rev. 14: 17-19.

11. And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of Man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe. And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped. Rev. 14: 14-16.

12. Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation. Isa. 25: 9.

### THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

13. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. Isa. 35: 1, 2.

### NEW EARTH.

14. For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. Isa. 65: 17.

15. For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I will make, shall remain before me, saith the Lord, so shall your seed and your name remain. Isa. 66: 22.

16. What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose. His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth. Ps. 25: 12, 13.

17. For evil-doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth. Ps. 37: 9.

18. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Matt. 5: 5.

19. All the earth shall worship thee, and

shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name. Ps. 66: 4.

20. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Isa. 11: 9.

21. And the Lord said, I have pardoned according to thy word; but as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. Num. 14: 20, 21.

22. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. Rev. 21: 1.

23. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. Rev. 21: 3.

24. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. Rev. 21: 5.

25. He that overcometh shall inherit all things: and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. Rev. 21: 7.

### COMING OF THE LORD.

26. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. John 14: 3.

27. When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. Matt. 25: 31, 32.

28. For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works. Matt. 16: 27.

29. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. Rev. 22: 14.

30. And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. Rev. 22: 12.

31. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Rev. 22: 20.

I WOULD not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

SPEAK nothing but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Look up—God looks down.



## Prayer.

MUCH has been said and written upon this important subject. It is not with the thought of adding anything to what has been said that I pen this article, but to call your attention to the importance of it in these last days.

Is it possible that any of our little readers do not pray? I think not. But do you *love* to pray? Is it a pleasure for you to go to the throne of grace and there make known your wants both temporal and spiritual? Do you cherish the spirit of prayer, and is it your delight? or does it seem irksome? Our food and raiment and all the blessings of life come from God. He is the giver of every good and perfect gift. Prayer is the medium through which he conveys his favors. What if God should fail to supply our wants and withdraw his blessings with the plea that it was irksome? What would you think of it? Shall we get tired of asking when he never wearies in giving? He has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive." If we fail to ask, can we expect to receive?

Do you pray *often*? Our Saviour when upon earth spent whole nights in prayer. Shall we who are so sinful, so easily led astray, pray less than he did? We are in the perils of the last days. Iniquity abounds, the love of many is waxing cold; and shall we spend less time in prayer than did the Saviour of the world? I have often heard it remarked that he *lives best who prays most*.

Do you find it difficult to express in a proper manner your wants in prayer? Our Lord teaches us to pray, and gives us a model. The book of Psalms is an excellent model for devotional exercises. Hear what the psalmist says, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." How short, yet how expressive, are the models given us.

Do you realize the importance of praying now while Jesus lingers in the sanctuary? How important that we pray earnestly to God that he will, for Christ's sake, pardon all our sins before the Saviour closes his mediatorial work.

Our Heavenly Father invites, even urges, us to come to him. He is more willing to give good gifts to those who ask him than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children. Think of it, dear children, more willing than your dear father and mother are to give what you ask. Will you be afraid to pray when he is so willing to hear? What amazing condescension in the Ruler of the universe in permitting us to call him by the endearing name of Father and hold such friendly converse with him.

Shall we esteem this honor lightly? Shall we fail to hold sweet communion with him when he so graciously invites us? "In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

Dear children, do not fail to pray. God hears and answers all prayers that are offered in sincerity, and are in accordance with his will. There is one last, agonizing prayer in which all will join who fail to pray now. God grant that you and I may not be of that number who shall call for the rocks and mountains to fall on them to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb.

ADDIE MERRIAM.

Battle Creek, Mich.

## Remember Thy Creator.

"REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. 12:1.

These words are addressed to those who have a knowledge of God, and imply a danger of forgetting the Creator. It is not sufficient for children and youth to have knowledge, or make profession of religion. There must be a growth in grace, an advancement in Christian experience, else the kind Creator to whom we owe all our blessings will be forgotten. Not that there is danger of my readers forgetting that there is a God; but the mind may be so filled with other things that we may lose sight of God's goodness and our duty to him. I will point out some of the many ways in which children and youth often forget God. Many do this.

1. By neglecting their Bibles that say so much about God. There was a time when it would take one almost a lifetime of hard labor to earn a copy of the Bible. Then Christians loved and read the Bible, and would commit whole books of the Bible to memory. They had to hide to read it. If they did not, their Bibles would be taken away from them, and they would be punished for reading the word of God. How children and youth should now prize their Bibles!

2. By neglecting to commune with God in prayer. When you have kind parents, you like to converse with them often. No being can be so kind to you as your Creator. How anxious then you ought to be to often meet with him in prayer, to freely tell him all your wants, to become better acquainted with him, that you may love him more and serve him better.

3. By absenting themselves from the house of God, where God meets with his children by his Spirit and good angels, and where God's character is portrayed. There is no place that is as good for children as the house of worship. There they are kept from many temptations.

4. By carelessly breaking the Sabbath in engaging in play or talking about things of a worldly nature. The Sabbath is a sign that God has left us to remember him by. It is the Lord's day. We have no right to use it as we do other days. By resting upon it as God did, by spending it in dwelling upon God and his works, we gratefully remember our Creator, and find the Sabbath to be the best day of all the seven.

5. By dishonoring their parents and superiors. If children venture to disregard the authority of their parents, the next step for them will be to break away from God's authority. They will think themselves to be of such importance that they will not take time to remember their Creator. Oh! shun this spirit of selfishness, and this lack of respect and submission, as you would shun a viper. It is the spirit of the age. Show respect for age and gray hairs. Remember your parents who have suffered and done so much for you, and remember God who has given you kind parents.

6. By suffering their appetites to rule them. Those who do this, think and talk about eating most of the time, whether they

are hungry or not. They do not give their stomachs time to rest, and so injure their health. They do not have good appetites at meal time, and complain of those who have taken much pains to prepare them good food. How unthankful such complainers are to their parents, and how little they think about God!

7. By playing to excess. Children need play and exercise, but it should not be all play with them. They should make themselves useful in bearing burdens for their parents; and when their play takes away their taste for worship, reading the Bible, and going to the house of prayer, then they are on the way of forgetting God.

8. By going into bad company, parties of pleasure, etc. This will grieve God's Spirit away, and leave you in darkness. God is far from vain persons and vain amusements. Do not go where you know your Saviour would not be seen, unless it was to rebuke folly and sin. Do not think your parents are too strict when they select your company for you, and keep you away from worldly pleasure.

9. By neglecting industrious labor and indulging in idleness. While your hands are busily engaged in useful labor, you are kept from evil thoughts and ways; but idleness is the mother of vice, and leads away from God and virtue. Therefore be not ashamed to work. Shame the indolent by your industry, and humbly receive even wearisome toil at the hand of God to keep you in the path of virtue.

10. Finally, many forget God by idolizing themselves, their dress, fashion, their studies, and various other objects. How can we remember our Creator when other objects take away our thoughts and supreme love from him?

Children and youth may know many things; but they need experience, which is defined, "A trial, or a series of trials; knowledge obtained by practice." They have not practiced long, and are not acquainted with all the ways and dangers of life. If they can realize this, and not feel that they know more than those more advanced in years, they are on the right way to improvement. "Old men for counsel, and young men for war," is a true proverb. Let the young look to their parents for counsel, and then let them, in the freedom and vigor of their youth, execute for God and his truth.

The evil days spoken of in our text refer to old age. These days will never come to our young readers; for the Lord is coming. But worse days than those of old age are coming, in which there will be no pleasure to the wicked. Prepare for the time of trouble. Settle deep into the work of the Lord. Let your mind be staid on God. Try to reflect Christ's image. Then will you be prepared to meet him in peace, never to forget the object of your love.

D. T. BOURDEAU.

"THERE is no greater mistake," says an eminent divine, "than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No! it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart from and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life; this only can give us a true Christian power."



## I'M NOT TOO YOUNG FOR GOD TO SEE.

I'm not too young for God to see;  
He knows my name and nature too;  
And all day long he looks at me,  
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,  
And knows the thoughts I have within;  
And whether I'm at work or play,  
He's sure to know it if I sin.

Oh! how could children tell a lie,  
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,  
If they remembered God was nigh,  
And had them always in his sight?

If some good minister is near,  
It makes us careful what we do;  
Then how much more we ought to fear  
The God who sees us through and through.

Then when I want to do amiss,  
However pleasant it may be,  
I'll always strive to think of this—  
"I'm not too young for God to see."

—Sel.

## The Icy Storm.

Do the readers of the INSTRUCTOR remember the icy storm which visited us but a few months ago, when every tree and bush was heavily laden with ice, some small trees bending to the ground under their burden? Well do I recollect the magnificent scenery which presented itself to our view as the glorious sun arose in the east, casting its brilliant light over all things that were so perfectly crystallized, giving the beautiful tints of the rainbow to bush and shrub. Truly it was dazzling to the eyes.

As I was riding out, beholding this lovely scene, I thought that none but the Maker of all things could clothe the earth in such beauty. Man, with all his inventions, could not make crystal works to compare with this for splendor. But how good God is to the children of men! Soon the warm rays of the sun melted the ice from the trees and bushes, and warmed the earth. Now the plants are springing up and coming into bloom, although much later than usual. What a great change a few short weeks has wrought. Then it seemed that vegetation would never start, but now the earth is covered with her green carpet. How fragrant the air, as it pours in at the open door! We can truly say, How beautiful is the springtime!

Although we are surrounded with much that is beautiful, yet this is but a poor comparison to the beauties of the earth made new. Here we see the marks of sin; but there, no sin can ever enter to mar the works of God. There will no icy storm visit that lovely garden and break from its beautiful trees, here and there, a branch as did this storm. Oh! no; for this would render it imperfect. What a lovely place this will be!

My dear young friends, let us prepare for a home in the earth after it is restored to its Eden beauty, where there will be no tempter's power to lead the young mind away from God. Let us go to God for strength to overcome while here, and thus escape the dreadful storm that is to be poured out on the ungodly. May we have a shelter then is the prayer of

LAURA E. BRACKETT.

PERSECUTION often does in this life what the last day will do completely—separate the wheat from the tares.

## Passing Away.

PASSING away is written on everything we know or see in this life. In the spring, the trees put forth their green leaves, and the grass springs up all around us, and looks lovely and beautiful. Then all vegetation is springing into life.

How soon the summer and autumn are ended, and the cold, chilling winds of winter appear in all their fury! But winter soon passes away, and gives place to spring again; and so successive seasons come and go.

And we too are passing away. Our friends are daily taken from us, and we know not when it will be our turn. What progress are we making in preparing for a future life where "passing away" will not be written?

LUELLA A. NEWCOMB.

The above I copy from a school essay of one who has lately passed away. Little did she think as she wrote these words that we should so soon be mourning the loss of her society. Yet thus it is. But we mourn not as those who have no hope; for she left the sweet assurance that she was an heir to an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that passeth not away.

Dear friends, the day of probation is swiftly passing away. Now we hear the truth of the third angel's message warning us to prepare for the speedy coming of the Saviour. Now we have a chance to prepare for an inheritance in the earth made new; yes, transformed to its Eden glory and made the future abode of the righteous of all ages who have passed away from the turmoils and conflicts of this life, and are now sleeping in their silent bed. Oh! that will be a glorious meeting for the righteous; and now is the time for us to prepare to have a part with them.

"Then shall we meet our loved ones  
On that fair, happy shore,  
Where death and earthly partings  
Are known and feared no more."

CHAS. L. BOYD.

Cherokee, Iowa.

## God's Mercies and Blessings.

How merciful and longsuffering is our Heavenly Father! In Ps. 103: 11, David says: "For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them who fear him." Again: "His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting."

How good the Lord is! so plenteous in mercy. He crowneth us daily with blessings, and should we attempt to count them, our astonishment would be great, to find them innumerable.

God bestowed a great blessing upon man in the gift of his dear Son, whom he sent into the world to redeem him from sin. We have, beside, the light of his precious truth to shine upon our pathway, the companionship of holy angels to guard and protect us from evil and dangers, life, and health.

But, says one, I do not enjoy good health, Can such be thankful for what they have? But space is not sufficient to enumerate all the privileges we enjoy. If any one thinks he has none, a little reflection will prove to the contrary. A continual brooding over what *might* be, affords no gain to one; it may rather result in a terrible loss. We may thereby grieve away the Spirit of God, and drive from us guardian angels. Evil angels will then come to help us fill up the cup of gloom and unhappiness. The result is, no one is benefited. We are hindered in perfecting a Christian character, life is a burden, and we are miserable.

Instead of mourning because of blessings withheld, let us think of the many we have,

and we will enjoy life better, and an approving smile of our Heavenly Father may rest upon us.

My experience is, that life is just what we make it; we can be miserable, or we can be happy. To be happy, we must look on the bright side, for it is the right side, and make the best of everything. If the day looks dark and cloudy, remember that the cloud above has a silver lining.

"Never look sad, for there's nothing so bad  
As getting familiar with sorrow;  
Treat him—to day in a cavalier way—  
He'll seek other quarters to-morrow."

These lines have been a great help to me, as I have been tempted to look on the dark side. But I feel grateful to God that through his mercy and goodness he has enabled me to rise above these feelings of despondency. The Lord is good and full of mercy, and what shall we render to him for all his benefits? Let us love and serve him with all our powers, that we may be kept from evil when he pours out his wrath upon the wicked.

HANNAH E. SAWYER.

## The Accurate Boy.

THERE was once a young lad in a large wholesale store in San Francisco, who was occupying a position that hundreds of boys in that city would like to have had. It was an honorable position as well as a paying one; and it was often a query among the boys how so poor a boy (for poor he was), filled so trustworthy and important a situation as that which our young friend occupied. It was not by his education and polished manners, nor by influential friends, that he found favor in the firm of ———.

The secret, my young friends, was his accuracy. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. He did not idle away his time on the corners, not a bit of it. He was looking beyond being an office-boy; and as he advanced step by step, his employer commended his accuracy, and promoted him accordingly. He was reliable, he was truthful, he was honest and accurate. What he did, he did just right.

It is thus with every occupation in which we engage. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ either men or boys do not wish to be on the constant lookout as though they were rogues or fools. If the mechanic must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure he does his work right, or if the merchant must run over his book-keepers' accounts day after day, he might as well do the work himself as to employ others to half do it. It is quite evident that the employer will get rid of such inaccurate workmen as soon as possible. What you do, my young friends, learn to do well. Be accurate every time.

M. WOOD.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.—"Now, I suppose I shall have to be very good, grandma, because we have got this baby; for mother won't want her to be naughty, and she will be if I am." So said a little fellow, looking earnestly up into his grandma's face. It is well for all young folks to remember that they cannot be good or naughty for themselves alone; they will influence somebody or other to be like them.

ANY life is a success upon which God smiles.

SEEK no other wisdom but God, for he is all wisdom.



## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## Search the Scriptures.

We glean amid the sheaves like Ruth,  
And gather barley grains of truth.

DEEPER dig into this mine;  
Brighter yet the jewels shine.

FROM the rich hives we would bear home  
Some droppings of the honeycomb.

## Letters.

SOUTH VINELAND, N. J.

DEAR READERS: For the first time, I will try to write for our dear paper. I hail its visits with joy. Although I never saw many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, yet I feel willing to say to you, through the paper, that I am trying, by the help of God, to keep the commandments, that I may have an entrance through the gates into the heavenly city, and meet you all there.

There are only two families that keep the Sabbath in this place; yet we meet together on the Sabbath. I wish that more might embrace the truth. The Bible says, "We know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments." Pray for me, that I may prove faithful, and meet you all.

ROSIE A. COCHRAN.

It is about two years since I commenced keeping the commandments of God. I take the INSTRUCTOR. This is the first time I have written anything for it. Will the readers pray for me, that I may meet you all on Mount Zion? H. S. OLMSTEAD.

ALDEN, Minn.

DEAR EDITOR: I love the INSTRUCTOR very much. I wish it could be placed in the hands of every youth in the land, that they might learn the teachings of the Bible. I hope to meet you all in the kingdom of God.

ABBIE B. PIERCE.

WATERTOWN, Wis.

DEAR READERS: I am a boy twelve years old. I love our little paper dearly. I can say that I am trying to keep the commandments of God. I love to read the letters that come from the dear ones.

E. EATON.

CENTRAL CITY, Colorado Ter.

DEAR EDITOR: I take your paper, and love it very much. Although I have not taken it very long, I would not part with it for anything, for it has such good advice for children. I hope they will all try to follow it, and learn to be good.

SOPHRONIA BLACK.

THE spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability; it is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy illiberal superstition and bigotry which cloud the brow, sour the temper, deject the spirit and impress moroseness on the manners.

## Willie's Violets.

WILLIE GLOVER is a lad of thirteen years, who was crippled three years ago by a fall from the hatchway of a large factory where he was at work. He lay for many long, weary months in a hospital, and then returned home, knowing that he must never hope again to stand erect or use his feet. It was a very poor home, a room in a crowded tenement-house, in the great city of New York; and Willie knew that an idle child must be a terrible burden upon his widowed mother, who was not very strong herself. So he tried hard to think of some employment that would enable him to earn a living, and finally decided upon the same work that his mother did, shoe-binding. In the poor, close room, the two sat day after day, busily stitching away, and earning food and shelter, but little more.

In the next room in the crowded house, a young gentleman had taken lodgings, and working at his profession, that of an artist, while the two humbler neighbors stitched at the shoe-binding. A friendly greeting had often passed between Mrs. Glover and Mr. Hudson, and sometimes the latter would drop in for a word or two with Willie; but the very poor have but little time for gossip, so all the Glovers knew of their neighbor was that he was as poor as themselves, though he worked hard at his pictures.

The spring was opening after a long, hard winter, when one morning Willie's Sunday-school teacher, who never forgot her former scholar in his affliction, came to see him, and bring him a small box containing a root of violets. It would be hard for a country boy to realize what those blue-eyed flowers were to the crippled lad, who could see nothing from his room window but a dirty, narrow street and brick walls. They seemed to him like a little bit of the blue sky that the high houses shut away from him. He would put the box near him as he worked, stopping often to bury his face in the cluster of blue blossoms, and dream he was in the country while he smelled their sweet perfume.

They were to him what walks, drives, and toys, are to strong, healthy, or rich children, and he loved the little blossoms, as they unfolded for his eyes, as more fortunate children love their pets or playthings.

He had been the owner of this wonderful box of pleasure for more than a week, when, one morning, his mother told him Mr. Hudson was very, very ill.

"I can hardly afford the time," said the widow, "to nurse a stranger; but he will die if somebody does not care for him. So if you do not mind being alone, Willie, I will go in and stay with him. I'll leave both doors open, so if you want me, I will hear you call."

"I shall not want you," said Willie. "Is he very sick indeed, mother?"

"I fear so."

"Does he know you?"

"Oh! yes. He is not delirious."

"Then——" Willie gave a great, gasping sigh, "take him my box of violets. They will make him better."

"Your violets, Willie! I thought you loved them too well to give them away?"

"But he is sick, and——and——" here Willie was nearly ready to take back his words; so he said: "Take them quick,

mother, and tell him they are a present, with my love. I have nothing else I can send him."

For nearly two weeks the young artist lay very ill; then, when death seemed near, he said to his kind nurse:

"Mrs. Glover, will you go to my mother for me?"

"I did not know your mother was here!"

"I have not been a good son," said the young man, in a low tone, "and I left her in anger, to try to seek my own fortune. But I am dying, and I want to hear her say she forgives me. Will you send her to me?"

Gladly the widow went upon the errand, and brought the mother to her child.

"Such a grand lady, Willie," Mrs. Glover told her son, "and such a splendid house! She came in a carriage, and has a doctor in there now, who is ordering wines and medicines, and all sorts of expensive things."

The mother was evidently rich, and, in the fear of a separation by death, forgave her son for his former wild life, and nursed him faithfully till he was able to return to his old home.

But the story I wanted to write was about the box of violets. Upon the day when the grand carriage stood in the narrow, dirty street, to take Mr. Hudson home, the gentleman himself came to bid Willie good-by, and in his hands he held the violets.

"They have comforted me, Willie," he said, "and taught me more than one lesson. I will be a better man yet for having had them beside me during my illness."

He put the box in its old place and left the room, after thanking Mrs. Glover for all her care. But the violets would not thrive. Their roots had been disturbed, and they drooped and died. Willie tried in vain by care to make them vigorous again, and shed more than one tear over them as they faded away.

"Take them up, mother," he said one day, "and see if a little fresh earth will do them any good."

"I am afraid not," Mrs. Glover said, "but I will try."

Gently she loosened the earth, and then lifted the poor dead roots in her hands. A cry of wonder burst from her lips, and then great tears of joy fell upon the box, for there, among the grains of earth in the box, were broad gold pieces, as many as could be hidden under the thin layer of dirt.

"O Willie! I thought he was ungrateful! I did not nurse him for pay, but I hoped he would give me some little keepsake, when I found he was so rich. I was a little hurt when he seemed to forget it, and now see——see——the fortune he has left us!"

So the little act of kindness to the sick neighbor they thought poorer than themselves brought comforts and rest to the widow and her son, hidden under the leaves or Willie's violets.—*The Methodist*.

## Things You Will Not Be Sorry For.

For hearing before judging.  
For thinking before speaking.  
For holding an angry tongue.  
For stopping the ear to a tattler.  
For refusing to kick a fallen man.  
For being kind to the distressed.  
For being patient to all.  
For doing good to all men.



## THE VACANT CHAIR.

In a quaint old Rhenish city,  
In a church as old and quaint,  
Sat the children on the benches;  
At the desk an aged saint.

Kneeling low he sought a blessing—  
Saintly man with silver hair—  
On the children round him gathered,  
Prayed that Jesus might be there.

Listened well the thoughtful children  
To the simple, earnest prayer,  
While among them one dear cherub  
Spied a lone and vacant chair.

This he thought was left for Jesus,  
So he watched the empty chair,  
Watched to see his dear Lord enter,  
Take his seat among them there.

Soon the outer door swung open,  
And quite slowly up the aisle  
Walked a little child in tatters,  
Took the chair with wistful smile.

"Ah," thought Gottlieb, "now I have it,  
Jesus could n't come to-day,  
So he sent this child so needy,  
And the poor we have away."

—A. H. Frost.

## Follow Copy.

A SHORT time since, a lad in the printing office received from his master a list of Scripture questions and answers to be set up and printed. In the progress of the work, the lad turned aside and asked the foreman if he must "follow copy;" that is, set it up just as it was written. "Certainly," said the foreman. "Why not?" "Because this copy is not like the Bible, and it professes to be the language of that book."

"How do you know it is not like the Bible?"

"Why, I learned some of these proofs at a Sunday-school ten years ago, and I know that two of them are not like the Bible."

"Well then do not follow copy, but set them up as they are in the Bible."

The lad got the Bible, and made it "the copy," his guide and pattern.

"Follow copy," children, wherever you find it according to the Bible, but do not stir a step when you find it differs. Through all your life make the Bible your one copy. Look to your words, your actions, your doctrines, and your practices—see that all are according to the Bible, and you will be right.—*Loving Words.*

## Read This, Boys.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who has not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I spoke to him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk;

and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow in the blue jacket. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I could tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me." —*Sel.*

## That Flower.

A FLOWER bloomed in a teacher's garden. She plucked it, and made a visit to little Annie Thornbray, who had been for two long weeks sick in bed. The teacher left Annie after talking and praying with her, and also left a flower on a stand by the bedside. This was a little thing, but the beauty of the flower reminded Annie of her teacher. It reminded her of her teacher's words and prayers. It convinced her of her teacher's love. The child woke in the night, and the delicate fragrance of the flower brought her teacher to mind again. Father and mother and children admired the flower, and each one said something about the thoughtful teacher who had brought it. I don't know any little minister of so much comfort to so many people as was the simple, beautiful flower in Annie Thornbray's sick-room.—*Sunday-School Journal.*

## The Name and Cross of Christ.

HERE are some of the names of our Saviour alphabetically arranged in the form of a cross:

ALPHA  
BREAD  
CAPTAIN OF SALVATION  
DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS  
ELECT  
FIRST  
GLORY  
HEAD  
IMAGE  
JESUS  
KING  
LIGHT  
MAKER  
OMEGA  
PRINCE  
RULER  
SHILOH  
TRUTH  
WONDERFUL

Who can find verses of Scripture containing these names, commit them to memory, and re eat them to their parents or Sabbath-school teacher?—*Youth's Visitor.*

CONVERSATION. — "What a delightful talker she is," said a friend to us the other day, as the door closed on a lady who had been charming us for an hour with her rare conversational gifts. "She always seems to say the right thing in the right place."

"That is not the only reason it is so pleasant to listen to her," we remarked; "she always leaves unsaid the wrong things, no matter how strongly tempted she may be to say them."

"Well, now, that is so, though it never occurred to me before. And isn't that an art we ought all to learn?"

"An art in one sense; but to acquire it, we must first cultivate a kindly spirit. If our hearts are full of good feeling, it is a great deal easier to refrain from cross words than if these same hearts are running over with bitterness."—*Guiding Star.*

## Scripture Exercises.

## TREES.

WHAT prophet compares the future life of the righteous to that of a tree? What tree is probably meant? Who once hid some jewelry under a tree? Where was Deborah buried? Who once climbed a tree to see the Saviour? What is meant by the ax being laid unto the root of the tree? Who in a dream saw a tree which reached to Heaven? By what means can we have access to the tree of life?

## FRUITS.

How came sin into our world? What prophet was a gatherer of sycamore fruit? What are the "fruits of the Spirit"? Who says, "My fruit is better than gold"? What was the law of ancient Israel about the "first fruits" of the land? (See Ex. 23:19.) How did the offering of Cain differ from his brother Abel's? In the beginning, what did the Lord permit man to eat?

## FLOWERS.

What did the Saviour say of the lily? Who is meant by the rose of Sharon? (Cant. 2:1.) What flowers adorned the golden candle-stick of the tabernacle? Who says that the wilderness shall blossom as the rose? What does this mean? Where are the rich compared to "the flower of the grass"? What is meant by it? What patriarch compares man to a flower? And where?

## GRAINS.

Who sent a present of parched corn to David? Who offended the Pharisees by picking ears of corn on the Sabbath? Did the disciple do wrong? How many "measures of meal" did Sarah use in entertaining the angel? How much is this in English measure? What kind of bread did the Jews eat to keep in mind their deliverance from Egypt? Who, in his dream, saw seven ears of corn, fair and good, on one stalk? What soon became of the good ears, and what did it all signify? What is represented in the parable of the sower, by the seed scattered on the ground?

G. W. AMADON.

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