

The Youth's Instructor.

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

CHRIST MY ALL.

TUNE—"Annie Laurie."

My soul is now united
To Christ, the living Vine.
His favor long I slighted,
But now I feel him mine.

CHORUS.—He is all the world to me,
And his glory I shall see,
And for Jesus Christ my Saviour,
I'd lay me down and die.

I feel no condemnation,
My sins he washed away;
And blessed with his salvation,
I'm glad from day to day.

CHORUS.—He is all, &c.

With Jesus as my treasure,
What can I want beside?
His smile is all my pleasure.
In him, I'm satisfied.

CHORUS.—He is all, &c.

His hand my cares shall lighten,
Till I can care no more;
His joy my pathway brighten,
Till all my grief is o'er.

CHORUS.—He is all, &c.

And oh! to live forever,
In the paradise of God!
My friendship cease? no, never!
In the midst of that abode.

CHORUS.—He is all, &c.

How the Trees Praise God.

In a paper called the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, is an interesting article with this title. From it is borrowed most of the following paragraphs for the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

Everything which God has made shows his wisdom and goodness, and thus all things praise him. There are several ways in which the trees give us pleasure, and so praise their Maker.

One thing which gives us pleasure is their *shape*. How majestic this is. There is the great trunk rising out of the ground, and gradually tapering, or getting smaller, as it rises higher. Then it throws out its long branches like the arms of a giant. Over these the leaves are spread like a beautiful, rich dress. Different kinds of trees have shapes that differ much from each other, and yet they all are beautiful.

The *color* is another thing about trees that is very pleasing. When they first put out their fresh, green leaves in the spring, how pleasant it is to look at them. And all through the summer, though the color of the trees grows darker, how pleasant it is to look upon the robe of green which the trees of the field and of the forest are wearing. How desolate and dreary the hills and mountains would look, if the tall trees that grow upon them were all swept away. And then when autumn comes, and the early frosts just touch the trees, and their green color changes into red and brown, and scarlet and purple, and gold, and we see the woods and forests glowing and glittering with all the colors of the rainbow, how glorious it is, and what pleasure the trees give us then!

Another thing about the trees which gives us pleasure is their *size*. We like to look at big things, and especially big trees. And the size to which some trees grow is really wonderful. At a place called Alonville, in

Normandy, there is an oak which is more than thirty-five feet round the trunk. It is very old, and the inside is decayed. This has been hollowed out, and a chapel has been made in the trunk. It is nicely ceiled, and has a flight of steps leading up to it.

In South America, the locust tree grows to a very great size. A gentleman who had been there saw one so large that it took fifteen Indians to reach round it, the tips of their fingers just touching.

But the greatest and tallest trees in the world are in California. There is a small forest of these trees on the side of a mountain. Some of them, when they have fallen down, and been hollowed out, are large enough for three men on horseback to ride abreast through. One of these trees is four hundred and fifty feet high. This is more than twice as high as any church steeple in Philadelphia. If this tree were hollowed out, the trunk would make a room large enough to hold a Sabbath-school of two hundred children, with their teachers. One of these trees is called, "The mother of the forest." It rises straight up to the height of a hundred and forty feet before a single branch appears. Then it goes up, and up, and up, till it reaches to three hundred and sixty-three feet. That is twenty-three feet higher than the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Then the *age* of some trees is a thing about them which gives us pleasure, and so praises their Creator. We like to look at *old* things. If we have an aged friend who is getting on toward ninety or a hundred years, how we like to look at his bending form and silvery locks as he walks slowly by. But some trees reach to a greater age than even Methuselah reached, who was nearly a thousand years old when he died.

It is easy to tell the age of a tree, for the wood forms rings that grow outside of each other. One of these rings is formed each year, so that when the tree is cut down, you can quite correctly tell its age. Let our young readers who live near forests remember this. It is an interesting pastime to ascertain the age of a tree, or see how far it dates back.

The oldest oak tree in England is called "The Parliament Oak," because King Edward the first is said to have held a Parliament under its branches. It is just six hundred years since Edward the first began to reign. This "Parliament Oak" is supposed to be about fifteen hundred years old. It belongs to the Duke of Portland.

The big tree of California, already spoken of, is supposed to be *three thousand years old*! Then it must have begun to grow some time before the prophet Samuel was born.

Among the cedars of Lebanon is one large tree which naturalists suppose is *four thousand years old*! Then it must have begun to grow soon after Noah left the ark, and was a large tree when our Saviour was on earth. Perhaps he often sat under its shade, as it is thought he did under the large trees which now stand in the Garden of Gethsemane. Could these trees speak, what a wonderful story they might tell!

The oldest tree in the world is said to be in one of the Cape de Verde Islands. It belongs to what is called the Baobab, or Monkey-bread tree. This tree is calculated by

the French traveler, Adamson, to be *over five thousand years old*! If this is true, it must have begun to grow *while Adam was still living*.

How many wonderful ways there are, in which even the trees praise God. It is the privilege of us all to learn useful lessons from the world and nature around us.

G. W. AMADON.

Repentance.

A COUNTRYMAN had with his own hands cultivated a row of valuable fruit trees. To his great delight they were bearing the first fruit, and he was anxious to see of what kind this fruit would be.

Then the son of his neighbor, a bad boy, came into the garden and enticed the countryman's son to go out with him and rob all the trees of their fruit before it was quite ripe.

When the owner of the garden came up and saw the naked trees, he was very sorry, and cried,

"Oh! why have they done this to me? Some bad boys have spoiled all my pleasure."

These words smote the heart of the countryman's son, and he ran to the neighbor's son, and said:

"Alas, my father is grieved about the deed that we have done. Now I have no more peace in my heart; my father will not love me any more, but will punish me with contempt, as I deserve."

Then the other boy, who was a very wicked boy, answered,

"You foolish boy! your father knows nothing about it, and will never know anything. You must carefully conceal it from him, and be upon your guard."

But when Godfrey—for that was the boy's name—came home and saw the friendly countenance of his father, he dared not to look at him with friendly glances in return; for he thought, "How can I look cheerfully at him whom I have grieved?—I cannot bear to look at myself. My sin lies like a dark shadow on my heart."

And now his father came up, and gave each of the children some autumn fruit, and he gave some to Godfrey too. Then the other children came bounding up, and they were very glad, and ate the fruit; but Godfrey hid his face and wept bitterly.

Then his father turned to him and said: "My son, why do you weep?"

"Oh!" replied Godfrey, "I am not worthy to be called your son! I can no longer bear to appear in your eyes and in the eyes of others different from what I am. Dear father, do not be kind to me any more; but punish me, that I may come to you again, and cease to be my own tormentor.

Let me suffer severely for my wrong doing, for it was I who robbed the little trees."

Then his father gave him his hand, and pressed him to his heart, and said:

"I forgive you, my child; and may God grant that this be the first and the last time

may have anything to conceal; then I shall not regret the little trees."—*Young Crusader*.

THE CHILD'S PETITION.

Our Father who in Heaven art,
Give me a grateful, contrite heart,
Make me a gentle, loving child,
With temper meek, and passions mild.

Oh! make me worthy of thy love,
Send down thy Spirit from above;
Increase my joys, soothe all my woes,
And let me on thine arm repose.

From early morn to dewy night,
Be thou my heart's supreme delight;
Direct my steps, control my will,
And bid each angry thought be still.

Dear Saviour, from thy throne on high
Regard me with a gracious eye;
Forgive my faults, my follies hide,
Be thou my strength, my guard, and guide.

Our Father who in Heaven art,
Give me a new, and guiltless heart,
Cleanse me from every secret sin,
That I a golden crown may win.

Through all life's dark and thorny ways
Teach me thy tender love to praise,
And when at last my race is run,
Oh! may I hear thee say, "Well done."

Chromos.

THERE'S NO excuse for bare, gloomy walls now-a-days. Every cottage, and almost every shanty can afford some lively, bright, colored picture, that will comfort and brighten the lives lived out there.

Thanks to a wonderful new way of making pictures, you can buy as pretty a picture for five dollars as you could a few years ago for five hundred. In fact, you can buy a copy of the five-hundred dollar picture so exact and perfect that you can't tell the difference, and even an artist has to look sharp.

The works I speak of are chromos, and the reason they are cheap is because of one little circumstance—that grease and water won't mix. It seems rather funny that a simple thing like that should be the cause of such a wonderful effect, but I'll tell you how it is.

What makes an oil painting expensive is, that an artist spent years in learning to paint, and then weeks and months on each picture. Every line and dot and shade is the work of his fine brush, and there are two or three coats of paint over every part of the picture.

The chromo is very different. It is not painted, but printed from stone plates. The first thing, in making one, is to prepare as many of these plates as there are colors and shades of color in the picture. The stone is of a peculiar kind, which likes, or absorbs, both grease and water. It is sawed into plates, and polished by rubbing with sand and water. Still they are not smooth enough. The sand is washed off, and again polished with fine pumice stone, till you can see your face in it. They are then examined with a microscope, to see that there are no tiny holes, for one would spoil the picture.

When perfectly smooth, they are set up slanting, in frames, and the artist goes to work. On the first stone, he draws, with a sharp pencil of a sort of chalk, every part of the picture that is to be of one color.

Suppose he wants to make a picture of a girl with brown hair and eyes, red cheeks and lips, and blue dress. He will need at least four stones. On the first he will draw with his pencil, every part that is to be flesh color, face and hands, being careful not to touch a finger to the polished stone, for the least finger mark would injure it.

On the second stone he would draw the red lips and cheeks; on the third the brown eyes and hair; and on the fourth the blue dress.

The chalk pencil is greasy, you know, and so every line of the picture is drawn in grease on the four stones.

Now comes a man who washes off the stones. The water soaks in everywhere except where the grease lines are—water can't soak into grease.

The next man takes a sponge and coolly washes out the chalk lines, so that the stones look entirely clean: but though he washed off the chalk, the grease, which had soaked into the stone, is still there, as firmly as ever.

The next man pours gum-water over it, to stop up the pores of the stone. It does this nicely except where the sturdy little grease marks are, and there it can't get in.

Now comes the coloring: over the first stone is run a roller covered with flesh-colored paint. Oil paint is greasy, of course, so where the gum-water is, the paint won't stick, but on every line of grease it leaves its mark. Over the second stone goes a roller of red paint, leaving a pair of lips and cheeks on the stone. Over the third a brown roller, to color the eyes and hair; and over the fourth a blue roller, for the dress.

Now all that needs to be done is to print on the same sheet of paper an impression from each of these stones. The first stone prints in oil paint, a fair complexion and pair of hands; the second a pair of lips; and so on through the whole four.

Imagine how careful they must be to have them match each other. If they did not, the girl's eyes might be planted in the middle of her cheeks, in a very unpleasant way; or her hair an inch or two above her head, as though she'd been scalped by an Indian.

Most pictures have many more than four tints. Not only every color, but every shade, has a separate stone. Ordinary pictures have from fifteen to twenty-five stones employed, yet the lines are all soft, and the colors shade into each other like the original painting.

Our best chromos even imitate the threads of the canvas, so that one must look on the wrong side to see if it be oil painting or oil chromo. For those of us who do n't care to look on the wrong side of things they are just as beautiful as the expensive original.—*Little Corporal*.

The Shipwrecked Sailor.

MANY years ago, in one of the Sabbath-schools in England, there was a boy so wicked and depraved that he was expelled from the school for his bad conduct. He was a source of great grief to his widowed mother. After awhile he went on board a ship and became a sailor, entering into all the vices so common among sailors.

During one of his voyages a fearful storm overtook the ship, and on a dark and fearful night it was wrecked. All perished except this wicked young man. Floating along in the darkness, his feet at length touched a rock. He climbed up and found a resting-place. But every returning tide covered this rock several feet with water. In his distress he cried to God, promising to devote his life to his service if spared. He remembered one solitary text of Scripture which he had learned in Sabbath-school—a very singular text, not often quoted, found in Numbers 23:9. "From the top of the rocks I see him." This text came to him with wonderful force as he sat on the rock, far from land. He prayed God to send a ship to rescue him from a watery tomb.

Confessing his sinfulness, he cried to Jesus to save him.

Morning dawned; in its gray light, far in the distance, he discerned a ship, no bigger than a man's hand. As it drew nearer, he made signals, waving his jacket. They rescued him. Grateful to God for his mercy, he fulfilled his vows. As soon as possible, he returned to that Sabbath-school from which he had been expelled, and told of his wonderful deliverance from death, and of his conversion to God. A thrill of joy went through that school. He became a devout, sincere Christian, and rejoiced in that Redeemer who did such great things for him.

Is it not written, "His way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known"? Truthfully and beautifully has the poet Cowper written:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Blessed are they who sow beside all waters. The seed is the word of God. Incorruptible and imperishable, it abideth forever. Let every Christian worker implant as much of God's truth in the heart as possible—even where there is obduracy and great wickedness. Does not the Master say: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days"?—*Sel*.

Faith.

DURING the war, there was one house that stood by itself, and the people who lived in it were very much afraid. At the close of one day, the enemy drew near the place; and as night came on, the darkened sky was lighted up with the glare of fire, almost as red as blood; and the guns also were heard rolling frightfully. It was winter, and the weather was cold and stormy. The good people were afraid of being robbed, but more of being turned out of house and home during the coldest season of the year.

The grandmother that lived with them had much comfort and courage too, because she trusted in God. She took up her prayer-book and read to her children and grandchildren a prayer in which were these words, "May God build a strong wall and keep off the enemy from this dwelling."

One of the grandchildren who had been listening very attentively, thought it was too much to ask of God to build a wall, and that they ought not to pray for a thing so impossible. But the grandmother said, "It does n't mean to take the words just as they are, but it means, 'May God keep us from the enemy as if our house were surrounded by a wall!' But if God was really willing to build a wall round our house, do you think it would be impossible with him?"

Meanwhile, the night passed away without a single soldier of the enemy reaching their house. All the family wondered at it. But when they went to the door in the morning, opposite the very spot where the enemy were camping, the snow had drifted up by the wind as high as a wall, so that it was impossible for any one to come through it. They all thanked and praised God.

But the grandmother said, "See, God has indeed built up a wall to keep off the enemy from our dwelling. Let this be a lesson, never be discouraged or afraid, but ever trust in the Lord, for he has given his angels charge concerning thee."—*Sel*.

"BLESS THE LADS."

In the Bible, a very nice tale we are told
That when a good man was grown very old,
Two grandsons were brought very near to his bed,
When he prayed unto God for the children, and said,
"Bless the lads."

Just so let us pray that the God of all grace
May lead all our boys to walk in his ways,
That they may grow wiser and better each day.
Let all who now love them forget not to say,
Bless the lads.

For our boys are the hope and the joy of our life
When they keep out of mischief and quarrel and strife,
When they grow up more loving and gentle and true,
Then for them we would gladly the good prayer renew,
"Bless the lads."

May our lads love the Saviour, and through all their days
Live only to serve him and show forth his praise;
And then we may hope Jesus will at the last,
When weeks, months and years on earth are all past,
"Bless the lads."

Among the Plants—Flowers.

NEXT in order to leaves, in the unfolding of the beauties of the plant, are flowers, "the stars of earth." Of graceful forms and delightful fragrance, and rich in brilliant and delicate colors, they are the glory of the vegetable world.

The names given by botanists to the different parts of the flower are so often met with that it is well to understand what is meant by them. Let us take the rose to pieces, and examine its beautiful and perfect construction. The green cup, or calyx, is composed of several leaves called sepals, which enveloped the tiny rose-bud till it burst them apart, and now supports the corolla, or flower. The fragrant rose leaves are the petals that form the corolla. Within the corolla are the little yellow thread-like stamens surrounding the pistil in the center. All these are found in a complete flower.

See how perfect is the texture of those petals. The richest velvet looks coarse and common compared with that soft, velvet-like surface. The contrast between man's best work and the beautiful creations of God is very great, the one so very imperfect, the other so faultlessly correct.

Long years ago, upon a mountain in Palestine, our Saviour, looking probably over the fields stretching out to the view, bright with the brilliant-hued lilies of the East, taught one of the sweetest lessons ever given to man. He said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

It seems as if God would keep this lesson of trust before us by placing flowers all around us wherever we go. They smile upon us from our gardens and lawns, look in at our windows, whiten the roadsides, and gem with starry blossoms even the grass. The pond lily sits as queen of the waters; high up the mountain side or on the edge of the precipice, delicate blossoms remind us that, "He who careth for the flowers will much more care for us."

They brighten every season of the year, from the time the early snow-drop lifts its head above the ground in spring, through

all the succession of summer and autumn beauties, to the chrysanthemums and geraniums that blossom in winter.

In France and some other countries are large fields of flowers that are cultivated for manufacturing perfumery. Hundreds of tons of orange flowers, roses, cassia, jasmine, and violets, are raised yearly for this purpose. When the flower harvest comes, men, women, and children, go out into the fields to gather the fragrant blossoms. This is pleasant out-door work. How we would like to be out in the flower fields, seeing the lovely sight, and breathing the odorous air!

When we see the autumn flowers fading away, it brings to us the thought that we, like them, are frail, and will soon fade away; they teach us not to love this world too well, or make our plans for life too confidently, for our stay here is short. But we look for them again, bright and beautiful as ever; so we hope, when faded and withered here, to bloom anew in Heaven; and flowers become not only types of our dying, but

"Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

—S. S. Advocate.

The Fear of Giving Offense.

It is certainly very desirable that Christians should possess pleasant manners, a genial spirit, and all the nameless graces which constitute an attractive deportment. They cannot too assiduously cultivate them, or mourn too deeply the so frequent want of them. Nor can it be denied that, in their efforts to do good, they should avoid giving needless offense. And yet, it seems to me, many persons make this fact a wretched excuse for their indolence or indifference in stimulating others or in bringing the truth to bear upon the minds of men.

"Did you try to persuade Mary Green to come to our prayer-meeting? She seems thoughtful, and you have so many opportunities of influencing her," says Sarah Brewerton to Louisa Dunn.

"No, I didn't," replied Louisa, "and I don't intend to do it either; it might give offense, and then I should do more harm than good." And yet this same Louisa did not hesitate, a fortnight before, to offend Jenny White by keeping a piece of music longer than was courteous. "Jenny will be hopping mad with me if I don't return this music to-day; but then she'll get over it, and the air is so lovely I must learn it thoroughly before I send it back," were her remarks upon the occasion.

"Mr. Steele, did you converse with Mr. Jones about his son, as you intended to do?" says a friend.

"No," replies Mr. Steele, "I concluded, after all, it would be better not to; it might offend Mr. Jones, and giving offense is no way to recommend the gospel." And yet Mr. Steele had no compunctions about making a bitter enemy of a neighbor by building a barn in a situation to ruin his prospect and depreciate his property. "A man can't stop bettering his fortunes for every fellow who chooses to take a grudge," was his comment.

"Oh! Miss Harcourt! I am so glad to see you," said Edith Gray to a lady somewhat older than herself, but of whom she was very fond. "I want to try my new piano for you. I exchanged my old one for it, and paid a hundred dollars to boot. I have been learning the hymn, 'Nearer, my God,

to thee.' Would you like to hear me sing it?"

"Very much," replied Miss Harcourt.

After conversing a while, Edith went to the piano and commenced singing. When she finished the first verse, Miss Harcourt turned to her in an earnest way, and said:

"Do you really want to live nearer to God, Edith?"

"Of course I do—yes, indeed," replied Edith. She went on with the hymn. Just as she had sung the lines,

"Steps up to Heaven,
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,"

the door opened, and in walked her sister Milly, a child about seven years of age, with a parcel in her hand, through which peeped a blue ribbon.

"O Milly!" exclaimed Edith, turning quickly round, "you have got my new sash; you naughty girl, why did you touch it?"

"I brought it in for Miss Harcourt to look at," said Milly.

"A good excuse," said Edith; "but you mustn't take my things again, Milly—now, remember. It is a lovely shade, Miss Harcourt, is it not?" she continued, turning to that lady. "Aunt Fanny sent it to me for the assemblies. It was so kind of her, for I have been out so much this winter, my things are just as shabby as can be."

"Are the assemblies very pleasant?" asked Miss Harcourt.

"Charming this year," replied Edith. "I am on the go all the time."

"Do you find them 'steps up to Heaven'?" asked Miss Harcourt.

"Why, n-o, I can't say I do exactly," replied Edith, blushing and looking very much confused.

Miss Harcourt saw that her remark had made an impression, and concluded to let it take root without adding anything more. So she rose, saying: "I must really go, Edith; I have an engagement."

When she had taken leave, Edith returned to close the piano. "I suppose Miss Harcourt don't approve of my gay life," she said to herself. "Well, it does seem absurd to sing, 'Nearer to God' and lead the life I do. But parties are so fascinating. I must go to one more at any rate, for Aunt Fanny will be awfully offended if I don't, after she has sent me a sash and gloves."

"Stop now. Choose ye this day whom you will serve," pleaded conscience. After a hard struggle with herself, Edith resolved to amend, and retired to her room to pray for strength to remain firm to her purpose. It was difficult to resist the entreaties of her friends, but she came off victorious.

About three months after this, two ladies were walking together from church, when one of them said: "What has come over Edith Gray? she seems so much more in earnest than she used to be. She has resumed her Sunday-school class, and shows great improvement in every way." Now, if Miss Harcourt had been so afraid of giving offense as many seem to be, how different might have been the result! In many things we offend all. Let us set a watch at the door of our lips that we offend not in word; but oh! do not let us cloak our lukewarmness in the cause of Christ with the specious plea: "We fear to give offense."
—Christian at Work.

TRUTH.

Why should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know
There's something wrong to hide below?
No; let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the better way.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST, 1872.

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

Be ye Pure.

THERE has heretofore been but little said through the INSTRUCTOR on the subject of health reform. We think it has not been, however, for lack of interest in this important movement. The following is part of an article written by sister Nellie F. Heald, and read before the New England Tract Society. Thinking our young readers may enjoy its perusal, and with the hope that each one will try to profit by it, we give it here.

A reform in regard to the laws of health, which is called the basis of all reforms, seems especially important in a people who are engaged in a still nobler reform in religious faith and practice. We who are looking for that blessed hope—the appearing of our Saviour in the clouds of heaven, need to lay aside every weight. And is not indulgence of appetite and perverted taste a hindrance to our growth in grace—a weight upon the wings of faith and love?

Can we rightly prepare for that solemn and thrilling event while we daily eat of that which is adding impurity and disease to the body, thus dimming the mental powers and lowering the spiritual life?

Jesus demands a pure and spotless church to meet his second coming. And has not the health reform, so chaste and elevating in its tendency, come, e'en from the verge of Heaven, to assist his dear children to meet this demand?

This we firmly believe; and its blessings are for all who are willing to comply with its pure and self-denying precepts. We need its aid, as we struggle on toward Heaven 'gainst wind, and storm, and tide. We need it, that we may run with patience the race that is set before us.

Let us thank God for the light of health reform, and strive to walk in the light, that we may finally receive the reward of the overcomer. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

Joy.

In this short word we have expressed all the delight and good cheer that a happy soul can feel.

But joy is of two kinds: low and vile, or high and noble, true or false. That joy is vile and low which exults over the misery or pain of any animal or insect, or that glories over the downfall or misfortune of a fellow-being. What little boy is it that delights in killing birds and robbing their nests, or in teasing his playmates? Let me here tell him that such joy is false and will surely bring him sorrow and remorse.

That joy is high and noble which springs from a pure heart and rejoices in the happiness of every being. Have you enemies that do you harm? True joy will rejoice at the privilege of doing them good in return. It lights up the countenance of its possessor in the darkest hour. He can look with delight to the future home of the saints, if he be a

Christian, and exult over the prospect of the joy that will be his in the heavenly world.

He that possesses this influence in its true form has a treasure that is of more value than gold and silver. He not only has that which, in a great measure, gives health to the body and peace to the soul in this life, but that also which gives a bright hope and a sure prospect of the joy that will be experienced by all in the kingdom of glory.

I. D. VAN HORN.

The Actions a True Index of the Heart.

THE feelings and intents of our hearts are generally manifest in our words and actions. This is very good when our motives spring from a desire to be gentle and kind to others. But we often feel in ourselves, and sometimes see in others, a desire to appear in some way better than we are, in order to gain the approbation of our associates and society generally. Some in their dress seek for approbation, but gain the esteem of a few equally as silly as themselves; while from the vulgar they receive ridicule, and from the thinking class, pity or contempt. Others, by their wit, seek to excite the laughter of the simple and vain. These do not bear in mind that for every idle word they must render an account in the day of Judgment.

Again, there are those who think the little things of life are of minor importance, and for want of thoroughness in the first principles of common studies, fail to obtain an education that might be of benefit to others, and a blessing to themselves. We see many of this class aspiring to things too high for them without any real object save to gain applause. Such persons are satisfied with a surface work in the common branches, and it is feared they will derive no real benefit from the study of higher ones, for the intent of their hearts seems to be for applause, and if they fail to obtain it—and they are very liable to—they become discouraged, and yield up to indolence and sloth. If we would judge ourselves when about to seek approbation by word or deed, we would not be often found engaged in doing that which would prove hurtful to our morals or religion.

We do not approve such actions in others, why then, should we expect their favor and approval for the silly words we may utter? for the vain show in the dress we put on? or for the high, but false, pretension we make of our education and attainments?

The Bible says, "A fool hath no delight in understanding, but that his heart may discover itself." Prov. 18:2. Surely, if the intents of our hearts are for show, instead of a deep, settled principle to learn what we do learn well, and to do what we do faithfully and thoroughly, we will discover our hearts to others, whether we are blind to our foolish course or not.

Battle Creek.

C. GREEN.

A LITTLE HERO.—A little boy seven years of age had his leg broken, and was carried home on a litter. His poor mother, who had been long ill and confined to bed, was much shocked when she heard of it. She attempted to rise, but fainted, and was obliged to return to bed.

The injury done to her poor little boy's leg was very severe, and he suffered a great deal of pain while it was being set, and while the bruises were dressed. But, during the whole operation, the child did not utter even one cry of pain. Every one present was surprised at his fortitude, and he was asked if he had not suffered much.

"Oh! very much," said he, gently, "but I was so afraid of giving pain to mamma that I tried to keep from crying."

This boy afterward became one of the heroes of the Crimea.

My Shepherd.

CHILDREN, did you ever read that beautiful psalm, commencing, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want"? Ps. 23:1. If not, please turn and read it, and it would be well for you to commit it to memory. King David, the writer of this beautiful language, in his youthful days had been a shepherd. Oftentimes had he led his father's flock to the green pastures, and beside the sparkling waters. He knew what it was to have the care of sheep; and to feel a deep interest in the welfare of the flock. Many times had he protected them from danger, driving away wild beasts, and constantly watching over them for good. He was called from the humble occupation of caring for his father's sheep, to the throne, to be a king, and a shepherd over Israel. In this position, he feels that he is but a wandering sheep himself, and had great need of a shepherd. How happy was David when he could feel that the Lord was his shepherd, and was constantly leading him in paths of righteousness.

Children, have you such a shepherd as this? You may have, and, what is more, you must have, or finally be lost. Jesus is the Good Shepherd, kindly caring for the flock. He beareth the lambs in his bosom, and will in nowise cast out any that come unto him. He says, "I am the good shepherd . . . My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life." Again, he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Now you may come, heed the voice of the Good Shepherd, and follow him. Then you can say at all times as did king David, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Very soon the Good Shepherd will gather the sheep and lambs to the heavenly fold. Now is the time to hear and obey the sweet voice of Jesus. Now is the time to seek a place in the fold of Christ. And if you are numbered with this little flock, it will soon be the Father's good pleasure to give you an eternal home in the kingdom. Then you may follow the shepherd whithersoever he goeth. Now pause, and think. Can you say, The Lord is my shepherd?

H. A. ST. JOHN.

A Letter to the Children.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have many times thought of writing to you, but it seems to me to be so difficult to know just how to write to children, much more so than to talk to them. As I write, I think of a bright, sunny face by the sea, others over the hills, and some away out on the prairie, who know the writer, and I would be glad to say something to interest and instruct them if I could.

It may be an old story to tell you Jesus is coming to take good people to the beautiful home which is being prepared for them. But we want to hear stories we love often repeated. It is so pleasant to think of that time, for everything that makes us unhappy now can never occur after Jesus comes. Can you not remember when the sweet baby face of your little brother or sister lay white and motionless before you, and some kind friend told you it was dead? Perhaps you have others, but death still reigns. When Jesus comes, no children or grown people can die in that beautiful land, and more than this, those innocent little ones and all good people who have died will be made alive

again. I know you will be pleased to learn this, and if you read the Bible you will find it says so.

I hope you study its sacred pages and commit verses to memory. There are many which tell about the new-earth home. It may be you have seen many beautiful homes here, where everything that wealth could purchase and ingenuity invent abounded; but that home will be far more beautiful than any you have ever seen, and whatever is lovely here, fire may destroy or death remove.

Isa. 64:4 reads, "For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him." So you see we cannot even think how much of beauty and happiness our kind Heavenly Father has reserved for those who serve him. But the verse reads, "For him that waiteth for him." We must get ready before we can wait, and I fear we are not ready yet.

Rev. 22:14 tells us how we may get into that lovely place. "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." If you read the Bible through you will not find one blessing pronounced on those who do not keep his commandments. In 1 John 5:3, we read, "For this is the love of God, if we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous." So we must not only keep them, but do it cheerfully because we love to. If they are grievous to us, we do not love God, and he will take no one to live with him who does not love him.

But Jesus will come before you grow old,
Then give your hearts to him now.
And when you shall enter the city of gold,
He'll place a crown on your brow.

MARY MARTIN.

New Hampshire.

Decay.

We hear many speak of decay in the world through which we are passing, of decline, and loss, and change in such rapid succession that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. The flowers bloom and fade, the rocks crumble, the trees fall, and the grass withers. The clouds rise, and soon pass away.

If we turn to our friends, it is but a short time that we are with them, and they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments, and a few moments more their countenances are changed, and they pass away. It matters not how near and dear they are. The ties which bind us together are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. Our friends all elude our grasp, and pass away.

We can have no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our cotemporaries and kindred. We know that those around us will soon pass away.

If everything that we see or hear has endured for so short a time, and soon will be no more, we cannot receive the least assurance of safety by thinking on ourselves.

When a few more friends have left, and a few more hopes deceived, and a few more changes met us, we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb. All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will be laid low, every eye will be closed, and every voice hushed, every heart will cease to beat. And when we have all passed away, we soon shall be remembered no more.

A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when we came, and when we

passed away; but even that will soon refuse to bear us record. "Time's effacing finger" will be busy on its surface, and at length will wear it smooth; and soon the stone will crumble and fall; and in the memory of others we shall soon pass away.

Though all earthly things pass away, yet there is one Being to whom we can look with perfect confidence and find that security which no other can give, and no one can take away.

To this Being we can lift up our souls, exclaiming, "Of old thou hast laid the foundations of the earth, and all that is therein are the work of thy hand. They shall perish, but thou shalt be forever."

Here is a great support which will never fail. We can look toward God, and be assured he will never forget us, and at the resurrection morning we shall be caught up and changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, to be forever with the Lord.

ADDIE E. WELCH.

Battle Creek.

WORK FOR LITTLE HEARTS AND HANDS.

Little hands can be useful,
Helping the worn and weary,
Little faces be bright and cheerful,
To comfort the sad and dreary.

Little hearts can be thankful
For the blessings God has given,
Little lips can be sweetly lisping
Prayers to the God of Heaven.

Little eyes can be seeking
Some work for the willing fingers;
Little ears to the truth can listen,
While the day of mercy lingers.

Little children the Saviour calls,
In his tender love and pity;
He will carry the lambs of the fold
In his arms to the beautiful city.

R. C. BAKER.

How a Skylark Preached a Sermon.

STORIES, as well as poems, about the skylark abound; but the following story shows the constant love of Englishmen for this truly English bird. There is no such thing as a song-bird natural to Australia; there are birds that chatter, and birds that shriek, but no bird that sings. Well, there was a young man who went out from England as a gold-digger, and was fortunate enough to make some money, and prudent enough to take care of it. He opened a "store" (a sort of rough shop, where almost anything could be had) at a place called "The Ovens," a noted gold-field about two hundred miles from Melbourne. As he continued to prosper, this young man, like a dutiful son, wrote home for his father and mother, asking them to come out to him, and, if they possibly could, to bring with them a lark. The old folks agreed, and in due time, with a lark in charge, they took ship and left the shores of England.

His father, however, took the change so much to heart that he died; but his mother and the lark landed in sound health at Melbourne, and were speedily forwarded to Mr. Wilsted's store at "The Ovens." It was on Tuesday when they arrived, and the next morning the lark was hung outside the hut, and at once began piping up. The effect was wonderful. Sturdy diggers—big men with great brown hands—paused in the midst of their work and listened reverently. Drunken diggers left unfinished the blasphemous sentence, and looked bewildered and ashamed. Far and near the news spread

rapidly: "Have you heard the lark?" Is it true, mate, that there is a real English skylark up at Jack Wilsted's?"

So it went on for three days, and then came Sunday morning. Such a sight had not been seen since the first spadeful of the golden earth had been turned! From every quarter—east, west, north, and south—from far-off hill, and from creeks twenty miles away, came a steady stream of rough, brawny Englishmen, all brushed and washed as decent as possible. The movement was not arranged beforehand, as was plain from the half-ashamed expression of every man's face as he met his acquaintance in the crowd. There they were, however, and their errand was—to hear the lark! Nor were they disappointed. There, perched in his wood-and-iron pulpit, was the little minister, and, as if he knew the importance of the task before him, he plumed his crest, and, lifting up his voice, sang them a sermon, which touched his audience more closely than perhaps even the bishop himself could have done.

It was a wonderful sight to see those three or four hundred men, some lying on the ground, some sitting with their arms on their knees, and their heads on their hands, some leaning against the trees, with their eyes closed, so that they might the better fancy themselves at home, and in the midst of English cornfields once more; but, whether sitting, standing, or lying, all were equally quiet and attentive; and when, after an hour's steady preaching, the lark ceased, his audience suddenly started off, a little lowspirited, perhaps, but on the whole happier than when they came. Yes, and doubtless in many a breast the lark's warble had stirred the memories of the lessons learned in the village school, or in the village church at home, and had wakened unuttered longings for those "means of grace" for which they had cared so little when they were within their reach.

So the skylark preached his sermon, and many of his congregation wished that they could have taken him away with them, to preach to them in their distant diggings day by day.

"I say, Joe," one digger was heard to say to another, "do you think Wilsted would sell him—the bird, you know? I'll give as much gold-dust for him as he weighs, and think him cheap."

"Sell him! not he!" was the indignant answer; "how would you like a fellow to come to our village at home, and make a bid for our parson?"—*Abridged from "Home Pets."*

SMALL THINGS.—A beautiful boy lay dead, and his heart-broken parents were weeping over his cold body. Many friends gathered round with words of pity. Among them was a poor old woman who had received much kindness from the family. She wiped the tears from her withered face, and said to the mother, "Oh! he was so good and kind. How few young gentlemen would have come, as he did, last winter, in the deep snow, to split wood for an old woman! How beautiful and humble he came at your bidding!"

"It was not at my bidding!" replied the mother, "but at the promptings of his own noble heart, that he did that thing."

God, no doubt, accepted that little deed, and the memory of the dear boy remained in more than one heart when he was laid in the dust.

GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words; for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall, as manna fell,
On some nigh-fainting heart!

In lonely wilds, by light-winged birds,
Bare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words,
Where only griefs had grown.

Florie's Birthday Party.

LITTLE FLORIE would be eight years old to-morrow, and her fond mother had promised her the company of six to take tea and spend the afternoon. "You may invite just who you please, daughter," her mother said; and as soon as lessons were over, she went out, accompanied by her nurse, to invite the company.

Ann, the nurse, thought of course that Florie would invite Fannie Morris, Jennie Snow, and two or three others with whom she often played. They lived in large houses on the next street, and thither Ann turned, expecting Florie to follow.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed Florie. "The company I am going to invite do n't live there. Those girls have lots of fun, and many good times."

Proceeding in their walk, they came to an alley not very inviting in appearance.

"I am going to stop here," said Florie; and opening a rickety old door, she began to climb the stairs. Stopping at the top of the first flight, she knocked at the door on her right. "Come in," was faintly heard. Florie opened the door and walked up to a little girl about her own age and size, who was sitting on a chair, knitting. She held up her hand in the direction of Florie's voice, for poor Mary Gray was blind, the daughter of a woman who had done some sewing for Florie's mother. "Mrs. Gray, I came to see if you would allow Mary to take tea with me to-morrow; 'tis my birthday, and mamma has promised me a little party, and that I shall invite whoever I please. I will send for her, if you are willing." "How good you are, Miss Florie," the mother replied. "My poor child has but few pleasures, and I know she will enjoy her visit to you." "I will send for her, then, at three to-morrow."

Bidding the mother and daughter good-by, she tripped down the stairs and hurried along to another house not far distant, where a large boot hung out for a sign. Nurse looked at Florie in amazement as she entered this little shop, where an old man sat mending shoes, and a poor little lame boy was propped up in a chair, trying to amuse himself with some bits of bright-colored leather. "O Miss Florie!" exclaimed the child, "I am so glad you have come. Those roses you sent me a few days ago were beautiful, and I kept them just as long as I could, but they would die." "Never mind, Jamie; I have come to invite you to take tea with me to-morrow, and you shall have as many roses as you can carry home." The little lame fellow glanced at his poor, deformed feet, and then at his crutches. "Never mind, Jamie," the old shoemaker said; "I will carry you to Miss Florie's. I expect to go up in that direction to-morrow."

Florie now left for another home. Passing out of the alley and going into a little side-street, she stopped at the door of a

neat but poor-looking house, which was occupied by an old woman, formerly a nurse in Florie's family. "Bless you, Miss Florie, it does me good to see your bright face; no one has been to read the story of the Good Shepherd since you were here, and my poor old eyes are of but little service now." "Well, nurse, to-morrow will be my birthday, and you are to come and take tea with me, and then I will read to you, if you wish." "The precious child!" said the old woman, "to think of poor old nurse."

"Good-by, nurse; I am not through inviting my friends yet," and beckoning to Ann, she walked on a few doors farther, and then stopped at another home of poverty. A weak looking child came to the door, not much older than Florie, with a baby in her arms crying as loud as he could cry. "Why, Florie!" the child exclaimed, "who ever would have thought of seeing you!" "Where is your mother, Amy?" "She is washing; and the baby is so cross I can't do anything with him. I could not go to Sunday-school last Sunday because he was not well, and I am so sorry, for I knew my verses, every one." "Do you think your mother will let you come and take tea with me to-morrow? It is my birthday." By this time a poor woman made her appearance, wondering what such a fine girl could want with her child. "Please, may Amy come to my house to-morrow afternoon? It will be my birthday; we are in the same Sunday-school class, and I would like to have her." "Certainly, miss, I have no objections;" and the mother and child were both pleased.

"Where next?" said Ann. "To Mrs. White's," said Florie; "there is no one there but little deaf and dumb Tommy; I am going to invite him." Florie ran in to Mrs. White's, made known her errand, and left, saying, "Bring him at three o'clock to-morrow."

"Now for home," said Florie; and hastening to her room the moment she arrived, she wrote a little note as follows: "Florie Swift sends her compliments to Mrs. Swift, and would be pleased to have her company to-morrow afternoon." "Ann, take this to mamma, please, and wait for an answer." Ann, soon returned with a small piece of paper, on which was written: "Mrs. Swift accepts the invitation for to-morrow afternoon."

The next afternoon was bright and clear, and as three o'clock drew near, Florie began to arrange her table for the guests in the arbor. A large dish of strawberries stood in the centre, on one side a large cake, and on the other a plate of biscuit. Cold ham and chicken, were also provided, and a small bouquet of choice flowers stood by each plate. "Your company is coming," said Ann, who was assisting Miss Florie. Sure enough, there came old nurse with her walking-stick, and Jamie on the shoemaker's back. Ann had seated blind Mary, and soon Amy and the little mute Tommy appeared. Seating old nurse in a large chair brought out for her, she seated all the rest on her right and left. Mary smelled the flowers, and seemed to enjoy them. Mrs. Swift next appeared, looking somewhat astonished at the company assembled. She greeted each one pleasantly, and took the head of the table. The good things soon began to disappear.

Tea being over, Mrs. Swift invited them to the parlor, where she played and sang for them. Each had a piece of cake and plate of ice-cream before leaving, and a bouquet to take home. All seemed to enjoy their visit, and left, well pleased.

After they had left, Mrs. Swift asked Florie why she had invited such a company. "Mamma, our teacher told us last Sunday that God said, Feed the hungry, lead the lame, and help the needy, or something like that. *That is what it means anyhow.* Did I do right, mamma?" "Yes, daughter, I was glad to see you do as you did. He who gives to the poor, lends to the Lord."—*American Messenger.*

The Bible Is the Root.

A BRAHMIN in Mysore, India, was led by the Holy Spirit to inquire into the truth of Christianity. He read the Scriptures and religious tracts very eagerly. He was deeply impressed with the Pilgrim's Progress; "that book is better than the Bible."

His teacher (Mr. Sanderson, the missionary) did not think it desirable to give a direct contradiction to that statement, but he taught him the difference by a sort of parable. Pointing to a scene before him, he said to him, "Do you see that beautiful mango tree there?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Do n't you see the beautiful fruit, which drops its nectar upon the ground?"

"Yes."

"Do n't you eat the fruit and enjoy its sweetness?"

"Yes."

"And where would that tree be if there were no root to the tree?"

"Oh," said the man, "now I see what you mean; the Bible is the root, and all other good books in the world spring from it."

He never afterward said that any book was better than the Bible.

It pleased God so to bless the teaching of his own word that this poor man became a humble and earnest Christian, and his own son and daughter have grown up to be useful workers among the heathen around.

HOW TO ACQUIRE A GOOD MEMORY.—

We read too much and think about what we read too little; the consequence is, the most of the people we meet know something, in a superficial way, about almost everything. Not a tenth part of what is read is remembered for a month after the book or newspaper is laid aside. Daniel Webster who had a rich store of information on most every subject of general interest, said that it had been his habit for years to reflect for a short time on whatever he read, and so fix the thought and ideas worth remembering in his mind. Any one who does this will be surprised to find how retentive his memory will become, or how long after reading an interesting article, the best portion of it will remain with him.—*Templar's Magazine.*

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

A LOVELY SIGHT.

WHERE is a lovelier sight on earth,
So like to Heaven above,
As children of one family,
Dwelling in peace and love!

Kindly, unselfishly, they seek
Each other's happiness;
Surely the angels look and smile
On such a scene as this.

And Jesus from his dazzling throne,
Beyond the azure sky,
Is watching o'er these little lambs,
To save them by-and-by.

"Love one another," saith the Lord,
"Thus prove your love to me,
For they who love in deed and truth,
Shall my disciples be."

R. C. BAKER.

Troubles.

SOME good Christians have a great deal of trouble in this world. The reason of it is that God is preparing them for very great happiness in Heaven.

Last summer when in the city of Amsterdam, in Holland, I was very much interested in a visit we made to a place there famous for polishing diamonds. We saw the men as they were engaged in this work. When a diamond is first found, it has a rough, dark outside, and looks just like a common pebble. The outside must be ground off and the diamond be polished before it is fit for use. It takes a long time to do this, and it is very hard work. The diamond has to be fixed very firmly in the end of a piece of hard wood or metal. Then it is held close to the surface of a large metal wheel which is kept going round. Fine diamond-dust is put on this wheel, because nothing else is hard enough to polish the diamond. And this work is kept on for days, and weeks, and months, and sometimes for several years before it is finished. And if a diamond is intended to be used in the crown of a king, then longer time and greater pains are spent upon it, so as to make it look as brilliant and beautiful as can be.

Now, Jesus calls his people his jewels. He intends them to shine like jewels in the crown he will wear in Heaven. To fit them for this they must be polished like the diamond. And God makes use of the troubles he sends on his people in this world to polish his jewels. And when we get to Heaven and see how beautiful they look, we shall see that it was indeed good for them that they were troubled. It has fitted them for greater happiness there.—*Christian Weekly.*

Ye Must Be Born Again.

YOUR first, or natural, birth connects you with Adam, and places you under the curse. You need a second birth to connect you with Christ, and bring you under the blessing. Yea, this second birth is as essential to your eternal happiness as the first was to your existence. Our Lord himself declares, "Ye must be born again."

This change is not a change of creed, or an amendment of life simply; nor is it effected by baptism, or the Lord's supper. It is a change of heart wrought in us by the Holy Ghost. Have you experienced it? and can you say, as did the blind man, "Whereas I was blind, now I see"? Happy are you if this be your condition. But if not—if like Nicodemus you ask, "How can these things be?"—let me assure you that your first concern should be to know the subject experimentally. A mere doctrinal knowledge of regeneration will not save you; you must have the experience. Your own eyes must

be enlightened, your own ears unstopped, your own heart renewed. You are not to be the physician in your case, but the patient. It is not another that is diseased, but yourself. Oh! lay it to heart. Let your soul's condition trouble you; and never desire to know rest until you find it in Christ, and in a sure hope of immortality.—*Sel.*

George's Reason.

THE scholars of Mr. Jones' school, had all, save one, entered the school and taken their seats, when George Hardy, a tardy scholar for once, came hurrying in much out of breath.

"Why, George," said his teacher, "how is this? I saw you, as I supposed, on your way to school, when I started from home. I hope you have not been away at play, when you should have been at school."

"No, sir, I have not played any this morning; I thought I could run home, and be back before school began."

"But why did you wish to return home? Did you forget anything?"

"No, sir."

"What did you go back for, then?"

"If you will please excuse me, sir, I would rather not tell."

"I hardly think I can excuse you, George; you are very late, for you, and I have a right to demand a good reason for it."

George stepped up, and placing his lips close to his teacher's ear, whispered, "I met a boy who was without shoes, and as I had a pair which I had outgrown, I went home to get them for him."

"Was that the reason?" asked the teacher, looking upon the blushing boy with kindness and approval.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, then, did you not wish to tell me?"

"Because, sir, my mother says when I give anything in charity, I must do it privately, lest I should receive praise of men, and become vain and proud."—*Picture Magazine.*

A Little Candle, but Shining Far.

A MOTHER, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as she stood at the garden gate one morning, she said:

"Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," said he, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and went the globe over, to Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, and the cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles; I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was that not sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half, "for," still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years.

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was brought drunk into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother; I said I had never heard a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest ships in

New York harbor, and I have come to ask you to come and see me."

How far the little candle throws its beam. The mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!—*Wendell Phillips.*

A Hint to Meddlers.

A LITTLE white rose bloomed all by herself in a nook in the hedge.

"Ah!" cried the wind in passing, "what a pity you should be suffocated there. I will blow a hole in the hedge, and the breeze shall find you through it."

"I pray, sir, you will leave me as I am; I breathe well enough," said the rose.

"I know better," said the wind, and rent the hedge as he passed on, and the boys rushed through and made her tremble with fear.

"You are not well placed there," he said, as he came by again; "I will give you a better berth than that."

"I beg you will leave me as I am; I like my place well enough if it were not for the gap you made," said the rose.

But the wind would not listen. He broke her stem, and she fell to the ground.

"Oh, you musn't lie there!" he cried; "I will carry you to the spot that will suit you exactly."

"Nay, I entreat you to let me lie and fade in this pleasant grass," said the rose beseechingly; but he caught her up and whirled her on a few yards, when her petals were scattered, and her leafless stem was cast on the hedge.

"How is this?" exclaimed the wind.

"How is it? This is how it is," replied the hedge: "There are some folks that are never satisfied but when they are meddling in other folk's affairs; they think nobody can be happy except in their way; and you are one of them, and this bare stem is a specimen of your work."—*Child's World.*

Daisy's Flowers.

DAISY had nothing but flowers in her little plot, and it bloomed all summer long with a succession of gay or fragrant posies. She was very fond of her garden, and delved away in it at all hours, watching over her roses, pansies, sweet-peas, and mignonette, as faithfully and tenderly as she did over her dolls or her friends. Little nosegays were sent into town on all occasions, and certain vases about the house were her especial care. She had all sorts of pretty fancies about her flowers, and loved to tell the children the story of the pansy, and show them how the step-mother-leaf sat up in her green chair in purple and gold; how the two own children, in gay yellow had each its little seat, while the step-children, in dull colors, both sat on one small stool, and the poor little father, in his red night-cap, was kept out of sight in the middle of the flower, that a monk's dark face looked out of the monk's-hood larkspur, that the flowers of the canary-vine were so like dainty birds fluttering their yellow wings, that one almost expected to see them fly away, and the snapdragons that went off like little pistol shots when you cracked them. Splendid dollies did she make out of scarlet and white poppies, with ruffled robes tied round the waist with grass-blade sashes, and astonishing hats of coriopsis on their green heads. Pea-pod boats, with rose-leaf sails, received these flower-people, and floated them about a placid pool in the most charming style; for finding that there were no elves, Daisy made her own, and loved the fanciful little friends who played their parts in her summer-life.—*Miss Alcott.*

HARSH WORDS.

SPEAK not harshly—could we scan
The secret, inmost soul of man,
Then his bleeding breast would show
Furrows deep of pain and woe—
How those wounds are warped and wrung,
By an angry, bitter tongue.

Speak not harshly—learn to feel
Another's woes, another's weal;
Of malice, hate, and guile, instead,
By friendship's holy bonds be led;
For sorrow is man's heritage
From early youth to hoary age.

Speak not harshly—Oh! how drear
Cold unkindness meets the ear;
When the soul with gloom oppressed,
Longs for love to cheer the breast,
Refluent ebbs the gushing flow,
That warmed our hearts with genial glow.

—Sel.

The Garden.

WHEN we sow good seeds in the garden, we wish them to grow up and make nice plants, and roots, and flowers. If we let the weeds grow, they will choke the good seeds and spoil them. We must hoe up the weeds.

The mind is like a garden. It must be taken care of. Good plants and flowers will not be found in the garden unless the seed be planted. And then, when the seed comes up, the young plants must be taken care of.

But weeds will spring up of themselves, without being planted; and, if they are left to grow, they will grow faster and stronger than the good plants, and choke them to death. You must pull up the weeds if you want the plants to grow.

It is so with the mind. The soil is good; but angry and wicked thoughts are apt to spring up there; and, if you let them grow, they will choke the good thoughts, and kill them.

If you would be good, you must pull up the wicked thoughts and throw them away, as you would the weeds in the garden.

A Manly Answer.

ALL honor to the boy who cannot be laughed out of doing right. Five boys, pupils in a boarding school, were in their room. Four of them, contrary to the rules, engaged in a game of cards. The fifth was not standing and looking on, to see how the game would go, but engaged in work of his own. It so happened that one of the players was called out.

"Come," said the others to their companion, "it is too bad to have the game stop here in the middle. Come and take his place."

"I do not know one card from another."

"That makes no difference; we will teach you. Come now, do not let our sport be spoiled."

The boy perceived that this was the decisive moment. Ah, just such are the critical points, which are sometimes the turning-points in life.

His resolution was immediately taken. He made no more excuses, but at once planted himself square upon principle.

"My father does not wish me to play cards, and I shall not act contrary to his wishes."

This ended the matter. It established his position among his companions. It compelled their respect, and preserved him from temptation in the future.

The Useful Needle.—A Fable.

How LITTLE notice is ever taken of you in the world!" said a pin to a needle. You are always about your work, slipping in and out so softly, but never stopping to be praised. When a pretty dress is finished, who thinks of the needle that sowed it? Even the holes which you make are as small that they close up directly after you."

I'm content to be useful, said the needle. I do not ask to be praised. I do not remain in my work, it is true; but I leave behind me a thread, which shows that my course has not been in vain."

MORAL.—So let us pass quietly through life, doing our duty as we go, remembered for some good work left behind, when we ourselves have departed.

DAYBREAK CONCERT.—It was our privilege very recently to attend a matinee given by our feathered artists, the robins and bluebirds. In fact, it is just the beginning of the season for this out-door troupe. Amid the chill and gloom of this laggard spring, it was cheering, on being aroused at the unseasonable hour of half-past four, to hear their merry warbling. Sometimes it was a solo, then a duet, and again the full chorus swelled out in grand harmony. It is a wonder that a choir of these native singers has not been thought of for the coming Peace Jubilee. But then the hour they choose for their entertainments and are in the best voice is so very unseasonable that the performers would lack an audience. Think of rising at three on a June morning to attend a concert! Only birds and babies believe in real matinees; not those afternoon affairs to which modern circumlocution has given the misnomer "matinee," but the genuine thing; for to them three o'clock means three in the morning. Does one ever take an early train, or chance for some reason to see the sun rise in summer or spring, without feeling how wasteful he is of the golden freshness of morning hours? But the birds have their way and we ours. If any one is incredulous of the quality of their morning orchestra, let him secure a hearing, the only expense being that of early waking.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE DESERTER.—Not long since, their came to my house one who had been in the army. He was poor, and wanted help. "Why not apply for a pension?" I asked; and I wrote for him to Washington, presenting his claims. But the answer came—"The man of whom you write was once in the army, but deserted; he can draw no pension. The government has no money for deserters."

Are there not many in the church very much like this man? They have enlisted in the service of the Lord Jesus, their names have gone on the roll, but they are not in the ranks; they are not at their proper posts; they do not respond to the call; they have run away; they are deserters. They do not like the sacrifice the Christian soldier must make, nor the hard work he must perform, so they have left the ranks. But these are all known in the heavenly city; their names registered. They can get no heavenly pension, no bright and glorious reward, in the city of that great King. There will be no great and everlasting joy

for them; no crown, no harp of praise, no song of victory and love, no glad welcome of the King; no pension; they are deserters. They put a hand to the plough, but looked back; they are not fit for the kingdom of Heaven. Are you one of them?—*American Messenger*.

BY-AND-BY—THINK OF THAT!—On a cold, windy March day, I stopped at an apple-stand, whose proprietor was a rough-looking Italian. I alluded to the severe weather, when with a cheerful smile and tone, he replied: "Yes, pretty cold; but by-and-by—think of dat!" In other words, the time of warm skies, flowers, and song, is near. the humble vender little thought of the impression made by his few words any more than we usually appreciate the responsibility which attends the power of speech.

"By-and-by—think of that!" Yes, soul in trial, shivering in the frost of disappointment or winds of adversity, there is a sweet by-and-by, think of that, if faith in God your Saviour permits you to; for soon the eternal light and melody shall be yours. What soothing, animating power in those simple words, all along the path of Christian pilgrimage! Under every shadow, in every tearful experience, say to the troubled spirit, "By-and-by—think of that!"—*American Messenger*.

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