

The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 20.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER, 1872.

NUMBER 9.

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

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD! happy childhood!
Once again I stand,
In my silent dreaming,
On thy sunny strand;
To mine eyes the laughter
Comes in place of tears,
To my lip the music
Learned in cloudless years.

Once again the morning
Rosy red is born,
And the yellow sunshine
Slants across the corn;
Clearly pipes the backbird,
In the orchard trees,
In the ruddy clover
Hum the drowsy bees.

On the sloping hillsides
Daisies whitely blow,
While above them softly
Shade and sunshine go.
Violets in the meadows
Blossom all untold,
And the cowslips cluster
With their cups of gold.

Through the tender grasses
Barefoot children run,
Fanned by summer breezes,
Kissed by summer sun;
All their pulses throbbing
To one blissful tune;
All their days at dawning,
All their months are June!

—Myrtle.

BRAVERY.



ADMIRATION of bravery is a characteristic of children and youth. They like to read stories where they have an account of persons who have shown it. And nothing will interest them more than to read of battles where soldiers fought and died for their country, of narrow escapes of sailors or hunters of wild beasts; and sometimes they carry it so far

as to greatly delight in reading of those who have cursed the world with their selfish lives of blood-shed and conquest, if they have only manifested great personal daring and prowess. I do not wish to find fault with those who manifest interest in this trait of character; for I think courage is a noble thing, and admire it as well as the children when it is properly directed. No doubt God has planted it within us for some wise purpose; but it has been perverted to a bad use the same as many of the other good gifts of God which he has given for the purpose of making us noble.

I wish the children to distinguish between the right use of this trait of character and the wrong use of it. To show you what I mean, I will try to illustrate it. If you should see a large, strong boy knock down and whip a small, weak one, and nearly kill him, you would not think that was anything to admire, would you? Even if he did run

a great deal of risk himself in doing it, of being whipped by somebody else. But if you saw a boy risk his own life to save a child from drowning or from a ferocious wild beast, you would think it a noble act, and admire the one who did it. Why would you do so? Simply because the courage shown was to do good in the one case and evil in the other.

The same principle can be seen when some great general or emperor who, by means of birth or ability, gets the control of great armies of men and by this means is the cause of destroying myriads of lives and leaving behind him a track of carnage and death, of burning homes and wasted fields, of desolation, misery, and ruin, for the object of gratifying his selfish greed of power. He may show bravery and wonderful courage; but we should not allow ourselves to approbate his course any more for that reason. The action is just as much worse than that of the big boy who abuses the small one as the misery caused is greater. Who can estimate the terrible suffering experienced by the wars of a Caesar, an Alexander, or a Napoleon? Let not the glitter and pomp of war blind our eyes to the wickedness of killing people for selfish gratification.

But courage is a noble thing when put to a good use—when exerted in behalf of the weak, the unfortunate, or suffering. It becomes then closely related to benevolence, because it risks injury to self in order to do others good. Especially is moral courage a beautiful trait of character. By this I mean that courage which dares to do right without regard to consequences. Some people have courage to fight and die in battle when they can have the applause of their fellow-soldiers, but would not dare to stand up for right principles, if some one should laugh or sneer at them. This shows lack of moral courage, and is one of the meanest kinds of cowardice. There is no kind of heroism so great as daring to do right, which a great many sing about, but few are willing to do. One great reason why fashion is such a tyrant in our age, is because there is such a lack of moral courage. Do you suppose people could be persuaded to wear such a ridiculous and uncomfortable dress as many do in this age, had they courage to do different from others?

It may be that some of those who read this article know from experience what I mean when I speak about dressing. Do the girls, when their dresses are plain, neat, and comfortable, feel ashamed because they have not as many artificials as worldlings have, or because their dress is cut a little different style from some of them, but more comfortable and well calculated to preserve health? If so, you need more moral courage. You should think how cowardly it is just to want to do what others do when there is no good reason for it, but merely against it. You like to sing, "Dare to do right, dare to be true." Now would be a good time to do it. You should despise this

feeling that rises up in your heart and makes you feel so bad when you are doing that which your own judgment and conscience tells you is best. Now is the time to be brave and not to be a slave of fashion. Rouse your heart right up against such feelings of shame when there is nothing to be ashamed of, and it will be easier for you as you grow older to exercise moral courage. If you begin when you are young, there will be some grounds to hope you will finally be found among that company of moral heroes who have dared to obey God in spite of persecution, shame, and death. Despise everything that is mean, low, and selfish, and everything that is cruel, whether other people do or not.

I will give you one fact, of which I hope you are now familiar, that will help your courage to do right when tempted. The great God has his eye upon you at such times especially, to see whether you regard right as of more consequence than anything else, or desire to please him more than you do the wicked people around you. Every time we do wrong and feel ashamed of the right way in little things or great things, we show we fear poor, weak, sinful man more than we do the great and holy Being who has made the universe and given us life and every blessing. It is a sin to do this. Here we want courage, and here is the right place to show it. The time will come when all the good who have ever lived will be gathered together in the city of God. There will be none there but those who have dared to do right. Among them will be seen men and women who have died at the stake, been burned up alive rather than to do wrong. Crowds stood by jeering and yelling, and trying in every way to frighten them from the path of duty. But they knew God beheld them, and they feared him more than all the world besides. And he supported them by his blessing so that even the fierce flames did not daunt them. Can we suppose for a moment God will take us to dwell with such a company of noble spirits when we are ashamed to do right in such little things as we have to meet? We know he will not. Let us not only sing, "Dare to do right," but let us *really do it*, in all things, then we will be found on the right side at last.

GEO. I. BUTLER.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

LITTLE THINGS.—The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than by B. F. Taylor, in the following: "Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly the farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Everybody calls that little which he loves the best on earth."

BENISONS.

HAVE a tear for the wretched, a smile for the glad,
For the weary applause, and excuse for the sad;
Some help for the needy, some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.
Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged, and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh a shelter from thee;
Have a covering to spare if he naked should be.
Have a hope in thy sorrow, a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ.
And ah! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience and peace with thy
God.

THE STARRY CROWNS.

A DREAM.

ONE evening, after having been engaged in reading and meditating until a late hour, I retired to rest, being singularly impressed, but feeling calm and peaceful. In this state of mind I fell asleep and dreamed the following dream:

I seemed to be traveling alone through a strange, and to me unknown, country. After proceeding onward for some time in this manner, I became conscious of some one at my side, who now seemed to be my guide, keeping constantly near me. As I was thus traveling, I saw in the distance what appeared, as I came nearer it, a broad and lofty edifice, exceeding in greatness anything I had ever beheld. My course was directly toward this magnificent and towering building, and soon I found myself standing at its place of entrance.

My guide now stepped forward, and raising his hand to the golden knob, said to me, "Let us enter here." Instantly the massive door receded, and we entered. We were at once in the midst of a flood of dazzling light, but although most brilliant, it seemed soft and pure. This light filled and illuminated the entire building as far as my vision could extend; but I was unable to discover from whence the light proceeded. My guide conducted me farther in toward the center of the vast building, and there paused, giving me an opportunity to view this inexpressibly glorious scene, to which I had been so unexpectedly admitted. With feelings of awe and amazement I gazed around me, and observed that the interior of this building was one vast apartment; the walls and roof extending far, far above our heads. The walls of this vast room were filled with casements containing numberless shelves, and, as far as I could see, these casements extended. From the shining pavement upon which we stood, upward to the dome of the building, and far away to right and left, these casements were seen. And not only were the walls covered with these casements, but the entire apartment was fitted up with this arrangement of shelves, the casements rising to the same height as the walls, and were placed at short intervals from each other, extending from wall to wall, intersected with numerous aisles, reaching as far as my sight could extend.

These casements I saw were filled with crowns of surpassing beauty, they being made of pure gold. They were all wrought after the same pattern, and seemingly fashioned by the hand. They all presented the same appearance, unsullied and without blemish. Each crown was illuminated with

one or more stars, which shone with transcending brightness. These stars appeared to be inland, and shining as it were through transparent glass. The glittering gems were of the same size and shone with the same brilliancy. The crowns differed only in the number of the stars which they contained, some crowns containing more than others, and so shone more brilliantly. Each star seemed to be a gem, flashing and sparkling with inexpressible brightness.

While I was contemplating this sublime and glorious scene, my guide beckoned to me, and said, "Let us go farther." We then proceeded on far into the interior of the building, surrounded as we went, on every side, by thousands of these golden, starry diadems, the beauty and brightness of which it is impossible to describe. At length my guide halted in front of one of these casements filled with crowns, and waving his hand around him said to me, "These are the crowns which are laid up for the just, and the stars in each crown denote the number who are saved through the instrumentality of those who shall wear them." Then pointing to a group of crowns in the casement before us, he said, "*Those crowns belong to your father's family, and that,*" pointing to a particular one, "*is your crown.*" Instantly my eyes were fixed upon the beautiful treasure, and with emotion I counted the number, six. My eyes then fell upon a crown that lay beside it. This was thickly studded with those emblems of faithfulness and devotion in the Master's service. Words are utterly inadequate to express the emotion then of my heart. Such a deep feeling of solemn joy and humiliation, mingled with heartfelt sorrow and regret, I had never before experienced. Humbled in the dust at the thought that one so utterly unworthy as I should be counted worthy to receive a crown so costly and so transcendently beautiful, caused a feeling of joy in my heart before unknown to me, mingled with such sorrowful regrets at the recollection of my remissness in duty and inactivity in the Master's service, thereby failing to secure a greater number of those glittering stars in the crown pointed out as my own, so overwhelmed me with emotion that I wept aloud like a child, while my guide stood smiling solemnly upon me. To such a degree of intensity were my feelings wrought up that I was awakened from my slumbers, and found myself in a flood of tears, weeping with uncontrollable emotion.

It was a long time before I could compose myself. Ofttimes since, in my waking hours, have I wept at the recollection of that inexpressibly beautiful and glorious scene. Even now while I am trying to picture it, tears will unbidden flow, and the emotions which I had in viewing those crowns rush over me.

The thought that the narration of this dream (which seemed to me almost a real thing) may be the means of leading one of the dear readers of this paper to the Saviour, and thereby add one more of those glittering gems to the crown which I humbly trust I shall be permitted to wear, is my reason for attempting to write out the most heart-thrilling scenes my mind could ever conceive.

My dear young friends, is it not the greatest desire of your heart to have the King of glory place upon your head one of

those beautiful crowns, radiant with stars—crowns such as monarchs never wear? If so, say *now*, in the name and strength of the dear Redeemer, "*It shall be mine,*" and it will be given you. If you will do this, and are faithful in his service, many of those glittering stars will be inlaid therein.

May the Lord grant his blessing and enable you *now* to decide for Jesus and the beautiful crown of life.—*Young Pilgrim.*

CHRIST LOVES THE YOUNG.

DO you not hear the words "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not"? Blessed words of the Saviour! With what soothing sound they came to us from far-off Judea. Yes; let the children come; let them bury their sins and sorrows in a Saviour's love. He was once a little child, and he knows their temptations and trials.

Then, dear children, come to Jesus. You who are thoughtless and careless, come. There is a terrible storm coming upon the world before long, and you will need a hiding-place when it comes, and Jesus has promised to be a covert for those that put their trust in him. And you who are burdened, whose hearts yearn to come to him, but are kept back by the thought of your sins which, when you look at them in the light of God's holy law, seem to become mighty mountains, come. He will forgive you, and take you to be his own.

Come just as you are. Tell all to the dear Saviour. Do not put it off until you are better; for you can never make yourself any better. Jesus only can make you good. He will give you grace and strength to overcome if you will come to him humbly, asking him to forgive and receive you, resolving that, with his help, you will forsake your sins, and live as he would have you.

Do not let past sins weigh you down, thinking you have sinned beyond forgiveness. It is true your sins are great; but He is able to save to the uttermost such as come unto him. Then, dear children, come and cast yourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour and find peace and happiness. It is the only place where you will find abiding pleasure. You will soon become weary of all else. Nothing that the world can give is to be compared one moment with the Pearl of great price.

You will indeed find many things to suffer here—many discouragements and trials, and perhaps suffer persecution for the truth's sake; but think of the martyrs of past years; think of John Huss, who was burned to death because he loved the Lord, leaving a dear wife and seven little children in the hands of his murderers, yet he rejoiced in his dying moments in the love of Christ. Remember that if we suffer with him here, we shall reign with him in glory.

JOSEPHINE MOTT.

God loves to have us pray with earnest simplicity. Better in God's sight are the broken and heartfelt lisplings of a child than the high-flown utterances of some who think themselves wonderful in prayer.

THE noblest thing on earth is the man who rises to the dignity of self-mastery.

SOON!

KNOW not if He come at eve,
Or night, or morn, or noon;
I know the breeze of twilight gray,
That fans the cheek of dying day,
Doth ever whisper—Soon!

I know not why our souls should doubt
His promise to appear,
When every flower's opening eye
Looks up into the changing sky,
And seems to murmur—Near!

I know not round his blessed feet
What peerless glories throng;
I only know from rending tomb
The good shall burst, in beauty's bloom;
And faith assures—Not long!

I know not if his chariot wheels
Yet near or distant are;
I only know each thunder-roll
Doth wake an echo in my soul
That saith—Not very far!

I know not if we long must wait
The summer of his smile;
I only know that hope doth sweep
With thrilling touch my heart-strings deep,
And sings—A little while!

I know not on this glorious theme
Why lips so oft are dumb;
I only know the saddened earth
Will flush with beauty and with mirth
At sound of "Lo, I come!"

Wonderful Sight and Ruins. No. 1.

THE PYRAMIDS.

ANY strange sights and wonderful ruins are to be seen in the Eastern countries, prominent among which are the pyramids of central Egypt. There are five groups in all, numbering forty structures. Most of them are quite small, but some of them are of such dimensions as to entitle them to a place among the wonders of the world. They all stand upon the brow of hills looking back into the great Lybian desert.

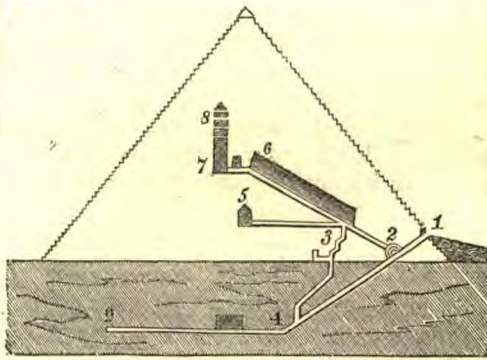
The one we shall describe is of a group of three, called the group of Gizah, situated in central Egypt, about eight miles from Cairo, and between five and six miles west of the Nile. It is called Cheops, and is supposed to have been built by a king of that name.

The foundation of this pyramid is a limestone rock. It stands on the very edge of the desert, and is in form an exact square, facing the four points of the compass. The length of each side is 764 feet. It covers an area of 571,536 square feet. The solid contents have been estimated at 85,000,000 cubic feet. Its original height was 480 feet, but the upper twenty feet have been removed for building purposes, leaving a level top of about thirty feet. Perhaps you do not realize how high this really was. Eighty feet is considered very high for a tree to grow, but six trees eighty feet high placed one on the top of the other would only reach the height of this pyramid. It covers an area of thirteen acres. Think of that! Thirteen acres is considered quite a farm.

Now for a description of this pyramid. It is built of solid rock, hewn from a quarry in the mountains on the opposite side of the valley of the Nile. Herodotus, who traveled through this country 455 B. C. says it took 100,000 men ten years simply to grade the road on which the stones were to be conveyed from the quarry for building. Then

the rocky hill on which the pyramid stands had to be leveled, the blocks of stone cut from the quarry, and brought to the place where they were to be used. To do this and build the structure it took 360,000 men twenty years. It was built by laying one layer of stones on the ground prepared for it, then another layer on the top of this, followed by another, and another, each layer drawn in a little as it goes up, just enough to make good steps. This work was continued, layer following layer, and the top growing smaller and smaller, till at last it became so small that no more stones could be added. Then the pyramid was finished.

On the inside of this structure are passage ways and two chambers. The following diagram will show their location.



No. 1. Entrance on the north side. 2. Queen's chamber. 7. King's chamber. 8. Smaller chambers above the king's chamber to relieve the roof from so great weight.

The shaded portion shows the native bed of limestone rock on which the pyramid is built. The passage-way from 1 to 2 is eighty feet long. From 2 to 4 is 225 feet. From 4 to 9 is 105 feet. Ascending from 2 to 3 you strike two passages. One leading to 5, the queen's chamber, which is entirely empty. The other leads to 7, the king's chamber—a room thirty-four feet long, seventeen feet wide, and nineteen feet high. This is no doubt the room for which this astonishing structure was built. The only article of furniture which it contains, is a granite sarcophagus, a chest of red granite chiseled from a solid block. It is seven feet and five inches long, three feet and two inches broad, and three feet and three inches deep. This is the only tomb found in the pyramid.

What a tale of suffering and wrong this pile tells. Think of the 100,000 slaves compelled to work ten years in building a road. And think of the 360,000 compelled to work twenty years in building the pyramid—and what for? To gratify the ambition of a king in having such a burial place. But did he succeed? The old granite sarcophagus standing in the king's chamber is empty. No traces of his remains are to be found. Some think he never was buried there. Others think that his remains have been removed. Whichever way it is, did it pay?

J. E. WHITE.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as if our better thoughts and sympathies were charms by virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with those we have dearly loved in life.

A STORY ABOUT A RAISIN SEED.

WHEN I was a very little child, perhaps five years old, I sat next another girl who brought a raisin seed to school. Lucy showed me the seed, and when she was called up to read, she laid the seed on the bench between us. A raisin was a great prize in those days, and I thought the seed would taste good; so, thinking nobody would see me, I took it and put it into my mouth. I was disappointed to find it both hard and tasteless. When Lucy came back, she missed the seed, and accused me of taking it, and I denied the charge. The seed was of no value, but see how many of God's commands it led me to break: 1. Thou shalt not covet. 2. Thou shalt not steal. 3. Thou shalt not lie, or bear false witness. Nothing is small which can induce us to commit such sins as these. More than half a century has passed since this happened, and if I live to be a hundred years old, I shall not forget it. I think God has forgiven me, but how am I to forget or forgive myself? I wounded my conscience, and the scar often aches. If I had only remembered "Thou, God, seest me," I should have been saved both sin and shame.—Sel.

YOUNG SCOFFERS.

PETER said there would be scoffers in the last days. Now the last days have come, and scoffers are numerous. We hear them all around us, almost every day, making sport of Jesus' coming and the end of the world. And what is very sad to think of, among this company of latter-day scoffers are many children and youth. I hope none who read the INSTRUCTOR will ever make fun of the soon coming of the blessed Jesus. He will soon come for those that look for him; but those who make light of his coming can never go with him to Heaven. They can never walk the golden streets above.

A few weeks ago, we heard such scoffing from the youth as we never had heard before. We were pitching the Ohio tent when quite a number of boys, from about seven to fifteen years of age, came upon the ground. They had very much to say, lightly and jestingly, about Jesus' coming and the end of the world. When the center pole was raised, they said that was to go up to Heaven on. One boy started to climb the pole when others cried out, "He is going to see when Jesus is coming; ask God when you get up there, when he is going to burn the world!" and when he came down, they said that Jesus had come. Many other things were said, even worse than these; but it would make you sad to mention them, and we will not. Indeed they were so bold and wicked that we had to reprove them several times before they left us.

Now, my young readers, what do you think of this? You remember the fate of the children that mocked Elijah, and you know that very soon the scoffers of these last days will come to a terrible end. Do you love Jesus? Do you love to think that he is coming soon? Are you getting ready to meet him with joy? If you are, then in a little while angels will take you to meet him in the air, and with all the good you will ascend to the heavenly city, where scoffers will never come. H. A. ST. JOHN.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER, 1872.

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

PRESERVE THE INSTRUCTOR.

DOUBTLESS there are thousands of young friends, East, West, North and South, that very highly prize the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. In its monthly visits, filled with precious instruction, for all its readers, it meets a cordial welcome by a large circle of friends. And we are certain it is worthy of the reception with which it meets.

Those who write for its columns, its Editor and publishers, all feel an ardent desire that it may prove a present and future blessing to every one of its dear readers. And no doubt many, many, can testify most cheerfully to the wholesome influence which it has and does exert upon their minds.

That some prize it very much is apparent from the fact that they read every line of each number with so much interest. But this is not all, they so carefully fold and lay away each one, or hang them up in some safe place, for future reference, that we are sure they value them. Though thoroughly read, how whole and clean they look! They show that they have fallen into careful hands. A little niece and nephew, Clara and Charlie, have had the INSTRUCTOR a good while. Every number is safely preserved. They divide them, each one having half of them, and a drawer in which they are kept. Who can but admire this care and order?

But in some families there is a painful contrast. The INSTRUCTOR is read or partially hurried over, then laid aside as though all the benefit had been received from its instructive pages that could be. Sometimes when but a few weeks from the press, it is torn up or flung aside.

One thoughtless youth, not long since, took an INSTRUCTOR for gun wadding. It was the number containing the excellent story of Berthie's Graveyard. Could Berthie get hold of that gun would you blame her for burying that too?

Dear young friends, let this kind visitor to your homes be carefully read, its Heaven-given instruction treasured up and reduced to practice, and then preserved for future reference, or given to some one that might read it and by it be greatly benefited.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

THE INFLUENCE OF LOVE.

IHAVE just been reading about a little orphan girl, whom a kind Christian lady found in poverty and destitution, and took to her own home. The little stranger did not feel at home, at first; and the children of the house could not persuade her to leave the hall and come into the parlor.

Said the lady, "There is a way by which you can bring her in where you like—it is a secret in four letters." The children began to search among their playthings, and the eldest sister said, "I know what it is, it is, d-o-l-l!" But the trial proved a failure; it did not bring her in. The next in age thought that as *muff* was spelled with four letters, it might accomplish their object,

so she made the little orphan a present of a muff. But the child would scarcely notice the muff.

At length little Grace, the youngest of the three sisters, who had been looking on, when she could not think of anything more to offer, went and sat down beside the little stranger and cried too, and soon took her by the hand, put her arm around her neck and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. Nothing was said, but little Grace soon led her captive into the parlor.

"Well, girls," said their mother, "Grace has found out the secret, and the four letters are, l-o-v-e."

We are indebted to *Kind Words* for this simple narrative, and to the sacred word of God, from whence this principle is first taught. There is a great power in this influence of love when practiced in the family, the school, and the church. When we can extend feelings of sympathy toward those who need such help, it may be a means of their salvation. Jesus loved us, and gave his life for a world of sinners. And shall we not love and try to help those for whom Christ died?

A. P. VAN HORN.

Battle Creek, Mich.

LOST.

THIS word occurs many times in the Bible. The term, as brought to view by the sacred writers, has several significations. It sometimes expresses utter hopelessness of moral condition. Such will be the condition of the sinner when our dear Saviour shall cease to plead our cases before God; when probation shall close, and the sweet voice of mercy shall be heard no more. Then the sinner will be constrained to say: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." I am lost! Dreadful condition! one in which, I trust, we are not at the present moment, and one which we may escape by living near to the bleeding side of our Saviour, and keeping the tablet of our heart free from evil thoughts, and wrong doing. By thus living, we may at last be numbered among that class of whom our Saviour says: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The term "lost" in the Bible does not always convey the idea of utter hopelessness of moral condition. In speaking of a wild beast of the forest, we never speak of it as being lost; but when one strays from the domestic fold we say, It is lost. The expression used, however, implies to our minds ownership and care—a fold, a shepherd, to whom the lost or wandering one belongs. Dear youthful reader, we are all wanderers from God, from the fold of Christ; we are lost in the wilderness of sin, yet we are objects of God's love, of his care. Often when we realize our lost and undone condition, we are bewildered and become discouraged, and are tempted to depart farther from the fold; at such times God in mercy sends his Spirit to convince us of our sin and folly; and then, if we listen, we hear the loving Shepherd, our Saviour, saying: I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." When we turn our face toward our Father's house, he, like the father of the prodigal son, meets us on the way. We do not have to accomplish the journey in our own strength. Blessed thought! one which should cheer us under each and every trial of life. If faithful a little longer, our Saviour will come again, to take us to those mansions which he has gone

to prepare; and when he shall present us to our Heavenly Father, it can truly be said of us, This my son was lost, and is found. Should not such a bright prospect cause us to gird on the whole armor and work faithfully in the Lord's vineyard? If lost in the dark wilderness of sin, let us not become discouraged, but ever remember the Lord has a care for us, a fold to which he is calling us; and when the good Spirit of God softens and subdues our hearts, and we are inclined to return, let us ever realize that

"When we turn to God and leave the path of sin,
When the heart repenting feels the need of him;
Then our gentle, loving Father, full of pardoning grace,
Comes to meet us with a kind embrace.

"He will guide our feet where quiet waters flow,
He will lead us onward through the vale below;
With his loving arm around us, we shall hear him say:
I have come to meet you on the way."

S. H. LANE.

TRUTHFULNESS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Do we all have a proper appreciation of the value of this virtue? Do we all consider how much we gain by always speaking the truth? or, on the other hand, how much we lose by deviating in the least from that which is truthful? I very much fear we do not. If we did, I think there would be a great deal more truth told, and a great deal less that is untrue.

I presume that there is not one of those who may read this who has not at some time in his or her life been tempted, and perhaps yielded to the temptation, to tell that which was not the exact truth. Why is this? If we are always sure to lose by telling that which is untrue, as we are, why are we all sometimes inclined to choose the "hard way"—that which will never help us out of difficulty, or make us any more happy? You all know, I suppose, why this is, and who it is that would make us choose this "hard way," and will if he can tempt us to think that it will be easier for us to tell that which may appear more favorable for ourselves than the truth might. Yes, we have an enemy that is just so wicked as this—one that the Bible calls the "father of lies." It is his delight to make us believe that by doing or saying something that is not right, we can make ourselves more happy; and in this way he causes us to sin against God who would have us do right in everything.

Now, how are we to overcome this deceitful enemy? for overcome him we must if we would enjoy the happiness promised to the righteous. We can do it by having a strong determination to do right, and by asking God to help us by his holy Spirit, which he has promised to do. Yes, God has promised to give us his Spirit to be led by it. It is this that seems to speak to us when we are about to say something that is not just right, and says: Speak the truth, let what will come. This voice speaks to us whether we heed it or not. We may have become so accustomed to passing its warnings and admonitions by unnoticed that we may not realize when it speaks to us; but it is faithful to warn, and if we do not heed the warning, we are the ones at fault, and our condition is a fearful one.

Do we think what is to become of all who do not heed this warning voice? The Bible tells us that they are to be cast into the lake which burns with fire and brim-

stone; which is the second death—a death from which there is no resurrection. What a fearful end! And to think that we shall bring this upon ourselves by listening to the tempter and not following the voice of the good Spirit is indeed a fearful thought.

Then do we realize what we are to gain if we overcome in this respect? It is one of the things that must be overcome if we would inherit eternal life; and we are promised a home in the New Earth if we are faithful here and overcome everything about us that is displeasing in the sight of God. If we are happy enough to reach that place, we shall have no tempting devil to torment us; but we shall always delight to do the will of the Lord, and shall be forever happy in his presence.

Let us all, then, strive to be faithful here and to overcome all that is evil about us, that at last we may meet in that New Earth where sin and death can never come.

E. W. WHITNEY.

THE GIFT OF GOD.

WATER, in many places in Asia, is not so plentiful as it is in our own country, and many of the inhabitants suffer, and even die, with thirst. Water is so scarce and so highly prized by them that they call it the "Gift of God;" and persons called water carriers go through the streets carrying water upon their backs in large leathern bottles made from the skins of animals. As they pass along the street, they cry, "The Gift of God. Who will buy?"

How thankful we should be that we live in a more favored clime, and that water, pure and cold, as when Adam and Eve first slaked their thirst in Paradise, is to be obtained without money, and without price.

Now, the design of this article is not only to remind you of the gratitude due the Creator for this inestimable blessing, but to call your attention to another gift of God, which far surpasses it in value. This gift is eternal life. What a princely gift! No one but Jehovah could offer such a gift. He has given us richly of all things, not sparing even his only begotten Son, that through him he might offer us eternal life, which we have forfeited by disobedience.

Shall we hesitate to accept this gift so freely offered? It seems strange that any one should; and yet many are undecided whether to choose life or death. Beware lest hesitating too long it becomes too late, and you take up with the doleful lamentation, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Shall we utterly reject this great gift? It seems incredible that any one should; yet multitudes are doing this. And for what are they rejecting it? For a few fleeting, sinful pleasures; for the gifts of earth that fade and perish with the using.

O reader, stop and consider before you rashly reject this priceless gift. If you think so much of this life that is so brief, can you not place a just estimate upon that life that never ends? In this life everything is so uncertain; there is more of disappointment than success; more of sorrow than joy. But in the future life that is offered as a reward for a well-spent life here, there will be happiness without alloy.

Tongue cannot express, pen convey, nor the artist portray, the glories of Heaven, or the bliss of its inhabitants. Let us, then, not despise, but accept, and so become the happy recipients of this gift of God, which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ADDIE MERRIAM.

Battle Creek, Mich.

SPEAK NOT TO HIM A BITTER WORD.

WOULDST thou a wanderer reclaim,
A wild and restless spirit tame,
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause, if thy spirit's wrath be stirred,
Speak not to him a bitter word,
Speak not, that bitter word may be
The stamp that seals his destiny.

If widely he hath gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way,
'T is pitiful, but yet beware,
Reform must come from kindly care.
Forbid thy parting lips to move
But in the gentle tones of love.
Though sadly his young heart hath erred,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

The lowering frown he will not bear;
The venom'd chiding, will not hear;
The ardent spirit will not brook
The stinging tooth of sharp rebuke;
Thou wouldst not goad the restless steed,
To calm his fire or check his speed,
Then let no angry tones be heard,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

Go kindly to him, make him feel
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal;
Tell him the perils of the way
Wherein his devious footsteps stray,
So shalt thou win him—call him back—
From pleasure's smooth, seductive track;
And warnings thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer to Heaven.

The Importance of Improvement in Youth.

THERE are certain great and important principles to be learned and acted upon if we ever expect to become noble men and women. In the first place, we must remember our accountability to God, and realize the importance of improving upon the talent which he has given us. It matters not how lonely our station may be, or how limited our advantages for improving upon this talent, yet at the same time we shall be held responsible for the manner in which it is improved. We all can, by the grace of God assisting us, exert a good influence on those around us and by a godly walk and chaste conversation, exemplify Christ in our life.

The second great principle is our duty to our fellow-men. Our motto should be, Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you. And if we could but remember to put into practice the command of our Saviour, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself," how consistent our lives would be, and our light would be as a city set on a hill which cannot be hid. If we, to the utmost of our ability, live out these principles, and improve upon the talent which God has given us, we shall have that peace in our hearts which passeth all understanding, and at last when the Master comes, have an entrance into the city of God. But, if when the Lord of the harvest comes, he shall find that we have not gained other talents, how great will be our condemnation. We shall be cast out where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Oh! that we could realize the importance of the work that we are engaged in, and the great danger there is of our being deceived by the enemy of all righteousness, and that we might keep this solemn thought before us, that God is looking down upon us from on high, and can see and read our inmost thoughts, that a record of our life is being kept in Heaven, what a difference it would make in our lives. We would not shrink from any duty that presents itself, but would be willing to endure hardness as good soldiers for Christ. Oh! that we might all resolve by the help of God to live to his honor and glory, and make such an improvement on our talent that when the Saviour comes, he may receive his own with usury.

L. A. B.

Iowa.

FORGETTING GOD.

DET us not forget God in the midst of our hurry and labor of life. The old and the middle-aged may be in danger from being absorbed in the cares of life, the young are in danger from its pleasures and its charms.

The excitement of mental pursuits, the rush of passion, the strife for precedence in mental weight and talents, the desire for popularity, all these, and a thousand other objects, come forward, beckoning imperatively for attention.

The heavenly treasure, the city above, also presents attraction, but these being only seen by the eye of faith, are almost wholly unnoticed by the gay world. The novelties of the season, the attractions of the town, city, and country, all are seen and appreciated; and many flock to the crowded theater, and the ball, and the party, where all is mirth. Nothing farther is noticed. One might suppose that this is all there is of life, all there is of pleasure. No city above is noticed. The offer of eternal life is esteemed a blank, and the offer of worldly pleasure is a prize, you would suppose, from the way of most.

How is it with you, dear reader? Are you looking daily and hourly for the blessing of God? Do you constantly enjoy that smile known only to the pure in heart?

JOS. CLARKE.

VIRTUE has ever two classes of followers. The first walk in her train from the love they bear her divine form, for the delight of gazing on those lines of beauty which glorify her face, and for the ineffable serenity she breathes into their souls. The other class have their eyes fastened solely on the rewards scattered along her path. Blind to her rare symmetry and the majesty of her step, deaf to the music of her voice, they are only eager to clutch the shining gifts she lets fall. The first class do right because right is right, not for love of gain nor for fear. Gain is the motive of base spirits, and fear the spur of craven souls.

THE same God who molded out the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of the insects. He who balances the clouds, and hung the earth on nothing, notices the fall of the sparrow. He who gave Saturn his two rings, and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose its elegant tint. And the same Being notices equally the praise of the cherubim, and prayers of the little child.

FAITH.

MY food is but spare,
And humble my cot,
Yet Jesus dwells there
And blesses my lot,
Though thinly I'm clad,
And tempests oft roll,
He is raiment, and bread,
And drink, to my soul.

His presence is wealth,
His grace is a treasure;
His promise is health
And joy out of measure;
His word is my rest,
His Spirit my guide;
In him I am blest,
Whatever betide.

Since Jesus is mine,
Farewell to all sorrow;
I will not repine,
Nor think of to-morrow.
The lily so fair,
And raven so black,
He nurses with care,
Then how shall I lack?

OUR FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

IN our eager desire to obtain the good things of life, we often appear utterly to forget that which we now possess, and murmur that we are not more comfortably surrounded; and thus thoughtlessly and wickedly ignore our many priceless blessings.

Among our greatest blessings, greater than houses, gold, or lands, is good health. God is often thanked for spared lives; this is not so easily overlooked in our dread of the King of Terrors—death. Health seems a small blessing until we are deprived of it. But when weary days of sickness and pain come, and we toss restlessly from side to side, and remember the healthful days for which we gave no thanks, our hearts are softened, tears moisten our eyes, and we resolve if health is ever ours again, it shall not be counted among the forgotten blessings.

Home and friends! how sweet the names! yet these are frequently forgotten. When our family circles are broken, and one after another are borne away to their last resting-place, and friends are few, then we shall look back and remember with bitter anguish the time when these blessings were ours, but forgotten.

How many of us thank God that we have our reason? How proper and just that we should. When in conversation with people of high intellectual powers, we are able to converse in an intelligent manner, and can understand and appreciate their feelings, do we think this is all by our own power? Do we realize that this is the gift of God, and should not be among the forgotten blessings?

Of all our senses, sight is the most perfect and delightful; yet who thanks God for the gift of sight? This would be a dark, dreary world if we could not see the green grass, pretty, bright-colored flowers, and the stately trees, clothed in their foliage of green. Though the curse rests heavily upon this earth, yet there are beautiful things to feast the eye upon. And do we feel thankful that we are permitted to see all this beauty while others grope in darkness?

While in conversation with a lady, not long since, she related a little incident which illustrates this point: A gentleman was traveling on one of our great railroads, and reading the daily paper to while away the time. Feeling somewhat weary, he laid down his paper and took off his glasses, when, to his surprise, he was in total darkness. He thought he had been suddenly stricken with

blindness, when, with a piercing shriek from the great iron horse, they emerged from a tunnel. The gentleman was heard fervently thanking God that he was not deprived, as he had supposed, of the gift of sight.

The last blessing of which we shall speak so far exceeds all others that words are but feeble for its description. It is the most precious of all God's gifts—his dear Son. Shall this be counted as nought? When we think of the love of Jesus, his great condescension in coming into this world to suffer and die for us, a race of rebels, should not thanksgiving, praise, and adoration, ascend from all our hearts? Should not we who have felt the sweet peace of sins forgiven through his blood be ever ready and willing to thank and praise his holy name?

Dear reader, let us stop and consider whether we are thankful for life, health, home, and friends, or if, in the eager pursuit of happiness, we forget the many good things we enjoy, and thus they are numbered among the forgotten blessings.

JENNIE MERRIAM.

Battle Creek, Mich.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

JESSIE came home from school, and seeing the closet door open, she went in. In one corner of the closet stood a jar, where her mother usually kept bath-biscuit—a nice, rich cake of which Jessie was very fond. She opened the jar, and looked in, and put in her hand and took out two. Hearing a noise while in the act, she started like a guilty person, and wanted to hide. However, she took two, hastily ate one, slipped the other in her pocket, and ran out-doors. After both were eaten, and the pleasure gone, Jessie felt very ill at ease. She wished she had not taken them. Shrank from appearing at the tea-table, lest her mother should have found that two cakes were missing, and might suspect her. You see how very suspicious guilt is.

"I will never, never do so again," said Jessie to herself that night. "I'll always ask. It is a sort of stealing to take things so; it is a sin. I'll never do so again; and so I've said before, over and over," thought the child, as a miserable sense of broken resolutions crossed her mind. "Oh, dear!" she groaned, "I want to be good, but I can't." She tried to pray, and after a great while went to sleep with "never do so again," on her lips and in her heart.

The next day, at recess, Martha Scott called a few of her cronies to her desk.

"See here, girls, what I've got."

They huddled round when she opened a paper and displayed six large pickles, for some school-girls have an unaccountable liking for pickles. The girls set up a shout.

"Did your mother give them to you?" asked one.

"Of course she did n't," answered Martha.

"It's wrong to take without leave," said Jessie.

"I guess Jessie's conscience is n't clear on that point," cried one of the girls, sharply.

"Well, it's wrong," persisted Jessie.

"Do you always ask leave? Come now, Jessie, do you, Miss Reproof, do you?" cried Martha Scott.

"Yes," cried Jessie, quickly and angrily, "I do."

She certainly spoke before she thought.

"Jessie, Jessie," whispered conscience, "that is a lie."

"I know it, I know it," whispered Jessie back in anguish of spirit.

Jessie helped eat the pickles; but something stuck in her throat. It was not the pickle; I think it was the lie.

"Oh! dear, dear," she said to herself, and all day it was inside, "Oh! dear, dear," which meant "What a weak, sinful thing I am. I can't keep my resolutions. When I am tempted, they are like cobwebs before a dust-brush; 'tis no use to make them. I shall never be good, never, never."

As soon as Jessie had an opportunity, which was the next day, she asked,

"Do you think, mother, it is any use to make good resolutions? Do you think they make us any better?"

She wanted very much to understand the matter, for Jessie had had the notion that good resolutions had a great deal to do with making people good. Her own experience had, indeed, been quite to the contrary, and what it all meant puzzled her sorely. Therefore, she anxiously waited for her mother's answer.

"Not when good resolutions take the place of something to be done; not when they take the place of penitence," answered her mother; "for there are some people who ease their conscience by good resolutions against sin and temptation to come, when they should be repenting and giving up that sin which made their conscience ill at ease."

"How repent and give it up?" asked Jessie.

"Be so truly and thoroughly sorry for it as to be willing to confess it, to feel very humble on account of it, and to desire above all things to be separated from it—to be 'washed from it,' as the Bible says."

"And how can we feel so?" asked Jessie, with tender concern.

"By the help of the Holy Spirit," answered her mother; "that is his work: to convince us of sin; to mellow our hearts; and make us ready and willing to give up thoroughly everything which grieves and displeases God."

"Holy Spirit"—I never thought of that before; "confess it"—I never thought of that before," said Jessie, only half aloud, as if speaking to herself; she looked very serious: "and resolutions, mamma—" But mamma was gone. The baby was crying in the distance.

Jessie went away full of new ideas. She had heard the same things over and over, I dare say; but now they made an impression, because she felt she had a personal interest in them as she never had before. That night, as Jessie's mother sat alone reading in the sitting-room, and the children had long before gone to bed, the door opened gently, and "Mother, are you alone?" came softly through the little crack.

"Jessie!" exclaimed her mother, holding out her hand; "come in, child. What is the matter?"

Jessie stole in, and taking her mother's out-stretched hand, and resting her head on her mother's shoulder, she sobbed out, "O mother—"

Then what did she do? She confessed taking the bath-biscuit, the weakness of her good resolutions, the next day's lie, and all the wretchedness which followed. Penitent and humble she sank at her mother's knee, not to 'say her prayers,' that is, use words upon a thoughtless tongue, as she had so often done before; but she prayed,

"O God, forgive me for Jesus' sake."

And did Jessie ever confess to Martha Scott the lie she told her? Yes, for she meant to make a clean breast of it. And what did Martha Scott say, do you suppose?

"You foolish girl, Jessie," she cried; "I'd never confess I told a lie till doom's day; you are a foolish girl."

If her mother's tender and approving looks had spoken peace to her troubled soul, Mar-

tha's hard and unfeeling words stung her to the quick. Jessie had yet to learn how differently the people of the world view the feelings of the penitent heart, from God's people. The people of the world hug sin, and are too proud to give it up; while there is joy in a pious heart, yes, and joy in Heaven, over one sinner that repenteth.

Children who are taking the first steps in a heavenly life must not be frightened and discouraged by such harsh treatment from their mates; they will find a sweetness and love in their own bosoms which more than make up for every unkindness; and this is to be got, not merely by making good resolutions against the future inroads of sin, which, I think, is all that many do who are disappointed at finding no real strength and comfort in it, but by a penitent confession, a thorough *now* giving up of what is wrong—not of one fault only, but all your faults; not repenting for a fault once, but every time it overcomes or tempts you.

Take a bad act in hand *at once*, like a fever, or any other dangerous disease. How odd it would be if a person sick of fever should lay groaning to himself, "I resolve never, never to have another fever," without taking proper measures to get rid of the one he already has, and eradicating it from his system. It is curing he wants, and good resolutions are not medicine; but they are excellent to strengthen and brace the body after it is cured.—*Child's Paper*.

THE ANCHOR.



Do you know what this picture is made to represent? It is an anchor. You have seen people fasten a horse to a hitching post, have you not? Well, this anchor is made of iron, and is used to fasten great ships on the ocean. A large rope, called a cable, is fastened to the anchor, and then the anchor is thrown overboard into the water. It sinks down, down, down, till it comes to the bottom of the ocean, and those great prongs you see in the picture that look like fish-hooks, stick fast in the ground, and hold the ship from drifting away. It saves the ship many times in storms from being driven on to rocks where it would be broken in pieces. The anchor is not always sure. Sometimes it does not hold in the ground, and sometimes the cable breaks which holds the ship to it. So you see it is not always to be relied upon in danger. But what has the Christian as an anchor that is always to be relied upon, and is called "both sure and steadfast"? See Heb. 6:19.

J. E. WHITE.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.—If you ever watched an icicle as it formed, you would have noticed how it froze, one drop at a time, until it was a foot long, or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and it sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are formed. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be bright and lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if there be thoughts and feelings impure and wrong, the mind will be soiled, the character depraved and darkened, and there will be final deformity and wretchedness. How important, then, that we should be on our guard against every evil impulse and desire!—*Young Reaper*.

THE LAMBS.

AND is it true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ with tender care
Will in his arms most gently bear
The helpless little one.

And I a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded in his breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be his little one.

And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having put their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the little one.

Others there are who love me too;
But who with all their love could do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say,
"Lord, keep thy little one."

Then by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his
Who loves the little one.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

QUITE a large number of our readers are especially interested in the "Children's Corner," and eagerly watch for its appearance from month to month. Perhaps you wonder what there is in the Corner for you this month.

First, we give you a little poem, which you will all like because it is about the "lambs" of the flock. And if you choose, you may have somebody teach it to you. Do you like to repeat poetry?

Next is an item we clip from a child's paper. How many of the children will be able to tell what is the moral of this little story? Here it is:

"A plate of apples was being passed around among a party of children. There was a fine red one at the top, which one little girl took.

"How greedy you are," said her next neighbor, 'to take the largest. I meant to have had that.'"

And here are a few

LETTERS.

SONOMA CO., CAL.

DEAR EDITOR: I want to tell you how much I love our little paper. I wish it would come every week; but I will try to be content with it once a month, and profit by its teachings. I am thirteen years old, and have been keeping the Sabbath a year and a half with my parents. Yours in the love of the truth.

ELLA A. FREEMAN.

NASONVILLE, WIS.

I HAVE often tried to get some of my school-mates to send for the paper that I took. I have persuaded three to send for it. I will try to get some more to take it. I am a boy twelve years old. I do like your paper very much and will try to have

others share of its goodness. We live all alone here. Not one in this place that keeps the Lord's Sabbath but our family. Pray for us when it is well with you.

WILLIE C. WITTER.

LOCKE, MICH.

DEAR EDITOR: I am trying to keep all the commandments of God and do his will, that I may have a home in the new earth. I would like to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in Heaven. Pray for me.

FRANK E. BROWN.

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

LITTLE Bessie had a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about?" said she. "Why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book, "he is sowing the seeds of water lilies."

"How small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are sowing just such tiny seeds every day, Bessie; and they will come up large, strong plants after awhile," said her father.

"Oh! no, father; I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled, and said:

"Yes; I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds, to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing the seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie; but I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of love to God, and that she will tend and watch it until its branches reach the skies, and meet before the throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."

WILLIAM H. LANE.

PRIDE.—Do you know what God thinks of proud people?

"Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord."

"Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud knoweth he afar off."

"The Lord will destroy the house of the proud."

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

FAITH IN JESUS.

DEAR CHILDREN: When you read the Bible, do you find a new beauty in it every time? If you do, you must love to study it. Will you please read with me the first six verses of the third chapter of Mark: "And he [Jesus] entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a withered hand. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day; that they might accuse him. And he said unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth. And he saith unto him, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill? But they held their peace. And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out: and his hand was restored whole as the other."

Christ had entered the synagogue, or church of the Jews, as he often did, to teach the people the way of life; but they watched him, that they might accuse him.

Instead of opening their hearts to the reception of divine truth, they violated the commandments, which teach only love, by hating the Son of God, and even upon the holy Sabbath seeking an excuse to destroy him.

See how mildly the loving Jesus rebukes them for their iniquity by saying, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill?

Had they examined their own hearts and confessed their sin, he would have unfolded to them the mysteries of the kingdom of God. But they held their peace, convinced of sin. Because of the hardness of their hearts, the Saviour was grieved, and turning to the needy man, who at his command had stood forth in the crowd, said, Stretch forth thine hand. Alone he could not do it—that poor cripple from whose hand life had long since fled. But did he try? Yes, he believed in the power of Jesus; and the narrative says he stretched it out, and it became whole as the other.

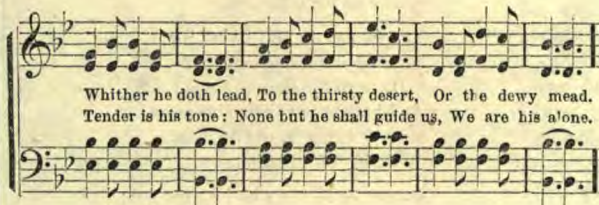
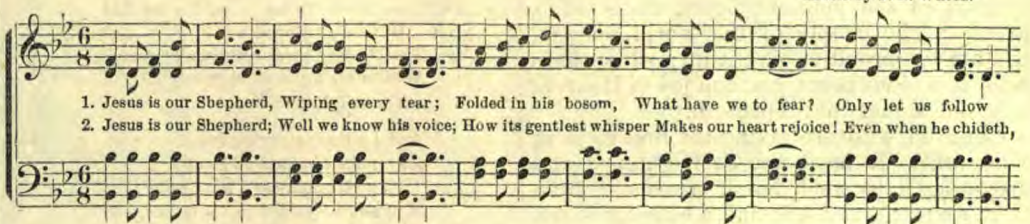
Do you not think that man was glad to have the use of his hand again? Do you not suppose he would say, Thank you, every time he met his Lord? I have no doubt he would, and do all in his power in return for the great blessing.

John says, In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among men (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth. This same Jesus who was with the Father in the creation of the world, and afterward was made flesh and dwelt among men, is yet, in the word of God, entreating us to be like him, that we may be the sons of God.

Our natural feelings are selfish. We want the most praise and the best of everything. These things make us cripples. God created all things for his glory, but in our fallen natures we can no more glorify God than the man with the withered hand could earn his living by labor. Christ, in the word of God, commands us to stand forth; to separate ourselves from the world.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Music by J. E. WHITE.



3. Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood he shed.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

This we can do, like the man in the congregation, and Jesus will work for us—for all is given to him in Heaven and earth. We cannot convert ourselves, but we can stand forth—we are needy. Let us look to Jesus, he will turn us from the error of our ways, and heal all our infirmities, that we may become sons and daughters of the Most High.

Hamilton, Mo.

H. M. VAN SLYKE.

AN INVITATION TO ALL.

I HAVE an invitation for children. What child does not like to be invited? It is a written one. Is it a dinner? It is to eat and drink. Is it to spend the afternoon? It is to stay. Is it to have a good time? An excellent time. Is it to meet somebody? Yes, a King. It is a printed invitation. Can I read it? It is printed plain, in only three little words, so that children just learning to read can read it for themselves. That is nice; is it not? It is simple, in order that they can understand it.

Must we dress? Perhaps I have nothing fit to wear. That is no matter; give yourself no trouble on that score. Something will be provided for you. If you go, you will have a dress. You need a suitable garment for the occasion. Can I go? You can. I hope you will not think of refusing. I hope your parents will not refuse for you. There is no danger in going; there is no difficulty in going; the way is straight. Tell me what the invitation is. Here it is: "Come unto me." It is from the Lord Jesus. His table is spread with bread from Heaven. At his right hand are pleasures forevermore. Joy is there; peace is there; love is there. You will have a robe of righteousness; you will find the pearl of great price; you will wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Jesus will come and get you. He invites you. Are you ready? "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Happy, happy child, if that is your answer.—*Child's Paper.*

It is not enough that we swallow truth; we must feed upon it, as insects do on the leaf, till the whole heart be colored by its qualities, and shows its food in every fibre.

New Postal Regulations.

For the special benefit of Subscribers to the *Youth's Instructor* we give the following from "Regulations under the new Postal code:"—

"Newspapers of small size, issued less frequently

than once a week, may be sent in packages to one address at the rate of one cent for each package not exceeding four ounces in weight, and an additional charge of one cent for each additional four ounces or fraction thereof, the postage to be paid quarterly or yearly in advance."

At this rate the postage on five copies of the *Instructor* addressed to one individual for one year is twelve cents—ten copies twenty-four cents—fifteen copies thirty-six cents—and onward at twelve cents for each five copies which the package may contain, to be paid quarterly or yearly in advance at the office of delivery.

A. P. V. H.

MONEY RECEIPTED.

Each 25 Cents. S & C Brooks, Jennie Craig, Carrie J Rogers, O L Rogers, Harriett Devoe, Charles Baxter, Adelbert Atkinson, O Ayers, Eddie H Higley, Paul P Chapman, Annie Squires, Charlie Judson, Josiah Hill, Sarah A Wells, Willie Andrews, Willard Wima, Seth Bartlett, Ella Cann, Minnie Robinson, Alice Flomerfelt, Clarence Swett, D M Slates, M E Stone, Roetta Smith, Margaret Sheon, W Parks, Richard Harris, G W Collins, E & B Labonta, John Allieve, C Huntsman, Elsy Goodhart, Ella L Bisel, Nettie Anderson, Lizzie D Wilson, Frank Van Amburg, J R Plinn, Martha McCain, Miss Addie Holt, Emma Martz, Emma Malone (each 21-8), David Holcomb, Jennie McCartney (each 21-7), C W Van Amburg 21-2, F L Grant 21-1, A E Bostwick 20-8, Julia E Langer 20-1.

Each 40 Cents. R C Baker, Ella A Millne (each 22-3), Isaac Brooks, Olive M Finch, J W Marsh, V K Chandler, Hans Rasmussen (each 22-1), Charlie Kelly, T M Chapman (each 21-5), B N Berry 21-2, Mary M Bates, Abram Cronkrite, John Hansen, Maggie Wilkinson, Eva Cranfall (each 21-7), F Bates 21-4, Philander Bates, Ezra Newton, Hattie Paff, A M Gravel, Hattie Downs, Barton Higgins, C J Lamson, C R Ross, L A Jenkins, Albert Kellogg (each 21-1), Ettie Blanchard, John Haven, John Luke, Henry Mitchell Jr, George Potter, Everett Y Flis, Willie Berridge, J Davison, Robert Scram, Edwin Hill, Homer I Oatman, Mary Baker, Willie B Hastings, John Hudson, Willie L Gowen, Isabella Wilson, Mary Kennedy, Arthur Youl, Jennie Hackett, A E Names, C F Remington (each 21-8), Sarah A Vile, E Zytoskee 21-6, Alice P Owen, Owen W Page (each 21-3).

Each 50 Cents. Lola Clark, J G Brown (each 20-6), M Thompson, H T Mo ey (each 21-6), G W Sheld n 22-9, F H Robinson 23-8, Myra Steit, Clara Rowley (each 21-7), Wm Morrison 23-1, Ettie Hildreth, Annie Williams (each 20-9), H A Ferrin, J W Dorcas (each 22-1), H R Leighton, Jennie E Philo, Mary Egglefield, Eva Perkins, L Bliss, Levantia Pratt, E Van Du sen, J E Timothy (each 21-4), H R Smith, J Fargo (each 21-11), Lucinda Richer 21-10, Sanford Rogers, Sarah Rowe (each 21-9), John Warren, A Vuileumier (each 21-1), R E Tomlinson 19-10, D N Fay 22-4, Aus'in Hamilton 20-2, Emma Wakefield, M E Crumb (each 21-5), Emily McClellan 21-8, C W Crofoot 20-1.

Each \$1.00. Vesta J Cady 21-1, Maggie Perrin, S E Snyder, Ira Harmon (each 22-1), Nathan Osborn 21-7, Greily Butterfield, Albert Chaffee (each 20-1), S B Sturges 23-1, Lucinda Williamson 20-10, Irena S Brown 22-5.

Miscellaneous. A Thomas \$1.75 21-1, Clara Cole 90c 22-1, Susan C Coville 75c 20-1, L D Newton 20c 20-9, A Hoenes 20c 21-1, Wm B Potter 75c 21-8, G P Bailey 5.00 19-1, Richard Martz 60c 21-8, Willie Aldrich 60c 21-8, D P Bisbee 93c 20-9, C Morrill 52c 21-8, F Israel 52c 21-8, Mattie Davis 85c 21-1, Charles Johnson 75c 20-8, Arthur White 75c 23-8, Addie Phillips 30c 21-8, H C Crumb 5.00 19-22, M S Weislogal 38c 21-8.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

Single copy,.....	40 cents.
Three copies to one address,.....	\$ 1.00
Seven copies to one address,.....	2.00
Twelve copies to one address,.....	3.00
Twenty-five copies to one address,.....	6.00
Single copy, ordered for friends,.....	25 cents.
Single copy, furnished by Tract Societies,.....	25 cents.
No subscriptions received for less than one year.	

Address, REVIEW & HERALD, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.