

The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 20.

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"Hear Counsel, and receive Instruction, that thou mayest be Wise." Prov. 12:20.

SOWING SEEDS OF TRUTH.

PASSING seasons keep reminding,
Time is rolling on,
Life's fine thread is still unwinding,
Like a pleasant song;
Come, ye searchers after pleasure,
Come, then, gladsome youth,
Fill each fleeting hour of leisure,
Sowing seeds of truth.

Teach the young while hearts are tender,
Drop the precious grain,
Till the soul makes full surrender,
And its freedom gains;
With the Spirit's sword provided,
Put it to the proof,
Let your teaching be decided,
Sowing seeds of truth.

Soon, we hope, when toil is ended,
All our praise to bring
To the Lord who has defended;
Whom we serve as King;
Till his love through thought and feeling,
Woven, warp and woof,
Be throughout our life revealing,
Sowing seeds of truth.

—Henry Hiatt

SIN AND ITS RESULT.

NEAR READERS: You are all, doubtless, more or less familiar with the character of Nero the Roman Emperor, and with the persecution the Christians suffered under his reign. We will not, therefore, harrow up your feelings by giving a graphic description of this horrible persecution, but simply call your attention to Nero himself.

So much did this tyrant delight in suffering and the shedding of blood that it is said, "Death was his most trusty servant, whom he paid by daily victims." These victims were not confined wholly to those who believed in Christ and obeyed his teachings, but those who stood in the way, or hindered in the least the accomplishment of his selfish designs, were alike subject to his displeasure, and consequently imprisonment or death was the result.

So destitute was this hated emperor of all the tender emotions of the human heart that he caused to be destroyed his own mother, wife, and step-brother, as also his wise and faithful teacher, Seneca, the philosopher, who alone had the courage and interest to point, and persuade him, as he had done in his youth, to the ways of virtue and of peace. These facts alone lead us to accept the statement made in reference to Nero, that "not a spark of love and mercy remained in his breast."

And yet there was a time when his heart was tender and compassionate. It is said that "his youth gave fair promise; his heart was as pure and bright as the morning sun of the early spring. When he became emperor, and was called upon to sign the first death warrant, tears flowed from his eyes. He threw down his pen, and bitterly lamented that he had ever learned to write."

But, behold how great the change! And what has wrought it? Dear children, *pride* and *selfishness* were the two leading principles of his character, and these conquered the man and proved his ruin.

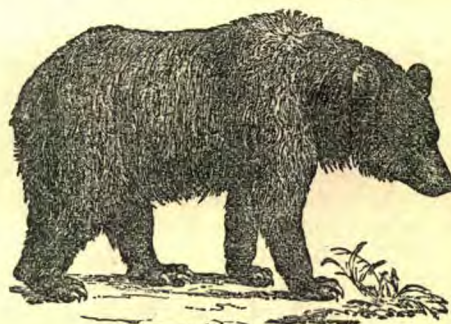
It has been observed that *love* is man's best friend, while *selfishness* is his worst enemy. "Love endures all things to do good only; selfishness works sorrow everywhere in order to enjoy life, and yet the enjoyment which it obtains relates simply to earth, indeed, here yields its bitter fruits."

This tender-hearted and promising prince, by indulging in sin, became the worst of tyrants; hated and feared by man, and forsaken by God, he died in the prime of life by falling upon his own dagger, which was held by another at his command because he had not the courage to hold it himself. He died, crying, "Too late! I am lost."

Dear children, this is a sad picture, but it teaches us emphatically that the wages of sin is *death*, and unless we overcome sin, and not suffer it to overcome us, we shall be lost eternally. Can we afford to sin at so great a loss?

A. M. DRISCALL.

Battle Creek, Mich.



THE BEAR.

CHILDREN very often like to "play bear" with each other. But if a real, live bear should come into the room, I think they would not play long. There are several kinds of bears in America. The bear in the picture is called a black bear. He looks savage enough to eat anybody that comes in his way. But although he looks very savage, he will seldom attack a man if he can avoid it, unless he is very hungry.

A little boy and girl were once picking blackberries in the woods. Their baskets were nearly full, but they saw some very nice ones by the side of a large log. Just as they commenced picking them, they saw a big black paw reach up from the other side of the log and pull down some of the blackberry bushes, so that bruin could get the berries to eat; for bears, like children, are very fond of blackberries. As soon as the children saw the bear, they were terribly frightened and dropped their baskets and ran for home as fast as they could. But did the bear run after them? Oh! no. He seemed as much frightened as the children, and turned around and ran away as fast as he could, in the other direction.

The black bear is very fond of sleep, and if possible, will get away by himself and sleep all day. When winter comes, he hides himself away in some hollow tree, where he lives all winter in a half stupid state without food. When he goes into winter quarters, he is as "fat as a bear," but when he comes out in the spring he is lean and as "hungry as a bear." He is fond of green corn, berries, or roots. He is also a great thief, and if he can find a farmer's sty, he is sure to carry away a pig.

The polar bear lives in the north where ice and snow are on the ground all the time. He eats seals and fish that are to be found in that region.

His fur is very long and white like the snow and ice amid which he lives. As the weather is very cold where he lives, he needs the thick, warm coat with which he is provided.

These bears are sometimes carried off to sea upon cakes of ice broken off by the waves, and they have been known to swim thirty or forty miles to get to their home again.

The grizzly bear is the most ferocious animal in our country. He knows his own strength, and is not afraid to attack even the great buffalo. He strikes him quick and fast with his great paw until he breaks his bones, and then he can kill him easily.

Some of these bears are nine feet long, and are as large as an ox. They often weigh ten or twelve hundred pounds. He is not afraid of a man, like the black bear, but will kill one if he can meet him, whether he is hungry or not. If he kills anything when he is not hungry, he digs a hole in the ground, puts in his prey, and then covers it up, and lets it stay till he is hungry.

A man once saw a great grizzly bear coming right toward him. He was not armed, and could not run away. So he lay down and pretended to be dead. Soon the bear came up, turned him over with his great paw, and at last dragged him off and buried him, and then went away to wait till he was hungry. After the bear was gone, the man got up and made his way out of the woods as fast as his feet could carry him. Don't you think the man was glad that the bear was not hungry?

Bears are often spoken of in the Bible. Do you remember where David told Saul that he had killed both a lion and a bear that were carrying off his father's lambs? He did not take all the praise to himself, but said that the Lord had delivered him from the paw of the lion, and the paw of the bear.

And do you remember the story of the forty-two children that were torn in pieces by two bears because they mocked Elisha? If you do not, ask your parents to read 2 Kings 2:23, 24, to you.

J. E. WHITE.

SANCTIFIED afflictions are spiritual promotions.

NEVER SAY FAIL.

KEEP pushing—'t is wiser
Than setting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail,
Who daily march onward
And never say fail.

CHARACTER.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: We have chosen a grand subject to talk with you about, a word full of mighty meaning to you all. It is the word *character*. It is a word of daily use, but how few understand its full importance. It hides in its great worlds of history and of hope, of pleasure and of pain, of good and evil, for all of you. Tell us your characters and we will tell your fortunes.

All of you have characters. They may not be very easy to understand, and are, probably, not very firmly fixed yet. And just because your characters are not yet in their final shape, and may be easily changed, we wish to talk seriously to you about character.

If you were to ask what is the best possession a man can have on earth, we would say, A good character. If asked what is the greatest misfortune that can happen to any one, we would say, A bad character. Better than riches, and honor, and many friends, is good character. It brings friends, and honor, and often wealth, and makes them all doubly valuable when they come.

You will all form your characters in some way, and you have no work on earth more important than this. Your grandest success or your grandest failure will be worked out here.

Remember you must always live with yourself. You can leave the society of other people if they are disagreeable. If your playmates are mean and selfish, you can go away from them and seek better company. But if your own character is mean, selfish, and disagreeable, there is no help for you. You cannot part company with yourself. And what is worse, you will know just how mean and selfish you are. You cannot conceal or forget it, though you may try to excuse it. But if your character is noble, and kind, and true, you will always have good company.

But, good or bad, the soul is forever its own most familiar associate. And it is a certain truth, boys and girls, out of this familiar companionship with your own characters will come the greatest part of the happiness or misery of your lives. Do not forget this. And even the good and evil that are in the world around you are changed to you by the power of your own character. When we look through green glasses, everything looks green. And through magnifying glasses, everything appears exaggerated. So, if seen through your own characters, everything looks changed from what it really is.

If you are pure and loving, even evil and misfortune will have a bright side; but if you are bad, even blessings will be changed to curses, and misfortunes will seem doubly dark. This is a grand and beautiful world to those of loving and happy hearts. It is

a dark place to those whose evil thoughts make it so.

But this is not all. Your characters will be the chief causes of all your success or failures in life. The strongest or weakest thing about a man is his character. If your character is right, it carries you, and may bear you up to splendid heights of happiness. If it is bad, you must carry it, and it will sink you like a mill-stone tied to your neck. The consciousness of a good character will make you strong and brave, even when no one knows your worth. The secret knowledge that you are weak and bad will make you cowardly and feeble everywhere.

There is one other argument we wish to urge upon you, before closing this talk. It is this: The characters you form will be your greatest means to influence for good or evil your friends and associates, and the whole world. A noble character is like a beautiful beacon light, shining on a dark coast. It warns, guides, enlightens, cheers, and gives new hope to those who are ready to fall. A brave, kind, true-hearted boy will, by the simple power of his purity and truth, do good to the whole mass of his associates. His character acts as a silent, but constant, force to restrain the evil, encourage the weak, and make the good bolder and more active. We feel the power of a noble presence, man or woman, even if no word is spoken.

And so, on the other side, a bad and mean character is a power for evil. Even if a bad boy does not try to do wrong to his associates, he is still doing it every hour, by the silent, but baleful, influence of his character. The good do good when they seem to be doing nothing. The bad do evil, even when they do not desire to do it. The good bless and benefit even their enemies. The bad curse and injure even their friends.

Such, good lads and misses, are the forces and consequences that reside in that wonderful thing we call character. Think it over. Remember that characters of some sort you must form, and strive and pray that yours may be true and noble.—*Sunday-School Scholar*.

SECRET PRAYER.

MANY of the youth suffer loss by not spending more time in their closets. They are too brief in their devotions. They fail to wait before the Lord till their hearts are filled with his love. They fail to wait till they feel the heavenly attraction of the Spirit to realize the glories that await them on the other shore.

Dear youth, will you not take this matter into consideration? Think how much your soul needs the spiritual communion—the baptism of the Holy Ghost. You frequently find yourself weak, and unable to properly discharge duty, for want of this power from on high.

How often you have conversed with some friend till your hearts were blended together in love, and the time passed away so swiftly that you hardly realized its flight. Just so should your communion be with God. Continue your intercourse with him until your heart is renewed. Such seasons of prayer will do much to turn trials into joy.

A. H. CLYMER.

Ohio.

EYES AND NO EYES.

YOU have all read the story in the school-reader of the two boys who went over the same route, one with his eyes open, and the other with them shut. It is old, but worth remembering every day. So many things worth knowing go on right under our eyes without being noticed.

I knew a man, a busy man, who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

"How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?" I asked him, one day.

"Oh," said he, "I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I *save all the bits* that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of the year."

This is just the thing—save all the bits. "That boy," said a gentleman, "always seems to be on the lookout for something to see."

So he was; and while waiting in a newspaper office once for a package, he learned, by using his eyes, how a mailing machine was operated; while he waited at the florist's, he saw the man setting a great box of cuttings, and learned, by the use of his eyes, what he never would have guessed, that slips rooted best in nearly pure sand.

"This is lapis lazuli," said the jeweler to his customer; "and this is chrysoprase."

And the wide-awake errand boy turned around from the door to take a sharp look, so that in future he knew just how those two precious stones looked. In one day he learned of the barber what became of the hair clippings; of the carpenter, how to drive a nail so as not to split the wood; of the shoemaker, how the different surfaces of fancy leather are made; of a locust, that his mouth was of no use to him in singing; from a scrap of newspaper, where sponges are obtained, and from an old Irish woman, how to keep stove-pipes from rusting. Only bits and fragments of knowledge, but all of them worth saving, and all helping to increase the stock in trade of the boy who meant to be a man.—*Little Corporal*.

THE COAL MINE.

DEAR YOUTH AND CHILDREN: While on my way home from our good camp-meeting this fall, I visited the coal mine at Williamston, Mich., that is now in successful operation. Thinking you would be interested, I give you a brief description of it. The coal is taken out in large quantities, to be used for fuel. The layer of coal is about three feet thick, and is forty feet below the surface. The miners have to work in a stooping posture. The coal is drawn up by steam power. They pump water out of the mine by the same power.

When the miner came out of the mine, he had a lamp still burning on the forepart of his hat, which he had for a light while in the pit at work. I thought this an important lesson for us, to have *our light always burning*, that others may see the light of truth.

JOHN P. RATHBUN.

Livingston Co., Mich.

Lay up treasure in Heaven.

ONLY.

ONLY a sunbeam! yet its bright ray
Clothes with their beauty the flowers as they grow,
Gladdens the heart in some wretched abode,
Lights up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Only a breeze! yet some feverish brow,
Cooled by its touch, throbs no longer with pain.
Only a smile! but o'er some weary heart,
Banishing sorrow, it breathes joy again.

Only a frown! but it crushes and grieves,
Sending a chill to the fond, loving heart;
Hot, gushing tears and the quivering lip
Telling how keen was the stroke of its dart.

Only a word—an encouraging word,
Yet it speaks strength when despondencies roll,
Rousing afresh to the conflict of life,
Onward to victory, bearing the soul.

Only a life—life that flies like a dream;
Yet if well spent to the ends for which given,
Training for duty, and shaping the soul
For glory and honor immortal in Heaven.

—American Messenger.

Wonderful Sights and Ruins. No. 3.

PETRA, or the city of the rocks, is situated about one hundred miles south-east of Jerusalem. It is without doubt the most wonderful city of which we have any record, for, as its name indicates, it is built in the rocks. Petra is about two miles long, and has but one street, which runs its whole length. Either side of this street, the mountain, composed of solid rock, rises perpendicularly from five hundred to one thousand feet. The most singular fact, however, is that the dwellings are chiseled in the solid rock which composes the sides of the mountain.

The road in this defile between the rows of dwellings is sometimes barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass, and is almost as dark as night. Then the road widens into a natural amphitheater, and a strong ray of light is thrown down which illumines the frightful chasm as light as day. Wild fig trees, oleanders, and ivy grow out of the rocky sides of the cliffs hundreds of feet above.

The sides of the cliffs are cut smooth, and filled with ranges of dwelling houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with great labor out of the solid rock. These dwellings were excavated one above another till the whole sides of the mountain were filled.

Some would think that because the dwellings were chiseled out of the rock that there is no beauty in them; but this is not the case. For although they were completed over three thousand years ago, they exceed in beauty anything in the form of architecture which is to be seen at the present day. In the language of Mr. Stephens: "While the summits present nature in her wildest and most savage forms, the base is adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely gone by."

There are only two means of access to this city: One by a very narrow passage up the ravine which leads to the city, and the other by climbing up the sides of the mountain and descending into the city from the other end. At either entrance a handful of men could defy armies. So you see

that it was a natural fortress of itself, stronger than anything that can be built by the puny hand of man. The Bible recognizes its strength, as it calls it Bozra, which means the strong or fortified city.

We might spend a long time giving a description of palaces, houses, churches, &c., which compose the city, but time and space forbid. But the question comes up, "Who inhabited this city?" It was inhabited by the children of Esau, or the Edomites as they were called, as you see by Gen. 36: 1, Esau was named Edom. It is almost incredible the number that lived in this city. We have no account of how many people inhabited it, but about 100 years B. C., 50,000 soldiers issued from this city at one time. These were able-bodied men, able to go to war. Reckoning those that were too young, those that were too old, the women and children, and there could not have been less than 200,000 inhabitants. Should you not have thought that such a city would have become proud, and thought that they were absolutely invincible? But where are the Edomites that inhabited this and the surrounding cities of Edom?

On account of the sins of this people, judgments of the most terrible nature were pronounced upon them. "For I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that Bozra [Petra] shall be a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as an eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord." Jer. 49: 13, 16. What a description of Petra! "And Moab [a name given to Esau] shall be destroyed from being a people, because he hath magnified himself against the Lord." Jer. 48: 42.

How was this fulfilled? About A. D. 200, this city lost its independence. From that time down to A. D. 800, its inhabitants, and even the location of the city, was lost sight of. And the very site of the city has been lost for 1000 years until 1812 it was discovered by Buckhardt.

Now not even a tribe is known who claim to be the descendants of Esau. How literally and awfully the prophecy has been fulfilled. J. E. WHITE.

JOHNNY THE NEWSBOY.

SOMETHING more than a year ago, as the writer was seated in the cars going west, a pleasant voice sang out, "Papers, sir? morning papers, lady?"

There was nothing new in the words; nothing new to see a small boy with a package of papers under his arm; but the voice so low and musical, its clear, pure tones, mellow as a flute, and tender as only love and sorrow could make it, called up hallowed memories. One look at the large, brown eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of tangled nut-brown curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks, and his history was known.

"What is your name, my boy?" as, half blind with tears, I reached out my hand for a paper.

"Johnny —;" the last name I did not hear.

"You can read?"

"Oh, yes! I have been to school some," glancing out of the window to see if there was necessity for haste.

I had a darling boy once, whose name was Johnny. He had the same brown hair, and large, tender, loving, brown eyes; and perhaps it was on this account I felt like throwing my arms around his neck, and kissing his thin cheek.

There was something pure in the child standing modestly there in his patched clothes and half-worn shoes; his collar coarse, but spotlessly white; his hands clean, and well molded.

A long, shrill whistle, and a short, peremptory call, and Johnny must be off. There was nothing to choose. My little Testament, with its neat binding and its bright steel clasps, was in Johnny's hand.

"Will you read it, Johnny?"

"I will, lady; I will."

There was a movement: we were off. I strained my eyes out of the window; but I could not see him; and shutting them, I asked His love for this destitute, tender-voiced boy.

A month since, I made the same journey, and passed over the same railroad; and what was my surprise to see the same boy, taller, healthier, with the same clear, calm eye, and pure, clear voice!

"I have thought of you, lady. I wanted to tell you it is all owing to the little book."

"What's all owing to the little book, Johnny?"

"The little book has done all. I carried it home, and father read it. He was out of work then; and mother cried over it so much that I thought it must be a wicked book to make them cry so. But it is different now; and it's all owing to the little book. We live in a better house now, and father do n't drink; and mother says it will be all right again."

Dear little Johnny! His brown face was all aglow, his eyes bright and sparkling, and his face looking so happy!

Never did I crave so for a moment of time. But no; the cars moved, and Johnny was gone.

"It is all the little book," sounds in my ears—the little book that told of Jesus, and of his love to poor sinners. What a change! A comfortable home, no more a slave to strong drink, hope was in the mother's heart; health mantled the cheeks of the children.

Would that all the Johnnies who sell papers, and have fathers who drink, and mothers who weep over the ruin of their once happy homes, would take to those homes the little book that tells of Jesus!—*The United Presbyterian.*

THE love of knowledge hightens the enjoyments of life. It elevates the soul of man. It gives a charm to society, and renders solitude pleasurable. It is a shield against temptation, and a solace in trouble. If you love knowledge, you need never be lonely. It feeds the imagination, refines the taste, and ennobles the character.

BE not stingy of kind words and pleasing acts, for such are fragrant gifts, whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who hear or receive them.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1872.

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

CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE.

EVERY individual who is endowed with reasoning powers is accountable to God for his thoughts, words, and deeds. Though we have all inherited sinful natures, and come far short of perfection at best, it does not necessarily follow that we are to pass on in sin from day to day. Enoch walked with God three hundred years, and yet he possessed a nature like ours. Christ, when he took upon himself man's nature, was, as the apostle says, tempted in all points, yet without sin. And he himself says that we may overcome even as he overcame. If it were not possible for us to be perfect overcomers, then Christ died in vain, and the whole plan of redemption is valueless.

There is a brief history in the Book of books of many "holy men of old" who obeyed God, notwithstanding circumstances were quite as unfavorable as at the present day; and it was written, says Paul, for our admonition. Let us take the history of Abraham, and see wherein his life and character differed from that of others, that he should become the father of the faithful—the Lord's chosen people.

The promise was given to Abraham that he should have a son, even in his old age. "And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Gen. 18:17-19. But he is yet to be tested. How well he endures the test remains to be seen.

This time, the Lord does not send an angel to issue his command, but with his own voice calls, "Abraham!" Abraham had heard this voice before; for he was a man of God; and the response came immediately, "Here I am." The Lord said, "Take now thy son"—that is coming close to the patriarch's heart—he continues—"thine only son"—still closer; and that there can be no possibility of a misunderstanding, he gives his name—"thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest." Does Abraham begin to tremble? Ah! the worst has not yet come. He adds, "And get thee into the land of Moriah"—the probe is plunged still deeper—"and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

Let us for a moment leave Abraham to

reflect on this awful injunction, while we speak of the temptation to which Adam and Eve were subjected. They had been duly instructed as to what they were and what they were not to do. But the tempter came, and they yielded, as we very well know. Had they been willing to confess their fault and earnestly seek forgiveness, we know not but the terrible calamity which followed might have been averted. The Lord said to Adam, "Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?" Adam laid the blame upon Eve, and would fain cast reflection upon his Maker, for he said: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." The Lord next questions Eve, who, like her husband, was quite willing that the blame should rest elsewhere, rather than frankly confess her fault, and she said, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

Let us look a little farther, and see if there was any just apology for their course. They were surrounded by perfection, with no sorrow or perplexities to mar their enjoyment of it. Holy angels came and talked with them, and gave them instruction. Their food was suitable, and pleasant to the taste. Bliss, without alloy, was theirs. These blessings did not come to them by chance. A kind Friend bestowed them. He asked nothing in return but obedience—obedience to commands that were not grievous, or to be obeyed for his gratification, but for their good. A deceiver came who had never done anything for them. He caused Eve to think that some good thing was withheld from her that she ought to have, thus bringing to her mind an indefinite idea of happiness not yet found by her. He would have her think the Creator arbitrary and unjust. But she had enough; why should she desire more? Why could she not be content? Oh! that she had placed the proper estimate upon that priceless virtue—obedience.

We will now return to Abraham, whom we left suffering untold anguish; for did he not know that it was wrong to take life? and had he not, in Cain, an example of the consequences of this heinous sin? But Abraham knew with whom he had to do. God had spoken; it was for him to obey. The prophet Samuel said, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice." 1 Sam. 15:22. Sarah must certainly have had an equal interest with him in the welfare of their son; but the faithful patriarch does not dare make the matter known to her, or advise with her in regard to it; neither does he seek the counsel of those on whose judgment in ordinary affairs he might safely rely. No; the mandate was given—it was for him to obey. His divine Lord knew what was best. He could trust him. He did not wait to ponder the matter, or query

whether or not it was best to yield, but immediately made preparation for the journey.

I will not attempt to describe the agony of soul that must have been his; nor could I if I would. We cannot now have any just idea of the fine feelings of the men of God anciently, so far have we degenerated, and our moral sensibilities have become so blunted by sin. Abraham could not see how the Lord would fulfill this promise: "In Isaac shall thy seed be called." It was enough for him to know the commandment to offer him as a burnt-offering. Paul says, in Heb. 11:17, 19, "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac; and he that received the promises offered up his only begotten son, accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead." He well knew that the God whom he was trying to serve would not forsake him in that trying hour.

He bore the test well. And the good Lord, who is a very present help in time of trouble, sent an angel to stay the uplifted hand, lest it should deal the fatal blow. Said the angel, "Now I know that thou fearest God." It was enough. Abraham can now be trusted anywhere—everywhere.

None of us will probably ever have to endure so severe a trial of our faith, and yet there is a test for every one. Some may be tried in one way; some, another; and shall we endure as did faithful Abraham? I hope we may, that we may finally be numbered with the seed of Abraham in the kingdom of God.

ANOTHER FALLEN.

ES, another of the INSTRUCTOR family has fallen; dear Minnie is no more. And although she had taken the INSTRUCTOR but a few months, yet she loved its contents, and seemed to take great delight in having her parents read it to her; for she was but five years old, and had not yet learned to read. She wanted to hear every word of it read, and would say, "That was a good piece, wasn't it? That was a good little boy or girl, was it not? I want you to read it to me again."

And now how do you suppose those bereaved parents feel when the INSTRUCTOR comes to them, and no little Minnie to hail its monthly visits, and no little prattling voice to plead for its contents to be read? Minnie was beloved by all who knew her. She was remarkable for her kindness and tenderness.

But disease fastened itself upon her young and tender frame, and laid it low. A large train of mourners followed her to her quiet resting-place in Barre Cemetery.

I. G. CAMP.

Vermont.

THE liberty to go higher than we are is given only when we have fulfilled the duty of our present sphere.

NEVER DESPAIR.

H! why, my young friend, do you sorrow?
 Though storm-clouds should gather to-day,
 The sun's genial rays on the morrow
 Will drive all their darkness away.

Though the hill you are climbing be rugged,
 Your pathway all covered with thorns,
 There's a broad vale of sunlight beyond you,
 And shelter from earth's wintry storms.

This world may look dismal and dreary,
 And fill our young hearts with dismay;
 Just beyond, there is rest for the weary,
 And night will exchange with bright day.

There's work to be done in the vineyard;
 The Master is calling for you—
 No time now for sighing and sadness;
 The city of gold is in view.

And those who would dwell in its mansions,
 And bask in the smiles of our God,
 Must heed well the teachings of Jesus,
 And walk in the path that he trod. —Ed.

WHO WILL BE READY?

GATHER my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." Ps. 50:5.

It is evident from the preceding verses of this psalm that the Lord is speaking of a time in close connection with that in which he comes, and in which he judges his people. Gather means to bring together things which have been separated from each other. Who are to be gathered? "Thy saints." A saint is a holy, godly person. God's people are to be brought together unto him.

We all know that for many centuries his saints have been very much scattered. They have been dwelling in all parts of the earth, as light-bearers to its inhabitants, many times suffering perils, persecutions, and even death, from the hand of God's enemies; but this state of things is not always to exist; for He shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from all parts of the earth, then to be forever with their Lord.

In this life, what more happy moments than those when the different members of the family, after having been long separated, are brought together to exchange words of love and sympathy. We forget our perplexities and discouragements for the time being in the happiness of such seasons; feel that we are fully paid for all the trials we may have passed through from being thus separated. But what exceeding joy will take possession of the Christian's mind when the saints of all ages are gathered together, to go no more out forever. How it will thrill all hearts when they realize that they are never more to be separated, never more to be exposed to the chilling winds of temptation, opposition, scorn, and the like, but that "His own soft hand will wipe the tears from every weeping eye." Can we fail in making the needed preparation for such a gathering?

Who are these favored ones? Those that have made a covenant with the Lord by sacrifice. A covenant is an agreement between minds. God promises to bestow salvation upon man if he will accept of Christ and yield obedience to all of his requirements. When man does this, he has entered into covenant, or agreement. Sac-

riifice means to lose one thing for the purpose of gaining something else. We make a covenant by sacrifice when we give up all for Christ, keep all of God's commandments, live up to all the light he gives us, however crossing or humbling it might be to the natural heart.

Soon the gathering time will come. How many of us will be accepted? Certainly we all wish to be. Then let us begin this work of sacrifice—give up our pride, love of the world, the applause of men, our perverted appetites, and everything contrary to the mind of the Spirit. Let us use our means, time, and talents, in the service of the Lord. And as we have but one short, preparing hour in which to labor, let us work fast, giving all diligence to make our calling and election sure.

M. J. CHAPMAN.

TO THE LONELY ONES.

YOUNG FRIENDS: I often think of you who are among the scattered ones and have few or no privileges of meetings and Sabbath-school on the holy day. I do not forget to ask the kind Shepherd to protect you from the snares of the enemy, who will try by all possible means to turn you from the truth.

Truly, this is an evil time, and it is not safe to pass a moment without vigilant watching. Perhaps you sometimes feel the restraints of the Sabbath law are irksome; and because you are almost alone in your vicinity in observing the fourth commandment, you may sometimes be tempted to slackness in keeping it.

Possibly you may say it will be no harm to do this or that, or you may insensibly allow your thoughts to dwell on those things that will tend to destroy your love for the precious truth. I know this to be the case with some, and how sad it is. If you are really desirous of retaining the favor of God, let me suggest to you a plan that will help to keep alive in your hearts a love for the truth; but even this will fail unless accompanied with the spirit of watching and prayer.

Most of you can get tracts and copies of our books which you can take individually to the houses of your friends and neighbors, and ask them kindly if they will not read them as they have time. Show that you have a real interest for them, every one of them. If they seek to entangle you with their questions, be cautious how you speak; but with meekness give an answer for the hope that you cherish, and let the printed teachers do the rest. Above all, pray earnestly that God's Spirit may attend these messengers of truth, and that wisdom and grace may be given you to glorify God in their distribution. If you have not tried it, you do not know what good you might accomplish in this simple work. You may feel a reluctance at first; but perhaps there is some pride to get rid of, and this is what you need to humble you. Now if you are willing to go in the strength of Jesus, the Lord will surely bless you, and possibly some souls may be gathered through your effort. Will you not try? If only your love for the truth is increased thereby, it is well worth the effort; but who can tell what hearts are waiting, yearning for "the right

word in the right place" that you can give and perhaps save a soul from death. For one, I feel that the moments are too precious to halt in the path of duty, for soon the harvest of the earth will be gathered, the workers receive their reward, and then I want some humble place with those who have done what they could in the Master's vineyard. M. E. PIPER.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground his lowly nest;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade, when all things rest.
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honor hath humility.

Count Zinzendorf and the Dove.

COUNT ZINZENDORF was a great German noble, and lived to do a great deal of good in the world.

When a boy, he was one day playing with his hoop near the banks of a deep river, which flowed outside the walls of a castle where he lived, when he espied a dove struggling in the water. By some means the poor little creature had fallen into the river, and was unable to escape. The little count immediately rolled a large washing-tub, which had been left near, to the water's edge, jumped into it, and, though generally very timid on the water, by the aid of a stick, he managed to steer himself across the river to the place where the dove lay floating and struggling. With the bird in his arms, he guided the tub back, and reached the land in safety.

After warming his little captive tenderly in his bosom, the boy ran with it to the wood and set it free. His mother, who had watched the whole transaction from her bedroom window, in trembling anxiety for his safety, now came out. "Were you not afraid?" she asked. "Yes, I was, rather," answered the boy; "but I could not bear that it should die so. You know, mother, its little ones might have been watching for it to come home!"

A FAILURE IN DUTY.

A LADY who had been remarkable for her thoughtlessness, requested a professedly-pious lady to accompany her that day, to visit another lady who was also professedly pious. The afternoon passed away, and the subject of religion was not mentioned—probably for fear of offending the gay friend who had proposed the visit. As the two neighbors walked toward home, the first mentioned remarked that she had lost the afternoon; for nothing would have induced her to leave home, but the expectation of hearing something about religion. "But," she added, "I came to the conclusion that there is nothing in religion, or that my neighbors do not possess it, for, if they did, they would speak to me about my soul." She said she had been greatly alarmed about herself for several days; but had concluded that afternoon that if religion was not worth talking about, it was not worth thinking of. "Never," said that pious neighbor, "shall I forget that look of despair and reproach. I felt that I had murdered a soul by my neglect."

TRUE FRIENDS.

IS not where sunbeams brightly shine
And cloudless skies look blue;
When happiness and peace abound,
And troubles are but few;
'Tis not the time to know our friends—
The false ones from the true.

But when the sky is overcast,
And threatening clouds appear,
With thunder crashing o'er our heads,
And lightning flashing near;
Then *enemies* press closely on,
To fill our hearts with fear.

'Tis then when sadness clouds the brow,
And all around seems drear,
The false ones from our side will go—
The coming storm they fear;
Their craven hearts with terror view
The tempest drawing near.

And so, amid the darkest storm,
True friendship's love is tried;
As clings the ivy 'round the oak,
By us they will abide;
And neither storm nor enemies
Can force them from our side.

And when the storm is past away,
The sky again is blue;
Then calmly we look 'round with pride,
To find our *foes* so few,
And think 't was worth the storm to know
Our false friends from the true.

—Sel.

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

READERS, we all, I hope, are striving to be overcomers. But what are we to overcome? Our sins? Certainly; if we have sins, we must break them off by right-doing. Our Saviour was an overcomer (Rev. 2: 21), yet without sin; but was in all points tempted like as we are. Heb. 4: 15. He did not yield to his temptations, but overcame them. Then we conclude that it is our temptations which we are to overcome. Do any of you think that your temptations are peculiar, and that you will not be able to overcome them, and are likely to give up in despair? Let us read what the apostle Paul says: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make a way to escape." 1 Cor. 10: 13. With this, and the expression: "My grace is sufficient," 2 Cor. 12: 9, we may be sure that we shall be able to overcome.

Now, let us look at the promises to the overcomer, and see if there is not a bright prospect before us. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Rev. 2: 7. In Rev. 21: 2, we read that the tree of life bears twelve manner of fruit, and yields her fruit every month. From Isa. 66: 23, we learn that all will come, from one new moon to another, to worship before the Lord. What a grand idea is here presented of coming up to the city of God every month to partake of the new fruit of the tree of life.

Reader, strive to be an overcomer; "for he who gains access to the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God shall die no more." "He that overcometh shall not be hurt by the second death." Verse 11. In Rev. 21: 8, we are told what the second death is. The overcomer will not be harmed by the devouring flames of the lake

that will burn with fire and brimstone in "the day of God." "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Verse 17. The taste of the manna which the Hebrew children ate, "was as wafers made with honey." Ex. 16: 31. The Saviour will give the overcomer the hidden manna to eat; "and having done this, having made him partaker of his hospitality, having recognized him as his guest and friend, he will present him with the white stone in which will be written his new name, as a pledge of his friendship which will remain sacred" even when millions of ages have rolled away. And "if you wish to know what your new name will be, the way to it is plain—overcome and read it on the white stone."

"And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations." Verse 26. In Ps. 2: 8, 9, the Father bids Christ to ask of him the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. In Rev. 2: 26, 27, Christ says that he will give the overcomer power over the nations, and that he (the overcomer) shall break them to pieces as the vessels of a potter. When the Saviour ceases his work of pleading for sinners in the heavenly sanctuary, he will make his request of the Father, and will come forth to execute judgment upon the nations. Then instead of being dashed in pieces with the nations, the overcomer will have power with Christ to dash in pieces the wicked nations.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels." Rev. 3: 5. The overcomer will be clothed in white raiment, which is the righteousness of Christ. Rev. 19: 8.

The book of life is that "vast volume in which are enrolled the names of all the candidates for everlasting life;" and Christ says the overcomers' name shall not be blotted out of it; "and who can conceive the bliss of that moment when we shall be owned by the Lord of life before his Father," as having been his faithful servant?

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of Heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name." Verse 12. What a blessed prospect before the overcomers. "They are to have written upon them the name of God, whose property they are, the name of New Jerusalem," the city of their God, "to which place they are going; and they have upon them the name of Christ, by whose authority they are to receive everlasting life," and enter into the joy of their Lord. A perfect label! Oh, glorious thought! of being thus ready and labelled, that when Christ comes, seated upon the white cloud, he will take us to the city of God.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." Verse 21. Who can es-

timate the honor conferred upon the overcomer by being granted a seat with Christ in his glorious throne? How appropriate the words in Rev. 21: 7: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Reader, be this your portion; and may God grant that the writer may have a place with you.
LEVI TURNEY.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

A SHEPHERD was once driving his flock from the Piedmont mountains to the plains of Italy, along a road white with pulverized limestone, and glaring beneath the beams of a southern sun, blazing in its meridian force. He was a tall and stately man, arrayed in the costume of the country; his large hat shadowed a face grave and intelligent; his purple jacket, slung around his neck, formed a cradle for a new-born lamb, while two others, but a little older, were fastened in his rough plaid, between his shoulders. In one hand he held the shepherd's rod, a long, light reed, by which he guided the flock, gently touching them when they wandered, or were heedless of his call. He carefully led them on, occasionally pausing and leaning on his staff, until some straggler joined his companions, or while carefully adjusting the helpless creature he carried in his bosom. The hungry sheep strove to crop the withered weeds and dusty herbage on the borders of the road, but the shepherd would neither let them eat nor rest; he urged them forward, and, bleating and discontented, they were obliged to leave their self-chosen food, and obey his voice and follow him.

The road here branched off in another direction; the poor sheep saw nothing before them but the dusty path and the withered weeds; but the shepherd looked beyond. Sloping down from the direct road was a green nook, overhung by an acacia hedge, protected from the heat by the high bank above it, and water from an unfailing spring ran into a pool beneath. Bleating with delight, the weary sheep seemed to find life and vigor at once, and entering on their pleasant pasture they forgot the troubles of the way. The shepherd watched their enjoyment with evident satisfaction. As he walked among them, examining them individually, he counted them over; not one of them was missing. He had something better for them than they would have chosen for themselves, yet how they had murmured all the way. Here rested the flock—no more weary and dusty; the lambs lay by their mother's side, and here the shepherd himself reposed beneath the trees.

What a beautiful illustration is this of the great Shepherd and his sheep. "All we like sheep have gone astray"—in the paths of death we were straying. Some of us were on the lonely mountains, some were in the tangled thicket, vainly seeking for something to quench our thirst and satisfy our hunger, when we heard the Shepherd's gentle voice saying, "Follow me." We gladly followed him for a short time, but soon we grew heedless, and lingered behind, and began to murmur beneath the chastening rod—murmur about the long, weary journey, and murmur because he would not let us eat of our self-chosen food, little thinking that he was longing to give us to eat of the bread

of life, and drink at the living fountain, if we would but follow him. But when we did eat of that bread and drink of that fountain, we felt to love our Shepherd King, who maketh his flocks to lie down at noon, and we look forward to that time when the "tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he will dwell with them." Then we shall know even as we are known, and adore the wisdom of Him who "fed his flock according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands." Ps. 78:72.—*Domestic Journal.*

Chinese Stories of Studious Boys.

I AM going to tell you some very strange Chinese nursery stories, fully believed among the people, by which little Chinese boys are stirred up to be very studious; and, if they are inclined to become tired of their lessons, are reminded of very wonderful boys, who liked nothing better than lessons both by day and by night.

You would find it difficult to guess the meanings of the following proverbs, unless you knew the stories belonging to them:—

"He fastened his hair by a cord to the top of a house when he studied."

"He traced the characters on the sand with a reed."

"He studied by the light reflected from snow."

"He studied by the light of a bag full of glow-worms."

"He used a round stick of wood as a pillow."

"He chiselled a hole in the partition to get the light through."

The following stories will explain them.

He fastened his hair by a cord to the top of a house when he studied.

Sun King was in the habit of shutting himself up in his house when he studied, in order to prevent his mind from being turned from his books. For the purpose of keeping awake when he was drowsy, he tied one end of a cord to the hair of his head, and fastened the other end to a beam in the top of his house. Whenever he appeared in the streets, the people were accustomed to call out, "The teacher who shuts himself up to study is coming!"

He traced the characters on the sand with a reed.

Yangsui, when only four years old, lost his father. His mother, vowing never to marry again, taught her son how to read; but the family were so poor as to be unable to buy paper and pencils, and she therefore wrote the letters on the sand with a reed, and thus taught him. The boy was quicker at learning than boys usually are. By reading anything only once he could immediately repeat it. After he arrived at manhood, he obtained the third degree. In three examinations at the capital, he came off with the very highest honors, and became a member of the Han Lin College.

He studied by the light reflected from snow.

Sung Kang's family was poor, and destitute of oil. In the winter evenings he was accustomed to study by the light reflected from snow. When young, he was regarded as of very good principles, and would not mix with men of unworthy habits. After-

ward he became an officer of the high rank of Imperial Censor.

He studied by the light of a bag full of glow-worms.

Che Yin, while only a boy, was very quiet and polite, as well as a good student. In consequence of the poverty of his family, he was not able always to obtain oil; so during the summer months he collected a large number of glow-worms in a white gauze bag, and by their light was able to pursue his studies in the evening, thus, as it were, lengthening out the day. He afterward became an officer of very high rank, and had the title of President of one of the Six Boards.

He used a round stick of wood as a pillow, to prevent deep sleep.

Sie Ma Wan, when a boy, whether he was moving about or at rest, in all his conduct was dignified and proper, like a perfect gentleman. At seven years of age, he heard an explanation of the volume called "Spring and Autumn." He was very much pleased, and having returned home, conversed with the members of his family in such a manner as to show that he understood its principles. He was accustomed to use a round block of wood for his pillow. When he became sleepy and fell into a doze, this pillow would roll a little and awaken him. Once awakened, he would apply himself to his studies again with vigor.

He chiselled a hole in the partition to get the light through.

Kwang Hung was very poor. Though very fond of books, he was too poor to buy oil. His neighbor in the next house had candles, but the light could not get through the wall. Hung, therefore, made a hole in it, in order to procure rays of light by which he could go on with his studies. In the city, a wealthy man whose name was Great had a large number of books. Hung was anxious to work for him, though not for the purpose of receiving wages; he only desired the privilege of reading the rich man's books as his pay. Mr. Great was so much interested in the proposal, and in Hung himself, that he gave him some of his books as his wages. Hung became a very learned man, and finally obtained the office of prime minister.

I wonder whether the thought will cross the mind of any reader of these anecdotes that we, who are taught from our infancy the true and real knowledge which God has given us, will have to account to him for what he has granted us to learn of him in his word. Are we as anxious for the true wisdom as have been poor Chinese boys for the wisdom of the world?—*Sel.*

TWO VOICES.

I KNOW a little girl who has two ways of speaking. She has one tone that is very sweet and lady-like; she uses this to talk with when she feels good-natured, and she feels good-natured when everything goes to suit her! She has another voice, that is very peevish and disagreeable; she uses this whenever things do not go to suit her!

Did any of my little readers ever notice these different tones?

Oh, there is such sweet music in kind words! We ought always to be very careful to cultivate the pleasant voice, and never, never use the cross tone!—*Sel.*

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.



THE loftiest hill, the lowliest flowering herb,
The fairest fruit of season and of clime,
All wear alike the mood of the superb
Autumnal time.

LETTERS.

SOUTH LANCASTER.

BEING one of a large family of children, and the only one that is keeping the Bible Sabbath, I meet with trials and discouragements by the way. But Jesus has done much for me, and I would trust in him with all my heart. Oh! that I could at all times realize his goodness, and never think my lot hard, though I leave home and friends.

Dear children, trials and disappointments may unexpectedly arise, the path may look dark; but let us press on, having courage in the Lord. Let us turn from sin and vanity unto the Lord with all our hearts while sweet mercy lingers.

HATTY TUTTLE.

BROOKLYN, IND.

DEAR EDITOR: I am thankful for my paper which I have been receiving for three years. I have lent my paper to the boys in the neighborhood, and they all love to read it. It is doing good here.

H. G. BUTTERFIELD.

DEAR CHILDREN: I prize my INSTRUCTOR, and hope you all read it with care, and heed its instructions. When the Saviour comes to gather his people, there will be many little ones with the number. Oh! that all who read these lines may join the happy throng.

E. M. FERCIOT.

RICHMOND, ME.

DEAR READERS: For the second time I will write you a letter. I am trying to keep the Sabbath and all the commandments. I am nine years old; like our little paper very much, and would not like to part with it. I like the pictures in the last number, and the "Trip to California." Let us hear from Willie again.

JODA W. TEMPLE.

SAFE WITH GOD.—A gentleman crossing a dreary moor came upon a cottage, and entered into conversation with its inmate, who was standing at his garden gate. When about to leave, he said, "Are you not afraid to live in this lonely place?" "Oh! no," said he; "for faith closes the door every night, and mercy opens it in the morning." With God as our God we are safe everywhere.

Be courteous to all.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

HERE is something sweet in nature—
In the brook, the hill, and dale—
Wherein we may read a lesson
As we wander through the vale.

Does the lesson nature teaches
Leave its impress on the soul,
Brightening for life its pathway,
Guiding to the final goal?

We are daily passing onward,
Soon our journey will be o'er;
Then a home where all is joyous
May be ours forevermore.

We are waiting for the harvest;
And the welcome hour will come,
When the pure shall reach the harbor,
And our Lord shall say, Well done.

MARY LUKK.

Emmet, Mich.



A HOME SCENE.

DO you not think this a fine picture, children? At a glance, you see quiet and contentment spread over the whole. It is evidently not an abode of poverty, neither is it a home of the rich, though it may be a Christian home. But as children love to look at pictures, we will examine it more closely.

Outside of the fence there is a lady, a little girl, some cows, and a hen with four little white chickens. Back upon the hill stands a house and barn with an orchard near by. Opposite the house is another hill with a few trees upon it. The young farmer is leaning over the gate, weary, perhaps, with the labors of the day, and one would judge from the expression upon their faces that he was saying something very interesting. What can it be? Perhaps he is speaking to the little girl in the picture. See how erect she stands, and how knowingly she looks up at her father with her hands placed behind her. Surely, she must have been well taught, or she would not have such a fine position.

Sometimes I have seen children throw sticks and stones at the cows when they drive them up, and treat them very unkindly. Do you think this little child would do this? Do you think she would be disobedient to her parents, or mischievous in the school-room? Would she disobey her teacher by lounging upon the chair, or desk?

Notice how attentively she is listening. Do you always listen when older ones are speaking? I have seen some children that did not, but would be very noisy and wish to be heard themselves. Remember the little girl in the picture, and listen though you may be in haste to speak.

I hope many children who read this have as pleasant a home as the one represented here. Such is a home on earth where love

and contentment dwell. And however humble it may be, it stands out in contrast with the home of drunkenness, or where unkind words are spoken and all are strangers to God. Happy are they who seek the influence of the Holy Spirit to prepare them to enjoy "a home here and a home in Heaven." P. L. HILLIARD.

Battle Creek, Mich.

I PRAYED FOR THEM.

A LITTLE girl in an Italian Sunday-school complained that some of the children had hissed at her.

"Why did you not do your best to defend yourself, or complain to the master?" inquired her mother.

The child hung down her head and was silent.

"What did you do?" added the mother, "when they were seeking their pleasure in teasing you?"

"I remembered what Jesus did for his enemies," replied the child, "I prayed for them."

Children, remember this little story, and if your playmates injure you, pray for them.

Every time you feel angry or impatient, pray to God for strength. Begin every day with prayer. It is the golden key that unlocks Heaven to pour down blessings on you. End every day with prayer. It is the same golden key that locks you up under Heaven's protection.

CIRCULATE THE INSTRUCTOR.

WE are trying to improve the appearance of the INSTRUCTOR so that we hope it may be the most instructive and attractive youth's paper published. In addition to the improvements we have already made, we propose to have a new heading by January, 1873; and we also hope to continue to have two or three pictures in each number.

As the INSTRUCTOR is being made more attractive for you, we ask you in turn to help the INSTRUCTOR. How can you do this? Let every person who reads the paper get one or more of his or her young friends to take it too.

We want to commence next volume with 10,000 subscribers. To do this, every one must work. We think the little folks can do more in this work than any others if they only will.

Let every boy or girl who reads the INSTRUCTOR be determined to get at least one of his or her young friends to subscribe for it. The price is so low that any one can afford to take it; only 25 cents a year to new subscribers.

We have received 1500 new subscribers in the last ten months. To reach 10,000 by next January we must have 2500 every month. This is a large number, and we cannot receive it unless every one who now takes the INSTRUCTOR will help us. Be sure not to forget this after you have read the paper. We want 2500 new subscribers this month, and we expect you will get them for us.

PREMIUMS OFFERED.

TO the person who will send in, before the first of January, 1873, the largest list of new subscribers accompanied with the price, twenty-five cents each, we will send the "Golden Library" (four volumes), price \$6.00.

For the second largest list we will send any two of the following books: "The Throne of David," "The Pillar of Fire," and "The Prince of the House of David," price \$2.00 each.

For the third largest list we will send "Hannah More's Stories for the young," a library of eight volumes, price \$2.50.

Those who send in names for the prizes should state the fact in every letter so that account can be kept of the names you send in. Remember you have only a little while to work.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Each One Dollar.—P R Daily 22-11, J L Edgar 21-6, L L Putnam, Lydia B Iton (each 22-7), L P Russell 21-12, Edgar Whittaker 21-8, Edgar Baker 21-1, C E Tracy 22-8, L A Sargeant 23-7, A Woodbury, Thomas Lindsay (each 22-1), Howard Osborn 21-1, T E Green 21-3.

Each Fifty Cents. M J Olmstead, Ella King (each 21-8), Joseph Hodgson, Nelson Houser, M P Shaw, F T McClaffin, Geo O States (each 21-4), J W Cheever, Annie L Butler (each 22-2), E R Cobb, J J Moress, Eldie R Wheeler, S Hastings, Willie Shepard, D W Milk, Mrs H Hall, Geo Woodruff, Janie Burbridge (each 22-1), O Richer, James Marvin (each 20-1), A E Hafer 22-10, O Christianson, Wm Daniels, Henry Crosby (each 22-4), M E Bourdeau 23-1, C J Glover 21-2, H P Willmarsh 22-11, L E Rathbun 22-4, M L Clement, C Sumner, J Brezee, Nellie Wilkinson, Fanny Hall (each 22-5), S W Randall 23-4, H S Priest 22-7, E A Nutting, L K M Shepard (each 21-7), Bell Bryant, Volney H Lucas, R J Francis, Ellen A Kenyon (each 21-1), Laura Rousseau 20-6, M D Enos, Nancy J, Scott, J W Wolfe, Willie Crowell, Henry W Gardes (each 21-11), Wm Arthur 19-2, Sarah H Buntingham, Levi Emerson (each 21-12), Mary Chinnock 21-9, C S Clarke, C H Prescott, L Harris (each 22-3), Geo Johnson 21-3, Eddie Webb 20-8, L J Campbell 23-5, Jane Clarke 21-7, Mary Patterson 22-1, Mattie Davis 22-4, E H Root 22-1, Emily Merrick 21-4, Olive Oaks 18-4, Mary E Beach 22-4, Rosa Beach 22-7, Joseph Parsons 19-4, Lydia Allen 21-10, L H Hurd 21-4.

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