

The Youth's Instructor.

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

THE CLOSING YEAR.

RING out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Farewell! old year, we meet no more,
Thy end draws on apace;
Yet since thy birth how short it seems,
How very brief a space.

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.—NO. 2.

BY a slight shaking and considerable noise from the car's steward, we were awakened the morning of July 18th, and on looking out of the window toward the west, we saw a dark line crossing the plains from north to south, which looked like mountains. We were about forty miles from Denver, and as the train rushed on nearer and nearer, the mountains were

more distinctly seen rising one above another, and on the highest peaks great banks of snow. Soon the whistle shrieked, and the brakeman cried, "Denver. Change cars for Cheyenne, Colorado Central," &c.

Denver, the capital of Colorado Territory, has a population of 12,000 inhabitants, although it is but fourteen years since the first house was built.

It is situated on Cherry Creek, is laid out in a square, contains many fine buildings, and truly deserves its name, "The Queen City of the Plains."

We had intended to spend a day or two in Denver with my cousin, Mrs. Walling, who resides there, before continuing our journey to California. But my parents were much wearied, and we were so heartily welcomed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walling that we staid with them two weeks, and then at his request accompanied Mr. Walling to their home in the mountains where his saw-mills are located, and where it was thought the pure air and mountain scenery were just what my parents needed to rest their minds and improve their health.

Before leaving, let us take one more look at Denver. At this season we often see large numbers of Ute Indians in the streets, who have come down from the mountains to trade. They go straggling through the streets, some on ponies, some on foot, and sometimes two on a pony, some with their faces painted, and all of them ragged and dirty.

The markets offer all kinds of fruits and vegetables, but he who buys must pay well for all he gets, especially for fruits which are all brought from California. One of Denver's curiosities is its "dry river." For years after the Pike's Peak country, which is now called Colorado, began to be settled, Cherry Creek, which has a broad, sandy bed, was but a shallow stream in the winter, and almost entirely dry in the summer. So

spiles were driven, and the business part of the town built over the bed of the creek. But at last there was a change, a wet season, and a terrible storm, when the stream rose, and the water came down from the mountain in a flood, and finding Denver in its way, took the larger part of the city with it, city buildings, city records and all. In rebuilding the city, they have kept on the banks and do not encroach on the bed of the stream.

From Denver to Golden, a small city at the foot of the mountains, a distance of fifteen miles, we had a chance to learn the agricultural products of the territory. Wheat and barley are the principal crops. Corn does well in some places, and vegetables yield abundant crops if properly irrigated. Stock raising is a profitable business, and the plain was dotted with fine herds of cattle.

A mile or two beyond Golden, our road left the plains, and entering a narrow canyon between the foot-hills, began to ascend. Here was hard work for the horses. For miles we drove along by the bed of a little creek, the mountains rising abruptly on each side, sometimes smooth and grassy, sometimes covered with pine and spruce trees, sometimes solid rock rising almost perpendicularly to the height of two or three hundred feet, but oftener covered with loose rocks and a few stunted pines. At last we left the creek and began to climb in earnest, up, up, up, for two or three miles, to the top of a foot-range, only to descend by a zigzag course to the bottom of another canyon, and then to climb again. Thus we rode up and down for twenty-five miles, and when we reached Walling's Mills, the end of our journey, we were glad to stop and rest.

W. C. WHITE.



CITIES OF REFUGE.

IN ancient times there was a custom that if a person killed another, whether intentionally or by accident, the relatives of the deceased could put him to death.

This custom was so firmly fixed that when the children of Israel went into the land of Palestine, instead of doing it away fully, the Lord commanded Moses to appoint six cities of refuge to which the

person killing another could fly and be safe from the avenger until the law decided whether he was really guilty of murder, or whether it was merely an accident. If it was merely an accident, he was safe within the walls of the city. If he was really a murderer, he was put to death by law.

But even if it was proved to be an accident by which he had killed his fellow-man, still his only safety was by remaining within the walls of the city until the death of the high priest, when he could go free. Before the death of the high priest, if his enemies should find him outside the walls of the city they could slay him with impunity.

There were three of these cities on either side of the river Jordan. On the west side were Kedesh, Shechem, and Hebron. On the east side were Golan, Ramoth-Gilead and Bezer. Joshua 20:7, 8.

You see in the above picture that the man in the foreground is running for dear life for the city in the distance. Away off to the left is another man in pursuit, who hopes to overtake him, and avenge the death of his friend before he can reach the city where he knows he will be out of his power.

I am glad such a revengeful custom is done away with now, for "vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord."

There is a city of refuge for sinners exposed to the second death, if they will only fly to it in time. Oh! let us fly in time to the bleeding side of our Saviour and be washed from our sins so that we may have an abundant entrance into this city of refuge from whence we "shall go no more out," and where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

How happy we shall be if we can call Christ our friend in that terrible day when the wicked shall be consumed with unquenchable fire from Heaven. Dear readers, shall we find a refuge with our Saviour at that time? J. E. WHITE.

A HOLY LIFE is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battle, nor one great, heroic act, nor mighty martyrdom, make up the true life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of life.—*Set.*

TRY every day to do some act of kindness. One each day will amount to three hundred and sixty-five in a year.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FORGIVE and forget—it is better
 To fling every feeling aside
 Than allow the deep cankering fetter
 Of revenge in thy breast to abide;
 For thy step through life's path shall be lighter
 When the load from thy bosom is cast,
 And the sky that's above thee be brighter
 When the cloud of displeasure is passed.

Oh! memory's a varying river,
 And though it may placidly glide,
 When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
 It foams when the storm meets the tide.
 Then stir not its current to madness,
 For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
 Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
 Ere the sunset, forgive and forget.

—Sel.

THE SIN OF LYING.

WE have recorded in Acts 5, an account of a man and his wife who sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, but brought a certain portion of it and laid it at the apostle's feet.

It appears from reading the 34th and 35th verses of chapter 4, that as many as were brought into the truth by the preaching of the apostles, sold their lands and all they possessed, and came and brought the price thereof and gave it to the apostles, who divided it among them according as every man had need. Those who were rich sold and gave up all, while those who were poor shared alike with those who before had abundance. Thus they had all things in common. But Ananias thought the apostles would not know how much he got for his possession, and that he could just as well keep back some of it as not. He let his wife into the secret, and she consented. They no doubt thought, as a great many Christians do at the present day, that it was doing most too much to give *all* to the Lord, that it would answer the purpose just as well if they gave *most* all. So when this man came into the room where Peter was, with his money, he laid it at the apostle's feet, as though he was making a complete surrender of the entire amount. Peter did not ask him if that was the full sum of the price of his land, but seemed to know from the conduct of the man that he was keeping back a portion. Peter says, "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." Acts 5:3, 4. Ananias could not deny his deception, nor offer an excuse, but was so overcome with a sense of his guilt that he fell dead upon the floor. His wife, not knowing what had happened, came in shortly after, and was asked by Peter if they had sold the land for so much, and how it was that they had agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord. The words of Peter struck a deep sense of shame and guilt to her heart, and she also sunk down upon the floor and yielded up the ghost.

Dear children, what important lesson can we learn from this account of Ananias and his wife? What was it recorded in God's word for, but for our instruction? I think

we can see what a fearful crime it is to lie, and especially to lie to the Lord. How easy it is to commit this sin. Before we are aware of it we break our promises to God; and is not this lying? Have you never told the Lord that you would love him and serve him with your *whole* heart? and have you done so? Are you fulfilling that promise to-day? and every day? Remember the fate of Ananias and Sapphira who pretended to give all, but kept back a part. It is better not to promise than to promise and not pay. Yet, this does not release us from our obligations to God, for he requires us to promise and pay too. It is a fearful thing to lie to God, and he will certainly punish all who do so. Be careful, then, of your words, and keep in mind that God's eye is ever upon you. He knows all your thoughts, and can penetrate every motive. He loves you, and wants to make you happy. Eternal life with Jesus in that beautiful city is promised to all who will give God their *whole* hearts, and serve him faithfully to the end.

C. S. VEEDER.

Battle Creek, Mich.

HELPERS.

POOR old fellow! He can hardly get along. Let's lend him a hand. And so they did. And the old man, with the help of the lads, soon got his trunk to the top of the hill, and then it was easy work after that.

Are you a helper? Are there any who are the better for you? any whose load you lighten? any to whom you are a comfort? Are you trying to lead any to God? We cannot tell what power our words may have. But one day we shall know; and if we are faithful, we may find many souls won, to shine as stars in the crown of our rejoicing, who might have been lost if we had spoken no word for Jesus.

If you are not a helper, are you hindering? Does your course of life give praise to any heart? Do those who are laboring for Christ find you a hinderance? Learn from these lads. Help, and do not hinder.

Help the poor, the old; help all you can. Do not spend your time and strength in sin, or folly, or selfishness. Try to do good for Christ's sake. Yes, for Christ's sake. That is the true motive. They who feel what Jesus has done for them, are the best helpers. He went about doing good. He died to save sinners. May you be led by the Holy Spirit to be a helper for his sake.

—Young Reader.

THE NARROW WAY.

IN this world there are two ways, into one or the other of which every person has traveled or is traveling. Of these two ways, one is a narrow path, the other is a broad road. But few walk in the narrow way, because of its difficult entrance, and the narrowness of the path. Many can walk together in it; but they must be agreed, and follow the instructions given by the Lord of the country to which this path leads. He has passed over the way, and left his good deeds as waymarks to guide the traveler all along its course.

A person just setting out to travel this way has to lay aside a great many things which are considered of much value to those on the broad road. These form a large load, and would hinder the progress of the traveler, or stop his course altogether. Among these are pride, love of applause, jesting, selfishness, envy, idleness, and a great number of other hurtful things. A goodly number of persons have been known to set out together upon this road, and all went well for a time; but after a while it would be found out that some of them had brought along one or more of these articles, which produces much trouble among them all.

It often happens that rather than part with these hurtful things, they will turn away, and take the broad road which they formerly traveled. Along the whole course of this strait path, there is a number of by-paths into which the traveler is liable to wander, these lead to the broad road; and if a person does not find out his mistake, and return, he is hopelessly ruined. Many wander off in this way, even when their journey is nearly completed. Thus, but few finally succeed in gaining the object for which they set out in the beginning to obtain; yet all might, as well as the few, had they not become weary in well-doing.

The traveler is provided with a suitable armor, which protects him from harm in attacks of his enemies. It requires much patience and perseverance to get this armor, in all its parts, fitted to a person, from the fact that the pattern is perfect, and to wear it well, he must grow into it.

Those journeying this road, call themselves pilgrims, because they have no abiding city here, but seek for one that is to come. This road is called the "highway of holiness"; it overlooks the broad road, and the traveler can see the evil that is going on in the latter, and the sad end of those upon its course.

The narrow way is in many places rough, difficult to travel; but the prospect ahead encourages the weary pilgrim, and fills his heart with contentment and peace. He knows if he goes on, he will by-and-by arrive at his journey's end, and be permitted to enter the beautiful city, and become a resident of the most delightful country which the heart of man could desire. Besides this, he will eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and live forever, and sing the songs of the redeemed throughout an endless eternity.

C. GREEN.

Battle Creek, Mich.

TIME IS PASSING.

TIME is running in his chariot,
 Rapidly his wheels go round;
 Though they leave no dust behind them,
 Though they have no rumbling sound;
 Silently they bear us onward,
 Soon our journey will be o'er,
 Soon our feet shall press the meadows
 Of the vast, eternal shore.

"WHAT do you pour down for now?" said the grasses to the November rain; "you will do us no good."

"There are other folks in the world to look out for besides you," answered the rain; "all the wells and springs are to be filled for winter."

SWEETNESS IN SORROW.

IS sweet to learn the happy art
Of culling, from each bitter smart,
The gems of hallowed pleasure;
For, though long hidden from our eyes,
Within our rugged grief oft lies
A wealth of diamond treasure.

And if we cut with skillful care
The mold that hides the jewel rare,
Soon will its dazzling beauty
Flash brightly on our raptured sight,
With crystal rays of living light
Luming the path of duty.

We climb the cliffs that we may eat
The grapes that hang in clusters sweet,
Along the rocks eternal;
And gaze, with more than rapture, through
The diamond-sprinkled arch of blue,
Into the land supernal.

We wander through earth's tangling maze,
Among sunken snares and slippery ways,
That in our grief's completeness,
Our heavenly Guide may nearer come,
Changing the wild to Eden's bloom,
With love's enchanting sweetness.

So, when the briars pierce our feet,
We'll say, "There must be roses sweet,
Just here, worth our possessing,"
And spend no more the grief-stung hours
In murmuring, but in search for flowers,
Twined with celestial blessing.

—Sel.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LITTLE by little the sands gather
upon the dunes till farms are laid
waste and towns buried. A snow-
flake is small, but the fall which fills
the valleys and covers the mountains
is made up of flakes. The coral
worker is a tiny mason, but he adds
brick to brick upon the walls of his temple
springing from the bed of the ocean till he
has lifted its roof above the water, and an
island is formed from the depths upon it.
They are very small particles of mist which
the sun takes from the dew-drop, and which
the wind carries away to the clouds, but
falling in torrents they swell rivers and
overwhelm cities.

Only little by little does the child gather
sands of truth, but these are golden sands
and form piles of the wealth of wisdom as
old age comes on. Certainly it is a slow
work to educate the ignorant, and elevate
the degraded. God has been engaged in it
for six thousand years, and yet is not tired
nor discouraged, though the progress of his
class has been slow, and sometimes back-
ward in spite of his efforts, his love, his
entreaties, and his punishments. If his
thoughts were like man's thoughts, he would
long since have given up the task and tried
some new experiment. Through the long
ages of patriarchs and prophets, he has
worked and waited. Knowing the end from
the beginning, he sent forth his Son to be
rejected and slain, and still he works and
waits, century after century, the slow
footsteps of men; but success will come
at last, and the whole earth shall be full of
joy. Little by little the work goes on.
One cannot see the darkness pale in the
early morning, nor the light fade at even-
ing; but who doubts the day or night?

Little by little, better, kindlier, purer
thoughts crowd out the former. Slowly
intelligence is narrowing the domain of ig-
norance. Vice, which went unchallenged

at night, will hide itself in shame as day
dawns. The mustard seed is small, and
still less the addition which it takes to
itself from the soil with which to make
stem, and limb, and leaf; but day and
night the progress goes on till the fowls
of the air find in them a lodging place.

Little by little the meal is leav-
ened. The meal of mankind is very dry
and dead; but the leaven of grace can work
the whole mass into a measure of Christian
holiness. No heart is insensible to its
touch, or proof against its power. The
hangman yonder would be excused the sad
task of to-day had the Sabbath-school, the
church, and society, been united in leading
that young man from Satan to the Saviour,
years ago. Gospel leaven might have
changed him into a child of grace had it
been brought to bear favorably upon his
childhood and youth. The world is not to
be educated, reformed, purified, and saved,
in a day, nor by a miracle, but by Christian
effort, little by little.

It took a long time to Christianize Great
Britain. From the days of the apostles the
work has been going on slowly. How slowly
sometimes, and it is not completed yet; but
the Great Britain of to-day beams with mil-
lennial glory compared with itself when
Cæsar trod its shore. Shut up its grog-
shops, educate its masses, and "merry
England" would sing with the lark and
nightingale, and shine with a Christian civil-
ization, fair as the moon and bright as the
sun. Little by little this will appear. One
by one souls are converted. The sand,
the snow-flakes, and the coral, all ex-
hort the Christian worker to persever-
ance, and promise him triumph.—*Atlanta
Advocate.*

NOVEL READING.

NOVEL reading is a sin of such mag-
nitude, a practice so pernicious,
and so detrimental to the mind, that
I would say to those who are ad-
dicted to it, as the angel said to
Lot, "Escape for thy life." Break
the bands that bind you to so fatal
a delusion. Satan uses various instruments
to win souls from Jesus, and one is, novel
reading. It weakens the mind, destroys
the memory, and ruins spirituality. It is
an evil which, if persisted in, will wean the
mind from everything of a holy and relig-
ious character. It produces a false, un-
healthy, unnatural excitement upon the
mind, and kindles an unholy flame within
the breast of all who indulge in it.

The influence which light literature has
upon the mind is sad in the extreme. It
unfits the reader to enjoy the realities of
life. It substitutes fiction for facts—the
spurious for the genuine. It may seem
harmless and inoffensive—a thing to be eas-
ily dropped if evil results follow. But
Satan weaves his web about the reader in
such a way as to make it almost impossible
to extricate himself from its fascinating
power.

Beware of the first misstep. One wrong
habit will cause a desire for rocks and
mountains to hide from us the face of Him
that sitteth upon the throne.

M. WOOD.

PATIENCE is the key of content.

THE HUNGRY CHILDREN FED.

POOR widow spoke one morning to
her five young children:

"My dear children, I can give
you nothing to eat this morning. I
have no bread, no meal, not even an
egg in the house. Ask the dear Lord
to help us. He is rich and mighty,
and has said himself, 'Call upon me in the
day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'"

Little Hans who was scarcely six years
old, went very hungry and sad on his way
to school. As he passed by the open door
of the church, he went in, and kneeled down
before the altar. As he saw no person in
the church, he prayed with a loud voice.

"Dear Father in Heaven, we children
have nothing to eat. Our mother has no
bread, no meal, not even an egg. O, help
us. Give us and our dear mother something
to eat. Thou art rich and mighty, and can
easily help us."

So prayed little Hans in his childish sim-
plicity, and afterward went to school.
When he came home, he saw upon the table
a large loaf of bread, a dish of meal, and a
basket of eggs.

"Now, thanks to God," cried he, joyfully;
"he has heard my prayer. Mother, has an
angel brought all these things through the
window?"

"No," said the mother; "but still God
has heard your prayer. As you kneeled at
the altar, a good lady was kneeling also in
her place in the church. You could not see
her, but she saw you and heard your
prayer. She has sent us these things. She
is the angel through whom God has helped
us. Now, thank God, and never forget
through your whole lives to 'call upon God
in the day of trouble.'"

THE COLORS OF GEMS.

CAN science explain the coloring of gems?
Everybody knows that the white light
which reaches us from the sun and other
heavenly bodies can be decomposed into a
number of colored rays by passing it through
a triangular prism. A child blowing a
soap-bubble produces colors as splendid.
In fact, a thin plate of any transparent
substance whatever becomes colored under
white light. Striated surfaces also offer ef-
fects not less brilliant; so that, to clothe cer-
tain insects more vividly, nature has grooved
the tissue that envelops them. The rainbow,
which the sun paints in so many colors in
the drops of the falling shower, is the trans-
cendent effects of decomposed light. Nat-
ure, with a palette, so to speak, charged
only with white, knows the art of spreading
over all her pictures the magic and glow of
the most brilliant coloring. But we have
not exhausted all the resources of this col-
oring, the secret of which is the light itself.
Here science is at fault; and we must still
say what Huyghens said at the end of the
seventeenth century, "In spite of the labors
of Newton, no one has yet fully discovered
the cause of the color of the bodies." We
must then admire, without penetrating their
secret, the peerless red of the oriental ruby,
the pure yellow of the topaz, the unmingled
green of the emerald, the soft blue of the
sapphire, and the rich violet of the amethyst.
—*Journal of Chemistry.*

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER, 1872.

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

SEED SOWN ON GOOD GROUND.

ALADY desiring her nephew to read the INSTRUCTOR, accordingly sent his name and address, with the subscription price, to this Office. He read it, and was delighted with it. He tried to find out who sent it, that the person might be rewarded in some way.

He did not succeed in finding out, so he resolved to have it sent to a little girl who had no religious reading. Her parents loved the fashions and follies of the world. They did not profess religion, so their daughter did not have the advantage of such training.

Some time after this, the lady first mentioned visited the family of the little girl. While there, she found the girl kneeling at prayer, and said to her, "Who taught you to pray?" She replied that she had received a youth's paper that taught her to pray, and that her mother permitted her to do so.

"Yes," said the mother; "and I don't know what we shall do; for we cannot go to balls and parties any more while our child is praying for us, and begging us not to go, and we shall have to join with her if she continues this way." Prayers and dancing do not go well together.

Can we not hope that the good seed sown may spring up, and bear abundant fruit? Let us be of good cheer, and continue to spread the gospel light. Who will join in the good work of circulating the INSTRUCTOR?

Influence of Christian Character.

THE gorgeous autumn flowers were in full bloom. Love for the beautiful in nature caused me to pause and admire the deep-tinted, well-shaped dahlias that nodded their royal heads as I passed by. The many varieties, contrasting so well with the dark green foliage, presented an admirable picture. Solomon in all his glory truly was not arrayed like one of these.

A lady gave me a delicate white flower, which, were it not for its rich perfume, would scarcely be noticed among its party-colored companions. Though small, it was so scented as to fill my room with its fragrance. The bright flowers were only pleasing to the eye, but this had greater charms.

As I held this sweet flower in my hand, and inhaled its delicious odor, I could not but think how truly the Christian character is represented by it. Dear reader, what in-

fluence are you shedding around you from day to day? Is it a savor of life unto life? If your life is hid with Christ in God, you will be constantly, though perhaps unconsciously, shedding a holy influence.

Some may have great beauty of form or feature, and attract admiration by their brilliancy; but the true Christian, however humble his position in life, will cast a sweetness upon the path of others, will be a blessing wherever he goes, and can easily be distinguished by his holy influence.

Dear reader, are you an earnest Christian?

TRY IT.

IHAVE just been reading about a little girl who thought it could not be that it was more blessed to give than to receive.

She said "How can that be, mother? I am always so pleased when you give me anything. I don't think it would make me as happy to give away."

"Try it," said her mother. "I know you give money to the poor, but then all your wants are supplied; there is but little self-denial in that. But if you possess any article you value very much, and, seeing another person who really needs it more than you, deny yourself, and give it up, then you will taste the blessedness of giving, and feel much happier in parting with your treasure than you did in receiving it."

Amy was but a little girl; so this appeared a difficult lesson; but as it was mother who spoke, she thought it must be true.

The next day, as Amy was going to school, she overtook one of her school-mates. It was a bitter cold morning, and as the keen, frosty air brought the color into Amy's cheeks, and made her eyes sparkle, she said, "Oh! what a nice morning." The little girl at her side said, "Oh! but I am so cold." Amy, for the first time, noticed how blue and purple her hands looked, and how thinly clothed she was, and ill-protected from the cold wind.

Amy was not a hard-hearted child, but thoughtless. She had not noticed how Emma (for that was the little girl's name) tried in vain to make her small shawl shield her from the cold, piercing wind; nor that her hands had no covering, and were almost frozen. Protected herself by cloak, furs, mittens, and hood, she did not feel the wind as it swept past them with its icy breath.

Amy thought, I will give her my mittens, and took them off. They were a new pair her grandmother had knit for her, of a bright scarlet color, and as Amy looked at them, she thought, Oh! how pretty they are. I can't give them away. I wish she had some so I could keep them. Amy knew Emma needed them more than she did, and as she thought of what her mother said, she felt ashamed that she had hesitated a moment.

"Here, Emma," she said, "take my mittens, I do not need them and a muff too," and she handed them to Emma. She took them and put them on; and as Amy saw how delighted she was, and heard her, "Thank you, Amy, they are so soft and

warm," she felt that what her mother had said was true.

When Amy returned home at night, she told her mother what she had done, and added, "Oh! mother, I am so glad I gave her my mittens, I have tried it, and I know it is more blessed to give than to receive." And her smiling, happy face was evidence that she felt what she said.

Here is a lesson for you, dear reader. Try for yourself. Do not think you know until you do try. How much do you sacrifice to make others happy? Seek to make others happy, and in so doing, you will be happy yourself. Try it.

JENNIE MERRIAM.

Battle Creek, Mich.

DECEMBER, fat and rosy, strides,
His old heart warm, well clothed his sides,
With kindly work for young and old,
The cheerier for the bracing cold;
Laughing a welcome, open flings
His doors, and as he does it, sings.

—Chambers' Journal.

WORDS OF CHEER.

DEAR CHILDREN: I am so well pleased with the neat appearance of the INSTRUCTOR, and with the excellent reading matter it contains, that I esteem it a pleasure to join with you in words of good cheer for those to whom God has intrusted its publication; and, above all, in heartfelt thanksgiving to Heaven for the bright light that shines upon your pathway through its pages. May the Lord bless the instruction you thus receive to your spiritual good.

If I could take each of you by the hand, and express my strongest desire in your behalf, it would be that you seek and find the Saviour while you are young. You need not expect to become men and women; time is too short. There is a solemn event just before us; it is that of Jesus leaving the sanctuary, and thus closing probation. If you are not saved then, you will be forever lost. If you could know that you should live till Jesus comes, would it be right for you to put off salvation, and thus presume upon the mercy of God, when he has done so much to warn and instruct you, and provide for your comfort and happiness?

Make your lives useful. With the advice of your parents you can procure subscribers for the INSTRUCTOR. Who would be better qualified to recommend it to others than you who are so well acquainted with its excellent qualities? and what parents could resist your plea to subscribe for your excellent paper for their children?

Honor your parents. As children, this is your chief duty. If your parents are true Christians, they will properly direct you in regard to particular duties. Cultivate a cheerful disposition. Make it a rule never to fret or scold, no matter what the provocation. If you have done wrong, confess it before you go to your bed, that you may close your eyes in sleep with the glad assurance of conscious innocence; and awake in the morning, like the birds—full of song. Do not forget to pray. Jesus will give you power to overcome every sin, and will send holy angels to guard you against the enemy.

A. SMITH.

MEMORY.

OND memory will recall the forms
Of those we loved, though passed away,
Free from the troubles and the storms,
That here beset the pilgrim way.

None tread a thornless path below,
Though roses greet us through the shower;
And in the genial, sunlight glow,
Oft sorrow lurks beneath the flower.

Though specious phases life may wear,
And many a pleasing mask put on;
How soon will fade the bright and fair,
How soon life's golden hour be gone.

The dear companions of our way,
Who fought the fight, whose race is run,
Have borne the burden of the day,
Now sweetly sleep in yonder tomb.

Those forms if found among the blest
Will soon again appear;
And we, if faithful, can unite
With those we hold so dear.

J. L. INGS.

Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SABBATH CRADLE.

IN our trip to Block Island, we stopped over night in Newport, R. I., and visited places of interest, among which was the first Seventh-day Baptist meeting-house ever erected in America. Its exterior and interior are very plain, and it has withstood the ravages of time wonderfully. In the pulpit is a large Bible, with this inscription inside, "Presented to the Sabbatarian Church by the women of this Society, for the use of the Pastor, Dec. 25, 1796." On the wall (back of the speaker's head when he stands in the pulpit) are two tablets, one containing the first four, the other the last six, of the ten commandments in gilt letters, with this added: "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid; yea, we establish the law." Rom. 3: 31. How different the belief of those who had these lines inscribed from the disbelief of some who, not finding it in the Bible, search the writings of "the Fathers" for some excuse for first-day observance.

It is said that during the Revolutionary War, when churches were used for barracks for soldiers, a British officer and his men entered this; but when he saw the law of God, said no church containing that should be molested, and withdrew.

So here was the cradle of the infant Sabbath cause in America, and from this humble starting point have gone forth those who were strong in God, armed with Bible truth. The once faithful pastor, and those who listened so devoutly, with the little children who could just lisp, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," all, all have passed away, and beneath the green turf and budding daisies wait for the trump of God to call them forth.

But God's truth was not to lie hidden forever, and now in many places are faithful men proclaiming to the world that "the seventh day is the Sabbath." Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. Rev. 22: 14.

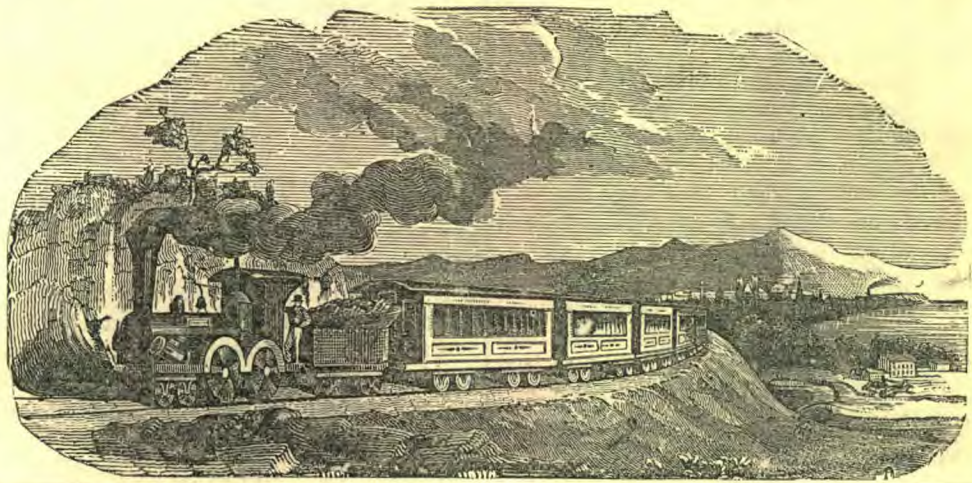
MARY MARTIN.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

IF a child had been born, and spent all his life, in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! Parents might tell him of its life, its light, its beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sands into mounds, and try to show him by stalactites how grass, flowers, and trees, grow out of the ground; till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land.

And yet, though he longed to behold it, when it came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals and rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But, when he came

up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright and blue and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a-glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and interpretations which were made within the cave of the things which grew and lived without; and how he would wonder that he could ever have regretted to leave the silence and dreary darkness of his old abode! So, when we, at the resurrection of the just, emerge from this cave of earth into that land where spring growths are, and where is eternal summer, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!—*Advent Herald*.



THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

AN EASY ROUTE TO THE CELESTIAL CITY.

THE ease with which the devil makes people believe they can serve him, and still obtain a final entrance into Heaven, is well illustrated by a small tract published at this Office, entitled the "Celestial Railroad."

It is written in the style of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and represents a man living in the city of destruction. He became alarmed in regard to his condition as he heard that the city was to be burned by fire and brimstone, as Sodom and Gomorrah had been in the past. He was so affected by this idea that he ran through the streets, crying, "What shall I do to be saved."

Unfortunately at this time, instead of meeting with old Evangelist who had guided Christian, he met the Rev. Mr. Smooth-it-away, a popular minister of the place, who, instead of telling him how he could escape from the wrath to come, tried to persuade him that his fears were groundless, and that there was no danger at present, at least. But circumstances were such that he could not be persuaded to give up going to the Celestial City, and putting his fingers in his ears he ran through the City, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!"

But here he was met by an agent of the Rev. Mr. Smooth-it-away, who told him if he must go to the Celestial City, that there were better facilities offered now than in Mr. Bunyan's day, as a fine railroad had been built leading directly from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. The temptation to go to the Celestial City in

this way, and thus avoid all the trials and troubles necessary upon going the old way, on foot, was so strong, and as he just then came to the depot where the train was ready to start, he took his seat in the cars. The train started, and he was being borne along as he thought to the Celestial City.

He felt many times on the road that this was not the road that self-denying Christians should take, but it was so easy and pleasant to glide along without any exertion or effort on his part, that he stifled his own conscience, and passed along.

He often feared that the termination of the route would be different from what it had been represented to him. And thus it proved, for Christ has said, "He that would come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."

Dear young friends, let us take warning from this. The general effort of the present day is to find some easy route to Heaven. There is but one way to Heaven, and that is the narrow way our Saviour trod before us, of which he says, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

J. E. WHITE.

HOW TO OBEY.—Do it at once. Never wait to be told a second time. Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way, even in part. Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly, cross, peevish way. Don't fret, and grumble, and talk back. Only cheerful obedience can be pleasing to God and man.

Speak evil of no man.

THE best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is a precious book,
And should be read with care;
Oh! let us never overlook
The counsels written there.

It tells us of a city fair,
Where all is pure and bright;
The angels dwell in glory there,
And Jesus is its light.

Then let us take it for our guide
And follow where it leads,
Repenting of our sinfulness
While Jesus intercedes.

BENNIE H. WELCH.

Battle Creek, Mich.

A TERRIFIC STORM.

YOUNG FRIENDS: A sad and afflictive occurrence causes me to pen these lines. This part of the country has been visited by a terrific storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. Such vivid lightning and appalling thunder was enough to make the stoutest heart tremble, and cause us to think of that great and terrible day when the heavens shall depart as a scroll, and every mountain and every island shall be moved out of their places.

At the beginning of the storm, a neighbor's house was struck by lightning, and one, the youngest and healthiest of the family, was killed in his bed. He had retired only a short time before, and probably had been asleep only a few moments, when the bolt was sent that ushered him into eternity.

I thought, as I looked at his lifeless form, how necessary that we give our hearts to Jesus in our youth, and thus be prepared for whatever may be in store for us. Who among us can say they are ready to be called away as suddenly as this little boy? He laid him down to sleep, but will not arise until the morning of the resurrection when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall awake.

Dear children, let us flee to Jesus now, and make him our trust, that we may have a sure hiding place, and be welcomed by the Saviour to eternal mansions where no fierce storms or heart-breaking sorrows will ever reach us.

J. E. GREEN.

Hebron, Wis.

CREEPING UP CLOSE TO GOD.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

BATTIE, a bright little girl, was once traveling with her father on a railway train. When night came, she was afraid and restless. Her father wrapped her up in shawls, folded her to his breast, and bade her sleep, saying he would keep watch over her. Still the child was fearful, and every now and then peeped out from her wraps, and said, "O father, I am afraid to go to sleep here."

Again her father soothed her with kind and gentle words, until her heart grew calm and she fell into a long, dreamless sleep, from which she did not awake until morning brought her to the station near her home.

Having arrived at her home, her mother embraced her fondly, and asked, "Did not my little girl find her night journey long and wearisome?"

"Oh! no, mother; not at all," replied the child; "I had such a good sleep, and father watched over me all night. At first I was afraid to go to sleep in that strange place; but he told me to lean against him, and shut my eyes, and rest easily, for he would stay awake and take care of me. So I crept close to him, and before I knew it, I was really and truly asleep, and father stayed awake and took care of me all night. How I do love him for it."

Now this sweet trust of the child in her earthly father touchingly illustrates the faith of the psalmist in the text quoted above. She crept close to her father, and her fears were quieted. The psalmist was creeping close to his Heavenly Father when, trembling before the hosts of enemies which environed him, he forced himself to exclaim, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and fortress." Mark! he does not say the Lord is my refuge. He was too much afraid of his enemies, too weak in faith for that; but he was trying to creep close enough to God to be able to say it, and so he cried, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and fortress. In him will I trust." That he succeeded is apparent from the remaining part of the psalm (the ninety-first), which closes with the most triumphant expressions of a victorious faith.

Let this be your lesson, children! Your heart trembles and is afraid. You feel unequal to victorious contest with the foes which gather so thickly about you. You are filled with misgivings and doubts. These fears can be calmed by nothing but the act of creeping close to your Heavenly Father, and saying, "The Lord is my refuge and my fortress." That faith will quell all your alarms, calm your fears, and spread more than a summer evening's quiet over your spirit. Go, then, trembling soul, to the cross of Christ, and resolutely cry,

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

You will not long use these words earnestly before you will be a glad believer, singing:

"My God with me in every place!
Firmly does the promise stand,
On land or sea, with present grace
Still to aid us near at hand.
If you ask, 'Who is with thee?'
God is here, my God with me!

"No depth, nor prison, nor the grave,
Can exclude him from his own:
His cheering presence still I have,
If in crowds or all alone.
In whatever state I be,
Everywhere is God with me!"

—Good News.

OUR THOUGHTS.

HOW would it purify, exalt, hallow—in a word, Christianize—our thoughts, if we habitually strove to cherish only such as we would wish to be found cherishing were our Lord suddenly to appear!

Need I remark how agonizing, on the one hand it would be to be surprised by our Redeemer, at his coming, brooding

over impure, resentful, envious, repining, or any shape or shade of sinful thoughts? But how delightful, on the other hand, to be found meditating on the Saviour's matchless love, and all the proofs of it he crowded into his life of suffering, and his death of shame—or the divine beauties of his character—or the inestimable privileges of his people, or the innumerable tokens we have ourselves received of his unwearied loving-kindness, sympathy, and care—or contriving some benevolent scheme by which we might be enabled, in a spirit of grateful affection, to advance his glory, or, in his own sweet spirit of divine philanthropy, to mitigate the amount of human misery, and increase the sum of human happiness, as far as our influence extends.

The vast importance of using *such* a standard to regulate our thoughts, and keeping *such* a constant guard over them, will appear, if we reflect on the immense influence which the thoughts we voluntarily cherish exercise in the formation of our character and the regulation of our conduct. Were our thoughts habitually fixed on God, and Christ, and Heaven, how would it tend to impart to us more and more of the character of God, the spirit of Christ, and the temper of Heaven. On the other hand, it is actually frightful to consider what a terrific series of sinful actions may flow, by natural consequence, from the deliberate indulgence of a *single sinful thought*—not honestly and prayerfully resisted, when first flashed on us, either by some external object, the workings of our own deceitful and desperately wicked hearts, or the diabolical inspiration of the author of all evil!—*See*.

FEAR NOT.

THERE are a great many "fear nots" in the Bible. We find God speaking thus encouragingly to his people, from Genesis to Revelation. The frequency of the occurrence of these two words prove how ready God's people are to fear; that, after all, there is no real reason for their fears, and that God would have them be without fear. He would have his people, for whom he has done so much, courageous and confident; happy, and hopeful. Satan tries to make them cowardly and foreboding, miserable, and despairing; and sometimes they are but too prone to fall in with him. We should think on what goes before and follows after these "fear nots." If we look at the many passages in which they occur, we shall find that they imply trial and temptation, difficulty and perplexity; and it may be that in some cases, failure, mistakes, and even sins of a worse kind, have preceded them. If the histories of Abraham, Jacob, David, Paul, and others, are examined, and if we note what went before the "fear nots" addressed to them, we shall see the truth of all this.

And yet what gracious words constantly accompany these two kind syllables; what sufficient reasons are assigned for this prohibition? "Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." "Fear not, Jacob, for I will go with thee." "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good

pleasure to give you the kingdom," etc., etc. And those who have welcomed these good words, and rested their souls upon them, have been enabled to be of good courage, have conquered their enemies, encouraged others, and sang in the midst of danger, "Whom shall I fear? of whom shall I be afraid?" "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid."

"The best way to get rid of the wrong fear is to possess the right in a high degree." Fear God with holy, filial fear, and you will not fear any enemies, either inward or outward, with cowardly fear. Communion with God is the best friend to courage. The holy angels are always full of reverential fear, but they know not what any other fear is. They never need a "fear not," nor require to be exhorted to "fear God."

Some of God's people have many fears concerning their state. They fear that, after all, they are not right for eternity. Though they have really rested on Jesus, and on him alone, and earnestly desire to be like him, and to serve him, yet they see so much evil in their hearts and histories, and so little good that they think will bear the test, that they conclude it is reasonable for them to fear and doubt, whatever confidence others may have. While passing through a temptation of this kind, the snare was broken by the two following considerations: Suppose that you had done a thousand times more for Christ than you have, and done all a thousand times better, would all that be the least ground of hope before God? None whatever. Not all the obedience of men and angels combined would meet my case. I must have a divine righteousness, an infinite atonement! Next, suppose your sins were a thousand times more than they are, would not that atonement cover them, and that righteousness clothe you. It is even so, glory to the infinite Saviour! I would say so to the worst of sinners; and why should I not believe it for myself? Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief. I would magnify the blood of Jesus above all my vileness, and with a conscience purified from guilt, serve thee without fear. I would realize abiding peace, that I may reach after higher purity, and abound in loving service. —Rev. J. Cox.

"Honor thy Father and thy Mother."

ASKED little Mary what she understood by the above command, and her answer surprised me. She said, "Being kind to them."

I wondered how she thought such a very little girl could be "kind" to her parents. So I asked: If your mother told you to do something, sweep a room perhaps, and you did as she told you, would that be honoring her?

"Yes," said Mary, "if I wanted to, it would, but if I didn't it would not be honoring her."

This, then, was her idea—not simply doing as she was told, but doing it cheerfully—not obedience only, but loving obedience. Real obedience is obedience from the heart. Children, was little Mary right?

Sometimes boys and girls do what their parents tell them, not cheerfully, but with angry, scowling faces. The anger manifests itself too in the way the work is done. They do not take pains to do as well as they

can, and if they have an opportunity, by some apparently careless act to make more work than they do, they do not fail to avail themselves of it. Yet if you were to tell some little girl whom you should see behaving so that she was not minding her mother, very likely she would be surprised, and say, Why, I am doing just what she told me to. But there was no obedience in her heart.

Perhaps some bright-eyed boy or girl will say, How can I always want to do what I am told to? How can I love to do disagreeable things? By thinking how much you owe your parents, how kind they have been to you, and how many times they have done things for you that were unpleasant and hard too. You may love to do things that are disagreeable, because, when you do them cheerfully, you prove that you really love your parents.

There is one who has said, "My son, give me thy heart." He has proclaimed himself a jealous God, requiring "truth in the inward parts." The promise is recorded, "They that seek me early shall find me." Are you honoring God?

ELIZA J. BURNHAM.

Battle Creek, Mich.

THE BOOK OF GOD'S GOODNESS.

WHICHEVER way I turn,
Whichever way I look—
Above, below, around, beside—
I read, as in a book,
From all I have, or feel, or see,
That God is very good to me.

At home, my father's smile,
Or mother's tender care—
Blessings at bed and board
Attend me everywhere;
And all around will still agree
That God is very good to me.

Then let my childish voice
Give thee, O Lord, the praise;
And be thy love my guide
Through all my coming days;
And let my whole existence be
A look of gratitude to thee.

—Sel.

DECEMBER.

ALTHOUGH the twelfth month, December retains its old Roman name of the tenth. It is the dullest and dreariest of the twelve. In November we console ourselves thinking that there is, or may be, worse weather to come; in January we think that the worst is over; yet even in December there are some very bright spots. In this month we have Christmas, with all its joys; and during the few short, bright, crisp days that every December brings forth, the healthy pedestrian enjoys an amount of exhilaration he is a stranger to in warmer days, and calls it fine, bracing weather. There is, unfortunately, a reverse to this. The "fine, bracing weather" can only be enjoyed by those who are well clad, well shod, and warmly housed. The poor, who are without these comforts, find themselves cramped and pinched and miserable; but, to them, December is not without some joy, for it is a season of almsgiving; the wealthy open their purses to their poorer brethren, and the more inclement the season, the more liberal are their gifts.

FATHERLY CARE.

THE ice-king has laid his cold hand on the hills;
They cannot now playfully leap down the hill;
Snowy mountain and valley alike are made hoary,
Jack Frost reigns triumphant, alone in his glory.

One sees, now and then, a lonely snow-bird,
But dear robin redbreast no longer is heard
Warbling out a glad song to the praise of her Maker;
She has gone where the ice-king cannot overtake her.

Who guides the dear birds, that they never get lost
When seeking a home to escape from the frost?
Our Father in Heaven, he leads them aright
Till away in the bright sunny South they alight.

So long as the lofty old hills shall remain,
And spring shall renew their bright verdure again,
Our kind, loving Father shall still fondly care
For the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

Not a robin or sparrow can fall to the ground,
Not a raven may cry but he heareth the sound;
Then will not our Father in Heaven be nigh,
And bless us, dear children, when we, too, shall cry?

Oh! yes. "Are ye not of more value than they?"
In accents most tender, we hear Jesus say;
And surely, if God takes such care of a bird,
Our prayers, if sincere, cannot fail to be heard.

—Golden Threads.

LIFE A FAILURE.

A GENTLEMAN of high standing in the State of —, a lawyer, a politician, a man of talents, and as the world estimates, a man who was successful in all his undertakings, was suddenly arrested by disease, and soon brought to the close of life.

As it was evident that he could live but a few days, he was asked by a friend how he felt as he looked back upon his past life. And the answer, coming from a man of sense and thought, with eternity full in his view, was striking and memorable. "With all its success, I now see and feel that my life has been a failure! I have not gained one of the great ends for which life was given, and now it is too late to gain them."

What a thought—what a feeling—what a prospect, for the hour when life is closing, and eternity is to be entered, and character and destiny, and state, are to be forever fixed! What a lesson to impress on all right views of the great ends for which life was given, and to lead every one so to live here as to be preparing for the life beyond this world!

"Life a failure!" God does not design it to be so. As in early days we look forward to its coming scenes, we do not desire or intend it to be a failure, but only a success. And yet there is but one way to success, but one way to make sure of the great ends for which life was given; and that is to be guided by God's truth, walk in the way that he points out, rest our hopes on his mercy, and be consecrated in heart and life to his service. Thus we may form that character we shall wish to endure, and make sure results in which we shall rejoice forever in Heaven!—Sel.

ROCKVILLE, BATES CO., MO.

DEAR EDITOR: Your paper is the best paper that I have ever read. I do not take it, but I intend to right away, and I will do all in my power for it. Good-bye.

SAMUEL B. VICKERS.

