

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

"I LOVE THOSE THAT LOVE ME: AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME." PROV. VIII, 17.

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GOD OUR FATHER.

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Blest are children who have taken
God to be their God and guide;
They shall never be forsaken,
In his keeping they abide.

He will be their God forever,
Watching o'er them all the day;
Nothing from his love can sever,
None can turn his love away.

"Come to me," the invitation
Free, he offers to us all;
"Come, partake my full salvation,
Hear your heavenly Father's call."

God of mercy, take us to thee,
Guide our hearts to seek thy grace;
May we as our Father view thee,
Grant us all the children's place.

Through this world while here we wander,
Till we reach our home and thee,
In the world of glory yonder,
Our eternal Father be.—*London Mis. Rep.*

The Holy Coat.

"Children, have you heard about the holy coat?"

"Holy coat!" you will exclaim. "I know about coats, but not holy ones; we don't call coats holy."

"I mean the holy coat which, the Romanists say, cures lame, and blind, and sick people."

"No, indeed! a coat turned doctor? a new thing indeed! a coat cure sick folks! what can you mean? There is no such coat really, I am sure; is there?"

"Let me tell you about this coat, said to be so wonderful. There is a Roman-catholic city in Germany called Treves—perhaps you had better find it on the map; it contains a large Roman-catholic church many hundreds of years old, with an archbishop at the head of it. A few years ago the bishop was out of money, and how he should get some was a very important question. I suppose he was in the same plight pope Leo was, three hundred years before. The pope was poor, and wanted money. Do you know what plan he hit upon to fill his purse? 'I will make people pay me for pardoning their sins,' said he; 'a pardon for small sins, I will sell cheap—large sins must cost more.' Now the Bible was a very scarce book; so the poor people were ignorant, and believed the pope could pardon their sins. A great many pardons were sold, and the pope became very rich. But the affair made a great

stir in some quarters, and well-nigh overturned the pope's authority. The archbishop of Treves did not like to play that game over. 'Ah, I'll show the holy coat, and cause the people to come and confess their sins to that and get healed,' said he; 'yes, and pay for the sight too.'

"The holy coat, the Romanists declare, is the seamless robe which Jesus Christ wore when he lived upon the earth, and which the soldiers cast lots for at his crucifixion. You remember about it, do you not? The archbishop of Treves said he had that very coat sacredly stowed away in the church. So he caused it to be published, far and wide, that in the Summer of 1844, the holy coat was to be exhibited over the high altar of the great church, and that whoever desired to be blessed by looking at it, or cured by touching it, must come ready to pay for so great a privilege. It seems strange to us that people could believe in such things even from the mouth of a bishop. But they did, because their minds were blinded by idle stories, instead of being enlightened by true Bible knowledge. As soon as the news passed from village to village, the men could think of nothing else; they began to leave their farms and work-shops, the women their houses and babies, and scraping together all the money they could, flocked towards Treves. The roads in all directions, east, west, north and south, were crowded with pilgrims—some sick, some lame, some infirm—all eagerly longing to behold the holy coat, and all expecting to be made better by the sight. The city was filled. At certain hours the great doors of the church were thrown open, and the people marched in solemn procession up to the altar, where the robe in a glass frame was hung up in broad view. On casting their eyes upon it, 'Holy coat, hear us,' 'holy coat, save us,' 'holy coat,' issued from their lips: they stop a moment, look anxiously at it, then fling down their money to a priest who stands near to receive it, pass around and go out. So great was the press that the church was open from morning to midnight, and every day there was an enormous heap of money collected, which showed that the coat was a very profitable one at least. It was calculated that more than a million of men, women, and children, paid a visit to this relic, and a great many stories were told of the wonderful cures wrought by touching it; but I believe it was always very difficult to hunt up the cured people: they were not to be seen, as those were whom the Saviour cured in so sudden and wonderful a manner. If you asked, 'Where are they? I want to

talk with somebody whom the holy coat has healed,' you would be told, 'Away off somewhere; could not say certainly just where.'

"How did it look, the holy coat?' some one may ask. It was of a reddish brown color, stretched over a piece of white silk in the form of the letter T. It seemed to have been made of flax, with no collar, and a hole for the head to pass through, and the whole was cased in glass, as I just told you.

"Thus this vast body of people were led to forsake their farms and families, and in the Summer also when the fields and flocks needed their care, and take a long and tedious journey, a great number of them on foot, to Treves, to be pardoned and blessed by the sight of an old coat. Pardon and blessing can only come through the knowledge of Jesus Christ and the influence of the Holy Spirit; an old coat can have nothing to do with it. But such, children, is the ignorance and folly in which Romanists are brought up. How much we ought to pity them, and how anxious ought you and I to be to give them the word of God, and not the word of priests and bishops, in order to make them truly wise.

"But how came the holy coat at Treves? what story do they tell about that?' some one may ask still.

"I will tell you, if my story is not already too long. More than three hundred years after Jesus Christ died, when a Christian empress named Helena began to think the *forms* of religion more important than piety in the *heart*, she paid a visit to Jerusalem for the purpose of hunting up relics of Jesus. It was pretended that among other things, his cross and coat came to light. Jerusalem, after his death, was totally destroyed and trodden under foot by the Roman soldiery. How these, for so long a period, and through such rough times, had been preserved from decay and from harm, is something which the Romanists do not pretend to account for. They say that Helena placed the cross in her own church at Constantinople; and the coat she presented to the church at Treves, because, as some say, she was born in that city. This same coat, it is pretended, has been kept in secret cells in and below the church, and after 1800 years was still in good preservation, and in 1844 it was exhibited as I have told you.

"But what is still more curious, there are two other churches in Europe, each of which claims to possess the same coat, and at various times there have been hot disputes carried on between the three coats; each claiming to be the genuine seamless robe of Jesus, and each calling the other a shameless interloper, a pretender, a false coat.

"This is what is called a *belief in relics*, a part of the Romish system. There are various kinds of relics; such as the holy coat, pieces of the cross, the tears of the Virgin Mary, St. John's hair, Peter's toes, Stephen's skull. Some of these have

been sold and re-sold at great prices. It is said that wood enough has been sold as the cross of Christ, to build a great seventy-four gun ship of war. These relics are foolishly supposed to heal the sick, and preserve their possessor from all the ills of life. Men and women believe these things; and yet, in a country where the *Bible* is read and studied, there is not a child in the Sabbath-school but knows enough to laugh at such idle stories: they know it is only *God* in Jesus Christ who can pardon sins, who can raise the sick, and defend us from harm—not an old coat, or a piece of wood, or saint's toes. Thank God, children, for the Bible, for it brushes away all such cobwebs from the mind, and points to the blessed 'Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.'

THE TWO BOOKS.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES." JOHN V. 39.

THE great and good God has given us a book to teach us his will, and how we may learn to please him and lead good and holy lives, so that we may finally be with him in heaven. Now every child knows what God's book is—that it is the Holy Bible; and all of you have seen it, and most of you have a copy of it for your own, that you may read and study it when you please. And ought you not to be thankful to have God's book? How many people in other countries have never seen this blessed book, to show them the way to heaven. Now let us consider this book.

It is the oldest book in the world, for parts of it were written long ages before Christ came into the world. Other books not near as old, are now lost, or very scarce and hard to find; but God has caused his book to be kept safely all this time, and its numbers to be more and more increased for our benefit. Then this book is all true, and what is said in it will come to pass. Our Lord says, "My words shall not pass away." Matt. xiii, 31. Also, we are told, "The word of the Lord endureth for ever." 1 Pet. i, 25.

Because they are God's words, they must be true; and as they are God's words, we should value them very much, and show great reverence for them, and also be very careful to study them, that we may know what they tell us. Therefore let us remember always what the Bible contains; and, that we may better do so, let us think over now some of its important truths.

First. It tells us that God created the world, and every thing in it; that he made man to live upon it, and created him holy and happy. Then it tells us that our first parents were disobedient to God, and sinned against him; that their fall brought sin into the world and into the hearts of all the people who have ever lived since, and that sorrow and death followed in consequence of sin; but that God, in pity and love for sinful men, then, even at the time of this sad entrance of sin, promised that a Saviour should come into the

world. Afterwards this book tells us how God gave his holy law to man in the ten commandments, and how he sent his prophets, that is, good men who were led by the Holy Spirit to speak what God commanded, to tell men to repent of their sins, and believe in the Saviour who was to come. A full account of this is in the Old Testament, besides many more very interesting things which you will see when you read more of it, and study it better as you grow older.

Then, in the New Testament, we are told that the promised Saviour came into the world; that he was born in a mean place, yet that angels rejoiced at his birth, and came down from heaven to proclaim God's good will to men; that the Saviour was an obedient, holy, and dutiful child; that when he grew up he preached to the people, and taught them about God's love and about their duty to him, and the way of salvation; that he did wonderful miracles to show them that he was indeed the Son of God; and at last was by wicked men put to death on the cross, that by his death we might be saved from eternal death; that he rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven, from whence he shall come to judge at the world.

But God has another book.

Yes, God has a book in heaven. This book is called the Book of life. It contains the names of all the children of God. See what is said in Rev. xx, 12. "And I saw the dead small and great stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened which is the Book of life; and the dead were judged out of the things written in the books, according to their works." Those happy ones whose names are retained in the Book of life, have believed in Jesus; they have committed their ways unto him while on earth, and their Saviour has not forgotten one of them, however young or humble; their names are all there; for he has said of each one, who by his help has overcome in the fight with sin, "I will not blot out his name out of the Book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and the holy angels." Rev. iii, 5.

How happy and blessed will all such be, for they shall enter into heaven, 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 anymore pain." Rev. xxi, 27. And if any should ask who are those blessed ones that will be happy for ever in the heavenly mansions, the answer is, "They that are written in the Lamb's Book of life." Rev. xx, 27.

Alas! for those unhappy ones whose names are not written in that book; for read what is said in the same chapter: "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Alas! for those who despise God's Book on earth, for they will tremble at the opening of God's book in heaven.

Dear reader, have you come to Jesus Christ? have you asked him to pardon your sins, and receive you as his child? to retain your name in his Book of life? Ah! if you have never done so before, do so now; and pray for the help of the Holy Spirit so to follow the teachings of God's Book on earth, that your name may be found in God's Book in heaven.—*Selected.*

A BIBLE LESSON.

WHERE is Palestine, and what is the general face of the country?

Palestine is in Asia, situated between the Mediterranean Sea and the river Jordan; it is a land of hills and valleys.

Where is Mount Lebanon?

It forms the Northern boundary of Palestine. For what is it noted?

It is noted for its fine cedars, delicious wines, and perpetual snow. Late travelers say that the lower mountains are covered with beautiful foliage, and the valleys and meadows with shrubs and flowers.

Where is Mount Hermon?

Mount Hermon is in the Southern part of Anti-Lebanon.

What ancient people inhabited Lebanon and Hermon?

Philistines, Canaanites, Sidonians, and the Hivites.

Were they subdued by the Israelites?

They were not.

What noted "hill" belonged to this range of mountains?

The hill Mizar.

Where was David, and what was his condition when he penned the Psalm which contains the words, "the hill Mizar?"

He had crossed the Jordan, and was fleeing before his rebellious son Absalom.

Where is Gilead?

On the East side of Jordan.

From what circumstance is its name derived?

From the covenant made between Laban and Jacob.

For what natural productions was it celebrated?

It was celebrated for spice, balm, and myrrh; it was also a place for cattle.

Where was the hill of Bashan?

It was West of the mountains of Gilead, and North of the river Jabbok.

What use did the Tyrians make of the oak of Bashan?

They made their oars of it.

Where was the mountain Abarim?

East side of Jordan, over against Jericho.

What two celebrated peaks in this range of mountains?

Nebo and Pisgah.

For what were they noted?

For being the place from which Moses had a view of the Promised Land.

What extent of prospect had Moses of the Promised Land from this eminence?

The Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the uttermost sea, and the South, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar.

What principal mountains on the West of Jordan?

Mount Naphtali, Mount Ephraim, and Mount Judah.

Where is Mount Carmel?

It is on the West side of Palestine, near the shore of the Mediterranean.

For what is it celebrated?

For its fertility. It is said by travelers it well deserves its Hebrew name, Carmel, which signifies a country of vineyards and gardens; it is covered with green. On its summit are pines and oaks; further down are olive and laurel trees, odoriferous plants and flowers, as hyacinths, jonquilles, and anemonies, grow wild upon this mountain.

For what memorable transaction was Mount Carmel noted?

It was noted as the usual residence of the prophets Elijah and Elisha. It was here that Elijah so successfully opposed the false prophets of Baal.

How high is Mount Carmel?

It is fifteen hundred feet high, and is said to contain one thousand natural caves.

Where is Mount Gilboa?

It forms in part the Western boundary of the valley of the Jordan.

For what is it noted?

It is noted for a battle between the Israelites and the Philistines. Israel fled before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Gilboa.

Where is Mount Tabor?

South-west of the Sea of Tiberias.

What noted transaction took place here in the time of Deborah?

The Lord discomfited the army of Sisera by the hand of a woman.

Where is Mount Olivet?

It is situated East of Jerusalem, and separated from the city by the Brook Kidron and the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

What noted garden was here?

The garden of Gethsemane.

What notable event distinguished this mountain?

It was from Mount Olivet our blessed Saviour ascended to heaven, where a cloud received him out of the sight of his disciples.

Where is Mount Moriah?

In Jerusalem.

For what was it celebrated?

For being the site of Solomon's temple.

Where is Mount Zion?

Mount Zion was one of the hills on which Jerusalem was built.

By whom was it first subdued?

By David, king of Israel.

Who inhabited it previous to this?

The Jebusites.

What was afterward the political and military importance of this place?

It was a strong hold; the king dwelt in the fort, and called it the "City of David."

Of what was Zion the type?

Of the Holy City, the New Jerusalem.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER, 1855.

WE are sorry that we cannot present our readers with more original matter in this number of the INSTRUCTOR; but our Young Friends must remember that this is somewhat dependent on themselves. The INSTRUCTOR is your paper, a portion of which is especially designed for you to occupy in communicating freely with each other, and talking of your feelings, your determinations, your hopes, and the glories which you expect soon to behold, and share in hereafter. Selected matter may be good, but it cannot possess such interest for you as that which comes from those who are with you seeking a preparation to meet the coming King; who, with you are now breasting the temptations of the Enemy, the allurements and the mockeries of the world, and the hardships and trials of the way. We hope that none will lose their interest in this little sheet; and especially we hope that none will lose their interest in the cause of truth. Remember that time is short, and eternal interests are at stake; think of the prize that lies before us to be gained or lost, and then take heed to the Apostle's admonition, not to be weary or faint in your minds. We hope to hear from you often, and learn that you are following the guidance of Israel's great Shepherd, who will soon lead us into the unfading pastures, and by the living waters of his glorious kingdom.

The Two Classes.

THERE are two ways in which people in this world travel: one is the road to death, the other is the way to life. There are two places to which these roads lead: one is heaven where eternal life will be given to all who arrive there; the other is the lake of fire where all will suffer the second death who are cast in there. There will be eventually but two classes of all those who have ever lived since the world began—the saved and the lost; known now as the righteous and the wicked. Now we can all easily tell which class we belong to, which road we are traveling, and to which place we are now journeying. By their fruits ye shall know them, is the great rule given us in the Scriptures. If we are of the world and the flesh, we shall produce their works; and Paul says, "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adul-

tery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Gal. v, 19--21. But if we are led by the Spirit, and are traveling in the way to heaven, we shall produce corresponding fruits; and Paul says further, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." Verses 22, 23.

One class will find when the days of time are finished that they have a long list of sins recorded against them, unrepented of, and unatoned for, and the penalty of which they will have to suffer: the other will find that their sins are forgiven, and borne away upon the head of the scape-goat for ever; they will find their names retained in the Lamb's book of life, and receive a welcome into the everlasting kingdom. Reader to which of these classes do you belong? Be sure and join and go with that class now, with which you will wish to be found at last.

How do You Keep the Sabbath.

It is not only necessary to observe the Sabbath—to make a distinction between it and other days of the week, but we must keep it in the manner in which we are commanded. One may render perfect obedience to the requirements of another; that is, may perform all his commands to the very letter, so that no fault can be found in this respect, and yet he may do it in such ill humor as to spoil all the merits of the action. So we may keep the letter of the Sabbath law by refraining from our labor, and yet suffer our heart to be in such a state of rebellion, be so impatient of the restraint imposed upon us, and so anxious to have the day gone, that we may destroy all our obedience. Such service as this will never find acceptance in the eyes of the Lord. Perhaps there are none more in danger of this snare than the young they should therefore especially guard against it.

Hear what the Lord says by the mouth of one of his prophets, in regard to being impatient of the Sabbath. Amos viii, 4, 5. "Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail. Saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit." Here the sin of desiring the Sabbath to be past is set forth in the same list with oppressing and swallowing up the poor and needy, and falsifying the balances by deceit; both of which are frequently and strongly condemned throughout the Scriptures.

Read Psalm cxix, throughout, and mark how careful David was to cultivate in his heart a love for the law of the Lord; how often he besought him to lead him in the way of his commandments, that he might keep all his precepts; now to consider the observance

of the Sabbath a burden, and to be impatient to have it past, shows that it is not our delight to keep it, and that it is not from any principle of love to God, that we endeavor to do his commandments.

I have known little boys who would watch the clock intently, desirous to have the time go off as fast as possible; or, if they could not tell the time from the clock, themselves, would be anxiously inquiring of those around them, when the Sabbath would be ended; and no sooner would the moment arrive, than in the height of their glee, they would perhaps be turning summersets on the floor. I have thought that such could not have a very strong love for the Sabbath, or a very great desire to honor their Creator by keeping it.

We must strive to cultivate a love for the commandments, and to keep them in such a way as will be pleasing to him who has commanded us to observe them. Solomon says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" and one means of doing this is by keeping the Sabbath; for by this we bring to mind Him who made heavens and earth and man and beast, and all things in six days; and rested on the seventh. Isaiah tells us how we should keep the Sabbath, and the blessings promised to those who keep it aright: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable: and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. lviii, 13, 14. * *

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 22d, 1855.

The Wonderful Water.

WE hear a great deal of the benefits of sea water, and of Saratoga water, and of the sulphur springs, and the water-cure; and people rush from one to the other in hope of getting relief from the ills which afflict them. But there is a far more wonderful water than all these, which not only proposes to cure the evils of life, but which does really cure them, if it is drunk. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." This is strong language, but it is the Lord Jesus Christ who uses it, and he has a right to use it. And what is this wonderful water which he speaks of? It is his grace and Spirit, and the benefits which come to the soul which embraces his gospel. It cleanses from all sin, and heals every wounded spirit.

The soul is like a traveller wandering over a dry desert where no water is. It is thirsting for happiness, and seeks it everywhere, and cannot find it. Money does not give it; amusements sat

isfy but a little while; still, it is seeking to be happy in some new object. Now the grace of Christ is "as cold water to a thirsty soul," and he who drinks "shall never thirst." Oh, how wonderful is this water! all who partake of the gospel shall be forever satisfied with its pure and rich joys. And true religion shall be in him as a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life. It is not like a fountain that plays a while and then dies away. The heat does not dry it up, nor the cold freeze it; but it will be a constantly bubbling spring, a pure fountain always, through this life, and all eternity. Shall it not be our earnest prayer to the blessed Giver of the water of life "Give me this water, that I thirst not."

Discipline.

AN ANECDOTE FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

LITTLE Mary once struck her brother during my absence from the house. The stick in her hand had a sharp knot which went clear through his cheek, making an ugly gash. The blood flowed in a stream; the boy screamed piteously, and Mary was exceedingly alarmed. She had no animosity against her little playmate; on the contrary, she loved him dearly, and when her mother, who was called to the room by his screams, came in, her little daughter had thrown her arms around his neck, and was joining her cries to his, while the red blood poured full in her face. When the mother had made inquiries, she took the boy away to dress the wound, and the girl went up stairs without a word and crept under the bed. There she sat and sobbed for several hours. Her mother, discovering where she had gone, said not a word to her, believing that it was best to leave her for the present alone. Her own heart was much pained to hear her dear child's grief, but she was willing to let her suffer for awhile in hopes that it might be made a lasting lesson to her.

I came in a little while before night, and learned how matters stood. It was a season to me of great interest and responsibility. Upon my own action here might depend the future conduct of this child. Her violent temper had been often checked by punishment, and she had been frequently enough told of its evil consequences. Now it had led her to a great crime, and if not at once restrained, my little daughter might grow up wicked and miserable.

I considered awhile how I should act, and having humbly asked guidance of the Father of all, I took my seat in the room where the affair had happened, and took the knotty stick in my hand. Then I called out in a kind voice "Sister, come here to pa." She was always an obedient girl, and she instantly crept out and came down to me. Never shall I forget the expression of her countenance as she looked in my face. She had wept until her eyes were greatly inflamed, but

they were dry, and in her face was a look of the most profound humility and grief that I ever saw. She walked slowly to my side and bowed her head upon my knees. I said, "My daughter, some naughty person has hurt your little brother very much. His cheek is cut open, and I think there will always be a scar there as long as he lives. Will my daughter tell me who did it?" I heard a little sob, and then she whispered, "It was me." I continued, "If the stick had struck his eye, he would have been blind." She commenced weeping. I said, "If it had struck his temple, it might have killed him." She gave a low scream and said, "O pa!" I continued, "Yes: the blow you struck would have killed your brother if some one had not turned it aside. There was some one in the room who saw how angry my daughter was. Do you know who it was?" She looked up in my face with a look of almost happiness, and said, "It was God, pa."

She wept now more bitterly than before. I took her hand and led her to the room where her brother lay asleep. His face was bound up and it was very pale.

I asked her softly, "Is little brother yet alive?" She started as if smitten with a horrible thought, and uttered an ejaculation of grief. This awoke the boy, who casting his eyes about and seeing Mary bathed in tears, reached out his arms and called her. It was electric, and hardened must have been the heart which could behold this sweet reconciliation without tears.

That night as we bowed around the sacred altar of family service, tender hearts were ours, and the angels who watched to carry our offerings upward, saw the tear-drops glittering in the fire-light, and heard low sobs as we united to ask the seal of God's approbation upon this reconciliation on earth.—*Banner of Peace.*

Filial kindness Rewarded.

GUSTAVUS III., king of Sweden, passing on horseback through a village in the neighborhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl of interesting appearance, drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went up to her, and asked her for a draught. Without delay she lifted up her pitcher, and with artless simplicity put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said, "My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavor to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, sir," replied the girl, "I cannot accept your proposal; I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the king somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, coloring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave

her, for neglect the duties which affection requires from me."

"Where is your mother?" asked the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The king, whose feelings were interested in favor of his companion, went in, and beheld, stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a bed of straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her: "I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition."

"Alas! sir," answered the venerable sufferer, "I should be indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labors to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good," she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment, of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow-creature almost overpowered him, and putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, "Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good bye, my amiable girl, you may depend on the promise of your king."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death.

Jim Dick; or, the best revenge.

If you would learn to return good for evil, listen to a short account of Jim Dick, the negro boy. It is given by a gentleman named Southey:—

"When I was a little boy," says he, "there was a black lad, who lived not far from my father's house, of the name of Jim Dick. Myself and some of my playfellows were one evening at our sports, when we began to annoy the poor black, by calling him 'negro,' 'blackmoor,' and other ill names. The poor fellow seemed very much hurt at our conduct, and soon left us. It was not long after, that I agreed with some of my young friends to go a skating; but I found, when the time came, that I had broken my skates, and that I could not go unless Jim Dick lent me his skates. I went to him, and asked him for them. 'O yes, you may have them, and welcome,' was his kind answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, with his Bible before him, which he had been reading. I told him I had come to bring back the skates he had lent me, and that I was much obliged for the use of them. He looked at me as he took them into his hands, and with tears in his eyes, he said to me, 'Do not call me Blackmoor again.' He spoke the words kindly and meekly, and then left the room. These words went to my heart, I burst into tears, and from that time I resolved I would never again be guilty of abusing a poor black."

This little story may teach two lessons. First, that you should not hurt the feelings of any one. Do not call insulting names: it is foolish and vulgar. Do not mock the aged; it is unkind and sinful. Do not make sport of the lame, the blind, or any afflicted person; it is cruel and mean. Do

not undervalue any for the color of their skin, or the shape of their bodies, or the poverty of their condition, for we are as God made us, and "he that despiseth the poor reproacheth his Maker," Prov. xiv, 31.

The Curly-haired Little boy.

IN coming down the North River in the magnificent steamer Isaac Newton, as the passengers were retiring to rest, I noticed a fine looking curly-haired little boy about six years old, undressing himself, while his father arranged his bed.—Soon his father tied a handkerchief around his head to protect his curls, which looked as if the sun-light from his young, happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting-place; but instead of this, he quietly knelt down on the floor, put up his little hands together, so beautifully, childlike and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth against which he knelt, he began his evening prayer.

The father sat down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around him—Christian men—retiring to rest without prayer; or, if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and, before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother.—Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers!

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer in the midst of the busy thoughtless throng. He alone of the worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. It did me good; it made me better. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of a steamboat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. If ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him to pray. Scarcely any passing incident of my life, ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room, and thanked God that I had witnessed it, for its influence on my heart.

When may Children come to Jesus.

THEY should come at once, for now is the accepted time; the Bible nowhere invites them to come to-morrow. To-day you may repent, and have your sins forgiven; this very hour you may become an adopted son or daughter of the Lord Almighty. Jesus Christ even now waits to receive and welcome you.

An old man one day taking a child on his knee entreated him to seek the Savior now, to pray to

him and love him. The child looking up at him asked, "But why dont you seek God?" The old man deeply affected, answered, "I would, my child, but my heart is hard. my heart is hard."

An intelligent and well-educated boy about twelve years of age, attending a meeting held for conversation and prayer with those anxious on the subject of religion, inquired of one who was assisting the pastor, what he must do to be saved.—He was told to "go home and read the Bible, and pray to God for a new heart." "But," said the little boy with deep emotion, "Sir, I am afraid I might die before I get home, and then it will be too late." The good man invited him to kneel at once and seek the forgiveness of his sins. The little boy complied with the last advice and went home rejoicing in hope; and now, for over thirty years he has been a consistent member of the church of Christ. Yes, children,

"T will save you from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve your following years,
And make your virtues strong."

A Beautiful Reply.

A YOUNG girl, about seven old, was asked by an atheist how large she supposed her God to be; to which she, with admirable readiness, replied, "He is so great the heavens cannot contain him, and yet so kindly condescending as to dwell in my little heart.

A Spoiled Child.

THE tragic murder of Dr. Parkman, of Boston, by Professor Webster, filled the community with horror. A chain of circumstantial evidence proved his guilt, and he was condemned to death. In his prison, petitioning the governor for a milder punishment, he confesses the crime, declaring it was not murder from malice prepense, but manslaughter from uncontrolled momentary passion. He says, "I am irritable and passionate; a quickhanded and brisk violence of temper has been a besetting sin of my life. I was an only child, much indulged, and have never acquired the control over my passions which I ought to have acquired early; and the consequence is all this!"

The Little Boy's Rebuke.

A LITTLE boy came with his sister to pay an afternoon's visit to a lady of his mother's acquaintance. He was four years old, very bright and talkative, and among the many things which pleased him, he was most pleased with the dog. The dog's name was Tom. At supper-time, Tom took his seat beside his mistress' chair, waiting for his cup of milk. This, Albert thought was very funny. As they gathered round, the lady's husband was called out, and as there was much talk among the little folks, the usual blessing was not asked at table; indeed, the lady had never been in the habit of doing this duty herself, so she began to pour out tea.

But the omission hurt the little boy's feelings; he turned from the dog, and looking seriously up

into the lady's face, "Father prays," he said. As she did not seem to mind this, he added, "If father don't mother prays." Then the lady understood his meaning; she thanked the little boy in her heart, and felt very humble, that from the "mouths of babes and sucklings" she needed to be told her duty. Henceforth she never forgot it. How precious are the fresh little shoots of Christian education.—*Child's Paper.*

The Bird's Song—To-morrow.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield.
Hark to nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven.
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded gains have we,
Yet we carol merrily:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

Excellence of the Bible.

"ALL Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." 2 Tim. iii, 16, 17.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey comb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward." Psalms xix, 7-11.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." John v, 39.

Receipts.

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