

# 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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## The Ascent of Prayer.

The arrow that doth upward fly,  
Till lost within the vaulted sky,  
Descends again, with quickening force,  
To earth, from whence it took its course.

The lark, upspringing with the day,  
Hymning aloft his joyous lay,  
Soon pauses in his glad refrain,  
And drooping, sinks to earth again.

The eagle that, with undimmed sight,  
Wings toward the sun his daring flight,  
Wearied at length, descends to rest,  
Within his airy, rock-bound, nest.

But prayer, the prayer of faith, doth rise  
Beyond the clouds, beyond the skies;  
Nor stays it in its heavenward flight  
Till it hath reached the realms of light.

Ascending to the Father's throne,  
Jesus presents it as his own;  
Gracious acceptance findeth there  
The Saviour's interceding prayer.—*Selected.*

## Queen Semiramis and Babylon.

Nearly four thousand years ago lived a celebrated Queen named Semiramis. Her husband, King Ninus, at his death left his kingdom and treasures in her possession, and she resolved that her name should be remembered in future ages. For this purpose she built the beautiful city of Babylon. Situated in a broad, rich plain, on both sides of the river Euphrates, very near the centre of her vast dominions, the proud Queen soon made her favorite abode the wonder of the world. Two millions of men were employed for many years in beautifying it. The city was laid out in the form of a square, fifteen miles long on each side, and the whole was surrounded by a wall eighty-seven feet thick, and three hundred and fifty feet high. This wall was of brick, cemented together by bitumen, a kind of slime found in the soil of that country. Outside the wall was a broad deep ditch, filled with water, which helped defend the town. On each side were twenty-five gates of solid brass, open through the day but closed at night. A beautiful bridge joined the streets that were divided by the river. Costly palaces and elegant temples were found on every side. The inhabitants did not believe in the true God, but worshipped idols; the most famous of these idols was called Baal, and the temple in which he stood was filled with golden vessels, worth one hundred millions of dollars—more money than one person could count in a lifetime.

After the death of Semiramis, one of the kings of Babylon married a princess of Media. Her own home had been among high mountains, and the low flat country whither her husband had brought her was very disagreeable to her. She pined to see the hills of her father's land, and every day grew more and more unhappy. At length her husband caused a great many hanging gardens to be constructed, that she might fancy herself once more in her old home. Arches four or five hundred feet high were built of solid stone; over these were spread thick sheets of lead, to prevent the moisture from oozing through; then earth was laid on them so deep that the largest trees might take root and grow. These gardens cost immense sums of money, and many years of labor, and yet, when finished, they were far less beautiful than the common hill of our own country. Man's most perfect work cannot equal the simplest creation of God.

When we think of Babylon, with its high walls, its straight broad streets, the beautiful river winding through it, each bank shaded by the drooping willows, its glittering palaces and dazzling temples, its high gardens, with their fruits and flowers, we do not wonder that it has been so famous.

We read of it in the Bible as the "lady of kingdoms," "tender and delicate," "the golden city," the son of the morning," and in all other ancient history it is spoken of in terms of praise. Where is it now? If we were to travel in that distant land, where this great city once stood, we should find almost nothing left on the spot to tell us that it has ever been.

Its inhabitants for many years were rich and prosperous; God blessed them in their undertakings, but they would not see his hand in their prosperity, nor believe in his name. Then he visited the land in his wrath, and destroyed the strong and glorious city.

Cyrus, King of Persia, came with a great army to take possession of it, more than five hundred years before Christ came into the world. Provisions sufficient to last for twenty years were stored within it, and the walls were so high and strong that the inhabitants only laughed at his folly, and spent their time in feasting and pleasure. But Cyrus was not discouraged; he ordered large numbers of workmen to prepare a channel into which they might turn the waters of the Euphrates, and when,

after months of toil, this great labor was finished, he led his soldiers by night into the city through the dry bed of the river, and surprised and killed the King in the midst of his revelry.

If we read the Bible carefully, we shall find that all this was foretold more than two hundred years before Cyrus was born. In the thirteenth chapter of Isaiah, we are told that God spoke to the Prophet, saying, "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall be there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."

These words were written nearly three thousand years ago, and they have all been fulfilled: Babylon is indeed a place of wild beasts and poisonous serpents; no shepherd dares to rest there, no human being finds his home there.

Alexander the Great determined to rebuild the city and reside there, but he died before his workmen had accomplished much of their difficult task, and no one has since undertaken it. The curse of God rests on the spot.

As God's word in relation to Babylon has been thus proved true by the events of history, so we know that in every other respect it is equally sure. He that said unto that wicked city, "Evil shall come upon thee," has declared to each of us, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Ought we not to learn a lesson of wisdom from this subject, and, ere it is too late, flee by a living faith to Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer?—*American Messenger*.

#### The Sleigh Ride.

Mary Lee returned to her father's house after a two years' stay with her uncle Kent. The little children were quite overjoyed. Alice played with her long curls; Charley said "a queen could not help him in his arithmetic as well as Mary did." And Robert was glad he had somebody to wait upon. For the first week or so Mary was regarded something in the light of a visitor.

By and by she began to take her appropriate place in the family circle, and bear the burden of family duty. Then the rose-tints which invested Mary, as they do every one whom we view through the medium of our own joyful feelings alone, began to fade away, and her parents were enabled to see the real lights and

shades of her character. They rejoiced to behold much which was truly excellent and lovely in her principles and her practice. One defect soon appeared, which threatened some unhappiness: Mary was secretly dissatisfied with her home. Small it certainly was compared with her uncle's, and she yearned for the elegant and expensive furniture, for the costly decorations and thousand luxuries which she had been accustomed to see and to enjoy there. The small air-tight stove was too black and cheerless; the old flag-bottomed chairs were very unfashionable; her chamber was not carpeted, and she complained that the floor was cold.

One day, when Mary had been moaning over her unfashionable cloak, pretty and becoming as it was, her father returned home in the forenoon, and asked her to ride with him. She gladly accepted the proposal, although she did not know as "her hood was fit to wear," especially as her father suggested he might make a call somewhere.

It was a beautiful January day. The fields lay covered with pure, untrodden snow. The twigs and boughs reflected a sparkling radiance from their frosty crust. The air seemed filled with a thousand brilliants, and the deep cold stillness of the country was only broken by the dropping icicle or the distant sleigh-bell. Mary was much exhilarated, both by the magnificence of the snow scene and her father's pleasant conversation. They rode long upon the beaten path, when he attempted to force his way into a cross and almost untrodden track. They emerged from a snow-bank here only to plunge into another there.

"O, father, where are we going?" exclaimed Mary.

"To call at a friend's house," answered her father, and, as they rode on, Mary discovered a roof and a chimney on a slope not very far off.

"Why, father, is it a hut you're going to?" The strong horse found some difficulty in making his way from the main path to the house. They reached the door. The steps were unshovelled. The snow had been soiled by no human step, and no signs of active life were visible since the storm. "I'm sure nobody lives here," said Mary, as her father jumped out of the sleigh, and, making a path with his feet, lifted the latch of the door. He entered and disappeared for a few minutes. "Is this the call father meant to make?" thought Mary, surveying the building. The next moment he was by her side. "Come, Mary, let me take you in my arms, child, and carry you in; the snow is pretty deep."

"How funny, father," said Mary, laughing to find herself in her father's arms, which she had long since relinquished to the younger children.

What a scene did Mary behold! Two chil-

dren were crouched beside a few sticks of green wood, which they were in vain attempting to kindle; their blue legs and purple arms boasted not even as scanty a covering as their body, with its thin calico. A few potatoe parings lay upon the hearth, which one seemed greedily chewing. "What a privilege to be a Christian!"—and Mary, turning suddenly, beheld the skinny arm of a woman extended from a low bed. "Oh, Mr. Lee, I knew God would not forsake us." Tears glistened in her gray, sunken eye, and even the white hairs which were scattered on the forehead, as Mary afterwards declared, seemed like a halo around that dry, withered face, golden with the emotions of a thankful heart.

"This severe cold has set in so suddenly, we feared you might be in want, and have come to help you," said Mr. Lee, kindly taking the sick woman's hand; "you have been ill again, I am afraid. This is my Mary, Mrs. Jones," and he drew Mary towards the bed.

"God bless you, my dear; God bless you, for leaving your warm home to come and see an old one like me," said the woman in a broken voice; "and are you going to be like your father, finding out the sick and relieving the poor? Oh, Miss Mary, it's your father that denies himself for his Master's cause. It is not he that spends his money gewgawing; nobody that's suffering comes to him without finding help some way; it's I that know that, indeed;" and her voice choked, and her eyes blinded, and she covered her face as if in silent prayer.—Meanwhile Mr. Lee was aiding the children's efforts about the fire. "We've got in four potatoes there, sir," said one, "and they ain't warm yet," as in disappointment he thrust his fingers into the cold ashes. "Oh, sir, don't you think they will roast to-day?" turning his peaked, disquieted face as he made the anxious inquiry. "If you do not have potatoes, you shall have something, my child," said Mr. Lee, patting the boy on the head. "Shall we? oh!" he exclaimed earnestly. The good man then went out to the sleigh and bore in a basket filled with objects for immediate comfort. "The Lord be praised!" ejaculated the aged Christian; "that's he, that's Deacon Lee!" "Grandmother, you prayed, and you told us to pray, for God only could help us, and you always said he would," exclaimed the children, running from the bed to the basket, and the basket to the bed, in grateful ecstasy.

Mary looked on in tearful silence. It was a scene she was not soon to forget. To her full heart her father seemed like an angel, ministering indeed to the heirs of salvation. "What a privilege it was to bless that suffering family," said Mary, with deep emotion, as they rode over the ice-bound bridge at the foot of the hill.

"By denying myself the luxuries of life,

Mary, I have been enabled to do this. Our home has all the necessaries of life. Now, Mary, you have grown up, and have a voice in the family arrangements. Do you choose that we shall buy costly furniture, splendid decorations for our house, or shall we use our earnings as God has prospered us, in relieving the distressed, seeking out the suffering, and aiding the great plans of doing good which are everywhere to advance our Redeemer's cause?"

"Let me be like you, father!" exclaimed Mary, stricken to the heart, when she remembered how much pain she must have caused him.

"Deny yourself, and thus imitate the example of your Redeemer, my Mary," said the father, with deep solemnity.

From that day Mary rejoiced in her home, and was often found in many humbler homes, bearing the blessed fruits of Christian charity and love.—*Child's Paper.*

#### Help one Another.

A traveller who was crossing the Alps was overtaken by a snow storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself, for he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and all appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow sufferer.

He took his hands into his own and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two

travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their home in safety.

If you feel your heart cold towards God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm, and restore, and gladden your own.

## YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

ROCHESTER, OCTOBER, 1855.

### THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

WHAT can buoy up the drooping spirits, and cheer the lone heart in the dark hour of adversity, like the hope of the Christian. When all earthly hopes fail, friends forsake, and the cold world turn away without one look of pity, 'tis then the Christian can go to Jesus, who is ever a friend to the needy, and find a soothing balm for his troubled soul. When all seems dark and gloomy here, 'tis then the hope of heaven grows brighter, and our longing hearts rejoice at the near approach of our Saviour's coming. Though the world may appear light and joyous, and seem to glide on without a cloud of sorrow to interrupt their happiness, yet it is not so. There are dark hours, when trouble comes, and then where can they go for aid unless they have a hope in God. They know not the tranquil joy and peace of the Christian. They are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest. Oh, that those who love this world could have one foretaste of the glory and bliss of heaven. Why need we care for fame and glory here, if our names be enrolled in the Lamb's book of life? What matter is it though the world despise us, what though we may meet their cold frowns, if we have the love of Jesus shed abroad in our hearts we shall feel to pity rather than envy them. When the day of trouble and desolation cometh, will not those who have borne the cross, suffered for Jesus' sake, and yielded up all that the world esteem pleasure, be far better off?

Oh, that we might all realize that the end of all things is at hand. We have but little time to prepare for what is coming upon the world. If we cease watchfulness, and become unfaithful, that day may come upon as a thief in the night. Years of unceasing care and toil in the service of God, are nothing compared to the everlasting reward. Eternal life with the angels is before us.

My young friends, can you not then take courage. Will you give up Jesus, give up your crown of glory, and your right to the joys of heaven, for a few years of fleeting pleasure here? Oh, be not induced to give up your hope of heaven. Go not back to this vain world. Do not let your mind rest upon things of earth, but let it dwell upon the glories of the world above, that if faithful we are so soon to share. Trust in God, he will aid you by his holy spirit, and lead

you safely through the dark night of trouble to the entrance of his glorious kingdom. He will never forsake you if you prove faithful to him. His mighty arm will shield you in every danger.

If you sacrifice for his sake, you will not regret it when you behold the King of glory coming in the clouds of heaven to receive you to himself. Lay not down your armor now. Still cherish this blessed hope, and soon your work will be done, you will enter the mansions of the blest and forever be with Jesus.

S. A. H.

New Ipswich, N. H.

### ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

DEAR YOUTH:—A responsibility attends all we do, and it seems in some measure solemn to address you through this paper, but the mercy of God in our calling is very great, and it becomes us to speak of his goodness, and comfort one another with words of our Master's coming.

We are here exposed to many perils, and are told to exhort one another daily, lest any of us be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

It seems to me a mournful sight to behold the vast multitude of youth and children that are now thronging the broad road to death. They seem generally to have forgotten that there is a God, who spread out the heavens above them, and laid the foundations of the earth, and who is their Creator and constant benefactor. How wretched and deplorable is their condition.

Like the butterfly, that seems a thing of joy, and never dreams of harm while the sun shines, but is beaten down by the first storm, so they trifle on while they see no visible marks of God's displeasure upon them; but their brief dream will soon end in disappointment and sorrow. But it is a comforting reflection that Satan will not be able to seal the destruction of *all* the youth of our world.

I love, from month to month to hear, through the *Instructor*, from a few young persons who feel that God is worthy to be adored, and who acknowledge the claims of his law, and have consecrated the strength of their best days to him; and my prayer is that they may never take back the sacrifice. Should not God's chosen few be faithful to him, when so many of his creatures are revolted? What more could we have to stimulate us to faithfulness than we now have. When we "look unto the rock whence we are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we are digged," we have reason to offer a sacrifice of praise to God.

A glorious prospect, a bright reward, is before us, and God has placed our feet in the way to it, but there are certain conditions for us to comply with or we cannot obtain it. We must have holiness of heart, and in order to seek this effectually we have seen that there are many restrictions to be observed and many duties to be performed. The work we cannot do in our own strength, but God has promised again and again to aid us, and, *if we take hold in earnest*, the very work of seeking holiness is delightful.

My young friend, are you getting weary in the way? Does your spirit begin to grow slothful and your interest abate? Remember, this will not do.—We are on enchanted ground, and it is dangerous sleeping here. If we give place to a lingering, indifferent spirit, we peril our soul's salvation; for there is a work to be done, and God has not given us one day too much to do it in; therefore we should not waste one day. Everything urges us to be faithful.—We cannot abide the coming day without holiness before God. Then what a work is before us! Every propensity of the heart that cannot enter heaven must be overcome, and every faculty of the being brought in submission to God, and made to engage in his service.

The hopes, the desires, the affections of the soul, must be turned away from earth; for earth will soon perish, and if we have any portion here we shall suffer loss. If we hold on to things of earth, even with a feeble grasp, it is a wonder if we do not lose our inheritance. And if we could relinquish it in time to barely save ourselves, our weight of glory will be diminished, and the lustre of our crown greatly dimmed: Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the riches of that inheritance, and oh! that God would help us to seek it with our whole heart. I often fear lest some dear young mind, that has been truly animated by this blessed hope, and bid fair for the heavenly kingdom, should lay down its watch, grow careless, and so be overcome by the enemy.

Let us bear in mind that Satan has come down in wrath, knowing his time is short. He is angry with the remnant who keep the commandments, and will use every means his subtlety can devise to destroy them. And I sometimes think the surest way he can choose is to spread out the charms of earth before us, to engage our attention again; for he very well knows that if he can get us to pay a little too much attention to our dress, or to go into the world again after an education, or by some other allurements divert our mind, he will be likely to secure his object. Or if he can cause us to be a little less prayerful and watchful over our ways, words and thoughts, stupid in our mind and half-hearted in the cause of God, his work of destruction is silently, but surely, going on. He will, of course, assail us at the point where we least expect him, that he may the better accomplish his purpose.

My young friend, is heaven losing any of its attractions in your view, and earth getting power to charm you? Can you discover that you are being ensnared in any of the ways I have mentioned? Let me say to you, "*Beware of the devices of Satan.*" "Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown." What would you give in exchange for your soul? If you could gain the whole world, and have it through the common age of man, which you cannot do, it would not pay you for one atom of the bliss of heaven. Does the way look hard, and the work to be done great? It is hard living at the halves; it keeps one always in doubt and fear—but if we will get the yoke well on, it will be easy and the burden light.

Do not rest till you feel that you are growing in grace. It is our privilege to be reaching forward after higher and greater attainments—constantly. Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing." But Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." Be encouraged to press onward. With constant prayer and watchfulness, (but not without it,) we shall overcome and inherit Eternal Life.

CAROLINE E. HARRIS.

Whelock, Vt., August, 1855.

### Have You a Soul.

A philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied,

"To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?"

"Because I have," she promptly replied.

"But how do you know you have a soul?"

"Because I do know," she answered again.

It was a child's reason; but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he, after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"

"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do; if you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do; it is *my think.*"

"Your *think*," said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?"

"Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that, without being told."

The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.

The above we take from the *Child's Paper* for March, 1855. The soul is there defined to be "the think," and it is acknowledged that a better definition could not be given in so few words. Well, since this is the idea the child had of the soul, what kind of an idea would she naturally form of its condition after death? When David says [Ps. cxlvi, 4.] that when a man dies, in that very day "his think" perishes, would she have concluded that it flew away to the regions of space? No: it requires all the ingenuity of "Philosophers," and many a perversion of plain scripture testimony, to make people believe this. A child could hardly go amiss on the plain truths of scripture, if permitted to believe the direct teaching of the Bible without mysticism and without comment. But the mystical principles have to be inculcated by slow degrees, and by a long process, before people can be established in the belief that the soul is what it is 'nt, and goes where it does 'nt.

U. S.

Communication from Bro. Amadon.

LITTLE CHILDREN:—I esteem it a privilege to say a few words to you through the pages of your excellent little paper. It is the tender injunction of an

aged Apostle "to do good and *communicate*," and an aged Prophet says, "Then they that feared the Lord *spake often one to another.*"

I feel glad in heart to God that means have been devised so that there may be an interchange of feelings among those "who wait for the Lord from heaven."

It is more than six years since I had my sins set in order before me, and found what the world cannot give nor take away—freedom in Jesus and peace in God, which passeth all understanding. The circumstances of that eventful day I shall never, never forget. God had clearly exposed my natural heart, and the thought that I had been contending against my best friend eighteen years was insupportable. I flew to the Lamb of God, and soon felt the holy joys which spring from pardoned sin. That was a happy morning which first dawned on a heart renewed by grace; all nature seemed changed, and I *know* that I was changed; the trees of the field looked more beautiful, the birds sang a sweeter song. The Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing in his wings, and I involuntarily exclaimed, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

Since that happy time merciful have been the dealings of God with me; the clear light of the present truth, God's holy commandments and Jesus' faith, and our relation to the present atoning work in the Sanctuary by the Great High Priest, and the advent of Jesus, have found a large place in my heart, which brings me in a dear connection with God's remnant people. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works for the children of men.

The Lord *is coming*, and the hope of happy admission to that fair land moves me to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"The King of that country, he is fair,  
He's the joy and light of the place!  
In his beauty we shall behold him there,  
And bask in his smiling face.  
We'll be there, we'll be there, *in a little while*,  
We'll join the pure and the blest;  
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,  
And forever be at rest."

Happy place! Blessed fruition, soon to be realized. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Expecting to overcome,  
G. W. AMADON.

Rochester, Sept. 28th, 1855.

#### The Tenth Commandment.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's." Ex. xx: 17.

"Lust not in thought for aught thy neighbor hath;  
Envy him not, because his honors shine;  
Rejoice in every joy that crowns his days,  
And be content in heart with what is thine,  
The lot of each the same wise God has given,  
As for each best—for each the way to heaven."

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

From A. M. Lindsley.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—It has been a source of great encouragement to me that I have had the privilege of reading the *Instructor*. And now that the course of Sabbath School lessons are brought to a close, and fearing that the interest in this little sheet might be in some degree lessened, I thought I would write a few lines. I have rejoiced much in reading the testimonies of the young friends of the cause of truth, in seeing a willingness manifested to forego the trifling pleasures of the world, that they may lay a good foundation against the day of peril that is but just before us. The great multitude of false doctrines begotten by the father of lies, have so spread and taken effect as to cause us to expect, according to Scripture, that but few will be saved.

Jesus prayed for his disciples, that they might be sanctified through the truth. His prayer extended not to them only, but to all that should believe on him through their word. If, then, we are to be sanctified through the truth, how careful ought we to be to search for it as for hid treasure. And how ungrateful and destitute of true love to God must those be who neglect to search the Scriptures in regard to those truths, of such vital importance at the present time.

Dear Friends, I rejoice with you that the coming of Christ is near, even at the doors. When the cold frost of Winter yields to the warm rays of the sun,

Budding fig trees tell that summer,  
Dawns o'er the land.

Just so now,

"Signs portend that Jesus' coming  
Is near at hand."

In spite, then, of the difficulties of the way, let us look up, and lift up our heads, knowing that our redemption draweth nigh.

It is about four years since I first heard the sound of the third angel's message. I commenced keeping the Sabbath as soon as I had light on it, but the awful solemnity that rested on my mind for months I cannot describe. My eyes were opened to see the condition of the world, fast rushing on to destruction. Never before this did I have such a sense of the holiness and long suffering of God, while the claims of his perfect but broken law rested heavily upon me. Strong convictions of these things, together with my own sad condition, overwhelmed me, and nearly prostrated my body. It seemed for a time that I must be lost. I viewed the necessary preparation to meet the Lord, and stand blameless before him at his coming, as so great I thought I never could attain to it. The only passage that seemed to reach my case and lead me to hope, was in the sayings of the

true witness to the Laodiceans, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent." I finally resolved, through Christ strengthening me, to make the effort, and since then, so far as I have strived to walk in the light, and in proportion as I have felt the spirit of consecration, so far I have felt the approving smiles of my heavenly Father. I have had many fears that the Lord would leave me to my own ways, through the perverseness of my heart, but as yet I feel a strong determination to overcome, through the blood of the Lamb and the word of my testimony. Oh, let us be encouraged by what he has done for us to be faithful unto the end. Precious promises are held out to such. Then let us be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

Yours, in the love of the truth,

ABBY M. LINDSLEY.

New Haven, N. Y., Aug. 27th, 1855.

From B. Hall.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—It is with pleasure that I take my pen in hand to write a few lines to you through the *Instructor*, to let you know that I am trying to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. It is about four months since I commenced keeping the Sabbath of the Lord. And when I look back where I was about six months ago, it almost makes me shudder to think of the danger I was in, but the Lord is able to deliver us from every danger, and lead us on in the ways of peace and safety.

It is about three months since I subscribed for your little paper, and it is a welcome messenger to me, and its pages are interesting and full of truth. I love to read the communications from my young friends, and it makes me rejoice to see so many of my young christian friends so much engaged in the present truth; and all I have to regret is that the *Instructor* does not come often enough.

I hope we shall prove faithful, and live in such a manner that we shall be accounted worthy to enter in through the gates into that city where sickness, pain, sorrow and death are felt and feared no more; where we can enjoy the sweet presence of our Saviour, and live and reign with him and all the saints for ever in glory.

I feel that I am a lonely pilgrim, just starting out for the promised land, and I want my young friends to go with me, and we will be company for each other, as we travel on through this world of trouble and persecution, and at last meet to part no more. The Bible says that the Church of God shall be persecuted, and if I am a true child of God I expect to be persecuted. Yea, I expect the world will scoff and point the finger of scorn at me, and say all manner of evil against me; but all this is noth-

ing to what we are seeking; for we are seeking for a crown which is laid up in heaven for the faithful. Oh, let us be faithful and hold out to the end, and we shall receive that crown and enter in through the gates into the city, and be at peace forever.

Yours, in love of the Truth,

BURT HALL.

Shelby, Sept. 9th, 1855.

#### Home.

My home, my own dear home,  
It is a happy place,  
Where smiles of love are brightening  
Each dear familiar face—  
Where parents' arms enfold me  
In fond embraces pressed,  
And daily, nightly blessings,  
Upon the household rest.  
Our morning salutations,  
How gladsomely they sound!  
And kind "good nights" at evening,  
Like curtains close us round.

The bird seeks not to wander  
From its own quiet nest,  
But deems it of all places  
The dearest and the best.  
Home is my nest, where round me  
Soft sheltering wings are spread,  
And peace, and joy, and gladness,  
With shade and sunlight shed.  
Oh, may I bring no shadow  
Of sorrow or of care,  
To dim the open brightness  
Of happy faces there.

#### Dean Thomas and his New Testament.

How strange the world would seem without the Bible: to have no ten commandments, showing us what is right and what wrong; to hear no Saviour speaking the tender words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; to have no God to fear, and no Redeemer to keep us; to have to bear our sins without forgiveness, our sorrows without comfort, and to die with out the hope of heaven. How very, very dark would the world be without the Bible. And yet, there have been some periods and some places almost as bad off as if there really had been no Bible, because it was kept from the people, and indeed was so scarce that a Bible was a great curiosity.

Let us see how it used to be in Scotland 300 years ago. The Scots were then under the Pope's yoke, which you well know is a pretty heavy one. Ignorant bishops and wicked monks governed the people, and taught them pretty much what they had a mind to. Indeed, it is said that the chief thing which the priest did in those days was *cursing*. If any thing was lost, even to a porridge-stick or horn spoon, the people went to the priest and got him to curse the thief in his prayers on Sabbath-day; like this, for example: "The gude wife on the other side of the gate has lost a horn spoon. God's curse and mine I

give to them that knows of this gear, and restores it not." Is not that a very strange passage to put into a prayer? Sometimes a whole string of such curses followed, one after the other. Ah, but the priest was paid for every one; and so much money did the priests rob the people of that they were called a "greedy pack." No wonder there was so much darkness; the light of the Bible was not there.

But there was one good priest, called Dean Thomas, who in some way or other got hold of a New Testament; he was overjoyed at what he found in it, and began quickly to preach its truths to his flock. This course soon reached the bishop's ears, and he sent for Dean Thomas to appear immediately before him.

"Dean Thomas," said the bishop, "I love you well, therefore I must tell you what you ought to do."

"I thank your lordship heartily," answered Dean Thomas.

"Dean Thomas," continued the bishop, "they tell me you preach the gospel every Sunday to the parishoners—a thing very hurtful to churchmen. It is too much to preach every Sunday, for you will make the people think that all should do so likewise. It is enough for you when you find any good epistle setting up the *rights of the church*, to preach *that*, and let the rest be."

"Truly, my lord," answered Thomas, "I have read the New Testament and Old—all the epistles and gospels—and among them I could never find any evil epistle or any evil gospel. But if your lordship will show me the good and the evil epistles and gospels, then I will preach the good and leave out the evil."

"I thank God," cried out the bishop, lifting up his hands, "I have lived well these many years, and never knew either the *Old* or *New Testament*."

Just think of that from a bishop, who had the care of souls! "*New Testament!*" he said; "he would have no New Testament; it was a bad book, written by Martin Luther; give them the *old* one."

Good Dean Thomas made a poor stand before these ignorant men, who became his judges. At his trial he happened to quote some of the Apostle Paul's words; and where did you find that?" they asked angrily.

"In my book, which is in my sleeve," answered Thomas.

One of the priests then started up, and pulling the New Testament out of his sleeve, held it up before the people, crying out, "See! see! here is the wicked book, the book of heresy, which makes such foul play. See! see!"

"God forgive you, brother," said Thomas mildly, "you ought to know better than to call

the life of Jesus Christ a book of heresy;" then he tried to tell them about the holy and precious truths which it was full of; but they stopped their ears, and would not hear. They commanded him to repent having preached the New Testament, and never do so again. No, no, Dean Thomas could not repent of that; he gloried in having been able to preach it. Then what do you suppose his judges did? A great stake was driven into the ground, and wood and fagots were piled up around it. Dean Thomas and his Testament were tied fast to the stake; a fire was kindled, which soon roared and raged around them, burning him and his precious book together.

Dean Thomas was a Bible *martyr*. What is a martyr, children? One who suffers death for the sake of his belief. There have been, sad to tell, a great army of martyrs. When called upon to give up their Bible or their lives, they answered, "Here are our lives—take them if you will; but our Bible faith we will never give up." The sight of the roaring flames and their roasting companions did not frighten them. No; the Bible, they said, was dearer than life, because it gave them eternal life. No tears or groans escaped them, but often the flames and smoke stifled the *songs of joy* which issued from their lips. Think of it, songs of joy through scenes like these!

Here is an idea which I want you to think of: *if you stand by the Bible, the Bible will stand by you*; and it can do for you what no other book and no other friend can do. It can give you, joy and courage, and strength, when nothing else will; it can support you in the darkest hour, and through the severest trials. Ah, is there not reason to fear that many, many children, brought up to revere the Bible, yet do *not* stand by it, nay, do almost neglect and despise it; and why must we think so? because they keep putting off giving the *best* and *only* evidence which they can give of prizing it, that is. *to obey it.*—*Am. Mes.*

Speaking without thinking is like shooting without taking aim.

#### Receipts.

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## WATCH AND PRAY.

"TAKE ye heed, watch and pray," were the words of our Saviour spoken in reference to the time of the end, and his second coming to take his faithful children home.

First, you are to watch. Watch, lest you should speak hastily, fretfully and impatiently. Watch, lest pride should find a place in your heart. Watch, lest evil passions should overcome you, instead of your subduing them. Watch, lest a careless, indifferent spirit comes upon you, and you neglect your duty and become light and trifling, and your influence savor of death, rather than life.

Second, you are to pray. Jesus would not have enjoined this upon you, unless there was actual necessity for it. It is well known to him that of yourself you cannot overcome the many temptations of the Enemy, and the many snares laid for your feet. He has not left you alone to do this; but has provided a way that you can obtain help. Therefore he has bid you to pray.

To pray aright, is to ask God in faith for the very things you need. Go to your chamber, or in some retired place, and ask your Father for Jesus' sake to help you. There is power in that prayer that is sent up from a heart convinced of its own weakness, yet earnestly longing for that strength that comes from God. The earnest, fervent prayer will be heard and answered. Go to your God who is strong, and who loves to hear children pray, and, although you may feel very weak, and find yourself at times overcome by the Enemy, because you have neglected the first command of our Saviour, to watch, yet do not give up the struggle. Make stronger efforts yourself than before. Faint not. Cast yourself at the feet of Jesus, who has been tempted, and knows how to help such as are tempted. Confess your faults, your weakness, and that you must have help to overcome, or you perish. And as you ask, you must believe that God hears you. Plead your case before God, through Jesus, until your soul can with confidence rely upon him for strength, and you feel that you are not left to do the work of overcoming alone. God will help you. Angels will watch over you.

But before you can expect this help, you must do what you can on your part. Watch and pray. Let your prayers be fervent. Let this be the language of your heart, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me." Have a set time, a special season for prayer at least three times a day. Morning, noon, and at night Daniel prayed to his God, notwithstanding the king's decree, and the fearful den of lions. He was not ashamed, or afraid to pray, but with his windows opened he prayed three times a day. Did God forget his faithful servant when he was cast into the lion's den? O, No. He was with him there all night. He closed the mouths of these hungry lions, and they could not hurt the praying man of God.

Children, you cannot live without food; you would soon feel the cravings of hunger, and your bodies would pine and die. You need spiritual food just as much, and often, as your body needs temporal food.

Three times a day is none too often to draw strength from heaven, or sap and nourishment from Christ, the living vine. Read the words of our Saviour in Matt. v, 6. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

E. G. W.

## THE DYING BOY. [Selected.]

I KNEW a boy whose infant feet had trod  
Upon the blossoms of some seven Springs,  
And when the eighth came round and called him out,  
To revel in its light, he turned away,  
And sought his chamber to lie down and die.  
'Twas night, he summoned his accustomed friends,  
And in this wise bestowed his last requests:

"Mother, I'm dying now!  
There is a deep suffocation in my breast  
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;  
And on my brow  
I feel the cold sweat stand;  
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath  
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?  
Mother! your hand—

"Here, lay it on my wrist,  
And place the other now beneath my head;  
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,  
Shall I be missed?

"Never beside your knee,  
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,  
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay  
You taught to me;  
Oh! at the time of prayer,  
When you look round and see a vacant seat,  
You will not wait then for my coming feet—  
You'll miss me there!  
"Father, I'm going home!  
To the good home you spoke of: that bless'd land  
Where it is one bright Summer always, and  
Storms do not come;  
I must be happy then,—  
From pain and death you say I shall be free,  
That sickness never enters there, and we  
Shall meet again!

Brother! the little spot  
I used to call my garden, where long hours  
We've strayed to watch the budding things and flow-  
Forget it not! [ers  
Plant there some box or pine:  
Something that lives in Winter, and will be  
A verdant offering to my memory,  
And call it mine.

"Sister! my young rose-tree,  
That all the Spring hath been my pleasant care,  
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,  
I give to thee;  
And when its roses bloom  
I shall be gone away—my short life gone:  
But will you not bestow a single one  
Upon my tomb?

"Now, mother, sing the tune  
You sang last night; I am weary, and must sleep."

Morning spread o'er earth her rosy wings,  
And that young sufferer, cold and ivory pale,  
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air  
Came through the opening window, freighted with  
The savory labors of the early Spring:  
He breathed it not; the laugh of passers-by  
Jarr'd like a discord in some mournful tune,  
But marred not his slumbers. He was dead!

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