

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. VII. BATTLE CREEK, AUGUST, 1859. NO. 8.

For the Instructor

THE VISIT TO THE SEPULCHRE.

'Tis dawn, and o'er the eastern hills
The zephyr breezes softly play,
And gentle warblers join in song
To welcome the approaching day,
When Mary, lone and weeping, sought
The grave of him she once adored,
And spice and precious ointment brought,
T' embalm the body of her Lord.

Her tender, sympathizing heart
Had been borne down with grief and pain,
As she beheld that lovely form
Wickedly crucified and slain.
And as she seeks his resting place,
The last kind office to perform,
Her wounded spirit bleeds afresh,
To find the dear remains are gone.

But hark! a sweet, familiar voice
Falls gently on her listening ear,
And bids her drooping heart rejoice,
The Saviour that she seeks is here.
Woman, why weepst thou? he says,
She turns, and all her grief is flown;
He's there; he's risen from the dead,
And life and peace in every tone.

Hearken! poor wanderer o'er life's sea,
Tossed with the tempest and oppressed;
Hearken! good news is borne to thee,
He lives to give the weary rest.
He lives to give eternal life
To those who suffer with him here;
He lives, and thou shalt with him live,
O, let this thought thy spirit cheer.

SARAH M. SWAN.

Mantua, Ohio.

For the Instructor.

RELIGION.

"Religion! what treasure untold,
Resides in that heavenly word!"

IN the full tide of worldly prosperity, surrounded by friends, wealth and honor, the restraints of the religion of Jesus seem irksome to the seekers and lovers of earthly pleasures. Gliding along in the smooth and downward road, it seems hard to retrace their steps, yield up the pleasures of the world, take upon them the cross of Christ, and assume the responsibilities of the Christian. The world presents its attractions, and sometimes almost involuntarily they are hurried on in its mazy way.

But in this they do not obtain true and lasting happiness. It is not all sunshine, for every heart has its own bitterness. And in the hour of adversity, the dark and trying hour of affliction, when "death, the king of terrors, is stand-

ing closely by," then what, of a worldly nature, can buoy up the drooping spirits? There must be an aching void. Earth must be dispossessed of its fascination, and the heart yearn for something deeper, nobler and higher. At such a time consolation comes only from above. The Christian can look confidently upward, and sweetly and soothingly it comes to his heart, removing its oppressive burden, till resignedly he can say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

In all the trials of life, religion is most sustaining. It is a sweet consolation to feel that there is one who sympathizes in all our grief. There is beauty in it, and holy joy, such as earth can neither give nor take away.

My friends, those of you who still make the world your idol, be induced to seek the "pearl of great price." Make the sacrifice, leave the world, and you will have treasure in heaven. Is not the reward rich enough—a home in heaven? Should eternal life be lightly esteemed, when we cling so tenaciously to the brittle thread of earthly existence, which may be instantaneously severed, and at best is accompanied with sorrow, trouble and affliction? Has Jesus not done enough to incline you to give your affections, your all to him? O, turn and find salvation, ere the wrath of God bursts upon you, and you are left to realize the fearful threatening, "Because I have called, and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."

EMMA A. HASTINGS.

New Ipswich, N. H.

For the Instructor

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF SUFFERING.

ABOUT thirty years ago, Mr. E. —, then residing in Western New York, having occasion to visit Mass., hired his passage on one of the boats running on the Erie canal. Most of the passengers, as is generally the case on such boats, were rude, thoughtless and wicked. But there were at least two exceptions. There were two passengers who could not participate in their sinful recreations, for grief was deeply rooted in their hearts. One of these was a man who appeared to be about forty-five years of age, whose pale, sickly countenance indicated

the deep anxiety and sorrow of his heart. The other, his daughter, about nine years of age. The father had been living in the State of Ohio, where one after another of his family were stricken down with the yellow fever, and soon with a heavy heart he was called to follow them to the grave. He was now returning with his only remaining child, who was then suffering with the same fever. They were going to Rochester, N. Y. The last night had arrived that they were to stay on the boat. What a night of suffering was it to this poor child! The passengers had all retired to rest and left her alone. Her father was sick in another part of the cabin. There she lay with a burning fever, with no light in her room, crying and begging for water. But she plead in vain. The unfeeling woman who it appears had the care of her, told her to be still, she had had water enough. "O dear, I shall die," said the little sufferer, and soon after her voice was hushed. Before morning some one got up, took a light and went to the place where she lay. She was dead. The next morning the father was seen gazing at the cold and lifeless form of his darling child. The boat stopped at Rochester, where she was taken to be buried.

As we review the short narrative of this lonely one, our hearts are filled with the deepest sympathy. We see her in our mind the happy inmate of a happy family, surrounded by kind friends, brothers and sisters, and what is dearer than all, a tender mother, who watched over her in sickness and in health. We follow her till they are all one by one taken from her, and she left among strangers to suffer and die. And this is not a solitary case. While the rich have many friends, the poor are often despised, forsaken and uncared for. But they who have the Spirit of him who wept with the two sisters at the grave of Lazarus, will not act thus. What Christian mother would not have craved the privilege of watching over this dear child in her last moments, of bathing her feverish brow, lifting the cooling water to her parched lips, kneeling by her side in earnest prayer, and pointing her to him who once said, Suffer little children to come unto me?

Dear children, you who have parents, brothers and sisters, learn to prize them as you ought. Thank God that you have not been deprived of them as was this little girl. Be sure never to speak one unkind word to your brothers or sisters. See that you do nothing to mar the peace of your tender mother. Be kind to your father. Fear God and keep his commandments, and soon with all the redeemed you may share that home where sorrow can never come.

SUSAN ELMER.

Ashfield, Mass.

One trouble sometimes makes us forget a thousand mercies.

For the Instructor.

TO THE LITTLE READERS OF THE
"INSTRUCTOR."

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: I do not know you, but I am sure I should love you if you love the *Instructor*. It is a valuable paper, my dear children, and I love to read it, if I am old enough to be Auntie to every one of you. I was not always "Aunt Carrie," but was once a little child like the merriest of you. How I did love the Sabbath! It seemed to me the birds sang sweeter, and all nature looked more beautiful on that day than any other, and my heart was full to overflowing with praise to him the Creator of so much beauty. And the Sabbath-school—tears dim my eyes as I write the words, for many a darling friend that with me listened to the instruction of our gray-haired teacher, and with me learned the sweet poems of the Bible, and mingled their voices with mine in the hymn of praise, are now resting in the grave, their loved voices silent. But dear children, I know when we enter Christ's kingdom our voices will blend in heavenly harmony, we shall sing a new song on Mt. Zion, in the holy city of our God will we sing everlasting praise.

Thus you can see how much I love the *Instructor* that brings back the memory of my childhood's happy days. I hope you all love it. I am quite sure you do. I can almost see your eyes grow brighter at the mention of its coming. It asks no room except in your heart, it does not wish a share of your bounteous repast, but brings instead many a dainty for your mental appetite, beautiful and interesting stories, sweet poems and hymns. And what kind advice it whispers! How kindly it teaches you the love you must bear towards your God, and Bible, that precious book that contains such useful instruction and kind promises. Sometimes tears drop silently down your cheeks as it recounts the pure and holy life of our Saviour, the trials he endured that we might live. Is it any wonder that we sometimes ask ourselves the question "can we ever love him enough for suffering the ignoble death of the cross that we might have eternal life?" Oh! my children, does not your heart cling closer and closer to Christ when you think of him, bearing the heavy cross up the rugged mount of Calvary, his pure brow pierced by the cruel crown of thorns, those feet torn with nails which Mary washed with precious ointment, and wiped with the hair of her head, that wounded and bleeding side, that pure being the center of a jeering and sinful crowd? Oh! dear children, all this he suffered for your sakes. And what could have been more noble or generous than the words that proceeded from his expiring lips, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do?" Does it seem hard to you to love Christ with all your hearts when

you think of all he has endured and suffered for your sakes! Can you serve him enough? can you strive enough to conquer those faults that grieve him? Oh what a glorious thought that we may live forever with this dear Saviour. Then be up and doing. Do not say, I am young yet, I will wait till I am older. Christ wants you now. Rest not till you are numbered with his children. Listen to his loving words, Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Would you not love to have Christ take you in his arms and bless you, and bid you come into his kingdom? Then seek him *now*. Remember the motto of your little visitor, I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.

Farewell, dear children. That we meet in that land where sorrow and sin may not enter, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate
Sunny Dell Farm, Ills. AUNT CARRIE.

THE TWO GIFTS.

A COLLECTION for missions was being made at a church door. Up walked the richest man in the congregation, and laid a ten pound note on the plate. The people admired the gift and praised the giver.

Directly after him there came a little pale, poor girl, meanly clad, with poverty written in all her looks, yet with a countenance full of sweetness, and a tear trembling in her eye, and she laid beside the rich man's note a single penny. The crowd pushed her rudely by. No one noticed or cared for her gift. But the Saviour saw it, and he accepted it, as far more precious than the rich man's offering. Why?

That morning the rich man had said to himself, "What shall I give to the collection to-day for missions? I must give a ten pound note, for that is what is expected of me, and I wish my donation to be above all the others."

That morning the little girl had been reading her Bible; as she laid it down, she thought,

"If Jesus did so much for me, O! what can I do to show my love to him? There is to be a collection for missions to-day, and I have only a penny, but I will give my penny for Jesus' sake, and he will accept it from me, for I love him very much."

Then she knelt down and asked a blessing on it. She said—

"O, my Saviour, here is a penny which I will give to thee. Take it, Lord, although I am unworthy to give it, and bless it so that it do good.

Then, rising from her knees, she carried it to the church, and modestly dropped it into the plate.

Bear in mind, dear readers, that it is not only what we give, but how we give, that makes the service acceptable.—*S. S. Magazine.*

THREE HELPS.

"MOTHER, I shouldn't think God would punish children for doing wrong, when they can't help it," said Jamie, who sat looking out of the window a long time, thinking. "Can't help it!" said his mother. "No," said Jamie, "I don't think they can."

"Isn't it because they don't use God's helps to do right?" asked his mother. "God's helps!" said Jamie. "What?"

"He has given them a guide-book, in the first place. It clearly tells the right way and the wrong way, and where they lead to—one to heaven and the other to hell. If anybody consults that book, they can't mistake about the way," said his mother. "Is it the *Bible* you mean?" asked Jamie.

"Yes," she answered, "and lest we should get in the dark, or puzzled about the meaning of our guide-book, God has given another help, that is, his *Holy Spirit*, which, he says, will open the eyes of the blind, and will guide you into *all truth*—not part way, and then leave you to get along as you can, but guide you into *all truth*, that you need make no mistake and have no excuse for going wrong." "But," said Jamie, "how can you get the Holy Spirit? I can read my Bible, because it's in my very hands." "God will give you the Holy Spirit, if you ask him for it," said his mother. "He says, Ask, and you shall receive. The Bible also says the Holy Spirit helps our *infirmities*." "I don't know what that means," said Jamie quickly. "When we see a person weakly, sickly, and not able to do what he wants to, we say, he is *infirm*, he needs help. God sees how we stumble, and go back, and miss the right way, how weak we are; he therefore offers his Holy Spirit to make us strong." "That is wonderful," said Jamie, "how God knows everything."

"Besides all this," said his mother, "he has put a little voice inside you, which, when you are inclined to go wrong, says, No, no, no! and when you do right, says, Yes, yes, my dear child, very sweetly indeed." "A voice!" said Jamie—"that still small voice my teacher tells about, and says it is *conscience*!"

"Do you not think, Jamie," asked his mother seriously, "that God has done his part to make little boys, and girls too, do right—not only to know the right, but to do right also?"

"Mother," answered Jamie after a few moments' thinking, "I think God *has*. It isn't God's fault, I'm sure. Then why *don't they*?"

"Because they don't *mind God's helps*," said his mother. "If they would study their guide-book, ask the Holy Spirit to enlighten and help them, and hearken to that kind little voice inside, I am sure no child would go astray."

Tears came into the little boy's eyes, and drop after drop ran down his red cheeks.

"Mother," said he, "we've got *no excuse* for being wicked. God is good, very good."—*Child's Paper.*

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH. AUGUST, 1859.

For the Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE. No. 8.

Impressing American seaman—Documents of citizenship—Declaration of war—Voluntary surrender as prisoners of war—Preparation for a battle on the ocean—Unjust treatment—Close confinement.



ONE of the most prominent causes of our last war of 1812 with England was her oppressive and unjust acts in impressing American seaman on sea or land, wherever they could be found. This was denied by one political party in the United States. The British government also continued to deny the fact, and regard the passports or protection of American citizens of but little importance.

Such proof of American citizenship was required by them as was not very readily obtained. Hence their continued acts of aggression until the war. Another additional and grievous act was that all letters to our friends were required to be examined by the first lieutenant before leaving the ship. By accident I found one of mine torn and thrown aside, hence the impossibility of my parents learning even that I was among the living. With as genuine a protection as could be obtained from the collector of the custom house at N. Y. city, I nevertheless was passed off for an Irishman, because an Irish officer declared that my parents lived in Belfast, Ireland.

Previous to the war of 1812 one of my letters reached my father. He then procured for me another protection from the collector of the port of New Bedford, Mass., who had known me from childhood. He also wrote to the president of the United States (Madison) presenting him with the facts in my case, and for proof of his own citizenship referred him to the archives in the war department for his commissions returned and deposited there after his services closed with the Revolutionary war. The president's reply and documents were satisfactory. Gen. Brooks, then Gov. of Mass., who was intimately acquainted with my father as a captain under his immediate command in the Revolutionary war, added to the foregoing another strong document, all of which were afterwards critically reviewed in England and sent out in pamphlet form. Subsequently, during my imprisonment there, it was placed in my hands.

Capt. C. Delano, townsman and friend of my father, preparing for a voyage to Minorca, in the Mediterranean, generously offered his services to be bearer of the above named documents, and so sanguine was he that no other proof would be required that he really expected to bring me with him on his return voyage.

On his arrival at port Mahon, he was rejoiced to learn that the Rodney, 74, was in port. As he approached the R. in his boat, he was asked what he wanted. He said he wished to see a young man by the name of Joseph Bates. The lieutenant forbid his coming alongside. Finally one of the under officers, a friend of mine, informed him that I had been transferred to the Swiftshore, 74, (see No. 7,) and she had sailed to join the British fleet off Toulon. Capt. D. then presented my documents to the United States Consul, who transmitted them to Sir Edward Pelew, the commander-in-chief of the squadron. On the arrival of the mail, I received a letter from Capt. D. informing me of his arrival, and visit to the R., his disappointment, and what he had done, and of the anxiety of my parents. I think this was the first intelligence from home for over three years.

I was told that the Capt. had sent for me to see him on the quarter deck. I saw he was surrounded by signal men and officers replying by signal flags to the admiral's ship which was some distance from us. Said the Capt., Is your name Joseph Bates? Yes sir. Are you an American? Yes sir. To what part of America do you belong? New Bedford, in Mass., sir. Said he, the admiral is inquiring to know if you are on board this ship. He will probably send for you, or something to the like import. You may go below. The news spread throughout the ship that that Bates was an American, and his government had demanded his release, and the commander-in-chief was signaling our ship about it, &c. What a lucky fellow he was, &c.

Weeks and months rolled away, however, and nothing but anxious suspense and uncertainty in my case, till at length I received another letter from Capt. D. informing me my case was still hanging in uncertainty, and it was probable war had commenced and he was obliged to leave, and if I could not obtain an honorable discharge, I had better become a prisoner of war.

It was now the fall of 1812. On our arrival at port Mahon to winter, the British consul sent me what money I then needed, saying that it was Capt. D.'s request that he should furnish me with money and clothing while I needed. Owing to sickness in the fleet, it was ordered that each ship's company should have 24 hours liberty on shore. I improved this opportunity to call at the offices of the British and American consuls. The former furnished me with some more money. The latter said that the admiral had done nothing in my case, and now it was too late, for it was ascertained that war was declared between the United States and Great Britain.

There were about two hundred Americans on board the ships in our squadron, and 22 on board the Swiftshore. We had ventured several times to say what we ought to do, but the result appeared to some very doubtful. At last some six of us united and walked to the quarter deck with our hats in hand, and thus addressed the first lieutenant: we understand, sir, that war has commenced between Great Britain and the United States, and we do not wish to be found fighting against our own country; therefore it is our wish to become prisoners of war. Go below. At dinner hour all the Americans were ordered between the pumps, and not permitted to associate with the crew. Our scanty allowance was ordered to be reduced one third, and no strong drink. This we felt we could endure, and not a little comforted that we had made one effectual change, and the next would most likely free us from the British yoke.

From our ship the work spread until about all the Americans in the fleet became prisoners of war. During eight dreary months we were thus retained and frequently called upon the quarter deck and harangued and urged to enter the British navy. I had already suffered on for thirty months an unwilling subject. I was therefore fully decided not to listen to any proposal they could make.

A few months after our becoming prisoners of war, our lookout ships appeared off the harbor, and signaled that the French fleet (which we were attempting to blockade) were all out and making the best of their way down the Mediterranean. With this startling information orders were immediately issued for all the squadron to be ready to proceed in pursuit of them at an early hour in the morning. The most of the night was spent preparing for this expected onset. The prisoners were invited to assist. I alone refused to aid or assist in any way whatever, it being unjustifiable except when forced to do so. In the morning the whole fleet was sailing out of the harbor in line of battle. Gunners were ordered to double-shot the guns, and clear away for action. The first lieutenant was passing by where I stood reading the life of Nelson. (One of the library books.) Take up that hammock, sir, and carry it on deck. I looked off from the book and said it's not mine, sir. Take it up. It's not mine, sir. He cursed me for a scoundrel, snatched the book from me, and dashed it out of the gun port, and struck me down with his fist. As soon as I got up, said he, Take that hammock (some one's bed and blankets lashed up) on deck. *I shall not do it, sir!* I am a prisoner of war, and hope you will treat me as such. Yes you — Yankee scoundrel, I will. Here, said he to two under officers, take that hammock and lash it on to that fellow's back, and make him walk the poop deck 24 hours with it. And because I put my hands on them to keep them from doing so, and requested them to let me alone, he became outrageous, and cried out,

Master at arms! take this fellow into the gun-room and put him double legs in irons! That you can do, sir, said I, but I shall not work. When we come into action I'll have you lashed up in the main rigging for a *target*, for the Frenchmen to fire at! That you can do, sir, but I hope you will remember that I am a prisoner of war. Another volley of oaths and imprecations followed, with an inquiry why the master-at-arms did not hurry up with the irons. The poor old man was so dismayed and galled that he could not find them. He changed his mind, and ordered him to come up and make me a close prisoner in the gun room, and not allow me to come near any one, nor even to speak with one of my countrymen. With this he hurried up on the upper gun deck where orders were given to throw all the hammocks and bags into the ship's hold, break down all cabin and berth partitions, break up and throw overboard all the cow and sheep pens, and clear the deck fore and aft for action. Every ship was now in its station for battle, rushing across the Mediterranean for the Turkish shore, watching to see and grapple with their deadly foe.

JOSEPH BATES.

Monterey, July 18th, 1859.

For the Instructor.

WRITING COMPOSITIONS.

THIS is an exercise practiced in schools, and many young people who cannot attend school much, are tempted to conclude that they cannot write anything worthy of notice.

Now the *Instructor* offers an excellent opportunity for improving this talent of writing, and if this talent is improved it will increase; and, with your leave I will suggest a mode of doing this, which is a good one, though perhaps not the best one. It is however the best for a young beginner of any that I know of.

Make a little book of one or two sheets of paper, folding the paper twice, so that the same proportions remain; then begin by writing your name, place of residence, day of the month, and the year. Then write every day, as often as you think of anything worthy of note, as, what business you are engaged in, what visit you have made, or received, what you have learned, in what book you have read and what it was about, what good remark you may have heard, and treasured up; or if you can write out your feelings and experience, what sin you have resisted; or if you have done wrong, write that down, so that you may remember and repent, and if you have repented and received pardon, note down the fact. There are many interesting things which, if written down, would be worth remembering. Do this every day, and as often as you can, without neglecting other duties, and as you improve, you will like the exercise more and more.

No doubt there are interesting incidents in the lives of the young Advent Sabbath-keepers, which it would be profitable to read, and should many do

this, as directed, it would bring out the mind, learn the young to think, to relate, to reason, and perhaps appropriate extracts from such a journal would be well worthy of insertion in the *Instructor*.

Could you by so doing be more useful you would be more happy, and be more closely bound to the truth. You would find much more light in prayer and praise, more strength to serve the Lord, for the Bible says, He that watereth shall be watered himself; while if you are content to sit down idle, you may lose the hope you now enjoy. But if the way is hedged up and you cannot do this, seek in some way to be useful and diligent.

J. CLARKE.

CHASTENING.

For the Instructor.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous. Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

How hard it is to recognize the hand of God in the many trials and perplexities to which the Christian is subject. How prone are we to murmur at our hard lot, and feel that our sufferings are greater than we can bear; almost forgetting that we are called to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, who led a life of toil and grief. His life was one of continual sacrifice. And though rejected of the world, despised and persecuted, no murmur ever escaped his lips. With what grief and sorrow must he look upon those who profess to love him, and yet are unwilling to deny self, and suffer for his sake! How deeply should we be humbled in view of what the Saviour has done for us! How unworthy we are of such matchless love! If we are ever so happy as to reach the city of God, and dwell with Jesus, and the angels, it will be through no merit of our own. It is the Saviour's precious blood that will have bought for us this privilege.

We love to contemplate the bliss and glory of that sweet home. While toiling here, we sigh for the cool waters of the river of life, and the healing leaves that gently wave above it. We feel weary, and we long for rest. It is a sweet consolation to feel that there our tears will cease. The sorrows that haunt this life of ours, and make earth a desolation, will there be no more. But I fear that few realize how much heaven will cost. It is very natural to desire it, because we know that there our happiness will be perfected. But it is not natural to be willing to suffer for it.

I have felt of late deeply solicitous on my own account, and also on account of many of my young friends. The youth have much to learn. We have not the experience of those of riper years, are less acquainted with the arts and devices of Satan, and therefore more exposed to his malicious power. My heart is saddened as I realize how few of the youth are willing to sacrifice. The world, its frivolities and pleasures, have power to attract their minds, and Jesus is shut out of their hearts. How

much better to make no profession of religion, than to profess it, and not live it. Many, no doubt, feel that sometime they will be wholly consecrated to God, but they are unwilling to yield all to the Lord now. They seem to forget that they have no promise of the future. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

My dear friends, there is a higher place of holiness for us to occupy. The nearer we get to Jesus, the less will earth attract us. I feel like renewing my covenant with the Lord, and yielding my all to him. I weep that I have been so unfaithful. It is not in our own power to overcome, but through him who died for us we may obtain salvation. Let me urge you to seek for holiness of heart and life. Daily, hourly, and every moment God requires us to be Christians. You must expect to suffer if you would be glorified with Jesus. Seek not ease, or comfort, so much as the glory of God. Sink not beneath discouragement because you are chastened of the Lord, "for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "The road may be rough, but it cannot be long." The weary soon will rest.

S. A. HASTINGS.

New Ipswich, N. H.

For the Instructor.

"ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU."

SAYS Jesus, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." We also read from the pen of the same disciple, "And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." How precious and full of comfort are these promises. In seasons of fierce conflict, when darkness seems to envelop our path, we may find here a firm basis upon which to rest our hope.

Knowing our weakness, we present before the throne of grace our wants. We know not what to pray for as we ought, but in humble fear draw near to God, and aided by his Spirit pour out our hearts before him. If then his words abide in us, and we abide in him, our petitions are such as he will delight to grant. Our wills no longer bend to selfish interests, but blend with his divine will. The Spirit maketh intercession for us; and Jesus by his grace enters our hearts and sups with us, and we with him. How sacred is this hour with God! Here may we experience the sentiment of the hymn, "Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall, An hour with my God will make up for them all."

Though to prove our love and faithfulness we are suffered to meet with tempestuous winds, and often dark clouds obscure our sky, yet God is abundant in mercies, and no good thing does he withhold from them that walk uprightly. Then should not our visits to Jesus be often and frequent? Here we may learn of his ways and see new beauty and loveliness in his character; here hold heavenly communion with him, and here obtain the abiding wit-

ness of his Spirit, that we are accepted of him. Our hopes may be buoyant, and a holy influence emanate from our lives that will be felt by those around us.

O may we partake so largely of the perfection of Jesus that his service will be our delight, and we exclaim with the psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Ceresco, Mich.

M. D. BYINGTON.

GOD IS GOOD.

BY ROSE ROCHESTER.

God is good, says a little bird,
Singing vespers in yonder tree,
Sweeter notes I have never heard,
Carol more joyous, wild or free.
There in his nest, 'mid the maple leaves,
All to love and nothing to fear,
Yonder the farmer's nut-brown sheaves,
Yield to his household the best of cheer,
Feeding and watering his tender brood,
Gaily caroling, God is good.

God is good, says the sunshine sweet,
Softly sleeping in yonder glen,
Safe from the dust of the busy street,
Far from the noisy haunts of men.
The murmuring song of the babbling brook,
The quivering joy of the forest flowers,
The fragrant thought of each quiet nook,
Chased away by the flying hours,
Thro' the meadow and thro' the wood,
Everywhere whispering, God is good.

God is good, says the gentle rain,
Blessing the dry and dusty earth,
Bringing the velvet grass again,
Giving the autumn blossoms birth,
Clothing the hills in living green,
Wrapping the mountain in misty white,
Changing the morning's beautiful sheen
Into a sober and thoughtful light,
Dropping its pearls in quiet mood,
Constantly telling us, God is good.

God is good, say the glorious things,
Coming and going with every day,
Tho' they speed from us on shingling wings,
Tho' not long doth their brightness stay,
Gather the dew while the morning lasts;
Prison the sunbeams while they are shining,
Lest when our sky is overcast,
Clouds may be void of a "silver lining."
So shall our hearts on life's weariest road,
Evermore murmur, God is good.—

—*New Covenant.*

LETTERS,

"Little children, abide in Him."

From M. L. Satterlee.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have had the *Instructor* about three years, but I never took much delight in it till of late.

I came out from the world and was baptized at the late conference at Roosevelt, N. Y., and I feel determined to walk in newness of life. The Bible looks like a new book to me. O I want to be willing to give up all the pleasures of this world, to forsake all and follow Jesus. We must be wholly consecrated,

and ready for the coming of the Lord. I want to enjoy the pleasures of the earth made new, to walk the streets of gold, eat of the tree of life and live forever. O it is worth striving for. Though we have some trials and troubles they are nothing compared to what our Lord suffered for us.

We ought to thank the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Come, let us take new courage, and go on in the good way. My heart goes out in gratitude to God for what he has done for me.

From S. R. C.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: My heart has felt cheered while reading letters from many of you through the *Instructor*, and I have felt encouraged to try to press my way on through the trials and conflicts of this life. It is still the desire of my heart to be an overcomer, and to stand complete in the will of God. But I often fear that instead of overcoming the love of the world and my selfish motives, I shall be overcome by Satan at his will. But Jesus is our strength, and if we trust in him I believe his grace will be sufficient for us, and no good thing will he withhold from those that walk uprightly. Should we not be willing to deny ourselves here, and to suffer with Jesus who died that we might live? I feel that nothing should be too dear to sacrifice for Jesus and his truth. We have the promise that if we leave all for his sake, we shall receive manifold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. O, let us give ourselves and all we have to Jesus without any reserve, and may neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

EVIL SPEAKING.

THE following anecdote is related of the late excellent J. J. Gurney, by one who, as a child, was often one of his family circle:

One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. S. did not stand very high in my esteem, and I was about to speak further of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eyes caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure, that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the color to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked, very gravely:

"Dost thou know any good thing to tell us of her?"

I did not answer, and the question was more seriously asked:

"Think; is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?"

"O, yes; I know some good things, but—"

"Would it not have been better then to relate these good things, than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? 'Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity,' thou knowest."—*Sel.*

A CHILDLIKE SPIRIT.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes—
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will,
That hurries to and fro.
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate—
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied—
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful not to serve thee much—
But please thee perfectly.—*Sel.*

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

A GENTLEMAN, while addressing some children, took out his watch, and asked what it was for.

"To keep time," the children answered.

"Well, suppose it won't keep time, and can't be made to keep time: what is it good for?"

"It's good for nothing," they replied.

He then took out a lead pencil, and asked what it was for.

"It's to mark with," was the answer.

"But supposing the lead is out and it won't mark: what is it for?"

"It's good for nothing."

He then took out a pocket knife, and asked what was its use.

"To mend our pencils with," said some. "To cut," said others.

"Suppose it has no blade: then what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Then a watch, or pencil, or knife, is good for nothing, unless it can do the thing for which it was made?"

"No sir," the children all answered.

"Well, children, what is a boy or girl made for?"

The children hesitated.

"What was man made for?" asked the gentleman.

"To glorify God, and enjoy him forever."

"Now, then, if a boy or girl does not do what he or she is made for, and glorify God, what is he or she good for?"

And the children all answered, without seeming to think how it would sound,—

"Good for nothing!"

Well, if children are made to glorify God, and they don't do it, they are good for nothing; that is, it is so much more important that they glorify God, and become prepared to enjoy him forever, than anything else, that if they fail to do this, it is as though they failed in everything. Without love to God, all other things are as nothing.

Dear boy or girl, are you answering the end for which you were made? If not what are you good for? Think of the childrens' answer,—

Good for nothing!"

[*Sunday School Banner.*]

"MOTHER, I thank you for reminding me of it," said a little girl to her mother, on being put in mind of something which she had almost forgotten to do. Do all little girls possess this sweet obliging spirit?

RECEIPTS.

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