

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

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THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

We are going, going, going,
To a land where all is light,—
Where are flowing, flowing, flowing
Living waters, pure and bright;
Here we learn redemption's story,
Here we seek our Saviour's grace,
There we shall behold his glory,
Worshiping before his face.

We are singing, singing, singing,
As we joyful pass along;
Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing
Of our glad triumphant song;
Happiness our hearts is swelling,
As we ever upward tend,
And we cannot cease from telling
Of our precious heavenly Friend.

We are trying, trying, trying
Manfully to fight with sin;
While the days are flying, flying,
We would grow more pure within;
For the meek ones and the lowly
God will as his chosen own;
Naught polluted or unholy
Shall behold his spotless throne.

Thus, while years are fleeting, fleeting,
Pace we on with prayer and song,
Hasting to the meeting, meeting
Of the blood-washed, ransomed throng.
Jesus, Saviour, leave us never,
Help us faithful still to prove;
Then, at home with thee forever,
May we gathered be above!

[Presbyterian.]

"MOTHER MADE IT."

A few weeks since, while at one of the beautiful inland cities of Wisconsin, an incident occurred which awakened in my mind a train of reflections which possibly may be written and read with advantage.

I was hurrying along the street, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a little boy on the side of the pavement selling candy. He was not really beautiful, nor was he decidedly the reverse. His age was about nine years; his clothes were old and faded, but well patched. His candy was spread upon a coarse, white cotton cloth, neatly stretched over what had been a japanned server. He was surrounded by a small group of boys, evidently belonging to different grades of society.

As I came nearly opposite him the oft repeated interlude, "Candy, sir?" fell upon my ears, and although opposed to the excessive use of candy, I stepped aside to patronize the light-

haired, pale, freckled, home-spun little representative of trade. I purchased of him, partly for his encouragement, but with particular reference to the friendship of the little folks of the family of which I was a temporary guest.

The candy was as white as the cloth beneath it, being free from the very poisonous coloring ingredients so extensively used in the confectionary art. I tasted it, and found it delicately flavored and very nice.

"My boy," said I, "your candy is very good; let me have a little more."

I immediately saw that my remark had awakened in his young heart emotions which, in themselves, were quite abstract from the candy trade. His countenance beamed with joy as he raised his large eyes, sparkling with delight, and observed in reply—

"It is good, isn't it? *Mother made it.*"

In these few words was embodied an unconscious exhibition of character. Here was a spontaneous outburst of filial affection.

Now this incident, in itself, was trifling; but the spirit of the language carried me back through life more than thirty years, and at irregular intervals bade me pause and apply the sentiment to some item connected with my own history.

Before making the application, however, I wish to disabuse myself of the charge, which such application may incur, of appropriating to myself the nobility of character which I have above attributed to the candy boy. Holding myself exempt from this arrogance, I would simply say, I am not ashamed of the profession of my affection for my parents, and hope I may not outlive that profession.

When I was a little boy at school and carried my dinner in a satchel made of calico, some of my schoolmates carried theirs in fashionable willow baskets, and sometimes teased me because I carried mine in a "poke." I felt vexed, but reconciled myself with the recollection that, if I did carry a calico poke, "*mother made it.*" In less than twenty-five years after that time, one of those same schoolmates was happy to avail himself of the privilege of sending his children to my school to receive gratuitous instruction, proffered in view of his extreme poverty. His children came to school without any dinner. They had no nice willow basket—they needed no calico "poke."

William Foster ruled his copy-book with a

pencil set in a fine silver case. He said he would not carry such a great ugly club of a pencil as mine. I compared the pencils. His was the handsomest, but no better than mine. I had a good pencil hammered out of a piece of lead. "*Mother made it,*" and I was satisfied with it. After we grew up to be men, William Foster came to me to get me to calculate interest on a small note, at six per cent. per annum; he carried a pencil worth four cents. I had no gumelastic ball; but I had one made of woolen ravelings and covered with leather. "*Mother made it.*"

When in my twenty-second year, I left home to attend school in L. There were in the school some fast young men, the sons of wealthy parents. There were others whose good sense was not annihilated by pecuniary advantages. Of the former class was one John Stokes, who wore very fine broadcloth. My best coat was not so fine, the cloth cost two dollars and fifty cents a yard; my mother had traded a tow check of her own manufacture for it; while I was working to assist my father in raising his family; she paid fifty cents for getting the garment cut, and made it herself. John Stokes came one day to my desk, held out his arm, compared his coat sleeve with mine, and inquired ironically, where I got such a fine coat. I proudly told him, "*mother made it!*" He feigned great surprise, and sarcastically observed, he had mistaken it for imported goods; he wished he could get such fine clothes, and wondered if mother would get him up a fine coat.

A short time afterward, while in a tailor shop one morning with a fellow student, John Stokes' new coat was brought in by a lad, with instructions to scour and press it. He was not in his class that day; he had been seen the previous night on Water-street, rolling in the mud, drunk as Bacchus. He left the school in disgrace.—He now lies in a drunkard's grave.

I boarded myself while attending the school there. I walked nine miles home at the close of each week, and returned on Monday morning, with my loaf of bread under my arm. It would become stale before Friday evening, but I always relished it, when I remembered that "*Mother made it.*"

I am now so far advanced in life that my friends begin to call me old. But I have not lived long enough to learn why I should not still respect my mother and regard her affectionately. She is quite advanced in years, and has nearly lost her sight. She sits within a few feet of me, sewing up a rent in my linen coat, while I write this. She knows not what I am writing. She has been a widow eight years, and is still toiling for the welfare of her children. She has never studied grammar, nor philosophy, nor music. These things were sel-

dom taught in her younger days. But she knows their value, and has toiled hard, many a day, to purchase books for her children, and support them at school. And shall I now curl the lip of scorn, or blush in company to hear her substitute a verb of unity for one of plurality, or pronounce a word twenty years behind the Websterian era? Never—no, never! The old dilapidated grammar in my library might testify against her style; but its testimony would be infinitely more terrible against my ingratitude. I recollect well, when she rode seven miles, one cold winter's day, to sell produce and purchase that book for me, when I was a little boy. It required a sacrifice, but "*MOTHER MADE IT.*"—*Home Journal.*

"I CAN WAIT TILL MORNING."

Some years since, and friends met again in the old parsonage. It was pleasant to meet each other, and pleasanter still to gather once more around the table for their evening meal. As they did so, Mary, the youngest darling, and pet of the family, some four years of age, was seated in her high chair, in her customary place at her father's side. The unusual interest of the additional persons present, occupied the attention of her parents, and question and explanation, and the narration of events and incidents since they last met, engrossed all their thoughts, to the exclusion of the quiet child. Just as they were rising from their seats, having finished their meal, the father was surprised to notice for the first time, that his patient little daughter, doubtless as is generally the case the hungriest one of the whole party, had not been helped to a single morsel.

"Why, my precious child," said he, "did you not speak sooner, and ask for some supper?" Looking up sweetly in his face, while a tear dropped from the edge of her cheek, where it had been resting, she replied simply, "I can wait till morning, father."

Said a visitor who told me the circumstance, "I shall never forget the gentle look of patience on this infantile face—evidently more grieved at being forgotten by those she loved, than for her unsupplied wants, nor the unintentional reproach it conveyed to our selfish thoughtlessness. 'It is just like my Mary,' said her father."

This incident was, I learned, an illustration of her whole character, the fruit of faithful parental training, with the blessing of the Spirit of God. It was enough. It spoke volumes. It was a lesson to us all. A lesson from the youngest, which the eldest and wisest had many an opportunity to practice.

It needs not to enlarge upon the many lovely traits of disposition which that reply indicated. It was the perfume which told of the perfecting of the blossom. And so it proved. Ere the

leaves from that summer's roses had withered upon the ground, her parents leaned over her little open grave. They mourn her loss as only such a child can be mourned, and sometimes the separation seems so long, that the aching heart almost refuses to be comforted. But they try to look beyond the dark curtain, through which the upper glory may not reach our feeble vision, and say, "I will wait till the morning."

If at any time we are assailed by slander, our kindest efforts for good are misrepresented, our motives maligned, let us patiently bide our time for vindication, and say, "I will wait till the morning." Or if misfortunes come thick and fast, and the night of our sorrow seems so utterly dark, that not a single ray in the whole sky remains to tell of one star shining above us, let no impatient unbelief prompt to despair, but let us rather say, "The night may be dreary and chill, but it will soon be past. I will wait till the morning."

What a morning will that be, to which our brightest sunshine will seem Egyptian darkness. Where, for every single ray that enters the eye here, ten thousand rays glowing, refulgent, shall thrill and vivify every part of our being. Light, not like our solar beam, exhausted in one mission, and then absorbed, but light un-fading in its essence—ever more glorious in its refulgence, as it floods high Heaven, as it pours its exhaustless stream forever from the true central sun of the universe—the Lamb of God. One who has dwelt there from all eternity, thus described it to the prophet of old:—"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle or light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—*Sunday School Times.*

THE DYING BOY.

Said the Rev. N. McLeod, of Scotland:

"The other day, I was requested by a brother minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who, during three years' sickness, had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God, with a singular enlightenment of the Spirit.—I went to visit him. The child had suffered excruciating pain; for years he had not known one day's rest. I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him, and speaking some words of sympathy, he looked at me with his blue eyes—he could not move, it was the night before he died—and breathed into my ears these few words: 'I am strong in Him.' The words were few, and uttered feebly; they were the words of a feeble child, in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek, and quiet, and affectionate mother; and these words seemed to lift the burden from the very

heart; they seemed to make the world more beautiful than it ever was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth.—May you, sir, and I, and every one else, be strong in Him!"—*Sel.*

The above affecting incident gave rise to the following lines, written by a dear, departed sister, during her own hours of suffering, a short time previous to her death. They are found in her book entitled, *Home here, and Home in Heaven*, by Annie R. Smith.

"I am strong in Him," said a lovely child,
With a feeble voice and a visage mild,
Tho' on his brow was the seal of death,
And he soon must yield his vital breath.

"I am strong in Him."—On a couch of pain,
For many years had the sufferer lain;
But never repined, tho' deprived of his rest;
For the will of his Father he thought was best.

"I am strong in Him."—In a lowly cot,
Where Poverty reigned, to dwell was his lot,
Where nought of earthly happiness flowed,
But a mother's love on her son bestowed.

"I am strong in Him," said the dying boy,
As his eye lit up with heavenly joy;
For he leaned on one who is mighty to save,
And could carry him safe thro' the gloom of the grave.

COPYING A BLOT.

"Mother, who of all the big boys should you like for me to pattern?" asked a little boy who was looking round for a good example.

"Who should you think?" asked his mother; "you know the big boys better than I do."

The little boy thought. Then he said, "there's Dan Parker, he smokes; there's Bill Parker, he swears; Tom Jones, he's got a horrid temper; Sam Jay, he speers it; Jim Wood, he hates study; Joe Blake, he's cross; Charlie Doe, he goes fishing Sabbath; Gus Tyng, he tells whoppers. Mother, there isn't one that, if I copy, I shouldn't copy a blot from."

Oh, how the ugly blots in our character stand out. "Well," said his mother, "there is one perfect pattern." "Who?" asked the boy, eagerly; "I should love to know him." "The Son of God," answered she, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, and who left us an example that we should follow in his steps." Oh, children, God knew you would need a perfect pattern to copy from. You could not copy God, because he is a Spirit; therefore he sent his Son to become a child in this world, to show you the pattern of a heavenly boy, and he wishes you to begin when a child to grow into his likeness. In his character there is no blot to copy. He is pure.—*Sel.*

Youth, beauty, or wit, may recommend you to men; but only faith in Jesus can introduce you to God.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER, 1859.

For the Instructor.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"WHEN I was a little child, (said a religious man), my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and as it were drawn back by the soft hand upon my head. When I was a young man I traveled in foreign lands, and was much exposed to many temptations, but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure, as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice to my heart, a voice that must be obeyed: 'Oh, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.'"

This little circumstance shows how the heart of the Christian mother yearns for the safety and salvation of her children. And I want to add a few more words respecting the influence of such a parent—something which I hope will tend to lead you all (if you do not already) to venerate that maternal hand which so faithfully ministers to your wants. Children sometimes have very short memories; at least they soon forget the very things which are of the highest importance, and ought always to be remembered. Nothing is of such value in the home circle as the moulding influence of the pious mother. Certainly those children and youth who are blessed with such heavenly instruction, ought to place the highest estimate thereon. Young friends, remember the prayers of your mother. Call to mind her tears, her entreaties and her untiring efforts for your salvation. In the language of the apostle, "Think on these things." Think how highly you are favored of God in being blessed with such society. And while the memory of the past may cause a sting of conscience, for your unfaithfulness and ingratitude to her, go ask your mother to forgive the unkind deeds of her wayward child, and ask God to pardon your neglect of so great a blessing as the example of a kind and Christian mother.

Dear youth, if these were my last words to you I would say, honor, love, respect and obey your mother. Delight in her society, and revere all her admonitory instructions. Young men, love your mother—be jealous for her name, and disdainfully frown upon those impious lips that would dare to undervalue her great worth. Who was it that tenderly guarded your infantile slumbers? Your mother. Who toiled and contrived for your numerous wants? Your mother. Whose soft hand gently smoothed your feverish brow? Your mother's. Whose tremulous voice is now so often heard in

anxious prayer for your salvation? Your mother's. Ah, then, call to mind the loving-kindness of your God in the gift of this precious parent,—love your mother and your mother's God, and all will be well.

G. W. A.

Waukon, Iowa.

For the Instructor.

TENDER-HEARTED.

IN the apostle Paul's letter to the Ephesians is the following excellent admonition: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Eph. iv, 32.

How often have I been reminded of these apostolic words, as I have witnessed petty broils and needless disputes of little boys and girls who knew better, and ought to have behaved differently. When I have seen the angry look and the cruel blow, I have thought of Paul's words: "Be ye tender-hearted." When I have noticed selfish acts and an ungenerous spirit, it would still come to my heart, "Be ye kind one to another."

I want to impress this injunction upon all your young minds, "*Be tender-hearted.*" That boy or girl who quarrels with another, is not "tender-hearted;" has not learned the very first lesson of Christianity. The youth who does not readily and willingly assist his mother, is not tender-hearted; in fact such are hard-hearted, and they cannot enter the kingdom of God, for they violate one of the plainest commandments of the Bible.

I am glad that many who will read this, are tender-hearted, and I hope that many more will try to become so. To help such to "turn from the error of their ways," and effect a thorough reformation, is the reason that I write. We long for the time when all the children in our ranks will cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light. Do not be afraid to humble yourselves before the Lord; this is just what you must do to get his favor. Resist this hard-hearted spirit of Belial, and cultivate a spirit of kindness and affection toward all around. You will feel a thousand times better when this rabid, stubborn disposition is subdued, and the gentle, yielding spirit of kindness takes its place. Make a mighty effort to overcome, and you will surely succeed, and at last be permitted to stand on the sea of glass with those who have gotten the victory, and will be happy for ever, even for ever and ever.

G. W. A.

Waukon, Iowa.

Religion not Gloomy.

WHEN Hayden, the great composer of sacred music, was asked why his pieces were always so cheerful, he replied, "I cannot make them otherwise. I write according to the things I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen."

For the Instructor.
INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—NO. 9.

Release from close confinement—British fleet outgeneraled—Removed to a prison-ship in England—Provisions for a London newspaper—General excitement in relation to our bread—Another movement.



WHEN all the preparation was made for battle, one of my countrymen, in the absence of the master of arms, ventured to speak with me through the musket gratings of the gun-room, to warn me of the perilous position I should be placed in when the French fleet hove in sight unless I submitted, and acknowledged myself ready to take my former station [second captain of one of the big guns on the fore-

castle] and fight the Frenchmen, as he and the rest of my countrymen, were about to do. I endeavored to show him how unjustifiable and inconsistent such a course would be for us as prisoners of war, and assured him that my mind was fully and clearly settled to adhere to our position as American prisoners of war, notwithstanding the perilous position I was to be placed in.

In the course of a few hours, after the lieutenant had finished his arrangements for a battle, he came down into my prison-room. Well sir, said he, will you take up a hammock when you are ordered again? I replied that I would take one up for any gentleman in the ship. You would, ha! Yes sir: without inquiring who I considered gentlemen, he ordered me released. My countrymen were somewhat surprised to see me so soon a prisoner at large.

The first lieutenant is next in command to the captain, and presides over all the duties of the ship during the day, and keeps no watch, whereas all other officers do. As we had not yet seen the French fleet, the first lieutenant was aware that my case would have to be reported to the captain; in which case if I, as an acknowledged prisoner of war, belonging to the United States, was allowed to answer for myself, his unlawful, abusive, and ungentlemanly conduct would come to the captain's knowledge. Hence his willingness to release me.

The British fleet continued their course across the Mediterranean for the Turkish coast until they were satisfied that the French fleet was not to the west of them. They then steered north and east (to meet them) until we arrived off the harbor of Toulon, where we saw them all snugly moored, and dismantled in their old winter quarters; their officers and crews undoubtedly highly gratified that the ruse they had practiced had so well effected their design, viz., to start the British squadron out of their snug winter quarters to hunt for them over the Mediter-

anean sea. They had remantled, and sailed out of their harbor, and chased our few lookout ships a distance down the Mediterranean [see No. 8.] and then unperceived by them returned and dismantled again.

After retaining us prisoners of war about eight months, we with others that continued to refuse all solicitation to rejoin the British service, were sent to Gibraltar, and from thence to England, and finally locked up on board an old sheer-hulk, called the Crown Prince, formerly a Danish 74 gun ship, a few miles below Chatham dock-yard, and seventy miles from London. Here were many others of like description, many of them containing prisoners. Here about seven hundred prisoners were crowded between two decks, and locked up every night, on a scanty allowance of food, and in crowded quarters. Cut off from all intercourse except floating news, a plan was devised to obtain a newspaper, which often relieved us in our anxious, desponding moments, although we had to feel the pressing claims of hunger for it. The plan was this: One day in each week we were allowed salt fish; this we sold to the contractor for cash, and paid out to one of our enemies to smuggle us in one of the weekly journals from London. This being common stock, good readers were chosen to stand in an elevated position and read aloud. It was often interesting and amusing to see the perfect rush to hear every word of American news, several voices crying out, "Read that over again, we could not hear it distinctly;" and the same from another, and another quarter. Good news from home often cheered us more than our scanty allowance of food. If more means had been required for the paper, I believe another portion of our daily allowance would have been freely offered, rather than give it up.

Our daily allowance of bread consisted of coarse brown loaves from the bakery, served out every morning. At the commencement of the severe cold weather, a quantity of ship biscuit was deposited on board for our use in case the weather or ice should prevent the soft bread from coming daily. In the spring, our first lieutenant, or commander, ordered the biscuit to be served out to the prisoners, and directed that one quarter of the daily allowance should be deducted, because nine ounces of biscuit were equal to twelve ounces of soft bread. We utterly refused to receive the biscuit, or hard bread, unless he would allow us as many ounces as we had had of the soft. At the close of the day he wished to know again if we would receive the bread on his terms. No! no! Then I will keep you below until you comply. Hatchways unlocked in the morning again. Will you come up for your bread? No! At noon again, Will you have your meat that is cooked for you? No! Will you come up for your water? No, we will have nothing from you until you serve us out our full allowance of bread. To make us comply, the port holes had been closed,

thus depriving us of light and fresh air. Our president also had been called up and conferred with, [we had a president, and committee of twelve chosen, as we found it necessary to keep some kind of order]. He told the commander that the prisoners would not yield.

By this time hunger and the want of water, and especially fresh air, had thrown us into a state of feverish excitement. Some appeared almost savage, others endeavored to bear it as well as they could. The president was called for again. After awhile the port where he messed was thrown open, and two officers from the hatchway came down on the lower deck and passed to his table, enquiring for the president's trunk. What do you want with it? said his friends. The commander has sent us for it. What for? He is going to send him on board the next prison ship. Do you drop it! He shall not have it! By this time the officers became alarmed for their safety, and attempted to make their escape up the ladder, to the hatchway. A number of the prisoners who seemed fired with desperation, stopped them, and declared on the peril of their lives that they should go no further until the president was permitted to come down. Other port holes were now thrown open, and the commander appeared at one of them, demanding the release of his officers. The reply from within was, When you release our president we will release your officers. If you do not release them, said the commander, I will open these ports (all of them grated with heavy bars of iron) and fire in upon you. Fire away! was the cry from within, we may as well die this way as by famine; but mark, if you kill one prisoner we will have two for one as long as they last. His officers now began to beg him most pitifully not to fire, for if you do, said they, they will kill us; they stand here around us with their knives open, declaring if we stir one foot they will take our lives.

The president being permitted to come to the port, begged his countrymen to shed no blood on his account, for he did not desire to remain on board the ship any longer, and he entreated that for *his* sake the officers be released. The officers were then released.

Double plank bulkheads at each end of our prison rooms, with musket holes in them to fire in upon us if necessary, separated us from the officers, sailors and soldiers. Again we were asked if we would receive our allowance of bread? No. Some threats were thrown out by the prisoners that he would hear from us before morning. About ten o'clock at night, when all were quiet but the guard and watch on deck, a torch light was got up by setting some soap grease on fire in tin pans. By the aid of this light, a heavy oak stanchion was taken down which served us for a battering-ram. Then with our large empty tin water cans for drums, and tin pails, kettles, pans, pots, and spoons for drum sticks, and whatever would make a stunning noise, the torch lights and battering-ram moved onward to the af-

ter bulkhead that separated us from the commander and his officers, soldiers and their families. For a few moments the ram was applied with power, and so successfully that consternation seized the sleepers, and they fled, crying for help, declaring that the prisoners were breaking through upon them. Without stopping for them to rally and fire in upon us, a rush was made for the forward bulkhead, where a portion of the ship's company with their families lived. The application of the battering-ram was quite as successful here, so that all our enemies were now as wide awake as their hungry, starving prisoners, devising the best means for their defence. Here our torch lights went out, leaving us in total darkness in the midst of our so far successful operations. We grouped together in huddles, to sleep, if our enemies would allow us, until another day should dawn to enable us to use our little remaining strength in obtaining if possible, our full allowance of bread and water.

JOSEPH BATES.

Orleans, Ionia Co., Mich, Aug. 1859.

For the Instructor,

DESIRES FOR HOME.

JESUS, I come to thee,
Thou art my guide;
Keep me from evil free,
Close by thy side.

I would not longer roam,
In sinful ways;
I long for that dear home,
In paradise.

This world to me looks drear,
I still should pine,
Though for my portion here,
All things were mine.

There is a better land,
Where all is pure;
Those joys at God's right hand,
I would secure.

My friends and kindred are
The blood-washed throng;
I would their victories share,
And join their song.

Lord, for this end prepare
My longing soul;
A crown of life to wear,
In that blest goal.

A. M. L.

New Haven, N. Y., June 1st, 1859.

Little Trot-foot.

I HEARD some little girls talking under the pear-tree, and one was telling the others, "I help mother. I run up stairs for her, and go her errands. I do every thing she asks me, and more too, because I do what I think she will ask me; and I fetch my pa's boots, and get his slippers, and place his arm-chair for him. I find his handkerchief and his hat, for my pa don't always remember where he puts things; and he calls me such a funny name," said the little girl, with a little cheery laugh.

"What?" asked the little girls, listening.

"Trot-foot—little Trot-foot," said she.

How useful these sweet, obliging little Trot-foots are.—*Child's Paper.*

LETTERS,

"Little children, abide in Him."

From M. D. Byington.

DEAR CHILDREN: It does my heart good to take up the *Instructor* from month to month, and see the interest manifested by young and old. I think it must have a happy influence upon the minds of its readers, and especially will be blessed to the good of those for whom it is published—the little children. What could be better adapted to their interest? I have been thinking of the words of Jesus: "I thank thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

The Lord of heaven and earth did not choose the great, the wise men of earth to whom he would reveal his truth; he knew they would not receive it. But it was the humble, contrite heart with which he loved to dwell. He would take little children in his arms and bless them. The lonely orphan he remembered. The poor widow shared in the consolation he imparted. Upon the lame, the blind, and sick were poured blessings from his hand.

For the great, the rich, the noble, he left no promise; they have only the fleeting comfort afforded by the pleasures of sin. He bowed beneath the lowest burdens for the benefit of the children of men. Yes, dear children, you have just such a Saviour as this. He has chosen you out of the world. You may experience his blessing just as freely now, as those could upon whom he in love placed his hands when here upon earth. The good, kind and affectionate child he loves. He has prepared mansions and crowns for such, as well as for those who have served him long and faithfully. It was doubtless a good, obedient child that he took in his arms and blessed.

Dear children, Jesus is coming again. He will bring with him a holy retinue of angels to gather home his people, and they will gather in all little children whom he loves. Is it often a happy thought with you that that day is near at hand?

Perhaps some of you have on some festal day joined a company of youth and children and marched in order to a place of recreation, and thought it very delightful. But what will it be to join a company of children with pure and spotless robes; who with bright wings will ascend to meet Jesus, and dwell for ever with him; who will range the sweet fields of the new earth, and pluck the unfading flowers and immortal fruit? All there will be perfection, beauty and loveliness. Do you not want to be there?

Ceresco, Mich.

Are you in danger? Repair to God, and say to him, with David, "I flee unto thee to hide me."

From Martha A. Butler.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—It is with a sincere desire to do the will of God, that I take my pen for the first time to communicate a few thoughts through our paper. I love the *Instructor* because I believe that its teachings are in accordance with the word of God. It tells of the same blessed hope that cheers me on from day to day; of the same dear Saviour that came into this world to suffer and die upon the cruel cross, that we might have eternal life. I feel thankful for the light God has let shine upon my pathway, and for what he has done for me, that he ever inclined my heart to leave the vain pleasures of the world and join the commandment keepers in striving for the kingdom.

For quite a number of years I have made a profession of religion, but I fear I was almost entirely ignorant of my spiritual state till about two years since; then, I trust, the Lord opened my eyes in some measure to see my condition, and I was alarmed. I tried to seek the Lord with all my heart, but the Enemy tried his best to keep me back from the blessing of God, and it would seem at times as tho' my case was hopeless; but I thank God he heard my prayers, and from time to time has filled my soul with his spirit, and I have felt to praise Him with all my heart for his matchless goodness to the children of men. And I am determined to-day to press my way onward and be an overcomer at last. The prize looks glorious; I believe it is worth giving all for.

O if I can only see my Saviour and be changed into his blessed likeness and have a part in singing his praises on Mount Zion, it will be enough. I desire not the pleasures and honors of this world, but I do desire the approbation of God, and strength to enable me to overcome, and forsake all my sins that Jesus may come in and sup with me and I with him.

"Ambition may spread her bright phantoms,
And whisper of honor and fame,
She may lure on her thousands to labor,
To win an illustrious name,
Be this my ambition to follow
The path my Redeemer has trod;
Be an heir of his heavenly kingdom,
And dwell in the city of God."

Here we have many things to draw our minds away from God, and the temptations of the Enemy are strong, and unless we are very watchful and prayerful he will turn our feet from the narrow way. But the grace of God is sufficient for us, if we only put our trust in him.

We shall not have to meet the trials of life much longer, for Jesus is coming to take his weary people home. Let us be of good courage, and bear them all patiently that they may work for our good.

May the Lord help us to so live that when he comes, we may look up, and with joy exclaim, "Lo this is our God, we have waited for him and He will save us."

Waukon, Iowa.

BENEVOLENCE.

For the Instructor.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Perhaps you would like to hear how the children in this place are prospering in their little acts of benevolence. It has been a little more than six months since they commenced, and I think I can truly say they are not weary, but with willing and cheerful hearts they still continue to cast their little offerings into the treasury of the Lord, and I believe the Lord will not despise them, although in the eyes of some they may appear small. Three of the children give two cents a week, five give one, and one casts in her mite occasionally as she has it. This amounts to nearly six dollars a year. But perhaps some of you will say, I have no money to give. I will tell you how some of the children here get their money, and perhaps you can get some in the same way. When we commenced, some of the children had no money of their own, and their parents supplied them with the necessary sum; but as there was an object before their minds which seemed to interest them (to help send the *Instructor* to poor children that are unable to pay), they began to lay up their pennies instead of spending them foolishly as some do for nuts, candies, &c., and cast them into the Lord's treasury. Now they all have money of their own, and I have heard them all, I think, express nearly the same, that they never had so much money before. They seem to think it is because they cast it into the treasury, and I am inclined to think that the Lord regards their little offerings, and as he sees they have a willing and cheerful heart to give, and are faithful in a little, he blesses them in obtaining more. Perhaps some of you will smile at this idea, but I will tell you about a little girl that had but one penny. This she cheerfully cast into the treasury. When the time came to collect again she had another which she cast in in the same way. When we came around again she had another, but selfish feelings began to arise in her heart, and perhaps she thought of the two cents she had already given, and how if she had them all it would make quite a little sum; so she said she did not believe it was her duty to give that penny, and she was going to keep it till she got a good many more and then she could use them for something else. So she kept it a long while but could get no more. At last she became discouraged and said she was going to put that penny into the treasury, for she did not believe she should have any more as long as she kept it; so she cast it into the treasury.

Now what I want you to learn from this is that God loveth the cheerful giver, and will bless those that make a right use of their Lord's money, however small they may be.

A short time since when some of God's servants came this way and the children found they had a dollar in the treasury ready to help them on their way, their smiling countenances bespoke the feelings of their hearts, that it truly was more blessed to give than to receive.

Dear children, my object in speaking of these things is to try to encourage you to commence about the work of casting your little offerings into the Lord's treasury, and not think because you can do but little that it is of no use to do anything, but commence about the work and see how long it will be before your little paper will go free from all embarrassment, and the poor children that are unable to pay, be made to rejoice for the privilege of reading it.

L. J. RICHMOND.

Ashfield, Mass.

HOLD ON.

HOLD ON to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, speak harshly, or say any improper word. Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any disobedient or improper act. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from duty, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry about you. Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join them in their games, mirth and revelry. Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high place, or fashionable attire. Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well and do you good through all eternity. Hold on to your virtue, it is above price to you in all times and places. Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be your best wealth.—Sel.

Some persons look upon religion as a medicine, to others it is their necessary food; the latter are right.

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