

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

"I love them that love Me: and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

VOL. VIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY, 1860.

NO. 7.

THE RAILROAD TO HEAVEN.

THE road to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truth the rails were laid,
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.

Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in,
No fare for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in him abide.

Come then, dear children, now's the time!
At any station on the line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

For the Youth's Instructor.

LOVE.

DEAR CHILDREN: In the Battle Creek Sabbath School there is a large class of little boys, and also one of little girls. Last Sabbath they all had passages of Scripture to recite on the subject of *love*. It was truly a pleasant sight to see them thus interested in the Sabbath-School, and it is to be hoped that they, and all the readers of the *Instructor* with them, may heed the counsel to love one another as Jesus has loved them.

You all know how to love your parents, brothers and sisters. What is more beautiful than to see little children with their hearts filled with love and affection for those around them? Not pettish and fretful, but pleasant and kind. 'Tis such that Jesus and holy angels smile upon and tenderly care for. Do you know that the Saviour notices the birds of the air and the flowers of the field? Do you know that he has more regard for one little child who loves him with all the heart, than for many princes and kings who neglect to obey him? How earnestly then should you all love Jesus. How fearful to grieve him by wrong actions or words. In trying to obey and love your parents, you love Jesus, for he has bid you do so. In all your innocent associations you may find something which will lead you to love him more. The earth at first was

created in such symmetry and beauty as to lead the mind of man to God. But the tempter beguiled our first parents, and now all are easily led astray from God. Were it not for Jesus' love to us we could not love him, but should be left without hope. Heaven with its golden streets and gorgeous mansions, its never fading flowers and immortal fruit, its river of life, and harmonious music, crowns and harps of gold, all, *all* its untold blissful realities is bought by the love of Jesus. We may secure the approbation of the dear Saviour now, and when he appears on the great white cloud attended by all the shining host, he will approve us in the presence of his Father and the holy angels.

"O that all the dear lambs
Had a voice to reply,
When the great Shepherd calls
From his mansion on high,
We will follow the Lamb
To his fold in the skies."

M. D. BYINGTON.

For the Youth's Instructor.

SAMUEL.

"MOREOVER his mother made him a little coat." What little boy does not like to have a new little coat, which his mother has made? If you wish to read about a little boy that had a new coat once a year, and a little boy that served the Lord all the time, in the temple of God, you will find the account in the first book of Kings.

Samuel's mother wished him to be a good man, and she wished him to do good to others, so when he was about three or four years old, she brought him to Eli, who was high priest, and said, "I have lent this child to the Lord."

Samuel was a good boy and did right. Although Eli's sons were very wicked he did not do as they did, but tried to do as his mother had bid him do, and his mother came to see him once a year, and brought him a little coat when she visited him, which she had wove for him.

Samuel was a good boy, and though his mother was far away from him most of the time, yet he did just the same when he was alone as if his mother was looking at him. He did not keep looking into this and that, as some children do, but he kept right about his business, and waited on Eli, and obeyed him as he should.

Samuel was such a good boy that the Lord

spoke to him, and sent him to tell Eli that Hophni and Phineas, Eli's sons, should die, and the Lord called to Samuel by name, and told him how wicked Eli's sons had got to be; and Samuel was only a little boy, while Eli's sons were grown men. It was very sad to old Eli to have this message told to him by a little boy, and Eli died too. It is better to be a good little boy than a bad man, and little Samuel was better than a bad priest.

J. CLARKE.

For the Youth's Instructor.

AN ADMONITION.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Do we realize the time in which we live? Are we seeking above everything else to know and do the will of God? Is it our chief study to show ourselves approved unto him? If so we can with confidence claim his promises, and receive the help and strength we need to resist the temptations with which we are surrounded; for God is ever faithful to fulfill all he has promised to those who trust in him.

We have a compassionate, tender High Priest, who has been touched with the feelings of our infirmities. He still intercedes before the Father in our behalf. He regards every true desire we have to serve him. Every sigh and tear is noticed by him who numbers the hairs of our head. And is it not strange that we should ever be left to doubt his willingness to pity and to save us from our sins, when we have such a compassionate Redeemer? one who has laid down his life for our ransom, and given so many heart cheering promises to induce us to believe on him "and trust in his power to save?"

I have felt sad while hearing some who have once loved the truth, talk as though it was quite impossible for them to overcome, there were so many snares set for their feet, so many difficulties to encounter by the way, that they could not go through. But this is a deception of the enemy, and we should not give him a chance thus to triumph, nor wound the dear Saviour who has said, "My grace is sufficient." But is it not a lack of consecration, an unwillingness to sacrifice the pleasures of this world, that should cause any to thus yield to the enemy? O that the eyes of all might be opened to see how vain and transitory are the things of earth, and how wretched in a little from this will be the condition of those who have not a well grounded hope in the Saviour. Let us dear friends open wide the door of our hearts "and bring him in a welcome guest." May the truth have a large place there, that its purifying effects may be seen in our lives daily, that we may be prepared to be gathered with the redeemed host.

Irassburgh, Vt.

ABBY D. BARROWS.

For the Youth's Instructor.

THE STORY OF REDEMPTION.

THE FALL OF ADAM.

In the wisdom of God it was deemed good to fix a test of man's obedience to his law that it might be before him continually. The test being prepared by the all wise Creator, we would expect it to be very plain and simple; something that a child might understand.

This test was something like this: God was the owner of all the earth, for he made it; but when the dominion was given to Adam God reserved one tree or kind of tree, and man was forbidden to eat of it. "But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Perhaps Adam at first had no desire to partake of the fruit of the forbidden tree, but Satan had fallen in heaven and now he desired to cause man to fall, and to suffer as he knew that he himself must. "Misery loves company" is an old saying. Satan loved company in his troubles, so he wished to make man fall with him.

By man's listening to Satan and eating of the forbidden fruit, he became the servant of Satan; and by serving Satan he served another than the true God, and so broke the first commandment in the law. When Adam put forth his hand and took of the fruit, he took that which did not belong to him and was guilty of stealing. In this way he broke the eighth commandment in the law; and by first desiring that which belonged to God, and which had been forbidden him, he was guilty of violating the tenth precept of the law of God which forbids covetousness. Thus Adam violated three of the precepts of the ten commandments, and of course incurred the displeasure of God. God was no longer under obligation to keep man in such a beautiful place, or to let him have the dominion over all living things on the earth, or to let him have a right to the tree of life, so he sent him out from the garden of Eden and permitted his subjects to rebel against him. Also he cursed the ground causing thorns and thistles to spring up in place of sweet scented flowers, so that where it before had been a pleasure to till the ground it now became a burden. The earth was cursed, because in cursing man all under his authority would be cursed also. The way of the tree of life was guarded, for if man could eat of it he would become immortal, and so live forever in rebellion against the government of God, and thus man become an immortal sinner.

Sometimes when earthly monarchs lose their power and are driven from their thrones their kingdom becomes the scene of uproar, confusion and bloodshed till some other prince is placed on the throne, and all becomes peaceful

and quiet again. So it was with the earth when Adam was driven from his throne, and his dominion taken away from him. Since that time the earth has been a kingdom of confusion. Bloody wars and hideous uproar have proclaimed with trumpet voice that the dominion has passed away from man, while Adam and his posterity wander about amid the shapeless confusion till death claims them as his own, and man returns again to dust from whence he was taken. Many of the fallen race try to exalt themselves to rule. They would fain get the dominion into their own hands but they have not the power. In the midst of their strivings for power, death claims them, for they have lost the tree of life. Thus will they strive amid all this confusion till He comes whose right it is. The kingdoms of the earth will be filled with confusion, war and uproar until Christ subdues his enemies and takes the power into his own hands and comes to reign.

This kingdom of confusion—this fallen earth will pass into the hands of the Son of God. He is to redeem it and bring it back to sweet subjection to the government of God. He is the one appointed to restore order out of confusion, and to whom all others must submit. All things acknowledge his authority, for to him will come the first dominion, as God has told us by his prophet. "And thou, O tower of the flock, the strong hold of the daughter of Zion, unto thee shall it come, even the first dominion." Under his reign also those ravenous beasts that are now wild and furious, will become gentle and harmless; just as they were before man fell, when they rebelled against his authority. Then the wolf will dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid, and they will not hurt or destroy in all the earth.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

(To be Continued.)

**THE BIG UMBRELLA,
OR LITTLE MARY'S FAITH.**

THE following instructive anecdote shows the simple faith that little children often have. These little buds of piety generally believe all that is told them with the most profound sincerity; and their childish faith often admonishes those of maturer years and understanding.

Some time ago a great drought prevailed in some of the midland counties of England. Several pious farmers, who dreaded lest their expected crops should perish for lack of moisture, agreed with their pastor and others to hold a special prayer-meeting to pray to God to send the needed rain. They met accordingly; and the minister, coming early, had time

to exchange kindly greetings with several of his flock.

He was surprised to see one of his Sabbath scholars bringing a big old family umbrella. "Why, Mary," said he, "what made you bring that umbrella on such a fine evening as this?" The child gazing on his face with evident surprise at the inquiry, replied, "Why, sir, I thought as we were going to pray to God for rain I'd be sure to want the umbrella." The minister smiled on her, and the service shortly after commenced.

Whilst they were praying the wind rose; the sky, before so clear and bright, became overcast with clouds, and a heavy shower of rain followed. Those who attended the meeting unprepared to receive the blessing they sought, reached their homes drenched with wet, whilst Mary and her minister returned together under the big old umbrella.

The above also reminds us of a little incident of recent occurrence. A little girl, hardly three years old, had been told about heaven, its pretty flowers, its singing birds and beautiful streams and trees, and how that if she was good she should see Jesus and the angels and have a little pair of wings. With her mind greatly elated at such a happy thought, she went to the Sabbath School and recited her verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," but as the school closed she began to grow sad, and with a disappointment too keen for her little heart, she went and told her mother that she had said "her verse" but "the teacher hadn't given her any wings!"

MORAL AGRICULTURE.

TAKE the Spade of Perseverance,
Dig the Field of Progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside.

Feed the Plant whose Fruit is Wisdom;
Cleanse from crime the common sod;
So that from the throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

WHEN AM I HAPPIEST?

A LITTLE girl five years old once said to her mother, "Do you know when I feel the happiest?"

Her mother answered, "I suppose when you are good."

"No," said she, "but when I feel very sorry for having been naughty and God has forgiven me."

How sweet it is to be forgiven.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY, 1860.

HOW THE JEWS AND ROMANS
TREATED JESUS.

DEAR CHILDREN: In the last INSTRUCTOR I told you something about the history of the Saviour; how he left his beautiful home beyond the skies and came down to this sinful earth and healed the sick and taught the way of salvation to the people. In this number I will tell you how he was wickedly treated by the Jews and Romans, and then cruelly put to death.

Did any of our little readers ever really think how these cruel men insulted and persecuted the Saviour? This is a matter upon which we all ought to reflect, for Jesus endured these sufferings that we might be saved. But what did they do? In the last chapters of the first four books of the New Testament, we have a full account of the betrayal, trial and death of Jesus.

While he was in the garden called Gethsemane, praying in agony with his disciples, for he knew that he must soon be crucified, a great multitude came with cudgels and swords to arrest the Lord. They would not have known where he was, if Judas, one of the disciples had not betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. This he did for his love of money, and so sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, or about sixteen dollars of our money. After seizing Jesus, the mob hurried him away to the palace of the Jewish high priest, where they all took counsel against his life. And now we shall see the insults offered to the Saviour, and by those, too, who professed to be the only true people of God. Listen to what the Apostle says was done in the high priest's house. How that band of men treated him who is the Saviour of all mankind. After they had sought false witnesses and accused him, what did they do next?

"Then did they spit in his face!" Think of this little boy or girl. Who of you would bear such a provoking insult and not be very angry in your hearts? But what did Jesus do? He meekly raised his hand and wiped it away! Do not your feelings grow tender while you think of this insulting act toward the Son of God? But remember he bore all this because *you had sinned*; and whenever you are tempted to be haughty or proud, think of this—*they spit on Jesus!* But this was not all of their insulting treatment to the Saviour.

"They buffeted him." Perhaps some of my little readers hardly know what this means, so I will tell you. And may God give your little hearts tenderness while we treat of this awful subject. The word *buffet* means, "to beat with the fist, to maltreat, to strike;" and in many translations which I have seen this place reads, they "beat him on the head with their fists!" This is no doubt the meaning of

the word *buffet*, and thus, dear children, did this heartless mob, led on by Satan, treat our adorable Redeemer. But this was not all; happy would it be for these murderers if it were.

"The servants did strike him with the palms of their hands." Or, as it means—they struck him on the cheek with their open hands. This was what the *servants* did. In this manner did they contemptuously mock and deride the Saviour. They then blindfolded him, as you will see in Luke, and struck him in the face, and mockingly said, "Tell us, O Christ, who it was that struck you!" Thus, dear children, did these vile men taunt and ignominiously treat the Saviour of the world. But what did Jesus do? Did he get angry and threaten them with revenge? No; he meekly and patiently endured it all. "When he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." All this he endured that by believing on him and doing his will, we might be saved in his kingdom.

Thus far the trial took place in the dead of night, which was a fit time for such heaven-daring insults and cruelty. How long they continued to buffet and deride the Saviour we do not know, but the account says, when the morning was come they bound Jesus and led him away to Pilate the Roman Governor. And what do you think, children, was the first thing they did?

"When Pilate had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified." Here, again, lest the little reader should misunderstand what this wicked act was, I will explain. The word *scourge* means, "to whip, to lash, to beat, to chastise." The idea then plainly is that these Roman soldiers lashed and whipped the Saviour. Don't startle, little friends, for this is the meaning of the verse, though it is a dreadful thought to us all. But while your hearts may be sad in thinking of these cruel acts, remember what the Prophet said, "that by his stripes we are healed." And I trust your feelings are broken, and that you feel godly sorrow for ever having done anything to cause Jesus to endure such treatment as this. But this cruel list is not through with yet. Nor have I time to tell you the particulars of all the indignities offered to Jesus. How the soldiers clothed him with an old scarlet robe, and put a crown of thorns upon his head, and a reed in his hand, and as they passed by knelt before him in mockery and said, Hail, O king of the Jews! They treated him the same as the Jews did in the palace of the high priest. They spit upon him, they struck him with reeds, and Herod with his men of war mocked him and set him at nought. In this way, dear children, the Saviour purchased salvation for great and small; and I trust you will all give your hearts to him who suffered such things for us. But the final deed is yet to be mentioned.

"And they crucified Jesus!" This was the cruellest act of all. No manner of death was so pain-

ful or scandalous as the cross. It was the punishment inflicted on the vilest of men, if they were *slaves*, but if they were free, it was thought too infamous, let their deeds be what they might. And in reference to this Paul says, "He took upon him the form of a *servant*, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross." But he endured the cross and despised the shame for the joy that was set before him, and to purchase pardon for a world of transgressors.

The person who was to be crucified was nailed to a piece of wood in the shape of the letter X or T. The rude nails were driven through the hands and feet, the most tender parts of the body, and then they raised the cross and let the end down with great force into a hole in the ground. In this way they treated the Saviour; and it was while suffering in this state that he prayed, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" But those cruel men were not moved by this generous prayer. They passed by wagging their heads and making jest of the Saviour, and when he was thirsty they gave him gall to drink, and one of the soldiers thrust a spear into his side. Think again, children, of the sufferings of Jesus. No wonder the sun refused to shine on such a scene as this, and that darkness covered the land for many hours. But the final moment came, and Jesus having ended the work he came to do, cried out, "It is finished!" and yielded up his life. It was the Son of God that died.

These, dear children, were some of the sufferings of Jesus. This is what he endured to open a way of escape for the fallen sons of Adam. But this same Jesus now lives a merciful High Priest in heaven. He will soon come again, and those that look for him will appear with him in glory.

I will now close, hoping to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the kingdom of heaven.

G. W. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

A LITTLE girl who has no brothers or sisters was one day thinking about the Sabbath-keepers, when she suddenly exclaimed, "How many brothers and sisters I should have, if I should keep the Sabbath," and continuing her speech she asked her aunt S. if she should then call her uncle I. and aunt C. brother and sister? This little girl would like to keep the Sabbath if her "ma would keep it," and often she talks to her mother and friends about this favorite scheme.

Lotty is very desirous to keep all the commandments, and we hope her ma will conclude to listen to her little daughter's proposal. We pray that God will mercifully grant to both Lotty and her ma an abundant entrance through the gates of the celestial city, where all will be brothers and sisters, by keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

It is a blessed thing to keep the commandments of God, and to have the faith of Jesus. Children who do this will indeed have *many* brothers and sisters. Only think of that glorious company of youth and children who will stand with their parents on the golden pavement of the New Jerusalem! There will be no orphans there, no fatherless children, nor lonely ones there, all will be united in the bonds of pure and undying love.

There you will find a countless company of good companions, children of the good of all the past ages, children of the martyrs, who suffered all that could be invented to torment them, children who love truth, and purity, and holiness, all interesting, all lovely and intelligent. Who will be among this glorious company?
J. CLARKE.

For the Youth's Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—No. 19.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

A spoiled child—Passage home from the West Indies—False alarm—Arrival home.



WHILE we were refitting in St. Thomas, Capt. H. was going to visit an acquaintance of his on Sunday, and I proposed to spend a few hours on shore to see the place. Said he, "George wants to go on shore; I wish you would take him with you, but don't let him go out of your sight." While I was conversing with an acquaintance, George was missing. When I returned to the boat in company with the mate of

the vessel where Capt. H. was visiting, we saw George lying in the boat *drunk*! When we came to the vessel where his father was he was exceedingly aggravated, and endeavored in several ways to arouse from his stupor and pull at the oar, for his father arranged that we three alone would manage the boat and leave the sailors on board. George was unable to do anything but reply to his father in a very disrespectful manner, so his father had to ply his oar to the ship.

After George had somewhat recovered from his drunken spell, he made his appearance on the quarter deck, when his father began to reprove and threaten to chastise him for disgracing himself and his father among strangers as he had done. A few more words passed, and George clinched his father and crowded him some distance towards the stern of the ship before he could check him and get him down with his knee upon him. He then turned to me saying, "Mr. Bates, what shall I do with this boy?" I replied, "Whip him sir! Said he "I will!" and slapped him a few times with the flat of

his hand on his back saying, "There! take that now!" &c.

George was so vexed and provoked because his father whipped him that he ran down into the cabin to destroy himself. In a few moments the cook came rushing up from thence saying, "Capt. Hitch! George says he is going to jump out of the cabin window and drown himself!" "Let him jump!" said I. He had become sober enough by this time to know better, for he was a great coward.

George Hitch was about thirteen years of age at this time, and when free from the influence of strong drink was a generous, good hearted boy, and with right management would have proved a blessing instead of a reproach and curse as he did to his parents and friends. His father in unburdening his heart to me about him, said, "When he was a child, his mother and I were afraid that he would not be roguish enough to make a smart man, so we indulged him in his childish roguery, and soon he learned to run away from school and associate himself with wicked boys, and the like, which troubled his mother so exceedingly that she could not have him at home. This is why I have taken him with me."

His father was aware that he would drink liquor whenever he could get it, and yet he would have the liquor in the decanter placed in the locker where George could get it whenever he pleased in our absence. Sometimes his father would ask the cook what had become of the liquor in the decanter. He knew that neither the second mate nor myself had taken it, for neither of us used strong drink; hence he must have known that George took it.

Our merchant in Gottenburgh had placed in the hands of Capt. H. a case of very choice cordial as a present to Mrs. H. After our small stores and liquors were used up during our long passage, I saw George with his arms around his father's neck one evening in the cabin. Capt. H. said to me, "What do you think this boy wants?" "I don't know sir," I replied. "He wants me to open the cordial case of his mother's and give him some of it." The indulgent father yielded, and very soon the mother's cordial case was emptied. This thirst for liquor, unchecked by his parents, ripened with his manhood, and drove him from all decent society, and finally to a drunkard's grave in the midst of his days. His mother mourned and wept, and died sorrowing for her ruined boy before him. His father lived to be tormented, and threatened with death if he did not give him money to gratify his insatiable thirst that was hastening him to his untimely end, and went down to the grave sorrowing that he had been the father of such a rebellious, unnatural child. Another warning to surviving parents and children who fail to follow the Bible, in obedience to God's infallible rule. Prov. xxii, 6.

On our passage from St. Thomas to New Bedford, Mass., we met a very tempestuous storm in the gulf stream, off Cape Hatteras. During the midnight watch George came rushing into the cabin, crying, "Father! father! the ship is sinking!" The second mate who had charge of the watch followed declaring the ship was going down. As all hands were rushing for the upper deck, I asked Mr. Nye how he knew the ship was sinking? "Because," said he, "she has settled two or three feet." We raised the after hatchway to see how much water was in the hole, and found no more than usual. The almost continual cracking thunder and vivid lightning in the roaring storm alarmed and deceived them, for the whole watch on deck also believed the ship was sinking.

In about three weeks from St. Thomas we saw Block Island. In the morning we were about twenty miles from New Bedford, when the wind came out ahead from the north in a strong gale, threatening to drive us off our soundings. We clinched our cables round the mast, and cleared our anchors, determined to make a desperate effort, and try the strength of our cables in deep water rather than be blown off the coast. Then with what sail the ship could bear we began to ply her head to windward for a harbor in the Vineyard Sound. As the sea and sprays rushed upon us it froze on the sails and rigging, so that before we tacked, which was often, we had to break off the ice from our sails, tacks and sheets with hand spikes. In this way we gained about ten miles to windward during the day, and anchored in Tarpaulin Cove, about fifteen miles from New Bedford. Our signal was seen from the Observatory in New Bedford just as we were passing into the Cove. When our anchor reached the bottom, the poor half frozen crew were so overjoyed that they gave three cheers for a safe harbor. After two days the gale abated, and we made sail and anchored in the harbor of New Bedford, Feb. 20, 1819, nearly six months from Gottenburgh. So far as I have any knowledge of ship-sailing, this was one of the most providential and singular passages from Europe to America, in its nature and duration, that is on record.

This voyage, including also our passage to the West Indies, could in ordinary weather be performed by our ship when in good sailing trim in less than sixty days. Our friends were almost as glad to see us as we were to get safely home. The contrast between the almost continual clanking of pumps to keep our ship afloat, and howling winter storms which we had to contend with, and a good cheering fireside, surrounded by wives, children and friends, was great indeed, and cheered us exceedingly. We thought we were thankful to God for thus preserving our lives. This was the third time which I had returned home during ten years.

"The Old Frances," as she was called, apparently ready to slide into a watery grave, was soon thoroughly repaired and fitted for the whaling business, which she has successfully pursued in the Pacific and Indian Oceans for the last forty years, so far as I have any knowledge of her. Thus she survives (as far as I know), all of her crew except two persons,—Lemuel C. T. before named, now a ship owner in Fairhaven, Mass., and myself.

Marshall, Mich., June 16, 1860.

For the Youth's Instructor.

"I SHALL WANT TO KISS MY MOTHER."

Such was the language of a little curly headed boy of three summers when his aunt told him that his mother would soon be hid from his sight in the dark grave; and though hardly three years old tears would glisten in his eyes when he thought he would see her no more. He would often say, "I shall want to kiss my mother by and by, and she will be all buried up in the ground."

And now dear children I want to tell you something about the death of this little boy's mother. She had been a professor of religion from her childhood and at the time of her death had two little boys that she was trying to bring up in what she thought to be the right way. As she observed Sunday, most of her time on that day was spent in in-

structing her boys. She was as well and healthy the day before she died as your mothers are to-day. But in an unexpected hour the swift messenger of death came and claimed her as his victim. She had no time to warn her husband and children to be prepared to meet their God in peace, but without a moment's warning was taken away from all her heart held dear, and her little boys are left motherless in this unfriendly world. Little did they think when bidding her good night before retiring that it would be a last good night, for before morning she was cold in death; and as I held "little Charlie" up to kiss the lips now cold in death that a few hours before had bade him good night, my tears mingled with his, and my heart went out in prayer to God that he would protect those motherless children.

And now dear children when you kneel beside your mother's knee to say your evening prayer remember these little boys. Although they are with kind friends who care for their earthly wants, yet they are not instructed in the way of life and salvation. May your prayers ascend with mine to the God of heaven that he will send some one this way to preach the good news of the kingdom in this place, that all the honest in heart may see the importance of being prepared to meet the Saviour in peace.

Yours hoping to be prepared to meet all the readers of the *Instructor* at his appearing and kingdom.
Nevada, Minnesota. EVA A. RAWLINS.

Extracts from Letters.

"A little Balm, and a little Honey, Spices, and Myrrh, Nuts, and Almonds." Gen. xliii, 11.

WE take much satisfaction in treating our young readers with this generous list of letters. It shows that the *INSTRUCTOR* lives in the hearts of the youth and children, and that the truths it teaches are having a moulding influence on a great many young minds. One interesting feature is that nearly all write "for the first time." We are certainly glad to see so many engaged in the work of overcoming. Go on, youth and children. May your hearts be filled with the Saviour's love now, and the joys of Paradise in the kingdom to come.

I. E. Wolcott, of Eaton Rapids, Mich., says: "This is the first time I have written for the *Instructor*. What a reward we shall have if we obey the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! We shall have eternal life and be admitted into the kingdom of God, and enjoy the company of our dear Saviour and all of the holy angels. There will be no pain, sickness, sorrow, neither death nor anything of the kind to mar our happiness or enjoyment, but all will be peace and joy forevermore. O what a glorious hope is ours if faithful! I do hope that all the readers of the *Instructor* will strive faithfully to overcome all evil, and have their treasure in heaven, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city."

F. Hough of Rochester, Mich., says: "This is the first time that I have written to you through this paper. I feel thankful that my lot has been cast among Sabbath-keepers. I believe them to be the children of God. I feel like laying aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset me, and run the race set before me. Dear friends, may none of us who have started for the heavenly kingdom be disappointed of an entrance there."

Little A. M. Roushey of Elkhorn Grove, Ills., says: "Dear young friends, for the first time I take my pen to address you through the *Instructor*. I am almost nine years old. It has been almost three years since I commenced taking the *Instructor*. I like it better and better."

M. Higley of Lapeer, Mich., says: "For the first time I attempt to write a few lines for the *Instructor*. It is nearly two years since I embraced the Sabbath. I thank the Lord that he ever sent his servants this way to call us from nature's darkness, to present before us the third angel's message; and that he gave us a willing mind to hear, and a heart to believe and embrace his truth. I believe the Saviour is soon coming, I have got much to do to be ready to meet him. My sincere prayer to God is that I may still strive to overcome this world, and be prepared to meet our Saviour when he shall come to gather his ransomed ones home to that beautiful new earth that is promised to the faithful. O what a blessed promise, what a happy thought!"

C. E. Harris of Lunenburg, Vt., says: "As I read in the *Instructor* the story "How I Enlisted to be a Soldier," I could not help wishing the dear children would read it again and again, and be constrained to become Christ's soldiers at once. And I thought those who have been some time enlisted might draw very profitable instruction from it. To us it is a very interesting thought that the great Captain is about to perfect his soldiers, and that he will very soon call them from the battle field."

L. A. Pratt of Jamaica, Vt., says: "For the first time I attempt to write a few lines through the *Instructor*. I am thirteen years old. I feel thankful that we have the privilege of hearing from each other, and that we may strengthen one another to press onward to that heavenly land where parting will be no more. I feel that we are living in a very solemn time, and have much to do to get ready for the coming of the Saviour. No doubt many of you have Sabbath-schools to attend, but I can sympathize with those who have none. I want the *Instructor* very much. My father is very poor, and I cannot get the money to pay for it; but I have two lambs which I intend to sell in the Fall, and then I will send the money."

W. N. Fuller of Potter Co., Pa., says: "This is the first time that I have written for the *Instructor*. I feel that I have sinned a great many times, but I do not mean to submit to the enemy any more. I feel the need of your prayers. I want you to pray for me that I may enter with you into the kingdom."

A. L. Wilkinson of Owasso, Mich., says: "I like the *Instructor* very much. I consider it the only small paper now published which is exactly suited to the needs of children and youth in these last days. That the Lord will bless this little sheet as it goes forth on its errand of love, to the strengthening and edifying of the lambs of the flock is the prayer of one who loves the truth."

C. E. Hull of Knoxville, Iowa, says: "Let us gird on the armor anew and press forward, and the victory will be ours. I feel thankful that my lot has been cast among commandment-keepers. I know that I have sinned a great deal, but I pray the Lord to forgive my sins. My desire is to live a Christian. I want to see the inside of the city."

THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

The little lambs slept by their mothers,
All under the silver sky,
And they dreamed of the lilies that grew in the grass
And the waters that glided by.

By the stars on God's great dial,
It was midnight holy and calm;
The shepherds sat on the gray old rocks,
And chanted this ancient psalm:—

"In every land, Jehovah, thy name is excellent!
The babes and sucklings praise Thee, and the starry firmament!
When I behold thy heavens, the work thy hands have wrought,
Lord, what is man the sinful, for whom thou takest thought?"

And then there shone o'er the shepherds
A splendor of softened light,
As though the glow of a hundred moons
Had suddenly filled the night:
For wearing a brightness that dimmed the stars,
Came an angel down the height!

"Fear not," he said, "but rejoice instead!"
And his voice like a flute-note fell;
"I bring good tidings of *greatest joy*
For you—and the world as well!"

"The Lord of glory has come to men!"—
And his voice grew high and clear—
"For the Babe is born in Bethlehem,
And the Christ that should appear!"

Then all at once with the angel
Was a marvelous company,—
The sky was full of a shining host
That chanted an anthem high:—

"Glory to God in the highest!"
Were the words they heard them say,—
"Good-will toward men and peace on earth,
And glory to God alway!"

And still as they floated higher
Till they vanished far up in the blue,
The burden of words that the shepherds caught
Was "*Glory to God,*" anew!

So they passed away to Heaven,
And the calm stars shone on high,
And still the little lambs lay asleep
And the waters glided by.

For the Youth's Instructor.

HOW IS IT WITH YOU?

DEAR CHILDREN; I was quite struck with the remarks of our teacher in the last Sabbath School when he said, these little boys and girls will never grow up to be men and women before the Lord will descend through the opening heavens. My first thought was, how dare he say so, but the second sober thought was that the generation that witnessed the stars falling twenty six years ago last November (as described in Matt. xxiv, 29, also Rev. vi, 13) is most probably the generation that will not pass away till all these things be fulfilled. What things?—The powers of heaven shaken and the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.

Now dear children how do you feel in view of the end of all things being so near at hand? Are you glad or are you sorry? Your feelings on this subject are a good thermometer of your religious state—whether it is cold or hot. You know the Saviour says in one place, "I would thou wert either cold

or hot; but because thou art lukewarm I will spue thee out of my mouth." You doubtless have seen thermometers hang out side of the house to determine by the rise or fall of the mercury the heat in summer and the cold in winter. Now to my mind it makes no difference how large a profession of religion a person may hang out, how zealous they may appear to be in all the public observances of Christianity, if the mercury of their enjoyment falls as soon as they think or speak of the coming of the Lord. It is a decisive evidence to me that their spiritual atmosphere is cold, and the contrary if their enjoyment is heightened at the contemplation of his second advent.

Now, dear children, which is it with you? Do you love to think of the Judge of quick and dead as the blessed Saviour, who while upon earth took little children in his arms saying, Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not, as coming after you to take you home to those mansions he has gone to prepare for those that love him? or do you shrink from the thought of appearing in his sight?

May we all, teachers and scholars, parents and children, be found among the waiting ones, exclaiming with joy at his appearance, "Lo! this is our God, we have waited for him and he will save us." ***

Battle Creek, Mich.

RECEIPTS.

Annexed to each receipt in the following list, is the Volume and Number of the Youth's Instructor, to which the money received pays.

Jas Harvey ix,6. M Clough x,1. J Park ix,1. Wm Godsmark ix,1. M Amlow ix,1. S D Kenyon ix,1. J S Day x,1. Sarah C Pike ix,1. B J Wilder ix,1. D J Hitchcock ix,1. P Chaffee ix,1. J Chaffee ix,1. A Gordon ix,7. J Harvey ix,7. J Cooper ix,7. E Walworth ix,1. D D Howard ix,1. J Ayers ix,1. S B Whipple ix,1. D H Sanborn ix,6. W Prentice ix,7. W J Hardy ix,1. E H Finch ix,1. Each 36 cents.

E L Derby (for H L Holcomb) ix,6. L M Jones ix,1. E T Haskell ix,6. R C Ashley ix,1. G N Collins ix,1. J T Ashley ix,1. T Crouch ix,1. M A Mills ix,1. H M Whipple ix,1. E Waggoner viii,5. J M Baker ix,6. Each 25 cents.

M Collins ix,1. H Russel ix,1. Each 50 cents. Chas Jones x,1. M Adsit ix,1. M Dunten xv,1. Each \$1.00.

E F McClure 40c ix,1. Ch. in La Porte, Ind. (10 copies) 2,00, ix,1. S McIntosh (10 copies) 2,00, ix,1. C S Glover 58c x,1. J Burnett 35c ix,1. E Johnson 18c viii,6. C P Trowbridge 72c ix,1. J H Grandy 28c viii,6. J G Smith 72c x,1. A H Clymer 29c ix,1. J H Grandy 68c x,1. Mrs D Cain 72c ix,1. A T Andrews 35c viii,1.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Is published monthly, at the REVIEW AND HERALD Office, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Terms in Advance.

Single copy, 36 cts.
From 5 to 10 copies directed to one person, 25 cts.
From 10 to 20 copies directed to one person, 20 cts.
From 20 to 100 copies directed to one person, 15 cts.
To those who order it for their friends, 25 cts.
Those unable to pay, Free.
Address URIAH SMITH, Battle Creek, Mich.