

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

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NO. 10.

How can He Take us up to Heaven?

God sends his holy angels down
From "mansions" in the sky,
And in their arms they bear us up
To starry homes on high.

Bring home my little ones, He says,
Into my fold of rest;
Go gather all the weary ones,
I'll fold them to my breast.

We cannot hear with mortal ears
The song an angel sings;
But when our heavenly vision opens,
We view their radiant wings.

And hear "Our Father's" blessed voice
Thro' Heaven's arches ring,
"Unto these newly-gathered ones
Bestow their silvery wings."

And forth we fly, bright cherubs made—
By His all-powerful word,
And ever with the angelic host
Our voice in praise is heard.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Incidents in My Past Life. No. 46.

BY ELDER JOSEPH BATES.

Opposition to the Proclamation of the Second Advent of the Saviour—Mr. Miller's Statement of Facts, from his "Apology and Defense"—The Singular Manner in which he was called out to Proclaim the Advent Doctrine.

AS Second Advent Conferences, social, and prayer meetings, were multiplying in various directions in the land, so in like manner opposition arose. Presidents and Professors of theological seminaries, learned and unlearned, ministers and laymen, religious and political newspapers, and prejudiced individuals, labored hard to disprove what they called Miller's doctrine. Many of them assailed his character, and denounced him in most violent terms. That they were unacquainted with his reputation, and also the work in which he was engaged, will be manifestly evident from the following extracts from his Apology and Defense.

He dates his conversion from A. D. 1816, and says: "I was constrained to admit that the Scriptures must be a revelation from God; they became my delight, and in Jesus I found a friend. I then devoted myself to prayer and reading of the word. . . . I commenced with Genesis, and read verse by verse, proceeding no faster than the meaning of the several passages should be so unfolded as to leave me free from embarrassment respecting any mysticism

or contradictions. Whenever I found anything obscure, my practice was to compare it with all collateral passages; and by the help of Cruden I examined all the texts of Scripture in which were found any of the prominent words contained in any obscure portion. Then by letting every word have its proper bearing on the subject of the text, if my view of it harmonized with every collateral passage in the Bible, it ceased to be a difficulty. In this way I pursued the study of the Bible, in my first perusal of it, for about two years, and was fully satisfied that it is its own interpreter.

"I was thus brought in 1818 at the close of my two years' study of the Scriptures, to the solemn conclusion that in about twenty-five years from that time all the affairs of our present state would be wound up. . . . With the solemn conviction that such momentous events were predicted in the Scriptures to be fulfilled in so short a space of time, the question came home to me with mighty power, regarding my duty to the world in view of the evidence that had affected my own mind. If the end was so near, it was important that the world should know it. . . . Various difficulties and objections would arise in my mind from time to time. . . . In this way I was occupied for five years—from 1818 to 1823.

"I continued to study the Scriptures, and was more and more convinced that I had a personal duty to perform respecting the matter. When I was about my business it was continually ringing in my ears, 'Go and tell the world of their danger.' This text was constantly occurring to me. Eze. xxxiii, 8, 9.

"I did all I could to avoid the conviction that anything was required of me; and I thought that by freely speaking of it to all, I should perform my duty, and that God would raise up the necessary instrumentality for the accomplishment of the work. I prayed that some minister might see the truth, and devote himself to its promulgation; but still I was impressed, 'Go and tell it to the world; thy blood will I require at thy hand.' . . . I tried to excuse myself to the Lord for not going out and proclaiming it to the world. I told the Lord that I was not used to public speaking, that I had not the necessary qualifications to gain the attention of an audience, that I was very diffident, and feared to go before the world, that they would not believe me, nor hearken to my voice, that I was slow of speech, and of a slow tongue. But I could get no relief. In this way I struggled on for nine years longer,

pursuing the study of the Bible. . . . I was then fifty years old, and it seemed impossible for me to surmount the obstacles which lay in my path to successfully present it in a public manner.

"One Saturday, after breakfast, in the summer of 1833, I sat down at my desk to examine some point, and as I arose to go out to work, it came home to me with more force than ever, 'Go and tell it to the world.' The impression was so sudden, and came with such force, that I settled down into my chair, saying, 'I can't go, Lord.' 'Why not?' seemed to be the response; and then all my excuses came up, my want of ability, &c.; but my distress became so great, I entered into solemn covenant with God that if he would open the way I would go and perform my duty to the world. 'What do you mean by opening the way?' seemed to come to me. 'Why,' said I, 'if I should have an invitation to speak publicly in any place, I will go and tell them what I find in the Bible about the Lord's coming.' Instantly all my burden was gone, and I rejoiced that I should not probably be thus called upon; for I had never had such an invitation: my trials were not known, and I had but little expectation of being invited to any field of labor.

"In about half an hour from this time, before I had left the room, a son of Mr. Guilford, of Dresden, about sixteen miles from my residence, came in and said that his father had sent for me, and wished me to come home with him. Supposing that he wished to see me on some business, I asked him what he wanted? He replied that there was to be no preaching in their church the next day, and his father wished to have me come and talk to the people on the subject of the Lord's coming. I was immediately angry with myself for having made the covenant I had; I rebelled at once against the Lord, and determined not to go. I left the boy without giving him any answer, and retired in great distress to a grove near by. There I struggled with the Lord for about an hour, endeavoring to release myself from the covenant I had made with him; but I could get no relief. It was impressed upon my conscience, 'Will you make a covenant with God, and break it so soon?' and the exceeding sinfulness of thus doing overwhelmed me. I finally submitted, and promised the Lord that if he would sustain me I would go, trusting in him to give me grace and ability to perform all he should require of me. I returned to the house and found the boy still waiting; he remained until after dinner, and I returned with him to Dresden.

"The next day, which, as nearly as I can remember, was about the first Sunday in August, 1833, I delivered my first public lecture on the Second Advent. The house was well filled with an attentive audience. As soon as I commenced speaking, all my diffidence and embarrassment were gone, and I felt impressed only with the greatness of the subject, which by the providence of God I was enabled to present. At the close of the services I was request-

ed to remain and lecture during the week, with which I complied. They flocked in from the neighboring towns, a revival commenced, and it was said that in thirteen families all but two persons were hopefully converted. On Monday following I returned home, and found a letter from Eld. Fuller, of Poultney, Vt., requesting me to go and lecture there on the same subject.

"The most pressing invitations from the ministry and the leading members of the churches, poured in continually from that time during the whole period of my public labors, and with more than one-half of which I was unable to comply. I received so many urgent calls for information and to visit places, with which I could not comply, that in 1834 I concluded to publish my views in pamphlet form, which I did in a little tract of 64 pages. The first assistance I received from any source to defray my expenses, was two half-dollars which I received in Canada, in 1835. The next assistance I received was the payment of my stage-fare to Lansingburgh, in 1837. Since then I have never received enough to pay my traveling expenses. . . . I should not have alluded to this, were it not for the extravagant stories which have been circulated to my injury.

"From the commencement of that publication (Signs of the Times, in 1840) I was overwhelmed with invitations to labor in various places, with which I complied as far as my health and time would allow. I labored extensively in all the New England and Middle States, in Ohio, Michigan, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and in Canada East and West, giving about four thousand lectures in something like five hundred different towns.

"I should think that about two hundred ministers embraced my views, in all the different parts of the United States and Canada, and that there have been about five hundred public lecturers. . . . In nearly a thousand places Advent congregations have been raised up, numbering, as nearly as I can estimate, some fifty thousand believers. On recalling to mind the several places of my labors, I can reckon up about six thousand instances of conversion from nature's darkness to God's marvelous light, the result of my personal labors alone; and I should judge the number to be much greater. Of this number I can call to mind about seven hundred who were, previously to attending my lectures, infidels; and their number may have been twice as great. Great results have also followed from the labors of my brethren, many of whom I would like to mention here, if my limits would permit."

From the foregoing statement of facts we learn, first, how deeply Mr. Miller's mind was impressed with the importance and necessity of proclaiming the doctrine of the Second Advent of Christ, after his first two years' study of the Bible; second, how that he continued to make the Bible his study fourteen years longer under the same conviction that he must proclaim it to the world; third, the peculiar and clear manner in which he was finally moved out

to proclaim it; and then the final results of his labors all go to prove that he was moved upon in a most extraordinary manner to discharge his duty, by leading out in the proclamation of this important doctrine, and that, too, as we have before shown, in the right time.

Monterey, Mich.

The City.

ONCE, to the beloved disciple,
Was a glorious vision shown,
While upon the Isle of Patmos,
He, in exile, dwelt alone.

'T was upon the holy Sabbath,
All his soul was filled with prayer;
Then the spirit's eye was opened,
And unclosed the spirit's ear.

As in some vast moving picture,
You have seen the shapes go by,
So, perchance, the Revelation
Passed before the prophet's eye.

Scenes of solemn awe and splendor
In sublime succession passed,
But, the one most full of glory,
Full of beauty, was the last.

'T was of that fair, Heavenly city,
Bright with everlasting day,
Like a bride's, was her adorning,
Rich and costly, her array.

All her walls were built of jasper;
Her twelve lofty gates, each one
Was a pearl of rarest beauty;
And, with every precious stone,

Were her twelve foundations garnished,
And the light that on her shone,
Was the brightness of God's glory,
Streaming from the eternal throne.

Oh, what unimagined splendors,
In that royal city met!
All their wealth, and power, and honor,
Had all nations brought to it.

All the streets of that great city,
With the finest gold were paved,
Where, with fruit, and leaves of healing,
Trees of Life their branches waved.

And a pure and shining river,
Clear as crystal ever flowed,
With its life sustaining-waters,
From the eternal throne of God.

Countless streams, from that blest river,
Watered every mount and plain,
And the soul its wave that tasted
Knew no feverish thirst again.

And the temple of that city
Was the Lord, the God of Heaven,
And the Lamb the undefiled One,
Who for men His life hath given.

All the glorious bands of angels,
To their harps, His praises sing,

And the "morning stars" together
Make the Heavens with anthems ring.

Will ye ask for whom this dwelling
Pure and beautiful is made?
For that "host no man can number,"
All in shining robes arrayed,

Who have suffered persecution,
For the sake of Him they loved,
Who have trod His thorny pathway—
Living, dying, faithful proved.

For the loving ones and trustful,
Who have sought to do His will,
Saying—"God hath given, and taken,"
And His name have honored still.

And ye, whose sweet melodious voices,
Sweeter than the angels' song,
Say that "glory, power and honor,
Ever unto Christ belong!"

These are they whom He hath chosen
In His kingdom to find rest—
Meek and trusting little children,
With peculiar favor blest.

None shall hurt and none offend them,
Tender lambs of Jesus' fold!
Now, the face of God, the Father,
Evermore shall they behold.

Peace, which passeth understanding,
Through each grateful heart shall steal,
And the smile of boundless favor
Every soul with rapture fill.

Oh, the dwellers in that city!
May we of their number be;
May we taste those living waters,
And that holy temple see!

For the Youth's Instructor.

Be Kind.

THESE are small words, but they are full of meaning. We should be kind, and not to a few only, but to all,—the poor, the friendless, and the stranger. If we are kind, we cannot fail of being esteemed. We should be kind to every living thing that God has created. The beast of the field, the songster in the leafy grove, the insect that crawls beneath our feet, should all share in our kindness. How sweet it would be to reflect on kind acts only; to have no angry words or scornful looks traced on the pages of "Memory's Book;" that book so often read by all, and whose pages, if not written in love and kindness, cause so many bitter though unavailing regrets in after days. How careful we should be, then, to live and act aright. The deeds of to-day are not forgotten to-morrow, but are often lasting as life, be they good or ill.

Dear Children—strive to "be kindly affectioned one to another."

RUBIE M. GIFFORD.

Pleasant Valley, Ohio.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., OCTOBER, 1862.

G. W. AMADON, EDITOR.

Questions for Young Bible Students.

ABOUT THE ANGELS.

QUO are the angels?

How many kinds of angels are there?

Who is leader of the good angels?

Who is head over the bad ones?

Give the names of some of the angels.

What does Paul say of the angels? Heb. i, 14.

Mention some who have seen the angels.

Who are referred to in Job xxxviii, 7?

How are the gates of the New Jerusalem guarded?

What is the use of this?

What persons entertained angels unawares?

What should this teach us?

Where have angels helped in battle?

What did the angels do at the birth of Christ?

Luke ii 13.

Did angels have anything to do in the exode from

Egypt?

Where have angels visited judgments?

Repeat Ps. xxxiv, 7.

What did the angel of God do for Daniel? for the

three Hebrew children?

Whom did one deliver from prison? Acts xii, 8.

How was Paul comforted in a storm on the ocean?

Acts xxvii, 23.

Who sometimes appears like an angel of light? 2

Cor. xi, 14.

What will the angels do at the resurrection?

Do angels take an interest in the plan of salvation?

1 Pet. i, 12.

What did God do to the angels that sinned? Jude 6.

Repeat Luke xv, 10.

Watching for others' Faults.

Here is a story,—and a good one, too,—which all school children, and those who do not go to school, should remember:

“WHEN I was a boy,” said an old man, “we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us, ‘Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.’ Ah! thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don’t like. I’ll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I’ll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. ‘Indeed,’ said he, ‘how did you know he was idle?’ ‘I saw him,’ said I. ‘You did! and how were *your eyes on your book* when you saw him?’ I was

caught, and never watched for idle boys again.”

MORAL. If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Worst Being in the World.

BELEIVE I said something to you, children, in one of my articles about some of my early impressions on different subjects. I had some very singular ideas, too, about the Evil One. I used to think he was a tall, ugly-looking being, with a pair of great horns, and two feet with hoofs on them; that he walked erect, and that his arms ended with claws instead of fingers. I thought he carried a three-tined pitchfork in his hands, and that he was always watching to torment people, and when he found them alone he would get them and throw them into a great lake of fire, somewhere.

Many a night, after spending the evening thinking about this imaginary monster, have I gone to bed and dreamed of his chasing me around my grandfather's barn with his pitchfork, and of my just making my escape from him into the house. And so vivid were these impressions on my mind, that when I awoke in the morning I could hardly be prevailed on to go to the stable for fear the Devil would come out with his great three-tined fork.

Nothing tormented me more through my childhood days than this constant fear of the Enemy. I never said anything about it to any one, but it was a constant source of fear whenever I was alone. These *false* impressions all came, I find, from some pictures I had seen of Satan, and from hobgoblin stories I had heard of the Devil's taking folks off alive!

I have learned now that the Wicked One is in the form of a man; that he was once of a noble, majestic appearance,—perfect in beauty. Were we to see him now, we should see traces of that beautiful form, but defaced with the haggard marks of the fall. He was so beautiful that he got proud of it, as the Bible says, and the Lord could not let him stay in heaven. He was cast out of heaven, and then he went to using those noble powers in trying to injure God's government.

I find that it is true that he is seeking to destroy all that will do right. Not, however, by taking us off bodily with a pitchfork, but he tries to infuse *bad thoughts* into our minds, and to stir up angry passions in our hearts. The Bible tells us we have an adversary, the Devil, that goes about seeking whom he may devour, and that we must resist him by faith. If we try to do right, and believe that God will take care of us, he will not let this mortal foe do us harm. He will send, if necessary, legions of angels that “excel in strength” to take care of us. They are stronger than the devils, having never marred their powers by falling into sin. You

must, dear children, watch this great foe and resist his evil ways. Keep all wicked thoughts out of your heads, and all angry passions out of your hearts, that you may not become his prey at last.

J. N. L.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Secret Prayer.

PERHAPS the readers of the Instructor think that already enough has been said about prayer. Much has been said, it is true, but those who love prayer, love to hear about it. The little child taught from infancy to lisp a prayer to God, does not lose the impression it leaves in after years.

I have thought that the loveliest sight I ever saw was a little curly haired child of four years arrayed for bed, with hands clasped, repeating its prayers at its mother's knee. I thought, God hears such prayers. This is the way to bring the little ones to the Saviour for his blessing.

But if such need to pray, how much more those of larger growth—those who are just stepping into manhood and womanhood. If at any time Satan tries to ensnare children, it is then. You all know you have a lurking foe, spreading hidden traps for your feet. Would you shun them, prayer is your only safeguard. We have the testimony that Satan hates the voice of earnest prayer, and will flee at the sound of it. Then here is safety. Resisting the Devil is the work of the child of God. Prayer is his weapon of self defense, without which every other weapon fails.

Daily seasons of communing with God and reading his word, impart life to the soul as much as wholesome food does to the body. The promise in return is that our Father who seeth in secret shall reward us openly. Then will our daily walk be attended with the blessing of God. How easily we can tell a devoted Christian. The countenance is expressive of what is going on in the heart. Unlike the world in almost every respect, they make a steady onward march for heaven.

At times how my heart goes out for the young. Some have stood upon the borders of the grave, but God in mercy has spared them. Have such given their heart to the Lord? I fear, if not, affliction may call louder than before. It requires a great deal to stem the tide of pride and sin in these last days, and who will do it? Who will be a Christian in every sense of the word? Will the youth make the effort? Will the children make their little efforts to be good, that they may be saved?

If those who take an interest in the Instructor finally enter into the haven of rest, what joy will fill their hearts to see any of the Instructor family there—much more, could they find its circle unbroken.

May God grant that this may be, while our united song of praise ascends to God and the Lamb.

M. D. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

So Long.

SOME time since I wrote an article for the Instructor, but the editor did not print it because it was *so long*. What a great amount of trouble those two words (*so long*) create! Yonder little boy became a truant because he stayed *so long*, contrary to the orders of his mother. That young man is fast becoming a drunkard because he tarries *so long* at the wine. This grayheaded man is profane because he frequented the society of swearers *so long* in his boyhood. One person becomes a glutton because he eats *so long*; another a liar, because he gets in the habit of telling *so long* stories that he "stretches them."

Some little boys and girls never become Christians because they think they are not old enough—they wait *so long*. Some grown persons never follow Christ because they wait *so long* to have it convenient to do so. Some never have their prayers answered they are *so long* repeating vain words. The Federal army do not quell the rebellion because the Federal government is *so long* repenting of her national sins. The readers of the Instructor are often kindly admonished not to wait *so long* to claim Christ as their friend, for we are living in the time of the end. Will you try then and seek the Lord to-day? Put it not off until to-morrow. To-morrow is *so long* coming that you will be in danger of losing sight of the kingdom by looking *so long* at something else.

JAMES SAWYER.

Coopersville, Mich.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Ill-Tempered Children.

WHAT a disagreeable subject to write about! An ill-tempered child! a child pouting and cross! a child to its parent short and—— what shall I say? Oh, how improper! If a youth or child can not be kind and pleasant, who can? And to their parents, too; and if they are unkind to their parents, they will be to their friends and associates.

Only think of it! think if you can, of a child who has been tenderly cared for by its parents (perhaps it is a little girl), and as she grows older gets into a passion at her mother, and uses improper, disrespectful language. Oh, how shameful!

Yes, it is so; there is more than one such child among little Seventh-day Adventists, but there will no such child enter heaven, unless they entirely reform. How it makes one ashamed and sick to see such children. I hope there are not many of them. I am glad to think there are not; but there are some. May the Lord have pity upon such children, and help them to overcome.

If there is a youth who is at all tempted to get angry at any time, let me say to you that it will grow upon you if you indulge in it. Now is the time to overcome; you can break up this habit of

getting impatient much easier now, than if you put it off till you are older. Oh how such passions grow in strength with years.

But there is another consideration: Jesus is soon coming, and he will not accept as his followers those who are disagreeable and impatient, nor those who tell untruths or take without leave what does not belong to them. He will have a pure people who love to do right—children in whom is no guile.

Young reader, you must do just right in everything; cultivate the sweetest tempers, and if you treat your parents and brothers and sisters as you should, it will be easy to treat others well also; but if you are disrespectful at home, you will be disrespectful abroad.

JOSEPH CLARKE.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Looking Forward.

WE are living in a dark world where we are surrounded with sorrow and suffering, and a withering blight seems fastening upon everything of earth. Our dearest friends and all that we love, grow pale, droop, and die, and the fears of sickness and death often cause us the greatest alarm; but our hearts should ever glow with gratitude that in the midst of all the dark and trying scenes of these last days of peril we can have the blessed privilege of *looking forward*. O, yes! what a glorious hope is ours, for we know the promises of God are written for us, that we through *patience* and *comfort* of the Scriptures might have hope. Without this hope then this world would be indeed but a dreary waste. Nearly every member of the human family can tell his own sad history of sorrow and affliction. Desolation and distress, even to-day, sit enthroned in thousands of homes through the length and breadth of our land. Parents and children, brothers and sisters are weeping for the brave ones that have sacrificed their lives in the cause of our beloved country, and while the voice of lamentation and anguish ascends from the hearts of our bleeding nation, the union is clothed in sackcloth and ashes. My own heart too has shared bitterly in these sorrows, for a dear brother, and one with whom I played through the innocent days of childhood, fell in the bloody and hard-fought battle of Williamsburg, and the blood-stained soil of Virginia is heaped upon the uncoffined form.

Yes, the din of war is heard in our land; carnage, destruction, and terror are stalking abroad, but in looking forward we see an end, an everlasting end, to these dreadful evils; and in the sorrow of our stricken hearts, we can lay hold of the Christian's hope, and with joy repeat the cheering words of the prophet, "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders."

We may be truly glad that we are journeying to a land of life and peace, where wicked foes can molest us no more; where confusion, strife, rebellion,

nor oppression can have any place. But while this groaning earth is our abode we will patiently look forward, trusting in God, that in his own good time we shall be gathered home to enjoy the rich blessings he hath prepared for them that love him.

Let us search then the word, and may its cheering promises strengthen and encourage us, and we ever heed its warnings while journeying through this vale of tears: be purified and fitted for heaven through suffering, and at the glorious appearing of our King be permitted with all his loyal subjects to enter that eternal inheritance to which we have so long *looked forward*.

Locke, Mich.

M. S. AVERY.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Do You Want Religion?

WONDER how much our little readers desire a change of heart and a reform of life: to that extent that they prefer the society of Christians to any other, and admire and love to imitate the example of such as have given their hearts to God, and are trying to put away pride, vanity, foolishness, and the love of the world? Is this the society you delight in? or do you rather choose the company of the gay, the light and the trifling, with whom you can have "lots of sport," while you see nothing desirable in the child that prays, and leads a sober life? Ah, beware of this snare of the enemy; for the Bible says, "Whosoever will be a friend of the world is an enemy to God?" Fearful thought! to be found an enemy to God when Jesus comes to take vengeance on all those that know him not, and obey not the gospel.

From a child I have ever admired a Christian, especially a little Christian. I think the first religious impression that was made upon my mind, was simply by observing a little girl going to the Methodist class-meeting. My oldest sister and myself had gone to the village of N—— to visit two sisters, about our age, with whom we had been quite intimate when living there. However, one of the girls was considerable older than the rest, my age at that time being about eight years, the youngest of the four. In the afternoon, Melissa, youngest of the sisters, my sister, and myself, walked out to take a view of the canal boats, the coal carts, our old play-grounds, &c., but Lucy did not accompany us; it was Sunday. Presently I saw her pass at a little distance, and inquired where she was going. Melissa replied, "To the class-meeting." My eye followed her. There was something so good in her look, so calm and peaceful in her countenance, as she walked soberly along; something so blessed in the idea of her going to the class-meeting, where they confessed Jesus, and received religious instruction, that I longed after her. And then how I wished I could be good, and go to class-meeting too.

I had no more relish for pleasure that afternoon.

Yet, notwithstanding these early religious impressions, it was ten years after this that I gave my heart to God, and began to lead a new life. Though at intervals all the way along, I was serious minded, and for the last year had tried hard and constantly to seek the Lord with all my heart, without the privilege however that some of you enjoy, having a family altar to bow before, morning and evening; but on the contrary, I never heard my parents pray. And it was mine to seek the Lord in the midst of a large family of twelve, not one of them serving the Lord, or having his fear before their eyes. And when gathered around the fire-side, or enjoying a social chat after dinner, I sought this opportunity to steal away unobserved, to go and pray to my heavenly Father. There is scarcely a line of fence, an old tree or shrub, or any secluded place near my father's house, but what is marked as my altar of prayer. I love to think of those well-remembered spots, where the Lord often met me, and blessed me, all alone.

My father was not a Christian, yet I am thankful for the restraining influence which both my father and my mother had upon their children, and for the principles of honesty and morality they taught them. I am also glad that when an individual passed around selling religious books, and I wanted a picture book of anecdotes, that father would not buy it for me, but chose Pike's Early Piety, which proved one of the best books for me at that time that could have been selected. It was not because I was good that I commenced and loved to pray, but because I felt that I was a *great sinner*. The Spirit of the Lord had sent conviction to my heart, and it led me to differ from the rest of the family. And I now feel that it was then preparing my heart for the present truth, which, I hope, will sanctify us wholly, and fit us for the coming of the Lord. May this be the case with you all, dear children.

May the truths that you have the opportunity of receiving into your hearts, be instrumental in preparing you with me for that happy place where there are pleasures forevermore. E. J. W.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Response.

DEAR BRO. AMADON: The Lord says in the last part of John xxi, 15, "Feed my lambs." And when I read your questions to preachers in the last Instructor on this text, I did not feel altogether clear, but will try to redeem the time in future.

A great many beautiful ideas are suggested by this text, and especially by the innocent little creature that is used as an illustration. The first ideas that connected themselves in my mind with your question, were about a story I once read concerning a silly little lamb that thought there was no use in

her being kept so close all the while to her mother, and so it concluded to take a stroll down a pleasant stream, and take care of itself. But the little lamb had not gone very far before it met a wolf, who upbraided it for leaving its mother, and then devoured it in an instant.

How necessary that lambs have proper care and protection. If the little lamb had stayed by the fold with its mother, it would have been safe, but it wandered away and was destroyed. How appropriate the language of Christ, "Feed my lambs." The children of the fold of Christ are in a special sense the lambs of the flock. How needful that they have proper care, that they wander not away from the fold. The little lamb in the fable thought it hard that it must stay right by its mother, and go nowhere only as she said. So with little children; they are often apt to think that they know what is right, and there is no need for their parents and guardians to have so much fear about them.

"Why," says one, "I guess I can keep out of mischief without doing just as my mother says all the time!" This, children, is the way Satan tries to get you to break the commands of your superiors. He first makes you think their laws are irksome; gets you to despise reproof; and then you are ready to break away from the restraint of your parents. When once broken away from their kind influence, the road is open between you and the lions and bears of sin, and the first you know, like the little lamb, you will find yourselves lost beyond hope, and you may be like two little boys that passed the Michigan tent the other day, while the people of God were having a meeting. These little boys stopped a moment and cried out, "THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END!" Oh, thought I, will any of our little readers ever sink so low in sin as to mock the people of God like that? I hope not. May you ever be, truly, *lambs of the flock.* J. N. L.

From the Child's Paper.

Uncle Crisp.

BRESS the Lord, O my soul, I can read his word!" cried Uncle Crisp. "I'se coming out de Egypt into the promised land."

Uncle Crisp was still a slave; but his mistress, rightly seeing that the time of his freedom was near, put into his hand that mighty tool of freedom, *reading*. And she taught Tom, and Bess, and Judy. The mistress was brought up in a slave country, and believed slavery necessary to take care of the poor blacks.

Finding out that the biggest part of the Christian world thought otherwise, she began to think. *Had she a right to all Crisp's time and his work, and his hands, and his feet, and his muscles, and his brain, and his wife, and his children? Had not Crisp some right to himself? Was not the faithful servant worthy of his hire? Had not he as well as she a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Was she really obeying the simple Christian law of doing as she would be done by? for that law settles the justice of a good many things. And she thought very seriously about the matter when she allowed herself to think at all. But could Crisp take care of himself? "Crisp," she said one day, "can you take care of yourself free?" "Bress you, missis, when de Lord takes folks out of the bondage of sin, he does not ask dem dat. He pulls dem right out, and lets dem try it."*

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

"Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy Youth."

Little Child.

LITTLE child, when you're at play,
Do you know that Jesus sees you?
He it is who made the day,
Sunshine, birds, and flowers to please you.
Oh! then thank him much, and pray
To be grateful every day.

Little child, when you're afraid,
Do you know that Christ is by you?
Seek his care then; he has said,
Ask, and I will not deny you.
And he never fails to hear;
He will keep you, do not fear.

Little child, when you are bad,
Do you think that Jesus knows it?
Yes; and oh! it makes him glad,
When you're sorry and disclose it.
Oh! then tell him quick, and pray
To grow better every day.

A Curl Cut off with an Axe.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me. "Yes, but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child, long since gone to rest."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and of his special care than anything else I possess."

"I was a little child of four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun or rain or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters at every stroke in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of

blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt on the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death bed."

A Child's Thought.

A LITTLE girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her hands in the attitude of devotion, and exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"

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