

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. X.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1862.

NO. 11.

Give Freely.

GIVE, give of your abundance,
Whatever it may be,
"God loves a cheerful giver,"
Let heart and hand be free!

Give alms to poor and needy,
Give comfort to the sad,
Give help to weak and erring,
Give pity to the bad.

Give sunny smiles and greetings,
Give gentle words and mild,
Give honor to the aged,
Give patience to the child.

Give fervent prayer and praises,
Give earnest love, and true,
Give heart and love to Jesus,
Who giveth all to you.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Incidents in My Past Life. No. 47.

BY ELDER JOSEPH BATES.

Signs and Wonders in the Heavens.

THE year 1843 was remarkable for signs and wonders in the heavens; so much so that people said those Adventists were the most fortunate people in the world, for they had signs in the heavens to help prove their doctrine. I will here name one that was seen by millions of witnesses, which I believe was supernatural. It was a brilliant stream of light which suddenly made its appearance in the path of the setting sun, a short distance above the horizon, soon after dark, and was very visible every clear night for three weeks in the month of March. While attending an evening meeting in Rhode Island during this time, the awfully grand and sublime appearance of this light was the cause of much excitement.

During the time of this phenomenon, many sought to quiet their feelings by saying it was a comet,—but without proof. I will here give a few statements from different authors, selected from a small pamphlet entitled, "Modern Phenomena of the Heavens," by Henry Jones.

From the N. Y. Herald.

"The strange sign in the heavens.—The mystery which continues to hang over this strange and unknown visitor to our usually quiet solar system, has very greatly increased the excitement in relation to it."

Hydrographical Office.

"The strange light.—Soon after we had retired,

the officer of the watch announced the appearance of the comet in the west. The phenomenon was sublime and beautiful. The needle was greatly agitated, and a strongly-marked pencil of light was streaming up from the path of the sun in an oblique direction to the southward and eastward; its edges were parallel. It was about $1^{\circ} 30'$ (90 miles) broad, and 30° (1800 miles) long."—*M. F. Maury, Lieut. U. S. Navy.*

Henry Jones makes the following statement concerning the appearance of this phenomenon in Connecticut:

"Messrs. Editors: On the evening of the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 9th insts., or commencing with Sunday evening last, the inhabitants of this town witnessed such a phenomenon as they had never before seen or heard of, being seen for about the space of an hour on each occasion, and mostly between 7 and 8 o'clock. Just about in the west on each of these evenings, the heavens being clear, there appeared a white streak of light, similar in color to the more common light in the north. It seemed about twice the width of the sun when in the same direction, and arose from the place of the setting sun."—*East Hampton, Ct., March 10, 1843.*

He further says: "Bro. Geo. Storrs, late of this city, and having recently called here on his way from the South, informs us that at Norfolk, Va., the late streak of light in the west, or the great comet so-called, appeared of a blood red color, that it caused great excitement among the inhabitants."

In closing his statements he adds: "With regard to further notices of the comet, I have before me a host of them in print which need not now be copied, concerning it, all combining to establish the important facts that the same phenomenon was seen during about the same period, or three weeks of time, through the length and breadth of the Union and Eastern continent; that it was something *strange*."

"In regard to the natural cause of this wonder of the world, I would be the last man to attempt to assign any other than that Jehovah himself is the sole cause of it, that he has done it by his own omnipotence to fulfill his word of promise concerning it, and to apprise his oppressed, cast down, and suffering saints, that he is now very soon coming for their deliverance."

Should the young reader desire any further facts about this strange light of 1843, or other signs equally startling, he can be gratified by reading the pamphlet referred to in this article.

Allegan, Mich.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Mary's Choice.

"Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." LUKE X, 42.

O! what a high and humble seat,
It was to sit at Jesus' feet;
And learn those words of truth and love,
He brought to us from heaven above.

But Martha seeks with anxious care
Her Master's supper to prepare;
Weary, she pleads, almost with grief,
That Mary come to her relief.

But Martha's trouble and her care
Which she did wish Mary to share,
Was not as pleasing to the Lord
As meekly learning of his word.

The blessed part which Mary chose,
No power on earth should make her lose;
She treasured up his words so sweet,
While meekly sitting at his feet.

Oh, could we learn as Mary did,—
Feed on the word as Mary fed,
Rich might we be in heavenly lore,
Of all the graces have a store.

Ah, well, our Lord has left his word,
Written by holy men inspired,—
A beacon light o'er all the way,
That leads to heaven and perfect day.

Oh, let me choose that better part,
And have His teachings in my heart;
For well I know He overcome,
And now will guide his followers home.

C. M. SHEPARD.

Markesan, Wis.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Young Christians---Reflections.

A LITTLE girl ten years of age some months since asked, "How old children should be, to be proper subjects for baptism?" We rejoice to know that the Holy Spirit is awakening conviction in the tender hearts of dear little children upon the great subject of the religion of the Bible.

This question led me to some reflections upon the early experience, godly life and peaceful death, of one who gave her little heart to God when only about eight years of age. Esther M. was blessed with Christian parents. When at the young age of which we speak, she was one day listening to the sound of the gospel, and as the words fell from the lips of the good minister, her mind was strongly impressed with a desire to be a Christian. Attentively she followed the man of God as he pointed out the way of life, till she said to herself, "I will be a Christian."

That moment a change came over her. Light, joy, and peace broke into her willing and yielding heart. To her the gracious promise was verified, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me

early shall find me." With a heart overflowing with love to God, she arose before the meeting closed, and spoke of her happy change, and of the wondrous love of the dear Saviour.

A few months following this she was baptized and received into the Baptist church, where she remained a member till she with her parents left it in 1844, in expectation of the immediate coming of the blessed Redeemer. In 1849, she embraced the present truth with her parents, brothers and sisters, under the labors of Eld. Joseph Bates. Her walk with God was close, steady and consistent. To her, Jesus was "altogether lovely," "the chiefest among ten thousand." She was often heard to say, "I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ."

In 1855 she connected her earthly interests with mine. The comforts of a good home, of a warm and happy fireside, were cheerfully sacrificed to travel, labor and toil, with unworthy me. Though often enfeebled and much worn by disease, her whole soul was in the work of her divine Master. Her fervent prayers, spiritual exhortations, gushing tears and holy life, live in lively remembrance in my heart to-day. In our darkest and most discouraging hours she ever whispered "courage," and pointed me forward to the land of bliss and endless rest. She stood at her post, till two years and a half since, when she fell asleep in Jesus, seventy miles from home and relatives. Peacefully and happily she sunk to rest for a little season.

"Then burst the fetters of the tomb,
To wake in full, immortal bloom."

Thus young, even in the early dawn of accountability, commenced the useful and happy life of the subject of this brief narrative. Her love for secret prayer was great from her first acquaintance with the Saviour. Here she was heard of our Heavenly Father, and rewarded "openly."

May the youth and little ones be encouraged to fly now to the outstretched arms of mercy; to embrace the hope of eternal life, to seek the Lord early, and they shall find him. Heretofore God has graciously blessed little children; he waits to do it now. Come, then, O come to his embrace, that he may fold you in his loving arms, and bear you to the mansions of endless felicity.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

Barton Landing, Vt.

For the Youth's Instructor.

God's Little Vines.

DELIGHT in the study of human nature. And I often find myself instinctively led on, as some of you would say, "before I think," making comparisons between objects, persons, and things. To illustrate: some persons are like a locomotive; if they get off the track, they can't get on alone. Some are like a hand-organ, continually

playing a set number of tunes. They can make no variations, but must keep playing the same tune over and over again. Some remind me of the Indian, just made a chief, who commenced throwing his arms violently around. In reply to the question why he did so, he said, "To show me big power!"

Now, dear children, of what do you suppose you make me think? Neither of the three things I have mentioned, I assure you,—but *a vine*. Why? Because a vine needs support, training, cherishing, pruning, air, and sunshine. So do children. Suppose a grape-vine is planted out on the prairie, on a field where there is nothing for it to run upon, it could not stand up alone,—neither can children. When they feel bad, they want some one to lean upon. Children naturally run to their mothers for comfort; but if their mother is dead or gone, they need another support. Children make resolves that they will do right, but some sudden temptation to pride, anger, or covetousness, overtakes them, and they fall down. They find themselves unable in their own strength to stand or walk upright. Now God has provided for this weakness of human nature by giving us Jesus Christ, "the true Vine."

A grape-vine has tendrils that cling very closely to whatever they run upon; so God has given every one of you little affections—little love tendrils—which go out in every direction, seeking something to coil around for support. O, how happy is that child who is surrounded by those who take an interest that their affectional tendrils be entwined around proper objects.

Now, a grape-vine that is left to grow on the ground cannot produce that quality of fruit that the one does which has proper culture. The cold, damp earth chills the tender fruit, so preventing it from coming to full perfection. If a little vine grows up among the stalks of the old vine, and there is nothing else near enough, it will fasten its tendrils on the old vine. This illustrates the responsibility of parents. If their affections are upon the earth, entwined among its riches, honors, pleasures, so will be their children's. These tendrils can easily be removed when they are young and tender; so can the affections of children be transferred from wrong objects to right ones; but how hard after they have become firmly clasped.

Here is the beautiful mission of the Sabbath School. It is God's vineyard where Jesus, who is called the Bough, the Branch, the True Vine, is set forth as the great object upon which the affections of children be placed, by the teacher hands under the direction of the great Vine-dresser. May superintendent and teachers be deeply imbued with the responsibility committed to their trust in the husbandry of life, and perform their work in its vineyard, keeping it free from those little foxes that spoil the vines, so as to receive the commendation of the great Husbandman, who says, "Son, go work in my vineyard."

M. H. L.

A Lamb on the Battle-Field.

ON the battle-field at Pittsburg Landing was a flock of sheep. During the battle the flock became scattered, most of them being either killed, or lost in the surrounding woods. Among them was a little lamb, not many weeks old, whose mother was among the lost and missing after the battle. It was the only one of the flock seen by our army on the ground where the two armies had fought. The old sheep, frightened by the noise of the battle, the firing of musketry and cannon, ran away. But this little lamb, when it had lost its mother, returned to the pasture where the flock had been folded and fed by its owner.

It was on a field where many had fallen in battle, and where they now lie buried in a soldier's grave, each with only a small board at the head, containing the name, age, regiment, and company, of the dead, with the time of death. Here this little lost lamb was seen wandering around from day to day all alone, and crying for its mother, but no mother answered its cry. When night came, it would try to find some warm place to lie down in till morning; perhaps on the lee side, as the sailors say, of a fence, or stump, or clump of bushes, where the wind did not blow.

During a hard rain storm it came to the door of my tent, and, bleating very mournfully, asked, as well as it could, if it might come in and stay through the storm. Such a request could not be refused, and the little, cold, shivering lamb was provided with a warm place in the corner of the tent. But it seemed uneasy. It was in a strange place and among strangers, and so I prepared for it a shelter outside the tent, under some canvass, in a place by itself. Here it remained until after the storm, and then went away to get something to eat.

After this, the lamb found shelter under the eaves of a corn-crib, where it came for awhile to lie down at night. This was its home. It was in a small field or lot, where there was plenty of fresh green grass, on which it fed during the day. Here, after the lamb became tame, I used to visit the little lost creature, carrying some nice green spring oats to it for its dinner, breakfast, or supper. After a few days this lamb began to gain strength. When first seen it was very weak, but now it began to grow strong, and run, and jump, and frisk about in play.

Near by this green pasture is a clear, never-failing spring, where this little lamb used to drink when thirsty, and then return to feed or lie down again in the fresh grass. The last time I saw the creature, he was lying down on the sunny side of a large stump, after his morning meal, quietly chewing his cud, and seeming happy and contented with his new home. Fortunate lamb, thought I, war made you suffer but for a moment. It makes man a mourner for a life—parents for their sons, wives for their husbands.—*From a letter of a Chaplain of an Illinois Regiment.*

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1862.

G. W. AMADON, EDITOR.

Questions for Young Bible Students.

PRAYER.

WHAT is prayer?
To whom should all prayers be offered?
Is there any trouble which cannot be helped by prayer?

Repeat a text where prayer is commanded.
Give an instance of public prayer. Of secret prayer.

What postures may be used in prayer?
What did king David say of prayer? Ps. lv, 17.
Is this a good rule for all?
What people made "long prayers?" Mark xii, 38.
Who prayed from the stomach of a whale?
Repeat the Lord's prayer.
What woman prayed day and night? Luke ii, 37. What does that mean?
What does the New Testament say of praying for the sick? Jas. v, 14.
Name one command respecting the treatment of our enemies. Matt. v, 44.
What did Christ once do to the little children? Matt. xix, 13.

What came to pass when Jesus prayed on the mount of transfiguration? Luke ix, 25.
Who was thrown among lions for praying to God? Dan. vi, 12.
Repeat James v, 16.
Who prayed and a fire was quenched? Num. xi, 2.
What happened as Solomon prayed at the dedication of the temple? 2 Chron. vii, 1.
Repeat Paul's prayer for those who look for the Second Advent. 1 Thess. v, 23.

Pickets.

THERE is a class of men in every well-ordered army, called pickets. None but the bravest and truest fill this position. Their business is to stand on guard, by day and night, and see that nothing improper is going on in the camp, and to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy. It matters not how bad the weather is, or how dark and tempestuous the night, the brave sentinel, with musket in hand, has to pace to and fro, and watch for the safety of the army. These men, from their exposed situation, are in continual danger of being shot. Should a picket see the enemy approaching, he immediately fires his gun, and soon the whole camp is astir, and preparations made for battle. If the army advances, the pickets have to go ahead, and see that no enemy is lurking in the way for a surprise. Thus they have to ford rivers, cross swamps, climb hills and mountains, and con-

tinually make themselves a mark for the bullets of the enemy. Many are the hair-breadth escapes of the pickets; but those who go to war must never shrink from danger. If a guard falls asleep on duty, or is not alert at his post, the penalty is severe—generally death—so there is nothing pleasant in this part of war.

How much these picket-men remind me of certain Christian duties which I can think of. The man or child who serves God is a soldier. He, too, has weapons of war, and battles to fight. But here the camp-ground is the human heart, and the fighting is done in our minds. And we, also, must have out our pickets, if we would fight the good fight of faith, and win eternal life. There are the pickets of Watchfulness, and Prayer, and Faith, and Hope, and Love, which must be continually posted, or we meet a surprise and fall. That old Serpent, the Devil and Satan, who tries to get possession of our hearts, will have to enter at those avenues where these picket-men stand. And if he should find them asleep, or off duty, his object is accomplished: the graces are slaughtered, victory is gained, [and the temple of the Lord becomes a castle of sin.

Dear Children—you cannot be Christ's soldiers much longer. Our watching, fighting, and praying will soon be exchanged for other employment. What is your hope when the Master comes to say, "WELL DONE?"

For the Youth's Instructor.

"Will You Love Me?"

ALITTLE incident occurred the other day, of which I will tell the children, hoping it will make as good an impression on their minds as it did on mine. A mother wished her little daughter to assist her about some work which she was doing, but the little child replied that she did not want to. "Very well," said her mother, "you need not; but then I cannot love you." Upon hearing this the little girl readily assisted her mother. Not long afterward, her mother was engaged at the same work again, when she came up and offered to help her, but was told that she did not need her help then. "But," said the child, "will you love me?"

As I listened to this remark, a whole train of thoughts flitted through my mind. I thought, why will not those much older than this little child be as careful to secure their parents' love? and not only this, but the approbation of Him who has respect to those who are pure in heart?

Children love the sunshine of home and friends. Nothing really makes them happy unless they are happy at home. But how some little wrong will spoil the happiness of the home circle, and clouds and gloom settle there. But there are means by which these clouds may be scattered, and the bright home-beams shine as warmly as before. How much good it does the parent to see a child heed some

word of good advice. Children are very apt to make blunders and mistakes, but how easily could all this be overlooked if they tried all the time to heed their father's counsel or mother's tender entreaty.

Dear children, do you love your parents? Do you wish them to love you? Then often ask, If I do this, will they love me? May be you will fail sometimes, but don't let this discourage you. The simple song that everybody has heard and knows, is true and good still:

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

Do not listen to Satan when he tempts you to go astray, but think it over and over again, Will it honor my parents? Will they love me? Will Jesus and angels love me? Keep these things uppermost in your mind. Only a little while is left to form characters for heaven. The work of Jesus in the heavenly Sanctuary will soon be finished. Trouble will ere long overspread the earth. Precious are the moments, far too precious, to be spent triflingly. None of you thought a little while ago that our peaceful country would be so deluged with war and blood; but a far worse storm is gathering. Read the 12th chapter of Daniel, and the 16th chapter of Revelation. Who will be prepared to stand amid the wreck of nations? May God help us all to get ready, that we may be hid in the fearful future before us.

M. D. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Comforting Hope.

WHEN little Georgie's mother died, he was away from home. The news was soon carried to him, but he could not realize it.

He had never seen a person that was dead; and when he was brought to see his mother, he instantly cried out, "Mother! mother! wake up, mother! open your eyes, mother!" With great earnestness he continued to cry for some time, thinking she was only asleep; but alas! she was dead, and he knew it not. She could not hear the call of her dear little boy. Tears came into his eyes, and he began to sob mournfully as he gazed upon the pale face of his loved mother. "Don't mother love Georgie any more?" said he, as he laid his little hand upon the face that was cold as a stone. He instantly drew back, and throwing up his hands cried out, "Oh! mother *is* dead! mother *is* dead!" He cried as if his heart would break, and could not be comforted until he was told about the resurrection. His tears were wiped away while he repeated the joyful words, "Mother will live again." How consoling, even to a child, is the hope of the resurrection. Says the apostle, "Comfort one another with these words." 1 Thess. iv, 18.

I was told of another little boy that was sorrowing for the death of his mother. His father led him to the grave, and while the coffin was being lowered, he looked up to his father and said, "Pa,

when shall I see ma again?" His father answered, "When Jesus comes, you'll see ma again." As they turned away from the grave the little boy continued to repeat, "When Jesus comes, I'll see ma again!" The little mourner was comforted.

I once had some conversation with a German about the resurrection. It was difficult to talk with him, as he could not understand much of the English language. But when I finally succeeded in making him understand what I believed, he appeared much pleased. I then asked him to tell me how his Bible read about the resurrection. He hesitated a little and said, "*Mine Bible read, When goot man die, he not know anyting; then by and by Jesus come and fix him.*" I asked him what he meant by Jesus coming to "fix him." He thought a moment, and then with an air of triumph said, "*Make alive! make alive!*" The old German Christian was very glad that my Bible read like his, and his countenance beamed with joy, while in his broken manner he explained his hope, that the good, both small and great, of every tongue and clime, would live again to die no more.

May all that love to read the Instructor be found among that happy number.

M. E. CORNELL.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Signs of the Times.

WHEN the clouds come up angrily in the sky, and you hear the thunders rumbling in the distance, and see the lightnings flash from the black clouds, and hear the rushing of the coming tempests, you think there is a storm coming.

Why?

Because the thunder, the lightning, the black clouds, the distant roar of winds, are signs of a coming storm.

When the storm clears away, you see the rainbow in the east, arching gloriously in the sky, and you expect fair weather again.

Why?

Because that the rainbow seen after a storm is generally a sign of fair weather. A sign, then, is something which warns us of some coming event; thus the clouds warn us of rain, and the rainbow afterward, is a token of fair weather.

The Bible informs us that the dreadful storm of God's wrath will some day come upon a guilty world, and all the wicked will be destroyed, the righteous taken to heaven, with all the holy dead who will be raised at this time.

As this storm will come suddenly and unexpectedly to the wicked, why will it not be sudden and unexpected to the righteous? Because the righteous will notice the signs of this storm, while the wicked will not notice these signs. This will cause it to be unexpected by the wicked, and because the

righteous notice the signs, they will be prepared for that dreadful storm. Christ told the disciples 1800 years ago what the signs should be, and they have taken place; the darkening of the sun and moon in 1780, and the falling of the stars in 1833; and next we shall hear the voice of God, which will shake the heavens and the earth, and the next in order will be the white cloud, and on it the Son of man, who will then come to take his people to his own home. That storm, so terrible to the wicked, will be joyful to the righteous, for it will be the time of their deliverance. Other signs were given by Christ, and the dreadful war now in our land warns us of coming troubles, as the winds before the storm.

Children, will you hasten for shelter from this storm, to Jesus, who desires you to keep all his commandments, and have faith in him, and be prepared for his coming? Do not forget that the signs of this coming storm are now fulfilled, and the next event is the voice of God which proclaims Jesus' coming.

Youth, are you ready?

Child, are you prepared for the coming storm?

J. CLARKE.

For the Youth's Instructor.

"I Don't Care!"

DON'T care, is a phrase used by the old and the young; and there is perhaps not a crime in the world but what is hid behind this expression. When little children are caught doing some naughty thing, and are told that "Ma don't allow that," the reply often is, "I don't care!" The crushing of worms, killing of innocent birds, abusing of dumb animals, &c., are all practiced because the one who does it don't care.

The drunkard's family is reduced to beggary, because he don't care.

These don't-care folks do much harm, and but little good in this world; and it is to be feared will cheat themselves out of the other one. They invariably have a careless, and most always, reckless spirit; one which commences in childhood, and grows with the growth of the one who don't care. Impulse is their guide; principle is kept out of sight. They consult their own feelings about what they do, and risk the consequences. Present pleasure is their aim. Such folks live for themselves alone; they are not a blessing to the world in which they live. The world can not be of much benefit to them, for the advice or reproof of friends is met with, "I don't care."

Has the Instructor any don't-care readers, who live for nothing but to eat, and sleep, and rest? If so, will they hear a little advice from a friend? Throw off that spirit. Many persons have lost their lives in this world, and their prospect for eternal life, by being careless. Some who never commit an outbreking sin, are too careless, easy, and drowsy, to make an effort to do any good.

Never do any thing without a good and high motive. Know what you are doing, and what you are doing it for. Let the world see that you are living for an object. Care what people think and say of you. When about to engage in anything, ask, Is this right? will it do any good? is it according to the Bible? would the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ do so if he were here in my place?

May the Lord help all to put off carelessness.

MOSES HULL.

For the Youth's Instructor.

God Careth for the Birds,

DEAR BOYS: Do you often think of this in the light God would have you? It is quite a fashion in these days for boys to spend much of their time in sporting with the lives of birds, which to me bear the most striking marks of Eden's beauty now existing upon this sin-cursed earth. What do we behold in the works of nature more beautiful than these lovely creatures? Listen to their sweet songs as they perch from branch to branch, from tree to tree; then see them plume their little wings and soar aloft to the bright blue sky, swelling their richest notes of praise to Him who careth for them. Their songs cheer the cottage of the desolate widow and orphans; they reach the lonely chamber of the poor invalids, like some soothing cordial, making them almost forget their pain.

Why are our young friends so eager to destroy that which God in his wisdom and goodness has made so beautiful, and useful to man? You are doubtless ready to admit they are very pretty, and sing sweetly; but then, say some, how can they be so very useful when they pull up so much grain, and carry away our delicious fruit? These things we are obliged to have, but we can live without songs. Very true; this point is just what I am aiming at, for if it was not for these "mischievous plagues," as they are often termed, we would have to live without these necessaries, or die for the want of them.

You wonder how this can be. Well, be patient, and I will try and tell you. You doubtless know there are a great many worms and insects of various kinds which are destructive to vegetation. Now these little workmen come as soon as spring opens, like so many blessings from heaven, to the farmer and gardener, to clear their ground and trees of millions of these destructive creatures. It has been stated as a fact that two robins have been known to eat two thousand caterpillars in one week. Then why not let them come in for their share of berries and cherries, and when they reach forth their tiny bills for a few grapes and plums, do not grudge them, but remember that while they are reaping our labors we are as truly reaping theirs. Remember, too, with what tender care they are regarded by God; for he has declared that "not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without him." Yes, though they

have neither storehouse nor barns, our Heavenly Father feedeth them.

Now my young lads, if you have ever rudely caused one of these sweet songsters to fall mangled and bleeding to the ground, I hope it will cause you that sorrow of heart, whose fruits will be to repentance.

Yours, in hope of a home in the New Earth, where the sweet songs of birds will never end.

ELLEN E. CLYDE.

Trempeleau, Wis.

Letter Department.

From Lilla D. Avery.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I am a little girl seven years of age, but I love to read the Instructor. I think it is a good little paper. I am trying to learn to answer the questions for little Sabbath-keepers. I think they are very pretty, and my parents think it will do me good to learn them. I am trying to obey my parents and keep the commandments, that I may live long on the new earth.

Corunna, Mich.

From Arvilla Lanphear.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I am striving, in my weak way, to make heaven my home. I am trying to live a Christian life, and to set a good example before the world, that I may at last have an entrance into the kingdom of God. I know that I have a great many besetting sins, and a sinful heart to contend with, but the grace of God is sufficient for us, and if we put our trust in him, he will guide and direct us in the way we should go. But there is a great deal for us to do to get ready for the coming of the Lord. I am afraid we do not realize as we should the fearful times in which we live. We are too cold and indifferent in the cause of Christ, and have our affections too much on the things of this world. Come, then, let us all arouse from this lukewarm state, that we have been in so long, and commence anew to serve the Lord; leave the world and all its sinful fashions behind, and follow in the footsteps of Jesus, that we may finally reap the reward of the righteous, and have an entrance into the kingdom of God.

Nile, Allegany Co., N. Y.

From Laura A. Taylor.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Believing it to be a duty as well as a privilege, I attempt to write a few lines for the Instructor. I am glad to hear from so many of my young friends who are trying to walk in the narrow way, and I will say with you that I mean to go through and stand on mount Zion. O my young friends, I cannot express to you my joy and gratitude to my God that he has in my wanderings called after me, and blessed me while seeking his face and favor. We are in the midst of selfishness and hate, and sins of every dye and hue, which tend to lead us astray; but we must take Jesus for our Captain, and the Bible for our guide, and then we

are safe. I desire the prayers of the readers, that I may meet you in his kingdom at last.

Wright, Mich.

From Ophelia A. Lanphear.

DEAR YOUTH AND CHILDREN: In view of the solemn time in which we are living, and the perilous times just upon us, it becomes us all to live humble, devoted Christians, and get ready for the great day of the Lord which will soon be upon us. The time will soon be when he that is filthy, will be filthy still, and he that is holy will be holy still. The wicked are waxing worse and worse, and men's hearts failing them for fear of the things that are coming to pass on the earth. Signs are being fast fulfilled, and everything declares that the coming of the Lord is near, even at the door. O what a happy day it will be to the righteous! what a day of rejoicing! Our trials will be past, afflictions and troubles will be all ended, and sickness, pain, or death cannot enter. There we shall see the blessed Saviour, and ever dwell with him.

My dear friends, do you not want to be there? I want eternal life. I am still striving to live a Christian. I want to be so faithful as to meet all the dear readers of the Instructor there. And may we all give him our youthful hearts, endure with patience the scoffs and frowns of the world, live faithful to God, and finally partake of the joys of heaven, is the prayer of the unworthy writer.

Come on, dear children, serve the Lord,
With all your youthful hearts;
That in Christ's kingdom you may share
A good and glorious part.

Nile, Allegany Co., N. Y.

From Anzetta I. Perry.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I esteem it a pleasure to let you know my feelings. I feel as though we were living in a very solemn time, and have much to do to get ready for the coming of the Saviour. We shall have to overcome everything that is unholy in the sight of God. We who are young have many things to overcome which those who are older do not. There are many temptations to direct our attention to the world. Sometimes our nearest friends tempt us to do wrong; but we should resist every temptation. O let us press on a little longer, and then Jesus will come and bring us our reward.

Locke, Mich.

From Abigail R. Martta.

DEAR BRO. AMADON: I take the liberty of writing to you. I am a little girl of seven years old, and I like the Instructor very much. We are very lonely on the Sabbath-day, as we have no preaching here. There is no one keeping the Sabbath in this country but us, but I hope there soon will be. I often wish I was over in America. I would like very much to have the Instructor come oftener. I think if some of the preachers would come over to Ireland, they would make a great improvement.

Yours striving to overcome.

Tullyvine, Ballybay, Ireland.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

Mount Zion.

WHAT a wonderful mountain that must be! Almost every prayer and exhortation we hear, has something to say about Mount Zion. It is spoken of at the meeting, and at home; in the field, and in the house; by day and by night. It is what we all talk about. The old, the middle-aged, the youth and children, all make pleasant mention of Mount Zion.

Well, dear children, I am glad so many think well of that holy place. I, too, love Mount Zion, and I want to go there. There are a great many wonderful mountains in the Bible, but none compare with the "hill of the Lord." But who may go to Mount Zion, and from its golden peak look abroad upon the fair plains of the New Earth? The 15th psalm tells who. "He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." Such only will be citizens of the Lord's mountain.

God grant, dear children, that you may ever think well of Mount Zion, and that when the 144,000 shall assemble there, you may be found in that select company.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Little Jacob's Thoughts of Heaven.

LITTLE Jacob in the doorway,
Flaxen hair and soft brown eyes,
Age of only four short summers,
Yet, if judged by his replies,
Or his sage and wise reflections
As he stands there in the door,
With his hands thrust in his pockets,
You would think him doubly four.

I had told him of the Saviour
Only a short time before;
How he loved the little children,
How he blessed in days of yore:
That, if only good, our Jesus
At his coming would assign
To each one a robe of beauty,
Crowns, that as the stars would shine.

Turning from his deep reflections,
Jakey said, "If heaven's so high,
How can Jesus take us up there?
Will we, as the angels fly?"
And I paused ere I could answer,
I, so void of words and grace,
Glancing at the childish figure—
At the little earnest face.

"Oh! I've thought now how He does it,"
Joyously I heard him cry,—
"God can better come than Jesus;
Jesus stays there in the sky.
God comes down and gets the children,
Takes them in his arms, and then
Jesus with some ropes and pulleys,
Draws Him up to heaven again!"

I could scarce refrain from smiling
At the little dreamer's thought,
Yet withal its novel meaning
It to me a lesson taught,—
That the way is not so easy,
But that we our strength must give;
We, ourselves, must hold the "pulleys,"
Guide the "ropes," if we would live."

MARY HOUSE.

Callin, N. Y.

Wait! Wait!

WAIT! wait for what? Wait not a moment, not an instant; do what your little hands find to do with your might. Be quick! quick as a flash! Spring, run, jump, hop, skip; fly on the wings of faith, love, and obedience. When father, mother, or teacher says, "Go, do this or that," leap at once, go forward, speed, haste to do everything.

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