The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 19. BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JANUARY 15, 1871. NUMBER 2.

"Hear Counsel, and receive Instruction, that thou mayest be Wise." Prov. 19:20.

**LITTLE BY LITTLE.**

"Little by little," the torrent said,
As he rushed onward, in its narrow bed,
Chafing in wrath and pride;
And little by little, day by day,
And month by month, up through the vale, and on
A grain at a time they were swept away.
And now the fields and meadows lay
Under the waves, for the work was done.

"Little by little," the tempter said,
As he and his crew came near the glade
For the young, unwary feet—
"Little by little, and day by day,
I will tempt the careless soul astray Up to the region of endless light,
And now the fields and meadows lay
And with every wave it bore away
A grain at a time they were swept away.

This is the end of all those who wander
As it swept along in its narrow bed,
And every hour and every day,
It came again, and the rushing tide
And with every wave it bore away
A grain at a time they were swept away.

**The Lost Child.**

Not long ago, quite an excitement was raised in the neighborhood of Eugene, Knox Co., Ill., concerning a lost child. The mother had gone visiting, and taken her child with her. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the little boy went out to play. He was out but a few moments, when the mother went to call him. She called, but received no answer. She then, with the family, went in search of him, but found no trace of the little wanderer.

Soon the neighbors were called, and that night was spent in the search. The little fellow, with lanterns, went up and down through the woods in search of the lost child; but their efforts were of no avail. Running hastily the little wanderer. He lay with his face to the corn field. They followed the tracks but a few moments, when the mother went to call him. She called, but received no answer. She then, with the family, went in search of him, but found no trace of the little wanderer.

The woods, which represent the pleasures of this world. Its being down hill, means that when little Christians cross over the line that separates them from bad children, and try to enjoy the world with them, they commence going down hill, backsliding. Pretty soon they cross the creek, and then their track cannot be seen any more; This is when they get so far away from Jesus that we cannot tell them from the wicked.

When they first commence backsliding, we can tell them from the world; but soon they get so far into the world we cannot tell them from wicked people. This is when they have crossed the creek. The last trace of them is now lost. The woods, which represent the pleasures of this world, are soon passed through. The little fellow, with lanterns, went up and down through the woods in search of the lost child; but their efforts were of no avail. The mother's grief was inexpressible. We fashion our future of bliss or woe, we must learn to pass this world. Our minds must be trained to dwell upon pure and holy things. We must learn to pass lightly over the faults of those around us, and are willing to forsake everything that is sinful. We must try to get the command of our thoughts, words, and actions. Although we may not succeed in our first efforts, we must not give up, but try more earnestly; at the same time, relying upon the promises of God, who will help in every time of need. I am very thankful for such assistance we may come out victorious.

**Our Thoughts.**

Paul says, to the Philippians, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Our thoughts are ever running here and there, upon this thing and that thing; with little regard to the fitness of the subject, and often against our will. We have so long permitted them to wander, that we seem to have no control of them.

It is so necessary to meditate upon heavenly things, we sometimes find it a difficult task. Our minds seem determined to run upon anything but things divine. We continue in this condition, and do not stop to stand without spot or wrinkle when Jesus comes; for we must remember that even our thoughts are faithfully chronicle by the recording angel.

Amy got up from her little rocking-chair, quite reluctantly, and went for her hat and cloak. As they turned down a long street, they passed many rows of factory houses, all under one roof, with a few feet of door-yard in front, covered, for the most part, with tangled grass and weeds. In front of one house Aunt Susan paused a minute and said to her little companion,

"There is a lesson for you, Amy. See how little it takes really to make one happy."

A poor crippled child of something in their character worthy of praise—something just, pure, lovely, virtuous, and of good report.

Dear readers, probation is almost ended. The devil is now testing us to see if we are true to God and are willing to forsake everything that is sinful. We must try to get the command of our thoughts, words, and actions. Although we may not succeed in our first efforts, we must not give up, but try more earnestly; at the same time, relying upon the promises of God, who will help in every time of need. I am very thankful for such assistance we may come out victorious.

Amy was very fretful and discontented one morning.

"I do wish I had some new play, or something to amuse me, Aunt Susan," she said, discontentedly, as she tossed aside her box of toys, quite heedless whether they were broken or not.

"Nothing would amuse you in your present frame of mind, dear. Happiness is within, not without, us. Come, we will take a half hour's walk before dinner; it will do us both good."

"Little by little," says,
"Little by little," sure and slow,
"Little by little, and day by day,
"Little by little," the torrent said,
As he rushed onward, in its narrow bed,
Chafing in wrath and pride;
And little by little, day by day,
And month by month, up through the vale, and on
A grain at a time they were swept away.
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**A Cure for Discontent.**

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A poor crippled child of something in their character worthy of praise—something just, pure, lovely, virtuous, and of good report.

"Here is this cunning little china baby, in my pocket, auntie; will you please let me drop it into his wagon? I know it will please him.

Aunt Susan gave her consent, and both
The Youths Instructor.

Interesting Reading.

Yes, you say, that is what I like. I am tired of this dull, prosy reading; I want something lively—something interesting.

Well, that is just the kind of reading you ought to have if you can be interested in anything good and useful. But I suppose you know it is rather hard to suit all; for what is very interesting to one, is pronounced intolerable by another.

The interest one takes in reading anything depends very much on the object he has in reading it.

Some read, to gain knowledge and wisdom in the things of this world; and a few read, that they may become wise unto salvation; but nearly all read for amusement—just to pass away the time pleasantly.

Now, my dear boys and girls, I suppose that every day is a little life; and Moses wished to be taught to number, not his years, but his days, so as to apply that to the discharge of its plain duties? Most certainly you do. And so in reading simply for amusement, you are led into a habit that sacrifices the enjoyment of the greater part of your life, for a momentary indulgence of a morbid imagination.

Our object in talking to you in such a plain manner is to induce you to change your bad habits for good ones. We advise you, then, to read for profit rather than for pleasure. Read, that you may gain true wisdom; that you may enrich the mind and improve the heart; that you may be prepared to act your part in life nobly and well. And if you do so, we can assure you that you will not only be profitted by your reading, but that you will come to find much more real enjoyment in it than in the dissipating course of reading that we have so frequently condemned. You may find it dull at first; but perseveres, and you will succeed in cultivating a refined and healthful taste for reading. You will learn to be interested in things that are really good, and to approve the things that are excellent.

Spend Each Day Right.

Remember that every day is a little life; also, that our whole life is but a day repeated.

Jacob, as the Bible says, numbered his life by days; and Moses wished to be taught to number, not his years, but his days, so as to apply his heart unto wisdom. Let each day be well spent, and all our years will be.

The Children's Corner.

The Story of Lazarus.

Tama stood upon a mountain slope.
A little house stood below.

Half of her rice plants, and
A fragrant vines below;

Within whose neat, unvarnished walls
A little household dwelt.

In loving peace, remote from strife
The noisy city felt.

Two sisters and a brother dear
Made up the household.

Whose Christian and domestic love
Went steadily hand in hand.

An off a wayward traveler
Passed through their door.

To drop a word of holy cheer,
Or share their simple store.

At length, upon their pleasant home,
A heavy sorrow fell.

The brother sickened; then he died—
The brother, loved so well.

They laid him in a rustic grave;
The summer winds breathed low;

And all around, the mountain flowers
Wore bright with healing thought.

Four suns their shining path had run,
When down the shady street
There came the light-eyed child of Jesus' vanished face.

To meet the blessed traveler
The stricken sisters bled,

And mourned, "Lord, hadst thou been here,
Our brother had not died."

With troubled air, he straightway asked,
"Where have ye laid the dead?"

And while the Jews stood wondering,
"Lord, come and see," they said.

The sorrow of the tearful group
Bobbling, "Jesus wept;"

Then, following on, with slower pace,
Drew near where Lazarus slept;

And bending tenderly above
The quiet, new-made grave,

He bade them take away the stone
That lay upon the cave.

They gained not gently, but obeyed,
When, to their glad surprise,

The Saviour moved his hand in prayer,
And lifted up his eyes;

And crying, "Lazarus, come forth,"
In accents clear and loud,

He that was dead, all at once,
Wrapped in his burial shroud.

And many Jews believed on Christ;
And Lazarus went his way;

And sunshine filled that happy home,
Where late the shadow lay.

Be "Good for Something."

I sometimes ask my little girl and boy, "What are you good for?" and they will quickly reply by telling me of useful things they can do, such as bringing wood, picking up chips, washing dishes, &c.; how they work to help keep clean and clothes? how kindly they took care of you when you were too little to do anything for yourselves?

And now that you are older, how gladly you should help them, and how cheerfully obey them. The Bible says, "Children, obey your..."
parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." If you want the Lord to love you and save you, be kind, obedient, and useful. Be determined to be good for something.

Sometimes when I ask my little girl to do something she would rather not do, she will say, "I don't really like to do it, but then I want to help you." It pleases me to see children ready that way, and I am sure it is pleasing to the Lord to see children try to be useful and kind. These are the children Jesus will save when he comes. 

R. C. BAKER.

The Good Boy.

I love little boys—when they are good. Such a little boy was Eddie. He gave his true name, for such a child deserves, and ought to be an example for many children a good deal older than he. Then, too, I like to encourage those that are trying to do right, as I think little Eddie is.

Eddie's grandparents were Christian people; and when the time for morning prayer came, Eddie was ready, quietly waiting for the reading of the Bible, and prayer. When they knelt, he would kneel with them, with eyes closed and hands folded, just as all children, and grown people, too, ought to do. When they arose from their knees, he did not jump up and talk loud, as I have seen other children frequently do.

Eddie was no idler; and though a child of only five summers, he was always busy, and ever ready to do whatever his grandmother wanted him to do. Quick, obedient, and always seeing something to do, he was a great help in the family. Did you ever think, dear children, in how many ways you could help your poor, tired mother? Eddie would show you, if you were wise enough to do what he did. But as you may never do this, I will tell you.

1. You may, without being told twice, or even once, dress yourself in the morning, with proper order and neatness. Then another thing that I noticed in this sweet little boy was his smiling and happy countenance. And what child would not have a cheerful face when always trying to do anything he wanted, he waited patiently. When anything was passed to him, he chose the smallest, or the one nearest to him, thus showing respect for older boys and girls.

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BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON SEVENTY-SIX.

REVIEW.

1. In what chapter of the Bible do we find an account of the creation?
2. Which chapter tells us that the Lord sat apart the seventh day as a holy rest-day?
3. What word has not, that means the same as rest-day? Ans. The word Sabbath.
4. Which chapter tells us about the garden of Eden?
5. Will you describe the garden?
6. What chapter tells you how Adam and Eve came to lose this beautiful home?
7. Can you tell how it was?
8. What chapter tells about the murder of Abel?
9. Will you tell how it occurred?
10. What chapter tells you how long each of the patriarchs lived?
11. What chapters tell about the flood?
12. Which one of these chapters tells how the ark was to be built?
13. Which tells about Noah's going into the ark, and what he took in with him?
14. Which tells where the ark rested after the flood?
15. Which tells what became of all the people and animals that did not go into the ark?
16. Which chapter tells why the Lord destroyed them?
17. Which tells about the offerings that Noah made, and the promises that he received?

LESSON SEVENTY-SEVEN.

REVIEW.

1. In what chapter do we find a record of the covenant that the Lord made with Noah after the flood?
2. Where do we find an account of the building of the tower of Babel, and the confusion of tongues?
3. What chapter speaks of Abram and his family?
4. Where do we find an account of Abram's removal from Haran to Canaan?
5. What chapter tells us about the separation of Lot and Abram?
6. What chapter gives an account of the change of Abram's name?
7. What chapter tells of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah?
8. Where do we find the promise that Abraham's seed should be called in the name of Isaac?
9. Where do we find the wonderful account of Abraham's offering Isaac as a sacrifice?
10. What chapters contain promises to Abraham?

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON SEVENTY-TWO.

REVIEW.—THE EXPLANATION OF THE VISION RESUMED.

1. Who was commissioned to make Daniel understand the vision? Dan. 8: 16.
2. What portion of the vision did he explain to him at that time? Ans. That portion pertaining to the Ram, Goat, and Little Horn.
3. Why did not the angel complete the explanation of this period? (Verse 27.)
4. What portion was left unexplained? Ans. That relating to time. (Verses 13, 14.)
5. What was to be the final work of ministration? (Verse 27.)
6. What portion of the vision did he explain to him at that time? Ans. That portion pertaining to the Ram, Goat, and Little Horn.
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A THANKFUL HEART.

Some murmurs when the sky is clear,
And wholesly bright to view,
If small defects appear
In their great heaven of bliss.
And some with thankful love are filled,
From their poor habitation.
One ray of God’s good mercy—gild
The darkness of their night.

Letters from Little Folks.

MANТОS巡, Minn., Dec., 1879.

Bro. Bell: I thought for the first time I would make up my mind to write for the Instructor. I am eleven years old. I am trying to keep all the commandments of God. Pray for me that I may be faithful to the end. I cannot go to Sabbath-school, because there are no schools here. I want to be useful, obedient, and good. I confess my sins to God, and pray him to forgive them. Pray for me, that I may be prepared to meet the Lord when he cometh.

Yours, hoping for eternal life.

JENNIE BOWEN.

WOODRUFF, Wisconsin.

DEAR Bro. Bell: I am a little girl, near ten years of age. I am trying to keep all the commandments of God. Pray for me that I may be faithful to the end. I cannot go to Sabbath-school, because there are no schools here. I want to be useful, obedient, and good. I confess my sins to God, and pray him to forgive them. Pray for me, that I may be prepared to meet the Lord when he cometh.

Yours, hoping for eternal life.

MOLLY MARVIN.

DEAR Editor: This is the first time I have written for the Instructor. I am eleven years old, and being a very poor writer, I have to have some one write for me. I want to say to the other children, that I am trying to learn to write for myself. I am going to try to be useful, obedient, and good. I confess my sins to God, and pray him to forgive them. They pray for me, that I may be prepared to meet the Lord when he cometh.

Yours in hope,

KENTH O. HICKOK.

THE YOUTH’S INSTRUCTOR.

A New Poem.

In the middle of the summer, we planted bright flowers in the garden. It was a pure river of water, clear as crystal; and each side of the river is the tree of life— a tree that never fades. That garden is our home; our parents planted it for us. It is our home, and we love it.

The Snow.

Come down, snow-flakes, as thick as frost, and as many, as you please. It is fun to watch you fly, and hear you thud and make a noise when you fall. You do not care; you have plenty to eat in the north wind in your thick blanket, as warm as wool. You make squirrel tracks.

The boys don’t care. Yes, they do care. They like you ever so much. It makes fun. The girls don’t care; they are a very lovely lot, and thinking they like better still. Everybody loves to see the snow-flakes, that never jingle but for you. Come down, snow-flakes, as thick and fast and many as you please. It is fun to see you.

Only little Bare-Toes is sorry. Poor little Bare-Toes! And Thin- Shoos and No-Coat would rather not see you. Poor little slipper-less children; poor little blanket-less children; poor little children with no fire, no light, no work, no play! These are the children of whom I speak, and I never can see God in you. But come you will, because God sends you.

And does not God send us a message by you? Oh, yes; God sends a message. What is it? Listen.—Feed the hungry; clothe the naked; visit the sick; and inasmuch as you do it unto one of these, you do it unto me.

Said, “I will do likewise the best that I can.”

Our best? Ah! children, the best of us do not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying; and I never can love another so well. That garden is a pure river of water, clear as crystal; and each side of the river is the tree of life—a tree that never fades. That garden is heaven. There you may love, and love for ever. There will be no more death, no parting, no mirth. Let your treasure be in the tree of life, and you will have something to which your hearts may cling without disappointment. Love and obey the Saviour here, and he will prepare you to dwell in that lovely garden.”—Flowers of Springtime.