

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 it swept along in its narrow bed,
Chafing in wrath and pride;
"Little by little, and day by day,"
And with every wave it bore away
A grain of sand from the banks which lay
Like granite walls on either side.

It came again, and the rushing tide
Covered the valley far and wide,
For the mighty banks were gone;
"Little by little, and day by day,"
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 a dark and cunning snare he spread
For the young, unwary feet—
"Little by little, and day by day,"
I will tempt the careless soul astray
Into the broad and flowery way,
Until the ruin is made complete."

"Little by little," sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the pathway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
"Little by little, and day by day."—*Sel.*

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 called louder, again and again, but received no reply. 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 hundreds of men, 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. She wept bitterly. Must my dear child, thought she, remain in the woods alone this cold, dark night? Will it not fall into the creek and be drowned? or, if it escapes this, will it not be chilled to death? For it is almost winter; the leaves have fallen, the ground is freezing, and cold, chilling winds are coursing their way across our broad prairies and through our small forests.

This long, dreary night rolled sluggishly by. At last morning dawned, but no trace of the child was seen. More men were called, and the woods, and also the wells and corn-fields, were diligently searched; but all seemed to be in vain. At last, about noon, they discovered his tracks. The little fellow had gone out to the road, then crossing it, had climbed over the fence and gone off down a hill through the woods. At the foot of the hill was a small stream. They could see that he had crossed the stream and gone on further into the woods. Here they lost the track, and the company started off in different directions in search.

At last, about one o'clock, they again discovered his tracks, beyond the woods in a corn field. They followed the tracks but a few rods into the field, when they discovered the little wanderer. He lay with his face toward the ground. Running hastily to the

body they raised it up; but alas! it was not the bright, laughing little boy of the day before. What a change had come over him! His face looked dark and was disfigured by mud. His form was cold and stiff. The mother embraced it; but it did not seem like her own lovely child. The chilling winds of this cold autumn night had proved fatal to him. He met this cruel death because he had wandered away from his mother.

As I was pondering over this sad event, I asked myself the question, is there not some lesson to be learned from this? Oh! thought I, is it not thus that many children wander away from Jesus. Many little children are brought to him and he blesses them; for he loves them as dearly as that mother loved her child.

But when they go out to play, sometimes they forget Jesus. Then, when he calls them, they don't hear him. Pretty soon they climb over the fence and go off down the hill into the woods. The fence, may represent the line that separates little Christians from little sinners. The woods, 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 then commence going down hill, that is, 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 world.

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. They then enter the open field where they must lie down upon the cold barren ground, with no leaves for a bed, no trees to shelter them from the storm, and there perish.

This is the end of all those who wander away from Christ. The pleasures of this world are soon passed through. Then, oh how dark to the wanderer! The cold night of death comes upon him, and he lies in darkness and despair.

And now my little readers, if any of you are wandering away from Jesus, listen and hear his gentle voice before it is too late. He now says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." But his voice will not always be heard. Soon he will come to earth again. Then the wicked will be punished. But those who have kept his commandments, will receive a crown of life, and live forever in the kingdom of God. How many of the readers of this little paper will meet me there?

Yours, in hope of eternal life,

C. H. BLISS.

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."

Of late, these words have been much on my mind. How true it is, with many of us, that 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.

In trying to meditate upon heavenly things, we sometimes find it a difficult task. Our minds seem determined to run upon anything but things divine. If we continue in this condition, we must not expect to stand without spot or wrinkle when Jesus comes; for we must remember that even our thoughts are faithfully chronicled by the recording angel.

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, searching carefully for something in their character worthy of praise—something just, pure, lovely, virtuous, and of good report.

Dear readers, probation is almost ended. God is now testing us to see if we love him and are willing to forsake everything that is sinful. Let us try to get the command of our thoughts, words, and actions. Although we may not succeed at our first attempt, 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 sure with such assistance we may come off victorious.

HANNAH E. SAWYER.

Jordan, N. Y.

A Cure for Discontent.

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."

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 not over four years of age, was hobbling along on two crutches. His face was pale, and his sunken eyes told of sickness and suffering. But the poor little fellow was having a merry time with his one plaything. It was the box of a little toy wagon, without any wheels. There was a string attached by which he tied it to one crutch. So he hopped along as fast as he could, looking back at the wagon, with a pleased face, every few steps.

Amy forgot her own discontent in her pity for the poor child, and eagerly asked her aunt if she might not bring him some of her own playthings. "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

smiled when they saw the bright glow of pleasure that spread over his face at this addition to his treasures.

"See how little this poor child has to make life pleasant. Yet I am sure he has spent a happier morning than some children whose parents give them every comfort. Let us remember him, Amy, when we again feel discontented. It often helps us a great deal, to compare ourselves with those to whom God has not given the same blessings we enjoy. We learn to appreciate them better, and to thank the hand which showers so many mercies upon us. It makes us more considerate toward the poor and suffering, and teaches us to share our good things with them."

Amy spent a very pleasant afternoon in thinking about the poor lame boy, and in planning some little gifts for his pleasure. Her mother knew the family well, and approved her projects; so she had the pleasure of carrying them out before she went to sleep that night.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, JAN. 15, 1871.

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 most of you belong to this latter class; and if so, it will be rather hard for us to suit you. You will want something wonderful—something new. But if we tell you only the things that are true, you will not be suited; for our story will be too tame—nothing more than anybody could tell—nothing more than anybody has seen.

You want us to tell you of impossible things, and let you imagine them to be true. You want us to tell you of impossible people, who came into possession of great wealth, honestly, and yet without working for it; who became very wise without much study; who had the love of everybody without loving anybody; and who became very great without passing through the life of patient toil and self-denial that alone can lead to true greatness.

You want us to tell you of impossible boys and girls, who were naturally good; who could do right without an effort; who became Christians without knowing it; who never knew sorrow; but whose cup of life was always overflowing with joy—boys and girls who did not eat and drink, or breathe and sleep, like other people; but led a kind of enchanted life.

You will not read anything unless it has a

"flashy" title; and then, if the first paragraph does not give fair promise of a rich feast for your perverted taste, you will lay the thing aside as worthless.

If you read a book, it must not be one that you can read deliberately and lay aside at any time, casting your mind back over the pages read, and reaping from them a rich harvest of improved motives, thoughts, and actions; but it must so excite your curiosity that you can hardly turn the pages fast enough to satisfy your anxiety to know how it is all "coming out."

You clutch at, and devour it, with a greed akin to that manifested by the vulture while tearing the flesh of the putrid carcass he so delights to feed upon. And when you have finished it, do you feel inclined to think over what you have read, to see what useful lessons you can learn from it? No; indeed! You must have something new and more exciting. Like the drunkard's cup, each intoxicating draught only begets an insatiable thirst for something stronger and more stimulating.

If you belong to this class of readers, we cannot furnish you with anything that you would call interesting. The glutton has stimulated his appetite with spices and condiments, till he cannot relish plain, wholesome food; "it tastes so flat;" and so you cannot be interested in plain facts and good instruction; "such reading is so dull; it isn't interesting."

Now this very reading that you delight in so much, will ruin your mind and seriously affect your character. After having indulged largely in this kind of reading, do you not find it hard to come down to the sober realities of every-day life, and to find pleasure in 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 profited 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 freely condemned. You may find it dull at first; but persevere, 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.

THERE stood upon a mountain slope,
A cottage, years ago;
Half hid in olive trees above,
And fragrant vines below;

Within whose neat, ungarnished 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 band,
Whose Christian and domestic love
Went sweetly hand in hand.

And oft a wayworn traveler
Passed through their open door,
To drop a word of holy cheer,
Or share their simple store.

At length, upon their pleasant home,
A heavy shadow 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
Were bright with bud and blow.

Four suns their shining path had run,
When down the shady street
There came the lightly-echoed tread
Of Jesus' sandaled feet.

To meet the blessed traveler
The stricken sisters hid,
And murmured, "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
Beholding, "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 gainsayed gently, but obeyed,
When, to their glad surprise,
The Saviour moved his lips in prayer,
And lifted up his eyes;

And crying, "Lazarus, come forth,"
In accents clear and loud,
He that was dead, alive appeared,
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.

—Sel.

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.

Now the youngest of the little ones who take an interest in this good little paper, can be "good for something."

Do you ever think what you were made and placed in this world for? Is it just to eat and sleep; and then play the rest of the time? Do you ever stop to think how much papa and mamma have done for you? how hard they work to get you food 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 feel this 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. I give 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. Then, 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 a few summers, he was always active, 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 should go to his house. 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, comb your hair, and wash yourself. Then you will appear clean and tidy, and be ready for further help.

2. You may save a great many steps by going to the cellar and pantry for things, preparatory for breakfast.

3. After breakfast there are many things to be done—the table to be cleared away—and many steps to be taken. Dear child, can you not take this dish back, throw the crumbs to the chickens, &c.?

4. And after you have done all these things, can you not before you go to your play, or to school, ask mother if there is anything more you can do? Perhaps she could think of things better than I can.

But I want to tell you more about Eddie. At the table he was the same quiet, polite child. He was not reaching after this and that, but rather than interrupt by loud talking and uncouth gestures for 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 ones.

Then another thing that I noticed in this little boy, was his smiling and happy countenance. And what child would not have a cheerful face when always trying to do somebody a kindness, and conscious of doing right? This is the way to be truly happy. Learn to be useful, dear children, and your parents will love you, everybody will admire you, and the Lord will save you. L. C. CANRIGHT.

THERE is one single fact which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity—namely: that no man ever repented being a Christian on his death-bed.

"LOVEST thou Me?"—Bible.

Sabbath-School Department.

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 set apart the seventh day as a holy rest-day?
3. What word have we, 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 first 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 at that time? Ans. Probably because Daniel was not able to bear it. (Verse 27.)
4. What portion was left unexplained? Ans. That relating to time. (Verses 13, 14.)
5. What did Daniel say in regard to it in the last clause of verse 27?
6. Did Gabriel ever return to complete the work of making Daniel understand the vision? Dan. 9: 20, 21.
7. What did he now say he had come forth to do? Verse 22.
8. What admonition did he give to Daniel? Verse 23.
9. What matter in the vision under consideration did Daniel fail to understand? Ans. Probably that

which had not been explained; namely, the portion pertaining to time.

10. Did Gabriel take up that subject when he resumed his explanation? Verse 24.
11. How much of the 2300 days did he say was determined (cut off*) upon Daniel's people (the Jews) and upon the holy city?
12. What was to be accomplished during the seventy weeks? Verse 24.*
13. When were the holy places of the sanctuary anointed? Ans. At the beginning of the ministration in them.
14. When did the cleansing take place? Ans. It was the final work of ministration.

*See Lesson Thirty-one.

NOTE.—So we see that the first seventy weeks of the 2300 days reached to the commencement of the work in the first apartment of the heavenly sanctuary, and the whole period, to the commencement of the work in the second apartment of the same.

LESSON SEVENTY-THREE.

REVIEW—THE DATE OF THE SEVENTY WEEKS.*

1. What scriptures explain the date and application of the seventy weeks? Ans. Dan. 9: 25-27.
2. What event is given as marking the commencement of this period? (Verse 25.)
3. Who gave the Jews permission to go up to Jerusalem and rebuild the temple? Ezra 1: 1-3.
4. Who afterward made a decree to protect the Jews from those who had hindered them in the work? Ezra 6.
5. Did either of these decrees embrace any command for the restoration of Jerusalem? Ans. They did not; but only for the rebuilding of the temple.
6. When was a decree issued that, taken with the two already noticed, completed a commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem? Ans. In the seventh year of Artaxerxes Longimanus, A. D. 457. Ezra 7: †
7. How many of the seventy weeks were to reach from the going forth of that commandment, to Messiah the Prince?
8. How many literal years are denoted by these 69 weeks?
9. To what point of time do they reach?
10. What occurred at that time?
11. What did Christ say immediately after his baptism? Mark 1: 15.
12. What time was fulfilled?

*See Lessons 32 to 36.

†For a full exposition of this subject, see "The Commandment to Restore and build Jerusalem."

LESSON SEVENTY-FOUR.

REVIEW—THE TERMINATION OF THE SEVENTY WEEKS.

1. What was to be accomplished during the seventieth week? Verse 27.
2. How was this covenant confirmed?
3. When did the old covenant cease?*
4. When was the new covenant ratified? Ans. At the death of the testator (Christ).
5. What was to take place in the midst of the seventieth week?
6. How was this fulfilled? †
7. How long was it from the baptism of Christ to his crucifixion?
8. What events transpired about three and a half years after the death of our Lord, to mark the termination of the seventy weeks? ‡
9. In what year was Christ baptized?
10. In what year was he crucified?
11. In what year did the seventy weeks terminate?
12. How many years were denoted by the seventy weeks?
13. If the first 490 years of the 2300 terminated in A. D. 34, when did the whole period terminate?
14. What was to take place at that time? Dan. 8: 14.

*See Lesson Fifty-two.

†See Lesson Thirty-three.

‡See Lesson Thirty-four.

CHEERFULLY perform the duties of to-day, and do not borrow to-morrow's trouble to make yourself miserable over.

The Youth's Instructor.

A THANKFUL HEART.

Some murmur when the sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light—
One ray of God's good mercy—gild
The darkness of their night.

Letters from Little Folks.

MANTORVILLE, Minn., Dec., 1870.

BRO. BELL: I thought for the first time I would give my testimony through the INSTRUCTOR. I am eleven years old. I am trying to serve the Lord and keep his commandments. I embraced the present truth last June, at the camp-meeting at Wasioja, Minn., and was baptized by Bro. Ingraham. I want you to remember me in your prayers.

Yours in hope, ERNEST O. HICKOK.

DEAR EDITOR: This is the first time I have written for the INSTRUCTOR. I am seven 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 serve God every day. I am trying 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 comes.

Yours, hoping for eternal life,

JENNIE BOWEN.

WOODMAN, Wisconsin.

DEAR BRO. BELL: I am a little girl, nearly 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, it is so far away. We sometimes go to Sand Prairie, eighteen miles away, with pa and ma, to attend meeting. I love to go to meeting the best of any place in the world. I wish we had meetings nearer. Our schoolmates point the finger of scorn at us; but still we try to bear it with patience.

Yours in love of truth,

VIOLA MAY GARVIN.

"Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother."

THERE was once a great king. He lived in a splendid palace, which it took a number of men many years to build. He had whole armies of soldiers, who marched through the streets, or out to battle, just as he commanded them. And he had numbers of splendid horses and chariots. In his palace there was a throne, on which the king sat, and it was made of ivory. There were six steps to it, and on each end of every step there was a large carved lion.

One day this king was sitting upon his throne. Around him were the generals and captains of his army, in their glittering uniforms, and also the great men who helped him to govern the nation. And now a door opened, and a woman entered. As soon as the king saw her he turned from every one else, went down the steps of the throne, between the lions on each side, bowed to her, took her up with him upon the throne, and made her sit down at his right hand. Who do you think this woman was? Why, it was the king's mother.

This is the way Solomon showed his respect to his mother.

How differently have I seen children treat their parents! How disrespectfully they speak of them and to them! I have even heard a

child say, "I won't," when his mother told him to do something. Others care so little for what their parents say, that they often forget, in two or three minutes, some message with which they have been sent. Some will go and do what their parents have often charged them not to do.

Oh, how few children are as respectful to their father or mother as they ought to be! It is a lovely sight to see children acting toward their parents as Solomon did to his mother.—*Myrtle.*

The Snow.

COME down, snow-flakes, as thick, as fast, and as many, as you please. It is fun to watch you hurry-scurry through the air. The cows don't care; they have plenty to eat in the stall. The sheep don't care; they have a snug crib in the barn. The pinks and roses don't care. Yes, they *do* care. They want you to cover them up from the north wind in your thick blanket, as warm as wool. You put a beautiful dress on the bare fields; you fill up the chinks; you make soft holes for the rabbits; you make squirrel tracks.

The boys don't care. Yes, they do care. They like you ever so much. It makes fun. The girls care. They like coasting; and skating they like better still. Everybody loves to hear the merry sleigh-bells, 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-Shoes and No-Coat would rather not see you. Poor little supperless children; poor little blanketless children; poor little children with no fire, no light, no work, no play! These are the children of want, and want is never glad to see 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 the least of these, you do it unto me.

Let us begin now. The new year is a time to remember the poor. As God blesses us, so let us bless others. This is being like him.—*Child's Paper.*

The Tree that Never Fades.

"MARY," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying; and I never can love another so well. I will have a bird next summer; for that I can keep through the winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary? It died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it. My bird did not live as long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see as we can love anything. Dear little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. Oh! I wish we could have something to love that would not die!"

"There is a garden," said their mother, after listening to their conversation, "where the trees never die."

"Is it a real garden, mother?" said George.

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the 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 in Heaven. There you may love, and love forever. There will be no death, no fading there. 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.*

THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night.
But I'm only a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold;
Yet I'm a part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give, as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play;
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day,
Through the happy, golden head:
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can;
For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Or the cloud with its chalicefull,
How, why, and for what, all strange things were;
She was only a child at school!
But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan,
That even I should do all that I can."

She helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet;
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I will do likewise the best that I can."

Our best? Ah! children, the best of us
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our task at the close of day!
But for strength from above ('tis the Master's plan),
We'll pray, and we'll do the best that we can.

—Sel.

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