

# The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 20.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JANUARY, 1872.

NUMBER 1.

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

## THE NEW YEAR.

"I am coming, I am coming," says the glad New Year;  
"I'm coming 'mid bright smiles and the sad, falling tear."

I AM coming to the cottage  
And to the lonely hall,  
To loving homes, to lonely hearths—  
Coming to one, to all!

No wish can shut me from your doors,  
No prayers my step delay;  
To high and low, to rich and poor,  
Comes the glad New-Year's day.

To happy homes and happy hearts,  
A welcome guest I'll prove,  
Bringing choice gifts and wishes kind  
From those who dearly love;  
And children from their little beds  
Will watch this morning's ray,  
And laugh and shout aloud for joy  
That this is New-Year's day

To saddened homes and mourning hearts,  
I come with gentle tread,  
And over hearts most desolate  
A hallowed radiance shed;  
Whispering of hope to hopeless ones,  
Joy to the joyless heart,  
Telling of Him whose life and light  
A heavenly peace impart.

Oh, thank God for the glad New Year!

His gift, direct from Heaven,

And by our lives let us declare

• It is in mercy given.

Whether we greet it with a smile,

Or with the falling tear,

Thank God for all, and from our hearts

Welcome the glad New Year.

—Mothers' Treasury.

## To the Instructor Family.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: You have heard that Jesus is soon coming to save his people and cut off his enemies. This is no cunningly devised fable, but a solemn truth; a truth expressly revealed in the word of God. It is a question of thrilling importance to each one of us, Am I prepared to hail his coming with joy, and to have a portion forever with his people?

I speak because I am anxious that you should be saved in that day. You are surrounded with temptations to set your love on earthly objects and fancied enjoyments. Here is your danger. If you yield to these temptations you will come short. And how unwise will be such a choice! But when once your time to get ready is past, it will be forever too late.

You are not to live here to old age. If you are saved at all, you must be ripened for the harvest in your youth. And doubtless one great reason why the Lord has left on record the signs of his second coming, was that the young, who believe, might not look forward to age, but prepare in their youth to meet that day. He is merciful to the young who would serve him. He has said, "They that seek me early shall find me." And now he does all for you that he can, and leaves it with you to make your choice.

Will you make your salvation sure? Then suffer me to warn you of your danger. Even lawful and laudable pursuits, such as learning and desirable accomplishments, may so fully occupy your thoughts and engross your affections as to prove your ruin. I see no other way for you to overcome, amid the perils of these last days, but to keep the soon coming of the blessed Lord immediately before you.

There is no danger that you will view his coming too near. It is those that say in their hearts, "My Lord delayeth his coming," that will be cut asunder and have a portion with the ungodly in that day.

R. F. COTTRELL.

## New-Year's Gift to Father.

BEFORE the library fire, almost hidden in the great arm-chair, Arthur Lee sat thinking on the last day of the old year, now near at hand, wondering what New-Year's gift he should purchase for his father. He could hardly decide what, so he thought he would consult his sister.

It had begun to grow dark when he spoke to his sister Bessie about it. After thinking a short time, she turned to her brother and asked, "Do you remember, Arthur, what father broke a few nights ago?"

Arthur thought for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"You mean the paper-cutter, and I can buy him a new one. I will run out and buy him one now before the shops close. It will take but a few minutes, sister."

Arthur returned with a paper-cutter which he knew would suit his father exactly, although it was neither elegantly carved, nor mounted with a deer's hoof, like some Arthur had seen in the shop. After having rolled it up carefully, and then unrolled it again, to try how it would cut and see how it looked, the paper-cutter was at last hidden, so that their father should not see it till New-Year's day.

"Tell me, Arthur, why you are so anxious to give father a New-Year's gift?" said Bessie.

"What a question, sister! I am sure it would be very strange if I should not wish to do so, after all his kindness to me. I want to show my love in some way, and has he not done more for me during the year than any one else?"

"Not more than *any one* else; for though father has been very kind to us during the year, there is One who deserves more of our love than even he—One who has kept us in health throughout the year, when so many have been laid in the grave—One who has bestowed upon us the choicest of blessings, and, to crown all other gifts, has offered us at the last, a glorious home in the kingdom of Heaven. Can my brother, when thinking of all this, rest peaceably this last month of the old year with no gift for his Heavenly Father?"

There was silence for a moment, and then Arthur said, "Yes, I know God has done more for me than any one else; but what is there, sister, for me to give God, when everything in the world belongs to him?"

Bessie did not speak, but taking a Bible from the table, found a verse, and Arthur, bending over, read:

"Son, give me thine heart."

It was not the first time Arthur had seen those words; but never had they impressed him as they did now, when he thought of

his happy home, loving friends, the many joys of the year that had nearly passed, and then of how little he had done for God, who had done so much for him.

Alone one night, soon after this, Arthur, kneeling, offered a sinful, erring heart to his Heavenly Father, but gave it in child-like faith and love, knowing that it would be made pure in the precious Saviour's blood, and in his strength resolving to lead a new life through the new year.

And, dear reader, have you no gift for him who has done so much for you? no gift, as the new year commences, for him who, to crown all other blessings, offers "the gift" of "eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord," and in return for all, asks only, "Give me thine heart"? It is not much to offer, only a sinful, erring heart. Will you make this your New-Year's gift to your Heavenly Father?—*Youth's Visitor*.

SHUN delays; they breed remorse;  
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;  
Creeping snails have weakest force;  
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.  
Good is best when soonest wrought;  
Lingering labor comes to nought.

## Learn to Trust.

"If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Children, do you ever think what a kind Heavenly Father we have, to supply so many people with bread, and the comforts of life? Think of it. Thirty-eight millions of people in the United States arose this morning for their daily bread. How many of this great number do you think sent up a word of praise and thanksgiving to their Creator for all his care over them? I fear a great many thousand, even in our own enlightened land, have forgotten God.

Notwithstanding all these blessings, how often we hear persons grumbling and complaining if circumstances indicate that they are not going to have this or that; finding fault because it is too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, remarking that if such weather continues, or such and such things are suffered, we shall not have anything. "O ye of little faith." "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Do any of the children of the INSTRUCTOR family ever find fault because they do not have everything they would like? If you do, stop and think how much has been done for you, and what you *may* have if you are obedient, and love the Lord and keep his commandments. You have more now than the Saviour had—he had not where to lay his head. He left the glories of the heavenly land, and came here and died for you that you might enjoy a life of happiness eternal in his kingdom. If you seek him with *all the heart*, and put your trust *wholly* in him, he will provide richly for all your wants, not only in this life, but in the future life. May God bless you all, and you gain the better land.

WM. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

## Eddie's Luncheon-Basket.

FORTY boys were congregated upon the play-ground in front of Mr. Watson's large select school in Pineyville, waiting for the ringing of the school-bell. They were of ages ranging from seven to fifteen, and they all bore signs of wealth in their carefully selected clothing, handsome satchels, and other outward tokens, which mark the children of rich parents as distinctly in the school-boy as in the grown man.

While they waited, a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, with a noble face and an air of quiet refinement, but dressed shabbily, walked hastily past the group, and entered the school-house. No voice greeted him as he passed, but when he was fairly inside the building, a storm of ill-natured comments arose.

"There goes Mr. Watson's beggar," said one.

"His toes are well enough to be out of his boots!" cried another.

"Did you ever see such a coat?" cried a third.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys!" cried Charlie Kitley, a tall, handsome boy, apparently the oldest of the group, "Mr. Watson has no business to expect us to associate with beggars."

"No!" cried Will Mason. "We are all gentlemen's sons here."

"Edward Hunter is not a beggar," cried a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, who spoke then for the first time. "Did he ever beg of any of you?"

"His mother takes in sewing for a living," said Charlie.

"Honest work is not beggary."

"Harry Mills," said Charlie, severely, "his mother is not a lady."

"She is. His father was a gentleman of wealth, but he failed and died. My mother says Mrs. Hunter is a lady, and I guess she knows."

His voice softened as he said: "I know how to feel for a boy without a father, money or no money."

"He ought to go to work," persisted Charlie.

"He probably will when he finishes the year of study Mr. Watson is giving him."

"In the mean time," said Charlie, "he is a disgrace to the school, with his shabby out-at-the-elbows coat and patched trowsers. It makes me hot all over to see such a walking scarecrow going in and out of the school I attend. Come, boys; join me in the conspiracy, and we will turn him out."

The other boys looked rather startled at this bold proposition, but finally one voice said:

"But Mr. Watson thinks everything of Eddie. He will never allow him to be turned out of the school."

"Oh! Mr. Watson won't know it. We drove a boy out of the last school I attended. We did not let him have a moment's peace—tore his compositions, soiled his books, stole his luncheon-basket every day, and filled it with dirt and stones—"

"What a shame!" cried Harry Mills, indignantly.

"You can easily drive a boy out of school if you all conspire against him," continued Charlie.

"I should think so," was Harry's answer. "What is one boy against forty? See here, boys, is there a better boy among us than Eddie Hunter?"

"No," was the reluctant but unanimous answer.

"Is he not respectful, obedient, orderly, an example to most of us? Who can say here, that Eddie ever harmed him?"

Silence was the only answer.

"Has he not helped many of us in difficult studies?"

Silence again.

"I will start a conspiracy. Next Wednesday, we will steal Eddie's luncheon-basket, as Charlie suggests, and——"

"The bell! the bell!" cried forty voices, and forty pairs of feet rushed across the playground and into the school-house.

Wednesday morning found Eddie Hunter starting for school with a face so sober it was almost sad. It seemed as if he must give up the year of study so kindly offered by Mr. Watson, for want of clothing. Toil as hard as she would, his widowed mother had all she could do to pay the rent and feed her four children, three of whom were little ones, and Eddie the only one who could have worked for her. She was as anxious as himself for the opportunity for education to be improved, but she understood well how hard it was for the sensitive boy to take his ragged clothes among the well-dressed sons of the wealthy men of the village.

The school was an expensive and popular one, many of the scholars coming from the cities to board at Pineyville for the sake of attending it, and Mr. Watson was willing to give Eddie all its advantages free of cost, if he could spare the time to profit by them. But the boy thought sadly, if he could not get clothes, he must put aside his books and go to work.

Mrs. Hunter watched her boy with tearful eyes as he went down the road. She felt the probable loss of the year of study as keenly as Eddie, for she was proud of her noble boy's talents and industry. All day she tried to devise some plan by which the necessary suit of clothes could be procured, but in vain. Four o'clock came, and Eddie would soon be home; his mother looked from the window for the slow step and downcast eyes of the morning.

Was that Eddie coming? Could that radiant face be the same one she saw so clouded in the morning? She had not long to wait for an explanation; Eddie bounded into the house, and was by her side in a moment.

"Mother," he cried, "I have such splendid news. You know I have always thought the boys at school disliked me, and were ashamed of my shabby clothes. To-day they stole my luncheon-basket, and I did not find it till after school was over. It was so heavy I thought it was full of dirt and stones, and opened it to throw them out. See what I found in it."

As he spoke he opened the basket and took out the contents.

"Here is a scarf, a pair of new boots, a new cap, and forty little packages of money—one from each boy. I do not know which boy gave each one, but the sums range from ten cents to a dollar, and one, only one, has a five-dollar bill in it. See: twenty-one dollars and seventy-five cents!"

"Boys," said Harry Mills, on Monday morning, as they all watched a neatly dressed, gentlemanly-looking boy coming down the road to school, "whose conspiracy was the best, Charlie's or mine?"

"Yours. Three cheers for Edward Hunter and his luncheon-basket!"—*The Methodist*.

A WISE REPLY.—"Would you like to be a judge?" said a gentleman one day to a little boy. The child, after thinking a minute, replied, "I think I should like better still to teach children about Jesus' dying to save them. That would make them love and obey him; and, if they loved and obeyed him they would not need a judge."

## "Taking Jesus with Us."

THIS is a portion of an exhortation given by a man of God, to those who listened to his remarks one Sabbath. I understood it then as I never did before. To do this is to be very careful of our words and actions, wherever we may be, as well toward our parents, brothers, sisters and playmates, as those in whose society we seldom are.

We generally wish, and try, to appear well in the company of those we respect and wish to please. How careful we are not to speak angrily in our families if they are present, to be willing to lend our aid in bearing the burdens and sharing the duties with those at home while their eyes are upon us. Now, if we heed the above exhortation, we will wish to always do so as to please the Lord. In this way, our dispositions will become more and more, from day to day, like his. We will study God's word to learn what will please the precious Saviour, and seek to practice it at home, that Jesus may be pleased to be with us. Many children, I am sorry to say, change their dispositions as they do their garments, when they go among strangers or away from home; putting on their best ways and leaving their old ones at home, to be worn again on their return. Such have little or no desire to take Jesus with them; if they did they would always carry their home ways with them, and not make awkward work of appearing what they are not. Home ways are the best and most honest ones, if we are ever striving to have the company of Him who has said, "Him that honors me will my Father honor."

C. GREEN.

*Battle Creek, Mich.*

## The Widow.

THERE is a pleasing sketch from the German, of a boy who saw his mother weeping, and, affectionately putting his arm around her neck, said, "Why do you weep, mother?" His mother replied:

"I did not know you saw my tears, my child. I have often wept in secret, for I did not want to make you sad by letting you see my sorrows; but since your father was taken away, I have found it hard to work to provide your bread and pay your school fee. I intended to give you more learning before you began to work, but I find I cannot; you will have to leave school, and help me to get food for yourself and two little sisters. I have got you the situation of an errand-boy, and you will have three shillings per week."

"Well, do not weep, mother; I will be a good lad and help you all I can," was the noble reply.

The first day the little fellow went to his work, he was sent with letters to the post-office. He put them in one by one. The postmaster stood at the door, and the lad very innocently said, "Where do all these letters that people put in your box go to?"

The postmaster kindly explained to him that if he wrote a letter, folded it up, sealed it, and wrote on the back the name and residence of the person he wished to receive it, it would go to him, wherever he lived.

That night the fatherless boy wrote the following letter:

"To my Lord Jesus Christ in Heaven—"

"My father is dead, and my mother weeps, and is sad because father is dead, and we are very poor. Mother wished to keep me at school a little longer, but she has no money; do help poor mother that she will not weep."

Having finished the letter, he folded it up, sealed it with some shoemaker's wax, wrote

on the back: "To my Lord Jesus Christ in Heaven," and put it into the post-office.

When the postmaster saw the letter, he could not tell what to do with it, and was holding it in his hand when a Moravian minister entered. He showed the minister the letter, observing:

"It is no use sending this letter to the dead-letter office; I will open it and return it to the simple person who has posted it, if I can find him out."

The letter was opened and read. The postmaster and minister were much affected. The minister begged permission to read the letter at a missionary meeting he was engaged to attend that evening. He read it to a large audience, and a lady arose, exclaiming: "Oh! that I knew the little boy that wrote that letter; he should go to school, and his mother and sisters should have bread!"

The mother and child were both present. The mother held down her head in amazement and fear, for it was all new to her; but the little fellow, all excitement, called out:

"Please, ma'am, I am here!"

The good lady fulfilled her promise. The boy was sent to school again, and the widow found a friend in need.—*Sel.*

#### "Come unto Me."

CHILDREN, Jesus is very willing to save you. He is even exceedingly anxious to do so. He has left an invitation to all who are weary and heavy laden to come to him. And he has especially remembered little children. Suffer them, he says, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. I wish every reader of the INSTRUCTOR felt the love of Christ in their hearts. I wish they knew how kind and good he is to all. I wish their thoughts might be more of him, so they could say, Jesus is my joy and my song all the day long.

How important it is that children now should accept the invitation. Only for a very short time will it be possible for any to come to him. Soon he is coming to gather those who have sought his face, his favor, pardon and love, and to destroy those who have loved other things.

Come, children, come. He who once took little children in his arms, lovingly extends them to you. But how shall I come? I think many will ask themselves. I know you cannot go to him now, and see and feel him as you can father or mother. But he who made you and provides you every day with what you need, can see you—does see you and hear you. And you can come to him. The way is easy. First be sorry for your past sins—those things you did that you know were wrong. Confess those wrongs to him. Ask him to forgive you. And do not do so any more. Pray for strength to do well. If you have wronged any—father, mother, sisters, brothers, or friends—and it is in your power to go and confess to them, do so at once, for you cannot come to Jesus while you remember that they have aught against you. Jesus makes it plain: "Cease to do evil, learn to do well." Begin to-day to do right. If you know a thing is wrong, do not do it. Satan will try to make you think it will be pleasant; but he deceives you. It is not pleasant to have our way and displease Jesus, our parents, and friends. Seek to do right. The Saviour kindly calls you. He will gently lead you. He will make you happy. He will make you feel his presence near, as a friend and companion walking with you. I mean to try, by the grace of God, to meet you in the kingdom of Heaven.

H. C. MILLER.

#### The Handsome Cloak.

Two young men were in the Persian army together, Darius and Syloson. Syloson one day walked in the market place wearing a handsome red cloak, which Darius admired very much and wished to purchase. Syloson would not sell it, but made it a present to Darius, who accepted it with many thanks.

Afterward, when Darius became king, and was visited by Syloson, he expressed himself as anxious to make some return for this present; whereupon Syloson asked to be put in possession of the island of Samos, which had belonged to his brother, but had, since his death, been held by one of his officers. Darius immediately raised an army, captured the island, and gave it to his friend.

This seems to have been a very great return for a small favor, but I can tell you of a still greater and more wonderful compensation for a small gift.

Did you ever give anything away that you would like to have kept for yourselves? Yes, you can all remember sometime when you have denied yourselves for others. But why did you do so? Was it simply because you are fond of obliging, or because the Saviour told us to do good to all? Well, if we give simply "a cup of cold water to a disciple in the name of a disciple," we shall not lose our reward; but the great King of kings and Maker of all things will say to us: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And he shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—*Children's Friend.*

I THINK not of to-morrow,  
Its trial or its task,  
But still, with child-like spirit,  
For present mercies ask.  
With each returning morning,  
I cast old things away;  
Life's journey lies before me—  
My prayer is for to-day.

#### Knitting.

"I WAS just thinking, mother," said Rachel. "Thinking about what?" asked Mrs. Harland, seeing that her daughter did not complete the sentence she had begun.

"It was something about knitting. Mrs. Barclay said this morning, as she passed the window and saw me at work: 'That is soft and beautiful yarn, but not half so soft and beautiful, I trust, as that yarn you are knitting into your life.' I've been thinking ever since what she could have meant, and it's just come to me."

"Has it? I am glad you thought it out for yourself. What is merely told us often goes no deeper than the memory; but if we think out anything for ourselves, it becomes more real to us, and more our own. We understand it better."

"Yes, I am sure of that," replied Rachel.

"And what do you think Mrs. Barclay meant?" asked Mrs. Harland.

"I suppose that she meant that our thoughts and feelings were like yarn, and that every day we were knitting them into our lives."

"I think that was her meaning," replied her mother. "If day by day we knit pure thoughts and kind, gentle feelings into our lives, we shall not only form for ourselves beautiful characters that will make our presence a charm and a blessing to others, but will acquire a heavenly quality that will draw near to us, as like draws like, the angels of God, with their protecting power, though we may not perceive their presence."

A tender thoughtfulness was in the eyes of Rachel. She did not answer, but looked down at her knitting, and; as the soft thread passed through her fingers, she pondered this new lesson in the book of life.—*Sel.*

#### Jessie's Lesson.

"Oh! mamma, do you know it is most winter, and I do dread winter, everything dies so," said little Jessie Moore as she came into her mother's pleasant sitting room one beautiful October afternoon.

"But perhaps you can save a little from so much beauty to make even winter bright," said Mrs. Moore, kindly. "Go and put on your hat and sack and let us take a walk."

Jessie was always ready for a walk, and in a few minutes she and her mamma were in the open air. Jessie took a little covered basket as her mamma directed.

"We will go this way, dear," said Mrs. Moore, turning from the beaten streets into a narrow, grass-grown road by the river.

"Why, mamma," said Jessie, "nothing pretty lives that way."

"We will see, my daughter," and they walked on, talking, until Mrs. Moore called Jessie to stop. "Oh! how beautiful," she exclaimed. "Why, it is a perfect wall of beauty, gold and brown, and the colors so rich, and some of them all speckled," for just there was a clump of small beach trees, all set out in their fall dress of gold and brown, rich enough for any queen.

"Now, Jessie, we will pick a few of the most perfectly shaped of these leaves and put in your basket."

"Why, mamma, they'll die like the others, and shrivel up."

"Be patient, dear, and you shall see. Now gather every kind and shape and color you can find."

Jessie was soon wide awake at the work, and found heart-shaped maple leaves as red as the sky at sunset; and little gold-colored ones, and flaming sumach, and maroon raspberry, and velvet birch, and silver poplar, and sober brown oak, until she cried, "I never dreamed there were so many kinds." Then she found brilliant red berries, and the basket was quite full. When they reached home they sorted out all the perfect ones and laid them between the leaves of a book, and put it under a trunk to press. About a week after, Mrs. Moore gave Jessie a piece of bristol board, and with a small plate and pencil marked a circle, on which she told her to carefully arrange her leaves, with a point of one covering the base of another, and all the variety of color and shape possible. This Jessie did very neatly, and the bright colors showed off well on the white ground. Then a small brush was wet in varnish and drawn over the leaves, and Jessie had a beautiful autumn wreath.

"I shall not feel half so badly now, mamma, to see winter coming; I can look at this and think of pleasant days, at least."

"Yes, my dear, and learn from this that God makes everything for good, if we only learn to see it."—*Child's World.*

#### Christ Is Coming.

How soon he will come we do not know, but *he is coming*. The Bible says so, and it must be true. Every year that passes brings us nearer that great event. He will come personally from Heaven, attended by all the holy angels, much sooner than multitudes of people expect. Search the Scriptures to learn *how* he will come and *what* he is coming for; and let us all watch, wait, and be ready for his appearing.

# The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JANUARY, 1872.

MISS J. R. TREMBLEY, : : : : EDITOR.  
MISS E. R. FAIRFIELD, : : : : ASSISTANT.

## Greeting.

A NEW-YEAR'S greeting to all our readers. The INSTRUCTOR meets you on its twentieth birthday double its usual size, and will visit you monthly. On another page will be found the reason for such change, and we hope it will meet the approval of all our readers.

It is the design of the publishers to make this the best youth's paper in the land. And why should it not be? It is the only one that teaches the soon coming of our blessed Redeemer, and obedience to all God's commandments. May we not hope that the blessing of Heaven may attend its publication?

Other youth's papers are published which teach the doctrine of the second advent, but fail to teach the importance of obeying God's holy law. There is one paper for the young that instructs them in the commandments, but is not looking for the Saviour. And may we not expect that the face of Heaven will shine upon that publication which shall teach faith in the two?

It is our daily prayer that the INSTRUCTOR will prove a real blessing to every reader, that God's special favor may attend every number, and that we may all see the necessity of a speedy preparation for the Judgment. Time is rapidly hastening to a close. Not many New-Years' days will greet us in this mortal state, and it is of the greatest importance how we spend each day.

Children, live for God. Resolve with the beginning of this year to become new creatures in Christ Jesus; and when the Saviour shall appear, as he soon will, to gather to himself the purchase of his blood, you may be found ready and waiting to receive the crown of life which he has promised the redeemed shall wear.

We wish you all a very happy new year—happy in the Lord.

## Have Compassion.

WHILE passing through a village a short time since, my attention was arrested by a party of boys on a bridge, who were calling to each other, "Look here! Look here!" I with others went to the side of the bridge where they were, and there I saw a pitiable sight. A kitten had been thrown into the water, and was mewing and struggling, sinking and rising, as it was being carried down the stream by the current. One boy was looking on with apparent satisfaction, holding in his hands other kittens destined to the same fate. Soon a bright, blue-eyed lad, of about ten summers, cried out, "It is cruel! It is cruel!" Thus a division arose among them, which led them to hold a coun-

sel to decide what was to be done with the other kittens. Some said, "Give them away;" others, "Let them run;" but the lad that held the kittens claimed them as his, and that he had a right to drown them if he chose, and drown them he would. But the blue-eyed boy was the kittens' intercessor. Although younger than many of the others, yet he was determined to save them if possible. He would plead, pointing to the struggling kitten in the water, saying, "See him, it is too bad; It is cruel, it is cruel!"

I became deeply interested in the nobleness of character exhibited by the blue-eyed boy. And as I left the bridge and walked from the spot, that noble countenance and those earnest pleadings made a deep impression upon my mind. Had he a Christian mother that had taught him that to cause suffering was cruel? And how many of the INSTRUCTOR family, thought I to myself, possess a noble, generous heart, that would plead in behalf of a suffering kitten! To cause suffering is a sin, and the more we cultivate sympathy for the suffering, the more we possess the spirit of Him who healed all that came to him. S. N. HASKELL.

## Moral Principle.

PERHAPS some of the young readers of the INSTRUCTOR will think that the title of this article indicates the discussion of some religious subject, which will be dry, barren, and tedious, to them. I hope that it is not so with all; but let us see.

You have heard of the murderer, Ruloff, who, though a man of learning, became a cruel murderer of his own family. Now what caused this man to become a criminal, instead of entering upon a life of usefulness, such as his education fitted him for? The answer is clear: he lacked moral principle.

So you see that great learning, of itself, does nothing for the moral character. The Greeks of ancient history were very learned and polished, yet they were extremely wicked, even viewing it justifiable to neglect the old, or to put them out of the way.

Wealth does not make men moral, nor does skill or talent do this. Our prisons are full of shrewd and talented men, and Rosenwig, the murderer of infants, has just been sentenced to a seven years' life of hard labor, for his crimes. He was a skillful physician, and could, had he possessed moral principle, have been successful as a physician, and useful as a citizen.

It is the lack of moral principle that makes men wicked. Then do not seek for wealth, or learning, or fame, as chief objects in life. Let your Bible be your best book, and most loved, most read, most thoroughly studied, of all books. You may, if need be, neglect other pursuits for the study of the Bible; but never neglect the Bible for other pursuits.

Nothing is gained in the end by neglect of daily moral duties; for by this neglect, men lose moral principle. It is by daily walk with God, by constant watchfulness and prayer, that moral principle and tenderness of heart and conscience are acquired and retained.

A soldier who had received wounds upon the field of battle, and injuries in southern prisons, and had served his country three

years, and was probably entitled to a small pension (for the sake of a large bounty), re-enlisted, by swearing that he was a sound man, and so deceiving the examining surgeon. Afterward, needing assistance, he applied for a pension; but his re-enlistment, and oath, taken after his injuries had been received, stood in the way. Now what did this man gain by his course? Certainly he had debarred himself from a pension, by swearing that he was a sound man at his re-enlistment.

Here was a lack of moral principle; and this lack, in the end, left our poor soldier destitute in his dire necessity. So it is, "the way of transgressors is hard," but wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

JOS. CLARKE.

## The Three Boys in the Union Army.

WHEN the 44th Indiana regiment was being organized at Ft. Wayne, Ind., in 1861, three boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen years desired to become members of the regiment. Whether they were permitted to enlist at that time or not I do not now remember. But when the regiment was mustered into the State's service, they were rejected on account of their youth and size. The officer thought they were too young to endure the hardships incident to camp life. But the young heroes were not discouraged at this. They left their homes with the intention of serving "Uncle Sam," and were determined to do so, even if he would promise them no pay for it, rather than go home and be laughed at for their failure. So they went along as chore boys. When the regiment was sworn into the United States' service, they were, I believe, all rejected again for the same reasons as before. Their minds were made up to go, and go they would if the regimental officers would permit them. They were permitted to go. They participated in the battle of Ft. Donaldson and there conducted themselves so heroically that they were, soon after the battle, permitted to enlist, and their enlistment dated back to the time when the regiment was mustered into the State's service, and received pay for the time they had been with the regiment.

They proved to be good soldiers, enduring the fatigue and hardships of long and weary marches through the Southern States better than many much older than they. They lived to see the end of the war and were permitted to return to their friends in safety.

Now my little readers who are trying to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, do you see anything in this story that teaches you a useful lesson? Let us see: These three boys in the Union army may represent some of you in the army of the Lord. They were at first thought too young to be good soldiers. This perhaps is the case with some of you.

Perhaps your parents, guardians, or the church, may think you are too young to become a soldier in the army of the Lord. But do not be discouraged. Do as the boys did—go right along with the army, and by noble deeds prove your moral worth, and they will receive you and perhaps date your enlistment back too. If they do not, the Lord, the commander of the army, will.

The admission of the three boys into the army depended upon their bravery in the time of actual conflict with the enemy. So does yours. When Satan, the enemy of all mankind, gathers his legions of evil spirits against God's few faithful ones, then is the time for you to prove that you have a right to belong to the army.

These boys in their wearisome march had to keep up with the army, else the enemy would pick them up and make them prisoners of war. Just so it is with you while marching through life. Satan is ever ready to pick up stragglers; and not only this, but he will, if possible, instill into your minds a spirit of straggling which will at last lead you to ruin.

May God preserve you as he did the three boys in the Union army.

W. H. KYNETT.

*Bath, Mich.*

### Two Ways.

"Broad is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there,  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveler."

AS THERE are two ways, one leading upward to Heaven, the other downward to destruction, so there are in these ways, respectively, two classes. Of the future condition of each, the great God has himself spoken—of the one in language as follows: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord; they would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof; therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them."

Dear youth, read carefully these words, and consider their fearful import. They doubtless refer to the time of trouble spoken of elsewhere in the Bible, and which is but a little in the future—a fearful time. Probation then has closed; the voice of mercy ceased; and those who have neglected to heed its call, are left exposed to the plagues of Jehovah's wrath which are falling upon them. The only one who could afford them relief regards them with contempt, and refuses to answer their agonizing cries for help. Oh! consider this ere it shall be too late, and try to realize how wretched will be the condition of such. And you who shrink from bearing the cross through fear of the scorn and contempt of your fellow-mortals, who lack the moral courage to stand nobly and firmly for the right in the face of earth's frown, think what will be your feelings when you shall be thus regarded by the great God. Place the picture before you in all its terribleness. Let your imagination dwell upon it. It cannot be overdrawn.

I will not—I must fail should I attempt a description of that awful day. I shudder at the thought of being without a shelter then; and while I resolve that I will secure one, I pray God that I may have a disposition to do what I can to induce others to do the same. Especially do I feel for you, dear youth. Satan will spare no pains to lead your inexperienced feet astray. He will leave no means untried to secure your ruin. The terribly bewitching, fascinating power of sin will drown many in perdition. Oh! take heed to the warnings and reproofs that have been given, and be ever ready to listen to the advice and counsel of those of experience, who earnestly desire your salvation. Let not the foolish idea of self-sufficiency, so prevalent among the youth of these days, enter your minds. This is a most successful device of the great enemy. Try to realize your dependence upon God, and eagerly embrace, and be thankful for, any means by which you may obtain a knowledge of his will. His grace is sufficient, and you may overcome if you will. You may shun the unhappy condition above described, and be found with that other class to whom refer the words following those already quoted: "But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil." Prov. 1:33. To this class applies the beautiful language of the 91st Psalm. Notice particularly the last three verses: "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." How full of tenderness and paternal affection! The language in each instance is expressive of our Heavenly Father's love and care for the children of men, as well as its threatenings of punishment for sin and in its warnings against the fate of the ungodly as in its promises of protection, deliverance, and final salvation to those who take good heed thereto.

But to many the conditions of this promise, or rather the reasons upon which it is based, may seem difficult to comply with; and it is true that the carnal mind is enmity against God, and that unaided by the Holy Spirit, we may realize much of his goodness, and yet not love him as we ought. And here we may admire the generous liberality and magnanimity of the plan of salvation, in that we are not only invited to accept of pardon, but God has graciously extended to us in our lost and ruined condition an arm which is mighty to save, and it remains for us in all our helplessness to cast ourselves upon him, and to be perfectly submissive to his will—to ground the weapons of our rebellion.

And right here the battle commences. The old man yet lives and now struggles for existence. But having taken this one step in the right direction, we may confidently expect that God will regard our earnest prayer for help, and thus, strong in his strength, by denying, thus crucifying self, we may go on from victory unto conquest, with every step our love for God increasing, until we shall know by happy experience that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." Then what a victory we have achieved.

Love becomes the mainspring of our actions, and from being tedious and irksome the service of God becomes our delight. The rapidity of our progress must depend altogether upon the earnestness of our prayers and the perseverance with which we watch thereunto. We should meditate much upon the goodness of God to us.

This must be a daily work; for our Saviour says: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Luke 9:23. The sure, though lingering, and sometimes extremely painful, death of the old man by crucifixion thus continually going on, he becomes so weakened as to offer but little resistance. The most troublesome of our foes being subdued, the world and Satan, by the aid of our great Commander, are easily vanquished, and the victory is complete.

Dear young friends, this is no fiction. With this difference, that in the warfare in which we are engaged, the right must surely prevail, and those who stand nobly in defense of the right must be victorious, though it may not be against flesh and blood, nor the weapons of our warfare carnal, it is as truly a warfare as any ever engaged in by man. On to its final issue the rapidly revolving wheels of time are swiftly bearing us. With one or the other of the parties engaged each of us must there be found; either with those who have despised the counsel and reproof that God has given, or with those who have manifested their love to him by faithful obedience; either having neglected to make God our friend and refuge, standing unprotected beneath the plague of his unmingled wrath, or hid in the secret of his pavilion; either mourning in unutterable anguish our awful and hopeless doom, or rejoicing with joy equally great at the prospect of a speedy and glorious deliverance. Oh! that God would arouse our dormant senses that we may realize that there is a reality in these things, that we may not neglect the needful preparation, but be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man. JOHN Q. FOX.

*Madison County, N. Y.*

### The Squirrel's Right.

"THY commandment is exceeding broad." Some time since, while walking through a wood, I passed under a large hickory tree. Just then a red squirrel popped up from among some old logs, and, frisking his bushy tail about in a lively manner, went up the tree like a dart.

Ah! thought I, little squirrel, you have a nice store of these nuts laid by somewhere for winter. When I was a boy, I used to find such stores, and the habits of squirrels are alike the world over.

But again, I thought, God made the little squirrels, and this is the way he feeds them. They are creatures of God, and they have rights just as sacred, in their place, as are those of man. Suppose, in some way, I were to be robbed of the store of wheat and vegetables I had laid by for my family's use in the coming winter, would I not think I had been unjustly used? that I had been robbed? that some one was guilty of a theft? Then I thought of the text at the head of this article; and remembered that

the commandment says, "Thou shalt not steal." I wonder if it would be stealing to take this little fellow's store? Ah! I would rather add a few ears of corn than to do so. Children, we should respect the rights of all the creatures that God has made, and never wantonly cause them pain or distress, nor deprive them of the life which God only can bestow.

ADOLPHUS SMITH.

#### A Good Reputation to Have.

A YOUNG man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night she said: "Did you pay that bill?"

"Yes," he answered.

In a few days the bill was sent in a second time.

"I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this."

"I really don't remember, mother; you know I've had so very many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this several days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he did, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forget about it; but if he ever said he did, he did."—*Sel.*

#### The Boy at the Palace Gate.

THERE WAS once a little English boy who wished very much to see the Queen; so he determined at once to go to the palace, and ask to see her.

But the sentinel on guard before the gate only laughed at the boy, and pushed him aside with his musket. Still the lad could not give up his purpose, now he had come so far. Not till the soldier had threatened to shoot him did he turn and run away. One of the young princes saw him crying, and on learning the cause said with a smile, "I'll take you to the Queen," and past the guards he walked, into the very presence of his royal mother.

With surprise she asked her son about the lad, and, when she heard his story, laughed as any kind-hearted mother would, and with some kindly words sent the delighted boy away, with a bright piece of money in his hand.

It is a hard matter for the poor to gain admittance into the presence of an earthly sovereign. But the way into the presence of the Great King is always open, and even the beggar in his rags is welcome.

Just as this little prince brought the child who longed to see her into his mother's presence, so Christ takes us by the hand and leads us into the presence of his Heavenly Father. For the dear Son's sake we are made welcome. Without him we can never be admitted. Never forget, when you pray to God, to ask all blessings for the sake of Jesus, for in no other way will prayer ever be heard and answered. No one who longs to see the King in his beauty but will find the Prince of Life ever ready to lead him up to his very throne.—*Presbyterian.*

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

MOTHER, just look at my garden,  
My beautiful flowers are dead;  
There's only one little pansy  
That's able to hold up its head.

Jack Frost has paid them a visit,  
And the wind in frolicsome mood,  
With leaves have covered them over  
As did robins the babes in the woods.

My child, the flowers you cherish,  
Are emblems of life and decay;  
Like them you flourish in beauty,  
Like them you will soon pass away.

Mother, I know in the springtime,  
They'll bud and blossom again;  
They live through the night of the winter,  
They flourish in sunshine and rain.

But we never see people returning,  
From darkness and silence and gloom.  
O mother! the grave is so dreadful,  
Away from our bright, happy home.

But, darling, remember His promise,  
Whose love is both boundless and sure;  
For we, his dear children, inherit  
A life that's immortal and pure.

And when our frail bodies shall perish,  
We'll go where the Saviour has gone,  
Where life, love, and joy, are immortal,  
And winter and death are unknown.—*Sel.*

### Extracts from Letters.

ALICE EDWARDS writes: Inclosed find 50 cts., for which please send the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR to my little sister. I wish to give her a New-Year's present, and know of none that would please her so well as your good little paper.

M. E. CHANDLER, of Ware, Mass., writes: I commenced taking the INSTRUCTOR when a small child, and have received all the numbers ever published, and have never seen the time that I wished it discontinued. I prize it more and more. May the blessing of Heaven rest upon those who have the care of this little sheet, and a bright reward be theirs. May the Lord help me that I may watch and pray, and so live while here that I may meet all the INSTRUCTOR family on the earth made new.

### Four Pairs of Hands.

"GRANDMOTHER," said a little girl, "I wish I had four pairs of hands to help you with."

"Oh," thought the old lady, "how happy I am in having a grandchild so ready and willing to comfort my old age. Four pairs of hands! According to that, I am afraid I shall hardly find enough to keep one pair busy."

In the afternoon grandmother went into the woods to cut herbs. "You will spread supper," she said to the little girl, "put on the brown loaf, and mug of milk, and the cold mutton, and make a cup of tea." And the nice old lady put on her shaker bonnet and took her way to the woods, wishing the four pairs of hands could go with her.

Sunset filled the earth with golden light, when grandfather from the brick-yard, and grandmother from the forest, turned their tired feet toward the cottage. Each thought

of supper, and what a good sauce hunger was to give it a relish. Grandmother also pleased herself on the way fancying her little girl trotting about the old kitchen, and making its gray walls cheerful with her nimble fingers and glad song.

The old lady came into the porch. There sat grandfather, tired and alone, leaning on the top of his staff. No supper, no tea-kettle singing, no little grandchild to welcome her.

"Where is Elsie? Has she fallen into the well?" asked grandmother, her kind old heart going pit-a-pat. She looked out at the window. There was Elsie swinging on the gate.

"Elsie, Elsie," called grandmother, "why did you not get supper as I bade you, child?"

"Oh! because—" drawled Elsie.

"For my part, I would rather have what one pair of hands will do than four pairs can promise," said the old lady.

Ah, selfish people are always generous with what they don't happen to have.—*National Journal.*

### Child's Prayer.

I PRAY God to bless me, and take care of me to-night. Forgive me all the wrong I have done to-day. Help me to love thee more and more. May I be a child of God, and have God for my father and my friend forever. Hear this little prayer, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Jesus, underneath thy care  
Let me sweetly sink to rest,  
Hear my little evening prayer,  
Let thy helpless child be blest!

I thank thee for my happy home,  
And all that thou hast given;  
O, make my infant heart thine own,  
And train thy child for Heaven!

### True Reason for Being Honest.

"HONESTY is the best policy," said Harry aloud; "and I mean always to be honest."

"What does 'best policy' mean?" asked his sister Ada, looking up from her work.

"Why, this," replied the boy, "that if you are always honest, even though it may not seem the wisest thing for yourself at the time, you will get best off in the end."

"I don't think," replied his sister, "that is a good reason; because if you saw dishonest people getting on better for a long time, you would perhaps get tired of waiting for the time to come when you would be 'best off,' and begin to be dishonest, too."

"Ada is right," said their mamma, coming into the room; "be honest because it is right, my son; that is the only safe reason. Try to please God, whether any gain comes from it or not. You will sometimes not be able to see how doing the right thing is profitable in a temporal point of view; but it will matter little, when you come to die, whether you have been 'best off' in this world or not."

"I thank you, mamma," said Harry. "In future I will endeavor to do right because it is right, and is pleasing to God, whether it seems to my advantage or not.—*Children's Guest.*

In the conduct of Christ, we see that we are never to go aside either to meet or to miss our cross.

## My Wants.

I WANT more of the Holy Spirit in might and power. I want a clean heart. I want my whole being consecrated to God. I want to stand up for Jesus always and everywhere. I want to love the present truth more and more. I want God's holy law written in my heart. I want to have the evidence every day that I please God. I want to go to those amusements where my Saviour can go with me and be a guest. When we are lead by this Spirit, God will walk with us.

Men and women may be poor or uneducated; their words may be broken and ungrammatical; there may be none of the polish of Hall or the glorious thunders of Chalmers; but if the might of the Spirit attends them, the humblest evangelist would be more successful than the most learned of divines. We want the Spirit of God to clothe every word with power. Then hearts will be broken and souls will be saved. O Spirit of the living God! we want thee. Thou art the life, the soul, the source of thy people's success. Without thee we can do nothing; with thee we can do all things. JULIA A. RHOADES.

Memphis.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,  
Wherever our duties call,  
With a friendly glance and an open hand,  
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,  
Where toil is the portion of man,  
We all should endeavor while passing along,  
To make it as smooth as we can.

## Cured by Kindness.

THE following story is related by a worthy member of the Society of Friends:

"While residing in——, I had in my garden a pear tree, which bore most excellent fruit. Between my garden and that of my neighbor was a very high fence, with sharp iron pickets upon it. I don't approve of such things. It was the landlord's work. Well, one year when the pear tree bore very abundantly, there happened to be a girl belonging to my neighbor's family, who was as fond of pears as I was myself, and I saw her several times climb the high fence and walk carefully along between the pickets, until she came opposite the pear tree, then she would reach over, fill her basket with fruit, and carry it away.

"One morning, I called upon my young friend with a basket of the nicest pears I could find.

"Rebecca," said I, "here are some fine pears for thee."

"She did not know what I meant. I explained: 'Rebecca, I brought these pears on purpose for thee. I wish to make thee a present of them, as I see thou art very fond of them.'

"I don't want them, sir."

"Ah, but thou dost, Rebecca, else thou would not take so much pains, almost every day, to get them."

"Still she would not take the pears, and I used a little more eloquence.

"Rebecca," I said, "thou must go and get a basket for these pears, or I shall leave them on the carpet. I am sure thou must like them, or thou would not climb such a high and dangerous fence to get them. Those pickets are very sharp, Rebecca, and if thy feet should slip while thou art walking on the fence—and I am very much

afraid they will—thou would get hurt a great deal more than the pears are worth. Now, thou art welcome to the fruit; but I will not see thee expose thyself so foolishly. But perhaps thou hast taken the pears so long that they seem to belong to thee as much as they seem to belong to me. So I do not wish to blame thee any more than thy conscience does. But look out for those pickets. They are dangerous. I would have them removed, only I am afraid the landlord would n't like it. Thou art welcome to the pears, though, and I will bring thee a basketful every day."

"The girl did not steal any more pears, and I venture to say that she was sufficiently rebuked before the end of the pear season, for I remembered my promise and carried her a basketful every morning."—*Sel.*

## "Don't Feel Like It."

"LAURA, did you write as I asked you, to your grandmother, yesterday?"

"No, mother."

"Why not? I told you I was too busy; and she will be troubled if she does not hear that the baby is better."

"Well, mother, I did n't feel like writing."

"And so your grandmother is to have a worried, anxious day, because you did n't feel like doing your duty," said her father. "Go up stairs and stay there till I call you down. I am disgusted with your selfishness."

Laura went crying out of the room, thinking herself dreadfully abused. How could any one say she was selfish? Had she not taken a class in a mission school half a mile away, in a low neighborhood. She forgot that she had done so knowing that her father would object; though he would not allow her to break the promise after she had made it. She also forgot that her attendance had been so irregular as to break up the class; for Laura had only gone "when she felt like it."

So it was with all her doings. She took home work from the sewing society; but she never finished it in time, for she would n't work unless she felt like it. She might have added a good deal to the slender income of the family, by coloring photographs, which she could do beautifully; but her employers lost patience with her, because she never sent the pictures back in time; for she only used her brush when she "felt like it"—that is, when she wanted to amuse herself.

Laura prided herself on her fine feelings and heroic aspirations. She liked to think what fine things she would do for the world, if she were only rich; to build, in fancy, the "homes" and "asylums" she would establish and superintend, if she only could. It never occurred to her that these philanthropic labors would need to be done sometimes when she did not "feel like it." She liked to picture herself as a missionary, teaching and converting the heathen, and finally either coming home in triumph or dying of her "heroic exertions." She rather preferred the latter conclusion to her romance. It did not occur to her that the men and women who do such things work when they do not "feel like it."

Laura is not very likely to kill herself in "heroic exertions" for others' benefit, for people generally cease to "feel like it" sometime before they come to the dying point.

Whether the girl will ever be good for anything seems to be doubtful. Certainly she never will unless she finds some better rule to guide her daily conduct than mere inclination.—*Child's World.*

## The Seed and the Flower.

A BROWN and misshapen seed fell from a tall, withered vine to the ground, where it alighted among a bevy of beautiful blossoms that were resting in the long grass.

The poor, brown seed shrank from their haughty and disdainful glances, and remained ashamed and trembling.

"Who art thou," exclaimed the stately flowers, one and all, "that dare penetrate our favorite bower in so ragged and homely a dress?"

"I am an emblem of the past," replied the seed meekly, "and I have alighted to rest for a time."

"An emblem of the past," reiterated the blossoms, scornfully. "Know, then, that we are the guardians of the present. Go away; we have no use for you here."

The brown seed, glad to escape such a neighborhood, was taken by a kind breath of air to the margin of a silver stream. Here it contented itself with quietly dreaming away, until its mother earth should receive it into her bosom, and when summer returned it would arise again in new beauty.

Autumn passed, and winter came with icy breath and cold fingers; the blossoms were faded and dead, but the seed was hidden in the earth. Summer came once more with golden sunrays and soft air. Awakened into renewed life after so long a trance, the blossoms unfolded their leaves and lifted their proud heads. Directly over them, and shading their delicate petals from the rays of the hot sun, grew a beautiful vine with dark-green velvet leaves, and crimson flowers.

Proud of such company, the blossoms sung praises to the kind and beautiful vine.

"Knowest thou me?" asked the vine of the blossoms.

"Ah, yes," replied the delighted blossoms, "we know thee by thy beauty, and love thee because thou shadest us from the hot sun."

"I will tell you," said the vine, mildly, as it opened its crimson flowers and shook its velvet leaves: "Long ago when I was a poor, brown seed, ugly and misshapen, you scorned me and drove me from you; now I am rich and beautiful, and you seek my company. Know that I choose my friends where pride resteth not, and where modesty and gentleness forever reign."

Ashamed and humbled, the blossoms drooped their fair heads and spoke not, while the vine twined lovingly around its true friend, the tall tree, shaking perfume from its crimson flowers, while the sunbeams played upon its dark green leaves.—*Sower and Reaper.*

## A Silent Teacher.

A CITY missionary was visiting in one of those courts in a city where the houses are crowded with inhabitants, and where every room is the dwelling of a separate family. In a lone room at the top of one of these houses he met with an aged woman, whose scanty pittance of half a crown a week was scarcely sufficient for her bare subsistence.

He observed, in a broken tea-pot that stood at the window, a strawberry-plant growing. He remarked from time to time how it continued to grow, and with what care it was watched and tended.

"Your plant flourishes nicely; you will soon have strawberries upon it."

"Oh, sir," replied the woman, "it is not for the sake of the fruit that I prize it; but I am very poor, too poor to keep any living creature, and it is a great comfort to me to have that living plant, for I know that it can only live by the power of God; and, as I see it live and grow from day to day, it tells me that God is near."—*Children's Magazine.*

## The Youth's Instructor.

### The Youth's Instructor.

THE new volume of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR commences with the new year. And we have been considering how it could be improved, and have come to the following conclusions:—

1. This sheet has been too small. There should be room in the INSTRUCTOR for some longer articles, and many more short ones. It should also contain Sabbath-school Lessons in every number. We therefore decide to issue it during the year 1872 with eight pages, its present size, instead of four pages. We design in future, if possible, to furnish an article for each number, and Mrs. White will try to do the same.

2. It is a fact that Congress enacts some laws which the people do not understand. And the law which decides the rates of postage on periodicals is one. For instance: The postage on a weekly, fifty-two papers in a year, is only twenty cents a year, while the postage on a semi-monthly, twenty-four papers, is twenty-four cents a year. And we decide that on so small a paper as the INSTRUCTOR twenty-four cents for twenty-four numbers is a waste of postage. And, notwithstanding that some of the little folks may at first feel a little disappointed in having to wait so long for their good paper, we decide to publish it during the year 1872 on the first of each month.

3. In order to secure a very large circulation of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR we offer it for the year 1872, for thirty-eight cents. The postage will be twelve cents, so that the entire cost to the reader, postage and all, will be only fifty cents a year. And we will send it to new subscribers at the following rates:—

Three copies to one address,	\$1.00.
Seven " " " "	2.00.
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We design that the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR shall be the very best sheet of the kind in our country, and, with the deduction in the price, we shall expect a very large patronage.

The readers of this sheet have many friends and youthful acquaintances, to whom they should send the INSTRUCTOR as a New-Year's gift. Be in season. Let the names, with the quarters, come in by hundreds at every mail. We offer no premiums to canvassers. We recommend, however, firm religious principles, mingled with liberality, and a trifle of enthusiasm for this cold weather, and the many friends of the cause of God, and of the youth, will succeed in gathering up thousands of names for the INSTRUCTOR. Address REVIEW AND HERALD, Battle Creek, Michigan. JAMES WHITE,

Pres. S. D. A. P. A.

### Do n't Be too Certain.

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say.

"John, where's the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No, it is not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is; I saw it there not half an hour ago."

"If you say it is there, it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and bring it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small ax in his hand.

"Oh, it was the ax I saw. The handle

was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"But you said positively that you *did* see it, and not that you *thought* you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and, by-and-by, you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. *Don't be too certain!*"—Young Pilgrim.

### NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

INFANT songs are sweet to-day,  
But, children, you must also pray,  
Asking God to guard you here,  
Making this a *safe* new year.  
You must ask for grace within,  
To follow Christ, forsaking sin,  
Living as his children dear,  
Making this a *holy* year.

Little children, bright and gay,  
I would not make you sad to-day;  
Yet I must repeat it here,  
This may be your *last* new year.  
But if Jesus be your friend,  
You have a life that will not end,  
And a home that's shining clear,  
Fairer than the fairest here.

—Sel.

### Little Willie and the Apple.

WILLIE's father was at work in the cellar, and he stood by, earnestly watching his movements. Presently the father picked up from the cellar floor a nice russet apple, and offered it to his son, saying, "Here, Willie, you may eat this."

Willie, without moving a finger to take the apple, answered, "*Mother does not let me eat more than one apple in the forenoon.*"

Willie had been for several weeks quite unwell, and his mother had limited him to two apples a day, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, thinking that more would injure him. When his father offered him the apple, Willie remembered that he had already had his apple that morning, and he answered, in a pleasant tone, "*Mother does not let me eat more than one apple in the forenoon.*"

Children that have a good mother, and obey all her commands, are kept from a thousand snares into which disobedient children fall.

### Willie's Penny.

WILLIE's penny made Heaven rejoice! It could not have done much to help a starving family. What did he do with it?

His sister was a missionary in Africa, and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another deposited their gifts, little Willie said: "I want to give my penny."

"What shall be bought with the little offering?" was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract, and write the history of the gift on the margin, and with a prayer for its success, send it on its distant errand.

The box arrived on mission ground, and among its valuable, interesting contents, Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed, and for a while forgotten. But God's watchful, all-seeing eye had not forgotten it. One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a school over the mountain where he was to be employed. He was well learned in the language, and was a valuable help to the missionaries; but, alas! he lacked the knowledge that cometh from above. He was not a Christian, and had resisted all efforts for his conversion. This was a great

grief to the missionaries; but they continued to pray and hope.

In looking over some papers, Willie's tract was discovered, with the marginal explanation, and the fact that prayer had been offered in beloved America for its success in doing good. It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey. It opened his eyes, showed him that he was a lost sinner, and that all his learning could not help him. It also told him of one who was able and willing to save, who had died for him, and was willing to have his great love returned.

What years of Christian labor by the missionaries had not done was now brought about by the penny tract. The strong man bowed in penitence and humble submission at Jesus' feet, and became a sincere Christian. The missionaries to whom he went praised God for the change which had sent them a godly teacher. Those who put the tract in his hand were overcome with joy; "for there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." So you see how Willie's penny made Heaven rejoice.—Sel.

LIVING or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be thine;  
My life to thee, thy life in me,  
Makes Heaven forever mine.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 23.

1. One shall be taken, the other left. Matt. 24: 41.
2. Rahab. Josh. 2: 4-7.
3. Achan. Josh. 7: 20, 21.
4. Elisha. 1 Kings 19: 19-21.
5. By pouring it out unto the Lord. Because he considered it virtually as the blood of the three men, who had put their lives in jeopardy to procure it, and it was strictly forbidden to partake of any manner of blood. Lev. 16: 10; 1 Chron. 11: 15-20.
6. Solomon. 1 Kings 10: 21-23; 2 Chron. 9: 20-23.
7. I think not.
8. Isaiah. 2 Kings 20: 11.
9. Nahor.
10. Abimelech. Judges 9: 53, 54.
11. Elah. 1 Kings 16: 8.
12. The army of the Israelites. 1 Kings 20: 27.
13. River of Jordan. 2 Kings 6: 6.
14. King Rehoboam. 1 Kings 12: 8.
15. King of Moab. 2 Kings 3: 27.

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IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association.

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Single copy,	33 cents.
Three copies to one address,	\$ 1.00
Seven copies to one address,	2.00
Twelve copies to one address,	3.00
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Single copy, ordered for friends,	25 cents.
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No subscriptions received for less than one year.	
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