

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

"KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS AND LIVE: AND MY LAW AS THE APPLE OF THINE EYE."—PROV. VII, 2.

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER, MARCH, 1854.

No. 3.

HYMN.

WIDE is the gate and broad the way
That leads mankind to sin;
And Satan's baits are painted gay,
To lure the careless in.

How may a simple child be wise,
And hidden snares discern?
That wisdom God alone supplies;
Seek ye the Lord, and learn.

O learn of him, the lowly Lamb,
His gentle voice obey;
Walk in his steps, and sure I am,
You cannot lose the way.

For he was patient, meek and mild,
And loved his Father's will;
The humble and obedient child,
He guards from every ill.

And he will bear you to the place
Where sin is known no more;
With angels to behold his face,
And his great name adore.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

THE HAPPY MORNING.

Did you ever get up very early in the morning, and walk in the streets just before it was light? You did not meet many people, did you? It was very quiet; the shops were shut, the window-blinds were down, there were no cries to be heard, and no carriages rolling along, only a few carts; but there were workmen going to their work—they looked busy and cheerful.

I am going to tell you of three very good women, who were walking out very early in the morning. It was in a city a great way off, called Jerusalem. They looked as if they had been crying a great deal. What could have been the matter? If you could have heard what they said, you might have guessed where they were going. One of the women said to the others, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" You see they were going to a tomb. They had lost some dear friend, who was buried in a grave. It must have been a different sort of grave from those in our church-yards, because the graves there are filled up with earth; but this grave had a great stone put before it.

What do these women carry in their hands? Some jars full of very sweet smelling ointment and spices. That sweet stuff is for the dead body.

Let us watch to see where these women go. It is not to a church-yard, but to a garden. A

garden is a sweet place. But did you ever see a tomb in a garden? In our country the dead are not buried in gardens; but this grave was in a country a great way off. In this garden there was a great rock, and in the side of the rock there was a cave, and there a dead body had been laid, and a stone had been rolled close to the place to stop up the entrance.

When the women came to the garden, the sun was rising, and every thing was beginning to look bright. They soon caught sight of the rock. How much were they surprised to see the great stone rolled away from before the tomb! Were they glad? Oh, no; they were frightened, for they were afraid that some thieves had been there, and taken away the dead body of their dear friend; so they went into the tomb to look for it; and there they found, not a dead body, but a bright angel. A young man was sitting there dressed in a long white garment; he was one of those good and beautiful creatures who live with God in heaven. The women were very much afraid when they saw him. But he spoke kindly to them; he said, "Be not afraid; ye seek Jesus who was crucified; he is not here, for he is risen. Come see the place where the Lord lay."

Now, my children, you know who the dear friend was whose body the women were looking for. It was Jesus, the Son of God; he had died three days ago, but God his Father had made him alive again. He died to save us from going to hell; but he soon rose out of his grave, for he wished to take us to heaven. The women were too glad when they heard what the kind angel said; they could hardly believe him, yet they knew he would not tell them lies. The angel next desired them to tell all the friends of Jesus that he was alive; and then he added, "Ye shall see him." Oh, what a promise this was! How they did long to see Jesus again! They ran quickly from the tomb; they were very happy, yet very much afraid; they trembled as they went, but they ran as fast as ever they could, and never stopped to speak to any body they met on the way. Yet before they had gone far, they met some one who spoke to them, and they stopped gladly to answer him. They did not expect to see him so soon. It was Jesus himself. The last time they had seen him he was bleeding, and his hands and his feet were pierced with great nails, and his forehead torn by cruel thorns; but now he was quite happy; he would bleed no more, nor weep any more. When he saw the women, he

told them to rejoice and be happy. They came near him and held his feet—those feet that had been pierced by nails—the marks were still there; and they worshiped him as the angels do in heaven. Yet still they were frightened. Jesus said, "Be not afraid; go and tell my brethren that they shall see me." Jesus could not stay with the women; he wanted to see his brethren. These women were his sisters; he called them sisters because he loved them. Jesus calls all his friends his brothers and sisters. If you love him, he reckons you among his brothers and sisters. He has a great many; some are very poor, and even ragged, but he loves them as well as the children who wear silk frocks and new coats. I do not know your name, but Jesus does. The name of one of the women was Mary, and the other was called Salome. May you be like those women. He never died again, but he went up to heaven in a cloud, and there he sits on a throne far beyond the brightest star; and he sees all that happens down in this world, and he hates all wickedness; and if you wish to please him, you will try to leave off all wicked ways, and you will pray to God to give you his Holy Spirit to make you good. I should like you to go to that happy place where Jesus is, and to see the angels, and to sing with them for ever and ever.

This history is written in Matt. xxviii, 1-10; Mark xvi, 1-8.—*Scripture Facts.*

A GOOD OLD MAN.

A GREAT many years ago, far away over the dark blue ocean, lived a very good man. His home was in a goodly land. We read of many things which happened there. The book from which we learn this is the Bible. When you read stories there which you cannot understand, you must ask some one to explain them to you.

This man's name was not Henry, or George, or William; it was *Enoch*. There is one thing the Bible tells us of him I wish you to remember—*Enoch walked with God*. If you will turn to Gen. v. 24, you can read it there for yourself. Do you know what this means? Enoch had God in all his thoughts. If he walked out in the bright noon-day, and saw the trees and the flowers, and the grass, and everything, look pleasant and delightful, he thought of something more than this world; he remembered that God, who lives in heaven, made it all; and he felt grateful and happy. If he sat at his door, watching the sun sinking to sleep in the crimson clouds of the west, then, too, when all was so calm and still everywhere, Enoch loved to think of God; of all his kindness in taking care of him through the day, and of that solemn hour when his sun of life should set, and when he should awake in heaven.

Have you ever been away from your mother, and have you not thought so much of her, waking and sleeping, that it has almost seemed as if she were by you, and you could speak to her?

So did Enoch think of his Heavenly Parent, as if he had been constantly at his side and he could see him. The Bible calls it, "walking with God."

You have seen an old man, tottering about the street, bending over his staff. Perhaps he was eighty-five or ninety. That is considered quite aged now; but Enoch lived to be older than that. He lived more than a hundred years—more than a hundred and fifty—more than three hundred—he lived three hundred and sixty-five years. You have never seen any one as old as that. Sometimes I fancy how he looked; perhaps tall and straight, with a loose robe, and long white hair flowing down over his shoulders, and the expression of his face calm and happy, and almost holy.

So when he was three hundred and sixty-five years old, I was going to say, he died; but the Bible tells us, "he was not, for God took him." His Heavenly Father loved him, and he went to heaven without dying. We do not know in what way, whether in chariots of fire, or whether he mingled in the clouds and was seen no more; we are only told, *God took him*.

There are a great many good people now who walk with God. Every one, large or small, who thinks of him as Enoch did, walks with God. There are many little children, who, whether studying, working, playing, talking, or at rest, remember that God is by them. He is in all their thoughts. They try to keep his commandments. They grieve if they displease him even in a thought which no one else can know. They need never be afraid of death. It cannot harm them; it will be but as a sweet sleep, for "God will take them."—*Selected.*

THE JUNGLE BOY.

MANY years ago, a lady sat in the verandah of her Burmese house, endeavoring to decipher the scarcely legible characters of a palm-leaf book, which lay in all its awkwardness, upon the table before her. As she bent over her book, a little more wearily than in the freshness of the morning, and made a renewed effort to fix her eyes on the dizzying circles, a strange-looking figure bounded through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and rushing toward her with great eagerness inquired, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy perhaps twelve years of age; his coarse black hair, unconfined by the usual turban, matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine; and a very dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in the most slovenly manner about his person.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" inquired he, scarcely pausing for breath, though slackening his pace a little as he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want of Jesus Christ?" inquired the lady.

"I want to see him—I want to confess to him."

"Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"Does he live here?"—with great emphasis—"I want to know that. Doing! Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad—I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loo-gyees say that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ."

"But he does not save people from hell, if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly, but I can't stop—I don't know how to stop—the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing; but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured, but she spoke this last in English, so he only raised his head with a vacant—"B'halai?"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now—"

She was interrupted by a sharp, quick cry of despair.

"But I am his humble friend and follower—"

The face of the listener brightened a little.

"And he has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so."

The joyful eagerness depicted in the poor boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me—Oh tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave, for life. Do not be angry! Do not send me away! I want to be saved—saved from hell!"

The lady, you will readily believe, was not likely to be angry. Even the person who told me the story many years after, was more than once interrupted by his own choking tears.

The next day a new pupil was welcomed to the little bamboo school-house, in the person of the wild Karen boy; for no missionary having yet been sent especially to that people, they received all their religious instructions through the medium of the Burmese language. And Oh, *such* a greedy seeker after truth and holiness! Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, and the way of salvation; and every day his mind seemed to open, his feelings to enlarge, and his face to lose some portion of that indescribable look of stupidity which characterizes the uncultivated native.

In due time, a sober band of worshipers gathered around the pool in the little hollow by the bridge, to witness a solemn baptism; then a new face was seen among those who came to commemorate the dying love of the Lord Jesus; and a new name was written on the church records.—

* * * Macedonian.

"Among all therefore that be dear to us, let Jesus alone be specially beloved."

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

"The sun and moon stood still in their habitation; at the light of thine arrows they went, and at the shining of thy glittering spear."—Hab. iii, 11.

HABAKKUK was most likely contemporary with Jeremiah, for the subject of his prophecy is the same as that of the latter, and upon the same occasion—the destruction of Judah and Jerusalem by the Chaldeans.

In the third and last chapter of his prophecy, he prays to God, and extols his power and greatness. He beseeches God for his people, and calls to mind former deliverances.—"O Lord revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

The whole of the prayer is in a high strain of poetry, but the parts of it in which he describes God's majesty are particularly beautiful.—"His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. And his brightness was as the light.—The mountains saw thee, and they trembled: the overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high. The sun and moon stood still in their habitation: at the light of thine arrows they went, and at the shining of thy glittering spear.—Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people, even for salvation with thine anointed."

When God appeared in his glory the powers of nature were shaken, and her course changed, to save his chosen people. The sun and moon stood still that the armies of Israel, led by Joshua, might overcome their enemies, and show the universal power of their Divine Master. As the Jews were led by Joshua, so shall the true Christians be led by the Saviour to victory; for the wonders done of old for the Israelites were as nothing compared to those which were done when the Son of God suffered for the sins of his people, and overcame the dominion of Satan. The face of nature was darkened; and the Divinity of Christ was proved by his glorious resurrection and ascension. But his second coming will still more fully evince his glory and majesty, for he will then overthrow all that shall be opposed to him, and all who have afflicted and caused suffering to his people.—*Scripture History.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S EXAMPLE.—A little girl about nine years of age, the daughter of a minister was visiting in a family where the father did not pray, but was in the habit of reading a chapter in the Bible with his family. At night when he had read the chapter, the child not knowing that all was done, kneeled down as she was in the habit of doing. The father saw the child on her knees, and kneeled himself. The rest of the family followed, and soon that father prayed for the first time in his family. That little girl was the instrument of the first family prayer.

How readily should we forgive those who offend us, if we consider how much Jesus forgives us!

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PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

To see an individual without some professed faith in this age would be indeed strange. And it is supposed that a belief will influence and govern the life of the one who professes it; else how will it be proved whether it is worthy to be embraced by others or not. Though some speculations cannot be reduced to practice, yet by the lives of the professed can we best decide whether a doctrine is true or false. As we judge of a spring or fountain by the water it sends forth, so we may judge of the value of an individual's belief by his daily acts. "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Luke vii, 17, 18. "Either make the tree good and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt; for the tree is known by his fruit." Matt. xii, 33.

Among the many faiths prevalent in the world there is but one true faith. Its profession is called by the apostle Paul a good profession: [1 Tim. vi, 12:] the practice of which purifies and saves the soul. This faith embraces the truths found in God's holy Word. Some reject these truths entirely, others receive them only in part, while others profess to believe them, but in works they deny them. These will not receive the reward of the righteous; for at the final judgment every man will be rewarded according to his works.

One of the most prominent doctrines of the Bible is the personal, second appearing of Jesus. Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of the coming of the Lord; and the restitution of all things has been spoken of by the mouth of all the holy prophets, since the world began. This belief has rejoiced the saints of all ages, and surely it should cause us joy, upon whom the ends of the world have come, "For in a little while, he that is to come will come, and will not tarry."

The world looks on to see if our works correspond with our profession. Some perhaps are inclined toward the truth, but are waiting to prove its effect upon those who profess it. O how responsible are we! We have committed to us this sacred truth, and shall we hold it in unrighteousness? God forbid. But let us practice it in our

daily lives, that it may appear to others in all its light and beauty. Our conversation should be in heaven, from whence we look for our Lord and Saviour. Our apparel should be such as becomes those who profess godliness; and our whole deportment should speak more loudly than words, that we believe that the Lord will soon come.

Let us hold fast the profession of our faith, though the wicked may deride us; and while the world is confused by various and opposing beliefs, we will be steadfast, walking firmly and boldly on; our eye fixed upward, looking for the consummation of our hope. Blessed hope! We expect soon to see Jesus who died for us. We believe he will burst the tombs of our dear friends who have died in faith, and bid them awake, and come forth; that he will change our vile bodies subject to pain and disease, and take us to dwell with him, where we will ascribe "Salvation to our God and to the Lamb for ever." A.

TAKE CARE!!

MAIN Street was crowded with carriages this morning, though the weather was dull, and a man rather poorly clad had chosen to walk in the middle of the street; for it was very slippery on the side walk. Two carriages were passing along nearly abreast, and he had turned out far enough to avoid one, but the other came swiftly up, and the wheel struck the poor man and nearly threw him down. Take care, I said instinctively, as the carriage behind reached him, though he could not hear me. I looked to see if he was injured much, and was glad to see him walking on as before, only limping a little.

On returning, I thought of the dear children, that they were in danger, and some of them as unconscious of it, as was the poor man in the street I have been telling you about. And I wished I could point out some of the dangers to which they are exposed, and give them timely warning.

If your parents request you to do any thing, and you think, "I wish they had told my brother or sister to do it," and begin to feel unhappy, take care, child, you are in danger of disobeying your parents; and that would be breaking one of the holy commandments.

Before the Sabbath closes, perhaps you grow restless and tired of good books, and think, "I wish I had my top or kite, or some other plaything." Take care, dear child, thoughts lead to acts. You are in danger of breaking the Sabbath of the Lord

which he has commanded you to remember to keep holy.

Do you become irritated when your brother or sister or playmate teases you, and do you begin to feel unpleasantly toward them. Take care. Don't lift that hand to strike. You will injure them and displease the Lord if you do, who would that children should love one another, as he has loved them.

The great day of God is fast approaching. Take care, dear children, to be ready for that time, that you may escape "the fear and the pit and the snare" which shall be upon the wicked. A.

"THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN."

I HAVE read not long since a little incident of a mother who was once singing to her daughter a song with the above appellation. She had scarcely finished the words, ere she fell back, and was silent in death. Truly, the brittle thread was severed which connected that mother to her daughter, which bound her to the earth.

Were you called away as suddenly to meet the King of terrors, or should your life be spared to behold the coming of the Son of man, can you now say the last link is broken, I am prepared. If such is the case, happy indeed is your situation; for an entrance will be administered unto you abundantly into the kingdom of heaven.

But how few of the youth at the present time, are willing to break away from the pleasures of earth; are willing to deny themselves and take up the cross of the lovely Saviour. The sacrifice is too great. By and by, when they are older, they think they will attend to their soul's salvation. But, alas, the future which you look forward to, you may never see; the present only you can claim.

A little space is now allotted to prepare for the day of the Lord. That day, we read in the Holy Scriptures, is just before us; and unless our peace is made with Heaven, we cannot expect to stand the trying scenes we shall be called to witness. Seek the favor of God *now*. Give your heart unreservedly to the Saviour. Then you will find that the cords which bind to this world are easily sundered, and you will feel within your heart, a longing for a better country.

H. O. N.

To be holy, is to put on Christ—to resemble Christ in spirit and conduct, as one man resembles another, who follows his example.

Nothing less than the renewal of the image of

God in our soul, will make us holy according to the gospel.

EXAMPLE OF SUBMISSION.

BY A. S. HUTCHINS.

"Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

IN the instructions of our blessed Saviour to his disciples upon the mountain, recorded in Matt. v, vi and vii, after referring to those whose hypocrisy led them to choose the most public places for prayer, that they might be seen of men; and of the heathen, who used "vain repetitions," thinking that they should be heard for their much speaking, he says, "Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," &c. Please read the whole of this very instructive and comprehensive prayer.

Though we do not expect the "will" of God to be done in earth as in heaven, till all evil doers are "cut off," and sinners are consumed out of the earth, and the curse of sin is removed; yet we cannot expect to share with the saints in their immortal inheritance, in the new earth, unless we cheerfully bow in sweet submission to all the will of our Heavenly Parent.

Says the Saviour, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." From these scriptures we learn that obedience to the will of God is necessary, if we would reign with Jesus in his soon coming kingdom.

Dear young friends, you have doubtless read with an overflowing heart of grief, of the sufferings of our Redeemer. Such was his agony just before he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies, that his sweat was as it were, "great drops of blood falling down to the ground." After he was taken and led away, he was blind-folded and smitten on the face, and spit upon by those who falsely accused him. A crown of thorns was platted and put on his head, and after suffering many other things, he groaned and thirsted, and bled and died upon the cross.

In view of all these sufferings as the time drew nigh that they must be realized, his prayer was, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

This worthy example of the Son of God, for suffering and doing the will of our Heavenly Father, should not be forgotten. But we should ever delight to say, "not as I will, but as thou wilt," while passing through the fiery trials of life.

The following very good answers, respecting the manner in which the will of God is done in heav-

en, may be of interest to you. I have preserved them hoping they might benefit you.

"A Sunday-school teacher, instructing his class on that portion of the Lord's prayer, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' said to them, 'You have told me, my dear children, *what* is to be done, *the will of God*; and *where* it is to be done, *on earth*, and *how* it is to be done, *as it is in heaven*. How do you think the angels do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?' The first child replied, 'They do it *immediately*;' the second, 'They do it *diligently*;' the third, 'They do it *always*;' the fourth, 'They do it *with all their hearts*;' the fifth, 'They do it *altogether*.' Here a pause ensued, and no child appeared to have an answer, but after some time, a little girl arose and said, 'Why, sir, they do it *without asking any questions*.'"

With this last answer, I could not but be truly gratified. Children, when taught the necessity of withdrawing themselves from the company of the wicked, and of keeping all the commandments of God, sometimes manifest an unwillingness to do these things, and often have many questions to ask, as objections to yielding obedience. But this is not right. You should ever be obedient to the teachings of the word of God, and to your kind parents and friends, who desire your present and future welfare. In so doing, you will secure the favor of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; and be prepared for the kingdom of heaven.

Catlin, N. Y., Feb., 1854.

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

THERE are a great many who profess to love the Saviour, that still cling to this world. There is much of the love of the world in their hearts. Should this be the real character of any of the readers of the *Instructor*, let me remind you that John the beloved disciple, says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." I know from experience that there is much to draw the mind away from God and the present truth. All Christians need to have decision of character, and certainly the dear youth must have. We are living in perilous times; and if we would have the Spirit of Christ dwelling in our hearts, we must come out from the world and be separate, and conform not to its wishes or pleasures: they will not satisfy.

Our Saviour chose his disciples out of the world. He said the world hated him, and his children should be hated of all men for his name's sake. The apostle Paul tells us, if we will live godly in Christ Jesus, we shall suffer persecution. This shows us that if we are the humble followers of Christ, we cannot go hand in hand with the world.

Dear young friends, I entreat you to watch and pray. Remember for every idle word you must give

an account. Do not suffer yourselves to be light and trifling: it brings darkness into the mind and the tender Spirit is grieved. Deny yourselves and bear the cross; despising the shame. Rejoice, if in some humble way you can suffer a little for Jesus' sake. "If we suffer with him we shall also reign with him; if we deny him, he also will deny us." Strive to overcome the world by keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

M. L. P.

Feltonville, Mass.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRAYER.

How few realize the importance of prayer, especially secret prayer. Alas, how often is the closet neglected for duties less important, and the merciful God that has watched over us all our lives crowded from our thoughts; and the whole attention engrossed with matters of but little or no value. And yet without prayer the Christian can no more live in the enjoyment of religion, than nature can be sustained without food. No one can grow in grace and knowledge of the Lord without daily holding communion with the God they love. But by neglecting to pray we lose our faith and trust in God and his word, our minds do not dwell on heavenly things, we give place to the tempter, and soon fall an easy prey to his seductive wiles. How strange that any who have once tasted of the sweetness of a Saviour's love, and experienced the consolation, the joy that is unutterable, and which is felt only at the Saviour's feet; that such should so far lose their interest in God, as to neglect to pray. Or, if they pray at all, approach the throne of grace in a formal manner, and honor him with their lips while their heart is far from him.

Young friend, is this the case with you? Are you losing your love for God, and is your faith in him dying away? Do the pleasures of this world again appear attracting, and are you strongly induced to follow with the multitude? If so, what is the cause? Did you not once determine to leave the world and follow alone the Saviour? Look back to the time when your love for God began to diminish, did you not at first neglect to pray as often as you had been accustomed, until by absenting yourself more and more frequently from your closet, you have nearly lost all confidence in God.

Dear friends, you that are in this sad condition, let me entreat of you to pause now in this downward course, turn again to that Saviour whom you have so deeply grieved, and by supplication and prayer make your peace with him ere it is forever too late. That "day of wrath" and "desolation" is soon coming. Many will pray then, when they can no longer be heard. Those who now reject the calls of offered mercy, will then cry in vain, for there will be no more hope. O will you "neglect so great salvation;" and at last this be the language of your soul: "The harvest is past—the sum-

mer is ended and we are not saved." O fly! fly! to the ark of refuge now, while Jesus is yet in the "Most Holy" pleading his blood for you. Rest not till you are assured you have his pardoning smiles.

My young friends who have never given your hearts to God, come, oh come to Jesus now. He is waiting to receive you. Will you grieve him by longer delay. Remember he gave his precious life a ransom for yours. He offers you a free and full salvation. You will wish to have a shelter in the coming storm, but to obtain it, you must prepare now. Then "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." A.

N. H., Feb. 1st, 1854.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

My mother dear, when shall I see
That holy City fair and free.

Which father reads about?
When shall I see its pearly gates?
When shall I walk its golden streets,
And hear the ransom'd shout?

When shall I see the glorious throne,
There in the New Jerusalem,
And dwell with Christ our King?
When shall I walk those lovely plains,
And hear the lofty, lovely strains,
Which the redeem'd shall sing?

My mother dear, O shall I see
The tree of life, that lovely tree,
And pluck its golden fruit?
Shall I there pluck unfading flowers,
Which blossom in its lovely bowers,
Where all is fair and good?

And shall I see that glorious light,
Like jasper stone so fair and bright,
And river pure and clear?
And shall I be from sin made free?
Most glorious thought! when will it be?
Pray tell me, mother dear.

ANSWER.

My child, 'twill be when Jesus comes
And purifies the earth,
That all this glory will be seen
In its true real worth.
'Twill not be long, the signs are past
Which spake his coming nigh.
We now with joy lift up our heads,
Knowing redemption's nigh.

And if you make the word of God
Your counsel and your guide,
He'll be the fortress and the tower
In which you may abide.
His Word's a treasure to the heart
Of those who love him here:
From which they feel they cannot part,
Till Jesus doth appear.

Then let your heart, my darling child,
Its grateful homage pay
To him who all things freely gives,
And guides you every day.
And then when Christ the Saviour comes,
With all these glories bright,
You will with joy lift up your head
And hail the holy light.

PRAYER.—The breath of prayer comes from the life of faith. Never think God's delays are denials. Prayer, if it be done as a task, is no prayer.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From Amelia S. Hastings.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—How ardently we are all seeking for happiness, but do we seek to obtain it from the right source, or are we seeking it in the vain amusements of the world? If so, we shall be disappointed; for true and lasting happiness can be obtained only in serving and obeying God. Then, instead of longing for the vanities of earth, which are soon to pass away, let us strive to turn our thoughts to heaven, and seek that joy and peace which can be found alone in Jesus. We have but little time longer to stay here on the earth, and how important it is that we spend the little time left us, in such a manner as will be pleasing to God. If we could realize the shortness of time, and the danger of letting down our watch, we should not be careless and indifferent, but we should be continually watching and praying, lest that day should overtake us as a thief. Satan is doing all in his power to lead our minds from God and the truth; but we can resist his influence if we seek to know the will of God, and ask him for his grace to assist us. The time is very near at hand when he that is righteous will be righteous still, and he that is filthy will be filthy still; and while Jesus is still in the Sanctuary pleading his blood for us, let us confess all our sins and prepare to meet our Lord when he shall appear in the clouds of heaven to receive his children home.

The thought of being eternally with Jesus is enough to inspire our hearts with joy and love to God. If we endure a little longer, we shall soon be with Jesus and angels in the golden City. With this glorious hope, with this blessed prize in view, it is enough to encourage us to persevere in the narrow way.

My dear friends, if there are any of you who are losing your interest in, the truth, and do not love the appearing of Jesus as you once did, I beg of you not to delay a moment to arouse yourselves to a sense of your duty and of the coming judgment. If you do not prepare for that awful day now, soon it will be too late. Then you would give worlds like this for but one hour to repent in; but even that will not be granted you, and you will be left to mourn and wail with the wicked, while the righteous are being borne away in the cloudy chariot to their bright and glorious home in the New Jerusalem. You will want to be among them then, and share with them all the rich glories of Paradise. Let not satan allure you from the right path; but still pursue the narrow way. It will be but little longer that you will have to bear the scoffs and ridicule of a cold and friendless world; for soon you will hear the voice of God proclaiming through the earth your deliverance. Then your hearts will be filled with joy, and you will feel like praising God without ceasing, that he, has kept you from the error of the wicked. O,

when we have so much to induce us to go forward how can we go back to the world and give up our hope and lose our crown at last. May the Lord help us to start with renewed courage to win the prize. Soon, if faithful, it will be ours. Soon we shall join in the conqueror's song.

Come, youthful friends, let's start anew,
And travel on our journey through;
The conflict we will ne'er give o'er
Until we land on Canaan's shore.

AMELIA S. HASTINGS.

New Ipswich, N. H.

From Maria S. Dickinson.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—It is with feelings of deep gratitude to God, that I attempt to address you through the medium of the *Instructor*. I feel interested in this little sheet, and want all should be.

The request was that all who felt interested should contribute a little to its pages, and we ought to be willing to do so. A great deal is being done for us that we may learn the way to heaven, and we should be willing to do our part. We must improve the precious moments that are allotted us here.

The Lord has promised if we will strive to live near to him, he will help us to be like him, and in order to be like him we must leave off all pride and love of the world. Jesus set us an example which we must follow, if we would enter Heaven. We must also set a good example before the world, that they may take knowledge of us that we have Christ formed within, the hope of glory.

Our Saviour was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," he wore a crown of thorns and was spit upon, they smote him with the palms of their hands, and not a word he said: he bore it patiently. He suffered and died that we might live, and can we not suffer with him? Yes, let us enter into his sufferings and be willing to be scoffed at by the world, and have right feelings toward them. Let us live for the inheritance which is in reserve for the finally faithful, that we may reap a crown of life.

Dear friends, let us take new courage, press on our way till Jesus shall come to take us home to himself, where we shall live forever.

Yours, keeping the commandments,

MARIA S. DICKINSON.

Jackson, Mich.

From Emma A. Hastings.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—I have been thinking to-day of what a glorious hope is ours. We have a hope of soon being redeemed from the power of sin and death; and if faithful, of being taken to the kingdom of our blessed Saviour, to reign with him forever and ever. We expect too, to meet with our dear friends who have been torn from us by death, and also of meeting with the old patriarchs and prophets, and all the people of God who now sleep in the dust of the earth. Then let us "by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory

and honor and immortality—eternal life." What a bright prospect we have in view. We have everything to encourage us onward. Think of Heaven with all its glories, and the rich reward that will be given to those that endure.

Shall we be there, shall we behold
The pearly gates, the streets of gold?
Shall we, among that happy throng,
Unite and sing the sweet new song?

We may indeed be there if we strive with all our hearts to go. Let us endeavor to have our minds staid upon heaven and heavenly things; for where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also. Can we not deny ourselves of the fleeting pleasures of this world, and stand boldly for Christ our great Redeemer? that when he shall appear, we may appear with him in glory. Let us not be discouraged at trials, but bear them cheerfully, remembering that our light afflictions which are but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! Let us strive to overcome every besetting sin, pray much to God to assist us, for we can do nothing of ourselves, love God with all our hearts, and soon we shall enter our happy home.

New Ipswich, N. H.

EMMA A. HASTINGS.

SABBATH MORNING.

THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow;
It is the Sabbath morning—
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

The landscape lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day:
So let our souls benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

Receipts.

O. Darling, J. Baker, W. Mott, H. W. Barrows, W. L. Barrows, E. L. Barrows, B. M. Willey, B. Tichenor, A. Sanders, J. Sanders, S. Swan, M. Randolph, N. Knight, G. O. Dickinson, E. B. Dickinson, S. Schooley, M. Adsit, P. Rawlins, M. A. Myers, L. H. Bostwick, M. A. Sandford, S. P. Mills, P. Vandyke, P. I. Wilcox, J. Y. Wilcox, A. M. Lindsley, Sr. Hunt, E. V. Ward, J. E. Preston, G. C. Preston, H. A. Churchill, S. Moody, E. Haskell, S. Smith, L. Witter, C. R. Davis, each \$0.25.
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