

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. II.

ROCHESTER,

No. 4.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

GRACIOUS Lord, we look to thee,
Meek and humble may we be;
Pride and anger put away,
Make us better every day.

Teach us for our friends to pray,
And our parents to obey:
Richest blessings from above,
Give them for their tender love.

May we find the sweets of prayer
Sweeter than our pastimes are;
Love the Sabbath and the place
Where we learn to seek thy face.

THE HAPPY EVENING.

Did you ever spend a happy evening? I do not call it a happy evening when men meet together in a public-house to drink. It may be a merry evening, but it is not a happy one; it often ends in quarrelling and fighting, and the next day is very miserable, for the men find their money is gone, and their heads are heavy and full of pain. I do not call it a happy evening when children play in the streets till it is dark, and make a riot, and behave rudely to the people who are passing; for when they get home they are not happy. They have nothing pleasant to think of as they lie in their beds; they remember they have made a great noise, and laughed very loud, till the neighbors were angry at their rudeness: this does not make them feel happy.

But what is a happy evening? No one can be happy who is not wishing and trying to be good. It is children who love God and wish to please him, who are the happy children.

I am going to tell you now of some people who loved God very much, and of a very happy evening they spent. You have heard how the Son of God, Jesus, once lived in this world, and how he was killed by wicked men, and nailed to a cross of wood. Two days after he had died, some of his friends were in a room together; they were talking about him. Some of them said to the others, "We have seen him; he is alive again." Others said, "We have not seen him." How much they did wish to see him! All in a moment Jesus stood in the midst of the room, How had he got in, for the doors were locked? He could get in whether doors were locked or unlocked; it made no difference to him, for Jesus is the Son of God, and can do all things.

Jesus spoke to his friends; these were his words, "Peace be unto you!" which means, "Be happy; I will make you happy." But though he spoke so sweetly, and looked so kindly at them, his friends were frightened; they thought it could not be Jesus himself, because they had seen him die upon the cross; they thought it might be a ghost or spirit, but not the body of their dear Lord. Jesus knew they were frightened, for he sees into people's hearts, and knows all they think. So he told them not to be afraid, but to look at his hands and his feet. He said, "See, it is I myself." A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Then his friends looked at his hands; they saw the marks of the great nails which had fastened those dear hands to the cross, and when they looked at his feet, they saw the marks of the nails in them also. Then they looked at his side, and they saw the deep hole which the spear had made; for a soldier had pierced that tender side with his spear, and made the blood flow out upon the ground. Those marks did not hurt Jesus now; no one could hurt him now; he never could feel pain again, nor could he die any more.

When his friends had seen those marks, then they knew that it was Jesus who spoke to them; and oh, how glad they were! I do not think you were ever so glad in all your life as they were at that minute, for they loved Jesus so very much. They knew he had died to save them from going to hell. Oh, how they loved him! Yet still they could hardly believe it was Jesus himself; it seemed too wonderful that he should be alive again. Then Jesus said, "Have ye here any meat?" He meant to eat something before them. There was a little food in the room; it was the sort of food that poor people generally ate in that country—a piece of broiled fish, and a piece of an honeycomb. Jesus began to eat this food while all his friends looked at him; then they were sure he was really alive again. He told them to go and tell people how he had died and lived again; and then he breathed on them, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Where is Jesus now? He did not stay always with his friends in this world; he went up to heaven to his Father; he is with his Father now. But he will come again. If he were to come into this room this evening, should you be glad to see him? He knows whether you love him. Do you ever speak to him, now he is in heaven? He knows whether you do. Do you ever think when you are at play, "Jesus sees me now; I will not grieve him by saying wicked words?" He knows your

thoughts. When he comes again, I hope he will call you, and say, "Come, come to me, my child." He will say to some people, "Go away." How dreadful that will be!

You will find this history in Luke xxiv, 35-43; John xx, 19-23.—*Scripture Facts.*

TRUE RICHES.

A LITTLE boy sat by his mother, looking steadfastly upon some distant object. He seemed to be lost in his own reflections. Then as the deep thought began to pass away, his eye grew bright and he spoke.

"Mother, I wish I could be rich?"

"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?" and the child said, "Because every one praises the rich. Every one inquires after the rich. That man yesterday inquired after the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say well his lessons. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children blame him not, for they say his father is rich."

The mother saw that her child was in danger of believing that wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause those to be held in honor who lead unworthy lives. So she asked him, "What is it to be rich?" He answered, "I do not know. Yet do tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me!"

The mother replied, "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man. Then the boy looked sorrowful, and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich that I may begin now?"

She answered, "The gain of money is not the only, nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth may rust and waste it, and the robber make it his plunder. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die, and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goes forth like that of the wayside beggar, without a garment. But there is another kind of riches which is not kept in the purse. It is kept in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

Then said the boy, "May I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?" The mother laid her hand on his little head and said, "To-day if you will hear His voice; for he hath promised that those who seek early shall find."

And the child said, "Teach me how I can become rich before God." Then she looked tenderly on him and said, "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that in your heart you may love the Saviour, and trust in him. Obey his Word and strive all the days of your life to be

good, and to do good to all. So, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith, and an heir to the kingdom of heaven."—*Selected.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER.

THE days of my childhood have long since passed away, but the remembrance of them, though sometimes mingled with sadness, is oftener soothing and refreshing to my spirit. The recollections of an intelligent, affectionate and pious mother I love most to cherish, because they not only delight, but elevate and purify my heart. From the earliest dawns of intellect and affection, my attachment to her was strong, and her influence unbounded. Nor did they diminish with my advancing childhood and youth; for they were sustained and strengthened by a tenderness, a prudence and a piety, the most uniform and watchful. Even now I seem, at times, to feel the gentle movements of my kind and anxious mother, as amid the shivering cold of a northern winter, she came night after night to my lowly bed, long after my eyes were closed in sleep, and scarcely waked me from my slumber, while she carefully pressed the warm covering around my feet and limbs.

Nor can I soon forget the impression oft made upon my childish heart, when the door of the sitting-room opened upon me, while engaged with my morning's book or play, and I looked up, and saw my mother enter, with her Bible in her hands and her face still wet with tears. I needed none to tell me what had been her employment, or whence she came. More than once, in the pursuit of her I loved, I had followed her to the place of her retirement, found her upon her knees, and listened to her tones of fervent tenderness, while with many tears she prayed God to have mercy upon me and keep me from evil, and to bless those she loved. On such occasions, kneeling or standing beside my praying mother, I had a strange but affecting sense of a present God, who heard her prayer, and thought and felt that I could not, must not grieve or disobey such a tender, godly mother.

When some ten or eleven years of my life had rolled quietly away, I was thrown, *at school*, into the company of boys who did not fear to take God's name in vain, and learned to imitate their examples so far as to use improper, if not profane language. My ever-watchful mother soon learned my danger and my sin, and calling me privately to a seat by her side, warned and reprimanded me with a grief and tenderness which I could not resist. She reminded me that she had dedicated me to God, that I was the Lord's child. Punishment I could perhaps have borne, but her words and her tears broke my heart, though proud and rebellious. She made me feel that I had sinned against a good and holy God, and that my wickedness was great. I felt

ashamed and distressed that I had wounded a heart so pious and so affectionate, and probably while memory lasts I shall never forget the time and the place, the expressive countenance, and the earnest manner of my mother. From my earliest childhood, I had been taught, and in some degree accustomed to pray, and now began seriously to seek the salvation of my soul. In my mother I had confidence, and from her I sought counsel. As she lay upon her sick-bed she turned to me and said, with a seriousness of manner, and with a tone of emotion which impressed the words upon my inmost soul, "Strive, my son, *agonize*, to enter in at the strait gate." Before my thirteenth year I was permitted, with others of my own age, to approach the table of the Lord. My mind had been sometimes powerfully impressed by the fervor and tenderness of my mother's prayers, when she assembled her children around the family altar, and supplicated the protection and blessing of God upon us and our absent father. Now I was more deeply affected when on a similar occasion my mother turned to me and said, "Henceforth, my son, we shall expect you to lead the devotions of the family in your father's absence." In the following year I left the home of my childhood, to pursue my studies in a distant city, and was afterward only an occasional inmate in my father's house. But my mother's influence, the remembrance of her example and prayers still followed me, as a guardian angel, to preserve me from the many dangers and temptations which were around my path.

During one of my college vacations I was called to take charge of my father's school. After two or three days I was somewhat tried by the misconduct of several boys but little younger than myself, and at dinner gave vent to my feelings by the remark, "I do not know but I shall have to kill some of those boys." My mother turned upon me her full, dark eyes, kindled and yet softened by the emotions of her soul, and twice repeating my name, with a look and tone strongly expressive of surprise and grief, conveyed to my heart gently, but effectually, the deserved rebuke.

I soon sought my chamber, there to weep over my impatient spirit, and to ask forgiveness for my sin against God, and my unkindness to my mother.

During the years that have since glided swiftly away I have ever felt myself more indebted to my mother than to any other human agency for whatever I have attained or enjoyed. The remembrance of her instructions and reproofs still excites me to be more consistent, more useful, and thus more happy, as a *disciple* and a *minister* of Jesus Christ, and I praise God that she yet lives to bless me with her counsel, her example, and her prayers.—*Mother's Magazine.*

ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW.

"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." 1 Kings xvii, 14.

After a while the brook near which Elijah tarried became, in consequence of the drought, dried up. God now commanded the prophet to repair to Zarephath, to the house of a widow there, whose heart he had disposed to take care of him.

When Elijah came to the gate of the city, he saw a woman there gathering sticks. He asked her for a little water, and as she was going to fetch it, he also begged of her to bring him a morsel of bread. The woman, the widow of whom God had spoken, replied, that she had nothing but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse, or bottle, and that she had come to gather some sticks, in order to dress it for herself and son ere they died. The holy man soon made it evident to her that the servants of the Lord are sent to do good to those whom they visit. He told her not to fear, to do as she had said, but first to make for him a little cake, and then make one for herself and son. He at the same time assured her that her meal should not waste nor her oil fail, until the day that the Lord sent rain upon the earth.

The widow did as Elijah bade her; "and she, and he, and her house," or family, were supplied with food for many days. She had faith in God's promises, succored his prophet, and was thus spared the pangs of famine.

The Lord honors the humble and righteous. In the instance of his mercy before us he did not make use of the rich or great, but of a poor widow, in want and desolate; and gave her both the will and the power to sustain Elijah. Her great faith is particularly deserving of notice. It appears to the mind as much a miracle as the increase of the meal and oil. She had but a little of these, yet freely gave it, and was well repaid for her bounty by being fed for more than two years, during a time of famine. Thus will it ever be with those who put their trust in Almighty providence, and hesitate not to perform acts of kindness to their fellow creatures.—*Scripture History.*

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—The same God who moulded the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of the insect. He who balances the clouds and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of the sparrow. He who gave Saturn his two rings, and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint, and makes the distant sun to nourish the violet. And the same Being notices equally the praises of the Cherubim and the prayers of the little child.—*Waterson.*

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

EDITED BY MISS ANNA WHITE.

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I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

The religion of Jesus fills the soul of the believer with peace and joy in the prospect of death. When the eye is growing dim and the voice falters and all human help fails, the dying saint is peaceful and serene; and he often rejoices in hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave.

Says the expiring Christian, "All is well;" "I know in whom I have believed;" "I am not afraid to die." These and similar expressions have fallen from the lips of many, who have had the religion of Jesus to cheer them in the dying hour.

Near the close of life, the eminent apostle Paul thus wrote to one whom he greatly loved:—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Not thus tranquil and happy, the last moments of those who have reviled and rejected the Saviour of sinners. They leave the world with regret, for in death they see an eternal sleep, or beyond it a dreaded hereafter, from which they shrink more than from a total extinction of being. Time now assumes a new importance, and they mourn the precious hours they have wasted.

Voltaire, after having spent a whole life in blaspheming the Saviour, said to his physician, on his dying bed, "I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months of life."

Said Gibbon, "The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more, and my prospect of futurity is dark and dubious."

"Remorse for the past," exclaimed the once gay, but then dying Altamont, "throws my thoughts to the future. Worse dread of the future throws them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray.—The judgment, the tremendous judgment. How shall I appear all unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God."

Surely, in death there is a difference between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not. May we live devoted to God, so that if called to pass through the dark valley and the shadow

of death, we may say with the Psalmist, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. A.

HE WILL COME AGAIN.

JESUS is coming! He will visit this world again, but not as at his first advent, to be despised, scoffed at and hated, to have his head pierced with a crown of thorns, and have nails driven through his precious hands and feet. As they nailed him to the cross, what pain this holy sufferer must have endured. Yet his bodily suffering was little compared with the anguish of his spirit, while the burden of the sins of the whole world was upon him, which caused him to exclaim, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? For our sins the Son of God endured all this.

Jesus is coming! But not to be the meek suffering Teacher he once was. He then took upon himself our nature, and sympathized with all suffering mankind, listening to their tales of woe, and soothing their sufferings, healing their sicknesses, forgiving their sins, causing the sinking and fainting to hope. For doing others good the wicked Pharisees could not bear Jesus among them. His holy, self-denying life constantly reproved their covetous, unholy lives. And because the minds of many were turned to this new and blessed Teacher, and they believed he was the Son of God, the Pharisees feared that they should not receive so much honor, and they said he was not fit to live, and cried out, Away with him, crucify him, crucify him!

But while the Son of God was being wounded, bruised and smitten for our transgressions and sins, all Heaven was watching over the scene, and every harp was hushed in silence while the Beloved of the Father was suffering. He died on Calvary's cross—Angels witnessed it. He was laid in Joseph's new tomb, and a heavy stone was rolled at the door of the sepulchre, and a guard placed around it to watch the tomb. But myriads of angels, bright and strong, were watching over his resting place, and at the appointed time, one of them was commissioned to "go roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre." And what could those keepers do? Feeble men! A little before they might have laughed at, and derided the Saviour of the world, as he hung upon the cross; but now the presence of one angel from

glory causes them to become "as dead men." The tomb could hold Jesus no longer, and he arose from the dead and appeared to his sorrowing disciples, and comforts them. He remained with them forty days, to bless, cheer and strengthen them, and when he was taken up into heaven—a cloud received one they so much loved out of their sight.

As they stood gazing into heaven, as he was taken away from them, two men [angels] in white apparel stood by them and inquired why they stood gazing up into heaven. Said these angels, "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Precious, indeed, was this promise to those sorrowing disciples, that they should again see Jesus who was greatly beloved by them all. Precious also is this promise to every true follower of Christ. None who truly love Jesus will be sorry that he is coming again. And as they approach nearer to the coming of the Son of man, the true lovers of Jesus will look forward with joyous hope, and will seek to get all ready to behold him whom their souls loveth, who died to redeem them.

Jesus is coming! But not to listen to the woes of mankind, and to hear the guilty sinner confess his sins, and to speak pardon to him; for every one's case will then be decided for life or death. Those who have lived in sin will remain sinners forever. Those who have confessed their sins to Jesus* in the Sanctuary, have made him their friend and have loved his appearing, will have pardon written for all their sins, and they, having purified their souls "in obeying the truth," will remain pure and holy forever.

Jesus is coming as he ascended into heaven, only with additional splendor. He is coming with the glory of his Father, and all the holy angels with him, to escort him on his way. Instead of the cruel crown of thorns to pierce his holy temples, a crown of dazzling glory will deck his sacred brow. He will not then appear, the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; but his countenance will shine brighter than the noon-day sun. He will not wear a plain seamless coat, but a garment whiter than snow—of dazzling brightness.

Jesus is coming! But not to reign as a temporal prince. He will raise the righteous dead, change the living saints to a glorious immortality, and, with the saints, take the kingdom under the whole heaven. This kingdom will never end.

Then those who have patiently waited for Jesus, will be made like him.

If one angel from heaven caused the Roman guard to fall as dead men, how can those who are unprepared, unholy, bear the sight and live, of seeing Jesus in the glory of his Father and ten thousand angels accompanying him. O how can sinners bear this sight! They will cry for rocks and mountains to fall on them, and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.

Dear young reader, seek a thorough preparation to meet Jesus, that when he appears you may exclaim with joy, "Lo this is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us." Eternal life will then be yours, and you will be a partaker with Christ of his glory, ever to hear his glorious approving voice, and behold his lovely person.

E. G. W.

AN ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

BY H. N. STEVENS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—It is cheering to hear from so many of you, in different places, whose faces are toward Mount Zion.

As we look around, we see the multitude of the young eagerly pursuing their own ways, and they have no ear to hear about Jesus and his coming. Their minds are occupied with the passing interests and pleasures of earth, and their conversation is from the abundance of their hearts. If we speak to them of Jesus, they are silent, for there is no chord within them that wakes to the music of that lovely name. But God be praised that there are a few, even of the youth, who have taken upon themselves the yoke of Christ, and are not ashamed to identify themselves with those who love and look for his appearing. To such, the scoffs and ridicule of their gayer companions, bring but the glad assurance that they are followers of Him who for their sakes endured a life of suffering and reproach, and became obedient unto a shameful death. To these, whoever and wherever they are, my heart is united in the bonds of sympathy and love. I want to congratulate them upon their choice of the better part, and if possible encourage them to persevere.

The narrow, self-denying path that you have chosen, my dear young friends, is not indeed so smooth and flowery as the ways of sin, but it yields a truer happiness even now, and a little further on, leads through the gates, and is lost in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. There is everything to encourage you forward, every inducement to faithfulness in so good a cause.

Is it a light thing to enjoy from day to day

the approving smile of your heavenly Father, and to find in his love a balm for every wound, and a cordial for every fear? Is the future reward of obedience of little value? Trouble is coming upon the earth, and is it a light thing to have a sure hiding-place until the indignation is overpast? O no! The consolations of God are not small, the inheritance is well worth seeking; and when the fierce anger of the Lord is poured upon the ungodly, we shall all want a shelter in the Rock of ages. Then persevere, O persevere unto the end. And be sure that your hope is well founded. Many are dreaming of heaven, who have no title to an inheritance there. Those only who strive, will be able to enter in at the strait gate. But if we do earnestly desire to do the will of God, he will not leave us in doubt as to our acceptance with him. He will send forth the Spirit of his Son, into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father.

Precious promises are recorded for those who love Jesus. He himself has said, "He that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him." And also, "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." The soul accustomed to such holy fellowship, will have but little relish for the company of this world. Seek earnestly, my young friends, for the accomplishment of these promises in yourselves. There is no enjoyment in a half-hearted course. But for those who make a full consecration of themselves to God, there is peace, such as the world knows not, and such joy as the Holy Ghost can alone impart.

You have professed the religion of Jesus, and entered into a covenant with God to serve him all your days. Then be ready to confess Christ wherever you are. Not in word only, but let your whole life be a continual confession of Christ. Should you find yourselves in worldly company, and in danger of partaking their spirit, say often in your heart with the Psalmist, "Thy vows, O God, are upon me," and let it never be absent from your mind. It will stimulate you to watchfulness, lest in an unguarded moment you should dishonor that holy name by which you are called. You will surely meet with temptations and discouragements, but be not disheartened. Press through them all. Jesus is mighty to save. He will save you.

"He reaches out the crown of life,
And bids you take the prize."

And if any of the youthful readers of the *Instructor* have not yet given their hearts to God, do not yet love Jesus, O decide at once to be on the Lord's side. You will not regret it here, you will not regret it when in a little while the storm of his anger shall burst upon the world; "when God shall arise to scatter his enemies, and those that hate him, flee before him." Do

not delay until the fearful sentence has gone forth, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still; but just now, ere the "fountain for sin and uncleanness" is sealed up for ever, wash and be clean.

Paris, Me.

SIN BRINGETH FORTH DEATH.

DISOBEDIENCE to the law of God, and to the requirements of the gospel of Christ, if not repented of, will surely be visited by death. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "And sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." While the sinner is in the "broad way" to destruction, his path is strewn with anguish and sorrow. "The way of transgressors is hard." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

Not long since, a very affecting scene came under my observation, which was the result of breaking one of the commandments of God. I was passing through the city of V——, in company with a brother, just as two little boys were led away before us, followed by men and children, to the jail, where they were confined for stealing. As we drove in front of the place of their confinement, my attention was again arrested, by expressions of extreme agony from some one near by. I soon learned they were cries and shrieks from the mother of one of these poor unhappy boys.

Who can imagine the deep emotions of her heart, as she saw her child forced into the jail, to be locked up in a lonesome cell, to stay she knew not how long? Perhaps she then deeply regretted her own neglect of duty. That she had not watched over him with greater and more constant care. And what think you, must have been the feelings of these unfortunate little convicts in this trying moment? Doubtless they were extremely sorry for their disobedience and folly; and sensibly felt that "the way of transgressors is hard."

As I turned away from the spot where they might be seen looking through the grated window, and mingling their loud wailings with those of the mother, I was led to reflect on the dreadful scenes of misery and destruction which await this wicked world for their disobedience to God's holy law, and the requirements of the gospel of Christ. I thought of the day when the Lord will pour out his wrath upon all such as know him not.

"The great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly. . . That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness." In that day the wicked will gnaw their tongues for pain; and hide "themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and say to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from

the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

Dear friends, reflect for a moment that the time is not far distant, when these things will prove to be solemn and certain realities. And then ask yourselves, each one of you, the important question, Am I prepared to meet an event of so great magnitude? For only such as have made their peace with God will be able to stand. While the wicked will be destitute of the protecting care of God, and be slain, and fall in death in all parts of the earth, to live not again till the expiration of a thousand years. During this time the righteous of every age will reign with Christ in the New Jerusalem. And when the thousand years are finished, the wicked will be raised to receive their full and final reward for their sins. This will be the "second death." Rev. xx, 14. "And sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Sin is the transgression of the law. If, therefore, we would escape the consequences of sin, let us keep all the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus, and we shall not perish, but have "eternal life."

Saith the Saviour, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." Here the "new earth," which is to be the final abode of the saints, is doubtless referred to. O may the Lord help us to prepare for it. Then may we say, while joy fills our hearts,

"We'll be there, We'll be there, in a little while,
We'll join the pure and the blest;
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,
And for ever be at rest."

A. S. HITCHINS.

Ulysses, Pa.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From Cornelia Ayers.

SINCE the *Instructor* has come into our family, I have had a great desire to write and express my gratitude to God, for putting it into the heart of Bro. White to publish a paper, which is so well adapted to the wants of the children in these last days.

Most of you no doubt have Christian parents to instruct you in the word of the Lord; but I was early deprived of this blessing which you enjoy. My father said little or nothing to his children on the subject of religion. My mother tried to live a Christian, but her stay with me was short; for when I was only nine years old, death the destroyer entered our dwelling, and laid its cold hand upon her. She now sleeps in the grave, but will not much longer; for Christ is soon coming, and will destroy him that hath the power of death. Then my mother who has lain so long mouldering back to dust, will arise, clothed with glorious immortality.

Dear children, I am trying to get ready to meet Jesus. I can say, "as for me and my

house, we will serve the Lord." We have four children that must be saved; and praise the Lord, three of them already feel the need of a Saviour. They pray that the Lord will forgive their sins and give them new hearts, and finally save them with their parents and all of the faithful. Two of them take the *Instructor*. With what joy they hail its monthly visits!

Children, strive to be meek and humble like our Saviour. We do not read of his getting angry or doing wrong when his enemies put the thorny crown upon his head, and gave him vinegar to drink, when he said, "I thirst." He then cried, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." O what a lovely Saviour! Let us get ready for his appearing, that we may live and reign with him forever.

CORNELIA AYERS.

Shühoh, N. J.

From Sarah E. Lindsley.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—I wish to tell you what the Lord has done for me, in bringing me to a knowledge of the truth.

I remember when I was only four years old, six years ago, of asking my mother to tell me about Jesus and heaven. At night I used to say this little verse,—

"O God, may thoughts of thee depart
At night the latest from my heart,
And in the morning first arise
To thee in grateful sacrifice."

I took much interest in religion till I went from home to live; then my interest died away. About two years ago I came home again. My mother was keeping the Sabbath. I then began in earnest to try to serve the Lord and keep his commandments. I feel to praise the Lord for the way he has led me. I mean to press my way on toward the kingdom.

Dear friends, let us "strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many will seek to enter in and shall not be able."

In hope of eternal life,

SARAH E. LINDSLEY.

New Haven, N. Y.

SELECTIONS.

DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A LITTLE child sat quietly upon its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story. The tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled sadness and joy. Sometimes they scarcely rose above a whisper, but the listening babe caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek as the story went on, increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a low sob broke the stillness, as its mother concluded. A moment and the

lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by the child inquired.

"Did I do me for me,

"Yes, my child, for you—for all."

"May I love him always, mamma, and dearly too?"

"Yes, my darling, it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."

"And he will love me, mamma, I know he will. He died for me. When may I see him in his other home!"

The Bible a Guide.

THE word of God, as a means of safety to the young, is the great infallible guide. "Where-with shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." This will be a "light to your feet and a lamp to your path." Here we have unfolded to us the character of God, and the duty of man; here we have laid open to us our own hearts, with so much accuracy that he who has made any advances in self-knowledge, must admit the portraiture to be faithfully drawn; here we have delineated, as on a map, the paths which lead to heaven and hell, and are shown in which of these paths we are traveling; are shown, indeed, what we are, what we have been, and shall be hereafter. Here we have a sure directory to guide us through all the mazes of this life, a sovereign arbiter to which we may repair when questions of duty arise. Here are the most glorious examples to animate young men; who resisted temptation, and won the crown of victory. Of Joseph, who, without a moment's hesitation, replied to the insidious tempter, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" Of Daniel, who, with a world in arms against him, prayed three times a day, with his face toward Jerusalem; and of a greater than all, who overcame the adversary by weapons drawn from the armory of heaven, "Get thee behind me, Satan; for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.—An Indian youth was once reading in the Testament to a missionary teacher; he came to the words, "love your enemies," and the poor untutored Indian paused for awhile in surprise; he then cast an inquiring look at his teacher, to know whether he had read the words aright. The missionary assured him that he was right; and while a smile played over his dark features, the youth exclaimed, "they are beautiful words—*beautiful words*."

The Saviour has taught us how to cultivate a love for our enemies. "Bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." And again it is written, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him

drink, for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Aye, such coals of fire as this will burn the enmity out of his heart, will melt the heart of the loving friend;

and who would not prize such a friend as Let us heed the instructions of the Wonderful Counsellor, and especially let us remember to pray often and fervently for them which despitefully use us and persecute us. We may learn a lesson from the heathen girl who had been injured by a playmate. A friend inquired if she repaid the injury. "O no!" she replied, "I left that with the Lord." Let us remember this, and pour the story of our injuries into the ears of Him who has declared, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

THE LAW OF GOD.

GREAT peace have they who love thy law,
And nothing shall offend;
They from the ceaseless fountain draw
Pure joys that never end.

Although the dragon's wrath is poured
On those who preach the end,
Yet ever will they trust their Lord,
On him for help depend.

He never turns his saints away,
When for his grace they plead;
The darkest night he turns to day,
And well supplies their need.

God's holy law, O may I love,
His precepts all obey,
That when he comes in clouds above,
To reign in endless day,

I may with all the blood-washed throng,
In Paradise restored,
For ever join in holy song,
To our triumphant Lord.

E. C. P.

A Hymn Book for Youth and Children is now being prepared, and will be ready for circulation in a few weeks. Those who have hymns, original or select, and would like to have them published in this collection, will please forward them very soon. The book will probably contain 84 or 100 pages—Price 10 or 12½ cents. Send your orders.

JAMES WHITE.

H. N. S.—The INSTRUCTOR has been regularly mailed to Sarah H. Stowell, as ordered. For the future two copies will be sent to Lewis B. Stowell.

Receipts.

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