

# The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 19.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH 1, 1871.

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

## COMMON SENSE.

[It has been said that common sense is the most uncommon of all sense; but we suppose the term must be understood to mean “good sense in common things.” This rare and valuable quality cannot be obtained from books, or bought for money. It must be the result of close observation and careful thought, while actually engaged in the duties of every-day life, bearing its burdens, meeting its trials, and sharing its responsibilities. The following lines are so suggestive, that, although the style is not exactly according to our taste, we give them, hoping they will teach a useful lesson. They are from the pen of B. Frank Russell, in *Wood's Household Magazine*.—G. H. BELL.]

“‘Tis plain to me,” said a farmer’s wife,  
“Those boys will make their mark in life;  
They never were made to handle a hoe,  
And at once to college ought to go.  
There’s Fred, he’s little better’n a fool,  
But John and Henry *must* go to school.”

“Well, really, wife,” quoth farmer Brown,  
As he set his mug of cider down,  
“Fred does more work in a day for me  
Than both his brothers do in three.

“Book larnin’ will never plant one’s corn,  
Nor hoe potatoes, sure’s you’re born,  
Nor mend a rod of broken fence;  
For my part, give me *common sense*.”

But his knowing wife was bound to rule,  
And John and Henry were sent to school.  
While Fred, of course, was left behind;  
For his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school, the students spent;  
Then into business each one went.  
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,  
And parted his hair, of course, in the middle;  
While his brother looked rather higher than he,  
And hung out a sign, “H. Brown, M. D.”

Meanwhile at home their brother Fred  
Had taken a notion into his head;  
But he quietly trimmed his apple trees,  
And weeded onions, and planted peas;  
While somehow, either by hook or crook,  
He managed to read full many a book,  
Until at last his father said  
He was getting “book larnin’” into his head;  
“But, for all that,” added farmer Brown,  
“He’s the smartest boy there is in town.”

The war broke out, and Captain Fred  
A hundred men to the battle led,  
And when the rebel flag came down,  
Went marching home as *General Brown*.  
But he went to work on the farm again,  
And planted corn, and sowed his grain;  
He shingled the barn, and mended the fence;  
And people declared “he had common sense.”

Now common sense was very rare,  
And the State House needed a portion there;  
So the “family dunce” moved into town,  
And people called him Governor Brown;  
And his brothers who went to the city school  
Came home to live with “mother’s fool.”

## Where Is Your Treasure?

DEAR YOUTH AND CHILDREN: Do you love the Saviour, who died that you might live? Are your affections set on him? or have the vain and passing things of the present evil world charms for you that you cannot give up for Jesus’ sake? It is well to try yourselves, and know where your deepest interest and strongest love are fixed.

Do not deceive yourselves, thinking that you can give your love to this world, engage in its sinful pleasures, and still be an heir of the world to come. You cannot serve two masters; you cannot choose both worlds. If you love this world best, here you will have your portion. If you will have a part in the world to come, it must be preferred to this world. Do you prefer it? Are you willing

to give all for it? or do you wish to delay, still serving your own sinful pleasures?

Sin is deceitful. It promises you pleasures; but it has none that is real to give. If you choose it, you will find that it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. You will find yourself the loser every time you turn from the path of right.

But if you choose the service of the Lord, you will find that his yoke is easy, and his burden light, and in the end, it will give you life everlasting. There will be pleasures that will be real and enduring. They will never end. Will you make the wise choice? Will you make it now? To-day is the time you have. Will you improve it? or will you let it pass in vain? Shall the harvest be past, and the summer ended, and you not saved? Now is the time to prevent such a calamity.

R. F. COTTBELL.

## Gleaners.

“GLEANERS in the world’s great bosom!  
Toilers! in the mine or mind,  
Dig away! The hidden jewel  
Ye shall yet most surely find.”

There are many gleaners scattered all over the land; gleaners for riches, fame, and honor. And living merely for these, forgetting to glean treasures of love and wisdom, their hearts grow hard and cold.

We are *all* gleaners. We ought to gather a rich harvest from the golden fields around us. Glean lessons of love and duty from all around you.

How should we glean? With hope that the harvest will repay us for all toil; with faith, with patience, with cheerfulness, glean-  
ing untringly.

Does it sometimes seem that all your efforts are useless because you cannot see the fruit? “Be not weary in well-doing.” “He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again bringing his sheaves with him.” It is a steady, continued work. This life is a continual warfare, and we cannot rest until Jesus comes, when we can lay our armor down at his feet, and receive a crown of life.

And may we all, at the close of life, be ready to answer the question, “Where hast thou gleaned to-day?” by pointing out to our Master the fields where we have labored, and showing our sheaves.

“Thus when hope, and faith, and patience,  
Glean the pastures God has sown,  
Softly angel-songs will welcome  
Us, the reapers, as his own.”

VIRGINIE MERRIAM.

Battle Creek, Mich.

## Love of God.

TO HAVE the love of God in the heart is very essential in trying to live the Christian life. It lightens our trials, and sweetens our sorrows. It helps us to perform unpleasant tasks which it may be our duty to fulfill. It prompts us to acts of benevolence. It makes us kind and obliging to all around us, helping us to look with love and pity on the failings of others, instead of enlarging on them, and making them appear worse than they really are.

Without this love in the heart, we shall never be able to enjoy that beautiful home Jesus says he has gone to prepare for all those that love him; never see that dear Saviour who

has done so much for us, who has suffered and died that we might live with him, and enjoy the company of the sinless angels, and all the good and noble who have lived in past ages.

This love, dear young friends, cannot dwell in the heart where pride, selfishness, and the love of the world, are. Then will we not strive earnestly to put away every sin, that in their place we may have a large share of the love of God to help us in getting ready for the soon coming of our Saviour?

M. SISLEY.

Battle Creek, Mich.

## Who Are Your Associates?

ALLEN WINFIELD lived next door to the school-house. So he used to work until a quarter before nine every morning, and then expeditiously changed his working garb for a neat school suit.

“I would’n’t be digging away so there every morning,” said Hugh Rogers, as he lounged over the garden fence about eight o’clock. “I am going over to school to have some fun.”

“The teacher does n’t like to have us come much before school time,” said Allen; “and I take more pleasure in seeing these things come on so well in the garden, than in a game of ball; though I like that well enough, too.”

“Well, you have a curious taste,” said the loungee, as he sauntered on to join a company of like-minded lads, who thought play the main business of life.

Mother was sure to call Allen the moment he desired.

“Do n’t be late, Allen,” she said, glancing at the clock, which said it was one minute of nine.

“Never fear, mother,” said the lad, fastening the last button of his jacket; “the teacher just passed. I will be there as soon as he.” And giving his mother a hasty good bye kiss, he bounded down the steps, and in another minute was in his seat at school.

Allen’s companions were quickly seen, let him be where he would. They were always the best boys and the best scholars in school, no matter whether they wore broadcloth\* or homespun. A noble-hearted mother had taught him from childhood that character, not clothes, was the standard by which to measure people. Nowhere more than at school is the old adage true about “birds of a feather.” At recess you would see Allen one of a knot of boys who were talking intelligently about lessons, or other matters of improvement, or joining heartily in bracing, manly sports.

Hugh, just as regularly, gravitated toward a very different circle. They were the tricky boys, those who always kept the teacher on the alert, nipping in the bud their plans of mischief, or correcting them for misdemeanors. They get little profit out of their excellent advantages for obtaining an education.

Now, cannot any one easily fancy the future history of these two boys? One, sinking lower and lower, led on by evil associates into rounds of dissipation, beginning at the drinking saloon; and the other, rising to a noble, prosperous manhood, to take the responsible position of honor in society.

“He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.” A young man’s whole future life depends largely upon the associates he chooses. — *Young People’s Helper*.

## The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MARCH 1, 1871.

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

### To Our Friends.

It is with trembling, and with feelings of unworthiness and incompetence, that we enter upon the responsibilities which have recently been laid upon us. Still, we feel a deep interest in, and ardent love for, the work. We ask for, and expect, the prayers and counsel of all those interested in the salvation of the young, and the prosperity of this sheet.

We cannot suppress the feelings of sadness which arise while arranging matter for the present number, on finding so few original articles from which to choose. We would inquire, What has become of our old contributors? Have you ceased to care for the lambs of the flock? Please hunt up your pens, friends, and see if they are not rusting, and report to us soon. And to the children we say, Continue to write. Send in questions and suggestions, if you choose, in regard to your lessons, or other Bible subjects. We may not be able to answer them all ourselves, but will see that they are promptly considered. Do not pattern after the style of others, but be original in all your writings.

To other friends who may wish to assist us by their contributions, we would say a word. The truths of the third angel's message are beautiful truths. They sparkle; they glisten. They are attractive to children, as well as to older people, if clothed in such language as to be easily understood by them. We do not wish to convey the idea that all articles should have a direct bearing on present truth. But it should be remembered that time is fast hastening to a close; and this little paper is the only medium through which very many of its readers receive information in regard to the precious truths which we cherish, respecting the close of probation and the coming of Christ.

A great responsibility rests upon those who would feed the flock of Christ. The intellect must be fed; but the heart must be touched, also. We wish the INSTRUCTOR to not only carry glad tidings and good cheer to its present readers; but we believe the truth it contains may burn its way to the hearts of the unbelieving and unconverted.

Do not plead your want of ability and lack of experience in writing. Every Christian who has access to the throne of grace, and daily communion with his Saviour, has many thoughts—rich and beautiful, no doubt—which should be expressed for the benefit of others. We think more of half a dozen lines from the pen of one whose heart is warm with the love of Jesus, than as many pages produced by the intellect alone, with no soul in it.

We would invite ministers, teachers, and others—all who are familiar with the Scriptures, and have experience in the things of God—to aid us in feeding the lambs. We ask, also, for any selections of choice miscellany which will have a tendency to elevate the

mind, and lead to noble actions. Let us hear from you, at any rate.

J. R. TREMBLEY.

### "Feed My Lambs."

A SHORT time after the resurrection of Christ, some of his disciples went fishing. While they were thus engaged, but without success, Jesus appeared on the shore, and told them where to cast their net. They did as he said, and it was filled with fishes. By this they knew that it was their Lord who had talked with them, and they immediately started for the land. But Peter, the impulsive Peter, could not await the motions of the boat, but cast himself into the sea, and swam ashore.

After they had prepared food, and eaten, Jesus entered into conversation with them, addressing himself particularly to Peter. He began by asking the question, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Peter replied, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Then said Jesus, "Feed my lambs." He had himself loved and cared for them during his ministry; but now he must leave them; and though he would still gently lead them by his Spirit, he would not have them neglected by his people on earth. So great was his tender care for the lambs of the fold, that he charged Peter, in view of his love for him, to administer to their needs. We are not to suppose that, because Peter is personally addressed, none of the other apostles had any duty to do in the matter; neither have we any reason to believe that they did not immediately commence to obey that command.

If the lambs of the fold required looking after and nourishing in those days, how much greater must be the need in these times of peril, when the enemy has come down in great wrath, knowing that his time is short, and when he goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Where are those who perseveringly ward off his attacks upon the tender lambs?

Many of the INSTRUCTOR family are children of lonely ones, and some probably have never seen the face of one of Christ's ministers who feed the flock of God, nor met with a Sabbath-keeping assembly. How many of such, do you think, as they read the reports of laborers in the *Review*, wish in their hearts that the preachers might have a few words for them through their own little paper? Must not these tender lambs have their "portion of meat in due season"? Come, fathers and mothers, are we not living in the time when "He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children"? Will you not let your interest manifest itself through the columns of our little paper? Come, children, press in with your offerings. We are always glad to hear from you when you are seeking for the Good Shepherd, and are listening to his voice. May he keep us all from straying.

E. R. FAIRFIELD.

HIDING THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.—A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In the course of his battles, Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist was desirous of

giving a correct likeness of the monarch, and at the same time desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, while his finger covered the scar.

The best men are not without their failings, their scars—but do not dwell upon them. In speaking of them to others, adopt the painter's expedient, and let the finger of love be placed on the scar.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### Letters from Little Folks.

BUCK'S BRIDGE, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1871.

DEAR EDITOR: I want to say a word about the INSTRUCTOR. I do really think it is the best child's paper I have ever read. I think I would sooner go without my breakfast every morning than do without it. I get some new idea from every lesson, while helping my two little girls look out the answers.

God bless the children. E. M. L.

Thank you, sister, for these words of good cheer. Hope we shall hear from you again.

OTTAWA Co., Mich.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am not a Christian, but would like to be one. I love to think of Jesus. I love God because he first loved me, and gave his Son to die that we might be saved from the wrath to come. The Bible tells us that "whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." I am living with my grandmother, and trying to obey her in keeping the commandments. I am a little girl eleven years old. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR. ANNA J. HILLIARD.

Cast yourself on Jesus, Anna, and make no reserve. We remember, when at your age, of wishing to be a Christian, but did not yield fully to the Lord. Have had occasion to regret this very many, many times. Follow Jesus; he will love and care for you.

WELLS, Minn., Feb. 11, 1871.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: For the first time, I attempt to write a few lines for our little paper. I am thirteen years old, and am trying to be a good boy. I am tempted to do wrong many times, like the rest of the INSTRUCTOR readers, but hope to overcome at last. I love our little paper, and wish it would come every week. I love to read the letters from the little children. RUSSELL C. KELSEY.

Russell says it is the first time he has written for the paper. Please do not let it be the last. And so we say to little Jody, who writes as follows:—

RICHMOND, Feb. 6, 1871.

DEAR EDITOR: This is the first time I have written for the INSTRUCTOR. I am seven years old. Am trying to be a good boy, and keep God's holy Sabbath. Will you pray for me, that I may meet you on Mount Zion? My mother and sisters are keeping the Sabbath. We like the INSTRUCTOR very much. JODY W. TEMPLE.

STATE CENTER, IOWA, Feb. 10, 1871.

DEAR EDITOR: I take the INSTRUCTOR, and like it very well. I learn the lessons, and recite them every Sabbath. I am twelve years old. Am trying to be a good boy, so that I can be saved. I want you to pray for me, that I may meet you on Mount Zion.

LAFAYETTE GABLE.

We will pray for you, Lafayette. May God

bless you in studying his holy word; and may you be so faithful here that you can at last stand on Zion's beautiful hill.

STANTON, Mich., Feb. 3, 1871.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am a little girl, seven years old. I am trying to keep the commandments of God with my parents. I love the INSTRUCTOR very much. I take three other papers; but I like the INSTRUCTOR best. I would like to hear from Uncle Harvey again. Pray for me, that I may meet you in the kingdom. Yours, hoping for eternal life,

JENNIE PHILO.

We are glad to hear from little Jennie again; and that she still likes her paper so well. Hope you will let others read it, and will see how many subscribers you can get.

MY MOTHER.

Oh! how gently o'er my pillow,  
With a kind and loving grace,  
In my chamber in the evening,  
Bent my mother's loving face,  
As she smoothed the tangled ringlets  
From my boyish brow, and said:  
"Learn of me this prayer, my darling;  
Say it when you go to bed.

And I looked with holy reverence  
On her face so much divine,  
Bending o'er me in the twilight—  
Bending down so close to mine.  
And her eyes—oh! language fails me  
For a truthful simile—  
Sad and tender, deep, expressive,  
Bent so lovingly on me.

"Now I lay me"—say it, darling—  
"Down to sleep," with ma repeat;  
And with faltering voice I whispered,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."  
And when all the prayer was finished,  
And a word I did not miss,  
Bending lower still, she whispered,  
"Good night, darling;" then a kiss.

Years have passed, and I am older,  
Still as fresh in memory  
Are the prayer and sweet commandment  
That my mother taught to me.  
In the crown of her rejoicing,  
I shall shine as one bright star,  
Which, by earnest, tearful labor,  
She has won, in Heaven to wear.  
—The Standard.

A Faithful Shepherd Boy.

GERHARDT was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, too, although he was very, very poor.

One day while he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods, and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy; "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter glanced at the crooked track, and said:

"My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companions, and missed my way. Leave your sheep, and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would n't be much to your master, and I'll give you more money than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me, while you go to the village and get some food and drink, and a

guide? I will take good care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice—and—" Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly cornered him. He said, "I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt now offered the humble contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after, and had him educated. In after years, Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man; but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

Honesty, truth, and fidelity, are precious jewels in the character of a child. When they spring from piety, they are pure diamonds, and make the possessor very beautiful, very happy, very honorable, and very useful. May you, my readers, wear them as Gerhardt did. Then a greater than a duke will befriend you, for the Great King will adopt you as his children, and you will become princes and princesses royal in the kingdom of God.—*Young Pilgrim.*

Sabbath-School Department.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON EIGHTY-TWO.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

1. Which one of his sons did Jacob love most? Gen. 37:3.
2. How did Joseph's brethren feel when they saw that their father loved Joseph more than he loved them? (Verse 4.)
3. To whom did Joseph tell his first dream? (Ver. 5, 6.)
4. Relate the dream. (Ver. 7.)
5. What did his brethren say after he had told them this dream? (Ver. 8.)
6. Will you relate his second dream? (Ver. 9.)
7. What did Jacob say when Joseph told him this dream? (Ver. 10.)
8. On what errand did Jacob send Joseph? (Ver. 12-14.)
9. Where did Joseph find his brethren? (Ver. 15-17.)
10. What did they do when they saw him coming? (Ver. 18.)
11. Why did they wish to slay him? (Ver. 4, 5, 8.)
12. Why did they hate him? (Ver. 4.)

LESSON EIGHTY-THREE.

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

1. What did Joseph's brethren say when they saw him coming? Gen. 37:19.
2. What did they propose to do with him? (Ver. 20.)
3. What did Reuben do? (Ver. 21.)
4. What did he persuade them to do with Joseph? (Ver. 22, 24.)
5. Why did he persuade them to cast him into a pit?
6. What did they see as they were sitting down to eat bread? (Ver. 25.)
7. What did they do with Joseph when the merchantmen came along? (Ver. 28.)
8. Who advised them to do this? (Ver. 26, 27.)

9. Was Reuben present when Joseph was sold?
10. What did he do when he returned and found that Joseph had been taken from the pit? (Ver. 29, 30.)
11. What did these wicked brethren do, to deceive their father? (Ver. 30, 32.)
12. What did Jacob say when they brought him the coat? (Ver. 33.)
13. How did Jacob know that this was Joseph's coat? (Ver. 3, 23.)
14. What did he say when his sons and his daughters rose up to comfort him? (Ver. 35.)
15. To whom did the Midianites sell Joseph? (Ver. 36.)

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON SEVENTY-NINE.

REVIEW.—THE MINISTRATION IN THE WORLDLY SANCTUARY.

1. Of what did the services in the worldly sanctuary consist?
2. Describe the daily, or continual, service.
3. What was he who had sinned required to do? Ans. To bring a sin-offering to the door of the tabernacle, to be offered in his behalf.
4. What was he required to do, after having laid his hand upon the head of the animal?
5. What did the priest do with the blood of the victim?
6. What was thus done in a figure? Ans. The sin of the transgressor was put upon the victim, and through the blood of that victim transferred to the sanctuary.
7. How often was the sanctuary cleansed from the sins of the people thus transferred to it?
8. On what day of the Jewish year was this work performed?
9. In what chapter of the Bible do we find a description of the services performed on this day?
10. How did the high priest make an atonement for himself and his household?
11. How did he make an atonement for the people?
12. How did he make an atonement for the altar of incense, to "cleanse it" from the sins of the people?
13. Describe the ceremony performed upon the scape-goat.

LESSON EIGHTY.

REVIEW.—THE MINISTRATION IN THE HEAVENLY SANCTUARY.

1. In which apartment of the sanctuary were the services performed throughout the year until the great day of atonement?
2. At what time only was the high priest allowed to enter the most holy place? Ans. Only on the occasion of the cleansing of the sanctuary on the great day of atonement.
3. Was this round of service repeated in the worldly sanctuary?
4. Will it be repeated in the heavenly? Heb. 9:11, 12, 24-28.
5. Then will our great High Priest when he has once entered the most holy place ever take up the ministration in the holy place again?
6. Of what, then, may we be assured when our Lord enters the most holy place? Ans. That the closing work of the heavenly sanctuary is being performed.
7. When did our great High Priest enter the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary? Ans. When the work of cleansing the sanctuary commenced.
8. When did that work commence? Ans. At the termination of the 2300 days.
9. When did that great prophetic period terminate?
10. Then how long has this final ministration in the heavenly sanctuary been going on?
11. How have the sins of the people of God been transferred to the heavenly sanctuary? Ans. Through the blood of Christ, their sin-offering; who bore their sins upon the cross, and now pleads the merits of that blood in their behalf.
12. Does the Bible positively declare that the heavenly sanctuary must be cleansed? Heb. 9:22, 23.

## The Youth's Instructor.

### NECTAR OF HUMANITY.

The honey bee that wanders all day long  
The field, the woodland, and the garden, o'er,  
To gather in his fragrant winter store,  
Humming in calm content his quiet song,  
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,  
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,  
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips  
The single drop of sweetness, closely pressed  
Within the poisoned chalice. Thus if we  
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet  
From all the varied human flowers we meet  
In the wide garden of Humanity,  
And like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,  
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there.

### Little Sins.

THE great misfortunes consequent upon Adam's fall, and the ruin following, have all come in consequence of what would be called by very many, a little sin.

All that our first parents did, was to eat a little fruit which God forbade them to eat. How many would say, This is a very little thing; surely, God will not notice it. But God did notice it; and to this day, the evil is felt by us all.

It cannot be a very great sin to keep Sunday and work on the seventh day, say many. But consider this: If it was a sin in the sight of God to eat the fruit he forbade them to eat, how much more sinful to work upon the day God has pronounced holy, and to keep a day he has not made holy.

It is not a little sin to disobey God. No act of disobedience, however small that act, can be a small sin. But sin becomes more sinful the oftener it is repeated in the face of light and knowledge. Such sins become willful, and if continued, they become, in time, incurable and unpardonable. Satan then triumphs.

Dear youth, break off now from all sin. Flee to Jesus, the source of all purity.

JOS. CLARKE.

### Paul's Victory.

PAUL MARVIN is a very passionate child. He is kind-hearted, intelligent, and interesting, and a bright scholar. He is gentleman-like in his manners; and he walks with a quick step and a decided air, that shows a boy of no common character. But with all these attractions, he is, as I said, a passionate child; and for this reason, he has not as many friends as he otherwise would have.

One day Paul became angry with his teacher, and spoke rudely to her. She took him up stairs and put him on a bed, and left him to his reflections. It was not long before he said to a lady in the room, "I will do that sum now."

"Miss Thompson did not say you could go down when you were ready to do the sum," the lady replied. She laid down her work, and went to the bed-side, and talked kindly and affectionately with the child. She saw that he was penitent, and asked him if he was sorry he had been rude to Miss Thompson. "Yes," he replied, with a low voice, at the same time nodding his head, as if to make that compensate for his half whisper.

"Are you willing to tell her so?"

"Yes."

"Are you willing to tell her so before the school?"

"I do n't like to do that."

"But your sin was committed before the whole school; you not only did wrong, but you were very ungentlemanly. It requires a brave spirit to be willing to confess that you have done wrong and to apologize for it. I

know it is hard to do it. The Bible tells us that 'he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.' I want you to be a brave boy and gain a great victory."

"I do n't like to do it, because Ellen will laugh if I do. She always laughs when I go down."

"But you must not mind her laughing. I know it is not pleasant, but the victory will be greater. Do you think you can do it?"

"Yes," he replied, and the lady kissed him and told him she thought Miss Thompson would be willing he should go down.

Paul said in a clear voice before the school, "I am sorry I was rude to you, Miss Thompson." And he was permitted to take his accustomed seat, and go on with his lessons.

I am sure Paul, by his apology, rose in the estimation of his teacher; and I know she loves him much; and I am equally sure that he rose in the estimation of the children, and what is of still more consequence, he acted rightly, and did what was pleasing in the eyes of his Heavenly Father. It was a great victory. I suppose Paul will have many such battles to fight; for he is naturally hasty; but I trust he will so often conquer that his temper will be brought into obedience to his reason; and I hope that other children will be equally successful in their attempts to do right. —Anna Hope.

### Wise Instruction.

SAYS David: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." Ps. 34: 11. What will be the result of hearkening to his instruction? It will add strength to our days. Hear him again: "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?" Verse 12. "Keep thy tongue from evil." Tell no wrong stories. Speak the truth. "Depart from evil, and do good." Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good. Give him the entire heart, and then it will be pleasant to keep his commandments. Delight thyself in the law of the Lord. Be kind unto all the creatures God hath created, especially to all thy fellows. Remember the example of the Saviour.

This earth will be made new and lovely as when it first came from the hand of its Maker. The overcomers shall inherit it. Oh! blessed thought! that you and I, dear children, may, if we will, take hold of this good way, and walk in it, and may, in a little while, see the beautiful city, and walk its golden streets. We may behold our Redeemer, whose precious blood was shed for us. I do want to be fitting up for that glorious place. The Saviour bids us follow him, and soon he will come again to take to himself all his children. He wants all the lambs of the flock. He will care for all.

F. C. CASTLE.

### The Distrustful Bird.

A BRIGHT little canary bird, a very sweet singer, had often cheered and brightened my room during a long illness; and sometimes its sweet, rich notes soothed and diverted me when my nerves, shattered by an illness of years, would not permit me to enjoy the companionship even of the tenderly-loved ones, who, by every means in their power, sought to alleviate the suffering and brighten the tedium of my sick-room.

As my strength returned, I lavished upon my little feathered companion all the attentions he was capable of appreciating; and he had become very tame, and seemed to recognize me when I approached his cage.

One day, when I offered him from my finger some delicacy, instead of taking it with his usual confidence in me, he appeared frightened, and fluttered about his cage. Surprised

and disappointed, I exclaimed, "My little bird, can you not trust me?" as the thought of my long-continued kindness to it recurred to me.

A dear young sister, in my room at the moment, said to me: "O sister, do not be impatient with the little bird. If you feel so sorry because it does not *always* trust you, and now seems to have forgotten you, how grieved our Heavenly Father must be that we so continually forget him, so constantly do not trust him!"—Pastoral Visitor.

### Wings By-and-by.

"WALTER," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor, helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face; but after hesitating a moment, he said:

"My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor, and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard. "What a life to lead! What has he in the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile that went to her heart: "I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will. Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by-and-by "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

Walter's hope of Heaven made him happy, as it will make any one happy who possesses it.

A PROMPT acknowledgment of a fault is the first step toward getting rid of it.

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