

# The Youth's Instructor.

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

## THE GOLDEN GATE.

Would the little children know  
Where the peaceful waters flow,  
Where the sweetest flowers grow  
Along the path of life?  
Where the meadows are more green,  
Where the brightest birds are seen,  
Where the skies are all serene,  
And where there is no strife?

Yonder is the "golden gate,"  
All around the angels wait,  
There the narrow path is straight;  
Dear children, enter in.  
Here the Shepherd feeds his sheep,  
Here the lambs securely sleep,  
Here's a fountain pure and deep,  
To wash away our sin.

Near there is a broader way,  
Where the thoughtless and the gay  
Throw their priceless souls away,  
Forgetful of their God.  
There the gate is open wide,  
And the tempter stands beside,  
Luring on the thoughtless tide,  
Adown the dreadful road.

Children, turn not to the right,  
Nor the left; but in the light  
Of the gospel pure and bright,  
Seek to be forgiven.  
Enter through the "golden gate,"  
Where the angels gently wait,  
Where the narrow path is straight,  
Leading up to Heaven.

—Baltimore Methodist.

## Resurrection.

My little sister captured a large, brown worm early in the fall, and put him in a cage, feeding him for some time with fresh leaves from the grape-vine on which she found him. For a while he seemed to thrive in his confinement; but afterward he grew discontented in his close quarters, and sought to escape, refusing to eat the dainty fare provided for him. Soon when we looked at him, his brown body appeared faded, and the white spots that showed so plainly on his sides were almost gone. Now he is wound up in a soft white ball, fastened to the twigs on the bottom of his cage. Shake him about, and there is no motion or life.

Why do we keep him? Why don't we throw him away? Listen a moment and I will tell you why. Very soon, now that the spring brings life to everything else, our poor worm, lying shriveled and bound up on the bottom of his cage will awaken. What! and be a live worm again? Oh! no, dear little friend, not an ugly, brown worm, crawling about, and eating grape leaves, but a bright, beautiful butterfly, flitting about the garden, instead of hanging all day on a leaf or crawling about a cage as he has done all his life.

Do you know what it has made me think of, dear children, as I have passed near our worm in my work this afternoon? Have any of you ever seen a little child, one of Christ's lambs, your own little brother or sister, perhaps, taken away from life, its active limbs shrunken and cold, the eyelids drooping over the bright eyes that used to sparkle so when they saw you coming, the cheeks that used to be red like peaches, all white, thin, and cold? You would hardly have known him if father had not lifted you up beside the small coffin, and said, "Look at little brother once more before he is carried away." Perhaps you hid

your face on father's shoulder, feeling frightened; and if you awakened in the night, you may have thought of the little white face, and cried softly to yourself in the dark. But, dear little one, do you remember what I said about the worm's being dead and shriveled in his cage? He will wake sometime a beautiful butterfly; and if God does not forget to wake this ugly worm, do you suppose he will forget to wake the little form in the coffin that we were talking about? Sometime, and not very long first, Jesus will come, and your little brother, or sister, or playmate, that you have seen laid away in the ground, will wake again out of sleep, and if they were God's little ones while alive, with you will roam about among the sweet flowers under the beautiful trees in the new earth. Their eyes will never grow dim there, their faces never pale with sickness, no sorrows chill their little hearts; and, best of all, Jesus, our dear Jesus, who died the cruel death on the cross that we might enjoy all this, will be there. Will we all be there, little friends? Are we all trying to be God's dear children here? Have we made the blessed Jesus our friend, and are we asking ourselves every day, as we go about our work or our play, Does Jesus want me to do this? or will he be grieved at that? Do we ask him every day and every hour in the day for help to do right? If we do, he will surely help us; and if we are lying asleep in Jesus when he comes to call his people, we shall rise with them, to be with him. But if we do not remember him, if we do not try to do as he bids us, or are ashamed to have others know we are trying to be God's children, and keep his commandments, he will let us sleep on till he calls the wicked dead from their graves to receive their dreadful punishment. O children, let us remember this.

ESTHER H. WHITNEY.

Malone, N. Y.

## Nearing the Other Shore.

WHEN, after the weary voyage that I first made across the ocean, sick and loathsome, I arose one morning and went upon the deck, holding on, crawling, thinking I was but a worm, I smelt in the air some strange smell, and I said to the captain, "What is that odor?" "It is the land-breeze from off Ireland." I smelt the turf, I smelt the grass, I smelt the leaves, and all my sickness departed from me; my eyes grew bright, my nausea was gone. The thought of the nearness of the land came to me. And when, afar off, I saw the dim line of land, joy came and gave me health, and from that moment, I had neither sickness nor trouble; I was coming nearer to the land. Oh! is there not for you, dear reader, a land-breeze blowing from off Heaven, wafting to you some of its sweetness? Behold, the garden of the Lord is not far away. I know from the air. Behold, the joy of home! Do I not hear the children shout? The air is full of music to our silent thought. Oh! how full of music when our journey is almost done, and we stand upon the bound and precinct of that blessed land! Hold on to your faith. Believe more firmly. Take hold by prayer and by faith. Away with trouble and buffetings. Be happy; you are saved. In a few hours the vision of God and all the realities of the eternal world shall be yours, and you shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.—*The Standard.*

## Do You Know Jesus?

A FEW weeks since, a mother with her little girl was viewing some pictures hanging in the parlor of a friend with whom they were staying. They were all new and therefore strange to the child. After viewing them all, she stepped before one, and said, "Mamma, here is somebody we know."

It was a picture of the Saviour blessing little children. It was one she had never seen before; but from the countenance of the person in the picture, she knew it represented the Saviour. The remark made a deep impression upon that mother's mind, and often earnest prayers go heavenward that her little girl may early know her Saviour.

But some little boy or girl asks how we may learn about Jesus. I will tell you some of the ways children may know about him. Did you have a kind father away from you, how you would love to hear from him. How mother would relate every little incident, and every letter would be hailed with joy. Just so may children learn about Jesus.

About one year since, this same child heard, for the first time, the story of "Little Will," published at the Review Office. She became so interested in it that she wanted to hear it every day; and in a few weeks could repeat it all herself. No part of it affected her more than that which told of Jesus.

Then there is the story of the lost lamb. No child can hear it without being deeply touched, and it will bear repeating again and again.

Then there are Bible histories made simple for children about creation, Adam and Eve, Joseph and his brethren, Samuel, David, Solomon, and others, that may either serve to warn or instruct children.

But the story of Jesus, how he was once a little child like you, only that he never was disobedient, impatient, or selfish; but was always gentle and good, and therefore knows how to help you to be the same, is sweeter than all others.

Jesus!

"There is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in Heaven."

Dear children, he is all that a kind friend can be. He does not spurn you from him because you have been, and are, sinful; but he longs to make you like himself. Should you try all the time to be good without him, you could not succeed; but come to him just as you are, not reserving anything, and then how easy it will be to do right. Come within the fold, and follow his call, and no one can pluck you out of his hand. How many dear children, ere another year rolls around, will be able to tell of a Saviour's pardoning love?

M. D. AMADON.

ONE drop of ink will blacken a whole glassful of pure water. So will one evil communication make the whole heart foul. Oh, beware of those evil words! You might drop many, many drops of pure water into the inky tumbler, but it would have no perceptible influence. So it will take thousands of good precepts and good instructions to root out this evil word.

BETTER please one good man than a crowd of bad ones.



## The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MAY 1, 1871.

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

### May.

THE children's favorite month begins to-day. May is called the poets' pet month because it brings the warm sunshine, blue sky, gay flowers, green foliage, merry birds, and a train of happy thoughts and pleasant experiences. Children, especially in the country, like this month because the summer school commences, and after the long vacation, they have not only the pleasure of mingling with their former schoolmates; and enjoying grand times at play, but they have an opportunity to store the mind with useful knowledge. As the world around seems to begin life anew, so the children may set out with renewed determinations to study, learn, and be what God designed them to be—useful.

It is time when the "year is young" for the farmer to plow the soil, sow grain, plant seeds, and prepare for the harvest. So in the years of childhood is the time to plant in the heart the seeds of righteousness. As the farmer first prepares the ground by plowing and spading it up before inserting the seeds, so must the heart be softened and subdued by grace to prepare for the seeds of virtue to flourish.

The farmer does not leave his broad fields to care for themselves after he has planted them with seeds; but he still has to work, to destroy the weeds that will always spring up. So the heart must be cared for, that the noxious weeds, pride, selfishness, envy, and kindred evils, do not spring up and choke the good seed.

Is it not a good time for the children to attend to this work during the pleasant month of May?

### "Give."

THE following excellent article we clip from the *American Sunday-School Worker* for April, 1871:—

Did a sunbeam just thrill your being with its golden pulse of life, awakening your heart out of its dull apathy? Give it away in bright smiles and kindly deeds of charity. Did a bird-song float down to you through the branches of the elm tree, flooding your soul with music? Give it to your neighbor in joyous words, and beautiful acts of friendship. Has any great joy—any rich blessing—dawned upon you? Let the world know it; let it be better by your gladness. Have you temporal wealth? Make the poor and wretched comfortable and happy. Have you mental or moral wealth? Give them to the world. Bear it up from its poverty and pain; lift the great soul of humanity out of its weariness and oppression, to the free, refreshing atmosphere of a higher existence. Did the Father bestow a talent upon you? Give it away; enrich others with it. Hide not the talent thou hast, but use it faithfully, and others shall be added unto thee.

How has the world grown in the past, and how shall we increase its grandeur and enlarge its resources, but by giving? Long years ago, one cherished, by day and night, a

patient hope. A bright dream haunted his existence. Amid struggles and obstacles, he gave it to the world—and, lo! our own glorious America arose on the horizon, and out of it grew the grandest nation the sun ever brightened. Another thought takes shape, and distance is annihilated. Our broad land is girt about with iron bands, and the ocean has become a river for passage. Out in the sunshine, under an apple tree, a grand principle dawns into being, which, bestowed upon the world, becomes a royal legacy for future ages. The stars give up the secret of their march, and we hold the key to sublimest mysteries.

So men, in the past, have added to the world's treasures, and we, who live in the present, are the heirs. God was the first giver. Out of his boundless plenty, he sifts upon us the kindly rain and dew. Every throb of his great heart pours upon us glories of sunshine and beauty. What, then, will we give? Have we a beautiful thought? Give it away, and in its path countless others shall spring. Have we a gift of song? Let us set the world to music—quieting its jarring discords into sweetest harmony. Let us lift the poor and the sorrowing away from their stragglings, their weariness, and hopelessness, into the region of hope, and peace, and love.

If you have none of these gifts, do not despair. There are humbler ways of giving. Plant a tree in your door-yard, that in after years it may shade the stranger in your homestead. Hang your sweet-voiced canary in the side porch, that its joyous song may gladden the heart of the little sick boy across the way, or the seamstress in yonder garret. Cultivate flowers in your garden that they may delight the eye of others, and their fragrance may rejoice other hearts than your own. Open your window blinds at night, that the warm glow of your fireside may cheer the pathway of the wanderer, and suggest, perchance, to the poor prodigal, his own happy home far away.

Give, then, in some way, and give freely. Remember that your life mission is, to be a giver. Hoard not thy wealth, O steward! hoard not the sunshine, the beauty, the joy of your life, from others. Hide nothing—but give yourself away in holiest consecration to God and in loving ministries to his creatures. Then shall ye reap a blessed, golden harvest shall grow broader, grander, and better—more from the precious seed sown, and your souls worthy of that priceless inheritance—that richest of all blessings—to live!

### The Children May Come.

DEAR CHILDREN: Is not the name of Jesus precious to you? Can you resist the gentle tones of his voice as he earnestly entreats you to come to him and partake of the waters of life, and live forever in the peaceful kingdom promised to the faithful? Were there ever words of such passing sweetness uttered as those from his own lips when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven?" Why does the Saviour invite you to come to him? It is that he may save you from this wicked world, and that you may escape the second death, which will overtake all who are out of Christ and in the enemy's ranks. Do not hesitate for a moment to give him your whole heart. He hears the prayers of his children, and loves them. When on earth, he took them in his arms, and blessed them. He loves them as much now as then.

He stands before the mercy-seat in Heaven, pleading the merits of his precious blood in our behalf. Resolve at once to live for Jesus, let others say and do as they may, and your peace will be as a river. The gentle hand of God will lead you as is illustrated by the

sweet psalm of David: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

VIOLETTA C. KERR.

Monroe, Wis.

### What Do I Love to Read?

DEAR CHILDREN: This is a question that I wish you all to ask yourselves seriously for it is by reading that we attain a great deal of the knowledge we possess. How important it is, then, that our reading be that which shall teach us right things, and which shall lead us in the right way if we follow its teachings.

Now we do not all love the same things, neither do we all love to read the same books. Some of us choose to read the history of different nations and people. Some prefer to read of the lives of great men; while others love to read of the workings of nature in its many ways. But some of you who read this, perhaps are not old enough to enjoy either of the kinds of reading of which I have spoken. You may perhaps love better to read stories of good little boys and girls. (I say good little boys and girls, for I suppose none of you enjoy reading of bad ones.) You love to read about those who are good and kind to their parents, and to their brothers and sisters.

Now, dear children, all this is good and profitable; but where do you find the reading that suits you best? Do you find it in the books that you get at Sabbath-school? Do you find it in the books that your father brings you from the bookstore? I presume some of you do. But I wish to tell you of a book in which you will find reading suited to the tastes of all of you who wish to be good and do right; reading that is both interesting and instructive. You all know, I suppose, what book I refer to. Yes, it is the book of books! the Bible.

Do you love to read history? There you find it. Do you love to read of great men? Where will you find books containing the lives of greater and more noble men than Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, Solomon, and Daniel? Do you love to read of the wonderful things of nature? Take the Bible, study it, and see if you do not find something concerning nature's works? And not only that, but you can read of the God of nature; the God who created you and me, and all that is beautiful and lovely. To the little ones I would say, If you would like to read an interesting story of a good little child, read the story of Joseph or Samuel.

But now, dear children, if you read this book aright, and read it with a desire to learn to be good children, and to do right, you will obtain that which is better, far better, than the simple enjoyment of reading these things. You will obtain a knowledge of eternal life—a knowledge that, if lived up to, will not only give joy and peace here, but eternal life and happiness hereafter.

O dear children, learn to love the Bible. Do not feel that the daily reading of the holy Bible is a task. Learn to study it and live out its teachings, and by it you will be made better and more happy, and at last have a part with the righteous in the earth made new. Yes, dear children who read the INSTRUCTOR, a home in the New Earth is worth striving for. Who of us will be there? My prayer is, that I may, by giving heed to the precious truths found in God's word, meet all the faithful of the INSTRUCTOR family in the New Earth.

E. W. WHITNEY.

Battle Creek, Mich.

If you want to be rich, give; if you want to be happy, deny yourself for others.



## SPRING SONG.

WELCOME, bright and sunny spring!  
Oh, what joy and light you bring!  
Meadows green and pretty flowers,  
Pleasant walks and happy hours.

First the pretty snowdrop see  
Drop her bell so tenderly;  
Then the crocus, golden bright,  
Lifts its head into the light.

Ah! the daisies now have come,  
Springing on the grassy lawn;  
And the buttercup of gold  
Its bright beauty doth unfold.

Hark! the little birds they sing,  
"Welcome, bright and sunny spring!"  
And the little children's feet  
Patter down the village street.

Into woods and meadows fair—  
Primroses and violets there—  
Some to pick, and some to sing,  
"Welcome, happy, joyous spring!"

## Sabbath Musings.

ANOTHER week with its round of busy care has closed. Another week's record for eternity has been made. What has been the past week's record borne by angels to the courts of Heaven? It is well here to pause and think; for we must meet this record in the day of Judgment. Have each day's duties been fully met and faithfully discharged? Have we resisted evil, and overcome temptation? Have we patiently endured afflictions? Have we cheerfully borne the trials and crosses incident to this mortal life? Has our conversation been holy? Have we spoken words of love and kind cheer to all with whom we associated? In short, have we striven to exemplify in our words and conduct all those Christian graces which so beautifully adorn the Christian character, and make up the sum total of Christian perfection? If so, with what joy we can hail the holy Sabbath, and enter with delight upon its holy rest and sacred duties, feeling that we are truly one week nearer the haven of eternal rest. The peace of God fills our hearts, and we have the sweet assurance of his love and favor.

If, on the other hand, we have been recreant to duty, murmured at trials, shunned the cross, been impatient, fretful, unthankful, spoken harsh, unkind words, thus giving the lie to our profession, with what anguish of spirit will we reflect upon the record we have made. What a barrier shall we have placed between us and the city of our God—no assurance of God's love; no token of his favor; no smile of approbation; no inward peace—nothing but anguish of spirit and death of soul.

Dear young friends, let us strive to live day by day in harmony with the will of Heaven, that we may feel in our hearts the sweet assurance of God's approbation, and look forward with joyous anticipation to the time when Jesus will come to make up his jewels, when all those who are clad in the robes of righteousness will enter with him through the pearly gates of the heavenly city, there to enjoy unending pleasures forevermore.

The days of our probation will soon end. The sweet voice of mercy will soon cease to plead. Then all who are unprepared will receive the unmingled wrath of God. Oh! let us diligently improve the precious moments as they pass in getting ready to meet our Lord in peace.

MARY E. GULFORD.

Castalia, Ohio.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Did you ever think, short though it is, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! And like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us—every one of us—to look to God as our parent—"Our Father."

It teaches us to raise our thoughts and de-

sires above the earth—"Who art in Heaven." It breathes the saint's reward—"Thy kingdom come."

And a submissive and obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

And a dependent, trusting spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

And a cautious spirit—"Deliver us from evil."

And last of all an adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

## Even a Child Can Understand the Scriptures.

Not long since, while I was visiting an old acquaintance, a little girl remarked, after searching the Bible, and reading about the Sabbath, "The seventh day is the Sabbath."

The circumstance was this: Her father, at the close of the day's labor, on coming into the house, took a seat beside me, and entered into conversation upon the Sabbath question. After expressing his opinion, he stated that he knew we were now commanded to keep the first day of the week.

I requested him to show me the command in the Bible. This he was not inclined to do. I told him if he could, I would give up the seventh day and keep the first. He refused to on the ground that he was fearful of turning my mind; and if I believed it, he did not wish to do so. I replied that he need have no fears; for if the Scriptures contained such a command, I wished to know it; as it would be of no avail to be observing a day contrary to God's word. But still he declined.

His little girl overhearing us, said, "Yes, pa, do show her; I will get the Bible, if you will." He replied, "No, Jennie; no." "But, pa, Hannah wants to know if Sunday is the right day to keep, and if she is right, we ought to know it."

She then gave the Bible to her father, and insisted on his finding the place. My friend took it much against his will. After a long silence, he said he did not know where to find it. I handed him a tract containing references on every passage of the Scripture in regard to the first day.

Jennie, perceiving that he did not care for it, asked to take it, and immediately went to work studying out the references. She soon found the right one, and on reading it, looked up, and exclaimed, "There, pa, I have found it, and Hannah is right."

She began to read it aloud: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. *But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.*" This part was read slowly and distinctly. She remarked on reading it, "Now, pa, you will have to give up; the seventh day is the right day; for the Bible says so."

Her father replied that that was the old Jewish Sabbath which was done away with; that we were now living under the gospel dispensation and required to keep the first day.

His long-looked-for passage proved to be in the 4th of Hebrews, which is no command for keeping the first day. Jennie insisted that the seventh day was the proper day to observe, according to the Scriptures.

Thus we see that the Scriptures are so plain that even a child can understand them.

H. E. SAWYER.

Battle Creek, Mich.

THE government of the will is better even than the increase of knowledge.

GRATITUDE is the least of virtues, but ingratitude is the worst of vices.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## For the Little Ones.

I WONDER how many there are of the little folks who like this part of the paper best. I think there is quite a number who always ask the one who reads to them to turn to this "Corner" and read it first. Now, if you will make room, I will take a seat with you, and tell you something about my rose-bush; for I am sure you all love flowers, and love to hear about them.

A little boy hearing me say that I wished to have a monthly rose-bush, brought me a tiny slip. It was so late in the fall that some told me it would be useless to do anything with it; for it certainly could not live through the cold winter. But I kept it in a warm place, and gave it plenty of soft water. Instead of dying, as we feared it might, it grew nicely all winter.

When the snow was on the ground, and the wind was howling out-doors, still the little green leaves kept unfolding, one after another, till it appeared quite like a bush. As the sun rose higher in the sky, and the days grew warmer, some little buds appeared. One of them, the largest, I have been watching closely until this morning it has blossomed into a bright red rose. I placed it in the open window to get the fresh air and sunshine. It had been there but a few moments when a pretty little brown bird came and perched himself on the grape-vine close by, and sung me as sweet a bird song as I ever heard. He looked toward the window, and seemed to say, in his way, "I thank you, Miss Jennie, for giving me the first sight of your beautiful rose." And it may be he would gladly have built his nest in its branches if he could get a chance; but he did not say so.

I do not write this merely to tell you about my rose, but to speak also of the thoughts it has suggested to my mind. I think by watching the progress of this little bush, I have been drawn nearer to the Lord. I behold his great wisdom in painting the stem brown, the leaves green, and the flower red. The stem and leaves have no fragrance; but when the rich blossom opened, a sweet odor was sent out from it. Even now while I am writing, three more buds have unfolded their rich leaves to the light.

There are many children who are poor, and perhaps not very attractive to the gay and fashionable world around them. They are neglected by many who think they will never amount to anything. But if they give their hearts to the Lord, they will be beautiful in his sight. He can make love and all the Christian graces grow in their hearts. They can each day be growing up into Christ, and forming characters for Heaven, just as the little bush became larger and prettier. And when Christ comes, as the rose-buds that burst into beautiful blossoms by exposure to the rays of the warm sun, so will these children be made immortal, and become jewels in the kingdom of God. And what the Lord calls *jewels* must be very beautiful indeed.

Children, do you love flowers? Get some



that you can call your own, water them and care for them, and you will be surprised to see how wonderfully the Lord can make them grow.—Ed.

#### FANNY'S GARDEN.

"I love the roses fragrant;  
For they are fair and sweet;  
I love the modest daisy  
That blossoms at my feet;  
I love the stately lily,  
It is so pure and white;  
I love the purple pansy,  
So innocent and bright."

Thus Fanny said, and planted  
These flowers in the spring;  
It was the time for gardens  
When birds were on the wing.  
But, ah! how long she waited  
Before the blossoms grew,  
They needed so much sunshine,  
And rain, and air, and dew!

Her mother saw her watching,  
And said to her one day:  
"No wonder you are weary  
With such a long delay.  
I, too, have a fair garden  
Where I must work and wait;  
I sometimes fear the blossoms  
Will come for me too late."

"I planted truth and virtue,  
And faith, and hope, and love;  
I taught the little tendrils  
The way to climb above.  
They are so slow in growing,  
It makes the tear-drops start;  
That garden fair, my darling,  
Is little Fanny's heart!"

—The Bright Side.

#### Does God Care for Birds?

WHAT do you say to this question, children? Boys are apt to think it fine sport to rob birds' nests, and to kill the old birds, and the young ones, too, if they can. But is this innocent amusement?

God made the birds. Was it that we should kill them? Please turn to Deut. 22: 6, 7, and you will read the directions which God has given about birds, their nests, their eggs, and their young. This shows that God cares for even the little birds. Jesus says that God notices every little bird that falls to the ground. Matt. 10: 29. Let us think of this when we are tempted to kill and torment them.

We should not indulge in fun that brings pain and suffering upon something else. This is cruel, and displeasing to God. We should show love and tenderness for all things which God has made. If we practice cruelty to the little birds and insects around us, we become hard-hearted, and when grown up, will be cruel to our fellow-men and in our own families; then God cannot take us to Heaven. Think of these things.

D. M. CANRIGHT.

#### Letters from Little Folks.

CARLSTON, Minn.

DEAR FRIENDS: I love to read our little paper ever so much, and wish it would come every week. I love to read the letters in the "Children's Corner," and feel glad that the children have not stopped writing for the INSTRUCTOR. I have taken the paper three years. My parents keep the Sabbath, and they have taught me to honor that day. I have commenced to read the Bible through.

LOIS A. PIERCE.

COOPERSVILLE, Mich.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I am a little boy eight years of age. This is the first time I have written for the INSTRUCTOR. I take this paper, and love to read it. I go to Sabbath-school, and learn a lesson every Sabbath from the paper. I will send you the money that I have saved to pay for it.

ROBERT D. SAWYER.

Those who pay their own money for the paper usually prize it most.

RETREAT, Wis.

DEAR FRIENDS: As I read the letters of the children in the INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write for the first time and tell you that I love the INSTRUCTOR, and am trying to be a good girl. I am nine years old, and have been trying with my parents to keep all the commandments for four years. Pray for me, that I may be faithful and have a home in the earth made new.

LOLA CLARK.

DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: For the first time, I will try to write a few lines for this good little paper; for I do think it is the best child's paper I have ever read; not only for children, but parents also. Let us try to have it visit more homes. I think we can do it. Let each one get a new subscriber, and if we cannot find one, let us think of some one that would be glad to read it, and then send for it, and as many more as we can. Let us try this. My prayer is that God will help to spread the truth and bless all the dear children that read the INSTRUCTOR.

MARTHA E. HAMILTON.

OCOYA, Ill.

DEAR MISS TREMBLEY: This is the first letter I have written for the INSTRUCTOR. I feel as though I was writing to my teacher. I am seven and a half years old. I get the INSTRUCTOR, and can read it. I love it, and think it is the best paper in the world. I will try and get some subscribers. I think I can. I hope they will then keep the Sabbath too. I am studying the Bible Lessons, and trying to be a good boy. We have kept the Sabbath about sixteen months. We go five miles to meeting. We will have Sabbath-school in the summer. Please pray for me, that I may be ready when Jesus comes.

ELMOR T. HAMILTON.

I am glad you feel so much at home in writing. I will try to be a faithful teacher.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am striving to serve our Lord and Master and get ready for his coming. I love our little paper very much. I love to read its beautiful pages that tell of that better land. Are we all striving for a home there? Let us go to work in earnest to get rid of all our sins and prepare for the coming of our dear Lord.

H. A. CASTLE.

LAPEER, Mich.

YOUNG FRIENDS: This is the first time I have written for our little paper. I am trying to be good, so I may be saved. I cannot go to Sabbath-school, but am trying to do the best I know how. I am fourteen years old. I hope you will pray for me, that I may stand with you on Mount Zion.

ALICE O. DEMILLE.

WM. McCALLUM writes us from Douglas, Mich. Says he is a Sabbath-keeper, and takes the INSTRUCTOR. He likes it much, especially the letter department. He sends answers to questions in No. 6; but they came too late for the paper they were designed for. His answers were excellent; for he quoted many passages of Scripture in proof. Write again, William.

NORTH PARMA, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: I am only ten years old. I cannot write very good, but I can read the INSTRUCTOR, and like it ever so much. I keep the Sabbath with my grandma. I read in the Bible about the beautiful city, and want to live there with all the little folks that write for the INSTRUCTOR. Will you pray for me?

MARY L. TENNY.

NORTH PARMA, N. Y.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: Permit me as a friend to speak to you through your nice little paper, the INSTRUCTOR. I think it rightly named, it comes to us every time filled with good things well calculated to instruct the young, and although I am older than many of its readers I love the little paper, and especially I love to read the letters from the little folks.

M. F. DIBBLE.

Several letters are left over.

BE KIND IN LITTLE THINGS.—The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the play-ground, and in the school-room, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness—to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others—to go a little around rather than come against another—to take an ill word or a cross look rather than resent or return it—these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and pleasant, smiling sunshine secured, even in the humble home among very poor people, as in families in higher stations. Much that we term the miseries of life would be avoided by adopting this rule of conduct.

#### Good Manners.

EVERY household should cultivate good manners. They are indispensable, even to the young. A churlish, rude deportment bespeaks a low, unfeeling mind. No position, wealth, or education, can make amends for it. Good manners are attractive and winning, and should be carefully observed in every family circle. Parents should never indulge themselves in careless manners or coarse language, much less their children or domestics. The feelings of those of inferior stations should be regarded as well as those of the highest.

A TWELVE-YEAR old Swedish girl, who, after a fortnight's trial, left a house in Maine in which she was employed as a domestic, said she liked the place and the people, but she dared not live with folks who never prayed.

#### Money Received.

*Each 25 Cents.* Dwight McDonald 18-21, Lizzie Lawrence 19-21, M C Hodges 19-21, J W Dorcas 19-20, A B Hammond 19-12, Howard Osborne 18-19, Genna Smith 19-12, Annie H Hale 19-12, J S Van Deusen 19-22.

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*Miscellaneous.* Henry Hems \$1.00 20-1, Olivia C Learned 1.00 22-1, Mattie Dyserf 1.00 20-11, C S Clarke 1.00 21-1, E Higley 16c 19-8, James Wall 2.00 24-1, M E Sparks 1.00 19-8, Lizzie Atkins 1.00 21-9, Carrie Brown 1.00 20-1, Ellen Walsworth 1.00 21-7, Bertie Walker 96c 20-1, Allen Morris 40c 20-9, A Batherton 62c 19-8, L Provo 65c 20-12, R J Foster 1.50 21-1, M A Preston 1.00 22-1, Mary Brant 1.50 20-12, Anna Hadden 1.16 20-9, Frank Hadden 1.84 21-19, Mary Budd 96c 20-1, F F Reed 40c 20-9, J C F Perkins 1.00 19-4, E Hensen 1.00 20-1.

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