

The Youth's Instructor.

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

THE SUMMER RAIN.

OVER roof and tree and flower,
Falls the welcome summer shower;
See the silver droplets dance,
Playing in the sunbeam's glance.
Softly falls the summer rain,
Singing o'er the flowery plain.

Dark and darker grows the cloud
Wrapping heaven in blackest shroud;
See the vivid lightnings flash!
Hear the awful thunder crash!
'Mid these gloomy grandeurs, lo!
God has set the promise bow.

Soft and softer falls the rain,
Flowers look up and smile again;
The sun breaks forth with loving smiles,
The lake reflects its fairy isles.
In peace the earth lies fair and bright,
As though God's smile were all its light.
—Mrs. C. A. Riley.

The Widow's Son.

THERE was bitter mourning in the city of Nain. They were carrying to his last resting place the only son of a widowed mother. Many of the city had come to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased and mingle their tears with those of the mother. He was a promising youth, and fondly had she hoped he would be spared to comfort her in her lonely hours and aid her in the decline of life. How anxiously did she watch over the couch of sickness; and when at length she beheld his inanimate form and realized that he was gone, her feelings were such as a mother only knows. On, on, slowly and sadly, moves the burial train. But there comes another mourner—One whose compassionate heart was ever ready to sympathize with the afflicted, and had poured the healing balm into many a wounded heart. It is the Nazarene, the mighty prophet of Galilee. As he witnesses the grief of the mother, he tells her not to weep. And as he touches the bier, all eyes are riveted to the spot. Then, with an earnest and tender tone of voice, he says, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. The summons is obeyed. Death yields back the treasure, and oh! what joy fills the heart of the mother as her son is restored to her again.

Jesus lives, and still feels for his children. How comforting the thought that he is coming soon, and the same voice that called Lazarus forth and raised the widow's son, will also call to life those loved ones who now sleep in Jesus. With them we shall, if faithful, enter through the pearly gates into the New Jerusalem and gaze with wonder and admiration upon all the glories of Heaven. With them we shall range the beautiful fields of Eden and pluck the never-fading flowers. Dear youth, would you be there and join in the sweet music of Heaven and have the robe, the palm, and the crown, get ready.

SUSAN ELMER.

A Choice Paragraph.

YOUNG folks sometimes think there is very little that they can do, and very little that they are bound to do in this world. But this is not so. Far from it! True, they may not think, feel, say as much, or do as much, as older persons; yet each one has his mission. Should some bright little star stop shining because it could not shine as much as the great

sun when he rolls flaming along the sky, scattering golden blessings on every shore; or some little bird refuse to sing, because it cannot sing as sweetly as an angel trained in the great choir of eternity—how soon would every little star be gone, and the night be dark, oh, how dark! How soon would every little bird be songless, and the music of the morning hushed forever! But no! Every one has his appointed life-work. There is many a little wheaten head of goodness bending in beauty along the highways and by-ways of life, which even children might gather, did they but know it. There is many a little act of kindness and of love which they might perform—many a choice and cheery word that they might utter—many a sweet song that they might sing, to lighten the world, and to bless it along—many a fair flower of purity and peace which they might plant in many a dusty nook and shaded corner, overlooked by the eyes of older and busier ones. And all this would bless and brighten the world—oh, how much! This would rob the earth's rough roads of half their ruggedness. Will you not, my dear young friends, gather in these little scattered heads of usefulness? Will you not perform these little deeds of kindness, and of love? Will you not utter those nice words, and sing those sweet songs, and do your part in making this world better? Will you not try to make all you know holier and happier?—Sel.

Little Wanderers.

A FEW days ago, my husband was digging a ditch to drain a swamp, and when the water had so nearly all run off as to leave but little standing in the deep places, he heard a terrible splashing in a little hollow near by. He left his work to see what was the cause of the splashing of the water, when, to his surprise, he saw a snake crawl out with a little fish in its mouth. He killed the snake and put the fish back into the water. In a short time, another snake came, and another, and so on, until three fishes had been caught and put back in the same manner, and four snakes killed. The fifth snake came to the spot, but the fishes had been taken out, and put into a pail of fresh water. He brought them home, but they were so badly bitten, and their little fins so torn that four of them died in the course of two days, leaving but one alive. They had strayed away from the broad river where pure water flowed abundantly, and gone up a shallow, winding stream, through marshes and muddy ditches, until, at length, they found themselves in a small quantity of dirty water, with no way to escape their enemies; and the snakes were taking advantage of this.

So it will be with us, dear children, if we stray from the right path. Some children think they know a better way than to follow the teachings of their parents, guardians, and teachers; but they soon find themselves under the power of the enemy. Remember that the "old serpent" is watching an opportunity to destroy you. Don't give him a chance. Strive to keep in the straight and narrow path that leads to eternal life.

E. H. KYNETT.

Bath, Mich.

HOLD on to your hand when you are about to strike or steal.

Making Sunshine.

TRUE dignity is never lowered by politeness to the humblest in station, yet many purse-proud or naturally domineering spirits forget to be polite, excepting to those considered equals.

The feelings of the poor laborer are often wounded by orders, rebuffs, and snubs, and thus hurt, their feet and hands almost refuse to perform the service which want and necessities of life compel them to undertake. A smile and kind word might make their hearts glad and their work seem light.

It is, indeed, hard to perform thankless tasks under a rod of severity and haughty, wicked, man-created pride, which never "stoops to words of sympathy and encouragement to the toiler," but yet stoops to meanness and oppression which a truly noble soul abhors.

It costs so little to be kind, and brings such rich reward, that it is strange that so few invest. "If you please," and, "Thank you" are so charily bestowed, except in society where people assume an exterior polished up for the occasion.

There is a class, however, who never speak harshly to inferiors in mind, pocket, or position; they are the real gentlemen and ladies who bless the world, genuine people of refinement, who, through years of elevating influences, have attained a standard where they do not fear to treat everybody with a gentle kindness and a degree of familiarity which encourages the humblest creature and diffuses happiness. Upstarts and would-be somebodies, who parade a spurious pride, lest somebody will not call them quality, are the people who are most severe with those beneath them in station. Ignorant and coarse, they have only money to give them precedence, and many times those who do them menial service, stand far above them in the type of human excellence by which God measures each of us at last.

There are comforts, however, of which only our own actions may rob us, among which is the consciousness of doing our duty; and if we have that, the rudeness and unkindness of others cannot take away the self-respect that sustains noble spirits under heavy burdens, which otherwise could hardly be borne.
—Elin Orlou.

Children conducting Worship.

THE other morning, a gentleman and his wife were in such haste to reach a railway train, that they were obliged to omit family worship. The next time they sat down to read, the mother remarked that the first chapter of Ephesians was the place.

"No, mamma," said one of the little girls, "it is the second chapter; we read the first chapter after you were gone."

The children were all under ten years of age, but they had conducted family worship in the absence of their parents. How many older boys and girls are ashamed to do their duty under such circumstances!—Sel.

A LITTLE girl, delighted at the singing of the bobolink, asked her mother: "What makes him sing so sweet? does he eat flowers?"

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BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY 1, 1871.

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

Christ's Second Coming.

To THE apostles the coming of the Lord seemed near. It was an event to which they looked forward with fond anticipation expecting then to receive the overcomer's reward. In a previous article we gave the testimony of the apostles on this point, and now we propose to see how the Old Testament writers viewed the matter. We find Enoch's idea of it very clearly set forth in few words. Jude 14: "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all," &c. This event is still in the future; but is not very far in the distance, as we find by tracing out the prophecies in regard to it and marking the fulfillment of each.

Job cherished the hope that at the second appearing of Christ, he would have part in the first resurrection. Job 19: 25, 26. And David says, in Ps. 102: 16: "When the Lord shall build up Zion he shall appear in his glory." Ps. 96: 13: "For he cometh to judge the earth." That was not his mission when he came to earth the first time. He came then to call sinners to repentance, to die, and make a way of escape for them. But he comes the second time to gather into his glorious kingdom all those who accept of salvation through his atoning blood.

Isaiah testifies to these facts: Isa. 25: 9: "And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us." Chap. 26: 21: "Behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth," &c. Chaps. 35: 4; 40: 10. And 62: 11: "Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh, behold his reward is with him;" and chap. 66: 15.

The prophet Ezekiel also is acquainted with that great event. Eze. 21: 27. And Daniel, in his vision of the seventh chapter, has a view of the second coming of the Lord, and says that "all people, nations, and languages, should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed;" and in chap 12: 1-3; Zech. 14: 3, 4, is found a similar statement.

Dear young friends, I am looking for that glorious event soon to take place. Who of us will be ready?

Saved or Lost.

THERE is no intermediate state. One condition or the other is the lot of each one of the human family—eternal life, a home in Heaven, a crown of honor, a life of happiness; glory ineffable and sublime; noble employments amid rapturous songs of victory and deliverance; joy unutterable and full of glory and purity; possessions infinite, angelic strength and beauty; rest from toil; cessation

from sickness, sorrow, and pain; the society of angels and glorified saints; the presence of Jehovah, and the smiles and approval of his Son; or, on the other hand, a place among the wailing company upon whom the wrath of God will be revealed in flaming fire; that vast company of the wicked, which will be overwhelmed in the deluge of fire that will wrap the earth in flames.

Yes, dear youth, in one or the other of these companies you and I must stand, at no remote period. Which of these will you choose? Will you have life, or death?

There is but one way to attain to eternal life. A mere acknowledgment of the present truth and an outward observance of the Sabbath alone will be no defense or preparation; but you must seek for that preparation of heart which the gospel requires.

Love to God and to his Son should be the ruling motive. If you have not this, seek for it until you obtain it. Without this, your lamps will be not dim only, but wholly dark and empty, like those of the foolish virgins. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema maran-atha." 1 Cor. 16: 22.

JOS. CLARKE.

Secret Prayer.

JESUS commands us to go into our closet and pray in secret, and our Father which seeth in secret shall reward us openly. Matt. 6: 6. And also we see in Matt. 14: 23, that Jesus himself went up into the mountain apart to pray. How much more should we, who are so liable to step aside from the right path, need to pray to God for help and strength. Jesus recommends secret prayer to us that we should not be led into by and forbidden paths, especially in these last days.

The more we pray in secret, the nearer we get to God. It keeps us from the wicked influences which surround us. Dear readers, let us all adopt this rule. It helps us to set a good example before our school-mates and our neighbors.

Perhaps some one may ask how often we should pray in secret. Daniel prayed three times a day. Some of us have need of praying more than Daniel did. I would say to all, Pray continually, whether at work or play, or whatever you are engaged in. * * *

Song Birds of Michigan.

THE FIELD SPARROW.

THE family of sparrows has its strongly marked characteristics, by which it is separated and distinguished from all others. In its dress it is homely and unpretentious, but some of its members aspire to personal beauty, and base their claims upon meritorious grounds. The Savannah sparrow which has a small representation in this State, is among this number. Its attire is a model of refined and unassuming taste. The common chipping sparrow is noted for its attachment to man, for its skill in nest architecture, and has a rattling little song that could by no means be spared from our gardens and door yards. Its costume is modest; and in all respects, it is a common average individual, recommending itself by its happy combination of all the usual good qualities, and not aspiring to distinguish itself by any brilliant achievement in a particular direction. Its nearest relative compares almost exactly with it in size, has a red bill, a chestnut crown, and makes its habitation exclusively in the fields. Retiring and rather shy in its habits, it is never seen in the doorway and garden, and quite rarely in the woods. The open fields, the borders of ponds or willow grown banks of streams, or fence brush,

are its favorite haunts and its home. This is the field sparrow. Confused, by the common observer, with his near relative, he has never sought or enjoyed that distinction which he deserves. Inhabiting the whole eastern part of the United States, spending the winter in the South, they arrive in this State, as a rule, about the second week in April, and until about the first of May, abound in the fields, and are easily observed, but the duties of incubation soon commence, and they are more shy and wary, and secrete themselves by gliding into the thicket upon the approach of any intruder. The nest is a marked illustration of the diversified architectural skill of birds, even in the same family or genera. If you seek the nest of the field sparrow, it may be found always near, and often on, the ground. You may find it in the branches of a strong, thrifty thistle, bristling at every point with its terrible needle-like spires, and seeming to defy the entrance of any living thing so small and tender as this little bird. But there it is, snugly and cosily resting within the arms of this stinging monster, and guarded by millions of lances and swords. The nest itself seems to be, in some degree, in keeping with its curious location. It is constructed of small, branching weeds, so arranged that the branches, everywhere protruding from the nest, give it the appearance of an immense chestnut burr, or an overgrown teasel. The same weed seems always to be selected for this structure when it can be found, and varies only with the locality. Within, the nest is lined with soft grass and hair, and bears a close resemblance to the interior of the chippy bird's nest. The eggs are usually five in number, of a dirty white color, and thickly spotted with reddish brown at the large end. The nest will perhaps oftener be found on the ground than in bushes, but, wherever located, it will at once be known by its bristling and bushy exterior, and the neat and comfortable arrangement within.

This modest and reliable little species possesses all the valuable qualities that have been attributed to its family, gleaning constantly in the fields and among the crops for the tenderest worms and insects to carry to the hungry ones in the thistles, or under the tussock, or in the dense hazel bush. It is no mean assistant to the husbandman, and deserving of his jealous protection. Open to the attacks of all the enemies of the song sparrow, it should meet with like consideration, and its destruction should be ranked as a disgraceful and brutal crime.

But the marked feature of the field sparrow is its beautiful, tinkling song. It resembles the ringing of a tiny bell more nearly than anything else. In the early morning and at evening the fields are ringing with these plaintive and tender peals. At all hours of the day, during the nesting season, the male bird may be found perched upon the fence, on a stump, or some low branch, sending forth his gentle and soothing chimes to the ear of his mate engaged in the arduous duties of incubation, or lending instructions to his youthful brood, while his mate regards those which are yet to come.

Even in the noonday heat of the summer sun, when all else seems prostrated, and the birds are silent, when the intense heat glimmers from every fence and tree, and stone, the song of the field sparrow comes tinkling forth from some shady nook, commencing low and slowly increasing in volume and rapidity of utterance, and then dying away to the tenderest warble. At short intervals it comes again—always tender, always sweet.

Mingled with the notes of other birds, this beautiful strain would scarcely be observed, but when heard alone it is supremely sweet. To the ear of the weary traveler who, worn by his journey, seeks for repose and rest, and

for protection from a burning sun, the grateful shade of some roadside grove, these gentle vespers are sweet indeed. The laborer, driven from his toil by the overpowering heat, or awaiting the refreshing of his team under some kindly shade, may well be thankful that there has been set in the fields this tender chime of the sweetest bells to cheer and encourage him in his toil.—HON. D. D. HUGHES, in *Detroit Free Press*.

THE THREE GRACES.

FAITH.

Bloom brightly, little bud;
All humble as thou art,
God sendeth the still dew
To nestle in thy heart;
And all he sends is best for thee,
E'en though it be adversity.

HOPE.

Soar calmly, my sweet bird;
Ne'er flutter, faint, nor fail,
Though many a mocking word
Toine upward flight assail;
Ere long the starry heavens shall ope,
And crown with joy my patient Hope.

CHARITY.

Flow gently, little stream,
Beneath a burning sky;
Spread gladness like a gleam
Of mercy from God's eye.
Though parched the land, one touch from thee
May quench that thirst, O Charity.

Lillie's Birthday.

LILLIE MAYNARD awoke one cold February morning to the consciousness that she was fifteen years old. Yes, it was her birthday. She lay still awhile reviewing the past and making good resolutions for the future, and wondering if she would receive any birthday gift.

Before breakfast was ended, the postman brought a letter for Lillie. It contained ten dollars done up in a sheet of paper on which was written, "A birthday gift from your affectionate uncle Peter."

"You can have that blue merino you wanted so much, now," remarked her mother, "and your wardrobe does need replenishing badly."

"Not so badly as yours does." "Nonsense Lillie," she replied, "you must not think of spending your birthday gift on me. I would go to Brown & Hooker's this morning, if I were you, and get that pretty shade of blue before it is all gone."

Lillie said nothing, but the thoughts of possessing the merino was quite tempting, and an hour after, she was passing down the street to the store her mother had mentioned.

"I would dearly love to buy that blue merino, but I won't—so there. I will not be so selfish. Mother needs a new dress much more than I do, and I can buy her a nice one and still have something left for myself." Thus thinking, she entered the store and selected a nice drab wool delaine which she knew would just suit her mother's taste. She had just three dollars left, and she thought, "Now I will go to the book-store and buy the book I have wanted so long." She had just turned her steps in that direction when she was accosted by a little beggar girl thus:

"Please give me a penny, miss."

Now Lillie possessed a very tender heart, and it was very hard for her to refuse such a request; moreover the little one before her did not look like an impostor. Real want was plainly visible in those thin, pinched features and shrunken limbs. "Why do you beg?" she asked in a gentle voice. "O miss, cause I's starving. We all is. Ma's dref-

ful sick, and can't get anything for us to eat."

"Where do you live?" Lillie asked.

"Only a little way," and the child pointed down a dark alley.

Lillie hesitated, but not long. She felt assured of the child's truthfulness, and telling her to lead the way, she followed. They soon reached a dilapidated old house, and following her guide up two rickety flights of stairs, Lillie found herself in a small, unfurnished room. In one corner, on a heap of straw, lay a woman apparently in the last stages of consumption, and crouched about the room six pale, thin, ragged urchins.

"What can I do for you, my poor woman?" Lillie asked, approaching the prostrate figure on the straw.

"Nothing for me," was the reply. "I am dying fast; but if you will only get bread for my starving children—they have eaten nothing since yesterday morning."

Much shocked, Lillie hastened to a baker's shop which was near, and buying a large supply of food, ordered it sent to the suffering family. This took all her money, but she also ordered a load of coal, telling the coal-dealer to present his bill to a well-known benevolent gentleman with whom she was somewhat acquainted. When she returned, she found the poor family enjoying the luxury of a good fire around which the children, now no longer hungry, were gathered, stretching out their little blue fingers to the grateful blaze, while the sick woman sat up, drinking a cup of hot tea which one of the children had made for her.

"God will bless you for what you have done," she said, with tearful eyes; "I cannot." "He has already blessed me in doing it," Lillie answered with a bright smile. "But you must have a doctor. I am going to see a very good gentleman in your behalf. He delights to help others, and will see that you want for nothing. I will come again soon," and followed by their grateful thanks she hastened away.

It was afternoon before she entered her own door, and she found her mother almost frightened about her long stay.

"Lillie, dear, where have you been so long?" she said. "You have got your dress I see," she added as she glanced at the parcel in Lillie's hands. "Let me see it." Lillie opened it and disclosed her purchase to view.

"Why, Lillie, what does this mean?" asked Mrs. Maynard in astonishment; "you don't want a dress like this."

"I know it, mother," she replied quietly; "it is for you."

"For me? you naughty child! how could you do so? I've a mind to scold you well." Nevertheless, Mrs. Maynard looked very lovingly at the "naughty child."

"Mother," said Lillie, "you know I do not really need a new dress, and you do very much, and it gives me far more pleasure to give you this than it would to lavish the money all upon myself."

"You are a dear, unselfish daughter," said Mrs. Maynard, and she kissed her very tenderly. "But this did n't take all your money, did it?" Then Lillie told her of the poor family she had visited. "O mother," she said, "I did so wish I had a hundred dollars to help them with. But I told Mr. H— about them, and he will make them comfortable."

"You may well dispense with costly attire, my Lillie, for you have that which is of far more value—a loving, self-forgetting spirit," said Lillie's fond mother.—*Scel.*

[Dear children, while you may admire those beautiful traits of character which Lillie manifested in denying self to honor her mother,

and the noble spirit in providing for the hungry and destitute, you may cultivate them in your own hearts, and great will be your reward in Heaven. E. S. LANE.]

Only a Trifle.

"Oh! that isn't much," said Laura, when she was reproved for her carelessness in dropping a tumbler and breaking it. "It was only a common glass." And so she was apt to say about many of her careless words and acts which brought trouble and inconvenience to others.

So many children are apt to think of their little deeds and words; but there is nothing so little but that numbers of them may work great harm or good.

There is hardly a smaller insect than the ant, yet armies of them sometimes destroy every green thing on the face of a large tract of country over which they pass.

A certain kind of beetle deposits its eggs in the bark of the pine tree, and the little grubs, or larvæ, hatched from it often destroy large tracts of timber as surely as if a fire had swept over it. In one great wood of two thousand acres, scarcely ten trees in a hundred escaped destruction from the ravages of little black-winged bugs. Some of these pines were a hundred and fifty feet in height and three feet in diameter; but there they stood, dead and stripped of their bark, their naked arms bleaching in the sun and crumbling and crashing before every blast.

It is said that the product of three gnat flies will destroy the body of a dead horse as thoroughly as a lion could.

Our farmers know very well what havoc a little insect called the weevil makes with the grains, eating the hearts out of whole granaries full, and leaving only the empty husk, or hull. So in the dreaded years when the plague of locusts visits our land, the fields are left bare and fruitless.

So little acts of sin eat out the soul's life. Not one can rightly be called a trifle. It is sure to bring a hundred others in its train. Did you ever notice how fast a lie multiplies itself? If you were ever tempted to tell one, were you not soon guilty of many more to cover up the first? And so of every other sin. Beware of the beginnings.—*Child's World.*

Be Kind.

A CRIPPLED beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, pushing through the crowd, helped the poor cripple to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hand, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with the straw hat, look up." A lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow. God will bless you for that!" As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile, and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—*Scel.*

INSTEAD of complaining that the rose has thorns. I congratulate myself that the thorn is surmounted by roses.

HAPPINESS is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

OBEDIENCE.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you're told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments, nor your words,
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
The time for what you should do.

Do not do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

—Sel.

Lucy's Victory.

"I'd like to go and play with Lizzie Warren, to-night, mother," said Lucy, as she came from school, with dinner basket and satchel, and making so much noise that baby Arthur awoke with a cry.

"No, dear, not to-night. Baby has not been well to-day; so you must amuse him while I am busy."

"But, mother, do let me go; for the crane's bill is in blossom; and Lizzie says we will go through that nice orchard, all covered with patches of innocence that look like a great bouquet. And, mother, you know I've never been in it; so do, please."

"No, Lucy, I cannot spare you; so try to feel and look cheerful about it."

"But, mother," persisted Lucy, "if you will let me go, I'll help you another time just as much."

"Well, child, run along, then," said her mother, quietly.

Lucy looked up eagerly a moment; then she stood swinging her sun-bonnet by the strings irresolutely. Only the day before her mother had explained to her the meaning of the passage, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

That kind and unseen friend, called conscience, that our Heavenly Father has placed in each of our hearts, was trying to remind Lucy of her duty; so, at length, she said, slowly:

"Would it be honoring you, mother, if I went?"

"No; it would not be honoring me, unless you obeyed quickly and cheerfully."

"Well, then, I won't tease any more, but take Arthur out on the lawn, where he can see the lambs frisk about; and that will be nicer than going when you think it isn't best."

So, she hung up her satchel and put away her basket, and, in trying to divert her little brother, she became happy herself, as people always do when they give up their own wishes to please and assist others.

Then, when bed-time came, her mother's good-night kiss, with "You have honored me, and listened to the voice of conscience, Lucy," were of greater worth than any pleasure she could have derived from doing what she was sure her mother disapproved.—*Child at Home*

Letters from Little Folks.

Two weeks more have passed, and we are ready to examine our stock of "little letters," and prepare a cosy "corner" for the children. The children thus have an opportunity to become acquainted with each other. Here they may freely talk of their hopes and fears, of the shadows and sunbeams that cross their pathway, their hope of Heaven, their love for the blessed Saviour, and mingle their ideas of the beautiful new earth, and speak of the difficulties they meet with in their preparation for an abode there.

One thing in particular I have noticed in all the letters we receive, and that is, no one seems inclined to write about the follies and vanities of the world. All seem desirous of separating themselves from such things, and placing their affections on something higher, nobler, better—the joys of the world to come. Through the INSTRUCTOR you may cultivate a social spirit. Get acquainted with each other, and you will be the happier for it. Here are letters from some who are trying to do so:

POY SIPPI, Wis.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am trying to serve the Lord in my humble way, and hope at last to win a crown of life.

When I think of the time of trouble just before us, I feel to fear and tremble lest I shall at last be left out. In my own strength I can do nothing, but I will trust in Jesus, my dear Saviour. We cannot walk too carefully here below. Let us watch, and be sober, and be ready when the Master comes.

I would ask the editors and all the INSTRUCTOR readers to pray for me, that we may at last meet in the home of the blest. May we all meet there, is my prayer.

VESTA J. CADY.

NORTH LIBERTY, Ind.

DEAR SR. TREMBLEY: I hail the visits of the INSTRUCTOR with joy. I am trying to keep all the commandments of God, that I may have right to the tree of life. I am acquainted with many of the INSTRUCTOR readers, and hope to meet them all on the new earth. Time is short, dear friends, and we have a wily foe to contend with; but Jesus is soon coming, and we must be ready to meet him. Oh! how happy we shall be to have a home in that beautiful city, where there is no sorrow, pain, or death. I want to be there. I would say to those who are acquainted with me, Let us press on and overcome, that we may be saved at last.

SILAS N. CARPENTER.

MELMORE, Ohio.

DEAR READERS: I am trying to keep all the commandments of God. I want to be a true follower of the meek and lowly Saviour. I am trying to be an overcomer, that I may be saved when Jesus comes. I was baptized last June by Bro. Van Horn. I need strength from above to enable me to resist temptation and endure trials.

JENNIE HERBST.

Sister F. M. Cummings says: I prize your paper much, and wish it came oftener. I take it for my little granddaughter. She is much pleased with it.

Flora E. Lucas and Belle Cottrell, of Bowersville, O., and Willie W. Welch, of Portville, N. Y., sent answers to questions in No. 11, but too late for the paper.

Frank Hiddleston, Morrison, Ill., and May Foster, Allegan, Mich., send answers as follows:

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 12.

1. Hebron.
2. Men of Jabesh-gilead. 1 Sam. 31: 11-13.
3. From Absalom. 2 Sam. 15: 14.
4. Josiah. 2 Chron. 34: 7.
5. Jerusalem. 2 Chron. 35: 24.
6. No.
7. Elisha. 2 Kings 6: 6.
8. Daniel. Dan. 2.
9. Moses. Ex. 3: 1, 2.
10. Ps. 117.
11. The princes of the Chaldeans. Jer. 37: 15.
12. Once. Ps. 111: 9.

QUESTIONS.

1. How could Methuselah be the oldest man that lived on the earth and yet die before his father?
2. Is the tree of life spoken of anywhere in the Bible besides in the book of Revelation? If so, where?
3. What is the name of the place where Jesus was buried? FLORA SEYMOUR.
4. Who lost his life by putting his hand on the ark?
5. Whose sepulcher was a dead man let down into until he touched the bones, and was revived? WILLIE W. WELCH.

ACROSTIC.

T a mountain in Galilee stood;
H was a king who shed innocent blood;
E was a mother beloved and good.

F was a ruler who listened to Paul;
I a disciple who had a great fall;
E was the place where Apollus was taught;
L was the mount whence the cedars were brought.
D for the poor many fine garments wrought.

I is an object the heathen adore;
S was stoned for the love that he bore.

T from his youth the blessed Book read;
H was a woman who asked for a head;
E fell down and was taken up dead.

W is made from the juice of the grape;
O from his master once did escape;
R heard the knock of Peter by night;
L was a beggar that strove to do right;
D was the city where Paul received sight.

LUCINDA LAWSON.

Money Received.

Each 50 Cents. P Lawrence 20-13, A Rathburn 20-13, C Lawrence 20-13, W Bryant 20-13, H Bills & Tuiley 20-13, Ernest Curran 20-13, V K Chandler 21-1, Ada Crous 20-7, Lettie Buzzell 21-1, S A Vile 20-13, Alice McDonald 21-1, M B Miller 20-8, Hickman Miller 20-8, T Pittam 20-6, T Kennington 20-6, Chas Wilson 20-6, Willie Pittam 20-13, Amos Nicoda 20-1, Ella Neal 20-13, Ella Payne 20-13, J Cronkrite 20-13, A Cronkrite 20-13, J Hart 20-18, E Chamberlain 20-13, Ada Cyphers 20-11, Edward Sligh 20-13, Jane Scribner 20-13, Marian Slocum 20-13, John Green 19-21, Emma Hu Ithurt 20-1, Chas Simons 20-3, E G Rust 20-1, E J Heald 20-13, O Lethold 20-1, Margaret Cramer 20-8, G F Richmond 20-10, Ida Cole 20-10, M Chilson 20-7, F L Richmond 21, E C Loughborough 20-1, Lettie Loughborough 20-1, W K Loughborough 20-5, E Stone 20-1, Clara Thompson 19-8, C B Smith 20-6, J Hodges 20-13, B H Stetler 21-1, John Truman 20-6, B N Berry 20-4, J W Marsh 21-1, L Winston 20-3, M M Bates 20-13, P Bates 20-1, J Logan 20-13, G L Brown 21-1, A H Robinson 20-17, N A Beatty 20-13, Louisa M nn 20-1, Owen W Page 20-5, J A Green 20-1, Frank Barret 20-1, Etta D dge 20-5, L A Jenkins 20-1, Ada McIntire 20-1, M L Hemenway 20-6, E F Wakefield 20-4, E E Swasey 20-2, L A Mosher 20-1, E Durfee 20-13, Moses W Myers 20-5, H Clough 20-11, J P Chapman 19-7.

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