

# The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 19.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY 15, 1871.

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

## SUMMER.

THE fickle year is in its golden prime;  
The world is dreaming in a hazy luster,  
And round the altars of our summer clime  
The blushing roses cluster.

Upon the mountain dwells impassioned light,  
And in the valley sleeps a shade depressing,  
While fields of waving wealth enchant the sight,  
Like gold of God's own blessing.

The plowman rests beneath the wayside tree,  
The stream curls slowly round the hoofs of cattle;  
And o'er the meadow floats the droning bee,  
Fresh from his flowery battle.

Soft through the southern meshes of the vine,  
I hear the birds unto each other calling;  
And in the casket of the eglantine,  
The tropic dews are falling.

Far in the distance rolls the sluggish sea,  
With not enough of life in all its breathing  
To bid the sail from its rude bonds go free,  
And spurn its hempen wreathing.

On all there rests a halo and a hush,  
The spell of poesy is on the blossom,  
And nature's spirit slumbers in a blush,  
Caught from high Heaven's bosom.

The past and future blend in one sweet sleep,  
The world's a dream, and care a hidden mummer,  
Whose tears, however sadly he may weep,  
Are but the dews of summer.

—Orpheus C. Kerr.

## The Mammoth Cave.

DEAR CHILDREN: When returning from Tennessee, I visited the Mammoth Cave in Edmonson Co., Kentucky. I saw much that impressed my mind with wonder, sublimity, and veneration. Not far from the entrance of the cave flows a beautiful river, whose waters appear as green as the grass on which you tread. It is called Green River. You will be surprised when I tell you that this cave, with all its avenues, extends more than one hundred miles under ground, varying in width and height from ten to one or two hundred feet. Its entrance is a short distance from, and nearly two hundred feet above, the river. The land about the river and cave is hilly and rocky, covered with cedars and other kinds of trees.

The mouth of this cave is about twenty-five feet in height by thirty in width, from which can be seen at all seasons a mist or fog which is caused by the condensation of the moisture in the air, except when the temperature inside and outside of the cave are alike. The temperature of this cave is always fifty-nine degrees, after a short distance within. No sunlight ever enters there; all is total darkness; perfect silence reigns. The air is very pure and dry, so much so that objects know no decay. Dead bodies will not corrupt, but will mummify and dry away. I saw timber that was placed there in 1812, apparently in a perfect state of preservation. Because of this condition of the atmosphere, some have supposed that diseases could be cured by living there, and as people will do anything for their health, some consumptives went there and staid a long time, one person not seeing the light of the sun for the period of five months. All that tried the experiment died, some while in the cave, and all others as soon as exposed to the outside atmosphere.

This cave breathes once a year. In the

winter there is a strong breeze blowing into the cave a short distance; then it is said to draw in its breath. In the summer a strong breeze is blowing out; then it is said to be blowing out its breath. When the temperature is alike within and without (that is, fifty-nine degrees), there is no breeze; then it holds its breath. Will the INSTRUCTOR family please find out why this is.

This cave is supposed to have been formed by water settling in the ground and from subterranean streams and springs uniting, and thereby dissolving and washing away the earth and soft rock, until a channel has been formed, causing this great passage-way. This stream, or river, is still running in some of the lower parts of the cave. Now, while the guide is preparing lamps and rolls of paper saturated with oil for lights, we will rest, and then start out for a twelve-miles' journey, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth.

E. B. LANE.

(To be continued.)

## A Scene among the Flowers.

A FABLE.

IN a lovely garden filled with delicious fruits and rare flowers, a modest little violet, which had somehow found its way among them, lifted her humble head to the light of the sun, and spread her soft petals to the gently-falling rain. Here, under the shade of the surrounding shrubbery, she lived happy and contented; wishing only that she might be allowed to spend the remainder of her life in the same beautiful spot. The violet was one of the loveliest of her species, and, although of humble lineage, attracted much attention from many of her high-born neighbors.

In a showy mound just beyond the violet's quiet nook, a haughty rose had long flourished, exacting from all the homage due to her fancied superiority. One morning, when the little birds were filling the garden with warm gushes of melody, she beheld for the first time the modest little violet. She lifted her proud head so high that she had quite overlooked the little blossom, though she had taken up her abode with them a day or two before. The lovely look of the sweet flower immediately awoke in her a feeling of jealousy; and she resolved to rid herself, if possible, of a rival whose innocence and purity contrasted so forcibly with her own vain character.

"Upstart!" said she with a stately air, and tone of contempt, "why art thou here to taint with thy presence this lovely spot, the soil of which is foreign to thy vulgar nature? Think—est thou to attract the attention of our Queen Flora, or to vie with us in beauty? Back to thy home in the dark woods, lest we be compelled to remove thee by force!"

The little violet, with tears in her soft blue eyes, gently expostulated with her haughty superior, and entreated that she might be permitted to remain in the lovely spot to which she had already become attached; and the neighboring flowers loudly protested against such harsh treatment. But the rose remained unmoved, and determined by some means to rid the garden of her rival.

But, ere this unkind resolve could be put into execution, a little girl who had been wandering through the shady walks, seized the angry beauty, and bore her quickly from the garden; and, when the little birds again war-

bled their matin carols, the rose lay withered and dead upon the floor of a beautiful mansion, a sad reminder of the fact that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

Her fate was not much lamented by those to whom she had rendered herself an object of contempt, except by the gentle and forgiving violet, who had received from her more abuse than any other flower of the garden. Her loving and charitable spirit caused her to weep whenever the melancholy end of her late companion forced itself upon her memory; but, blessed with the love of a united floral circle, she spent the remainder of her days in peace and happiness.

There are many human flowers in God's great garden, the world, whose characters correspond with those of the rose and violet. Do we not meet with many such in the everyday walks of life? And will you not choose for your model, dear little reader, the modest violet, rather than the proud and dazzling rose, remembering that "by humility and the fear of the Lord are riches and honor and life"?—*Dewdrop.*

## Disobedience to Parents.

How common is this sin, and how little do children think of it. God, in his holy commands, has said: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." To disobey a parent is also to disobey God. This sin in these last days has become very common, and that love and respect which should be paid to the parent is seldom found. This sin is practiced in various ways, and it would be impossible to enumerate them; for children generally know when guilty of disobedience.

The best men and noblest women have always been dutiful children. This trait of character was marked in the life of Sir H. Havelock. It is told of him that on one occasion his father requested him to wait at a certain place for his return; this was in the morning. His father forgot all about it, and while at dinner suddenly recollected the charge he had given. Being persuaded that his son had obeyed him, he set off at once for the appointed place, and there was his boy. It might have been predicted from this event that he would become a great and good man.

A disobedient child scarcely ever becomes good or eminent. Then, dear children, wherein you have failed in this respect, commence now to amend, that when the Lord shall come, you may be numbered with his precious jewels.

MARY E. L. BROWN.

Adams Center, N. Y.

GOOD ADVICE.—Don't be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others tread on you a little. In other words, do n't let a failure or two dishearten you; accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently to our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in the month of April, sometimes cloudy, and sometimes clear and favorable.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character; and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.



## The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY 15, 1871.

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

### A Summer Day.

#### MORNING.

THE sun is just rising, painting the hill-tops and tall trees in brighter colors than they are accustomed to wear during the day. Merry birds have already sung their sweetest songs over and over again in their attempt to wake slumberers from their dreams. As the sun rolls higher in the sky, the dew-drops that gently rested upon the grass and flowers, sparkle with a brilliancy unsurpassed by anything which art can produce. The bright sunbeams give the blossoms a good-morning kiss, and then draw away the glistening drops that have reposed during the night in their bosoms. The waterfall continues its incessant hum as it sends up a silvery spray to mingle with the cloudlets above. The gentle morning breezes ruffle the bosom of the lakelets, and send their ripples dancing to the opposite shore. Morning glories and ten o'clocks open their bright eyes to greet the sun, and court the presence of the humming-birds who are now in search of their morning meal.

#### NOON.

Now it is sultry noon. But through the forest's deepest shade the rippling waters of the rivulets flow on, and, with their gurgling and babbling, invite the weary traveler to rest on their mossy banks. The harvesters seek the benevolent shade of the wide-spreading branches of the trees in which to "take their nooning." The heat is intense and oppressive, and the song of the waterfall, or the rustling of the leaves, is a welcome sound to the weary workman and dusty traveler. Yonder is a herd of cattle standing midway in the marshy pool, lazily brushing away the buzzing flies. The busy bee, knowing that summer days will not last forever, and that flowers bloom but to fade, passes in and out of the clover fields, improving the golden moments in storing away a rich harvest of honey for future use. But while the merciless sun is sending down a flood of scorching rays, one may be refreshed at the mere thought of a country where heat will not oppress its inhabitants.

#### EVENING.

The shades of evening are drawing on. Stars already begin to twinkle in the horizon. The sinking sun has given the fleecy clouds a lining of pink and salmon. The shadows have lengthened and widened until they finally mingle in one, and overspread the grassy plain. Drooping flowers and plants are now freshened and enlivened by the gently-falling dew. Night-hawks and bats are now on the wing, crossing and re-crossing the mead on a mission known only to themselves. Whippoorwills are filling the woods with gushes of sweet melody. Katydid and crickets are piping away in full concert, not caring whether or not their "melodious strains" are welcome to the listener, so long as their relish for music is satiated.

Many of our readers are now in the morning of life; some have arrived at the noon mark; while the shades of evening are closing over others. A bright morning is soon to dawn upon us that will not merge into sultry noon, and pass on to the evening shadows. The fairest summer morning will not compare with that morning that knows no night. The bountiful Creator still permits some roses to bloom by the wayside, floods of rich music to greet our ears, and has reserved some sweets for us to taste; but we are not to make this our abiding place. No; they are only to comfort us on the way to the heavenly land.

#### God's Promises.

"If ye abide in Me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Who has not read where the king promised to give Queen Esther anything she asked, even to half his kingdom, and thought to have such a promise from one who had a right to bestow would be equal to being as happy as they cared to be in this world? But, dear children, there is One who has all power in Heaven and on earth, has promised, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." This promise covers all others, and is as broad as the earth and as high as heaven. What is there that he cannot have who can claim this promise?

But let us examine the conditions. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you," &c. In John 15: 10, Christ says, "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." Verse 4: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." Also, John 14: 23: "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." And 1 John, 2: 5, 6: "But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected; hereby know we that we are in him. He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." This tells us plainly what we must do, and the promise which will bring us great peace and happiness in this world, and an adoption into the royal family in Heaven will be ours. May God help us to get into this sacred nearness to him, that we can walk with him as did Enoch, and sup with him as the promise is to the Laodiceans, and reign with him at last on the throne of his Father in Heaven.

M. P. STILES.

Cedar Springs, Mich.

#### Perilous Times.

THERE will be a time in the history of the world when great distress will be upon all nations, and great perplexity. Men's hearts will fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth. We see now that much trouble exists everywhere, murder and strife on every hand, both in public and private life. Who would wish to be partakers in the dreadful strife that has been going on in France? and yet the Bible tells plainly that such a time will be upon all the nations of the earth. Shall we be getting a preparation to stand in the time of peril?

While some are calling on rocks and mountains to fall on them, others will be looking up with glad faces for their Lord to appear, who will deliver them. Shall we be of the latter number?

M. E. PIPER.

#### Education and Crime.

"IMMURED in a dungeon in New York City, under sentence of death for the crime of murder, is one Ruloff, whose attainments in philology, or the origin and construction of language, is the subject of great wonder among the learned men. It appears to be an innate gift, as he never entered the doors of a seminary or college, and yet the best informed men on this subject, appear to be dwarfs when compared with him. His power of memory and analytical research are such, it is said, that students and professors who have visited him, have been confounded and amazed at his prodigious capabilities. He has enthusiastically devoted his life to this study, and yet, by the testimony at his trial, it is shown that he left his room with the smell of books yet on his clothing, and helped to take the life of a fellow-being for the purpose of theft.

"Ruloff's case has elicited much discussion, and is a strong argument to disprove the belief among educational reformers that learning is calculated to place restraint upon the growth of crime, or in other words, that a high state of mental culture induces a proportionately high moral standard.

"The verdict of history is, and probably always will be, that education, like the physical forces of nature, if properly directed, is calculated to exert a high moral influence; if perverted, and unsustained by a Christian purpose, it is equally efficacious as an agent of crime and wickedness."

The case of Ruloff, which I clip from our county paper, is a terrible instance of depravity; and should show to us all how dangerous it is to depend upon education as a means of defense from sin.

There have been many instances, within a few years, of men of learning and high standing falling into great crimes.

As you read the account of the crime of Ruloff, think of it. He was once an innocent child. By degrees he has fallen.

Beware of the first steps in sin. It is a down-hill path; and when you are once in motion, you may be unable to stop in the descent. The force of habit and circumstances, and the power of Satan, all conspire to make it hard to stop in a course of sin.

Beware, dear youth. Satan has greater power than ever before. Make God your refuge; watch and pray; study the character of Jesus, and let him be your pattern.

JOS. CLARKE.

#### About getting Lost.

WELL do I remember when I was a little girl, of going one afternoon with my brother younger than myself to get some blackberries about a mile from home. On the road we traveled were three corners. When we came to these corners on returning home, we by mistake, took the left, instead of the right, hand road, and traveled on for some time without discovering our mistake. After a while, seeing no signs of the clearing where our father lived, we began to feel troubled, but still traveled on. We soon felt sure that we were lost. We were afraid to go back, and so we went forward feeling very sad and troubled. There was but little travel on the road, it being a very new country. We thought it would soon be dark, and we were very much afraid that we should have to stay in the woods all night.

I do not believe any one can know the dis-



tress one feels when lost, unless it is by experience. We went on until we came in sight of a settlement three and a half miles from our father's place; then we felt some better. Soon a man met us and asked us what the trouble was. We told him we were lost, and also whose children we were. Said he, "I know your father; follow me. I will take you home." With light hearts and bounding feet we followed this kind friend, and ere long we were home again.

Thinking of this incident, I have been led to reflect thus: We are by nature all of us lost in our sins. We are going the broad left-hand road that leads to eternal death. But Jesus, our best friend, says to us, "This is the way; walk ye in it," and points us to the straight and narrow path that leads to Heaven. May we all heed the gentle voice of Jesus, and follow in his footsteps, and we shall ere long reach our home in Heaven.

ANNETTE L. GUILFORD.

St. Charles, Mich.

#### LITTLE THINGS.

A DAISY is a little thing—  
Grows, perchance, unheeded,  
Yet the little simple flower  
On the earth is needed.

A rain-drop is a little thing,  
Many make the showers;  
Little moments flitting by  
Make up all the hours.

One little star at close of day  
Vainly seems to twinkle,  
Till at length the shining host  
All the blue arch sprinkle.

A smile is but a little thing  
To the happy giver,  
Yet it oftentimes leaves a calm  
On life's boisterous river.

Gentle words are never lost,  
Howe'er small their seeming,  
Sunny rays of love are they  
O'er our pathway gleaming.

Ah, it is the little things—  
Little joys and trials,  
Little pleasures, little griefs,  
And little self-denials.

Little hopes and little fears  
Fill our morn and even;  
Little beams of love and faith  
Light our way to Heaven.

—Children's Friend.

#### How to Read the Bible.

To some, the Bible is uninteresting and unprofitable, because they read too fast. Among the insects which subsist on the sweet sap of flowers, there are two very different classes. One is remarkable for its imposing plumage, which shows in the sunbeams like the dust of gems; and as you watch its jaunty gyrations over the fields, and its minute dance from flower to flower, you cannot help admiring its graceful activity, for it is plainly getting over a great deal of ground. But in the same field there is another worker, whose brown vest and business-like, straight-forward flight may not have arrested your eye. His fluttering neighbor darts down here and there, and sips elegantly wherever he can find a drop of ready nectar; but this dingy plodder makes a point of alighting everywhere, and wherever he alights, he either finds honey or makes it. If the flower-cup be deep, he goes down to the bottom; if its dragon-mouth be shut, he thrusts its lips asunder; and if the nectar be peculiar or recondite, he explores all about till he discovers it, and then having ascertained the knack of it, joyful as one who has found great spoil, he sings his way down into its luscious recesses. His

rival, of the painted velvet wing, has no patience for such dull and long-winded details. But what is the end? Why, the one died in October along with the flowers; the other is warm in his hive in winter, amid the fragrant stores which he gathered beneath the bright beams of summer.

Reader, to which class do you belong, the butterflies or bees? Do you search Scriptures, or do you only skim them? Do you dwell on a passage till you bring out some meaning, or till you can carry away some memorable truth or immediate lesson? or do you flit along on heedless wing, only on the look-out for novelty, and too frivolous to explore the Scriptures? Does the word of God dwell in you so richly that in the vigils of a restless night, or in the bookless solitude of a sick-room, or in the winter of old age or exclusion from ordinances, its treasured truths, would perpetuate summer round you, and give you meat to eat which the world knows not of?—*Golden Censer.*

#### Help Yourself.

A MERCHANT in the city of B— died suddenly some years ago, leaving an only son, a youth of nineteen. The father had been very wealthy, and had lavished on his boy every indulgence money could procure. The son's life had been passed chiefly in school and college, where he had learned little of labor or economy; and it was not until the news of his father's death reached him that the young man learned that not a dollar remained of the fortune he expected to inherit. Leaving college, the student returned home, to learn for the first time the value of money by earning it for himself. Without wasting time in useless regrets, he applied to various business associates of his father for employment, but received from all very decided, though kind, refusals, on the ground that he knew nothing of business. Nothing daunted by these repeated failures, the youth applied to the proprietor of an extensive brick-making establishment, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, and asked for employment.

"Employment! what sort?" inquired the old gentleman, looking with unfeigned surprise at the slight, boyish figure, and small, white hands of the youth who stood before him.

"Of any sort," was the unhesitating reply. "I can do anything that others can do."

"But," said Mr. C—, "I have no use for employees, but for hard, manual labor, for which you are wholly unfitted. Digging clay is the only work we have at this season of the year."

"Give me leave to dig clay with the rest; why cannot I do what others do? Anything is better than begging or starving."

Seeing the persistency of the boy, Mr. C— somewhat hesitatingly engaged him, and sent him off to dig clay with the other workmen. Fervently thanking his employer, the youth hastened to the yard, and set at once about his work. At sunset, he had earned just seventy-five cents; the next day his earnings were slightly increased; and so a week wore on, the young man being usually the first one on the ground in the morning, though he had to walk four miles to the brickyard. Mr. C— now became interested in behalf of one who had proved himself so worthy of the aid of others by his untiring efforts to help himself. A clerkship with a good salary was obtained, and this was but the stepping-stone to higher and more responsible posts, in all of which he showed the same energy, perseverance, and true-heartedness. To-day he is the honored president of a prosperous bank, and the ever-ready and efficient helper of the needy and unfortunate—all the result

of that brave boy's determination to work rather than beg—to labor for an honest living, rather than talk of his misfortunes, or enlist the sympathy of others.—*Christian Weekly.*

### Sabbath-School Department.

#### BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

##### LESSON NINETY-FIVE.

###### THE RETURN.

1. How did the Egyptians receive the news that Joseph's brethren had come? Gen. 45: 16.
2. What did Pharaoh tell Joseph to say to his brethren? (Verses 17 and 18.)
3. What command did he give them? (Verse 19.)
4. What advice did he give them in regard to their "stuff"? (Verse 20.)
5. What did Joseph give them for their journey? (Verses 21 and 22.)
6. What present did he send to their father? (Verse 23.)
7. What caution did he give them as they departed? (Verse 24.)
8. What effect did it have on Jacob when his sons returned and told him that Joseph was alive, and was governor over all the land of Egypt? (Verse 26.)
9. Why did his heart faint?
10. What finally convinced him that Joseph was yet alive? (Verse 27.)
11. What did he then say? (Verse 28.)

##### LESSON NINETY-SIX.

###### JACOB GOES DOWN TO EGYPT.

1. Where did Jacob stop to offer sacrifices after he had started on his journey to Egypt? Gen. 46: 1.
2. Who had once wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba? Gen. 21: 14.
3. What does the word Beer-sheba mean? Ans. "The well of the oath."
4. How did this place come to be called the well of the oath? Gen. 21: 25-31.
5. What did Abraham do at Beer-sheba after Abimelech and the chief captain had departed? (Verse 33.)
6. Did Abraham ever dwell at Beer-sheba? Gen. 22: 19.
7. Who came to Beer-sheba many years afterward and worshiped, and dug a well there? Gen. 26: 19-25.
8. Why was it necessary for Isaac to dig a well at Beer-sheba since his father Abraham had already dug one there? Gen. 26: 18.
9. Who appeared to Isaac at Beer-sheba? (Verse 24.)
10. What did the Lord say to Isaac?
11. What promises did he afterward make to Jacob when he went out from Beer-sheba to go to Padan-aram? Gen. 28: 10-15.
12. And now as Jacob with all his family were compelled by the famine to leave this land that God had promised to give to him and his seed, what did the Lord do to encourage him and to assure him that all these promises would be fulfilled? Gen. 46: 2.
13. What did the Lord say to him in this vision? (Verses 3 and 4.)
14. What did Jacob and his sons then do? (Verses 5-7.)

G. H. BELL.

###### NOTES TO LESSON NINETY-SIX.

BEER-SHEBA.—This place was situated at the southern extremity of the Holy Land, on the borders of the great desert. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, all dwelt here, and when Jacob was going down to Egypt he stopped at this last station in the land of promise and offered sacrifices to God. Here the Lord appeared to him in vision and assured him that his descendants should return from the land of Egypt. Dr. Robinson, in his eastern travels, visited Beer-sheba and found there the ruins of a small, straggling city, and two deep stone wells of excellent water, surrounded by stone troughs, and bearing the marks of great antiquity.

WELLS are of greatest importance in the East, and are often dug in the solid rock. They are generally six or seven feet broad and about twenty in depth; but some are said to be as much as 150 feet deep. Jacob's well, where our Saviour talked with the woman of Samaria, is still in good condition. It is seventy-five feet deep.



## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## BEWARE OF THE WOLF.

You never need fear, little children, to meet  
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;  
Red Riding-hood's story is only a fable,  
I'll give it's moral as well as I'm able;  
Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet everywhere—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,  
If you tell him a fault he gives saucy replies;  
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—  
Ah! Passion's the wolf with the *very large eyes*;  
'Tis ready to snap and to trample and tear—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn  
About things with which she should have no concern;  
Such mean Curiosity really appears  
To me like the wolf with the *very large ears*,  
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness, that's like the wolf in the wood  
With the *very large mouth*, ever prowling for food,  
That eats so much more than for health can be good;  
That would clear a whole pastry cook's shop if it could;  
That never a dainty to others would spare—  
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

Passion, Prying, and Greediness, each thus appears  
As a wolf with fierce eyes, a large mouth, or big ears,  
They bring to our nurseries fighting and fears,  
They cause bitter quarreling, trouble, and tears.  
Oh! chase them and drive them all back to their lair—  
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

## The Way that May and Alice "Made Up."

For several mornings, Mrs. Morton had noticed that something went wrong with her little May. She seemed happy as usual at the breakfast-table; but, when school time drew near, she became restless. She got her hat and cape long before the hour, and stationed herself at the window, looking up the street as if waiting for the time; yet, when it came, she went reluctantly, as if she had no heart to go.

"Why do n't you start, May, if you are all ready?" said her mother, one morning, when this performance had been repeated so many times as to awaken her curiosity.

"I don't want to go yet," was the reply. "Perhaps Alice Barnes will call for me."

But, when there were only ten minutes left, May hastened away alone with a troubled face. She came home at noon sadder than she went.

"What does grieve the little girl?" asked her mother, as she came into her room looking the picture of despair.

"O mother!" said May, crying outright at a kind word, "you don't know!"

"Yes; but I want to," said Mrs. Morton. "Perhaps I can help you."

"No, ma'am," said May; "nobody can help me. Alice Barnes and I—we've always been such friends! and now she's mad with me."

"What makes you think so?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I know so! She always used to call for me mornings, and we were always together at recess, and everywhere. I would n't believe it for the longest while; but it is a whole week since she called for me, and she keeps away from me all the time."

"Now I know what Alice has done, dear, can you think of anything you did?"

"Why, mother! No, indeed! I do n't need to think. I have n't done a thing. I thought too much of Alice." May cried again at the bare idea.

"There, don't cry. Perhaps you have n't; but you must not be discouraged till you have asked her why she keeps away. Very likely there is some little thing that you never thought of."

"I don't want to ask her, mother. It is her fault, and she ought to come to me."

"Ah! then," replied Mrs. Morton, "I fear that your pride is stronger than your love to Alice." She was brushing May's hair as she spoke; and she stooped to kiss her forehead with a loving, motherly kiss, and then went to see about dinner. They were not alone again till school time came. But it seems that May knew her mother was right; for she went straight up to Alice when she saw her on the sidewalk after school, and said,

"Alice Barnes, what makes you mad with me?"

"I should n't think you'd ask me, May Morton," replied Alice, "when you've said such unkind things about me."

"No such a thing!" said May indignantly.

"May Morton," said Alice, looking as solemn as her round, rosy face would let her, "didn't I hear you, with my own ears, telling Bessy Potter that I was the most mischievous little thing you ever saw?"

"When?" demanded May, feeling strange and helpless as if she were in a nightmare.

"Last week, Thursday, in your seat," said Alice, "just before the bell rang for school to begin."

May looked blank for a minute, and then she burst into a laugh. Alice turned angrily away, but May caught her by the arm, and, choking down her laughter as fast as possible, she said, "Alice, do n't you know I named my new canary bird Alice, after you? I was telling Bessy Potter about her, and how she tore her paper to pieces, and scattered her seed all over the floor."

Alice stared, and drew a long breath. May's eyes twinkled again; and both little girls forgot their grievances in a peal of hearty laughter, ending in an affectionate shake and hug.

"There, Alice," said May afterward, "if ever we get put out again, let's speak about it the very first thing. Perhaps it will be something as funny as this."

I have told this story for the sake of other children, large and small. Many a pleasant day is spoiled, and many unkind and painful feelings are caused, by little mistakes which a few frank words would set right. True love is not too proud to speak first. It is pride that prevents; and, if we could see pride in all its selfish ugliness, we should make haste to tread it under foot.—*Child at Home.*

## Letters.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have been a reader of the INSTRUCTOR ever since I was a small child, and love it dearly. It is a welcome visitor now to us and our children. One of our neighbor's little girls came to visit my children, and I gave her one of the INSTRUCTORS, hoping it might do good. A few days ago, she called again, and wished to borrow some more of them. I was glad she was so much interested in reading them, and I hope she will be one of that happy number that will have right to the tree of life. May you and I, dear reader, live here so that we may meet in the kingdom.

SARAH A. CARDELL.

ST. CHARLES, Mich.

DEAR EDITORS: I am a little boy nine years old. I attend the Sabbath-school and get the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. I love my teacher. I am trying to do right. I want to meet all the good little children in Heaven.

HERBERT E. GUILFORD.

KINGSTON, R. I.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: For the first time, I write a few lines for the INSTRUCTOR. I have taken the paper for a long time. I like it very much. I am about twelve years old. For the last six months, I have been trying

to serve the Lord by keeping all his commandments and having the faith of Jesus, so I may at last stand with all the good on Mount Zion. There has recently been a circus in our place, and quite a number of my schoolmates went. I thought I would rather save my fifty cents and send the INSTRUCTOR to one of my friends.

HORACE B. TUCKER.

You chose the better part, Horace. The Lord ever blesses those who are willing to deny themselves for others. Let others imitate this noble example.

DEAR READERS: Last January my aunt had the INSTRUCTOR sent me. I think she was very kind. I take a great deal of comfort reading it, especially the letters from the children. I am trying to be a good girl by being kind and obedient to my parents and a comfort to my brothers and sisters. I want to be good and meet you all in the kingdom. Pray for me.

ELFLEDA GLADDING.

## QUESTIONS.

1. What king of Judah made his son pass through the fire?
2. Who made the first golden calf?
3. What son of what king was sacrificed upon the wall?
4. Who was forbidden to mourn when his sons were slain?
5. What became of Sennacherib's army?
6. Why could not the disciples cast out the devil as well as Christ?
7. Who was Gashmu?
8. How did they labor who built up the walls of Jerusalem?
9. What servant killed his master, and how did he kill him?
10. Why was the world destroyed by the flood?

MARY A. HUTCHINS.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

1. His father was translated.
2. Yes. Gen. 2:9.
3. Golgotha. John 19:17.
4. Uzzah. 2 Sam. 6:7.
5. Elisha's. 2 Kings 13:21.

FRANK HIDDLESON.

## Money Received.

L. G. WILBUR: See INSTRUCTOR, No. 12.

LIBBIE SQUIER: We have received seventy cents on C. E. Squier's INSTRUCTOR, and was requested to discontinue.

50 cents each. M W Rathbun 20-1, E S Griggs 20-1, Edson Holiday 21-1, Chas L Munger 20-14, Ezekiel B yian 20-14, J U Cottrell 21-1, Lydia Goulden 19-4, K S Coon 19-8, Christine Kingsley 20-14, E W Bliven 19-8, Lewis P Hubbard 20-14, H A Brooks 20-14, L E Borer 20-14, A Woodbury 20-2, Eva Finch 20-5, A A Harris 20-13, J F Sindlinger 20-1, Frank Cole 20-14, Viola M Woodin 20-6, Emily Calvin 20-14, Lydia Allen 20-14, E B Day 20-15, George T Bruce 20-1, H W Gordon 21-7, J Raedels 20-1, Justice Bolls 20-14, J F Thompson 20-14, E Klase 20-7, E O Hammond 21-1, Nancy Hawes 20-1, G W Shelton 21-11, Mrs R C Baker 21-6, Emma Rathbun 20-13, L Osburn 20-15, Ann Child 20-8, Martha Tyler 2-8, Ira Andrews 20-1, H Brooks 21-1, C E Childs 20-14, Jacob Berry 21-1, L A Huntington 20-17, O R Ross 20-1, Thos Porter 22-7, F Washburn 20-1, Nancy J Kilgore 20-5, J L Rumery 20-1, Addie C Cory 20-14, Wilbur Salisbury 20-3, W M Atkins 20-1, C F Hall 20-8, Clara Cole 20-1, E Reisman 20-14, R Stubblefield 20-14, Willie Welch 20-1, C Peterson 18-4, Earl Ross 20-8, Seth Ross 20-1, F Larkee 21-10, Adela Potter 20-7, M E Beach 21-1, L J McCune 20-13, Mary A Chapel 21-1, Frankie Kelsey 20-19, S Rogers 20-11, Grafton Harlow 20-2, Mary L Priest 2-1, Carrie Wilkins 20-1, B D Allchin 20-14, Amanda Arnold 20-14, Hattie E Smith 20-1, E E Strickland 20-14, Edwin Church 20-1, Joseph Hodgdon 20-1, Willie C Witter 20-12, W S Coughill 20-14, Rosa Beach 20-8.

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Miscellaneous.—A Spencer 98c 20-2, Peter Rusha 1.00 20-1, A C Hudson 1.00 20-1, C F Wilcox 75c 20-1, W M Jackson 75c 19-12, M E Bates 1.12 18-8, Chester Webster 75c 19-13, Gilbert Blinn 1.10 19-13, E Palmatier 25c 19-13, J F Bryan 75c 19-13, Emma Hill 1.12 20-1, M E Brown 97c 19-13, S A Bolton 1.64 21-1, H A Munson 1.00 20-2, Clara Templeton 40c 20-1, Dannie Crandall 1.00 20-1, John Hurd 1.00 21-1, J P Sanders 60c 20-3, Clayton Ede 1.00 20-14, M McCourt 1.00 19-13, M E Kune 40c 21-4, J Holenbeck 40c 20-14, M N Adams 1.00 21-1, E M Keck 1.00 20-2, J M Mathews 1.00 19-13, E A Nutting 75c 20-14, M Satterlee 1.00 20-1, John Andrews 1.00 —, C Rayman 60c 20-3, Robert Ladlee, at one dollar a year, 5.00 24-1, W D Chance 1.00 22-1, C E Salisbury 40c 20-1, K Salisbury 60c 19-13, C M Eldridge 60c 19-15, Susan Clark 82c 20-1, C E Squier 75c 20-1, Annie Smith 32c 21-4, Charlie Holt 60c 20-1, Wm S Moon 1.00 21-1, C E Ramsey 65c 19-20, J S Warren 1.50 21-2, J S Beecher 1.50 21-1, M L Shaw 1.50 21-1, Margaret Castle 1.03 21-4, Ella Tarbell 75c 20-19, Johnnie Evans 75c 20-19, Flora Hayward 75c 20-19, M Greenslit 75c 2-19.

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