

The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 19.

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

THINGS REQUISITE.

HAVE a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged, and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee—
Have a covering to spare if he naked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.
—Sel.

The two Paths.

OUR Creator has implanted in the breast of every human being, as also in that of nearly every creature which he has made, a desire for happiness. It is right that this desire should be gratified. But as there are two distinct ways which are represented as leading thither, it may be profitable for us to consider them, and learn which one to take. God is the designer of the one, Satan of the other. One is the true, the other false. One is genuine, the other counterfeit. One leads to life and happiness, the other to misery and death. As both are strikingly characteristic of their respective authors, it is only necessary to glance at the character of each, to be able to decide which is the right one.

Probably every one of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR are sufficiently informed to know that our Heavenly Father is the fountain of all good, and that Satan is full of malice and hate, and that to him is attributable all the misery and suffering that exist, or rather these are the result of pursuing the course he has introduced. As has ever been the case, his plan is directly opposed to God's plan.

Our first parents, by taking this latter course, and choosing the advice of this enemy in preference to that of the One who had given them so many evidences of his love, entailed sin with its long train of terrible consequences upon their posterity. Surrounded by everything necessary for their comfort and perfect happiness, Eve listens to the voice of the tempter. Here was the first grand mistake. Fearful moment! How much depends upon the decision! Will she not remember the warning of the angels, and flee at once from the spot? Must man thus suddenly be plunged into hopeless misery? Fascinated, charmed, she listens still—listens to his promises of happiness: "Ye shall not surely die. . . . Ye shall be as gods." Her confidence in God is shaken. What base ingratitude! Discontent enters her mind; covetousness becomes the ruling passion. She yields. The die is cast. Adam resolves to share her fate, and together they enter the downward road.

Too late they realize their dreadful mistake. Sin has been introduced into the world, and the curse of God must follow. Who can estimate the consequences of this one transgression? But for the infinite love and mercy of God man must perish without hope. A plan is devised by which he may again be brought into favor with the Being against whom he has so basely rebelled. At a price far beyond our comprehension, redemption is purchased. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have

everlasting life." John 3:16. But, oh! the deceitfulness of sin! How few have accepted the offer of pardon so dearly purchased, yet so freely extended. How few will profit by this sad experience.

Dear youth and children, will you not take warning? Will you be truly wise? or must you try the experiment? You have seen the sad results of disobedience. The course Satan would have you take will lead to certain death. All his promises of happiness are only baits to lure you on to ruin.

God's requirements are not only reasonable and just, but are such as will bring happiness to all who comply with them. He deals with us in love. He requires obedience, not that he may exercise his authority, but for our good. Oh! that we might realize more of his goodness! that we might more cheerfully submit to him, more implicitly trust him; then would our hearts swell with gratitude, and his service would be our delight. Yes, believe me, would you be happy here, would you enjoy an eternity of happiness hereafter, would you be a blessing to your friends and associates, and instrumental in their salvation, obey God. Heed the counsels and warnings that have been given you. Every consideration prompts you to duty. Time is short, and it is important that you improve it in getting an experience for yourselves. This you must have in order to stand in the trying time that is before you. Time spent in sin is worse than lost, while for every moment spent in the service of God you will be well paid. You never will regret having served him faithfully. You never will mourn over having denied yourselves the pleasures and vanities of this world.

You cannot afford to lose Heaven. Resolve in the strength of God that you will not. Be earnest at the throne of grace. Pray much and earnestly. Pray in faith, and you will not pray in vain. Watch and pray, and then if faithful, when the redeemed shall meet in

"That beautiful world, where the city of gold
Shall its radiant scenes of bliss unfold,"

you, dear young friends, may be among them.
JOHN Q. FOY.

Battle Creek, Mich.

The Flowers of Pleasure.

ONE beautiful morning, Mrs. Marion sat in her drawing-room by her work-table. Her six children surrounded her. The two sons were occupied in reading and writing; two daughters were making embroidery, and two were playing with their dolls. The gardener entered with a basket of flowers, which he placed on the table as a gift to the children. Immediately all pressed around the table, uttering cries of joy. The mother also came near to admire the handsome collection, but she was more pleased with the pleasure painted on the faces of her children than even with the gift.

Suddenly the stems began to tremble and shake as if they had life, and, lo! a viper raised its hissing head above the crown of flowers. The frightened children fled in confusion, but the gardener slew the dangerous reptile.

He had gathered the flowers and come to present them the evening before; but not finding the family in, he had placed the basket back in the garden that the dew might keep

them fresh, and the viper crawled in and coiled himself there during the night.

The mother gathered the scattered group of children around her, and said:

"The fright you have just suffered, my dear children, may teach you a lesson which may be useful through the whole journey of life. I hope you will ever keep it in mind. It is thus that corruption and wickedness conceal themselves under the pleasures and joys of this world. When you are tempted by seductive pleasures, remember that the serpent conceals itself under the flowers."—*Young Pilgrim*.

Be Punctual.

DEAR READER: Did you ever consider what there is to be gained by being punctual? It is written, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Redeeming the time because the days are evil." Procrastination is a thief which steals our time away. But the one who hoards up golden moments grows rich and powerful. It is the punctual boy who is prompt at school, and ready with his lessons, in season with his work, and on hand to execute everything given him to do. Punctuality makes the enterprising man who is faithful in his business relations. A punctual boy is respected in the community and relied upon for his integrity. It is the punctual boy who never fails to fulfill his engagements at the appointed time, and who always has time enough to be cheerful and mindful of the wants of others.

Try it, reader. Let punctuality characterize all your acts. Improve the present moment. If you have anything to do, do it just at the right time, then your lives will be systematic, you will have time enough for all things without hurrying; you will be better natured, and will escape a multitude of those vexations which dilatory people encounter. If you give your heart to Jesus, he will help you prepare for the world above. Thus you will be happy here, and in the world to come have everlasting life. A. H. CLYMER.

Bluffton, Ohio.

Sweet Intimacy with Jesus.

It is recorded of Bengel that he was much given to intercessory prayer, and that he had power with God, and prevailed. One who was anxious to find out his secret, watched him, unobserved, in his hours of retirement. "Now," said he, "I shall hear Bengel pray." The aged saint sat long before his open Bible, and while perusing its sacred pages, and while comparing scripture with scripture, the hour of midnight sounded. Nature seemed at length exhausted. He folded his arms over the open word, and looking up, gave utterance to these words: "Lord Jesus, thou knowest me; we are on the same old terms." A few moments more and Bengel's weary frame was resting in a sweet slumber.—*Sel.*

THE rainbow cannot appear without a cloud; but while the drops yet fall, the light shines in the darkness, and shows us every variety of color. Hereafter all darkness will disappear in light, and yet there will be a rainbow round about the throne—fit emblem of the gospel which shone in our vale of tears.

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BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST 1, 1871.

MISS J. R. TREMBLEY, : : : : EDITOR.
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Benevolence.

THERE is a fine little story in rhyme which we would gladly give in full, but it is too lengthy for our columns. But thinking the sentiment too good to be lost to our readers, we relate it as follows: Two boys, Billy and Joe, were orphans, and they were very poor. They had neither of them known a father's care, or a mother's smile, or a sister's love. They had neither of them a friend in the world, only as they were bound to each other by the strong tie of friendship which their extreme poverty made still stronger.

They could not obtain work, for there was no one to recommend them. They were too proud to beg, and too honest to steal. Their only food was such as they picked up about the street, and their lodging place was sometimes in a stairway, or in warm weather in the open park.

One cold, dreary day, Joe found a nice apple, but Billy found nothing. So Joe told him, "As you are the younger you shall have this." Billy took it, and bit off a small piece, and returned it. "Ha! that won't do," said Joe; "bite bigger, Billy—bigger yet. You're welcome; that you know."

Children in comfortable circumstances should learn a lesson from this. It is usually the case that the more we possess of this world's goods, the more we desire, and the more unwilling we are to share our comforts with others. This should not be so. Oh! that it might be in the hearts of all who are blest with the comforts of life, when they see others less fortunate than they, to say in their heart, "Bite bigger—bigger yet"—that is, you must share my comforts with me, for you are quite welcome.

The Springtime of Life.

THE readers of the INSTRUCTOR are many of them acquainted with the process of raising plants in the garden and the field. If we have nice melons, tomatoes, or other plants, we have to sow the seed in the spring or early summer. After the plants begin to appear, they need tender care, and the weeds which will always begin to appear, must be carefully rooted out, to give the plants room and sunlight. If the weeds are left to grow, they will choke the tender plants, and they will look sickly and pale, become very puny and finally die, or amount to nothing. But let the weeds be taken out, give them air and sunlight, and keep the ground mellow, and the precious plants will thrive, and in nature's good time will bear a bountiful crop of fruit.

Dear reader, you are now in the springtime of life. You are sowing seed every day which will ripen in the future years in this life or the other. The longer you live, the more you will realize the power of habit. Those things you are accustomed to do, you can do easily, and will be likely to do. By constantly acting in one way, you form a habit that it will be difficult to break up. These become so strong that a great many people cannot change their habits when they would be glad to do

so after they have formed injurious ones, and they give way to them all their lives, and are ruined by them, just as the plants are ruined by the overgrown weeds; while good habits, which are formed in youth, will be easy to carry out in old age. This shows how important it is to form good habits in youth.

Habits of order are necessary. To have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place is a great help to happiness. How bad it looks to go into a house and see everything scattered about. It even affects our spirits. Now if you will commence young, and when you take off your shoes or hat or other clothing, have a place to put them so that when you want them again, you will not have to call upon mother or sister for them, you will make a good beginning. And so of tools; when you use them, see that they are put back in their places, and properly cleaned when they need it. And see that gates are shut when left open; and so take some care upon yourselves while you are small. If you will begin in this way, and determine to attend to such things and be a help to your parents in these things, you will feel much happier than you will not to do so, and a good habit will be formed which will last you through life, and cause other people to be glad of your company.

The habit of making yourself useful in youth is very important. While it is proper to run and play with your companions to a certain extent, yet you should never think this is the great object of life to enjoy yourself for the present. You have all heard of the butterfly and the bee. They illustrate two classes of people. The former perishes miserably when cold, dreary November comes on. The latter has rich stores nicely prepared for the long, bleak winter. Make yourself useful. Show your parents that you feel grateful for their watchcare over you in the helpless years of infancy. You owe a debt of gratitude to them that requires on your part submission, respect, and grateful love. How mean and wicked not to pay it, and do it cheerfully, too. How many steps you can save them, and if you try to be faithful in these things, you will not take near as many for her as your poor mother has for you. You form such a habit of being useful because it is right, and it will make you happy, and you will be loved and respected in life, and God will love you, too. Form the habit of cultivating the mind by reading good books. Ever realize that the mind is the noblest part of us. If that is neglected, we shall never know the greatest happiness, or be worthy of respect. How many hours and moments fly away that might be employed in gaining knowledge that would profit you through life. I do not advise you to gain a greater love for mere story books that are exciting, but for such books as will be useful; first of all, the blessed Bible which contains so many interesting histories, so many good lessons of morality; then books of history. How interesting to know what has taken place in this busy world of ours. You will be much happier in this way than to spend all your time in play and pleasure-seeking, and it will make your mind expand. Youth is the springtime of life. Plant good seed and root out the weeds, and gather a rich harvest.

GEO. I. BUTLER.

WE are ever ready to confide in weak friends, and we are afraid to trust in God. We believe the promises of the world, but we cannot believe the word of God! Let us make an effort to restore the divine order; let us confide with moderation in that which depends upon ourselves, but let us set no bounds to our confidence in God. Let us repress all eagerness, all inquietude, all that we call zeal. He who thus trusts in God becomes immovable as

Mount Zion. Our trust should be more firm and elevated. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."—*Sel.*

"Knock and it Shall Be Opened unto You."

TO KNOCK is to seek admittance—admittance to some habitation or entertainment that is desirable. The word is here used in a figurative sense, to impress upon our minds an important truth. What are we to understand by it? What benefits or blessings are shut up from us, which we ardently desire to enjoy? Think a moment. 'The Saviour says, in John 14:2: "In my Father's house are many mansions." John had a view of those mansions, with all their glorious charms and matchless beauty. See Rev. 21:10 to 22:5.

His description of the holy Jerusalem, with its walls of precious stones, gates of pearl, and streets of gold; its river of water of life, and tree of life, while "the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb was the light thereof," is too lengthy for me to transcribe here. Will the readers of the INSTRUCTOR peruse it carefully, and see if it is not more desirable than any other object of which they have ever heard or read?

Would we enter those pearly gates, and share the glories of those heavenly mansions? it is our privilege. The invitation is extended unto us: "The Spirit and the bride [the new Jerusalem] say, Come." And whosoever will may enter there and "take of the water of life freely."

But there is a work for us to do. Those gates are closed against all but the holy and the pure. The unjust, the filthy, can never enter there. We must prepare—be righteous, be holy. We must ask, if we would receive; seek, if we would find; and knock, that those gates may open unto us. We knock to gain admittance. Now turn to Rev. 22:14, where admittance to those mansions is the subject of remark, and we may find how we are to understand those words of Jesus: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Let us read: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Now how plain it is. Just compare the two expressions: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "Blessed are they that do his commandments that they . . . may enter in through the gates into the city."

But let us bear in mind that knocking once, or doing his commandments for a time and then relaxing our efforts, will not secure us admittance. God requires of us "patient continuance in well-doing;" Rom. 2:7; that we "be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." 1 Cor. 15:58. Neither will a mere profession of obedience answer. Hear Jesus again: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father which is in Heaven." Matt. 7:21. We may by our profession deceive our fellows, but we cannot deceive our Heavenly Father.

Dear readers of the INSTRUCTOR, let us strive earnestly to understand and do the will of God day by day. If we do, we may be sure that the gates of the holy Jerusalem will be opened unto us. We shall share in its glories, its joys; shall have eternal life in the kingdom of God. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." N. ORCUTT.

Jamaica, Vt.

THERE is a golden vein in the mount of duty, but it lies deep; and because I meet not with it as soon as I expect, my lazy heart throws by the shovel, and cries, "Dig, I cannot."

A Summer Morning.

As I sit by my window enjoying the beautiful scenery this lovely morning, it seems to me that nature never looked so bright before. The rising sun paints the distant hills, the little birds flit to and fro, filling the air with their happy songs. The flowers bathed in glittering dew-drops send up their fragrance, filling my room with their sweet perfumes, and everything seems so bright, and yet so peaceful, that my heart is filled with love to God for his goodness in giving us so much that is beautiful to enjoy here below.

And as I look out upon the beauty of the scene before me, my mind goes back to creation's morning, when nature came forth from the hand of the all-wise Architect perfect in loveliness; when the morning stars sang together, and God looked forth upon his works, and pronounced them good. How happy must have been our first parents, surrounded with so much loveliness. But a great change has taken place since then, and the curse rests heavily upon our once beautiful earth. And as I think of these things, my mind is led forward to the time of the restitution of all things, and to the resurrection morning when earth restored to more than Eden glory, shall be the home of all those who have loved and served the Lord here below. How much more glorious will be the scene then spread out before us than anything we have ever beheld here. In this world are death and decay. Here the sun rises but to set, the fairest flowers bloom but to fade and die, the grass withers, and the leaves fall from the trees. But in that better land there will be no decay, no death, no night, but all will be peace, light, and gladness, forevermore.

Dear young friends, let us all strive to so live that we may be counted worthy to have a part in the first resurrection, and participate in the joys of that glorious morning.

ALTA I. CHIPMAN.

Batlle Creek, Mich.

"They Say."

If you had peeped into the windows of Mrs. Clyde's sitting-room one rainy evening in November, you would have seen Charlie and Bertie Clyde on the floor in front of an open fire. Their playthings, consisting chiefly of spools, were scattered around them. They had over a hundred in all, of different sizes, representing heroes, soldiers, clergymen, Robinson Crusoe, George Washington, and others. They were fond of playing church, and would mount their favorite preacher on a box for the pulpit, and have their Sunday-school, the most orderly school I ever witnessed.

As they were resting, and thinking what to play next, Bertie suddenly spoke up, "*They say* John Floyd's going to be thrashed!"

"Why, Bertie Clyde, what do you mean?" and Charlie's eyes glared in the flickering firelight.

"Well, *they say* he took the money out of the master's desk, and lied about it, too," answered Bertie.

"Who told you, Bert Clyde?"

"Zeke; and *they say* he was there before school, and tried to run away when he saw the master coming."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Charlie, "it's too bad!" then, his eyes flashing, he added, "I don't believe it."

"*They say* he will lose the prize, and will never come back to school."

"I don't believe it, and never will," cried Charlie.

"*They say* so, and don't you suppose they know?" and Bertie grew rather red in the face, and then added, "*They say* the master was awful angry, and will thrash him hard;"

and Bertie gave the fire a hard knock with the tongs, as if the half-burnt stick were John and he the master.

Just then a quiet voice from the sofa said, "Come to me, my children." The boys started; they had forgotten their grandmother's presence. Dear heart! seventy-six summers and winters had passed over her head, and left their impress on her form and features, but her heart was as young as ever, and the boys loved her, and listened to all she said.

So when grandma asked, "Who told you this, Bertie?" he answered, "Zeke Miller." "Who told Zeke Miller?" "Sam Lewis." "And who told Sam?" "Little Pete who lives round the corner with his blind aunt." "Yes," said grandma; "and who told Pete?"

"Oh! I don't know," sighed Bertie. "Zeke said they said—"

"There, there," cried grandma, "don't say any more. You remind me of the story of 'Chicken Little,' who led herself and her companions into trouble by her story that the sky was falling, when it was only a rose-leaf that fell on her."

Then assuming a more serious air, grandma went on: "Do either of you know who *they say* is? Bertie has quoted him five or six times within the last ten minutes. He is a most contemptible character, never speaking for himself, but always through the mouth of another. Creeping into our hearts and homes so stealthily, he is our guest before we know it, whispering evil reports in our ears, and then leaving us to quote at our pleasure. He works more mischief in an hour than can be repaired in a year. '*They say*' never speaks the truth. 'The poison of serpents is under his tongue.' When you quote '*They say*,' dear children, you utter a falsehood. You will find no such personage in the Scriptures. Our Saviour has given us this rule: 'Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil.' Better cut out that 'unruly member,' the tongue, than use it peddling mean reports concerning your neighbors. Grandma knows all about little John Floyd. The money is where the master left it, and this poor little boy has been made wretched by the false '*They say*.'"—*Child's Paper*.

Forgiveness.

SCHOOL was over, and the scholars had gone. I sat at my desk, thinking over the events of the day. Suddenly stopping my meditations, I saw a boy standing in the door. He started toward me, and then turned backward. Again, with a rapid step he advanced, and threw himself into a low seat by my side.

"What is it, Willie?" I asked, as I looked upon his tear-stained face.

Fast-falling tears were his only answer. Trying to comfort him in his secret sorrow, I placed my hand tenderly on his bowed head, and asked again:

"Willie, will you not tell me what troubles you?"

He sobbed aloud, and laying his head upon my lap, said in broken accents:

"O teacher, I don't feel fit to look at you, or to speak to you, because I disobeyed you to-day. Will you forgive me?"

"I forgive you freely, my child," I said; "I will remember it no more."

"But you cannot love me as you used to," was the sad reply.

"Willie," I said (with difficulty keeping back my own tears), "I never loved you as I now do. Your repentance has endeared you to me more than I can express."

Willie went home happy; and as I heard him singing far down the road, I thought,

"This is a lesson for me." How often have I disobeyed my Saviour, and felt ashamed to kneel to him with my confession. How often, when bowed in his presence, I have said, "I am not fit to speak to him, or even to approach him. Surely he cannot love me again, I have erred so often and so sadly."

Now I thought, do I forgive Willie so freely, and love him even better than before his sin, and shall I doubt that my Saviour will forgive me, if I humbly ask him? Can I, an erring child, be more humble, more forgiving, than my Heavenly Father?

Thus, through my own affection, God taught me a lesson of his love. I, too, went home with a happy heart, singing, as I went:

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—*Children's Magazine*.

The Repose of Flowers.

ALMOST all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning and shuts at nine in the evening. The common daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's-eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours toward evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes forever at four in the afternoon. It begins to expand its magnificent, sweet-scented blossom in twilight; it is full-blown at midnight, never to open again with the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens until after sunrise. So says a celebrated English author who has devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them during their quiet slumbers. Those plants which seem to be awake all night, he styles "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."—*Sel*.

Getting the Worst of It.

"Do you want to buy some berries, to-day?" said a poor little boy to me, one afternoon.

I looked at the little fellow, and saw that he was poorly dressed. In his hand he held a large basket of ripe blackberries.

I told him I should like some; and taking the basket from him, stepped into the house. He did not follow me.

"Why don't you come in and see if I measure your berries rightly?" said I. "How do you know but I may cheat you, and take more than I agreed for?"

The boy looked up at me and smiled. "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would get the worst of it, ma'am."

"Get the worst of it!" I said. "What do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, but you would be stealing. Don't you think that would be worse for you?"—*Sel*.

Christ Is Coming.

How soon he will come we do not know, but *he is coming*. The Bible says so, and it must be true. Every year that passes brings us nearer that great event. He will come personally from Heaven, attended by all the holy angels, much sooner than multitudes of people expect. Search the Scriptures to learn *how* he will come and *what* he is coming for; and let us all watch, wait, and be ready for his appearing.—*The Youth's Visitor*.

DENYING a fault doubles it.

MILDNESS governs more than anger.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DO GOOD.

We all might do good,
Whether lowly or great,
For the deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate:
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites,
It is something for Heaven.

Pray every Minute.

"Oh, dear! I would be a Christian if I only knew how," and little Jessie threw herself impatiently upon my lap.

"What is the trouble, Jessie? You love Jesus, don't you?"

"Yes, but I am always doing something wrong."

"Do you ask Jesus to help you?"

"Always, auntie."

"When do you ask him, my dear?"

"Every morning before I come down stairs. But just as likely as not, even before breakfast I get angry with Eddie, and then everything goes wrong, and the whole day is spoiled."

"Why Jessie, I am surprised that you would let one little word upset the whole day. When you see things going wrong, just stop and ask Jesus to make them right for you."

"But, auntie, I can't always go to my room, so I ask Jesus in the morning to take care of me all day."

"Do you ask your mother in the morning for all you may want during the day?"

"No, but mother is ready to answer me at any time."

"So is Jesus ever more willing than your mother; for she is often busy and cannot attend to you, but Jesus is always ready. And you need not go to your room to ask him, but just think a prayer in your mind, and he will answer it."

"Why, auntie, I can pray in school in that way."

"Certainly, Jessie, you can pray always wherever you are. If you want to be faithful to the Saviour, you must not only try to do right, but ask him to help you every minute."—*Child's World.*

Obedience to Parents.

WE are especially indebted to our parents. In our helplessness and infancy they have cared for us and watched over us; they have provided food and clothing for us. Week after week and year after year, they have patiently toiled for us, and watched over us. If we had no other light, reason would say that we should love and respect them for all this.

But our Heavenly Father has spoken very plainly upon this subject. The fifth precept of his holy law was given to guard this very point. There is great danger, in this degenerate age of children's forgetting the obligations they are under to their parents. In fact, the Scriptures clearly show that disobedience to parents is among the prominent sins of the last days. We conclude, therefore, that this point must be carefully guarded, or Satan will get the advantage.

God has made it a sacred duty for parents to train up their children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." How, then, can they allow their children to go in all kinds of company? They cannot; it would ruin their children and bring down the frown of God upon the parents. The Lord says, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not

by it, turn from it, and pass away." Prov. 4:14, 15. How many young people have been led into the service of Satan, by disobeying the counsel of their godly parents, and associating with those who have not the fear of God before their eyes. Just so surely as "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise," so they who associate with the wicked and ungodly will be corrupted by them. Then heed the instruction of God's word and the good counsel of your parents and keep out of the path of the wicked, for it certainly terminates in death.

I will close this article with the good counsel of Solomon, in Prov. 6:20-23: "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life." May the Lord help you, dear youth and children, to give heed to this instruction, that you may be kept from the power of sin and Satan in both your waking and sleeping hours. R. F. ANDREWS.

Streator, Ill.

Contentment.

ON a hot summer day, I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down, seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head forward, then raised it again, spread its wings, and soared away, singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there, in the stonework, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present, and desired no more.

This is contentment. Again I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower, and there came a bee humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its fields of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew, for it had no nectary. What, then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight; but it spied the stamina full of golden farina, good for making wax, and it rolled its legs against them, until they looked like yellow hose, as the bee-keepers say; and then, heavily laden, flew away home. Then said I, "Thou camest seeking honey, and finding none, hast been satisfied with wax, and hast stored it for thy house, that thy labor may not be in vain. This, likewise, shall be to me a lesson of contentment."

The night is far spent—the dark night of trouble that sometimes threatens to close around us; but the day is at hand, and even in the night there are stars, and I have looked out on them, and been comforted; for as one set, I could always see another rise, and each was a lamp showing me somewhat of the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God.—*Sci.*

Letters from Little Folks.

ST. CHARLES, Mich.

DEAR CHILDREN: This is the first time I have written for the INSTRUCTOR. I am trying to be a good little boy and obey my parents. I want to keep God's commandments that I may enter in through the gates into the city. JAMES W. GUILFORD.

Mahlon T. Snyder, of South Vineland, says: Ma and I have been keeping the Sabbath for some time. Pa commenced yesterday to

keep it. There is but one family of Sabbath-keepers near here. They let me have several numbers of the INSTRUCTOR, and I like them much.

FARINA, Ill.

This is the first time I have ever written to the INSTRUCTOR. I am ten years old. I earned a dollar by picking berries, so I send it to pay for my paper. I am trying to be a good boy. DANNIE P. CRANDALL.

We understand that this little boy is a Sabbath-keeping Baptist. We bid you a hearty welcome to the children's corner, Dannie, and hope you will write again.

Sister E. C. Chipman, of Richmond, Iowa, says: My little girl loves to read the INSTRUCTOR. She learns the lessons. I often pray for those children who have not the privilege of attending Sabbath-school, that they may be overcomers. It will be worth everything to gain a home in that beautiful world. May we all be gathered into the kingdom when Jesus comes.

Sister Comings, of Cornish, N. H., writes: The little paper is a welcome visitor here, and gladly read by old and young.

Orrianna Wilbur, of Ransom Center, Mich., writes: I love the little paper much. I have obtained a subscriber.

Orrianna, it seems, intends to be a "worker." You have made a good beginning. Go on in the good work.

Grafton Harlow, a little boy eight years old, sends pay for the INSTRUCTOR, which he earned by catching mice and gophers out of the wheat. He likes the paper, and could not well do without it. Be faithful in serving the Lord, little Grafton; we want to meet you in the better world.

THE last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unbearingly, warmth of heart toward the cold.

SLEEP is death's youngest brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without my prayers.

MEN left without restraint to the indulgence of their lusts and passions, become the tormentors and destroyers of one another.

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