COMMON SENSE.

[It has been said that common sense is the most uncommon of all senses; hence it is not to be understood to mean "good sense in common things." This rare and valuable quality cannot be acquired from books, or bought for money. It must be the result of close observation and careful thought, while actually engaged in the duties of everyday life, bearing its burdens, meeting its difficulties, and solving its problems. The common sense of the wise is so suggestive, that, although the style is not exactly according to our taste, we give them, hoping they will teach a useful lesson. They are from the pen of B. Frank Russell, in Wood's Household Magazine. — O. H. Bell.]

"This is plain to me," said a farmer's wife, "those boys will make their mark in life, They never were made to handle a hoe, and at once to college ought to go. There's Fred, he's a better a fool, but John and Henry must go to school.""

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

"Book learnin' will never plant one's corn, nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born, nor mend a rod of broken fence; for give a man common sense."

But his knowing wife was bound to rule, "But, for all that," added farmer Brown, "Fred does more work in a day for me than both his brothers do in three."

With their affections set on him? or have the
delight and deth of the present evil
Are you willing to delay, or will you let it pass in your hand?
Shall the harvest be past and the summer ended, and you not saved?
Now is the time to prevent such a calamity.
R. F. Cottrell.

Gleaners.

"Gleaners in the world's great harvest; Toilers! in the mine or mind, Reaping for the common good, ye shall yet most surely find."

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

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

How should we glean? With hope that the harvest will repay us for all; with faith, with patience, with cheerfulness, gleaning untiringly.

Does it sometimes seem that all your efforts are useless because you cannot see the fruit? "Be not weary in well-doing." "He that hath a heart to spare his own."

While his brother looked rather higher than he, and hung out a sign, "H. Brown, M. D."

Meanwhile at home, his brother Fred had taken a notion into his head; But he quietly trimmed his apple trees, and weeded onions, and planted peas; While somewhat, either by hook or crook, he managed to read full many a book, Until at last his father said, "He was getting book in his head;"

"But, for all that," added farmer Brown, "his smartest boy has in town."

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

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

And as he was getting "book in his head," he was getting "book larnin' into his head;"

"He was getting book in his head;" And "book larnin' will never plant one's corn, nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born, nor mend a rod of broken fence;" and "for give a man common sense."

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18 THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEKE, MARCH 1, 1871.

Miss J. R. TREMBLEY,
Miss R. E. FAIRFIELD, |
| ASSISTANT.

To Our Friends.

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

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

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

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

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

We would invite ministers, teachers, and others—all who are familiar with the Scriptures, and have experience in the things of God—to aid us in feeding the lambs. We ask, also, for any selections of choice miscellany which will have a tendency to elevate the mind, and lead to noble actions. Let us hear from you, at any rate. J. R. TREMBLEY.

FEED MY LAMBS.

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

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

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

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

E. R. FAIRFIELD.

HIDING THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.—A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In the course of his battles, Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of the monarch, and at the same time desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, while his finger covered the scar.

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

The Children's Corner.

Letters from Little Folks.

Beek's Bridge, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1871.

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

God bless the children. E. M. L.

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

Ottawa, Mich.

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

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

Weeds, Minn., Feb. 11, 1871.

Dear Young Friends: For the first time, I attempt to write a few lines for our little paper. I am thirteen years old, and am trying to be a good boy. I am tempted to do wrong sometimes, like the rest of the Instructor family, but hope to overcome at last. I love our little paper, and wish it would come every week. I love to read the letters from the little children. Russell C. Kelsh.

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

Richmond, Feb. 6, 1871.

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

State Centre, Iowa, Feb. 10, 1871.

Dear Editor: I take the Instructor, and like it very well. I learn the lessons, and read every Sabbath, as I am seven years old. Am trying to be a good boy, so that I can be saved. I want you to pray for me, that I may meet you on Mount Zion. Jody W. Temple.

Lafayette, Mich.

We will pray for you, Lafayette. May God
**THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.**

**Lesson Eighty-Three.**

**Joseph Sold into Egypt.**

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

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**Note from the Editor.**

The youth are frequently asked to write articles about their faith and religious experiences. The editor encourages them to share their thoughts and doubts, and to seek guidance from their faith. In the current issue, the youth are asked to reflect on the lesson of Joseph's brethren and their betrayal of him. They are challenged to consider the consequences of their actions and the importance of forgiveness. The youth are encouraged to think about the lessons of honesty, trust, and forgiveness, and to apply them in their own lives. The editor also presents a poem by Jennie Philo about the experience of faith and the challenges of life. The poem speaks to the importance of trust in God and the comfort of faith. The youth are invited to reflect on their own experiences and to share their thoughts with the community. The issue includes a list of Bible lessons for children and a review of the ministry in the heavenly sanctuary. The youth are encouraged to deepen their faith and to apply it in their daily lives. The issue concludes with a farewell message to the youth, emphasizing the importance of faith and community.
At the start of a busy day, God will not notice it. But how much is not noticed in the present life and knowledge. Such sins become will-felt by us all.

If you make a small act of disobedience, however small that act, the Lord will notice it; and to this day, the evil is incurable and unpardonable. Satan then could eat, how much more sinful to work upon the Lord's holy temple? For he is naturally hasty; and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

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

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

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

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

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

The Distrustful Bird.

A very little canary bird, a very sweet singer, had often cheered and brightened my room during a long illness; and sometimes its sweet, rich notes soothed me when my nerves, shattered by an illness of years, would not permit me to enjoy the company of my feathered companion. The overcomers shall inherit it. Oh! blessed thought! that you and I, dear children, may, if we will, take hold of this good way, and find it may, in little while, see the beautiful city, and walk its golden streets.

We may behold our Redeemer, whose precious blood was shed for us. I do want to be fitting up for that glorious place. The Saviour bids us follow him, and soon he will come again to take to himself all his children. He wants all the lambs of the flock. He will care for all.

Wings By-and-by.

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

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

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

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not knowing the child, as she turned to the cripple. "What a life to lead! What has he in the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile was chased into his face. He answered:

"I'm never thinking about the future, he said by "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

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

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