

# The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 19.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL 1, 1871.

NUMBER 7.

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

## BE HAPPY.

This world is not a vale of tears, a wilderness of woe,  
Unless, by wicked discontent, we choose to make it so;  
For, though we meet the hurricane, the chilling frosts, and  
snow,  
Assuredly ours the balmy breeze and sunshine's ruddy glow.

We may the slightest censure heed, while deaf to love  
that warns,  
Forget the rose's fragrant bloom in keen research for  
thorns;  
And every grief that time may bring fast to our hearts  
may bind,  
And banish thoughts that fain would bring relief and  
peace of mind.

There's sorrow, grief, and suffering, here, and misery's  
heaving sigh;  
There's wrong in every human heart; we'll find it, if we  
try;  
But were it not still better far of charity to make  
A mantle for these frailties all, for love and mercy's sake?

Should we permit despair and gloom our happiness to  
shroud,  
And while the bright empyrean glows, still walk beneath  
a cloud?

Or should we wiser strive to catch, with upward-gazing eye,  
The rainbow tints of hope and love which paint the glowing  
sky?

Dear Jesus, loving Saviour, help, that we may look to thee,  
That thine own life so pure and good may our example be;  
Then shall our footsteps ever tend to that bright world on  
high,  
Where peace and happiness will dwell, and pleasures  
never die.

C. E. CHIPMAN.

Battle Creek, Mich.

## A Good Name.

THE wisest man who ever lived says, “A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.” Prov. 22:1. Most of the people of this world think that riches are of more account than anything else.

How many who read the INSTRUCTOR would prefer a good name to riches? How many, if they had their choice between a good name and a thousand dollars, would prefer the good name? Well, perhaps no one, except He who knows all things, could tell; but I am certain that there are some, and they may be poor youth, too, who would not sell their good names for all the riches of the Czar of Russia. The fact is, young reader, moral worth is not a thing to be bought and sold for money. And that youth who places a high estimate upon his good name, bids fair to stand some day on the sea of glass.

I have just seen an incident which shows the power that is in a good name. Perhaps some of you have heard of the well-known New-York anti-slavery man, the late Mr. Arthur Tappan. From his boyhood, he prized a good name. His mother said of him, “I never knew him to tell a lie.”

Mr. Tappan, on account of his sympathy with the poor slave, for a time was very unpopular; and his extensive dry-goods establishment was robbed, the mayor of the city refusing to send him relief. But Providence took care of the man who remembered those in bonds as bound with them, and made even his enemies to be at peace with him. Said a merchant in New York who had long known him, but had not sympathized with him in his anti-slavery enterprises: “If Arthur Tappan will allow HIS NAME to be put up on my store, and sit in an arm chair in my counting-room, I WILL PAY HIM THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS A

YEAR!” This shows the power of a good name, even among worldlings.

Now, those only will have their names in the Lamb's book of life who prized their good names here. Jesus promises to those who overcome, that he will write upon them the name of his God, the name of the city of his God, and his own new name. See Rev. 3:12. But no one will receive this high honor in Heaven who, because of his evil deeds, bore a bad name on earth.

Truly, there is much importance attached to a good name. Let us be careful, dear youth, that none of us belong to that class who have a name to live while they are dead. May the name of the Lord be a strong tower for both reader and writer, and we finally not only have a name, but a place, among the people of God. G. W. AMADON.

## The Beavers and Otters.

A FABLE.

A COLONY of beavers had settled along the bottoms of a certain creek, and built several dams, causing a series of quiet little lakes, where they disported themselves very pleasantly. They had also built many beautiful subterranean chambers where they ate, slept, and reared their young.

These beavers were a very industrious people, and many a stump bore witness to where the mighty had fallen, before the relentless tooth, not of time—as the poets say—but of Mr. Beaver.

Now it happened one bright morning in early spring that there was a general assembly of these people, held at one of the principal lakes, to consider the great work before them. After the meeting had convened, one of the older members of the colony, who announced his name as Double Dam, I think, arose and said:

“My fellow-beavers, have you ever, during your work, cast your eyes to the opposite side of the stream and the bluffs beyond, and observed what a working people our neighbors, the otters, are? Being out one day, on an exploring expedition, I fell in with some of that tribe, and was so well pleased that I accompanied them to their hill-side home, and discovered that they are very much like us. I was very much pleased with their activity. If we could only be united in one colony, what a work we could do.”

It was resolved to appoint a committee to visit this company of otters, and if the way was clear, to unite with them.

In due time the committee reported to the beavers assembled. It was announced that not only were the otters very active, but followed a similar occupation; that although they were a feeble folk, yet they had finer fur, and were such diggers. At this there was such a slapping of flat tails on the mud that the balance of the report was not heard. It was proposed to move on their works immediately, since they were such a genteel and useful people, and especially since the June rise was soon expected, when much work would be required.

In the meanwhile, a similar meeting was held over on the bluffs, and the otters were elated at the idea of a union with such a sturdy and sensible people as the beavers, for

they had often observed what a working people they were.

So of course at the proper time the two colonies were united, and everybody was so well pleased that it was resolved to raise a big memorial mound to commemorate the happy occasion. The beavers set about cutting down timbers, and the otters began digging in earnest.

Day by day the pile grew; but one morning one of the older members noticed that the creek was rising, and that very little work had been done, and some of the young ones began to complain that food was scarce. But the beavers whispered to their young to be patient, that the otters were great workers, and very liberal, and the otters in turn silenced their little ones by simply pointing to the evidence around them of what the beavers could do.

The creek kept rising, for time and tide waits for not even as well meaning a colony as this. The dams were in a wretched condition, and every morning the beavers would look out to see if the otters had done anything to stop those leaks, and the otters would wonder what those beavers meant by neglecting their matters so long. But then everybody felt sure that with such increased numbers, the work would be done.

And so matters went on from bad to worse, one side waiting for the other, and each one falling back on what he had done in the past, till one morning it was announced that the dams were giving way, and the whole colony would be left high and dry, when it was resolved they should go to the regular work with their accustomed activity, and only labor at the big monument some other time.

MORAL. The people who have anything to do, can hardly afford to spend time in watching each other.—Paul Morpheus.

## The Torn Lamb.

As I was passing along a road not long since, my attention was suddenly arrested by a small, white object lying beside the road, which was nothing else but a once pretty, white lamb, now all mangled and bleeding. Thought I, This is the work of some cruel dog, and where was the keeper of this helpless lamb, that it should thus be taken from the fold?

Then I thought of the tender care which Jesus, the great Shepherd, manifested for the lambs, or children, when upon earth, in laying his hand upon them, and blessing them; also his injunction to the apostle Peter: “Feed my lambs.”

I also thought of the many dear children who, for want of proper watchcare, or other causes, will surely fall a prey to the cruel snares of Satan. And now, dear children, let me entreat of you to watch against the cruel devices wherewith he is trying to destroy you, so that in that great day that is so soon to come, you may receive the blessing, and enjoy the society of Him who, when upon earth, took the little ones in his arms, and folded them in his bosom.

SARAH M. ST. CLAIR.

Jasper Co., Mo.

THE flowers of Christian graces grow only under the shade of the cross; and the root of them all is humility.

## The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, APRIL 1, 1871.

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

### Spring.

"From beyond the purple clouds,  
Through the mild and balmy air,  
Starts the April sunshine down  
On the world so fresh and fair.  
'Mid the verdure, here and there,  
Flowrets peep with golden eyes;  
Sparkling raindrops gently fall,  
Like a blessing from the skies.

"In the field the farmer toils,  
Singing gaily at his plow;  
In the budding woodlands near  
Hear the robin's carol now.  
All the earth seems glad and bright;  
Winter's storms are gone from view;  
Nature from her rest awakes  
Once again to bloom anew."

—Eugene J. Hall.

THE merry springtime returns. Everything in nature seems to be newly created. The grass springs up fresh and green; the delicate spring flowers modestly raise their little heads above the ground; the peach blossoms spring out of the bare limbs of the trees, and clothe them with a bright, pink dress.

The spring birds have come back to us, weary of their long absence. Their merry songs tell us how glad they are to return to our orchards and groves to build their nests. They seem to say, as they engage in their little duties, "I am glad the springtime has come again." The brooks from which they drink, and bathe their little wings, are now loosed from the icy chains which bound them; and they find everything in readiness for their enjoyment.

The gentle flocks of sheep and herds of cattle seem very grateful for the green pasturage, and for the privilege of roaming about in the leafy greenwood and pleasant meadow. Yes; the voice of nature is raised in gratitude and praise to her God.

Do we see the children as happy and as grateful for God's blessings as the little birds and tender lambs? God has given them power to think, reason, and reflect, on all his ways; so they, of all created things, should be most thankful for the blessings God bestows.

When this earth was first created, all was bright and fair, and lovelier than our most joyous springtimes now. And the merriest spring is as the dreary winter or barren desert compared with the fair New Earth. How very, very beautiful it must have been when it first came from the hand of the Creator. The great master Artist needed not to be taught how to paint the foliage and flowers. It was no difficult thing for him to harmonize the colors. The glorious sunset, the bright blue sky, the silvery cloud, and earth's green carpeting, were all painted by the same hand. When the work was finished, the Lord pronounced it "good." But everything now comes very far short of the glory it once had; yet enough remains beautiful to direct our minds upward, to the great Creator of the beautiful.

Let me so render praise and thanksgiving

to God for his benefits, that he will give me a home in that lovely land where Jesus dwells—in that glorious Eden where flowers never fade and songs of praise will never cease.

### Will We Gather? or Scatter?

I WANT to say a few words especially to those children and youth who think that if they were only older, they could do so much work for the Lord, but that until they are, they will be justified in doing nothing. I know that the feeling that because we are young we can't do anything of any account, is quite a common one; but is the Lord pleased when we use this as a plea for inactivity? It is right that we should feel our own weakness; but we must not forget to go to the Strong for strength.

I was reading, a few days since, the Bible account of the doings of two boys who were each at a very early age made king over Israel. The name of the first was Manasseh. When he was only twelve years old, he became king of Israel by the death of his father, the good king Hezekiah. Hezekiah had succeeded in leading the Israelites from the worship of idols back to the service of the living and true God. His son Manasseh, though only twelve years old, immediately began the work of bringing the nation back to worshipping idols again. He succeeded so well that the Bible says he made them even worse than the heathen around them. And on account of Manasseh's evil deeds, and also his making Israel to sin, the Lord said, "Behold, I am bringing such evil upon Jerusalem and Judah, that whosoever heareth of it, both his ears shall tingle." How much evil did this one boy whose heart was unsanctified cause to be done in Israel!

The name of the other boy, about whom I was reading, was Josiah. He was only eight years old when he was made king. Unlike Manasseh, he had a very wicked father. His father's name was Amon, and the Scriptures say that he was as wicked as Manasseh had been. Although Josiah was so young, he did not excuse himself from working for the Lord. We are told that he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and "declined neither to the right hand, nor to the left." He began to lead the people to serve the Lord again, and succeeded in abolishing idolatry from the kingdom of the Israelites.

An interesting account of the acts of both the kings I have spoken of, is given in 2 Kings 21; 22; and 2 Chron. 33; 34. Does it not show what the young can do? It is true we have not, individually, so wide a field to work in as did they; our influence is not so extensive as theirs; but remembering that if we do not gather with Christ, we will surely scatter abroad, let us do diligently what the Lord gives us to do. It is our privilege to live so that every day the angels will delight to bear the record to Heaven, "They do that which is right in the sight of the Lord; they walk in the way of the Lord, and decline neither to the right hand, nor to the left." Will we do this?

E. R. F.

THERE is no rose without a thorn.

### To the Instructor Family.

ALTHOUGH most of you are strangers to me, I am strongly attached to you, and your good little paper. My sincere desire is that you may be overcomers, and at last enter the kingdom.

You have an old and experienced enemy to contend with—many battles to fight and victories to gain, before you can enter the golden city. Satan is besetting you on every side. He knows full well that if he can succeed in perverting your minds and passions, and divide your affections, you will fall an easy victim to his devices when you are older.

His first and most effectual warfare against us is to lead us into bad company. This is done in so artful a manner that, before you are aware of it, your mind is so poisoned that you never can fully recover from it. Shun such company as you would the approach of a wild beast. Bears and wolves are better associates than evil companions in human form. As you are young and inexperienced, you may not always be able to know whether it is best for you to associate with certain ones; then be sure to make a confidant of your parents or guardians that they may give you council. If your associates would lead you astray, point them to the word of God, reform them if you can. If you can't do this, leave them before they pollute your soul.

Had I done so, I might now be a shining light in the world; or, had those whom I have led into iniquity either reformed or left me, I would now have less sin and iniquity to answer for. The worst place I ever found myself in was in bad company. I soon became as bad as they. As years passed by, sin increased until the exceeding sinfulness of sin ceased to trouble me, and I was almost entirely under the power of Satan. While in this heart-hardened condition, I did many things that I can never fully counteract. All this was because I did not avoid bad company, but continued in it till I was so hardened in sin that I did these things not realizing that I was so very bad.

Oh! how awful it is to be under the influence of Satan. I would willingly give all that I have in this life, if it would clear up and undo all my past misdoings; but it never can. My only hope is in God's mercy. I will try to redeem the past by future well-doing, trusting that God, for Jesus' sake, will forgive and save me.

W. H. KYNETT.

### God Protects His Children.

NO DOUBT some of you have heard about the revolution in Poland five years ago. Poland was oppressed by Russia, and tried to rebel against the emperor of Russia, and establish a government of its own; but did not succeed, because as a general thing the people did not have the love of God, and gloried in their own strength. The Poles, instead of getting their liberty, were oppressed still more. A great number of them were transported to the country in the region of the Black Sea for life. Fathers were separated from their children, and children from their parents, never to meet again in this world. A number were hung, and others were shot.

Among those who were sentenced to be hung was a young man who must have been very precious in the sight of the Lord, as what transpired seemed to show. He was fastened to a post, and his grave was near by. There, also, were standing twenty-five soldiers, with their loaded guns, waiting for the captain to give them the signal to fire. At this moment, a messenger, with a red flag in his hand, appeared, running swiftly, and crying out, "Life! life!"

The young man was quickly untied from the post, the thick veil was removed from his eyes, and he was informed of the good news. He was half dead, and could not speak at all. After being restored to his former state of mind, he was requested to state what his thoughts were while the preparations were being made for his execution. He replied that the only thought in his mind was, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me?" Ps. 118:6. Thinking of this passage, the mind was calm.

Now, dear children, let us learn a lesson of this young man, who, even in view of death, felt no fear of the power of man, but was happy because the Lord was with him. Let us all try to have the Lord near us. Let us try to love God with all the heart and soul, so that God's Spirit will not depart from us, and that we may have the Lord God around us and within us. If we do this, we shall have nothing to fear, but will try to live like the angels of Heaven, harmless, peaceable, cherishing the enjoyment of the present life in the fear of God and the love of Jesus, and looking forward to the life which is to come.

M. B. LICHTENSTEIN.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"I CAN'T," AND "I'LL TRY."

THERE were two little sisters, Luella and Bell, In their persons no difference you'd spy; But Luella endeavored to do all things well, While Bell would not even try.

If a difficult task were proposed by their aunt, One might always foretell the reply; Bell would always draw out a languid, "I can't," While Luella would answer, "I'll try."

If a new piece of music to either were sent, Why, Bell would at once lay it by, Say, "I'm sure I can't learn it," and rest quite content That Luella should take it, and try.

A church they both sketched from a copy well drawn, And each made the tower awry; "I can't do it straight," Bell exclaimed, with a yawn; But Luella still said, "I will try."

Now which of these girls do you think would excel? I am sure you will instantly cry, "Not the languid, inactive, and indolent Bell, But Luella, who always would try."

Let all, then, who wish to be happy and wise, With zeal to their duties apply; If the sad words, "I can't," to their lips should arise, Let them change them at once for "I'll try."

What Two Apples Did.

THE other day, I stood looking at a noble specimen of a horse, who, just at the time, seemed to be under that influence which, I believe, belongs alike to horses and humans—obstinacy.

He refused to advance one step at the will of the driver, who again and again urged him on. But the horse only turned his head defiantly round toward the carriage, and said, in the plainest horse-language, "No, sir; I do n't intend to give up."

His driver dismounted, and took hold of the bit; but the proud head went up with a still more defiant jerk, and an air which said, "I shall fight it out on this line."

The driver, in despair, again takes his seat, and is vainly urging the obstinate animal, when a lady steps gracefully forward from a neighboring house. Her face is a picture of kindness and good will to all mankind, and especially to horsekind at this particular moment. In her hand are two apples. She holds one to the mouth of this obstinate animal. What horse, with a particle of chivalry in his nature, could resist such a mode of war-

fare? Certainly not this one. His lips take in the delicious morsel, and his obstinacy vanishes in a moment. He starts readily; but the lady evidently believes in finishing the work thoroughly, and holds out one more to him. He takes it as gracefully as it is given, and then with a right good will, and at a right good pace, starts in the proper direction. Two apples did that work.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The lesson to be learned from this is, that we can conquer best by kindness.—ED.

Sabbath-School Department.

THE ONE TALENT.

"To every man according to his several ability."

HIDE not thy talent in the earth, However small it be; Its faithful use, its utmost worth, God will require of thee.

The humblest service rendered here He will as truly own, As Paul's, in his exalted sphere, Or Gabriel's, near the throne.

The cup of water kindly given, The widow's cheerful mites, Are worthier in the sight of Heaven, Than pride's most costly rites.

His own, which he has lent on trust, He asks of thee again; Little or much, the claim is just, And thine excuses vain.

Go, then, and strive to do thy part, Though humble it may be, The ready hand, the willing heart, Are all God asks of thee.

—William Cutter.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON EIGHTY-SEVEN.

JOSEPH APPOINTED RULER OVER EGYPT.

1. What advice did Joseph give to Pharaoh after having interpreted his dream? Gen. 41:33-35.
2. Why was it necessary to lay up so much corn? (Verse 36.)
3. How did Pharaoh receive the counsel given by Joseph? (Verse 37.)
4. What did Pharaoh say to his servants? (Verse 38.)
5. What did he say to Joseph? (Verses 39-41.)
6. What clothing did he put upon him? (Verse 42.)
7. What other mark of honor did he bestow upon him? (Verse 43.)
8. What did he then say to him? (Verse 44.)
9. Why did Pharaoh have so much confidence in Joseph? Ans. Because he thought that Joseph had the Spirit and counsel of God. (See verses 38, 39.)
10. How old was Joseph at this time? (Verse 46.)
11. How much corn did Joseph lay up during the seven years of plenty? (Verse 49.)

LESSON EIGHTY-EIGHT.

THE FAMINE.

1. Did the famine come at the end of the seven plenteous years as Joseph had predicted? Gen. 41:53, 54.
2. What did the people of Egypt do when they had eaten up all their food? (Verse 55.)
3. What did Pharaoh say to them?
4. How far did this famine extend? (Verse 56.)
5. Did any but Egyptians come to Joseph to buy corn? (Verse 57.)
6. Who came among others? Gen. 42:5.
7. How many brethren had Joseph?
8. How many of them came to buy corn? (Verse 3.)
9. Which one remained at home? (Verse 4.)

10. Why did not Jacob send Benjamin with his brethren?

11. How did they approach Joseph when they came into his presence? (Verse 6.)
12. How did he receive them? (Verse 7.)
13. Did he know them?
14. Did they know him? (Verse 8.)
15. What came to Joseph's mind when they all bowed before him? (Verse 9.)
16. What were these dreams? Gen. 37.
17. What did he say to them? (Gen. 42:9.)
18. What answer did they make to the accusation? (Verses 10, 11, 13.)
19. How did Joseph say he would prove them? (Verses 15, 16.)
20. What did he then do with his brethren? (Verse 17.)

My Pearls.

I WANT to tell you about my string of pearls—a class of little girls and boys that I had in Sabbath-school last summer. They numbered about ten, and aged from four to ten years, always bright and joyous, with good lessons. Two of the little girls I called "gems." Besides their other lessons, they committed to memory Christ's sermon on the mount.

I love such gems; and I have sometimes felt after meeting with my class that I could wish every day in the week were Sabbath. If I be permitted a place on the earth made new, I am sure I shall seek a place among the little ones.

In love for the little folks, M. F. DIBBLE.

Spurgeon on Sabbath-Schools.

MR. SPURGEON, in a speech at a Sabbath-school meeting held in Edinburgh, uttered some thoughts worth the consideration of parents and teachers:—

"If we do not teach the children, Satan will teach them. I have heard of a father who objected to teaching his child to pray. The child broke his leg, and while the leg was being taken off, he continued to learn and swear all the time. 'See,' said the physician, 'you have a point of conscience about not teaching the child to pray; but Satan has no conscience about teaching him to swear.'

"I think that to make good Sabbath-school teachers, there must be thorough knowledge and appreciation in your souls of the things you have to teach. I was in Italy last year, and in crossing the Alps with my wife, the sun was so hot that it scorched her face. She asked me to get her some elder-flower water. I started off to a chemist's, and as I did not know a word of the Italian language, I looked through the bottles and jars in his shop, but could not find anything of the kind. I tried to jabber something in French; but he did not understand me, because it was no language at all. I went down to a little brook that ran through the town, and walking along the edge, I came to an elder-flower tree. I got a handful of flowers, walked off to the shop, and held it up to the man; and he knew in an instant what I meant. I think it is not easy to convey the gospel to the heart by merely talking of it; but if you can say by your own life, 'This is the life of Christ, this is the joy of the Christian,' you will be much more likely to make converts.

"The teacher who goes to his class thinking that he himself is always competent without preparation, is making, what I think, a gross mistake. It is well to preach without notes, no doubt; but a man who should preach purely extemporaneously, without thinking beforehand, would be an exceedingly dull and dry preacher.

"'Would you believe it, Sandy,' said a divine, 'that I never thought of the sermon before I went to the pulpit?'

"'Oh! that is exactly what Mr. Mackintosh and I have been saying, while you were preaching.'

"Now, if Sabbath-school teachers pride themselves in their extemporaneous teaching, their pride is peculiar to themselves, and the children will not take much pride in them."—Sel.

## The Youth's Instructor.

## MUSIC OF SPRING.

NATURE joins its pleasant voices,  
In the many tones of spring;  
And those voices seem as holy  
As the notes the angels sing.  
Mild, entrancing, is the music,  
Rising round this earthly sod;  
For with tones both deep and thrilling,  
Nature speaketh of its God.

## Letters from Little Folks.

EDINBORO, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE INSTRUCTOR: Your most worthy little paper has visited me through the past year; and although I cannot tell who sent it, yet I think, yes, I know, I have been benefited by reading it. After reading the several numbers myself, I have distributed them among my friends. As the year approached it close, I felt as though I could not be deprived of it another year, and therefore enclose fifty cents.

I am striving to devote my whole energies to the cause of Christ; but I find that, although the spirit is willing, the flesh is exceedingly weak, and when I would do good, evil is present with me. But if I watch and pray continually, I know I shall be ready to meet my Saviour. This I am striving to do.

A. L. WINSTON.

MASON VILLAGE, N. H.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have been a reader of this little paper for several years. I have received much rich instruction from it. How thankful we ought to be for such helps as this in these last days! and what precious promises we have in the Bible for our encouragement! "God retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will subdue our iniquities, and will cast all our sins into the depths of the sea." Micah 7:18. What a blessed time it is to pray now while Jesus intercedes for us! He is able, also, to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. The Lord requires of us to be pure in word, thought, and deed. We can become so only by living near to Jesus. Let us all, dear readers, be in earnest in the work of searching our hearts, and confessing and forsaking all our sins.

With what glory and splendor will Jesus come to this earth the second time! And what great preparation must we make to meet him in peace! "Abide in him, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming." 1 John 2:28.

MARY A. GOULD.

COLETA, Ill., Feb. 18, 1871.

DEAR SR. TREMBLEY: For the first time I write for the INSTRUCTOR. I hope that I shall see all the INSTRUCTOR family in Heaven. There are a few rich men in the world; but they may not be so rich in the world to come. I want my riches in that better world. I am a little boy ten years old. I am trying to be a good boy. Our race is almost run; we'll soon be on the other shore. If we strive a little longer, we will be in the kingdom of God. I am a great ways from Jesus. Many say this; but we need not always say it. We should say, I am trying to be better. We must strive with all our hearts, and then we shall have a home in God's kingdom.

WILLIE A. COLCORD.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: I write a few lines to you for the first time. I am nine years of age. I keep the Lord's Sabbath with father and mother. I take the INSTRUCTOR, and like

it very much. Pray for me that I may overcome my sins, and be a good girl, and meet you all in Heaven when Jesus comes to take his children home.

GENEVIEVE WEBBER.

WASHINGTON, N. H., Feb. 7, 1871.

DEAR EDITOR: I like the INSTRUCTOR very much, and wish that I could have it for my own. I love to read the letters from the INSTRUCTOR family. It encourages me to press on in the good way. I want to be one of Jesus's humble followers. I want to have a right to the tree of life. I want to see Jesus, and walk in that beautiful city with streets paved with gold. I sometimes fear that I shall never get there, I am led astray so often, and am tempted to give up trying to gain that blessed home; but, by the grace of God, I mean to be an overcomer, and stand at last on Mount Zion. Pray for me.

M. HARRIS.

GENESE, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1871.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: It has been a long time since I wrote for our paper, but I can say that I am still trying to do what is right in the sight of the Lord. Although I am many times led into by and forbidden paths, yet it is my desire to have a home in Heaven. I want to be a daily Christian, and set a good example before my young associates, that they may see that I am trying to be a Christian. Oh! how I wish that when the dear Saviour comes I might see all the friends of the INSTRUCTOR with clean hands and white raiment, and a crown of glory on their heads! I like to read our paper, and have taken it ever since I was old enough to read it. My age is fifteen years. I have been trying to keep all of God's holy commandments over four years. I was baptized three years ago with several other young Christians, and joined the church. I mean to do what is right, be a sincere follower of Jesus, and meet you at last when he comes. I believe he is soon coming on the great white cloud, to gather his faithful ones home. Pray for me.

EMILY HOWE.

## The Best Riches.

Not long since, a gentleman took an acquaintance upon the top of his house to show him the extent of his possessions.

Waving his hand about, he said:

"There, that is my estate."

Then, pointing to a great distance on one side—

"Do you see that farm?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is mine."

Pointing again to the other side—

"Do you see that house?"

"Yes."

"That also belongs to me."

Then said his friend:

"Do you see that little village out yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this."

"Ah! what can she say?"

"Why, she can say, 'Christ is mine.'"

He looked confounded, and said no more.

## God Counts.

A BROTHER and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the table, and went out. "How nice they look," said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and drew his hand back, saying it was against their mother's directions.

"She did not count them," said he.

"Perhaps God did," said the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and sitting down, seemed to meditate. "You are right," said he, looking at her with a cheerful, yet serious, air; "God does count; for the Bible says the hairs of our head are all numbered."—*Sel.*

## The Little Swiss Girl.

IN A SWISS family there was a little girl not quite eight years old. Every Sunday, at breakfast, the parents gave each child a small loaf of the finest and best kind of bread to eat. She always enjoyed her loaf as the rest. But she heard at the Sunday-school that, by bringing to her teacher every Sunday a few pieces of money, each child might, at the end of a few weeks, obtain a Bible of her own—quite her own, and to keep for herself.

At once, she made up her mind to ask her parents not to give her the best loaf at breakfast, but to allow her to eat the common bread, and give the difference in the prices of the two loaves to her. To this, her parents agreed, though not without expressing surprise; and the little girl, during nearly four months, went without the best bread, in order to obtain a Bible of her own.

## Picking up the Minutes.

ONE of my little Sabbath-school boys earned a new suit of clothes, shoes and all, by digging dandelions, and selling them for greens.

"When did you find time, Jemmy?" I asked; for, besides being a very punctual and constant scholar at the day school, he did errands for Mrs. Davis—"when did you find time?"

"There is most always time for what we are bent on," said Jemmy. "You see, I pick up the minutes, and they are excellent picking, sir."

God did not take up the three Hebrews out of the furnace of fire; but he came down and walked with them in it. He did not remove Daniel from the den of lions; he sent his angel to close the mouths of the beasts. He did not answer the prayer of Paul to remove the thorn in the flesh; but he gave him a sufficiency of grace to sustain him.

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