A SPRING MORNING.

Two earth-ha 1 fixed the vernal sides again,
The upland snows have flown down into the glen,
The foaming torrent rushes to the main.
The streaming ground gives pledge of summer rain.

The barn is open, and the cattle stand
And sniff the air blown from the pasture land,
And drink of many sheds and brooks,
And winding paths that wait their loitering feet.

The children rise o'er the green lawn,
Fresh vigor gleaming strength of brain and brow,
While o'er the threshold bears the baby's shout
On quivering wings of rapture flutters out.

In through the open window glide the feet
Of wand'ring winds, laden with odors sweet,
Where spring is weaving, in the solitudes,
On quivering wings of rapture flutters out.

Our Moral Atmosphere.

My dear reader, did you ever think that, at different times and under widely different influences, you are yourself a different person, and that your feelings, thoughts, and views, on many points, are susceptible to great changes? Especially is this the case with the young. The older one grows—the more years ripen character for good or for evil—the less does the influence of those with whom they come in contact have an influence over them.

But probably no persons ever reached such a state of goodness as those with whom they associate, who have no influence over them for good or evil. It is therefore necessary that we should be on our guard at all times, and watch and pray, that we may not be led astray by evil associations.

There are many people who are generous, good-natured, agreeable companions, whose society we enjoy, and yet who, after all, never make us any better. We want to associate with the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and who will help us on in our journey to the heavenly home.

Reader, we are in a world of sin, but we shall be out of it in a little while; and certainly we ought to enjoy the good and gracious, the pleasant and beautiful, gifts which are on every hand, given by our Father in Heaven. We must not lay down the armor, but be on our guard continually, for the enemy is powerful and will lead us to death; but we have a strong place of refuge. Jesus yet lingers in the heavenly sanctuary, and pleads for us, and our Father, for his sake, will hear his children when they cry unto him. Although sin be ever on hand, we can, and must, stand nobly at our post, if we hear at last the "Well done" said to us.

MARY J. MERRILL.

The humble soul is like the violet that grows low, hangs the head downward, and hides itself with its own leaves; and were it not that the fragrance of its manly virtues discovered him to the world, he would live and die in secrecy.

Are You Angry, Pa?

It was the Lord's-day afternoon, and Mr. Gray had paced the floor until he was weary of his cross. He had found no rest. The day of rest had no holy charms for him; its hours were always tedious; and now they seemed doubly so, for the grass had not yet covered the grave of his loving and loved wife, and this evening he was very sad and lonely.

The door suddenly opened, and Bessie, his only child, stood before him. Her lip was quivering and her countenance with deep emotion; but she did not speak.

"My child!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, in alarm, "what is the matter? what has happened?" Bessie was so overcome she could not reply.

Taking her by the hand, Mr. Gray led her to his arm-chair, and seated her upon his knee. Supposing it was only some childish grief, he smoothed her soft curls caressingly, saying, "What has troubled my darling? Has kitty caught your bird, or dolly fallen into the fire? Do not cry, tell me what it is.

Dry your eyes, little one—see here!" and a golden coin was slipped into her hand.

"No, no; I don't want any money," said Bessie, sobbing. "I am not going to Sabbath-school any more.

"Has any one hurt your feelings, Bessie? You know you promised your dear mother you would go. Has any one at the Sabbath-school said anything to wound you, my darling?"

"No; no, pa, but here," and she pointed to the Bible that lay upon her lap.

"How could that innocent book hurt your feelings, child?" asked Mr. Gray, with a smile.

"Because—because—" but Bessie stopped.

"Well, become a fool, child?"

"O, pa, you will be angry, I know you will," and Bessie wept again.

"No, my child, I will not. What is it?"

She could not speak, and it said you were a fool. Just think of its calling you that, pa!"

"Called me a fool, child?"

"Yes, pa, and I'm not going to read it another time."

"Called me a fool," repeated Mr. Gray, slowly. "How can you make that out?"

"It says anybody who says there is no God, is a fool; and I heard you tell Mr. Green the other day that there was no God, so isn't that the same as saying you a fool?"

A heavy frown settled upon Mr. Gray's brow, and pushing Bessie from his knee, he walked the floor with a rapid step.

"Are you angry, pa?" asked Bessie, softly.

"No, child, no; bring the book here, and I'm not going to read it to me."

"Called me a fool," repeated Mr. Gray, slowly. "How can you make that out?"

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A heavy frown settled upon Mr. Gray's brow, and pushing Bessie from his knee, he walked the floor with a rapid step.

"Are you angry, pa?" asked Bessie, softly.

"No, child, no; bring the book here, and I'm not going to read it to me."

The child read: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. She paused, expecting a burst of anger; but his voice only trembled a little, as he said, "Go on!" and again the childish voice went on:

"They are corrupt, they have done abominable works.""

"Stop, child!" he exclaimed. "I cannot hear it. Go, leave me now."

Are you angry, pa?"

"No, darling, pa;" and he stooped and kissed her. "No, not angry, my precious one, only waking up. Go now."

The door closed. Swift over the portals of Heaven an angel flew, shouting, "Behold, he prays!" Ah! there was joy among the glit}

There is no sin, perhaps, so universally prevalent as the sin of selfishness. It pervades all classes of society, and every stage of human life; and if not subdued by the purity and power of grace, it will flourish in perennial bloom. It is not alone in the desire for worldly gain that this propensity of the human heart is excited, but in every man, from the very first, it is his nature to make his own happiness the end of all his desires, and if not subdued by the different degrees of intensity, we meet it on every hand. And here I would ask myself these questions, Is my own heart free from this sin? Do I at all times regard the pleasures, comfort, convenience, and happiness, of others, as I do my own? Do I disinterestedly consult the interests of my friends and associates? Do I have endeavors to speak in a manner that shall in nowise injure, offend, or wound the feelings of any? Would that I could conscientiously answer all these questions in the affirmative. But candor compels me to plead guilty, and in the light of heart-examination, I stand convicted. Yet all this, and more, must I do before I can arrive at the point which the words of the apostle enjoin, "In honor preferring one another."

God cares for us.

This is good news indeed; but how do we know that he cares for us? He says so. The Bible is God's book, and it says, "He careth for you." 1 Pet. 4:17. I am sure that God cares for us, for I see that he does. If he feeds and clothes us, and gives us a house to live in, and helps us in trouble, and heals us when we are sick, does not this show that he cares for us? Then let us open our hearts to him, and ask him to forgive our sins, and create with us, in us clean hearts, that we may walk upright before him; and he will show upon his cause. Then when Jesus comes, we can hail him with joy, and join in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb forever and ever.

J. N. BRANT.
Meditations.

"Left the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." I love to meditate on the joys of the world to come. The night is far spent. Even now the morn is breaking. "Ts but a brief moment ere the golden rays of sunshine will pierce the thick darkness, changing night into day. Soon it will no more be heard, "Watchman, what of the night?" for the long, dark night of time will be past, and the abode of darkness. Then will the longings of the soul be satisfied. Then will the watchful, prayerful, live near to God, and when Jesus comes, he will gather you with his jewels.

B. E. F.

What Some Folks Know.

The readers of the Instructor will remember the notice of Uncle John's Letter Box, in number 6, with some questions which had been sent him, and the answers he returned. In his "Letter Box" of March 23, Hattie C., of Blue Earth, Minn., asks him this question: "There are some people in this Bible say things very different from that. Then he refers to Paul's language, "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." Phil. 1:23. But he failed to observe that Paul not only speaks of the grave with the body till the resurrection, and that then the soul is raised, but the body is left in the grave. Now, Uncle John, please tell me what you think about it." Hattie C. makes a mistake in her question. The people refer to do not believe that at the resurrection the soul is raised and the body remains, but that the whole person is raised then out of the grave where it had lain unconscious till that time. But Uncle John says that "some people" in the Bible say things very different from that. Again, he refers to the words of Jesus to the thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." But here again he overlooked the fact that Paradise is where God the Father dwells, in the third Heaven, 2 Cor. 2:14; Rev. 2:7; 22:1, 2; and that Christ told Mary three days after his crucifixion that he was about to go to Paradise, to be with the Lord, 2 Cor. 12:4. So he did not mean to be understood that the thief should be with him that very day in Paradise, as Uncle John thinks, else there is a contradiction in his words which cannot be explained. Would not Uncle John do well to think of this? It is all explained when we understand Christ to say, I tell you this day that you shall be with me in Paradise, when I come in my kingdom; which is the time when the thief wanted to be remembered. "Remember me," he said, "when thou comest into thy kingdom." Uncle John refers to another scripture, this time to Paul's language, "For the Lord will come in his own name, and his anger like a flaming fire shall devour the mountains and set them ablaze, and his leopard shall be with the Lord, 2 Cor. 5:8. But still the important point for him is omitted, namely, whom are we to be present with the Lord? Paul does not say in other places, that it is to be when the trumpet sounds, the Lord appears in the clouds, the dead are raised, the living saints changed, and all are together in one common mass of glory. Paul says he, we are to be with the Lord, 1 Thess. 4:13-17. And Christ told his disciples when he was about to go away from them to Heaven, that he would return again for them, and take them to himself, so that they might be with him. John 14:1-3. The only way we are ever to be with the Lord is by his coming again and taking us to himself; and the only time when this is done is when he thus comes for us.

But Uncle John says further, "I not only think the Lord comes at once, but that the body is at once raised in the grave with the body is a mistake, but I know it." This is rather positive. You do not support the theory, do you? That Uncle John knows more than Solomon knew? But what does Solomon say on this subject? He says, "The living know that they shall die; but the dead know nothing, 11 Cor. 15:45. The night is far spent. The day of the Lord is near; when he cometh, he is to be followed by the dead, who are to be raised from the grave, as we are taught that all who do evil will be put away, and that the righteous will live forever. And David, Solomon's father, says that in the day a man dies, his thoughts perish. Ps. 146:4. And Paul says that if there is to be no resurrection, then that is the case, for there is not such a thing as being asleep in Christ are perished. 1 Cor. 15:18. So, then, when a person is in the grave, there is no operation of the mind, and no emotion of the heart; he knows not anything, but is in a state of unconsciousness which the Bible so many times calls "sleep," and if they are never to be brought out of this by the resurrection, they are perished, and that is the last of them. But Uncle John thinks this is all a mistake, and not only thinks it, but says so, "I know it." You have no doubt heard of some who are "wise above what is written." Is he not one of them? "You and I," he says to Hattie C., "will stick to what the people in the Bible say." A Lover of Truth.

God's Ways.

God works not as men work, but often very differently from what they would think or do. He causes the water to gush out of the rock for his needy children, not by a thunderbolt, but by the touch of the rod of Moses. Would he have his gospel made known to men, he does not choose the learned and the wise in this world's wisdom. He sends out his ministers from the shores of Galilee, where they had been known as simple fishermen. If he would have a learned man among his ministers, he takes him from among the enemies of the gospel, and makes him one of the most glorious defenders of the Christian faith the world has ever seen. Thomas, the first apostle, as Uncle John said, "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." God can work by very humble means. Little children can speak the truth, and God will hear them, and so make the world better. Let us remember that God works by all means, how ever small to us they may seem.

Who gives unseen, sincere.
by this course of action you will lift, in a great
obedient and wayward, and do not heed her
" It would be difficult to say which of these
faithful to the end, the promise contained in
measure, the heavy burden from her heart, and
make her burden lighter. But more than this,
not realize how unhappy she is. She cannot
ready for the Lord's coming. If you are dis-
school, and he was very anxious to merit one

...Little Burden-bearers.

DEAR CHILDREN: I want to say a few
words to you about bearing burdens. The
Bible says, "Bear ye one another's burdens.
I

The Boy's Triumph.

There were prizes to be given in Willie's
school, and he was very anxious to merit
one of them. As Willie was young, he was
behind the other boys in all his studies but
writing. As he had no hope to excel in any
way, he made up his mind to try for the special
prize for that, with all his might. And he
did try so that his copy-book would have
done honor to his name. When the
prizes were awarded, the chairman of the
committee held up two copy-books, and said:
"It would be difficult to say which of these
two books is better than the other, but for one

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

DEAR YOUTH AND CHILDREN: Did you
ever consider the exceeding sinfulness of sin?
Did you ever stop to think that God hates
sin, and that he does not look upon even the
least of God's commandments?

Dear children, if you have never thought
about it, you are in a very bad way. You
should not only do your best to keep all the
commandments now, but you should
always try to do the right thing. If you do
not, God will punish you. But if you do,
God will bless you.

Will you not try to think something about
this great burden that your mother bears for
you all the time. She knows that if you do not
overcome and be

Only One Sin.

DEAR YOUTH AND CHILDREN: Did you
ever consider the exceeding sinfulness of sin?
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Will you not try to think something about
this great burden that your mother bears for
you all the time. She knows that if you do not
overcome and be

Infinite toll would not enable you to sweep
away, by ascending a little, a you
may often look over it altogether. So it is
with moral improvements; we wrestle fiercely
with a vicious habit, or with a slanderous re-
gers; if we keep all of the commandments of
God, we may, in a little while, see the city,
and walk its golden streets. We may behold
the Judge between you and them, they will not feel happy

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10. What did Judah say then? (Verse 14.)
11. What did Jacob say to Benjamin? (Verse 46.)
12. How was Joseph affected by his blueprint? (Verse 11.)
13. What did Joseph say to Simon? (Verse 43.)
14. What commandment did Joseph then give? (Verse 44.)
15. What did one of the brethren discover when he
opened his seals at the inn? (Verse 27.)
16. How did they feel when they found that the
money they had paid for corn was restored to them? (Verse 28, 29.)
17. What did they say? (Verse 28.)

LESSON NINETY.

JACOB IS UNWILLING TO LET BENJAMIN GO.

1. What did Joseph's brethren do when they came
together to Jacob's father, in the land of Canaan? Gen. 42: 29.
2. What did Jacob say after he had heard their
story? (Verse 36.)
3. What reply did Reuben make? (Verse 37.)
4. What decision did Jacob then express? (Verse 38.)
5. What did he say to his sons when the corn which
they had brought from Egypt was all eaten up? Gen. 43: 2.
6. What did Judah say? (Verse 5-6.)
7. What complaint did Jacob make? (Verse 6.)
8. What excuse did his sons offer? (Verse 7.)
9. What plea did Judah then make? (Verse 5-10.)
10. What did Jacob plainly tell them to do? (Verse 11-14.)

Be at Home with Your Class.

Yes, teacher, be at home with your class. Do not put
on any airs for effect. Be natural. Do not try
to give your pupils an impression that you are any-
thing more than you are. They will surely detect
you. Do not be stiff and formal with them, but easy
and gentle. Love them, and they will surely love you
in return. Only love begets love. Be so gentle and free with them, show
some interest in them, that they will feel that you are
their friends. Show them so fully that you are their
friend that they will not feel afraid to express their
thoughts and feelings to you. When you have gained
the confidence and love of your pupils, you can do
anything you wish with them. But if you
set yourself upon a pedestal, as though there were a
barrier between you and them, they will not feel happy
under your instructions. Be at home with them, and
your pupils will feel that you are in your own
countenance, and procure your whole man.
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

A Correction.

On the 24th page of the last Instructor, in the article, "God Protects His Children," substitute the word "shot" for "hung," in the second line of the second paragraph. By some oversight, this mistake was permitted to pass, and we regret it much. Bro. Liehtenstein, the writer of the article is a Pole, and until a few months ago was a Jew. About three months since, he came to Battle Creek and soon embraced the Christian faith, and is now an earnest overseer of the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. The Instructor family will be happy to hear from him often.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE SWALLOW.

Its song is full of merriment, Its little burrystout, Such a sweet mellow sound, Of childhood's joys about. It is the gift of a kind hand, To grace our earthly bowers; The same that gave the stars of eye, And lovely, blooming flowers.

Letters from Little Folks.

We find this week a large number of communications for the letter department. There is room for but few each week; yet they will probably all appear in good time. We are glad that so many take so much interest in this. The letters are not confined to the children alone. We have quite a number from fathers, mothers, and even grandparents. We welcome them all.

Very many are writing us for the first time. We say to you, friends, May God bless you, and keep you unsoulted from the world. May your hearts glow with the love of Jesus, and may your own souls be watered as you try to do good to others. Be successful in winning souls to Christ, and your crown will be studded with stars that will sparkle with a brilliancy far surpassing the gold and diamonds of this poor world.

INDIANOLA, IOWA.

Dear Little Friends: Two years ago I was without a hope in Christ—a wanderer from God, in the downward road to ruin. But God in his tender love called me from darkness into light, helped me to seek for pardon through the merits of Jesus, and set me in the kingdom of his love. For this, I am very grateful. I take delight in reading your pages, and am well pleased with the new form.

I want to be among those that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. Pray for me, that I may meet you all in the kingdom.

Mollie A. Cruzan.

HESPERRIA, MICH.

Dear Young Friends: Once more I will try to write a few lines for our good little paper. I have taken it about four years. I take great delight in reading your pages, and am well pleased with the new form.

I want to be among those that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. Pray for me, that I may meet you all in the kingdom.

Mary Alice White, of Durand, Ill., says:

Dear Editors: I am trying to keep the Sabbath with my parents. I have a brother and sister sleeping in their graves, that I may see my Lord's coming. Pray for me, that I may meet them in Heaven. I want to be a good girl, so I can be among the number that will be saved.

This is Alice's first letter.

A boy ten years of age writes from Genoa, Mich.:—It is now two years since I commenced keeping the Sabbath. I was baptized last July. I am sorry I have not lived nearer the Lord; but will try and overcome my sins, and be obedient in all things. I want to go to the kingdom. Pray for me.

George S. Gilbert.

Here is a sweet little letter which the Editor has enjoyed much. We make room for it, feeling sure that others will enjoy it too.

Dear Instructor: I am a little girl most six years old. I love my paper. I can read it to my little brother Frank. I wish I was big enough to sing and stand up in meeting and say, 'God is good; I love Jesus; and I want to be good so I can go to the beautiful city when Jesus comes.'

My pa is away most all the time; but God takes care of his little children just as well. I sometimes feel a little lonely while he is away. Maybe our paper and a book is all I need. I love my paper. I can read it to my little brother Frank. I want to read it to my little brother Frank. I want to be big enough to sing and stand up in meeting and say, 'God is good; I love Jesus; and I want to be good so I can go to the beautiful city when Jesus comes.'

Pray for me.

George S. Gilbert.

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