**The Youth's Instructor.**

**VOLUME 19.** BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY 1, 1871. NUMBER 9.

**THE GOLDEN GATE.**

Worze the little children know What flowers grow near them now, And where the sweetest flowers grow Along the path of life? Where are the little lambs more green, Where the brightest birds are seen, Where the skies are all serene, And where there is no strife?

Younger is the "golden gate," All around the angels wait, There the narrow path is straight; Here the Shepherd feeds his sheep, Here the lambs securely sleep, Here's a fountain pure and deep, To wash away the world's despair.

Near there is a broader way, Where the thoughtless and the gay Throw their priceless souls away, Beaten out of their God. There the gate is open wide, And the tempters stand beside, Lebanon, Lebanon, Lebanon, Adown the dreadful road.

Children, turn not to the right, Nor the left; but in the light Of the gospel pure and bright, Seek to be forgiven. Enter through the "golden gate," Where angels gently wait, Where the narrow path is straight, Leading up to Heaven.

**Resurrection.**

My little sister captured a large, brown worm early in the spring, and put him in a cage, feeding him for some time with fresh leaves from the grape-vine on which she found him. For a while he seemed to thrive in his confinement; but afterward he grew discontented in his close quarters, and sought to escape, refusing to eat the dainty fare provided for him. Soon when we looked at him, his brown body appeared faded, and the white spots that showed so plainly on his sides were almost gone. Now he is wound up in a soft white ball, fastened to the twigs on the bottom of his cage. Shake him about, and there is no sign of life. Why do we keep him? Why don't we throw him away? Listen a moment and I will tell you why. Very soon, now that the winter winds are blowing, Jesus will wake the little form in the coffin that we stepped before one, and said, "Mamma, here is somebody we know."

It was a picture of the Saviour blessing little children. It was one she had never seen before; but from the countenance of the person in the picture, she knew it represented the Saviour. The remark made a deep impression upon that mother's mind, and often cheered prayers go heavenward that her little girl might early know Jesus.

But some little boy or girl asks how we may learn about Jesus. I will tell you some of the ways children may know about Him. Did you have a kind father away from you, how you would love to hear from him. How mother would relate every little incident, and every letter, and all that was woven in the family circle. Just so may children learn about Jesus.

About one year since, this same child heard, for the first time, the story of "Little Will," published at the Review Office. She became so interested in it that she wanted to hear it every day; and in a few weeks could repeat it all herself. Nor part of it affected her more than the history of young Will's childlike love for Jesus.

Then there is the story of the lost lamb. No child can hear it without being deeply touched, and it will bear repeating again and again. Then there are Bible histories made simple for children about creation, Adam and Eve, Joseph and his brethren, Samuel, David, Solomon, and others, that may either serve to warn or instruct children. But the story of Jesus, how he was once a little child like you, only that he never was disobedient, impatient, or selfish; but was always gentle and good, and therefore knows how to help you to be the same, is sweeter than all others.

**Jesus!**

"There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in Heaven."

Dear children, he is all that a kind friend can be. He does not spurn you from him because you have been, and are, sinful; but he longs to make you like himself. Should you try all the time to be good without him, you could not succeed; but come to him just as you are, not reserving anything, and then how easy it will be to do right. Come within the fold, and follow his call, and no one can pluck you out of his hand. How many dear children, after another year rolls around, will be able to tell of a Saviour's pardoning love. -M. D. AMADON.

One drop of ink will blacken a whole glassful of pure water. So will one evil commotion make the whole heart fit. Oh, beware of those evil words! You might drop many, many drops of pure water into the inkily tumbler, but it would have no perceptible influence. But one word, one drop into that which is accursed, and the whole vessel is defiled. -The Standard.
The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE GREEK, MAY 1, 1871.

Miss J. H. TREMBLEY, 
REVEREND MRS. FAIRBAIRN.

Amrican.

May.

The children's favorite month begins today. May is called the poet's pet month because it brings the warm sunshine, blue sky, gay flowers, green foliage, merry birds, and a train of happy thoughts and pleasant experiences. Children, especially in the country, like this month because the summer school commences, and after the long vacation, they have not only the pleasure of mingling with their former schoolmates, and enjoying grand times at play, but they have an opportunity to store the mind with useful knowledge. As the world around seems to begin life anew, so the children may set out with renewed determination to study, learn, and be what God designed them to be—useful.

It is time when the "year is young" for the farmer to plow the soil, sow grain, plant seeds, and prepare the house for the winter. The months in the years of childhood is the time to plant in the heart the seeds of righteousness. As the farmer first prepares the ground by plowing and spading it up before inserting the seeds, so must the heart be softened and subdued by grace to prepare the seeds of virtue to flourish.

The farmer does not leave his broad fields to care for themselves; after he has planted them with seeds; but he still has to work, to destroy the weeds that will always spring up. So the heart must be cared for, that the noxious weeds, pride, selfishness, envy, and kindred evils, do not spring up and choke the good seed.

Is it not a good time for the children to attend to this work during the pleasant month of May?

"Give."

The following excellent article we clip from the American Sunday-School Worker for April, 1871:

Did a sunbeam just thrill your being with its golden pulse of life, awakening your heart out of its dull apathy? Give it away in bright smiles and kindly deeds of charity. Did a bird-song float down to you through the branches of the elm tree, flooding your soul with music? Give it to your neighbor in jovious words, and beautiful acts of friendship. Has any great joy—any rich blessing—dawned upon you? Let the world know it; let it be better by your gladness. Have you temporal wealth? Make the poor and wretched comfortable and happy. Have you mental or moral wealth? Give them to the world. Bear it up from its poverty and pain. Give the great gift of humanity—good will, sympathy and affection, to the refreshing atmosphere of a higher existence. Did the Father bestow a talent upon you? Give it in good use, one of the great gifts. If you have a talent that has not, but use it faithfully, and others shall be added unto thee.

How has the world grown in the past, and how will it increase its grandeur and enlarge its resources, by giving? Long years ago, one cherished, by day and night, a patient hope. A bright dream haunted his existence. Amid struggles and obstacles, he gave it to the world—and, lo! our own glorious America arose on the horizon, and out of the darkness of his dream, it grew the sun that brightened. Another thought takes shape, and distance is annihilated. Our broad land is girt about with iron bands, and the ocean a deathless gulf. The sunshine, under an apple tree, a grand principle dawns into being, which, bestowed upon the world, becomes a royal legacy for future ages. The farmer first prepares the ground by plowing and sowing, and we hold the key to sublimest mysteries.

So, men, in the past, have added to the world's treasures, and we, who live in the present, are the heirs of God; the first giver. Out of his boundless plenty, he sips upon us the kindly rain and dew. Every theob of his great heart is opened to us graces of sunshine and beauty. What, then, will we give? Have we a beautiful thought? Give it away, and in its path countless others shall walk; a flower planted by the way; the seed of a thousand cherries.

Let us set the world to music—quieting its jarring disorders into sweetest harmony. Let us lift the poor and the sorrowing away from their struggles, their sufferings, their sorrows, and into the region of hope, and peace, and love.

If you have none of those gifts, do not despair. There are humbler ways of giving. Plant a tree in your door-yard, that in after years it may afford your house shade. Hang your sweet-voiced canary in the side porch, that its joyous songs may gladden the heart of the little sick boy upon the way; or the heart of the widow garret. Cultivate flowers in your garden that they may delight the eye of others, and their fragrance may refresh the avenues of the palace and the cottage.

Open your votive offering to the world. Let it be, as you plant, a tree in your door-yard, that in after years it may shade the home of the wanderer, and suggest, perchance, to the poor and the sorrowing. Give, then, in some way, and give freely.

Remember that your life mission is to be a giver. Hoard not thy wealth, O steward! hoard not the sunshine, the beauty, the joy of your life, from others. Hide nothing—but give yourself away in holiest consecration to God and in loving ministries to his creatures. Then shall the Lord be pleased, and even his glory shall grow broader, grander, and better—more precious to you. Can you resist the gentle invitation of the Saviour—etched upon the page of the Bible—"Come to me and partake of the waters of life? Do you love to read of the God of nature; his wonderful things of nature? Take the Bible, study it, and see if you do not find something more wonderful by reading than by reading itself into sweetest harmony. Let us lift the poor and the sorrowing away from their struggles, their sufferings, their sorrows, and into the region of hope, and peace, and love.

If you have none of those gifts, do not despair. There are humbler ways of giving. Plant a tree in your door-yard, that in after years it may afford your house shade. Hang your sweet-voiced canary in the side porch, that its joyous songs may gladden the heart of the little sick boy upon the way; or the heart of the widow garret. Cultivate flowers in your garden that they may delight the eye of others, and their fragrance may refresh the avenues of the palace and the cottage.

Open your votive offering to the world. Let it be, as you plant, a tree in your door-yard, that in after years it may shade the home of the wanderer, and suggest, perchance, to the poor and the sorrowing.
SPRING SONG.

Marylou—bright and sunny spring!
When rolling streams flow clear,
Meadow green and pretty flowers,
And gilded clouds above.
Flee on the soap snowdrop see
Drop her bell so tenderly;
Lightly she begins to climb
Lifts her head into the light.

Ah! the daisies now have come,
Springing on the grassy lawn;
And we are happy.
It is the meek,
Its bright beauty doth unfold.

Hark! the little birds they sing,
When the planet's cups are rising;
And the children in the field,
Patroon down the village strett.
Into woods and meadows fair—
Primroses and violets there—

Welcome, happy, joyous spring!

Sabbath Musings.

Another week with its round of busy care has closed. Another week's record for eternity has been written. What has been the past week's record for the soul? Have we taken our place before the throne of grace and madeour prayers? Have we been holy? Have we spoken words of love and kindness? Have we spoken harsh, unkind words, thus giving the spirit of God an unfriendly reception? Have we helped our profession, with what anguish of feeling that we are truly one week nearer the end of our trials?

The circumstance was this: Her father, at the close of the day's labor, on coming into the house, took a seat beside me, and entered into a long discussion on the subject of the Sabbath. After expressing his opinion, he stated that he knew we were now commanded to keep the first day of the week. I requested that he show me the command in the Bible. He was not inclined to do so. I told him if he could, I would give up the seventh day and keep the first. He refused to see the ground that he was fearful of turning my mind; and if I believed it, he did not wish to do so. I replied that he need have no fears; for if the Scriptures contained such a command, I wished to know it; as it would be of no avail to be observing a day contrary to God's word. But still he declined.

Her little voice, overhearing us, said, "Yes, pa, do show the Bible, if you will." He replied, "No, Jennie; no." "But, pa, Hannah wants to know if Sunday is the right-day to keep; and if she is right, we ought to know it." She then gave the Bible to her father, and insisted on his finding the place. My friend took it much against his will. After a long silence, he said he did not know where to find it. I told him if he did not care for it, he might give it to his daughter. After a long silence, I asked him if he would do so. I replied that he need have no fears; for if the Scriptures contained such a command, I wished to know it; as it would be of no avail to be observing a day contrary to God's word. But still he declined.

I read the passage, and said, "This is what the Bible says about the Sabbath. It teaches us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth—" Who art in Heaven." It breathes the saint's reward—" Thy kingdom come." And a submissive and obedient spirit—" Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. And a dutiful and loving spirit—" Give us this day our daily bread." And a forgiving spirit—" Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." And a cautious spirit—" Deliver us from evil." And last of all an adoring spirit—" For though this is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Even a Child Can Understand the Scriptures.

Nor long since, while I was visiting an old acquaintance, a little girl remarked, after searching the Bible, and reading about the Sabbath, "The seventh day is the Sabbath." The circumstance was this: Her father, at the close of the day's labor, on coming into the house, took a seat beside me, and entered into a long discussion on the subject of the Sabbath. After expressing his opinion, he stated that he knew we were now commanded to keep the first day of the week. I requested that he show me the command in the Bible. He was not inclined to do so. I told him if he could, I would give up the seventh day and keep the first. He refused to see the ground that he was fearful of turning my mind; and if I believed it, he did not wish to do so. I replied that he need have no fears; for if the Scriptures contained such a command, I wished to know it; as it would be of no avail to be observing a day contrary to God's word. But still he declined.

Her little voice, overhearing us, said, "Yes, pa, do show the Bible, if you will." He replied, "No, Jennie; no." "But, pa, Hannah wants to know if Sunday is the right-day to keep; and if she is right, we ought to know it." She then gave the Bible to her father, and insisted on his finding the place. My friend took it much against his will. After a long silence, he said he did not know where to find it. I told him if he did not care for it, he might give it to his daughter. After a long silence, I asked him if he would do so. I replied that he need have no fears; for if the Scriptures contained such a command, I wished to know it; as it would be of no avail to be observing a day contrary to God's word. But still he declined.

I read the passage, and said, "This is what the Bible says about the Sabbath. It teaches us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth—" Who art in Heaven." It breathes the saint's reward—" Thy kingdom come." And a submissive and obedient spirit—" Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. And a dutiful and loving spirit—" Give us this day our daily bread." And a forgiving spirit—" Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." And a cautious spirit—" Deliver us from evil." And last of all an adoring spirit—" For though this is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

The CHILDREN'S CORNER.

For the Little Ones.

I wonder how many there are of the little folks who like this part of the paper best. I think there is quite a number who always ask the one who reads to them to turn to this "Corner" and read it first. Now, if you will make room, I will take a seat with you, and tell you something about my rose-bush; for I am sure you all love flowers, and love to hear about them.

A little boy hearing me say that I wished to have a monthly rose-bush, brought me a tiny slip. It was so late in the fall that some told me it would be useless to do anything with it; for it certainly could not live through the cold winter. But I kept it in a warm place, and gave it plenty of soft water. Instead of dying, as we feared it might, it grew and was alive all winter.

When the snow was on the ground, and the wind was howling out-doors, still the little green leaves kept unfolding, one after another, till it appeared quite like a bush. As the sun rose higher in the sky, and the days grew warmer, some little buds appeared. One of them, the largest, I have been watching closely until this morning it has blossomed into a bright red rose. I placed it in the open window to get the fresh air and sunshine. It had been there but a few moments when a pretty little brown bird came and perched himself on the grape-vine close by, and sung me a sweet bird song as I ever heard. He looked toward the window, and seemed to say, in his way, "I thank you, Miss Jennie, for giving me the first sight of your beautiful rose." And it may be he would gladly have built his nest in its branches if he could get a chance; but he did not say so.

I do not write this merely to tell you about my rose, but to speak also of the thoughts it has suggested to my mind. I think by watching the progress of this little bush, I have been drawn nearer to the Lord. I behold his great wisdom in painting the stem brown, the leaves green, and the flower red. The stem and leaves have no fragrance; but when the rich blossom opened, a sweet odor was sent out from it. Even now while I am writing, three more buds have unfolded their rich leaves to the light.

There are many children who are poor, and perhaps not very attractive to the gay and fashionable world around them. They are neglected by many who think they will never amount to anything. But if they give their hearts to the Lord, they will be beautiful in his sight. He can make love and all the Christian graces grow in their hearts. They can each day be growing up into Christ, and forming characters for Heaven, just as the little bush became larger and prettier. And when Christ comes, as the rose-buds that burst into beautiful blossoms by exposure to the sun's rays, will these children be made immortal, and become jewels in the kingdom of God. And what the Lord calls jewels must be very beautiful indeed.

Children, do you love flowers? Get some
DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: Permit me as a friend to speak to you through your little paper, the Instructor. I think it rightly named, it comes to us every time filled with good things well calculated to instruct the young, although I am older than many of its readers I love the little paper, and especially I love to read the letters from the little folks.

Several letters are left over.

To Be Kind in Little Things.—The sunshine of life is made up of very little beans that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the play-ground, and in the school-room, there is no instance of the little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness—to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others—to give up a little around rather than come against another—to take an ill word or a rough look rather than return it—these are the ways in which many children are kept in bitter and painful, unpleasing sunshine secured, even in the humble home among very poor people, as in families in higher stations. Much that we term moral virtues is dissipated by adopting this rule of conduct.

Good Manners.

Every household should cultivate good manners. They are indispensable, even to the young. A churlish, rude deportment bespeaks a lack of training, of education, of education, or education, can make amends for it. Good manners are attractive and winning, and should be carefully observed in every family circle. Good manners should become second nature, and should be fostered in careless manners or coarse language, much less their children or domesticities. The feelings of those inferior stations should be regarded as well as those of the highest.

A TWELVE-YEAR old Swedish girl, who, after a fortnight’s trial, left a house in Maine in which she was employed as a domestics, said she liked the place and the people, but she dared not live with folks who never prayed.

Letters from Little Folks.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I am a little boy eight years of age. This is the first time I have written to the Instructor, I thought I would write for the first time and tell you that I love the Instructor, and am trying to be a good girl. I am nine years old, and have been trying with my parents to keep all the commandments for four years. Pray for me, that I may be faithful and have a home in the earth made new.

Lola Clark.

DEAR READER of the Instructor: For the first time, I try to write to you a few lines for this good little paper; for I do think it is the best child’s paper I have ever read; not only for children, but for parents also. Let us try to have it visit more homes. I think we can do it. Let each one get a new subscriber, and if we cannot find one, let us think of some one that would be glad to read it, and then send for it, and as many more as we can.

Let us try this. My prayer is that God will help to spread the truth and bless all the dear children that read the Instructor.

Martha E. Hamilton.

DOES GOD CARE for BIRDS?

What do you say to this question, children? Boys are apt to think it fine sport to rob birds’ nests, and to kill the old birds, and take the little ones, too, if they can. But is this innocent

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I am striving to serve our Lord and Master and get ready for his coming of our dear Lord.

Elmor T. Hamilton.

DEAR Miss TREMBLEY: This is the first letter I have written for the Instructor. I feel as though I was writing to my teacher. I am seven and a half years old. I get the Instructor, and can read it. I love it, and think it is the best paper in the world. I will try and get some subscribers. I think I can.

I hope they will keep the Sabbath.

I am studying the Bible Lessons, and trying to be a good boy. We have kept the Sabbath about sixteen miles this week. We will have Sabbath-school in the summer. Please pray for me, that I may be ready when Jesus comes.

Elmor T. Hamilton.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am striving to serve our Lord and Master and get ready for his coming of our dear Lord.

H. A. Castle.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: This is the first time I have written for our little paper. I am trying to be good, so I may be saved. I cannot go to Sabbath-school, but am trying to do the best I know how. I am fourteen years old. I hope you will pray for me, that I may stand with you on Mount Zion.

Alice O. DeMill.

W. M. McCallum writes us from Douglas, Mich. Says he is a Sabbath-keeper, and takes the Instructor. He likes it much, especially the letter department. He sends answers to questions in No. 6; but they came too late for the paper they were designed for. His answers are excellent; for he quotes many passages of Scripture in proof.

Write again, William.

Those who pay their own money for the paper usually prize it most.

Retreat, Wis.

DEAR FRIENDS: As I read the letters of the children in the Instructor, I thought I would write for the first time and tell you that I love the Instructor, and am trying to be a good girl. I am nine years old, and have been trying with my parents to keep all the commandments for four years. Pray for me, that I may be faithful and have a home in the earth made new.

Lola Clark.

DEAR READER of the Instructor: For the first time, I try to write to you a few lines for this good little paper; for I do think it is the best child’s paper I have ever read; not only for children, but for parents also. Let us try to have it visit more homes. I think we can do it. Let each one get a new subscriber, and if we cannot find one, let us think of some one that would be glad to read it, and then send for it, and as many more as we can.

Let us try this. My prayer is that God will help to spread the truth and bless all the dear children that read the Instructor.

Martha E. Hamilton.

DOES GOD CARE for BIRDS?

What do you say to this question, children? Boys are apt to think it fine sport to rob birds’ nests, and to kill the old birds, and take the little ones, too, if they can. But is this innocent

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I am striving to serve our Lord and Master and get ready for his coming of our dear Lord.

H. A. Castle.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: This is the first time I have written for our little paper. I am trying to be good, so I may be saved. I cannot go to Sabbath-school, but am trying to do the best I know how. I am fourteen years old. I hope you will pray for me, that I may stand with you on Mount Zion.

Alice O. DeMill.

W. M. McCallum writes us from Douglas, Mich. Says he is a Sabbath-keeper, and takes the Instructor. He likes it much, especially the letter department. He sends answers to questions in No. 6; but they came too late for the paper they were designed for. His answers are excellent; for he quotes many passages of Scripture in proof.

Write again, William.

Those who pay their own money for the paper usually prize it most.

Retreat, Wis.

DEAR FRIENDS: As I read the letters of the children in the Instructor, I thought I would write for the first time and tell you that I love the Instructor, and am trying to be a good girl. I am nine years old, and have been trying with my parents to keep all the commandments for four years. Pray for me, that I may be faithful and have a home in the earth made new.

Lola Clark.

DEAR READER of the Instructor: For the first time, I try to write to you a few lines for this good little paper; for I do think it is the best child’s paper I have ever read; not only for children, but for parents also. Let us try to have it visit more homes. I think we can do it. Let each one get a new subscriber, and if we cannot find one, let us think of some one that would be glad to read it, and then send for it, and as many more as we can.

Let us try this. My prayer is that God will help to spread the truth and bless all the dear children that read the Instructor.

Martha E. Hamilton.

DOES GOD CARE for BIRDS?

What do you say to this question, children? Boys are apt to think it fine sport to rob birds’ nests, and to kill the old birds, and take the little ones, too, if they can. But is this innocent

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I am striving to serve our Lord and Master and get ready for his coming of our dear Lord.

H. A. Castle.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: This is the first time I have written for our little paper. I am trying to be good, so I may be saved. I cannot go to Sabbath-school, but am trying to do the best I know how. I am fourteen years old. I hope you will pray for me, that I may stand with you on Mount Zion.

Alice O. DeMill.

W. M. McCallum writes us from Douglas, Mich. Says he is a Sabbath-keeper, and takes the Instructor. He likes it much, especially the letter department. He sends answers to questions in No. 6; but they came too late for the paper they were designed for. His answers are excellent; for he quotes many passages of Scripture in proof.

Write again, William.