

# The Youth's Instructor.

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

## GENTLE WORDS.

GENTLE words, how sweet they sound!  
Joy they give to all around;  
Words of love, what peace they bring!  
Happiness to everything.

Gentle words will reach the heart,  
Balm to sorrow they impart;  
Loving words are sweet to hear,  
Joining hearts to others dear.

Gentle words then freely give,  
They will teach you how to live,  
They to you are freely given,  
Angels whisper them from Heaven.

—Sel.

## Novel-Reading and the Fashions.

WE class these two vices together, because of their like tendencies, and because one sin generally follows in the train of another. Those who love to read "smutty books" obtain but little knowledge of the laws of health, and hence they are not governed by reason, but by fashion and fiction, not knowing, perhaps, that "fashion kills." But we hope that none of our readers are governed by fashion, and trust, too, that they are not pampering their young minds with fiction. An impaired digestion is not soon restored, and a mind stored with corrupt literature is even worse. Following the fashions is as great an evil, if not greater, than novel-reading. To say nothing of the evil of fashion in that we waste our money and time in covering the body with the pride, how many men, women, and children, are injured physically by following the fashions? Fashion in this age of the world kills almost as many, if not more, than intemperance. Quite recently I heard of a young lady that was killed by a corset. Tight lacing caused her death, just as it has that of hundreds, yea, thousands, of others.

Many in the bloom of life and health today will have to fill premature graves, just because they will not listen to the voice of reason. There are more suicides committed than many are aware of. That young woman who, by wearing the corset, is brought to the grave at the early age of thirty, who, perhaps, without it would have lived to the age of seventy, has lost forty years of precious life—a life that might have been spent in happiness and doing much good, had she regarded the laws of life. Such, perhaps, do not commit suicide (as that alone we can term it) intentionally, but I would warn our readers not to be governed by "the age of fashion," but study well the laws of nature and of nature's God. Let journals of fashion and fiction go with the tide of all error, and seek the knowledge of truth and virtue. Acquire a useful knowledge of nature, thyself, and our Creator. This you will not find in the sickening romances. There is no soundness in them. All sensible people should avoid them, and seek purer and higher enjoyment. It is mostly those that love to waste precious time in decorating the body that must soon molder back to its mother dust, with pride, that rage for fiction. That is the reason we class fiction with fashion. It is those silly persons that know little else than fiction, that laugh at those who suffer themselves to be governed by reason and common sense. Then avoid such non-

sensical quacks, except it be to reform them, and seek good society, good books, and they will make you happy now and in the life to come.—F. M. SYNDER, in *Pious Youth*.

## Giants.

"THERE were giants in those days." I suppose the readers of the INSTRUCTOR may have often thought that men were once much larger than now. When any of you see a man seven or eight feet high, you gaze on him as a curiosity; but I am going to give you a few facts from scientific sources that men have been on the earth of very great stature. Not that the majority in their times were so tall, but if a few grew to be such giants, the people in general in their times were probably a great deal larger than the giants of the present day. I copy from the *Daily Morning Call* of San Francisco, Oct. 30, 1870.

"In one of his recent lectures, Prof. Silliman, the younger, gave the following list of giants: The giant exhibited at Rouen, in 1370, measured nearly eighteen feet. Garapins saw a girl that measured ten feet high. The giant Galabra, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was ten feet high. Fannum, who lived in the time of Eugene II., measured eleven and a half feet. The Chevalier Scrog, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain the head of the Gunic, who had sixty teeth, and was not less than fifteen feet high. The giant Farragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty feet high. In 1500, near Rome, was found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and who was nineteen feet high. The giant Racart was thirty-three feet high. His thigh-bones were found in 1703, near the River Moderi.

"In 1623, near the castle in Danphine, a tomb was thirty feet long, sixteen feet wide, and eight feet high, on which was cut in gray stone these words: 'Kentolochus Rex.' The skeleton was found entire, twenty-five and one-fourth feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast bone to the back.

"Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1316, was the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high, and, in 1559, another forty-four feet high.

"Near Mazarino, in Sicily, 1815, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high. The head was the size of a hog's head, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces."

One of the statements of Isaiah in chapter 24 is, "The haughty people of the earth do languish," or as the margin reads, "The height of the people" languishes, and we should judge they thus languished by comparing the stature of these ancients with even giants of these times.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

NEVER be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous, if the man was mean afterward. Never be sorry that you gave. It was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

## A Real Hero.

ON board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of an outward voyage from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to the object of his being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like mirrors of truth, replied that his step-father did it because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stow-aways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned, and requested, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculcate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragged him to the fore, telling him, unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang him on the yard arm. He made him sit down under the deck. All round him were the passengers and sailors of the midday watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with the chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that we had ever beheld, to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whose own step-father could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upraised to Heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's prayer.

Our informant adds that then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his own word.—*Watertown Daily Times*.

Many persons do not care much for flowers. Some scarcely observe them. They do not hear the sweet voice of the flowers—for speak they do in their silent way.

## The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 1, 1871.

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

### The Cocoa-nut Tree.

WOULD our readers like a description of the cocoa-nut tree? We have never seen the tree, as it grows in a warmer climate than we have ever visited; but we can give such description of it as we have received from others. Webster defines it thus: "A palm tree producing the cocoa-nut. It grows in nearly all tropical countries, attaining a height of sixty or eighty feet. The trunk is without branches, and has a tuft of leaves at the top, each being fifteen or twenty feet in length, and at the base of these the nuts hang in clusters." Its leaves are of a dark green color. It blossoms every six weeks, and yields about one hundred nuts each year.

This cocoa-nut tree, or palm tree, is one of the most useful trees that grow. The wood is used for building purposes and for fuel. A recent writer says: "The leaves are used for covering houses, and for carpets. From a part of the leaf are made mats, baskets, and brooms; from another part, a kind of parchment, which serves in the place of paper. The long, tough leaf-stalks make the oars with which they row their boats. From the husk of the ripe nuts are made ropes, nets, thread, and twine. The hard shell can be made into a ladle or cup." The shell is also used in many places for hanging baskets.

The kernel is not only pleasant to the taste, but is nutritious. The milk contained in the nut is used by many in making bread, cake, and gems, and gives them an excellent flavor. A sap is drawn from the stalk of the blossoms, from which sugar is made.

### Our Sabbath-School Picnic

HAD been talked of for a long time. It had been decided upon by the officers and teachers, and promised the children, and the time appointed to hold it; but circumstances had arisen to prevent it, until the children began to think they were to be wholly disappointed. At the close of the quarter, it was finally decided to hold it on Wednesday, Aug. 23. Accordingly, an invitation was extended to all the children and their parents, and all others who wished to join us. Wednesday morning, at 8 o'clock, found the school assembled at the church, and in their accustomed places as classes. Each class was then presented with a banner, beautifully trimmed with flowers and sprigs of evergreen, and on which were printed in large letters the following mottoes: "S. D. A. Sabbath-School," "Our Fathers Taught us how to Live," "We Follow in their Foot-steps," "We fight to win a Crown" (above which, on the banner-staff, was placed a large, gilt crown), "No Surrender," "Fear God and Keep his Commandments," "Lord, how Love I thy Law," "Gather the Children in," "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," "Onward and Upward" (on the top of which was a carved hand, its finger pointing upward, and also holding a small rod, from the ends of which hung two small streamers,

with the word "Faith" on one, and "Love" on the other). These were followed by the infant classes of the school, carrying the banner, "Lambs of the Flock."

After singing a familiar hymn, the classes, the eldest first, took their places in the large wagons prepared for them, and rode about three miles to a pleasant grove on the banks of a beautiful lake, where they found seats prepared for them, and also tables for their dinner.

The programme had previously been arranged, and called for an address to the school by Bro. White in the morning, and also by sister White in the afternoon; but in this we were disappointed, as other duties and circumstances prevented their being present. All were disappointed, but endeavored to make the best of circumstances. After an hour or two pleasantly spent in social intercourse, and freely walking about the grove, and on the beach of the lake, the tables were spread with a most bountiful hygienic dinner, of which, after the asking of the divine blessing by Father Morse, all partook with a hearty relish.

Singing was the next thing on the programme. Several of the hymns familiar to the school were sung, after which those who wished, enjoyed a pleasant ride on the lake, and others in social conversation and rambles about the grove. Thus the time passed pleasantly away until 5 o'clock. The school were then called together, and after singing a hymn, were addressed in a few excellent and very appropriate remarks, by Bro. Amadon, its former superintendent. He spoke of the goodness of God to his children, and of the reasons we have to love and obey him; also of the excellent ideas suggested by reading the various mottoes upon the banners, which were standing about the grove.

At the conclusion of his remarks, all bowed before God while Father Morse returned thanks to him for his goodness and mercy, and for the privilege of thus pleasantly spending a short time released from the busy cares and labors of life; and in cultivating a better acquaintance with each other.

Thus our picnic closed, all returning to their homes the happier for the day's privilege, and thankful to God that no accident had occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion so long anticipated.

After returning to their homes the officers and teachers of the school repaired to the house of the superintendent, where they enjoyed a very pleasant surprise. For several terms they had labored together in the school, with hearts united in the work, sharing in each other's joys, and trials, until they seemed bound together in the ties of one family. Especially did all feel that their superintendent had taken a deep interest in, and labored unselfishly for, the good of the school. After a few brief remarks, one of their number presented him with a beautiful book, as a token of their esteem and love. Hearts were too full to give utterance to many thoughts. A few words were spoken—telling more plainly than many words the feelings of the heart—pledging anew the same interest in the work of the school.

After a few moments spent together, all returned home, to look back to this scene, as one of the bright and pleasant ones of life, encouraged to engage anew in the good work of the Sabbath-school.

J. W. BACHELLER.

Battle Creek, Mich.

THEY who will be admitted into the marriage supper of the Lamb, must have on clean linen, pure and white, and now is the time to begin to spin the threads.

### Reminiscences.

DEAR CHILDREN: I want to tell you how good the Lord was to me when I was a little child. The Lord wanted me to love and serve him. I thought much about my sins. I had learned by going to meeting something about my Saviour, that he died for me; but I had no Christian parents to teach me the way of life. I mourned because they were not Christians. In my childish simplicity I went to my Heavenly Father with my trouble. I prayed in secret for my parents.

One day I asked my mother if I might pray with her. She permitted me to do so. My practice was to go into the garden for secret prayer, and there I would plead with my Heavenly Father for my parents.

One night after I had gone into the garden for secret devotion, my father came in from his work, and took a seat by a window that opened out into the garden. He asked my mother who was praying. She told him it was Marinda. He has always said, as soon as he heard me praying for him, he was convicted of his sins, and never was at rest again till he was converted. He has often said that the Lord directed him to that window.

Dear children, in a short time I had Christian parents to teach me the way of salvation. How good the Lord has been to me, to condescend to hear and answer my prayers. My mother lived a long and exemplary life, and died in bright hope of entering into that rest that remains for the people of God. My father is still living a pious, devoted, Christian life, patiently waiting for his Father to say,

"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

It is good to serve such a master that will give us the things that we need. I mean to serve him the rest of my life.

M. E. RUST.

Potterville, Mich.

### A Letter.

DEAR READERS: I would like to know you all, press each little hand, and print the seal of love upon each brow. But that cannot be, yet there is a way I can reach you, and that is through the mediumship of your good little paper. I am many years your senior, yet I love the companionship of the young, and am never more delighted than when in company with the youth who are striving to serve God by keeping his commandments. My heart is filled with thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the way and plan of salvation, and the way is open and free for all. The young, as well as the old, can find shelter under his banner; and youth, my dear friends, is the time to serve the Lord. You cannot begin too young, and were you to live for ages you could not repay the debt you owe him. There is nothing that will elevate you as much as Christianity; nothing that will purify and refine your natures like God's love in your hearts; nothing that will insure you a passport into the heavenly city, but keeping God's commandments. Rev. 22:14.

The most beautiful sight I ever saw was a teacher leading four of her pupils down to the liquid stream to be buried with Christ in baptism. Oh! how my heart runs out after such young disciples of Christ! What a tenderness I feel for those who are preparing to stand in the day of God's wrath! and, my dear young friends, I hope you are all seeking that preparation of heart that is needed to fit and refine you for that glorious kingdom which Jesus has gone to prepare for those who love and obey him. I know

you have struggles and trials with the enemy; none are free from them who are trying to overcome. But go to Jesus with your troubles and difficulties, and he will lighten them, and you will find him a present help. Always commence the day by asking our Heavenly Father to assist you by his Holy Spirit to perform the duties that are incumbent upon you, and to control all your thoughts and acts through the day.

May we meet on Mount Zion.

R. A. WORDEN.

Forest Home.

Jamie Barton's Garden.

"WEEDS, weeds; and not much else. I do believe I never saw any garden, that a fellow pretended to take any care of, that looked quite so much out of fix as this does."

Jamie Barton had a great habit of talking to himself; and now both his looks and tones were pretty strongly marked with disgust as he looked over the neglected spot of ground he called his garden.

"Well, well," he went on, heaving a sigh, "I might as well begin at one time as another; and I must say I'm ashamed to have cousin Will come home, and find I have taken so little care of what he was so good to help me about so much."

And so Jamie went to work in good earnest, and by-and-by a great pile of weeds in the path showed how zealously he was laboring; while the plants, paler and feebler than was natural for them, but trying hard to stand in martial rows, as though glad to be released from such bad company, seemed to thank him for his efforts.

After a while, he grew tired, and sat down to rest; when a pleasant voice, from over the garden fence greeted him with, "A good morning's work, my boy; but what a pity you had it to do at all!"

"So I've been thinking to myself all the time," said Jamie, frankly, as he met Dr. Weston's pleasant smile. "I ought to have pulled up the weeds when they were smaller."

"Better never have let them grow at all," said the doctor.

"I could help them coming up, could I? The seeds must have been there before I planted my seeds; and I don't see how they could very well help growing."

"Did you keep the ground well stirred?"

"Why, no, sir. I did n't seem to find just the right time; and then I had no idea the weeds would grow so big any way."

"That's just it; you did n't help the good plants to grow, and so the evil ones had all the better chance. If you had kept the ground stirred, the plants would have grown faster, and the weeds would have been hoed up before they hardly started; and so you would have saved all this trouble."

Jamie sat silent, digging his bare toes into the moist earth; and the doctor went on:—

"Did you ever think, my boy, how much your heart is like a garden? Little seeds are planted there—seeds of good; and constant care is needed to keep the weeds of evil from growing, and shading the true, rightful plants that ought to grow there. If these weeds are allowed to grow, they tower away up above the fair-blooming plants that ought to fill all the ground, and shut out the sunshine of love that would make everything so beautiful; and the plants grow weak and pale, and need a good deal of attention to make them live and blossom, just as your frail little flower-stalks will, after being delivered from such a tangle of weeds as you have helped them to escape from this morning. Keep the weeds out of your heart,

Jamie; you'll find this much easier than rooting them out after they once get in there."

"I am afraid some have got in there already," Jamie answered, half sadly.

The doctor pointed to the heap of weeds, and questioned, "Why did you throw them out there, instead of covering them up in the ground, where they would be out of sight, and so trouble no one?"

"Why, they'd root again if I covered them up; and if I throw them out there and let them lie there awhile, the sun will wither them, so that they can't grow any way."

"That's the idea, my little friend; don't cover up your faults, but root them up, and let God's love so shine upon them, till they are so withered there can be no life found in them."

The doctor walked away; and Jamie went on with his work, fully resolved, with God's help, not only to keep the weeds from growing in his garden, but in his heart, too; and to this day, which finds Jamie an earnest Christian merchant, he has never forgotten that morning's lesson, nor ceased striving to profit by it.—*Child at Home.*

THE old city of Troy had but one gate. Go round and round the city, and you could find no other. If you wanted to get in, there was but one way, and no other. So to the strong and beautiful city of Heaven there is but one gate, and no other. Do you know what it is? Christ says, "I am the door."

Sabbath-School Department.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND ONE.

BIRTH OF MOSES.

1. How did Israel prosper in Egypt after Joseph and his brethren and all that generations died? Ex. 1: 6, 7.
2. What arose in Egypt at that time? (Ex. 1: 8.)
3. How did this new king and his people treat the Israelites? (Acts 7: 19; Ex. 1: 11, 13, 14.)
4. Why did he treat them in this cruel manner? (Verses 9, 10.)
5. How did they endure this persecution? (Verse 12.)
6. When Pharaoh saw that the children of Israel multiplied more and more, what did he charge his people to do? (Ex. 1: 22.)
7. What remarkable person was born at this time? (Acts 7: 20.)
8. How long was Moses kept in his father's house? (Verse 20.)
9. When his mother could no longer conceal him, what did she do? (Ex. 2: 3.)
10. Who was appointed to watch the child? (Ex. 2: 4.)
11. Who took up the infant Moses when he was thus cast out? (Acts 7: 21.)
12. How did the daughter of Pharaoh come to find Moses? (Ex. 2: 5, 6.)
13. Whom did the king's daughter get to nurse the child? (Verses 7-9.)

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWO.

MOSES FLEES TO MIDIAN.

1. What finally became of the child, Moses? (Ex. 2: 10; Acts 7: 21.)
2. What kind of man was Moses when he grew up? (Acts 7: 22.)
3. What did he do when he was grown? (Ex. 2: 11.)

4. What did he do when he beheld the Egyptian smiting a Hebrew? (Verse 12.)

5. What happened the next day? (Ex. 2: 13, 14; Acts 7: 26-28.)

6. What did Pharaoh seek to do when he heard this thing? (Ex. 2: 15.)

7. What did Moses do then? (Same verse.)

8. Who came to the well where Moses stopped in the land of Midian? (Verse 16.)

9. What took place at the well? (Verses 16, 17.)

10. What was the name of this priest of Midian? (Verse 18.)

11. By what other name was he called? (Ex. 3: 1.)

12. What did he say to them when they told him how Moses helped them at the well? (Verse 20.)

13. What was the result of this visit? Repeat verse 21.

14. What did Moses do in the land of Midian? Ex. 3: 1.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON EIGHTY.

THE JUDGMENT.

1. Has God appointed a time in which to judge the world? Acts 17: 31.
2. What will be brought to light in that day? 1 Cor. 4: 5; Rom. 2: 16.
3. What things will God bring into judgment? Eccl. 12: 14.
4. How close will be the examination of that great day? Matt. 12: 36.
5. Who will have to pass the test of the judgment? Rom. 14: 12; 2 Cor. 5: 10.
6. What fearful warning has God given to the young who follow their own way and indulge their natural desires? Eccl. 11: 9.
7. Who beheld the awful scenes of the judgment in vision? Read Dan. 7.
8. What symbols were first shown to the prophet in this vision? Dan. 7: 2, 3.
9. What verses are employed in describing the four beasts? (4-8.)
10. Will you describe the judgment scene as witnessed by Daniel? Repeat verse 9, 10.

LESSON EIGHTY-ONE.

THE JUDGE.

1. Who is represented in Dan. 7: 9, as sitting in judgment?
2. How is he described?
3. What is said of the throne on which he sits?
4. Who is represented by the Ancient of Days? Ans. God, the father. Ps. 90: 2.
5. Is not Christ sometimes described in language somewhat similar to that which is here applied to the Ancient of Days? Rev. 1: 12-15.
6. How may we be sure that Christ is not meant by the term Ancient of Days in Dan. 7: 9. Ans. Because Christ ("one like the Son of Man") is represented as coming to the Ancient of Days. Verse 13.
7. How do we conclude that the "one like the Son of Man" is Christ? Ans. Because he so often represents himself by that title. Matt. 26: 64; Mark 14: 61, 62.
8. What is Christ represented as receiving when he comes to the Ancient of Days? Dan. 7: 14.
9. Who alone can bestow the things herein named? Ans. God.
10. What then seems to be the inevitable conclusion? Ans. That God, the Father opens the judgment in person sitting upon the throne of his majesty.

MINISTERS AND WITNESSES.

11. What is said of the number of the ministers and witnesses that attend this great tribunal?
12. What explanation of this passage is given in Revelation? Rev. 5: 11.
13. Who compose this vast throng according to the explanation there given?

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Do n't think there is nothing  
For children to do  
Because they can't work like a man.  
The harvest is great,  
And the laborers few:  
Then, children, do all that you can.

You think if great riches  
You had at command,  
Your zeal should no weariness know;  
You'd scatter your wealth  
With a liberal hand,  
And succor the children of woe.

But what if you've naught  
But a penny to give?  
Then give it, though scanty your store;  
For those who give nothing  
When little they have,  
When wealthy will do little more.

It was not the offering  
Of pomp and of power,  
It was not the golden bequest,  
Ah, no! 't was the mite  
From the hand of the poor,  
That Jesus applauded and blessed.

Then don't be a sluggard,  
And live at your ease,  
And life with vain pleasures beguile;  
But ever be active  
And busy as bees,  
And God on your labors will smile.

—*Child's Companion.*

## Foolish Wishing.

It is said, but I will not affirm the truth of the story, that a pretty yellow canary, in a fit of fretfulness, cried out one day:

"I wish I were dead!"

Upon this the tortoise-shell cat looked up with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and said:

"I don't wonder at it, my poor dear. Shut up as you are in that cage, it is not strange you should wish for death."

"Yes," replied the bird, "I am shut up while my friends are out in the bright sunshine sporting among the beautiful flowers. It is too bad!"

"So it is," rejoined the cat, in a tone of tenderness.

"And such a sweet singer as I am too," added the canary.

"Yes, dearest, your songs are sweeter than those of the birds that are free. I don't wonder you are wretched."

"Oh, I do wish I were dead!" groaned the bird. "My life is all pain and vexation. I'm a poor, miserable prisoner."

"My little love," replied the cat, as he rose to his feet, "if you will have the pluck to come out of your cage, I will help free you from your grief and pain."

"What! what!" chirped the canary, with a terrible flutter in its heart, as the cat rose up on his hind legs, and placed one of his fore paws on the door of the cage.

"It pains me to do it," replied the cat, "yet for your sake I will stifle my grief, and help you out of your misery—"

The bird screamed. A footstep at the parlor door made puss turn his head, and then, seeing his master, he slunk through an open window into the garden. Canary breathed freely again, and, having been very near the death it had so foolishly desired, was henceforth a wiser and happier bird.

"Foolish little canary!" I hear a thousand voices exclaim. Yes, a foolish little canary indeed is that boy or girl who so often utters rash wishes, such as "I wish I were dead!" or, "I wish I could get away from my home!"

or, "I wish I didn't have to go to school!" or any other equally idle wish. If any such child should be taken at his word, as the cat was about to take the canary, he, too, would learn both the folly and danger of foolish wishing and fretful feeling.—*S. S. Advocate.*

## The Tree and the Vine.

## A FABLE.

"PLEASE help me up, just a little, where I can see," pleaded a harmless-looking little vine, creeping up to a sapling forest.

"To be sure I will," said the generous young tree. "Come on."

"Beware!" whispered a neighboring oak, whose massive trunk had braved the storms of more than a century, and many of whose branches were larger than the whole sapling.

"Beware! that vine is poisonous, and will do you harm."

"What, that little bit of vine!" replied the conceited, as well as generous, sapling. "Nonsense! I am strong enough to help twenty such vines as that, even if they were enemies, as you say, and not the pretty, innocent friends they are."

"Beware!" muttered the aged counselor; "I have seen trees as conceited as yourself bitterly repent of doing just what you now propose to do."

"Fiddlesticks! You are behind the times, Mr. Oak. Why, I have withstood storms before under which your hundred-year-old brothers have fallen, and to which you yourself have yielded great branches. Come on, Miss Vine, and take my arm."

The foolish sapling extended one of his lower branches to the vine, who tenderly clasped it. The old oak sighed and remained silent, while the sapling gleefully laughed, and, as he felt the touch of the vine, said:—

"Ah, Miss Vine, you are a charming companion. You and I will show that lightning-scarred, gnarly old fogey of an oak that we were born in an age of progress."

"How good and clever you are!" murmured the vine, nestling closer to him.

She was a very loving vine. She hugged the young tree more and more closely, twined herself slowly about his body, spread out over his head, and in a few years had completely shrouded him with leaves, shutting off the bright sunshine, and breathing out a poisonous breath, so that, after some faint struggles to obtain warmth and food, the tree died a lingering, remorseful death.

An evil habit may at first appear harmless and pleasant, but let it once get hold upon you, and it will twine itself closely about you, shutting out all that is good and pure, until you smother to death in its poisonous atmosphere.—*Bright Side.*

## Letters from little Folks.

YOUNG FRIENDS: For the first time I write for the INSTRUCTOR. I take the paper and like it very much. I am ten years old. I am trying to serve the Lord by keeping all his commandments that I may stand with the redeemed on Mount Zion.

LEILA WHISLER.

BOWLING GREEN, Ohio.

DEAR EDITORS: I love the truth, and am keeping the Sabbath with my parents. I am trying to serve the Lord with all my heart; but Satan tries to lead me astray sometimes. I try to keep on the right track.

PHEBE J. BRISBIN.

GALLATIN, Mo.

DEAR EDITORS: I have been taking the INSTRUCTOR for quite a number of years,

and have grown to esteem it so highly that I would not do without it for anything. I wish the INSTRUCTOR family all the success they deserve, and may they accomplish their great purpose of bringing many youthful souls to Christ to the realization of their brightest hopes.

JOSIE MALLORY.

WEST WILTON, N. H.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have become interested in present truth by listening to Bro. Rodman's lectures. I was opposed at first. I have put off my pride, will try to not put it on again. I hope to meet my dear young friends in Heaven.

MARTHA A. PHILLIS.

BENNINGTON, N. H.

I thank God that the youth have so good a paper to read as the INSTRUCTOR. I have taken it from the commencement. I took it many years for my children, and now take it for myself. I get much instruction from it. May God bless the editors, and may we meet in the blessed kingdom.

LEWIS MARTIN.

## Little Mary's Thought.

LITTLE Mary had just come from the window, where she had been gazing out with great pleasure, and sat down on her little stool at her papa's feet. It was just at sunset; and a most glorious sunset it was. The western sky was mantled with clouds of the most gorgeous hues, upon which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure.

"Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think when I see those pretty clouds?"

"No; what do you think of them, Mary?"

"I always think they are God's vails. Does n't he have beautiful vails, papa, to hide him from us?"

True enough, little one, thought I; the clouds which veil him from our sight now are beautiful. There is a rainbow on them if we will see it; they shine with mercy and truth.

Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's? And does it not remind you of the time when the veil shall be parted, and He "shall come with clouds, and every eye shall see him"?

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN NO. 12.

Water turned to wine, John 2:7; Agrippa, Acts 25:26; Three Taverns, Acts 28:13; Cush, 1 Chron. 1:10; Hebron, 11:3; Antioch, Acts 13:14; Nebuchadnezzar, Dan. 2:1; Darius, Dan. 6:16; Pharaoh, Ex. 14:28; Rod. 4:3; Ananias, Acts 5:5; Youth, 1 Tim. 4:12. The whole, WATCH AND PRAY, Mark 13:33.

MISS S. E. SWISHER.

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