

# The Youth's Instructor.

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

## THE MEETING PLACE.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Isa. 35:10.

WHERE the faded flowers shall freshen,  
Freshen nevermore to fade:  
Where the faded sky shall brighten,  
Brighten nevermore to shade:  
Where the sunbeam never scorches,  
Where the starbeams cease to chill,  
Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;  
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
And the noon the joy prolong,  
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,  
'Mid the burst of holy song,  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,  
Where life's vain parade is o'er,  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreams no more;  
Where the bond is never severed,  
Partings, claspings, sobs and moans,  
Midnight walking, twilight weeping,  
Heavy noontide—all are done:  
Where the child has found its mother,  
Where the mother finds the child,  
Where dear families are gathered,  
That were scattered on the wild,  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten,  
Underneath a bluer sphere,  
And a softer, gentler sunshine  
Sheds its healing splendor there,  
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
Putting on her robes of green,  
And a purer, fairer Eden  
Be where only wastes have been;  
Where a King in kingly glory,  
Such as earth has never known,  
Shall assume the righteous scepter,  
Claim and wear the holy crown:  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest.

—Dr. Bonar.

## Mammoth Cave (Continued).

THE next place of interest was what is called "The Star Chamber," which consisted of a large stone room five hundred feet long, seventy wide, and sixty high.

The ceiling is covered with a black coating of gypsum, interspersed with small, white spots caused by the gypsum scaling off and showing the white limestone.

These spots strongly resemble stars in appearance, by our dim lights. One place much larger than the rest resembles a comet, and is called such. By looking a moment at the dark ceiling above, you would almost think you were looking at the clear blue sky on a cold winter's night, with its innumerable, glistening stars. One could hardly make this seem but a reality.

Reader, imagine yourself there with me for a moment. The guide tells you to be seated while he takes from your hand, the friendly lamp that has thus far guided your footsteps, to leave you for a short time in the dark. He tells you to still watch the stars. While intently gazing upon them, you behold a cloud coming up on the horizon with every appearance of a storm. The clouds push on, become heavier and denser until you feel sure a storm is gathering soon to

burst upon you. Every star is now obscure, and it seems very dark and gloomy. You feel almost like seeking shelter under your umbrellas.

All that is now needed is to hear the muttering of the thunders and see the vivid lightnings flash to make the imagery complete. Presently the darkness becomes more and more intense until we are enshrouded in midnight gloom, or even worse! It is darkness that can be felt. Should a sheet of white paper be placed close to your face, you could not tell that it was white. This is all caused by the disappearance of the guide who has passed a few hundred yards behind a ledge of rocks with all the lights.

Here darkness and silence reign supreme. When all about us is still and quiet, we call it silence; but it is not silence when by lending a listening ear we can hear a thousand or nature's voices. There is no time but that we may hear the birds and insects singing, the wind blowing, leaves moving, or some of God's creatures speaking, so that it is not perfect silence. But here the silence is complete. Not a single voice of nature can be heard. The silence is so great that you can hear the beating of your own heart and even that of others. One can hardly realize how awfully solemn such silence and darkness is. Job describes it when speaking of the grave. He says, "It is a land of darkness as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death without any order, and where the light is as darkness."

Persons exploring this cave sometimes wander from their guides and the parties they are with, their lights go out, and in this darkness they find themselves lost, and on account of the winding recesses of the cave the sound of their voices is not conveyed to the ears of their friends, and the result is, they are usually found insane, weeping or praying. If not insane, they are so pleased to see their guide they can only express their joy by tears, kisses, and caresses. How fitly these persons illustrate such as wander from their precious Guide, Jesus, upon whom the salvation of their souls depends, until they get lost in the darkness of this world, the light of truth shut out from their pathway, groping their way, until, faint and weary, with tears and repentance they begin searching for the light again, and Jesus finds them again overjoyed to return to the fold. What an impressive lesson this may bring to us all to be careful and ever follow our Guide, not turning aside to the right or the left, lest we be forever lost.

But to return to our experience in the Star Chamber. Presently the notes of the whippoorwill are heard, and the gray light of morning dawns upon our vision. Nearer and nearer is heard the whippoorwill's sweet song, the light increases until morning has really come and our hearts are relieved by its beautiful rays. The guide has returned, and we are ready to start on. The guide's mimicking the whippoorwill, and appearing with the lights, makes the scene appear real.

After taking one more look at the clear, starry heavens, we pass on to the room called Floating Cloud Room, because of the clouds produced by the scaling off of the black gypsum, leaving large portions of surface exposed. These clouds appear to be drifting from the Star Chamber, on in the distance.

Floating Cloud Room connects Star Chamber with Proctor's Arcade which we next enter. This is probably the most magnificent tunnel in the world. It is a room one-half mile long, one hundred feet wide, and forty-five high. The ceiling is smooth, the walls straight up and down, and look as though they had been chiseled out of the solid rock. Our guide carried with him Bengal lights made of paper, saturated with coal oil, which would burn a long time. He would occasionally light them and illuminate different parts of the cave. He set one on fire at this point which presented this room in a very beautiful manner. We next came to a place called Kinney's Arena. From the ceiling of this room projects a stick some three feet in length. It rests parallel with the ceiling, inserted into a crevice in the rock. How it came there is a matter of curiosity, as it could not have been put there by artificial means. In our next we will notice a city found in this cave.

E. B. LANE.

(To be continued.)

## Cheap Pleasure.

DID you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure? asks some writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along; give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them a half peck of sweet apples, and they will be happy.

A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood: assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured the piece of work. Say, "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better.

You employ a man; pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness.

As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face. Say, Good morning, as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers, all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's grip, and lock them up in our hearts. No; rather let us take them and scatter about us, in the cot of the window, among the groups of children in the crowded mart where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceeding cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?—Sel.

THE happiest boy we ever knew, was one who was always ready to share his good things with others.

## The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 15, 1871.

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

### "No One to Love."

I FIND in an old scrap-book a bit of poetry with the above heading. It has suggested a train of thought like the following: Is it possible that there has ever been an individual who thought there was no one in the wide, wide world to love? Any who have hearts to love, may find objects enough upon which to center their affections. That individual who is so self-conceited that he thinks there is no one who can appreciate him, no one worthy to receive his wealth of affection, is indeed a pitiable object. Should he examine his own heart in the light of truth and the right, he would soon see that the difficulty lies within himself.

"No one to love." Does the Creator find no one in all this vast universe to love? Every creature that has life is a sharer in the rich love and tender mercies of our Heavenly Father. And yet there is not one, unless it is his Son, who can fully appreciate his matchless love.

"No one to love." There is One who has found a vast multitude to love, among whom are apparently some most unlovable creatures. Yet they are all alike to him—high or low, rich or poor, saint or sinner, may share his tender regard. He is no respecter of persons. Sad indeed would be our condition had he refused to come to earth to save our fallen race because there was no one here, not even those of the most brilliant intellect, who could understand him and appreciate his efforts for us. Our large towns and cities are thronged with friendless, homeless ones who are sadly in need of some one to love and care for them. Shall any one, then, go about sighing, "No one to love"?

### Our Blessings.

It is a good thing always to realize the blessings given by our bountiful Creator. We often think our lot hard, and feel like complaining because something is not as pleasant as we like, when if we would take a look at the other side, and think of the blessings we are having every day, it would have a tendency to give us a more pleasant frame of mind. If the readers of the INSTRUCTOR would sit down and think over carefully the different blessings they are receiving every day, they would not only be greatly surprised, but it would have a tendency to make them happier and better. We live in a most favored land, where food of all kinds is plenty, and nearly all have an abundance, and probably scarcely one of my readers knows what it is to really suffer from hunger.

If dinner is put off a little too long some day, perhaps some of you think you are nearly starving. But what would you think if you never had enough of good, wholesome food at any time? In many countries, millions of children are in this condition, living in hovels that you would not think fit for

hens or pigs. As soon as they are old enough, many of them are either taught to steal, or are put to hard, wearing labor too great for their years, so that they can never have a chance to learn to read or write, and they grow up in gross ignorance. They have no nice books in which to read pretty stories or learn of God. A large portion of the earth is in such a condition.

Yes, we live in a happy land comparatively. Even the poorest people of this country have a far better time than many in other lands. These things ought always to take away a murmuring spirit from our hearts. One great reason why these things are so, is, that the Holy Bible has been taught to our forefathers. Those that reverence that Book will always be better off in many respects than those who do not, for it teaches how to make a proper use of the blessings God places within our reach, and gives us a true idea of our future destiny. It teaches us that our God delights in the present and eternal happiness of all his creatures. Not so with the pagan gods that are worshiped in heathen lands, and a great part of the human family are pagans yet. They are many of them taught that God delights to see man suffer. So to appease their gods, they used to offer their children to them by burning them in the fire, or by casting them into the river to be devoured by alligators; and when the husband and father died, the wife and mother would have a great pile of wood built up, and place herself upon it, and have it set on fire, and thus be burned to ashes; and men would throw themselves under a heavy car or wagon in which was an image of an idol and the wheels would go over them and crush them to pieces. A great many would starve themselves almost to death; and the more suffering they put themselves to, the more they thought their gods would love them. Sometimes they would stand in the scorching sun in summer or place fires around them or in winter stand in the water up to their necks till they nearly perished. They stood on their toes with their hands stretched upward for hours. They sat on their heels closing their ears tight with their thumbs, their eyes with their forefingers, their nostrils with their middle fingers, and their lips with their little fingers, until they would faint away. And all this to please their gods.

How pleasing it must have been to the devil to have them have such ideas of the merciful Deity! Why is it that we have such different ideas of God? Simply because we have the Bible to teach us better. How would you like, dear children, to live in such a land and be exposed to such things? Would it not almost make you cry out to think of such a training? Why is it that your lot is cast in this favored land? You have never done anything to earn such favor. Dear children, do you ever think of such matters? You ought to, and bow down before the Lord and thank him that you have the Bible and good parents and everything desirable, and this should always keep you from a murmuring spirit, and make you see the importance of making proper improvement of these great blessings, for we shall be called to a strict account for the use we make of all these blessings.

GEO. I. BUTLER.

### Grandma's Story.

AS ALL children like stories, I will tell you one that somebody's grandma told me. It was more than fifty years ago when she was a little girl that this happened. I will give you the story as she told it to me.

I had a very strict teacher that summer,

and as I was a thoughtless, restless child, I soon disobeyed his rules. It was at recess; and as some of the scholars threatened to tell him, I dared not go into school again for fear of the punishment. So when the bell rang, away I ran toward home. But it was so early in the afternoon that I knew my parents would wonder at my return, so I thought I would stop and pick strawberries till school was out, and then go on with the scholars. I borrowed a dish at a house as I passed, but when I had filled it, I suddenly remembered they would wonder at my berries, and I should have to confess what I had done. So I shared the fruit with some of the scholars as I joined them, hid the dish, and went home as if nothing had happened.

Next morning my first thought was of the dreaded school and the punishment that was in store for me there. I rose fully decided that I would not go to school, and complained of being sick. A dose of medicine was given me, and I remained at home all day, finding it hard work to "play sick" except as the medicine sickened me for a time. The next day it was decided I must go to school. I dared not tell why I feared to go, but trudged off without a word.

My way led past my grandmother's door. It was always pleasant there, and grandma was always glad to see me. So only thinking of my anxiety to get away from school, and not considering what a wicked thing I was doing, I went in and told grandma I was sick, and wanted to stay there instead of going to school. She pitied me and put me on her bed, with soothing words. I staid there till past school time, and when I thought the scholars had all passed, I felt better, and slipping down from the bed I ran out into the garden to amuse myself. I had played very happily awhile, and had nearly forgotten my trouble, when the glimpse of the teacher coming down the street brought it all back. In terror I ran to grandma's bed again, feeling really sick with fright. I heard the teacher's step outside, and then he stopped and inquired for me. How my heart beat. Grandma told him in answer to his inquiries that I was there and was sick. He said he thought not, and told her of my disobedience and leaving school. Grandma answered indignantly, "I know she is sick, for she says so, and she would not tell a lie." Oh! how I felt then that I had deceived my dear grandmother, who trusted me so fully. It cut me to the heart. I could not lie still long, and went into the garden after he left, but could not make up my mind to tell the truth about it.

That night my father learned what I had been doing and I was severely punished at home. A severe and mortifying punishment awaited me in school also. Besides this, I was obliged to confess the lies I had told during those two long, sad days. The worst of all was confessing to my kind grandmother how I had deceived her. The dear old lady said she was sorry I had done wrong, but added kindly, "I don't believe you will tell another lie." And I do not remember that I did for years afterward. That lesson did me good. All the way through I could see that telling one lie to hide another did no good, and it only grew harder and harder to do right as I waited longer, and went farther from the right way. And how I have hated lying since.

This, children, is grandma's story. Let me tell you another lesson you may learn from it. "Be sure your sin will find you out." When you do wrong, you may be sure you cannot always hide it. If it is not found out here, God will show it in the Judgment, and is it not better to have our sins all put away before that time? Let us be careful

how we commit sin, but when we have done wrong, let us confess our wrong, and not try to hide it. One of the hardest things we have to do, is to confess our faults. You know that; don't you, children? But the blessing of God is upon those who do it. Now before I close, I want to give you one of grandma's texts to learn. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." Prov. 28:13.

E. H. WHITNEY.

#### September in England.

THE year has no pleasanter month than September. Its character is that of atmospheric stability and a solemn splendor that encourages all to trust in it and to enjoy themselves. In no one month is there so much general out-of-door exercise. The intense heat of the summer is over; but its beauty of air and sky, of verdure and sea-side freshness, still remains. In fact, the fields have recovered the scorched aspect of summer and wear a lovely greenness equally delicious to the eye and luxurious to the flocks and herds. The contrast of dark, slumberous trees, the verdant pastures, and the warm, but pale yellow of harvest and stubble-fields is most welcome to the eye which ranges over the chequered landscape and wonders at the clearness of the view far as the distant horizon.

Every one in September loves to be out and away. Our countrymen and country women are swarming in increasing flocks over Europe. On all mountains, by all seas and lakes, you find them, riding, driving, walking, climbing, sailing, bathing. Lawyers are now enjoying the long vacation away from offices and chambers, from courts and pleadings; university men, those who have taken honors and those who have missed them, heads of colleges and undergraduates, are all abroad, with their families or friends; some young fellows on long pedestrian tours, others in so-called reading parties, with their tutors, living out a holiday rather than reading; all are now in the high tide of their enjoyment.

In the Highlands and Lowlands the sportsman and fisherman are in full pursuit of trout and salmon, grouse and partridge. Very few go south, even for the temptation of vineyards and orange groves: the attraction is northward, to follow the salmon and capercaillie to the very edge of the Arctic snows. What a change from the dusty purlieus of Lincoln's Inn and Westminster! What a change from the too often lazy and luxurious life of Oxford and Cambridge! What a change from the warehouses and places of business of Cornhill or Lower Thames Street! . . .

The tide is a very full one, wave succeeds to wave, nor is there in this month any ebb perceptible in the great living influx on the shores of all countries, so strong and widespread is the spirit of recreation which September, by its friendly and reliable character, encourages in the human multitude.

The English, among their more elaborate pleasures, include that of yachting, in which they excel all other nations. With its insular situation, its numerous ports, its picturesque shores, and groups of off-lying islands, its maritime spirit and its immense wealth, Britain has a large fleet, if they were collected, of these bijou ships, its yachts, exquisitely finished and furnished in every respect, finely built and cleanly kept, and supplied with every luxury of apparatus and provision that can contribute to enjoyment and repose. . . .

Notwithstanding the sailing on all seas and the running to and fro on all lands of

the people of wealth and leisure in quest of pleasure, the labor of our fields is steadily progressing; the harvest is still being cut and carried home, especially in the more northern parts of the country, where all produce ripens a month later than in the south. And there, as elsewhere, the pleasant life of the harvest-field has its idyls. It has been so in all ages, from the day when the son of the Shunamite went out with his father, to the reapers, and said unto his father, "My head! my head!" and the father said to a lad, "Carry him to his mother," or when Ruth, gleaning in the barley-fields of the rich Boaz, he saw her and loved her, and told his young men to let fall handfuls for her, that she might glean plenteously. These are lovely harvest-pictures.

Hops in the south are now being gathered; hundreds of people, men, women, and children, congregating and living a sort of wild gipsy life for this purpose in the hop-gardens as long as the harvest lasts. The orchards are now in their prime, laden with their ripe fruits. The woods are full of nuts, which formerly were a source of profit to the poor, but from which they are now mostly excluded by the rigid preservation of game. Blackberries, however, are still free to them; so in many parts of the country are the bilberries of the open hills and moors, as in North Wales, where tribes of children may be seen daily gathering them. The elder-tree, without which you rarely see a cottage or a cottage garden, in the country, is heavily laden with its large bunches of fruit, though seldom now, as of old, made into wine.

The mountain-ash displays its scarlet berries; crabs, where the boys have allowed them to ripen, hang on their bows glossy and rosy; and kindred to them, the deep purple sloes and bullaces or wild plums, showing what were the fruits of the ancient Britons. Mushrooms may yet be found in rich old pastures, and long lines of the gossamer shine in the noonday sun, and the artistic webs of the geometric spider, studded with pearly dew, lie conspicuous on almost every bush and tall blade of grass.—*Young Crusader*.

#### An Anchor of Safety.

"THIS little sister will be an anchor of safety to her brothers," said a friend on being shown a new-born baby girl.

She did not seem, as her little round expressionless face looked out from the blanket in which she was wrapped, as if she could anchor anything but a fond mother, whose wondrous love would maintain a sleepless watch over the tiny, helpless form, and whose ear would understand each cry. How could anything so small and feeble, so ignorant, so uninteresting to strangers, be an anchor of safety to a family of romping, whistling, whittling, uproarious boys?

"A birch rod, a shaking, a dismissal from school, being sent before the mast, is the anchor they need," some would say who know not the soft, sweet kernel in the boy's heart.

God who made the dear boys and gave them their vigor and manly energies, so troublesome in childhood, so useful in after life, knew better than any one what kind of an anchor they needed, and so sent a helpless baby, whose tiny touch would disarm Satan's power.

It is a sweet, honored place in the family! Her winning smiles, her cheerful ways, help make the home an inviting spot to tempted boys. A boy who loves and is loved by a patient, kind, Christian sister, is far harder to ruin, and if he sins is more apt to repent and reform, than one who is denied that sweet relationship.

Dear reader, are you an *anchor of safety* to your brothers? Do you keep them at home when bad boys and worse men are tempting them to sin? Are you patient with their rough ways and boisterous games? Or do you scold and frown and fret when your brother steps on your dress and tears it? takes some of your valuable bits of ribbon and materials for doll's dresses to make a kite's tail, or tips over and breaks your cups and saucers? Do you feel relieved when the "boys are out"? and say "how quiet and pleasant a house without boys"? Do you dread their vacations and holidays? Then you are no *anchor of safety*. You are not doing the sacred, holy work for which God placed sisters in families.

Dear girls, bear with your brothers! Their loud, noisy manners are given them that they may push their way among hard-hearted rough men. Nothing pays better than loving, and petting, and bearing with a headstrong boy. Satan fears a sister's caresses and smiles and loving confidence, and will do all that he can to make you neglect your work. He is never sure of a youth's destruction while he tells his secrets to a sister.

When you leave your book or sewing to mend a rip in a ball, while a big boisterous brother stands whistling, beating time with his thick boots, and hurrying you, and finally runs off, tripping over a chair or two, and leaving all the doors open, without a word of thanks, remember that he is a boy. Forgive his rude ways. Give him a heart full of tender love. He will return it in his own fashion. A brother's love is a priceless possession through life. Do n't complain of him, or lecture him. By-and-by when he is a man of influence and worth, he may say as many others have done, "I tremble to think what I might have been but for my little sister."

"But my brother is so wild, and rude, and teases me," says one little reader.

"Mine has gone away to sea, or somewhere, and I can't do him any good."

Never mind where brothers go, or what they do, a sister's love can reach them, and will, with God's help, save them.

Remember that your work in the family is to be an "*anchor of safety*," to hold the heart of the precious, wayward, roving, headstrong boy in the harbor of home. No nobler task can be assigned to a daughter.—*M. E. Willard*.

#### Two Faces.

I KNOW a little girl who has two faces. When she is dressed up in her white dress and blue sash, and has on her blue-kid shoes, and around her neck a string of pearl beads, then she looks so sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. For she expects that the ladies who call on her mother will say, "What a little darling!" or "What lovely curls!" or, "What a sweet mouth!" and then kiss her, and perhaps give her some sugar-plums.

And the ladies who praise her think she is very lady-like too; for she always says, "Yes, ma'am," and, "No, ma'am," when she ought; and says, "Thank you," so sweetly when anything is given to her.

But when she is alone with her mother, then she is sometimes very naughty. If she cannot have what she would like, or cannot do just as she wishes, then she will pout, and cry, and scream; and no one would ever think of kissing her; and no one would think her to be the same little girl who behaves so prettily in company.

So, you see, this little girl has two faces. One she uses in company, and puts on with

her best dress; the other she wears when she is alone with her mother.

I know another little girl who has only one face, and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never so sweet as when alone with mamma.

Which little girl do you like best? The one with two faces, or the one who has but one? And which will you be like?—*The Nursery.*

#### THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,  
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why  
You are loved so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,  
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold,  
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah! cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true,  
But if I had half as much mischief to do,  
Indeed, they would like me no better than you."

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;  
They own you are handsome, but then there's one thing  
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting."

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,  
Yet nobody is ever angry with me,  
Because I'm a humble and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware;  
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,  
They will never be loved if they're ever so fair.

—S. S. Visitor.

#### Little Kindnesses.

BROTHERS, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon the charmed circle which we call home? We love to receive little favors ourselves, and how pleasant the reception of them make the circle. To draw up the arm chair and get the slippers for father; to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother, to help brother; to assist sister; how pleasant it makes home.

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up.

"I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister; help little brother, and you are binding the tie round his heart that may save him many a long hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me," says another.

"Sister, I have dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety, while she replaces the naughty stitch.

"Oh! I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister, all nicely arranged. "You are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad," said the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did than to say, "O, go away, and don't trouble me;" or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favor.

Brothers, sisters, love one another—bear with one another. If one offend, forgive and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others we must remember that in the sight of God, we have others as great, and perhaps greater, than theirs.—*Sel.*

#### Nothing to Do.

"Oh! just look how it rains! To-day we cannot go out on the lawn to play, neither can we go to school," said two boys, standing in the door, looking impatiently at the rain. "Oh! I do wish it would not rain so long," said one of them, "for I have nothing to do."

Is that true? Have you nothing to do? If you have nothing to do, perhaps you can find something to think about. But judging from your talk, we would infer that you are not disposed to seek for something to think about; so we will make your work more easy still, and ask you whether you cannot see something to think about. You say it rains. Can you tell me what you mean by that? "Why, I mean there is water coming from the clouds." And can you tell me what clouds are, and how they are formed? "No, I never thought about that." Well, take off your hat and seat yourself as quietly as possible, and I will tell you.

Clouds are formed from the watery vapor of the air, condensed so as to become visible. Atmospheric air is capable of taking up and holding a large amount of vapor. This becomes visible only when the air in which it is dissolved is cooled to a certain point, when it is condensed, and takes the form of small vesicles, or floating bubbles, and appears as a mist or cloud. Now, when these watery bubbles of a cloud unite, and become too heavy to be longer supported by the air, they fall in drops of rain.

Now, my little man, you have learned how rain is formed; and it has ceased raining, so that you can go to school; and, if ever after this you see it rain, and, although you have nothing to do, bear in mind God has given you a mind to think.—*Children's Friend.*

#### Willie's Heroism.

THE blue sky was covered with dark thunder clouds, and the air was still and hot.

In the little "school-house on the green," a patient teacher was trying to make her scholars bend their anxious eyes on their books; but the little faces would keep turning toward the window.

She had promised to tell the story of William Tell that afternoon to her geography-class; and, finding it so difficult to turn their minds from the shower, she called out that class before its turn, and told them the story about how William Tell had to fire his arrow through an apple which had been placed on the head of his son; and how brave the boy was, and how he cried, "Fire, father! I am not afraid!" for he was sure his father's arrow would never miss its mark.

Just as she was saying this, there came a sudden flash of lightning and a loud crash of thunder. Some of the children screamed, some began to cry, and ran to their teacher for protection; only little Willie Hawthorn kept his seat, and his eyes fixed quietly on his book.

"Why, Willie," asked his teacher, after the shower was over, "why were you not afraid like the other children?"

"Because, Miss McLean, I knew the arrow was in my Father's hand; and how could I be afraid?"

I believe the children never forgot Willie's bravery; and now, when you are afraid of the lightning, little reader, you can remember Willie's answer, and be as brave as he.—*Well-Spring.*

I NEVER trusted in God, but I found him faithful; nor my own heart, but I found it false.

#### Letters from Little Folks.

BURT Co., Neb.

DEAR SISTER TREMBLEY: Please find inclosed fifty cents to pay for the INSTRUCTOR. I earned it myself. I love the precious lessons which are in the INSTRUCTOR very much. Although but nine years old, I think I am none too young to try to do right. I try to be kind to my brother and sisters and help my parents all I can. I want to live with Jesus and all the redeemed, in the new earth.

ADAM M. MARLIN.

ALLEGANY Co., N. Y.

DEAR EDITORS: Pa has been writing for the Review, and he says I may send for the INSTRUCTOR. I am trying to serve the Lord and keep his commandments. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR. Sister Welch has sent me some of hers. I am glad that I am going to have them for myself once in two weeks.

ADELLA A. THOMAS.

CLYDE, Ohio.

DEAR FRIENDS: I love my paper very much, I was eleven years old yesterday. I commenced to read my Bible through last spring, I have read to the twelfth chapter of first Samuel. I am trying to keep all the commandments and be a good boy, that I may have a home in the earth made new.

WEBSTER A. L. DOCKE.

CLARK Co., Ill.

DEAR EDITORS: I am eleven years old. I don't go to Sabbath-school. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR, and hope to meet all its readers in Heaven. Pray for me.

IDA S. KITTLE.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 16.

1. Yes. Compare Gen. 22: 2, 9, with Heb. 11: 17-19.
2. Yes. Aaron.
3. Priest, chosen by the Lord.
4. Elisha. 2 Kings 2: 21.
5. At Gihon. 1 Kings 1: 39.
6. Rebekah's. Gen. 35: 8.
7. Shimei. 2 Sam. 16: 6.

FRANK HIDDLESON.

I THE Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.

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