

# The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 19.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER 1, 1871.

NUMBER 23.

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

## WINTER.

Upon the fleeting wheels of time,  
Mild Autumn's borne away,  
And smiling nature now is wrapped  
In Winter's cold array.

No more the little birds we see,  
Now fluttering on the breeze,  
No more their coral notes we hear,  
Among the leafless trees.

The flowers that in Autumn spread  
Their sweetness on each breeze,  
Now mold'ring lie upon the earth,  
Beneath the rustling trees.

And loved ones, too, have faded since  
From off the stage of earth,  
In silence now they sweetly sleep  
Beneath the wintry surf.

And through the trees above their graves,  
The wind doth moan and sigh,  
Reminding us our home's not here,  
That soon we, too, must die.

Already may the wintry winds,  
Now passing swiftly by,  
Have tolled the death-knell of a friend,  
Who's dear to you and I.

And those whose eyes are closed in death,  
We now for them may weep,  
Unconscious that ere winter's sped,  
We, too, with them may sleep.

Oh! then, frail man, why will ye sleep  
Each season thus away?  
This life at best can only fit  
Us for the Judgment day.—*Sol.*

## Hattie's New Dress.

HATTIE was a young lady of sixteen, and an only daughter of a widow who was in moderate circumstances. She was the light and joy of her mother's household. Great pains had been taken with the cultivation of her mind, and the mother had used the utmost economy in her widowhood that she might give her daughter an education that would be serviceable to her when her means were all gone. Hattie possessed a sweet and amiable disposition, and it had won her many friends at the union school of which she was a member; and although they were her superiors in wealth and social position, she was often invited to their homes.

At the close of the winter term one of her school-mates, Mary S., had persuaded her mother to make her a party, that she might invite her class-mates to her house, and cement the friendship that had already begun at school. The girls had been very studious during the winter term, as the weekly reports of the village paper testified, and Mary's mother gratified her wish, and sent invitations to those whom she wished her daughter to recognize. Among the number was Hattie. How elated she was when she received the invitation, written on a delicate card and inclosed in a beautiful envelope!

It was her first invitation, and she said, "I am sure mother will let me go, for Mary's father is a lawyer of good reputation, and she will be pleased to have me invited in such genteel society." With a merry heart she showed her mother the card of invitation, and watched her closely as she read. A glow of satisfaction lighted up the features of the mother for a moment, but it was soon exchanged for one of sadness. She did not like to pain the sweet child before her, but she said in gentle words, "I am sorry, my daughter, that you cannot go to Mary S.'s party, for I cannot dress you in such style as you desire; and I am sure you would not go with your old dress. My means are limited, Hattie, and I have not the money by me to get you a suitable costume. It pains me

to deny you, for I would be glad to gratify you if it were in my power. If I could get the means, I would cheerfully get you a new dress and let you go."

Hattie did not reply, for her heart was too full. She knew her mother would do all she could, and she had no right to ask more. Two days had passed away and her mother had managed to save enough from her weekly earnings, with the help of her eldest son, to get a dress. She gave the money to Hattie, and told her she might make her own selections. She started at a rapid rate to the store, for she had but a short time to make her dress in, and she wanted to improve every moment.

As she neared the store, she saw a pattern in the window that pleased her well, and she stepped in to inquire the price. As she did so she met little Nettie Wood, the daughter of her mother's washer-woman, coming out, and upon seeing Hattie she sobbed aloud, Oh! Hattie, mother is sick and I am afraid she will die," and she whispered softly "and we have had nothing to eat to-day."

"Why, Nettie, how is this?"

"Well, I will tell you. Mother has been sick a week, and there is no one to earn anything, and we have eaten all she had in the house when she was taken ill."

Hattie looked for a moment at the beautiful dress pattern in the window, but her mind was made up. She said, "I will go with you, Nettie, and see your mother."

She did so, and found Mrs. Wood in a very feeble state. She had nothing in the house to eat as Nettie had said, and the anxiety and care she had for her destitute family, together with a threatened fever, had worn her to a shadow.

Hattie felt, as she looked at the children, that her visit was timely, and that the money her mother had given her with which to buy her a dress, could be spent in a far better way. She soon left the destitute family with Nettie and procured necessities for them, and with a promise of a speedy return, she hurried home to tell her mother what she had done. The mother commended the noble act of her daughter, and with a heart big with emotions, she knelt down and thanked God that her child was being lead in the channel of sacrifice, and asked him to watch over and control all her thoughts and actions.

The day of the party dawned brightly, and Hattie, with a basket of delicacies, started on her errand of love and mercy, and she said to herself as she walked along, "I know I should not enjoy the party half as much as I have the consciousness of having done something for Mrs. Wood."

She spent the night with her patient, and did all she could for her; and when morning came, she hastened home to tell her mother the happiness she felt in having been of service to her humble neighbor. Said she, "I would not give the happiness I have experienced, for all the beautiful dresses I ever saw; and oh! mother, the Lord has filled my heart with love; and I no longer have a desire for parties; but I want to be a humble child of God, and always be found his disciple."

Mrs. Wood improved much under Hattie's treatment and kind attentions, and was soon able to provide for her family.

May you, dear reader, follow the example that Hattie has given in sacrificing self for the good of others, and finally be rewarded with a crown of life. R. A. WORDEN.

## Indian Summer in Northern Latitudes.

THE Indian Summer looks like a soft-tinted picture, draped in a warm, blue haze that comes down upon the wide-spread prairies like a veil of tissue, and nestling on the hill-tops among the varied colors that rest upon the trees and bushes. The air of this clime is genial, soft and still, making everything seem like a dream. The forests are hung with many-colored leaves, that look beautiful and rich from a distance. Every touch of the soft-kissing wind shakes them off the trees, and they look like many-colored plumes, floating earthward here and there through the forest. The streamlets have grown narrow from the masses of red and orange leaves that have collected along their banks.

This beautiful, mild, smoky season! how we love to go away into the woods and look up at the dome of forest leaves, colored with various dyes, and hung with ripened nuts—the jewels of autumn. The very rubbish on the ground is wreathed with colors and hues; the sky is half hid by the veiling haze; here and there a silvery cloud, blue-dyed, and streaked with slender lines of gold, breaks the view. The cattle and horses lift their heads as if to take in long draughts of the air, and the quiet sheep halt along the road-sides, as if enjoying the calm, outward beauty of the autumn.

Everything seems resting under a mild sky, as if to drink in the healthful, invigorating breezes that only pass over the land to shake off the leaves or rustle the lazy waters of the inland. Even the rivers seem more quiet, and the hum of life seems to cease when these pleasant dream-days dawn upon us in these northern latitudes. Nothing is more beautiful than this season at the north. The long prairies, dim with the hazy atmosphere, the forests waving with gorgeous colors, the rivers of "clear waters," bright with the sunlight that creeps through the half leafless trees, the glistening domes and spires of pretty villages, all enveloped in a warm, blue haze, give the whole a look of a richly painted picture.

Glorious time to wish, and plan, and hope; sweet days in which to love, and grow better and good; fit time to die—to lay the body down under a wealth of colors, when the earth is warm and bright with the hues of autumn.—*Woman's Pacific Coast Journal.*

## "Not Dead, but Sleepeth."

Do you think the little girl was really dead?" asked the teacher of a class of neglected-looking boys gathered in from the lanes who had been painfully toiling through the story of Jairus' daughter. (Mark 5:22-43.) "I think she was," answered a ragged little fellow at the end of the form.

"Why, then, do you think, did the Lord Jesus say she was sleeping?"

"It was only sleep to him, he could wake her so easy."

CONTENTMENT gives a crown where fortune has denied it.



# The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER 1, 1871.

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

December.

Oh! it makes me shiver to think of this stern month. But how is it with the children? Are you all glad of an opportunity to try your new sleds, skates, mittens, and mufflers? Does it make your eyes sparkle to see the great snow-flakes falling, thick and fast? Do you admire the beautiful frost-work on the windows?

In your haste to get to the skating pond, do not forget to close the door after you. See that the chores are done, boys; for it will be very unpleasant for mother to bring in wood and water these blustering days. Remember that horses, sheep, and cattle, need extra care. Do not neglect anything; for your play will not bring you real enjoyment if you do. "Work before play" is a good maxim.

There are many children quite destitute to-day who, a year ago, had not only comforts, but luxuries. By the destructive fires, several of the western cities and villages, with Chicago, have been laid waste. It will seem strange enough to those who have always had every earthly desire granted them, to go half fed and half clad. The delicate hands that have every winter been provided with fur gloves, or soft, warm mittens, with nothing to do but play or go to school, may now be pinched and blue with cold, and caloused with hard work. Many have learned for themselves that riches do take to themselves wings and fly away. How uncertain are the things of this world! Even one day may make beggars of the wealthy, may lay a proud city in ashes, and bring poverty and suffering of almost every description.

This earth is not the place to lay up treasures. We may use the things of this world to help us prepare for the next; but sad, indeed, is the condition of that one whose affections are centered here. No devastating fires shall ever visit the heavenly Canaan. That is the land for me. I cannot make my abiding place where my comforts may all be swept away in an hour. The world is now under the dominion of one, the arch-deceiver, who would fain deprive us of the joys in store for the faithful; but when He shall come, "whose right it is," those whose hearts are in harmony with him will find sweet release from toils, and cares, and fading vanities, of the present life. The Saviour has left these words on record for you and me: "Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

If thou hast but little, make it not less by murmuring. If thou hast enough, make it not too much by unthankfulness.

Cling to Jesus.

As I walked out through the wood this morning, my attention was attracted by a large gray squirrel who was making fast leaps toward a tall oak. As soon as it reached the tree it ran up on the opposite side from me. I walked round the tree, but he was still on the opposite side, and as often as I changed my position, little fleet-foot did the same, keeping the tree between me and it, to guard itself against any charge I might make upon it. Although it was not my intention to harm the poor creature, it was amusing to follow it round to see how determined it was to keep out of sight.

Thus we should do when the enemy is near. Flee to Christ for refuge. Cling close to him; he will take care of us if we trust him. Often when we think we are quite well guarded, Satan comes up on another side and tries us in another way; but if we are watching, we shall see him in time to escape by clinging to the tree—Christ—and praying for help. He never refuses to help us when we try to help ourselves.

E. H. KYNETT.

Bath, Mich.

Brothers and Sisters.

THIS relationship is one that affords much joy and satisfaction when properly appreciated and when all act well their part according to the golden rule.

The Bible, which is the oldest history in the world, tells us of the family relation long before it tells us of earthly governments; and I am sorry to say that one of the first consequences of sin after its introduction into our world was a difficulty in the family between two brothers. One hated the other because he did right, and finally rose up and killed him. Let me tell you, children, all quarrels in the family ever since this terrible one between Cain and Abel have been from the same cause, *sin*. If you always loved God and felt as you should, you would never want to quarrel in any way. How wretched Cain felt after he slew his brother. Perhaps some of our readers have felt wretched, also, after angry words with a brother or sister. Next to father and mother, children should love their brothers and sisters; and yet how many times we see them very attentive to other playmates and careless of the feelings of their own nearest kindred. This is a bad sign, and shows that children have allowed wicked feelings to come into their own hearts.

It is a pleasant sight to see little brothers playing together, with love and interest manifested on the part of each for the wants of the other, to see this principle grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, and so of sisters. Such families as these, where love always prevails, are rare in these days of selfishness. But here and there we see one where the older children have a regard for the weaknesses of the younger, and care for them and help them in all their little troubles, and the younger, instead of selfishly desiring their own way, are willing to regard the wishes and respect the judgment of those older and thus better qualified to know than themselves. This is the way it should be in all families. But alas, how different in many. Such a family is almost a picture of Heaven. And, children, if you want to be truly good and reach that happy place, you should commence to practice these principles here with your brothers and sisters and playmates. It is such things as these, even more than saying your prayers and speaking in meeting, that the Lord loves to see. I might tell you of two little girls who got very angry at family worship because one

said her prayers before the other could say hers, when she thought she ought to have waited and given her the first chance. I think our good Lord would not regard such prayers very much while such feelings were cherished. What is acceptable to God is that you should honor your parents and try to be helpful and be kind and self-denying with your equals, to regard truth, and treat older people with respect. In short, try to do right; then God will be pleased to have you pray to him and to have you ask him to help you do these things, and you will grow up respected and loved by all, and you will be far more happy, too, than to be selfish, cross, and pettish, and always desiring to have your own way.

Sisters, especially older sisters, can be of great use and cause much happiness in the family if they but realize it. They can exert an influence that will be lasting, over the minds of their younger brothers. Boys are often rough and noisy, and sometimes make much trouble, and it is very easy for sisters to fall into a habit of fretting and fault-finding under such circumstances, instead of having a kind word always ready and a disposition to assist their brothers in their little troubles. But if they will put up with these unpleasant things and be helpful and kind, they can win a place in their hearts, which they will hold as long as life shall last, and which will give them an influence that will keep them in many dangers that they are exposed to in these days of peril. Kindness goes a great way, and in none is it more beautiful than in a sister, and in none does a fretful, peevish disposition appear worse. These strong, rough boys may grow up to be men and may be a source of support and strength to you in your need. But if they should not, and should death seize them and hold them in his cold embrace, would you regret as you saw them stretched upon their bier, or sleeping in their coffin preparatory to being covered from your eyes in the grave, that you had made yourself a blessing to them, and that they had enjoyed their short lease of life more because of your love? and, on the other hand, if you had been fault-finding and ill-tempered, would not the thought sting like a serpent, and cause you bitter tears of sorrow, the more because you could not ask forgiveness or recall a fretful word?

Dear children, think of these things and grow up loving and kind, that God may adopt you into his family, and that you may spend an eternity where love will forever prevail.

GEO. I. BUTLER.

The Love of God.

"HEREBY perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us." 1 John 3: 16.

God has proved that he loves us, by doing so much for us, and bearing with us so long and so patiently. Indeed, many, if not most, people suppose that (because God is so patient and forbearing), he does not particularly care whether we do right or wrong; and we may say that the world cares little to know what God requires of them, or whether he loves them or not.

Oh! how stupid is man, not to notice the love and care of God for him, from infancy to age; how bountifully he provides, and how tenderly he cares for all. The sun warms and lights the earth, and fills all with gladness and health, and causes plants to grow, bearing fruit for man and beast. The rain falls everywhere almost, quenching the dry and thirsty soil, and supplying the springs and fountains. The winds come and go, stirring the air, and causing health and joy.



Earthly blessings fall unnumbered around us, yet how forgetful is man.

But chiefly does God's love appear in the gift of his Son. Read how the prophets spake in ancient times concerning his future humiliation and death; read the account of his life and death, in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke; read the experience of Paul and others, and tell me if such love is not wonderful, the love of God to man.

Oh! for a portion of this love to be shed abroad in each of our hearts; for truly the fruits of this love are precious; and could we all obtain it, how wonderful would be the fruits.

We may obtain this love. It is free to all; nay, we are invited to receive it. Can you despise this gift? JOS. CLARKE.

#### Spare Moments.

A LEAN, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his poor clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. ———," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant-girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I have no objections to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr. ———, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be, you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "I guess he's none to spare; he gives away a sight," and without minding the boy's request, she went about her work.

"Can I see Mr. ———?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:

"Here is somebody, sir, who is very anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I do not know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business, but I know that after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new-comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked, the boy could answer as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well;" looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his spare moments. Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time"? How precious they should be!

What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by simply improving them; and there are many, many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale ship, in the tippling shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful course, might answer, "In my spare moments."

"In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to

smoke and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand." "It was in my spare moments that I gathered wicked associates."

O, be very careful how you spend your spare moments! Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.—*Young Pilgrim.*

#### COME UNTO ME.

Art thou weary? art thou languid?

Art thou sore distressed?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,

If he be my guide?

"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And his side."

Hath he a diadem as monarch,

That his brow adorns?

"Yes, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

If I ask him to receive me,

Will he say me nay?

"Not till earth, and not till Heaven  
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is he sure to bless?

Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,  
Answer, "Yes!"

#### Prayer.

AARON BROWN was a boy who cared only for himself. He would lie or cheat to accomplish his own ends. After leaving school, he obtained a situation as clerk in a warehouse.

His mother was a woman of prayer. "Aaron," said she, "will you promise me to pray to God to give you strength to overcome your bad habits? My son, tell the truth always, and never do a dishonest act."

He entered upon his duties, and for some time gave satisfaction. But one day the head clerk found a deficiency in the money account. He called the master, and together they went over the column of figures. The figures had been changed. Aaron was called, but he said that he knew nothing about it. Things looked bad, and he was discharged.

His mother heard of it. She knew his failings, and she saw that he had been tempted. She sought her own chamber and fell upon her knees, and asked God to show her boy his sin, and to make him sorry for it, and forgive him.

As Aaron was passing his mother's room, he heard her voice. He listened, and heard his name as his mother was praying for him. It was too much for him. The stubborn heart was broken. He confessed all. He told how he had taken money and then changed the figures.

He was led to see his sin. With bitter tears and heartfelt sorrow he repented of the wickedness he had committed. He earnestly sought God's pardoning mercy. God heard his prayer. He afterward became a true Christian, and proved a real comfort to his mother and a blessing to those around him. Let us learn from this little story to believe more than ever in the power of earnest prayer.—*Child's World.*

God gives birds their food, but they must fly for it.

#### Misspent Evenings.

THE boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on the street corner, wastes, in the course of a year, three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which if applied to study would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If in addition to wasting an hour of each evening, he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country.

Boys, think of these things. Think how much precious time and good money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner, or by the cigar, is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in these practices without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you through life, and grow upon you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your dying day.

Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourselves for usefulness.—*Sel.*

#### Sabbath-School Department.

##### BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

##### LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN.

###### THE PLAGUE OF THE FROGS.

1. What message did the Lord tell Moses to repeat to Pharaoh? Ex. 8:1.
2. What did the Lord threaten to do if Pharaoh refused to let the people go? Verse 2.
3. How abundant were the frogs to be? Verse 3.
4. Did the magicians bring up frogs by their enchantments? Verse 7.
5. What did Pharaoh entreat Moses to do for him? Verse 8.
6. What promise did Pharaoh make? *Ibid.*
7. When did Moses say the frogs should be destroyed? Verses 9, 10 and 11.
8. Were the words of Moses fulfilled? Verse 13.
9. What was done with the frogs after they died? Verse 14.
10. Why was there a set time for the destruction of the frogs? Verse 10.
11. Did Pharaoh fulfill his promise and let the people go? Verse 15.

##### LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

###### THE PLAGUES OF THE LICE AND FLIES.

1. What plague did the Lord next send on Pharaoh? Ex. 8:16, 17.
2. Could the magicians bring forth lice by their enchantments? Verse 18.
3. What did the magicians say to Pharaoh? Verse 19.
4. What effect did this have on the heart of Pharaoh?
5. What plague was next threatened? Verse 21.
6. What evidence did Pharaoh have that God sent this plague upon him? Verse 22.
7. What did Pharaoh say to Moses while suffering under this plague? Verse 25.
8. What reply did Moses make? Verse 26.
9. Why would the sacrifices of the Israelites be an abomination to the Egyptians? Ans. Because the Israelites sacrificed the animals the Egyptians worshipped.
10. What did Moses propose to do? Verse 27.
11. Did Pharaoh consent? Verse 28.
12. What did the Lord then do? Verse 31.
13. Did Pharaoh fulfill his promise this time? Verse 32.

G. H. BELL.



## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## A CHILD'S QUESTIONING.

DEAR Jesus, wilt thou lead me in the way?  
"I will, my child, if thou wilt trust and pray."

Dear Jesus, wilt thou come into my heart?  
"I will my child; choose thou the better part."

Dear Jesus, wilt thou be my loving Guest?  
I will, my child, and bring thee sweetest rest."

And, Saviour, wilt thou give me faith in thee?  
"Lamb of my fold, I will; look thou to me."

And wilt thou grant thy Spirit, Saviour dear?  
"My promise, it is sure; thou need'st not fear."

And if life's way be dark, my Heavenly Friend?  
"Then help and comfort I will quickly send."

And if temptations come, and I am weak?  
"Thou shalt find help in me, if help thou seek."

—Child's World.

## The Letters.

WE are ever cheered by receiving letters from our young friends. No matter how brief, they always contain something by which we learn the joys or sorrows, hopes or fears, of the writers. We have observed that the main feature in all the letters is faith in the soon coming of our blessed Lord. This hope that so often cheers you, dear reader, is the chief source of pleasure to the editors; and we often sing:

"Oh! it will be but little longer  
I shall these many woes endure;  
Then let my faith and hope grow stronger,  
My Father's promise still is sure.  
Cho.—Jesus soon is coming," &c.

There is a communication in number thirteen of the INSTRUCTOR which we shall ever keep in remembrance. The writer, S. N. C., was a good boy, who now sleeps in Jesus. His parents received the paper containing his letter on the morning before his death. At his funeral the minister called for the INSTRUCTOR and read the letter to the congregation. It was cheering to the bereaved parents. We hope to meet him in that home the Saviour has gone to prepare for his people.

Some one from Bordoville, Vt., sends us the following, which we are glad to receive, but sorry that he forgot to give his name:

DEAR FRIENDS: For the first time I write for our good little paper. I am trying to be a good boy and serve the Lord with my parents. I am fourteen years old. I like our paper very much. I want to overcome all my sins, that when Jesus comes I may be saved with God's people. I ask an interest in your prayers that I may meet you on Mount Zion.

Edward Capman, of Fon du Lac, Wis., writes:

I love the little paper dearly, for it teaches the way to Heaven. I am trying to so live that I may meet you and the readers of the INSTRUCTOR there.

And here is another from Monterey, Mich.:

DEAR EDITORS: I write for the first time. I am thirteen years old. I love to go to Sabbath-school. We are not having any now, but I hope we soon will have. My uncle sends me the INSTRUCTOR, and I read it with great pleasure. I am trying to be a Christian, but I have a great many sins to overcome. Though my sins are many, I mean, by the help of the Lord, to keep trying.

I hope you will pray for me that I may confess and forsake all my sins and be saved when Jesus comes. MATTIE E. GARDNER.

DEAR FRIENDS: This is the first time I ever tried to write for any paper. I can say that I love the INSTRUCTOR very much, and would not wish to part with it. I am trying to serve the Lord and keep his commandments. And if I am faithful I hope to meet you on Mount Zion. Pray for me that I may.

MILLIE M. LINDSLEY.

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

DEAR FRIENDS: I have been taking the INSTRUCTOR for about eight months. I like it very much. I am trying to serve the Lord and keep his commandments. I want to be prepared to meet the Lord when he comes. I ask an interest in all your prayers. I hope at the last day to be found among the redeemed.

EDWARD O. MAGOON.

Any one having Christmas or New Year's stories they wish in the INSTRUCTOR must be sure to send them in time.

## Two Proverbs.

"NEVER cry about what you can't help." So rang out the cherry voice of Nellie Granger, as she trotted down the lane, milk can in hand.

And what made her say it was the sight of a little boy standing in the middle of the lane and crying with a loud boo-hoo, with both fists in his eyes. "What can be the matter with that cry-baby now?" thought Nellie, as she recognized in the chubby boy her neighbor Sammy Brown.

Nellie soon saw the trouble—a big market basket overturned, with half its contents spilled out on the ground. It was then that she sang out in tones half of encouragement and half of ridicule—"Never cry for what you can't help."

But Sammy only boo-hoed the louder as she drew near. "I guess you'd cry if you'd spilled all your dinner," he sobbed.

"Guess I should n't," said Nellie. "What would be the good? It wouldn't pick it up again, would it?" Then Nellie looked down at the basket and burst into a merry laugh.

"Three apples rolled out and the meat all done up in a napkin!" said she. "What a dreadful thing to cry about. I'll give you another one, Sammy, and just listen to this with all your ears."

"Never cry about what you can help."

"You could have picked them up a dozen times while you've stood here crying over them."

Sammy stopped crying and looked up at her, wiping his eyes with his fist.

"If I don't cry 'bout what I can't help, and don't cry 'bout what I can help, I don't see how I'm goin' to cry at all," said he.

Nellie laughed merrier than before.

"No, it don't leave much chance," said she, "but I don't believe you'd die if you should n't cry for three weeks. You just try it; and begin now by picking up your basket and trudging on, like a little man."

So saying, Nellie gathered up the apples and put them in Sammy's hands to put into the basket. She would not pick it up for him, but she helped him put it all to rights, and he found it was a great deal easier than sitting in the sun and crying because the things would not pick themselves up.

Sammy learned a lesson that morning he did not soon forget. Ever after when things vexed him and he was tempted to give up and be a cry-baby, he used to help himself over it by Nellie's two proverbs—

Never cry about what you can't help; and

Never cry about what you can help.—The Myrtle.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

1. AHAAZ. 2Kings 16:3.
2. Aaron. Ex. 32:4.
3. The oldest son of the king of Moab. 2 Kings 3:26, 27.
4. Aaron. Lev. 10:6.
5. They were slain by an angel. 2 Chron. 32:21.
6. Because they had not faith.
7. An Arabian. Neh. 6:1.
8. They which builded on the wall, and they which bear burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hand wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. Neh. 4:17.
9. Hazael. And it came to pass on the morrow, that he took a thick cloth, and dipped it in water, and spread it on his face, so that he died; and Hazael reigned in his stead. 2 Kings 8:15.
10. And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth. Gen. 6:5.

MARY A. HUTCHINS.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 19.

1. Othniel. Joshua 15:16, 17.
2. The house of Joseph. Judges 1:22.
3. Buried in a hill in Mount Ephraim. Josh. 24:33.
4. 110. Josh. 24:29.
5. 48. Josh. 21:41.
6. First it was proclaimed, Whosoever is fearful and afraid let him return. Then the people were brought down to the water and those that lapped water with their tongues were set by themselves and the others returned. Judges 7:3-7.
7. Shamgar. Judges 3:31.
8. In the cave of Machpelah in Canaan. Gen. 50:13.
9. In Egypt in the land of Goshen.
10. 140. Job 42:16.
11. Jezebel. 1 Kings 21:7, 8.
12. Julius, a centurion. Acts 27:1.
13. God with us. Matt. 1:23.
14. Gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Matt. 2:11.

MILLIE M. LINDSLEY.

CLARENCE E. BAKER.

## QUESTIONS.

1. What shall become of the two women grinding at the mill?
2. Who concealed the two spies?
3. Who stole the Babylonish garment?
4. Which of the prophets was called from the plow?
5. How did David show his magnanimity by refusing a drink of water?
6. What king traded in apes and peacocks?
7. Does the Bible tell where St. Paul was buried?
8. In answer to whose prayer was the shadow on the dial of Ahaz brought ten degrees backward, and of what was it to be a sign?
9. Who was the predecessor of Tola on the throne of Israel, and what was the cause of his death?
10. Who was Isaac's great grandfather, and how old was he when he died?
11. What king was slain by his servant while drinking himself drunk in his steward's house?
12. What army, all unnumbered, were in comparison to their opponents, as two little flocks of kids?
13. In what waters was the ax head made to swim?
14. What king forsook the counsel of the old men, taking counsel with the young?
15. What king burned his eldest son (who should have reigned in his stead) upon a wall, and what was his occupation?

H. D. SOULS.

## Money Received.

**Fifty Cents Each.** John Wilson 21-1, Helen Pierce 20-23, John Peterson 20-8, A S Branch 19-22, Amy Thomas 20-4, F N Satterlee 21-1, L A Grover 21-6, F B Cummings 21-1, Rosetta Gardner 20-1, M Van Houten 20-13, Emeline Vincent 20-23, H B Tucker 20-23, Daniel Newcomb 20-23, L McDowell 20-23, Ettie Ogden 20-19, E D Gleason 20-13, F E Hayward 21-7, Orlando Fogg 20-23, Marion Wicks 20-23, A J Park 20-23, H Smith 20-23, S A Brundage 20-23, W Kass 23-1, Amma Kass 20-23, C Fairbank 20-8, E R Webb 20-3, Ollie Blackmer 20-23, J Robarge 20-1, F Glascock 20-8, F C Patten 20-13, B Armstrong 20-23, E G Neal 21-10, E McVetta 21-1, E T Sumner 20-23, J Hn Bean 20-13, L M Cowles 21-1, E R Dewey 21-1, A A Mansfield 20-13, Joseph Cook 20-23, George Stiles 20-23, Dennis Perkins 20-11, Job Briggs 20-23, C M Farnsworth 20-23, Cornelia Bice 20-23, J Corliss 20-11, Lucinda Ferris 20-19, Ellen M Frost 21-1, J S Van Dusen 20-23, Miss L Smith 20-23, E S Griggs 21-1, M Comings 20-15, Jacob Yates 21-1, P D Parker 20-23, Robt Reid 21-8, F L Grant 20-1, Albert Pierce 20-23, H B Main 20-23, M McVines 20-23.

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## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE

Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association.

## TERMS IN ADVANCE.

Single copy,..... 50 cents.  
For twenty-five copies (to one address),..... \$10.00.  
For fifty copies (to one address),..... \$18.00.  
No subscriptions received for less than one year.  
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