

The Youth's Instructor.

VOLUME 20.

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

SWEET SPRING HAS COME.

Sweet spring has come! Sweet spring has come!
Her steps are on the hills;
She breathes upon the valleys now,
She breathes upon the rills.

She fills the air with singing birds,
She brings refreshing showers;
We hear her music all around,
We hear it in the bowers.

Then lift your voices high! O Man!
A joyful tribute bring!
Join with the music all around,
The music of the spring.

—Sel.

History of the Bible.

THE world is full of histories of every nation, art, and religion; but none should interest us so much as the history of the Bible. Although at first sight it may appear dry and tedious, the subject is one upon which volume after volume might be written without at all exhausting it. We, of course, can give but a brief sketch, and do not expect to do justice to that.

We will first notice the origin of the Bible. In Exodus 34:27, we read that God commanded Moses to write the precepts which he had been giving to him. It is generally supposed that the writing of the Bible was commenced about this time, by Moses, who is said to have written the first five books, thus laying the foundation of the greatest history ever written. The remainder of the Bible was written by Joshua, David, Ezra, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and some forty-seven others, during a period of about fifteen hundred and fifty years; the last book being written by the apostle John, in the city of Ephesus, A. D. 98. These men were all inspired by God to write, the Bible itself being sufficient proof of this. As fast as the different books of the Old Testament were written, they were laid up in the sanctuary, and finally, according to Jewish tradition, collected and revised by Ezra soon after he had arrived at Jerusalem with a company of returning captives from Babylon, about 480 years before Christ. Ezra also divided the Old Testament into twenty-two books, corresponding with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet; the most of that portion of the Bible being written in the Hebrew language.

The writing of the New Testament Scriptures was commenced about A. D. 38, and completed within sixty years of its commencement. It is composed mostly of epistles written by the apostles to the several churches which they had established. These epistles were carefully preserved, and, after a number of centuries, combined with the Old Testament, making the complete Bible.

The Old Testament seems to have been held in great esteem by both Jews and Gentiles in the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era. Josephus speaks of one, Philadelphus, who was king of Egypt, and was collecting there the finest library in the world. He had heard of the Bible as existing among the Jews in the Hebrew tongue, and wished to procure it for his library.

He accordingly sent to the high priest at Jerusalem for a copy; and in order to obtain the good will of the Jews, and thus be sure of obtaining a perfect copy, he liberated all of their brethren who were enslaved in his country (about 120,000 in number), paying their masters \$7.00 each for them, thus making his Bible cost \$840,000 besides the expense of translating. Quite an expensive Bible!

The original purity of the Scriptures was carefully preserved by the Jews, who took great pains whenever they multiplied copies to make them exactly like the original. Even the letters were counted, and every copy was subjected to the most critical inspection. They were regarded with reverence as the only writings which contained the history of the creation of all things. Although the expense of making a Bible was so great that none but the wealthy could possess it, yet the poor were not ignorant of its contents; for it was regularly read in the synagogues in the hearing of the people. But we find that after the Romans had conquered Judea, the general knowledge of the Scriptures gradually decreased, the Romans trying to institute in its place their Pagan religion, until about A. D. 325, when Constantine embraced the Christian religion, and made it the national religion of Rome. A knowledge of the Scriptures was then quite generally promulgated for some time, until the clergy became corrupted and gained control of the civil government, when they prohibited the reading of the Scriptures by the common people; and to darken them still more, the religious exercises were all performed in a language unintelligible to any except the learned.

Now commenced the period generally known as the Dark Ages; during which time the Bible was miraculously preserved from destruction. Thousands were put to death for the tenacity with which they clung to it, but there were many more who had courage to possess it at the risk of their lives, meeting together by night in caves or other obscure places to peruse its sacred pages. It seemed that as persecution increased, the desire for truth also increased; and the wicked priests found all their efforts to destroy the word of God in vain, for it was given to man as a compass, to guide him back to the blessed home lost by transgression, and the design of its Giver must be accomplished. The priests did not cease their efforts, however, when they found them unavailing, but redoubled their energies, invented new methods of persecution, and took every measure possible, to prevent the people from obtaining a knowledge of the truths of the Bible, knowing that as soon as they should become thus enlightened, their power over them would vanish.

But the night could not always last. The morning at length began to dawn. The pope lost, in a measure, his power. A great reformation was begun. And look at the results! The Bible has been printed in the native language of nearly every known na-

tion. It has been carried to almost every part of the globe, until it is said of it that it is a book upon which the sun never sets. Instead of being prohibited, its free use and circulation are promoted in every country except Spain. And although a copy may be procured for a few cents, so that almost any one can obtain it, yet there are several organized societies which annually give away thousands to those who are poor, or have not sufficient interest to induce them to purchase.

But, alas! these are not the only results which we see. Instead of an increased love for the Bible, and a greater desire to obtain a knowledge of it, its sacred truths are little cared for; its warnings are unnoticed; its commands disobeyed. Novels, magazines, and story books, are pondered over and over, but the Book of books is unopened. But few heed the injunction of the Saviour to “search the Scriptures.” Let us be among the few. Although a Bible now costs only as many cents as it once did *hundreds of dollars*, yet its real value is the same. It is worth just as much to the dying Christian to-day as it then was to the martyrs burning at the stake. And if in past ages it commanded veneration, with what respect should we regard it, after it has come down to us in almost its primitive purity, having successfully resisted all the encroachments of that great destroyer—Time. Let us study it carefully, obey its precepts, and heed its warnings, that we may be prepared to realize the consummation of its promises.

J. KELLOGG.

The First Twenty Years.

“LIVE as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so while passing. They seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.” If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness for time to come. Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.—*Flowers of Spring.*

THE ANTIDOTE TO MELANCHOLY.—If you will take my advice, I will suggest to you an excellent antidote to despondency and care. Choose some pious and familiar friend, to whom you can boldly disclose your trouble, and thereby relieve your burdened heart. The man who has a heavy load to bear, and far to go, and none to help him, soon tires and sinks; but if he share the load with a kind-hearted comrade, he can proceed a greater distance. It is the same with the sorrows of this troubled life. Our Saviour himself, in the depths of his agony, sought comfort from his disciples, and said to them, “Could ye not watch with me one hour?” Matt. 26:10. Lord Jesus, well dost thou know the feelings of a disconsolate heart. For thy sorrow's sake, help all the sorrowful, and lighten all hearts oppressed with care.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

We would praise thee, Heavenly Father,
For thy mercies and thy care,
Unto us, poor, sinful creatures,
And thy children everywhere.

Lord, we thank thee for the blessings
That thou givest us in love,
And we know that every mercy,
Cometh to us from above.

Keep us, Lord, and bless us daily,
Help us all to do aright;
Oh! we need thy loving watchcare,
Every day and every night.

Jesus, thou hast suffered for us,
And for sinners hast thou died,
Yes, to save a world of rebels,
Thou, O Lord, wast crucified.

Oh! how loving and how gracious,
Oh! how gentle and how mild,
Didst thou come to earth, dear Saviour,
Meek and lowly, like a child.

We would love thee for thy goodness,
And would praise thee for thy might.
We would worship for thy greatness,
And would in thy law delight.

Give us sweet assurance daily,
That our sins are all forgiven;
And when done with earth forever,
Let us rest with thee in Heaven.

LILLA D. AVERY.

Ingham Co., Mich.

Carrie Gale's First Disobedience.

"THIS afternoon, mother," said little Carrie Gale, "I want to go over to see Mary Lawton. I have n't been there for a long time, and her mother often asks me to come."

"I know it, my dear," said Mrs. Gale; "but Mary is a little girl who is not taught to obey her mother, and I fear she may lead you into harm, if I allow you to go there so often."

"Why, mother, I have n't been there for more than two weeks; and Mrs. Lawton says she would like to have me come every day," said Carrie.

"I do not doubt it," said her mother; "but I much prefer to have you remain at home."

"I do n't see why," said the child impatiently. "Grace Lowe is to be there this afternoon, and I think it is too bad if I can't go too. I'll come home early, and be a real good girl, if you'll only let me go."

"Well Carrie, I will let you go this afternoon; but you must be back at four o'clock, for I want you then."

"Why, mother, Grace is going to stay to tea, and Mary wanted I should," said Carrie.

"No, Carrie; I shall not let you stay so long. You must be sure to return by four o'clock, as I wish you to attend the baby, so I can finish your dress for you to wear to Sabbath-school to-morrow."

Carrie had so much feared her mother would not let her go at all, she said no more about staying to tea, though in her heart she thought her mother was very strict not to let her do as other little girls were allowed to do. But she kissed her and the baby good bye as she started away, and again promised she would be back at four o'clock.

When she arrived at Mary's home, she found Grace already there, and the three were soon having a merry time with their dolls, and other playthings, under the large elm trees that stood in the yard, front of the house.

For more than an hour they played there in great glee, till Carrie began to think it time to go home, and she told the little girls she must see what time it was, for her mother had told her to be home at four.

"No, I shall not let you go so early," said

Mary. "We have only just begun to have a good time, and I want you should go with us to the pond for some lilies."

"O, I could n't do that, even if I were to stay, for mother never lets me go to the pond," said Carrie.

"Now I'd stay longer if I were you. Your mother won't care. I'll go home with you and tell her you could n't help staying, we were having such a good time. Come now, do," said Grace.

"No," said Carrie, "I must go, for mother cannot finish my dress for to-morrow, unless I go home to help take care of the baby," and she started resolutely for the house to see what time it was.

"Is it four o'clock, Mrs. Lawton?" she asked, as she neared the window by which that lady sat sewing.

"No. It wants a quarter of four," said Mrs. Lawton. "Why?"

"Because I must go home soon," said Carrie.

"What! go home as early as this! It is too bad! I don't believe your mother will care if you stay longer. Why, you have n't but just begun to enjoy yourselves," said Mrs. Lawton.

"I know it," chimed in both the other girls, "and I wish she would stay as long as I do," said Grace Lowe.

"Come, Carrie," said Mrs. Lawton, "I will give you leave to stay, and your mother will not care I'm sure. You don't come very often, and I think there will be no harm in your staying a little longer."

Carrie hesitated for some time, but gave her consent to stay till five o'clock, asking Mrs. Lawton to be sure to tell her when that time came. Mrs. Lawton promised, and the girls returned to their play.

But for Carrie, all pleasure was gone. In vain did she try to make herself think she was enjoying her play as before; it was not possible.

At last Mary said to Grace, "Come, let's play something else, for Carrie is getting tired of dolls."

"So I say," said Grace. "Let's go down to the swing in the grove."

"That will be nice," said the others, and away they started for the swing. Mrs. Lawton saw them start off in that direction, but as Mary was in the habit of going there often, she thought no more about it.

The swing was a large and high one, and the little girls soon tired of pushing one another, so that amusement was given up and they wandered off in quest of flowers. For a long time they kept on, and each had her apron full when they came in sight of the pond where the water-lilies were growing.

"O, let's get some of those beautiful lilies," said Mary.

"Yes," said Grace. "Won't they be nice to take home to our mothers?"

"Come, Carrie," said Mary, for the little girl had drawn back at the thought of getting the lilies her mother had often said it was dangerous for her even to attempt to gather, unless her father was with her.

"I'm afraid you'll be drowned," she said. "My mother says there is great danger."

"Your mother is never willing you should have any fun," said Mary; "for my part, I shall get some lilies. Shan't you, Grace?"

"Yes, I shall," said Grace. "I know my mother will not care, and I can be careful."

By this time the children had reached the edge of the pond, and the lilies shone out in all their glory just before them, though too far from the edge for them to reach.

"Let's take off our stockings and shoes, and get them that way."

"No," said Mary, "you wait a minute. Tom Sawyer's boat is tied just the other side

of that point, and we'll get into that, and go after them."

"I should n't dare to," said Carrie. "We cannot row."

"Yes, I can," said Mary. "The last time I came out with father, he let me row all the way, and said I was quite a good rower."

"I'm not a bit afraid," said Grace; "come, Carrie. We'll have a nice row, and get lots of lilies."

By this time, Carrie had gone so far in disobedience that she felt there could be no harm in going a little farther, so she followed the girls around the narrow point of land that hid the boat from their sight, and helped untie the various knots in the rope that secured it to the shore.

When the boat was loosed, Mary took the oars as she had seen Mr. Sawyer and her father do, and telling the girls to jump in, she proceeded to push the boat off in quite a scientific manner. But for some time her efforts were not successful, and she began to think they would have to give up their ride, when a more vigorous push than before, loosed the boat from the pebbly shore, and nearly threw her overboard; but she soon collected herself, and plied away at the oars with considerable skill. In a little while they rounded the point, and once more the beautiful lilies greeted their eyes.

They soon reached them, and were all anxiously endeavoring to get as many of them as possible, without any thought or care as to the position of the boat, when by an unlucky chance, one of them made a sudden move for the side of the boat where the others were already reaching out at arm's length, and in an instant the frail craft was overturned, and all three of the little girls were in the water.

Scream followed scream, as long as they could keep themselves out of the water by clinging to the lily pads. But at last, one after the other, they sank down, down under the blue waters.

But there was hope! Mr. Sawyer, the owner of the boat, had heard cries in that direction, as he was going toward the pond for a short row before dark, and he hastened with all speed to the spot where his boat was usually anchored. Finding it gone, he ran around the point, thinking it probable some one had taken it to go in search of lilies. Judge of his surprise when he found it empty, and no one in sight. Knowing the rider or riders must have gone down, he plunged in to save them if possible.

The water was not deep, though the long, tough stems of the lilies prevented his making much headway, and held the boat almost motionless where it had overturned. But a moment passed, when he caught sight of Grace's dress, as she came slowly to the surface the first time. He soon had her out of water and in the bottom of the boat, while he watched for the others, for he had seen the little girls at play in Mr. Lawton's yard, and thought it very probable the three were there.

He had not long to wait, for very soon Mary and Carrie came to the surface, and catching them by the clothing, he waded to the shore with his heavy burden, then returned to the boat for Grace.

He found it quite a task to attend to the three, but as no help was near, he was obliged to do so. It was some time before they were sufficiently recovered for him to leave them, and go to Mr. Lawton's house for a conveyance. He found Mr. Gale there, inquiring for his little daughter, whose mother had become much alarmed at her long stay. He accompanied Mr. Lawton and Mr. Sawyer when they went for the children, and a sad sight it was to see them lying there so pale

and helpless. They each took one in their arms and rode slowly home, all thanking God the children had been saved.

Mr. Sawyer took Grace to her home, and she soon recovered from her fright, and went to school again the next week, but it was not so with Carrie and Mary. They were both sick with fever, and long weeks passed before they returned to school.

Mrs. Lawton begged Mrs. Gale's forgiveness many times over, for urging Carrie to disobey her, and told her if Mary ever recovered she should try and be a different mother to her. Mary did recover, and her mother kept her word, for a more faithful mother than Mrs. Lawton can hardly be found.

Carrie was so much ashamed of her naughty conduct, that she never forgot the lesson in her life, and often told her little brother when he was older the story of the punishment she received for her first and last disobedience.—*The Myrtle.*

MY MOTHER.

I must not tease my mother,
For she is very kind—
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind.
For when I was an infant,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me on her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother;
And when she wants to read,
Or has the headache, I must step
Most silently indeed.

I will not choose a noisy play,
Or trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother;
She loves me all the day,
And she has patience with my faults,
And teaches me to pray.
How much I'll try to please her
She every hour shall see,
For should she go away, or die,
What would become of me?

—*Little Speaker.*

Feeding the Lambs.

NEARLY all our little readers are familiar with the delightful task of feeding the lambs. In springtime, surely no employment can be more pleasant, if performed with care and love for the welfare of the flock. But in this, like other duties, there remains a responsibility, lest sickness and decay blight, or the cunning craft of the enemy scatter, and thus the innocent suffer for the guilty.

So I have sometimes viewed the delightful task of the Sabbath-school teacher. He must, like Peter, have a love for the Shepherd before he is qualified to feed even the least of the flock. What care and wisdom is necessary in preparing and dividing the word for food for the young mind, to interest and profit those whom we would be endeavoring to train for the kingdom. May the Lord give grace and wisdom to those called to labor in this direction.

M. F. DIBBLE.

TWO LITTLE girls, Bridget and Walburga, went to the neighboring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell for money enough to buy the family dinner. Bridget murmured and fretted all the way, but Walburga only joked and laughed. At last, Bridget got out of patience, and said, vexedly, "How can you go on laughing so? Your basket is as

heavy as mine, and you are not one bit stronger. I do n't understand it."

"Oh!" said Walburga, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant that I put on the top of my load, and it makes it so light I hardly feel it."

"Indeed!" said Bridget, "it must be a very precious little plant. I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow?"

"It grows," replied Walburga, "wherever you plant it and give it a chance to take root, and there's no knowing the relief it gives. Its name is *Patience*."

Effects of Novel Reading.

Too MUCH can hardly be said against a practice so pernicious in its results. As one who has seen and felt its evil influence, I would offer a few words of warning, especially to the young and unsuspecting, against falling into a habit so bewitching, and yet so detrimental to their best good.

The world has become so flooded with light and sensational literature that the young are pretty sure to be ensnared, unless they understand its evil tendency, and have a fixed principle to let it alone. I will try to show some of the evil effects of this kind of reading.

Novel reading acts upon the mind as stimulants do upon the nerves. Stimulation is followed by depression and languor. So the intoxication of the mind is succeeded by a corresponding depression of spirits and disinclination for mental labor. How many fine intellects have been irreparably injured, if not totally ruined, by this fascinating, mind-destroying practice.

Reading merely for amusement weakens the powers of the mind, and renders it incapable of strong concentrated effort. The thoughts are scattered and changeable, and soon weary of continued mental labor. Thus, solid, substantial reading soon becomes distasteful and insipid; the mind is constantly on the stretch for excitement, and will not be satisfied with sober history, or plain matter-of-fact philosophy.

And not only so, but the sober realities of life, the daily recurring duties; the monotonous round of cares, trials, and perplexities incident to this mortal state, seem more grievous and unbearable, after reveling in the voluptuous dreams of the novelist. The blessings so lavishly showered around us by an Almighty hand are overlooked and undervalued. The poor, infatuated dreamer is constantly looking ahead for something out of his reach. Like the mirage of the desert, it bewilders, fascinates, tempts, and deceives him, but never brings sweet content or lasting happiness.

And this is not all. The judgment, not yet matured by experience, is warped and blinded by these false and glaring pictures of life. The inconsistent and exaggerated views of love and marriage, which are engendered by those bewildering romances, is no doubt a fruitful source of many unwise and unhappy unions. Reason and judgment are laid aside; impulse and fancy alone are consulted. The poor victims of a foolish infatuation wake up to find their idols clay, and life a stern reality, without strength or fortitude to bear its ills and sorrows. Pure,

unselfish love, with mutual forbearance for each other's faults, they know nothing about. The splendid air castles they built have vanished into air; and so great is their disappointment that they overlook, and forget to be thankful for, the blessings they actually possess.

But the worst feature of all is, the spiritual apathy induced by reading these foolish stories. The mind loses all relish for the Bible, and for sacred things. The moral sensibilities become blunted. The influence of the Spirit of God is effectually warded off. It is impossible for the mind to take hold of the solemn truths of the book of God, and realize them as they should be realized. The mind that has so long fed upon husks, and vanity, and lies, cannot all at once appreciate sober, candid truth; much less can it love to dwell upon the plain, unvarnished facts revealed in the word of God.

As you value eternal life, pass by the chaffy literature of the day. It may seem harmless and fascinating, but it lures to destroy. You may not discover the "trail of the serpent" in those charmingly written pages; but I know that the "bewitching spell" shuts out God, and Heaven, and eternity. I have felt the power of the enchantress, and I know whereof I affirm. The anguish of mind I have undergone, the follies I have committed, the darkness of despair I have been in, in consequence of false ideas received from reading novels when very young, it would be inexpedient if not impossible for me to describe.

Many and severe have been the conflicts to overcome the evil habit since I undertook to be a Bible Christian, and to cultivate a love for, and interest in, the sacred truths of God's holy word. But I am afraid I never shall see and feel so vividly and clearly the importance of the truth as I should if the powers of my mind had not been so perverted in my youth. I regret my folly, and would most affectionately warn the young against falling into the pernicious habit. I feel like a bird escaped out of the snare of the fowler. The providences of God have hedged me in on every hand and kept me from falling into irretrievable ruin. I feel that I am a miracle of God's mercy and providential care.

Dear young friends, I understand the temptations of youth. Satan has many snares for your inexperienced feet. I feel a deep interest in young people. But I can tell you, from sad experience, that the dreams and hopes of youth are vanity. You will never be happy while you are dreaming of earthly good. Life is full of trials and disappointments. Discipline your minds to meet them bravely. Above all things, give your hearts fully to Jesus; he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Upon him you can lavish your hearts' best affections, and secure a friend that will never fail you. He is infinitely worthy the adoration of our hearts. Oh! for grace to love him as we ought.—R. C. BAKER, in *Review & Herald*.

WHEN you speak of God, let it be with reverence.

It is better to be alone than in bad company.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY, 1872.

MISS J. R. TREMBLEY, : : : EDITOR.

A MAY-DAY RHYME.

The beautiful May
Returns to-day,
Bringing the music of spring,
The looing of herds
And singing of birds
Make hills and valleys to ring.

The dews distilled
From bubbling rills
Are glittering in the light,
And flowers fair
Perfume the air
In orchard and meadow-lands bright.

The dancing brooks
In shady nooks
Are murmuring their glad song;
They seem to say,
As they chant their lay,
We're glad the springtime has come.

Then let us raise
A song of praise
To the Author of our joy;
For soon he'll come
To take us home,
Where there's bliss without alloy.

Mammoth Cave, Concluded.

AFTER returning, we entered the Labyrinth from Deserted Chamber by descending a flight of stairs. This Labyrinth is a narrow, rugged causeway, and the only object of interest in it, is the figure of the American Eagle on the left wall. We then ascended a flight of stairs ten feet in height, and reached Gorin's Dome, which is viewed from a natural window, situated about midway between the floor and ceiling of the dome.

Taking a seat in this window, I held my light in front of me, and first looked up two hundred feet over my head, where I could see an opening in the solid rock, like the steeple of a church, growing narrower until it came to a point. My guide then lighted a Bengal light, and hurled it below. Down, down it went till it struck the bottom, nearly two hundred feet below the window in which we were sitting. I think this was almost equal to Star Chamber for sublimity. This dome, nearly four hundred feet in height and only about sixty feet wide at its base, was hung with curtains of stone, pending from the top, very thin and white, which were truly grand.

After viewing this for a long time, I could but think that nature has more hidden beauties than art can possibly reveal. Echo River can be plainly heard running through the bottom of this dome. When the river is high, eyeless fish can be observed. There are avenues that communicate with the top and bottom of this dome.

There are about one hundred and fifty avenues in Mammoth Cave that have been explored, many of which are never entered by visitors. There are also many which have never been entered, and doubtless all the different passages would measure between one and two hundred miles.

Having followed the extent of my explorations, I will now close these articles by relating to you an amusing story concerning the discovery of this cave.

Years ago, when Kentucky was a wilderness with but few inhabitants, and they composed principally of hunters, a man was

hunting in the woods, and finding a bear, chased him till night, when the bear ran into a cave. The man followed the bear in the cave, till he feared to follow him farther, when he left him, and returned home. A few days after, the hunter visited another hunter, and in conversation, made mention of his bear adventure and cave discovery.

He asked his neighbor what he would give him for his cave, *i. e.*, the right of discovery. After some conversation, the man was offered a side of bacon-pork, which he accepted. The man that now owned the cave, after keeping his right some time, offered to trade it to a third person, which he did, disposing of it for an old shot-gun. This third party kept the right till he died, and then it passed to his heirs, who are its present owners. Explorations were made which gave it notoriety. There are now nine heirs who have each been offered one hundred thousand dollars, but will not accept that amount for it. I do not suppose one million dollars would purchase it. Nearly three thousand acres over the cave are owned by the company, to keep others from making other entrances into it, thereby cutting them off from their gains.

Thousands visit this cave annually. A large hotel at its entrance will accommodate hundreds of people. It is thronged in the summer by tourists from all parts of the world, who come to visit the cave.

Here we find a greed of gain displayed. No one can visit this cave without its costing him from eight to fifteen dollars. Being situated seven miles from the railroad, you are obliged to leave the train; and though you may get to the cave in time to explore it, and return, still the guide will not wait on you in time to reach the next train.

You are therefore obliged to stay over night, and your board will be three or more dollars a day. Your cave expense will be five dollars for both routes, besides your fare to and from the cave. Notwithstanding all this, I felt well paid for all expense and trouble.

E. B. LANE.

The Life Preserver.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: As I was reading the other day of a new Life Preserver used in the British Navy, which has saved many lives, some thoughts were suggested to my mind which I thought I would pen for your consideration. This Preserver saves the present life. But God has provided one that saves us forever. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3: 16, 17. Again we read, 1 John 5: 11, "And this is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." If we believe in him, and take him as our guide, and as the apostle says, put on Christ, making no provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof, then are we prepared to go through the perils of the last days, escape all the things that shall come to pass, be kept from all the snares of Satan, and finally preserved unto his heavenly kingdom.

May the Lord help you all to be wise in time, and so accept of the Life Preserver he has prepared for us, and love and serve him with all your heart, that when he shall come, he may give you everlasting life in his kingdom.

J. P. HOFFMAN.

Bertha's Graveyard.

[Bro. and Sister White are unable to furnish articles for this number of the INSTRUCTOR. The many cares they have had upon them for some time past have unfitted them for writing for the present. Bro. White, especially, is in very poor health. Our readers will of course be disappointed; but do not think for a moment that it is from any lack of interest. Far from it. They have still the same deep interest in all branches of the Lord's work. We hope that they will soon regain their usual health and strength, both for their own good, and that they may continue their articles already commenced in the INSTRUCTOR.]

Sister White handed us this interesting story, "Bertha's Grave-yard," to take the place of hers.—ED.]

LITTLE Bertha Dickinson was a decided enemy of tobacco. She used to say she hated it. Now hate is a strong, bad word, I know. My mother has often said to me, "My dear, you must hate nothing but sin," and I never use the word without thinking of my dear mother and her advice. But I think, as Bertha did, that it is quite proper to say "hate" in speaking of tobacco, for it is a terrible poison, and injures more people, body and soul too, than folks are willing to believe. And then it is so nasty! There! that is another word which my mother never liked to have me use. She said it was n't "a pretty word;" but I can't help using it when I speak of tobacco, and Bertha always did too.

But she did something besides hating it and calling it bad names. She tried to persuade every one who used it to give it up. She was a queer child. She never acted like other children, but had a way all her own, which sometimes made folks laugh, and sometimes cry, and always made them shake their heads, and say, "What an odd little thing Bertha Dickinson is!"

She took a notion into her head one day that she would have a little graveyard all her own. There was quite a large piece of ground in the old garden behind the house, where nothing was planted. There was a long row of blackberry bushes which hid this corner from the house-windows, and she used often to go down there to play alone. It was one day after she had been to visit Samuel Hill, the village undertaker, that she got the idea of having the graveyard. She went straight off to the woods and brought home four pretty little hack-metack trees, which she planted in the four corners of the lot she had chosen, and then, happening to think it would be better to secure the ground by asking her father to give it to her, she went in pursuit of him.

"Papa! papa!" she called aloud as he was threshing grain in the barn; "Papa, will you give me the north-west corner of the garden?"

"The what, child?"

"The north-west corner of the old garden, papa. It is bounded on the north by the seek-no-further apple-tree, east by the walk, south by the blackberry bushes, and west by the sweet corn field."

There was a general laugh at the con-

clusion of this speech. Father and all the threshers stopped their work, and held their sides, while such peals of laughter resounded through the great barn as brought mamma and Hepsey out to see what was the matter.

"You needn't make fun of me," exclaimed Bertha, "I tried to be particular just to save you the trouble of going down."

"Bertha wants me to deed her the north-west corner of the garden, mother," said Mr. Dickinson, as soon as he could speak; "are you ready to sign the papers?"

"What do you want it for, deary," asked mother. "Are you going to build a doll-house?" Her mother knew that particular spot was her little girl's favorite resort, and that scarcely a day passed but the dollies were taken there too. So she thought of course that Bertha, with her queer ideas, was planning some sort of a dwelling for them. She was quite unprepared for the answer, and the roar of laughter, which was repeated, as the child looked up very meekly, and replied,

"I want it for a graveyard, mamma."

When father had recovered the power of speech, he pursued his inquiries further.

"What are you going to bury, dear?"

Quick as a flash of light, Bertha picked up her father's pipe which lay on the wooden bench by the door. "This first," said she, and off she ran.

So quick was her motion, and the words that accompanied it, that no one of the amused group perceived what she had done, and, as she flitted down the garden-walk, thought only that she was running from their mirth.

But, when work was done, and the farmer was ready for his evening smoke, the pipe was nowhere to be found.

"Where's my pipe? Who's seen my pipe?" shouted father, up and down the yard, in no very pleasant tones.

"I buried it, father, in my new graveyard," said the child coolly. "Come and see."

The heavy steps of the tired man, and the light trip-trip of the little girl's feet, fell together on the garden-walk, as they proceeded to the north-west corner of the garden, where Bertha pointed to a neat little mound about a foot long, nicely rounded and turfed, at the head of which was placed a bit of shingle with the inscription—

Here lies
My Father's Pipe.
Rest forever.

The astonished parent was at a loss what to say. He hesitated whether to laugh or chide. He finally concluded to do neither, but to try to get at the child's meaning in all this. So, sitting down on an overturned wheelbarrow, he took Bertha on his knees, and began to question her.

"Why did you do so, child?"

"Because, papa, I did n't want you to die, as Mr. Thurston did, of pipe. It's a fact, papa," seeing a smile gathering in his eye. "I heard Dr. Bell say so, when we were coming home from the funeral. Miss Stevens asked him what ailed Mr. Thurston, and Dr. Bell said, 'Pipe, Miss Stevens, pipe. He smoked himself out of this world into—well, Miss Stevens, I can't say exactly where he has gone. If folks get so used to their pipes here in this world, I don't see what they're going to do in the other. Seems to me they'll want to keep

up the smoking, but I'm most sure they can't do it in Heaven; for you know, Miss Stevens, Heaven is a very clean place, and they're not going to let anything in there that defileth. So I do n't know.' Now, papa, you see I wanted you to be my papa a long, long while first before you die, and then I want you to go to Heaven. So, you see, I thought I'd dig a grave and bury the old pipe. You won't dig it up, will you, father?"

The farmer held his peace for a few minutes. Then he spoke slowly, but firmly, "No, Bertha, your father is no grave-robber. I shall miss the old pipe; but I suppose I must say about it as we do about everything that's put in the grave, "Thy will be done."

"That's good, father," said the child with a kiss. "Now I have a good, clean, everlasting papa. Ain't everlasting what we call things that do n't die?" she added, again perceiving a smile.

"Yes, sweetie, but then none of us are everlasting, exactly, we all have to wither and die sometime."

"Why, no, papa; don't the Bible say we live forever?"

"Was that what you wanted this great grave-yard for?" ask father, smiling again, and seeking to divert the conversation, which he feared might get beyond his depth. "Was it only to bury that old pipe?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed Bertha earnestly. "I'm going to bury lots of such things here. I expect I shall have a funeral almost every day. I'm going to bury old Aunt Smith's snuff-box next."

"How will you get it?"

"Oh, I'll get it; I'll manage, papa. And then there's Joe's tobacco, and uncle Ned's cigar, and lots more of the nasty things."

Bertha proved a busy little undertaker, and before a week had passed, more than a dozen interments had been made in the new cemetery. The graves are all made evenly, side by side, exactly the same size, nicely rounded and turfed, and, at the head of each, a tiny board on which was printed with pen and ink some simple epitaph. These headboards cost the little girl a great deal of time and labor. On one was "Aunt Smith's snuff-box. Closed forever." On another, "Joe Tanner's pigtail. Lost to view." On the next, "Cyrus Ball's cigar. Burned out." All were equally characteristic.

The north-west corner lot was at length full. Over sixty neat little graves were there, in rows as regular as the children's graves in Greenwood. The seek-no-further spread a friendly shade over the spot, and the blackberries ripened beside them; and many and many a visitor was taken slyly down the garden-wall to see Bertha's graveyard. But the best part of the whole was, that for every little mound in that quiet spot, there stood a man or woman redeemed from an evil habit, a living monument above it, and all alike bearing testimony to the faithfulness and perseverance of the queer little girl, the hater of tobacco, the lover of purity and health, and of Heaven.—*Mrs. H. E. Brown, in Christian Weekly.*

FILL up the void spaces of your time with meditation and prayer.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
Oh! put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;
And my whole soul, from sin set free,
A little vessel full of thee.

O Jesus, take me to thy breast,
And bless me, that I may be blessed;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Wilt thou my soul in safety keep? —*S.L.*

Grandfather Benton.

HE is that good old man whom all the children love so well. Everybody loves him.

Why is it that Grandfather Benton is such a good man? What makes him different from other people?

He is trying to be like Jesus. That is the secret. We sometimes hear people say, "If I could be good, like Grandfather Benton, I would try to be a Christian. All have the same Pattern to imitate that he has."

Little children can be like Jesus, and be loved by all around them, and by the Lord and the holy angels.

Grandfather Benton is not the only one who can be gentle, loving, and kind. All who will, may do right, and be good. Try to be like Jesus.—*Ed.*

BERLIN, MICH.

IT has been about four years since I enlisted with this people, for which I have never been sorry. I have great privileges here in attending Sabbath-school, and meetings, and I am thankful. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR, especially the letters from the youth. I hope that more of them will write, and I think all who have their hearts in the work will have something encouraging to write. I would earnestly ask the prayers of the readers. FRANKLIN S. COVEY.

CHARLOTTE, MICH.

DEAR EDITOR: I am trying to get ready for Jesus' coming. I believe we shall soon see him coming, and I want to be ready. I do not want to be with those who will call for rocks and mountains to hide them from Him that sitteth on the throne.

I have been trying to get subscribers for the INSTRUCTOR. I think four or five will subscribe. I attended the meetings at Potterville. The Spirit of the Lord was there. I feel like pressing on, with those who have just started, and are striving for the home that is built above. I am trying to set a good example before my brothers and sisters. Yours in love of the truth.

FREDDIE B. HILL.

BOURBON, IND.

DEAR SISTER TREMBLEY: I am fourteen years old. I like to read our good little paper very well. I have no Sabbath-school to go to on the holy Sabbath. Pray for me, that I may not fail of eternal life. I hope all the INSTRUCTOR family will be an unbroken circle in Heaven. I want to meet them all on Mount Zion.

PHEBE E. JOHNSON.

HAPPINESS—HOW FOUND.

ALL aim at being happy;
This cannot be denied;
But this your only object,
You'll ne'er be satisfied.
You chase the phantom, pleasure,
You fail to gain the bliss,
You never will o'ertake her,
Because you strive amiss.

Cease, cease these vain endeavors;
For others go to work,
Forgetting self-enjoyment,
Nor tiresome labor shirk;
Your feelings all enlisted
Your fellow-men to bless—
Anon, without the seeking,
You have true happiness.

R. F. COTTRELL.

The Apple Blossom and the Dandelion.

It was a bright and sunny May day; the wind was still cold, but, "The spring is come," was said softly from bush and brake, from field and stream, and a little apple tree, which stood close by, gave back the words in the gentlest of whispers.

The little apple tree had one single bough just breaking into blossom, and so covered with its beautiful fresh buds it was a perfect picture to behold. It knew this quite well, so that it was not in the least surprised when a grand carriage which was passing along the road drew up before it, and the young princess who sat in it said it was the loveliest apple blossom she had ever seen. So some of her attendants broke off the bough, and shading it with her silken parasol, she carried it home with her to her father's castle.

The apple blossom had never dreamed of such a place as that. There were lofty halls and rich sitting-rooms, of which the clear white curtains fluttered at windows opening on beautiful prospects, the whole air fragrant with the scent of hot-house flowers placed in costly vases of elegant design and delicate workmanship. In one of these, on the table of a state drawing-room, was the blossom placed. I am sorry to say it began to be very much lifted up with its change of condition, and full of pride and self-conceit. Many people kept passing to and fro through the room, and every one had something to say about it as they looked admiringly at the bough.

"What a difference there is between plants!" said one, which of course the apple blossom took as a compliment to itself, and it held its head higher than ever. The vase stood at an open window which looked down into a garden, and also into a field, so that there were many plants, both wild and cultivated, within sight, and with which it could compare itself.

Some were very ordinary and common. "Poor, rejected plants!" said our friend, in its contemptuous pity; "there is indeed a difference! How unhappy you must feel!—at least, if you have feelings like us of the upper classes. But there must be a difference, otherwise we should all be alike." And as it made this deep remark, it fixed its attention upon one particular kind of flower with which the field was covered—that which grows everywhere, even between the stones of the pavement; that which nobody cares for, nobody gathers, because it is so common: I mean the dandelion. "Poor, despised creature!" cried the apple blossom; "it's no fault of yours that you are so common, but you always have been, and you always will be. But as it is with men, just so it is with flowers—there must be a difference."

Something echoed back the word "difference;" it was the sunbeam, and it kissed the apple blossom, and then the yellow petals of the dandelion, for the sunbeam makes no dif-

ference between rich flowers and poor flowers; it loves them all alike, and reckons them all as brothers. The apple blossom had never thought of the great God's love for all his creatures, small as well as great, but the sunbeam knew better. He had come down from the very source of light, so of course it was all clear to him.

"You do not see very far nor very well, my friend," he said. "Which is the poor weed I heard you pitying just now?"

"The dandelion," was the reply. "Nobody binds it into nosegays—everybody tramples it under foot; it is much too common, and when it comes into seed, it flies about hither and thither like little bits of wool, and sticks to people's clothes; a weed it is, and a weed it must remain. How thankful I am that I am something better than that!"

At that moment, just let loose from school, a little troop of children rushed into the field, the youngest of them so small that they had to be carried, and when the elder ones put them down among the yellow flowers, they clapped their little hands, gathered them quite full, and kissed their treasures in their sweet simplicity. The elder children broke off the hollow stalks close to the roots, bent them round to make circles, then others the same, till, one within the other, a long green chain was fashioned. That was for the neck; then there must be one to fall over the shoulders, then one for the head. What a show of green links and chains! But the largest ones of all gathered the stalks of which the flowers had done blooming, and which were crowned with feathery heads just ready to float away on the wind. If with one breath they could blow these quite away, they were sure to have new clothes before the end of the year; at least, so their grandmothers foolishly said.

"Do you see all this?" said the sunbeam; "do you see their beauty and their honors?"

"Yes, for children!" replied the apple blossom, with contempt.

"Beauty is better than all this," said the apple blossom, as sulky as she could be. "Only the chosen ones come into the kingdom of beauty, and there is a difference between plants, just as there is a difference between men."

But the sunbeam spoke of how God loved everything that he had made, and how he had left none without some evidence of his bounty and his providing care.

Just then a group of persons entered the room, and among them the young princess who had gathered the apple blossom and placed it where it stood. But what could that be in her hand? It was a flower, or what might be a flower, for it was quite hidden by three or four large leaves placed round it, and another over it to make a kind of cap, so that not a breath of wind could get at it. Not even the apple blossom was carried so carefully by the lady's hand as this hidden treasure, whatever it might be. Very cautiously the large leaves were soon removed, and there—yes, really there; who would have believed it?—was the feathery seed-crown of the hated dandelion! It was this which she had plucked and guarded so carefully that not a single feather which sat so lightly there might move from its place. Her loving care had been successful; it was quite perfect, and as she gazed on it, she wondered at its beauty.

"See how marvelously God has formed this simple plant!" she cried. "I will paint it with the apple blossom, different as they are. One has received as much from its Creator's hands as the other, and equally are they children in the same kingdom of beauty."

And the sunbeam kissed the dandelion, and it kissed the apple blossom, and as it did so, a

deeper blush spread over its beautiful buds. Whether the apple blossom learned to be more humble for the future, I am not informed, but at any rate we can carry away the lesson that pride is a very ugly thing. It spoiled the beauty even of an apple blossom; how much more then, dear children, can it poison all the better feelings of your hearts if you let it live there unchecked.—*Children's Hour.*

Chip Reading.

CHIP reading! What is that? some of our young readers may say. Read the following talk of a father to his son, and you will find out. All boys and girls who are fond of reading the cheap and silly fiction that is so plentifully seen in these days, will understand the talk about chips. Here it is:

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels and illustrated story papers scattered about the house; but had not thought it was worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor. And he said to his son:—

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket, and bring it to me half full of chips." Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said:—

"Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you, my son."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school; and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month, filling it up with CHIP DIRT—*dime novels and silly stories!*"

The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said, "Whew! I see the point."

No such reading has been seen in that house from that day.

Tower of Repentance.

Two gentlemen were riding out one day, and they saw a shepherd lad reading his Bible. They went to him, and asked him which was the road to Heaven.

The shepherd boy looked at them for a moment, and seeing they intended to make fun of him, said, "Gentlemen, the way to Heaven is by that tower," pointing to one at some distance.

They laughed at him, and rode on. Presently they came near the tower, when one of them said, "I should like to know the name of that tower." He stopped and asked a countryman what it was called. The man told him it was the Tower of Repentance. This explained what the shepherd boy had told them.

Remember that it is written, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—*Self.*

CITY OF GOD.

CITY in Heaven to the pure it is given;
And they shall e'er walk in the light,
For God hath declared, for his own 'tis prepared;
That city where there is no night.

Its streets of pure gold our eyes shall behold,
Prepared for the pure and the blest.
We long to be there all its blessings to share,
And so dwell forever in rest.

One river alone flows out from the throne,
'Tis there called the river of life,
Its waters sweet flow through the street
Of that city where there is no strife.

A beautiful tree our eyes shall see,
With its rich fruit of various kinds;
This goodly tree grows where the pure water flows
Yielding its rich fruit in time.

To this city fair, God will welcome us there,
To dwell forever with him,
And the angels who wait at each pearly gate
Will welcome us, welcome us in.

A. V. HOLLIS.

The One Way and the Other.

"FATHER," said a woman to her husband, one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Want, want,—always wanting!" said the man, in a cross tone. "I've got no shoes; if you want them, get them yourself."

"You know I can't get them," answered the wife, catching the spirit of her husband; and the spirit once caught, she carried it down stairs into the kitchen, where she quickly saw that breakfast was in a backward state. "Sally," she said, "why in the world is n't breakfast ready? The mornings are long enough."

"This awful green wood!" cried Sally, who, until now, had been doing her best; but, catching her mistress' tone, she quite lost her temper. "The wonder is, that breakfast is got at all," she muttered.

"Tie my shoe, Sally," said little Joe, "the string has tripped me up awfully."

"Go away," she answered, crossly, "and do not pester me at breakfast time."

"Cross creature," cried Joe, pouting, and pulling off his shoe spitefully, which, for mischief, or not knowing what else to do, he swung at the cat lapping milk. The shoe sent the cat one way, the cup another, and the milk in a puddle on the floor.

"You mischievous puppy;" cried Sally, giving Joe a shake, and sending him off to the sitting-room. Joe, in a terrible pet, fell upon his little sister, who was playing with a woolly dog that her aunt gave her. "Give it to me," cried Joe, snatching it from her hand; whereupon Susie burst into an angry cry. Joe's mother struck him for it, and he screamed out equal to any cross cub in a bear's den; so that by the time breakfast was ready, the family sky was as dark and squally as it could well be; for crossness is catching, and "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." Prov. 17: 14.

THE OTHER WAY.

"Father," said a woman to her husband one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Yes; I suppose it is time," answered the husband; "but I can't well spare the money just now. I wonder if I can't black up their old ones and make them answer a little longer."

"Do n't trouble yourself with them, husband," said the wife. "Let me try and see what a gloss I can put on them; may be they will look as good as new;" and away she tripped down stairs into the kitchen. "Sally," she said, "you are a little behind with the breakfast; but I'll help you. No wonder; the green wood troubles you, I'm afraid."

"Oh! no," answered Sally; "I'll have breakfast on the table in a minute;" and Sally stirs about with cheerful briskness, while little Joe comes in and asks to have his shoe tied. "In a moment, dear," answers Sally; after I run down and get some kindlings. Your ma wants breakfast."

"Let me go," says little Joe; "I'll bring you some nice ones;" and away he ran and soon brought back an armful. "There, Sally," he said, "won't that help you?" "Yes, dear; now let me tie your shoe;" and while she does it, Joe is looking at pussy lapping her milk. "Pussy's had her breakfast," said Joe, "and I will take up her cup, lest somebody should step on it, and break it. Come, pussy; go with me;" and he carried her into the sitting-room.

"Pussy has had her breakfast," he said to Susie; "now show her your woolly dog and see if she will not think it is a real one." Susie put down her plaything, and, sure enough, as soon as she saw it, puss bushed up her tail and drew up her back, just ready for a fight. But pretty soon she saw her mistake, and ran under the table, as if afraid she would be laughed at.

How the children laughed; and what a pleasant breakfast that was where kindness was the largest dish; for "pleasant words are as a honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." Prov. 16: 24.—*Golden Threads.*

The Praying Girl.

No doubt there are many of our little readers that pray, and perhaps some who do not, or who have become discouraged because they have not always received what they asked for, and think the Saviour does not hear them, as they do not immediately receive the things they desire.

Sometimes we ask for things that will not do us good, and He who knows all things withholds them for our benefit, or answers our prayers in ways we think not of.

I know of a little girl who was led to seek the Saviour, and through prayer, rejoiced in the peace of Christ; and though she had unconverted brothers and sisters who would taunt her about her prayers, yet she steadfastly clung to Christ; and when ridiculed for professing his name, would go away and secretly ask God to turn their hearts to him, and beg that even one of them might go with her on the heavenly way. The Lord graciously answered her prayer in the conversion of one sister, and though the other was willful and wild, the Lord softened her heart, and not long after, she too confessed her need of a Saviour, and found pardon at hand.

This little girl was glad indeed when her sisters turned to the Lord, and thought if they were on her side, she would not care what her brothers might say. Still she thought if one of them would go with her, she would be satisfied.

She made it a special subject of prayer that the Lord would save even one of them; and though for a time she thought the Lord did not hear her prayers, one brother, who was then many miles away, was at that time convicted of sin, and returned home to give his heart to the Lord.

Some of you have brothers and sisters and parents that are unsaved. Pray for them, and if you do not see the answers so soon as you would like, trust in the Lord and wait patiently for him, clinging to the

promise that "whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."—*Sunbeam Stories.*

The Prussian Girl's Treasure.

WE all like to possess beautiful things, and usually are unwilling to part with them. I have seen children who had collected bits of colored glass, or bright beads, or curious stones, and showed them as their "treasures." So I have seen grown people who had accumulated abundance of wealth, or costly vessels, or articles of rare material, which they, too, exhibited as beautiful treasures. And I have also known another class of people, who boasted of a treasure they had neither seen nor handled, and yet which they prized so highly that they would be ready to die sooner than give it up.

There was a little Prussian girl who belonged to this latter kind of people. Her father was a gardener to Elizabeth Christina, the Queen of Prussia; and his daughter was so remarkable for her gentleness and wisdom that the queen had become greatly interested in her, and often talked with the child in her garden walks.

One day, as the queen was about sitting down with her ladies to eat, the gardener's daughter was brought into the room. Being curious to know what impression would be made upon the little girl by the sight of the dazzling gold and silver table ornaments, Christina ordered her to be placed by her side at the table.

The child looked all around her in silent amazement; then after a moment, she folded her tiny hands across her bosom, and in a modest, but steady and clear voice, repeated this verse:—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

No one had told this child of the motive which the queen had in causing her to be set at her table. But the gardener's little daughter possessed Jesus Christ. To her he was a "Pearl of great price," and the "One altogether lovely." So as soon as her eyes rested on the beautiful and costly things which were the queen's treasures, she was reminded of her own precious possession, that was so much better than all these. And the thoughts of her heart found utterance in such sweet and holy words.

The ladies at the table were moved to tears. And one of them exclaimed, "Oh, how much higher than all of us she is."

My little friend, you have some beautiful treasure. What is it? If it is something that belongs to this world, it will only please you for a little while. Should you lose it, or grow weary of the sight of it, it would no longer make you happy. But if you have Jesus for your beauty, your righteousness, and your treasure, he will last forever. And then, though you prize and love him all that you possibly can in this world, yet when you come to be like him, and dwell with him in his glory, you will find that you hardly began to know the exceeding preciousness of the treasure.

"How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
The ornaments that Jesus gives
What shall with them compare?"

—*Moss-Glade Stories.*

It is a law of God that he who does good to others shall be happy and grow beautiful by the process. Beauty casts her mantle on the industrious and good.

The Youth's Instructor.

BE LOYAL.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy;
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out, and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before.
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river where the two worlds meet,
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And the duty, too, assigned,
Step into the ranks with a cheerful grace,
Be quick or another will take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to do by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men;
Work for the plow, adz, spindle, and pen,
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will be at your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies, and lotus flowers,
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Temptations without, and temptations within,
And spirits of evil in robes as fair
As the holiest angels in Heaven wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, breastplate, and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm can wield,
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shod,
And before high Heaven do the best you can,
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God. —Sel.

Night-Hawks.

To CHILDREN who live in the country, there are few birds better known than those that are commonly known as night-hawks. They are not hawks, in reality, at all. Hawks are birds of prey—a sort of second-cousins to eagles—and have very strong talons, and sharp, hooked beaks, by which they are enabled to seize and tear in pieces the animals they feed on: which are field-mice, squirrels, chickens, and smaller birds, and sometimes snakes and fishes. But the night-hawk is more properly a night swallow. That is, its form and habits are more like those of the swallows, except that the swallows fly about and pursue their food in the day-time chiefly; and the night-hawks fly mostly in the night, and live on those sorts of insects that also fly about in the night. The reason these birds got the name of hawk is, that when flying, they have motions a good deal like those of hawks; and they are large birds, too—a good deal larger than the day-swallows. The night-hawks have a single, short note, not at all musical, which country boys think sounds like the word "beef." And they have a curious habit of occasionally plunging downward in the air with a very swift motion, and it is supposed with their mouths or bills open, so that the air makes a loud, rushing sound, which the same boys fancy sounds like "pork," uttered very strongly and with the "o" drawn out to great length.

The whip-poor-will belongs to the same genus with the night-hawk, and is a very similar-looking bird; but has a way of perching itself on the fences, or white rocks, or sandy places, and repeating very rapidly the curious

guttural note which at a distance sounds like the words which make up the common name of the bird.

These two are the only species of this family of birds which are found hereabouts. There are many more species living in other regions, one of which is the fork-tailed night-swallow. Its long and forked tail is a sign of its relationship to the swallow, or at least to our most familiar friend in this branch of the family, the barn-swallow.

But it is curious that, while the day-swallows and night-swallows are so much alike in their food and their way of catching it, and in the broad and very wide opening bill, or rather mouth, which helps them about securing their nimble prey, when we come to the matter of building their nests, they follow very different plans.

The swallows are decidedly in-door birds about their nests; one kind builds inside of barns; another under the eaves; another in chimneys; two kinds in boxes, when we are kind enough to furnish the right sort of box; another kind under ground, in the sides of sand-banks; but all under cover. But the night-swallows select a soft spot on a bare rock, and lay their eggs without making any nest at all. Perhaps, as the little birds are to be brought up to be abroad all night, it is best for them to have a hard and cold cradle.

There is one large and quite interesting species of these birds which live in the Southern States, that goes by the name of "Chuck Will's Widow." One would think these birds must have a notion that Will was a sad sort of fellow, and led an unhappy life with his wife, to set one of them to singing, "Whip-poor-will," and the other to crying out, "Chuck Will's Widow."—*S. S. Gazette.*

Talking to Jesus.

SOME years ago, says a writer, while spending a summer in Maryland, I used often to visit the prisoners in the county jail. One afternoon, the jailor's wife said to me, "A slave was brought here yesterday by her master, as a punishment for running away. He ordered her into close confinement, and to see no one; but I will let you in for a little while if you'll go." I entered her cell, and sitting down by her side, began a conversation.

I learned that she had been a field hand, and was very ignorant. Her mind seemed almost a blank. After a while I asked,—

"Did you ever go to meeting?"

"Never but once," she replied. "I walked five miles to go."

"Do you ever hear the Bible read where you live?"

"No."

"Do you ever pray?"

"No."

"Do you know what prayer means?"

"No; never heard tell of it before."

I began to explain it to her by saying that prayer was just talking to God; speaking to the Lord Jesus. Her dark face lighted in a moment; the stupid look left it, and she exclaimed eagerly,—

"Talking to Jesus! I knows what dat means. When I'se here all alone I just tells the Lord Jesus all my troubles, and de darkness goes away. I do n't feel lonely no more."

"And do you love to talk to him?"

"Deed I do; it's all de comfort I has. 'Pears like he's standin' close by, and hears ebry word I say."

Reader, do you talk to Jesus? Many a man can tell you all about the forms of prayer, but knows nothing of communion with God. Let us learn how to talk to Jesus, and Jesus will surely talk to us.—*Family Circle.*

A Letter.

FREEBORN CO., MINN.

DEAR EDITOR: My dear brother Andrew, aged thirteen years and eight months, died the 17th of February. We hope he sleeps in Jesus. We miss him very much, but do not sorrow as those who have no hope. He loved the truths of the third angel's message. We expect, if faithful, to meet him again when Jesus comes.

We love our little paper very much, it has such good advice, and teaches us to love the Lord. Pray for me, that I may be an over-comer, and meet you on Mount Zion.

GEORGE PETERSON.

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