

The Youth's Instructor.

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

DAY.

THIS is the way the morning dawns:
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns,—
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up:
Gold on woods and glossy leaves,
Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine and rose and buttercup,—
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the daylight dies:
Cows are lowing in the lane,
Shadows creep o'er hill and plain;
Yellow, red, and purple skies,—
This is the way the daylight dies.

—Geo. Cooper.

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.



WHILE at the Knoxville, Iowa, Camp-meeting, my parents decided to go to California, there to rest and regain their health, which had been rapidly failing for some time.

They wished me to go with them, which I was glad to do, although I had intended to return to Battle Creek, and go to school. I was then with Eld. Littlejohn, who is almost totally deprived of eye-sight, leading him, and reading to him, as he attended the western camp-meetings.

Had we gone directly to San Francisco, Cal., without delay, as we intended at first, it would have taken only six days. But we took the Southern Branch of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific R. R., connecting with the Kansas Pacific, to Denver, Colorado, because we wished to visit friends living on that route.

Through Southern Iowa and Northern Missouri, the spring crops, especially the corn, were late and poor, on account of the heavy rains and the cold weather. After passing through the eastern part of Kansas where the crops are quite late, we enter the Kansas Valley, which contains the finest farming lands we have ever seen. Here the crops look better, the fields well fenced, and the houses comfortably built. But, alas! how soon we leave this fertile valley, and enter the barren plains of Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado. As we advance, the villages are smaller and farther apart, farm-houses and cultivated fields are seldom to be seen, and trees are only found near streams of water, which, in this region, are few and far between.

The greater part of these plains is too dry and barren to produce grain, but affords pasture for great numbers of cattle. Near the villages we have often seen small herds of from fifty to one hundred cattle, each kept by a boy, who, mounted on an Indian pony, watches, or, as it is called, herds them by day, and drives them home at night. But here are large herds, kept by

men who live in their covered wagons, and move about from place to place where the grass is best and water is most abundant. As we near a small stream, here are quite a number of covered wagons, and at a little distance the plain seems literally alive with cattle. It is estimated by gentlemen on the train that there are five thousand in this herd.

The last town we passed was composed of a water tank, a coal bin, and four or five dugouts, or turf houses. In the town we are just entering, there seem to be eight or ten dugouts, and a five-acre lot, fenced with turf, and planted to vegetables. While the train is waiting, let us look into one of these dugouts, which, like nearly all the rest, is occupied by men who work on the railroad. We pass down six or eight steps cut in the ground, and from the inside can see that the house was built by first digging a cellar-like hole four or five feet deep. Upon the edges of the bank, logs were placed, and upon these, poles were laid for the roof. Then the whole thing was covered with turf, except the door-way, and a small window cut through the logs which support the roof. This house is furnished with a rough board bedstead, a cross-legged table, two chairs, a large box, and a stove, over which a large piece of buffalo meat hangs drying.

To-day, we have seen buffalo bones all along the road, but here are great numbers of dead buffaloes scattered over the plain. In one place, forty carcasses were counted on less than ten acres. Most of these were killed in the winter by the settlers, and by people who sometimes come from a distance for the sport of hunting, and to obtain the buffalo meat, which is considered as good as beef. The parts of the buffalo most used for food are the loins and hind quarters, which are taken off with the skin on, to preserve the meat longer. Little use is made of the remaining parts. This accounts for there being so many carcasses along the track. A few buffaloes are killed in the summer for their hides, which are shipped to St. Louis, where they are tanned into leather.

We have watched all day for live buffaloes; but, although trains sometimes come upon large herds crossing the track, and are compelled to wait till they get out of the way, we have seen but one small herd. Most of them have gone north, where there is more water. It is growing dark, and tired of looking out on the dreary plains, we retire to our berths in the sleeping car, expecting to wake in the morning in Denver City, Colorado.

W. C. WHITE.

WHO IS LITTLE SUNSHINE?—The child who does not pout, or frown, or say cross words, but goes about the house laughing, smiling, singing, saying kind words, and doing kind deeds—that child is Little Sunshine.

KEEP THYSELF PURE.

JESUS was an example of purity. Every professor of religion should be an example of purity. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

The heart of man, unrenewed by the grace of God, "is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Nothing can cleanse it from its impurities, but the blood of Christ.

Having been cleansed, we must be exceedingly watchful, and prayerful, or sin will enter the heart unawares. We must

"Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul."

The appetites must be controlled. Professed Christians, and even ministers, by using tobacco to gratify their depraved appetites, violate the command, "Keep thyself pure." Going to the theater is a practice with many professors; "but thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

Others contract impurity by reading novels and fictitious papers. These corrupt the heart and poison the mind. To keep ourselves pure, we must put on "the whole armor of God." Purity and happiness are inseparably connected; so are sin and misery. An impure person cannot be happy in this world, nor in the world to come.

Be careful what company you keep. A pure stream of water cannot run in the same channel with an impure one, without mingling with it, and becoming impure itself. So, if you go in company with ungodly men, you will drink in their spirit, and lose your religion. "Keep thyself pure."

There is a good deal said by professed Christians, about "innocent amusements." "We need recreation and exercise," they say; so they go to the theater, the baseball ground, and the horse-race, and mingle with the ungodly crowd of pleasure-seekers that frequent such places. If you remonstrate with them, they will tell you that "there is no harm in innocent amusements." But is there no harm in wasting your time? Is there no harm in keeping bad company? Is it not sin to disobey God? He says, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." "See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." "The pure in heart shall see God;" but the "wicked shall be turned into hell."

Is your heart pure—cleansed from all sin? Does Jesus reign without a rival there? Remember, that nothing impure will ever enter Heaven. If you have not already given all to Jesus, now give yourself to Him, and, by a simple act of faith, the blood will be applied, and your heart will be cleansed.—*Earnest Christian.*

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

THE following is a neat metrical catalogue of the books of the Bible. The writer has ingeniously given something of the character of each book in connection with its name. These verses are taken from the *Sunday-School Times*, and were sent to this country from Scotland some twenty years since. The author is unknown. A good way to retain the order of the books of the Sacred Volume will be in memorizing these lines. It would also be an interesting exercise in Sabbath-schools to have the younger classes recite them in concert.

G. W. AMADON.

"Genesis" tells the world was made
By God's creative hand;
"Exodus," how the Hebrews marched,
To gain the promised land.

"Leviticus" contains the law,
Holy and just and good;
"Numbers" records the tribes enrolled,
All sons of Abraham's blood.

Moses in "Deuteronomy,"
Recounts God's mighty deeds;
Brave "Joshua," in Canaan's land,
The host of Israel leads.

In "Judges" their rebellion oft
Provokes the Lord to smite;
But "Ruth" records the faith of one
Well pleasing in his sight.

In first and second "Samuel,"
Of Jesse's son we read;
Ten tribes in first and second "Kings"
Revolted from his seed.

The first and second "Chronicles"
See Judah captive led;
But "Ezra" leads a remnant back
By princely Cyrus' aid.

The walls around Jerusalem,
"Nehemiah" builds again;
Whilst "Esther" saves the Israelites
From plots of wicked men.

In "Job" we read how faith will live
Beneath affliction's rod;
And David's "Psalms" are precious songs
To every child of God.

The "Proverbs" like a goodly string
Of choicest pearls appear;
"Ecclesiastes" teaches man
How vain are all things here.

The mystic "Song of Solomon"
Exalts sweet Sharon's rose,
Whilst Christ, the Saviour and the King,
The rapt "Isaiah" shows.

The mourning "Jeremiah,"
Apostate Israel scorns,
His plaintive "Lamentations"
Their awful downfall mourns.

"Ezekiel" tells in wondrous words
Of dazzling mysteries:
Whilst kings and empires yet to come,
"Daniel" in vision sees.

Of judgment and of mercy,
"Hosea" loves to tell;
And "Joel" describes the blessed days
When God with man shall dwell.

Among Tekoa's herdsmen,
"Amos" received his call;
Whilst "Obadiah" prophesies
Of Edom's final fall.

"Jonah" displays a wondrous type
Of Christ our risen Lord;
"Micah" pronounces Judah lost—
Lost, but again restored.

"Nahum" tells on Nineveh,
Just judgment shall be poured
A view of Chaldea's coming doom,
"Habakkuk's" visions give;
Next, "Zephaniah" warns the Jews
To turn, repent and live.

"Haggai" wrote to those who saw
The temple built again;
And "Zechariah" prophesied
Of Christ's triumphant reign.

"Malachi" was the last who touched
The high prophetic cord;
The final notes sublimely show
The coming of the Lord.

"Matthew," "Mark" and "Luke" and "John,"
The holy gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died,
His life and all he taught.

"Acts" proves how God the apostles owned,
With signs in every place;
St. Paul in "Romans" teaches us
How men are saved by grace.

The apostle in "Corinthians"
Instructs, exhorts, reproves;
"Galatians" shows that faith in Christ
Alone the Father loves.

"Ephesians" and "Philippians" tell
What Christians ought to be;
"Colossians" bids us live to God,
And for eternity.

In "Thessalonians" we are taught
The Lord will come from heaven;
In "Timothy" and "Titus," too,
A bishop's rule is given.

"Philemon" marks a Christian's love
Which only Christians know;
"Hebrews" reveals the gospel,
Prefigured by the law.

"James" teaches, without holiness
Faith is but vain and dead;
"St. Peter" points the narrow way
In which the saints are led.

"John," in his three epistles,
On love delights to dwell;
"St. Jude" us awful warning gives
Of judgment, wrath and hell.

The "Revelation" prophesies
Of that tremendous day,
When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be,
The trembling sinner's stay.

TOO LATE.

GEORGE, it's no use trying; don't
you see that they are closing the
gates? Do n't run; there is no need
of hurrying, we shall be in time for
the train. But George don't stop.
Waiting is out of the question. He
sees there is a possibility of gaining
the opposite side before the draw is taken off,
and presses forward with men, women, and
children, toward the still opened gates.
He exerts every nerve, strains every mus-
cle, in his young body, that he might gain
an entrance through the gates and across
the bridge before it is drawn off to allow a
vessel to pass through, and while George is
running as for dear life, fully determined
not to be shut out, his companion walks
along quite leisurely and arrives at the
gates in time to have them closed in his
face.

But George was successful. He crossed
the bridge, and arrives at the depot where
he waits, and looks very anxiously for his
friend to appear in sight. Soon the con-
ductor's voice is heard: "All aboard for
New York," and George takes his seat in
the car, still hoping his friend and com-
panion will yet be in time. But the bell
rings, the whistle blows, the gate is dropped,
and George realizes for the first time that
his friend is too late.

So will it be in our cases, my young
friend, unless we are in earnest, and exert
every nerve, strain every muscle, and, like
George, be fully determined to secure a
passage on board the gospel train, bound
(not for New York, but) for that holy city
whose builder and maker is God, we shall
be too late. Did you ever think what a
dreadful thing it would be, to see your
friends enjoying the pleasures of Heaven
and you yourself thrust out? My dear
young friend, the time is hastening when we
shall be admitted in through those pearly
gates or forever excluded. Which shall it
be? It is our privilege to walk those
golden streets, to eat of the tree of life, and

drink of the water of life; to become citi-
zens of the New Jerusalem, to dwell in the
presence of God, to sit down on the throne
with Jesus.

Oh! how glorious will that period be
when all the elect of God shall be gathered
in, when not a grain of the precious seed will
be lost, when even the feeblest lamb shall
be housed from the storm.

There no tears bedew the cheeks, no sor-
row rends the hearts of its blissful inhabit-
ants. In those celestial regions there is no
pain, neither painful separation of fond
friends—all is blooming health and immor-
tal vigor. There death shall strike its dart
no more, for death is swallowed up in vic-
tory.

Let us commence anew, and seek a closer
walk with God, cut loose from the transitory
things of this life and seek earnestly the
sweet graces of the spirit, love, humility,
and purity. These will make us like Je-
sus, whose whole character bore these sac-
red features, and whose gentle command
is, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly
in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your
souls."

M. WOOD.

A SERMON ON "PUSH."

WHEN Cousin Will was at home for
vacation, the boys always expected
plenty of fun. The last frolic before
he went back to his studies was a
long tramp after hazel-nuts.

As they were hurrying along in high
glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking
man and a discouraged-looking cart.

The cart was standing full of apples be-
fore an orchard. The man was trying to
pull it up hill to his own house. The boys
did not wait to be invited, but ran to help
with a good will. "Push, push!" was the
cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trun-
dled along as fast as they could make it,
and in five minutes they all stood panting
at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you
just wait a minute," and he hurried into the
house, while two or three pink-aproned chil-
dren peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is
a shall thing; but I wish we could all take
a motto out of it, and keep it for life.
'Push!'—it is just the word for a grand,
clear morning like this; it is just the word
for strong arms and young hearts; it is just
the word for a world that is full of work as
this is. If anybody is in trouble, and you
see it, do n't stand back; push! If there's
anything good doing in any place where
you happen to be, push! If there's any
work going on in the Sabbath-school, push!
Do n't drag back, I beg of you. You'll do
one or the other. Whenever there's a kind
thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a
pleasant thing, whether it is your own or
not, whether it is at home or in the town,
at church or at school, just help with all
your might; push!"

At that minute the farmer came out again
with a dish of his wife's best dough-nuts,
and a dish of his own best apples; and
that was an end of the little sermon.—*Pres-
byterian*.

LET no man call God his Father, who
calls not man his brother.

WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

WE all might do good
Where we often do ill;
There is always the way,
If there be but the will.
Though it be but a word,
Kindly breathed or suppressed,
It may guard off some pain,
Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good
In a thousand small ways—
In forbearing to flatter,
Yet yielding due praise;
In spurning all rumor,
Reproving wrong done,
And treating but kindly
The hearts we have won.

We all might do good,
Whether lowly or great,
For the deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate;
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites,
It is something for Heaven. —Sel.

Wonderful Sights and Ruins. No. 2.

ALEXANDRIA.

SEVERAL things worthy of notice are to be seen in Alexandria, one of which is Pompey's Pillar. It consists of a block of granite about ten feet square, on which is placed a thinner and broader stone, which forms the base of the column. From this rises a round and smoothly-polished shaft of red granite. On the top of this is a capitol, of different kind of stone and inferior workmanship.

The shaft is all of one piece, seventy-three feet high, and twenty-nine feet and eight inches in circumference. The whole height of this pillar is one hundred feet. It has long been left unprotected, and the lower part of it has been much defaced by travelers who have clipped off pieces as mementos of their visit. It is supposed that it was built by Cæsar to commemorate the overthrow of Pompey.

We will next look at Cleopatra's Needles. They are situated in the north-east corner of the city. One has fallen, but the other remains standing. They are composed of red granite, the same material as Pompey's Pillar. The standing shaft is seventy-five feet high, seven feet and seven inches in diameter at the base, and tapering to five feet at the top. Three long lines of hieroglyphics (the characters in which the ancient Egyptians wrote), reach from bottom to top of this huge shaft. No one as yet has been able to read what is written on its sides. They are supposed to have been built 1495 years B. C. The hieroglyphics on two sides remain fresh to the present day. On the other side they have been defaced by the sand storms from the desert.

Let us next notice the Catacombs, or burying place of ages in the past. They are two and one-half miles to the west of the city. The grounds near the entrance to those wonderful underground structures were once covered with costly dwellings and beautiful gardens of the suburbs of the city.

The vast extent and beautiful symmetry of these underground vaults excite the wonder and admiration of all who view them. They are the more wonderful and interest-

ing from the fact that they are chiseled in the solid rocks. Entering them we find vaults, chambers, vast churches and palaces. They have been explored quite extensively, and although the sands of the desert have so choked up the chambers that examinations cannot be extended far, yet it is supposed that passages and rooms extend for miles underground.

In these tombs Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Saracens, have no doubt deposited their dead, generation after generation. Most of the tombs are now empty, as they have been rifled of their sarcophagi (coffins made of stone), mummies, gold and silver ornaments, and curious vases of different materials, which now enrich the museums of Europe and America.

Ancient Alexandria, with all her magnificence and splendor, is now a heap of ruins, and the modern Alexandria stands upon the ruins of the past. Something can be understood of the difference in the importance of ancient and of modern Alexandria, from the fact that ancient Alexandria contained 600,000 inhabitants and slaves, while modern Alexandria has only 12,600 inhabitants.

The native inhabitants are a dirty, squalid set of beings. Their children grow up about on a level with the dogs, great numbers of which are to be seen running around in a half wild state. But few native children are to be seen with two good, sound eyes, as they generally lose at least one eye in infancy, their sight being destroyed by flies.

Travelers say that hardly an infant is to be seen without a bunch of flies completely hiding his eyes from sight. The mother seems totally unconcerned, however, and seldom tries to drive them off, although she knows that it will most surely result in the blindness of her child.

J. E. WHITE.

The Bible as a Common School Book.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, the son of the famous head-master of Rugby School, has offered a solution of the problem of Bible-reading in schools, which is free from all sectarian objection. It is briefly the preparation of selections from

the text, sufficiently extended to make a complete unity, to be read with a view chiefly to literary culture. In illustration of his method, he has combined together Isaiah's prophecy of the restoration of Israel, chaps. 40-66. This, as is well known, is one of the sublimest portions of the Old Testament, and exhibits the majesty and compassionate tenderness of God, with an affluence of imagery to be found nowhere else in the sacred volume. Our authorized version is the basis of the text, with such changes as are needed to make the sense clear. In the introduction of these changes, Mr. Arnold has been duly cautious. Explanatory notes are added at the end of the manual, which is got up in the ordinary style of a Latin or Greek classic for school purposes.

Mr. Arnold reasons that "if poetry, philosophy, and eloquence—if what we call, in one word, *letters*, are a power, and a wonder-working power in education, through the Bible only have the people much chance

of getting at poetry, philosophy, and eloquence. The Bible is for the child in an elementary school almost his only contact with poetry and philosophy. What a course of eloquence and poetry is the Bible in a school which has and can have but little eloquence and poetry! All who value the Bible may rest assured that thus to know and possess the Bible is the most certain way to extend the power and efficacy of the Bible."—Sel.

SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON IRVING, after running the rounds of society for the greater part of half a century, leaves this striking testimony: "I am sick of fashionable life and fashionable parties. I have never let myself into the current for a time, but I have been ultimately cast, exhausted, and spiritless, on the shore." Irving was diffident in large circles, but specially genial among a few friends.

All are not alike, yet all have gifts which, when called into use under favoring circumstances, both cheer and inspirit. Man is social in nature. A great part of his life is to give joy to others, while he heightens his own. A genial sociability is a very fountain of sunshine and gladness. It is wrong to seal it up. It must flow out in blessing to others and to ourselves. A little company of kindred spirits, imparting to each other their best thoughts, is a priceless privilege. It is a mart where the noblest commodities are freely offered. It is a bourse where the richest treasures are open to all. Thought answers to thought, as the electric spark in the battery. But society for mere show and fashion and vanity and trifling, is often a very trap, a waste, a drag upon the spirit.

True Christian sociability, where one draws out another, deepens life. It sweetens it, it inspirits it, it enriches it. It widens thought, it breaks narrow bounds. It stirs an interest in others. It offers an exchange where there is no robbery, blessing him that gives and him that takes. Seek cheerful, edifying society. It is eminently Christian. Let none discard its inspirations. Let none undervalue its opportunities.—*American Messenger*.

LITTLE SINS.

IN a California forest of a thousand acres, you can scarcely find a tree that is not dead and crumbling to decay. No fire has swept over it, no lightning scathed those naked, bleaching pines. This ruin was wrought by a little insect's larvæ, not larger than a grain of rice. What a hundred axmen could not accomplish by years of hard labor, this seemingly insignificant insect sent its feeble offspring to perform. One alone could have feeble power, it is true; but millions were marshalled, and all the skill of man could not stay their course. Such is the power of little sins. Performing the same act for even two or three times in succession, the habit is formed.—*Young People's Helper*.

LET the society thou frequentest be like a company of bees gathered to make honey, and not wasps, which do nothing but hum, devour, and sting.

The Youth's Instructor.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., OCTOBER, 1872.

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

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THE love of God is a vast theme for contemplation. All the mysteries of his boundless love can never be fathomed by mortal man. Many have indulged infidel thoughts because of their failure to appreciate the matchless depths of God's love for a sinful race. They have argued that ours is such an inferior race God would not freely give the life of his only Son to redeem it. Could we more fully understand how dear to him are all the works of his hand, we would know that there was no sacrifice too great to be made for man, who was created but a little lower than the angels of light.

It is only through sin that our race has become so degenerated. After man had sinned, and thus forfeited all right to divine love, it is truly wonderful that that love should still continue, and a plan be devised by which he could again be restored to divine favor. Well might the psalmist exclaim, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Ps. 8:4. In the broad universe are many worlds, and many systems of worlds, most of them far superior to ours. As one leaf from the forest does not, in the least degree, diminish the glory of that forest, so this world, were it stricken out of existence, would not, perhaps, be missed, so vast is the universe and so numerous its planets. Yet in the tiniest leaflet we see manifest the wisdom of God; and it has his care. The sunshine, the rain, and dew, are sent to the humblest plant or flower as well as to the giants of the forest. All share equally his protection.

The learned Thomas Chalmers says it is this littleness, this insecurity, that makes the Creator so dear to us. "I am as much known to him as if I were the only object of his attention. He marks all my thoughts. The same God who sits in the highest Heaven and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath and every comfort which I enjoy."

Indeed, our minds are too feeble to grasp or comprehend with a single effort the immensity, sublimity, and magnificence, of the handiwork of God. Astronomy teaches us that there are "eighty millions of suns, each occupying his own independent territory in space, and dispensing his own influences over a cluster of tributary worlds." So this world sinks into insignificance in the minds of those who look at the magnitude and variety of those by which it is surrounded. Oh! how great is the love of

Him who has peopled immensity with these wonders, "who sits enthroned on the magnificence of his own works," to give his Son to suffer and die, that this earth may be restored to its original purity. Shall not our hearts overflow with gratitude to him for this priceless gift?

The all-seeing eye of the great God can survey all nature to the uttermost limits of its boundaries, and yet the very humblest objects share his love and tender care. Again, Chalmers says: "Is it not adding to the bright catalogue of his other attributes to say that, while magnitude does not overpower him, minuteness cannot escape him, and variety cannot bewilder him; and that at the very time while the mind of the Deity is abroad over the whole vastness of creation, there is not one particle of matter, there is not one individual principle of rational or of animal existence, there is not one single world in that expanse which teems with them, that his eye does not discern as constantly, and his hand does not guide as unerringly, and his Spirit does not watch and care for as vigilantly, as if it formed the one and exclusive object of his attention?"

There is nothing of which the mind can conceive that is not the result of his creative power. And he never loses sight of anything he has created. Christ teaches that even the sparrows, insignificant as they may be in the eyes of man, are not forgotten of God. He says the fowls of the air neither sow nor reap, but still have the care of our Heavenly Father; and adds, "Are ye not better than they?" Yes; we may safely trust ourselves in the hands of Him who careth for us.

INDIAN CORN.



Do you see what the man in this picture is doing? He is cutting corn. You see he has cut all he can well carry, and is taking it to the bunch, or "stook" as the farmers call it. Boys, do you not think it is fine sport to cut corn?

Perhaps you would like to know the history of corn. It was not known in olden times. In the Bible when it speaks of corn, it means wheat, barley, or any other kind of grain. The first that was known of corn was after Columbus discovered America, where he found it cultivated by the Indians. On account of this, it was called Indian corn.

It is supposed that corn first came from Paraguay, where it grows wild. It is different, however, from the corn we raise, as each kernel is enveloped in a small husk, and then the whole ear is covered with still another husk like ours. But after it is cultivated a few years, the husk around each kernel disappears. Some years ago, we

had three kernels of this corn sent to us from California. We planted them, and raised several ears of very fine corn, only each kernel had a little separate husk. The next year we planted some from one of these ears, and only a few kernels on each ear had husks. I presume if we had planted them a few years more that they would have entirely disappeared.

J. E. WHITE.

SUCCESS.

HE has made life a success. Such was the remark we heard made, a few days since, concerning a certain individual. It brought to our mind reflections something as follows: In what sense has he made his life a success? What has been his idea of success? Judging from all outward appearances and evidences, it has been the accumulation of wealth—the possession of the honors and good things of this life. And certainly he has succeeded well. The world call him rich. Around him he has gathered everything necessary for comfort and pleasure. Nothing that wealth can furnish is denied him. Great respect is paid him by his fellow-men. His fame is on every tongue. And why? Because he is rich.

And yet others look in different directions for the object of their desire—success. All are seeking for it. Alexander sought it in universal empire. He succeeded, until his rule extended over the whole world, and all nations yielded obedience to his authority. But alas! his success was his ruin. When he had reached the summit of success, he closed his career disgracefully in a drunken brawl. What a miserable success!

The statesman sees the coveted goal in the highest offices of his country. The warrior sees it in the triumphs and conquests of war. The merchant sees it in the wealth accumulated by vast commercial enterprises.

Thus it is in every walk of life. All are seeking for success. But is this the true idea of success? We think not: Says the apostle James, "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Like the cloud in the sky, appearing for a time, but constantly changing, and finally vanishing from sight, so is our life. And Matthew asks the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Nothing, certainly.

But, dear friends, we may, if we will, make our life a glorious success. Do you ask how? In the salvation of the soul. If we shall gain the whole world, and finally lose the soul, our life will have been a dreadful failure. But if we are finally saved, what a glorious success will our life be. Our blessed Saviour has opened the way, and provided the means, for our success. His life is our example. Was it spent in the eager pursuit of wealth and worldly honor? No. No selfishness was shown in all his actions. His life was one of benevolence and good will to all. The rich and poor, the high and low, all shared alike his gracious gifts of love.

And when shall this success be ours? When we shall have spent this life in humbly serving Him who gave his life for us,

and shall have finished our course with joy—when the pearly gates of the city of God shall open to bid us enter in—when the welcome, "Well done," shall be spoken to us—then, and then only, shall we have made our life a success. Dear young friends, let this be our earnest life-work.

J. W. BACHELLER.

THE TWO WAYS.

BEFORE you, my youthful friends, there are two ways. You will choose one or the other. One is the way of sin and death, the other is the way of obedience and life. The way of sin may seem to you to be a pleasant way, a way of enjoyment; but this is the deceitfulness of sin. It may look to you pleasant, but it will bite like a rattlesnake and sting like an adder. True pleasure is found only in the other way.

Which will you choose? You must make your choice soon. The Lord has sent us word that the time of choosing will soon be past. You are not to live to old age. The time of probation is soon to close with all. If you are saved in the kingdom of God, you will be soon.

But if you were to live many years, would you be mean enough to wish to spend them in sin, and then, when about to die, call on God for mercy? Would you give your best days to the service of self, sin, and Satan, and offer to God the worthless remnant of a life devoted to sin? I hope the reader of these lines would not be mean enough to cherish such a thought.

Then engage in the service of God at once. You have but little time. Give it all to him. Make the wise choice; and decide at once to give all your days to God, few or many. Choose the good way that leads to eternal life at once. Now is the day of salvation. Alas! how many will put it off until it is too late. Be wise to day.

R. F. COTTRELL.

My young friend, whoever you are, if you go to the Sabbath-school and are happy there, and would like to see your school growing larger, just see how often you can find some boy or girl of your acquaintance, or in your neighborhood, or town, or city, who can be easily persuaded to go with you, and take a place in some good class in your school. You will thus do good in three ways. You will make yourself better by seeking to benefit another; you will confer a favor upon the new scholar; and you will be adding to the interest and prosperity of the school. Then go right about this good work. See where and how soon you can find another scholar.

EVIL HABITS GROW.—It is related that an Indian once brought up a young lion, and finding him weak and harmless, never attempted to control him. Every day the lion gained in strength, and became more difficult to manage. At last, when excited by rage, he fell upon the Indian and tore him in pieces. It is thus with evil habits and bad passions. They are like this lion. If indulged in youth, they will cause you much vexation in after life, and may perhaps destroy you. Remember, and beware.



THE LION.

THE lion is the strongest of all beasts of prey. A beast of prey is an animal that lives by killing other animals and eating their flesh for food. When a lion thinks there is danger near, he stands erect, with his head high in the air, his eyes glaring, and his teeth shining through his open jaws, while he lashes his sides with his long tail in a fearful way. Would you like to meet such an animal when he is angry?

He is as strong as he is beautiful. One stroke from his paw can break the back of an ox, and he can carry or drag the body of an ox in his teeth almost any distance.

The teeth of a lion are like a cat's. If you would like to see how it is, catch your kitty and look at her teeth. The tongue of a lion is covered with sharp, horny points, and a few strokes with it will draw blood.

A gentleman owned a little tame lion, which was frolicsome and playful as a kitten. It ran all over the house just as it liked, and was not feared by any one in the family. It had never killed an animal, and had never tasted blood, and all thought he did not have the ferocious, blood-thirsty nature that other lions have.

The gentleman lay down one day to take a nap, and his hand fell over the side of the bed. The little lion was frisking about, enjoying itself upon the floor, when it saw its master's hand, and like an affectionate dog commenced licking it.

The man did not stir, and the cub drew his file-like tongue across his hand, which drew the blood and awoke the gentleman. The man tried to take away his hand, but the lion claimed it, and growling fiercely, held it between his strong teeth.

The gentleman had a pistol under his pillow. He reached over and took it with his other hand, and shot the little fellow dead on the spot. Thus you see the taste of blood had aroused the blood-thirsty nature of the animal, and he was no longer to be trusted.

The lion, like the cat, has cushions on his toes, and can walk so still that he is not heard till he is ready to spring upon his prey. He has terrible claws hidden in his fore feet; but he can throw them out when he wishes. When he has once fastened his claws in the flesh of an animal, it is impossible to shake him off.

The lions of Southern Africa are very large, measuring eleven feet in length, including tail, and four feet in height.

When the lions are quite small, their mother never leaves them for a moment. But when they are strong enough to trot by her side, she takes them out into the woods for a walk, and if she can find a young and tender animal, she catches it for their lunch.

The young lions are quick to learn, and are soon hunting as they have seen their

mother do, while the father and mother stand by to see that the game does not get away. When a lion is two years old, it has strength enough to attack an ox.

When a lion is about thirty years old, he begins to grow weak, and will not attack strong animals. When he is quite old, he is contented to lie at home, where he half starves, grows weak, and finally dies. This is what Job means when he says, "The old lion perisheth for lack of prey."

The lion never leaves his den in the daytime, unless he is suffering for water, or from some other cause. Dr. Livingstone says, "He then skulks along, half asleep, looking like the largest dog you ever saw in your life. If he sees you, he stands a second or two, then turns slowly around and walks as slowly away for a dozen paces, looking over his shoulder; then he begins to trot, and when he thinks himself out of sight, bounds off like a greyhound."

What is compared to "a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour"?

Do you not want to get to that happy place where "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox"? J. E. WHITE.

LITTLE MARGARET.

LITTLE Margaret had a bad habit of tasting everything that came in her way. Now this was very wrong, for, besides being greedy, it was taking what did not belong to her, and, as the old rhyme says, "It is a sin to steal a pin."

One day, Margaret's mother was very busy in the kitchen, and she called to her little daughter, and said, "Maggie, run and bring me a lemon; here is the key of the larder."

When Margaret came to the place to which she had been sent, she looked eagerly round, to see if there was anything to taste. There, up on a high shelf, she spied a honey pot. She got a chair, and stood on tiptoe, stretching up as high as she could to reach the pot, that she might dip her fingers into the honey.

But suddenly she felt something pinch her finger most terribly. She drew her finger back with a scream, and there hanging to it was a great crab, which had caught hold of her finger with its claw, and would not let go!

It seems that Margaret's mother had emptied out the honey a day or two before, without Margaret's knowledge, and had put a few crabs into the pot, as it happened to be empty.

Margaret's screams brought her mother to the larder in a great hurry. She loosened the poor little pinched finger from the crab's claw, and said:

"Let this punishment be a warning to you, for this habit of yours might have had consequences. Many a person who has begun with committing a little fault of this kind in youth, has gone to do much worse, until something terrible has happened. Besides, every child ought to be ashamed of greediness."—*Young Crusader.*

CHRIST'S TEACHINGS.

FROM everything our Saviour saw
 Lessons of wisdom he would draw:
 The clouds, the colors in the sky,
 The gentle breeze that whispers by,
 The fields all white with waving corn,
 The lilies that the vale adorn,
 The reed that trembles in the wind,
 The tree where none its fruit can find,
 The little birds that fly in air,
 The sheep that need the shepherd's care,
 The pearls that deep in ocean lie,
 The gold that charms the miser's eye—
 All from his lips some truth proclaim,
 Or learn to tell their Maker's name.

"THE ARMOR OF GOD."

THE night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." The armor of light in the above text is the same as the armor of God in Eph. 6; for that which is a part of the armor in the last instance, David declares to be a light unto his path.

In all emergencies of war, those engaged in the contest are prepared for the battle by having some kind of armor or weapons of defense, as the armor of the giant Philistine; 1 Sam. 17: 5-7, 54; and the armor of the Moabites. 2 Kings 3: 21.

The Bible everywhere represents the Christian life to be a warfare; as in 1 Tim. 6: 12; 2 Tim. 4: 7; Heb. 10: 32; Eph. 6: 12; and in 1 Tim. 1: 18; where Paul commits to Timothy a charge that by certain things he might war a good warfare. Those that are in the Christian warfare are spoken of as being soldiers of Jesus Christ. 2 Tim. 2: 3. Now if we would be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, whom we call Lord and Master, we need to have on the armor of God. We are twice exhorted in Eph. 6: 11, 13 to put on "the armor of God."

Dear reader, let us have a scriptural view of what the armor of God is, and then put it on; for we shall need it before we shall be able to possess the kingdom. This view is, I think, briefly comprehended in Eph. 6: 14-18; and comprises—if I may be allowed the expression—six parts or pieces of armor; viz.: the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the preparation of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit. First, we are to have our "loins girt about with truth." Verse 14. This does away with an error which some hold, that it is no matter what we believe if we are only sincere; and shows the importance of having the truth. It is a part of "the armor of God."

Second, we are to have on the breastplate of righteousness. Verse 14. Righteousness is right-doing. We cannot have on this part of the armor while living in transgression of any of the precepts of God's "perfect law" (the ten commandments), which is his rule of right-doing. And if we have not on this part of the armor, we shall fail of eternal life; for the transgression of the law is sin; 1 John 3: 4; and the wages of sin is death. Rom. 6: 23.

Third, we are to have our feet shod with "the preparation of the gospel of peace." Verse 15. Gospel signifies good news. How essential, then, that we have our feet shod with a preparation or readiness to publish the gospel; for, "how beautiful upon

the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." Isa. 52: 7; Rom. 10: 15.

Fourth, and above all, we must take the shield of faith, wherewith we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. Verse 16. This part of the armor, then, too, is very essential.

Fifth, the helmet of salvation. Salvation! Precious boon! Who would not have salvation? But that which constitutes a part of the armor of God, is the hope of salvation. 1 Thess. 5: 8. We will realize what salvation is, when we have fought "the good fight" and laid our armor down. If we have a good hope of salvation it will certainly be a helmet to us over the rough sea of life.

And, sixth, we are to take, as a part of "the armor of God" "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." This will be to us, as it was to one of old, "a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path." Ps. 119: 105. "The sword of the Spirit" is a great weapon; and those who would handle it successfully must have their "loins girt about with truth." It is a discerners of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Heb. 4: 12. It is that with which the Son of God threatened to fight against those who held the doctrine of the Nicolaitans. Rev. 2: 16. It is that with which he will "smite the nation." Rev. 19: 15. We may have it in our hands, even upon our beds. Ps. 149: 6.

Dear reader, whoever you may be, let me invite you again to put on the whole armor of God; and then, praying always with all prayer and supplication, in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication, we may be sure that we shall finally bear the palms of victory.

LEVI TURNER.

MAY AND MIGHT.

OH! thought Anna Markham to herself as she closed the book she had been reading, a history of the mission in Madagascar, "How I wish it were possible for me to do something like this for Christ," and here Anna lost herself in a sort of heroic dream. She pictured herself teaching, exhorting the heathen in India, or in some far African station, where the gospel had never before been heard. She thought of herself as parting, almost without a regret from her friends, to encounter all the hardships of a mission life, the dangers of fever, wild beasts and persecution, especially the persecution. Anna fancied herself enduring suffering, starvation, imprisonment and torture for her faith, and had just come so far in her romance as to be "led out for execution," and "forgive her murderers with her last breath," when her mother called her from the next room.

The rapt ecstatic looks on Anna's face gave way instantly to a fretful frown. "Oh, dear!" she said sharply to herself, "I never can be let alone a minute."

She threw down the book and went to her mother.

"Well, what is it?" she said in a most ungracious tone.

"I want you to run over to Mrs. O'Hara and take her the dinner Katy has got ready for her, and Anna, if you can, get her up and make up her bed."

"Oh, mother!" said Anna, as if she had been asked to perform impossibilities, "I can't bear to go to Mrs. O'Hara's, and the house is so dirty and disagreeable."

"She is an old lady, and all alone," said her mother in some displeasure. "She cannot do anything for herself now, and it is the duty of her neighbors to take care of her till she is well."

"She might go to the hospital and let the Sisters of Charity take care of her."

"She won't go, as you know very well, and there are some good reasons on her side too, and besides do you think it would be any more agreeable for the Sisters to nurse Mrs. O'Hara than it is for you?"

"Well I don't like to," said Anna very crossly.

"I'll go, Aunt Jane," said Anna's cousin, Miss Kent, who was drawing by the window.

"No Milly, Anna will go," said Mrs. Markham. "I advise you to think what manner of spirit you are of, my daughter."

Anna made no answer and she obeyed her mother, for she knew she must; but she performed her errand in so ungracious and uncharitable a manner, and assumed such an air of martyrdom, that Mrs. O'Hara, who was by no means reserved in speech, told her rather decidedly, that she'd "never be the lady her mother was," and Anna went home disgusted, and wishing herself away from a home where "no one understood her."

By the next day, however, she had forgotten about the matter, and was talking to her cousin Milly about the missionary work of the church.

"Oh," she said with enthusiasm, "I should like nothing better than to go as missionary to Africa."

"What would you do there?" asked Milly, rather amused.

"Oh! teach the children, and the women, and take care of the sick, and so forth."

"You think the heathen savages of Africa would be less disagreeable than Mrs. O'Hara?" said Milly.

Anna was very much vexed for a moment, but then she began to feel a little ashamed.

"Isn't it rather better on the whole," said Milly, "to look about us and see what little things we can do if we will, than to spend the time fancying what great things we would do if we only could?"—*Child's World*.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—A great many boys, as well as men, complain that they cannot get employment. Perhaps it is hard to get such a place as you like, but when you get a place, make yourself useful in it; make yourself so necessary, by your fidelity and good behavior, that they cannot do without you. Be willing to take a low price at first, no matter what the price is, if it is honest work. Do it well—do it the very best you can. Begin on the very lowest round of the ladder, and climb up. The great want anywhere is faithful, capable workers. They are never a drug in the market. Make yourself one of these, and there will always be a good place for you.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

GOVERNOR MORRIS, on being requested to give a definition of a gentleman, wrote in reply the following beautiful stanzas. So great an admirer of these stanzas was Thomas Jefferson, that he carefully copied them in the smallest hand and neatest manner, into his common-place book.

'Tis he who every thought and deed
By rule of virtue moves,
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves;

Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whispered round;

Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect;

Who, to his *plighted words* and trust,
Has ever firmly stood,
And, though he *promise to his loss*,
Yet makes his promise good;

Whose soul, in usury, disdains
His treasure to employ,
Whom no rewards can ever bribe,
The guiltless to destroy.

ONLY A PIN.

ONLY two or three days ago, an overseer in the mills found a pin which cost the company about three hundred dollars.

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?"

Oh, no! not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress.

"Such a pin as *that* cost three hundred dollars?" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

I know it to be true. And this is the way the pin happened to cost so much:

You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed, are dried and smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and, indeed, became wedged into it, the head standing out a little way from the surface.

Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound; and so on, until a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery, and laid aside.

When, at length, they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now, in each piece, there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards; and, at twelve cents a yard, that would count up to about five hundred dollars.

Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods: so they were sold as remnants at less than half the price they would have brought had it not been for the hidden pin.

When a boy takes for his companion a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruth-

ful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind or disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its mark upon everybody with whom they come in contact.

That pin damaged irreparably forty hundred yards of new print; but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember, "one sinner destroyeth much good;" therefore avoid evil companions.—*The Child's Treasure*.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A YOUNG man recently ran away from the galleys of Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and arrived next morning before a cottage, and stopped to get something to eat, and get a refuge while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner—their mother sat weeping and tearing her hair, and the father was walking the floor in agony.

The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father, "my wife and my little children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide for them."

The convict listened to the tale, with tears of sympathy, and said:

"I will give you the means. I have just escaped from the galleys. Whosoever brings back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does the rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city, where you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the father. "My children should starve before I would do so base a thing."

The generous man insisted, and declared that he would go and give himself up if the father would not take him, the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city, and to the mayor's office.

Everybody was surprised to see that a little man had been able to capture such a strong young fellow.

The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected, that he not only added francs to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding it was a comparatively small offense which condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half of his term, ordered his release.—*Sel.*

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

A HIDDEN FLOWER.

YOU have seen some little modest flower, half hidden in a garden nook, rising but little way above the ground, yet blossoming sweetly all its life. Its bosom opens to the glad sunbeams, its green leaves rustle softly in the pleasant summer wind, but lowly and content it never strives to push its way to notice. Of all who walk the garden paths and rest in its bowers, few have ever seen the meek-eyed blossom. Its rare, sweet fragrance, sweeter than ever at evening time, alone betrayed its presence to your search.

Just such a life was little Jane's. So lowly that few would miss her if her little feet grew weary and faltered by the way. Yet to the small circle brightened by her presence, she was almost all the cheering that it had. Nearly all day long a little brother and sister were her constant care, while her poor mother went out to earn their food.

I do not know what they would have thought to hear an angry word from her lips, or to receive a push or shake from her kind hands. Such things cause no surprise among some children.

All day she labored for the little ones, making their clothes, preparing their food, and when resting time came, sitting down on the low door stone with them and singing the brightest, sweetest hymns, and reading them such stories as she had in her few books.

She was a blessing too in all that poor neighborhood. The fragrance of even such a lowly flower is often wide spread. Many a careless, gossiping mother has felt rebuked by her tidy room and faithfulness to her little charge, and induced by her example also to improve, many a poor, ignorant soul has blessed her for the precious pages from her little Testament she has taken time to read to them. Many a poor, sick child has had all the weary day brightened by ten minutes' visit from her in the morning. It was rare that she came empty-handed, though so poor herself. It is often those who are richest who have nothing to give.

What was the secret of her beautiful life? She was one of Christ's dear children, and he taught her day by day, how to be useful in the world. So he will help all of us, if we will only place our hearts and lives into his hands to guide us as he wills.—*Child's World*.

A DEER once saw himself pictured in a clear brook.

"Truly," said he, "I surpass all animals in gracefulness and majesty! How lordly do my horns tower up! But my feet, how long and ugly!"

Hardly had he uttered these words when he saw a lion springing toward him. With the greatest haste his despised feet carried him to the next forest; but suddenly his broad antlers were caught in the overhanging thicket, and he could not tear himself away. The lion overtook him and devoured him.

Learn from this not to value things for their outward appearance, but for their inner worth; otherwise you will often have to repent bitterly your unjust judgment.—*La Fontaine*.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.



"More like Jesus would I be
Let my Saviour dwell with me."

HOW YOU GROW!

NOW you grow!—how you grow!
Everybody tells me so;
Friends and relatives all say
They see me growing day by day.

'Tis pleasant thus to hear from all
That I am growing stout and tall,
But pleasanter 't would be to know
That I am growing better too.

Does my budding mind improve;
Knowledge, truth, and goodness love?
Does my heart, enlarged, contain
Greater love to God and men?

Do I grow in pure delight
Of what is good, and true, and right?
Still advance in pious fear,
Make God's will my reverent care?

Thus, while friends their praise bestow,
And cry in wonder, "How you grow!"
I'll ask my conscience, as I should,
Tell me, am I growing good?

—Sel.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

AGAIN we are seated at the table in
the Children's Corner. We think
there are some pieces in this paper
that will please the little folks quite
as much as their own cosy corner.

We would, no doubt, all like to
visit the western country; but as we can-
not, the next best thing is to read about it.
So the Editor will join with the children in
making our best bow to Willie C. White,
inviting him to favor the INSTRUCTOR with
more of a "Trip to California."

How do you like the little pictures we
give you this month? It would not be sur-
prising if the boys should like the sheaf of
"Indian Corn" and the "Lion" best, and
the little girls may be best pleased with the
sweet little girl and the "Hen and Chick-
ens" on this page. There is a good
lesson to be learned from this story of the
chickens, which we hope you will all re-
member. If you like these, you may look
for more in future.

We welcome the "Letters," and would
say to all, Call again; and bring your
friends with you. There is plenty of room
in the Corner for you all, and warm hearts
to greet you.

Walk uprightly before God.

Lend to the Lord.

LETTERS.

ESTHERVILLE, IOWA.

DEAR READERS: I am trying to keep the
Sabbath and all the commandments. I am
fourteen years old, but never knew anything
about God till within two years. I like
our little paper very much, and would not
like to part with it. I want to be a Chris-
tian, and overcome everything wrong, that
I may be ready to meet the coming Sav-
iour.

KATIE A. MATTERN.

PATRICKSBURG, IND.

DEAR READERS: I am a little girl eight
years old. I read the INSTRUCTOR, and
hail its monthly visits with delight. I at-
tend Sabbath-school, and try to keep all of
God's commandments. Pray for me, that I
may with all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR
have a right to the tree of life.

FLORA A. McCULLY.

DEAR READERS: For the first time I
will write you a letter. I am keeping the
Sabbath with my mother. I like the IN-
STRUCTOR and like to read its letters. I
wish I could get some little girls to keep
the Sabbath too. Pray for me that I may
meet you on Mount Zion.

MELVINA LUCAS.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS: I am
trying to overcome my sins daily. I dearly
love to go to meeting and hear the truth
spoken. It is not long ago that I was bap-
tized, and I feel as though I have a duty to
do. My earnest prayer is that I may over-
come and be saved with you.

NELLIE LUCAS.

THE WHITE HEN'S CHICKENS.



"Do n't throw the crumbs
so near the door, Nannie.
The white hen's chickens are
learning to come into the
house."

"Oh, it won't make any difference, moth-
er; we shall kill them this fall."

And so Nannie kept on throwing out the
crumbs, and the chickens grew bolder and
bolder, and their bad habit got more firmly
fixed.

When the chickens were killed the next
fall, little Alfred pleaded so hard that one
of the white hen's chickens—a beautiful
black pullet—might be given to him, that
it was not killed.

"Alfred's hen is a perfect nuisance,"
stoutly affirmed Nannie the next summer.
"She torments me nearly to death. There's
that pan full of milk on the floor, by my
trying to chase one of her miserable chick-
ens out of doors. I can't see what makes
her act so."

"Do n't you remember the crumbs, Nan-
nie? She is one of the white hen's chick-
ens, you know."

Nannie looked sheepish, as her mother
continued, "Remember, my daughter, it's
not best to learn evil if we don't expect to
practice it."

NEVER dare go where you have reason to
question whether God will go with you. A
Christian should never willingly be where
there is not room for his Saviour.

SWEETEST note in seraph's song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

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