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## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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MRS. M. J. CHAPMAN, : : : : : EDITOR.  
MISS M. A. DAVIS, : : : : : ASSISTANT EDITOR.

### WHAT MAKES A MAN?

**A** TRUTHFUL soul, a loving mind,  
Full of affection for its kind;  
A helper of the human race,  
A soul of beauty and of grace;  
A spirit firm, erect, and free,  
That never basely bends the knee,  
That will not bear a feather's weight  
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;  
That firmly speaks of God within,  
And never makes a league with sin;  
That snaps the fetters despots make,  
And loves the truth for its own sake;  
That trembles at no tyrant's nod—  
A soul that fears no one but God,  
And thus can smile at curse and ban;  
This is the soul that makes the man.

### INDEPENDENCE DAY NUMBER ONE.

**B**ELLMAN GREY and Blue-Eyed Boy were hurrying up Chestnut Street; the man carried a large key, the boy a new broom.

It was the Fourth day of July, 1776, and Bellman Gray and Blue-Eyed Boy were in haste to make ready the Statehouse of Pennsylvania for the birth of the United States of America.

No wonder they were in a hurry.

In fact, everybody seemed in a hurry that day; for before Bellman Grey had whisked that new broom over the floor of Congress Hall, in walked, arm in arm, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Bellman Grey. "You'll find the dust settled in the committee-room. I'm cleaning house a little extra to-day for the expected visitor."

"For the coming heir!" said Mr. Adams.

"When Liberty comes he comes to stay," said Mr. Jefferson, half suffocated with the dust, and the two retreated to the committee-room.

Blue-Eyed Boy was polishing with his silken duster the red morocco of a chair as the gentlemen opened the door. He heard one of them say, "If Cæsar Rodney gets here it will be done."

"If it's done," said the boy, "wont you please, Mr. Adams, wont you please, Mr. Jefferson, let me carry the news to Gen. Washington?"

"If what is done?" asked Mr. Adams.

"If the thing is voted and signed and made sure; if we run clear away from King George, sir; so far away that he'll never catch us."

"And why do you, my lad, wish to carry the news to Gen. Washington?" asked Mr. Jefferson.

"Because," said the boy, "why—wouldn't you? It'll be a happy day for the soldiers when they know they can fight for themselves."

Just here Bellman Grey shouted for Blue-Eyed boy, bidding him to come quick and be spry with his dusting, too.

Soon the members of the Congress came in, one by one and two by two, and in groups. The doors were locked, and the solemn deliberations began. Within that room, now known as Independence Hall, sat, in solemn conclave, half a hundred men, each and every one of whom knew full well that the deed about to be done would endanger his own life. On a table lay a paper awaiting signatures. A silver inkstand held the ink that trembled and wavered to the sound and stir of John Adams' voice as he once more stated the why and the wherefore of the step America was about to take.

This final statement was made for the special enlightenment of three gentlemen, new members of the Congress from New Jersey, and in reply to the reasons given by Mr. Dickinson why the Declaration of Independence should *not* be made.

The day wore on; outside a great and greater crowd surged every moment against the walls; but the walls were thick, and the crowd was hushed to silence with an intense longing to know what was going on within.

From his high-up place in the belfry, where he had been on watch, Bellman Grey espied a figure on horseback hurrying toward the scene. "Run!" shouted Bellman Grey. "Run and tell them that Mr. Rodney comes." The boy descended the staircase with a bound and a leap, and announced Cæsar Rodney's approach.

In he came, weary with his eighty miles in the saddle, through heat and hunger and dust, for Delaware had sent her son in haste to the scene. The door closed behind him, and all was as still and as solemn as before.

Up in the belfry the old man stroked fondly the tongue of the bell, and softly said under his breath again and again as the hours went, "They will never do it; they will never do it."

The boy sat on the lowest step of the staircase, alternately peeping through the keyhole, with eye to see and ear to hear.

At last came a stir within the room. He peeped again. He saw Mr. Hancock, with white, solemn face, bend over the paper on the table, stretch forth his hand and dip the pen in the ink; he watched that hand and arm curve the pen to and fro over the paper, and then away he went, up the stairs.

Breathless with haste, he cried up the belfry,—"He's doing it, he is! I see him through the keyhole. Mr. Hancock has put his name to that big paper on the table."

"Go back! go back, and keep watch, and tell me quick when to ring," cried down the voice of Bellman Grey, as he wiped for the hundredth time the damp heat from his forehead and the dust from the iron tongue beside him. Blue-Eyed Boy went back and peeped again just in time to see Mr. Samuel Adams in the chair, pen in hand.

One by one, in "solemn silence all," the many men wrote their names, each one knowing full well that unless America could fight longer and stronger than Great Britain that signature would prove his own death warrant. No wonder the men who wrote their names that day wrote them with solemn deliberation.

At length the long list was complete. Every man present had signed the Declaration of Independence, except Mr. Dickinson of Pennsylvania. The speaker, Mr. Thompson, then arose and made the announcement to the very men who already knew it.

Blue-Eyed Boy, with his ear to the keyhole, heard every word. With a shout and a cry of "Ring! ring!" he rushed upward to the belfry. The words, springing from his lips like arrows, sped their way into the ears of Bellman Grey. Grasp-

ing the iron tongue of the old bell, backward and forward he hurled it a hundred times, its loud voice proclaiming to all the people that down in little Independence Hall a new nation was born that day.

You know the rest: the acclamations of the multitude, the cannon peals, the big bonfires, and the illuminations that rang and roared and boomed and burned from Delaware to Schuylkill.

In the waning light of the latest bonfire, up from the city of Penn rode our Blue-Eyed Boy, true to his purpose to be the first to carry the glad news to Gen. Washington. The self-appointed courier was mounted upon a stout young horse which, early in the year, had been left in his care by a Southern officer; and that no one might worry about him, he had intrusted his secret to a neighbor lad to tell at the home-door in the light of early day.

The journey was long, too long to write of here. Suffice it to say, that on Sunday morning Blue-Eyed Boy crossed the ferry at the Hudson, and inquired his way to the head-quarters of the general.

Warm, tired, hungry, and dusty, he urged his pony forward to the place, only to find that he whom he sought had gone to divine service at St. Paul's church.

Blue-Eyed Boy rode to St. Paul's. In the Fields (now City Hall Park) he tied his faithful little horse, and went to the church.

Gently, and with reverent mien, he entered the open door, and listened to the closing words of the sermon. At length the service was over, and the congregation turned their faces toward the entrance where stood the young traveler, his heart beating with pride at the glorious news he had to tell to the glorious commander.

How grand the general did look to the boy as, with stately step, he trod slowly the church aisle accompanied by his officers.

Now he was come to the vestibule. It was Blue-Eyed Boy's chance at last. The great, dancing, gleeful eyes, that have outlived in fame the very name of the lad, were fixed on Washington. He stepped forward to accost him. "Out of the way!" exclaimed a guard, and thrust him aside.

"I will speak. Gen. Washington!" screamed Blue-Eyed Boy.

Gen. Washington stayed his steps and ordered, "Let the lad come to me."

"I've good news for you," said the youth. "What news?"

Officers stood around, even the congregation made pause, having heard the cry.

"It's for you alone, Gen. Washington."

"Come hither, then," and the commander-in-chief withdrew with the lad within the sacred edifice.

"Gen. Washington," said Blue-Eyed Boy, "on Thursday Congress declared us free and independent."

"Where are your dispatches?" leaped from the general's lips, his face shining.

"Why—why, I have n't any; but it's all true, sir," faltered poor Blue.

"How did you find it out?"

"I was right there, sir. Don't you remember me? I help Bellman Gray take care of the Statehouse at Philadelphia, and

I run on errands for the Congress folks."

"Did Congress send you on this errand?"

"No, Gen. Washington; I can't tell a lie, I came myself."

"How did you know me?"

Blue-Eyed Boy was ready to cry now. To be sure, he was stout and sturdy and strong, and nearly fourteen, too; but to be doubted after all his long, tiresome journey, it was hard. However, he winked violently, and then he looked his very soul into the general's face and said,

"Why, I saw you every day you went to Congress only a month ago, I did."

"I believe you, my lad. Get your horse and follow me."

Blue-Eyed Boy followed on and waited in camp until the tardy dispatches came in on Tuesday morning, confirming every word that he had spoken.

The same evening all the brigades in and around New York were ordered to their respective parade grounds.

Blue-Eyed Boy was admitted within the hollow square formed by the brigade on the spot near where stands the City Hall. Within the same square was Gen. Washington, sitting on horseback, and the great Declaration was read by one of his aids. It is needless to tell how it was received by the eager men who listened to the mighty truths with reverent, uncovered heads. Henceforth, each and every man felt that he had a banner under which to fight as broad as the sky above him, as sheltering as the homely roof of home.—*Christian Weekly*.

#### PEACE.

If sin be in the heart,  
The fairest sky is foul, and sad the summer weather,  
The eye no longer sees the lambs at play together,  
The dull ear cannot hear the birds that sing so sweetly,  
And all the joy of God's good earth is gone completely,  
If sin be in the heart.  
If peace be in the heart,  
The wildest winter storm is full of solemn beauty,  
The midnight lightning-flash but shows the path of duty,  
Each living creature tells some new and joyous story,  
The very trees and stones all catch a ray of glory,  
If peace be in the heart.—*Interior*.

#### GOLDEN MOMENTS.

How sorry one would be for a man who, starting out upon a journey, had his pockets full of golden coin, which, one by one, had slipped through some unmended hole or rent, so that when he came to the end of his trip he had not one left, but lay down upon his bed a beggar! How strictly we would look to our own pockets after hearing the tale, and make very sure that what coin we had should be well spent or hoarded carefully, and not scattered in the road-side dust! Yet we start upon our lives, each one of us, with a store of golden moments of which we keep little account. Rapidly they slip away through the rents of sloth or ignorance. Many a one, rich in all the golden moments of seventy years, lies down at last scarcely able to remember how he has frittered and scattered them, knowing only that he has no more—that

all are gone, and that he cannot say that he has purchased anything of use to himself or another with what might have bought so much.

#### CHRISTIAN COURTESY.



THE word of God not only commands us to "be courteous," but in the long list of the heroes of faith, it presents many noble examples of the exercise of Christian politeness.

Abraham was a truly courteous man. With what hospitality he received the three strangers who came to his tent in the heat of the day, and how eagerly he sought to minister to their comfort.

Observe his unselfish course at the time of his separation from Lot. Though Lot was his nephew, and had doubtless received from him many favors, for which he seems to have shown little gratitude, yet courtesy led the patriarch to forego his right, and offer the young man the first choice of that beautiful country which God had promised to Abraham for an everlasting possession.

In his conduct toward the children of Heth, when purchasing a burying-place for Sarah, Abraham appears the same Christian gentleman. How carefully he observes the customary forms of politeness, "bowing himself to the people of the land," and insisting on paying a full price for the sepulcher.

True courtesy also marked the life of the heroic Paul. He did not flinch before the rage of an angry mob; he was strong to endure stripes and imprisonment, to encounter perils by sea and by land; yet his spirit was gentle and loving as that of a little child. See his brethren as they gather about him, weeping bitterly at the assurance that they shall look upon his face on earth no more. Listen to his words, from a soul wrung with anguish, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?"

When called before King Agrippa, the apostle had no complaint to utter, and instead of expressing a wish that his enemies might suffer as he had done, he nobly exclaimed, I would to God that thou and all that hear me this day were even as I am, except these bonds!

But the only perfect example of courtesy is found in the life of our Saviour. Wherever he went, he was greeted by the cries of suffering humanity; but, though often faint and weary, he never uttered an impatient word, never turned away one who came to him for aid. Even in his last dreadful agony he remembered to provide for his heart-broken mother, and while despair pressed upon his own soul he turned to speak a word of hope to the penitent thief dying beside him.

The principle which underlies all true courtesy is that embodied in the Golden Rule, and God has given us in his word examples worthy of imitation. Shall we not try to emulate them? M. A. D.

## THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

## THIRD Sabbath in July.

## LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON XXVII.—SAMUEL'S PRAYER PRE-  
VAILED AGAINST THE PHILISTINES.

THE people of Israel mourned because the Lord was not with them.

"And Samuel spake unto all the house of Israel, saying, If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only; and he will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines. Then the children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only. And Samuel said, Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord."

Then the people gathered together, and fasted, and said, "We have sinned against the Lord." When the Philistines heard that the Israelites had gathered together at Mizpeh, they came up against them. Then the people were afraid, and said to Samuel, "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines."

Then Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt-offering, and cried unto the Lord for Israel; and the Lord heard him. "And as Samuel was offering up the burnt-offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel; but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel. And the men of Israel went out to Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came unto Beth-car."

"So the Philistines were subdued, and they came no more into the coast of Israel; and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel."

"And Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life." His home was at Ramah, but every year he went through the land from city to city to judge the people, that is, to settle disputes and to decide what was right in difficult cases.

## QUESTIONS.

1. For what did the children of Israel mourn?
2. What did Samuel say they must do if they really wished to return to God? 1 Sam. 7:3.
3. What did Samuel say the Lord would do if the people really turned to him with all their hearts and served him only?
4. What course did the people then take?
5. To what place did Samuel gather them?
6. What did the people do there?
7. What course did the Philistines take when they heard of this gathering?
8. How did the people feel when they heard that the Philistines were coming up against them?
9. What did they say to Samuel?
10. What did Samuel offer to the Lord?
11. For whom did he pray?
12. How did the Lord answer his prayer?
13. What part did the men of Israel take in the battle?
14. Were the Philistines wholly subdued at this time?
15. Did they trouble the people of God any more during the life of Samuel?
16. Where was Samuel's home?
17. What did he do every year?
18. What is meant by his judging Israel?

## BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON LIII.—RECAPITULATION OF LES-  
SONS XXVI-XLII.

AFTER the death of Joseph, the children of Israel became so numerous that the king of Egypt feared that in case of war they might

join his enemies, and so get themselves up out of the land. To prevent further increase of their strength and numbers, the king afflicted them with severe bondage, binding heavy tasks upon them, and ordering that every male infant should be drowned.

Then the Lord raised up Moses, a man mighty in word and in deed. He was born of Hebrew parents, but brought up by the daughter of Pharaoh. At the age of forty, he thought to deliver his people, but had to flee into the land of Midian, there to lead a lonely life for many years. Finally, the Lord appeared to him, and commissioned him to bring his people out of the land of Egypt. Pharaoh refused to let them go, so the Lord brought upon the Egyptians a series of terrible plagues. The last plague was inflicted at midnight, when the angel of the Lord smote the first-born of every family in the land of Egypt. Then there came a great cry, and Pharaoh and the Egyptians rose up, and sent the Israelites out of the land in haste. The people were prepared to journey, for they had just been eating the passover, with their loins girded, their shoes on their feet, and their staves in their hands.

Afterward Pharaoh pursued them with his armies, and overtook them at the Red Sea. Here the Lord opened the waters of the sea to let the Israelites pass over on dry ground; but when the Egyptians attempted to follow them, the waters returned upon them, and destroyed them all.

After singing a wonderful song of deliverance, the Israelites journeyed on.

At Marah, the bitter waters were made sweet. At Elim, they found cooling shade, and wells of water. At the wilderness of Sin, the people murmured for bread, and manna was given, accompanied by a miracle to establish the sacredness of the seventh day. At Rephidim, there was a battle with the Amalekites, and here Moses brought water from the rock near Horeb. At the wilderness of Sinai, the people entered into solemn covenant to obey the voice of God, which voice they heard three days afterward uttering in awful majesty the ten commandments from the top of Sinai. This terrified the people greatly, and they prayed that God might talk with Moses alone; yet when God called Moses up into the mount to commune with him, the people, becoming impatient, made a golden calf, and worshiped it.

While Moses was in the mount, the Lord gave him the ten commandments, written on tables of stone. He also instructed Moses to build a sanctuary, with its holy vessels, and showed him a pattern of everything pertaining to it.

The people remained in the wilderness of Sinai about a year, building the tabernacle, and receiving instruction from the Lord by the mouth of Moses.

G. H. BELL.

## TO SABBATH-SCHOOL WORKERS.

WE fear that as the heat of summer advances, and the hurrying season for a majority of our brethren living in the country comes on, there may be an inclination toward slackness in the Sabbath-school work. Harvest, in Michigan, is almost here, and there is much hard labor to be performed; but we must not forget that there is another harvest whose fields are already whitening, and that "he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." John 4:36. Do not, under any consideration, allow the wheels of the Sabbath-school to become clogged by any slackness or neglect on your part. The exercises of the school will afford an agreeable recreation after the labors of the week; and you will feel better and stronger for having spent the Sabbath in gaining or giving instruction from the word of God. Be

sure to be on time. If you have a long distance to travel to reach your place of meeting, start early, so that you may not be compelled to walk or drive too fast.

"Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands;

Let it never, no, never decline."

C. E. PAUL.

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE ANNUAL  
MEETING OF THE WISCONSIN S. S.  
ASSOCIATION.

THE Wisconsin Sabbath-school Association held its first Annual Meeting at Madison, June 13, 1879.

Thirty-seven schools were represented by delegates.

In the resolutions passed it was recommended,

1. That each school should have a complete set of Record Books, keep a careful record, and report quarterly to the State Secretary.

2. That the Penny Contribution be adopted as a means for raising funds to meet necessary expenses.

3. That a tenth of this income be given to the State Association, and that a tenth of the money received by the State Association be given to the General Association.

4. That on the fourth Sabbath of each month, each school should have a meeting of officers and teachers for the purpose of securing unity of action.

5. That every isolated family should sustain a family Sabbath-school, and that scattered individuals should carry on a systematic course of study, such as is presented in our Sabbath-school lessons.

6. That each minister should thoroughly inform himself in regard to the best methods of carrying on Sabbath-school work, and that he should earnestly work for the interests of the Sabbath-school wherever he may be.

Donations were received to the amount of \$17.56, which, after paying all indebtedness, and a tithe to the State Association, leaves \$8.20 in the treasury.

The officers elected for the next year were,—  
President, H. W. Decker, Monroe, Wis.

Executive Committee, O. A. Olsen and A. J. Breed.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Nellie C. Taylor, Wellsville, Wis., to whom all reports should be sent.

H. W. DECKER, Pres.

O. A. JOHNSON, Sec.

## HOME STUDY.

THE parent in sending his child to the Sabbath-school should oversee the preparation of the lesson with eagerness and satisfaction, remembering that religious knowledge is for life eternal, while secular knowledge, if not sanctified by the knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, and so utilized according as each man has the opportunity, will be as a millstone about the neck of its possessor in the day when God makes account of the talents committed to each individual soul. If a parent will so regulate the religious teaching of his child, conscientiously and prayerfully, he will soon find the most lively interest awakened in the juvenile mind in his spiritual exercises, which the parent will not only regard with the truest joy, but will find to be the best help to himself in his own religious progress and life. If the parent is to do this he will familiarize himself with the subjects studied in the Sabbath-school.

— There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—*Carlyle.*

Our good Independence story has supplanted the picture designed for the first page of the present number; but it is so excellent, and withal so timely, that we think it will atone for the plain appearance of the page. We will have the picture another time.

### THE LOSINGS BANK.

You know very well, undoubtedly, what a savings bank is. You have already put some of your money in it, and have your book in hand, in which your deposits are all accredited, so that you know just how much belongs to you; and, when you need it, you can draw it out. But did you ever hear of a losings bank?

I have just been reading an article upon this subject, written by a celebrated minister, and he says that in the city where he lives, there is one on almost every corner; and that, in New York, there are six thousand of them. There are probably a great many, too, in Washington, Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, yes, and in every little country place between.

You can guess what he means, can't you? Every liquor-store is a losings bank, where young and old, men and women, go to deposit their money, and not only that, but their health, good looks, reputation, happiness, yes, and their very souls, too. Satan keeps the losings bank; and, when you go in to make a deposit, he will have all or nothing. And what you once put in you never can get out again. When a rainy day comes, when you are sick so that you cannot work, or your house is burned, or any misfortune happens, you can go to your savings bank, and draw out some of the money you have put in there to help yourself with; but, if you deposit in the losings bank, you can never get one cent.

This good minister says,—and his words are so true that I will give them to you just as they are,—“The best savings bank for a young man's money is the total-abstinence pledge. The best for his time is honest industry and a good book. The best for his soul is a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

But beware, beware, of the losings bank! Keep outside the door; pass by on the other side; do not cast your eye toward its glittering array; do not come near enough to breathe the air of the dangerous place; keep as far away from it as you possibly can, lest, if you draw near, you may be enticed, entrapped, caught in the snare of the tempter, and drawn in to ruin and death.

### THE WINK OF TIME.

You never heard of such a thing? Why, I'll warrant you have alluded to it often and often, without knowing it. Didn't you ever speak of such or such a matter coming, going, or happening just in “the nick of time”? Very well. Nick comes from the German word *nicken*, to nod or wink. So the nick of time is the wink of time.—*St. Nicholas.*

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### WHICH IS YOUR LOT?

SOME children roam the fields and hills,  
And others work in noisy mills;  
Some dress in silks, and dance and play,  
And others drudge their lives away;  
Some glow with health, and bound with song,  
And some must suffer all day long.

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?  
Is it a life of ease and joy?  
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun  
The poorer life should shine upon.  
Make glad one little heart to-day,  
And help one burdened child to play.

—*St. Nicholas.*



### THE PICNIC.



MERE we are at last,” cried a chorus of merry voices, as the train stopped at the little station of Elmwood, and a troop of boys and girls, with their teacher, hurried from the cars, and, carrying their well-packed dinner baskets, made their way across the fields to the beautiful elm grove.

In all their lives, many of these children had never been beyond the brick walls of the great city, and for weeks they had been looking forward to the summer vacation, when they were to spend a day in the country.

“Follow me,” said the teacher, and he led the way through a lane where the tall trees shut out the sunlight. Soon they came to a wide opening, where the soft grass spread out like a rich carpet to the edge of a little pond.

“Oh, isn't it beautiful!” cried the children, and leaving their baskets under a tree, they quickly scattered in all directions.

A fine large swing was hanging from two of the tallest trees, and some of the children rushed toward it. Harry Blake reached it first, and was about to say, “Now I'll have the first swing,” when he remembered his

teacher's lesson only the day before. It was about the “Golden Rule,” and quickly turning to the little group that had eagerly followed him, Harry said, “Come on, boys, there'll be time enough for us all to swing. Let's begin with the youngest first.” “All right,” was the answer, and one of the boys turned to lift little Minnie Lee into the swing. But the child shook her head, and drew close to the side of her teacher, who had now come up and stood under the shade of a tree near by.

“Let me go,” said her sister Mabel, “I'm not afraid;” so she climbed into the swing, and Harry pulled the rope. “Why, it's almost like being a bird,” she said, “to fly up so high among the branches.”

By the time they had all taken their turn at the swing, it was noon. They spread their dinner upon the grass, and no meal eaten at home was ever enjoyed half so much as this one in that leafy nook, where the sunbeams played hide-and-seek and the wind made music among the branches.

After dinner, Mr. Deane told them stories, and they gathered wild flowers in the grove, and played games till it was nearly sunset. Then the cars bore them swiftly away to their city homes, but I think that little picnic is a bright spot in their memories, and they will be better and happier children for the summer day spent at Elmwood.

N. S.

### LETTER BUDGET.

NORTH LIBERTY, IND.

DEAR FRIENDS: I receive the INSTRUCTOR every Sabbath. I love to read it, and then give it to my friends. I have given away five papers. I attend Sabbath-school at North Liberty. I want to be a good boy, and keep the Sabbath with my father and mother, that I may be saved when Jesus comes. JACOB L. BUCHTEL.

FORT HOWARD, WIS.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: For the first time I write for this good paper which I love so well. I am nine years old. I am trying to be a good boy. I have two brothers, who are also trying to be good. The Sabbath-school lessons by Bro. Bell are very interesting, and also the pieces, From Sea to Sea. I long for the time to come when I can go back to Battle Creek to school. There is no school I like so well as that. My brother Mahlon and I give to the Lord a tenth of what we earn, because we love to do it.

Yours truly, ALFRED B. OLSEN.

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