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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

KIND WORDS ONLY.

HOW like music o'er the waters,
How like sunshine on the sea,
How like morning's brightest day-beam,
Comes a kindly word to me!

When my life-cares make me weary,
When my soul is racked with pain,
Lo! a word of kindness greets me!
And my heart grows glad again.

Oh, this life is full of sunshine—
Full of sunshine every day,
And unless we watch for shadows,
They fall not athwart our way.

And this world were almost Heaven
Could we every blessing see;
But we're waiting, ever waiting
For some blessing yet to be.

Bright, how bright would be earth's pathways,
And how like the world above,
Were our words all words of kindness,
And our deeds all deeds of love!

—Ladies' Repository.

ELISE LE MONT'S THANKSGIVING.

NOVEMBER winds were blowing wildly, scattering dry, dead leaves before them, whirling the dust into people's faces, and moaning round the houses as though they were lamenting for the dead and gone summer. It was the day before Thanksgiving. Most families in Hillsdale were getting ready to keep it merrily; but there were two homes in which there were no sounds of cheerful preparation, and to which the returning holiday brought no joy. One was a stately mansion on the square, where the richest and finest citizens of the place resided; the other a little cabin on the outskirts, where Mrs. Le Mont, a French widow, took in washing and ironing. Both Mrs. Lowell in the mansion and Mrs. Le Mont in the cabin were fully agreed upon one thing, namely, that God had not been good to them, and that they had nothing whatever to thank him for.

"What shall I order for dinner to-morrow, Hannah?" said Mr. Lowell, as he buttoned his overcoat, and drew on his gloves, before going to his office. "I thought perhaps you would like to invite Sister Louise and her boys, and have something extra, as we used to in old days."

The lady hardly looked up from the sewing which was in her hands. The expression of her face was sad and severe.

"I want nothing more for dinner to-morrow than we have every day, James; and as for asking Louise, I cannot do it. Since little Jessie died, I have not felt that there was any pleasure left in life, and I cannot assume what I do not feel."

"But, my dear, we might at least try to make somebody else happy, if we have little happiness ourselves. I have thought a great deal this week about that passage in Nehemiah which our minister read last Sabbath morning. Do you remember it?"

"No; I was not listening. There is a little girl in our church who looks like Jessie, and the last three Sabbaths she has sat just where I could see her sweet, dimpled face. It is a sorrowful sort of comfort to gaze at her. Have you observed the resemblance?"

"Yes, dear, it is little Elise Le Mont; she is in the class just higher than the infant class. Her teacher tells me that her mother is very poor, though she has seen better days. But now for the verses."

Turning quickly to Nehemiah 8:9, 10, Mr. Lowell read these words, his wife stopping her busy needle to attend, for she, too, honored the good book:—

"This day is holy unto the Lord your God; mourn not, nor weep. For all the people wept when they heard the words of the law. Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord. Neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

If any of my little friends want to know why grand old Nehemiah, as brave a hero as ever walked the earth, read the law to the people, and if they want to know where he read it, and why the devout Jews were moved to tears, they must just read the whole book. It is a book for boys to read,

—boys who like to hear stories of great men, and of dangers and fights. But I have not time to tell them more about it now.

When Mr. Lowell had closed the Bible, his wife said, in a softer tone than she had formerly employed,

"Do as you please about to-morrow, dear. I don't think I can enjoy the day, but you may order what you like, and send home enough to make a Thanksgiving feast for that child and her mother. I'll see that it is nicely cooked and packed, and so we'll keep one part of Nehemiah's counsel. If you wish, I'll have them here, and Louise too."

Meanwhile in the bare little cabin where Elise lived there was not much pleasure. Elise herself was seated close to the fire, with her little New Testament in her hands. Her mother was ironing, fluting aprons, pressing collars, crimping ruffles, doing it all beautifully, and rebelling in her heart against God, who had let her become so poor that she had to do it. She ought to have been glad that she knew how, and had the opportunity to exercise her skill, but she did not look at it in that way. Holiday gladness was a mockery to her. When she remembered the days, not so long ago, when her husband was living, and his ample salary supported them in luxury, and then thought of the good times other people were having, it caused anger and discontent to burn in her breast.

Yet the little bit of a home would not have been so bad, if there had only been heart's-ease in it. It was clean. It was warm. It was shining. Morning-glories had wreathed it for weeks on the outside, and even now, great clumps of white and crimson chrysanthemums were blooming cheerily in the cold air, and tossing their heads gayly, as the first snow of the season came sifting down. By and by, Mrs. Le Mont, having spoken harshly to Elise, began to feel sorry, and so she told her to put on her bonnet and shawl, and run out to gather some flowers.

Elise lifted her sweet face from the Sabbath-school lesson she had been studying. "Will you hear me say my verses first, mamma?" she said.

Had the passage been chosen to reprove her for her want of trust in the Father, and

for her jealousy of his way of dealing, Mrs. Le Mont wondered. No, it was simply in the course the little girls were committing to memory from the Sermon on the Mount.

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

Thus, over the gentle words of the great Teacher, the clear voice went on, gathering strength as it proceeded, till it came to the climax—"For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

Elise tripped away, satisfied that she could repeat her task perfectly. Mrs. Le Mont finished the baby's dress she was fluting, the evil spirit in her heart driven out by the wisdom which was from above. She determined that though she could not rejoice as women did who had husbands to live and work for them, though the few dollars in her little worn pocket-book would not do much more than pay the rent, and though there was no song of gratitude in her heart, she would try to be amiable and kind to Elise. There was comfort in the assurance, though she was not willing to believe that it was fully meant for her: "Your Heavenly Father *knoweth*."

Elise came in loaded with flowers, their breath filling the little room with aromatic perfume. She filled the big china bowl, the blue pitcher, and both the glass vases, and then there were plenty left. She put these all together in a tin pan. Toward evening a thought came to her.

"Mamma," she said, "if you please, I'd like to take a nice large bouquet of our flowers to that lady who wears the long crape veil, and who looks as if she had forgotten how to laugh. Her husband is our superintendent."

"Well," said the mother, "you may; but hasten, it's getting late, and it will be dark early."

So, her hands full of white and red blossoms, the child went down the little garden path; but at the gate she stopped, for there stood the very lady she was thinking of, and beside her a stout Irish girl carrying a package and a heavy basket. The lady's face had a new brightness, as of one interested in the world again. She came in, saying, as she took an offered chair,

"Pardon me, Mrs. Le Mont, if I intrude; but two years ago, I buried a sweet daughter just the age of your little girl. Jessie was the idol of my heart, and I have been, oh, so lonely, so rebellious, since she went away! But I don't know how or why, exactly, to-day there has come a change. I seem to feel again that God cares for me, and that I have something to praise him for. I have brought some of my darling's things to your little one, and I have decided to have what we have not had in two years, a Thanksgiving dinner. My sister will be there with her sons, and I want you and Elise to come, too. Meanwhile may I leave you something to please Elise?"

Out of the basket the maid brought sugar, rice, preserves, a roast chicken, and

pumpkin pies golden brown. The closet was filled, each empty shelf laden. The lady herself opened the package and took out a red cloak, a winter dress of rich, bright plaid, a hat and shoes, for the wondering and delighted little Elise. And though it cost the stricken mother a pang to part with these mementoes of her lost darling, yet her heart was filled with a strange, peaceful pleasure.

And on the morrow, as a merry party, after worship in the church, surrounded the dinner-table at Mr. Lowell's, all united in spirit in the words of thanksgiving he uttered: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

WILL HE SUCCEED?

SUCCESS, in nine cases out of ten, will not attend the life of the man who had no burdens to bear in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he stowed away all the time;—in short, if what was light fell to him, and what was heavy about the work to some one else; if he was permitted to shirk, until shirking became a habit, unless a miracle is wrought, his life will be a failure.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents, as they bid him good-bye, may dismiss their fears. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.

LITTLE THINGS.

MANY persons, especially among the youth, regard the little things as of slight importance; yet often it is the little things that produce the greatest results. A seed is a little thing, so small that hundreds may be held in the hand of a child, but in one of these tiny seeds may be the germ of a lofty tree. Itasca Lake is a small body of water, yet it is the source of the Mississippi, the "Father of Waters." The mighty Amazon commences at the foot of the Andes Mountains, in streams that you could easily step across, but the united width of its two arms at the mouth is not less than one hundred and fifty miles.

Minutes are little things, but they make hours and days and months and years and eternity. A word is a little thing, but what a power for good or evil it may become. Our Saviour tells us that we must give an account in the day of Judgment for every idle word.

Kind deeds are little things, yet they gladden many a sad heart, and in the world to come will bring a reward from Him who regards even the fall of a sparrow.

The first step toward evil is small, and the tempter asks, "Is it not a little one?" Yes, we think it so small that we fear

no danger, and the next step is taken, and the next, until it is too late to return to the path of right; or if we do return, we find ourselves shattered and well-nigh ruined.

Young friends, be careful of the little things; beware of the first approach of evil. When temptation presents itself, have the courage to say *no*. Oh that all the boys and girls who read the INSTRUCTOR may be faithful in little things, that they may not be ashamed before Christ at his coming!

MILTON C. WILCOX.

THE BLESSINGS OF RELIGION.

DEAR CHILDREN: I want to ask you a few easy questions, and then I think you will be able to understand what I have to tell you about the joys of the Christian life.

Do you love your mother? If you do, you enjoy her society, you like to talk to her and think about her, and it is a pleasure for you to assist and obey her. I trust that this is the case with every member of the INSTRUCTOR family. Now why do you love your mother? I fancy I hear you reply, "We love her because she loves us and is kind to us." That is a very good answer. You may say, "What has that to do with religion?" I will tell you.

God is your heavenly parent. He loves you with a love that is unutterable. He gives you all the comforts and blessings of life. He permits you to breathe his air and walk upon his footstool, and daily showers gifts upon you.

In return, he desires you to serve him. He has given ten commandments which he asks you to keep. If you love God, it will be a delight for you to obey him. Can you not love the great and good Being who has done so much for you, and who loves you so tenderly?

Although God is in Heaven, he can hear every word that we say, and it is a great privilege to pray to him, for he is ever ready to answer prayer. If you try to do what is right, holy angels will be your companions, and God's Spirit will comfort your heart, satisfy your soul, and brighten your life.

If you expected to receive a nice present, to meet a dear friend, or to go to a pleasant country, you would anticipate these things with joy. Your dearest friend,—He, who, when on earth, took little children in his arms and blessed them,—is soon coming in the clouds of heaven. If you are good, he will take you to a beautiful home, to a city of gold, having pearly gates. He will give you a golden crown, a harp of great beauty, and a robe of dazzling whiteness, and better than all this, he will give you endless life.

My dear children, religion will make you heirs to untold treasures; it will make you members of a royal family; it will bestow upon you something of infinitely greater value than all the gold in all the mines of earth; it will give you lasting happiness in this life, and the hope of soon receiving the everlasting joys, the glorious gifts and heavenly pleasures, of the life to come.

Do you not desire to obtain religion?

ELIZA H. MORTON.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

FIRST Sabbath in December.

LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON XLVII.—DAVID NUMBERS THE PEOPLE.

WHEN the messengers came to David with news from the battle, his first question was, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And when he knew that Absalom was dead, he was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept; "and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

"And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people; for the people heard say that day how the king was grieved for his son. And the people gat them by stealth that day into the city, as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle. But the king covered his face, and the king cried with a loud voice, O my son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!"

After the death of Absalom, all the people wanted David to reign over them again. So they invited him to come back, and went out to meet him as he came over Jordan. Among the first to welcome David was Shimei, who said he was very sorry for what he had done, and asked the king to forgive him. So David let him live, but Abishai was angry because Shimei was not slain.

The men of Israel and the men of Judah had a quarrel about bringing David home; but the trouble was soon settled, and the people were united.

Then David was tempted to number the people, although the Lord had not ordered it. It was found that there were nearly three times as many as had crossed the Jordan with Joshua.

"And David's heart smote him after that he had numbered the people. And David said unto the Lord, I have sinned greatly in that I have done; and now, I beseech thee, O Lord, take away the iniquity of thy servant; for I have done very foolishly." The Lord forgave David, but it was necessary that he should suffer for his sin, so that he might remember not to sin again.

The Lord gave David his choice of three things,—seven years of famine; to flee before his enemies for three months; or a three days' pestilence. David chose the pestilence; and seventy thousand of the people died in a few hours. This must have made David see how soon the Lord could make the people few in number.

When the angel stretched out his hand over Jerusalem to destroy it, the Lord said, "It is enough." David was permitted to see the angel, and when he saw him, he cried to God to spare the people, saying, "I have sinned, and I have done wickedly; but these sheep, what have they done?"

Then the prophet Gad came to David, and told him to go and offer sacrifice; and when he had done so the plague was stayed.

QUESTIONS.

1. What was David's first question to the messengers who brought news from the battle? 2 Sam. 18:29, 32.
2. What did David do when he knew that Absalom was dead?
3. What did he say as he went up to the chamber over the gate?
4. How did David's sorrow affect the people? Chap. 19:2.
5. How did the people feel toward David after the death of Absalom? Verses 8-14.
6. What did they do to make him welcome?

7. Who was among the first to go out to meet him?

8. How did Shimei now talk to David?

9. How did David manifest his generosity toward him?

10. What did Abishai think about this?

11. What unpleasant thing happened as the people were bringing David home? Verses 40-43.

12. When the people were once more united, what was David tempted to do? Chap. 24:1.

13. How many people were there found to be? Verse 9.

14. Did David feel that he had done right in numbering the people?

15. What confession did he make to the Lord?

16. What did he pray the Lord to do?

17. Did the Lord forgive him?

18. Why was it necessary that David should be made to suffer for his sin?

19. Of what three things did the Lord give David his choice?

20. Which did David choose? Verse 14.

21. How many of the people died of the pestilence?

22. What did the Lord say when the angel stretched out his hand over Jerusalem to destroy it?

23. What plea did David make for the people?

24. What did the prophet tell David to do?

25. What took place when David offered the sacrifice? Verse 25.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON LXXIII.—JEROBOAM'S REIGN.

1. Who was the first king over the ten tribes that revolted from Rehoboam? 1 Kings 12:20.

2. How was this kingdom designated?

3. What name was given to the kingdom over which Rehoboam reigned?

4. By what act did Rehoboam show that he still regarded the ten tribes as a part of his kingdom? Verse 18.

5. How did the men of Israel show their indignation at such an act?

6. What step did Rehoboam then take? Verse 21.

7. How was war prevented?

8. Why did Jeroboam fear to have the families of Israel go up to Jerusalem to worship?

9. Where did he establish places of worship?

10. What images were set up there?

11. How did he excuse this course of action?

12. How did he furnish priests to conduct the worship?

13. Why was he obliged to do this?

14. How did the Lord reprove him for this wickedness? Chap. 13:1.

15. In what act was Jeroboam engaged when the man of God came to Bethel?

16. What did the prophet predict?

17. What sign did he say should be given to show that the prediction would be fulfilled?

18. What did Jeroboam do when he heard the words of the prophet?

19. How was he made to feel the power of God?

20. In what way was the mercy of God manifested to him?

21. What effect did these miracles have upon the life of Jeroboam?

22. How long did this wicked king reign? Chap. 14:20.

23. By whom was he succeeded?

24. When and how was Nadab's reign brought to an end? Chap. 15:27.

25. How long did Baasha reign?

26. By whom was he succeeded? Chap. 16:6.

27. Name the kings that reigned between Baasha and Ahab.

SYNOPSIS.

The ten tribes that revolted from Rehoboam chose Jeroboam for their king, and from that time they were known as the kingdom of Israel, while the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, over which Rehoboam still ruled, constituted what was called the kingdom of Judah.

Rehoboam, not willing to give up the ten tribes, sent out Adoram, his tax-gatherer, to collect tribute from them. This made the men of Israel so indignant that they took Adoram and slew him. Then Rehoboam raised an army of 180,000 chosen men of war, and was

about to attempt the subjugation of the ten tribes, when the Lord sent his prophet to tell the men of Judah not to go up to fight against their brethren, for this thing was from him. Rehoboam wisely listened to this counsel, and returned to Jerusalem.

Jeroboam was afraid to have all the families of Israel go, as was their custom, three times a year up to Jerusalem to the public feasts, thinking that this practice of uniting in their worship would cultivate such a friendly feeling as would soon bring the two kingdoms together again in one. So he appointed two places of worship in his own kingdom, one at Bethel, and the other at Dan. At each of these places he erected an altar, and set up a golden calf; and here the people were to assemble for worship, instead of going up to Jerusalem, which he said was too far away.

The priests and Levites all refused to conduct worship at places which God had not appointed, and in a manner contrary to his instructions; so Jeroboam was obliged to ordain priests from among the common people, he himself acting as high priest. This so displeased the Lord that he sent a prophet to reprove Jeroboam. The man of God found Jeroboam burning incense at the altar in Bethel, and boldly cried out, saying that a king, Josiah by name, should yet arise in Judah, and burn upon the altar by which Jeroboam now stood, the priests who had offered incense there. Furthermore he said that as a sign of the certain fulfillment of this prophecy the altar should be rent in twain. When Jeroboam heard this, he put forth his hand, saying, "Lay hold on him." And the hand which he put forth dried up, so that he could not pull it in again. The altar also was rent, as the prophet said it should be.

At the entreaty of the prophet the king's hand was restored again; but notwithstanding all this, Jeroboam still continued in his wicked course, appointing priests from the common people, and leading all Israel to worship in an unlawful manner.

This wicked king lived to see three kings, one after another, reign upon the throne of Judah. After a reign of twenty-two years he was succeeded by his son Nadab, who, after reigning two years, was slain by Baasha. Baasha destroyed all the family of Jeroboam, and after a wicked reign of twenty-four years, was succeeded by his son Elah, who reigned two years.

Zimri succeeded Elah, and reigned seven days, when he was deposed by Omri, who reigned nearly twelve years, dividing the kingdom for about half the time with Tibni. Omri was succeeded by Ahab, whose wicked reign claims special notice.

G. H. BELL.

BE YOURSELF.

To be successful, the teacher must be himself, must teach on his own plan, and not attempt to imitate another's style. Clothe yourself in your own garments. Do not try on others' dresses. They may not fit you at all. Work out your own way. See that it is according to the word of God, and then be natural; be yourself in imparting the truth. Many make miserable failures in the endeavor to copy.—*Ralph Wells.*

A TEACHER who does not scruple about being absent from his class without providing a substitute, should have a permanent substitute put in his place.

A pastor who should habitually fail to fulfill his preaching engagements, would be very speedily and properly dismissed. We do not know upon what principle a Sabbath-school teacher is entitled to any greater consideration than that which falls to the lot of a preacher of the gospel.

EASTERN BEDS.

IN India and other Eastern lands, the beds of the poorer classes are nothing more than quilts wadded with cotton, so large as to enable the sleeper to wrap part of his bed around him, while he lies on the rest. A pillow is sometimes used, made of fine cane matting stretched over a light framework of bamboo, hollow, and open at the end. In Southern India a strip of mat, six or seven feet long, is often all the bed that is desired. In Syria it is often only a strip of carpet, which can be easily rolled up; the end portion is left unrolled, to form a pillow.

Such beds can be easily washed and dried again, and can be rolled up like a bundle of flannel and carried away by their owners under their arms.

The fashion and form of these beds will enable us to understand these two texts of Scripture: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Isa. 28:20. "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." John 5:8. There were, however, "beds of ivory" (Amos 6:4); and beds, or bedsteads, "of gold and silver." Esth. 1:6.—*Sel.*

LESSEPS' LITTLE DAUGHTER.

THE great French civil engineer, M. De Lesseps, has a scheme for constructing an immense ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama. For the furtherance of his plan, he has been visiting the various commercial cities of France, and delivering lectures to awaken an interest in his favorite project. On these occasions he carries with him his little daughter Tototte, and she goes to the public assemblies which her father addresses. When she becomes drowsy, Mons. De Lesseps points to her, and says, "That little girl will fire the first mine when we come to quarry the canal!" Then little Tototte rubs her eyes and awakes, and the crowd enthusiastically cheers.

We trust the little French mademoiselle may be permitted to see the great work of her father completed in which she is so deeply interested, and then safely ride from ocean to ocean in the first ship which sails across. G. W. A.

THE FIRE THAT CANNOT BE QUENCHED.

SOME fifty years ago, a gang of Belgian miners, angry with another set of underground workers, set a mass of coal on fire to smoke out their comrades. How well they succeeded, let the record of half a century tell. Years have passed away, a generation has faded, the angry passion of those who thus sought revenge has become a thing of the past; but the fire started in that mine long ago blazes on, and no earthly skill has yet found the way to extinguish it. Burning on, ever consuming, it is a fitting type of the unceasing power of sin and passion. "One sinner destroyeth much good."

THE figures of arithmetic were brought into Europe by the Saracens, A. D. 991.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

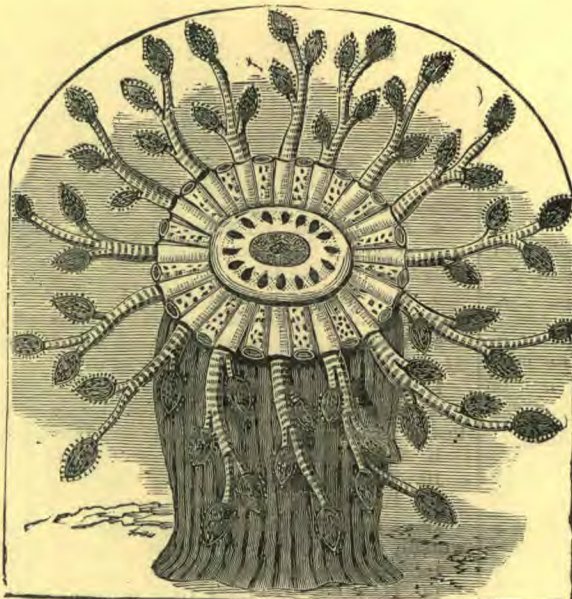
CAN YOU?

CAN you make a rose or a lily—just one?
Or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the rain-drops as they fall?
Or the leaves that flutter from tree-tops tall?
Can you run like the brook and never tire?
Can you climb like the vine beyond the spire?
Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest,
Or make one feather on robin's breast?

Can you build a cell like the bee, or spin
Like the spider, a web so fine and thin?
Can you lift a shadow from off the ground?
Can you see the wind, or measure a sound?
Can you blow a bubble that will not burst?
Can you talk with echo and not speak first?

Oh, my dear little boy, you are clever and strong,
And you are so busy the whole day long,
Trying as hard as a little boy can
To do big things like a "grown-up" man!
Look at me, darling, I tell you true,
There are some things you never can do.

—St. Nicholas.



THE SEA ANEMONE.



OW many beautiful things God has made. He covers the earth with flowers, and he fills the seas with many things as beautiful as flowers.

Go down on the beach when the tide is low, and you may see upon the rocks among the sea-weed a lovely pink blossom shaped like a daisy, with fringed petals growing around a very thick stalk. If you touch this flower it disappears, and in place of the pink petals there is nothing to be seen but an ugly little stump, of a dull red color. Let the stump alone for a while, and it will gradually unfold until the bright pink flower is restored in all its beauty.

This is the sea-anemone, which, after all, is not a flower, but a queer little animal that lives on sea-insects and small fishes, which it catches with those beautiful rosy fingers. We see in our picture one variety of these curious little creatures. The thick stump is the body of the animal, and the

lovely flower that crowns it, is a circle of arms, that spread out far and wide to catch any straggler within reach, and bring it to the open mouth in the center, where it is rapidly swallowed up.

The sea-anemones are not all pink, but they are all wonderfully pretty. The star-anemone is of a pale green color, sometimes tinged with pink. Others are light brown or dark brown, orange-colored, salmon, or white; sometimes they are striped with two or three shades, sometimes mottled in different colors. The pink anemone, which is often large enough to fill a saucer, is, however, for size and beauty, the queen of the sea-flowers.

These little animals love to hide themselves under projecting rocks and among mosses and sea-weeds. They sometimes remain for a long time on a particular rock, but can move at will from one part of the sea to another.

Dainty, brilliant, and marvelous, these beauties of the sea are only another reminder of the wisdom and skill of the Creator. * * *

LETTER BUDGET.

FREMONT, WIS.

DEAR EDITORS: I have thought for some time that I would write a letter for the INSTRUCTOR, and I will now do so. We have a very interesting Sabbath-school here. I teach a class of seven little girls. I am sixteen years of age. I am trying to live so that I may be permitted to meet all the faithful in Heaven.

MAGGIE DICKEY.

PLEASANT VIEW, TENN.

DEAR EDITORS: I go to church and keep the Sabbath with my parents. I like the INSTRUCTOR now better than ever before, because it is printed every week.

After I read my papers I give them away. My little brother goes with me to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. Pray for us.

EDWARD ANDERSON.

ARCADIA, IND.

DEAR EDITORS: I get the INSTRUCTOR at Sabbath-school, and I like it very much. Our teacher is helping us to learn to sing. We go to her house twice a week to practice. We use the Song Anchor. Our school was organized about two months ago, by Elds. Covert and Henderson, who brought the truth to this place last spring. I am glad they came and brought the light of the third angel's message. I want a home in the kingdom of God, where I hope to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

Yours in hope, AMY DICKOVER.

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