



Vol. 28.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL 14, 1880.

No. 16.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

PUBLISHED
Weekly and Monthly.

Mrs. M. K. White, { Editors.
Miss V. A. Merriam, }

WHAT THE RAIN TAUGHT MATTIE.

MATTIE had come to spend a week with Uncle Will, Aunt Lucy, and little cousin Lutie, and she had gone to bed sleepy and tired, forgetting to look out at the weather.

"O Uncle Will, did you think it was going to rain?" she asked, bringing a very dismal face into the dining-room the next morning. I want to go to Sabbath-school; and you have such a little school that it never opens when it rains, which I think is just shameful! I wanted to see Annie Oliver so much. Now I know I shall be homesick."

"I've no doubt that we shall find something for you to do all day," replied Mr. Gordon; "it is only idle people that are really unhappy."

"We can have a happy day indoors if you will help to make it happy," said Aunt Lucy. "Now you may put the chairs around the table and come to breakfast."

Mattie washed and wiped the breakfast dishes and made her own bed very carefully; then she forgot all about the rain while watching the washing and dressing of the baby; but she grew doleful again when she saw Uncle Will ride off to church on horseback.

"Suppose you hold baby while I read to you about what the rain does," suggested Mrs. Gordon.

"I know enough about what it does," answered Mattie sulkily; "it just spoils all my good time."

"But Prof. Longfellow tells us about the good time it gives to a great many people."

"I don't believe rain ever made people have a good time," said Mattie, as she seated herself in a low chair, and Mrs. Gordon placed the baby in her arms.

"Listen and you will believe it," replied Mrs. Gordon, drawing the rocker close to the children, and opening a little blue book.

And then she began to read in a clear, pleasant voice.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window frame
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand,
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head;
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

Although the weather had not changed, sunshine from somewhere began to play all over Mattie's face long before Mrs. Gordon finished reading.

"Now, Mattie," said her aunt, closing the book and taking the restless baby, "what have I been reading about?"

"Why, I remember it all," said Mattie, commencing to talk so fast that her words rolled over each other. "I know just how many were glad it rained. From the neigh-

boring school came the boys, that's one; sick man, two; patient oxen stand, three; and the farmer under the trees, four. I wonder if many people are glad that it rains to-day! Father will be glad of the rain on his garden, and Anna Conklin said their cistern was dry, and now it will get filled; and I'm sure Mrs. Moses, our sick neighbor, will be glad. Sarah, that's her daughter, will push her chair up close to the window, and her flowers will smell so sweet in the rain. She has suffered from the dry weather. I'm sure I'm willing to give up going to Sabbath-school if the rain will give her a comfortable day. And I'm much obliged to Mr. Longfellow for making me think of it. Aunt Lucy, what makes Mr. Longfellow think of so many things when he sees the rain? I only think how disappointed I am."

"Because his eyes are opened to see more things than yours can."

"But my eyesight is perfectly good," replied Mattie, stretching her hazel eyes very wide open.

"Suppose you should show a peach to Lutie, would she see it?"

"Of course she would, and try to snatch it," answered Mattie decidedly.

"What would a peach seem like to her?"

"Like something soft that she could squeeze, and I'm pretty sure she would try to put it into her mouth. That is all she would know about it."

"What would a peach seem like to you?"

"Why, ever so different," cried Mattie. "I should know what color it was, and its name, and I should know it grew on a tree from a beautiful pink blossom, and what time in the year it was ripe. And I know how men pick them in baskets and send them to market in the cars. I know all about peaches."

"Then what is the difference between you and Lutie? You both have good eyesight and you look at the same thing; but its appearance is entirely different to you."

"Why, I guess Lutie sees things, but she does not *understand* all about them. When I see things I understand all about them."

"That is precisely the difference between

you and Mr. Longfellow. You see nothing but the rain; but he *understands* so well what he sees that he thinks of the uses of rain when he sees the rain."

"I wish I could always see beautiful things in the rain."

"Do you know the names of the two books which God has given us to tell us about himself?"

"The Bible," replied Mattie, "but I don't know what the other can be unless it is the book of the rain."

"That is the name of one of the chapters; but the whole is called the book of Nature."

"Oh, I know all about nature," interrupted Mattie. "It is hills, and snakes, and bugs, and oceans, and the Mammoth Cave, and Niagara."

"Did you ever learn anything from either of these books?" asked Mrs. Gordon smiling.

"Of course I have," said Mattie. "Didn't I just learn about rain from the book of Nature? And I found out about being faithful in Mrs. Moses' Bible. I had learned it before; but I didn't know it meant washing dishes, and sewing, and being patient with Tommy."

"Then you really only saw it for the first time when you began to *understand* what it meant. Understanding is seeing with our minds and hearts."

"Then I really only saw the rain for the first time this morning, because I just began to understand how good God is to send it, and the reasons why it comes," answered Mattie brightly.

"Shall I tell you a beautiful prayer to use when you wish to learn anything in either book?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mattie, as Mrs. Gordon arose to get a Bible. She opened the book and turned a few leaves, holding it so that Mattie could read the words:—

"That which I see not, teach thou me."

"I'll say that every day till I see everything in both books," said Mattie earnestly.

"And now I will read to myself and leave you to learn your Bible verses," said Mrs. Gordon, rising to put the baby in the cradle.

Mattie curled herself up on the lounge, and rocked back and forth while she learned the verses; but her eyes grew heavy, her head drooped lower and lower over her book, and the ticking of the clock sounded farther and farther away.

When Mrs. Gordon finished her paper and looked up to see what Mattie was busy with, she found her fast asleep.

Mattie did not hear Lutie cry, nor Uncle Will come in saying that he thought it would clear; she knew nothing until she opened her eyes and saw two squares of sunshine lying on the bright rag carpet.

"It is clear! It is clear! It is clear!" she shouted, springing at Uncle Will and kissing him as heartily as if she thought he had changed the weather. "I've had a delightful morning, but I'm so glad the sun shines."

"I saw Annie Oliver, and she said that

they would stop and take you to Sabbath-school," said Uncle Will, releasing himself from her grasp.

"Oh, lovely!" cried Mattie, and so her rainy lesson was over.—*Ella A. Drinkwater.*

FROM SEA TO SEA.—NO. 25.

WE now resume our journey, and do not again halt till we arrive at Palmyra. This flourishing little city, which has the benefit of both the canal and the railroad, is a point of some note. Seven miles from Palmyra, on the left-hand side of the stage road to Canandaigua, is the hill where Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect known as Mormons, while digging for hidden treasures, claimed that he dug up some gold plates on which were ancient records and teachings of the ten tribes of Israel. It seems, however, that with the exception of teaching concerning baptism, the writings were exactly like those of a romance written by one Spalding. His manuscript was left in a printing-office to which Sidney Rigdon, an accomplice of the said Smith, had access. Candid citizens of Palmyra seriously doubted the story of the gold plates. As to the hole itself, some twenty-eight years ago we examined it, and saw nothing very mysterious about it.

Seven miles from Palmyra in a more westerly direction is the town of Hydesville, the former residence of the Fox family. It was at their house, March 25, 1848, that the modern spirit rappings commenced. In the humble village of Victor, about sixteen miles south-west of Palmyra, is the birthplace of the writer.

On we glide, passing the foot of Cayuga Lake on our right, and the blue Oneida on the left. As we hear the names, Cayuga, Oneida, and Onondaga, we think of the tribes of Indians whose canoes once glided undisturbed over the waters of these lakes which still bear their names.

But what is this at our left? It looks much like a city of huts some six feet high. Oh! we are nearing Syracuse, and our imaginary city is the Salina salt-works near Lake Onondaga. The waters of this lake are fresh, but by boring around it, salt water flows up in great abundance. The huts we saw are covers to vats in which the waters are dried down to salt.

Leaving Syracuse, we soon pass Rome and Utica on our way down the fertile and beautiful valley of the Mohawk to Troy. Here our train is passed over the Hudson River, and a short ride takes us out of the "Empire State" into Massachusetts. For many years the mountain ranges of western Massachusetts have been an obstacle in the line of railroad travel from Troy to Boston. Trains have been obliged to slowly climb one side of the mountains, and as slowly descend on the other side. Some forty years ago a project was started for tunneling the mountains. Amid many difficulties and hinderances, this work has gone forward until Hoosac Tunnel, more than four miles in length, is completed. Now we are in the tunnel—rocks beneath us, rocks at our sides, and mountains hun-

dreds of feet above us. Occasionally there is a shaft or opening to the top of the mountain for escape of smoke and steam. As for seeing, a tunnel is a place of darkness, and not much seeing to be done, except by aid of lights on our train.

After passing through this tunnel, a few hours' ride brings us to the city of Boston. Here, sea breezes again greet us, and we look out upon the broad expanse of the Atlantic. We have crossed the Continent of America. We are about 3,400 miles from San Francisco. Our journey "from sea to sea" is ended. As we stop in this vicinity a few days before crossing the Atlantic Ocean, we will, in our next, make notes of some points of interest on the Atlantic coast.

J. N. L.

LIFE AND DEATH OF OUR SAVIOUR.



EVER did the sun shine upon a more beautiful scene than that among the Judean hills the morning of our Saviour's birth. More than eighteen hundred years have passed, yet, in imagination, we can see the infant Saviour cradled in a manger, while *savants* bow before him, worshipping and offering gifts.

Years come and go, and we follow Jesus through his boyhood days, through youth, and up to manhood's estate. He was obedient, kind, and loving,—always the perfect pattern.

While engaged in his public ministry, his great heart of pity was touched by human woe, and his hand was ever outstretched to relieve suffering humanity. The apostle says that he had compassion on the people, "because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." What joy it gave him to see the sick rise up glad and healed at his word; to open the blind eyes to the pleasant world—the deaf ears to the sweet sound of human voices! How ready Christ was to give help and comfort to all who needed it! No one—wayside beggar or loathsome leper—was too poor or miserable for him to care for. See him take, amid cold and frowning faces, the little children on his knee and bless them! What words of forgiveness and consolation, of promise and joy, he spoke to the sinning and sorrowing, to the bruised and broken-hearted,—such words as man had never spoken, as man could never speak!

But the time has come when he is to seal his ministry with his blood. The last supper is eaten with his disciples, and, singing a hymn, they go out. Let us follow. Tread softly now, for we are in the garden of Gethsemane. See the Saviour bowed in agony under a load of sin! Whose sins? The sins of the whole world. Your sins, reader, and mine, were laid upon him who knew no sin.

The betrayal and the mock trial are over; the sentence has been passed,—Jesus is to be crucified! Still we follow him. With

weary feet he toils up Calvary. Now he hangs upon the cross,—the PRINCE of glory, the great COMMANDER in Heaven. We turn away; we cannot look; our hearts are sad, and our eyes are full of tears. The sun veils his face, refusing to look upon the scene.

But listen! Hear the Saviour's dear voice: "It is finished." The plan of salvation is complete,—he has died to redeem man. Oh, the matchless depths of a Saviour's love!

V. A. M.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

FOURTH Sabbath in April.

LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

LESSON LXVIII.—REVIEW OF LESSONS LXV-LXVII.

1. TELL how Elisha became the servant of Elijah.
2. What Syrian king made war against Ahab?
3. Describe his army.
4. What message did the Lord send to Ahab?
5. Describe the battle that followed.
6. What did the Syrians think was the cause of their defeat?
7. In what way did they think to overcome the Israelites?
8. When did they again come up to battle?
9. What message did the Lord send Ahab at this time?
10. What was the result of the battle?
11. How did Ahab displease God in his dealings with Ben-hadad?
12. Tell how Ahab tried to obtain Naboth's vineyard.
13. Why did Naboth refuse to let him have it?
14. How did the king bear his disappointment?
15. What reproof did his wife give him?
16. How did she try to comfort him?
17. How did she obtain the vineyard for her husband?
18. How did the Lord show his displeasure at such wickedness?
19. Why did the Lord defer Ahab's punishment?
20. Tell how Ahab was killed.
21. How were the prophet's words fulfilled in regard to the death of Ahab?
22. Who ruled the kingdom next after Ahab?
23. Describe the course of Ahaziah.
24. What led Ahaziah to send messengers to the god of Ekron?
25. What did Elijah say to the messengers?
26. In what way did the king try to bring Elijah to Samaria?
27. What then took place to show the weakness of men and the power of God?
28. In what way did the captain have to approach Elijah before the Lord would allow the prophet to be taken to the king?

BIBLE LESSONS FOR YOUTH.

LESSON XCIV.—THE DECLINE OF THE BABYLONIAN EMPIRE.

1. ACCORDING to tradition, who ruled the kingdom during Nebuchadnezzar's insanity?
2. How was he punished for reigning so badly?
3. What acquaintance did he form while in prison?
4. How long did Nebuchadnezzar reign after his illness?
5. By whom was he then succeeded?
6. How long did this bad king reign?
7. For what kind deed may we give him credit? 2 Kings 25: 27-30.
8. Who was the last of the Babylonian kings?
9. What revelation did the Lord make to Daniel during the first year of Belshazzar's reign? Dan. 7.
10. By what symbols were these kingdoms represented in a vision given him two years later? Dan. 8.

11. What were brought out in these visions?
12. How does it appear that Daniel must have retired to private life after the death of Nebuchadnezzar? Dan. 5: 1-12.
13. When Daniel was called in to interpret the inscription, what did he first do? Dan. 5: 18-21.
14. What reproof did he then give Belshazzar? Verses 22, 23.
15. What did the interpretation of the handwriting on the wall show?
16. What significant words does the Sacred Record then add? Verses 30, 31.
17. What was going on at the very time when Belshazzar and his lords were indulging in feasting and drunkenness?
18. Who took charge of conquered Babylon?
19. What did Cyrus do?
20. Whom did Darius set over the kingdom? Dan. 6: 1, 2.
21. What awakened the envy of these presidents and princes? Verse 3.
22. What plan did they lay for the destruction of Daniel? Verses 4-9.
23. How did Daniel heed this decree? Vs. 10.
24. How was he punished for such contempt of the king's authority? Verses 11-17.
25. How was he kept from harm? Verses 21-23.
26. What became of his accusers? Verse 24.
27. What decree did the king then issue? Verse 26.
28. What acknowledgment did he make?

SYNOPSIS.

There is a tradition that during the insanity of Nebuchadnezzar, his son Evil-merodach ruled the empire, but did it so badly that Nebuchadnezzar, on regaining the throne, threw him into prison. Here he became acquainted with Jehoiachin, who was now in the thirty-seventh year of his imprisonment.

Nebuchadnezzar, after recovering from his illness, seems to have reigned only about a year, when he died, leaving the throne to Evil-merodach, who, although a wicked king, was kind to Jehoiachin, releasing him from prison, and giving him a high place in the kingdom. After reigning two years, Evil-merodach is said to have been succeeded by his brother-in-law Neriglissar.

This part of Babylonian history is involved in so much obscurity that it is hardly safe to make positive statements in regard to it. A recent writer says: "Neriglissar was slain in a battle gained by Cyrus, and succeeded by his son Laborosoarchod. This prince, being assassinated after a profligate reign of nine months, was succeeded by Nabonadius, or Belshazzar, who reigned seventeen years."

In the first year of Belshazzar, Daniel had a vision, in which he saw four beasts coming up out of the sea. These were said to denote the four great leading kingdoms of the earth, of which the Babylonian was the first.

In the third year of Belshazzar, Daniel had another vision, in which Medo-Persia was represented by a ram; Grecia, by a goat; and Rome, by a horn.

In these visions further particulars were brought out in the grand outline of history introduced in Nebuchadnezzar's dream.

It seems that after the death of Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel must have retired to private life; for at the impious feast of Belshazzar, when the handwriting appeared on the wall, and none of the wise men of the court could interpret it, the queen—probably the widow of Nebuchadnezzar, and grandmother of Belshazzar—speaks of Daniel as one entirely unknown to the king.

Having been called to interpret the mysterious inscription on the wall, Daniel first recounted the experiences of Nebuchadnezzar, and then sharply reproved Belshazzar for not heeding the warnings thus afforded, for drinking wine in the sacred vessels of the temple, and for exalting false gods instead of the God of Heaven.

The interpretation of the handwriting on the wall showed that the time had come for the

complete overthrow of the Babylonian empire. The Sacred Record adds these significant words: "In that night was Belshazzar king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom."

It appears that at the very time when Belshazzar and his lords were indulging in feasting and drunkenness, the Medo-Persian army, under command of Cyrus, was entering the city through the dry bed of the river, and the gates which had been carelessly left open.

Darius the Mede was uncle to Cyrus, and took charge of the kingdom, while the youthful hero, in command of the army, pushed westward to new conquests.

Darius set over the kingdom a hundred and twenty princes; and over these, three presidents, of whom Daniel was first. Daniel's promotion caused the presidents and princes to be envious; and failing to find any fault in the administration of the government, they got the king to sign a decree that whosoever should ask any petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of the king, should be cast into the den of lions.

But Daniel, in total disregard of the decree, prayed to the God of Heaven three times a day at his open window. For this he was cast into the lions' den, but God sent an angel to protect him, so that he received no harm. By the king's order, Daniel's accusers were then cast into the same den, and immediately destroyed by the lions. Then Darius made a decree that in every part of his dominion, men should tremble and fear before the God of Daniel, at the same time declaring him to be the living God, whose kingdom should continue forever.

G. H. BELL.

MEMORY A COPYING TABLET.

THE memory is one of the best of copying tablets. From the very best of the "multi-graphs" only from fifty to one hundred copies can be taken from a single writing; but from a single lesson, well impressed upon the memory—what numberless times it is capable of being reproduced! The teacher in the Sabbath-school, if he does his work faithfully, is instructing a larger circle than the little ones who gather round him every Sabbath. Some one taught Luther a lesson—how many times he taught that same lesson to others! The copies taken from the gelatine tablet at last grow dim and illegible—the more that are taken from the memory, the brighter they become.

In preparing the writing for the common tablet, great care is taken to have every line clear and distinct. All of the imperfections of the original are shown in the copies taken therefrom. So, likewise, it is with the lessons taught by workers in the Sabbath-school. The more preparation, the clearer and better is the impression. Only a peculiar sort of ink can be used for the writing to be copied from the gelatine—otherwise the greatest of pains taken in making the writing is utterly useless. So, also, it would seem to be in the teaching of a lesson. No amount of intellectual preparation is alone sufficient. To make the impression enduring,—such as from it can be taken other impressions,—prayer, faith, and love are necessary. With them can be written lessons on the receptive tablets of the minds of the children that shall never fade out, and that shall be reprinted upon thousands of others.—*National Teacher.*

THE manna fell nowhere but in the camp of Israel. They who in the march tarried and became separated from the camp, obtained no manna. They only who followed Christ were miraculously fed by him. So, apart from Christ and his church there is found no bread of life.

CINNAMON TREES.

THE cinnamon tree, whose bark yields the spice so named, grows in India, but specially flourishes in the island of Ceylon. Bishop Heber in his Journal writes: "In the afternoon we drove through the far-famed cinnamon gardens, which cover upwards of seventeen thousand acres of land on the coast, the largest of which are near Colombo. The plant thrives best in a poor, sandy soil, in a damp atmosphere; it grows wild in the woods to the size of a large apple-tree; but when cultivated is never allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet in height, each plant standing separate. The leaf is something like that of the laurel in shape, but of a lighter color; when it first shoots out it is red, and changes gradually to green. It is now out of blossom; but I am told that the flower is white, and appears, when in full bloom, to cover the garden.

"After hearing so much of the 'spicy gales' from the island, I was much disappointed at not being able to discover any scent, at least from the plants, in passing through the gardens; there is a very fragrant smelling flower growing under them, which at first led us into the belief that we smelt the cinnamon, but we were soon undeceived. On pulling off a leaf or a twig, one perceives the spicy odor very strongly; but I was surprised to hear that the flower has little or none.

"The manager of the cinnamon gardens good-naturedly sent some of the cinnamon-peelers to us, that we might see the way in which the spice is prepared. They brought with them branches of about three feet in length, of which they scraped off the bark with knives, and then, with a peculiar-shaped instrument, stripped off the inner rind in long slips; these are tied up in bundles, and placed to dry in the sun, and the wood is sold for fuel."

HOW BOYS' MARBLES ARE MADE.

ALMOST all the "marbles" with which boys everywhere amuse themselves, in season and out of season, on sidewalks and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle" with. The stone is broken into small cubes, by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bedstone, having its surface grooved with concentrate furrows; above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bedstone where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a half bushel of good marbles ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 160,000 marbles per week. The very hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat similar, however, to the other.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

SPRING-TIME.



HE Spring has come," chirped the dear little birds

As they opened their drowsy eyes, And shook out the fans in their pretty tails,

And turned up their heads to the skies.

"'Tis time now to look for a place to build"—

So Robin engaged an elm-tree.

The black Crow she spoke for a tall pine's top,

Where high in the world she might be.

The Sparrow took lease of an old ox-track With grasses to thatch it all o'er.

"I like a low cottage," she said to herself,— "With a daisy to nod by the door."

The Swallow she fancied the corner lot Of the barn, 'neath the sloping eaves; The Oriole sought for a graceful twig, Where her cradle could rock with the breeze.

"The Spring has come," said each little flower As she stirred in her damp, brown bed; First Snowdrop peeped in her neat white cap, Then modestly hung down her head.

"Do I hear Sir Robin?" said Crocus white, "Then I'm certainly late," cried she; And popped out her head from under the clothes, And looked straight into the tree.

The May-Flower woke, and she drew from the moss On which she had pillowed her head, Her small waxen phials of odorous sweets To perfume her soft, lowly bed.

"'Tis darksome down here," moaned Violet blue; But when she crept out to the sky, She had to slip back just behind a green leaf, 'Twas so bright for her tender young eye.

"These rich, golden beams," said Buttercup gay, "I will take to my dairy brown, And churn them and pat them in bright little balls, The green of my young buds to crown."

"Oh, there is a bee!" cried Miss Clover, so red, "He's buzzing because I'm not up;" So she sprang into sight with her sweet honey jars, And asked Mr. Bee in to sup.

A busy time is this fresh, bright Spring For Birdie and Bee and for Flowers; There's work for each in its own little world, And joy just the same as in ours.

—St. Nicholas.

"FOR ME."

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight, neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.—*The Morning Light.*

LETTER BUDGET.

WESTPORT, MINN.

DEAR EDITORS: I am a little girl ten years old. Papa, mamma, sister, and I all keep first day. They, that is, papa and mamma, are United Brethren. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much. I don't take it, but my sister does. We have a large day-school. I am trying to learn my lessons, that I may be a good scholar. This is my first letter.

NETTIE SHAW.

WAKEMAN, OHIO.

DEAR EDITORS: I love the Lord and want to serve him. We have a Sabbath-school about a quarter of a mile from our house in the new church which is being built. The church is not finished yet, but it is quite a comfortable place for meetings. I like to read the "Budget," and when I go to school I lend the INSTRUCTOR to those of my schoolmates who do not take it. I am thirteen years old. I want to be a good girl and meet the INSTRUCTOR family in Heaven. Please pray for us here.

Yours in hope of eternal life,

EDITH A. SHEPHERD.

We have had many additions to the INSTRUCTOR family through its members lending their papers. Do not let the INSTRUCTORS lie idle, little friends, but keep them moving, that they may fulfill their mission,—to do good.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Is published weekly and monthly by the

S. D. A. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Terms always in advance.

Monthly Edition.—An eight-page illustrated monthly. 50 cents a year.

Weekly Edition.—A four-page weekly, especially adapted to the use of Sabbath-schools, containing each week Lessons for Children and Lessons for Youth.

Single copy, 75 cts. a year.
5 copies to one address, 60 cts. each.
10 copies and upwards to one address, 50 cts. each.

Address, Youth's Instructor, Battle Creek, Mich.
Or, Pacific Press, Oakland, Cal.