

# YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 30.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JANUARY 25, 1882.

NO. 4.

## THE FLAMING FOUNTAIN.

**T**HE State of Pennsylvania is famous for its vast mineral wealth. Mountains of coal furnish fuel for the country; mines of iron afford ore for the furnaces, and material for a thousand articles of necessity and comfort; and then vast fountains of oil, hidden in the earth, pour out their treasures to furnish light for millions of dwellings in all parts of the world. Sometimes, instead of oil, gases burst forth from the earth, furnishing illumination enough for the entire region.

In the town of Kane, on the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, near the Philadelphia and Erie Railway, there are noted sulphur and iron springs. Here, in the spring of 1878, a well was sunk more than two thousand feet into the mountain, which, though failing to strike oil, opened veins of oil gas, enough to light a city. The well was finally abandoned, and the casings used in boring pulled out, when the hole rapidly filled with water, which poured in until the imprisoned gas accumulated beneath in sufficient quantities to lift the column of water over a third of a mile deep, when it blew the water out in a volume of spray over the top of the well.

From that time this process has been going on; and at intervals of from six to ten minutes this vast body of gas, spray, and water, is blown out into the air in a column a hundred feet high. Sometimes the gas is set on fire, and the flame and spray intermingling, produce most beautiful rainbows in the night.

In the winter the water freezes, and after weeks of cold weather the frozen foam stands in a mass more than a hundred feet high, sparkling in the sunshine, a most magnificent spectacle, bright with a light that seems to remind one of the jasper walls of the city of God, the New Jerusalem.

NOTHING is troublesome that we do willingly.



THE FLAMING FOUNTAIN.

## DR. ISAAC WATTS.

THIS illustrious man was born in the town of Southampton, England, in the year 1674. His father, also named Isaac, was the master of a very flourishing boarding-school in that town. This school had such a reputation that gentlemen's sons were sent there from America and the West Indies, to be educated. The father was a pious, exemplary Christian, an honorable deacon of the church known as Protestant Dissenters, and was more than once imprisoned for non-conformity, or because he did not think it right to conform to all the rules and usages of the Established Church of England.

At a very early age the little Isaac began to show that fondness for learning for which he was afterward so distinguished. When only four years old, his father commenced to teach him Latin, and the child made such progress as to delight his friends and become the wonder and admiration of the neighborhood. At the age of sixteen he was sent to London for better educational advantages; and in his nineteenth year he professed religion, and became a member of the church under the care of Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe, his tutor. He soon became distinguished for his religious fervor; and something more than a year after his profession, having finished his academical studies, he returned to his father's house at Southampton, where he spent the next two years in reading, meditation, and prayer. This he did, as he himself says, to acquire ampler knowledge, and to prepare for that work to which he was determined to devote his life, and the importance of which greatly affected his mind. It scarcely need be said that this work was that of the gospel ministry.

At the end of this time, not yet feeling prepared for his work, Mr. Watts went to make it his home in the family of a gentleman near London, where he stayed for two or three years, acting as tutor to the two sons. Though thus employed, he did not cease his own studies, for not only did

he make further improvement in those which he taught, but he steadily applied himself to reading the Scriptures in the original tongues, and to a close study of all the best commentators, critical and practical.

On his twenty-fourth birthday Mr. Watts commenced the work to which he had so long looked forward, by preaching his first sermon. The same year, he was chosen assistant to the pastor of a church in London. His public labors met with much appreciation, and so great was his zeal in preaching the gospel that he brought on a severe illness, which kept him from his work for six

months. But this did not discourage him, and as soon as he was able, he returned to his delightful labors with all his old fervor. He was soon called to the place of first pastor in the church where he had been an assistant, and this to the great joy of the people whom he served.

This good and great man, for such he truly was, cultivated every kind of learning, and is said to have been the most thorough scholar of his age. In the year 1728 the universities both of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in a most respectful manner, and without his knowledge, conferred on Mr. Watts the degree of doctor of divinity. He is said to have been remarkable for his quiet ease in the pulpit; and such was the beauty and propriety of his language, combined with an unaffected earnestness and solemnity of manner in speaking, that he had always a large and interested congregation.

With all his other labors, Dr. Watts was not idle as a writer. His prose works are various, and of a superior style both of thought and expression. One especially, entitled, "On the Improvement of the Mind," should be read by every young person in the land. But Mr. Watts is best known by his poetical writings, which are numerous, and possess much real merit. His hymns are still sung the world over, and seem never to weary or grow old. Though his writings were enthusiastically received by the people of his time, he himself always put a very low estimate on his work, ever speaking of it in the humblest, most modest way.

The Doctor was of a feeble constitution, and suffered much from ill health throughout his whole life, yet he lived to the ripe age of seventy-four. In his last illness he proved the excellence of his principles and the greatness of his piety by his patience and serenity of mind, and by the calmness and even satisfaction with which he looked forward to death. E. B.

### IS YOUR NAME WRITTEN?

WERE you ever in a large manufacturing establishment on pay day? What long lines of expectant faces! What eager interest to see if the pay is "all right"! Here and there are some who receive no such welcome reward. They did not work here last month, and their names are not on the pay roll.

Come with me to the town of B—. It is pay day in the large box factory. What bright, fresh faces, and eager, expectant looks! Here is a young lady who is going home to-day or to-morrow, and she is waiting with the rest for her pay. But no pay comes. Others receive their money and go gladly away, but her face wears an anxious expression. "Why am I not paid?" "No such name on the list." And disappointed, she goes home without her money. To be sure, it is only a mistake that will be rectified next week, but one does not like such mistakes.

"Mother, I did not get my pay?"

"Why, daughter, how is that?"

"Oh, it was only a mistake. He did not put my name on the list. It will be all right next week."

"All right"! but it brings thoughts of sadness to the mother's heart as she remembers that other pay roll, that other book, and her daughter's name "not on the list." No mistakes in that book, and mother knows it, and daughter knows it, and yet the name "not on the list."

Dear reader, is your name enrolled? "Is it on the list"? Can you with others "rejoice, because your names are written in heaven"? How sad to be left out when "pay-day" comes, and "no mistake"? Don't wait another day before having your name enrolled. Soon "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem," shall be seen "coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." "And there

shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—*W. A. B.*

ONLY a word—but the work that it wrought  
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;  
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,  
And the life bore fruit a hundred-fold.

### HINTS TO GIRLS.

GIVE your best sympathy. There is no greater human power than the tenderness of woman. If you can minister to some one in sickness, lessen somebody's distress, or put a flower in some poor home, you have done a thing you will always be glad to think of. You will be remembered; and a woman asks no grander monument than to live in hearts.

Not far from my home was the plain cottage of an Irish woman and her only son, a brave young fellow, dying of consumption contracted in the war. One day, in my visit to him, I carried him some lovely red roses. The next time I went, the mother said, "He never let the roses go out of his hand, miss. He held 'em when he died, and the last he ever said was, 'Give my blessin' to the young lady for bringin' the flowers.'" And the desolate mother buried them with him, as the most precious thing he possessed. The blessing of that poor Irish youth will always be a pleasant memory.

Be gentle. Strength of character and sweetness of disposition are in nowise incompatible. Doubtless, the most winsome nature on earth is that which combines the naturalness and dependence of a child with the strength of a true woman. There are people whose touch is balm to us; restful persons, whose companionship is a benediction, who draw out the best of our natures, whose presence we may scarcely note, but whose absence creates a void which the heart hungers to have filled.

The remembrance of a tender word will last long after you are in your grave. A little ragged boot-black fell on the icy streets of Chicago one winter's day. A cheery young lady passing, said, as she helped him up, "Did you hurt yourself?" His whole face beamed as, after her departure, he said to his companions, "I'd like to fall a dozen times if I could have her pick me up like that."

A harsh voice in a woman is like a discord in the sweetest music. One can easily get into complaining and dissatisfied tones. Have a sunny face; and nothing will do this save genuine kindness in the heart. Every girl ought to try to make it possible to say of her, "She brightens every life she touches." If you never do aught else in life, bring sunshine into every heart you meet.—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

### A CURIOUS PLACE FOR A NEST.

THE old clock in the tower of the First Presbyterian Church, Newark, has not been giving correct time lately. Charles Freeman, employed by the common council to regulate the town clocks, was puzzled by the antics of the ancient time-piece, and when it came to a stop recently, he decided to give it a thorough examination. In the wheels he found a tangled mass of hay, twine, grass, cotton, and feathers, amounting to nearly half a peck. A pair of birds had entered the tower through a hole in the dial, and attempted to build a nest in the machinery of the clock. The slow revolution of the wheels tore their work to pieces, but they kept on reconstructing it until they stopped the wheels.—*Little Gem.*

No man is greater than his ideal man.

### FLORENCE'S MISTAKE.

It was Sabbath morning, and she was standing before the glass, tying the ends of her lovely new sash; and Carrie leaned on her elbows, and watched her for a minute, and wished that she was a little more like Florence. She was pretty and bright, and everybody admired her. This very morning she was going to do something so nice. In the next square was a new family, just moved in; Florence had already become acquainted with Weston, the fifteen-year-old son, and invited him to attend Sabbath-school, and he had laughed, and declared that he did n't go to Sabbath-school very often; but at last had agreed to call, and be shown the way to church by Florence.

"I do n't believe they are people who go to church much," Florence had said, as she drew on her long mitts with a pleased air; "but I should n't be surprised if I could get him into the habit of going." And then Carrie had sighed, and wished that she could do something; here she had to stay poked in the house this beautiful day, because she had a sore throat. Just then the door-bell rang, and Master Weston's voice was heard in the hall. Then was Florence in a flutter. "Dear me! there he is, and it is time we were off. Where is my handkerchief? Carrie, have n't you seen my handkerchief? You certainly must have taken it; I laid it right here. I do wish you would let my things alone! Mamma, have you seen my 'Quarterly'? I thought it was on the table; where can it be? Oh dear me, mamma, I should think you might help me find it. I hate to be late. Oh, never mind my money! I can take it next time. Mamma, please do n't keep me waiting to get it; I shan't go at all, if I have to wait much longer. Carrie Marshall, I know you tucked my handkerchief somewhere. Mamma, won't you please let me go this minute? You seem to just want to make me late. I do n't care if my hair is too low down; it is just the way all the girls wear it. I would n't have it flying around my face in the wild way that Carrie does, for anything. Carrie, hand me that book, quick! I shall go distracted!" Then I rejoice to tell you that she went out of the room, tripped down the stairs, and was off.

Her invalid mother drew a relieved sigh. "I wish Florence were not such an excitable girl," she said, as she moved about picking up many things that the young miss in her hurry had sent flying hither and thither. "If she were a little more like you, dear, in some things, I should be glad." Meantime Florence was tripping along beside her new friend, as bright as the morning itself.

She told him about their nice Sabbath-school, what a pleasant superintendent they had, and what a "perfectly splendid" teacher. She told him about the young people's prayer-meeting, and asked him to attend; and with sweetness and skill she brought her question around until she asked him if he were a Christian. And she said, earnestly, "I am so sorry," when he told her, "no!" Then she said a few sweet, earnest words that ought to have done him good, and she wondered in her heart why he was simply polite in return, showing not the slightest interest in the subject. If she could have looked into his heart, she would have found just this: "I wonder what this dainty little miss in her pretty hat and her frizzes would say if she knew I waited for her in the hall while she left her door open and talked to her mother and 'Carrie'—whoever she is. The talk I heard then and the talk I am hearing now do n't match. How am I to know which she means?"

Poor Florence! Her thoughtless, disrespectful words at home that morning had spoiled the influence of her work abroad! And the worst of it was, she was so used to being careless in this matter that she did n't suspect it.—*The Pansy.*

## The Sabbath-School.

FIRST Sabbath in February.

### SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

#### LESSON 53.—VISIT TO CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

ABOUT this time Jesus, with his disciples, left the people on the west side of the lake, and entering a boat, again went over to the east side. "Now the disciples had forgotten to take bread, neither had they in the ship with them more than one loaf." And as they were on the way over, Jesus charged them, saying, "Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the leaven of Herod. And they reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have no bread. And when Jesus knew it, he said unto them, Why reason ye, because ye have no bread? perceive ye not yet, neither understand? have ye your heart yet hardened? Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember? when I brake the five loaves among five thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? They said unto him, Twelve. And when the seven among four thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? And they said, Seven." He then asked them if they did not yet understand that he spake not to them of the leaven of bread, but meant to warn them against the false doctrines of the Pharisees.

And when they had come to the other side of the sea, to Betsaida, the people brought a blind man to Jesus, and begged him to heal him. "And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when he had spit on his eyes, and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw aught. And he looked up and said, I see men as trees walking. After that, he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up; and he was restored, and saw every man clearly. And he sent him away to his house, saying, Neither go into the town, nor tell it to any in the town."

On leaving Betsaida, Jesus and his disciples went north into the region of Cæsarea Philippi. And while they were on the way, he asked his disciples, saying, "Whom do men say that I am? And he answered, John the Baptist; but some say Elias, and others, One of the prophets. And he said unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Peter answered and said unto him, Thou art the Christ." He then charged them that they should tell no man of him, that he was the Christ.

And he began to teach his disciples "that the Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and the scribes, and be killed, and after three days, rise again." And when he had called the people unto him, with his disciples also, he said unto them: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it. For what is a man advantaged [profited], if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away? For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels. But I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the kingdom of God."

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Where did Jesus and his disciples go soon after he had the talk with the Pharisees who came desiring to tempt him? Mark 8:13.
2. What did Jesus charge them as they were on their way across the sea?
3. Of what neglect did the disciples think he meant to reprove them by these words?
4. When Jesus knew that they reasoned thus among themselves, what did he say to them? Verse 17.
5. Of what miracles did he remind them, to show them that he was able to supply the want of bread?
6. Against what did he mean to warn them in his words about the leaven? Matt. 16:11, 12.
7. As they came to the other side of the sea, to Betsaida, who was brought to Jesus? Mark 8:22.
8. What did the friends of the blind man beg the Saviour to do for him?
9. Where did Jesus take him?
10. What did he do to him?

11. What was the result of this?
12. What did Jesus say to the man who had been blind, as he sent him away?
13. Where did Jesus and his disciples go from Betsaida? Verse 27.
14. In what direction would they have to travel to go to Cæsarea Philippi?
15. What did Jesus ask the disciples as they were on their way there?
16. How did they answer him?
17. What pointed question did he then ask them? Verse 29.
18. How did Peter reply?
19. What did Jesus then charge the disciples?
20. Why did not he want the people told that he was the Christ?—*Perhaps he was afraid that they would again try to make him king.*
21. While on this journey, what did Jesus begin to teach his disciples? Verse 31.
22. What did he say to them and the people about the duty of those who would follow him? Luke 9:23.
23. What did he say about losing and saving life?
24. By what question did he show the small value of the things of this world, when compared with eternal life? Verse 25.
25. What did he say about those who should be ashamed of him and his words?
26. What did he say of some of those who stood by?
27. Did he mean by this that they were really to live till he came the second time?—*He only meant that some of them, three of the disciples, were to see the transfiguration, which took place a few days afterward.*

#### NOTE.

Cæsarea Philippi was a town situated at the foot of Mt. Hermon. In the days of Christ it was a beautiful and prosperous city. Parts of the town still remain; it is now known as *Panias*, or *Banias*, and contains about two hundred houses. Here is the chief source of the Jordan; and as of old, the silvery clear stream still bursts from a cave at the foot of the mountain.

### NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

#### LESSON 66.—REVIEW.

1. At what different times did our Lord teach his disciples how to pray?
2. By what parable did he teach them to be persistent in prayer?
3. By what promises did he encourage faith in prayer?
4. How did he show the willingness of our Heavenly Father to bestow his Spirit upon those who ask him?
5. What astonished a Pharisee with whom Jesus sat down to eat?
6. What reproof did our Lord then administer to the Pharisees?
7. How did their custom of tithing show their lack of judgment and sincerity?
8. How did they manifest their pride?
9. How did they seek the applause of men?
10. What warning did Jesus give his disciples?
11. How did he teach them humility?
12. By what figure did he illustrate the character of the Pharisees?
13. What complaint did one of the lawyers make?
14. What reproof did this call forth?
15. How had these expounders of the law hindered others from learning the truth?
16. How did this generation bring upon themselves the guilt of slaying all the martyrs from Abel down to their own time?
17. How did Jesus mourn over Jerusalem?
18. What doom did he pronounce upon it?
19. How did Jesus condemn the proselyting spirit of the scribes and Pharisees?
20. By what sayings did they manifest their want of good sense in spiritual things?
21. What did Jesus say to his disciples about the influence of the Pharisees?
22. How did he encourage his disciples to boldness of speech?
23. What assurance of heavenly protection was given them?
24. What was said about confessing Christ before men?
25. What was said about receiving him?
26. What encouragement was given for being kind toward the people of God?

27. What did Jesus say his disciples would have to suffer from men?
28. What instruction was given them for such times of peril?
29. By what parable did our Lord show how unwise it is to set the heart on the things of this world?
30. What led him to give this parable?
31. After relating the parable, by what words did he enforce the lesson it teaches?
32. What further illustrations did he give?
33. What admonitions did he then give?
34. What did he say to inspire courage and hope?
35. Where is the only safe place to lay up treasure?
36. How may this be done?
37. Why does it become of the greatest importance that our treasure should be in the right place?
38. How did Jesus admonish his followers to be watchful?
39. What promise is made to all who will be thus vigilant?
40. By what further considerations does he urge to the utmost diligence?

### CONSTITUTION OF STATE ASSOCIATIONS.

THE following is a copy of the State Constitution as revised in obedience to the resolution passed at the late annual meeting. We now give it room, as several have requested its publication.

#### ARTICLE I.—NAME.

This Society shall be known as the ——— Sabbath-school Association of Seventh-day Adventists.

#### ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

This Association shall be composed of all the members of such Sabbath-schools as shall report quarterly to the Secretary.

#### ARTICLE III.—REPRESENTATION.

This Association shall be represented by all the members of Sabbath-schools within its limits who may be present at any regular meeting.

#### ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

The officers of this Association shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, and an Executive Board of five, of which the President and Vice-President shall be members. These officers shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Association.

#### ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF PRESIDENT.

The duties of the President shall be to preside at all the meetings of the Association and of the Executive Board, and to call special meetings thereof.

#### ARTICLE VI.—DUTIES OF SECRETARY.

SEC. 1. AS SECRETARY (1) He shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Association, and present a yearly summary of its workings at the annual meeting. (2) He shall attend the meetings of the Executive Board and keep a record of its proceedings. (3) He shall execute all the correspondence ordered by the Association and by the Executive Board.

SEC. 2. AS TREASURER.—He shall also act as treasurer of the Association, and shall receive and hold all moneys belonging to the Association, giving receipts therefor, and paying out the same as the Association or the Executive Board may direct.

#### ARTICLE VII.—DUTIES OF EXECUTIVE BOARD.

The functions of the Executive Board shall be: (1) To represent this Association when not in session assembled, and to execute all its recommendations and orders. (2) To assist, either personally or by authorized agents, in organizing and conducting Sabbath-schools and Sunday-schools in those places where an attendance can be secured, and where the truths of the Bible can be plainly taught. (3) To make all necessary provisions for rendering the sessions of the Association interesting and profitable; and in general, to labor to make our Sabbath-schools efficient in preparing their members to be fruitful members in the grand mission of the third angel's message.

#### ARTICLE VIII.—FUNDS.

The funds for defraying the expenses of this Association shall be obtained by contributions from the several schools in the State, and by individual donations.

#### ARTICLE IX.—AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution may be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the delegates present at any regular meeting.

## The Children's Corner.

### THE LITTLE SAILORS.

THEY were two droll little German children, Hans and Freda, and they lived near the great, beautiful sea that came tumbling up almost at their very door, and broke in a long line of white spray as far as the eye could reach. They loved it, just as you love the beautiful meadows all sprinkled with blue-eyed grass and daisies, and they listened while it talked to them, or sang them to sleep, as it often did on the sweet midsummer evenings, when the song was so low that it seemed only the faintest lullaby. Were they ever afraid? Oh, no; they would have laughed at the thought of fear, though sometimes when the wind was fierce and strong, they saw the mother's face grow pale, and knew that *she* was afraid; but then the father always came home, and brought plenty of fish with him, and though his coat would be drenched with rain, and his hands sometimes stiff from cold, he always smiled, and seemed content and happy; and how could the little ones know anything of the perils he had passed through?

As for Hans, he thought he was quite a sailor, for on two warm summer days he had been out in the boat with his father, and had sailed up and down over the beautiful crests of water until he was almost giddy with the strange sensation and excitement, scarcely to be called pleasure, and yet something very far from pain. His father laughed, and said he was a little sea-sick, but Hans forgot all about it when the boat was hauled up on the beach, and was never tired of telling Freda of the wonderful adventures he had passed through.

One day, when the father was off with the boat and the nets, and the beach was quite deserted, Hans proposed that he and his little sister, with one of their little mates, should go down to the shore to see if they could get any crabs. The mother was sick with a headache, and so they stole away very quietly, leaving her fast asleep. The boys carried a net and a large basket, as they expected to catch a great many crabs. Both of them knew how very well, and the mothers of the little crab-catchers never worried about them. They looked upon the sea as a sort of nurse for their little ones, who relieved them when they were tired, and was always ready to toss up shells or seaweed for the children to play with when there was no work to do.

So down to the shining beach the children ran, hand in hand, until they reached what they called their ship. This was the old, worn out, battered hull of a fishing boat, that was drawn up high out of reach of the waves, and in which, sometimes when the tide came creeping up, they would rock themselves and splash about in the water, making believe that, like father, they were really and truly going to sea.

They caught several crabs, but not near enough to fill the big basket they had brought, and then they tried to catch the floating seaweed, and pretended it was fish, and *such* a merry time as they had hauling it in. At last Freda grew tired, and the boys rocked the boat to amuse her, for the tide

was creeping up, up, slowly enough, it is true, but creeping very steadily all the same.

"Let's go on a voyage like father," said Hans; "let's go and catch fish—let's go out and meet him, and see who has the most. Let's go, I say."

Freda clapped her hands for joy.

"Sail away!" she said to Hans, and then they all began to rock, and dip their hands in the water.

But presently a little wave came stealing up softly, so softly, and it lifted the battered old hull, with the children in it, just as if it were a feather, and blew it gently out—out toward the open sea. At first the little girl laughed, and said it swung like a cradle; but then, as they rocked farther and farther away from the old mooring, Freda clasped her tiny hands and begged the boys to steer toward the shore. They were frightened



too, and took the handle of the crab net and put it down in the soft sand and tried to push the boat backward with all their might. But that only sent it farther out, and helped the little wave, which grew bigger and bigger, until it frightened them to see how tall it grew, and how it toppled over and dashed the spray all over them, and threatened to fill the boat. But what could they do with only a crab net against the great swelling sea? Up and down they went, up and down, just like the little song the mother used to sing to Freda when she was a baby,—

"Here we go up, up, up!"

And here we go down, down, downy!"

And then Hans felt like crying, too, for would his mother ever have any one to sing it to again? They had only been playing sail away, just as they had done a hundred times before, and how was he able to prevent it if the tide came up and carried them off? His mother had never forbidden their playing in the old boat, and he was so used to catching crabs that he never was afraid of any harm coming; and then he sat down in the bottom of the boat, and covered his face with his hands and cried bitterly. He knew his father never could find them, for it was almost night when he came home, and where would their boat be when the night fell?

"I know what mother does when she is afraid," sobbed Freda, "she always says her prayers. Don't cry any more."

So she folded her hands, and said "Now I lay me down to sleep," and Hans never smiled, for he thought he had never seen Freda look so pretty and sweet as she did kneeling in the bottom of the old boat, with her hands clasped and her eyes closed, as if she was resolved to shut out every other thought.

And all the time the boat kept rocking, rocking up and down, up and down, as if it was keeping time to the mother's old nursery song,—

"Here we go up, up, up!"

And here we go down, down, downy!"

It seemed strange, but after a little time the children were not afraid. They were only hungry, and the sun seemed to drop down into the sea very, very fast. And not a single living thing in sight, and after a time, not even a glimpse of the little brown cabin where mother lay asleep, knowing nothing of the children floating away before her very door.

It was almost nightfall when the father himself sailed homeward, and as he came nearer the shore, what did he see but the two little curly heads he loved best in the world bobbing about between the big waves.

"Halloo!" he said, and wiped his eyes, and looked again.

True enough it was Hans and Freda and their little playmate, and all were asleep, and the boat, he noticed, was filling fast.

"Halloo!" he said again, and this time there was something besides spray in his eyes, and for a moment he could hardly see. Then he used his two strong arms with a will, and in a very short time all were on shore.

"Freda said her prayers," explained Hans as they all stumbled through the sand up toward the brown house, in whose open door the mother stood anxiously watching.

But the father said never a word—only—only, I think, that night the father and the mother did not forget to say their prayers.—*Selected.*

### LETTER BUDGET.

A. R. Crenshaw writes from Peoria, Texas. The writer (we do not know whether a boy or girl) says: "I have not seen a letter from Texas, so I will try to write one. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much, and enjoy reading it. We go to Sabbath-school, and my sister and I are trying to get so we can tell the synopsis. I joined the church, and am trying to do the will of God. Pray for us."

Here is a nice letter, and we wish you might all see how well the little fellow has done in printing it. His name is Frank I. Phinisey, and he lives in Woodland, Mich. He writes: "Dear editor, my mamma says I may send you a little letter. I am six years old. I read in the First Reader, but I have never been to school. I have a little drum, and I think it makes nice music. I have a little sister sleeping in the ground. I go to Sabbath-school; and I try to be a good boy, so I can go to God's house when Jesus comes. Mamma helps me spell the big words. My kittie's name is Pearlie, and my sheep are named Eula and Siddy. I like the stories in the INSTRUCTOR."

Cora Myrtle Ross, under the date of Dec. 25, sends us a Christmas greeting, and though it is a little late for Christmas, we can still accept the good-will which prompted it. She says: "I will be eight years old in February. My brother and I go to school in Nevada City. We live one and a half miles from town. I have been to school two years, and am two schools above the baby school. When it rains, papa don't like to let me go so far. We go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, only when mamma goes, I stay home and take care of my three little brothers. Our Sabbath-school teacher has made all of her class a Christmas present of a book. I want to be good, so I can have a home in God's kingdom."

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Is published weekly by the

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

Miss EVA BELL, Editor.

The INSTRUCTOR is an illustrated four-page sheet, especially adapted to the use of Sabbath-schools. Terms always in advance.

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

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