

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE CHURCH SPIRE.

ALWAYS pointing upward, Millie;
When a robe of snow
Rests upon the slopes and meadows
Lying far below,
Or when summer sunsets, glowing,
Touch the vane with fire,
Or when bitter blasts are blowing,
Upward points the spire.

When the clouds are dark with thunder,
Still it points above,
Upward to the highest Heaven,
And the home of love;
While we toil, and faint, and sorrow,
Still it seems to tell,
Mutely, of a brighter morrow
When all will be well.

Always pointing upward, Millie,
To the world of light!
Lift the head, and raise the spirit
To that highest height;
Aching hearts may learn, in praising,
Love and fond desire,
Weary eyes grow bright by gazing
Up, above the spire. —Selected.

THE ALTAR ON CARMEL.

AFEW months ago we were in Palestine. Taking a steamer at Jaffa (the Joppa of the Bible), we went by night to Beirut, the beautiful city of Syria. Sitting on the deck in the twilight, we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of Mount Carmel, so renowned in Bible history,—“fruitful Carmel by the sea.” As its dim outline came out against the starry sky, we thought of the scenes which have made this mountain memorable; but chiefly of the events connected with the two great prophets, Elijah and Elisha.

On this mount took place that trial which brought backsliding Israel again to trust in Jehovah as the true and only God. Israel was governed by that wicked king, Ahab, who not only himself bowed the knee to Baal, but drew the people after him. Elijah's righteous soul was stirred within him, and believing that God would vindicate his own cause, he desired Ahab to send and gather all Israel unto him to Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, that in the presence of all the people it might be proved who was worthy to be trusted,—the false god in whom Ahab and his house believed, or the God of Israel.

Ahab commanded the people to assemble at Carmel, wondering, doubtless, what would be the end. Then Elijah, strong in his trust in the Lord, thus boldly addressed the waiting throng, “How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.”

He waited for a response, but the people, awestruck by his appearance, “answered him not a word.” Then continued the brave prophet, “I,

even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let two bullocks be brought, and let Baal's prophets choose one for themselves. Then let the bullock be cut in pieces and laid on the wood. I will take the remaining bullock, dress it, and lay it on

voice nor any that answered. From morning until the sun of noon poured upon them, they cried and leaped upon the altar, but all in vain. And then, as if to mock them in their extremity, Elijah, the Lord's prophet, said, “Cry out with a great voice, for your god is talking, or pursuing, or in a



the altar, but for neither altar shall fire be brought. When the altars and the sacrifices are prepared, let the priests of Baal call on the name of their god, and I will pray unto my God, and the god that answereth by fire, let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken.”

Then the priests of Baal, excited, and no doubt troubled, by such a challenge, began to prepare the victim for their altar. King Ahab and many of his people were there, anxious and expectant. All was at length ready. Then the false prophets fell upon their faces and called on their god to hear their cries, and to show his power; but there was no

journey, or perhaps he sleeps, and must be awaked.”

Thus taunted, they renewed their cries, and in their frenzy, as the heathen do now, cut themselves with knives and lancets until the blood gushed out upon them. The hot noontide passed, and the time of the evening sacrifice drew near, but no answer was sent to their despairing cries; and the proud prophets were forced to confess themselves vanquished. Then Elijah, outwardly calm, but with a strange light on his face, as if he had talked with God, came forward, and said unto all the people, “Draw near unto me;” and the waiting, wondering people needed no second bidding.

Elijah then took twelve stones, one for each of the tribes of Israel; and with the stones he built an altar. He next dug a trench in the earth about this altar; afterward he laid wood upon it, and upon the wood, the bullock. Then, calling unto those who stood about him, he said, "Fill four barrels with water, and pour it upon the burnt-sacrifice and upon the wood." This was quickly done. "Do it a second time," commanded Elijah; and then a third time he commanded that the barrels be filled, and the contents poured over the altar; so the wood was wet, and even the trench overflowed.

Elijah approached the altar, and lifting up his voice, said, "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again."

His prayer being ended, the people waited in silent awe for the answer, and they had not long to wait. The fire of the Lord fell, and consumed not only the sacrifice and the wood, but even the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. No wonder that when the people saw this great sight, they fell upon their faces, and cried out, "The Lord, he is the God! the Lord, he is the God!"

As we gazed upon Mount Carmel in the calm twilight of that night a few months ago, we longed for the time when in this same goodly land of Syria and upon excellent Mount Carmel the people now dwelling there might acknowledge the God of Elijah as their only King and Saviour.—*H. H. H., in S. S. Visitor.*

THE TIMID BOY.

SOME twenty years ago there lived in the northern part of Ohio a youth of tall and slender form, whose excessive bashfulness caused him many sad moments. His father was poor, and unable to give him those advantages of school and society that most of you enjoy at the present time; but he had a noble mind, which thirsted for knowledge, and led him to improve every means in his power for obtaining it.

I told you he was very bashful, and to illustrate this I will relate an incident that occurred when he was about seventeen years old. His uncle invited him one day to accompany him to a certain place, but did not say on what business he was going. When they arrived at their destination they found a number of teachers assembled for examination. "Come along with me," said his uncle, "and put down your name and join the class." After considerable urging, the young man consented, and wrote his name on the record, just under his uncle's.

Shortly after being seated in the class, some remark was made about their names and ages, and the number of terms each had taught. He began to think, "Did I put down anything but my name? I know I put down my name all right." Suddenly there flashed through his mind the conviction that the rest he had copied from his uncle's record: "Age, 40; number of terms taught, 30." His distress of mind was more terrible than any one but a shy and extremely sensitive boy of that age can well imagine. He, however, could not summon up courage enough to go and change the record; yet fearing it might be read before they were dismissed from the class, he prevailed upon his uncle to do it for him.

Unexpectedly, at the close of the examination he received a certificate; a school was also given him to teach; and from that day a new era in his life may be dated. His leisure hours out of school were devoted to study. His excessive bashfulness

he in a measure overcame; yet the modest and gentlemanly behaviour of this youth won for him many warm friends. His school was a success, many leaving their own schools in adjoining districts, to attend his. For several years he was engaged in teaching, and during this time he lost no opportunity for storing his mind with useful knowledge, gathering gems of wisdom as the miser does his gold,—first one shining treasure, then another added and hoarded, until he had gained quite a store of wealth.

Then the Lord called him to a higher work in life; and we find him proclaiming "good tidings" to the people, and bearing God's message of mercy to a fallen world. Many of you, no doubt, have listened to eloquent sermons from his lips, and read gems of truth from his pen; for this is no fancy sketch, and to-day hundreds welcome to their hearts and homes this truly great, though meek and humble, man of God.

If this brief history shall encourage some poor, timid soul to "go and do likewise," the design in writing it will have been accomplished.

MRS. R. WEATHERBY.

ONE LITTLE ACT.

I SAW a man, with tottering steps,
Come down a graveled walk one day;
The honored frost of many years
Upon his scattered, thin locks lay.
With trembling hand he strove to raise
The latch that held the little gate,
When rosy lips looked up and smiled,—
A silvery child-voice said, "Please wait."

A little girl ope'd wide the gate,
And held it till he passed quite through,
Then closed it, raising to his face
Her modest eyes of winsome blue.
"May Heaven bless you, little one,"
The old man said with tear-wet eyes:
"Such deeds of kindness to the old
Will be rewarded in the skies."

'T was such a little thing to do,—
A moment's time it took—no more;
And then the dancing, graceful feet
Had vanished through the school-room door.
And yet I'm sure the angels smiled,
And penned it down in words of gold;
'T is such a blessed thing to see
The young so thoughtful for the old.

—Selected.

NOTHING FINISHED.

I ONCE had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box, and what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a bead-purse about half done; there was, however, no prospect of its ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love—" but *what* she loved was left for me to conjecture. Beneath the Bible-lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot: but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needlebook, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear—" I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box I found not a single article completed; and, mute as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects,—all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect,—she was still a *useless* child—always doing, but never *accomplishing* her work. It was not a want of in-

dustry, but a want of *perseverance*. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we *mean* to do, but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by to see what men and women and little children *have done*.—*Children's Friend.*

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

WEEKLY, thousands of hearts and homes are made happy by the visits of this little sheet, as it comes freighted with valuable original articles, choice selections, and instructive Sabbath-school lessons. Whether old or young, who does not realize benefit mentally, and edification spiritually, if such are spiritually minded, by reading the INSTRUCTOR? And who that studies thoroughly the Sabbath-school lessons is not brought to love and adore more and more our dear Saviour, and to more highly appreciate his mission of mercy and self-sacrifice, as he went about doing good in this world of sin and rebellion?

Almost thirty years the INSTRUCTOR has been on its mission. I first saw a sample of one side of it printed on a page of the *Review* in 1852. Soon came the paper itself. And how eagerly were its contents perused. The little ones then said, "Now we have a paper of our own." By-and-by they began to express a wish that they might receive it oftener than monthly. They said, "It seems a long time to wait."

Now we have it weekly, and enlarged, with many instructive and pleasing pictorial illustrations, and the addition of the Sabbath-school lessons for the children, for the youth, and indeed for all, the old as well as the young. One brother with whitened hairs suggested that with propriety the INSTRUCTOR might now bear the name, "Youth's Instructor and Old Men's Guide," as it brings us the Sabbath-school lessons. The study of the lessons directs our minds to the word of God, the great source of light and truth. Here, too, is presented to mind our example of meekness. Here, too, is the promise, "The meek will he guide in judgment." David prays, "For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me." And again we read, "Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way."

Let us pray for the prosperity and for the continued and increasing success of this silent messenger, in helping both young and old on in the pathway of obedience. It is desirable that each one of its friends should do all they can to increase its circulation. And why should not more who so highly prize our paper enrich its pages with their pen? In this way the editor might be aided, and many hearts gladdened. And let us, as its instructive pages open before us from week to week, bear in mind that it survives many who have contributed to and read its valuable columns, and it may, and probably will, continue its mission when many of its present readers slumber in the dust. Is our hope in God? Are we Christians?

A. S. HUTCHINS.

"DID HE GET IN?"

LITTLE Charlie listened eagerly as his father read the third chapter of Revelation; but when he came to the twentieth verse,—"*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock,*"—he could not wait, but ran up to his father, eagerly asking, "Father, did he get in?"

I ask this question now: Has Christ got into your heart? Let him in now, and this will be the happiest day of your life.

WHEN the will is ready, the foot is light.

The Sabbath-School.

FIRST Sabbath in March.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

LESSON 57.—THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

WHEN Jesus and his disciples had come to Capernaum, the men who gathered money for the temple service, came to Peter, and said, "Doth not your Master pay tribute?" Peter said, "Yes;" and was about to pay the tax, when Jesus told him to go to the sea, and cast in a hook, and that the first fish he caught should have a piece of money in its mouth. With this piece of money Peter was to pay the tribute for his Master and for himself.

When Jesus and his disciples had come into a house, he asked them what they had been disputing about while they were on the way. The disciples were ashamed to answer him, for they had been contending about who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Then the Master sat down, and called the twelve about him, and said, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all." "And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

The disciples saw a man casting out devils in the name of Jesus, and they forbade him, because he did not go along with the company that followed Jesus. When John told his Master of this, Jesus said, "Forbid him not; for there is no man that shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part." He also told them that if any one should give his disciples even as much as a cup of cold water, because they belonged to Christ, he should be rewarded for it. Furthermore, he taught them to be careful not to give offense, or to do anything that might turn any of his disciples out of the right way. He showed that we ought to give up anything, no matter how dear, if it causes us to do wrong. This he explained by a figure, saying that it would be better to cut off the hand, or pluck out the eye, than to lose eternal life by keeping it.

Our dear Lord then taught that we should not despise those who are weak and easily led astray, but that we should rather go out of our way to help them, and lead them back. This he made plain by the following beautiful parable: "How think ye? if a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and go into the mountains, and seek that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine that went not astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." From this it appears that when we see any one doing wrong, it is our first duty to try to persuade him to turn from the wrong and do right. If the one we are trying to help will not be won by us, our Lord teaches that we should take one or two of his friends with us, hoping that they may enable him to see his error, and persuade him to reform. How much better this would be than to talk to others about his faults, and cause them to despise him.

After this, our Lord went on to give encouragement for meeting together to pray. If we unite in asking for anything that would really be a blessing to us, we may be sure of receiving it. Our Lord says, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

QUESTIONS.

1. Who came to Peter when Jesus and his disciples had entered Capernaum? Matt. 17 : 24.
2. What did they say to him?
3. How did he answer them?
4. What did his Master tell him to do, as he was about to give them the tribute money?
5. What was to be done with the money found in the fish's mouth?
6. When Jesus and his disciples had come into a house, what question did he ask them?

7. How did they feel about answering him?
8. Why did they feel so?
9. After sitting down, and calling the disciples about him, what did Jesus say to them? Mark 9 : 35.
10. What did our Lord then do? Matt. 18 : 2.
11. What did he say that all must do in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven?
12. Who did he say should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven?
13. What did he say about receiving one such humble person in the name of Jesus?
14. What did the disciples do when they saw a man casting out devils in the name of Jesus? Mark 9 : 38.
15. Why did they do this?
16. What did Jesus say when John told him of the affair?
17. What did he say of those who were not against him?
18. What did he say about kind offices to his disciples?
19. What did he teach about offenses?
20. What did he teach about giving up the things that hinder us in serving God?
21. By what figure did he set forth this truth?
22. What duty did he teach in regard to those who are weak, and easily led astray?
23. Relate the beautiful parable by which he set forth this duty. Matt. 18 : 12, 13.
24. What is our first duty to one who is doing wrong?
25. What ought we to do when the one we wish to help will not listen to us?
26. What very different course is sometimes taken?
27. For what did our Lord give encouragement?
28. Of what may we be sure?
29. What promise does Jesus make to those that meet together in his name?

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 70.—REVIEW.

1. What will be the course, and what the reward, of the faithful and wise steward? Luke 12 : 41, etc.
2. What will the unfaithful servant say and do?
3. What does our Lord say with respect to the different degrees of punishment that shall be inflicted upon those who have had different advantages in life?
4. What does he say with reference to the responsibility that rests upon those who enjoy unusual advantages?
5. What special application of this principle might be made at the present time?
6. What reference did our Lord make to his sufferings and death?
7. What to the dissensions that would arise from the preaching of his gospel?
8. How did Jesus show that the people of that time had the ability to understand spiritual truth, and to perceive that he was the Messiah?
9. How did he warn his disciples against procrastination?
10. How did he warn them against the folly of supposing that those who suffer great evils in this life are, in consequence, to be regarded as more sinful than other people?
11. Relate the parable of the unfruitful fig tree.
12. How should this parable be applied?
13. Tell how Jesus healed the woman who was bowed together.
14. Relate the conversation that followed between Jesus and the ruler of the synagogue.
15. What was the effect of these words of our Saviour?
16. What questions were asked Jesus as he walked in Solomon's porch, at the feast of the dedication? John 10 : 22, etc.
17. What evidences of his Messiahship had been given them?
18. Why was it that these evidences seemed to have no weight with these unbelieving Jews?
19. What did Jesus say of his power to keep those who trust in him?
20. How was the pride and hatred of the Jews then shown?
21. What cause did they claim to have for wishing to stone him?
22. How did Jesus answer them?
23. After escaping from his enemies, where did he next go?

24. Relate his experiences in that place.
25. Describe the work performed by him on the east side of the Jordan, as he slowly made his way toward Jerusalem. Luke 13 : 22, etc.
26. By what figure did he admonish to diligence and watchfulness?
27. What did Jesus say when warned against the treachery of Herod?
28. Tell how he put the Pharisees and lawyers to silence on the occasion of healing the dropsical man on the Sabbath.
29. By what parable did he show how foolish it is for men to try to exalt themselves?
30. What instruction did he give relative to making feasts?

THE SEED OF THE WORD.

OH! I think I see the Master, as he sat within the boat,
And taught the eager people who gathered by the sea;
And the words he said divinely, down the ages seem to float,
And again I hear them spoken like a message sent to me.

Yes, the Master 'tis who tells me that some seed 'mid thorns
will fall,
Some will wither in the sunlight, some the birds will swift devour,
Some on stony ground will perish, never growing up at all,
Some—I thank him for the promise—will be saved for harvest's hour.

And I bless him for the largeness of the hope his toilers share,
Thirty, sixty, yea, a hundred, after that, a thousand fold,
Aye increasing, never ceasing, till the bending sheaves they bear,
'Mid the anthems of the ransomed, through the open gates of gold.

What though nights be wan with weeping? what though days be dark with loss?

If we sow the seed he gives us, waiting on the Lord in love,
We may leave it in his keeping, we may smile beneath the cross,
Looking ever on and upward, to the home that is above.

Teacher, pastor, faint disciple, weary though the work may be,
List the word of consolation, list the song that seems to float
Down the ages, silver sounding, coming with its thrill to thee
From the lips of Christ, the Master, sitting in the fisher's boat.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE TEACHER'S EXAMPLE.

A GOOD teacher's best work is by example quite as much as by precept; and a work begun by an impressive example goes on when the teacher has ceased to speak, and when the scholars are no longer face to face with their teacher. Indeed, it may be questioned whether a good teacher's best work does not grow better and better, in its impressive influence, long years after his voice has been hushed in the stillness of death. Death does not end all to a good teacher's example; it rather revives and re-impresses its best lessons of the long ago. A good teacher has just now entered into her rest. One of her scholars, hearing of this death from a distance, writes to that teacher's other self, saying for herself and for her fellow-scholars of that teacher: "We cannot any of us help being better for the lessons she taught us by word and in her own life. Her picture, which is the first thing I see when I awake in the morning, is always urging me on to be more like the Saviour she loved and trusted. I can never forget, so long as I live, the sweet lessons she taught me." If you would have your scholars remember you thus lovingly when you are gone from them, now while you are with them is the time to gain this hold on them by your counsel and your character, by what you say, and yet more by what you are.—S. S. Times.

Nor what you say to your scholar, but what your scholar says to you, is the test of your success in teaching. You cannot teach a scholar what a scholar does not learn. How, then, can you know that you have taught, except by your scholar's telling you what he has learned?

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"ONE of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, "was in 1818, when I was eleven years of age. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but left the work to me while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the smile of the old gentleman as he said,—

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have a sheep." I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been in Congress, in Washington's time; so I concluded it was right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field, I could not keep the words out of my head. Then I thought of my Sabbath lesson: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio who knew me, came to buy goods, and said, 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said, 'You are right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful who you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three.

"And what valuable lessons they were!

"Fidelity in all things; doing your best to your employers; carefulness about your associates."

Let every boy take these lessons home, and study them. They are the foundation-stones of character and honorable success.—*Selected.*

GOOD ENOUGH WEATHER.

"IF a long season of inclement weather is not sufficient excuse for my failing to plant more than four Sabbath-schools during the past month, then I can offer no other," writes a Southern missionary. "No complaints, however, about the weather," he adds, "for I shall not soon forget a little rebuke I received a short time ago while stopping to warm, and take shelter from a storm in a freedman's humble home.

"What a dreadful day this is!" escaped my lips, as I greeted old Aunt Judy, on entering her cabin door.

"Bress de Lord, honey," said she, "don't ebery t'ing come from de Lord? Den if ye is a Christon, de wedder is good 'nuff for ye; and if ye ain't no Christon, de wedder is more'n too good for ye."

"The harder it rained, the louder did Aunt Judy sing, 'T'ank de Lord for ebery t'ing!'"

"After awhile the storm ceased, and with thanks for her kindness, I put a few dimes into the hand of the pious old woman to help her get a pair of winter shoes, and said 'Good-by, Aunt Judy; your short sermon is well worth a collection.' Soon the cabin-door was out of sight, but my pathway seemed to grow brighter, and 'de wedder' has been 'good 'nuff' ever since."—*S. S. Union Records.*

The Children's Corner.



A LITTLE GIRL'S FAITH.

ONE time a little girl lived in a house where there was a trap-door in the middle of the floor, which they lifted up when they wished to go down cellar. Under this door there was a flight of stairs, but the cellar was very dark. One day this door was left open, and the little girl came and looked down into the cellar. All was dark there, and no one was to be seen. So she called and said,—

"Father, are you down in the cellar?"

"Yes, daughter, I am here. Come down here with me."

"Why, father, I can't see you."

"I know it, daughter, but I can see you, and I am certainly here. Now you come to the edge of the floor, and jump right down, and I will take you."

"I dare not do it, father; I am afraid I'll fall."

"But I will catch you when you fall."

"But I can't see you, father."

"I know it, but I can see you, and I will surely catch you."

Then the little girl hesitated a little, but her father said, "Come," and so she stepped over the edge, and down she went, right into her father's arms. The next day he was down there again, and as the door was open, he heard her call,—

"Father!"

"Yes, my child."

"Father, I'm coming!" and almost before he could get ready to receive her, down she came into his arms again.

"And that is like faith, isn't it, papa? I must believe, even if I do not see God, and cast myself into his arms if he tells me to, and do just as he says."—*Selected.*

SULKY BENNIE.

"THE bell has just rung; Bennie, let us hurry to school, or we shall be late," said little Angie to her brother about two years younger than herself.

"I don't want to go to school this afternoon. I want to play," fretfully replied Bennie. They were both fond of play, and were just enjoying a good romp in the yard when the school-bell called them. Angie ran away to school, while Bennie sulkily loitered by the way. He was usually a bright, good-natured boy, and had learned to read quite well, though he had never been to school much; but at this time, he was out of humor with everybody.

School had begun, and a class was reading when he got there. This made him feel still more vexed; so he sat on the steps until the teacher invited him in, it being time for him to read. He did not try to read very well; and when he was corrected for not sounding final *s* on the word *beasts*, he would not repeat the word, though he knew how very well. He would repeat similar

words, but that one he would make no effort at pronouncing. The teacher told him he might sit in the corner, and think over the causes of his perplexity, and perhaps he would feel different about it after awhile.

Recess came, but found him no more inclined to do as asked than before; so he must go back to his corner, and lose the privilege of going out in the beautiful sunshine, and of mingling in the pleasant plays that others were enjoying outside. This he felt very bad about, but was determined not to yield his will for anything. Finally school closed, and when others, cheerful and happy, were preparing to go to their homes, poor Bennie still sat in the corner, crying. The word had grown harder and harder for him, till he was sure he could not and would not say it. The teacher told him he might go home, and that she would see him about it in the morning. He ran home, and as was his custom, told his mother all about what had happened, and how unhappy he felt. She talked with him; he would own that it was naughty for him to do as he did, but would say, "Mamma, I can't say it."

Now his mother was a woman who prayed, and had taught her children to pray. She prayed with him, and then asked him if he didn't want to ask the Lord to help him to do right. He prayed; and though only about five years old, he felt that the Lord heard his little prayer. He was happy again, and could say *beasts* over and over again. He could not wait till morning before telling his teacher that he was sorry he had given her so much trouble; but went to her that night and asked her to forgive him, and then repeated the word which had made him so much trouble that afternoon. This was a lesson, which, I trust, was so impressed upon his young mind by the Great Teacher that it will prove to be to him of lasting benefit.

NETTIE T. HOLT.

THERE is beauty in old winter,
Though the streams neglect to flow,
For the earth hath found a carpet
Of newly driven snow.

LETTER BUDGET.

ANNIE WALTER, aged ten years, writes from Watson, Mich. She says: "Ma sent for the INSTRUCTOR for me a Christmas present, and I think it is very nice. I am reminded of my gift each week, as the paper comes. My brother and I get the lessons every week, and recite to ma. We live nine miles from Sabbath-school, and so cannot go very often; but when I do go, I always have my lesson. I hope to meet the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the Better Land."

RUBY ANTHONY writes from Oakland, California: "I thought I would write to you again, and see if you would print it. I have written once before to the 'Budget,' but I suppose you have so many letters you have not room for them all. I have a brother going to school in Battle Creek. I keep the Sabbath with my mother and brother. I was baptized a little over a year ago by Elder Israel, at the Alameda camp-meeting. My father is not a Sabbath-keeper. I want to be a good girl and live out the truth. Pray for me."

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