

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE SNOW-BIRD'S LESSON.

H! what will become of thee, poor little bird?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black—
They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy back!
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?
And what art thou doing this cold winter day?

"I'm picking the gum from the old peach-tree;
The storm does n't trouble me. Chee, dee, dee."

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare;
And how canst thou be so
light-hearted and free,
As if danger and suffering
thou never should'st see,
When no place is near for
thy evening nest,
No leaf for thy screen, for
thy bosom no rest?

"Because the same hand is a
shelter to me,
That took off the summer
leaves. Chee, dee, dee."

But man feels a burden of
care and of grief,
While plucking the cluster
and binding the sheaf.
In the summer we faint, in
the winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet
to be filled.
We take from the ocean, the
earth, and the air,
Yet all their rich gifts do not
silence our care.

"A very small portion suffi-
cient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude.
Chee, dee, dee."

I thank thee, bright monitor;
what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the
happiest thought;

We look at the clouds; while the birds have an eye
To Him who reigns over them, changeless and high.
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

"Because, in all weather, I'm merry and free,
They call me the Winter King. Chee, dee, dee."

—Miss Gould.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

SNOW-BIRDS.

WHEN the wintry winds have driven away all the summer songsters, how our hearts are cheered by the coming of the snow-birds! And well do they merit their name; for they come with the snow and leave when it goes.

Sometimes the snow has all melted, and we think our winter friends have taken their journey north; when lo! out of their hiding-places in the woods will come a whole family of them, fluttering about

the hedge, and hopping about the barn-yard, and up to the doors and windows of the house, with their "cheep, cheep." Then we know that a snow-storm is on the way, for the little fellows are reliable weather prophets, in this respect at least.

Snow-birds are found in the United States from New England on the east to the Missouri River on the west, and as far south as Louisiana. Although so small, they endure very severe cold. Indeed, they seem to prefer it; for they remain

THIRTY SECONDS TOO LATE.

REV. MR. BELL was always punctual. Whoever might be late at meeting, at the funeral, or anywhere else, they all knew that Mr. Bell would not. If called to attend a wedding, his foot was on the door-step and his hand on the bell-handle when the clock was striking the hour. It was, at first, quite annoying to his flock to go, according to their old habits, to a funeral, and meet it on its way to the grave, or to go to a wedding, and



all summer in the frozen regions of the north, and while there, raise their young. But in early winter they come south, probably as much to obtain food as to escape the cold. They journey in small families, and but one family will inhabit the same neighborhood at once. At first they are somewhat shy, staying in the edge of the woods; but as the cold increases, they approach the farm-houses and villages in diligent search of food. They are very fond of grass seeds and berries. When the cold is very severe, they often stay hidden in hay-stacks. The picture gives a better opportunity of studying their form and appearance than one easily gets by watching them as they hop and flutter about the yard.

ONE of the kindest things Heaven has done for man is denying him the power of looking into the future.

find it all over before they thought of getting there. So old Mr. Slow waited on the minister to ask him why he "was always in such a hurry, and so afraid of being too late."

"Well, my good friend, I will tell you; and if, after hearing me, you do not think I am right in this thing, I will try to alter."

"That's surely fair," slowly said Mr. Slow, as if afraid to commit himself.

"When I was a young man, and had been preaching only a few months, I was invited to go to a distant mountain town and preach to a destitute people. I was there for some weeks, and then returned home for a few days, promising to be back, without fail, the next Sabbath. Well, I had a pleasant week among my kind relatives, and was so engaged that I hardly thought of my solemn duties till the day before the Sabbath came, and then my sister and a beautiful friend of hers per-

suaded me to go out a little while in a small boat, Cinderella, on our beautiful lake. The day was fine, and the Cinderella spun and darted under my oars as if a thing of life. When we got ashore, I found it two o'clock, and I knew the cars would start in fifteen minutes.

"I left the ladies, and ran home and caught up my carpet-bag, and ran for the depot. I saw the cars had arrived. I heard the bell ring. With all my strength I ran. I saw them start. I redoubled my efforts, and got within fifteen feet of the cars! Oh, for thirty seconds more! Thirty seconds too late! No more! The next day was a fair, still, sweet Sabbath. My mountain people gathered, coming down from the glens and following the rills, and filled the house of worship. But there was no minister, and the hungry sheep had no shepherd to feed them. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a poor old blind man, who lived four miles from the church, and seldom could get to meeting. That day he ate his breakfast early, and his little granddaughter led him all the way down the mountain to the church. How weary, sad, and disappointed he was! There was no minister to speak to him. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a sick child up one of the glens of the mountain, and she had been inquiring all the week for her minister. She was so anxious to see him and have him pray with her. How she hailed the day when he would be there! He was thirty seconds too late!

"That poor old blind man never came to the church again. He was too feeble, and never heard another sermon or prayer. The minister was thirty seconds too late!

"That little girl was dead before I got back, and I could only shed tears over her corpse. I had been thirty seconds too late!

"On my bended knees I asked God's forgiveness, and promised him that, if possible, I would never again be thirty seconds too late.

"And now, Mr. Slow, am I right in my punctuality?"

"Well, I guess it do n't look quite so unreasonable as it might!"

And if it is not well to put off the things of life, is it safe to put off the preparation for eternity? Death will be a punctual visitor, reader.—*Selected.*

THE ENERGY THAT SUCCEEDS.

THE energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy will commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following story strongly illustrates this truth.

About thirty years ago, said Judge P——, I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy of twelve years of age came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

"I've got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"O yes, if you like," he said in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents left towards buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no small boat could live in such a sea.

The captain, who had been below with his chart, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

He did land us safely; but the vessel sank moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said,—

"Judge P——, do you recognize me?"

I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard of his vessel.

"Do you not remember that boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," he said. "God bless you!"

And God bless noble Captain Haverly.—*Selected.*

NEVER give promises that you cannot fulfill. Never laugh at the misfortunes of others. Never send a present, hoping for one in return. Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed. Never make yourself the hero of your own story. Never make much of your own doings. Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never read letters which you may find addressed to others. Never question a servant or child about family matters.

TOO BUSY TO FREEZE.

HOW swiftly the glittering brook runs by,
Pursuing its busy career,
Reflecting the beams of the cheerful sun,
In waters transparent and clear;
Kissing the reeds and the lowly flowers;
Refreshing the roots of the trees;
Happy all summer to ripple a song,
In winter too busy to freeze.

Onward it glides, whether sunshine or storm
Await on its vigorous way,
And prattles of hope and sustaining love,
Whether bright or cloudy the day.
Chill Winter around may his torpor fling,
And on lazier waters seize;
But the nimble brook is too much for him,
Being far too busy to freeze.

May we, like the brook, in our path through life,
As active and steady pursue
The course in which real utility lies—
Which is lovely and useful, too;
Still nourish the needy, refresh the sad,
And, despising indulgent ease,
Adorn life's current with generous work,
With love that's too busy to freeze!

—*Selected.*

GOOD WORK OR NONE.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge M——, a well-known jurist, living near Cincinnati, loved to tell the anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job, even when directed to. The Judge had on one occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The Judge then went to dinner, and coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and went to his business. When he returned, the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished, there was no part of the fence so thoroughly done.

"How much do you charge?" asked the Judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The Judge started. "Why do you spend all that labor on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it." "But I should have known it was there. No, I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the Judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master builders, but the face of one caught his eye. "It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys are not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he carpenter, farmer, author, or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.—*Living Age.*

ANY man may commit a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it.—*Cicero.*

The Sabbath-School.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

LESSON 108.—JESUS ON THE CROSS.

"AND when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? And some of them that stood by, when they heard it, said, Behold, he calleth Elias."

"After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst." "And one ran and filled a sponge full of vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink, saying, Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take him down." "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and having said thus, he gave up the ghost."

"And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many. Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God."

"The Jews therefore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath-day, (for that Sabbath-day was an high day,) besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. Then came the soldiers, and break the legs of the first and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they break not his legs; but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true; and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done, that the scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced."

"And now when the even was come, because it was the preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counsellor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came, and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus. And Pilate marvelled if he were already dead; and calling unto him the centurion, he asked him whether he had been any while dead. And when he knew it of the centurion, he gave the body to Joseph. And he bought fine linen, and took him down, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepulchre."

"And the women also, which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath-day according to the commandment."

"Now the next day, that followed the day of the preparation, the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead; so the last error shall be worse than the first. Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch; go your way, make it as sure as ye can. So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."

QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the noonday darkness that came upon the earth while Jesus was upon the cross. Mark 15:33.
2. How long did this darkness continue?
3. What happened about three o'clock in the afternoon? Verse 34.
4. What is the meaning of these words?
5. Did those who stood by understand their meaning?

6. What did some of them think he meant?
7. How did Jesus afterward speak of his suffering? John 19:28.
8. What was then done by one who stood by? Mark 15:36.
9. What was said as the drink was given to him?
10. What did Jesus then utter with a loud voice? John 19:30; Luke 23:46.
11. What were his last words? Luke 23:46.
12. Tell how he expired. John 19:30.
13. What remarkable things happened at the time when Jesus died? Matt. 27:51-53.
14. How were the centurion and soldiers affected by these things?
15. What did they say?
16. As the Sabbath drew on, what favor did the Jews ask of Pilate? John 19:31.
17. How was their wish carried out?
18. What did they do to Jesus?
19. What scripture was thus fulfilled?
20. On what day of the week was Jesus crucified? Mark 15:42.
21. Who came to Pilate just at evening, and asked for the body of Jesus?
22. What made Pilate marvel?
23. How did he satisfy himself that Jesus was really dead?
24. What did Joseph do when Pilate had given him the body of Jesus?
25. Who followed and watched Joseph? Luke 23:55.
26. What did they afterward do?
27. Who made Pilate a visit on the Sabbath-day? Matt. 27:62.
28. What did they say they remembered?
29. What request did they make?
30. What did Pilate say?
31. How did they then secure the body of Jesus so that it could not be stolen?

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY SERIES.

LESSON 122.—FROM MALACHI TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

1. Who wrote the last book of the Old Testament?
2. When did he prophesy?—About B. C. 416.
3. Whose coming did he foretell?—The coming of John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ.
4. When were the Jews released from Persian rule?—B. C. 333.
5. Under whose control were they brought at this time?—Under the control of Alexander the Great.
6. When were the Persians completely overthrown?—B. C. 331.
7. How long were the Jews subject to Alexander?—Ten years.
8. How long had they been subject to the Persians?—From B. C. 538 to B. C. 333.
9. How long since the time of Malachi?—From B. C. 416 to B. C. 333.
10. How did Alexander treat them?—With marked kindness.
11. How did he honor them?—By inviting them to settle in Alexandria and other newly-founded cities of his empire.
12. How was the empire of the world divided after the death of Alexander?—Among four of Alexander's leading generals,—Lysimachus, Cassander, Seleucus, and Ptolemy.
13. Which of these held dominion over the Jews?—Ptolemy.
14. Where was the seat of Ptolemy's empire?—In Egypt.
15. How many kings by the name of Ptolemy reigned successively over Egypt?—Eleven.
16. How long did the Jews remain under the Ptolemies?—One hundred and nineteen years.
17. Who were among the most noted of these kings?—Ptolemy Soter and Ptolemy Philadelphus.
18. What great works rendered the latter famous?—He built the light-house of Pharos, one of the wonders of the world; he founded the Alexandrian library, which contained seven hundred thousand volumes; and it was under his patronage that the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek.
19. How did these kings treat the Jews?—They were generally favorable to the Jews.

20. Which one treated them cruelly?—Ptolemy Philopater.
21. What caused him to do so?—Because the priests opposed his entering the holy places in the temple at Jerusalem.
22. Under whose dominion did the Jews next fall?—The Macedonian kings of Syria.
23. How many of these kings were there?—Twenty-two.
24. What were they called?—The Seleucida.
25. What names did they bear?—Several of them bore the name of Seleucus, and thirteen, the name of Antiochus.
26. How long were the Jews under this empire?—Forty-one years.
27. Which of these kings treated the Jews with unparalleled cruelty?—Antiochus Epiphanes.
28. Enumerate some of his wicked deeds.—He slew, at one time, forty thousand Jews, and took as many women and children prisoners; he slaughtered great numbers on the Sabbath-day, when they would not defend themselves; he defiled the temple, forbade the worship of the true God, and set up in the temple-court a statue of Jupiter Olympus.
29. Who finally rallied the people against this oppressor?—A brave family called the Maccabees.
30. What was the result of their effort?—After a long and severe struggle, they gained their independence.
31. How long did they maintain their independence?—About one hundred years.
32. Into whose hands did they then fall?—The Romans.
33. When was this?—B. C. 63.
34. Who was ruling over Judea when Jesus was born?—Herod the Great.
35. From whom did he derive his authority?—From the Romans.

DON'T PLANT TOO DEEP.

IN the teacher's chair, in the Bible-class room, in the superintendent's desk, and in the pulpit, there is always danger of over-heaping soil on the seed of truth. Too much comment may kill out the life of the text. To begin with, he who sows must have clearly in mind the distinction between the seed and the soil. "The seed is the word"—God's word, not man's thought about that word. That word needs to be handled as seed. It should be planted with judicious care, and not overheaped with soil of any sort. Soil is necessary. Planting below the surface, by a stimulating question, or a suggestive remark, or a helpful illustration, is better than broadcast sowing on the bare and hard earth. But, after all, the seed is the chief thing—not the soil. Yet there are teachers and superintendents and preachers who take one or two grains of good truth-seed, and then devote themselves to shoveling earth upon it until the seed is buried out of sight and hope forever. The seed was good enough, but it was killed in the planting. In all attempts at planting the seed of God's word, in class, or school, or congregation, "there is good reason for the old rule, not to plant seeds more than five times their diameter in depth." Not the covering soil, but the lightly covered seed, gives the hope of a harvest, in any planting. If we are to reap where we have sown, we must choose well our seed, must plant it wisely, and must resolutely refrain from crushing out its life by what we heap above it—merely because soil is abundant, and we enjoy shoveling.—H. Clay Trumbull.

IN estimating the value and success of a Sabbath-school in its field of work, the true test is not in the numbers gathered in, but in the gain secured to those who are gathered in. It is far better to have a small school well managed and well instructed, than to have a large school loosely managed and poorly instructed. The growing roll of scholars may be a sign of inefficiency—especially if the roll grows in holiday season under the temptation of proffered gifts and rewards to the scholars. And again, a diminishing roll may be a proof of larger efficiency, through the raising of the school standard, and the consequent dropping off of teachers and scholars who are unwilling to conform to that standard. How much gain is made by the teachers and scholars who remain in our Sabbath-school? is a far more important question than, How many teachers and scholars can be induced to remain in our Sabbath-school?—S. S. Times.

For Our Little Ones.

A SHORT SERMON.

CHILDREN who read my lay,
 Thus much I have to say:
 Each day, and every day,
 Do what is right!
 Right things, in great and small;
 Then, though the sky should fall,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
 You shall have light!

This further I would say:
 Be you tempted as you may,
 Each day, and every day,
 Speak what is true!
 True things in great and small;
 Then, though the sky should fall,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
 Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
 Do not of thistles grow;
 And though the blossoms blow
 White on the tree,
 Grapes never, never yet
 On the limbs of thorns were set;
 So, if you a good would get,
 Good you must be!

Life's journey, through and through,
 Speaking what is just and true;
 Doing what is right to do
 Unto one and all,
 When you work and when you play,
 Each day, and every day;
 Then peace shall gild your way,
 Though the sky should fall.

—Alice Cary.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

THE TELESCOPE.

"ATHER," said Frank one evening, "this afternoon as I was coming home after school, I stopped at the bookstore and bought a large sheet of drawing-paper for my lesson to-morrow.

"It was tied up in a roll, and when I had come home and taken off the string, it still stayed rolled up. So I began to play with the tube,—to look through it and talk through it, and then Effie talked to me through it. We were very sure that a whisper through it sounded as plain as words spoken aloud at the same distance without it. And we found, too, that by looking through it, we could seem to see plainer. Now we did not know what to think of this, and so thought we would ask you to tell us about it when you came home."

"Well, my children," said Mr. Bruce, "you have found out some very interesting things. You are still too young to fully understand the principle of them, but I will tell you that the tube is said to gather the waves of sound and the rays of light, and keep them from scattering, so they are brought to your ear and eye more directly than they would be if you heard and looked without the tube. When you are older, you will be able to read and study into these things, and understand all about them.

"And now I will tell you a little story which your discovery this afternoon brings to my mind. Nearly three hundred years ago, in a country far over the seas from here, lived a poor man who made spectacles, or eyeglasses, for a living. One day he was working in his shop, and his children were there with him, playing about and amusing themselves with his tools, though I hope they were not meddling with things their father did not want them to have. All at once the little girl said,—

"O papa! see how near the church steeple comes."

"The child had two of the lenses, or little round pieces of glass which go in the spectacles, one in each hand; and her father found by holding them

one behind the other as she did, and looking through them both, that the church steeple did seem to be brought into their very faces. He then made a tube of pasteboard, and set these lenses in it in such a way as to give this effect every time. Soon after, he made a better one, and took it to the ruler of the country, who thought it was a very nice thing. So this poor spectacle-maker came to be the inventor of the telescope, which he called 'an instrument by means of which to see at a distance.' The telescope has since been improved until it is a



wonderful instrument; and without it men could not see the sun, moon, and stars, and tell us so many interesting things about them, as they do. Some clear evening I will take you to the observatory of the high-school building, and let you look through a telescope, and then you will better understand what it is."

"Well," said Effie, when her father was done, "it was the little girl who first found out about it anyway; and maybe, Frank, you and I will some day find out something new that nobody knows."

"You may not be likely to do that," said their father, "but if you keep your eyes open, you may learn some very useful things in a pleasant way, which will be a help to you when you are older and come to study about all these things."

E. B. G.

Letter Budget.

EDITH STONE writes from Clyde, Ohio: "I have been thinking all winter that I would write a letter for the INSTRUCTOR. I love the Sabbath-school very much. There are eight scholars in my class, and I think we have a very nice teacher. I am nine years old. I had a brother named Rolla, but he died when he was nine years old, and has been dead two years. I have a brother Walter five years old and a sister Verna two years old. I think everything of the INSTRUCTOR. I do want to be a real good girl so that when Jesus comes, I can go to heaven and see my brother."

RALPH BRIGGS says: "I am eleven years old. The INSTRUCTOR has been a welcome visitor in our family for nine years, but I have never written for it before. I have commenced to keep the Sabbath with my mother, and am trying to be a good boy. I am reading my Testament through. I got my leg hurt while coasting on the ice, and have had to stay in the house, under the doctor's care, for a month. I have four brothers and one little sister three years old. We have had the paper come in all our names."

MARY and JOSIE LEWIS write from Farnham, Richmond Co., Va.: "We have taken the INSTRUCTOR four years, and think it a very instructive paper. We thought we would like to see our names in it too. We have a little Sabbath-school of thirteen members. We send our love to the INSTRUCTOR family, and hope we may all be ready to meet the Lord when he comes."

CARRIE HILL writes from Grenola, Kansas: "Our superintendent wanted to know how many of the children of our Sabbath-school would write for the 'Budget,' and I promised him I would write. I am nine years old. I have two sisters, Lulu and Emma. I was baptized at camp-meeting this fall, and am trying to be a good girl."

Publishers' Column.

WORKERS WANTED!

THE INSTRUCTOR should have a great many more readers than it has at the present time. Filled as it is every week with a great variety of excellent reading matter suited to the wants of children and youth, and being free from the sensational trash in which so many so-called youth's papers abound, our paper should go to ten subscribers where it now visits one. And this might be accomplished, if the proper efforts were put forth. To help in attaining this end, we make the following—

Special Premium Offer.

For every new subscription, accompanied with 85 cents, we will give—

THE SUNSHINE SERIES,

consisting of a package of ten beautiful pamphlets of 32 pages each. These comprise a choice collection of sketches, stories, poems, etc., adapted to the wants of children, and contain more reading matter than can be found in many dollar books.

Our young friends will certainly be able to obtain many new subscriptions by calling the attention of their school-mates and friends to this liberal offer. For only 10 cents in addition to the regular subscription price, each new subscriber obtains the paper one year and the above mentioned valuable premium. Will not each one of our readers determine to obtain at least one new subscriber to the INSTRUCTOR the present season? Many can accomplish more than this. Let all do something.

As an inducement to our readers to begin this work of gathering in subscribers, we publish the following—

LIST OF PRIZES,

To agents and canvassers who obtain new subscribers to the INSTRUCTOR either at full subscription price, 75 cts. without the premium, or 85 cts. with the premium.

For THREE NEW SUBSCRIBERS, your choice of either of the following books:—

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For SIX NEW SUBSCRIBERS, your choice of either of the following books:—

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For FIFTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, your choice of either of the following books:—

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For TWENTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS:—

Cruden's Complete Concordance,	\$1 75
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For TWENTY-FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS:—

Oxford Teacher's Bible, No. 502, pearl type, round corners, gilt edges,	\$2 25
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The prizes and premium will be furnished by us if the money and subscriptions are sent directly to this Office; but if the business is done through the Tract Society, the State secretary of said society will furnish them.

Any person working for a prize must state his intention when the first subscriptions are sent, that an account may be kept of the names.

A canvasser's outfit, consisting of sample copies of the INSTRUCTOR, circulars describing the paper, and a set of the Sunshine Series, will be mailed for 35 cents to those who wish to work for the paper.

We trust that many will begin this work at once. Who will be the first?

PUBLISHERS.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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