

VOL. 32.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JANUARY 16, 1884.

No. 3.

### A CHAT WITH YOUNG MEN ON FIXED PRINCIPLES.

My brother Ransalaer has some noble boys,—strong, stalwart, industrious, upright, jolly, clear-eyed fellows as ever made glad a father's heart. Dick, the eldest, has just gone off to college, and, while he is engaged with his books, and out of sight of home, I want to take him for a text for this chat with the young.

We had said good-bye to Dick not two hours before, and his father, wandering restlessly about with homesick heart for the lad, found his way to my study, so that when I had put by pen and paper, and established myself opposite him, in an easy chair by the grate, I knew that his full heart would find vent.

"I can't tell you how easy I feel about Richard," he said, his voice lingering lovingly over the proper name. "I wish I was as sure of all the rest of my boys. It's not because he's such a good boy—they are all that. But years ago, when a mere child, he seemed to settle the great questions of right and wrong, and I do not believe the fires of the stake would move him to commit a mean, dishonest, or pernicious act. And yet I know that he has many a conflict with temptation; but he will not dally with evil. He will avoid the tempter when he can, and has manhood enough to resist him when he cannot. He learned very young the art of self-government, and often puts me to shame by his strict adherence to principle. I expected he would chew and smoke, because I did; but when he was fifteen years old, he came to me one day, telling me that some of his mates wanted him to try tobacco.

"It is a very useless habit, Dick," said I.

"Will it do me any harm, father?"

"Yes; it is bad for your health, soils your teeth and mouth, and will be very annoying to your mother and sisters."

"Does it cost much?"

"Not much for a day, but in the long run a

great deal. Why, my boy, I've smoked and chewed up money enough to buy you a farm."

"Should I be any more of a man for doing either, father?"

"No, indeed, Dick. True manliness is shown

animal instinct or passion instead of principle. So I pondered, and choked, and wiped my eyes, and finally threw away my pipe, and giving Dick my hand, cried, 'With God's help and yours I never will again, my son!'

"Dick looked very much pleased, and being thoroughly convinced now, it was the last of tobacco in our house. I commenced laying by, every week, the amount hitherto consumed in tobacco, which, to my astonishment, amounted to seventy-five dollars at the end of the year. To this I added double for what Dick might have spent if he had chosen to go that road, and the day he was twenty-one I put nine hundred dollars into his hands as the result.

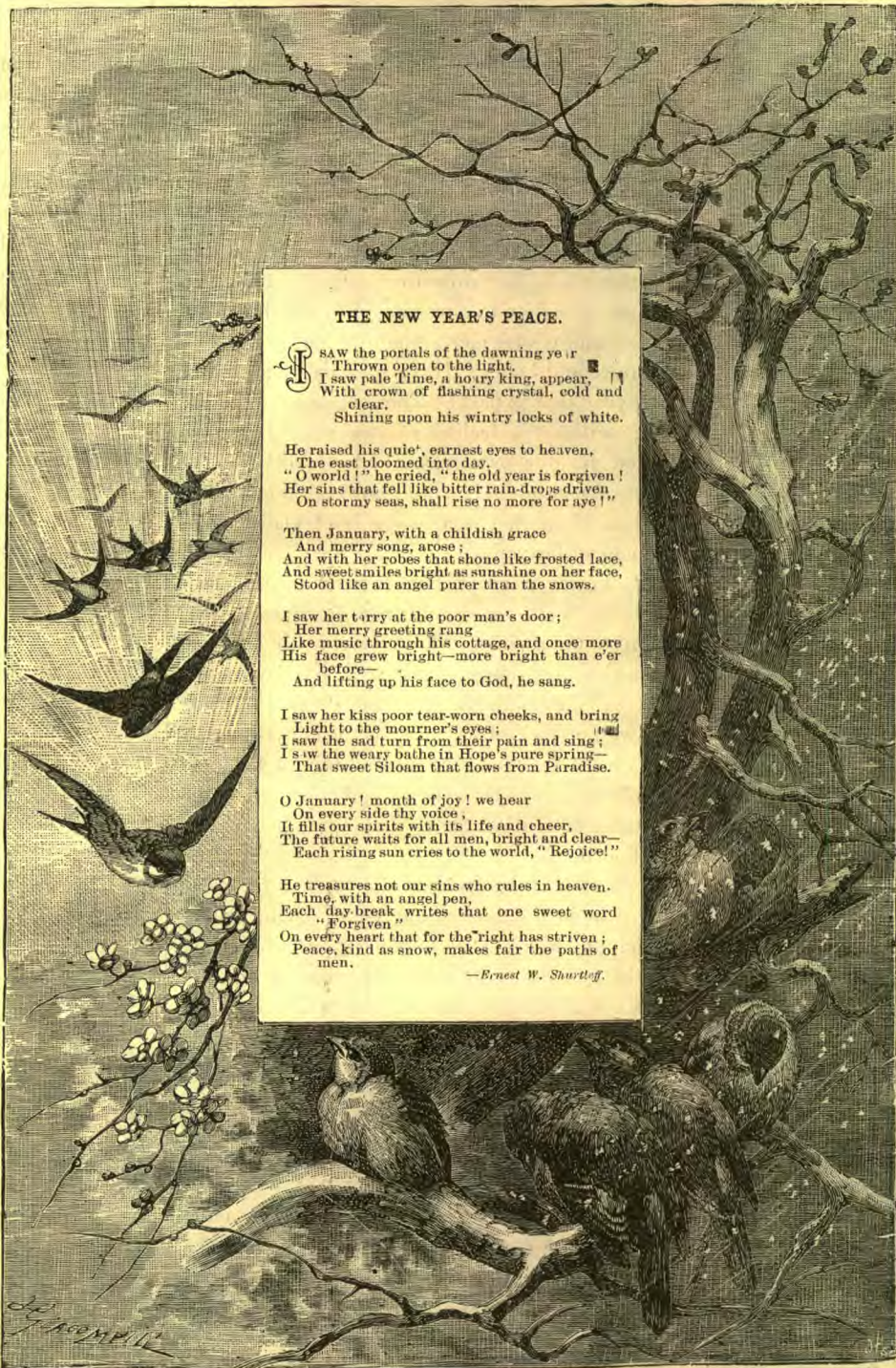
"Well, it has been the same way with all other serious questions, whether of habits, amusements, or belief. There has ever been an earnest, honest inquiry as to what was right and best, both for himself and others, and then a fixed determination to do it at all hazards. Liquors have no temptation for him, because he believes them injurious, and he thinks it unmanly to indulge in that which will obscure his intellect, and weaken his powers of self-control. He values his time and money too much to play at games of chance, and says he cannot afford to soil his mind with the impurities of the stage.

"So, when he came to me last winter, and said: 'God has been so good to me, father, that I want to live to please him. I am going to enlist under his banner,' I felt that the great problems of life were solved for my Dick, and that I need have no more fears for him, because he was girt with invincible armor."

Brother Ransalaer wiped his

eyes, and took up his newspaper as I turned back to my desk and manuscript; but his wife, who had slipped in to hear the talk, dropped the stocking she was knitting, to put her arm around his neck and whisper, "A wise son maketh a glad father. What a blessing to have such a good boy."

"Yes, indeed," thought I, lifting my pen; and then my mind wandered off to other boys and



#### THE NEW YEAR'S PEACE.

I saw the portals of the dawning year  
Thrown open to the light.  
I saw pale Time, a hoary king, appear,  
With crown of flashing crystal, cold and clear.  
Shining upon his wintry locks of white.

He raised his quiet, earnest eyes to heaven,  
The east bloomed into day.  
"O world!" he cried, "the old year is forgiven!  
Her sins that fell like bitter rain-drops driven  
On stormy seas, shall rise no more for aye!"

Then January, with a childish grace  
And merry song, arose;  
And with her robes that shone like frosted lace,  
And sweet smiles bright as sunshine on her face,  
Stood like an angel purer than the snows.

I saw her tarry at the poor man's door;  
Her merry greeting rang  
Like music through his cottage, and once more  
His face grew bright—more bright than e'er  
before—  
And lifting up his face to God, he sang.

I saw her kiss poor tear-worn cheeks, and bring  
Light to the mourner's eyes;  
I saw the sad turn from their pain and sing;  
I saw the weary bathe in Hope's pure spring—  
That sweet Siloam that flows from Paradise.

O January! month of joy! we hear  
On every side thy voice;  
It fills our spirits with its life and cheer.  
The future waits for all men, bright and clear—  
Each rising sun cries to the world, "Rejoice!"

He treasures not our sins who rules in heaven.  
Time, with an angel pen,  
Each day-break writes that one sweet word  
"Forgiven."

On every heart that for the right has striven;  
Peace, kind as snow, makes fair the paths of  
men.

—Ernest W. Shurtleff.

in those habits which conduce to health, cleanliness, self-control, the right use of money, and appropriate regard for the feelings and rights of others."

"Why do you smoke, father?" he asked, after a thoughtful pause.

"Sue, that was a poser. Why, indeed? If I were to say, 'Because I like it,' that would be admitting to my boy that I was governed by mere



young men, and I thought if they could realize the joy they might bring to their homes by choosing the right and firmly adhering to it, they would feel it a powerful motive to good actions, and would be ready to "right about face" without delay.

But here we have the whole matter in a nutshell. It was not enough that Dick knew the right way, but he chose to walk in it, and determined to stick by it, whatever came. Neither was it sufficient that he possessed a good-natured willingness toward duty. He anxiously inquired the why and the wherefore, and fortified himself with facts, so that what he did was done with a clear conviction of its propriety and benefit.

Now, my dear lads, while you are yet sheltered by the home-roof, and encircled by the warm hands of father and mother, settle those questions that belong to right and wrong. Let social, political, moral, and religious problems, as they come before you, have a hearing. Question, study, ponder; do not dally; do not try to compromise, but decide honestly with your own soul, and then adhere to your convictions from a strong purpose and will.

Your prosperity and happiness depend upon this; your usefulness, your position in the world, your influence, and your eternal welfare. The possibilities of your manhood hang trembling on your decision. The hearts of men and angels await your choice and action, and a world is to be made better or worse by the result. Shun evil. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," "avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." Do not waver; remember, "he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."

Are you discouraged by the magnitude of the work? Do unwholesome influences beset you? and are natural tendencies drawing you downward? Do not falter, boys, for one, even the Most High God, has said, "I will help thee."

Yours for the right,

AUNT SUE.

—Arthur's Magazine.

### NUMBER ONE.

"I ALWAYS take care of number one," said one of a troop of boys at the end of a bridge, some wanting to go one way and some another.

"That's *you*, out and out," cried one of his companions. "You don't think or care about any one but yourself; you ought to be called 'number one.'"

"If I did not take care of number one, who would, I should like to know?" cried he.

True, number one was right. He ought to take care of himself—good care.

"But does not that smack a little of selfishness?" the boys ask. "Number one thinks of nobody but himself."

Nobody but himself; that certainly is selfish, and therefore wrong. Yet number one is committed to our own care. "What sort of care?" is the all-important question.

*The care of his soul.* Number one has a soul to be saved from sin and from hell; number one has a soul to be won to Christ, to holiness, and to heaven. Here is a great work to do.

*Take care of his habits.* Make number one industrious, persevering, self-denying, and frugal. Give him plenty of good, healthful work to do, teach him how best to do it, and keep him from lounging and all idle company.

*Take care of the lips of number one.* Let truth dwell on them. Put a bridle in his mouth, that no angry, backbiting tale shall come from it. Let no profane or impure words escape. Let the law of kindness rule his tongue, and all his conversation be such as becomes a child of God.

*Take care of the affections and feelings of number one.* Teach him to love God with all his

heart, and his neighbor as himself; to care for others and share with others; to be lowly in mind, forgiving, gentle, sympathizing, willing to bear and forbear, easily entreated, doing good to all as he has opportunity.

*This is the care to take of number one, and a rich blessing will he prove to his home and neighborhood and himself. Boys, you all have number one to take care of, and a responsible charge it is.*—Selected.

### THE SNOW.

THE snow! the snow! the feathery flakes of snow!  
How they're falling to the music  
Of the winds so sad and low!  
How they brighten,  
How they whiten,  
Over all the earth below!

The snow! the snow! the crystal flakes of snow!  
What a soft and fleecy mantle  
They are spreading o'er below!  
How they gladden,  
How they sadden,  
As they tumble down so slow!

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

### NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

ANOTHER new year has come to the INSTRUCTOR family. The old year is in the past. To some the old year has brought joy; to others, sorrow and discouragement. Yet has it not brought blessings withal? Have we not found some happy hours, although there have at times come trials and disappointments? Certainly the Lord has bestowed on us many rich and bounteous gifts, and his great goodness and tender mercy ought to lead us to give him praise and honor. Have we tried to seek him in the year that is past? Then we can let the old year go without a feeling of remorse. Have we followed in our own ways, and yielded to the devices of Satan? Then we may well regret that the deeds of another year have been placed upon the books of heaven.

Yet, however great our failures in the past may have been, we should not be discouraged, and give up trying. The future, with vast opportunities for doing good, still lies before us. Shall we not improve the time still left us? Shall we not seek after Christ as for hid treasures? Shall we not drink deep at the fountain of wisdom? The wise man says that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and they that seek early shall find it.

Nowhere is so favorable a time found for serving God as in the days of our youth. Our habits of thought have not become fixed, and can easily be trained in the right direction. But if our bad habits are allowed to remain, they will grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, until it is impossible for us to break from them. So we should seek God before our hearts have become hardened in sin. Satan, with his many devices, tries to draw us away from God; but with a firm principle to do right, we may resist his temptations, and form a strong and holy character. Yet we should realize, in the words of the poet, that—

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round."

It requires earnest effort to live for Christ; yet if persevering, we shall be rewarded with a glorious immortality in his kingdom. Let us work for him in the year just ahead, that we may merit his approbation, and enjoy the peace that "passeth all understanding."

FRANK M. WILCOX.

GATHER sunshine about you instead of clouds.

### EDITOR'S CORNER.



RECENTLY, while trying to put two days' work into one, we were forcibly struck with the vast amount of work performed at the Review Office at the present time as compared with what was done seventeen years ago, when we first began to learn the work. Then, all the type was set in one room, by a few persons, perhaps seven or eight at most, including proof-readers and mailing-clerk.

There were two or three editors, two clerks in the Counting Room, and a few girls to do the folding. There was no foreign paper published at the time, and but two or three pamphlets in a foreign tongue. We thought we were doing a great work.

But now as we go through the large buildings, and see more than one hundred hands employed in the several departments, we can but exclaim, *What hath God wrought!* Notwithstanding so much help is employed, we all keep busy, working away in our several spheres, feeling that we are engaged in a sacred work, which should be done with great carefulness. We are conscious, however, that we are not doing any better service for the Master than the faithful laborers scattered over the wide harvest field.

But the "harvest truly is great, and the laborers are few." Work is piling up on the hands of God's people, and faithful help is in great demand everywhere. Missionaries are wanted by thousands to engage as ministers, colporteurs, teachers, and canvassers—ministers, to "go preach the gospel" to the perishing millions; teachers, to instruct and prepare minds for the several branches of the work; colporteurs and canvassers (how noble their mission!) to run to and fro through the earth, scattering the rays of light to the masses who are perishing for lack of knowledge.

The command is, "Go work in my vineyard." It is to all, and includes the little folks. They, too, should feel the burden of the work, and do the things adapted to their capacity, until experience enables them to do greater things. What we most want to see is hundreds of our boys and girls going from house to house with the INSTRUCTOR and the books suitable for them to canvass with. Such service, if done in the right way, would be just as acceptable to the Master as the labor performed by the minister. Don't the children want stars in their crowns? Don't they, too, want too hear the "Well done"? Then they must not shun duties and crosses, but must do with their might what their hands find to do. You remember the story of the launching of the ship, when the additional weight of the little boy's hand set it afloat? The times demand action. Let us—

"Work away!  
For the Master's eye is on us,  
Never off us, still upon us,  
Night and day!  
Keep the busy fingers plying;  
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;  
See that never thread lies wrong;  
Let not clash nor clatter round us,  
Sound of whirling wheels confound us;  
Steady hand! let woof be strong.  
And from dawn to dusk of day,  
Work away!

"Work away!  
For the Father's eye is on us,  
Never off us, still upon us,  
Night and day!  
Work and pray!  
Pray! and work will be completer;  
Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;  
Love! and prayer and work the fleetest  
Will ascend upon their way!" M. J. C.



## JOHNNY'S FAITH.

I WONDER what Johnny Bennett has found so interesting in that old book which lies open upon the table before him. "Let us look over his shoulder, and see what it is in which he is so absorbed. Ah, 'tis the Bible! that priceless treasure which we find in the home of the poor as well as the rich, and Johnny has found a bright gem there which he has never seen before. His little brown finger points out each word as he reads: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive"—one of those precious promises of Christ which he has scattered like bright flowers along life's pathway, and whosoever will may gather them.

Johnny looked down upon his ragged clothes and bare feet, and his eye brightened at the thought. Why should he not ask God for some of the many things he needed so much? So, falling upon his knees, he prayed: "My Father in heaven, thou knowest how poor my mother is. She has no money to buy me nice, new clothes such as the other boys have. Winter is coming on, and I have neither jacket nor shoes to keep me warm. Will you not give them to me for Christ's sake? Amen."

Johnny thought he had but one listener, the good All-Father to whom he was speaking. But as he rose from his knees, a loud laugh startled him, and turning quickly, he saw a boy who had stolen softly in, and stood listening to his simple prayer. Now every little village has one or more bad boys, and Joe Vaughn bore the unenviable reputation of being the bad boy in the village in which he lived. There was nothing he loved better than to annoy his playmates, especially those younger than himself. Now Joe thought he had a rich treat in store, a fine chance to tease poor Johnny.

"Ah, little saint John!" he exclaimed, "so you think jackets and shoes are made in heaven. Are you such a goose as to think God will answer a prayer like that?"

Johnny's face flushed crimson at the cruel taunt, but he bravely answered, "I know he will; just hear what he has promised." And again he read those beautiful words, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive." "I asked in the name of Christ, and he will give them to me."

"Oh, yes, he keeps them all ready-made on purpose for little ragamuffins like you. We shall soon have a heavy shower of jackets and shoes in answer to your prayers. I only hope I may be there to see, and get my part," answered Joe in mocking tones, as he left the room.

Johnny's faith was not to be dimmed by the wicked boy's taunts; he felt sure that in some way his prayer would be answered.

"Mother, does God always answer prayer?" asked a little girl, and a pair of bright, questioning eyes waited eagerly for the answer.

"Yes, Lucy," answered her mother, "when our prayers are according to his will. But why do you ask?"

"At school to-day I heard Joe Vaughn laughing about Johnny Bennett's praying for a new jacket and shoes," said Lucy. "Joe said he expected them to be sent straight from God. How could that be, mother?"

"There are many ways in which God sends us blessings in answer to prayer. All things are in his hands, and he has a right to do as he pleases with his own. He may put it into the heart of some one to give those things to Johnny, and in that way they will come from God. It was only this morning I heard a little girl wondering what she should do with some money which had been

given her. Now this little girl has all that she needs to make her comfortable, and Johnny has nothing. What do you suppose he would do with that money if he had it?" asked her mother.

"I think he would buy him some nice, warm clothes for winter," answered Lucy.

"Why cannot my little daughter act as God's messenger, and buy them for him?"

"Do you really mean that I may give Johnny those things for which he prayed?" eagerly asked Lucy.

"Yes, unless you can think of some better way of spending your money than in clothing God's poor," answered her mother.

Lucy could think of none; for though young, she had already learned the pleasure there is in doing good. So in due time the clothes were bought, and given to Johnny.

It would be hard to tell which of the two enjoyed the presents most. Johnny's joy was very great, and he did not forget earnestly to thank God for thus answering his prayers. While Lucy's quiet happiness seemed to say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

How many of you have Johnny's faith in God, which cannot be dimmed by the scoffers' taunts? Be assured that God will hear and answer earnest, simple prayer. Go to him with all your wants, for he cares for you, and his little ones will not be forgotten when he counts up his jewels.—*Ladies' Repository*.

## THE BOYS.

Boys should never go through life satisfied to be always borrowing other people's brains. There are some things they should find out for themselves. There is always something waiting to be found out. Every boy should think some thought that shall live after him. A farmer's boy should discover for himself what timber will bear the most weight, which is the most elastic, what will last longest in the water, what out of the water, what is the best time to cut down trees for fire-wood.

Here are some questions for boys: How many kinds of oak grow in your region, and what is each specially good for? How does a bird fly without moving a wing or a feather? How does a snake climb a tree or a wall? Is there any difference between a deer's track and a hog's track? What is it? How often does a deer shed his horns, and what becomes of them? In building a chimney, which should be the larger, the throat or the funnel? Should it be wider at the top or drawn in? The boys see white horses; did they ever see a white colt? Do they know how old the twig must be to bear peaches, and how old the vine is when grapes first hang upon it? There is a bird in the forest which never builds a nest, but lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. Can the boys tell what that bird is? Do they know that a hop-vine always winds with the sun, but a bean-vine always winds the other way? Do they know that when a horse crops grass he eats back toward himself; but a cow eats outward from herself, because she has no teeth upon her upper jaw?

There are thousands of things for boys to learn out of that book which it takes to hold all that we do not know. And the time to learn is when boys are young; for when they get old, they are busy, and grow forgetful. So learn all you can, and you may be a strong, intelligent, useful, and influential man.—*Little Christian*.

Nor in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if we enter into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where a man might be freed from an evil deed.

## The Sabbath-School.

## FOURTH Sabbath in JANUARY.

## NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

## LESSON 170.—REVIEW ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

1. Who wrote the book called the Acts of the Apostles? Luke 1:1-4; Acts:1, 2.
2. How long a period is covered by the events recorded in this book?—About 30 years.
3. Who were the chief actors in these events?
4. When is the book supposed to have been written?—Somewhere from 63 to 65. A. D.
5. Why did St. Luke write the book which bears his name? Luke 1:3.
6. Of what does he claim to have given a record in that book? Acts 1:1, 2.
7. What does St. John say at the close of his book? John 21:25.
8. How long did Jesus remain on the earth after his resurrection? Acts 1:3.
9. What instruction did Jesus give during this time? *Ibid*.
10. What command did he give? Verse 4.
11. What promise did he make? Verse 5.
12. What had the prophets said about the outpouring of the Holy Spirit? Joel 2:28, 29; Isaiah 44:3.
13. What had Jesus said about it? John 14:16, 26.
14. What strange question did some of the disciples ask Jesus? Acts 1:6.
15. When were they to have light and power given them? Verse 8.
16. What does Paul say about the source of his wisdom? 1 Cor. 2:7-10.
17. Describe the ascension of our Lord. Acts 1:9, 10.
18. What did the angels say to the disciples? Verse 11.
19. How did the disciples spend their time while waiting for the fulfillment of the promise which Jesus had made them? Verses 13, 14.
20. Tell how an apostle was appointed to take the place of Judas Iscariot. Verses 15, 16, 20-26.
21. Describe the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost.
22. Who were in Jerusalem at this time? Acts 2:5.
23. How did they feel at hearing these unlearned disciples speaking in so many different tongues? Verses 7, 8.
24. How did Peter explain the miracle? Verses 14, 15.
25. To what prophecy did he refer? Verses 16-18.
26. What fulfillment is that prophecy receiving at the present time?
27. What did Peter immediately begin to preach to them? Verses 22-24.
28. Of what did he boldly accuse the Jews?
29. How did he explain the words of David in Ps. 16:8-10?
30. To what conclusion did he come? Verse 36.
31. What effect had Peter's sermon? Verse 37.
32. What reply did Peter make when they said, "What shall we do?" Verses 38, 39.
33. How many heeded his exhortation? Verse 41.
34. What evidence did they give of genuine conversion?
35. How was their brotherly love manifested?

For Notes, see S. S. Department in the Review for Jan. 15.

Nothing worth doing in the Sabbath-school can be done quickly. We have need of patience; we have need of perseverance. We are workers with God, and can never hurry except at the cost of losing our company. "Behold, I lay in Zion a stone, a tried stone, a sure foundation. He that believeth shall not make haste." In the first or natural family you cannot hurry the growth of children to the stature of men; and in the church and family of God you cannot hurry the process of life and growth of the Spirit toward the stature of the sons of God. In both cases we have need of cheerful, intelligent, generous perseverance, knowing that in due time we shall reap if we faint not.



## For Our Little Ones.

## NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

KNOW a little saying  
That is altogether true;  
My little boy, my little girl,  
The saying is for you.  
'T is this, O blue and black eyes,  
And gray, so deep and bright,  
No child in all this careless world  
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen,  
Or city's crowded way,  
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum,  
Entice your feet to stay;  
Some one is always watching you,  
And whether wrong or right,  
No child in all this busy world  
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,  
And marking what you do,  
To see if all your childhood's acts  
Are honest, brave, and true;  
And watchful more than mortal kind,  
God's angels pure and white,  
In gladness or in sorrowing,  
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one,  
And let your mark be high!  
You do whatever thing you do,  
Beneath some seeing eye;  
Oh, bear in mind, my little one,  
And keep your good name bright,  
No child upon this round, round earth,  
Is ever out of sight.

—Our Little Ones.



## THE BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

RANDMOTHER, see my beautiful new dress!" exclaimed a gay little girl, skipping into her grandmother's bedroom; "see how it sets, and how becoming it is!"

She walked to and fro before her grandmother, and turned around this side and that side.

"Very pretty," said her grandmother, faintly smiling, "but it is not what I should choose for you."

"Oh! father says pink is so becoming to me! What color should you choose, grandmother?" and Kate fingered the trimmings on her pink dress as if no other was quite so good as hers.

"I should choose white, pure, shining white," said her grandmother. "I know of such a dress which I should be very glad to have you wear."

"Mother says I tear white dresses so, I do not deserve to have one," answered the child.

"That which I speak of will never tear."

"O grandmother, think how awfully I look in my out-grown white dress!" and Kate shrank from the thought of another white dress.

"You could never outgrow this."

"Always fit me! why, grandmother, you do n't mean so!"

"Yes, my child, it will always fit you."

"Now, you are making fun;" yet as the little girl glanced at her grandmother's face, she saw that it looked as mild and serious as it ever did.

"Could I burn it?" asked Kate; for she remembered on a cold winter's day what a hole the hot stove made in her new plaid dress.

"No fire can burn it," answered the grandmother.

"Nor sun fade it?"

"No; neither can the rain wet it."

"Oh! I know now, it's made of asbestos—you

mean an asbestos dress," and she leaned upon her grandmother's knee, looking into her face. Perhaps all children know that asbestos is a mineral that can be made into threads, and woven into garments which heat cannot consume.

The grandmother shook her head.

"If it's such a beautiful white, I shall soil it very easily, I suppose."

"Yes, you could easily soil it; even a thought, a wrong thought, would sully its delicacy."

"Oh!" cried Kate, looking very doubtfully upward, "how funny! I should be afraid to wear it."

"But it will shield you from harm."

"I should like that; is it so very strong, then?"

"So strong my little girl would never wear it out; and then it becomes more beautiful the longer you keep it, if you keep it carefully," said the good lady.

"Well, will it be becoming? shall I look pretty in it?" eagerly asked Kate.

"You could wear nothing so beautiful. It has some precious ornaments, a great deal handsomer and more costly than your gold chain or your coral necklace." The eyes of the child danced with delight.

"Are they always worn with it?"

"Yes, always. You should never lay them aside for fear of losing them."

"Why, I never saw such a dress," said Kate thoughtfully. "Where can I buy one?"

"There is one already bought for you, my child."

"Oh, I am so glad! who did buy it for me?"

"Your best Friend."

"You, grandmother, did you buy it? How very, very good of you."

"No, it was not I—a better friend than I," said grandmother solemnly.

"Oh, you mean something, grandmother," cried the child. "Please tell me what you do mean. What is this dress, so wonderful? I am sure I want one."

"This dress, so wonderful, is the garment of salvation. It was bought by Jesus Christ at a great price, even his life; its ornaments are a meek and quiet spirit. Will my dear little girl wear this beautiful garment?" earnestly asked her grandmother.

"I wish I could," breathed the little one, her head bowed low.

"Then you would have a wardrobe for eternity, Kate, fitting you for the company of the heavenly hosts of the world to come, where the redeemed shall sing their songs of praise;" and the grandmother pressed the child to her bosom, and breathed over her the prayer of love.

Who will not wear this beautiful garment? who will get ready his wardrobe for eternity?—Selected.

## TELL THE TRUTH.

A boy twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:—

"Your father has been talking to you, and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony, but if I would be careful, and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

NEVER give all your pleasant words and smiles to strangers. The kindest words and sweetest smiles should be reserved for home. Home should be our heaven.

## 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

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

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Or, Dr. Wm. Smith's Old Testament History,	\$1 75

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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

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

S. D. A. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. CHAPMAN, Editor.

Miss WINNIE LOUGHBOROUGH, Asst. 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.
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Or, **Pacific Press, Oakland, Cal.**