

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE MILKY WAY.

EVENING has come, and across the skies,
Out through the darkness that quivering dies,
Beautiful, broad, and white,
Fashioned of many a silvery ray,
Stolen out of the ruins of day,
Grows the pale bridge of the Milky Way,
Built by the architect of night.

Dim with shadows and bright with stars,
Hung like gold lights on invisible bars,
Stirred by the wind's low breath,

What may it be? Who may certainly say?
Over the shadowy Milky Way
No human foot hath trod.
Ages have passed, but, unsullied and white,
Still it stands, like a rainbow of night,
Held as a promise above our dark sight,
Guiding our thoughts to God.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

THERE are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; and no politics like those which the Scriptures each.

Gaza fell to the lot of Judah, who took the city, but did not expel the inhabitants. We hear of it again, when the champion of Israel, tarrying over night within its walls, arose at midnight, and—

“By main force pulled up and on his shoulders bore
The gates of Gaza, post, and massy bar,
Up to the hill of Hebron, seat of giants old.”

Afterward, proving recreant to the trust God gave him, Samson was led—

“To grind in brazen fetters under task,
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves.”



Rising on cloud-shapen pillars of gray,
Perfect it stands, like a tangible way,
Binding to-morrow with yesterday,
Reaching from life to death.

Dark show the heavens on either side,
Soft flows the blue in a waveless tide
Under the silver arch.
Never a footstep is heard below,
Echoing earthward, as, measured and slow,
Over the bridge the still hours go,
Bound on their trackless march.

Is it the way that the angel's take,
When they come down by night to wake
Over the slumbering earth?
Is it the way the stars go back
When the young Day drives them from off his track
Into the distant, mysterious black
Where their bright souls had birth?

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

GAZA.

FOLLOWING the main camel route leading from Palestine down to Egypt, the traveler comes, near the confines of the Holy Land, to a city lying partly in ruins. This is Gaza, one of the oldest cities in the land, having been built before Abraham's time. It stands on a low sand ridge some three miles from the sea, and extends over more ground than that part of Jerusalem inside the city walls. From its position on the main road it has ever been a city of the highest military importance, for unless this stronghold was taken, the way from Palestine into Egypt or from Egypt to the north was completely obstructed.

In the division of the land among the Israelites,

But he avenged his wrongs. When the Philistines, at one of their festivals, brought him in to make sport for them, all the wrongs committed against him and his people rushed through his mind, and, praying God to give him his former strength, he laid hold of the main pillars that supported the flat roof, and “bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.”

Although the prophecies against Gaza have not been so terrible as those pronounced against some other cities of Palestine, they have nevertheless been literally fulfilled. When Alexander set out on his tour of conquering the world, he found Gaza in his way on the march to Egypt. He accordingly

laid siege to the city, which for five months bravely resisted him. Exasperated because it held out so long, he at length took it by storm, and treated the inhabitants to the most barbarous cruelties, murdering all the warriors, and selling the women and children into slavery. He re-peopled the city with those who dwelt in the country around, and then proceeded on his march toward the south. Gaza has several times since been destroyed, but has always been rebuilt.

The present town, of some fifteen or sixteen thousand inhabitants, resembles a cluster of large villages. The principal one stands on the top of the sand ridge, while the others lie at its base in the plain below. Our picture gives a near view of the town. Many of the buildings are already crumbling away, and the whole city has an air of decay, due, perhaps, to the fact that the houses are built of the stones used in the ancient city. The chief trade is in soap, which is carried by the Arabs over the desert to Cairo. The modern town has no walls or fortifications of any kind, yet the inhabitants remain unmolested, as they stand in friendly relations to the Arabs.

Efforts have been made to introduce Christianity into Gaza as well as into other cities of Palestine, and this stronghold of idolatry now has three Protestant schools, where the good news of salvation is told to all who will hear. W. E. L.

THE REIGN OF ALFRED THE TRUTH-TELLER.

EGBERT, king of the West Saxons, who reigned at Winchester, is counted as the first king of all England. His four grandsons had dreadful battles with the Danes all their lives, and the three eldest died quite young. The youngest was the greatest and best king England ever had,—Alfred the truth-teller. As a child Alfred had excited the hopes and admiration of all who saw him; and while his brothers were busy with their sports, it was his delight to kneel at his mother's knee, and recite to her the Saxon ballads which his tutor had read to him, inspiring him, at that early age, with the ardent patriotism and the passionate love of literature which rendered his character so illustrious. He was only twenty-two years old when he came to the throne, and the kingdom was overrun everywhere with the Danes. In the northern part some had even settled down, and made themselves at home, and more kept coming over in ships; so that though Alfred beat them in battle again and again, there was no such thing as driving them away. At last he had so very few faithful men left with him that he thought it wise to send them away, and hide himself in the Somersetshire marsh country. There is a pretty story told of him, that he was hidden in the hut of a poor herdsman, whose wife, thinking he was a poor wandering soldier, as he sat by the fire mending his bow and arrows, desired him to turn the cakes she had set to bake upon the hearth. Presently she found them burning, and cried out angrily, "Lazy rogue! you can't turn the cakes, though you can eat them fast enough."

However, that same spring, the brave English gained more victories; Alfred came out of his hiding place, and gathering them all together, beat the Danes, so that they asked for peace. He said he would allow those who had settled in the north of England to stay there, provided they would become Christians; and he stood god-father to their chief, and gave him the name of Ethelstane. After this, Alfred had stout English ships built to meet the Danes at sea before they could come and land in England; and thus he kept them off, so that for all the rest of his reign, and that of his son and grandsons, they could do very little mischief, and for a time left off coming at all, but

went to rob other countries that were not so well guarded by brave kings.

But Alfred was not only a brave warrior. He was a most good and holy man, who feared God above all things, and tried to do his very best for his people. He made good laws for them, and took care that every one should be justly treated, and that nobody should do his neighbor wrong without being punished. So many abbey had been burnt, and the monks killed by the Danes, that there were hardly any books to be had, or scholars to read them. He invited learned men from abroad, and wrote and translated books himself for them; and he had a school in his house, where he made the young nobles learn with his own sons. He built up the churches, and gave alms to the poor; and he was always ready to hear the troubles of any poor man. Though he was always working so hard, he had a disease that used to cause him terrible pain almost every day. His last years were less peaceful than the middle ones of his reign, for the Danes tried to come again; but he beat them off by his ships at sea, and when he died at fifty-two years of age, in the year 901, he left England at rest and quiet, and we always think of him as one of the greatest and best kings who ever reigned in England, or in any other country. As long as his children after him and his people went on in the good way he had taught them, all prospered with them, and no enemies hurt them; and this was all through the reigns of his son, his grandson, and great grandsons.—*Young Folks' History of England.*

THE north winds blow
O'er drifts of snow;
Out in the cold who goes from here?
"Good-bye, good-bye!"
Loud voices cry.
"Good-bye!" returns the brave Old Year;
But looking back, what word leaves he?
"Oh, you must all good children be!"

ARMED TO THE TEETH.

In the early part of the war, a young minister of the gospel was on his way to fulfill an appointment. He was mounted on a large and fleet horse, and he had his books in a saddle-bag. As he had some distance to go, he traveled along at a brisk rate. After riding awhile, he met a party of soldiers who were searching for rebels, and, as he drew near them, they separated and let him pass. After he had gone by a short distance, one of them said:—

"Now, we ought to have halted that fellow!"
"No," said another, "I guess he is all right."
"But you don't know," said the first.

So they wheeled their horses around, and, leveling their guns at the young man, they ordered him to halt.

On hearing the order, he wheeled his horse around, and waited for them to come up. When they had come within three or four rods of him, he shouted out with earnestness:—

"Move carefully! I'm armed to the teeth."

On hearing this, the soldiers stopped short with their guns leveled.

He then told them that he was armed with a Bible and hymn-book, and that he was on his way to an appointment. When they heard this, they lowered their guns and asked him his name. On hearing it, one of the soldiers said he knew him, and that he might go on his way in peace.

Get armed to the teeth. Store up your mind with the Bible while you are young, and it will be a great help to you in fighting the good fight of faith.

"The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even

to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."—*The Well-Spring.*

AN ALLEGORY.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always had the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you have now," said the other, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

EDITOR'S CORNER.



E will suppose that you all, dear readers, began the new year with a fixed purpose to make it the best year of your lives; that after carefully searching your hearts, and confessing your sins, you promised the Lord that with his help you would get complete victory over them. The year is now fairly opened before you, and the new record well begun. At this time you may derive much benefit from examining it, to find out whether you have really made any improvement on the past, or whether it is not already covered with mistakes which will cost you tears of contrition.

As frequent reviews are necessary to progress in the day and Sabbath schools, so in the school of Christ you may receive invaluable help from them; and we would recommend you to examine carefully each night, before retiring, your course of action through the day. Take time to do it thoroughly; and if, upon examination, you find your life-record imperfect, do not become discouraged, but make another attempt. Perhaps the failure arose from your having relied too much upon your own strength.

My dear readers, one thing we would not have you forget,—that Satan is doing up his last work; and he, knowing that his time is short, doubles his efforts to overthrow you. Because he is forever shut out of heaven, he attempts the destruction of every one else. It matters not to him *how* he accomplishes our ruin; his whole aim is to make it complete in some way.

Shall not we, too, be vigilant because the time is short? Our eternal happiness depends upon it. We cannot afford to be cheated out of the future reward in the kingdom of God by the cunning wiles of the enemy; neither can we by our own indifference afford to let the prize slip from our reach.

The Lord is faithful on his part, and he will help us to gain a complete victory if we seek him with all the heart. Oh! let us double our diligence in drawing nigh to God, that he may draw nigh to us, and help us in making a life-record that shall stand the test of the Judgment. Who will be found among the faithful ones when our true characters are revealed as kept in the record in heaven? Dear reader, carefully consider this question. M. J. C.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do only with a single thread.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

THE TUBEROSE.

"How many buds! and how fast they are opening!" exclaimed Effie; "I shall have one to take to school every day for—oh, a long time!"

And the buds did open even faster than Effie had expected; and in two or three days there were several of the full, waxy, white blossoms open at a time; and she soliloquized:—

"I'm afraid they won't keep fresh long enough so that I can wear all of them if I only take one a day; I believe I'll take two, and give one of them to somebody else. Let me see; who will it be?"

Then Effie thought of the different girls: "There is Lura Barton—I like her; and Nina Hammond—she likes flowers; they have lots of different kinds at their house; may be she'll bring me some, too, if—" but Effie would n't confess, even to herself, that that was her object in taking flowers to Nina Hammond; so she continued, "if she knows I appreciate them."

Effie started to school that morning with the cherished blossoms in a paper cone, to protect them from the cold weather, which made flowers all the choicer. She thought, as she neared the building:—

"I shall not give Nora Dell any, after the way she acted yesterday. I don't like her, anyway; she is just as selfish as she can be. She brings things to school from her father's store nearly every day, and does n't near all the time divide with the rest of the girls."

Perhaps it barely occurred to Effie's mind that Nora might not be much more selfish in enjoying her treasures alone, than she herself was in dividing with Nina Hammond. At least, she frowned dissatisfiedly, and flirited her school bag impatiently against the railing as she passed up the stairs.

During chapel exercises that morning, Effie scarcely heard a word that was said. She was busy with her own thoughts; and something would keep ringing in her ears, and she could not silence it, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper." Do you know the rest of that verse? Just find Luke 14:13, and read it. Effie knew the whole of it, and it annoyed her. She did n't study much that morning. Those two flowers were small things to take so much attention, but they had suggested a great problem. At length she said to herself,—

"Tuberose have nothing to do with giving feasts, but I suppose it's all the same about the recompense."

In going to her first recitation, Effie must pass Nora Dell's desk; and as she did so, she left with her one of the flowers, a trophy of peace, but carried away a conquered spirit as a trophy of the battle through which she had passed. And then, when she found herself beside Nina Hammond in the class, she gave her the other flower just because she felt good, all forgetful of the window full at Nina's house, that she had thought might recompense her.

At intermission, Nina exclaimed,—

"Oh, Effie Watson! you are just too good for anything. Do you know, every one of our plants froze last night!"

Nora, in turn, came slyly up behind her, gave her a little hug, and dropped a cluster of Malaga grapes into her hand. Then school was called, and Effie had to study hard the remainder of the day, to atone for the morning's idleness.

When she reached home that afternoon, her mother had just returned from a visit to a sick girl, with Effie's father (for he was a physician); and she told her about the child's having a tiny geranium blossom in a little bottle with a few leaves, and how much she seemed to think of it.

"I wonder if she would n't like one of my tuberose?" said Effie.

"I think she would be delighted with it," replied Mrs. Watson.

Accordingly, the next morning, when Effie started to school, she went by the way of the little invalid's home, and carried her a tuberose, together with the grapes she had brought from school the day before. Perhaps, if she had known how it would sweeten the tedious, painful hours of that day, she would have left both the flowers she brought; but the place looked rough, and the people unpolished, and Effie did n't know much about sickness, so she was satisfied to leave the one, as intended, and carry the other to school.

When at school, she had about made up her mind to give the remaining flower to her special friend, Lura Barton, when the latter leaned toward her and whispered,—

"I do wish you would take that thing away. It smells so it makes my head ache."

Imagine her chagrin! She pushed the innocent offender to the farther end of her desk, and then wondered what she should do with it. That blossom started home again that afternoon, but instead of reaching there, it found its way into the hands of a laborer whom Effie knew, and whom she met on the way; and so it went on a subtle mission of good will and kindness to his unpretentious home.

That evening, when Dr. Watson told his daughter how much good her present had done his little patient, and told her quite a story about the tiny sufferer, she felt sorry that she had not been more generous; and after that, every day, she prepared a pretty bouquet for the sick child, until the last one was laid on her coffin lid.

One evening, a large, awkward boy came to the Watsons' home for medicine for his sick mother. While the doctor was preparing it, Effie remarked to Mrs. Watson,—

"I have a good mind to send her one of my tuberose."

Her mother agreeing, Effie plucked the most perfect one for the sick woman, and sent it along with her father's remedy.

When the boy came for medicine the next evening, he brought his mother's thanks for the gift, and said the woman who was staying with her thought it was the nicest flower she had ever seen.

When the last flower on the stock had been picked to put in a glass on her mother's work table, Effie exclaimed,—

"How this tuberose has blossomed!"

And her mother answered, meaningly,—

"Yes; and the best of it is, it has borne fruit."

ADA DE YARMOND.

MOTHER'S TURN.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty, and charming things, and say nothing about it, and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgence.

Girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let your relieve them of some of the harder duties which, for years, they have patiently borne.

The Sabbath - School.

FIRST Sabbath in February.

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 171.—REVIEW ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

1. DESCRIBE the miracle performed by Peter and John at the gate called Beautiful. Acts 3:1-8.
2. What effect had this miracle upon the people? Verses 9-11.
3. What question did Peter ask them? Verse 12.
4. What did he say God had done in the healing of this man? Verse 13.
5. How did he set home the wicked and unwise course of the Jews? Verses 13-15.
6. By what means had the man been restored? Verse 16.
7. How did Peter inspire hope in the hearts of the penitent Jews? Verses 17, 18.
8. What admonition did he give them? Verses 19, 20.
9. How long must the heavens receive our Lord before he will return to earth? Verse 21.
10. What did Moses prophecy concerning the Saviour? Verses 22, 23.
11. How were the Jews specially favored? Verses 25, 26.
12. What effort was made to silence the preaching of the apostles? Acts 4:1-3.
13. What investigation was made on the following day? Verses 5-7.
14. How did Peter state the case? Verses 8-10.
15. What scripture was now fulfilled? Verse 11.
16. What positive statement did Peter make concerning the means of salvation? Verse 12.
17. How did the Jewish rulers account for the wisdom manifested by the apostles? Verse 13.
18. What greatly perplexed the rulers? Verse 16.
19. What answer did Peter and John make when they were charged not to teach that Jesus was the Messiah? Verses 19, 20.
20. Why was it unsafe to punish the apostles at this time?
21. What took place when the disciples all joined in prayer and praise? Verse 31.
22. For what did they pray? Verses 29, 30.
23. How did the believers show their devotion to the cause of Christ, and their love for one another? Verses 32-35.
24. How was deception punished? Acts 5:1-10.
25. How did the Lord confirm the teachings of the apostles? Verses 12, 15, 16.
26. How did he show that it was not in the power of man to stop the work? Verses 17-20.
27. How did the apostles defend themselves when brought again before the council? Verses 29-32.
28. How did Gamaliel reason with the council?
29. How did the apostles leave the council? Verse 41.
30. What course did they pursue? Verse 42.

FOR Notes see S. S. Department in the *Review* for Jan. 22.

So long as we have an ideal, and that is away beyond us, there is likely to be development; and this furnishes the clew to that apparently hard saying of the Great Teacher: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Not that we shall ever attain to that; but that is the ideal set before us—and contemplating it steadily and striving after it, we shall be "changed from glory unto glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

It matters not what one's education and training may have been; no matter how learned or how ignorant he may be, if he is anxious to do what he can, and earnestly seeks to be useful, a place of usefulness will open before him. In God's wise plan there is work for all to do, the weakest as well as the strongest, and no one who looks for opportunities, with a sincere desire to do God's will, will fail to find them. Every person may be useful if he only has a will to work.

For Our Little Ones.



WINTERY STORMS.

THIS is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.
So he giveth the snow like wool,
Fair and white and beautiful.
This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.

This is the way the rain comes down,
Swiftly, swiftly falling.
So he sendeth the welcome rain
Over field and hill and plain.
This is the way the rain comes down,
Swiftly, swiftly falling.

This is the way the frost comes down,
Widely, widely falling.
So it spreadeth, all through the night,
Shining cold and pure and white.
This is the way the frost comes down,
Widely, widely falling.

This is the way the hail comes down,
Loudly, loudly falling;
So it flieth beneath the cloud,
Swift and strong, and wild and loud.
This is the way the hail comes down,
Loudly, loudly falling.

Wonderful, Lord, are all thy works,
Wheresoever falling;
All their various voices raise,
Speaking forth their Maker's praise.
Wonderful, Lord, are all thy works,
Wheresoever falling.

—The Children's Hour.

-KITTY AND THE HORSE-HAIR.

SUSAN and Jane called in, one afternoon, to see Kitty King, and brought her a long horse-hair. Susy had one, and Jane had one. Kitty was very glad. She went right away for a bowl of water, and put the horse-hair in. Mother was curious to know what the girls had got. She went, and looking over their heads, asked what it was.

"Why, mamma, they say horse-hairs will turn to water-snakes, and we want to see them turn," said Kitty.

"Who says so?" asked mother.

"They," answered Kitty; "Alice Goodyear, Tom, and everybody."

"Did Alice or Tom ever see them turn?"

"I do not know as they ever saw them at it," said Kitty, "but they do turn. Tom says horse-troughs are full of them."

"Full of what?" asked Mrs. King.

"Snakes," cried Kitty.

"No, hairs," said Susy.

"I looked into two troughs at my uncle's, where horses drink, and I could not find either snakes or hairs," said Jane, "but I suppose they do turn."

"No horse-hair ever turned into a water-snake, girls," said Mrs. King; "it is not according to God's laws." And she left them, and went into the garden.

"Mamma, of course, does not know everything," whispered Kitty, much vexed because her mother did not think as she did. "She has n't been to all places where horses drink. How can she tell what their hairs do when they get into the water?"

"What makes fishes?" said Susy.

"Yes," cried Kitty, "yes, indeed."

Morning, noon, and night Kitty anxiously watched the horse-hair in the water.

Some time after, as papa was sitting after tea, he said, "Daughter, your horse-hair can never become a water-snake."

"Why not, papa?" asked Kitty hastily.

"Because it is a law of God, in creating things, that life brings forth life, and like produces like," he answered.

"I am sure I do n't know what all that means," said Kitty in a puzzled tone.

Papa put his hand into his seed-box, and took out a kernel of corn. "This kernel," he said, showing it to Kitty, "though hard and dry outside, has life inside. Plant it, and the life bursts out, and sprouts and grows up, and bears corn, not potatoes or carrots, but corn; and it is just so with a grain of the wheat—it produces its like, wheat. Would you not think it odd for an apple-tree to produce children—little girls hanging and growing on all its branches?" Kitty was much amused by the thought. "Things have no power to change their nature. A horse cannot turn to a snake."

"No more could a horse-hair," added Kitty quickly, by this time beginning to see that it was possible for her to be mistaken. "Then what did folks say so for?" asked she, casting a sidelong look at the horse-hair in the bowl.

"Ignorance is apt to jump to wrong conclusions," said papa. "There is sometimes found in our brooks a long, black, thread-like worm, called horse-hair worm, because it looks like a horse-hair, not because it ever was one."

Kitty felt secretly glad there was something.

"Professor Brown has one," added her papa. "Would you like to see it?" "Indeed, I would," said Kitty. The next day her papa took her to the professor's study, where the worm was in a bottle of water. It looked, Kitty thought, like a small tangle of black sewing-silk. He poured it out into a basin of water, and began to get out the tangles, when he found it was twisted round, and hugging up a bag of its eggs. It did not want to be straightened out; but it was, and proved to be half a yard long. While this was going on, its bag of eggs floated away, and Kitty wondered if the worm would care. Indeed it did. It moved right away toward the eggs, and tried to weave itself around them, like a kind mother protecting its young. The professor then unwound it again. In doing so the bag broke, and some of the eggs dropped out and floated off. It was curious to see the poor worm trying to find and bring them back to the nest. "So knowing," thought Kitty. "Motherly instinct," said papa. The professor then opened the bag of eggs, or, rather, it was a roll of eggs about the size of a white coffee bean. He unrolled it, and how long do you think the roll was? Four yards long. Cutting it across and putting a bit of it under the microscope, he counted from seventy to seventy-five eggs, and he thought the whole number of eggs might be millions.

"Papa," asked Kitty, on their way home, "what do you think of a horse-hair worm?"

"What do you, Kitty?" asked papa.

"I thought of the verse I learned the other morning, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works!'" replied Kitty.—Selected.

Letter Budget.

MILDRED HAYWARD writes from Randolph, N. Y. She says: "I am a little girl eleven years old. My papa keeps the Sabbath. My mother is dead, and I live with a family of Sabbath-keepers. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR, and I now write to it for the first time. I am trying to be a good girl, so I can be saved when Jesus comes."

LENA NOURSE writes a letter from Chittenango Falls, Madison Co., N. Y., in which she says: "I was nine years old in September. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister is going to school in Rome, N. Y. One of my brothers is a little baby only six months old. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much. I want to be a good girl. Please print my letter."

MAGGIE RILEY, of Council Grove, Kan., writes:— "Papa gave me money to send for the paper this year. I am going to take it as long as it is printed. I learn all the nice verses to speak in Sabbath-school. I have learned my 'Bible Lessons for Little Ones' almost through, and learn all I can of papa and mamma's lesson. We go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I give my papers to little girls, and two more have promised to take it. They will have the money to-morrow."

HATTIE PROOTY, of N. Y., sends this letter. She says: "I am five years old. I have not learned to write yet, so I stand beside mamma, and tell her what to write. I go to school some, but mamma says that when the snow is deep I can't go. I had a loose tooth the other day, and grandma pulled it out; it hurt some. I have one sister, her name is Mana. We do n't have any Sabbath-school here, so I go to Sunday-school. Mamma keeps the Sabbath, and reads the INSTRUCTOR to me. My Aunt Ella sends the paper to me; she lives in Battle Creek. I want to be a good girl."

W. O. BRISTOW, of Mapleton, Mo., writes: "I am but a little boy. I was ten years old the 13th of last August. I have a little brother five years younger than myself. I have a little baby sister three months old. Her name is Minnie Bell. My pa and ma commenced keeping the Sabbath last June. We have a little Sabbath-school, and a social meeting, every Sabbath. We are all well pleased when the Sabbath comes, so that we can go to Sabbath-school and meeting. I will try to have good lessons, and learn what Jesus wants me to do. My grandpa lives with us. He is sixty-seven years old. He is a member of the Christian church, and does n't like to have us keep the Sabbath. I have learned the ten commandments. I want to keep them all, and be prepared to meet Jesus at his coming."

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