

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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MOTH-EATEN.

I HAD a beautiful garment,
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves
In a napkin fine and fair;
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself, under clasp and key,
In the perfumed desk alone,
Its wonderful broidery hidden
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raiment,
I bore them company;
I knew that I owned a beautiful robe,
Though its splendor none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphans sought my care;
I gave them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the luster
Of its shifting colors fine.
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of the day.
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty,
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing,
The beauty that use reveals.
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

—Harper's Bazaar.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

GIBRALTAR.

ON the southern coast of Spain, a small and very rocky promontory juts out into the western extremity of the Mediterranean Sea. This headland rises abruptly from the low, sandy isthmus that connects it with the main-land, to the height of twelve thousand feet or more. It is two and a half miles long, and less than a mile wide.

On the east side the rocks slope down into the water as abruptly as toward the north, and they are as wholly inaccessible. On the west they descend gradually to the sea, interrupted by cliffs and ravines running lengthwise of the headland. At the foot of the descent the land becomes quite level, and here stands the city of Gibraltar, overlooking the blue waters of Gibraltar Bay and the

Mediterranean. A view of this city is given in the accompanying picture.

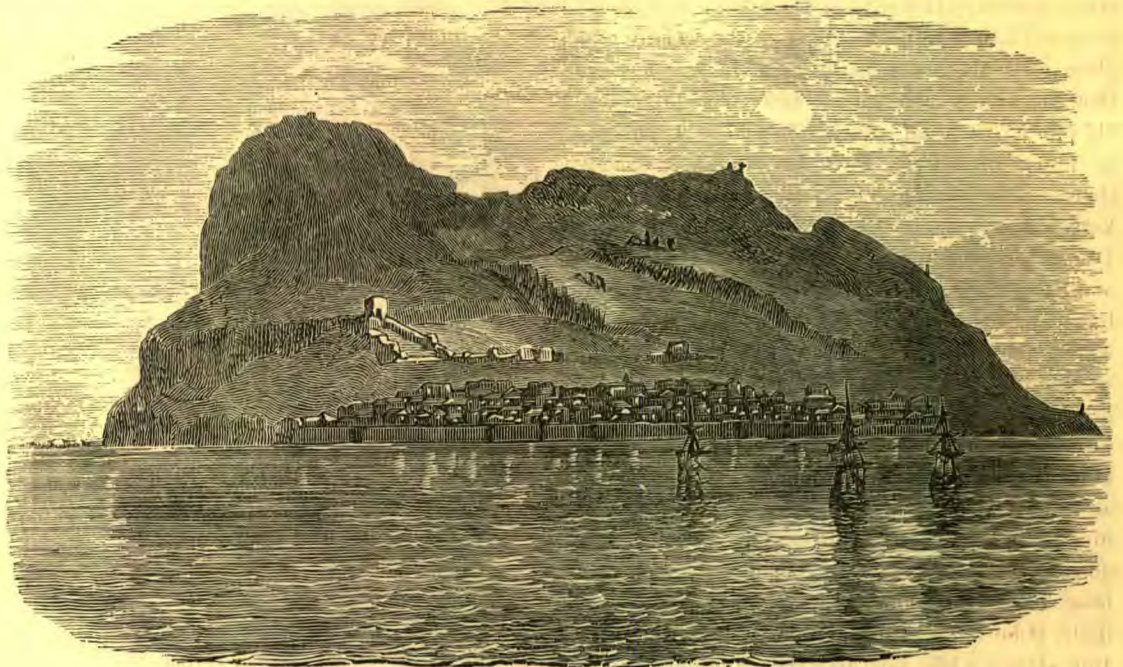
Very desolate and barren indeed the town looks from the distance, with its background of solid rock. But a nearer approach reveals grassy glens and groups of trees. The houses of the English inhabitants are surrounded by fine groves. The climate is warm, half tropical, with a rainy season and a dry one. Most of the rain falls during November, December, and January, and then the rocks are covered with a profusion of bright wild flowers. In the summer-time a cool sea-breeze blows from ten o'clock till sunset, so that the heat does not seem so oppressive.

There are not very many wild animals on the rocks. The little fawn-colored, tailless, Barbary

room to carry on its work, the people are obliged to give up their homes.

The laws of the city are very strict. If a stranger wishes to stay only one day in the town, he has to go to the town-major and get a pass. If he is an artist, and wants to make a sketch, he has to get special permission to do it. So it does not make this a very desirable town to visit.

Gibraltar is a military post, and a very strong one, too. On the north and east, as we have seen, it is almost impossible to scale the straight rocks. On the west side, a high, strong sea-wall shuts in the town. The city has been taken at different times by the Mohammedans, and then by the Christians. The most memorable siege laid to this strong town, occurred in 1779-1783. At that



apes, that the school-boys learn about in their geographies, are so scarce that not all the people in Gibraltar have seen them.

There are some very fine caves in the rocks on this headland. Perhaps the largest and most beautiful is St. Michael's cave. Its entrance is eleven hundred feet above the sea. From the entrance the ground slopes rapidly down into a large hall two hundred feet long and seventy feet high. The roof is supported by stalactite pillars. A passage-way leads from this hall to four other caves, all connected one with the other by a passage-way. The last of these is three hundred feet below the surface. These caves are said to be even more beautiful and picturesque than our famous Mammoth cave in Kentucky.

The houses in Gibraltar are not very nice. The people dislike to put their money into buildings; for they are liable at any time to lose their homes. Gibraltar, you no doubt already know, is a military town; and whenever the government needs more

time, as now, the English held possession of the fortress. The French and Spanish forces tried to take the city by land and by sea; and although they used every means that the most ingenious could devise, the city valiantly withstood them during four long years, and finally put them to flight.

Since that time, everything has been done that could be thought of to make the city stronger; till now it stands, guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean and the cities of the East, the most formidable and the best fortified city in the world.

W. E. L.

If I had been made a fire-fly, it would not become me to say, "If God had only made me a star, to shine always, then I would shine." It is my duty, if I am a firefly, to fly and sparkle, and fly and sparkle; not to shut my wings down over my phorescent self, because God did not make me a sun or a star.

HOW THE KITCHEN-BOY BECAME A BISHOP.

ABOUT two hundred and eighty years ago, a clerk was wanted in the parish church of Ugborough, a little village of Devonshire, and one of the applicants was a young lad about sixteen years of age, who came from a neighboring village. But he did not get the place, because of his youth. He was very much cast down. He was the son of poor but worthy parents, and one of a large family of brothers and sisters. He said to his mother, with a heavy heart, "I must not be a burden any longer upon father and you; I shall set out and find work of some kind or other elsewhere, and support myself."

So he bade farewell to his father and his brothers and sisters, and with a little bundle in his hand, he left his home. His mother went with him two or three miles of the way. When at length she was obliged to turn back, she knelt down with him at the roadside, and asked God to bless him and go with him and keep him from every evil way. She took out some money, and gave it to him for the journey. Then the two kissed each other, and weeping, parted.

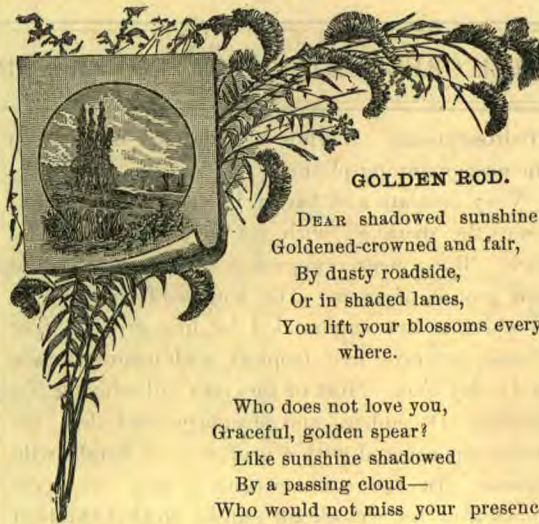
By and by he arrived at the city of Exeter. He went to the cathedral; he wandered about the streets; he called at the shops; but of all to whom he applied that day, no one had work for him. At last he found himself standing at the window of a bookshop, looking at the rows of books on the shelves within. At that moment, happening to lift his eyes, he caught a glimpse of the cathedral; and the thought suddenly shot into his mind that there was a connection between these books and the cathedral. If he, poor though he was, could become learned in books, he might be worthy of a place some day in a cathedral. It was a mere thought, and it soon passed away from his mind. He left Exeter, and traveled on and on till at last he found himself in Oxford. He knew nobody there. But having passed through Exeter, and knowing that Exeter College was the one to which Devonshire students went, he knocked at the gates of that college, and asked if they wanted a lad like him for any work he could do. They did want such a lad as he. And in a short time he was employed to scour pans, to clean knives, to brush shoes, and in other ways help in the kitchen.

John was a faithful servant, and soon became a favorite with everybody about the college. And as he had a good many hours of leisure, he set himself to learn Latin and Greek. By and by the dons, going past, saw this kitchen-boy poring over loose leaves of grammars, and would ask him, jokingly, if he was reading Homer or the Latin poets. But after a while one and then another gave up joking at the lad, and went near to him, and saw that by himself alone he had come very near to the reading both of Homer and the Latin poets. Then the dons took him away from the kitchen, and made room for him in the classes of their college, and he became one of their foremost scholars, and one in whom they all felt pride.

After awhile John was made a fellow, and then a professor of divinity, and for twenty-seven years he labored in that college, as professor and writer of books, where he had served as kitchen-boy. And at the end of that time he was made bishop of Worcester, and therein proved the truth of the thought which shot through his mind at the window of the book-shop in Exeter, that there was a way through books to a place in a cathedral.

Bishop Prideaux was never ashamed of his early trials. He kept the leathern clothes, in which he set out from his father's house, to his old age. He loved to revisit the village in which he was born. He greatly loved his parents. In his kindness he would plan surprise visits. He would bring his

doctor's scarlet gown, and put it on to please them. He never tired of showing them reverence. Often he would say to them, "If I had got the clerk's place in Ugborough, I should never have been bishop of Worcester." He loved to think that his mother's prayer had been answered in the happiest events of his life. And he did not think differently when the happy years came to an end, and years of disgrace and war came in their stead. Those who triumphed in that war drove him from Worcester, but he still felt and said that all his life had been planned out for him by God.—*Sunday Magazine.*



GOLDEN ROD.

DEAR shadowed sunshine!
Golden-crowned and fair,
By dusty roadside,
Or in shaded lanes,
You lift your blossoms every-
where.

Who does not love you,
Graceful, golden spear?
Like sunshine shadowed
By a passing cloud—
Who would not miss your presence
here?

You ask so little,
And repay so much!
Give ever of your
Best, whate'er your place—
In life how many lives are such?

The purple aster
Follows where you lead.
Perhaps she knows her
Dainty dress is just
The color that your blossoms need,

To show their beauty
Clearer. As the gold
Of stars gleams brighter,
When across the heav'n
Dark azure curtains are unrolled.

—*Vick's Illustrated Magazine.*

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

CRIPPLES.

A GROUP of boys were standing at a street-crossing one afternoon, planning for a holiday excursion for the morrow, and speculating over the chances of fair weather for their sport.

It had rained nearly all day; and though the dark clouds had broken, letting the great, round sun shine through once more, the streets were still wet and slippery, and in each gutter ran a small stream of not the cleanest water.

Just then a poor street-vender, crippled and old, tried to cross the street in front of a passing wagon. As he hobbled hurriedly over the sloppy pavement, his foot slipped, and down he went. His baskets emptied themselves of their contents much quicker than ever before, the apples and oranges rolling through the mud in every direction, while the peanuts sailed down the gutter like a diminutive fleet on a voyage of discovery.

The old man gathered himself up, a pitiable sight indeed, with the mud clinging to his threadbare garments, and spattered over his wrinkled, wizened face. He gazed with a look of dismay upon his damaged wares.

Pity would have filled the hearts of more thoughtful persons, and should have aroused the sympathies of the boys; but to them, careless and thoughtless, it was indeed a comical sight, and presented too rare a chance for sport.

With many shouts of laughter, they watched the

old man gather up his baskets and scattered fruit; and when he vainly tried to reach with his crutch a stray orange that was floating down stream, and lost his balance, partially falling in, their amusement knew no bounds.

Just then, the opening of a door, and a pleasant "good afternoon, boys," made them mindful for the first time that they were standing opposite the house of their Sabbath-school teacher, Mr. Morris. How quickly his voice lowered their tones, and hushed their mirth, and flushed their faces with a sense of shame; for the good opinion of Mr. Morris was held in high esteem by them all. It was he who was their companion in all their holiday rambles, who told them the names of all the strange plants, insects, and mineral specimens found in their mountain excursions, and who was aiding them in collecting a museum. He had planned the trip for the next day to a mountain whose peak showed blue in the distance; and to the boys it was a rare treat indeed, for they were to camp out a night; and what boy would forego such pleasure?

No wonder, then, that they were so dismayed; for they knew that their teacher, with all his good humor, would not countenance such sport as this. They all stood expecting to receive a stern rebuke; but he merely spoke a kind word to the cripple, who had by this time collected his possessions, and was limping away; then, turning to the boys, he said, "I have a rare specimen of butterfly of the papilio family which I want to show you. He is a beautiful fellow. Shall we go in and see it now?"

The boys would gladly have excused themselves, for they knew the visit would end in a long talk in the quiet library, and they had not a doubt as to what the subject would be; but they had too much love and respect for their kind teacher to refuse.

Carefully wiping their muddy shoes, they entered, and were soon gazing admiringly at the golden beauty laid out in state on a black velvet pall. In their admiration for the ever-new treasures of the museum, they soon forgot all about the little incident which had been the means of calling them in, till Mr. Morris said, in his pleasant voice, "You seemed to be in good spirits a short time ago. What amused you so much?"

Generally the eager boys responded to his questions in concert; but now they looked from one to the other, as if not knowing what to say. Finally Charlie Waite stammered out, "It was only a cripple, and it was so funny."

"What was so funny?" asked Mr. Morris.

Thus pressed, Charlie related the scene, but somehow or other, it did not look so funny to him now, and the rest seemed also to have lost all sense of its mirthfulness.

"He was only a cripple," said Percy French, apologetically repeating Charlie's expression.

"Oh!" said Mr. Morris; and then he asked, "Can any of you give me the definition of 'cripple'?"

"Why," said they all, "it is some one who is lame, and can't walk good."

Mr. Morris smiled. "Yes, but that is not all. Let us see what Mr. Webster says, Ernest."

The lad thus addressed took the dictionary, and quickly turned to the word, and read the definition.

"One disabled in the use of any function," repeated Mr. Morris. "Now will you look up the definition of 'function'?"

Ernest did so, and Mr. Morris repeated this portion of it: "'The natural or assigned action of any power or faculty of the soul or of the intellect.' So you see," said he, "that a cripple is not only a disabled member of the animal or vegetable kingdom (for even plants may be cripples), but also any one who is crippled in soul or intellect; men-

tal and moral cripples, as well as physical ones; for those who use crutches are not the only ones who need supports; there is such a thing as needing moral props. Did you ever look at it in this light, boys?"

The boys were too much astonished at this new feature of the subject to reply, and Mr. Morris resumed: "By neglecting to exercise our bodies properly, we would become physically crippled; so by neglecting the development of our mental and moral natures, we become intellectually and spiritually deformed. Every evil trait in our characters which is not eradicated, makes a great blemish, an ugly scar, on our souls, and cripples the growth of all that is good. And then the results of these deformities of soul are more lasting; for, you know, the prophet Isaiah, when speaking of the new earth, says, "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart;" but do you think that any one possessing a dwarfed or crippled soul will ever enter that beautiful place? Bodily imperfections may be remedied, but those of the soul—never. Then how carefully we should guard our steps, that we do not stumble even in little things; for every act, however small it may seem to us here, may be the one grain that will turn the scale when we are weighed in the balance and found wanting. Boys, watch the little foxes, for they steal the grapes. Be generous, be kind, be helpful, be tender-hearted, and be mindful of the golden rule. And now perhaps you had better go, for we will want to get an early start for to-morrow's pleasure; and may this little talk we have had only serve to increase our enjoyment."

The boys passed silently out; but when they reached the porch, Charlie turned and said: "We will try never to stumble as we did this afternoon, Mr. Morris. We want to grow up straight in soul and body, so we will not have to use wooden or moral crutches."

S. ISADORE SUTHERLAND.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

CHEERFUL OBEDIENCE.

"HONOR thy father and thy mother," is one of the commands spoken from Mount Sinai. It is the only one of the ten to which a promise is attached,—“That thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” Jesus was the Son of God; yet the Bible record tells us that he was subject to his earthly parents, Joseph and Mary, the humble peasants of Galilee. He did as he was told, even when the task assigned him was not agreeable to his feelings.

Consider the nature and the necessity of obedience. Children are not always taught this important lesson. The duty of obeying from right motives, and the sinfulness of disobedience, are not urged upon the conscience. Children must learn to submit to their parents; they must be trained and educated. No one can be truly good and great who has not learned to yield his will, first to his parents, and then to God, and to obey with alacrity. Those who learn to obey are the only ones who will be fitted to command.

By learning the lesson of obedience, children are not only honoring their parents and lightening their burdens, but they are pleasing One higher in authority. "Honor thy father and thy mother," is a positive command. Children who treat their parents with disrespect, and disregard their wishes, not only dishonor them, but break the law of God. The earlier the will is made to yield to the will of the parents, and the more complete the submission, the less difficult it will be to yield to the requirements of God. And none can hope for the love and blessing of God who do not learn obedience to his commandments, and stand up firmly against temptation.

Children, you want will, but not a self-will that will not endure advice or listen to the counsel of experience. If you have younger brothers and sisters, do not set them an example of disobedience to your parents. Your influence will tend to lead them in the right path, that of peace and safety, or it will prove an injury to them. If you are pursuing a course of disobedience and vanity, will you not think candidly and soberly, and turn about? Cease your folly and transgression, and the Lord will forgive and bless you, and avert the evils which such a course would surely bring upon you.

Seek to be useful; help your parents by being care-taking and thoughtful. Do the duties nearest you, taking them just as they come, and doing them in a patient, cheerful spirit. You compose a part of the family, and add to the family work and expense; and you should be ready to do your part without a word of complaint. Do not frown and fret when any task is required of you, but cheerfully carry the little burdens, and thus relieve your parents of extra care. They are nothing but plain, homely, every-day duties, and may appear to you very small and insignificant, but some one must do them. If you go about them with quick step, and a heart glad because you can do something to lighten the cares of your parents, you will be a blessing in the home. You do not know how much good you can do by always wearing a cheerful, sunny face, and watching for opportunities to help.

It is by faithfulness in the minor duties of life that you are gaining an experience that will fit you for bearing larger responsibilities. Remember that your characters are not fully formed, but that day by day you are building for eternity. Fashion your characters after the divine model. Weave into them all the kindness, thoughtful obedience, pains-taking, and love that you can. Educate yourselves to possess the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.

Cultivate quick sympathy; always have a cheerful, happy face, and be ready to lend a helping hand to those who need your aid. The faithful performance of the loving acts that seem so small is entered upon the ledger of heaven. God will make no mistake; he will make an accurate entry of every deed done to his glory. Go forward, children, step by step, in the humble path of obedience, walking in God's ways; and in the great day of final accounts you will receive a glorious reward. You will be satisfied with long life in the beautiful new earth, "the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." MRS. E. G. WHITE.

HUMMING BIRD'S UMBRELLA.

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A humming bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely, as we could look right into the nest from the window. One day there was a very heavy shower coming up, and we thought we would see if she covered her young during the storm; but when the first drops fell, she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close to the nest, and laid it over so it completely covered the nest; then she flew away. On looking at the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked on. After the storm was over, the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.—H. A., in *American Sportsman*.

THERE is but one breath of air and beat of the heart between this world and the next.

The Sabbath-School.

FIRST SABBATH IN OCTOBER.

IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

LESSON 13.—IMMORTALITY.

"THE thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John 10:10.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." John 3:36.

"And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." 1 John 5:11.

"And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life." Mark 10:29, 30.

"Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." John 6:68.

QUESTIONS.

1. Upon what did Paul exhort Timothy to lay hold? 1 Tim. 6:12.
2. By what means was he to lay hold of it? Ib.
3. Would it be consistent to exhort one to "lay hold" of eternal life if he has it by nature?
4. To whom must we come in order to have life? John 5:40.
5. For what purpose did Christ say he came? John 10:10.
6. Then if men possess immortality by nature, did not Christ come in vain?
7. What is proved by the fact that he came to give life?
8. Who does Christ say have everlasting life? John 3:36.
9. In what sense do we have it now? 2 Tim. 1:1.
10. In whose keeping is this gift? 1 John 5:11.
11. Can one do anything more for Christ than to give up everything for his sake?
12. What does Christ say that those who do so shall receive in this present time? Mark 10:29, 30.
13. What shall they receive in the world to come? Ib.
14. Then when will eternal life be enjoyed?
15. At what time will immortality be bestowed? 1 Cor. 15:51-54.
16. How is it that we receive immortality? Verses 52, 53.
17. Can a person "put on" that which he already has on?
18. Then what can you say as to man's present possession of immortality?
19. What is due to Christ from all men? John 5:23.
20. How much honor is due him? Ib.
21. What does Christ alone have? John 6:68.
22. Through whom does eternal life come? Rom. 6:23.
23. If men were by nature in possession of immortality, would they be dependent upon Christ for it?
24. Then is it not robbing Christ of the honor due him, to say that men possess immortality whether they believe in him or not?

NOTES.

COMPARE 1 Tim. 6:12 with Rom. 2:7, and note the parallel. In the latter case, we obtain eternal life by patient continuance in well-doing; in the former, by fighting the good fight of faith. The latter text plainly declares that we receive it from God; the former, by exhorting us to the exercise of faith, shows that we are dependent upon another for it.

And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.—This is the complaint Christ made against the Jews. If they were already in possession of life that could not be destroyed, what more pertinent reply could they have made than to say that they did not need to come?

We cannot imagine Christ's making a mistake, or doing an unnecessary thing. Therefore the fact that he came to give life proves conclusively that men cannot have it unless he gives it to them.

For Our Little Ones.

THE SAILOR BOY'S GOSSIP.

YOU say, dear mamma, it is good to be talking
With those who will kindly endeavor to teach;
And I think I have learnt something while I was walking
Along with the sailor boy down on the beach.

He told me of lands where he soon will be going,
Where humming birds scarcely are bigger than bees—
Where the mace and the nutmeg together are growing,
And cinnamon formeth the bark of the trees.

He told me that islands far out in the ocean
Are mountains of coral that insects have made;
And I freely confess I had hardly a notion
That insects could work in the way that he said.

He spoke of wide deserts where sand-clouds are flying,
No shade for the brow, and no grass for the feet;
Where camels and travelers often lie dying,
Gasping for water, and scorching with heat.

He told me of places away in the East
Where topaz and ruby and sapphire are found,
Where you never are safe from the snake and
the beast,
For the serpent and tiger and jackal abound.

He declared he had gazed on a very high mountain
Spurting out volumes of sulphur and smoke,
That burns day and night like a fiery fountain,
Pouring forth ashes that blacken and choke.

I thought our own river a very great stream
With its water so fresh and its currents so
strong,
But how tiny our largest of rivers must seem]
To those he has sailed on, three thousand miles
long!

He spoke, dear mamma, of so many strange
places,
With people who neither have cities nor kings,
Who wear skins on their shoulders and paint on
their faces,
And live on the spoils which their hunting-
field brings.

He told me of waters whose wonderful falling
Sends clouds of white foam and a thundering
sound,
With a voice that is ever loud and appalling,
And roars like a lion for many leagues round.

Oh! I long, dear mamma, to learn more of these
stories
From books that are written to please and to
teach;
And I wish I could see half the curious glories
The sailor boy told me of, down on the beach.

—Eliza Cook.

NAT'S LESSON.

"NO, sir!" said Nat indignantly.
"I just told Jim Brown the
best place to pick berries, be-
cause I didn't want to be selfish; and
then he slipped off early this morning,
and picked all the nicest ones before I
got there. I'll never help him to anything again
—never!"

"I'm afraid that isn't a very forgiving spirit,"
said grandma gently.

"Course it is n't. I don't feel forgiving; I feel
—just mad!" declared Nat, as he wandered out of
the house and sat down on the wood-pile. "It's
too much to expect a boy to feel like helping any
fellow that's injured him."

Down the walk came Carlo with a piece of meat
that had been thrown him from the butcher's cart.
He laid it down first, and was ready to enjoy a
dainty meal, when some geese from the road
entered the yard, and, faithful to duty, Carlo left
his dinner to drive them out. Meanwhile, Leo
wandered through from a neighboring yard, dis-
covered the tempting feast, and was calmly devour-
ing the last of it when Carlo returned. Whatever
dog-language may be, it was plain enough to make
Leo sneak back through the fence much more

rapidly than he had come, while Carlo mournfully
snuffed the ground, from which his treasure had
vanished.

"Poor old fellow! I can sympathize with you,
for I know just how you feel," said Nat. "I'd
have stopped him if I had noticed him in time,
Carlo; but I didn't. You don't feel forgiving
either, do you?"

But that afternoon, as Nat was walking along
the river-bank, with Carlo trotting after him as
usual, a sudden plunging and splashing attracted
his attention, and in a moment Leo's great grizzled
head appeared above the water. Whether he had
been thrown in or had jumped in for some purpose,
whether he had been hurt or had been swimming
until he was exhausted, it was impossible to tell,
but Leo was evidently in great distress. Carlo
seemed to understand it at once. He plunged into
the river, seized his neighbor by the collar, and



brought him bravely to the shore.

Nat looked down upon the two with a very
sober face. "And he's only a dog—can't know
anything about the things that I do—and yet he
did that!" he whispered slowly to himself.

Nobody heard him say any more against Jim
Brown, and grandma wondered what had changed
his temper so speedily, but he did not tell any one
his thoughts. They were not easily put into words,
though he tried to do it the next week, when he
wrote a composition about "Forgiveness." It
closed with a rather confused statement that "we
all ought to forgive because we want to be forgiven,
and if we do n't we are worse than some animals,
for a boy can sometimes learn something from two
dogs."

The teacher look puzzled, and said if it took two
dogs to teach one boy anything, she feared it would
take a great many dogs to educate her school, but
she did not know what they had to do with the
subject.

However, she did not know the whole story,
and Nat did. He had learned a better lesson than

he could tell, and there was one petition in his
evening prayer that he repeated very slowly and
with true meaning: "Forgive us our trespasses, as
we forgive those who trespass against us."—*Sabbath-
School Visitor.*

Letter Budget.

EDITH B. MACK, writing from McPherson Co.,
Kan., says she lives ten miles from Sabbath-school.
She studies in Book No. 4. She goes to day school,
and studies reading, spelling, geography, and arithme-
tic. She is eleven years old, and keeps the Sabbath
with her mother. She wants the INSTRUCTOR family
to remember her when they pray.

We trust Edith's request will be granted, and that
she will so connect herself with the Lord that he can
hear and answer.

CARRIE F. CARLTON, of Carbondale,
Ill., writes: "I like to read the IN-
STRUCTOR, and I now write a few lines for
it again. I wish I could go to Sabbath-
school and meeting to-day. We have not
had any preaching in a great while. My
sister and I wanted to be baptized last
winter, but we had no chance. I want
to be a good Christian, so I can meet the
INSTRUCTOR family in the earth made new.
We all keep the Sabbath but my pa. I
have been praying for him a long time,
and hope God will hear my prayers. Pray
for me."

Be truly "a good Christian," Carrie,
that by your good works your father may
be led to glorify God.

MAGGIE] McCLEARY, of Jasper Co.,
Iowa, writes: "I have been trying four
years to keep the Sabbath. I study my
Sabbath-school lessons in Book No. 2. I
try to learn them well. I want to keep
all the commandments, and be obedient
to my parents. I love my parents, and
do not want to rebel against them. I
love my Saviour, and want to be prepared
to meet him when he comes. I want to
be useful, and do all the good I can. I
am eleven years old."

It is a good beginning, Maggie, to want
to be good, and to try to do right; but
you must persevere, and gain new victo-
ries each day, through Christ, who will
help all who feel their need of his help.

MAMIE E. BROWN writes from Oswego
Co., N. Y. She says: "I take the IN-
STRUCTOR, and like it very much. I keep
the Sabbath with my parents, brother,
and sister. We all study the INSTRUCTOR
lessons. My parents live in Rome, N. Y.

My brother and I are spending our vacation on the
shore of Lake Ontario. I go to school at Rome, and
think we have a good school. I would invite my
friends who read the INSTRUCTOR to attend our school.
I am eleven years old, and am trying to be a good
girl, so I can meet you all in heaven."

Can you not write us something about your visit to
the lake shore when you write again? We trust you
go back to your school duties gladly, to do the best
kind of work. No doubt many would be glad to at-
tend some one of our good schools.

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