

Youth's Instructor

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THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"O mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small, and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!
—J. G. Whittier, in St. Nicholas.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

WITH what sacred interest the student of prophecy regards the land of Christ's nativity—the land made memorable by scenes of the most thrilling character, even from the time God said to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I shall shew thee; and I will make of thee a great nation"! To the Jew, the most interesting portion of modern Jerusalem is that which is represented in the accompanying engraving, known as the "Jews' Wailing Place."

Here is, without doubt, a section of the old wall that supported the western exterior of the ancient temple court, "on the level summit of Moriah high above it," and which now upholds the area surrounding the Dome of the Rock. This wall is one hundred and fifty feet long, and fifty-five feet high; but only a few of the lower courses of stone formed a part of ancient Jerusalem, the remainder of the wall giving evidence of more modern workmanship. This narrow, flag-paved inclosure is reached only by a crooked lane, which terminates at the wall.

To this relic of the ancient temple, the Jews have come for many centuries, to wail over their departed glory, and to beseech the Almighty to restore unto them his mercy and favor, as in former years. After their exile from the city in the time of the Emperor Adrian, they were at first permitted only to look upon it from the nearest hills once a year—the anniversary of its destruction by Titus; and for the right of mourning over the beloved city and temple, the Roman soldiers exacted of them large sums of money. But now, every Friday, they gather in great numbers to wail out their grief. The narrowness of the lane, surrounded by high, dead walls, affords them a retired place, where "they may at least weep undisturbed over the fallen glory of their race, and bedew with their tears the soil which so many thousand of their forefathers once moistened with their blood."

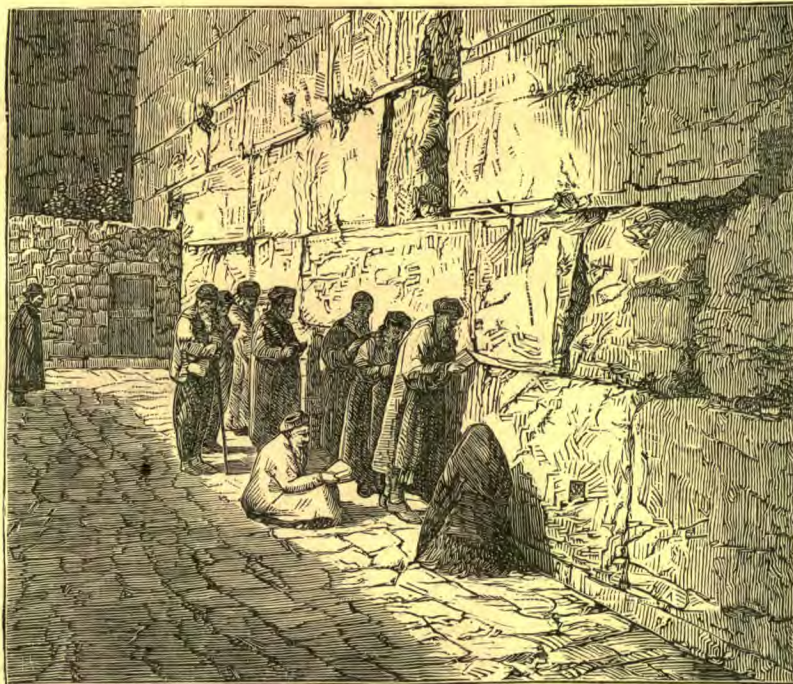
Some who have visited Jerusalem describe the scenes in this memorable spot in very touching terms. The descendants of Abraham, men, women, and children, of all ages, crowd the narrow court, approaching as near the Holy of Holies as they dare, and "murmur in low voices of hushed grief and in sobs of anguish, their prayers to the God of Jacob. Some kiss the rocky wall with fervent lips; some kneel and press their foreheads to it; some pray in silent, speechless grief, while tears fall like raindrops before them." Again they sing or chant penitential words of the prophet and psalmist, "Be not wroth very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity forever; behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all thy people."

the promised Messiah, and wickedly crucified him on Calvary.

We should give due respect to their tears, remembering that even the Son of God, who was to suffer the death of the cross at their hands, could not refrain tears of sympathy, as he saw the desolation that awaited them; and his voice, in tones of tenderest pity, was heard crying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Dr. Porter estimates that there are about 8,000

Jews now in Jerusalem. They inhabit a portion of the city on the south, between the base of Mt. Zion and the Dome of the Rock, called Hâret-el-Yehûd. Although by some they are deemed the "aristocracy of the earth," because they live in Jerusalem, yet they are mostly paupers, provided for by contributions from the Jews in other places. They are clinging to the skeleton of former greatness, expecting but little rest until they find it in the grave." They have fourteen places



"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance;
Thy holy temple have they defiled.
They have laid Jerusalem in heaps;
We are become a reproach to our neighbors.
A scorn and a derision to them that are round about us.
How long, Lord?
Wilt thou be angry forever?
Oh! remember not against us former iniquities;
Let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us;
For we are brought very low."

The magnitude of their grief and their blindness to its only remedy touches a sympathetic chord in the heart; yet while we pity, we cannot question the justice of God's dealings with them; for the Scriptures declare that when "he called, they refused;" that "when he stretched out his hand, no man regarded." To his frequent messages of warning, "they stopped their ears that they should not hear, and made their heart as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law." As a finishing touch to their rebellion, they not only put the saints of God to death, but they rejected

of worship, which they call synagogues; but most of them are in as poor a condition as are those who worship within them.

As was predicted, the Jewish people, once the most favored of God, are now the most sorely tried; but it was through their fall that salvation came to us, the Gentiles. Paul admonishes us not to boast of this, not to be high-minded, but to fear, lest God, who "spared not the natural branches, spare not us." In God's dealings with the Jews, the lesson of humility is taught so plainly that none need have an experience like theirs. So long as we "do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with God," we may have his favor. It is the opposite course that brings his frown. M. J. C.

If we have become the disciples of Christ, we shall be learning of him,—every day learning how to overcome some unlovely trait of character, every day copying his example, and coming a little nearer the Pattern.

TRUE AS STEEL.

"TRUE as steel." Farley Whitney repeated these words over and over, as he hastened home to ask his father their meaning.

"The teacher said every one of us boys ought to be as 'true as steel'; but he did n't explain at all," exclaimed Farley, with great animation.

"He left that for you to do," replied Mr. Whitney. "I remember that you once thought you had made a wonderful trade in buying a knife, which afterward proved to be iron instead of steel, and was good for nothing."

"Yes, father; I never shall forget that. The knife looked all right to me till I wanted to use it, and then I found out I had been cheated. Afterward, you bought a good knife for me, and I have it now."

"It is made of good steel," said his father, "and will take a sharp, keen edge. A boy's knife, you know, is generally put to some pretty hard usage."

"That it is, father; and a poor one is worse than none, because it goes back on you when you think you are all right. But is all steel alike?"

"By no means. There are many grades. It is said the old Damascus blades were fashioned from the best steel ever made. You have read of them in history."

"Yes, sir; they were sharp and elastic, besides being polished so they were handsome. When moved about in a strong light, they showed all the colors of the rainbow. The men who used them were never disappointed in them."

"Never, my son. They were thoroughly tested before being put to actual service. When a man's life depended upon his good sword, it would not do to have that fail him."

"Have any such swords been made since the old times?"

"It is claimed that a Russian discovered a method of hardening and tempering steel so that he produced as good blades as those of Damascus. He made a great many experiments, until at last he achieved success. He had his works in the Ural mountains, and attained great fame; but he died in 1851, and since then, the swords made there have not been as good."

"The steel used in making the famous blades of Damascus was prepared in Hindostan, and carried from there to Damascus. Steel is carbonized iron. Sometime I will explain what is meant by carbonized. Everything depends upon its preparation, and the natives of Hindostan understood that. They were very careful throughout the whole process. There are men now doing the same work in perhaps the same way it was done hundreds of years ago. They are very exact in the amount of ore in each crucible; exact as to the bits of wood to be mixed with it, and the leaves to be laid on it before the crucible is closed. The bits of wood are from one particular tree, and the leaves from another. The crucibles are subjected to a certain degree of heat for a certain length of time; and the best results can be obtained only by a strict regard to fixed rules."

"The steel ought to be good after taking so much pains."

"It is; but if possibly it fails of the required standard, it is used for coarser purposes."

"I think, father, that boys should take the very best steel as their standard. They ought to be so true they can always be counted on."

"Yes, my son, they should be true to themselves, true to those about them, and, above all, true to God."

"It is fortunate they do not need hammering and toughening, like real steel."

"They do need it; and if there is much depending upon them, they are sure to get it. You

never can tell what a boy will do until he is tried. It is easy to do right as long as there is no temptation to do wrong. It is easy to keep in the right path when everybody is going your way. But the time of trial will certainly come."

"And then, father, if he is like the true Damascus blade, he will come through good for another fight."

"That is it exactly, Farley; and I hope you will be as true as that. But you must not trust in your own strength. No boy is safe who does not look to God for help. We are all dependent upon a power above us."

"Then we ought not to be ashamed to acknowledge it. There are some boys in school who make fun of reading the Bible and going to Sabbath-school, and sometimes it has been hard for me to stand up for my side."

"That is a part of the toughening process. A piece of steel which would not bear hammering and beating was cast aside as worthless for a keen blade; and too many of our boys will fail of the best places, because there is some flaw in the grain of their characters. The world has urgent need of boys and men who can be trusted anywhere and everywhere, who will be 'true as steel' in the conflict between good and evil."

"Trust me for one, father. My motto shall be, 'True as steel,' and I will try not to belie it."—*Well-Spring.*

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE end shall crown the work;
Work on, then, to the end,
Though oft the way is dark,
And clouds portend.

The work is ours to do,
Enough for our faint sight;
The end God knows. Press on!
The crown—is light.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

HENRY HUDSON.

Two hundred and seventy-five years ago the 11th of September, Henry Hudson, the great navigator, entered the beautiful harbor of New York. He was the first white man ever borne upon its waters.

He was on a voyage of discovery, vainly endeavoring to find the famous north-west passage to India. After spending some time in exploring the coast from Maine to Virginia, he passed through the Narrows in his little ship, called the Half Moon. All this region was then an unbroken wilderness. The dark-faced savages, with their companions, the wild beasts of the forest, stared out with wondering eyes at the intruders.

Hudson ascended the grand old river that bears his name, to a point a few miles above the site of the city of Albany. Everywhere along the banks the natives watched the strange craft with the deepest awe. Its commander, dressed in scarlet, they took to be the Great Spirit,—the Manitou. Runners were sent in all directions to bear the joyful news.

"As the strangers landed at the southern point of the island, now occupied by New York City, they were received by the Indians with great respect and friendship. Hudson landed with his crew, and ordered a calabash of rum to be brought. After drinking himself, he offered it to the chiefs. All refused except the last, who, unwilling to offend the Manitou, drank it off. He soon reeled and fell to the ground. When his companions saw him recover without apparent injury, and heard him describe his feelings, they all desired to share the excitement. After they had taken freely of the 'fire water,' Hudson left them in a state of intoxication. The place was afterwards called by

the Indians, Manhattan, or 'the place of drunkenness.'"

Where at that time all was wild and undisturbed, the great metropolis of America now stands; and the value of this island, once sold for twenty-four dollars, can now hardly be estimated. New York has ever been a city of the world, the rich and poor, high and low, the worshiper and scoffer, walk together its streets, and crowd its public places; and we doubt if it, like most other large cities in this or other lands, has ever been worthy a better name than the one given it by the Indians,—“the place of drunkenness.”

On a subsequent voyage, Hudson discovered the bay in British America that bears his name. On entering this great inland sea, he thought that he had found the coveted north-west passage, and that he would soon arrive at the shores of India. This was in August, 1610. For three months he cruised about the southern part of the bay. In November, his little craft was frozen in, and they were obliged to remain all that winter.

In June, the crew became mutinous; they seized Hudson and several others, pinioned their arms, placed them in a small row boat, and set them adrift on the bay which he had discovered. Nothing more was ever heard of Hudson. Retributive justice followed the mutineers, who died from famine and the hand of the Esquimaux.

C. E. PAUL.

"THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS."

ANNIE was standing in front of the glass, getting ready for Sabbath-school. "I heard Mrs. Jones tell mother the other day I was prettier than ever," she said, half aloud. "I wonder if she will see me to-day. This hat is so becoming. I only wish my sash was a better color. Let me see—this curl will have to be done over again—I wonder what the catechism questions are for to-day. I'll look at them while I'm getting ready. Oh yes, the first two commandments. I can't see what Dr. Edgerton will find to say about them. I don't worship false gods, or make graven images. I suppose he'll tell us about the poor heathen children in India. Oh dear, this curl is n't right yet! Well, I'm glad I'm not a heathen, that I know what is right;" and with a final look at the glass, Annie picked up her muff, spread her umbrella to keep off the fine snow that the March wind was whisking about, and started across the field for Sabbath-school.

"Oh dear! but won't my curls be in a fix by the time I get to the church! Guess the heathen girls don't wear curls. Poor things! I wonder how they do fix up, anyway."

While the minister was closing the school with remarks about the condition of the heathen, Annie felt more than ever glad that she was not one of them. While she was thinking this, she caught Mrs. Jones, whose class was near the one where she sat, looking at her for a moment.

"I suppose she is saying to herself, 'How pretty Annie looks in her new hat!'" she thought. "How dreadfully plain Sarah Brown is! And how like a fright she dresses!"

Just as she was trying to get a glimpse of herself in the glass doors of the library-case, she caught a sentence of Dr. Edgerton's talk about the lesson. He was saying that there were idol-worshippers even among children in Christian lands; those who thought more of their pretty faces and fine clothes than of God. He went on to speak of these things, and of other ways in which children broke these commandments; and Annie heard no more excepting something about their being more sinful than the poor heathen, because they had been so much better taught.

These were new thoughts to Annie. She was really a sensible little girl about most matters, notwithstanding her foolish vanity. She went very quietly home from Sabbath-school, thinking very busily about herself and the heathen children. I am glad to say that though she did not get cured of her fault at once, she did in time; and this day made a beginning.

I wonder if there are any other little girls and boys who worship themselves in this or any other way.—*Selected.*

MY NEIGHBOR.

MY neighbor's departed—my neighbor—
My neighbor over the way,
Who called me betimes in the morning,
And laughed in the tree-top all day;
A golden breast had my neighbor,
And a golden throat had he,
As he called, in the cool of the morning—
Called early and long to me.

In the elm he'd a swinging hammock,
Where he kept his children five;
He'd a wife that was careful and sober—
The soberest wife alive;
But never a care had my neighbor
As he flashed like a flame in the tree,
Or, hidden day-long in the maple,
He poured out his full heart to me.

Exultant and sweet was the story,
And he told it from morning till night,
All over and over he told it—
The tale of his tuneful delight.
Ah! many a time as I listened,
I was weary and sick, I was sad;
But all the day long, as I listened,
My neighbor, my neighbor was glad.

But gone, alas! is my neighbor,
To a country I never shall see;
In the sunny South-land he lingers,
And I doubt if he thinks about me;
But here, by my window, I'm sighing,
As I look and I listen all day,
For robin, the "golden robin,"
That sang to me over the way.

—A. Kate Jones.

THE BOY MARTYR.

ALMOST every boy and girl has heard of the "martyrs," who, in times past, were persecuted, and even burned at the stake, for being good men, and serving God faithfully! John Rogers was one whom we all remember in our reading book, and so was Stephen, who the Bible tells us was stoned to death.

But, dear young readers, even now, in this Christian land, there are martyrs, who are bearing persecution, and torture, worse than fire and rack, for God's sake, whose burdened hearts are opened only to Him, and whose truest victories are won in the dark and alone!

Yes! and there are children who are martyrs too. I can only tell you of one now, out of a great many just such. It is a sad, true story of a little, saintly soul, who for the dear Lord's sake, endured persecution and death, rather than do wrong. His name was Knud Iverson. His parents had brought him from that far off land, with the steel blue sky and the frozen sea,—the land of Norway,—to find a home in America. He was a very good boy, and the joy and delight of his parents, who had but him in all the world, and who so trusted him that, when out of their sight, they knew he would do everything that was right.

Now, why was little Knud Iverson so good a boy? I think you can guess. He loved God and tried to obey his commandments, and he loved to pray to him too. Very early—in his far away home—he used to go to Sabbath-school. There never was a storm too violent to keep him away, or a day too cold, and you know that Norway is a

great deal colder than our land. Such a boy, you may be sure, was always ready in season, starting with love to God in his heart, his lesson well learned, and his face so bright as to make his teacher's heart all the more happy because of it. We little know how happy it does make our parents and teachers when children try to do right.

Many little children think if a boy is so fond of praying, he is too good to play. This is never the case. A praying boy is always the happiest boy in the world, and can play with a better conscience than bad boys. Knud loved to play; but there was one thing he never would do, and that was to play with bad boys. If he ever did come in contact with them, he always reminded them, in a very kind way, of their wicked behavior.

But one Sunday, on his way home from church, very soon after he had landed in this country, he was beset by a party of "roughs," who came up to him from behind, and said: "Here, you young fellow, we know where there's some splendid red apples, and you've got to go with us and help us get 'em. The old man's off, and nobody to molest us."

"What! you're going to steal?" said Knud, looking these wicked boys fair and square in the face, with his great blue, honest eyes; "steal! why, you could n't hire me to do it, not for all the world!"

"Can't we, though! We'll see! You shall!" said the leader of the gang, a stalwart boy, larger than the rest.

"You shall! you shall! you shall!" echoed all the boys at once. "If you won't go with us, we'll drown you in the river!"

The noble boy stood undaunted, looking at them. He knew they were terribly in earnest. He, a boy only ten years old, and frail at that, and they so much larger and stronger. He well knew that they could carry out their threat, for there was not one human soul within reach to defend him. But "the righteous are bold as a lion;" and when he remembered, little boy that he was, that the Master had trodden the way before him, he for an instant looked up with a half articulate prayer, and resolved to stand by the right and meet his fate, whatever it might be! You may think this was a very unusual thing for a small boy to do; and so it was; but he was an unusual boy, you must remember.

Knud loved his parents dearly. He loved this fair world, with its sunshine and flowers; but he loved his Saviour better than all. The very birds were always singing of him to his childish ears; in fact, everything whispered of God. And so you can imagine, after what I have told you, that instead of crying and trembling and begging, the noble fellow told them they could do as they pleased, but that he would not steal, not even if they killed him, as they said they would.

The next moment they seized poor Knud and dragged him to the water's edge, and before he had time to speak again, they plunged him in, and the waters closed over that devoted head.

Do you pity poor Knud as you read this little sketch? Do n't pity him. But pity his tormentors, his murderers! Night and day, as they grew older, and at length reached manhood, do n't you think they had that little saintly form always before their eyes, from whose pleading, upturned face they once turned away? No tumult of the world or quiet of the night could ever hush that silvery little voice, forever ringing in their ears: "I cannot steal, not even if you kill me. I cannot steal!"

Blessed little Knud Iverson. The world did not know you, and the church has not enrolled you in the calendar of her worthies, but for all that you are canonized in a Book of far greater value—the "Book of Life," against which must be written in letters of gold, "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life!"—*Mrs. G. Hall.*

The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH SABBATH IN DECEMBER.

IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

LESSON 25.—SPIRITUALISM.

[NOTE TO THE STUDENT.—Do not consider the lesson learned until you can give at least the substance of every text, with the correct reference for each. The references in black letters indicate those texts that should be committed to memory. A little diligent application each day will enable you to do this.]

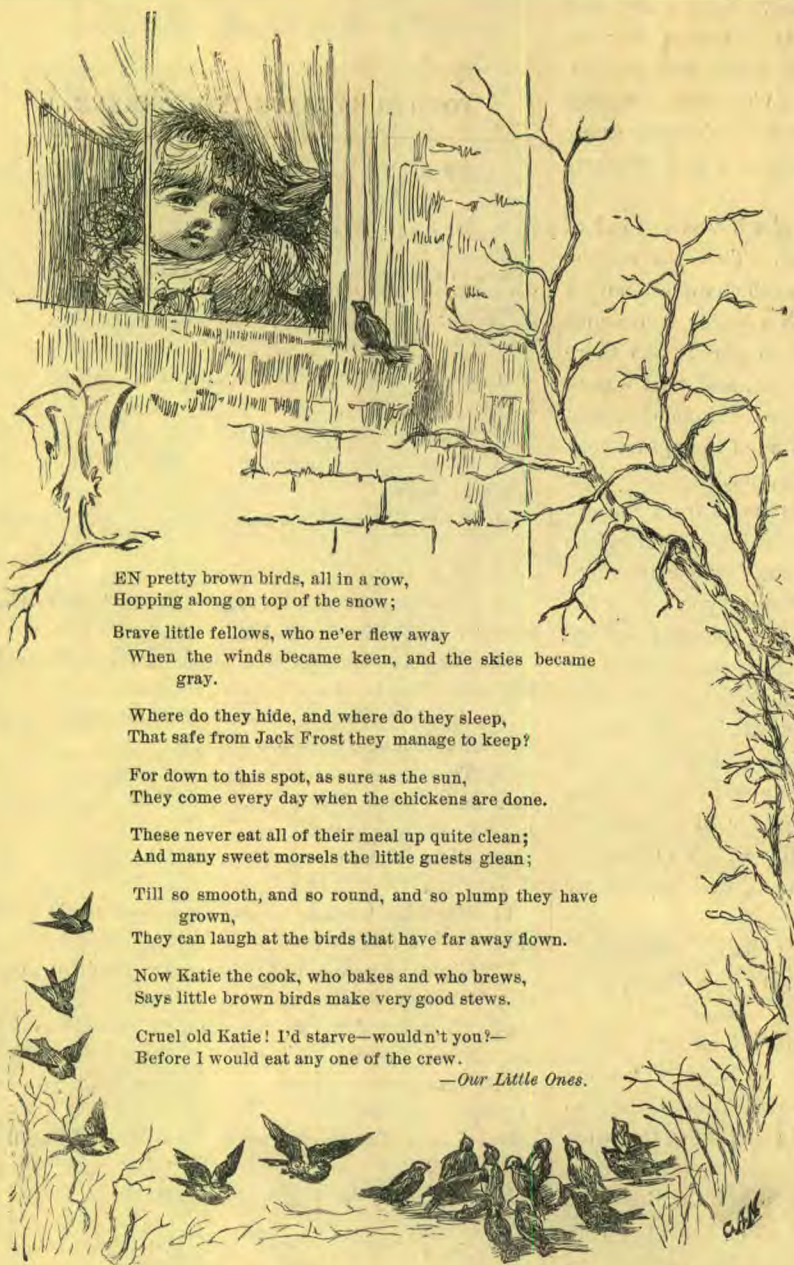
1. WHAT did Paul say should come in the last days? 2 Tim. 3:1.
2. What causes these perilous times? Verses 2-5.
3. What sort of persons are they who do these things? Verse 6.
4. What all-important thing do they lack? Verse 7.
5. How do they resist the truth? Verse 8.
6. How was it that the magicians of Egypt withstood Moses? Ex. 7:10-12.
7. For what purpose will miracles be performed just before the Lord's coming? Matt. 24:23, 24.
8. By what power did the heathen magicians perform their miracles? 1 Cor. 10:20.
9. Then must we not expect, from the words of Paul and Christ, that by the aid of devils, miracles will be performed in the last days?
10. What scripture directly sustains this conclusion? Rev. 16:13, 14.
11. For what purpose do these spirits of devils work miracles? *Ib.*
12. What immediately follows their deceitful miracles? Verse 15.
13. What did Paul say the coming of Christ would immediately follow? 2 Thess. 2:8-10.
14. Among other things, what do these wonder-working spirits profess to be? Matt. 24:23, 24.
15. What is the specific work of Christ? John 5:40; 10:10.
16. What has Christ brought to light? 2 Tim. 1:10.
17. Then if these spirits claim to be Christ, what will they claim to have demonstrated?
18. By what is this now fulfilled?
19. Who originated the doctrine of the natural immortality of man? Gen. 3:4.
20. Who is this serpent? Rev. 20:2.
21. What effect does this doctrine have upon the wicked? Eze. 13:22.
22. How is it that people are deceived by these lies? 2 Thess. 2:9-12.
23. When we are urged to seek unto them that have familiar spirits, to what should we turn? Isa. 8:19, 20.
24. How is it that we can resist the adversary? 1 Pet. 5:8, 9.
25. In order to successfully resist the devil, where must we have the word of God? Ps 119:11.

(Continued.)

NOTE.

THE specific work of Christ is to bring immortality to light. This he has done by his death and resurrection. Now it is evident that whoever comes in his name must come professing to do his work, and this is exactly what modern Spiritualism claims. The majority of mankind do not accept the doctrine of conditional immortality through Christ, but think that to deny the inherent immortality of man is to deny the doctrine of immortality entirely. But natural immortality cannot be proved by the Bible; and therefore Spiritualists say that they demonstrate what Christians are unable to prove, viz., the immortality of the soul. It is a fact that they seem to demonstrate it, and to one who rejects the testimony of the word of God concerning the nature of man and the state of the dead, their assumed demonstration will be conclusive; but those in whose hearts the word is hidden, will know that their work is simply the delusion of Satan.

BETTER even than culture, better than any worldly might, is it to be "mighty in the Scriptures," to know them, and to know how to use them.



EN pretty brown birds, all in a row,
Hopping along on top of the snow;
Brave little fellows, who ne'er flew away
When the winds became keen, and the skies became
gray.

Where do they hide, and where do they sleep,
That safe from Jack Frost they manage to keep?

For down to this spot, as sure as the sun,
They come every day when the chickens are done.

These never eat all of their meal up quite clean;
And many sweet morsels the little guests glean;

Till so smooth, and so round, and so plump they have
grown,
They can laugh at the birds that have far away flown.

Now Katie the cook, who bakes and who brews,
Says little brown birds make very good stews.

Cruel old Katie! I'd starve—wouldn't you?—
Before I would eat any one of the crew.

—Our Little Ones.

THE WEED THAT LOOKED LIKE A SERPENT.

ONCE upon a time, people were very fond of talking about the great sea-serpent. Now and then the sailors would declare that they had seen it, and would give wonderful accounts of what it was like. They would talk of its great head, and the mane which hung from its neck, and the length of its body, as it lay upon the waves. But nobody ever came near enough to catch it; and few people believed that there was a sea-serpent at all. I am going to tell you a little story about the sea-serpent.

One day a vessel was sailing along the ocean. It was calm weather, and the captain was looking out on the waves. All at once he felt sure he saw the wonderful sea-serpent.

Its vast body kept moving up and down on the waves, and looked yards and yards in length. Its huge head was clearly to be seen; and the lion's mane, that people had talked so much about, covered its neck. It was a strange-looking creature, to be sure, and in a few minutes all the people on board were looking at it. Yes, it must be the sea-serpent; there was no doubt about it.

The captain resolved to make sure of the monster, and not to let it slip as other captains had done. He sent a party of his men in a boat, with a piece of rope to tie to it, and some guns to shoot it if it should resist.

Did the sailors catch the sea-serpent? They rowed on and on, and at last came close up to its head. There was the huge monster, bobbing up and down on the waves. The people in the ship were all the time watching. They saw the sailors unroll the rope, and begin to fasten it to the creature's head. Then the boat set off back again, dragging the wonderful sea-serpent after it.

It was so covered with shells and other marine animals, that at first it was no easy matter to make out what it was. But after a time the captain discovered that it was nothing more than a monstrous piece of sea-weed, a hundred feet long and four feet in width. Its root was the head; and as it moved up and down on the waves, it looked as much like a serpent as could be.

Did the captain bring it home? He tried to do so; but it had such a disagreeable smell that he was obliged to throw it overboard. Then it began to look like a serpent again, and to bob up and down just as it had done before. The captain of another vessel saw it, and he sent word home that he had really and truly seen the great sea-serpent.—*Select-ed.*

Better Budget.

Idalina Hizerman writes from Healdsburg College, Cal. She says: "As I have never seen a letter in the Budget from any member of our Sabbath-school, which

numbers at present over two hundred, I thought I would write one. It is my first effort at letter-writing except one. I am nine years old, and am attending school at the Healdsburg College to learn how to be a good girl, and how to be useful in the Lord's cause. Mrs. Brownsberger is my dear teacher. Hoping to meet all the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven, I remain yours," etc.

You have precious opportunities where you are, Idalina. Don't fail to improve every one. We wish all the INSTRUCTOR boys and girls had such privileges. How well that sounds,—"learning how to be good and useful." May you have good angels to help and keep you.

CHARLIE L. GASS, of Rockwall Co., Texas, writes: "I have often thought I would like to write for the Budget. I am fourteen years old. Our nearest Sabbath-school is sixteen miles from our home. I attended the Dallas camp-meeting, which was thirty miles from here. It is cotton-picking time here now. I can pick three hundred pounds in a day. I have a brother seven years old who can pick one hundred pounds in a day. We can get seventy-five cents a hundred for picking cotton, so the children in the north can tell what we earn in the south. I have two brothers and two sisters. My sisters are twins, three years old, and great pets with us all. We keep the Sabbath with pa and ma, who belong to the Plano church. We have no good children to play with, so we have no one to visit except our grandma, who lives two miles from us; and thus we have a great deal of time to read the INSTRUCTOR, which we like so much. I sent the INSTRUCTOR to my cousin Olie Faris last year. He lives in Collin Co. I want to be prepared to meet the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth."

You are in just a good place to do missionary work, Charlie. Supposing in the Judgment you should discover that you had garnered some sheaves from the fields of sin; it would be because you had done something, would it not? If you have stars in your crown, you must gather jewels for the Master.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

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

NEW PREMIUM OFFER.

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

THE GOLDEN GRAIN SERIES,

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

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

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

LIST OF PRIZES.

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

For THREE New Subscribers, your choice of either of the following books:—

Papa's Pretty Gift Book,	\$0 30
The Little Gypsy's Album,	30
Bright Pictures for Dull Days,	30
Stories for Mamma to Read,	30

For FIVE New Subscribers,—

Audubon, the Naturalist,	50
John Smeaton, and the Eddystone Lighthouse,	50
Pallissy, the Potter,	50

For TEN New Subscribers,—

Dr. Kane, the Arctic Hero,	80
Travels in Central America,	80
Travels in South America,	80
Round the World,	80

For FIFTEEN New Subscribers,—

Giant Cities of Bashan,	1 25
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Illustrated and elegantly bound,	1 50

For TWENTY New Subscribers,—

Cruden's Complete Concordance,	1 75
Dr. Wm. Smith's New Testament History,	1 75
Dr. Wm. Smith's Old Testament History,	1 75
Ride through Palestine, a most interesting and instructive work,	2 00

For TWENTY-FIVE New Subscribers,—

The Sea and its Wonders, elegantly bound and handsomely illustrated,	3 00
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For THIRTY New Subscribers,—

The Insect, by Jules Michelet, beautifully bound, handsomely illustrated with 140 engravings,	4 00
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The prizes and premium will be furnished by us if the money and subscriptions are sent directly to this Office; but if the business is done through the Tract Society, the State secretary of said society will furnish them.

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

A canvasser's outfit, consisting of sample copies of the INSTRUCTOR, circulars describing the paper, and a set of Golden Grain Series, will be mailed for 25 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?

Address, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Battle Creek, Mich.