

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 34.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER 17, 1886.

No. 46.

AUTUMN SIGHS.

COME, Nature's sleep, silvery snow,
Life's solace in the North,
And a shower of downy blossoms throw
O'er the poor, hard-frozen earth.
O'er all the fallen, frost-nipped leaves,
And the withered flowerets small,
O'er the herbs of the field thy finger weaves
A cold and solemn pall.
It seemeth sad, that snow-white pall,
Yet peace beneath it dwells,
And 't is ever in peace God worketh all
His wondrous miracles.

The snow shall melt at the breath of spring,
And moisten the lap of earth,
And the germs in her bosom slumbering
Shall wake to sunshine and mirth.

In tears the snow-drift melts away,
The brook makes a tender moan,
And earth grows green as the soft winds play,
Nor thinks of the days that are gone.

The tree that braved the winter's storm,
With branches bare and brown,
As the brooklets sing in the sunbeam warm,
Puts on its leafy crown.

And we who have buried hopes and joys
On dark Oblivion's shore,
Oh, may not we, e'en we, arise
To live and praise once more?

Then fall, O snow, tired Nature's sleep,
We'll rest and forget while 't is night;
But in winter's slumber, calm and deep,
We'll dream of the spring-tide bright.
—From the Swedish of Fredrika Bremer.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

CHRIST AND THE PHARISEES.

It was over eighteen hundred years ago that Jesus walked this earth, and taught as never yet man taught, healing the sick, comforting the broken hearted, and giving to the perplexed people the simple teachings of the gospel for the traditions and burdensome ceremonies imposed on them by hypocritical priests. With gladness the common people listened to his words and received him into their hearts. But the bigoted priests could not endure his doctrines, for they were directly opposed to their teachings, which tended to exalt man instead of God.

With apt and cutting parables Jesus exposed their hypocrisy, and won their bitterest hate. Gladly would they have killed him but that they "feared the people." So with cunning malice they "sought to entangle him in his talk." Selecting, one day, some of the Herodians, who professed great friendship for the Roman governor, and some of the Pharisees, who were the strictest of the Jews, they approached the place where Jesus was teaching and healing the people. With a great show of sincerity they addressed him: "Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man; for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, what thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not?" A simple and direct question surely, yet how deep a plot it concealed; for if Christ should say it was unlawful, the Herodians were ready to report the matter to the Roman governor; and if he should say it was lawful, the Pharisees were equally ready to summon him before their council for speaking

things contrary to the religious teachings of the Jews.

"But he perceived their craftiness, and said unto them, Why tempt ye me?" "Show me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he said unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then said he unto them, Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things which are God's. And when they heard these words, they marveled, and left him, and went their way."

We fancy the common people who stood near must have been glad to have this much-disputed question

DOUBLE BOYS.

I do not mean twin boys, two little brothers so nearly alike that friends can hardly tell them apart, but two very different boys in one little body. You never heard of such a thing and do not see how that can be?

Let us see. If I were to take a handful of almond nuts and sit down to crack them, with you all standing about me, by-and-by you would see two little kernels lying in one nutshell.

Well, just as these two little kernels lie snugly together in one nut, which looks exactly the same as other nuts on the outside, so do two spirits lie inside of your little bodies, making you double boys.

Now if you look at some of the nuts you will see that the two kernels are pressed and crowded out of shape; one will often be much larger than the other, but neither will be of the smooth, oval shape that belongs to almond nuts. This is because they are crowded two in one shell that was meant to be the house for but one nut. The shell is only just large enough for one, and if there are two, you see they must push and press and crowd each other.

So each little body was meant for one dear little boy, and if two boys try to live in it, don't you see they crowd and press each other so that neither is of a right and perfect shape?

Shall I tell you of some of these double boys among you? Here is Harry. He has a very sunny, happy boy living in him with such a cross, fretful double. Some days the happy boy looks out through his eyes, talks in his voice, and sings in his laugh; then whatever mamma asks him to do, or says he may not do, there rings out the pleasantest "All right." I think that is the happy boy's name. Other days nothing is all right; but lessons, work, brothers, playmates, play, even dear mamma herself, are all wrong. That is because Master Fret is the biggest and strongest boy on those days, and happy All Right is crowded close against the wall, and the sunshine is all squeezed out of him.

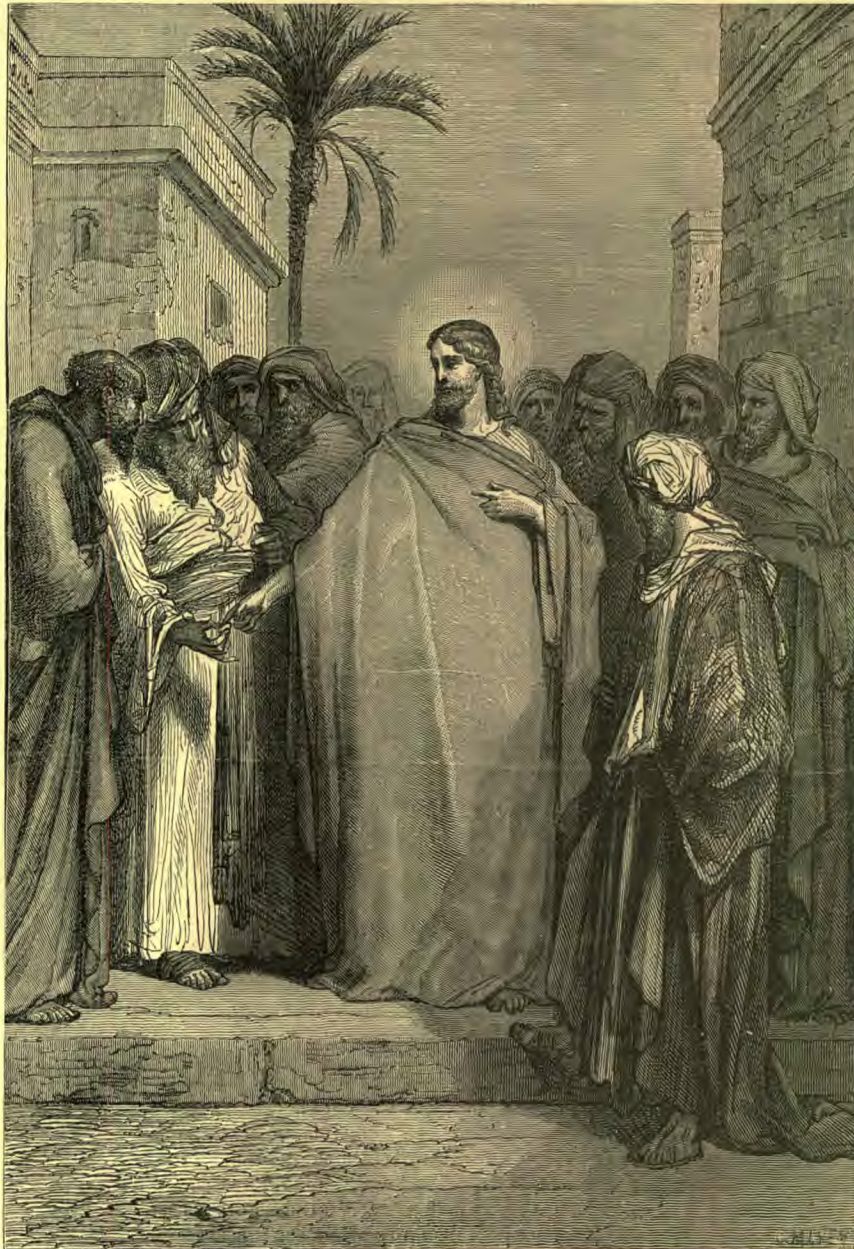
Frank has two boys also. One is a loud boy, that stamps and shouts, bangs and slams, in the house as well as out-of-doors. His mate is a quiet little gentleman, who remembers that too much noise disturbs the busy or sick or nervous people in the house.

One of Robbie's boys is deaf and doesn't hear well when he is called to lessons or bidden to some work or when papa says, No. The other of

that double boy answers so quickly, pleasantly, and politely when he is spoken to that everybody likes to have him around.

In Ned's body lives the laziest fellow, who growls out, "I can't," "Too much trouble," "I don't feel like it;" then he yawns and stretches and says, "I'm so tired." Along with him lives an active, cheerful fellow who plays with all his might and main, and sometimes when it is study-time, sets at lessons with a will and is such a nice scholar.

Now is it not a pity to have two such different boys in one little body? Would it not be ever so much nicer to have only one, and that the better one, growing into the fairest and most perfect shape? I am



settled, and so easily—render to your temporal rulers the things which they demand, provided what they ask does not conflict with the requirements of God. And the angry Pharisees, covered with confusion that their plot was revealed—what a rebuke was given to them!

I wonder if we might not learn a lesson from Christ's talk with the Pharisees that day, for these things "were written for our learning." Are we not as forgetful sometimes, as these proud Jews, to "render unto God the things that are God's"? W. E. L.

LIGHTHOUSES do not ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining; they simply shine.

sure you think it would, so I am going to tell you that each of you can help the boy you like best to grow so fast as to crowd the bad, ugly fellow into such close quarters that he will shrink up and grow smaller and smaller till there is almost nothing left of him.

Don't you know sometimes you'll find in an almond shell a good, fair, whole nut and one tiny, little shriveled up speck that hasn't had any chance to grow? Now the nut-shell hasn't any power to control what is inside of it. God makes to grow in it what he likes, one or two kernels; but God has made you different, and leaves it to you to help the inside boy to grow. By thinking and taking a little care, you can hush that loud boy's voice and step so they will not annoy others and make you seem rude; you can cure that boy's deafness so he will hear every time he's spoken to; the lazy boy will wake up and stir himself if he is only managed right; and the merry, happy boy can just swallow Master Fret if he is only given half a chance.

It is hard? Well, yes, of course! But hard things are what make men of boys, and you all want to be men, you know, just as soon as ever you can.

Besides, there is a Helper who is always ready to make the wish and the will strong for the right. His name is Jesus, and whenever you say, "Lord, help me," even if you whisper it ever so softly in your heart, so that no one else but yourself can hear it, he is quick and strong to hear and help and save.—*The Child's Paper*.

NOVEMBER.

OH how withered and dead the face of the bare earth lies
Under the leafless trees, and the frown of the drooping skies!
Oh, how silent and sad she sleeps in her gloomy rest,
With never the song of a bird, and never a flower on her breast!

And yet from the gloom and the silence the far-off spring shall arise!

Nay! in the hidden life of the pretty things sleeping below,
Waiting the moment of waking, ready to burgeon and grow.
Who shall say but the touch of this cool, dark quiet to-day
Is full of as saving grace as the strong, warm kisses of May!
—And which is the dearest and kindest, no soul upon earth
may know!

—*Wide-Awake*.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

A VISIT TO THE INDIANS.

It may be some of you would be interested to hear about a visit we made to the Indians a short time ago. Down on the Missouri River, forty-five miles south of Bismarck, Dakota, is the "Standing Rock" Indian reservation, a tract of land about fifty miles long and forty wide, reserved by the Government for the Indians. No white man is allowed to settle there, and the Indians have it all to themselves. As we were stopping a few days across the river, we thought we would see how they lived; so getting a little half-breed boy to carry us across in a row boat, we made our way to the mission school, established there by the Government.

The school-house is made of cotton-wood logs, and is light and airy. We here met the teacher and his wife, and also a Jesuit Catholic missionary, who made us very welcome. As we went into the school-room, where the little Indian boys and girls are taught to read and write English, about the first thing that attracted our notice was the whiteness of the floor, vastly different from many school-house floors we had seen; the teacher told us that it was kept clean and white by the moccasins of the little Indian boys and girls. On the blackboard we saw some of their writing, which was neatly done.

Every morning, before going into the school-room, they are required to wash their hands and faces and to comb their hair. This they very much dislike to do, as the Indians believe that soap is poisonous, and they will trade off to the white man, as far as possible, all the Government gives them.

The teacher showed us the school register, containing some very queer names. One little boy had the name of "Painted Log," another "Flying Arrow," another "Big Bear," and so on through the list. The Indian children do not love study, preferring to play their games, spin their tops, and ramble over the prairies; but the teacher said they took to writing and drawing very naturally.

The scholars all take dinner at the mission school, and the little boys and girls have to prepare it, Mrs. White, the teacher, seeing that they do it right. I suspect she hurries them sometimes, and perhaps punishes them too, for they have given her two names, "Hurry up," and "Devil woman." Mr. Wells, the teacher, they call "Fox." They have given the Cath-

olic missionary three names, "Black Robe," "The eagle hovers over its young," and "The tall lean man." The Indians are very apt in giving nicknames.

The day we visited the school happened to be "ration day," that is, the day when the Government issues their regular rations, and most of the children had gone to Standing Rock, with their parents, after provisions. We were sorry this was so, as we much desired to see them in school, and hear them read and spell. They go to the agency every two weeks, where the Indians gather from all quarters, and spend a day or two in their games and dances.

After we had visited the school, we went, in company with the teacher, through the village. The Indians live in wigwams and sod and log houses. Some of them cultivate small patches of ground. There are no streets in their village, houses and wigwams being placed anywhere, regardless of order. We saw numbers of lean, gaunt dogs running around, and were told by Mr. Wells that at their large feasts and dances these were eaten, and considered a great delicacy. Out of one hut came a squaw, with her face all painted red, and she looked fierce enough. We went into one wigwam where there was a sick Indian. A small fire was burning in the center of the wigwam, and the smoke was curling out of the top. He lay before the fire, and said he was very sick; but when Mr. Wells began to talk about their battles and the brave deeds of others, he sprang up, and removing his clothing, showed us the wounds he had received in fights with the Crow Indians. Receiving wounds is thought to be the greatest honor, and they show them with pride.

Just out of the village we saw two high, forked posts standing and a cotton-wood trough laid across. In this was the corpse of a squaw, wrapped in blanket and deerskin. The Government does not allow them to care for their dead in this way now, but sometimes they do it if the Indian agents do not interfere. Mr. Crafts, the missionary, told us the Indians said that when he died they were going to put him up very high, thinking that the higher a corpse is placed, the more honor is shown to the person.

These Indians are Sioux, and are very treacherous. When they were placed here, they were dismounted and disarmed, so they were not dangerous to the settlers. The boys and girls of the INSTRUCTOR family may be very thankful that God has given them pleasant homes, and that they do not have to spend their lives in such degradation. God has given to us many blessings, for which we should be thankful to him.

W. B. WHITE.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

INCIDENTS CONCERNING THE EARTHQUAKE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the terribleness of the earthquake, these were some of the natives who appeared as much unconcerned as though nothing had happened. An old Maori chief, supposed to be one hundred and ten years old, and who was greatly feared by the natives as a wizard and one who had caused the death of many by witchcraft, was dug out of his whare, or house, after having been buried five feet under ground for one hundred and four hours, or over four days. He seemed perfectly contented with his condition, sitting with his elbows on his knees, and manifested little concern about his deliverance. His nephews and grandchildren made no effort to search for their aged relative, partly attributing this dreadful calamity to him, since he was thought to have caused the death of a child just before this by witchcraft. When the ashes had been dug away, he arose, shook off the dust, and without giving a look of recognition to any one, went straight away in search of food. One of his relatives wondered why they dug him out, saying, "He is no good."

A minister who frequently visited that locality among the natives went in search of some in whom he was especially interested. Here he found a man who told him his sad story. Mohi, the man, and his wife Mary, were in the chief's house when the eruption first began, but they were afraid to stay there on account of the falling boards, so they went to their own whare, taking their two little boys with them. Mohi, said, "Fair brother taught us to pray. Let us pray to God." The roof was crushed with lava, stones, and mud. To save the life of the boy, he wrapped him in a shawl, and knelt over him so that he should not receive any hurt from the falling lava and stones; but the drift rose so quickly that the little one was soon covered, and he had to keep throwing the mud with one arm from the little fellow. All this time the mother was trying to protect the other little boy. Mohi, finding it getting dark, and the lava very heavy on his back, made a desperate effort and threw it off; then taking up his little boy, he called to his wife to be quick and follow, when, to his horror, he found

that both his loved ones had died in silence by his side. She was sitting with her arms extended over her babe, to protect it. This is but one of the many sad incidents which might be mentioned of Maori devotion to their loved ones in danger.

There were nine Maoris that traveled six miles from Tapahora over hills of ashes waist deep, having no conception of the state of affairs in their own settlements. They would have been buried, as were their friends, beneath forty or fifty feet of mud had they not been seen by a relief party in a boat. They cried with joy at sight of them. The boat was rowed the last part of the distance through hot mud.

It is feared that one entire settlement of natives, although it has not yet been visited, is entirely buried, since not a single person from that place has been seen. One old horse, frightfully cut and battered, was seen wandering about; but this was the only sign of animal life. Everything else was totally destroyed by the terrible storm of stones and mud. Many of the whares were completely buried under four or five feet of mud.

One item worth mentioning is that of fifty persons who assembled in a large house, and spent the entire time in praying to God to spare them from this awful death; and not one of them was hurt. The place of the eruption is about two hundred miles from Auckland, where some of our friends lived, yet they felt the earthquake and heard the explosion.

This earth contains elements of destruction under the control of Him who is mightier than man. Our only safety lies in faithfully serving the God that made the heavens and the earth, and before whom "the pillars of heaven tremble." He will save those who serve him and constantly trust in him. S. N. HASKELL.

TRUE BEAUTY.

A WOMAN, famous as one of the most kindly and lovable among leaders of the best American society, once said: "If I have been able to accomplish anything in life, it is due to a word spoken to me in the right season when I was a child, by my old teacher. I was the only homely, awkward girl in the class of exceptionally pretty ones, and being also dull at my books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive.

One day the French teacher, a gray-haired old woman, with keen eyes and a kind smile, found me crying.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she asked.

"O madame, I am so ugly!" I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me.

Presently she took me to her room, and after amusing me for some time, said: "I have a present for you," handing me a scaly, coarse lump covered with earth. "It is coarse and brown as you. 'Ugly,' did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name, then. It is you! Now you shall plant it and water it and give it sun for a week or two."

I planted it and watched it carefully; the green leaves came first, and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight.

"Ah," she said, significantly, "who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that little, rough, ugly thing? But it took heart and came up into the sun."

It was the first time that it ever occurred to me that, in spite of my ugly face, I too might be able to win friends and to make myself beloved in the world.—*Youth's Companion*.

WHAT CAN WE LEARN FROM A SPIDER?

A YOUNG girl was running a sweeper over the floor, when she swept up a little spider. She thought, "I've crushed the poor little thing," and then forgot it.

After dusting the room, she opened the sweeper to empty it, and to her surprise she found that the spider had not been hurt, but had already begun to spin a web on the brush. Suddenly snatched up from light and liberty and shut in the dark, it had cheerfully gone to work to make the best of matters, by making a new home. If God should change our bright, happy homes, or take us from them, or shut us in with sickness, should we sit down and cry, and say there is nothing left for us? or should we get all the good we can out of our darkened lives, and try to find something that would make them more happy and useful?

If thou hast done a wrong or an injury to another, rather acknowledge and endeavor to repair, than to defend it. One way thou gainest forgiveness, the other thou doubtst the wrong and the reckoning.—*Wm. Penn*.

For Our Little Ones.



For the INSTRUCTOR.

LITTLE CLARA BELLE.

LITTLE Clara Belle is as busy as a bee; No one in the house is busier than she; Many thoughts must fill that head, so sunny haired and curly. For no matter what's the weather, she's busy late and early. 'Cept fastening the buttons, she dresses all herself, And when her hair is brushed, looks dainty as an elf. She eats her bread and milk, and sits back from the table, And plans her morning's work as well as she is able: There's the chickens to be fed, the sweeping to be done, Miss Dolly's clothes to wash and rinse and hang out in the sun; Black Topsey must have a bath, for who's so black as she? And Sally Rose be put to bed and fed some catnip tea; The dishes must be put away, they were left in such a clutter, For yesterday she fed the dolls a piece of bread and butter; And when her house is set to rights, and ended all her labors, She dresses all her children, and calls upon her neighbors. And so you see from morn till night she's busy as a bee, No little girl in all the world is happier than she.

S. ISADORE MINER.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

SOME USEFUL DOGS.

A DOG seems a very natural companion for man. It is very pleasant to have such a nice friend and play fellow. Have you ever thought how useful dogs are in some countries, and how unfortunate the people would be if there were no dogs? In Greenland and the Polar regions, where there are no horses, the dogs have to do all the hauling. About twelve are hitched up to one sledge, and the driver drives them all with a long whip. These dogs are Eskimo dogs, and are something like a large white fox with his tail curled up over his back. In Belgium, dogs are used to draw the milk carts. If you were to go to Antwerp, you would think it very strange to see the dogs, with their small carts, trotting along the streets, some quite alone. They seem very proud of their position. Sometimes they see a friend about a block off, and then there is a runaway. But this does not often happen, as the dogs are well trained. In Scotland, the shepherd dogs have the entire charge of the flocks, and so clever are they that they can find the sheep on any night or in the worst snow-storm. Every year the farmers have trial matches to see which dog is the best. Three sheep are driven out over the hills, and in an hour or so, the dog is sent after them. He has to find them and bring them back, and put them in the pen. Three sheep are used, for they are the hardest to manage. The dog who does it the quickest and best gets the prize. There are some very clever dogs living in the Alps. They belong to some monks of the St. Bernard's order, and so the dogs are called St. Bernard dogs. At night, or after a snow-storm, these dogs are trained to go out and search for any one who might be lost in the snow. Perhaps they find some half frozen traveler, and then they either carry him home on their backs, or bring help to him. These dogs have saved numbers of lives in this way. Years ago, dogs were used in England to turn a spit while the meat was roasting. The poor dog was put into a wheel, and had to keep running round and round, just as you have seen a squirrel doing. The dogs did not seem to like this trade very well, and sometimes used to hide when it was getting near dinner time. I might write a great deal about clever dogs, but I will tell you about only one just now. He used to belong to a shoe-black who carried on his trade on London bridge, in England. This is how they used to work. The shoe-black would take his stand at one end of the bridge, and the dog would go to the other.

When the crowd was getting thick, the dog would roll himself well in the dust and dirt, and then brush against the gentlemen's boots as they passed. This of course made their boots very dirty, so they had to have them cleaned by the partner at the other end of the bridge. Was he not a clever dog?

FRANK HOPE.

THE SOUTH WIND.

"Now, Walter Ames, you get right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there," and little Rose tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat as calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading in the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called Rose to come to him, as he had a story to tell.

A story was always a delight, and so she went instantly and seated herself at his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north wind, and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches; but the branches were too strong for it, and would n't give way. Then it rushed at me, and blew my coat as hard as it could, and said in a gruff tone, as plain as a wind could talk, 'Take off your coat quick, I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and so buttoned my coat up as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

In the afternoon, as I came home, the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first, and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please, open your coat.' I opened it right away, every single button, for I was glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl, the stormy north wind or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little Rose cheerily, as she went up to brother Walter and kissed and patted him, and said, 'Please let me have the chair, Walter dear.'

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.—Child's Paper.

PENNIES A WEEK, AND A PRAYER.

TWO cents a week, and a prayer, A tiny gift may be, But it helps to do a wonderful work For our missions across the sea. Five cents a week, and a prayer, From our abundant store— It was never missed, for its place was filled By a Father's gift of more. Ten cents a week, and a prayer, Perhaps 't was a sacrifice; But treasure came from the storehouse above, Outweighing by far the price. Pennies a week, and a prayer, 'T was the prayer, perhaps, after all, That the work has done and a blessing brought, The gift was so very small. Pennies a week, and a prayer, Freely and heartily given; The treasures of earth will all melt away— This is treasure laid up in heaven. Pennies a week, and a prayer, A tiny gift may be, But it helps to do such a wonderful work For our missions across the sea.

—Selected.

Letter Budget.

MYRNA E. HARPER sends a letter from Anoka Co., Minn. She says: "I am a little girl, six years old last August. I have a little brother who was one year old last May. I cannot write, so mamma will write for me to tell you I had a little missionary potato patch. My potatoes were planted on high ground, so the drouth did not let them yield as well as my brother's, which were planted on low land. I got sixty-two cents. After taking out seven cents tithe, I gave the rest to the missionary rack at Anoka. I picked up potatoes for papa, and he gave me twenty-five cents to buy me a big doll. I hope all little girls have dolls, I like them so well. My sister died when I was three years old; so I wish I had one of the little girls who writes for the INSTRUCTOR for my sister, I get so lonesome."

Sixty-two cents will help ever so much, Myrna; and if each of our readers should give no more than that, why, it would make the donations almost ten thousand dollars from the INSTRUCTOR family. But while some can give very much more, a good many can give very little, if any, and so it seems necessary that each should try to earn what he can to give the Lord.

GERTIE M. HATCH, of Tuscola Co., Mich., writes: "I belong to the INSTRUCTOR family, and thought I would write and tell you what I have done. Papa gave me a hen and said I might set her for the Lord. I did so, and she raised eleven chickens. We sold them to-day for one dollar and a half, and I am going to put it into the cause. I love to work for Jesus. I go to Sabbath-school, and get lessons in Book No. 2. Mamma is my teacher yet. We have from two to eight in our class. I do not go to day school, for mamma says I will learn so much evil she cannot bear to let me go. I am trying to help ma and learn what I can at home. I am eight years old. I want to be a good girl, so I can be saved when Jesus comes."

Gertie was quite successful with her brood of chickens. May the dear children's gifts be precious in the eyes of the Lord, and the means of gathering many sheaves for the harvest time.

BELL KINNEY, sending a letter from Whatcom Co., W. T., says: "I have never written to the Budget before, but I like to read it. I have been keeping the Sabbath four years with my papa and two little brothers. I was baptized at the Seattle camp-meeting by Eld. Boyd. I go to Sabbath-school regularly and study in Book No. 3. I like my teacher very much. I am staying at my aunt's this winter. She is very kind to me. She is going to teach me how to do all kinds of work, so I can keep house for my papa next summer. I can sew, wash dishes, and sweep the floor. My mamma is dead. I am trying to be a good girl so I can meet her in the resurrection. I am eleven years old."

What a little comfort you may be, Bell, to father and brothers, as you try to fill mamma's place. May the sunshine of God's love rest upon you all until you are a united family in heaven.

MYRTIE RICE writes from Kent Co., Mich. She says: "I am a little girl eleven years old. I study in Book No. 3. I love my teacher and my school, and try to keep all of God's commandments. All of our family keep the Sabbath. I have a little doll that I take good care of and put to bed in her cradle every night. Is it wrong for me to dress my doll Sabbath mornings before I go to Sabbath-school?"

The Lord gives Myrtie a pleasant home, and kind friends, and lets her live seven days every week. But one day out of the seven he says is his. Six days she can work and play, but on the seventh she must put away dolls and toys, and learn about God and heaven. And, oh, there is so much that is delightful to learn about them, that we really need more than one day out of the seven. We can keep so busy all the Sabbath learning what God has done in the earth, and what he is going to do for his true people, that we forget dolls, and our every-day interests, and receive a real Sabbath-blessing. Try it, Myrtie.

HARRY GROVES, whose age is eleven years, sends a letter from Arapahoe Co., Colo. He says: "I do not keep the Sabbath, but I would like to. My parents do not keep it, and will not let me. A young man who has been working for my papa this summer observes the Sabbath, and I go to Sabbath-school sometimes with him. I go to day school, and am in the fifth grade. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR, and I ask you to pray for my parents, that they may keep all of God's commandments so we may all have our names written in the Lamb's Book of life."

The Lord loves you, Harry; be faithful and he will work deliverance for you.

NORA D. CHAPPELL, ten years of age, writes a letter from Lake Co., Dakota. She has a brother and sister younger than herself. She likes the INSTRUCTOR, and says if there are any little boys or girls who do not have it, she would like to send them some. She is a commandment keeper and Sabbath-school scholar, and studies in Book No. 2.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

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

Mrs. M. J. CHAPMAN, - - - Editor.

Miss WINNIE LOUGHBOROUGH, Ass't Editor.

The INSTRUCTOR is an illustrated, four-page sheet, especially adapted to the use of Sabbath-schools. Terms always in advance.

Single copy, - - - - - 75 cts. a year. 5 copies to one address, - - - 80 cts. each. 10 or more copies to one address, 50 cts. each.

Address, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, BATTLE CREEK, MICH. Or, PACIFIC PRESS, Oakland, California.