

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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TO A SEA-SHELL.

WHAT is the song thou singest to me,
Shell of the beautiful, bright, blue sea?
Thou hast ridden the crest of the dancing foam,
Where the bark was joyfully speeding home;
Thou hast felt the warmth of the sun's bright beam
Where waters glisten, and sail-tops gleam;
Thou hast been fanned by the gladsome breeze
That scattered the sprays; dost thou sing of these?

What is the song thou singest to me,
Shell of the beautiful, boundless sea?
Is thy voice a sigh for a distant land,
For a fairer clime and a summer strand?
For the winds that steal through the groves of palm,
With the odor of spice and the breath of balm?
For tropical isles, with their rich perfume
Of orange flower and citron bloom?

What is the song thou singest to me,
Shell of the wild and stormy sea?
Thou hast been where the waves like thunders crashed,
And the whirlwind roared, and the lightnings flashed:
Thou hast bounded high with the ocean's shock,
When the ship was tossed on the piercing rock,
Teldest thou of the mariner's cry, borne past,
And lost in the sound of the rushing blast?

What is the song thou singest to me,
Shell of the fathomless, deep-rolled sea?
Thou knowest the wealth of the ocean's caves,
Where the pearls are hid by the lapsing waves;
Wouldst thou tell of the grottoes, all treasure-lined,
And safe from the diver's power to find?
Of the coral branch, with its spiral stems,
Of the lucent amber and sparkling gems?

What is the song thou singest to me,
Shell of the strange, mysterious sea?
Dost thou mourn for the ruins beneath the flood
And the waves, where the pillars of thrones hath stood?
For the arch swept o'er, and the walls erased,
The might brought low, and the strength laid waste?
Or for fleets gone down in the seething tide,
The merchant's hope, and the prince's pride?

What is the song thou singest to me,
Shell of the mournful, restless sea?
A dirge for the young and the brave who sleep
In the silent halls of the mighty deep?
For the true of heart and the fair of face,
Who are locked in its secret burial place?
Or a wail for the watchers upon the shore
Who wait for the loved who return no more?

Not these the song thou singest to me,
Shell of the mournful, sounding sea.
Though sweet, and plaintive, and weird thy tone,

The music thou breathest is not thine own.
Fragile and light is thy tiny form,
The toy of the wave, the sport of the storm;
Yet thou, in thy low and murmuring strain,
Dost echo the infinite sea's refrain.

So may my heart be, like unto thee,
Shell of the infinite, sounding sea;
As frail as thou, and as light of range,
The disdain of fortune, the plaything of change,
Tossed for a day on the shores of time,
Yet may it echo a song sublime;
True to its sea may its murmurings prove,
And give back the voice of God's infinite love.

—Christian Weekly.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S MESSAGE; OR, THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A TRUE STORY.

IT was one of those chill winter afternoons, when the ground was white all over, and the air came up crisp and keen into people's faces, that two little boys stood leaning against the wall of a house in a narrow street in New York.

They were very little fellows, the elder of them not above seven or eight years of age. They had been to a skating match on a pond at some distance, and now they had stopped a moment to rest on their way home. They talked and laughed over the fun they had had, the tumbles they had got, or had seen others get, which was quite as good; and being, like most boys, rather fond of making a noise, they rattled their skates, which they carried in their hands, and clashed them together till the steel rang again.

Presently a gentleman—he was evidently a clergyman—came out of the house; his face was kind, but very sad.

"Little men," he said, addressing the children, and

window to which the gentleman had pointed, came close down upon the footway. Stealing softly to the spot, Charlie put his mouth to the opening, and said, in his clear, childish voice, "Poor sick woman, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved." Then, half frightened at what they had done, the children darted away, and were quickly out of sight.

Nobody had seen them; nobody either in the house or on the street knew they had been there—nobody but God, whose Holy Spirit had put it into little Charlie's heart to carry that message of mercy and love to one who was in sad need of comfort.

It was late on the following afternoon that the same clergyman, Mr. S—, once more entered the room of the woman he believed to be dying. The snow still lay white and thick on the streets, and the frost was unthawed upon the window panes; yet within that sick room was something which told of a wonderful change since the day before.

"You seem better to-day," said Mr. S—, as he seated himself beside the bed on which his poor friend lay, her thin, pale face looking very calm and peaceful.

"Yes," was the reply, "a thousand times better; better both in body and soul. O sir! I have such a strange thing to tell you. You know how bad I was yesterday, and how afraid to die, because I had been such a sinner; and all you said about God's sending his own Son from heaven to save me did not seem to do me any good. Do you remember?"

Yes, Mr. S— remembered well the poor woman's distress, as she told him it was of no use talking to her; for there was no mercy for her, no hope either in this world or the next; and he remembered, too, his own deep sorrow as he turned away, feeling that his words had failed to shed one ray of peace or comfort round that dying bed.

"Well," continued the woman, "I know you will not believe it when I tell you; most likely you will think it was my poor head which was a bit astray; yet it is as true as that you are sitting in that chair. After you left me yesterday, there came an angel to that window, and said to me, 'Poor sick woman, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.' Those were his very words, and they went right down to my heart; for they were

just what I wanted; it must have been the Lord himself who sent him; and now I do believe in him; for I know he has saved me, and taken away all my sins."

What could the good minister say? He did not know who had spoken those words. Of course he did not for a moment suppose that a real angel had come down from heaven; nor did he find out till long afterwards that it was little Charlie's voice which had come through the open window, bringing such light and joy to the poor sufferer inside; but he saw that the once hard, proud-spirited woman had been led a humble believer to the feet of the Lord Jesus; and he knew that, whoever had been the bearer of that message, God alone had been the sender of it. What could he do, then, but go down upon his knees by that sick bedside, and pour out his heart in thankfulness to the gracious heavenly Father for his mercy to one who had long refused to believe his gospel?

Such is the story. Dear children, as you read it, will not each of you ask God to make you, like little Charlie, his messenger of peace and comfort to somebody in want and sorrow?—English Tract.

pointing to a window close by, which was partly open at the bottom, "there is a poor sick woman in that room; I fear she is dying, and the noise you are making disturbs her; will you not, like good boys, go farther away?"

The little fellows stopped at once, and without a word resumed their walk towards home.

They had gone some distance in silence, when Charlie, the younger of the two, suddenly stopped and looked up into his brother's face.

"Willie," he asked, "do you think that woman knows anything about the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I don't know," replied Willie, in a puzzled tone; "the gentleman didn't say that."

"But he said she might die," broke in Charlie; "O Willie, wouldn't it be an awful thing if she died without knowing about him? We ought to go back, and say something to her."

They hesitated for a moment, then turning, retraced their steps to the house they had so lately quitted. There was no pretty garden in front of it, or even an area railing to separate it from the street, while the



KEEPING ENGAGEMENTS.

A boy should not make an engagement unless it is a proper one; but having made it, he should keep it. If an hour has been named, he should be there on time, or if not, he should have some valid reason to offer for his failure to do so. He may have the liberty to waste his own time, but he has no right to waste the time of another.

The sacredness with which Sir William Napier regarded an engagement, even of a seemingly trivial character, is shown by an incident. One day he met a little girl who was sobbing violently over a bowl which she had broken.

"You can mend it, can't you?" she appealingly said to him.

The bowl was past mending, and on putting his hand into his pocket, he found that he had left his purse at home.

"Meet me here at this hour to-morrow, my dear," he said. "I'll give you a sixpence with which to buy another bowl."

When he reached home, he found on his desk an invitation to dine with some distinguished gentlemen at Bath the next day. He had to forego the great pleasure because of the engagement which he made with the little girl, and so he notified the host that a previous appointment would prevent him from accepting the invitation. His integrity would not allow him to break an engagement that involved but a sixpence, which he might have paid at some other time.

President Lincoln had been trained from boyhood to honor every promise that he made. After he was married and had a family of his own, he was visited by a gentleman of some distinction, who, unfortunately, made promises more freely than he kept them.

In order to induce one of Mr. Lincoln's boys to sit on his lap, the gentleman offered to give him a charm which he wore on his watch-chain. The boy clambered upon his lap, and finally the gentleman rose to go.

"Are you not going to keep your promise with my boy?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"What promise?" inquired the other.

"You said you would give him that charm," reminded Mr. Lincoln.

"Oh, I couldn't," laughed the visitor. "It is not only valuable, but I prize it highly as an heirloom."

"Give it to him," Mr. Lincoln sternly said. "I would not want him to know that I entertained one who had no regard for his word."

The gentleman colored, and then undid the charm and handed it to the boy. We do not know whether the gentleman received the charm again afterward, but he certainly was taught a lesson.—*Youth's Companion*.

HONORABLE LABOR.

THERE are some people who seem to regard labor as dishonorable and beneath their proper dignity. They are mistaken in their estimate; for God has ordered that men should labor. A Puritan minister named Carter, coming upon a Christian brother who was busily employed in his work as a tanner, clad in the begrimed and filthy garments appropriate to his calling, gave him with his salutation a friendly slap upon the shoulder. The tanner looked back, and said to the minister: "O sir, I am ashamed that you should find me employed in this way."

"My friend," said the minister, "may the Saviour, when he comes, find me doing just so."

"What!" said the tanner, "doing such dirty work?"

"Yes," said the minister, "faithfully performing the duties of my calling." Dirty work sometimes makes clean money, and no man has a right to be ashamed of faithfully following an honest calling.

Years ago a student from one of the Southern States came to attend the theological seminary at Andover. When winter set in, he purchased a cord of wood for his stove. But how to prepare it for his fire was the difficulty. He could find no extra hand to chop it for him, and there were no circular saws and steam wood-splitting works going then. In his perplexity he went to Professor Stuart for advice. The learned professor, who knew how to use his hands as well as his head, made short work of the matter.

"Young man," said he, "I am in want of a job myself, and if you have no objections, I will saw the wood for you and split it." The student concluded that he would not trouble Professor Stuart to saw the wood for him, but preferred to do it himself.

A story is told of a young gentleman who purchased some provisions in a Boston market, and when looking around for some one to carry home his purchase, at last found a quiet man who was willing

to do it, and he was so pleased with his conversation and appearance, that, thinking he might be glad to employ him again, he asked him his name. After some questioning, he found out that the man who had served him so faithfully was "Billy Gray," the merchant prince of Boston, the sails of whose ships whitened every sea, and who perhaps could have bought out a hundred such men as the one whom he had consented to serve.

Are there other examples?—Yes; for "the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Let him be our pattern and example.—*J. L. Hastings*.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.

FLOWERS in the window
Cheer me as I pass,
Geranium and rosebud
Peering through the glass,
Pretty baby faces
O'er the casement lean,
Sweeter than the fairest
Flowers that bloom, I ween.

Flowers in the window
Sometimes bring the tears,
Sometimes bring the shadows
From the by-gone years,
When beneath my window
Blossomed, sweet and fair,
Eyes of violet's blueness
Under golden hair,
Cheeks of rose-leaf color,
Lips geranium hue,
Breath as sweet as pansies
Under morning dew.

Gone, one day, my Blossom!
Pale as lily bloom,
Wrapped about by shadows
From the dreary tomb;
Lips, smile, set and silent,
Closed the deep blue eyes,
And the window vacant
Only showed the skies.

Was there something in it?—
The vacant window-seat,
Missing baby's blue eyes
'Mid the blossoms sweet,—
That my eyes should follow
Past the vacant place,
Till the light of heaven
Filled the desolate space?

Faces in the window
Bring me smiles and tears;
But the vacant window
Gives no startling fears;
For uncertain future
Nevermore can leave
Sin or stain on Blossom,
And I cannot grieve.

On the grave of baby,
Underneath the cross
Flowers of hope and patience
Bloom amid the moss;
Blest is He who gave her,
Blest the vacant place;
Looking after Blossom,
I saw my Saviour's face.

FANNIE BOLTON.

THE UPPER SPRING.

In one of the sweetest of children's books, one written nearly forty years ago, "Karl Krinken and his Christmas Stocking," a little boy asks his mother why God, who is so rich, lets people be poor; why doesn't he give everybody a plenty. And she answers by telling him a little parable of the king whose people had two springs of water. One spring was near their city, but it was small, its waters were not wholesome, it did not fully satisfy thirst, and sooner or later it was sure to go dry. The other spring was far away, up among the hills, but it was abundantly full enough for all their wants; its waters were pure and sweet and life-giving, and it could never fail. Now the king wanted his people to depend upon the upper spring, only using the lower for common purposes, and he was very sorry when he found that they neglected the better water, using chiefly the lower spring, not seeming, many of them, to know of or care anything about the other. So the good king cut off the waters of the lower spring, and that drove his people to use the higher one.

Then the mother in "Karl Krinken" had to explain to her little boy that earthly riches are like the lower waters, and that our dear heavenly Father sometimes cuts off the poor, insufficient, temporary supply, to

make us trust entirely to the riches of his grace, that abundant, unfailling, life-giving upper spring.—*Sel.*

WHEELBARROW FOLKS.

THERE are a good many children and some grown people, who go like a wheelbarrow; that is, they go just as far as you push them, and when you stop, they stop. You tell them to do a thing, and they do it, and that is all they will do. If you want a thing done again, you must tell them to do it again. If you want it done forty times, you must tell them forty times to do it.

There are other people, who, when you set them going, can keep on themselves. They have some "go" in them. If you tell them to-day that you want a thing done, to-morrow you will find that same thing done without telling them. If you complain that a thing has been neglected this week, next week they will see that it is not neglected.

There is a great deal of difference in the value of these two kinds of people, because the wheelbarrow kind of folks need somebody to run them, just as much as a machine needs somebody to attend it. They only go while you watch them and push them; so if you have one such person at work, you must employ another to watch him and keep him going. But if you have one of the other kind at work, he will watch himself, do his work, and make you no trouble about it.

It is very important for all boys and girls to decide which class they will belong to; whether they will be wheelbarrow folks, that go as far as they are pushed, and then stop, or whether they can be depended upon to *keep in motion* after they are once started. Boys and girls who must be told what to do, and watched while they do it, are not worth their salt; but if a person can do a thing with once telling, and continue doing it without further care, such a person is worth more than gold.—*The Little Christian*.

THE OFFICE OF WIT.

THIS is for the sterling, sensible boy, who wishes he could ever make a joke. It is from Mr. Beecher:—

"The mere Wit is only a human bauble. He is to life what bells are to horses, not expected to draw the load, but only to jingle while the horses draw.

"Let every one beware of the insensible effect of witty men upon him. They gild lies, so that base coin may pass for true; that which is grossly wrong, wit may make fascinating; when no argument could persuade you, the coruscations of wit may dazzle and blind you; when duty presses you, the threatenings of this human lightning may make you afraid to do right. Remember that the very best office of wit is only to lighten the serious labors of life; that it is only a torch by which men may cheer the gloom of a dark way. When it sets up to be your counselor or your guide, it is the fool's fire, flitting irregularly, and leading you into the quag or morass. The great Dramatist represents a witty sprite to have put an ass's head upon a man's shoulders; beware that you do not let this mischievous sprite put an ape's head upon yours.

"If God has not given you this quicksilver, no art can make it; nor need you regret it. The stone, the wood, and the iron are a thousand times more valuable to society than pearls and diamonds and rare gems; and *sterling sense*, and *industry*, and *integrity* are better a thousand times in the hard work of living than the brightest flashes of wit."—*The Well-Spring*.

THE INFLUENCE OF TREES ON HEALTH.

THE value of trees from a sanitary point of view in large and overcrowded cities can scarcely be overestimated. Apart from the sense of relief and coolness which they impart, their value as purifiers of the atmosphere is almost incredible. It has been calculated that a good-sized elm, plane, or lime-tree will produce seven million leaves, having a united area of two hundred thousand square feet. The influence of such a large surface in the absorption of deleterious gases and the exhalation of oxygen must therefore be of immense benefit in overcrowded and unhealthful districts. In all large cities there exist a great number of waste spots in which one or more trees could be planted to advantage in every way. In this respect, at all events, they manage things well in France, and indeed in most continental cities, where the boulevards are kept cool in summer and warm in winter, owing to the influence which trees have in modifying temperature; in addition, they tend by absorption to purify the soil below as well as the atmosphere above them. A society for planting trees in the wide streets and waste places of large cities might accomplish as beneficial results as the excellent institution which supplies drinking fountains for the refreshment of man and beast.

For Our Little Ones.

THE VOICE WITHIN.

A LITTLE Quaker girl one day
 Paused in her busy round of play,
 As her dear mother came that way.
 "May I?" she said, as, soft and clear,
 She whispered in her mother's ear,
 So low that no one else could hear.
 Her mother answered, as she smiled,
 "By nothing wrong be thou beguiled;
 What says the voice within thee, child?"
 The little Quaker went her way;
 Soon back she came. I heard her say,
 "The little voice within says, 'Nay.'"
 O children, heed the voice within;
 The little voice your hearts would win,
 And keep your feet from paths of sin.

—Selected.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

WHAT AILED TOMMY.

"TOMMY! Tommy! It is time to get up," came sounding in Tommy's ears one crisp autumn morning.

Tommy turned over, and snuggled the clothes closer about his head.

"Tommy! do you hear?"

"Yes'm," came from a voice under blanket and spread.

"Get right up; it is six o'clock," his mother added as she left him.

Tommy knew his father would be displeased if he was not out to morning prayers. But the bed was so comfortable! He stretched, and yawned, and shut his eyes again. Fifteen, twenty minutes, half an hour passed.

"Tommy!" This time it was his father's voice, and Tommy bounded out of bed. He dashed some water into his face, and hurried the comb through the front of his hair. One shoe-string was gone, and he couldn't find his collar button. He rumbled the clean linen trying to fasten it with a pin. Then he rushed out to the sitting-room.

Tommy's father looked him over from head to foot. He noted the half-combed hair, the crumpled collar, and the unfastened shoe, but he did not say anything. Tommy tried to look unconcerned. It was the third time he had been late that week.

As no remarks were made, Tommy began to breathe easier. Perhaps his father did not mind it so much, after all. But when breakfast was over, Tommy's heart failed him, as he saw a peculiar smile on his father's face, and heard him say, "It's too bad a boy can't sleep all he wants to, isn't it, Tommy?"

Tommy made no reply, and his father added, "Your mother and I think so, and so you may undress now, and go back to bed."

"O, I don't want to, sir!" begged Tommy, in distress; "the boys are going nutting, and I promised to go too."

"Indeed!" said his father, in surprise, "I should suppose you would be too tired to go; in fact, I can't think of allowing it."

Tommy knew that it was useless to beg off, so he turned slowly toward the bed-room. His mamma stayed with him while he crept out of his clothes, hung them in order on the chair, and disappeared between the sheets. Then she went out, leaving the door open.

He heard her clear off the table, and wash the dishes. Then the broom was whisked rapidly over the carpet. By and by he heard the clatter of tins, and the rolling-pin clap, clap, on the molding-board. It was baking day. Oh, dear! what was mamma making?

He twisted and turned in bed. It wasn't the nice, warm place he had left. It wasn't even soft; there were humps in the mattress and wrinkles in the sheets; the clothes had pulled out at the foot, and all the feathers would crawl up into one end of the pillow, and that wasn't the end under Tommy's head.

Nine—ten—eleven—whirred the little clock on the mantle-shelf. Was there ever such a long day?

Presently there came a scraping of shoes and a tug at the window-sill. A torn straw hat and a brown face appeared at the opening.

"Say, Tom, ye' sick?" queried the new-comer.

Tom turned over, and did not answer.

"Say, Tom,"—then a pause, and a chuckle as Tom's friend took in the situation,—"*say, Tom, did yer mother put ye' to bed?*"

"Shut up!" said Tom, growing cross.

"O my! a'n't we a baby! have to take a nap in the daylight!" said the mocking voice.

The hot blood was tingling to the end of Tommy's toes. He sprang out of bed, and hurled a shoe at the intruder.

"O see us in our new clothes!" continued the voice.

A dipper of water sent by Tom brought his tormentor to the ground, and silenced further remarks. Just then Tom's mother came in.

"Tom," said she sternly, "go straight back to bed."

Tom did not dare to disobey her when she spoke like that.

"Now what is the matter?" she asked, as Tom lay down again.

"He called me a baby!" said Tom, punching up the pillow with his brown fists as if he wished it were Dick Smith himself.

Tom's mother smiled.

"Say, mother," said Tom coaxingly, noticing the smile, "how long have I got to stay here? You don't want the boys to call me *baby*, do you?"

But Tom's mother was not to be coaxed. "You will have to stay there until your father says you may get up."

Tom groaned. It would be two o'clock before father started from his uptown office, and three o'clock before he reached home!

How hard the bed grew as the hours rolled by! Every bone in Tom's active body ached with the en-

forced quiet. What did the sun want to shine so bright for? What delicious air blew in through the open window! And the nuts—how they must rattle down after such a frost as this!

There is another machine upon which Mr. Edison is at work, called a "phonograph," which will repeat all the words spoken into it. If you should talk into it, and then send it, no matter how far away, the one who received it would simply have to set it in motion and hold a tube to his ear, and he would hear the words you said in your very own voice.

Some day—who knows?—there may be dolls made to repeat all the words they hear spoken. All the cross and peevish and grumbling and quarreling and unkind words! How dreadful that would be! But no more dreadful, not nearly as dreadful, as what really happens now, only we do not stop to think that all our words are written down in God's great record-book; and somewhere in the future, unless we ask Jesus to wipe them out, we must hear them all again. And then, there are the wee brothers and sisters taking in every word, good or bad, which we speak before them, and sure to repeat them all.

Look out what these dear little live "phonographs" hear you say. Try to speak only sweet, pleasant, helpful words.—*The Child's Hour.*

THE BLACKBERRY TART.

MAMMA was busy in the kitchen making black-berry

pies, and Freddy was standing at one end of the table, watching her intently.

Oh, how good mamma's blackberry pies were! Fred smacked his lips as he thought of the treat in store for him. There was a little piece of pie-crust left over; so mamma rolled it out flat, and cut it in a circle, and then crimped a cunning little edge around it, and, lo! it was a little tart.

Freddy's eyes beamed approval as he watched her. He knew what delicious things mamma could make out of left-over bits of dough, and he knew, too, to whose share these cunning little dainties usually fell. Mamma filled it with blackberries, and spread a little criss-cross of strips of pastry over the top, and then it was all ready to go into the oven with the "grown-up pies," as Freddy called the



larger ones she always made.

An hour later, Freddy came into the kitchen for something, and there were the pies and the little tart cooling on the dresser, looking so tempting, and smelling just delicious.

Freddy turned the little tart around with his brown fingers, and sniffed the inviting odor till his mouth watered. He was so hungry, and he was sure he could never wait till dinner-time. It was of no use to ask mamma for the tart now; for she never let him eat anything rich so near the dinner-hour. Oh, dear!

Why not take it and eat it, anyway? Freddy knew his mamma would not be pleased to find that her little boy had taken what did not belong to him, yet he wanted the tart so much that he did not stop to listen to his conscience, but taking the delicious morsel in his hands, ate up every crumb.

As he passed the parlor window, he heard the sound of voices, and standing on tiptoe, so his bright eyes just peered over the sill, he looked in, and saw a lady there talking to his mother, with a dear little girl whom Freddy was always glad to see.

"Freddy," said mamma, "suppose you go out into the kitchen, and get that little blackberry tart. You can put it on a plate, and bring in two forks, and you and Natalie can eat it together."

"Yes'm," came in such subdued tones, as the eyes vanished, that mamma wondered whether her little boy was becoming selfish, and did not want to share his tart with Natalie.

How Freddy did wish, from the depths of his miserable little heart that he had never touched the tart! If mamma was only alone, he could have confessed the truth, but he did not want Natalie and her mother to know how greedy he had been. It was a long time before Freddy's slow, reluctant steps came along the hall.

"Well, Freddy, where is the tart?" asked mamma, glancing up.

Such a guilty-looking boy stood in the door, with

Twelve o'clock! One o'clock! Two o'clock! Oh, dear!

By three o'clock Tom had fully made up his mind he could get up in the morning; and it did not take him long to tell his father so, and get permission to dress. The remembrance of that day, and the teasing the boys once in a while give him, has so far been enough to get him up bright and early on the coldest morning.

W. E. L.

DOLLIES THAT CAN TALK.

MR. THOMAS A. EDISON, who has invented many wonderful machines, has not forgotten the little folks. A "talking doll" is his latest invention. "Doll-phones," he calls them. They are not like the old-fashioned kind that say "Mamma" when they are squeezed, but they can repeat long sentences.

A reporter who visited the inventor says Mr. Edison picked up one of the dolls, with golden curls and rosy cheeks, and winding her up by inserting a clock-key into the small of her back, handed her to the reporter. He then pressed a spring, and the doll said in a plaintive tone:—

"I love you, mamma; I love you dearly, mamma; but I am tired and sleepy now. Please put me in my little bed."

She did not look a bit sleepy, but she spoke so plainly the reporter was sure she spoke the truth, and laid her down at once. Then Mr. Edison wound up a black-haired, brown-eyed little lady, who started off at a quick rate with,—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are,
 Up above the world so high,
 Like a diamond in the sky!"

Another doll sang a sweet little song. Will not the

his flushed face all smeared with blackberry stains, that mamma guessed the truth at once.

"I can't find it," Freddy answered slowly, his eyes fixed on the carpet. "I guess the cat must have eaten it up. She looked like it."

Then a little sob choked his voice, and he rushed upstairs, and threw himself down upon the floor, more unhappy than he had ever been.

He had really told a lie, one of those wicked things that he had promised mamma he would never, never do.

A queer swelling came into his throat as he thought what a sorry look would come into mamma's loving eyes if she ever should know it, and he cried softly to himself.

In the meantime, mamma had comforted Natalie for her disappointment concerning the tart by giving her a generous piece of pie. Mamma's heart was almost as full as Freddy's; for, with all his other childish faults, he had always been truthful, and now she could not doubt that he had told her a falsehood.

When the visitors left, she went upstairs, and took Freddy up into her lap.

He turned his head away, and would not meet the grave, tender eyes.

"Freddy, look at me," said mamma; and very slowly the little boy lifted his flushed face and his brown eyes till they met mamma's, looking straight into his guilty heart, as it seemed to him.

"Has my little boy anything to tell me?" asked mamma.

Freddy was silent for a moment. He did want to tell mamma all about it, and lift the burden of guilt that made his heart so heavy.

"The cat did eat it," he faltered, but mamma checked him.

"Freddy, go and look in the glass, and tell me what you see."

Freddy slipped down from her knee, and went and looked in the mirror. The tell-tale traces of his guilt were on his cheeks and lips, and he realized that mamma knew he had told a lie.

He burst into tears, and put his head on the shoulder that was still his refuge in trouble, and sobbed out his sorrowful little story. Very tenderly and lovingly mamma talked to him, making him feel what a terrible thing a lie is in the sight of a pure and holy God.

"These stains on your lips can be washed away," she said; "but, Freddy, the stains on your heart I cannot wash away. Do you know who can?"

"Jesus," whispered Freddy.

"Yes; he will wash away the stains of sin, if you ask him. Shall we kneel down now, and tell him all about it?"

The burden was lifted from the childish heart at last, as mamma asked that Freddy might be forgiven, and washed clean in the blood of the Lamb of God. And Freddy resolved that a lie should never again stain his heart.—*Minnie E. Kenney.*

KATHIE'S THANK-OFFERING.

In *Children's Work for Children*, M. L. Wilder tells of a little girl who said she did not wish to go to the Missionary Society meeting; for she did not care for what she called "the dirty little yellow and brown and black things," about whom she heard. She thought the heathen children were very well off.

It was not long after this that she fell asleep, and dreamed that she was a heathen child, and in her dream she lived just as the little heathen children in Africa and India and China live.

She awoke screaming and sobbing, but soon became quiet when she found she had only been dreaming, and she said to her mother:—

"I do believe God sent me that dream because I was so wicked and selfish. I'll never call them dirty little yellow and black things again. I wish to go to the missionary meeting, and give my money to send the gospel to the heathen."

She went upstairs to her treasure-box, and brought down a shining fifty-cent piece that she had intended to spend for candy, and said,—

"I'm going to give that for a thank-offering, because I've got my own dear papa and mamma, and because my brothers do love me and are proud of me, and because I'm not a little widow, or married to a dreadful man, older than grandpa, but not a quarter as nice, or because I am not a Chinese girl, or a little slave girl, or anything but just my own self."

"And because you have Jesus," added her mamma. "It is because you have Jesus that you are so different from the little girls I told you about, and you dreamed about."

And Kathie replied: "A 'sperience of anything makes you a great deal more *feelinger* for other people."—*Gospel in All Lands.*

The Sabbath-School.

SECOND SABBATH IN NOVEMBER.
NOVEMBER 9.

LETTER TO THE HEBREWS.

LESSON 6.—HEBREWS 3:13; 4:1-5.

1. What warning did the apostle give to his brethren in Heb. 3:12?
2. What did he direct them to do? Verse 13.
3. What did he say would befall them if they failed to do this? *Ib.*
4. What is the nature of sin? *Ib.*
5. How was it that the first sin on earth was committed? 1 Tim. 2:14.
6. On what condition are we partakers of Christ? Heb. 3:14. Compare verse 6.
7. Did all provoke the Lord who came out of Egypt? Verse 16.
8. How many were so faithful as to go into the promised land? Num. 14:30.
9. Why could not the others enter into this rest? Heb. 3:19.
10. How did they regard Caleb and Joshua for their faithfulness? Num. 14:6-10.
11. What fear is held before the brethren? Heb. 4:1.
12. What rest is spoken of in this verse and in chapter 3?
13. Was the gospel preached to them that fell in the wilderness? Verse 2.
14. Are the same gospel and the same promise preached to us? *Ib.*
15. Why did not the word preached profit them? *Ib.*
16. Was the same faith required of the Israelites that is required of us? See note.
17. What is said of those that believe? Verse 3.
18. Is this rest now received? or is it a matter of promise? Verses 1, 9.
19. When were the works of God finished? Verse 3.
20. How is this proved? Verse 4.
21. What relation has this fact to the rest promised to us? See note.
22. What is the meaning of the expression, "If they shall enter into my rest"? Verse 5, and margin of 3:11. *Ans.*—It is a Hebrew method of expressing a strong negative, and in this sense is transferred to the Greek. It is correctly rendered, "They shall not," etc.

NOTES.

WHEN the house of Israel is spoken of in distinction from the household of faith, we shall greatly mistake if we suppose that faith was not required of Israel. It will be seen by the whole argument in this letter that it was. There have never been two systems of salvation. As children of the covenant of Abraham, of which their circumcision was the token (John 7:22; Gen. 17:10-14), they were under covenant obligation to have the faith of Abraham.

The rest to which the children of Israel were journeying was the land of Canaan. To the two tribes and a half who chose their land on the east of Jordan, Moses said: "The Lord your God hath given you this land to possess it; ye shall pass over armed before your brethren the children of Israel, . . . until the Lord have given rest unto your brethren, as well as unto you, and until they also possess the land which the Lord your God hath given them beyond Jordan." Deut. 3:18-20. Again: "For ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you." Deut. 12:9. The rest and the inheritance are the same. Joshua led them over Jordan, and to the two tribes and a half he said: "The Lord your God hath given you rest, and hath given you this land. . . . Ye shall pass before your brethren armed, all the mighty men of valor, and help them; until the Lord have given your brethren rest, as he hath given you, and they also have possessed the land which the Lord your God giveth them." Josh. 1:13-15. When all was accomplished, the record says: "And the Lord gave unto Israel all the land which he swore to give unto their fathers; and they possessed it, and dwelt therein. And the Lord gave them rest roundabout, according to all that he swore unto their fathers; and there stood not a man of all their enemies before them." Josh. 21:43, 44. The rest unto which the Lord was leading them, and which they who fell in the wilderness never entered into, was the peaceable possession of the land of Canaan, the land of promise.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

"Exhort one another daily." "This," says Barnes, "does not refer to public exhortation, which more appropriately pertains to the ministers of the gospel, but to the private watch and care which the individual members of the Church should have over one another."

"For unto us was the gospel preached," etc. The meaning is, "We also have received good tidings as well as they;" that is, we have received a promise of entering into rest, the final rest that remains for the people of God, as they had received a promise of entering into an earthly rest in the land of Canaan.

Letter Budget.

MARTHA E. WHITE, of Orange Co., N. Y., writes a letter. She says: "As I have never seen a letter from this place, I thought I would write one. I am thirteen years old. I go to day school, and read in the fourth reader. I go to Sabbath-school too, and study in Book No. 2. We have a small Sabbath-school of about twenty-three members. There are no ministers here now, but we expect one soon. My father and mother were baptized in the Hudson River, last August, by Eld. Robinson. I have three brothers and three sisters. My youngest brother is about six months old. His name is Hiram. He was named after grandpa, who is about eighty-three years old. Where we live, we have a lovely view of the Hudson River, the river in which my parents were baptized. The river runs in front of our house. We can see the cars too; they run very near us. I hope to meet you all in the new earth."

LOLA M. BURMAN, of Grant Co., Dakota, says: "When I wrote last, I promised to write again about the Bible-readings we were holding in our neighborhood at the time. We haven't held any since a year ago last June. The people seemed to be pretty well interested until the Sabbath question was brought up, when they gradually lost their interest, till we gave it up. I am a member of the tract society, and am still doing all the missionary work I can. I wrote a missionary letter last night. We go to Sabbath-school most every Sabbath. I study in Book No. 3. My oldest brother has gone to the Adventist school in Minneapolis. I hope the Lord will help him to do right. I am trying to keep the commandments, and want to meet my relatives and the INSTRUCTOR family in the earth made new."

Our next is a letter from Alleghany Co., N. Y. It is written by NORMAN N. GREEN. He says: "I am eleven years old. I learn my lesson in Book No. 4. We do not go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, because it is eight miles away. I keep the Sabbath with my pa, ma, and adopted sister. We have a little colt, and I water it every night and morning. I have a pair of turtle doves and a canary. My adopted sister will send a letter to the Budget with mine. I tried to get some subscribers for the INSTRUCTOR, but did not get any. Day school is two miles away, so I can't go. I want to be saved in God's kingdom. Pray for me that I may."

VERNER FRITZ writes from Whitman Co., Wash. Ter. He says: "I have never written to the Budget, so I thought I would write. I am a boy twelve years old. I have three brothers and three sisters. We all keep the Sabbath with our parents, and go to Sabbath-school most every Sabbath. I learn my lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. My father is superintendent of the Sabbath-school. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR and the Budget. I want to be good, so that when Jesus comes I may be saved."

JENNIE CROCKETT, writing from Rhea Co., Tenn., says: "We have been living for some time where there were no Sabbath-keepers, until we came here. My only little sister died not long ago. She was eleven years old. She loved the Sabbath. I am fourteen years old. I want to be good, so I can meet the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven."

CHRIS PETERSON, of Audubon Co., Iowa, writes: "I am a boy fourteen years old. I do not go to Sabbath-school very often. I study my lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. I read in the fourth reader at day school. I like the INSTRUCTOR very well, and cannot get along without it. I sometimes send my papers to my friends. I want to be a Christian, and be saved when Jesus comes."

Dina Johnson, Emma Nelson, Emma Kuykendall, Emma H. Beeler, Daisy Oliver, May Montgomery, and Eddie R. Hartman were some of the first to answer questions, and to ask others. They did not write much besides. They are all trying to be good. Indeed, children, it doesn't pay to be anything else than good; for you know what the Bible says is the wages of sin.

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