

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 38.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL 30, 1890.

No. 18.

THE ALPINE FLOWER.

DOWN, down, o'er rocky ledge, the chamois hunter fell,
Till shelving of a fissure chanced his feet to stay.
Far, far above him rose the white-capped Alpine heights;
A precipice below. Above, the mountain goat
With flying feet mocked his despair. The eternal snows,
Gleaming in sunshine, winged no prayer to heaven
On airy flight or icy spire, but shimmered down
Its glory to the depths below, lighting his tomb.

The weary day was folded in its stern repose
By dreary curtains of the night. The burning eyes
Of myriad stars looked down, the while o'er cloud-
flecked blue

The moon trailed silver robes. O solitude so
grand!

Thy speech too deep for human words! Silence,
whose hush

Startles to fear at distant roar of glacier's sweep,
Then vast, profound, as o'er creation's morn held
sway.

At last the awful hours sped by, and daylight
dawned;

And looking up to greet the light, he saw a flower—
A little blue-fringed gentian—growing in the rock.
Borne by the careless wind, the seed had fallen there
In crevice bare; now for him smiled its lovely
bloom.

"Promise of good! Shall God," thought he,
"Care for the flower and not for me?"

And lifting up his voice, there rang
O'er cliff and mountain glade:
"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid."

Higher than Alpine crags the echoes of that song
Moved on and on until they reached a human ear;
Or did an angel, listening, swiftly bear the need
To Him who hears our lowliest cry of faith and
trust?

Ah, who may know? But answering shouts rolled
down and down,

Until the hymn, so like a wailing prayer begun,
Rose like a mighty chorus to the sky again.

How cruel seemed thy fate, O flower of Alpine vale,
To find a barren rock whereon to rest!
And yet thy blue-fringed petals wept glad tears of
joy,

When, folded to a mother's loving breast,
The mission of thy life was told, that saved her boy.
And like a precious treasure, to this day,
In sacred Bible lid thou'rt hid away!

—Christian Weekly.

FANNIE'S BROTHER.

"DO think he is the most disagreeable
boy that ever lived. He was pleasant
enough to you last night and this
morning, of course, because you had
just come, but wait till you know him!"

"O Fannie! that seems an awful way to
talk of one's own brother!"

"I can't help it; he is disagreeable! He
is always doing the most hateful things.
And as to ever being kind and obliging—he
don't know how. You never had a brother
like him, Esther, so you can't be a judge of Harry."

"No; Albert and I are always doing things for
each other. We never have a cross word," said
Esther, and she walked over to the broad window
overlooking the large garden of Mrs. Dale's house,
and stood there, gazing out absently, a dreamy ex-
pression in her eyes.

Fannie, who was putting things to rights in the
bed-room, went on with her work of dusting the
bureau.

"Perhaps you don't treat him in the right way,"

said Esther at last, turning around from the window.

"How do you mean, Esther? I treat him as well as
he does me."

"Perhaps so; but I have heard mother say that
love begets love; and if we love and admire a person,
and do all we can to win affection, it is sure to be
given to us. *Every one* feels better for making sacri-
fices and doing favors. I know that whenever I make

and she kept it on the window-seat all the time so she
could admire it. I was so glad I made it."

"And do you think I might make a crocheted work-
basket for Harry?" laughed Fannie. "I think I see
him throwing it out of the window!"

"No; of course not," said Esther, looking a little
hurt.

"Well, it sounded like it, any way. Come, now, I
have finished this room; and we'll go into
Harry's. You'll see confusion and disorder
enough there. He is so careless. I do wish
we could afford to keep a girl. I can't bear
to do chamber-work."

Harry's room was directly across the hall.
It was indeed in a state of wild disorder, and
Fannie did not attempt to straighten it.
She made up the bed as quickly as possible,
and set a chair back against the wall; but
that was all.

"Aren't you going to sweep and dust?"
asked Esther in surprise, as Fannie turned
to leave the room.

"No, indeed; Harry wouldn't notice it if I
did; and, now I'm all through, we can go
down town to see the public library and the
greenhouses. I'm not going to work any
more than I can help while you are here."

"O Fannie, then I'll be sorry I came."

"Nonsense. You'll be here only a week,
and I need a rest, anyhow."

"But your mother will complain."

"Mother is too busy down-stairs to look
after the chamber-work. So long as I keep
her own room looking nice, she won't say
a word. I don't think she ever goes into
Harry's; she hasn't time. Oh, dear! if
Harry were only like some boys I know, we
could get him to take us to the concert to-
night. I'm so fond of music, and yet I sel-
dom go out in the evening, for I have no one
to take me. Mother is so tired out when
night comes that she isn't fit to go any-
where, and Harry wouldn't take me if I
begged him on my knees."

Esther's face had worn a very thoughtful
look while her friend was speaking.

"Why not turn over a new leaf, Fannie?
It couldn't do any harm, and it *might* do
good. Do everything you can think of for
him, and see if he wouldn't want to do
something for *you*. I know he would, if
only because he didn't want to be under ob-
ligations to you."

"It wouldn't be of any use."

"Try it, anyhow," urged Esther.

Fannie still hesitated, but Esther argued
so long that she finally consented, rather
reluctantly, to try the plan.

Together the two girls put the room in
perfect order, sweeping, dusting, and arrang-
ing everything to the best of their ability.

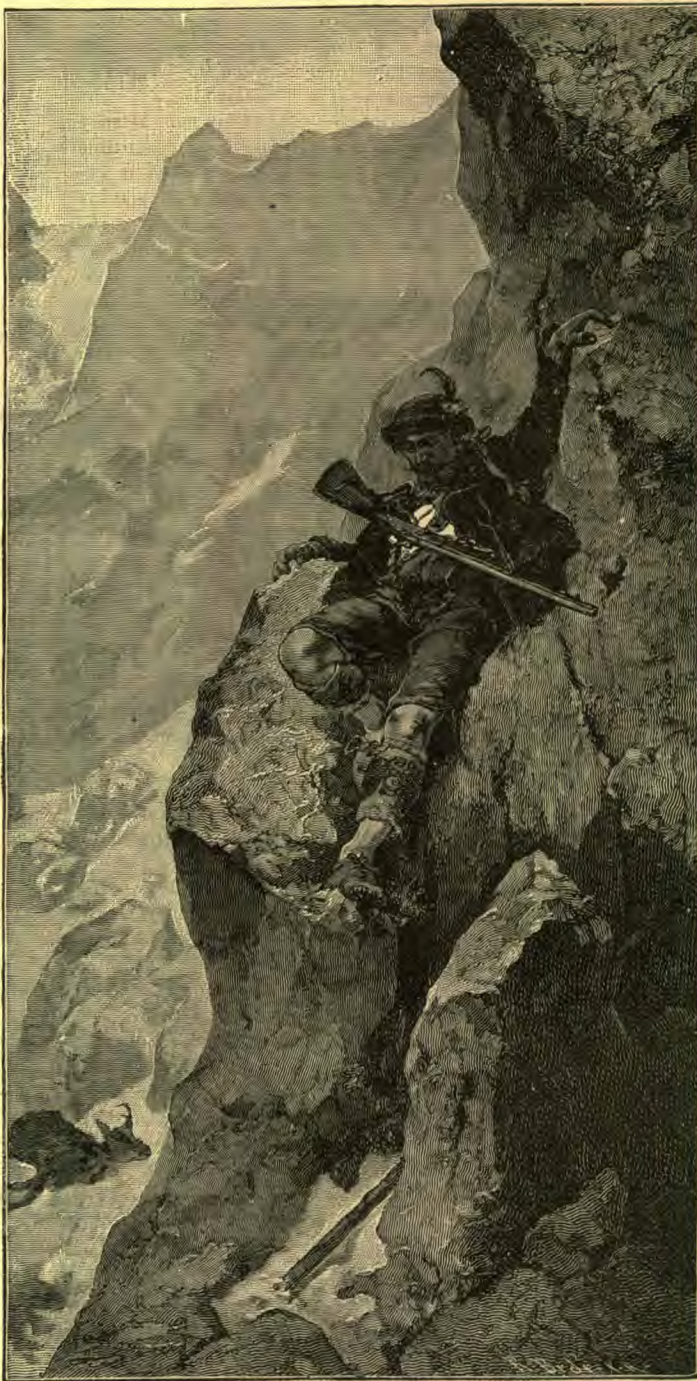
"It makes a great change, anyhow," said
Fannie, when the work was done. "He can't
fail to notice it."

"Now what else can we do for him?" asked Esther.

"I can mend that coat pocket he has been grum-
bling about for a week," said Fannie. "It is on the
table in the sitting-room, and mother hasn't had
time to touch it."

The mending of the pocket took just fifteen minutes,
and then the coat was hung up in the owner's closet.

This accomplished, the two girls went down town,
and Fannie confessed that she *did* feel happier. It
was very pleasant to feel that she had done her duty,
at least.



any one a little present, I feel light-hearted and
happy. Haven't you felt so, too?"

"I suppose so. I don't remember," answered Fan-
nie. "I haven't money to buy presents very often."

"I make most of mine," said Esther. "Last winter
I crocheted a little work-basket, starched it and
shellaced it, and took it to an old crippled woman
whose daughter washes for us sometimes. I had
run little blue and red ribbons around it, and you
ought to have seen how pleased the old creature was.
She said she had never had such a pretty thing before,

For Our Little Ones.

SPRING PLANTING-TIME.

WHAT will you sow, little children, what will you sow?

In your garden you wish that sweet flowers would blossom and grow?

Then be careful to choose from the myriads of wonderful seeds
The caskets that lock up delight, and beware of the weeds!

If you sow nettles, alas for the crop you will reap!
Stings and poison and pain, bitter tears for your eyes to weep.
If you plant lilies and roses and pinks and sweet-peas,
What beauty will charm you, what perfumes on every breeze!

Thus it will be, little folk, in the garden of life;
Sow seeds of ill-nature, you'll reap only sorrow and strife;
But pleasant, kind words, gentle deeds, happy thoughts, if you
sow.

What roses and lilies of love will spring round you and grow!

Smiles will respond to yours brighter than marigolds are,
And sweeter than fragrance of any sweet flower, by far;

From the blossoms of beautiful deeds
will a blessing arise,
And a welcome at sight of you kindle
in every one's eyes.

Then what will you sow, my dear children? what will you sow?
Seeds of kindness, of sweetness, of patience, drop softly, and lo!
Love shall blossom around you in joy and in beauty, and make
A garden of paradise here upon earth for your sake.

—Celia Thaxter.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

HARRY had set some traps down in the pasture, and he could hardly wait till breakfast was over before going to see if he had caught anything. He started off bareheaded, calling for Albert, and of course Tiny wanted to go too. Albert and Harry were brothers, and Tiny was their sister.

Harry did not like to "have girls along," so he spoke up quite crossly, "Tiny 'd better go back, for the grass is wet, and she'll take cold. Besides, it's no place for a girl, any way."

Tiny's lip began to quiver, and Albert hastened to say, "Oh, let her come. Here, Tiny, I'll carry you over to the pasture, so your 'toots' won't get wet. And as for going to see the traps, I think she has just as much right as we have. Now, then, up she comes."

Albert was strong, and Tiny enjoyed the ride in his arms. It was a beautiful day, and everything seemed so happy. The blue sky poured out an ocean of light; and the fields were green, thickly studded with dandelions,—*"gold dollars,"* Tiny said, "scattered out of the sky for poor folks." The birds were going to housekeeping, and the lambs were frisking around, "playing tag," Tiny thought.

"It seems as if somebody very good has walked all around the whole world," said Tiny, "and made everything happy. Hark! hear the bees humming." And she began singing a school song:—

"Out in the beautiful garden,
Say will you come with me now?
The oriole swings as he gaily sings
High in the maple bough.
Come, come, come,
Hear the buzz and hum,
As if a band from fairy land,
Were coming from under the ground."

"Here we are," said Harry, stooping down in the pasture to examine his traps, and then exclaiming excitedly, "There's something in this one!"

"Oh, it's a little bird!" said Tiny. "I hear its wings beating about. It will hurt itself. Take it out, Harry."

Harry put his hand inside, and caught the poor little fluttering thing.

"Poor little bird!" said Tiny. "How I wish the birds weren't so frightened at us. Perhaps it's a little mother bird. O Harry, what if it is a little mother bird, and has some little birds waiting for her

to come? How long do you suppose it's been in that trap?"

"I don't know."

"And even if it isn't a mother bird," continued Tiny, not noticing the cross tone, "it's too bad to frighten it so, and to keep it away from its friends in the sky. Do let it go!"

"Not much!" said Harry. "I'm going to keep it in a cage, and may be I'll stuff it after awhile."

Tiny really looked as if she was going to cry.

"O Harry, I'll give you all the money in my bank if you'll only let it go. Just think how lonely a cage will be for it! How would you like to have some big giant come and take you away from us, and shut you up where you couldn't play? All the birds will be sorry if we keep this little one in prison or stuff it. O Harry! Could you kill that dear little bird, that God has made so beautiful? Don't you know what mamma said about our being careful not to destroy life, because we can never give it back? We can never make the bird sing again."

Tiny was crying now in good earnest.

too feeble to rise, and these wicked boys got some sharp sticks, and poked his poor eyes out."

The children uttered a cry of horror.

"Yes, that is true. Do any of my children ever want to be so cruel?—No, no. Well, then, when you go along the street, and see a poor bug crawling along, try not to step on it. It is doing you no harm. Don't shoot the birds, don't tease the kittens, don't plague the dogs. In this way you will be writing mercy in your hearts, and the Lord says, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' You will never be like the boys who poked the poor horse's eyes out, if you will do this. Those boys did not get so cruel all at once. They began to do cruel things to bugs and animals, and at last were so like Satan that they could do that awful thing.

"Let us try to be like God; he is full of love, merciful, and gracious; and if we are like him, and write our lives full of mercy, he says we shall obtain mercy."

"I want to like God," said Tiny.

"I'll never set any more traps," said Harry, huskily.

And Albert looked up to the sky without saying anything, but his mother read his gentle look, and was satisfied.

FANNIE BOLTON.

MOLLIE'S LITTLE LESSON.

"Oh, how the sun shines!" said Mollie, as she got out of bed on a spring morning.

"I know the little wild-flowers are peeping up in the grove. I know just where the darling little anemones and bluebells grow. And there are violets, too. Oh, dear! I don't want to go to school."

Mollie finished dressing, and looked over toward the grove.

"I don't believe I'm very well; I wonder if I don't look pale."

She went to the glass, and was sorry to see how rosy her round cheeks were.

"But I don't feel very well, any way."

She put on a doleful face, and kept it so until she sat down to breakfast. It was hard work not to smile when her little kitty ran frolicking over the floor after a marble.

"What is the matter, Mollie?" asked her mamma.

"I don't feel very well, mamma. I think I'd better not go to school to-day. I need a little fresh air."

Mollie looked more doleful than ever, as she passed up her plate for some beefsteak and pancakes.

"If you are not well, my dear, you can eat only oatmeal," said her mamma.

Mollie did not like oatmeal; but she thought of the anemones, and made the best of it.

"I think you would better lie down," said mamma, leading Mollie upstairs. "And you will be more comfortable with your clothes off."

And before Mollie had time to think, there she was in bed that beautiful morning!

"Can't I have my picture-books or my paint-box?" she asked.

"No, dear, not till you get well."

Oh, what a long morning it was! The sun shone, and the birds sang, and Mollie wished with all her heart that she was on the pleasant way to her pleasant school.

When dinner-time came, mamma brought her some toast, though she was hungry for roast mutton.

"Can't Hetty and Tom come into my room?" she asked, when they returned from school.

"No; you must be kept quiet," said mamma.

How she hated the quiet! She thought she would never again want a rest. As she had a great deal of time, she began to think that she had tried very hard to feel sick, but it was not quite true that she had been. She told mamma so when she came to hear her prayers.

"Whenever you are tempted to tell what is not true, dear, think of this long day in bed," said mamma, kissing her.

As mamma went downstairs, she smiled to herself, saying,—

"I think my dear little girlie has learned a lesson."
—Sydney Dayre.



"Well," Harry said, impatiently, "I knew it was no place to bring a girl. S'pose I'll have to let it go," and he opened his hand, and away flew the bird toward the golden sky, sending a sweet chirrup of thanks back.

"There's another flock of birds soaring away, too. 'Fly away, fly away, fly away home,' sang Tiny, through her tears.

Albert put his arm comfortingly around Tiny, glad that the bird had gone; and as Harry watched its happy flight, he declared he was glad too.

"I guess I'll take these old traps home," he said. "There's no use catching things just to frighten them, and then to let them go again."

So the children brought the traps home, and told their mother about the bird. She was glad Harry had let it go, and said, "Now, while I pare these apples for a nice turnover for you, you sit down, and I'll tell you why I'm glad the bird was set free."

"Everything we do, or think, or say, leaves a mark on our character," continued their mother, as the children gathered round. "We are writing ourselves all through and through with what we think and do. So each one of us is a book of life.

"I read of some boys who once found a poor, old, worn-out horse on a city common. His cruel owner had turned him out to die when his days of usefulness were over. The old horse was lying on the common,

HOW A BONE BUTTON IS MADE.

FROM human bones?—No. From ivory?—No. From bone of dog or cattle?—No. The other day, writes a correspondent, I happened to call on Mr. Church, who is master of a small bone button factory in Birmingham, and was greatly interested in seeing a tailor's bone button made, just such a one as you would find on your ulster or a tweed coat. It was a queer little factory, made out of two or three cottages rolled into one. First of all, I was introduced to the raw material, which lay on the floor of a dark and dingy little workshop, in which a solitary workman was standing at his bench. "There," said Mr. Church, pointing to what I took to be potatoes, "there you see what we call vegetable ivory. It comes from South America, and grows in clusters of half a dozen nuts. That is the first state of the button."

We then went up to the workman who was cutting up the kernels of the nuts at a swiftly revolving circular saw, an operation requiring great dexterity, for a slip might cost him a finger. This is the first process. The kernel is easily extracted, the shell in which it is inclosed being very thin and fragile. Although the kernel is a nut, it would take a very strong pair of jaws to crack it, and the teeth cannot touch it. The little white slabs that are cut out by the saws are taken to the next department, where the button is really formed in the series of lathes through which it is passed. The tool-maker, whose office is very important, works at one end of the room. The first lathe cuts out the button with the desired circumference, regulating by a series of gauges, the work being passed on to the others for the rim, and so on.

Two women were drilling the four holes of the buttons, this being done by taking up each one and subjecting it to the action of the four-pronged horizontal drills, doing their work with remarkable deftness and rapidity. Now the button, so far as its form goes, is finished. It only remains to do the polishing and dyeing. In another room are half a dozen hexagonal boxes revolving in an atmosphere of dust. They contain the buttons, which are now being polished by the action of some hard powder, which is placed with them in the boxes. There is a secret in every trade, and I fancy that the contents of the mixture with which the buttons are eventually stained is not divulged to the world. Down below, I was taken to another room, in which there were scores of tins containing dye, and many buckets holding chemical solutions. When the buttons are ready for receiving the dye, they are placed on a tin tray, holding, I think, a gross. The dye is then blown onto them by a spray, which causes the liquid to fall very naturally. The trays are then put into a gas-heating oven, and the buttons are afterward put on the cards ready for the market. Such is the interesting history of a bone button, one of the many wonders of Birmingham, that town of magicians.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE WOLVERINE.

MICHIGAN is called the Wolverine State, but there are not many people outside of that State who can tell why it is thus called. To say that it is called after a wolverine is not a sufficient answer, because the next question would naturally be, "What is a wolverine?" There are very few people in Michigan itself who can answer that question.

Why this animal should be particularly a resident of the Michigan wilderness is not known, but it is certainly never seen or heard of elsewhere. The wolf is a common animal all over the West, or at least it was before civilization limited its habitat, and the black bear is also found everywhere in greater or less numbers. Then why should the wolverine only have made its appearance in Michigan, where it was in the pioneer days as plenty almost as the wolf, and even now is a dreaded frequenter of the woods of the northern part of the State?

The wolverine is an animal that has some of the characteristics of the wolf, and partakes in other ways of the nature of the bear. The old settlers of Michigan always insisted that the animal was a cross between those two beasts, and that is the belief of the north Michigan woodsmen to-day.

When Michigan was admitted into the Union, the wolverine was still common—in fact, infested all the forests of the State, and the State was named after him, owing to some of the characteristics of the animal admired by the hardy pioneers who hewed a commonwealth out of the great wilderness they found about their inland sea.

It is a singular fact that no museum or zoological garden has ever yet had a specimen of this unique member of the animal kingdom. They have never exhibited the wolverine on account of the great diffi-

culty of capturing it alive, or of keeping it alive after it is captured.

They are the most savage of beasts. They have the ugly temper of the wolf, which they resemble in appearance. In size and savageness they resemble the bear of the Western fastnesses; but while having the size and savageness of the bear (they excel him in aggressiveness and ferocity), they do not have his clumsiness.

Their wolfish appearance makes the fact that they are expert and agile tree climbers seem odd. In lying in wait for prey, they also resemble the panther; for they will crouch closely in the branches or forks of a tree, and drop down upon their victim, like one of those great members of the cat family.

They will attack a man in this way as readily as they would a fawn, and many an unwary hunter in the Michigan woods has fallen a victim to some hungry and indiscriminating wolverine.

The claws of this strange animal are much longer and sharper than the bear's, and their teeth larger and more pointed and curved. Their wariness is said by hunters to exceed that of any animal on the continent, and they are seldom hunted for the sport of the thing, the danger is so great.

It is only when a wolverine has made his presence so destructive to the pastures and sheepfolds of the backwoods farmers that the entire loss of their livestock is feared, that the farmers organize for a raid on the wolverines, usually employing a number of expert and daring woodsmen to direct the hunt.—*Golden Days.*

THE NEW POSTAGE-STAMPS.

ON Washington's birthday, February 22, 1890, an entire new series of postage-stamps was issued, comprising the same denominations as those which were displaced. The stamps differ in form from the old series, being about one-eighth smaller in size and nearly square.

The designs contain as the leading feature the portraits of personages of great eminence in American history. The portraits are in medallion, with a heavily shaded background, and set in an ornamental frame, containing the words and figures expressive of the object and value of the stamps.

The one-cent stamp contains a profile bust, after Rubright, of Benjamin Franklin, printed in ultramarine blue.

On the two-cent stamp is a profile bust, after Houdon, of George Washington, looking to the left, on an oval disk, printed in carmine.

The three-cent stamp contains a profile bust, after Powers, of Andrew Jackson, on an oval disk, printed in purple.

The four-cent stamp contains a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face, looking to the right. The color is chocolate.

On the five-cent stamp is a portrait of General Grant, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face, looking to the right; color, light brown.

The six-cent denomination has a portrait of James A. Garfield, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face. The color of this stamp has not been fully determined upon.

The ten-cent stamp contains a portrait of Daniel Webster, after a daguerreotype from life, three-quarters face, looking to the left; color, milori green.

The fifteen-cent denomination has a portrait of Henry Clay, after a daguerreotype from life. The color is a deep blue.

On the thirty-cent stamp is a profile bust of Thomas Jefferson, after Coracchi; color, black.

The ninety-cent denomination contains a profile bust of Commodore O. H. Perry, after Walcott's statue. The color is orange.

The old stamps will of course continue to be received in payment of postage, but no more will be printed.

There will be no change in the current special delivery, postage due, or newspaper and periodical stamps; neither will the stamps on the stamped envelopes or on the letter-sheet envelopes be changed at present.—*Exchange.*

GOOD ADVICE.

THIS is what Florence Nightingale says to a Scotch Band of Hope: "Don't think you can do anything worth doing in a fit of enthusiasm, but train yourself carefully to do any work you are called on to do, and think nothing too small to do carefully, or to train carefully for, that is for the good of your fellow-creatures. For instance, good or bad cooking may make or mar the lives of thousands, and those, too, who are trying to do great things for our race."

Letter Budget.

LULU MAY BROWN sends an interesting letter from Decatur Co., Kansas. She says: "This is my first letter to the Budget. I am twelve years old. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I get my lessons in Book No. 3. I have two brothers living and one dead. I have four sisters; one of them is married. We live in a big draw, with steep hills on each side. In summer the draws are covered with green grass and flowers. We have lots of wild fruit here, such as plums, cherries, currants, and grapes. I have lots of fun gathering flowers and eating fruit. I have a horse named Dolly, and a pet cat. Mamma gave me all the black chickens. We have six little calves to feed. Our day school is just out. The school-house is about a quarter of a mile from here. It is sod. If this letter is printed, I will tell you how sod houses are built. I am reading the Bible through. I want to live faithful, so that when the Lord comes to take his saints, I can go off with the angels to heaven, and meet the INSTRUCTOR family."

From Delta Co., Colo., this letter comes, written by FRANKIE PILCHER. It reads: "I am a little boy ten years old. I love to read your letters. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I study in Book No. 2. I have one brother and one sister. We all keep the Sabbath. Pa is superintendent of the Sabbath-school. Bro. States and Bro. Gates were here with us during the week of prayer. Bro. Gates taught us children the Christmas song and our pieces. We have got twelve new singing books for our Sabbath-school. There are twenty in our Sabbath-school, and we have three classes. My pa has gone to a Bible reading tonight, and while he is away, I am writing this letter. All of us little children who keep the Sabbath are trying to spread the truth to other little children who do not keep it. On one night we all come together to study the Bible. Pray for me."

MARY E. SAUNDERS writes from Ashtabula Co., Ohio, saying: "I have thought a good many times about writing to the INSTRUCTOR. We take it, and like it very much; there are so many nice stories in it. I am eight years old. I have twin sisters; they are five years old. Their names are Jessie and Georgia. I have a brother twelve years old named Harry. My sisters go to school, and study in the second reader. I am going into the fifth reader next term. My brother reads history. We cannot go to Sabbath-school, for there is none in this place. We study in Book No. 1, and are going to get Book 2 as soon as we can. We have lots of little lambs. We live on a farm. Papa is not a Sabbath-keeper. Pray for him, that he may be a Christian. I hope to meet you all in the new earth."

MAUD TOMPSON writes from Branch Co., Mich., saying: "I am a little girl nine years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and study in Book No. 4. We live six miles from the church. I have one sister and one brother living. My sister and I raised a pet lamb, and now our papa lets us have the money from her wool every year. When we went to day school this winter, he gave us a cent every time we left off head. I expect to make a visit to my grandfather's this week, and get some maple sugar. I love to help gather sap, and see them boil it. I want to do right, so that when Jesus comes, I may be saved."

From O'Brien Co., Iowa, comes the following letter written by ETHEL L. AYARS: "I love to read the letters in the Budget. We get the INSTRUCTOR every Sabbath. I keep the Sabbath, and the family all do too. We all go to meeting when we can, except my brother; he does not like to go. I am twelve years old. I have two sisters and one brother. I hope my brother will learn to love the Lord. I study in Book No. 5. For pets we have two birds. I love the Lord, and I hope he loves me. I want to meet the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth."

The Bible says, Ethel, that while we were yet sinners, and did not love God at all, he felt so sorry for us, and loved us so much, that he sent his only Son to die for us, in order that we might have a home in heaven by and by, where we can be truly happy. So it would not be right for us to say we *hope* the Lord loves us. We *know* the Lord loves us, because he says so. If we love him, we will believe what the Bible says about him. If you will read the third and fourth chapters of First John, you will find some verses that will tell you all about it.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

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

WINNIE E. LOUGHBOROUGH, Editor.
MRS. M. J. CHAPMAN, PERCY T. MAGAN,
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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

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