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BIRDS.

YE birds that fly through the fields of air,
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear!

Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise;
Ye would bid us all groveling scenes despise.
Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
That pleasure is toll—ambition is pain—
That its bliss is touched with a poisoning leaven,
Ye would teach us to fix our aim on Heaven.

Beautiful birds with lightsome wings,
Bright creatures that come with the voice of
spring;

We see you arrayed in the hues of morn,
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of
scorn!

Though rainbow splendor around you glows,
Ye vaunt not the beauty which Nature bestows;
Oh, what a lesson for glory are ye!
How ye preach the grace of humility!

Swift birds, that skim o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,
But press still forward, by night or day,—
As in your unwearied course ye fly
Beneath the clear unclouded sky;
Oh! may we, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds, that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround Heaven's gate in melodious
throng;

Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,
Ye remind us that we should likewise raise
The voice of devotion and song of praise;
There's something about you that points on
high,

Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky!

—Selected.

HOW RICE IS GROWN.

IN India as well as in China, rice forms an important article of diet. It is eaten by rich and poor alike. Rice is a native of India, and is found growing wild in some parts of Bengal. It is a child of the water, but in India it is grown on every variety of soil,—high on the mountain-side as well as on low, marshy grounds. When raised at a high altitude, it requires less water than when grown in the plains, as the heat is less fierce. Wherever a stream trickles down the mountain-side, its waters are hemmed in by embankments, thus forming little ponds or lakes. The hillsides below are terraced, and along the edge of each terrace a ledge of earth is constructed to retain the water when it is turned upon it. Through an opening in the ledge the water is conducted to the terrace below, and by this means there are often fresh, green spots on the hillsides when all around is dry and barren.

Great quantities of rice are sent from India to England, but the best Indian rice is considered inferior to the rice grown in America. Rice is said to have been first introduced into America by a bag of East Indian rice sent as a present to a Carolina merchant.

The cultivation of rice is a very simple process. Before the time for

green. The spring crop ripens in about ninety days. When sown later in the season, it requires a longer time to reach maturity. Sometimes the seed is sown broadcast, and is allowed to remain where it falls. At other times it is sown thickly in beds, and transplanted when the shoots are about six inches high. Holding the seedlings in one hand, the laborer

and yields sometimes sixty bushels to the acre.

When the grain is ripe, the water is turned off and the crop is cut down with sickles. It is then either stacked or trodden out by cattle, and is afterward preserved in pits or wells lined with rice-straw. "Paddy" is the name given to rice before it is separated from the husk. Rice will keep fresh much longer when left in the husk, and in this condition it is shipped to England. Between the husk and the grain is a thick, mealy coating, which makes excellent food for animals. The rice-straw is used for fodder, and the hard, brittle chaff is not without its uses.

The husk of the rice adheres very closely to the grain. In America the work of separating the grain from the husk is performed by machinery, but in India it is done by manual labor. The very poor buy the paddy and themselves prepare it for use.

In Cashmere, when traveling on the lakes or rivers, whenever the boat stopped for the night or for a few hours during the day, the women improved the time in preparing their rice. The paddy was thrown into a large wooden vessel like a huge mortar, and the husk and grain were separated by being beaten with heavy wooden pestles. Two women usually stood opposite each other, each with a wooden pestle in her hand and the mortar between them. Though the work was evidently very laborious, it was always cheerfully done, and the tedium of the toil relieved by lively chat or snatches of song.—*Helen H. Holcomb.*



seed-sowing, the ground is plowed, but only to a slight depth. It is then divided into little beds, or squares, by throwing up dykes of earth one or two feet in height. When the ground has been thus prepared, it is "flowed," and water to the depth of four or five inches is allowed to stand on the ground. The rice used as seed is kept in the husk. It is put into a bag, and the whole immersed in water until the seed swells and shows signs of sprouting. The sower then, walking through the inundated fields, scatters the seed with his hand, and it immediately sinks into the mire. In India, on low lands, the first sowing takes place between the end of March and the latter part of May. The seed quickly springs up, and the fields are soon covered with a mantle of fresh

wades through the fields, sticking five or six shoots into the mud at every step. This work is usually performed by men, but I have seen women transplanting rice. Rice requires no care in weeding; for water, which is necessary to the rice, kills the grass and weeds which spring up, if the water is drawn off for a time. When such enemies appear, the rice-fields are submerged; and while the rice grows on, the beautiful tall grasses that so closely resemble the rice-plant as to deceive the planter, one by one fall down and die.

When the rice ripens, it turns to a golden hue, and its rich, full heads nod to the touch of every passing breeze. A field of rice, when ready for the sickle, looks not unlike a field of barley. Rice is very productive,

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

I HAVE heard that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel, with his rider, some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one, hearing the voice, repeats the word, "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry, "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come;" So in that verse, the Spirit and the bride say, first of all, "Come!" and then let him that heareth say, "Come!" and whosoever is athirst, let him come, and take of the water of life freely.—*Spurgeon.*

RAIN SONG.

Oh, the beautiful, beautiful rain!
Sing praises, sing praises!"
The little brown wren leaned out of her nest
And sang it with the daisies.

"Oh, the beautiful, beautiful rain!
Sing praises, sing praises!"
The brook sang over her pebbly lane
In wonderful alto phrases.

From brooks and banks, from fields and flowers,
The loving chorus raises:
"Oh, the beautiful, beautiful rain!
Sing praises! sing praises!"

—Wide Awake.

ANCIENT BRITAIN.—NO. 8.

THE free land-holders of the Saxons were called "ceorls"; but there were those of larger homes called "corls." These latter were distinguished among their fellow-men by noble blood. Such were held in hereditary reverence. From these "corls" the "cal-dormen"—aldermen—of the village were chosen as leaders in time of war, or rulers in time of peace.

The village dwellings were clustered around some sacred tree or moat-hill where the whole community met to frame laws or execute justice. At these village meetings a field could be passed from man to man by delivering to him, before these witnesses, a turf cut from the soil. These villagers had also their "witans"—wise men—who met together to frame laws, as their descendants of later England meet in Parliament at Westminster for the same purpose.

When the seven kings were settled in Britain, their people liked the houses, gardens, and bathing places the Romans had left in the country. A few of them began to learn to read, and finally some of the Christian ministers ventured to come in and teach them to know the true God. They did not dare to do this at first, as the Saxons were determined to destroy all that did not agree with their idolatry.

While the Saxons and Angles were busy in planting the heptarchy, and seeking to drive Christianity from their new England, there arose in Ireland, in one of the churches founded by Succat (St. Patrick), a pious man of royal blood, named Columba, who resolved to preach the gospel in Scotland. With some of his companions he constructed a vessel of willows and skins. D'Aubigné says, "In this rude boat they embarked in the year 565, and reached in safety the waters of the Hebrides." They landed on the little island of Iona. They found there the Christian Culdees, and a few Druids. Colonal, the Scottish king, granted Iona to Columba. From this time the college of the Druids and burial place of their kings, passed into the hands of the Christians. Columba collected precious manuscripts and carried them to Iona. There, away from the strife in lower Britain, they studied, prayed, and prepared for missionary work.

In their teachings they claimed that the Holy Scriptures were the only rule of faith. They said, "Throw aside all merit of works, and look for salvation to the grace of God alone. It is better to keep your heart pure before God, than to abstain from meats.

One alone is your head,—Jesus Christ." That these were no Papists is further evident from the fact that they knew nothing of the bread in the Lord's supper being changed into the actual body of Christ. They allowed the laity the wine in communion, did not confess to priests, have prayers for the dead, or burn tapers or incense. With them the supremacy of the Pope was unknown. Although they had monks, they were not men supported in idleness, but were simply students of divine truth, preparing for missionary work. The historians tell us that at this time Iona possessed a more lively faith than the city of Rome. The venerable Bede says that Columba and his disciples brought religion into such repute, that their monks were received everywhere as God's servants.

Under Columba, the isle of Iona still continued to be the burial place of kings. Its "Kirkyard" contains the tombs of forty-eight crowned Scottish kings, four Irish kings, and most of the lords of the Isles. Columba is said to have founded 365 churches and ordained 3000 Monks. His followers opposed the church of Rome until A. D. 716, and even in the end of that century, Clement of Iona wrote a book against Catholic images. No wonder British Protestants revere this missionary isle! The following poem speaks the sentiment of thousands:—

"Lone Isle! though storms have round thy
turrets rode,
And their red shafts have sear'd thy marble
brow,
Thou wert the temple of the living God,—
Teaching earth's millions at thy shrine to
bow.
Though desolation wraps thy glories now,
Still thou wilt be a marvel through all time
For what thou hast been: for the dead who rot
Around the fragments of thy towers sublime,
Once taught the world, and sway'd the realm
of thought,
And ruled the warriors of each northern clime.
Dear art thou for thy glories long gone by;
Virtue and truth, religion's self must die,
Ere thou can'st perish from the chart of fame,
Or darkness shroud the halo of thy name."

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

WAIT TILL YOU KNOW.

MANY persons make themselves very ridiculous by premature and ill-considered decisions. If they profess to be teachers, they cannot bear to admit that they are ignorant of anything, and so feel under obligation to have an answer ready for every question. Especially is this true of some who undertake to interpret the Scriptures. They make statements without authority, they suggest explanations which are worse than worthless, and they spend a considerable portion of their time in recalling and cancelling what they have said, and in contradicting their own statements. It would be far better for them to wait until they know what they are talking about. Ignorance is not the greatest disgrace, and it is much better for a man to admit that he does not know, than it is to place somebody else under the necessity of proving him to be ignorant of the things which he professes to understand.

Wait till you know. If you cannot

answer a question, say so. Quite likely the ignorance of which you are so ashamed is something which you share in common with the wisest of men. I have heard of a conceited student, who, on being asked some question, said that he once knew how to answer it, but had forgotten: at which the wise old professor dryly remarked, "What a pity it is that the only man in the world who knew the correct answer to that question has forgotten it!"

—The Christian.

LEAVING FOOTPRINTS.

"LIVES of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Mabel came across these lines in her parsing, the other day. She had thought much about them since, and at last concluded to talk them over with mamma.

"We may make our lives sublime." Mamma, I guess that means me as well as any one else; but what can I do to leave 'footprints on the sands of time?' I haven't a sweet voice like Ethel Gray, who goes every week to sing to the orphans at the asylum. They all love her dearly. I guess she will leave footprints. I don't know enough about German to read the German Bible to old Carl, as some of the girls do. I can't sew for the sewing society; I hate sewing. I guess there's nothing I can do."

Mabel stopped at last, her bright face flushed with excitement.

"Let us see about it, my dear," said Mrs. Wood, kissing each rosy cheek. "What little girl was it who made such delicious muffins for tea when Bridget was sick; and who begged to be allowed to help Bridget iron the ruffled clothes because we all thought she did them so nicely; and who"—
"There, mamma, that's enough," answered Mabel laughing. "I know I can do such common-place things, but such work will not make my life sublime."

"I think there is a true sublimity in seeking the happiness of others, and in cheerful self-denial," was Mrs. Wood's reply. "If you wish to practice these virtues, I will tell you of an opportunity. You remember old Mrs. Maloney, Bridget's mother, who lives in the country? Bridget was telling me to-day that she was confined to her bed, with only a wee bit of a girl to wait on her. Now, how would you like to spend this afternoon making something nice for the poor old woman to eat? To-morrow you might help me in the kitchen and give Bridget a holiday. We can easily manage to send her to visit her mother. Jack, the milk boy, goes past the old woman's house, and would gladly take a passenger."

"O mamma," said the impulsive child, "what a nice plan! I shall run and tell Bridget."

Bridget was delighted. "A whole day," said she, "wid me ould mither! You are a dear, Miss Mabel."

The plan worked smoothly. The next morning Bridget took her place in the milk wagon, and was soon safely deposited at her mother's door.

Mabel worked with so much enthusiasm all day that the time seemed short, and the milk boy's evening bell, announcing Bridget's return, quite surprised her.

"You are not to go to work about supper, Bridget," she said. "I mean to finish the day; but while I work, you may sit there by the stove and tell me about your mother."

Bridget's account of her pleasant day, and Mabel's father's praise of the nicely prepared supper, repaid the little girl for all the self-denial she had practiced, and made her very happy.

At night the verses came back to her mind. "You are right, mamma," said she, as she bent forward for her evening kiss; "even children, when they make others happy, may leave footprints."—Selected.

THE DEBT TO MOTHER.

MOTHERS live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely, that the name *mother* is the sweetest in the human language. And yet, sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Their loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words which she will address to her son, in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling, lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheery love while her heart is bleeding.

No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of the great obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway, let him regard as implicitly as he can, her wishes and advice, let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness; and yet he will part from her at the tomb with his debt to her not half discharged.—Selected.

AFTER the cloud and the whirlwind,
After the long, dark night,
After the slow, dull marches,
And the thick, tumultuous fight,
Thank God, we see the dawning
Of the golden, glorious light.

A HINT.

DEAR children, what do you do with these beautiful papers when you have read them? Are they torn up or piled up on closet shelves, or do you give them to some little boy or girl who cannot afford to take them? If each of you would give or lend your paper after reading it, to another child, then just twice as many children could enjoy them as now.

The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH Sabbath in June.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

LESSON 21.—JESUS TEACHES BY THE SEA.

AFTER being treated so cruelly at Nazareth, Jesus left that place, and dwelt in a city called Capernaum. This city was about twenty miles from Nazareth in a northeasterly direction. It stood on the west shore of a beautiful lake, probably not more than three or four miles from its northern end, but just where, no one can now tell. This lake is about thirteen miles long, and six or seven miles broad. It had several names. Sometimes it is called the Sea of Galilee, because the province of Galilee bordered upon it; at other times it is called the Lake of Gennesaret, from a little plain by that name, lying on its western shore. This plain was once beautiful and fertile almost beyond description. A traveler says that the trees and fruits of almost all climates grew here, even those that are commonly found only in the hottest countries. This was possible because the land all around the lake and behind the plain rises from five hundred to two thousand feet, and so breaks off all the cold winds. Into this beautiful basin the sun pours a flood of warm sunlight that makes everything look fresh and green so long as there is plenty of rain.

Through the lake from north to south runs the Jordan river, flowing down from its cool springs in the mountains of Hermon and Lebanon. Capernaum must have been on the border of the plain of Gennesaret, or near it; and the lofty head of Mt. Hermon, perpetually covered with snow, as well as the beautiful cities that lined the shores of the lake, must have been in full view.

But Jesus did not choose this place for a home chiefly on account of its loveliness, but because he would here meet many people from different parts of the world, and thus have many opportunities of teaching the gospel of his kingdom; for the great caravan route from Damascus and the East led by this lake; and on its western shore, five or six miles south of Capernaum, King Herod had built a new city which he called Tiberias, in honor of the Roman emperor. In this city Herod held his court, and from it the lake is often called the Sea of Tiberias.

Along the shores of this beautiful sheet of water Jesus walked and talked, instructing the people, healing the sick, and preparing the way for the preaching of his gospel throughout the world.

"And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennesaret, and saw two ships standing by the lake; and the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down in the ship, and taught the people.

"Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the nets. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes; and their nets brake. And they beckoned unto their partners which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships so that they began to sink. When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord! For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken. . . . And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

QUESTIONS.

1. Where did Jesus have his home after being so cruelly treated at Nazareth?
2. About how far was this city from Nazareth, the former home of our Lord?
3. In what direction did it lie from Nazareth?
4. Where did it stand?
5. How large is the lake?
6. By what names is it called?
7. From what circumstances does it derive each of these names?
8. Describe the plain of Gennesaret.
9. How could trees and fruits grow here that commonly grow only in the hottest countries?
10. What river runs through this beautiful lake from north to south?
11. Whence does the Jordan flow?
12. What must have been in full view from Mt. Hermon?
13. What was the chief reason why Jesus chose this lovely place for a home?
14. Why would Jesus be likely to meet many people by the Lake of Gennesaret?
15. Where was the city of Tiberias situated?
16. What may be said of its present condition?—*A small town now stands where the city once was; quite extensive ruins are scattered about; and in the rocks behind the place numerous tombs are found.*
17. What came to pass as Jesus stood one day by the Lake of Gennesaret? Luke 5:1.
18. Into whose ship did he enter?
19. When Simon had thrust out a little from the land, what did Jesus do? Verse 3.
20. When Christ had finished speaking to the people, what did he tell Simon to do?
21. What reply did Simon make to this?
22. What success did they have when they had let down their nets this time? Verse 6.
23. What was the reason for this, when they had failed so many times before?
24. Who came to help them in taking the fish to shore?
25. What did Simon Peter do and say when he saw what a great miracle had been performed for them?
26. What did Jesus then say to Simon? Verse 10.
27. What lesson do you think Jesus meant to teach his disciples by doing this miracle?

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 34.—THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

"AND he began again to teach by the seaside: and there was gathered unto him a very great multitude, so that he entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by thesea on the land."

"And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying," "A sower went out to sow his seed: and as he sowed, some fell by the wayside; and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it."

"And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth: but when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit. And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased, and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred. And he said unto them, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

"And the disciples came, and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables? He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; but to them it is not given. . . . Therefore speak I to them in parables; because they seeing, see not; and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand. And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Esaias, which saith, By hearing, ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing, ye shall see, and shall not perceive; for this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their

eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their hearts, and should be converted, and I should heal them."

When Jesus had withdrawn from the multitude, the few that were about him, together with the twelve disciples, asked him to explain the parable of the sower. "And he said unto them, Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables." "Now the parable is this: The seed is the word of God. Those by the wayside are they that hear; then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved. They on the rock are they which, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fell away. And that which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection. But that on the good ground are they which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience."

"No man, when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a vessel, or putteth it under a bed; but setteth it on a candlestick, that they which enter in may see the light. For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest, neither anything hid, that shall not be made known, and come abroad. Take heed therefore how ye hear; for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have."

QUESTIONS.

1. Who came together to hear Jesus when he had again begun to teach by the seaside? Mark 4:1; Luke 8:4.
2. While teaching the people, what position did Jesus take in order that they might all see and hear him?
3. What method of teaching did he chiefly employ? Matt. 13:3; Mark 4:2.
4. Which of these parables is first related by the evangelists?
5. On what four different kinds of ground did the seed fall?
6. What became of that which fell by the wayside?
7. How did the seed prosper that fell on rocky ground?
8. Give the history of that which fell among thorns.
9. Describe the productiveness of that which fell on good ground.
10. What remark did Christ make when he had finished the parable? Luke 8:8.
11. When he had withdrawn from the multitude, what question did his disciples ask him? Matt. 13:10; Mark 4:10.
12. What reply did he make? Matt. 13:11.
13. Why was it necessary that most of the people should have the truth illustrated to them by striking figures drawn from familiar occurrences in every-day life? Matt. 13:13.
14. What prophecy was fulfilled by those people? Verse 14.
15. How does this prophecy show that the people were indifferent to the truth and perhaps unwilling to learn it?
16. What special anxiety was manifested in regard to the parable of the sower? Luke 8:9.
17. By whom was the question asked? Mark 4:10.
18. How did he address them before explaining the parable? Mark 4:13.
19. What does the seed represent? Luke 8:11.
20. Give the experience of that class of people represented by the wayside. Matt. 13:19; Mark 4:15; Luke 8:12.
21. Give the history of those who are represented by the rocky ground.
22. Whose experience is illustrated by the growth of seed among thorns?
23. Who are represented by the good ground?
24. By what figure did he then illustrate the folly of trying to conceal the truth or the love of God? Luke 8:16.
25. What did he say in regard to the revealing of secrets? Verse 17.
26. What impressive warning did he then give?

APPTNESS OF THE SAVIOUR'S PARABLES.

As stated several times before, it was at Capernaum, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, that the Saviour seems to have made his home most of the time during his public ministry; and along this lake and in the country around, we learn that he did much of his preaching. Capernaum, on the great highway to the Mediterranean, was a center of trade, which would naturally call together many people from different places; and indeed the whole scene around the lake was one of life and enterprise. Christ seems to have taught mostly by parables, some of which are noticed in the lesson of this week. The following, from "Geikie's Life of Christ," is interesting in that it sets forth the aptness of the parables of Christ in seizing upon the occupations of the people and the circumstances and scenes with which they were surrounded, to illustrate the great lessons of truth he wished to teach:—

"The men, the fields, the valleys round it, [the Sea of Galilee] are immortalized by their association with the Saviour. There were the vineyards, on the hill slopes, round which their lord planted a hedge, and to which he built a watch-tower, and dug a wine-press. There were the sunny hills, on which the old wine had grown, and the new was growing, for which the householder would take care to provide the new leather bottles. The plain of Gennesaret was the enameled meadow, on which, in spring, ten thousand lilies were robed in more than the glory of Solomon, and where, in winter, the grass was cast into the oven. It was on such pastures as these around, that the shepherd left the ninety-and-nine sheep, to seek, in the mountains, the one that was lost, and bring it back, when found, on his shoulders, rejoicing. The ravens, that have neither storehouse nor barn, daily sailed over from the cliffs of Arbela, to seek their food on the shore of the lake; and from the same cliffs, from time to time, flew forth the hawks, to make the terrified hen gather her chickens under her wings. The orchards were there, in which fig-trees grew, on which the dresser of the vineyard, in three years found no fruit, and in which the grain of mustard seed grew into so great a tree that the fowls of the air lodged in its branches.

"Across the lake, rose the hills of Gaulonitis, which the idly busy rabbis watched for signs of the weather. A murky red, seen above them in the morning, was a text for these sky-prophets to predict 'foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering,' and it was when the sun sank, red and glowing, behind the hills in the west, that the solemn gossips, returning from their many prayers in the synagogue, made sure that it would be 'fair weather to-morrow.' It was when the sea-cloud was seen driving over the hill-tops from Ptolemais and Carmel that neighbors warned each other that a shower was coming, and the clouds sailing north, toward Safed and Hermon, were the accepted earnest of coming heat.

"The daily business of Capernaum, itself, supplied many of the illustrations so frequently introduced into the discourses of Jesus. He might see in the bazaar of the town, or on the street, the rich traveling merchant, who exchanged a heavy load of Babylonian carpets for the one lustrous pearl that had, perhaps, found its way to the lake from distant Ceylon. Fishermen, and publicans, and dressers of vineyards passed and re-passed each moment. Over in Julias, the favorite town of the tetrarch Philip; below, in Tiberias, at the court of Antipas, lived the magnates, who delighted to be called 'gracious lords,' and walked in silk robes. The young Salome lived in the one town; her mother, Herodias, in the other; and the intercourse between the two courts could not have escaped the all-observing eye of Jesus, as he moved about in Capernaum."

THE PANAMA WHARF.

CHARLEY and Lucy were sitting one evening on their Uncle George's knee.

"Uncle," said Lucy, who was a dear child, "what did the minister mean this afternoon at church when he said that the man who despises small things shall fall by little and little?"

"Well, Lucy, my dear," replied Uncle George, "I think that you will understand me better if I tell you a story.

"Many years ago I was visiting at Panama. This is a place which you will find on your map, south of the United States and Mexico.

"I remained here for many months. Near my hotel was a very large wharf. Year after year the ships had come up to it, and there unloaded their cargoes. It was built at very great expense, and every person thought it entirely safe. Merchants often permitted thousands of dollars' worth of goods to remain on it over night. It was the custom of the wharf superintendent to examine it every month. Now, while I was there, the report was spread that some little insects were eating away the wood. He looked at the place, but said it was of no consequence—that there were only a few insects, which could do no great harm. Month after month passed, and still these little creatures ate away at the wharf. They did not seem to be numerous, and but little attention was paid to them.

"One day, as I was looking out of my window, I heard a dreadful crash, and behold, the whole immense wharf had sunk into the sea. Sixty or seventy persons were killed, and an immense amount of property was destroyed—all by the work of these tiny little insects. Afterward it was found that they had been eating for years at the wood. Had they been stopped at once, no harm could have come; but the superintendent thought them too small to notice; he despised them because they were so small.

"Children," said Uncle George, "be careful of little things. Whenever you discover a bad little habit, kill it at once. If you don't, it may kill you."

PETRARCH'S WORD.

PETRARCH was a poet whose home was in that soft and sunny land called Italy. One day he was summoned to court as a witness on trial. On entering the witness box he prepared to take the usual oath, when the judge, closing the holy Book, said,—

"As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

Wasn't that a fine compliment to the poet's character? He had always been so careful to speak the truth that his bare word was considered equal to other men's oaths. Noble poet! May every child who reads this be as truthful as Petrarch!

NEVER retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

The Children's Corner.

BOBOLINK.

Hi! you pretty Bobolink!
Did you ever stop to think
What a chatting, what a noise
(Like a troop of merry boys)
You are making in the lane
Just as long as you remain?

Merry, saucy bobolink!
Now you stand and slyly wink
With your eyes so black and bright,
Full of roguery by right!
And your vest so neat and trim
Buttoned quite up to your chin.

Full of music is your throat,
Every trill a joyous note;
Pouring out on bush and tree
Your sweet notes of melody,
In the morning's rosy pink,
Merry, merry, Bobolink!

—Aunt Clara.



A BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.



GRANDMOTHER, see my beautiful dress," exclaimed a gayly attired little girl, slipping into her grandmother's bed-room; "see how it fits, and how becoming it is." She walked to and fro before her grandmother, and turned around this side and that side.

"Very pretty," said her grandmother, faintly smiling; "but it is not what I should choose for you."

"Oh! father says pink is so becoming to my complexion: 'what color would you choose, grandmother?'" said the little girl, fingering the pink trimmings on her pink robe, as if no trimmings equaled hers, and she was proud to wear them.

"White; pure, shining white."

"Mother says I tear white dresses so, I do not deserve to have one," answered the little girl.

"This will never tear."

"O grandmother, think how awful I look in my outgrown white dress?" and the little girl seemed to shrink from the very thought of another white dress.

"This you could never outgrow."

"Always fit me! why grandmother, you don't mean so! Now, grandmother, you are making fun," and yet the little girl looked into her grandmother's face and saw that it looked

as mild and serious as it ever did. "Could I burn it?" asked the little questioner, for she remembered what a hole that hot stove had made in her new plaid dress one cold winter's day.

"No fire can burn it," answered the grandmother.

"No sun can fade it?"

"No. Neither can the rain wet it."

"O grandmother, I know; it's made of asbestos—you mean an asbestos dress;" and she leaned upon her grandmother's knee, looking eagerly into her face. Perhaps all the children know that asbestos is a mineral that can be made into threads, and woven into garments which heat cannot consume.

The grandmother shook her head.

"If it's such a beautiful white, I should soil it very easily, I suppose."

"Yes, you would soon soil it; even

"You, grandmother—did you buy it? How very good you are!" said she, earnestly regarding her grandmother's face.

"No, it was not I—a better friend than I;" and she spoke solemnly.

"Oh, you mean something," said the child; "what is this dress so wonderful? I am sure I want one."

"This dress is the garment of salvation. It was bought by Jesus Christ at a great price—even his life; its ornaments are a meek and quiet spirit. Will my dear little girl wear this beautiful garment?"

"I wish I could," breathed the little one.

"Then you'd have a wardrobe for eternity, my Mary, fitting you for the company of the heavenly host of the upper world, where the redeemed are hymning their songs of praise."

Who will not wear this beautiful garment? Who will get ready this wardrobe for eternity?—*Selected.*

LETTER BUDGET.

Albert G. Johnson says that he has taken the INSTRUCTOR since the first of January, and likes it very much. They have a good Sabbath-school, which he attends most every Sabbath.

Annie Mattson, of Blockville, New York, says: "I am fifteen years old, and have kept the Sabbath for nearly four years with my mother and sister. The Third Angel's Message was first brought to our place by Eld. C. B. Reynolds, in the year 1877. We have taken the INSTRUCTOR nearly two years, and like it very much."

Fanny S. Clarke writes from Albion, Boone Co., Nebraska: "I have never written for the paper before, but I like it very much. My brother wrote once, but it was not printed. I go to Sabbath-school, and learn 'Lessons for Children.' We have a dear good Sabbath-school teacher. I am a member of the church at this place, and also of the T. and M. Society. I am thirteen years old. I have never seen but few of the INSTRUCTOR family, but hope we shall all try to be good, so we may meet in Heaven."

Willie G. Adams writes from Breedsville, Mich. He says: "I will be eight years old in June. I have been learning to print letters so I could write a letter for the Budget. Now I will try to do my best. Please excuse me if I make some mistakes. My ma tells me how to spell some of the words. Ma has just read to me from the INSTRUCTOR, 'Baby's Sermon.' I think baby preached a nice sermon,—to 'love one another.' Ma has been a Sabbath-keeper ever since I was two years old. I mean to be a good boy and do what is right, that I may meet all the INSTRUCTOR family."

Willie's letter is very nicely printed. We would like to receive many others as well done.

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