

# Youth's Instructor

VOL. 29.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY 13, 1881.

No. 28.

## THE HILLS OF THE LORD.

HE hath made them the haunt of beauty,  
The home elect of his grace;  
He spreadeth his mornings on them,  
His sunsets light their face.

His winds bring messages to them,  
Wild storm-news from the main;  
They sing it down to the valleys,  
In the love song of the rain.

They are nurseries for young rivers,  
Nests for his flying cloud,  
Homesteads for new-born races,  
Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tired cities  
Come up to their shrines and pray;  
God freshens again within them,  
As he passes by all day.

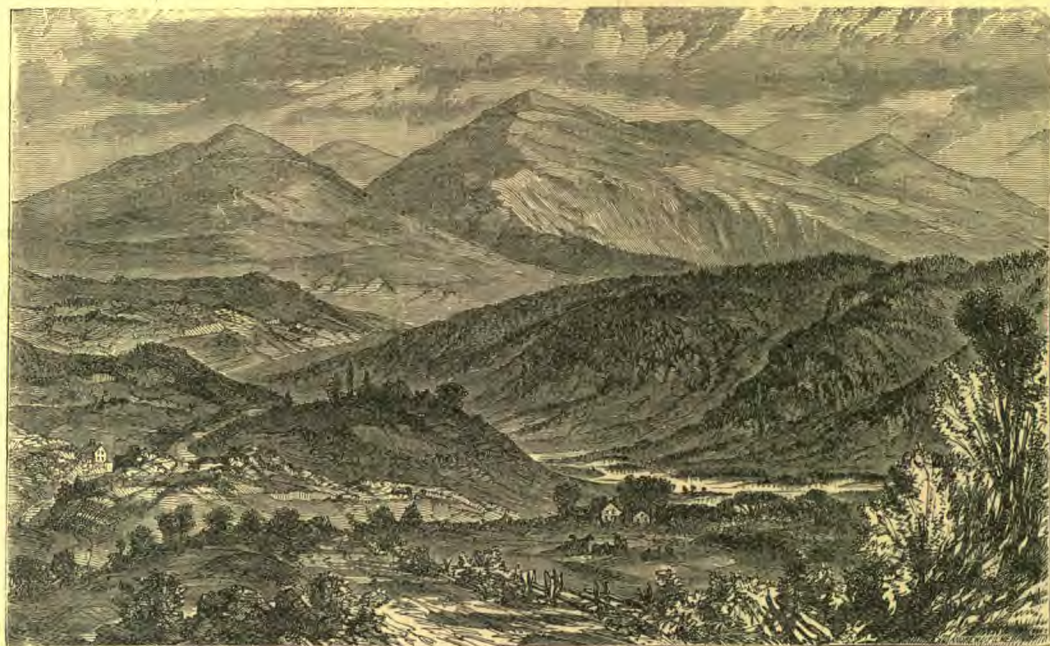
## HOW RUBBER SHOES ARE MADE.

GUM elastic is one of the principal exports of the city of Para, Brazil, and one of its most valuable commodities. It is there called *borracka*. The use of this gum was learned from the Omagus, a tribe of Brazilian Indians. The savages used it in the form of bottles, and it was their custom to present one of these bottles to every guest at the opening of one of their feasts.

The Portuguese settlers in Para were the first who profited by putting it to use in the making of boots and other garments. It was especially useful for such a rainy county. But lately the gum has been improved by manufacturers, and put to a greater variety of uses, so that it is now an advantage not only to Brazil, but to the whole world. It is the production of a tree called *siphoni elastica*, which grows to the height of eighty, and often to one hundred feet. The lower part of the trunk is usually without any branches, the top is spreading, with its beautiful, glossy foliage toward the sun.

On the slightest incision, the gum exudes, resembling a rich cream. The trees are mostly tapped in the morning, and about a cup of the liquid is procured from one opening in a day. It is first caught in small vessels made out of clay, molded for the purpose by the hand, and then poured into large jars. It is ready for use as soon as it comes from the tree, and is made into different forms after models formed of clay. When people make shoes or boots, they find it cheaper to have

lasts of wood, which are covered with clay, so that the article may be easily withdrawn. These lasts have handles, that the work may be done more neatly and with greater speed. The liquid is poured over the mold and a thin coating sticks to it. The gum is then dried, darkened, and hardened by being exposed to a smoke made by burning the fruit of the wassou-palm. When one covering becomes hard, another is put on and smoked, and then another, until they get as many thicknesses as they want. Then the arti-



cles are exposed to the sun's rays, after which they are ornamented to suit the tastes of the workmen. When ready for exportation, they are stuffed with leaves or dried grass to keep them in shape.

Such goods are extensively manufactured in the vicinity of Para, where are whole plantations of these trees. The gum can be gathered through the whole year; but May, June, July, and August are the best months for getting it. It is one of the best exports of the country, and grows in inexhaustible quantities. The tree is beautiful, and is one of the greatest ornaments of the Amazonian forests, yet withal it is profitable and useful to the entire world.

When you wear your comfortable "gum shoes" next time, think of what I have told you about the gum elastic procured in the forests of the Amazon. Because of the good providence of the great Creator in making this provision, you are protected from an ex-

posure which might bring to you serious discomfort and danger.—*Child's World*.

## ALICE'S TALENT.

ALICE sat with her Bible on her lap. She had been reading, but now she sat very still, with a troubled look on her face. "Oh dear!" said she after a while, "I don't believe I have got any talent. Now, there's Emma, Miss Wilson says she certainly has a talent for music, and Lou Benson can draw anything she sees, and is going

"As much as he was able to have, or to do; don't it, auntie?"

"Yes; and I do not think the Bible anywhere tells us we must do any more than *we are able to do*. God gives each one of us talents according to our several ability. You are only a little girl, and he requires of you only a little girl's work."

"But what can I do, auntie? I can't sing in the choir, as Emma does; I can't give to our mission society, as Lizzie Barr does, for her father gives her more for her monthly spending money than I can have in a whole year; I'm not smart about writing compositions, as Nellie Gifford is. So what can I do?"

"All those things are talents, certainly. But, Allie, did you ever think about *opportunities*? There's a great talent given to all—"

Somebody called Aunt Bell just then, and with a hasty kiss to her little niece she left

the room. "Opportunities!" said Alice, going slowly down stairs, "I believe I'll go over to Nellie Gifford's, and talk with her about it. Maybe we can find some opportunities to do good."

She was taking her hat from the rack when brother Will came whistling through the hall.

"O Allie!" said he, "you're the very girl I'm looking for. I want these gloves mended, please, and a button on my overcoat, and I'm in a hurry. Alice was about to say, 'I'm in a hurry, too;' but she kept back the disobliging words, and only said, 'Wait till I get my basket.'"

Then she sat down and mended the gloves, replaced the missing button, and neatly sewed a ripped place in the overcoat lining.

"I wonder if this can be called an opportunity," she said aloud, as she worked, forgetful of her brother Will's presence; for he had taken up a newspaper, and was half hid behind it.

And one or two tears fell on Alice's open Bible.

Aunt Bell happened to pass through the room just then, and noticing Alice's downcast face, stopped to ask, "What is the matter with this little girl?"

"Because, oh, because—I don't seem to have any talent, Aunt Bell."

"Let us read those verses over together, dear," said Aunt Bell. "It is a good thing to think about what we are reading, Allie, even if we cannot discover at once what our talent may be."

So Alice and Aunt Bell read the parable together.

"Do you notice, Alice, it says 'to every man according to his several ability'? What does that mean, do you think?"



"To be sure it can," said Will, laughing. "A very good one for *me* too. I advise you, Allie, always to make the most of opportunities, when you can help people as nicely as you are doing now."

"I was thinking about the talents," said Alice, simply. "What is yours, Will?"

"It seems to be to make work for a dear little sister. Really, I'm afraid I don't think as much about that as I might—or ought. Is that done? I'm much obliged." And Will kissed her, and went off in a quick way, as if he feared she would say more.

Dear little Alice! she did not know how she had improved *two* opportunities, and that her words were stirring her brother's conscience uneasily.

"It's too near lunch-time to go to Nellie's now," thought Alice. "I can read my 'Life and Adventures in Japan' until the bell rings." But as she went into the sitting-room, where she had left her book, grandma, who was engaged in knitting, said:—

"Can my little girl stop long enough to pick up these stitches for grandma? My old eyes won't let me see to put them on just right."

So Alice patiently took up the dropped stitches in grandma's knitting, and the lunch-bell rang just as she finished. She could not help giving a little sigh as she thought of her book; but grandma stroked the curly hair, and thanked her in a way that made Alice feel that grandma knew of the small self-denial. Somehow grandma always seemed to know about things without any one's telling her. In the afternoon Alice had to go to her drawing-class. When she came home and was laying off her wraps in the hall, she heard mother and Aunt Bell talking in the parlor.

"I was in to see Mrs. Elton this morning," said Aunt Bell; she has been so shut up all winter; she has no nurse, and cannot leave her baby."

"I have missed her from church and prayer-meeting," said mother; "she used to go so regularly."

Alice went into the next room and sat down with her book, but some way she kept thinking about Mrs. Elton and the prayer-meeting.

"Oh dear!" said she to herself, "this is n't *my* opportunity. I want to go to prayer-meeting myself."

"You could stay *one evening* with Mrs. Elton's baby,—*just one evening*," said a voice in her heart. Alice put away her book, and went to find her mother.

"Mamma," said she very slowly, and coloring a good deal, "would you care if I went over to Mrs. Elton's and took care of her baby, so she could go to prayer-meeting?"

"Certainly not, my dear. I think it would be a very kind, neighborly thing for a little girl to do; but be very careful with baby."

"Indeed, it's very good of you, Allie," said Mrs. Elton, when Alice made known her errand. "I have wanted to go so much."

Alice took faithful care of her little charge, and felt not a little weary when the mother returned. But Mrs. Elton's brightened face and heartfelt

thanks were a sweet reward for her hour's work, and her own heart told her it was more blessed to give than to receive.

"Has Allie found any opportunities to-day?" asked Aunt Bell, as she told Alice good-night.

"So many, auntie, that I feel almost afraid of such a *great talent*. Though, to be sure, I have done only very little things."

"Your Bible says, 'Despise not the day of small things.' There are few of us, dear Allie, who *do* realize what a great talent opportunity is. In the meanwhile, look for it, and try to trade it well; and you may gain even ten talents."—*S. S. Times*.

#### CURIOUS PLANTS.

ONE of the strangest of Nature's productions is the Sensitive Plant. It almost seems to form a connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom. Each part of the plant has the power to move independently of every other part. When a leaf is touched, it immediately folds up, as if recoiling from danger; if touched in just the right way, the leaf-stalk will move toward the main stem, but the leaves will remain open. The flower looks like a pink silken tassel, and this also, when hit with considerable force, will roll up; yet the plant will remain unmoved under a moderate shower.

A gigantic water-plant, called *Victoria Regia*, is found in South America, the leaves of which are from five to six feet in diameter, and are encircled by a rim five or six inches deep. They are a light green color on the upper side, and red on the under side. The flower is very beautiful and sweet-scented. It corresponds with the leaves in size, the calyx measuring twelve or thirteen inches across. The petals, of which there are many hundreds in a single flower, are pure white when first opened, but by the next day have changed to pink.

Another wonder, growing in Sumatra, is the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*. This plant has neither stem nor leaves, but is a mere flower with tiny roots which penetrate the stalk of another plant. When first noticed, it seems to be only a small knob growing out of the vine which supports it. This little knob grows to nearly the size of a common cabbage-head, and then opens. The flower is said to be three and one-half feet across, and the petals one and one-half inches thick near the base. It weighs about fifteen pounds, and its center will contain fifteen pints of water. Its color is brick-red, with a little orange, and blotches of darker red and white. The odor is strong but disagreeable. But though it is wondrously beautiful, the plant lives but a short time.

MARY A. STEWARD.

LIVE to be useful. Live to give light. Live to accomplish the end for which you were made, and quietly and steadily shine on, trying to do your duty; for those who are enabled through grace to shine as lights here, shall in the world to come, shine as suns and stars forever and ever.

#### BAD HABITS.

GEORGE's father had heard something that very much distressed him. It was about his dear boy, too, and it was with difficulty that he could bring himself to believe what he was told. The unhappy fact was that George had told an untruth, and perhaps it was even a more unhappy circumstance that the lad had excused himself on the ground that it was only a little one.

His father took him aside and gave him what older folks would have called a combined lesson on natural history and moral philosophy.

"George, my boy," said his father, "I want you to beware of the whelks."

"The whelks, father? Why, I never heard of them. What are they?" responded George. "Well," said his father, "they are a little shell-fish found off the coasts of England, and withdrawn from their pretty spiral-shaped shell, they are prepared as an article of food by the poorer classes of people there."

"Do they make people sick, then, papa," asked George, "since you say I must beware of them?"

"No, my lad; but on the coast of Brittany these little fellows are the inveterate foe of the oysters. They fasten themselves upon the oyster's hard coat and begin to bore, until, after considerable work, they reach the flesh of the oyster and devour it. Before long the oyster shell is empty."

"I shall not think much of the whelks after this, papa, for I like the oysters too well; but I do not see why I am to beware of the whelks," continued the boy.

His father suggested that there were bad habits that seemed at first as small as the whelk—the habit of untruthfulness, for instance—which by degrees fasten themselves firmly upon young people, and old people, too, and by-and-by ruin their victim. One sin leads to another, and a bad habit once fastened on its victim does its deadly work, slowly at first, but none the less surely. "Do not let the whelks get at your character as an upright, truthful boy, but avoid giving them the first chance," were the closing words of George's lesson for that day.

#### A SINGLE WORM KILLED THE TREE.

DURING the summer of 1853, I was staying at Sudbrook Park, near Richmond, in Surrey. One day I was walking with some friends through the "wilderness," when Dr. Ellis drew our attention to a large sycamore tree, decayed to the core.

"That fine tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

In answer to our inquiries, we found that about two years previous the tree was as healthy as any in the park, when a wood-worm, about three inches long, was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. It then caught the eye of a naturalist who was staying there, and he remarked, "Let that worm alone, and it will kill the tree." This seems very improbable, but it was agreed that the black-headed worm should not be disturbed.

After a time it was discovered that the worm had tunnelled its way a considerable distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped off very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk.

"Ah!" said one who was present, "let us learn a lesson from that single tree. How many who once promised fair for usefulness in the world and the church have been ruined by a single sin!"

#### COMMON THINGS.

THE sunshine is a glorious thing  
That comes alike to all,  
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,  
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing:  
It through the window gleams  
Upon the snowy pillow, where  
The happy infant dreams;

It shines upon the fisher's boat,  
Out on the lonely sea,  
Or where the little lambskins lie,  
Beneath the old oak-tree.

The dewdrops on the summer morn  
Sparkle upon the grass;  
The village children brush them off  
That through the meadow pass.

There are no gems in monarch's crowns  
More beautiful than they;  
And yet we scarcely notice them,  
And tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings  
Beside the cottage door;  
The heath-flower fills the air with sweets  
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,  
As many pleasant tones,  
For those who sit by cottage hearths,  
As those who sit on thrones!

#### THE BIBLE GENTLEMAN.

It was a hot July morning, and old Mrs. Dawes, carrying the clean linen home to the rectory, thought the basket seemed heavier than usual. Johnnie Leigh, the son of the village doctor, overtook her half-way up the hill.

"Why, mother," said he, "that's more than you can manage! Let me have one handle, and then we'll trot it up easily enough."

"The idea," said Fanny Leigh, who came down the lane just in time to see her brother and Mrs. Dawes turn in at the rectory gate. "You are a gentleman, Johnnie! Supposing Lady Blake had met you carrying a clothes-basket! How could you do it?"

Johnnie smiled. "A gentleman! of course I am. I am a Bible gentleman, like father."

Fanny looked puzzled, so Johnnie explained.

"Father said that a Bible gentleman is always civil to poor people as well as to rich ones; and poor old Mrs. Dawes is my 'neighbor' as much as Lady Blake."

THE population of our globe, estimated at about thirteen hundred millions, is ruled by 12 emperors, 25 kings, 47 princes, 17 sultans, 12 khans, 6 grand dukes, 1 vice-king, 1 hisam, 1 rajah, 1 imam, 1 bey, and 28 presidents, besides a large number of chiefs of wild tribes.



# The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH Sabbath in July.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

### LESSON 25.—REVIEW.

1. By what sea did Jesus make his home after leaving Nazareth?
2. Describe this sea.
3. What river runs through it?
4. Where does this river rise; and where does it empty?
5. Why is this sea sometimes called Lake Gennesaret?
6. Where does this plain lie?
7. For what is it remarkable?
8. Of the many cities that lined the shores of the lake, which was the home of Jesus?
9. How far was this city from Nazareth? From Jerusalem? From the Mediterranean Sea? From Mount Hermon? From the Dead Sea? \*
10. What do you think Jesus had in view in choosing this place for a home?
11. What name seems to have been given in those days to all kinds of boats?
12. Why did Jesus sometimes sit in a boat and teach the people?
13. Tell about the miraculous draught of fishes.
14. Who came to help Simon and Andrew?
15. Did these men have any particular interest in the draught of fishes? Why?
16. Tell how Jesus called these fishermen to follow him.
17. What good lesson may we learn from their ready obedience?
18. Where did Jesus and his disciples then go?
19. Describe the miracle in the synagogue.
20. What did the people say?
21. Where did Jesus go after leaving the synagogue?
22. What miracle did he perform there?
23. What took place as soon as the sun had set and the Sabbath was past?
24. What did the people fear when Jesus went away one morning very early into a solitary place to pray?
25. Tell how the leper was healed.
26. What did Jesus say to him when he sent him away?
27. How well did the man heed the Saviour's admonition?
28. Why was Jesus obliged to teach in desert places?
29. How was he occupied during the day?
30. As night came on, what did he do that leaves us a good example?
31. What cause did he give the people for rejoicing wherever he went?
32. How can you show that we have as much cause to rejoice in the Saviour as the people had in those days?
33. How did the people receive Jesus when he returned to Capernaum?
34. Tell how a man sick with the palsy was brought to him.
35. Tell how the man was healed.
36. What important lesson did Jesus teach by proceeding in this way?
37. Tell how Matthew Levi was called to be a disciple.
38. Why would it seem improbable that such a man should be called of our Lord?
39. How did Matthew entertain Jesus and his disciples?
40. Who joined with them in the feast?
41. How did Jesus answer the scribes and Pharisees who murmured because he and other Jews were eating with publicans and sinners?

## NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

### LESSON 38.—THE HEALING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

AFTER casting out the devils from the demoniacs of Gadara, Jesus returned to the west side of the lake, where the people were still waiting for him. "And, behold! there came a man named Jairus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue; and he fell down at Jesus's feet, and besought him that he would come into his house;

for he had one only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay adying. But as he went, the people thronged him. And a woman having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any, came behind him and touched his garment? and immediately her issue of blood stanch'd; "and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." Then Jesus, turning himself about in the press, said, "Who touched me? When all denied, Peter and they that were with him said, Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me? And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me; for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me. And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately. And he said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole: go in peace.

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole. And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And all wept, and bewailed her; but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead." And he took her by the hand, and said, "Maid, arise! And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway; and he commanded to give her meat. And her parents were astonished; but he charged them that they should tell no man what was done."

"And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed him, crying, and saying, Thou Son of David, have mercy on us! And when he was come into the house, the blind men came to him; and Jesus said unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened; and Jesus straightly charged them, saying, See that no man know it. But they, when they were departed, spread abroad his fame in all that country.

"As they went out, behold, they brought to him a dumb man possessed with a devil. And when the devil was cast out, the dumb spake; and the multitudes marvel'd, saying, It was never so seen in Israel! But the Pharisees said, He casteth out devils through the prince of the devils."

### QUESTIONS.

1. After casting out the devils from the demoniacs of Gadara, where did Jesus go? Luke 8.
2. How was he received by the people?
3. How did they come to be ready to receive him?
4. Who came with an earnest request for Jesus to come immediately to his house?
5. How did this ruler approach the Saviour?
6. Why was he so urgent?
7. What happened as Jesus was on his way to Jairus's house?
8. How long had this poor woman been afflicted?
9. What had been her experience with physicians?
10. What did Jesus do as soon as the woman touched him?
11. Why did his disciples think it unreasonable for him to ask such a question?
12. What explanation did he give?
13. When the woman saw that she could not conceal the matter, what did she do?
14. What did Jesus say to her?
15. What message was brought to Jairus while Jesus was speaking to the woman?

16. How did Jesus encourage the anxious ruler?
17. Who were the only ones allowed to go into the house with him?
18. When they all began to weep, what did Jesus say to them?
19. How did they receive this statement?
20. What did Jesus then do?
21. What followed?
22. When Jesus left the ruler's house, who followed him? Matt. 9:27.
23. What did they continually cry?
24. When they had followed him into a house, what did he say to them?
25. What did they reply?
26. What did Jesus then do?
27. How well did they keep the charge to let no man know how they had received their sight?
28. As soon as these men had gone out, who was brought to him?
29. Describe the miracle performed upon this man.
30. How did the multitude feel at seeing such manifestations of the power of God?
31. What did the Pharisees say?

## THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve  
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl

Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain  
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance—  
Her thin, pale fingers clasp'd within the hand  
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,  
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.

The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,  
And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,  
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,  
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily  
She turn'd upon her pillow. He was there—  
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she look'd  
Into his face until her sight grew dim  
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh  
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,  
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,  
And kiss'd it as she wept.

The old man sunk  
Upon his knees, and in the drapery  
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;  
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds  
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he  
held  
Had ceased its pressure; and he could not hear,  
In the dead utter silence, that a breath  
Came through her nostrils; and her temples  
gave  
To his nice touch no pulse; and at her mouth  
He held the lightest curl that on her neck  
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze  
Ached with its deadly stillness. . . .

It was night—  
And, softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,  
Danced the breeze-riden ripples to the shore,  
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon.  
The breaking waves play'd low upon the beach  
Their constant music, but the air beside  
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,  
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,  
Seem'd like some just-born harmony in the air,  
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,  
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,  
He stood and taught the people.

At his feet  
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,  
And staff—for they had waited by the sea  
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and pray'd  
For his wont teachings as he came to land.  
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,  
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,  
As he lean'd forward earnestly, and still  
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep—  
And in his looks the same mild majesty—  
And in his mien, the sadness mix'd with power—  
Fill'd them with love and wonder.

Suddenly,  
As on his words entrancedly they hung,  
The crowd divided, and among them stood  
Jairus the Ruler. With his flowing robe  
Gather'd in haste about his loins, he came,  
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew  
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;  
And silently the people shrunk away,  
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst, alone.

A moment longer on the face  
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,  
And, as the twelve look'd on him, by the light  
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear  
Steal to his silver beard; and drawing nigh  
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem  
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands  
Press'd it upon his lids, and murmured low,  
"Master! my daughter!"—

The same silvery light  
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,  
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,  
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in  
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.  
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide  
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam  
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,  
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,  
As Jairus led them on.

With hushing steps  
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touch'd  
The latchet, from within a whisper came,  
"Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!"  
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,  
And his steps falter'd, and his broken voice  
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand  
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear  
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,  
"She is not dead; but sleepeth."

They pass'd in.  
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns  
Burn'd dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke  
Curl'd indolently on the chamber walls.  
The silken curtains slumber'd in their folds—  
Not even a tassel stirring in the air—  
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,  
And pray'd inaudibly, the Ruler heard  
The quickening division of his breath  
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came  
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;  
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved  
The silken curtains silently apart,  
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form  
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—  
The linen vesture folded on her breast,  
And over it her white transparent hands,  
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails;  
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,  
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,  
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;  
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin  
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;  
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,  
Matching the arches pencil'd on her brow.  
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose  
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears  
In curls of glossy blackness, and about  
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they  
hung,  
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.  
'T was heavenly beautiful.

The Saviour raised  
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out  
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,  
"Maiden! Arise!"—and suddenly a flush  
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips  
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;  
And the still outline of her graceful form  
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped  
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes  
Full on his beaming countenance—arose!  
—N. P. Willis.

LEARN to labor and to wait."

Sometimes the waiting is very much  
harder to learn than the laboring. There  
are ministers and Sabbath-school teachers  
who have labored faithfully for the conver-  
sion of those under their influence. They  
have done all they could, and yet no result  
for good is seen. The laboring is past.  
The waiting becomes their duty. How  
fortunate if they have the grace patiently,  
trustfully to wait, biding the time when  
God shall crown their labors with blessings.

CHILDREN are impressed and attracted  
by promptness in the school. It adds to the  
importance of the occasion in their eyes,  
and gives them an idea that something is  
going to be done which is worth the doing.  
Children are not naturally prompt about  
anything but their play. They are always  
on time at the play-ground, but they must  
be trained to be as eager and equally  
prompt for the hours of work or study.

\* Every map has a scale of miles, and from this, by measuring, you can tell very nearly the distance between any two places. Allowance should be made for the winding of the road.



## THE LION THAT LIVES IN A PIT.

"PLEASE do not forget that you have promised to tell us about the lion that lives in a pit, mamma," said Ernest. "The ant-lion, I think you called him; and why is he called an ant-lion?"

"Because he preys upon ants," answered Mrs. Heywood, "in the same way that real lions prey upon sheep and goats, and sometimes upon men and women. The ant-lion is only the grub or larva of a winged insect. In this state it is very slow and awkward in its movements, so that it could never catch the quick and active little creatures it requires for food, if God had not taught it to make up by cleverness what it wants in activity. The parent insect carefully deposits her eggs upon light, sandy soil, so that when the young ant-lion is hatched, he finds himself in a position exactly suited to his purposes of digging a pit, or trap, by which means he hopes to catch his little victims."

"But how does he manage to dig, mamma?"

"His feet and mouth answer all the purposes of a spade," said the mother; "no gardener or architect could hollow out a pit better. His body is of a dusty gray color, composed of rings, and tapers to a point at the tail. He has six legs. The head is provided with a most terrible pair of jaws, half round, like a reaping-hook, and toothed inside, that he may hold the prey firmly while sucking their blood. The ant-lion traces a circle in the sand, generally about three inches in diameter (that means three inches across from one side to the other). This done, he gets inside this circle or ring, and with one of his legs shovels up a load of sand on the flat part of his head; and then, with a sudden jerk, he throws the whole some inches away. It is a curious fact," continued Mrs. Heywood, "that when the little fellow has gone once round the ring, he returns just the opposite way, so as to use the leg on the other side for shoveling, and rest the one on which he began. When he meets with no stones, the ant-lion gets through his business with very little difficulty; but sometimes there are stones mixed up with the sand, and these cost him a great deal of trouble. If they are quite small, he lifts them upon his head, and jerks them over the side of the pit, as he did the sand; but when they are too large for this, he tries another plan. Crawling backward to the place where the stone may be, he thrusts his tail underneath, and gradually pushes it upon his back. This done, he marches slowly and carefully up the sides of his pit, and rolls off the great stone at the top."

"What a clever little creature! I am sure he deserves his dinners and and suppers, after taking so much pains."

"When the pit is really done, the ant-lion reaps the fruit of his labors. He knows well that other insects are as much afraid of him as you and I would be of a real lion, so he completely hides himself under the sand at the bottom of his pit, and leaves

nothing but the tips of his crooked jaws peeping out. Very soon an ant, who has been sent out on an exploring expedition, or some other little traveler, passes that way, and steps upon the edge of the pit, that he may see what there is to be seen below. He does not know that he will pay for this look with his life. The slippery sand slides from under his feet, he tries to save himself, but only falls the faster, down, down into the very jaws of the lion below. Sometimes, however, it may happen that the poor little victim is able to stop himself half way, and in haste he will try to scramble back to the top. But the lion from the bottom of his den, with his six sharp eyes, has spied him out; and quick as thought he shovels heaps of sand upon his head, and throws them up one after another upon the runaway. This destroys his last hope of es-

cape; he cannot stand upon the slippery bank under the heavy sand-showers, and falls again, this time most likely within reach of the lion's jaws. If so, it is all over with him; he is pounced upon in a moment, and the ant-lion holds him fast in his powerful jaws, while he sucks his blood at his leisure. When he has finished, he takes care to throw the dead body to some distance from his den, lest other insects, espying it, should guess there is a murderer below; and then he goes back to his hiding-place to watch for more prey. The fierce grub lives thus for nearly two years, until he is fully grown, when he wraps himself up in a round ball of sand, fastened together by very fine silk which he spins on purpose. Here he remains for about three weeks, when he bursts forth, a pretty little insect, something like a dragon-fly in appearance."

*Christian at Work.*

EVEN the humblest person, who sets before his fellows an example of industry, sobriety, and upright honesty of purpose in life, has a present as well as a future influence upon the well-being of his country; for his life and character pass unconsciously into the lives of others, and propagate good example for all time to come.

## The Children's Corner.

## OUR PUZZLE.

BETWEEN us two, we own a cat  
(My sister Belle and I);  
And she had five dear little kits,  
This very last July.

And we are trying hard to think  
How to divide them fair;  
When Belle has two and I have two,  
The fifth one's hard to share.—*Sol.*

## WHAT NETTIE NEEDED.

NETTIE Raymond was usually a happy child, but to-day something caused the bright eyes to look very unhappy. The smile that her face usually wore was gone, and the red lips stuck out a great deal too far; altogether, she seemed very miserable.



She stood at the corner of her father's great white house, kicking up the grass with the toe of a chubby shoe, while one hand pulled the leaves from a great rosebush that stood near, covered with pretty buds. Nettie did not see the buds this morning. Naughty thoughts would not let her see anything beautiful.

Grandpa sat on the piazza reading a paper. The rosebush grew just at the end of the stoop, and when he heard the great shaking, he looked up and saw his little granddaughter tearing it to pieces in a way that surprised him. After thinking a moment, he said very gently, "My dear little Nettie, come here."

Nettie looked up slowly from under her pink-and-white sun-bonnet, and saw grandpa's kind gray eyes looking at her. She loved her grandpa dearly, and was always glad to sit with him whenever he wished her to, but to-day the little feet moved toward him very slowly. What do you think was the matter, children? I think a naughty spirit was creeping into her heart.

Grandpa thought so too. He waited until she came close to his side, when he gently drew her into his lap and said, "This does not look like Nettie; let us see if we can find out what has taken the smiles away from her face."

The red lips trembled, and tears shone in her blue eyes. "Oh dear!" she said, "I just wish I was n't any girl at all, but a big, grown-up woman; then Ann could not send me out of the kitchen when I want to stay and help her make pies."

"Well," grandpa replied, "Ann is very busy this morning, and does not want to be bothered; besides, Nettie was a little cross, was n't she? If you had asked pleasantly for a piece of pie-crust, I think Ann would have given you some. There is something Nettie wants besides pies to make her happy. Shall I tell you what it is?"

Nettie nodded, and laid her curly head on grandpa's shoulder. He took one little brown hand in his and stroked it while he said, "You need, more than anything else, a clean heart; your heart is stained with naughty thoughts, which make you feel cross.

If they are not washed away, you will be a miserable little girl all day; but if you really want them to leave you, God can help you send them away, and will give you—oh, so gladly!—a clean heart." Then he asked her if she would like to ask for a clean heart now.

"Yes," she said.

So she repeated this little verse after grandpa very slowly: "Create in me a clean heart, O God." They said it over and over, until the little blue eyes closed, and Nettie was fast asleep.

Grandpa saw a smile play around his darling's mouth, and he thought Nettie had a clean heart now, or she would not have sweet dreams to make her smile. God had heard her little prayer, and had forgiven her for her cross temper and naughty

thoughts, and now the ugly spirit had gone and she was happy once more—like herself.

My dear children, do you want clean hearts? If you do, ask your kind Heavenly Father to give them to you. Every morning, when you awake, say the verse in the Bible that Nettie did: "Create in me a clean heart, O God."—*Pansy.*

## WHERE THE CHILDREN PLAY.

DOWN by the hill in the meadow  
The flowers are blooming gay;  
Down by the hill in the meadow  
The children are at play.

Where is the place that the children play?  
Where is the place where the flowers are laid?  
Down by the hill where the old mill stood,  
Down by the hill at the end of the wood.

KINDNESS, like grain, increases by sowing.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Is published weekly by the

S. D. A. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

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

Single copy, . . . . . 75 cts. a year.  
5 copies to one address, . . . 60 cts. each.  
10 or more copies to one address, 50 cts. each.

Address, **Youth's Instructor,**  
Battle Creek, Mich.  
Or, **Pacific Press,** Oakland, Cal.