

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 29.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY 20, 1881.

No. 29.

## MAIDENHOOD.

**M**AIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

O thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart;  
For a smile of God thou art.

—Longfellow.

## THE OLDEST BOOK.

**I**N some of our great libraries there are old books stored away which were written ages before printing was discovered; but there is an older book than the oldest on earth, and that is God's Book of Remembrance in Heaven. It is not only the oldest, but the most interesting; for in it are written the life-stories of all mankind from the beginning of the world. There are the stories of Abraham and Noah; of Job's patience, and Saul's disobedience. There are the stories of strong men and little children. Your story and mine are there.

Let us think of some of the things that are noted in God's book. Our tears of sorrow and penitence are there. They were shed in secret; but God saw them. When the memory

of some sin has made you weep bitterly, those tears were very precious in God's sight, since "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

ing, "Alas, master! for it was borrowed? Well, your opportunities, your chances of learning what is right, and of doing what is good, are all borrowed; every hour we live is lent to

heart,—these are all noted in God's book.

There are other things, too, written there. Every little act of self-denial, every struggle with a fault, every gentle act and word, are in God's Book of Remembrance.

The names of the great and the small are there, all who have tried to do good for the love of Jesus Christ. The name of the little Hebrew maid, which is not written in the Bible, is written in Heaven. The widow's mite, and Mary's alabaster box, and the clothes which Dorcas made for the poor, are not forgotten there. So every time you have ministered to the sick and suffering, if you have only carried a few flowers to a poor person's sick-room, or staid to read a little to a lonely sufferer, or given up your play to sit by the bedside of a school-fellow,—these things are noted in God's book.

That Book of Remembrance will be opened on the great day of judgment, and from it we shall be judged. Before that great and terrible day comes, let us repent truly of our past sins and mistakes, our negligence and ignorance, so that God may, for Christ's sake, blot out our transgressions; and for the future let us ask our dear Lord to help us to make our life-story



What other things are noted in God's Book of Remembrance? Our neglected opportunities, our wasted chances. Ah, my children, what a long, sad catalogue! The opportunities of your childhood, the lessons of your teachers, the gentle schooling of your parents, the precious seed-time of youth,—what a sad list these must make in God's book, if they have been neglected!

Do you remember the man who dropped his ax into the water, and then came to the prophet Elisha, say-

us by God, and we must give an account for it. If we waste the time which God gives us, we shall one day be forced to cry in our sorrow, "Alas, Master! for it was borrowed."

What next is noted in God's book? Our unrepented sins, which are, therefore, unforgiven sins. Every cruel, foolish, angry speech of which we have not repented is written there.

The passionate word said to a companion, that cruel tale told of a playmate, and not atoned for, that secret sin of pride or envy nourished in the

better and purer, while we let this question act as a check upon our thoughts and words and works. "Are not these things noted in thy book?"—*Presbyterian Banner.*

EXAMPLE has been compared to a watch, one of which set right will answer to try many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood. The same may be said of individuals.

## SERMONS.

SOMETIMES a little flower will tell us more  
Of God's good wisdom than the grandest  
words

That ever preacher preached or organ chords  
Thundered within the temple's sacred door!  
A flying seed wafted on busy wind,  
A bird-nest hiding where the branches lean,  
A glimpse of sunlit valley, left behind,  
With sweet homes nestling in the living green,  
Some friendly voice that greets us on the road  
In common salutation brief and kind,  
A gentle glance by stranger eyes bestowed,  
The dear face of a child with tender meaning  
lined,

A lonely grave where violet buds have blown--  
These are the presents by which God is known.

## ANCIENT BRITAIN.—NO. 10.

WITH the wars that were carried on  
by the different sections of the Saxon  
*Heptarchy*, the number of slaves was  
greatly increased. No rank saved  
the prisoner taken in their battles  
from the doom of slavery, and they  
often welcomed slavery itself as  
saving them from death. Many of  
these slaves were sold to the Frisian  
merchants of London, who at that time  
were carrying English captives to the  
Market Place of Rome.

Not only were prisoners of war  
made slaves, but a prisoner whose  
kinsfolks would not pay his fine be-  
came a slave to the plaintiff or king.  
Sometimes a father, pressed by want,  
sold his wife and children as slaves.  
The slaves were counted as part of  
the live-stock of the estate, and the  
master could legally slay them if he  
would, it being only regarded as the  
loss of so many chattels. A slave had  
no place in a justice-court, no kinsman  
to claim vengeance for the wrong. If  
he fled, he might be chased like a  
strayed beast, and flogged to death  
for his crime, or be burned to death if  
a woman.

One day a number of the English  
slaves, with white bodies, fair faces,  
and golden hair, stood bound in the  
market-place at Rome. Gregory,  
then a deacon, saw them and asked  
the trader, "From what country do  
these slaves come?" The dealer  
answered, "They are English, Ang-  
les!" "Not Angles," said Grego-  
ry, "but Angels, with faces so angel-  
like." "From what country come  
they?" asked Gregory. "They come  
from Deira!"\* aye, plucked from  
God's ire, and called to Christ's mercy!  
"And what is the name of their  
king?" They told him it was "Ælla."  
"Alleluia shall be sung there," said  
Gregory, as with pity for the poor hea-  
then slaves he walked on, musing how  
these angel faces should be brought to  
sing "Alleluia."

When the affairs of Æthelberht's  
kingdom were settled, instead of seek-  
ing to extend his overlordship, he en-  
deavored to renew the intercourse of  
Britain with the Continent. This had  
been broken off since the English con-  
quest. In order to accomplish this,  
he married Bercta, the daughter of the  
Frankish King, Charibert of Paris,  
and this created a fresh tie between  
Kent and Gaul.

Bercta was a professed Christian of  
the Church of Rome. At the time of

\* Deira, now called Yorkshire.

her marriage, Gregory had become  
Pope of Rome, having been elected  
to that position in A. D. 590. This  
Gregory is called "Gregory the Great."  
He sent to England a Roman abbot,  
Augustine, at the head of a band of  
monks. In A. D. 597 these mission-  
aries landed on the same spot where  
the Saxon king, Hengest, had landed  
more than one hundred years before,  
and where Julius Cæsar first planted  
his standards.

These missionaries went to Canter-  
bury, and to them the king gave St.  
Martins, a Christian Church which  
had been demolished by the Saxons.  
As Æthelberht wished to maintain a  
friendly intercourse with Rome, he  
protected these "strangers from Rome,"  
as the missionaries first styled them-  
selves. He listened to Augustine's  
preaching, and said, "Your words are  
fair, but they are new, and of doubt-  
ful meaning." In about one year he  
yielded and became a convert, being  
baptized by Augustine. By this means,  
Canterbury, which had already become  
the first royal city of the English con-  
querors of Britain, became the center  
of the revival of Latin worship, corre-  
spondence, and literature. Here was  
founded the first regular Christian es-  
tablishment of Augustine. Here, in  
early times, was constructed the first ca-  
thedral of England. It is still stand-  
ing, though enlarged and beautified  
in later times. It is in the form of a  
double cross, being 514 feet in length.  
Its central tower is 244 feet high. It  
has two massive towers at the west  
end, each 156 feet.

St. Augustine was the first arch-  
bishop of England, and died at Can-  
terbury, in 604. Thomas à Becket  
was one of the most celebrated arch-  
bishops of this cathedral, in which he  
was murdered, in 1170, before the al-  
tar, by four of the attendants of King  
Henry II.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

JULY! welcome, gentle comer,  
Tripping o'er the lea,  
Warm and beating heat of summer,  
Hail! all hail to thee!

## EDNA'S TRIAL.

"MAMMA, there is one thing I am  
sure of, and that is, that I can *never*  
be good as long as I have to live with  
Sandy."

"O, Edna, think a moment,—do  
not speak so; you are blaming your  
brother for your own naughtiness!"

"Well, he *makes* me naughty. I'm  
always worse when he's in the house.  
Does n't that show that I'm not really  
so bad? I want to be good and keep  
my temper, but as soon as Sandy comes  
where I am, he is sure to do some-  
thing to vex me, and I can't help get-  
ting cross and saying something hate-  
ful!"

"Come here, my dear;" and the  
mother laid down her work with that  
pleasant way which mothers have of  
showing that they are willing to give  
their whole attention to the case in  
hand. Drawing Edna close to her  
side, she said: "I will tell you what  
it shows; it shows simply that you are  
not strong enough to resist strong  
temptations. Nothing is easier for us

all than to think ourselves angelic be-  
cause we happen to live with people  
of easy tempers, or who smooth our  
way for us with kindness and love.  
And I think it shows something else,  
too,—that you have not that true sis-  
terly feeling toward Sandy which  
should make you bear with him in  
spite of his faults and annoyances."

"I don't think he's got a very  
*brotherly* feeling toward me, or he  
wouldn't treat me so!" muttered  
Edna.

"I don't defend his conduct," re-  
plied her mother. "You know that  
I have reproved and punished him for  
irritating you; but I want you to see  
plainly that what he brings out is real-  
ly *in* you, else he could not bring it  
out. It might be possible for a person  
to live for years without doing any-  
thing flagrantly bad: he might, on the  
whole, seem to be quite good enough;  
and yet this same person might in the  
end do some very dreadful things,  
thus showing himself to have been  
full of the possibilities of wickedness  
all the time."

"I don't think I quite understand  
you, mamma."

"Well, I will try and make it  
plainer. You remember the poor lit-  
tle girl with spine disease whom I  
took you to see last winter, and you  
remember that her mother also was  
hump-backed. When Emma was  
born, though she was then straight  
and well-formed, the doctors said it  
was not unlikely that she would in-  
herit her mother's disease—that is,  
the germ or seed of the disease was  
probably in the baby's blood and  
would develop some day, sooner  
or later. Yet for twelve years there  
was no sign of such a thing hap-  
pening. Emma grew tall, and seemed  
well and strong. But the day came  
at length when she had a fall, bruising  
her back; and then the dreadful  
disease, which had been lying quiet  
for years, just waiting for a chance to  
show itself, made its appearance, and  
poor Emma is helpless for life. Now,  
you know that many people get very  
bad falls without serious injury.  
They can even hurt their backs with-  
out having spinal complaint as a nec-  
essary consequence; but this case of  
Emma's shows that the bad seed was  
in her all the time. The fall did not  
put it there, but only brought it out.  
Some other fall, a bruise, some illness,  
would have been almost sure to have  
brought the same result. And now  
must I apply my illustration, or does  
it explain itself?"

Edna looked up with a very knowing  
expression, and said: "I see what  
you mean, mamma. I know now that  
the badness is in me, and that if Sandy  
did not start it, somebody else would,  
some day. I cannot be sure I am  
good until I have resisted the hardest  
temptations."

"Yes; trials are not sent to make  
us bad, but good,—or rather, they are  
to show us how much good and how  
much bad we have in us—how weak  
we are and how strong. Remember  
Jesus in the wilderness. If tempta-  
tions had power in themselves alone  
to corrupt, surely it would seem he  
might almost have fallen. The devil

tried him hard and long, but he found  
him unconquerable — incorruptible.  
Thomas à Kempis once wrote certain  
words which I will repeat to you, hop-  
ing you will think of them the very  
next time Sandy comes in your way.  
They are true, are they not?—

"Occasions do not make a man  
frail, but they show what he is."—E.  
B., in *New York Observer*.

## AT CLOSE OF DAY.

IF you sit down at set of sun,  
And count the acts that you have done,  
And, counting, find  
One self-denying act, one word  
That eased the heart of him who heard;  
One glance most kind,  
That fell like sunshine where it went,  
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day  
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;  
If through it all  
You've nothing done that you can trace,  
That brought the sunshine to one face;  
No act most small,  
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

## POWER OF A SWEET VOICE.

THERE is no power of love so hard  
to get and keep as a kind voice. A  
kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may  
be rough in flesh and blood, yet do  
the work of a soft heart, and do it  
with a soft touch. But there is no  
one thing that love so much needs as  
a sweet voice to tell what it means  
and feels; and it is hard to get it and  
keep it in the right tone. One must  
start in youth, and be on the watch  
night and day, at work and at play, to  
get and keep a voice that shall speak  
at all times the thoughts of a kind  
heart. But this is the time when a  
sharp voice is most apt to be acquired.  
You often hear boys and girls say  
words at play with a quick, sharp tone,  
as if it were the snap of a whip.  
When one of them gets vexed, you  
will hear a voice that sounds as if it  
were made up of a snarl, a whine, and  
a bark. Such a voice often speaks  
worse than the heart feels. It shows  
more ill-will in the tone than in the  
words. It is often in mirth that one  
gets a voice or a tone that is sharp,  
and it sticks to him through life, and  
stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like  
a drop of gall on the sweet joys at  
home. Such as these get a sharp  
home-voice, for use, and keep their  
best voice for those they meet else-  
where, just as they would save their  
best cakes and pie for guests and  
all their sour food for their own  
board.

I would say to all boys and girls,  
"Use your best voice at home." Watch  
it as a pearl of great price, for it will  
be worth more to you in the days to  
come than the best pearl in the sea. A  
kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth  
and home. It is to the heart what light  
is to the eye. It is a light that sings  
as well as shines. Train it to sweet  
tones now, and it will keep in tune  
through life.—*Youth's Companion*.

If you have respect for yourself,  
you will respect others, and others  
will respect you.

**The Sabbath-School.**

**FIFTH Sabbath in July.**

**SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.**

**LESSON 26.—THE POOL OF BETHESDA.**

"AFTER this, there was a feast of the Jews, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem." This feast was the passover, held every year, as the Lord had commanded Moses. "Now there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep-market, a pool which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches." A pool is a large place made to hold water. Sometimes it is cut in the rock, and sometimes dug in the ground, and walled up with stone and cement. Some of the pools about Jerusalem were several hundred feet in length and width, and thirty or forty feet deep. The pool of Bethesda was smaller, and was not very far from the temple. As Jesus went down to this pool, he saw in the porches beside it a great number of people. Some of them were blind, some were lame, and some were withered with palsy. Among them Jesus noticed one man who had been in a very bad condition for thirty-eight years. Coming up to this man, our Lord said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" The man said, "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me." It seems that, at certain times, the waters of the pool were disturbed, and whoever stepped in first was made well. So the man thought that Jesus meant to help him into the water in order that he might be cured; but Jesus said unto him, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." And the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked.

Now this miracle was done on the Sabbath; and the Jews said unto him that was cured, "It is the Sabbath day; it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed. He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk. Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed, and walk? And he that was healed wist not who it was; for Jesus had conveyed himself away, a multitude being in that place. Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee. The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus which had made him whole. And therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay him, because he had done these things on the Sabbath-day."

Jesus, however, told them that he followed his Father's example in all things, and since he had done nothing but what his Father approved, his actions must be right. He also said that they would see greater miracles than they had seen yet; for as God the Father has power to bring the dead to life, so he has given his Son power to do the same; and the time is coming when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth, they that have done good to have eternal life, and they that have done evil, to be condemned and destroyed. He then tried to show them what good cause they had for believing in him. They believed that John the Baptist was a holy man, and he had plainly told them that Jesus was the Son of God. They all believed in Moses, and Jesus exactly answered the description which Moses had given of the Son of God. But the miracles which Jesus performed gave still stronger proof that he was the Messiah. Yet these hard-hearted Jews would not believe John nor Moses; neither would they be convinced by the wonderful miracles which they had

seen Christ do. Jesus knew the reason very well. It was because they did not love God; and so they could not love his Son, nor receive him as their Saviour.

**QUESTIONS.**

1. What important feast did Jesus attend at Jerusalem? John 5:1.
2. How often was this feast held?
3. When was it first kept?
4. Why did they continue to keep it?
5. What is a pool?
6. How are pools made?
7. How large were some of the pools around Jerusalem?
8. Where was the pool of Bethesda situated?
9. Whom did Jesus find gathered there at the time of the passover?
10. How were these people afflicted?
11. Why were so many of them gathered in that place?
12. Which one of them did Jesus particularly notice?
13. What did Jesus say to the poor man who had been so long afflicted?
14. How did the man reply?
15. What did he seem to think that Jesus intended to do?
16. What did the Lord then say to him?
17. What did the man do?
18. Were the Jews pleased to have this man healed? Why not?
19. What did they say?
20. How did the man answer them?
21. Did he know who had healed him?
22. Why did he not point out Jesus to them?
23. Where did Jesus afterward meet the man?
24. What did he say to him?
25. What did the man then do?
26. What course did the Jews pursue?
27. How did Jesus prove to them that what he had done must be right?
28. What did he say that they would yet see?
29. What power did he say the Father had given him?
30. How is this power to be shown in the resurrection?
31. What did he then try to show them?
32. What did they think of John the Baptist?
33. What had he said of Jesus?
34. What did they think of Moses?
35. If they believed in Moses, why must they believe that Jesus was the Christ?
36. What gave still stronger proof that Jesus was the Messiah?
37. Why could not these Jews receive Jesus as their Saviour, when they had such strong proof that he was the Messiah for whom they had been so anxiously looking?

**NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.**

**LESSON 39.—THE DISCIPLES INSTRUCTED AND SENT FORTH.**

It seems that about this time, Jesus made another visit to Nazareth. In Matt. 13:54, we read that, "When he was come into his own country, he taught them in their synagogue." Since the word *synagogue* is in the singular number, "his own country" must mean the place where he was brought up, and not the entire country of Galilee, in which there were many synagogues. Mark, in speaking of the same thing, says, "And when the Sabbath-day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue; and many hearing him were astonished, saying, From whence hath this man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto him, that even such mighty works are wrought by his hands? Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house." "And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."

After this, Jesus continued his journeyings, making a third circuit throughout Galilee. Matthew says he "went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness

and disease among the people. But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. Then said he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

Jesus then instructed the twelve disciples, and sent them forth two by two to preach the gospel of the kingdom. Matthew's account of it is as follows: "And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease. These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat. And into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter, inquire who in it is worthy; and there abide till ye go thence. And when ye come into an house, salute it. And if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it; but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you. And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city. Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." "And they went out, and preached that men should repent. And they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them."

"And it came to pass, when Jesus had made an end of commanding his twelve disciples, he departed thence to teach and to preach in their cities."

**QUESTIONS.**

1. What place does Jesus seem to have revisited about this time? Matt. 13:54; Mark 6:1, 2.
2. How may we know that "his own country," as here used, does not mean the whole country of Galilee?
3. How had the Saviour been treated on a former visit to Nazareth?
4. How did the people now receive his teachings?
5. What did they say?
6. What reply did Jesus make?
7. Why did he not do many mighty works in that place?
8. How does Matthew describe our Saviour's third tour throughout Galilee? Matt. 9:35.
9. What especially awakened our Lord's compassion?
10. What did he say to his disciples?
11. What step did he take toward furnishing the people with the instruction they so much needed?
12. What power did he confer upon the disciples?
13. To what class of people were they especially sent?
14. What were they to preach?
15. What kingdom is here meant? See Lesson 30.
16. What good works were to accompany their preaching wherever they went? Matt. 10:7, 8.
17. What instruction did he give them in regard to preparing for the journey?
18. What in regard to finding a temporary home in any city or town where they might go?
19. What were they to do on leaving a house or a city whose inhabitants would not receive them?
20. What did this ceremony probably indicate?

21. What did Jesus say of any city that would not receive these messengers?
22. What parting instruction and admonition did he give the disciples?
23. Tell how they fulfilled their mission. Mark 6:12, 13.
24. How did Jesus improve the time while the disciples were preaching? Matt. 11:1.

**SCENES IN THE LAND OF THE BIBLE.**

A CORRESPONDENT of a Boston paper gives us this beautiful yet pathetic picture of the land our Saviour trod: "One of the most delightful mountain views that charm the traveler is the sunset glow of Lebanon. Sailing out of the harbor at Beirut a few days ago, we were entranced with the delicate, changing shades that creep over the goodly mountain and linger upon the summit of Sannin. Scarcely had the outlines of Cypress died away in the west, when the moon rose over the mountains to illumine our course by the shore. Our good steamer seemed like some 'waterwitch' of a beautiful lake, as we watched the sparkling waves and counted the lights on the hillsides.

"As we passed the coast of the Phœnician cities, 'in thought I saw the palace domes of Tyre' and all the 'treasures of her merchandise,' but the sandy shore is a lonely waste, where the fisher spreads his net. Passing Carmel, we were in the morning in the roads at Jaffa. Here at sunrise appear the flourishing gardens and orange groves, extending far to the plains of Sharon. The old hillside city is still alive. Already the Arabs are besieging our steamer with their usual din and scrambling for positions. Little boats are dancing over the waves, waiting for officials, and commissioners are presenting their credentials. Near us lay a dark, old steamer, with two thousand recruits for the Balkans, and the quay was thronged with their friends bidding them farewell. Along the sandy beach were weeping women chanting in Arabic their piteous laments, and wringing their hands with all the intensity of Oriental grief. In long white veils, they turned their sad procession toward the city gates, and sat in despair as the steamer sailed out of sight."

TEACHERS of the younger children cannot be too often reminded that things which are very clear to them may not be so clear to their scholars. To the child just beginning to attend Sabbath-school, every unusual expression is a puzzle. "Why is Palestine called the Holy Land?" asked a little girl of her teacher the other day. "Is it because there is no sin there?" That was a very natural interpretation to put upon the expression. Yet the reason why Palestine is called the Holy Land was so evident to the teacher that she had used the phrase over and over again without thinking that it was necessary to explain it. Teachers of primary classes are more apt to err in giving too few, than in giving too many, explanations. Are you quite sure that your scholars understand all the common expressions which you use?—S. S. Times.

DISORDER that begins with the teacher is hard to endure—often harder to cure. If, when the superintendent's bell calls for silence at the opening of the school, a teacher continues to speak to a scholar or to a fellow-teacher, the class understand that the call is not to be heeded, and they act accordingly. If, when the time to rise and sing is announced, the teacher keeps her seat, with no explanation of her conduct, her scholars take it that rising or not is a matter of choice. If, when the bell to close the lesson is struck, the teacher continues to teach, the superintendent cannot hope for silence from the school. Let teachers lead their classes in obedience to rules.—Westminster Teacher.

## ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES.

THERE is much that is interesting in the study of the origin of the names of the States of the Union, as they are derived from a variety of sources.

To begin in the geographical order, we have:—

Maine, which takes its name from the province of Maine, in France, and was so called in compliment to the queen of Charles I, Henrietta, its owner.

New Hampshire—first called Laco-nia—from Hampshire, England.

Vermont, from the Green Mount-ains (in French, *verd mont*).

Massachusetts, from the Indian lan-guage, signifying "The country about the great hill."

Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance of the little island to that of Rhodes in the ancient Levant.

Connecticut's name was Moheagan, spelled originally, "Quon-eh-ta-cut," signifying "a long river."

New York was so named in com-plement to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II, ceded him that territory.

New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carteret, after the Island of Jersey in the British Channel, of which he was governor.

Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, the "sylvania" meaning woods.

Delaware takes its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Ware, governor of Virginia.

Maryland receives its name from the queen of Charles I, Henrietta Maria.

Virginia gets its name from Queen Elizabeth, the unmarried, or virgin, queen.

The Carolinas were named in honor of Charles I.

Georgia in honor of Charles II.

Florida gets its name from Jasquas de Flores, or "Feast of the flowers."

Alabama comes from a Greek word, signifying "The land of rest."

Louisiana—named in honor of Louis XIV.

Mississippi derives its name from that of the great river, which is, in the Natchez tongue, "The father of waters."

Arkansas is derived from the In-dian word Kansas, "smoky water," with the French prefix, ark, "a bow."

Tennessee is an Indian name.

"Kain-tuckee," signifies "At the head of the river."

Ohio—Shawnee name for "The beautiful river."

Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the name for a fish-weir or trap, which the shape of the lake sug-gested.

Indiana's name is derived from that of the Indians.

Illinois's name is derived from the Indian word "Illinois," men, and the French affix "eis," making it "Tribes of men."

Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian for a wild, rushing channel.

Missouri is also an Indian name for muddy water, having reference to the muddiness of the Missouri river.

Kansas—the Indian name for smoky water.—*Selected.*

## The Children's Corner.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

WHERE the solemn waves the whole day long  
Seem saying, "Never! never!"  
As they creep to the feet of the hollow cliffs,  
Fall back, roll in forever,  
There stands a light-house, white and tall,  
That, like the house in the parable,  
Stands "on a rock" and braves the shock  
When tempests beat and torrents fall.  
Ghost-like at early dawn it looms  
Above the gray, cold ocean,  
And dull and chill stands gloomy still  
When wakes all else to motion;  
But when the evening shadows sink,  
And all the lonesome stony coast  
Is lost to sight, while through the night  
Drive in the storm-clouds black as ink,  
'Tis then that from that silent pile  
Darts far a ruddy dawning,  
Lighting the gloom, where the breakers boom,  
In priceless, ceaseless warning!  
—Our Little Ones.

## "ALMOST."

KITTY had a birthday present, which pleased her very much indeed. What do you think it was? A sandal-wood work-box from Uncle Curtis, with scissors, thimble and needles, and everything it was proper for a complete work-box to have. It gave a great spur to Kitty's love of sewing. She did not like a needle and thread before; now she did. And Kitty undertook to hem a dozen towels. A dozen towels was a pile, to be sure; but she well knew it was only a stitch at a time, and a stitch at a time is perfectly in the power of a small child to do. Kitty was at work on the first towel, doing it all herself, even to turning down the hem, and had hemmed half of one end, when she took it to her papa.

"Papa," she asked, "is not that hem even?"

Papa took his eyes from his news-paper, put them on the hem, then looked at his little Kitty, as much as to say, "Do you think it is, Kitty?"

"Don't you think it is *almost* even?" asked Kitty, guessing his meaning, and blushing.

"What is *almost* even?" asked papa, stroking his little girl's hair.

"What is *almost* even?" repeated Kitty, with a look of surprise in her blue eyes.

"Yes," answered he.

Kitty thought a moment, and her father waited for her thought.

"It is *uneven*," replied Kitty.

"Yes," said papa; "*almost* even is *uneven*. The hem is uneven."

"Then it must be picked out and done over," said Kitty, with a disappointed look; "I want to do it right."

"Of course," replied her father.

"Papa is setting himself up to be a great judge of hems," thought Kitty, inside. She did not believe her mother would be so exact. However, since she had asked him, she could not do less than act on his judgment. Kitty went away to her window-seat, picked out her stitches, which nobody allows to be pleasant work, and carefully began the second time. She did not dare to go beyond two inches before coming to show it. Her father took the towel in his hand and examined the hem.

"This is even," he said; "the stitches are in a straight line; the work is done right."

And Kitty, I am sure, was more pleased than if she had succeeded at first, and *much* more than if her father had thoughtlessly said, "Very well," when it was done ill.

"Kitty," said papa, taking her small hand in his, "there is a straight line running through life; and on one side of it is the *wrong* side, on the other is the *right* side, and everything is either on one side or the other. There is no such thing as *almost right*. *Al-most* right is always wrong; almost good is bad; almost true is an *un-truth*, a lie; as *almost even* is *un-even*."

"Yes, papa," added Kitty, quickly, "and an *almost* perfect lesson is an *imperfect* lesson. I told the girls so. Because, if you miss once, you lose your place."

"Exactly so," said papa, "and as God is a truth-loving God, he likes to have things called by their right names. He wants us to see the truth, and to speak the truth; and in order to do so we must be exact in our words and expressions."—*Congrega-tional Journal.*

## MAKING SUNSHINE.

"Oh, dear, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere!" cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad! Now I've got to stay in-doors, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a wretched day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park, and play on the grass, and pull wild flowers; and now there is not going to be any sunshine at all, and I shall have to stand here and see it rain all day long."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack. This made Jennie smile through her tears, showing that Uncle Jack had manufactured a few rays already. So Jennie agreed to be his partner in his new business, and went to work according to these three rules:—

First. Don't think of what might have been if the day had been better.

Second. See how many things there are left to enjoy.

And lastly. Do all you can to make other people happy.

Jennie began by amusing her little brother, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing too. Af-ter that, she found many a pleasant

amusement; and when bed-time came, she kissed her uncle good-night, and was even far more happy than if she had spent the day in playing on the grass and gathering wild flowers. But that was not all. She dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door which read:—

## SUNSHINE FACTORY.

She made her uncle laugh when she told her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember: A cheerful heart makes it's own sunshine. A cheerful heart is one in which the Saviour dwells. If you follow him, you will not walk in darkness; all days, and all duties, will be bright and beautiful.—*Selected.*

## DO IT NOW.

If you're told to do a thing,  
And mean to do it really,  
Never let it be by halves;  
Do it fully, freely.

When father calls, though pleasant be  
The play you are pursuing,  
Do not say, "I'll come when I  
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,  
And you should begin it,  
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,  
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words  
In telling what you could do  
Some other time; the present is  
For doing what you should do.

Do n't do right unwillingly,  
And stop to plan and measure;  
'T is working with a heart and soul  
That makes our duty pleasure.

—Phoebe Cary.

## LETTER BUDGET.

Two children by the name of Carpenter write from Fort Scott, Kansas. They give only their initials, so we do not know if they are boys or girls. We think it is nicer for you to give your full names. Well, here is the letter: "We are twins, nine years old. We like the INSTRUCTOR stories, and want to get as many subscrib-ers for the paper as we can. We go some-times with mamma to do missionary work. We went last week, and got one subscriber."

Bertie Sylvester writes from Davis City, Iowa. He is very fond of the INSTRUCTOR, and thinks he could not get along without it. They live three miles from meeting and Sabbath-school, but he and his little sister often walk there with their father.

Clement O. Cushman writes from St. Clair, Nevada. He is fourteen years old, and his birthday is in March. He has one brother, and they, with their father and mother, enjoy going to church and Sab-bath-school. Clement says that he is not a member of the church, but is trying to be good. He asks the prayers of the IN-STRUCTOR family.

## 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.  
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Battle Creek, Mich.  
Or, Pacific Press, Oakland, Cal.