



SUMMER FRUITS.

WHEN scarlet strawberries first were seen
A-blush their clustering leaves between,
I thought that never fruit could be
Delicious as the strawberry.

When cherries ripened firm and fine,
The blackbirds shared their feast with mine,
And summer's sunshine seemed to glow
On satin skin and heart of snow.

When, threaded close on slender stems,
The currants gleamed like priceless gems,
When peaches held the velvet cheek
The south wind's coy caress to seek,

The loveliest, which I could not choose,
Unwilling one fair gift to lose,
Where frost and fire, and old and new,
And night and day, and dusk and dew,

Had blent to tinge the living sap,
And shape the cup for nature's lap,—
Now near and far the apple's wealth
Is servitor of joy and health.

And all along the vineyard's line,
The purple grapes are sweet as wine;
For He who pledges daily bread,
With bounty hath our table spread,

And as the singing winds go by,
The drifting odors make reply,
And brook and forest, mount and flood,
Chant, "Praise the Lord, for he is good."
—*Christian at Work.*

THE MER DE GLACE.

SHOULD like to tell our readers a story about the Mer de Glace.

"What is that?" asks one.

I will tell you. The big brothers and sisters who study geography know all about it, but the little folks do not; so if you would like to know about Tommy, who lived near this great Mer de Glace, I will tell you about him, and then you will find out what the Mer de Glace is.

Tommy's mother was so poor that she could scarcely get food enough to feed the five little boys and girls who looked to her for support. She was not idle by any means. She worked harder than you ever see women work in this country; for in Switzerland, where she lived, the poor women work in the fields, and sometimes carry home the hay and grain on their heads. Sometimes they even help the old donkeys to draw the plough or cart. But Marie, that was her name, had hurt her back, and could not go out into the field to work, and she did not know how she could get bread for the children. She sat down and cried. Tommy did something better; he kneeled down and prayed. He had been the Sunday before to the famous

old Church of St. Peter's, in the city of Geneva, called Calvin's Church, because a great man by that name used to preach there. He heard the

bered what the minister had read: "I will look up unto the hills whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven

the verse meant that his help must really come from the hills. So he said to himself, "That is what the minister preached, I am sure; so if my help is to come from the hills, I must be nearer to them, and I had better try to get a ride to Chamouni, where I will be right among the mountains."

Just then Peter, who drove a coach to Chamouni, came along and asked Tommy to pick up his whip, which had fallen, away back on the road. Tommy ran cheerfully and picked it up, and before Peter knew what he meant to do, he had climbed up and seated himself on the coach-box beside him.

"Don't drive me away," he said to Peter. "I have an errand to Chamouni."

As Peter was a good-natured man, he let Tommy ride beside him to Chamouni. As they rode on, he told Peter how his mother had hurt her back, and could not work, and how much he wanted to help her get bread for the children.

"What can you do?" asked Peter.

"I used to take care of the horse until we sold it," said Tommy, "and I loved our old horse very much."

"If you are kind to animals, and you must be if you love them, perhaps I can find something for you to do," said Peter.

Now I come to the point in my story in which I must tell you about Mer de Glace.

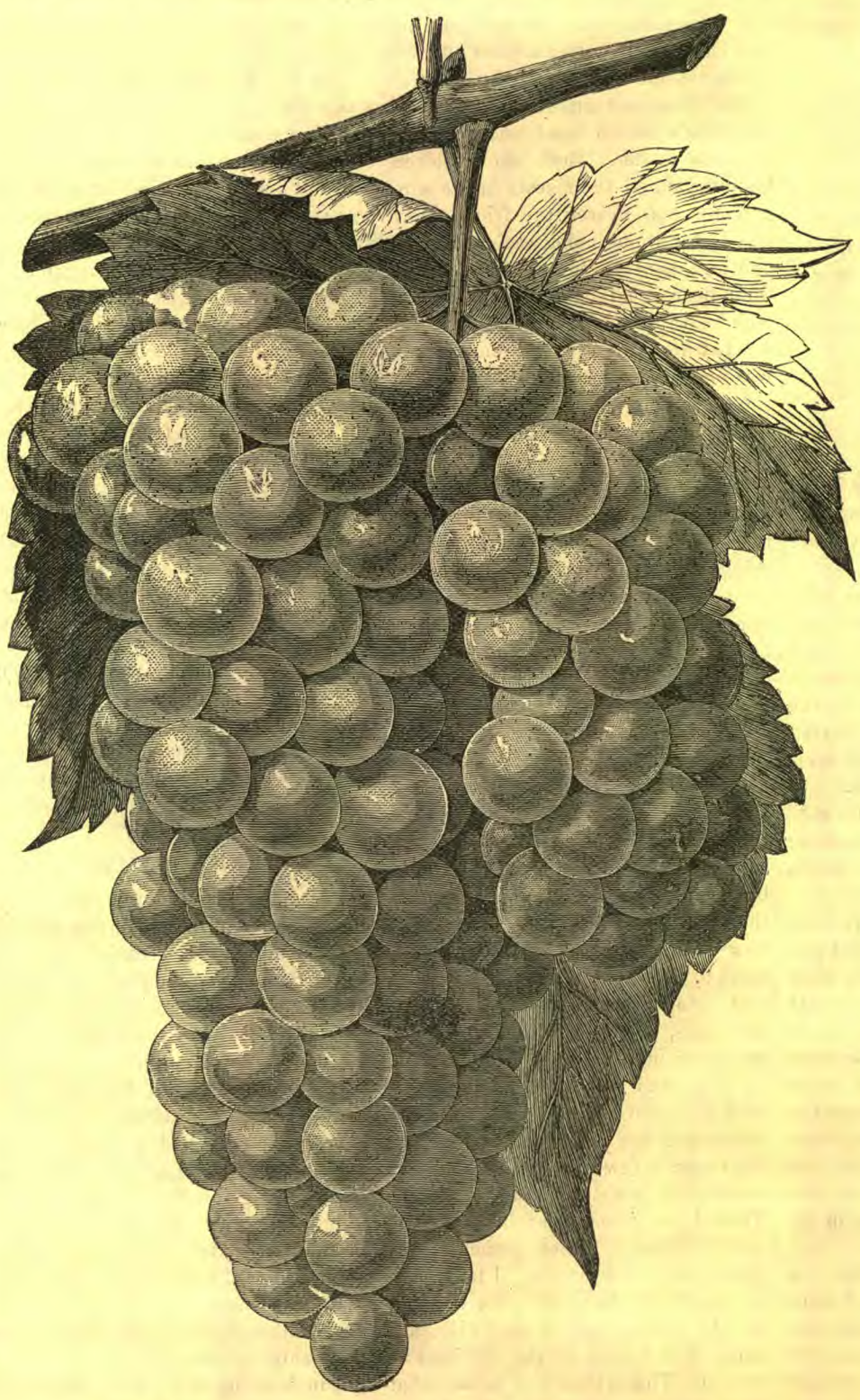
It is a great sea of ice which lies in between two mountains; it is twelve miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. Visitors from all parts of the world

come to visit this great glacier, for it never melts in summer as our frozen rivers and lakes do. It looks like a great frozen sea that has been ploughed to make it rough, and so they call it the Mer de Glace, which means, sea of ice.

minister talk to the people about the power of prayer, and tell them how Jacob wrestled in prayer. So Tommy, when he saw his poor mother crying and lamenting, went out of the house, and looking up to the grand snow-topped mountains, he remem-

bered "earth;" and Tommy prayed as he had never prayed before.

But Tommy was an ignorant little boy; he did not know as much about the Bible as the boys of his age in this country who go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and so he thought that



Visitors ride from Chamouni to the edge of this Mer de Glace, and leave their horses at a place called Le Châpétal. Then they walk across the ice sea, while the boys who go with them lead their horses round to the other side to a place called Montanvert, and the boys wait there with the horses until the ladies and gentlemen come for them.

This work was what Peter found for Tommy to do. The boy who led one of the horses before this was bad tempered and beat the horse, and so lost his place; but Peter knew how kind-hearted and affectionate Tommy was; so he recommended him for the work, and after this he was able to earn some money, and he sent it every week by Peter to his mother over in Geneva to buy bread for the children.

He told one of the ladies, whose horse he was holding one day, that he did as the Lord told him; he looked unto the hills whence came his help.

"And did you feel, Tommy," asked the lady, "that your help came from the Lord?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; but if I hadn't looked to him, he wouldn't have helped me," replied Tommy.

Wasn't that a good answer from a poor little Swiss boy?

You have been taught to look to the Lord. I wish that you might learn to have the same trust in him that this little lad had on the borders of the Mer de Glace.—*Sel.*

WASHING THE DISHES.

A LESSON FOR GIRLS.

"If there is anything I hate," said Marjorie Fane, "it is washing the dishes. I would rather do any other work."

"So do I hate it," chimed in Ellie Macon. The two little girls were sitting in a broad, cushioned seat in a window, looking out on a pleasant garden. Mrs. Fane was busy in the room with her sewing, not paying much attention to their talk, yet keeping the thread of it in her mind.

"Aunt Eunice, can you endure it?" asked Ellie, looking up and meeting the glance of Mrs. Fane's soft brown eyes.

"How does it happen that you are both so wrought up on the subject just now?" the lady inquired in her turn. "I never found it disagreeable myself. I have had far harder things to do than wash a few cups and saucers, which is all Marjorie does at breakfast and supper-time. That seems to me a very proper employment for a little daughter at home. I did not know, Ellie dear, that you were concerned about domestic affairs in the least."

"Why, Aunt Eunice, Bridget has left us; she has gone back to Ireland to visit her friends, and so mamma and I are dividing the housekeeping, till we get somebody who is likely to suit us."

"I had not heard it, Ellie, but I think it very nice that you are able to divide the housekeeping with your dear mother, and be such a little helper and friend. I think one pleasant thing about work which we do in

our homes is this, that we are adding to the comforts of those we love, and making them happy. But I have noticed that you girls are not the only ones who dislike to wash dishes. I wonder why."

"Well, auntie, I'll tell you. It's such slow, poky work, and you never seem to get to the end of it. There is always one spoon or one fork more just when you suppose the last one is finished and disposed of. I made up my mind last Sabbath that I would try this week to live for Jesus, and do something sweet and noble every day. And here it is Friday night, and what have I to show? Making beds, sweeping rooms, dusting the parlors, brushing up crumbs, feeding the cat, studying my lessons, and three times a day setting the table and clearing it off. The week has just been thrown away."

"I made a resolution too," said Marjorie; "but when I came home, I found Miss Catharine Purvis here, and she said something that annoyed me before I had fairly gotten my hat off, and so my resolution flew into little bits."

Mrs. Fane laid a gentle hand on her daughter's golden head, and drew Ellie close to her. Both the children had exchanged their seats in the window for one nearer the friend they loved; for though she was mother to one and aunt to the other, she was their dearest adviser, and the person who heard all their secrets.

"Let me tell you how to make even washing dishes a very pleasant task."

"Now, mamma, don't say that we must put our hearts into it, please," said Marjorie.

"I do not intend to, though you have often heard me say that the only way to get real good and pleasure out of a thing—out of anything, mind—is to do it heartily as unto the Lord. The moment you begin to think of some little duty, such as sweeping, dusting, or mending your stockings, that it is of no importance, and occasioning you a loss of time, you cease to do it heartily. Then it becomes a toil. If you can teach yourselves to feel that the Lord cares how you do all these little things, and that he observes them just as much as he does the sweet and noble things, you will go about them in the right spirit, as unto him. But now for our dishes. My plan is always to take hold of the hardest thing first. So I proceed at once to my pots and pans, kettles and gridirons, and whatever utensils have been used in cooking, and wash them thoroughly with plenty of hot water and soap, dry them, and set them on the back of the range a few minutes, so that any remaining moisture may evaporate. Then I put them away in their own special closet. I then gather up my plates, cups, and saucers. I take pains to collect all the *debris*, the leavings on the plates, etc., in one dish, and some of it I give to the chickens or the cat. That which is of no use whatever goes at once into the fire, is burned up and is out of the way. You know that to have decaying vegetable matter or refuse of any kind standing about in boxes or pails or tubs, is very unwholesome. It may produce fever or other sickness, and all little women

should learn to be very particular about this matter. Perfect purity and cleanliness in and around a house have a great deal to do with keeping its inmates well. I pile all my plates of one size together, so I do with saucers and cups, and as for the glasses, and spoons, and silver, I place them apart. I then take the things by installments. With plenty of water, nice smooth soap-suds, a pan close by to rinse the dishes off, and clean soft towels to dry with, the work is soon done. There is everything in feeling pride in what you are trying to accomplish, dears. I have been thinking lately that it would be a good plan for me to let Marjorie take entire charge of the china-closet. She is so careful that I am sure I can trust her, and if she keeps it in perfect order, it will be a real credit to her."

"I will ask my mother to give me charge of ours," said Ellie. "You have made me see that even washing dishes may have a pleasant side, provided a person takes pains."

"Once," said Mrs. Fane, "when I was a little girl of ten, a dear teacher gave me a rule of conduct, which has been of great use to me ever since. I was not quite sure whether or not it was right for me to attend a place of amusement to which some of my friends were going. I had begun then to try to live as Christ would have me, and though I was only a child, I sometimes found hard places where I did not know just what duty was. In this instance, though my mother had given her consent, I had a feeling that it was not given very gladly. She wanted to please me, and would, I could see, be herself pleased if I remained at home. So I went with my trouble to my dear friend,—for I was very fond of Miss Jennie,—and she wrote this on a slip of paper: 'Whether therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'"

"That's a very straight rule, mamma," said Marjorie.

"Yes," said Ellie, "but it's a good rule to walk by."—*M. E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*

DANISH BRITAIN.

WE have noted a few items concerning Ancient Britain during a period of five hundred years, from the invasion by the Saxons and Angles to the death of Alfred, who, during his life, had successfully kept away the Danes. After his death they thought to come and take possession of all England. Edward, the son of Alfred, fought them bravely, and he had a sister, Æthelflæd, who raised armies, built fortresses along the Trent, and held the kingdom in one part while he fought in another. After their death, Athelstane, Edward's son, ruled. He added many ships to those constructed by his grandfather, Alfred. He not only used these ships in keeping away the Danes, but in fetching silks, cloth, and wines from other countries. To encourage people to build ships, he made a law that every man who made a ship and went to sea with it twice should be called a *Thane*, meaning by that he should be addressed as *Lord* instead of *Mister*.

Athelstane was very kind, even to his enemies. When he had conquered and taken prisoners three northern kings, who had joined the Danes in fighting him, he made a feast for them, entertaining them till midnight, and lodging them comfortably. He called them in the morning to be, as they supposed, imprisoned or put to death. But to their surprise, he said he liked such clever and brave men as they were; and if they would promise him not to come and fight any more, he would let them go home. They did so, and he gave them some very valuable presents to take with them.

This king died, and his brother Edmund reigned well for six years, but was then slain by a robber, and his brother Edny ruled in his stead. He, with his beautiful queen, had a deal of trouble with a bishop named Dunstan, who wanted to dictate to them what to do, and so Edny banished Dunstan from the country, claiming that he favored the cause of the Danes. Odo, an archbishop, in retaliation, took King Edny's beautiful wife, and having beat her, burned her face with hot irons to make her look ugly, and afterward killed her. The people then drove Edny away, and made his youngest brother, Edgar, king in his stead. Edgar recalled Dunstan, and gave him power and honors, so that he really, for sixteen years, controlled, as *prime minister*, the civil and religious affairs of the realm.

Edgar did much to help the people. He corrected some of the abuses of the slave system. He fought battles with the kings of Wales and Scotland. Instead of exacting money from those he conquered, he required them to send hunters into the woods to kill the wolves and other wild animals. He made some of these kings send him three hundred wolves' heads a year. He did this so that the farmers could raise sheep comfortably.

When Edgar died, his eldest son, Edward, became king. The old queen, who was really only his step-mother, hated him because she wanted her little son to be king. Edward was kind, and went often to see his younger brother. As he rode one day to see him, being hot and thirsty, he called for some wine. The queen, whose name was Elflida, brought him some, herself, and while he was drinking it, she made a sign to one of her servants who stabbed Edward in the back, and he died immediately. This king is called *Edward the Martyr*.

After the death of Edward, Elflida's son Æthelred was made king. He ruled many years, but did a great many foolish as well as wicked things. When the Danes found how weak this king was, they began to fight again for power in England. The king was never ready, either with his ships or soldiers, to meet the Danes. For this reason he is called *Æthelred the Unready*. The Danes came on in vast numbers, slaughtering the people, robbing them of their gold and silver, sheep and cattle, and turning them out of their houses. The king really did nothing to save the people, and finally fled to Normandy, in France, to save his own life. His son, sometimes called Edmund Ironsides, was made king, but in a short time he was killed, and the Danish king Cnut, or Canute, became ruler of England.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

The Sabbath-School.

THIRD Sabbath in October.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

LESSON 37.—REVIEW.

1. For which should we be most anxious,—to lay up treasure upon earth or in heaven?
2. What did Jesus say about this? Matt. 6:19-21.
3. What instruction has our Lord left us in regard to being too ready to accuse people, and too harsh in judging them? Luke 6:37.
4. How does he show that it is for our interest to obey this precept?
5. What does Jesus say about our looking after other people's faults instead of trying to cure our own? Matt. 7:3-5.
6. Repeat the golden rule.
7. How are good trees known?
8. How did our Lord compare men to trees in this respect?
9. Will it do us any good to pray, unless we try to do as our Lord has told us to do?
10. How does he show the difference between those who do as he commands and those who neglect his words? Matt. 7:24-27; Luke 6:47-49.
11. When Jesus had finished the Sermon on the Mount, and returned to Capernaum, what noted miracle did he do? Luke 7.
12. What did he say about the faith of the centurion?
13. How had the centurion shown such remarkable faith?
14. Tell how Jesus raised to life the son of a widow who lived in Nain?
15. Where was Nain?
16. What does the word Nain mean?
17. What kind of place is it now?
18. What did some of John's disciples see, when they came to ask Jesus whether he was really the Christ or not?
19. Who had sent them on this errand?
20. Where was John at this time?
21. Tell some things that Jesus said about John after the messengers had gone away?
22. Who, about this time, invited Jesus to come to his house and eat with him? Luke 7:36.
23. Who came in while they were eating?
24. What did she bring with her?
25. Where did she take her place?
26. What did she then do?
27. What did the Pharisee think, as he saw this going on?
28. Did Jesus know his thoughts?
29. Relate the story that Jesus told about the creditor and his two debtors.
30. What did Jesus mean to teach by this story?
31. Which loved Jesus most, the Pharisee or this poor woman?
32. How was this proved?
33. What did Jesus finally say to the woman?

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 50.—THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

"AND they departed thence, and passed through Galilee; and he would not that any man should know it. For he taught his disciples, and said unto them, The Son of man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill him; and after that he is killed, he shall rise the third day. But they understood not that saying, and were afraid to ask him."

"And when they were come to Capernaum, they that received tribute money came to Peter, and said, Doth not your master pay tribute? He said, Yes. And when he was come into the house, Jesus prevented him, saying, What thinkest thou, Simon? of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute? of their own children, or of strangers? Peter saith unto him, Of strangers. Jesus saith unto him, Then are the children free. Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take, and give unto them for me and thee."

"Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest. And Jesus, perceiving the thought of their heart, took a child, and set him by him," "and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." "Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth him that sent me; for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great."

"And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." "And Jesus said, Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

"Then said he unto his disciples, It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." "Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire."

QUESTIONS.

1. What tour did Jesus next make? Mark 9:30.
2. Why did he wish to have it kept a secret?
3. What prediction did he make in regard to his death and resurrection?
4. Did the disciples comprehend this prediction?
5. Why did they remain ignorant of its meaning?
6. When they had returned to Capernaum, what demand was made upon Peter? Matt. 17:24.
7. What answer did he make?
8. How did Jesus accost him, when he came into the house?
9. Of whom did Peter say the kings of the earth take tribute?
10. What reply did Jesus then make? Verse 26.
11. What did he afterward tell Peter to do? Verse 27.
12. Why did he ask Peter to do this?
13. What lesson may we learn from these instructions?—*That it is sometimes best to avoid giving offence, even by doing things which duty would not otherwise demand.*
14. What danger is there of carrying this principle too far?—*We may waste time in trying to please others, that ought to be given to the work of God; and, more particularly, we may, in our anxiety to avoid offence, do things which are contrary to God's word.*
15. On what point did the disciples begin to reason among themselves? Luke 9:46; Matt. 18:1; Mark 9:33, 34.
16. What did Jesus do, when he perceived the thought of their heart?
17. What did he say? Matt. 18:3.
18. Who did he say should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven? Verse 4.
19. What did he say about any one who should receive a little child in his name? Luke 9:48.
20. What did he say about those who are least, or most humble, among Christians here?
21. What did John say that he and the other disciples had seen? Verse 49.
22. What course did they take with the man?
23. What did Jesus say about it?
24. What did he say of any one who should do a miracle in his name? Mark 9:39.

25. What did he say of those who are not against him?

26. What did he say of those who should do as much as to give a cup of cold water in his name?

27. What did Jesus say about offences, or occasions of stumbling? Luke 17:1.

28. What did he say of the condition of any one who should cause one of Christ's followers to go astray?

29. What course did Jesus point out for the one whose hand or foot offends him? Matt. 18:8.

30. What for him whose eye causes him to offend?

31. What seems to be the lesson taught by these two figures?—*That we should put away from us anything that causes us to sin, no matter how dear it may be.*

NOTES.

Where the worm dieth not, etc.—The torment will not abate, nor the fire cease to burn, till the sufferer is consumed,—till nothing is left to feed on.

Every one shall be salted, etc.—A difficult verse, on which much has been written—some of it to little purpose. *Every one* probably means *every follower of mine*, and the *fire* with which he must be salted probably means a *fiery trial* to season him. The reference to salting the sacrifice is, of course, to that maxim of the Levitical law that every acceptable sacrifice must be sprinkled with salt, to express symbolically its soundness, sweetness, wholesomeness, acceptability. But as it had to be roasted first, we have here the further idea of a salting with fire. In this case, *every sacrifice*, in the next clause will mean, *Every one who would be found an acceptable offering to God*; and thus the whole verse may perhaps be paraphrased as follows: Every disciple of mine shall have a fiery trial to undergo, and every one who would be found an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable and well-pleasing to God, must have a *salting*, like the Levitical sacrifices.

FLIPPANCY IN RECITATION.

My ear is often pained and my heart saddened by what might be called *flippant* recitations. The word of God is rattled off in such a way as to make it as meaningless as the sound of hail upon the roof.

Now to my mind this is a species of profanity. To take the name of God in vain is so grave a sin as to be forbidden by the Law of God, one entire precept being devoted to its condemnation; and can it be right to speak his sacred word in a trifling, or even in an indifferent, manner? Scarcely anything will so soon harden the heart against the precepts of Scripture as the practice above referred to. Such a habit robs the divine precepts of all their meaning, and consequently of all their force; it takes from the lofty passages all their solemnity and grandeur, and from the poetical portions all their sweetness and pathos. Thus the Bible loses all power to awaken conviction, to inspire awe and reverence, or to soften and subdue the heart.

Parents and teachers cannot be too vigilant on this point. I have known children who had a deep and fervent interest in Bible study to have it all destroyed by the flippant reciting of their classmates. Such an injury is a very serious one, and one that can never be fully repaired. Such careless treatment of God's word throws contempt upon the Bible and its author. What could a minister do who should preach in such a style? What would be the effect of prayer uttered in such a tone?

A cheerful, happy manner should be encouraged, but flippancy and irreverence should be shunned as one of Satan's worst devices for ruining souls. G. H. B.

THE influence of a good paper distributed in a Sabbath-school each week, cannot be estimated. The value of it for good will be seen years after it is read.

THE HOME AND THE PRIMARY TEACHER.

THERE is so much said about the duty of the primary teacher toward the homes of the children, that it has seemingly come to be forgotten that there is another side to the picture, and the influence of the home of the teacher and the class is almost lost sight of.

"I would hardly know that my scholars have homes, for all that I can see of home influence brought to bear on any portion of my work," was the plaintive cry of an earnest teacher, that might be echoed by many more. It is the indifference and neglect of the parents, with which primary teachers have to contend, not the pernicious teaching that is felt comparatively rarely.

There are many ways in which the home should help the work of the class. The parents should see that the child is punctual and regular, not remaining away for a trifling cause, nor being tardy when he could, with a little care, have been ready in season; or if unavoidably absent, notify the teacher of the cause, in writing. This will save very much trouble and annoyance. They should also be taught the lesson and hymns. See that money is brought for the collection; encourage the child to earn this by inventing little ways by which he may do so; help him to take care of Lesson Papers, and make use of them. Ask questions about the lesson on his return from the class. If a child knows that this will be done, he will be more certain to listen. All children enjoy telling what they know, and it will impress itself on the memory by the very act of repetition.

It must never be forgotten that the home, which has the first influence, both conscious and unconscious, of seven days, must far outbalance that of one hour and a half. Oh that it may always be such as felt by two little brothers who were playing meeting, when the younger announced, "The regular monthly prayer-meeting will meet every night in mamma's room." And oh that in this meeting "in mamma's room," there would always be earnest prayer offered for the teacher and her work; then, indeed, the home and the class together would form such a combination as would "hold the fort" against the efforts of Satan and all his hosts.—Mrs. M. G. Kennedy, in *Baptist Teacher*.

OUR STRENGTH.

WE do not labor alone. However feeble our hands, that mighty Hand is laid on them, to direct their movements and to lend strength to their weakness. It is not our speech which will secure results, but His presence with our words which shall bring it about, that even through them a great number shall believe and turn to the Lord. There is our encouragement when we are despondent. There is our rebuke when we are self-confident. There is our stimulus when we are indolent. There is our quietness when we are impatient. If ever we are tempted to think our task heavy, let us not forget that He who sets it helps us to do it, and from his throne shares in all our toils, the Lord still, as of old, working with us. If ever we feel that our strength is nothing, and that we stand solitary against many foes, let us fall back upon the peace-giving thought, that one man against the world, with Christ to help him, is always in the majority; and let us leave the issues of our work in his hands, whose hands will guard the seed sown in weakness, whose smile will bless the springing thereof.—A. MacLaren, D. D.

THE Lord overlooks the failures which arise out of weakness and imperfections, and considers the nature of our intentions. Our work will not be tested by what we have done, but what we have honestly tried to do.—*Interior*.

WHAT IT IS TO BE TESTED.

When a new engine is made, it is customary to test it to see how it works. Great care has been taken to make every part perfect, and to put all the parts together properly; yet, after all this, it is possible that when the engine is tried there will be some defect discovered which was not seen before, and which never would have been seen but for the test.

It is so with character. Care is taken by parents and teachers in order that the children under their charge may have a good character. This is right; yet sometimes when character is tested it is found weak.

A boy once yielded to a temptation to steal when he saw a bank-note lying on the store-counter near him. Conscience said: "Give it to the gentleman standing near you. He dropped it from his pocket-book a moment ago, and you saw him." But instead of that he slyly slipped it into his pocket.

This boy had never been taught to steal. On the contrary, he had often been told that he must be honest. When he went into that store it was not with the intention of stealing; he went on an errand for his father. But for him temptation came in this way, and he yielded. It was a test of his character, and his character could not bear the strain.

Quite different was the result in the case of Frank Jones, who one day saw a gold watch and chain slip to the ground from a lady who was walking in front of him. The lady passed on unconscious of her loss, and Frank could easily have put the watch and chain into his pocket without her knowledge. But such a thought never entered his mind. As soon as possible he picked up the valuable articles and gave them to the owner. He did not stop to say, "She will advertise and offer a reward, and I will keep them until I see the advertisement." No; his first and only impulse was to restore the property to the one who had lost it, whether he received a reward or not.

Frank's character stood the strain, and this incident showed that he could be trusted. He had been tested, and was found to be right.—*Children's Friend.*

A LOW VOICE.

A good Quaker, eight-five years of age, whom no one ever heard speak a cross word, was asked by a young man how he had been able, through the trials and perplexities of a long life, to keep always so pleasant.

He replied, "Dayton, if thee never allows thy voice to rise, thee won't ever be likely to get very angry."

Remember this, children, and try to keep your voices "soft and low."

If you value your own happiness, and desire to make others happy, be generous, helpful, and willing to aid those who need help. The measure that you mete unto others will be measured to you again. Youth is the time to cultivate kindness, gentleness, and love. The tender heart of the little child may grow more lovely as the years roll on.

The Children's Corner.

APPLE-TIME.

SHOWER-TIME, flower-time,

Earth is new and fair;

May-time, hay-time,

Blossoms everywhere;

Nest-time, best time;

Days have longer grown;

Leaf-time, brief time,

Make it all your own;

Berry-time and cherry-time,

Songs of bird and bee;

But, of all the gay times,

Apple-time for me!

Wheat-time, sweet time,

In the closing year;

Sheaf-time, leaf-time,

Now will disappear;

Ice-time, nice time,

For a merry lad;

Snow-time, blow-time,

Earth is lone and sad;

Yellow ones and mellow ones

Dripping from the tree;

Rusty coats and pippins:

Apple-time for me.

—George Cooper, in *Nursery.*



PLEASANT LETTERS.

NO. 2.

DEAR CHILDREN:—

I want to tell you a true story about a little boy who ran away to a neighbor's to see the men thresh wheat.

He stayed so long that some one told him he would get a whipping when he should go home, and that frightened him so that he was afraid to go. But he soon grew tired of seeing the men work, and, too, he began to be hungry; so near the middle of the afternoon he started homeward. As he neared the house, he remembered that he had run away, and he could almost imagine that he felt his trousers smarting from the whipping which he expected. Before he reached the gate, his courage failed him—no I do not mean that. If he had been brave, he would have gone straight to his mother, confessed his fault, and asked her to forgive him. But he was too cowardly to meet her; so he turned aside; and it would take you a long time to guess what he did.

Well, over in the next yard was a poplar tree. You have seen them,—very tall and slim and straight, with the limbs all pointing upward. Up this tree he climbed about thirty feet,

and hid himself among the branches. Now I have been trying to think what object the boy could have had in climbing that tree; and I must say I am puzzled. He could not have expected to stay up there until his mother should forget that he had run away; and he ought to have known that the longer he stayed the more anxious she would be. Maybe that was it; and he intended to hide so long that in her joy at finding him, she would forget the whipping. I think, however, his motive was one which we older people know something about,—that is, to put off an unpleasant duty, such as confessing a fault, just as long as we can. But this is not the right way. Just as soon as we know we have done wrong, it is best to confess our fault, and ask forgiveness.

I am very certain that this little boy did not intend to do what he really did, and that is what you are all anxious to hear about.

He had not been long in the tree be-

fore he fell asleep, and then his grasp began to loosen until he lost his balance and came tumbling from limb to limb, heels over head, down to the ground.

When they picked him up, he was unconscious; and for some time they were afraid he would die; but fortunately the limbs had so broken his fall that he was not hurt very badly, and in a few days he recovered.

His mother was very glad when she saw her little boy recovering, and thought his punishment had been great enough; so he escaped the whipping: but he paid pretty dearly for his run-away; and I thought as I stood under the tree, and saw the branches broken off by his fall, that the wrong way is the hardest way, after all.

I am sure my little friends will learn a lesson from this boy's sad experience.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

STORIES first heard at the mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

NEVER speak disrespectfully of your neighbors. If you cannot speak well of them, please do not injure them.

A CURIOSITY.

THE following letter from Rye, New Hampshire, under date of May 19, 1881, will, we think, be of interest to the children. It was originally published in the *Haverhill Bulletin*.

My Dear Nephew:—I must tell you what a curiosity we have on Rye Beach. You know we have had a long, hard storm this week. Well, Monday night the sea was very rough, and the great waves washed on to the beach a whale sixty-seven feet long and fifteen feet wide. His mouth is large enough for a good many boys to stand in, and his tongue is as large as you are, and three times as long as you are tall. He is ribbed on the under side something like a seamed stocking, black and white, in stripes about six inches wide. His back is nearly black.

One hundred and seventy-five teams, loaded with people, have passed our house to-day on the way to pay his whaleship a visit; and more than that number passed yesterday, besides hundreds of people from Portsmouth, who did not take this road.

A four-horse team, from Exeter, full of boys, visited him to-day, and two young men who had driven twenty-two miles to pay their respects to him, called here for grain for their horses. I believe a steam tug is to tow him away toward the place where the Sagamore House formerly stood, and he is to be cut up for dressing the land.

More than a hundred years ago a whale was washed ashore on Wallis Sands, but no one is now living who saw it, and probably nothing like it will occur again for a great many years.

I wish you could see him, as you cannot realize his size from my description.

* * *

LETTER BUDGET.

Sarah Troxal, who wrote to us once before, says: "I love the INSTRUCTOR better every week. Some one sends it to me, but I do not know who. My father thinks his fever-sore grows worse. I have one brother fourteen, and a sister seven."

Phebe Irwin writes from Onondaga, Mich.: "I go to Sabbath-school almost every Sabbath. We did not go last Sabbath, because it rained. I have a baby sister one year old. I go to day school. My teacher is Miss Lottie Campbell. I like her very much. I am trying to be a good girl."

Frankie writes from Clarion, Kansas: "I am seven years old, and thought I would send you a letter for the Budget. I live with my grandpa and grandma, who keep the Sabbath. I like to hear my grandpa read the nice little letters in the INSTRUCTOR. I go to Sabbath-school almost every Sabbath, and learn a lesson. I never wrote a letter for the INSTRUCTOR before, and hope this will be printed."

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