

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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## NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;  
The little birds have almost sung their last,  
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—  
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;  
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,  
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly  
glassed,

Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,  
And makes a little summer where it grows.  
In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day  
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;  
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way  
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;  
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,  
Wrap their old limbs with somber ivy twine.

—Hartley Coleridge.

## UNDER THE WINDOW.

ONE beautiful moonlight evening a merry group of boys and girls were returning home from "spelling-school." It had been a real old-fashioned spelling-school, in which they "chose sides" and "spelled down." Mr. Maynard, the young man who had been engaged to take charge of the school at Wilmont for the coming winter, had organized this "spelling-school" with a double purpose in view. Not only were his pupils lamentably deficient in the art of spelling, but he had noticed, with regret, the deep interest they seemed to manifest in the "club dances" with which Wilmont was afflicted each alternate week. Mr. Maynard expostulated and threatened in vain. The boys and girls were more interested in the "dances" than in their school. At length Mr. Maynard, in despair, began to plan something which would draw their minds into another channel, and the "spelling-school" was decided upon. Happy thought! The young people, especially those ranging from ten to fourteen years of age, entered into every detail of their teacher's plan, as earnestly and enthusiastically as though the idea had been their own, and were as interested in its fulfillment and success.

There were some murmurs when the boys and girls learned that the evening their teacher had planned for them to meet at the school-house was the same on which they had been wont to meet with older and more thoughtless companions at "The Hall." But they took a vote on the subject, and decided that as long as Mr. Maynard made the "spelling-school" interesting, they would devote their time and attention in that direction.

They were wide-awake, fun-loving

children, every one of them, from tall Fred Ellis, with his mischievous black eyes, to sweet little Bessie Willard, who walked along so demure and grave, and was all the while planning pranks and tricks that no one but her

leaf out of my new geography the other day. Of course I told the teacher, and he punished her; but she had the impudence, after school was out, to tell me that the punishment did n't mend my book."

herself and her grandmother there, and they are both dreadfully superstitious. I'll take one of these sheets off from the line, and wrap it about me, and then I'll go and tap on the window, just three times. Oh, I don't dare, though."

"I'll go," said Harry Willard, Bessie's brother. "It'll be capital fun. They'll surely think it is some dear departed friend returned to visit them. Won't they be scared? and won't it be jolly sport? You all wait here behind these bushes, and I'll come back and report presently."

One, two, three, four, five. How slowly the minutes passed to the waiting, breathless group behind the lilac bushes. At length they grew weary of the cramped position they had assumed, and of the long silence and waiting.

"Where can Harry be all this time?" ventured Bessie in hushed tones. "He's had time enough to frighten the whole town into fits, and we haven't heard a single scream."

"Hush, here he comes," said Fred, and at that moment Harry joined them; but his large blue eyes had a misty light in them, very different from the mischievous sparkle which had been there a few minutes before, and he said, in subdued tones:—

"Girls and boys, I wish you had been with me, under the window, just now."

"Why?" questioned Bessie eagerly. "Did they almost faint with fright? and was it real funny? Do tell us."

"No, it was n't funny one bit," he said soberly, and they don't know that I was there. I fixed the sheet all about me, and then I went close to the window and listened. As I did so, I heard Mary (the children noticed that he had dropped the nickname), say in just the sorriest voice I ever heard: 'O grandma, I can't go to the spelling-school, and have them all make sport of me. It's bad enough at school. They all hate me and laugh

would ever have thought of, she being a kind of general, laying out and planning the battle, while the rest, like true soldiers, executed her plans as speedily as possible. As they turned a corner of the street, Fred Ellis exclaimed:—

"There's a light at Spitfire's. By the way, I just wish we could come some good drive on her. I think she's by far the ugliest and hatefulest girl I ever knew. She got mad, and tore a

"That's so," answered Susan Barnes. "She's just too mean for anything. She threw mud all over little Minnie West's clean dress, the other day, just because Minnie laughed at her shoes; and how could the poor child help it? They must have been her grandmother's, and they wobbled about on her feet every step she took."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Bessie Willard, suddenly answering from her reverie. "There's no one but



R. E. TAYLOR



at my clothes, when they must know that I'd dress better if I could. Sometimes it makes me feel so wicked, and I do dreadful things, and I feel as though God don't care much, or he'd make them understand how hard it all is for me, and how I'd love them if they'd let me." She choked right there," added Harry, unsteadily, "and after a while they knelt down, and her grandma prayed for her, and—but I can't tell you about it. It went straight to my heart. They're dreadfully poor, and I propose that we form 'A Secret Band of Five'—that will be a good name for us—and that we come on the sly one evening a week, and leave in the back shed, bundles of things that we best can spare. I would n't wonder, from what I heard, but a few potatoes would come good; they have n't anything for breakfast."

"I've got three bushels of my own, that I was going to sell for skates," said Fred. "I'll contribute them."

"Father owes me a dollar," said Harry, "and as he's a miller, I'll take it in flour." "And I," interrupted Susan, "will take the money mother gives me for ribbons. I'll give up the 'danees,' and I won't need half so many, if I don't attend them."

Harry's story had awakened a throb of sympathy in every listener's heart, and they could hardly wait for time to mature their plans.

One morning, a few days later, as Mary Matthews opened the back door of her grandmother's little cottage, to go in search of a few sticks of wood with which to kindle a scanty fire, her astonished eyes beheld a nice pile of wood, a sack of flour, a bushel of potatoes and a large warm shawl. On lifting up the shawl, a pair of shoes, just her own number, fell out.

"O grandma!" she cried excitedly, "just come out here, and see how God has answered your prayers."

Half an hour later, as she stood holding her thin, blue hands in the genial warmth of a roaring fire, she glanced fondly at the old woman, who was all the poor girl had to love, and who was now wrapped in the warm shawl. Then in quivering tones she said:—

"The strangest of all, dear grandma, is that God answered your prayer right away. The boys and girls at school have been so kind to me ever since that night when you asked God to make it easy for me. I don't understand it. I don't see how he could change their hearts so suddenly. And now these things have come when we needed them so badly; it seems so strange that God should do it; but I'll never doubt him again."

"I do n't just understand it either," said grandma softly, patting the warm shawl lovingly with one withered hand. "But it's no more than I expected, for God always keeps his promises, and he has promised to hear and answer prayer."—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*

WHATEVER you do, do it well. The slighting of a task because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men and women degenerate insensibly into bad workers.

#### AUTUMN DAYS.

ALL day the south wind's nestled in the trees

With half-complaining tone;  
The leaves drop idly, fluttering in the breeze,  
And fall on moss and stone.

The golden-rod has lost its crown of flame,  
The aster met its doom,  
Ere yet adown the hills the frost king came  
To blast their wildwood bloom.

The meadows still their robes of freshest green  
Wear in these autumn days,  
And through their brightness, with its gayest sheen  
The sparkling river plays.

The birds that winter in our stormy clime  
Give their few notes of cheer,  
Some glad remembrance of the genial time  
Gone with the passing year.

They have no fear, and He who rules the storm  
And guides their wandering wings,  
Embraces in his love each tiny form,  
And sure protection brings.

O days whose gorgeous beauty hath no peer  
Through all time's changing round,  
Stay your swift flight, and linger with us here,  
By all your glory crowned!

#### SOME OF THE USES OF WATER.

WATER is the most common of anything except the air we breath, and as it is so common, we are not apt to appreciate its uses; but let us talk about it a little. Water covers about three fourths of the whole surface of the globe, and is also found in large quantities beneath the soil.

Moisture rises from the great bodies of water, and from wet or moist land, in the form of vapor, and meeting the cold air above us, is condensed into clouds, when it again returns to water the earth, giving new life to all vegetation. Sometimes it freezes while it is retained above us, and comes down in snow to protect the fields from frost, and to make a pleasant way for people to ride about in sleighs, and for the children to go coasting with their bright new sleds.

Water forms a large part of the food we eat, and of everything that has life. It is Heaven's gift to man and beast for drink. It is found to be very useful in almost every kind of work about the household. The sick need it in assisting nature to throw off disease.

Water is a successful means of promoting the growth and prosperity of a country; it opens trade with other countries and supplies water-power for the purpose of carrying on manufacturing business. A few years ago, Robert Fulton applied the power of steam as a means of propelling vessels through the water. His plan has since been matured, and now we have beautiful houses sailing through the water, carrying people from one place to another. This same power is applied to the locomotives which go hurrying through our land, from east to west, from north to south, like things of life.

God has not "divided the waters from the waters," making here a lake or river and there the sea or ocean, merely for the uses above mentioned, but he did it to adorn the earth which he made to appear. There is beauty in the dancing brook that flows down the hillside, winding around through the meadows; in the gently flowing

river, as we view its pebbly bed through the clear water; in the waterfall as it dashes down over the rocks; in the lakes dotting the country, thus adding joy to the hearts of many whose homes are situated on their sunny shores. There is grandeur in the restless ocean with its great swelling waves; there is music in its roar. A sense of the greatness and power of the Maker strikes one forcibly as he is borne swiftly over the wild billows of such a vast, deep body of water, thousands of miles in length and width, its depth unknown.

NETTIE T. HOLT.

#### BAMBOO.

THE Chandler children had been asked to describe different varieties of grass, each selecting that which seemed most valuable. Last of all, Hubert was called upon, when he said that bamboo was of more importance than any other.

"Bamboo is a tree," responded his brother.

"It is a grass too,—one of the tree-grasses; and, in countries where it flourishes, what cannot be done with it can hardly be done at all."

"Dresses can't be made of it, can they?"

"I don't know as they can; but rain-cloaks are made of it, houses, and all kinds of furniture. It is used for almost everything. The young shoots are boiled and eaten, or preserved in sugar. I can't tell you much more about it; for I have n't had time to study it up. I did n't know until yesterday that it was a grass. Botanists have such a way of classing things together that you would n't think of, it takes a good while to find out where they belong."

Comparing the bamboo-tree with the grass growing in our fields and by our waysides, they seem to have no common characteristics; yet both are nourished from the pith, and both start from the ground with nearly the same diameter they have at maturity.

The bamboo grows to the height of forty or fifty feet, and sometimes even higher. It has hollow, jointed stems, varying in diameter from one to eight inches, and in the distance between the joints from four inches to five feet. It may well be called the national plant of China, where the uses to which it is applied by the natives are almost innumerable. The stems are coated with silex, making the surface so smooth and hard that carvings produced from them are more elegant than those of ivory. The plant also sometimes secretes silex between the joints in lumps, when it is called *tabasheer*.

The natural color of the stems is yellow; but the Chinese know how to change this color, and black bamboos are cultivated like any other rare plant. The Chinese emperor is said to have an officer whose whole duty is to attend to the bamboos of the imperial garden.

It grows very generally in Asia and in the West Indies. In the islands of the Indian Ocean it enters largely into the industrial arts of all races. In Sumatra, small polished joints of

bamboo are used instead of paper, the writing beginning at the top, and descending spirally to the bottom.

This strange plant requires thirty years or more to reach the blossoming period, when it produces an immense quantity of seed, and then dies. Sometimes all the mature bamboos of a district flower at once, thus leaving only the root-stocks to throw up new shoots.

In 1812 a famine was averted in one of the provinces of India by the general blossoming of this grass. In 1864 the bamboo flowered in the Soopa jungles, where fifty thousand people camped for weeks, gathering the seeds, which supplied them with food.

The bamboo is ready for cutting in four or five years after a plantation is set, and as it is hardest in winter, is usually cut at that season. In Burma it is so much used in the construction of houses that some large cities are composed almost entirely of bamboo. For such houses no nails are needed, as they are simply lashed together, and can be taken down and removed, like tents.

Was not Hubert right in considering this the most valuable of all grasses? —*Mary D. Chellis, in Well-Spring.*

#### ABOUT BEING OBLIGING.

A PERSON may be selfish and unselfish at the same time. Ethel is very fond of making presents. If Edith admires a book or a pencil of hers, it is at her service. She delights to surprise her schoolmates with little gifts, and often Mattie finds a bunch of violets on her desk, or an orange is added to Sadie's luncheon. Ethel is full of kind thoughts, and is as generous as possible with things that cost her nothing. Still I do not regard her as unselfish.

She is not the least bit obliging. If she is seated in her little rocker by the window, and mamma or auntie comes in ever so tired, it does not occur to Ethel to offer her chair, that either of the ladies may rest. Indeed, if you hint it to her, she shakes her head and says, "There are plenty of chairs in the room; why should I give up mine?" Not long since, Cousin Polly and little Agnes Lee arrived unexpectedly, and as there were other guests, mamma was compelled to ask Ethel to give up her room, and sleep for the night with her younger sister. Ethel was so vexed that she pouted and sulked in Cousin Polly's face, would take no notice of the child, and finally cried herself to sleep. No one ever dreams of asking Ethel to run on an errand, to mend a ripped glove, or to do the slightest thing which will put her out of her usual way. They know that she is not obliging, and the very schoolmates who accept her flowers and oranges, are much more fond of Mary Ann, a plain little body, who never has any thing to give away, but who is always greeting every body with kind looks and words.—*Harper's Young People.*

THERE is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl, equal to the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.



## The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH Sabbath in November.

### SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

#### LESSON 43.—JESUS AMONG THE GADARENES.

In our last lesson we learned how Jesus, after a day of toil, launched forth in a little boat to cross the sea; and how he stilled the terrible tempest when the boat was about to sink. That same Jesus is now in heaven, and has the same power to protect his disciples that he had when he was on the earth. The disciples were likely to perish because they lacked faith; and we might have much more help from God if we trusted in him as we should.

When Jesus and his disciples came to land, they were on the southeastern side of the Sea of Galilee, in what was called the country of the Gergesenes, or Gadarenes, and not very far from the city of Gadara. Here the rocks and great hills rise hundreds of feet above the sea. On their flat tops the towns and cities were built, and in their sides great numbers of tombs were cut. These tombs were large rooms, hewn out of the solid rock, and people who had no other home often found a shelter in them, as they do to this day.

Now among the dwellers in these tombs were two men that had evil spirits. One of them was exceedingly fierce, so that it was not safe for any one to go that way. He did not live among other people at all, but wandered among the mountains and in the tombs day and night, uttering wild cries, and cutting himself with stones. Many times he had been bound with chains, but he broke his fetters, and no man could tame him.

Now as soon as Jesus and his disciples came to shore, these wild men came running toward them, and falling down before Jesus, said, "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" The unclean spirits said this because they knew that Jesus intended to make them come out of these men.

"And there was a good way off from them a herd of many swine feeding. So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine. And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine; and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters. And they that kept them fled, and went their ways into the city, and told everything, and what was befallen to the possessed of the devils." Then a great many people, both from the city and from the country, came out to see what was done; and when they saw the man that had been so fierce, and from whom a legion of devils had been cast, sitting by Jesus, with clothes on him, and in his right mind, they were afraid, and earnestly besought Jesus to depart from their country.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Of what did we learn in our last lesson?
2. Where now is that same Jesus that stilled the tempest, and saved his perishing disciples?
3. What may be said of his power to protect and save his people?
4. Why were the disciples likely to perish?
5. Why do we not have more help from God?
6. Where did Jesus and his disciples come to land?
7. What was that part of the country called? Matt. 8:28; Mark 5:1; Luke 8:26.
8. Describe the country.
9. Where were the towns and cities built?
10. What were cut in the rocky sides of these hills and mountains?

11. How were these tombs sometimes used?
12. Are they ever so used now?
13. Who were among the dwellers in these tombs?
14. What may be said of the fierceness of one of these men?
15. Where did he spend all his time?
16. What did he do there?
17. Why was he not taken, and kept where he could not run at large?
18. What did these two men do as soon as Jesus and his disciples came on shore?
19. What did they say?
20. Why did the unclean spirits say this?
21. What did the devils beseech Jesus to let them do?
22. Where were the swine?
23. What did Jesus say to them?
24. What then happened?
25. When the swine ran into the sea, what did the men do who had been tending them?
26. Who then came out to see what was done?
27. When they saw the man who had been so fierce sitting by Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind, how did they feel?
28. What did they beg Jesus to do?

### NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY.

#### LESSON 56.—TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE, CONTINUED.

"THEN spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. The Pharisees therefore said unto him, Thou bearest record of thyself; thy record is not true. Jesus answered and said unto them, Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true; for I know whence I come, and whither I go; but ye cannot tell whence I come, and whither I go. Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man. And yet, if I judge, my judgment is true; for I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me. It is also written in your law that the testimony of two men is true. I am one that beareth witness of myself, and the Father, that sent me, beareth witness of me.

"Then said they unto him, Where is thy Father? Jesus answered, Ye neither know me nor my Father; if ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also. These words spake Jesus in the treasury, as he taught in the temple; and no man laid hands on him; for his hour was not yet come.

"Then said Jesus again unto them, I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins; whither I go, ye cannot come. Then said the Jews, Will he kill himself? because he saith, Whither I go, ye cannot come. And he said unto them, Ye are from beneath; I am from above. Ye are of this world; I am not of this world. I said therefore unto you that ye shall die in your sins; for if ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins. Then said they unto him, Who art thou? And Jesus said unto them, Even the same that I said unto you from the beginning. "I have many things to say and to judge of you; but He that sent me is true, and I speak to the world those things which I have heard of him. They understood not that he spake to them of the Father. Then said Jesus unto them, When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am he, and that I do nothing of myself; but as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things. And He that sent me is with me; the Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him.

"As he spake these words, many believed on him. Then said Jesus to these Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

#### QUESTIONS.

1. On what occasion was Jesus now teaching in the temple?
2. How often was this feast held?

3. At what time in the year?
4. What was it intended to commemorate?
5. What other name was sometimes given to this feast?
6. Was this regarded as a solemn feast, or as a feast of rejoicing?
7. Why was it called the Feast of Tabernacles?
8. Give some account of the manner in which the feast was held.
9. What did the Jews intend to do to Jesus if he should come to this feast?
10. How long had they been waiting for an opportunity to kill him?
11. Where had he been during this time?
12. What cause of death did they claim to find in him?
13. What was the real cause of their hatred?
14. Why did they not lay hands on him when he taught so boldly in the temple?
15. How did Jesus rebuke the self-righteousness of the Jews when they brought a guilty woman before him?
16. What were his last words to the woman?
17. What did he then say to the Jews? John 8:12.
18. In what sense is Jesus the light of the world?
19. On what ground did the Jews claim that his testimony was not to be received?
20. How did Jesus show that the judgment of these Jews could not be relied on? Verse 14.
21. What difference did he show between their judgment and his? Verses 15, 16.
22. How did he then show that the evidence of his being sent from God met the demands of their law?
23. What impertinent question did they then ask? Verse 19.
24. How did Jesus answer them?
25. Where were these things spoken?
26. What is here meant by the treasury?
27. What statement did Jesus then repeat to them?
28. What did Jesus say about it?
29. What did they take him to mean when he made this announcement the first time?
30. What explanation did Jesus now make? Verses 23, 24.
31. How did he reply to their question of, "Who art thou?"
32. What had he said from the beginning? John 4:25, 26; 5:24-29; 8:12.
33. What authority did he claim for the many things that he had to say to them?
34. What did they fail to understand?
35. When did he say they should know the truth of all that he now claimed?
36. What assurance had he that the Father was always with him?
37. May we have the same confidence so far as we know that we are doing the things that are pleasing to God?
38. What was the effect of these words?
39. How did he say the believing Jews might be his disciples indeed?
40. What precious promise did he make them?

### NOTES.

**The Treasury.**—"Lightfoot observes, from the rabbins, that the treasury was in what was called the *court of the women*; that there were thirteen chests in it, and in the thirteenth only the women were permitted to put their offerings. Probably the other twelve were placed there in reference to the twelve tribes, each perhaps inscribed with the name of one of Jacob's twelve sons."—Clarke.

**Even the same that I said unto you from the beginning.**—Some think that Jesus here refers merely to what he said about being the light of the world, verse 12; since the Jews must have known that such language could apply to none but the Messiah. The preposition *from*, however, seems to imply that he refers to what he had said at different times. It seems probable that he alludes more particularly to his discourse about eighteen months before, at the last passover which he had attended. By comparing John 5 with chapters 7 and 8, it will be seen that in the present discourse our Saviour reiterates many thoughts which he proclaimed at that passover. He reassures them that he has been sent from heaven, and is fulfill-

ing the mission which God, the Father, gave him. He tells them again, in words that cannot be mistaken, that he is the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

### THE VALLEY OF ELAH.

The morning sun had already bathed in ruddy light the mountain tops round Beit Nettif, and thrown their shadows far out across Philistia's plain, when mounting our horses, we began the deep descent, through terraced vineyards and olive groves, to "the Valley of Elah." A long reach of the valley lay at our feet. It is about a quarter of a mile wide, with a rich alluvial bottom, and sides rising steeply, but not precipitously, to the height of five hundred feet or more. Through the center winds a torrent bed, now dry, but thickly covered with smooth white stones, and fringed with shrubs. On reaching the valley, we turned to the right and rode about a mile down it through corn-fields. Then we saw on the left bank above us the gray ruins of Shocoh, and we knew that we now stood on the battle-field of David and Goliath. "The Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and were gathered together at Shocoh. . . . And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the Valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on the mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them." (1 Sam. 17:1.)

We saw the position of the two armies at a single glance. The Philistines were ranged along the side of the ridge at Shocoh, and the Israelites occupied the declivity opposite. Between them lay the valley then called *Elah*, from its "terebinth" trees; and now *Sumpt*, from its "acacias." Down that left bank came Goliath, his brazen armor glittering in the sunbeams; down the opposite bank came David with his sling and staff. Reaching the torrent-bed, he selected "five smooth stones," and put them in his scrip. "Am I a dog," cried the haughty Philistine, looking at David's boyish face and simple equipments, "that thou comest to me with staves?" "I come to thee," replied the youth, "in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, whom thou hast defied." The stone was fixed; the sling was whirled round by a skillful hand; with a sharp twang the missile flew and pierced the brain of the impious giant. His own sword did the rest. According to the custom of the time, David took the head and the spoils of his foe, and carried them back to his comrades. The Philistines fled in confusion; and the Israelites, raising a shout of triumph, hurried away in pursuit.

I too went down into that torrent-bed, as near as I could judge to the spot where David "chose the five smooth stones," and I brought away "a smooth stone," which I still retain as a memorial of the battle-field, and of one of the happiest days of my life. Then turning from the Valley of Elah, and from the border-land, I struck up the rugged path that leads over the mountains to Hebron; and thus ended my ride through the land of the Philistines. That ride, with another along a different route made at a later period, gave me a clearer understanding of some of the most interesting episodes in Scripture history than I could ever have obtained otherwise. The early intercourse of the patriarchs with the Philistine lords, the campaign of Joshua, the restoration of the ark, the romantic story of Samson, and the brilliant victory of David, became, when read on the scenes of action, glowing life pictures. Nowhere else in all my wanderings through Bible lands did the harmony between the Land and the Book appear more striking, more perfect, than in the plain of Philistia.—Porter.



## THE DEATHS OF PRESIDENTS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the first President of the United States, died at his home, Mount Vernon, on the 13th day of December, 1799, and was there buried. John Adams, the second, and Thomas Jefferson, the third President, both died on the 4th of July, 1826. Adams was buried beneath the Unitarian Church at Quincy, and Jefferson was buried at Monticello, his Virginia home. Madison died June 28th, 1836, and was buried at Montpelier, his home on the Virginia mountains. Monroe died on the 4th of July, 1831, at the residence of his son-in-law in New York, and he was first buried in the Marble cemetery of that city, but was finally buried in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va. John Quincy Adams died in Washington, February 21st, 1848, and was buried by the side of his father at Quincy. Jackson died June 8th, 1845, and was buried at the Hermitage, which had long been his home. Van Buren died July 24th, 1862, and was buried at Kinderhook, his home. Harrison died April 4th, 1841, and was buried at North Bend. Tyler died January 17th, 1862, and was buried in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond. Polk died June 15th, 1849, and was buried in the lawn of his own home in Nashville. Taylor died July 9th, 1850, and was buried in Cave Hill cemetery, Louisville. Fillmore died March 8th, 1874, and was buried in Forest Lawn cemetery, near Buffalo. Pierce died October 8th, 1869, and was buried in Minot cemetery, Concord. Buchanan died June 1st, 1868, and was buried in Woodland Hill cemetery, Lancaster. Lincoln died April 15th, 1865, and was buried in Oakridge cemetery, Springfield. Johnson died July 31st, 1875, and was buried at Greenville. Garfield died September 19th, 1881, and was buried in Lake View cemetery, Cleveland, September 26th, 1881. Four Presidents died in office—Harrison and Taylor by illness, and Lincoln and Garfield by assassination. Only two ex-Presidents are now living—Grant and Hayes, and three ex-Vice Presidents are yet living—Hamlin, Colfax, and Wheeler.

Boys, while the history of our great and good President is fresh in your minds, remember that he laid the foundation for his noble character early in life. He began to be good, industrious, studious, sober, and useful while he was a boy; he grew up with proper habits. Though you may not be gifted, or called to fill as exalted a station, you are sufficiently gifted to do the best you can. You may not become as great as Garfield, but you may become as useful and as much beloved in your own sphere of life, if you set about it at once to be just what you ought to be. Start right, boys, and have the courage always to do right, even though it cost you many sacrifices; and always remember that earth's greatest men have been for the most part self-made.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

## The Children's Corner.



## EVENING SONG.

LOSE, little weary eyes,  
The day at last is over,  
To-night no more surprise  
Shall they discover,—  
Nor bird nor butterfly,  
Nor unfamiliar flower,  
Nor picture in the sky,  
Nor fairy in the bower.

Rest, little weary feet,  
The woods are dark and lonely;  
The little birds rest sweet,  
The owl is watching only;  
No buttercup is seen,  
Nor daisy in the meadow;  
Their gold and white and green  
Are turned to purple shadow.

Still, little restless heart,  
Be still until the morrow;  
Till then thou hast no part  
In either joy or sorrow.  
To new and joyous day,  
Shall little birds awake thee;  
Again to work and play,  
With strength renewed, betake thee.

## JUST FOR FUN.

**W**HAT in the world has that child got now?" Mrs. Foster glanced from the window with such a look of horror that Aunt Mary, sitting quietly in a corner on the other side of the room, rose and crossed over to see a chubby-faced child, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and wind-blown curls, rushing by, dragging behind her two large toads with strings tied to their legs.

"That child will be the death of me yet, I do believe, Mary, continued Mrs. Foster. If she were a boy, I should be afraid she would be a second Nero; as it is, I fear that before womanhood she will commit some terrible crime.

"Why?" said Aunt Mary in her placid way.

"Why? because she is so horribly cruel; Mary, I can't make her out; she seems loving, and wants pets, she is obedient and trusting; but I often catch her pulling wings off from flies, just to hear them buzz; and last week she plunged her pet cat, with both her little kittens, into a tub of water, just to see them scramble and scratch to get out; and the terror of the poor creatures did not seem to affect her in the least, for she laughed and screamed with delight. And now here she comes with two toads; and look, she has tied them to that post, and is poking a stick at them to see them jump.

Aunt Mary smiled. "Do you think, Annie, that Mamie realizes that she is hurting them?"

"I don't know why she should n't." Just at that minute Mamie came running in, all flushed and laughing. Aunt Mary caught her namesake and

pet in her arms, and carried her over to her vacated seat, and holding the struggling, laughing child on her knee, looked her seriously in the face, saying the while, "I hear you did something naughty to your pets last week, Mamie. Mamma tells me you dumped your kittens into a tub of water for fun. "Now, mamma," she said, looking up to Mamie's mother, "the next time you find Mamie doing this trick with these little dumb animals, just dump her in after them, and see how she likes this kind of fun. Suppose we tie her to the chair now by her legs, and poke sticks at her for fun."

Mamie began to look serious.

"Now, Mamie, let me tell you a story of a little girl who did so many things for fun. One day she nearly frightened her grandmother into a fit by putting some of her father's gunpowder into the snuffers. The poor old lady went to snuff her candle, when such an explosion followed as to almost blind her and made her fall in a faint. The little girl felt very sorry; she had not intended the joke for her grandma, but for her "big ugly brother Jack" as she called him, who was always teasing her for fun.

But she soon forgot this mishap, and one day, being alone in the sitting-room with the cat, her desire for fun caused her to play another foolish prank with her pet kitten. Seizing it by the tail, she began to whirl round and round, as you have seen little girls do when playing "cheese." Of course the cat squalled and threw out her front feet in a vain endeavor to reach the floor, and get away from her tormentor; but the more poor pussy cried and scrambled in her terror, the more Miss Jennie (we will call her) whirled round and round. But fortunately for the cat and unfortunately for Jennie, who in her mad dance could not see anything but the cat's four legs sprawling out, her mother appeared at the open door and looked on for a moment in sheer astonishment and anger, then suddenly catching the child by the skirts, she brought her busy young daughter to a sudden halt, released the cat from her uncomfortable position; and before Jennie could regain her senses, she found herself being whirled round and round by her dress skirt, while her mother danced round and round on her feet, in a whirl that Jennie thought would never end. Poor Jennie screamed and cried, clutching at the air with her two hands exactly as poor kitty had done with her paws. Finally her mother let her down, and looking at her sternly, she said, "Now, Jennie, how do you like this kind of fun?"

Jennie hung her head. "O mamma, I did not know it hurt so," she said, sadly looking at her pet cat bristling in the corner from fright. "I will never do it again, kitty," she said, taking the cat in her arms and kissing it. "Now, Mamie," continued Aunt Mary, "I was that little girl, and I shall never forget my fright and experience at fun of this kind. I did not know until it was shown me this way,

that I was so cruel. Do you want us to teach you by experience, or will you learn from your Aunt Mary's experience to do even unto dumb animals as you would be done unto? Mamie looked up at her aunt with tears in her blue eyes. "I'll try, auntie; I never thought of it in that way. I did not think it would hurt, and thought that they enjoyed the fun too; and scrambling from her aunt's arms, the five-year-old hurried out and released the poor tormented toads, and catching pussy up in her arms, began hugging and squeezing and kissing her in such a way that the horrified cat thought it only another form of her young mistress's plans for fun, and darted out of her arms, and out of the house to a safe distance, where she eyed sorrowful-faced Mamie askance until she came to the conclusion that it wasn't fun, but a real desire for pardon of the many tricks played on her in the past. And so pussy, who was a wonderfully wise and good-natured cat, came back, and looking up in Mamie's face, purred softly, as she saw the tears roll down the little girl's face, as much as to say, "I'll forgive you, and I will play with you, but do n't tease me for fun."

MRS. ELIZA JONES.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character, and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

## LETTER BUDGET.

Angelina Augustus writes from Stanbridge, Province of Quebec: "I am ten years old. I just came from England this last June. I live with a Sabbath-keeping family. I have attended the Sabbath-school every Sabbath since I have been here; I get a lesson from the book and one from the INSTRUCTOR. I like the paper very much. I do not know what I would do without it. I shall always try to keep the Sabbath. Pray for me."

Lora Harper writes from Lily Pond, Wright Co., Minn.: "I am eleven years old. I have one brother and two sisters. My brother and I keep the Sabbath with my mother. We do not go to Sabbath-school, but we learn the lessons at home every week. I like the INSTRUCTOR. I read the story about Eliza Garfield, the President's mother. I was much interested in it because Thomas Garfield married my own aunt. My father went to school with the President when they were boys."

Sammy Hopkins writes from Council Bluffs, Iowa. He says: "I have had the INSTRUCTOR sent to me by a friend for three years. I like to read it very much. I go to Sunday-school, and am trying to be a good boy. I was nine years old the 12th of October. I hope you will think this worth printing."

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