

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE USEFUL PLOW.

COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plow.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark,
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep,
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing
On each green tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plow! —Selected.

BISHOP CRANMER.

HIS great man took as important a part in the Reformation of England as did Bishops Latimer and Ridley, whose cruel martyrdom was related a few weeks ago. Born in 1489, he early became connected with the government, being sent by King Henry VIII. to transact business with several of the chief courts of Europe, and with the pope at Rome. His success was so satisfactory to the king, that on returning home, Cranmer was made Archbishop of Canterbury, the highest office of the church in England. This office gave him the privilege of crowning the kings and queens of the realm.

Now this man started out in life a Catholic in faith and practice, and while doing business for the king on the continent of Europe, he visited the Lutherans in Germany for the purpose of restoring them to the faith. But instead of accomplishing his purpose, they converted him to their belief. So when Henry VIII. threw off the yoke of the pope, Cranmer was glad of it, and did all he could to help on the Reformation. Although he differed from the king in some of his beliefs and practices, and wished him to lead a better life, yet they both continued friends till the king's death; and it was wholly owing to Henry's protection that the enemies of Cranmer were prevented from taking his life during that king's reign.

During the first few years of the reign of Henry's successor, Edward VI., the government was carried on by a body of men called the Council of Regency, because Edward was too young to be king. Cranmer was a member of that body, and used the power which the position gave him, in establishing the Church of England. He labored hard to put the Bible into the hands of the people, and a large number printed in his lifetime, had his picture printed on the frontispiece. His system of church government and form of worship have been changed but little to this day, so that the

Church of England still stands a monument to his learning, foresight, and ability.

It would be of great interest to know the complete history of his life, but you are all anxious, no doubt, to know how he came to die. So you will now be told the story of his martyrdom, and when you are older you may be able to read the book

recant. That is, if he would sign certain papers stating that he did not believe what he had preached concerning the Roman Catholic church. In a moment of weakness, he consented to do so; but soon afterwards he bitterly repented his cowardice. He made a public confession of his weakness and sin in recanting, and wept so ex-

ceedingly that many, even of his enemies, were moved to tears, to see him suffer such anguish of mind. Being sentenced to be burned alive, he said that his unworthy right hand should be burned first for having written contrary to his heart.

He was brought to the same spot, where, about five months before, Latimer and Ridley had sealed the truth with their blood. Here he made a short prayer, and then gave himself into the hands of the executioners. He wore a long shirt, reaching to his feet, which were bare.

When his cap was removed, his head appeared perfectly bald. This, with his long beard, gave him so venerable an appearance that one of his most bitter enemies said: "I think there was none that pitied not his case, and bewailed not his fortune, and feared not his own chance, to see so noble a prelate, so grave a counselor, of so long continued honor, after so many dignities, in his old years, to be deprived of his estate, adjudged to die, and in so

painful a death to end his life." As the flames arose, he thrust his right hand forth to meet them, and held it there until all the people could see it burning, before the fire reached any other part of his body, saying at the same time, "This hand hath offended! This unworthy right hand." He remained as immovable as the stake to which he was chained, and the only words that escaped his lips were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

C. H. G.

MAKE the best use of what you have, and then you may look to the Lord with confidence for more. In the path of duty, God promises his special protection. He will keep us safe and bless us.



entitled, "The Life and Times of Thomas Cranmer," which will tell you all about the man.

You perhaps remember that Queen Mary reigned next after King Edward. During her reign, when Latimer and Ridley were taken from prison to Oxford, to dispute with the learned men there, Cranmer, who had then been imprisoned some time, was taken with them for the same purpose. As with the other two men of God, so with him; his enemies could not prevail in argument, and could only use their power in sentencing him to death.

He was not condemned at once, however, but after suffering a long and cruel imprisonment was led to hope for pardon and life if he would

THE FIVE LOAVES.

WHAT if the little Jewish lad,
That summer day, had failed to go
Down to the lake, because he had
So small a store of loaves to show?

"The press is great," he might have said;
"For food the thronging people call;
I only have five loaves of bread,
And what are they among them all?"

And back the mother's words might come,
Her coaxing hand upon his hair:
"Yet go; for they may comfort some
Among the hungry children there."

So to the lakeside forth he went,
Bearing the scant supply he had;
And Jesus, with an eye intent,
Through all the crowds beheld the lad;

And saw the loaves and blessed them. Then
Beneath his hand the marvel grew:
He brake and blessed, and brake again—
The loaves were neither small nor few.

For, as we know, it came to pass
That hungry thousands there were fed,
While sitting on the fresh green grass,
From that one basketful of bread.

If from his home the lad that day
His five little loaves had failed to take,
Would Christ have wrought—can any say?—
This miracle beside the lake?

—Children's Friend.

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

It was the afternoon of a sunny day, and little Lottie, after vainly trying to study indoors, brought out book and slate, and seated herself on the doorstep of her mother's cottage, hoping to find some freshness there.

"Well!" exclaimed her brother Willie, as he leaned against the wall laughing, "you look as forlorn as a sparrow in winter, your hair stands up like feathers. I have finished my tasks; they are easy enough, and I see yours are not even begun. Do you think sums are to be done by staring?" and he laughed again.

The perplexed look on Lottie's face deepened into sadness, but she did not raise her head. Willie was clever, and learned things quickly, while she often could not understand what she had to do.

It was very hot, the slate—an old one—was very greasy, and the crack seemed to come in the most awkward part, and confuse all the figures. Big tears gathered in Lottie's eyes, and she tried to wipe them away without attracting Willie's notice.

"Crying again!" he exclaimed. "No wonder the boys mock me for having such a stupid sister."

"I am not stupid at everything, Willie," said the little girl gently, "and I think if you would help me a little, I could do better."

Just then a boy's voice was heard calling "Willie, where are you? Come and have a game with us."

Off ran Willie; for the village boys met together for play at this hour, and he did not wish to miss the fun.

He had a merry time, and was just turning homeward when Peter proposed a race.

As he was nearing the bottom of the hill, Willie's foot slipped, he fell, and Peter on top of him.

Of course he struggled up quickly enough, dusted his knees and elbows, and was starting afresh when he gave an exclamation of dismay. He had split his jacket right across the shoulders. This was a misfortune indeed. Willie was always neat in his dress, and was particularly proud of this nice jacket. Now he had spoilt it entirely. And how could he go to school in rags?

Lottie was still sitting on the doorstep when Willie returned. The sum was done, but she knew

it was wrong. Her spelling was learned, but she feared that a scolding for her bad Arithmetic would send it quite out of her head. She looked up as heard Willie's step, and was amazed to see him come slowly along, with a face as woe-begone as her own.

Now Lottie, with few opportunities for learning about good things, had one great treasure, a little brown book which she dearly loved. In this book were some words written to people who did not know what they ought to do, in order to please and obey the Lord Jesus, who died to save us from our sins. These were the words: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Lottie often thought about them, because, being a quiet, gentle child, she noticed people in trouble, and was able to help and comfort them sometimes. This made her glad, for she said to herself, "Although I am so stupid, yet in this way I can keep the commandments of Jesus. He said 'If ye love me, keep my commandments,' and I do love him."

In a moment she ran up to Willie, and asked what had happened.

At first he would not tell her, but a stray sunbeam, dancing down, quickly showed the mischief.

Lottie got him to take his jacket off, and then examined it carefully.

"I can mend it, Willie," she said brightly. "It will take a long time, but I am almost sure that I can manage so that the slit will hardly show."

And with a light heart Lottie took up her brother's burden. The torn jacket was a heavy trouble to him, though some boys would have cared little for it.

"Mother will not be home till late," she said. "Do n't you sit up for me. I shall have to work slowly if it is to be neat."

So by-and-by Willie went to bed, while Lottie darned steadily on. Her eyes winked and blinked, her needle once or twice pricked her fingers, but at last the task was done, and the jacket, almost as good as ever, was hung by Willie's bed-side.

Willie awoke with his little sister's words ringing in his ears: "I am not stupid at everything."

His eyes fell on the beautifully mended jacket, and again the soft voice sounded: "I think if you would help me a little, I could do better."

"Ah, how kindly she has helped me," thought the boy. "I wonder what put it into her head."

But it was the voice of God in Lottie's heart that had made her act thus, and at last Willie heard it also.

"Here, Lottie dear," he said, as they greeted each other in the morning, "bring me that sum and I will explain it. Perhaps I can make it clear to you."

Thus that day Lottie walked to school with a face as bright as that of Willie.

It is a wonderful thing that the more of other people's burdens we carry, the less we have of our own.—*Child's Companion.*

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

DOWN from the long past ages,
Down through the mists of years
Cometh a ray of gladness
Gleaming athwart our tears;
Cometh a voice—how gentle,
Tender and soft and low!
As when he spoke of the "little ones"
In the days of long ago.

Into our night of sorrow—
Dark with a bitter pain,
Fraught with a thirst for the cup of joy
That cometh not again;
His loving rebuke falls gently,
And our grieving lips are dumb,
"Suffer the little children,
And forbid them not to come."

"Suffer the little children."
O Saviour, unto thee,
Into thy hands we give them,
Forever thine to be.
We know thy love is tender;
We know thou knowest best;
We know that in thy circling arms
Our darling ones are blest. —S. J. Jones.

THE SEA CAPTAIN.

ABOUT fifty years ago a party were traveling in a stage-coach from one town to another in Scotland. A lady saw from the coach window a little barefoot boy walking along the highway. He looked so tired that she pitied him, and asked the driver to give him a seat in the coach, saying that she would pay for it at the end of the journey.

The lady asked where he was going.

"To the sea-coast," he replied. "I want to find a captain who will let me go to sea with him as a cabin-boy."

The lady talked kindly with him, and gave him some good, motherly advice. When she said "Good-by," she slipped half a crown into his hand.

He went to sea, and that is the last we hear of him for twenty years. A stage-coach was going over the same road twenty years later, when a tall sea captain looked from the coach window and saw an old lady walking. He stopped the coach and asked her to get in, telling the driver that he would pay for the seat.

"I always feel like being kind to tired travelers," he said. "Twenty years ago I was walking over this same road, a poor barefoot lad, when a lady stopped the coach and took me in."

The lady looked at him a moment, and then exclaimed, much astonished, "Why, I am that very lady! I was rich then; now I am poor and alone."

"Dear madam," exclaimed the captain, "how glad I am to see you! I want to thank you for your kind words that day. I can never really repay you for the good you did me. But always after this you shall receive fifty pounds a year from my estate."

This touching story shows how God remembers the kindness that we show to others. He often lets it come back to us just when we need it the most.—*S. S. Visitor.*

THE WATER-BLOOM.

CHILD looked up in the summer sky
Where a soft, bright shower had just passed by;
Eastward the dusk rain-curtain hung,
And swiftly across it the rainbow sprung.

"Papa! papa! what is it?" she cried,
As she gazed with her blue eyes opened wide
At the wonderful arch that bridged the heaven,
Vividly glowing with colors seven.

"Why, that is the rainbow, darling child,"
And the father down on his baby smiled.
"What makes it, papa?" "The sun, my dear,
That shines on the water-drops so clear."

Here was a beautiful mystery!
No more questions to ask had she,
But she thought the garden's loveliest flowers
Had floated upward and caught in the showers—

Rose, violet, orange, marigold—
In a ribbon of light on the clouds unrolled!
Red of poppy, and green leaves too,
Sunflower yellow, and larkspur blue.

A great, wide, wondrous, splendid wreath
It seemed to the little girl beneath;
How did it grow so fast up there,
And suddenly blossom, high in the air?

She could not take her eyes from the sight;
"Oh, look!" she cried in her deep delight,
As she watched the glory spanning the gloom,
"Oh, look at the beautiful water-bloom!"

—Celia Thaxter.

Do good and be good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you and greet your coming.

The Sabbath-School.

• FIFTH Sabbath in July.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

LESSON 78.—REVIEW.

1. WHEN did our Lord depart from Galilee for the last time? John 7: 2-10.
2. Tell some things that happened while he was on his way to this Feast of Tabernacles. Luke 9: 51-62; 10: 1-11; Matt. 11: 20-24; Luke 17: 11-19.
3. How was he treated at this Feast of the Tabernacles? John 7: 32, 44-46; 8: 59.
4. What did he say to those who believed on him? John 8: 30-32.
5. Tell how Jesus healed the man who was born blind? John 9: 1-41.
6. How did this man have to suffer for speaking out his faith in Jesus?
7. How did Jesus afterward comfort him?
8. What did the seventy disciples say when they returned from their tour of preaching and healing? Luke 10: 17.
9. Tell the parable of the good Samaritan. Luke 10: 25-37.
10. Tell about our Lord's visit to Martha and Mary. Luke 10: 38-42.
11. How did Jesus rebuke the Pharisees that found fault with him for eating with unwashed hands? Luke 11; Matt. 23.
12. How did Jesus teach that our Heavenly Father has a care for all his children? Matt. 10: 29-31.
13. How did he show the foolishness of setting the heart on worldly riches? Luke 12: 13-21.
14. How did he show that our chief anxiety should not be for food or clothing, or any worldly comfort? Luke 12: 22-31.
15. What lesson did Jesus draw from the story of the Galileans whose blood had been mingled with their sacrifices, and from that of the eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell? Luke 13: 1-5.
16. What lesson did he draw from the parable of the unfruitful fig-tree? Verses 6-9.
17. How was the ruler of the synagogue incensed against Jesus? Verses 10-14.
18. How did Jesus put this man to shame?
19. Tell some of the conversation that took place in Solomon's Porch at the Feast of Dedication.
20. What did Jesus say when the Jews took up stones to stone him?
21. What did he say when one asked him if there are few to be saved?
22. Give the conversation that took place when Jesus healed a man with the dropsy? Luke 14: 1-26.
23. What did he say when he noticed how the people chose out the most honorable places at the feast?
24. How did he teach generosity toward the poor?
25. What did he say to the man who thought it would be blessed to eat bread in the kingdom of God?
26. How did Jesus teach how wrong it is to love anything more than we do God? Matt. 10: 37-39.
27. By what parables did Jesus excuse himself for teaching sinners, and eating with them? Luke 15: 1-32.
28. Tell the parable of the lost sheep.
29. Tell the parable of the prodigal son.
30. Who sent for Jesus as he was away teaching on the farther side of the Jordan?
31. Why did they send for him?
32. Tell the conversation that passed between Jesus and his disciples as they were talking about his going to Judea to heal Lazarus.
33. Describe the meeting between Jesus and Martha.
34. Tell how Mary was called.
35. What caused Jesus to weep?
36. What remarks did this call forth from the Jews who stood by?
37. Tell how Lazarus was raised.

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 91.—THE SECOND COMING OF OUR LORD.

WHEN Jesus told the disciples that the time would come when the beautiful buildings of the temple would

be entirely destroyed, they asked him at least two distinct questions. Instead of answering either question immediately our Lord first warned his disciples against being deceived by the false christs that should come in his name.

He then went on to give a brief outline of the history of the church and the world down to the end, speaking of the wars and the tumults that should arise, the famines and earthquakes, the sorrows and persecutions of his people, the unfaithfulness and apostasy of many, and winding up with the promise that all who would endure to the end should be saved, and with the assurance that the end would not come until the gospel of his approaching kingdom should be published to all nations.

Then, as recorded in verses 15-20, he speaks in answer to the first question. His mind seems to have immediately passed from the destruction of Jerusalem to the terrible sufferings which his people would have to endure before his second coming; for in verse 21 he takes up the subject of the great Papal Persecution, and runs rapidly down through the trials and dangers they would have to encounter, giving them suitable warnings and instructions. He then enumerates the signs that should begin to appear just before the close of the 1260 years, and gives in order the several events that pertain to his second coming,—the sign of the Son of man in heaven, the mourning of the tribes of the earth, the coming of Christ upon the cloud, the sounding of the trumpet, and the gathering together of his elect from all quarters of the earth.

After he had thus described the signs of his coming, he said, "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." And then, to make a still deeper impression, he gave the following parable:—

"Now learn a parable of the fig-tree; when his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: so likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors. Verily I say unto you, this generation [the generation which shall see these things] shall not pass away, till all these things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away. But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only."

Then follows the solemn admonition: "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth. Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass; and to stand before the Son of man."

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at mid-night, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning. Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

QUESTIONS.

1. What two questions did the disciples ask Jesus, when he foretold the destruction of the temple?

2. Did he answer either question immediately?
3. What did he do instead?
4. What did he then go on to give?
5. Of what particular things did he speak in giving this outline?
6. What promise did he make at the close of these remarks?
7. What assurance did he give with reference to his second coming?
8. Upon what subject did he then speak?—Matt. 24: 15-20.
9. To what did his mind pass after speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem?
10. What does he take up in verse 21?
11. From that subject what did he pass on to notice?
12. What did he then enumerate?
13. What did he give in order?
14. Name some of these events?
15. After he had thus described the signs of his second coming, what solemn admonition did he give?—Luke 21: 28.
16. What parable did he relate in order to make a still deeper impression?—Matt. 24: 32.
17. How did he apply the parable?—Verse 33.
18. What did he say of the generation who should see these things?
19. What did he say about the certainty of the fulfillment of his words?—Verse 35.
20. What did he say about the day and hour of his coming?—Mark 13: 32.
21. What important admonition did he give?—Luke 21: 34.
22. Why are Christians to watch and pray always? Verse 36.
23. To what did he compare the Son of man?—Mark 13: 34.
24. In applying this parable, what cause did he give for our watching?
25. How did he solemnly repeat the admonition?—Verse 37.
26. To what is the kingdom of heaven likened in another parable supposed to have been given at the same time?—Matt. 25: 1.
27. What was the character of these virgins?
28. What course was pursued by each class?
29. What did they all do while the bridegroom tarried?
30. What cry came at midnight?
31. How did the virgins respond to the cry?
32. Who of them were shut out?
33. For what cause?
34. What solemn admonition did the Lord repeat after this parable?

THE TEN VIRGINS.

THE parable of the ten virgins illustrates the experience of the church in the closing movement relative to the second coming of Christ, commencing with the work about 1840.

The tarrying time was between the first passing of the time in the spring of 1844 and the true ending of the days in the autumn of that year. Midway between these two points, the midnight cry of the parable was given, when men in different parts of the land, simultaneously, and without a knowledge of each other's views or movements, started out as by a common impulse, and raised the cry, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Light on the true ending of the days and the sanctuary question came forth at the same time, and gave the movement its power. Then was fulfilled verse 8. The foolish said to the wise, Give us of your oil. They were told to go to the Lord for themselves.

The coming of the Bridegroom represents the coming of Christ, not to this earth, but to the marriage which takes place at the close of Christ's work as priest, and before he comes to this earth. He came to the marriage when he entered the most holy apartment of the heavenly sanctuary at the close of the 2300 days in 1844. See Dan. 7: 13, 14.

They that were ready went in with him to the marriage. The investigative judgment decides who are ready, and this going in consequently does not take place till the close of that work. Then the door is shut; that is, probation ends. Then the foolish virgins come saying, "Open to us," but are rejected. The solemn and important period in the parable is that which determines who are ready to go in with Christ into the marriage; and in that period we are now living. An article more fully explaining this parable, will soon appear in the REVIEW.

U. S.

The Children's Corner.

LITTLE WORKERS.

LITTLE hands can work for Jesus;
There is much that they can do:
Fill with tiny buds and blossoms,
Sunshine lingers where they go.

Little lips can pray to Jesus,
Sing and praise him every day,
And in tender, loving accents
Gentle words of kindness say.

Little eyes can look to Jesus,
Learn to read his holy word,—
Read how once the little children
Were embraced by Christ the Lord.

Little feet can run for Jesus,
Haste his precepts to obey,
Follow in his gracious footsteps
All along the narrow way.

Little hearts can give to Jesus
All their golden wealth of love,
And at last he will receive them
To his palace home above.

A GOOD SHOT.

ONCE there was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone, or a sling-shot, or a bow-and-arrow, or a cross-bow, or an air gun, or anything he took aim with. So he went about all day, aiming at everything he saw.

Near by where he lived was a little bird who had a nest and five young ones. So many large mouths in small heads, always open wide for food, kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields and woods and roads, getting worms, and flies, and bugs, and seeds, and such things as she knew were good for her young birds. It was a great wonder what lots of food those five small things could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest full up to the top, yet they ate it all and asked for more before daylight next morning. Though it was such hard work, she was glad to do it, and went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and back with a bit of some kind of food—and though she did not eat much herself except what stuck to her bill after she had fed them, yet she never let them want; not even the smallest and weakest of them. The little fellow could not ask as loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

One day, when she had picked up a worm, and perched a minute on the wall before flying to her nest, the good marksman saw her, and, of course, aimed at her, and hit her in the side. She was much hurt and in great pain, yet she fluttered and limped, and dragged herself to the foot of the tree where her nest was, but she could not fly up to her nest, for the wing was broken. She chirped a little and the young ones heard her, and as they were hungry, they chirped back loudly, and she knew all their voices, even the weak note of the smallest of all; but she could not come up to them, not even tell them why she did not come. And when she heard the call of the small one, she tried again to rise, but only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on the broken wing in a droll way. I think the boy would have laughed if he had seen her stumble over. All the rest of that day the little mother lay there, and when she chirped, her children answered, and when they chirped, she answered, only when the good marksman chanced to pass by; then she kept quite still. But her voice grew fainter and weaker, and late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them.

Some time in the night the mother-bird died, and in the morning she lay there quite cold and stiff, with her dim eyes still turned up to the nest

where her young ones were dying of hunger. But they did not die so soon. All day long they slept, until their hunger waked them up, and then called until they were so tired they fell asleep again. And the next night was very cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast, and before day-dawn they all died one after another, excepting the smallest, which was lowest down in the nest, and in the morning he pushed up his head and opened his yellow mouth to be fed; but there was no one to feed him, and so he died, too, at last, with his mouth wide open and empty. And so, the good marksman had killed six birds with one shot—the mother and her five young ones. Do you not think he must be a proud boy? Should you not like to do the same? If you know him, please read this little tale to him. He may like to hear it.—*Joseph Kirkland, in St. Nicholas.*

IDLE HANDS.

"HARRY, do stop pulling that tassel in pieces. You have nearly destroyed it already. Just see!" and Aunt Nellie held up the ragged remains of a once handsome curtain tassel.

"Oh, dear! I did not mean to do that. I was looking out of the window, watching the snow-flakes come down, and wondering if it would ever stop snowing so I could go skating."

"It is owing to idle hands," said Aunt Nellie. "Satan, you know, always finds mischief for such kind of hands; you must find something to do to keep your hands out of mischief."

"I was so in hopes," said Harry, "I should find something for my feet to do; but, oh dear! it does snow so I don't know as it will ever stop, and if it should, the ice will be all covered with snow, so I can't skate. I do feel so miserable with nothing to do."

Harry Hayden was spending the winter with his Aunt Nellie.

He went to school, and in the short winter days there was very little time for out-of-door sports.

A holiday was looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure. Many a ride, coasting or skating party, was planned for such days; and great was the disappointment of all, if the rain or snow prevented carrying out their plans.

A week before, Aunt Nellie had said, "Harry, if you have perfect lessons for a week, on your birthday we will ride out and see your cousins, James and Sarah."

"They live close by a large pond; and you can all of you go skating in the afternoon, if the ice is all right by that time. That will give you a chance to try your new skates."

Harry's mother had sent him a nice new pair for his birthday present, and he was very impatient to try them.

Now, the long expected morning had come. Harry had been marked perfect for a whole week, and there was nothing to hinder his going,—nothing but a blinding snow-storm, the worst of the whole season, that made the roads impassable.

Harry hoped for a few hours in the morning that it would stop and the sun shine; but now he had given that up, and was wandering around, feeling miserable enough.

"Come out into the kitchen and help me," said Aunt Nellie after a while, seeing Harry could not busy himself about anything.

"I don't know what I can do," said Harry, dubiously.

"We will see. First, you may pare some apples. I shall want a few this morning. Then, you may look over that rice and those raisins, being careful not to eat more than half of them."

Harry's hands were soon busy; and he began to look more cheerful, and before he knew it, dinner-time had come.

After dinner, Aunt Nellie said: "Now, we will go up into the attic and look up a lot of papers that have pictures and stories. You can then make a scrap-book, if you like, this afternoon."

In a short time, Harry was busy with the shears cutting out the pictures that pleased him, and the nicest stories, while Aunt Nellie pasted them into an old ledger.

The hours flew by without his paying any attention. When bed-time came, he said, "I don't know but I have had about as good a time as I should if I had gone skating. I shall believe in having busy hands after this. I will put the rest of the papers away until another stormy holiday, when my hands get idle. By the time the winter is through, the book will be full, and I shall enjoy looking them over and reading the stories. It will remind me that idle hands are of very small account."—*N. M. Abbey.*

LETTER BUDGET.

LIZZIE BROWN writes from Conway, Iowa:—"I am eight years old. I keep the Sabbath with my ma, and sister, and one little brother. My pa and two brothers work on the Sabbath. I am trying to read the Bible through this year. I read the paper. We have no Sabbath-school here. I want to be a good girl. Our grandma came to see us this spring. She told me to write this letter. We did all we could to make her visit pleasant. I think we should all love old folks. I would like to go to camp-meeting, but we live too far away. They are making a railroad through our field this summer. I have a nice flower garden. I want to meet you all in the new earth. Pray for me."

CHARLES W. GRAVES writes from Nebo, Minnesota. He says: "There is a little company of Sabbath-keepers in this place. We have always had family Sabbath-school until last August, when Eld. Collins came here to labor, and finally a school of twenty-six members was organized. My sister takes the INSTRUCTOR. We get the lessons, 'Scenes in the Life of Christ.' We go three and a half miles to Sabbath-school, with an ox-team. I want all the INSTRUCTOR family to pray for me."

MARY E. CADY writes from Poyssippi, Wis., that she has five brothers and one sister, and that she with them has been baptized, and is trying to live so as to meet Jesus when he comes. She has joined the missionary society, and has taken some INSTRUCTORS to school and given them away. She says the scholars like them very much. She sends her love to the INSTRUCTOR family.

MARY C. SHAFER writes from Argusville, N. Y.:—"I am a little girl, thirteen years old. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much. I have a kind uncle living in Michigan that sent it to me one year. I have taken it two years since. I have been sick a great deal so I could not attend school very much, so I hope you will excuse my poor writing. We have no Sabbath-school, but I am trying to be a good girl."

ROBBIE DULLAM writes from Flint, Mich., that he is seven years old, and is trying to be a good boy, and keep the law of God. He says he has never been to school, but his mother teaches him and his brother. They both go to Sabbath-school and study the lessons for the little ones.

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