

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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NO. 9.

A LARGE FAMILY.

BROTHERS and sisters all are we,
Children of one family;
Some of us are stern and cold,
Some of us are cross and old;
Some of us are dull and sad,
Some in mourning vesture clad;
Others gentle, good, and fair,
Without a thought or look of care.

January's form is clad
In heavy robes of fur and plaid;
Icy cold his lofty brow,
And his falling tears are snow.

February frowns and storms;
His hand is cold; his heart is warm.
His face, though lowering all the while,
Breaks often in a pleasant smile.

March is lusty, tall, and proud,
And of his fate complains aloud.
He never heeds the path he takes,
Nor cares he how much noise he makes.

April is our darling pet;
With tears her bonny cheeks are wet;
Lovely baby! when she cries,
The sunbeams sparkle in her eyes.

May is the cherub of our group;
She comes with ball, and top, and hoop;
Her laughing eyes are bonny blue,
Her lips, the ripening cherry's hue.

Gentle June's a lady fair,
Twining roses in her hair;
"Beauty blossoms in her face,
And every motion is a grace."

July, beside some babbling brook,
Seeks for himself a shady nook;
Or, languishing in leafy bowers,
Dreams away the rosy hours.

August laves his burning brow
Where the bubbling fountains flow;
His hair is tinged with many a gem,
And golden fruit his diadem.

September reaps the golden corn;
With joy he winds his hunting-horn;
His locks with rainbow lustre shine;
His lips are red with new-made wine.

October binds the shining sheaves;
With beauteous tints he paints the leaves;
He wanders through the forests brown,
Where ripened nuts come rattling down.

November 'neath a mail of rain
Hides her face, benumbed with pain;
Her dower a realm of withered leaves;
O'er autumn's faded charms she grieves.

December's faded, old, and worn;
His locks are thin, his garments torn;
He shivers through the windy streets,
And frowns on every face he meets.

—Selected.

FORBEAR to judge, for we are all sinners.—
Shakespeare.



INSPIRING WORDS.

"Genius is eternal patience."

WHO said these words?
—Michael Angelo.
No one could utter them better than himself; for through a long life he toiled constantly, laboriously, into his ninetieth year, when Death took him.

In March, 1475, in the Castle of Caprese, was born a child whose father, a native of Florence, was governor, or *podesta*, of the towns of Caprese and Chiusi. When the father returned to Florence, the little child Michael was left at Settignano, on an estate owned by his family, in a stone-mason's cottage, whose wife was the boy's nurse. As soon as he could use his hands, he began to draw pictures on the walls of the house. These pictures are still shown as remarkable; although at the time, I have no doubt the poor stone-mason's wife must have scolded just like any other woman, at her tidy walls being used in this way.

The father, Ludovico Buonarrotti, had very little relish for the idea that his son was destined to become an artist. He wanted him to be a scholar; but long before Father Buonarrotti's day, it had been proved that genius will have its way. And so in 1488, when the lad was thirteen years of age, we find him engaged as a pupil to Ghirlandaio. This Domenico Ghirlandaio, who was one of the best masters of Florence, was engaged in restoring the beautiful though faded paintings in the old church of S. Maria Novella; so that the young enthusiast was immedi-

ately surrounded by the most inspiring scenes of great painters. But as often happens, alas! his rapid progress soon made his fellow-pupils very jealous, and even the master himself. For one day at the hour for dinner, the young Michael sketched the scaffolding and the painters upon it with such powerful and telling strokes that Domenico exclaimed passionately, "He understands more than

I do!" which soon proved true, for Michael drew on the drawings set for the pupils by the master, correct lines for incorrect ones. This probably did not increase the love between master and pupil.

The first picture produced by Michael Angelo of which we have mention is an enlarged copy of the "Temptation of St. Anthony."

And here I want to mention to the young folks who are trying to do anything well, just this fact: One means of Michael Angelo's success was, that he never left any means untried by which he might do his work in the best way possible. Remember he was but a boy at this time, but his soul was in his work.

Yes; this lad while drawing his copy of the great picture, wishing to perfect himself in the study of fish, went to the fish-market and made his observations from life subjects, making all sorts of drawings of the scaly tribe, until he had mastered the art of expressing them on paper.

I cannot speak of his long and eventful life,—his life so crowded with labor that a great book on art would be necessary to mention the works either completed or begun by him. Neither do I wish to here. I only desire to awaken the young minds to study for themselves the grand life of this old master in art, while I give them the keynote of his life from which the melody was struck. It was work,—patient, steady work. Oftentimes it was in the face of failures, through disappointments, the hatred of rivals, and men's caprice. But he can never be forgotten so long as any of his grand and beautiful works remain.

Another incident shows how faithfully he labored to produce naturalness in his subjects. Becoming acquainted with Lorenzo Dei Medici, then at the head of the government in Florence, he was soon granted free admittance to the gardens of S. Marco, where the works of sculpture, cartoons, and pictures, were exposed. Several young people were here under old Bertoldi, the sculptor.

Michael Angelo now threw aside his paint brush and palette for the chisel, thereby increasing a thousand-fold his poor father's dismay, who thought it quite bad enough for his son to be a painter, but that he should become a "stone-mason" was a height of misery scarcely to be endured! One day the young man copied the mask of a faun, but he opened its mouth so that the teeth were seen. Lorenzo, looking at it, said, "Your faun is old, yet you have been good enough to leave him his teeth."

The next time Lorenzo visited the gardens, he looked at the faun. One tooth was out, yet so naturally, as if it had tumbled out from an extremely aged mouth, that the noble visitor was enchanted at the success of the marble figure.

Michael Angelo was often sorrowful and alone. Living to such a great age, he saw many of his chosen friends and congenial companions die; yet

he was ever strong in trust and obedience toward God.

Michael Angelo! The name is a light through all the ages, to any who, toiling with the head, the hands, or the heart, desire to enroll in the band of noble workers. Remember his words, "*Genius is eternal patience.*"—Margaret Sidney.

A ROTTEN ROUND.

"Shine, sir? shine?"

The man addressed now looked down on Bob Pringles.

"Will your blacking last more than a day, sonny?"

"Well," said Bob, and a funny grin started on its way from ear to ear, making as quick time as possible, "that depends on what you do with my blackin'. You can't jump into the dock and have it stay shiny."

"Well, that test I guess I won't make."

"It will last as long as any blackin', sir."

"All right. I must be off if you can't warrant it for more than a day."

Off went the stranger. Bob took his picture as he moved away. He wore a tall silk hat, a brown beaver overcoat, and he carried in his right hand a traveling bag. Bob noticed even the flowers embroidered on one of the cloth sides of the bag, though he scratched his head to know whether a tulip or a squash blossom might be blooming there.

"I'm no go on flowers," thought Bob.

"O you ninny!" rang out a voice near Bob,—a voice like a saw, the teeth cutting into one. "I heard yer speech to that man. Why didn't you tell him the blacking would last a month? You're too stiff in the knees, Robert. Just give in a bit, and suit yourself to the—the—ocur—'casion," added Tom Cheatham, struggling with a big word. "Bend now!"

Here Tom grabbed Bob by the shoulders and tried to make him bend his knees. "Down, sir! Bend!"

"I won't!" was the sturdy answer.

"Shine, sir? shine?" asked Tom of a stranger, neglecting his comrade in business. Another gentleman in a tall silk hat appeared, but his overcoat was black instead of brown.

"A first-class shine!" continued Tom. "The 'Non-par'leled Blackin',' warranted to stand rain even!"

"Will it—honest?"

"Of course! my repertation is worth somethin'."

"Black away!"

The boots were blacked, and Tom was paid.

"There, Robert, I made ten cents out of him. Clapped an 'extra' on him on 'count of his fine coat. You see I'm going to get out of this business somehow, and climb higher and wear store clothes."

"Look out when you are climbin', and see that you don't step on a rotten round," answered Bob.

"Shine? shine?" yelled Tom, keeping out a vigilant eye for business chances. The day went, and the night came.

It was the night before the twenty-second of February,—a night white below and white above, the moonlight flashing sharp and clear down on the snowy roofs and streets of Boston.

"Come, Tom," said Bob, "no more shines today. People get blacked and fixed up nice when they go away from home, not when they come back. No more shines, and it's a big day to-morrow. Let's go down to the 'Boston and Albany,' and take a look and see what people are up to. Come, Thomas."

At one end of the big waiting-hall of the Albany station the doors were opening to let people

in, and at the other end they were swinging to let people out.

Flap, flap! they went, like the wings of a large bird continually struggling to get in, and yet continually caught and detained in the door-way. The rush increased. Now the noise of the doors sounded sharper, louder. It was slam-slam, bang-bang-bang! The white electric lights were shining down on an uneasy stream of coats, hats, shawls, bonnets, and traveling-bags, all flowing homeward.

Suddenly Bob saw a man pull a handkerchief out of his pocket, and with it came a bright "quarter." The silver runaway kept on its journey till it reached Bob's feet, and there it halted.

"A chance for you, Bob!" whispered Tom. "Something to celebrate with on the twenty-second! Lucky! Clap it into your pocket."

Something brought to Bob's mind his own words, "a rotten round."

"No," thought Bob, "I won't step on that round."

"That's going to the owner, Thomas." Then he added, "You said I was stiff-kneed, and must bend. I'm a-going to bend my knees this time to pick that up and give it to the owner."

He ran to the owner, tipping his hat—though it must be confessed that he had not very much to tip, times had been so very hard with him. What he had he lifted.

"Mister, you dropped this!"

The man turned. It was the owner of the flower-decked traveling-bag.

"Oh! thanks! you may keep it. So—so!" he continued. "Don't I know you? You are the boy that wanted to black my boots this morning, and said it would n't last forever. I only asked the question to try you. Well, you *are* honest! Look here, bub."

"Bob, sir."

"Bob, then! Come down to my store the morning after the holiday. Somes, look here. I've got a new clerk."

Forward now stepped the wearer of the handsome black beaver coat seen in the morning.

"You have? Well, I like to see your philanthropy. I've a mind to try my hand at it, and pick me up a boy."

"Oh," called out Bob eagerly, "there's Tom. Take him. He's smart."

Mr. Somes said, "Where? Oh, is that the one? He's *smart*? I guess he is! He's the boy that had the 'non-wash-off-at-all, big-humbug blacking.' I can't take him at all. Come, Townley."

Off went the two, their dignified gait breaking into a lively boy run as they heard the last train signal.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Tom. "I guess I stepped on a rotten round that time."—*The Watchman.*

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

THE BLESSING OF SIGHT.

If a person had none of the different senses, as seeing, hearing, feeling, etc., he could never know that there existed anything besides himself. All would be the silence of the blackest night, without even the power of touch to enable him to gain knowledge of the world about him.

Perhaps of all the senses, eyesight is the most valuable. Only think how long it would take you to learn by any other means, as much of the world as you can take in at a single glance! Familiarity has taken away to a great extent the exquisite charm that light gives to everything. The little blind girl, who, after a surgical operation, opened her eyes for the first time on the landscape, clothed with all the loveliness of light and shade and color, was prepared to appreciate it. She exclaimed in rapture, "O mother, why did you not tell me it

was so beautiful?" It is just as beautiful for us if we would only open our eyes to see it. Then would our hearts thrill with love and gratitude to the One who made all this beauty, and gave us the power to behold it.

Our Creator has shown great wisdom in the construction of the eye. He has made it with curious curtains, lenses, and screens, inclosing it with a membrane, which is very highly polished, to make the eye bright and expressive; he attached pulleys and cords to hang it by, and scooped a place out of the solid bone exactly fitted for it, laying it around with soft cushions so that its movements should not hurt us; and placed in the inner corner a little tear-fountain to keep the nice little machine always in running order.

Without any thought on our part, the black, blue, or hazel curtain around the opening which admits light, opens or closes itself so as to regulate the amount of light which shall enter the internal chambers of the eye. We see this more plainly in the eye of the cat than in our own. Take this animal into a bright light, and see how small this black opening in his eye becomes, because there is too much light; carry him into the dark, and it will grow large, so as to admit more light. This is the reason that we can see nothing when we first enter a dark room; as the opening enlarges, so that more light enters the eye, we begin to see; suddenly returning to the light again, it hurts us because too much light is received.

There is also an outside curtain with a fringe of eyelashes which always drops to protect the eye when one is not awake. Above this is the eyebrow, to turn away perspiration and other things which could injure the delicate organ of sight.

M. E. STEWARD.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

BLESS Jesus for the glad green spring!
Oh, bless him for the summer's flowers!
Bless him for autumn's harvesting!
Bless him for winter's frosty hours!
Bless Him who makes them all to give
Gladdness, how great! to all who live.

"I WAS GOING TO."

CHILDREN are very fond of saying, "I was going to." The boy lets the rats catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass, and set traps for the rats; but he did not do it in time, and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss and excuses his carelessness by saying "I was going to attend to that." A horse falls through a broken plank in the stable and breaks his leg, and is killed to put him out of his suffering. The owner was going to fix that weak plank, and so excuses himself. A boy wets his feet and sits for hours without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in, and he was going to do it, but he did not. A girl tears her new dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but she forgot.

And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happens in every home with almost every man and woman, boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only "the thief of time," but it is the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mister "I was goin'-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a loungeur and a nuisance. He never did any good. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The girl or boy who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mister "I was goin'-to" out of your house, and keep him out. Always *do* things which you were going to do.—*Youth's World.*

The Sabbath - School.

SECOND Sabbath in March.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

LESSON 110.—JESUS RAISED FROM THE DEAD.

WHEN the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Salome, completed their preparations for anointing the body of Jesus. Very early the next morning, they started for the sepulchre; and as they were on their way, they talked about who should roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre; for the stone was very great, and they knew that they could not roll it away. But when they came near the sepulchre, they saw that the stone was already removed. There had been a great earthquake; and the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. When the keepers saw the angel, they shook with fear, and became as dead men; for the countenance of the angel was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

When Mary Magdalene saw that the stone was taken away, and that Jesus was not in the sepulchre, she ran, and told Peter and John what she had seen, saying, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." The other women went into the sepulchre, and as they were looking about, they saw two men standing by them in shining raiment. When they saw the angels, they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the ground. But the angel said unto them, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you while he was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again." "Come see the place where the Lord lay, and go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold! he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him."

They then went out quickly from the sepulchre, and ran to tell the disciples what they had seen and heard.

As soon as Peter and John heard what Mary told them, they ran to the sepulchre. John outran Peter, and coming to the sepulchre first, stooped down and looked in. When Peter came up, he went into the sepulchre, where he saw the linen clothes in which Jesus had been wrapped, laid near by; and the napkin that had been about his head, not lying with the other garments, but folded together, and laid in a place by itself. Then John went in, and observed the same things. Coming out of the sepulchre, these disciples went away again to their own homes.

"But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her."

As the women who fled from the sepulchre were on their way to tell the disciples what they had seen, Jesus met them, and said, "All hail!" Then they came, and held him by the feet, and worshiped him. He told them not to be afraid; but to go, and tell his brethren that they must go into Galilee, and there they would see him. When the women told these

things to the disciples, their words seemed as idle tales; and the disciples could not believe them.

About this time, some of the watch came into the city, and told the chief priests all that had been done. Then the priests, after taking counsel, hired the soldiers to say that the disciples of Jesus came and stole him away by night while they slept.

QUESTIONS.

1. When the Sabbath was past, who completed their preparations for anointing the body of Jesus? Mark 16:1.
2. What did they do very early the next morning?
3. What did they talk about while on their way to the sepulchre?
4. What did they discover as they came near the tomb where Jesus was laid?
5. How had the stone been removed? Matt. 28:2.
6. Describe the angel's appearance.
7. How were the keepers affected at the sight?
8. What did Mary Magdalene do when she found that Jesus was not in the sepulchre? John 20:2.
9. What did the other women do? Mark 16:5-8; Luke 24:3-8.
10. What appeared to them as they were looking about?
11. What did the women do when they saw the angels?
12. What did the angels say to them about Jesus?
13. What did they tell the women to do?
14. Tell how the women obeyed. Matt. 28:8; Mark 16:8.
15. Tell how Peter and John came to the sepulchre. John 20:3-10.
16. Describe their examination of the tomb.
17. After making these observations, where did they go?
18. Did Mary go away with them?
19. What did she do?
20. Whom did she see in the sepulchre?
21. What did she say to them when they said, "Why weepest thou?"
22. Whom did she see as she looked behind her?
23. What did he say to her?
24. Whom did she take him to be?
25. What did she implore him to do?
26. How did Jesus make himself known to her?
27. Why did Jesus forbid Mary to touch him?
28. When Mary told the disciples what she had seen and heard, how did they receive her testimony? Mark 16:11.
29. Who met the other women as they were on their way to tell the disciples what the angels had said to them? Matt. 28:9.
30. What did he say to them?
31. How did the disciples receive the words of these women? Luke 24:9-11.
32. Who told the chief priests what had been done? Matt. 28:11.
33. What did the priests hire the soldiers to say?

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY SERIES.

LESSON 124.—REVIEW OF THE EVENTS FROM OUR LORD'S SECOND PASSOVER TO HIS THIRD.

1. Tell how Jesus, when he had come up to Jerusalem to attend the Passover, healed an infirm man at the pool of Bethesda. John 5:1-9.
2. What caused the Jews to seek the life of Jesus while he was at this Passover?
3. How did he defend his own conduct?
4. How did he justify his course in allowing his disciples to pluck ears of grain on the Sabbath? Matt. 12:1-8; Mark 2:23-28; Luke 6:1-5.
5. Tell how Jesus healed the withered hand on the Sabbath-day. Matt. 12:9-14; Mark 3:1-6; Luke 6:6-11.
6. What did this cause the Pharisees to do?
7. When Jesus heard of their intentions, to what place did he withdraw himself? Matt. 12:15; Mark 3:7.
8. What took place there?
9. Tell how Jesus chose the twelve and ordained them. Mark 3:13-19; Matt. 10:2-4.
10. What remarkable discourse did he then preach to the disciples and the assembled multitude? Matt. 5; 6; 7.

11. Tell how he raised the centurion's servant. Matt. 8:5-13; Luke 7:1-10.

12. What miracle did he perform at Nain? Luke 7:11-17.

13. Tell how John sent a message from prison to Jesus, and what answer was returned to him. Matt. 11:2-19; Luke 7:18-35.

14. Under what circumstances was our Lord anointed by a woman who was a sinner? Luke 7:36-50.

15. Who accompanied Jesus on another tour through Galilee? Luke 8:1-3.

16. How were the friends of Jesus disturbed with regard to him? Mark 3:20, 21.

17. Of what did the scribes and Pharisees accuse Jesus when he had cast a devil out of a man who was blind and dumb? Matt. 12:22-45; Mark 3:22-30; Luke 11:14-36.

18. How did he answer those that asked for a sign?

19. How did he point out his true kinsmen? Matt. 12:46-50; Mark 3:31-35; Luke 8:19-21.

20. Relate the parable of the sower, and give its interpretation. Matt. 13:1-15, 18-23; Mark 4:1-25; Luke 8:4-18.

21. Relate the parable of the tares. Matt. 13:24-30.

22. What other parables did Jesus give about this time? Mark 4:26-34; Matt. 13:31-53; Luke 13:18-21.

23. Tell how Jesus stilled the tempest on the Sea of Galilee. Matt. 8:18, 23-27; Mark 4:35-41; Luke 8:22-25.

24. Tell what Jesus did for the demoniacs of Gadara. Mark 5:1-21; Matt. 8:28-34; Luke 8:26-40.

25. How was the ruler's daughter healed? Mark 5:21-43; Matt. 9:18-26; Luke 8:41, 42, 49-56.

26. What miracles are recorded in Matt. 9:27-34?

27. Tell how Jesus again taught in Nazareth, and was again rejected. Matt. 13:54-58; Mark 6:1-6.

28. What is said of our Lord's third circuit in Galilee? Matt. 9:35.

29. What moved him to send out the twelve disciples on a tour of teaching, and working miracles? Verses 36-38; Matt. 10:1-16.

30. What did Herod think of Jesus? Mark 6:14-16; 21-29.

31. When the twelve had returned, and Jesus had crossed over the lake with them, what miracle did he there perform? Matt. 14:13-21; Mark 6:30-44; Luke 9:10-17; John 6:1-14.

32. Tell how Jesus walked upon the Sea of Galilee. Matt. 14:22-33; Mark 6:45-52; John 6:15-21.

33. What did he do when he came to land? Mark 6:53-56.

34. On what subject did our Lord preach a sermon at Capernaum about this time? John 6:22-71.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

THE OBJECT OF BIBLE STUDY.

OUR Lord says in John 5:39: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." We see that this is a command. We also read in 1 Peter 3:15: "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." How can we do this intelligently if we do not know what the Scriptures say about it?

Our Lord has set us a perfect example. When tempted by the devil in the wilderness, his invariable answer was, "It is written," etc. Matt. 4:4, 7, 10. Now, how can we thus overcome the great enemy of our souls, if we do not know what "it is written"?

We are living in the last days; and Satan, knowing that his time is short, has come down with great power, to deceive us if possible. In view of this, would it not be well for us in this our day to improve the many blessed privileges we have in the Sabbath-school, and get our minds and hearts so filled with the word of God that we can meet the great enemy at every point with, "It is written"? J. H.

It takes but a very little time to plant, but it takes a long time to gather in the harvest. An hour of sinful seed-sowing may bring a lifetime of wretched sin-reaping. Not what the present hour is to bring forth, but what the present hour is to prepare for, is the measure of value for every hour while it is still with us.—Selected.

For Our Little Ones.

THE DARK.

WHERE do the little chickens run
When they are made afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark—the shade.
Under the mother's downy wing
They have no fear of anything.

Where do the little violets creep
When comes the time of snow?
Into the dark to rest and sleep
And wait for spring; they go
Under the ground where storms can't reach,
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, dear girl or boy,
Afraid of the dark of death?
Jesus will raise you, full of joy,
To the world of light, he saith:
And where the little violets sleep,
Your body safe the Lord will keep.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

OVER THE HILLS.

LET us suppose, that we are many, many miles from here, away over the seas; no matter just now how we came here, but we will have a fine time to-day riding among the hills.

Rajah has just gone for the mules; and when he gets them saddled, we'll start, and leave the others to pack up the tent and come by-and-by.

This is a nice morning for a ride; the sun is bright, and the air clear. Hark! do you hear that bird singing away up in the top of that tall tree? He's glad it's a fine morning, too.

Here come the mules; now let us start. Rajah must go to show us the way, so we will not get lost. We are going to a little village, and will pitch our tent outside, and stay all night. It will take us about two hours to get there; but if you will keep your eyes open, you may be able to see the houses quite a while before we come to them.

Do you see the nice fields of wheat and barley on each side of the road? The people tend them well, don't they?

"What are those small trees growing up near that pile of rocks?"

Why, those are wild olives. Rajah says that pretty soon we shall come to a place where the cultivated olives grow. The only difference between them is that the wild olives are not so good as those that people raise. The blossoms, as you see by this tree at your side, are yellow when they first come out, but by-and-by they will turn white, with a yellow center. The fruit looks like a plum, and when ripe, is black. The olive oil that we get in America, is made from fruit like this.

"Can people raise this tree in America?"

Yes; in the southern part of California, where it is warm all the year, they raise a great many olive trees.

"The trees just ahead of us look like the oak trees that grew on grandpa's farm."

They are oak trees; and you will see many of them around here, though they are not so large as those at home.

Now we have come into a broader part of the valley, and after we get past these few high hills, keep a sharp lookout to see something new.

"Oh, I see; it's the town! What a queer looking place!"

Yes; it is different from American towns. Here comes a man with a pair of loaded mules; perhaps he is going to his home among the hills, or may be he will sell his stuff in a neighboring town. He has on a long flowing robe and a turban of gay cloth wound around his head. His shoes are odd looking, too; they are just broad, thick soles tied on with strings. All the people wear them, and call them sandals.

Now we are near enough to the town so that you can see the houses plainly. They look very neat and clean. You see they are square, and built of whitish stone. As we ride through the main street of the village, it doesn't look so clean as it did farther off; for the streets are all narrow, and quite dirty.

Since we have been riding so far, we will leave the mules with Rajah, and go up the hill,—for the village is built on the side of a hill and in a valley,—and get a drink from the fountain. The people do not have wells in their door-yards, but there is one large fountain in the village, and all carry their jars there to fill them. Here comes a woman with an earthen jar full of water on her



head. You will see a good many women and girls with these on their heads or their shoulders.

This is the fountain, and as there are a number of women coming, we will wait here awhile and watch them. They are much better looking than the women where we camped last night, don't you think so? Rajah told me the women of this town were prettier than those of any town around here.

I had forgotten to tell you the name of this place; may be Rajah told you. It is Nazareth. There is nothing in the town itself so very pretty, but it is made interesting by a wonderful little boy who lived and grew up here a long time ago. His father was a carpenter, and built houses like these.

If you are ready, we will get another drink of this cool, soft water, and then go and see if the tent has come. While Rajah is putting up the tent, you may get your Bibles, and see if you cannot find something about this little boy; and in the morning, when we go up to the fountain again, we will talk more about him.

W. E. L.

RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

"I'll pay him back, see if I don't!" exclaimed Tommy, as he came running into the house with a flushed and angry face.

"Who are you going to pay back?" asked his mother.

"Walter Jones. He took my marbles and ran away," said Tommy.

"I hope you will pay him in a good way," said his mother.

Tommy hung his head, and said nothing; for he

was ashamed to tell just how mean he was going to treat Walter.

"I am afraid you intend to act just as badly as Walter has done. Think better of it, my son, and return good for evil. If you do not forgive, you cannot ask to be forgiven."

That night when Tommy came to the place where it says, "Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors," he stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" asked his mother.

"I can't; I have n't forgiven Walter," said Tommy.

"Then you would better ask Jesus to help you forgive him just now."

Tommy did so, and when he had finished his prayer, he went to bed with a happy heart.

Dear children, you cannot ask God to forgive you while you carry a bitter and unforgiving spirit within you. Forgive, return good for evil; and then when you pray to be forgiven, you can feel that God hears and answers your prayer.—*Selected.*

A GOOD SIGN.

A boy and girl who used to play a great deal together both learned to love the Saviour. On one occasion the boy said to his mother, "Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the mother, to whom the expression seemed a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child. "She used to be selfish, but now she do n't get angry if you take everything she's got."

Letter Budget.

PHINEAS HENRY, of Cherokee Co., Kansas, says: "I am fifteen years old. We go four miles to attend Sabbath-school, and we have a good school. There are twenty-seven members, but there are only about twenty that attend regularly. We could not go last Sabbath because it was so cold and slippery."

Here we have a letter from LIBBIE A. PHELPS, of Crow Wing, Minn. "My parents do not keep the seventh-day Sabbath, but I like to go to Sabbath-school with my uncle's folks. They give me the INSTRUCTOR every week. I am going to save my papers, and make a book of them. I study 'Scenes in the Life of Christ.' I want to be a good girl."

DAISY GRAHAM, writes a neat little letter from Kewana, Indiana. "I was eleven years old the eleventh of February. I keep the Sabbath with my ma and two little sisters, Ettie and Lizzie. I have been taking the weekly INSTRUCTOR two years. I hope I will be saved when Jesus comes."

LENA SORENSON writes from West Chehalem, Oregon: "We live in a beautiful valley, with the mountains all around it. I am thirteen years old, and I have four sisters and one brother. There is only one family in the valley, besides us, that keep the Sabbath. We do not have any Sabbath-school, but learn our lessons from the paper at home. My little brother and sister study from Bible 'Lessons for Little Ones.' We all love to read the paper very much, and so does my mother. I am trying to live for Jesus."

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