

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 32.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FEBRUARY 13, 1884.

No. 7.

THE HUNDRED GATES.

Of old, within the valley of the Nile,
A city stood, and still its records stand,
With massive walls encircling mile on mile,
And gates at every hand.

An hundred gates there were; to south and north,
To east and west, their hinges swinging wide,
Let those within, if so they would, go forth
To all the world outside.

This to the desert led, where camels' feet
Toiled through the sand, yet left no dint of hoof;
That to the mountain, which from tempest and heat
Kept its high head aloof;

This to the river's lotus-bordered shore;
That to the tombs cut in th' enduring
rocks;

Another to the plain, where lowly, poor,
The shepherds kept their flocks.

Thence went the beggar, crouching for his
alms;
Hence came a stranger, seeking an abode:
There was a street, shady with dates and
palms,
Here an unsheltered road.

As Thebes of old, so has the human soul
Her hundred gates; lo, how in going forth
She has all clime, all range, from pole to
pole,
East, west, and south, and north.

Aye, and it needs strong guard at every gate;
Outside are roving, warring hosts of sin,
Armed to the teeth, who ever watch and wait
To steal unhindered in;

There to lay waste the temple and the shrine,
To fire with torch, to rob, to smite with
sword,
To ruin and make desolate this divine
Fair city of the Lord.

Then, O my soul, knowing the fate that waits
One careless hour, a faithful vigil keep!
Set sentinels at all thy hundred gates,
Nor let them faint nor sleep!

—Clara Doty Bates.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

MANY of you are undoubtedly familiar with the name of that great African explorer, David Livingstone, and perhaps you remember reading in an INSTRUCTOR printed a year or two ago, of his last days in the Dark Continent, and of his death there. Possibly you would like to hear about his early life at home, and the causes that led him to engage in such a difficult and self-sacrificing work.

David Livingstone was born the 19th of March, 1813, at Blantyre, Scotland, and was the second child in a family of five,—three boys and two girls. His parents were poor, but of sterling worth. His father was an earnest and resolute Christian, and possessed in no small degree the missionary spirit. He was a tea-peddler; and while traveling through the neighboring parishes,

selling his goods, he distributed large quantities of tracts, and talked to the young on the subject of religion. When he was quite advanced in years, and it was difficult for him to study, he set himself to master the Gaelic language, that he might be able to read the Bible to his aged mother, who understood that tongue the best. Mrs. Livingstone was a delicate little woman, active, orderly, and scrupulously neat; and she trained her children to the same virtues. She was sunny and good-natured, and made the home-life bright.

The parents required of the children implicit obe-

part of my labors was followed up till twelve o'clock, or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors."

He read everything he could get hold of except novels, and he was not afraid of hard study. He was passionately fond of natural history, botany, and geology, and with his brother, used to spend what few holidays they had in scouring the neighboring fields for specimens.

When he was nineteen, he was set at spinning. He was very glad of the change, not only because he had higher wages, but because he had more time for reading. He had no more spare time than before, for his working hours were still from six in the morning till eight at night; but he could fasten his book up on the frame before him, and as he passed and re-passed it at his work, catch a sentence now and then, and in this way slowly read a book through.

About this time he read a book that led him to see the wonderful love of Christ in coming to die for us; and he was so glad and thankful that he resolved to give all his earnings, except what he needed to live on, to the cause of missions. By and by an appeal was made by a missionary to China, showing the great amount of work to be done among the heathen, and the scarcity of help, and pleading for faithful and earnest Christians

to enter that field of labor. Then it occurred to Livingstone that the best service he could render to God was to give himself wholly to the missionary cause. He consulted his parents and the pastor, and finding that they approved of his plan, he set himself steadily at work to prepare for his mission. He made the meager earnings of six months serve not only to support himself while he was at work, but also to cover his expenses while attending school in the winter. He intended to go as a missionary physician, and to do this he had to go through a costly medical course; but he had determined to receive help from no one. He went first to Glasgow, and afterwards to London.

He wished to make China his field of labor; but as the ports were then closed on account of the opium war, he turned his face towards Africa. He stopped first at Kuruman, the most Northern mission-post of the Dark Continent. Becoming convinced that the missionaries were stationed too closely together to accomplish all the good that



dience and much self-denial. It is said that when David was a very little boy, he returned home one evening later than usual, and found the door barred against him; for it was one of his father's rules that the doors should be bolted at dusk, and every child was expected to be in. David had no idea that a rule would be broken to favor him, and so, having obtained a piece of bread, he sat down on the door-step, intending to stay there all night; but his mother saw him, and let him in. He learned, under such training, to make the best of things, and grew up a thorough-going, self-reliant young man.

When he was but ten years old, he was set to work as a "piecer" in a cotton-mill. It was weary work for one so young, but he felt amply repaid, when, at the end of his week's work, he placed his first earnings, sixty cents, in his mother's lap. She gave him back enough to buy a Latin grammar, and for several years he studied Latin in an evening school from eight till ten o'clock. In his Journal he says, "The dictionary

might be effected, he wrote home to the Missionary Society that sent him, to gain permission to go farther up into the interior, where no white man had ever gone. While waiting for the desired permission, he made long journeys into the surrounding country, acquainting himself with the habits of the natives, and learning their language. At last the consent of the Society was obtained, and Livingstone, with his wife, the daughter of a missionary in Kuruman, started out to give to the natives of the interior a knowledge of the true God. They went north of Kuruman, and planted a very successful mission, training the natives so that they could teach their countrymen themselves.

But the Doctor's plan was not to spend his time solely in teaching the people about Christ; he meant to prepare the way for others to follow him into the heart of Africa, and finish up the work that he had only time to begin. To do this, he tried to find out if there was not a waterway from the interior to the sea, that by a more direct route and at less expense the gospel might be brought to the inland tribes. So, leaving his missions to the care of the trained natives, he forced his way to the west coast, over a route never before traveled by white man or native. The obstacles he had to meet were almost insurmountable; yet with the same perseverance that characterized him when a boy, he kept steadily to his purpose. He did not find the waterway that he expected to discover, but he accomplished many other things. On his return, he made a similar journey to the east coast, and with very much the same results. He often met with bitter disappointment, and his work was seriously hindered, because his own people did not have faith in his plans, but thought that he was spending the money given him to use in the missionary cause, to forward his own selfish ends. Yet he was cheerful in face of all this discouragement, never once losing faith in the Guiding Hand.

There is not space to tell you of his return to England, and his two other journeys to Africa; nor how, as he had almost succeeded in his life work, his light went out in his little canvas tent in Ilala, and his servants found him, one morning, with clasped hands and bended knees, dead, while praying to the Almighty for the weal of Africa. Faithful hands bore his remains over nine hundred miles to the coast, and then took them to England, where they lie buried in Westminster Abbey, with the kings and princes of the earth.

But you must get some book telling of the life of Livingstone, and read these things for yourselves. And while you study carefully the life of one who so faithfully followed Christ, in that he "pleased not himself," may you imitate his noble Christian example. W. E. L.

HISTORY OF A SONG.

MR. BENNETT, a music-writer, and Mr. Webster were intimate friends. The latter was subject to melancholy. Bennett came in to where his friend Webster was at business one day, while in a depression of spirits.

"What is the matter now?" said Bennett, noticing his sad countenance.

"No matter," said Webster; "it will be right by and by."

"Yes; that sweet by and by," said Bennett. "Would not that sentiment make a good hymn, Webster?"

"May be it would," replied Webster, indifferently.

Turning to a desk, Bennett wrote the three verses of the hymn, and handed them to Webster. When he read them, his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to his desk, he began to write the notes. Having finished them, he requested his violin, and

played the melody. In a few minutes more, he had the four parts of the chorus jotted down. It was not over thirty minutes from the first thought of the hymn before the two friends, and two others who had come in in the meantime, were singing all the parts together.

A bystander, who had been attracted by the music, and had listened in tearful silence, remarked, "That hymn is immortal."

It is now sung in every land under the sun.—
Exchange.

THE LITTLE SHIPS IN THE AIR.

FLAKES of snow, with sails so white,
Drifting down the wintry skies,
Tell us where your route begins,
Say which way your harbor lies?

"In the clouds, the roomy clouds,
Arching earth with shadowy dome,
There's the port from which we sail,
There is tiny snow-flake's home."

And the cargo that you take
From those cloudy ports above—
Is it always meant to bless,
Sent in anger or in love?

"Warmth for all the tender roots,
Warmth for every living thing,
Water for the river's flow,
This the cargo that we bring."

Who's the Master that you serve,
Bids you lift your tiny sails,
Brings you safely to the earth,
Guides you through the wintry gales?

"He who tells the birds to sing,
He who sends the April flowers,
He who ripens all the fruit,
That great Master, he is ours."

—Edward A. Rand, in *S. S. Gem*.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

A MIRAGE.

A FEW years ago we were traveling upon the cars in Northern Iowa. It was early spring-time, and all nature was bursting into life. The woodlands, hills, and dales presented an enchanting view. We flew by cities and villages, and leaving the rough woodlands, came dashing out over the lovely prairies.

As far as the eye could see was undulating ground covered with the most beautiful flowers, and dotted here and there with thrifty looking farm-houses. Now and then we passed a large herd of cattle tended by the herd boy, who lazily sat on his pony, or lay in the long grass. While gazing from the window, and talking about the scene, we saw in the far distance a beautiful lake. The lovely, white-capped waves were dancing in the sunlight, now dashing upon the shore, then receding only to rush up again with renewed force. The farm-houses seemed near its shore, and the green grass came quite to the water's edge.

How impatient we were to have the train draw nearer so we could get a better view! We thought, as we rounded a curve, now we shall step out on the platform, and gather shells from its shore before the train moves on. Just as our anticipations were at their height, we found it only a mirage.

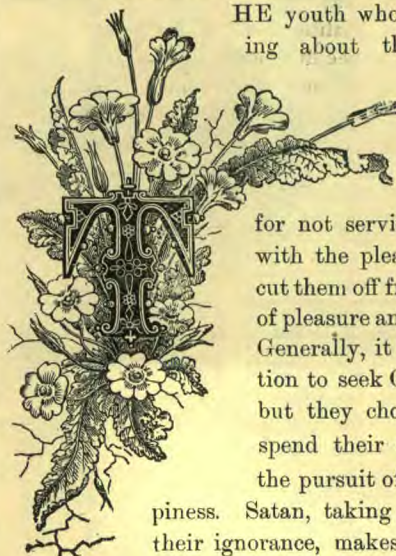
Methought, thus is life. The young man just starting in his career pauses a moment to enjoy the scene presented before him. The picture is fascinating. He longs to hurry through College that he may engage in his profession, gain worldly honor, and become wealthy. Wealth! oh, how he longs to grasp the glittering prize! Years fly swiftly by, and he has a great name and is a millionaire. But is he satisfied?—Oh, no. He is still eager for more, and as he rounds the last curve in life, still reaching for happiness, death comes; life with its supposed pleasures has been but a mirage. All is past, and how bitter the disappointment!

But it need not be thus. One who lives for God and tries to benefit his fellow-men, can feel,

when the last hour comes, that success is really his, and that the wealth and honor of heaven await him.

God grant that you and I, dear reader, may lay up treasures in heaven. MRS. I. J. HANKINS.

EDITOR'S CORNER.



HE youth who know nothing about the happiness which the service of Christ imparts, excuse themselves

for not serving the Lord, with the plea that it will cut them off from all sources of pleasure and amusement. Generally, it is their intention to seek God sometime, but they choose rather to spend their early days in the pursuit of worldly happiness.

Satan, taking advantage of their ignorance, makes the cross of Christ appear as odious as possible; but the pleasures of the world, he presents in their most pleasing form.

If the dear youth could understand the game which Satan is playing with their souls, they would listen to the truth which has been handed down from the wise and good in every age,—that only those who unite themselves to God, through Christ, know true happiness. Do you want pleasure? The Christian may seek it in a variety of ways, all in keeping with his profession. The study of nature of itself could afford pleasures to feast the soul for ages; and if you formed habits of searching for happiness from this one source alone, you would lose all relish for worldly amusements. To understand how much more elevating and refining such pleasure is to one's mind, you have but to contrast the life of a giddy worldling with that of a person who holds sweet communion with nature, and with nature's God.

Worldly amusements are often too expensive to be indulged in by the poor; but nature is generous, and furnishes alike to both rich and poor her choicest treasures. And whether we view the heavens, studded with countless millions of stars; the waters, teeming with their variety of animal life; the charming notes of the feathered songsters; or the broad fields, with their varied scenery, we ever find something new to surprise and please us.

Astronomers tell us that "could we reach the most elevated star above our heads, we should discover new heavens, and new suns; new stars, and new systems of worlds, perhaps still more and more magnificent. But all these would not fix the bounds of the empire of the great God, and we should observe with the utmost astonishment that we had only come to the borders of the place of worlds."

And the same immensity is observable in every department of his creative works. In the language of Job, we inquire, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" But this same God, whose glory shines from the heavens, and whose power upholds millions of worlds, is our Father. You have only to love him, and to become as a little child in faith and affection, and you shall never want for any good thing.

Dear reader, will you not make the experiment,—accept Christ now, and search for true enjoyment in the way marked out for us in the word of God?

M. J. C.

The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH Sabbath in February.

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 174.—REVIEW ON ACTS 10 AND 11.

1. WHAT noted man is introduced in Acts 10:1?
2. What good qualities did he possess? Verse 2.
3. What did he see in vision? Verse 3.
4. Of what did the angel assure him? Verse 4.
5. What did he tell him to do? Verse 5.
6. When did the messengers sent by Cornelius draw nigh to Joppa? Verse 9.
7. How did the Lord prepare Peter to receive them? Verses 10-16.
8. What perplexed the apostle? Verse 17.
9. What direct instruction was given him? Verses 19, 20.
10. Describe the meeting of Peter and Cornelius? Verses 24-26.
11. How did Peter show that the meaning of his vision had been made plain to him? Verses 28, 29.
12. After relating his own experience, how did Cornelius invite Peter to speak to the company that had assembled at his house? Verse 33.
13. How did Peter open his discourse? Verses 34, 35.
14. What did he tell them about the character and work of Jesus? Verse 38.
15. What did he testify concerning his death and resurrection? Verses 39, 40.
16. What proof of his resurrection could be given? Verse 41.
17. What were the apostles commanded to preach? Verse 42.
18. To what do all the prophets bear witness? Verse 43.
19. How did the Lord convince Peter that salvation was for the Gentiles as well as for the Jews? Verses 44-46.
20. What did Peter say? Verse 47.
21. What accusation was brought against Peter when he went up to Jerusalem? Acts 11:3.
22. How did Peter defend himself? Verse 4.
23. What words of the Saviour were brought to his mind when the Holy Spirit came upon the Gentiles? Verse 16.
24. With what question did Peter conclude his defense? Verse 17.
25. What was the effect of his words? Verse 18.
26. How did salvation through Christ come to be preached in distant cities? Verse 19.
27. Describe the work done at Antioch. Verses 20, 21.
28. How did the church at Jerusalem assist in this work? Verses 22, 23.
29. How were his labors blessed? Verse 24.
30. Did he feel satisfied with his own efforts? Verse 25.
31. How long did these two men labor together in Antioch?
32. How were they of Antioch apprized of a coming famine? Verses 27, 28.
33. How did they exercise their curiosity? Verses 29, 30.

HOW TO MAKE CLEAR THAT WHICH YOU WOULD TEACH.

By its very nature, the teaching-process includes the idea of a teacher, a learner, and a lesson. In the teaching-process, the scholar must give his attention, the teacher must make clear that which he would teach, and teacher and scholar must co-work in securing to the scholar's mind the truth which the teacher has in his mind for this teaching. And now, in taking one point at a time, How can a teacher make clear to a scholar that which he would teach to that scholar?

To begin with, a teacher must have the truth clearly in his own mind. So long as he is in doubt as to the real meaning, or the practical bearing, of a lesson, it is vain for him to try to show its real meaning, or its practical bearing, to anybody else; "for he that doubteth is like the surge of the sea:" let not that man think that he shall give anything to one who is more in doubt than himself.

When a teacher has clearly in his own mind that which he would teach to another, who is all attention before him, he must concentrate his chief energies on the work of making that truth clear to that scholar. It is not then a question for him, whether that is the most important truth in the world; it is enough that it is the truth he is trying to teach. Nor is he just then to strive at being attractive as a teacher, or impressive as a teacher; those qualities are very well in their way, but it is *clearness*, not attractiveness, or impressiveness, which is needed in making a truth clear; and in order to make a truth clear, a teacher's whole mind must, for the time being, be set on clearness of teaching; that must be the one thing he is living for while it is the one thing he is attempting.

To make a truth clear to another, involves an understanding of that other's mind, in its attainments, its limitations, and its methods of working. The truth which is already clear in the teacher's mind must be made clear to the scholar's comprehension; and to this end the truth must be so phrased, so illustrated, and so applied, as to be clear—not alone to the one who imparts it, but to the one who is to receive it. The teacher must, therefore, put himself alongside of his scholar in knowledge and in sympathy; must bring himself down to the scholar's level of understanding and thought and feeling. If there are more scholars than one to be taught at one and the same time, then the teacher must bring himself to the level of the lowest of these scholars; for if those of the lowest grade can understand him, those of the grades above that will understand him also.

A scholar of slow thought must have the teacher's help in slow and patient teaching. No matter how long it takes to make the one truth in hand clear to the one scholar under instruction; no matter how many times the words chosen to make that truth clear have to be changed, or re-stated,—the teacher must keep on trying; for, to make just that truth clear to that particular scholar is the only thing that is really worth thinking about by that teacher—until that thing is finally accomplished.

The help of the eye, of the scholar's eye, ought to be sought by the teacher in his effort at making clear the truth he would teach. Maps, and pictures, and other visible helps, have their important place in this line of effort. Yet more commonly the blackboard, or the class slate, or a sheet of paper and a pencil, can be made to do much toward making clear that which the teacher would teach. Peculiarly is this the case where the lesson includes a narrative, and where the relative positions of persons and places need to be understood. It is hardly less useful where related truths are to be considered over against each other. With all scholars who can read, the directing of their attention to the text itself, in conjunction with the teacher's explanations, can be made to perform an important part in making clear that which the teacher would teach.

Making clear that which you would teach, is not the whole of teaching; but there is no teaching without it. There are other things to be done besides this; things which, in their place, are even more important than this; but this is the thing of things for you to attend to when it is the thing you are attempting as a teacher. How to do it, is a point of pre-eminent importance to you, when you have it to do.—S. S. Times.

DIRECTORY OF STATE S. S. SECRETARIES.

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OUR REPORTS.

FOR several reasons it has been thought best to omit the double number of the INSTRUCTOR this quarter; consequently we can print only the summary of the schools in the different States. We hope that none will feel discouraged, and slacken their efforts to have a full report for the next double number. Let them remember that every little helps to make the sum total larger. We expect to print the regular double number next quarter, and ask you to help us make it a good one.

In this number are given the addresses of the State secretaries. The directory has been made according to the latest information the Secretary of the General Association has been able to obtain. If it contains any errors, she would be glad to be informed of them.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF S. S. REPORTS

For Quarter Ending September 30, 1883.

NAMES OF STATES.	NAMES OF SECRETARIES.	No. Schools reported.	Membership.	Average Attendance.	New Members Enrolled.	Dropped from Record.	Number Under 14.	Number Over 20.	Church Members.	Number of Classes.	Number of Members in Primary Division.	Intermediate Division.	Senior Division.	Keep Complete Records.	Number of Instructors Taken.	Contributions Received.	Amount Sent State Association.	Amount State Sent General Association.
Alabama	Mrs. G. D. Ballou	33	1218	849	227	142	378	501	530	159	383	130	606	25	779	\$196.32	\$5.53	\$5.35
California	C. H. Pierce	4	121	85	5	7	37	39	54	16	52	6	63	4	53	10.25		
Colorado	Vesta J. Olsen	14	460	299	53	36	169	203	218	52	128	95	217	12	102	12.62	1.12	32
Dakota	Leanna Morrell	30	867	617	50	39	295	361	420	102	238	167	404	27	425	48.10	3.72	50
Indiana	Lizzie S. Campbell	30	657	435	21	21	206	327	364	79	166	52	408	16	237	24.05	4.04	1.40
Illinois	Mrs. P. A. Holly	42	1318	721	82	65	534	641	673	159	314	124	513	34	502	51.84	4.57	41
Iowa	Emma Enoch	26	676	466	125	52	180	248	321	82	106	106	206	12	110	13.24	4.57	
Kansas	Sallie C. Branstetter	7	59	49	1	1	21	18	33	14	12	4	29	4	12			
Kentucky	Eva Bell Giles	75	2960	1824	270	153	732	1142	1256	330	620	390	1460	75	1825	225.29	16.20	2.00
Michigan	Vita Morrow	12	191	138	28	7	74	93	98	24	70	8	114	6	85	10.13	2.25	
Missouri	Mrs. F. C. Oviatt	15	252	170	2	3	70	122	118	33	37	17	96	11	92	8.37	2.61	26
Maine	Mrs. A. K. Hersum	42	1058	683	84	71	341	524	520	137	245	612	32	402	73.24	8.00	1.05	
Minnesota	E. S. Babcock	16	351	219	10	9	82	205	208	49	71	36	204	14	149	16.73	1.46	15
New York	Mrs. N. J. Walsworth	10	292	176	45	41	100	107	109	32	81	21	119	9	111	2.45	10	
North Pacific	R. D. Benham																	
Nevada																		
New England	Mrs. E. D. Robinson	57	494	343	43	26	137	279	250	71	87	38	361	24	414	65.15	7.22	1.00
Nebraska	Mrs. N. N. Shepard																	
Ohio	Verna Null	24	526	367	16	30	167	276	296	75	155	77	284	24	296	43.41	2.50	83
Ontario	Mrs. E. D. Robinson	30	512	349	65	49	188	292	135	72	156	41	316	26	245	33.37	1.87	20
Pennsylvania	Mrs. F. C. Oviatt	3	48	32	4	15	28	29	7	15	9	22	1	20	2.15			
Tennessee	Mattie C. Moore	9	231	186	44	9	103	127	104	36	80	56	92	7	100	11.15	1.12	15
Texas	Susie C. King	15	266	166	18	20	75	168	173	36	52	10	117	9	108	11.75	1.15	12
Vermont	Ann E. Smith	4	109	72	13	9	24	19	25	16	45	9	56	3	38	2.76		
Virginia	Lillie D. Woods	46	1095	752	111	81	316	432	512	146	317	127	438	40	466	58.53	5.23	52
Wisconsin	Mrs. Nellie Taylor	6	118	87	15	39	51	59	51	13	51	56	11	75	2.05			
Upper Columbia	Francis E. Jones																	
Totals		520	13800	9085	1331	910	4295	6211	6506	1740	3481	1579	6748	415	6640	922.95	69.55	14.26

WINNIE LOUGHBOROUGH, Secretary General Association.

For Our Little Ones.



THE SNOW-BIRD.

WHERE doth the snow-bird sleep?
 The stormy winter's night comes on apace;
 Thick falls the snow—knows it a sheltered place,
 Where it can snugly creep,
 And, safe and warm, its dusky pinions fold?
 Where doth He hide his snow-birds from the cold?
 All day the dark-winged flock,
 About my window hopping, chirping, come,
 Asking of Tynlu, a seed, a crumb,
 From his abundant stock.
 With small, faint song,
 With twitter, and with low and pleasant hum,
 Hungry and bold, nimble and brave, they come,
 Swept with the snow along.
 They frolic in the snow,—
 They dance with the white flakes,
 And every small foot makes
 In the pure covering its tiny track,
 While stars and spangles deck each little back.
 They frolic in the snow
 That falls so thickly round
 O'er all the frozen ground;
 But do the gay ones know
 Where they this freezing night may hide away,
 And all securely until morning stay?
 Close to the glass they creep:
 In at the panes they peep,
 Holding strange Masonry with Tynlu;
 And their enticing ways,
 And all their antic plays,
 Are full in the lone captive's charmed view.
 They see the shadows fall,
 And to each other call,
 And Tynlu replies and tries to go
 Out to the hardy brood,
 With whom he shares his food,—
 The little dusky elves that haunt the snow.
 Eagerly, but in vain,
 He smites the window-pane.
 O foolish little bird, where wouldst thou fly?
 Thy nest is safe and warm,
 Nought shall my birdie harm,
 But out in the cold snow he soon would die.
 Where do the snow-birds sleep?
 Where doth He safely keep
 His hardy, happy little winter sprites?
 I know their haunts by day—
 But see—they haste away—
 Where does He shelter them these stormy nights?
 —Augusta Moore.

THE STORY OF KING CORN.

"Such a rainy day!" said little Susie, as she stood by the window watching the drops of rain pattering against the panes. "I wish I was one of those ducks out in that big puddle, or else that dinner was ready, or Aunt Lucy would come home, or somebody tell me a story."

Annie was holding a skein of silk for her mother to wind, and Robert was writing his composition by the table. Everybody was busy; Aunt Lucy could not come home in the rain, and dinner would not be ready for an hour, and as for being a duck, Susie knew well enough that her mother would not even let her go out and play she was one, so she turned from the window, and asked, "Mother, what can I do?"

"There are your dolls, Susie," suggested her mother, working away at an ugly tangle in the silk.

"Fido gnawed Jud yall up," said Susie; "and Sally is out on Arthur's camp-ground, you see she was a nurse in the hospital; and Jenny and Rose are up garret in a handbox, I'm playing they're gone to Saratoga; and any way, I can't play without Annie."

"Why don't you ask me to tell you a story?" said Robert. "I can tell you just as good a one as Aunt Lucy."

"O Robert!" said Susie, "will you truly tell me a story? and what will it be about?"

"It is about a king," said Robert, "and I shall call it the story of King Corn."

"Is it true, Robert?" asked Susie as she seated herself on the carpet at his feet.

"Partly true, and partly not true. When I get through, then you will know;" so Robert began his story.

Once there was a very pleasant country that was called the Sunset Land. Flowers of all kinds grew on its beautiful hills and plains; in its forests lived the wild deer, and its lakes and rivers were full of all sorts of fish.

A great many people lived in this beautiful country—men, women, and little children—and they would have been very happy, only they had one thing to trouble them. Somewhere, in a cave among the mountains, lived a dreadful robber called Famine; and he would sometimes come down from his hiding-place, and kill even the little, innocent children.

The people tried every way to drive him off, and sometimes he would not trouble them for a few years, and they would think he was surely dead. But whenever there came a bad season, so that the crops did not grow, and the grass dried up in the fields, then the Famine was sure to come back and prowl around their houses all winter.

At last they heard of another country where a very strong king was living, whose name was King Corn, and they sent some men to him to beg him to send an army and drive this robber out of the land. So the next spring, King Corn sent a great army, thousands and thousands of soldiers, but Oh! such little mites of men, all dressed from head to foot in a shining armor of gold. They set up little brown tents all over the hill-sides and in the valleys, and shut themselves up close in them, without so much as a single sentinel to keep watch. When the robber heard that a great army had come against him, he sent some of his men to see, and they told him they could find nothing but little brown tents too small for a fairy. So the robber laughed, and went back to his cave.

For a long time the brown tents were all quiet; but one beautiful morning there came out from every one of them four little soldiers, all dressed in green. All day and all night they stood there, right in their places; in the sun and in the rain it was all the same; but all the time they grew bigger and bigger, till, by and by, instead of the brown tents was a great army, with shining lances, and nodding plumes, and broad, green banners. When the autumn came, the robber crept out of his cave to see if there were any poor, feeble bodies among the people, that he could kill; but as soon as he came in sight of the army with banners, he was frightened almost to death. So he called his men together, and took his wife Poverty, and they all went away from the country.

Then the people gave a great shout, and ever since then King Corn has ruled the Sunset Land.

"Is that all?" asked Susie.

"Yes, that is all," said Robert; "was not it a nice story?"

"Yes; but I don't quite understand," said Susie, a little doubtfully.

"I do," said Annie, shaking the last turn of the silk from her fingers. "Famine means when people can't get enough to eat, and die because they are hungry; and King Corn means"—

"Oh yes," said Susie, "I know now. The little brown tents are the hills of corn, and when the corn comes up, that is the little green soldiers that grow and grow. It's true about the corn, but you made up the story part, Robert."

"But, Robert, was there ever a time when corn did not grow here," said Annie; "and did people really have to send away for it?"

"I suppose they did," said Robert, "but it was a long time ago. When the white people first came to this country, they found it growing here."

"Who used to plant it then?"

"The Indians planted it, and the squaws used to hoe it and take care of it."

"But where did they get it in the first place?"

"I don't know. Some people think it grew wild here, but it is not likely, for no one ever saw any growing so. I've read that it grows wild in some countries of Europe, but I do not know about it. You must ask Aunt Lucy when she comes home."—Emily Huntington Miller.

Letter Budget.

ELLA J. NICCUM writes from Terre Haute, Ind. She says: "I am staying with my aunt and uncle in Terre Haute. We are the only Sabbath-keepers in the city that we know of. Although we are deprived of Sabbath-school and meetings, yet we read the Bible, Review, INSTRUCTOR, and many good books, and have prayers at the beginning and close of the Sabbath. I began with the new year to read the Bible through. I intend to make the year 1884 the best year of my life. I am twelve years old. I was baptized at the Bunker Hill Camp-meeting, and joined the church in October, 1883. I love the truth, and try to live it faithfully."

We would say to Ella that the editor of the INSTRUCTOR who signs "M. J. C." was once the only Sabbath-keeper living in Terre Haute, and she is glad to learn that there are some there now who observe the true Sabbath. In so large a city the Lord must have some jewels to be gathered out, and may you be successful in finding some of them. Will you try?

CORA LEE LEWIS, of Farnham, Va., says: "I am ten years old. I have four sisters and one brother. We have kept the Sabbath with papa and mamma four years. I have been reading the INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. I send money to renew our club."

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