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# "IN HONOR PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER."

MINNIE MARVIN paused in her morning lesson, and read the words softly over again. "I've heard mamma repeat them a great many times, but they never sounded just as they do now. 'In honor preferring one another;' then I must always be ready to yield my preferences to theirs, must never in anywise be selfish. Ah, how many times I have violated this rule!" She sat thoughtfully a few minutes, then drawing herself up resolutely, exclaimed, "I'll see how faithfully I can heed it to-day." She bowed her head reverently, and asked God to help her keep her resolution, for she had been taught to pray.

Minnie Marvin had just reached her sixteenth year, a lively, amiable girl, but very impulsive, and a little thoughtless of others' comfort sometimes; yet her warm heart and genial disposition won her many friends, and Minnie was greatly loved, notwithstanding her faults.

The holidays were being spent with her cousin in the country, and happy days they were, bringing many rare pleasures to the city girl.

When she entered the breakfast-room, and responded to the glad good mornings that greeted her, the light of a new purpose beamed in her eye, and her life seemed to possess a deeper meaning than ever before.

A delicate morsel of yesterday's dinner stood temptingly before her; it was a favorite dish, and by common consent had been given to her, as the honored guest. Now Minnie was very fond of this particular roast, but she looked at it hesitatingly, for she knew grandma was very fond of it too. She had no doubt there must be something fully as nice for grandma; but, remembering her text, she looked up timidly, and said, "If you please, I would like grandma to have this." Her aunt looked at her with an approving smile; and when, an hour later, she saw the old lady eating her breakfast with an unusual satisfaction, and heard her say, "You are a good girl, Minnie, to remember your grandma—a good girl, just as your mother used to be," she felt much more than repaid for her little act of self-denial, and thought it a very pleasant thing to "prefer one another in honor."

The forenoon slipped quietly away, and all were so happy that Minnie had almost forgotten her resolution. But when, after dinner, she opened a new book to finish the reading of a story she had commenced that morning, she suddenly remembered how weary Mary looked when she left her a few minutes before. "She has been at work all the morning," thought Minnie, "while I have done almost nothing. I should so much like to finish

With Minnie's help, the work was soon finished, and she was bounding away with a light step to feast on her story-book, when grandma looked up from her tangled yarn with a perplexed face, and called, "Here, Minnie, your bright eyes are just what I want for a minute."

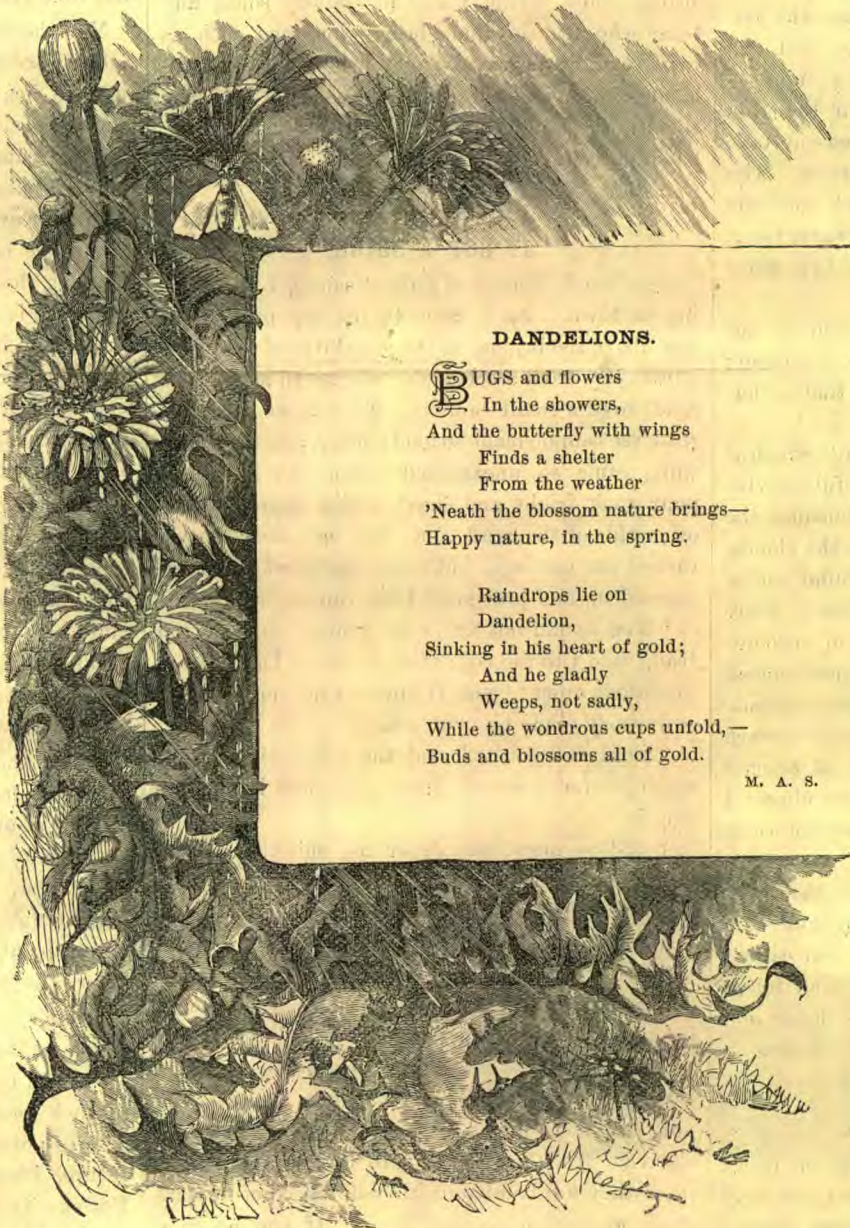
Now Minnie could not be displeased when her grandma asked her to do anything—of course she could not; but she was disappointed at this delay, and I am afraid she felt a little annoyed too. The tangled yarn proved a serious test of her patience, for the obstinate knots would not yield at first; but Minnie kept saying to herself, over and over, "In honor preferring one another—preferring one another," and the words seemed to be a charm; for her peace of mind came back, and in a few minutes the yarn was straightened out, and she wound it in triumph into a nice, smooth ball.

When the old lady looked at her kindly over the top of her glasses, and said, "Thank you, dear," as only a grandmother can say it, Minnie was very happy, and replied earnestly, "I love to do anything for you, grandma."

The afternoon waned, and Minnie leaned closer into the window to catch the last rays of daylight. Little Willie sat at her feet, intent on the manufacture of a toy that she had been helping him construct. "Please, Cousin Minnie;" but Cousin Minnie was absorbed in her own affairs, and so she shut her ears to the pleading voice. "Please," broke in Willie again, "please will you show me how to fix this?" "In honor preferring one another," suggested the silent monitor within, and she turned from her reading with a start, like one suddenly aroused. "Yes, Willie, what is it?" Preferring another's happiness before her own, she found great pleasure, and little Willie

went wild with delight over his new plaything. Thus the day went down upon Minnie Marvin; and when she laid her head upon her pillow that night, it was with much sweeter satisfaction than she was wont to know.

"It is only in little things that I've denied myself to-day," she mused, "very little things; but I suppose our lives are mostly filled up with just such trifles, after all. Perhaps he who numbereth the hairs of our heads does not reckon these things so small either." And she thanked God for strength to obey even in that which seems to be least.—*Ladies' Repository.*



## DANDELIONS.

BUGS and flowers  
In the showers,  
And the butterfly with wings  
Finds a shelter  
From the weather  
'Neath the blossom nature brings—  
Happy nature, in the spring.

Raindrops lie on  
Dandelion,  
Sinking in his heart of gold;  
And he gladly  
Weeps, not sadly,  
While the wondrous cups unfold,—  
Buds and blossoms all of gold.

M. A. S.

my story," and she looked longingly at the book, "but that would not be preferring Mary to myself, so I believe I must go and help her." Minnie sprang up, and went out to the kitchen, where her plainer cousin was still busy at her work. There was a pleasant expression on her face, for she loved her work, but her step was heavy, and she only smiled wearily as Minnie entered. "I thought I would come and help you a little, Cousin Mary, if you will let me; you must be tired."

"It is very kind of you," and Mary looked rested even while she spoke.



"BY AND BY" AND "NEVER."

Of all the roads so pleasant,  
So smooth unto our feet,  
So tempting and inviting,  
Whose roses seem so sweet,  
There's none along life's journey,  
Beneath youth's cloudless sky,  
That leads to half the mischief  
Of that road, "By and By."

Of all the far-off cities,  
In story or in song,  
Where dark regrets, like phantoms,  
In countless numbers throng—  
Where hopes lie coldly shattered,  
'Mid sorrow and 'mid shame,  
There's none like one dim city,  
And "Never" is its name.

Oh, eager hands that labor  
In youth's bright, golden clime!  
Oh, earnest hearts, remember  
How speeds the foot of time!  
Take heed, lest all unfruitful  
Your dearest purpose die;  
For to that city "Never"  
The road is "By and By."

—Geo. Cooper.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

LOVE OF LABOR.

THERE is true reward in love-wrought labor. Who has not felt that the dread of impending evil brings more of unrest and pain than the evil itself? Yet while we may justly fear evil, we often dread that which we should love and enjoy,—our duty. It is very natural that our thoughts should control our feelings. An unpleasant task fatigues us, while a pleasant one exhilarates. The exhaustive nature of labor depends much upon the mind. Love for labor is a constant reward, for it prevents fatigue, relieves monotony, and lifts above discouragement.

If, after hard work, the desired end be not attained, the toiler finds little reason to complain; for he has his pay in the possible good that he has done, or in the experience he has gained.

Idleness is misery. No evil exists for which it does not pave the way. The love of useful activity is the best safeguard of virtue; it intensifies the sunshine, it lifts the shadows, it paints the clouds.

The pioneers in navigation and colonial settlement regarded their hardships as a friend; there was a romantic tinge even in their life of unremitting toil. The truest inventors, the profoundest scholars, the most devoted reformers and missionaries, have labored with little other hope of reward than that which comes with the doing. A teacher of wide experience has said, "It seems almost a pity that a man should be paid in money for work he loves so well."

May this love, not of gain but of the labor which brings it, prove to us the key-note of a harmonious life-song. Lack of love for our calling always tends to failure. First love, then labor, and then success; or rather, love and labor and success all together.

GEORGE R. AVERY.

CISTERN IN TREE-TOPS.

It is wonderful how God provides for the needs of his creatures in strange places and unlikely ways. All living things *must* have water, or die; and so water is often found stored up in remarkable and unexpected places. In the heart of Africa, where all is drought and barrenness, it is said that there is sometimes found in the soil the little stem of a plant, and by digging down to the bottom of it, a bulb is discovered, containing a quantity of pure, sweet water.

A writer tells of a surveying party who were resting at noon in a forest in Florida, when one of the chainmen exclaimed, "I would give fifty cents a swallow for all the water I could drink." He

expressed the sentiment of the others; all were very thirsty, and there was not a spring or stream of water anywhere in the vicinity.

While the men were thus talking, the surveyor saw a crow put his bill into a cluster of broad, long leaves, growing on the side of a tall cypress. The leaves were those of a peculiar air-plant. They were green, and bulged out at the bottom, forming an inverted bell. The smaller end was held to the tree by roots grappling the bark. Feeding on the air and water that it catches and holds, the air-plant becomes a sort of cistern. The surveyor sprang to his feet with a laugh.

"Boys," he said, "that old crow is wiser than every one of us."

"How so?" they asked.

"Why, he knows that there are a hundred thousand water-tanks in this forest."

"Where?" they cried, in amazement.

The surveyor cut an air-plant in two, and drained nearly a pint of pure, cold water from it. The men did not suffer for water after that, for every tree in the forest had at least one air-plant, and almost every air-plant contained a drink of water.

So God satisfies the longings of thirsty men. Even amid the desert's glowing sands, the smitten rock poured forth the life-giving flood. And God also provides living water for thirsty souls, and those who feel in their hearts longings such as earth can never satisfy, may hear amid the restlessness of unsatisfied desire, the voice of him who stood in the temple, and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink!"—*The Little Christian*.

"IT GOT A-GOING."

ONE bright Fourth of July morning, I was driving to town. As I came to the top of the hill just above the bridge, on the out-skirts of the place, a little boy from a cottage on the north side of the road, fired a small cannon. He was so near the road, the cannon made so loud a noise, and the whole thing came so unexpectedly, that my little bay pony took fright and shied, with a spring, to the other side of the road. He not only nearly overturned the carriage, but was with great difficulty reigned in, and prevented from running away.

"You should not fire your cannon so near the road," said I to the boy, after the pony had become somewhat quiet; "you frightened my horse badly, and nearly made him run away."

"I didn't mean to," said the boy; "but it got a-going before I saw the horse, and then I could n't stop it."

I said no more, but drove on, thinking of the boy's answer, as I have often thought of it since, though all this happened years ago.

What I have thought is this. I wish I could make every boy think of it, and feel it. It would do him ever so much good, especially if he would try to apply it to all his actions.

That little boy's cannon was *just like his habits—just like everybody's habits*. Habits, like the cannon, are not easy to stop when they once get started. They are pretty sure to keep going until, if they are bad habits, they do mischief in spite of all we can do to stop them. If you get in a habit of telling wrong stories, you cannot so easily stop it. If you get a habit of meddling dishonestly with what don't belong to you, it is apt to go on until it does some terrible mischief. If you get into the habit of being idle, and wasting your time and opportunities, be sure it will not stop and change to a good habit just when you see how bad it is, and wish to get out of it.

Look out, then, for the beginning of a bad habit. Remember habits are things, that, like the cannon, you cannot easily stop when once you set them agoing.—*Observer*.

EDITOR'S CORNER.



HAT feeling known as fear, who has not experienced it,—that uneasy feeling of the mind, when we think some evil threatens to come upon us? The readers of the INSTRUCTOR all know what it is; or, as the little folks talk it, they know

what it is to be "afraid." If Adam and Eve had obeyed God, evil would not exist, and there would be nothing to make us afraid. But with sin came guilt, and then fear; and as wickedness increases, the causes for fear increase also.

Our old, worn-out earth has yet so much beauty, that, were it not for the evils which threaten it and its inhabitants, many would be almost content to make it their permanent home. It is not so strange that innocent children and inexperienced youth, full of hope and life, looking only at the bright side, should be attracted by its charms, and ask what cause there is for fear. Well, we would not be false alarmists; but we want you to open your eyes to facts as they now exist, that in an evil time you need not be taken in a snare.

You have learned in your Bibles and at the Sabbath-school that Satan was once an angel of light in heaven; that he sinned, thus losing his exalted position, and was driven out of heaven; that he came to this earth, where he has held dominion nearly six thousand years. He not only has power over the nations, but, to a greater or less extent, he controls our atmosphere, many times bringing destructive storms upon the earth. This is why he is called "the prince of the power of the air." You have also learned that in the last days he was to come down with great wrath, because his time for working ruin was almost done; or, as the Bible reads, "because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

We have reached the time of Satan's great wrath, as we may know by the great increase of crime and wickedness, and by the more frequent disasters by land and by sea. The terrible earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, cyclones, tornadoes, hurricanes, floods, and fires, which occur so often, are the best proofs of his wrath, and of his determination to destroy the race.

Surely there is cause for fear, when our great enemy is planting danger in every secret place, and is ready at any unforeseen moment to do us injury. Don't hide your eyes from the light, but seeing the danger, make the Lord Jehovah your everlasting strength; so shall you "be accounted worthy to escape all that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."

Satan's power is limited, and when the true people of God send up their united cry to be delivered from his power, the angels of God will come to their rescue. The ninety-first Psalm gives a description of God's true people a little way in the future. Please take your Bibles, and read the whole Psalm. In it you will find a remedy for all your fears. If, as therein taught, you will "make the Most High your habitation, there shall no evil befall you, neither shall any plague come nigh your dwelling." We must seek God carefully, and we must seek him earnestly, as you know, if we expect a hiding-place under his wings during these days of peril; and they that be wise will make no delay in securing a right to his protection. When the storm is over, and the faithful are all gathered home, will any of the INSTRUCTOR family be missing. Dear readers, ponder this question well.

M. J. C.



## JACK'S SCAR.

ALMOST every boy has some kind of a scar on his cheek, or his hand, or some other place; but Jack's scar is not like these.

Jack is not a little boy. He is a young man, a conductor on a railroad train.

A great railroad has its headquarters in our town, so that almost everybody is either at work for the railroad company himself, or else has a father, or a brother, or a cousin, who is.

Last week a conductor was killed; and while Jack, with a group of his comrades, stood sadly talking about the conductor's death, one of their number, a Christian gentleman, said: "There is hardly a man in the railroad service but has been in some way hurt, and carries some scar." Jack proudly replied that he had been in the employ of the railroad company for years, and he had never been hurt, he carried no scar; and, to make his statement stronger, he used some very wicked words; for he had learned to swear.

The gentleman looked sorrowfully at the young man. He knew that Jack had not been brought up to swear, but that he had kept company with profane boys and men until he had fallen into the habit almost unconsciously, scarcely knowing when he did swear.

The comrade thought of all this, and then said earnestly, "Jack, you do carry a scar."

But Jack again replied with an oath that he did not; he was very positive there was no scar upon him.

"Ah, Jack!" answered the Christian friend, "you have a bad scar—in your mouth!"

Boys and girls, you may not be able to prevent the scars of accidents upon the hands or face, but I implore you to strive earnestly, all the time, fervently seeking the help of the Saviour, to keep your mouth and hearts free from the scars of sin.—*Selected.*

## KEEPING TO ONE THING.

WE earnestly entreat every young man, after he has chosen his vocation, to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as pulled off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day.

Whether upon the old farm, where our fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productiveness; in the machine-shop, the factory, or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be, "Perseverance and industry." Stick to one thing, boys, and you will have success.

## ANECDOTE OF PETER COOPER.

THE head of the Woman's Art School of Cooper Institute writes of Peter Cooper: "One day he stood watching the portrait class, who, to the number of thirty pupils or more, were drawing likenesses of the same model from different positions. One scholar made the face in profile; another had it turned a little into the shadow; a third saw more of the full face; while others worked still farther into or away from the light. He had stood observing the scene for a few minutes, when he said 'Such a sight as this should be a lesson in charity, when we perceive how the same person may be so different, according to the way he is looked at by various people.'"

HE who holds back rising anger, like a rolling chariot, is a real driver; other people simply hold the reins.—*Eastern Proverb.*

## The Sabbath-School.

## FOURTH SABBATH IN APRIL.

## NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

## LESSON 183.—PAUL'S SPEECH ON THE STAIRS OF THE CASTLE.

1. WHEN the chief captain had rescued Paul from the mob, what inquiry did he make? Acts 21:33.
2. How did he succeed in learning the cause of the tumult? Verse 34.
3. What command did he then issue?
4. What did the multitude of the people do? Verse 36.
5. How great did the violence of the people become? Verse 35.
6. How did Paul address the chief captain, as he was about to be led into the castle?
7. What questions did the chief captain then ask him? Verses 37, 38.
8. How did Paul reply? Verse 39.
9. Where did Paul stand while making his speech?
10. When silence had been secured, how did he address them? Acts 22:1.
11. What brief account of himself did he then proceed to give?
12. What zeal had he shown for the Jewish customs?
13. What proof of this was he prepared to give? Verse 5.
14. To what well-known action did he refer? Verse 5.
15. How was he stricken down while on his cruel errand to Damascus?
16. What did he hear?
17. What words passed between Paul and the Lord?
18. In what condition was Paul at the close of the interview?
19. How much of this vision were those allowed to witness who were with Paul at the time?
20. What was the character of the man to whom Paul was sent for instruction? Verse 12.
21. How had the Lord prepared Ananias for the work he was to do? Acts 9:11-16.
22. How was Paul's sight restored? Acts 22:13.
23. What was said to Paul about his calling and his mission? Verses 14, 15.
24. What immediate act of faith was he called upon to perform? Verse 16.
25. What did Paul say of the vision that he afterward had at Jerusalem? Verses 17, 18.
26. How did Paul, while in the vision, remonstrate with the Lord? Verses 19, 20.
27. What absolute command did Paul there receive? Verse 21.
28. What effect did it have when Paul spoke of his mission to the Gentiles? Verse 22.

## NOTES.

ACTS 21:32. **Soldiers and centurions.**—The Roman garrison at Jerusalem was stationed at the fortress Antonia. This castle, or tower, of Antonia was built by the Maccabean princes for a residence, under the name of Baris. Herod the Great rebuilt it with considerable splendor, and named it Antonia, after Mark Antony. It stood at the northwest corner of the temple area, and communicated with the temple cloisters by means of two flights of steps. It stood on lower ground than the platform of the temple, but was raised to such a height that at least one of its four turrets commanded a view of what was going on within. The officer here called chief captain was commander of a thousand men, and the centurions were captains of companies.—*Rev. Com.* At the time of the greater festivals, when a vast concourse of people, full of religious fanaticism, and embittered by hatred of their rulers, flocked into the temple courts, it was found necessary to order a strong military force into Antonia, and to keep them under arms, so that they might act promptly in case of any outbreak.—*Hewson.*

THE beginning and rapid progress of the commotion must have been seen by the sentries on the cloisters and the tower, and news was sent up immediately to Claudius Lysias, the commandant of the garrison, that

"all Jerusalem was in an uproar." Lysias himself rushed down instantly, with some of his subordinate officers and a strong body of men, into the temple court. At the sight of the flashing arms and disciplined movements of the imperial soldiers, the Jewish mob desisted from their murderous violence. "They left off beating Paul."

Claudius Lysias proceeded with the soldiers promptly and directly to Paul, whom he perceived to be the central object of all the excitement in the temple court, and in the first place he ordered him to be chained by each hand to a soldier, for he suspected that he might be the Egyptian rebel, who had himself baffled the pursuit of the Roman force, though his followers were dispersed. This being done, he proceeded to question the by-standers, who were watching this summary proceeding, half in disappointed rage at the loss of their victim, and half in satisfaction that they saw him at least in captivity. But "when Lysias demanded who he was, and what he had done, some cried one thing, and some another, among the multitude;" and when he found that he could obtain no certain information in consequence of the tumult, he gave orders that the prisoner should be conveyed into the barracks within the fortress. The multitude pressed and crowded on the soldiers as they proceeded to execute this order, so that the apostle was actually "carried up" the staircase in consequence of the violent pressure from below. And meanwhile, deafening shouts arose from the stairs and from the court—the same shouts which nearly thirty years before surrounded the prætorium of Pilate: "Away with him! away with him!"

At this moment the apostle, with the utmost presence of mind, turned to the commanding officer who was near him, and addressing him in Greek, said respectfully, "May I speak with thee?" Claudius Lysias was startled when he found himself addressed by his prisoner in Greek, and asked him whether he was then mistaken in supposing he was the Egyptian ringleader of the late rebellion. Paul replied calmly that he was no Egyptian, but a Jew; and he readily explained his knowledge of Greek, and at the same time asserted his claim to respectful treatment, by saying that he was a native of "Tarsus in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city;" and he proceeded to request that he might be allowed to address the people. The request was a bold one, and we are almost surprised that Lysias should have granted it; but there seems to have been something in Paul's aspect and manner which from the first gained an influence over the mind of the Roman officer, and his consent was not refused. And now the whole scene was changed in a moment. Paul stood upon the stairs, and turned to the people, and made a motion with the hand, as about to address them. And they too felt the influence of his presence. Tranquility came on the sea of heads below; there was "a great silence," and he began, saying,—

"Brethren and fathers, hear me, and let me now defend myself before you."

They listened while he spoke to them of his early life, his persecution of the church, his mission to Damascus. Many were present who could testify, on their own evidence, to the truth of what he said. Even when he told them of his miraculous conversion, his interview with Ananias, and his vision in the temple, they listened still. But when his mission to the Gentiles was announced—though the words quoted were the words of Jehovah spoken in the temple itself, even as the Lord had once spoken to Samuel—one outburst of frantic indignation rose from the temple-area, and silenced the speaker on the stairs. Their national pride bore down every argument which could influence their reason or their reverence. They could not bear the thought of uncircumcised heathens being made equal to the sons of Abraham. They cried out that such a wretch ought not to pollute the earth with his presence—that it was a shame to have preserved his life; and in their rage and impatience they tossed off their outer garments (as on that other occasion when the garments were laid at the feet of Saul himself), and threw up dust into the air with frantic violence. This commotion threw Lysias into new perplexity. He had not been able to understand the apostle's Hebrew speech, and when he saw its results, he concluded that his prisoner must be guilty of some enormous crime. He ordered him therefore to be taken immediately from the stairs into the barracks, and to be examined by torture in order to elicit a confession of his guilt.—*Conybeare and Howson.*



## For Our Little Ones.

## BIRD-TALK.

WHAT news, what comfort do you bring?  
Say, gossip, say!  
As you come back with tired wing  
Adown the airy way."

"So high above the trees I flew,  
High, gossips, high!  
I saw a little rift of blue,  
A lovely glimpse of sky."

"And is it true that storms will cease?  
True, gossip, true?"  
"Oh, yes; the winds will be at peace,  
The sun will shine on you!"

"So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,  
Call, gossips, call!  
Fast comes the happy spring this way,  
Brave gossips all!"

—Celia Thaxter.

## MOTHER'S WAY.



RED WHITE sat on the edge of the sidewalk, slowly replacing his shoes and stockings. The shoes were heavy with red clay, and the stockings clung firmly to a pair of blue feet, refusing to be tugged beyond the wet little heels of their owner.

"I say, Rob!"

"Well?" inquired

Rob, tracing with

one bare toe the hop-scotch pattern on the sidewalk.

"You and the rest of the boys go 'long and get your 'scuses. Don't wait for me," tugging at the sock. "Teacher'll expect us back right away. Meet me at the corner, and we'll all go in to school together. There!"

So Rob and the others ran down the street to get written excuses for their tardiness in the school-room.

"How they do sing!" Fred said to himself, as the voices of his school-mates fell upon his ears through the open windows. "They an't late, nor going home for a note, nor anything. Bother the raft and the poles and the mud!" and the little boy ruefully wiped his cheek with his clean jacket-sleeve, and then tied a knot in the stiff clay-colored shoe-string.

"I will be good, I will be good,  
I will be good to-day,"

shouted the chorus in the school-room.

"Just what I said to mamma this morning, when she pinned my collar," said Fred. "I meant it, too. But Rob and the boys called me to the water, and then Tom Gray said I did n't dare go on the raft; and, anyway, I won't be dared by Tom."

Fred sighed as he opened the little gate, and went through the grass to the kitchen door. The hardest of his way lay in meeting his mamma and getting her to write the note. She was washing though, and perhaps would be in a hurry. That was in his favor.

"I say, mamma," winningly.

"Why! Freddie," came in sweet, surprised tones from the cloud of steam.

"Say, now—now, mamma," laying a stick of wood with great care on the nearest pile.

"What is it, dear? Why are n't you at school? It is late."

"Well, that's just it. You see Rob and the boys and—well, yes—and, and me—"

"Come here, Freddie. Let me wipe your face and your collar. How came you to take hold of it with muddy fingers? Come into the house."

"Oh! never mind. I'm in a hurry." Fred thrust his feet behind the chips, for reasons best known to himself. "I'm tardy, mamma, and teacher wants a note. Please do it quick, 'cause I've got to be back in time for 'rithmetic. I'll be bringing in wood while you write."

This was an unusual offer for Fred to make, and his mother wondered about it, as she slowly dried her hands. Fred knew she was going to ask questions. He never liked it. It made him so much trouble. Why did n't she let things go, as Tom Gray's mother did?

"Freddie."

"Yes'm," he replied from the dim recesses of the woodshed, where the dry sticks lay.

"Come in for a moment."

Fred obeyed. She was a little mother, but he always obeyed when she spoke. She led him into a room beyond the kitchen.

"Yes, sir," said Fred to himself, "she is going to ask questions. The boys'll be waiting. Oh, dear! That old raft and Tom Gray!—and, anyway, what *did* make mamma want to know all about everything for?"

"Where have you been?" began his mother, sitting down in an old arm-chair, and removing the strip of linen from the neck of his "roundabout."

"Just down to the ravine a little while. There were whole lots of boys, 'nd a raft. They said I dare n't get aboard; 'nd so I did. You wouldn't have me be a coward of course," he said, doubtfully but encouragingly.

"'Nd then we went to the bridge, and the bell rang before we could get ashore. Rob and the others were late, too."

As his mother's eyes were slightly downcast, Fred stood a little closer to her skirts. His feet seemed in the way.

"What did your teacher say?" asked Mrs. White, so sadly, it seemed, taking from Fred's pocket a roll of soiled linen, once a clean handkerchief.

"Oh! she said we must get our 'scuses—the rule, you know. Oh! no, my feet are warm enough. Do n't mind me! You just be writin', 'cause I'm in such a hurry."

Quietly looking at the clay-spread shoes, Mrs. White began to take them off. Fred thought her hands looked very white and delicate against his soiled stockings, and wondered, as she laid the damp articles aside, if washing was very hard, anyway. Mamma's arms were slender, too. 'Twas too bad to make her so much work. But the note!

"Come, mamma, will you?"

"Yes, Freddie, since your teacher asks it. Put on these dry things." And she turned away to bring her pen.

"Why, an't she jolly, though?" whispered Fred to his dry socks.

"What shall I say?" asked mamma, as she pushed down the clothes in the boiler and returned.

"Oh! just what they always say. Please 'scuse Freddie, as he was necessarily 'tained."

"Then it was necessary for you to go to the water?" asked his mother, doubtfully.

Freddie was chipping the dry mud from his copper-toes. He did n't reply.

"And necessary to play on the raft?"

"Tom Gray dared me."

"And necessary to stand in the cold water?"

"Well, now, mamma, let's not talk about that now. It's most ten o'clock. Please be writin'."

"What shall I write?"

"Oh! you know," he said, putting his shoe-string through an eyelet.

Mamma began writing, gravely. Fred hopped on one foot to the table, anxiously spelling out the

words, "N-o, no; e-x-c-u-s-e, excuse. H-i-s, his; o-w-n, own; f-a-u-l-t, fault."

O mamma! She'll punish me! How can you? Oh! *don't* you love me? O mamma!"

"Yes, dear, I love you. Is n't my note true?"

"Well, but couldn't you just say—just say—well, couldn't you fix it somehow?" he sobbed.

"This is the truth, dear, and the truth cannot be improved by fixing. I can't tell a lie for you."

"I don't want you to tell a lie." Oh, no! the dear face of his mother was too pure for that.

"But do n't you love me?" Do you want me to be punished?"

"I love you too well to send you to your teacher with a falsehood in your hand. I cannot fix the note, Freddie, without making it untrue; but I would gladly bear the pain of your punishment on my own hand. But I will walk back with you, dear, and you will not be as lonely then."

"But you'll hear her whip me. She will certainly do that if I take this note," and the sobs began again.

"Then I shall know you are bearing the pain, rather than carry an untruth from your mother's hand," said Mrs. White, taking Fred's into her own, and moving to the door. His mother bade him good-by at the gate, as though a punishment was nothing.

"Go in now, Freddie. Mamma can't wait for you to make up your mind whether she is right or wrong. Good-by."

Fred brushed the tears away. Tom Gray should n't see him cry. He waited to kiss his mamma. She looked so pale, and *may be* her way was best. He looked back from the entry. He would smile toward her. It would be too bad to let her go home grieving, and he remembered her arms were so small, and those stockings were only two among many muddy ones. He had made her a great deal of trouble this morning—little mother!

At noon two feet bounded into the kitchen, and a voice exclaimed, "Hurrah for mamma!"

"Well, dear?"

"She never touched me. Not a stroke. She only looked odd around her eyes, and she read your note aloud, and she said: 'Here is a good mother.' My! I was so proud I did n't care if I had to stay, and make up my lesson. I would n't have you write the other 'scuse for anything."

"And how about Rob and the others?" asked his mother.

"Oh! I did n't ask. They did n't have to stay, though; cause they were n't gone so long. Oh! I did n't mind. When a fellow's so full of happy and proud, and never meaning to be bad again, he do n't think much about the others getting off easy. I say, mamma (Fred's face was in the kitchen towel), "I say, after all, even if she had whipped me, I think your way's the best. Dinner ready?"

—The Children's Friend.

Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

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