

Youth's Instructor

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No. 22.

A BIRD'S NEST.

OVER my shaded doorway,
Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
And utter their loving words.
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and
over,
"Sweetest, sweet,
sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are chang-
ful and shining,
Their eyes are like
living gems;
And all day long they
are busy
Gathering straws and
stems,
Lint and feathers, and
grasses,
And half forgetting
to eat,
Yet never failing to
warble,
"Sweetest, sweet,
sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on
the door-step,
And fling them some
flossy threads;
They fearlessly gather
my bounty,
And turn up their
graceful heads,
And chatter and dance
and flutter,
And scrape with their
tiny feet,
Telling me over and
over,
"Sweetest, sweet,
sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is
clouded?
What if the rain
comes down?
They are all dressed to
meet it
In water-proof suits
of brown.
They never mope nor
languish,
Nor murmur at storm
or heat,
But say, whatever the
weather,
"Sweetest, sweet,
sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
Dear little brown-winged birds!
Teach me the happy magic
Hidden in those soft words,
Which always in shine or shadow,
So lovingly you repeat,
Over and over and over

"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

—Florence Percy.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

THE WAY OF LIFE NOT A SMOOTH WAY.

DEAR young friends, do not flatter your-
selves that in accepting Christ you will
have no difficulties, no trials, no conflicts
to meet. If at any time you begin to think that

before kings and rulers for his sake; all manner
of evil would be spoken against them falsely, and
those who destroyed their lives would think they
did God service. And all, in every age, who have
lived godly lives, have suffered persecution in some
form. Many prophets and apostles have been
persecuted, imprisoned, and even put to death for
Christ's sake. They have suffered every indignity,
outrage, and cruelty which Satan could move upon
minds to invent.

The world is as much opposed to genuine religion
to-day as it ever has been. The same hatred and
hostility toward God which prompted the rejection
and crucifixion of Christ, and the persecution of
his faithful witnesses, still burns in the hearts of
the children of disobedience, and will soon break
forth with malignant energy. We read that in the
last days, Satan will come down in great wrath,
knowing that his time is short, and will work with
all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that
perish. Those who profess the religion of Jesus,
but have not followed him in self-denial, will be
wholly unprepared for this time. Their religion is
a religion of ease and convenience. They lift no
cross; they fight no stern battles with the natural
desires of the human heart. When the claims of
God cross their self-indulgent desires, they choose
to please themselves. They have not known
Christ; for they have not accepted him in his hu-
miliation. These will be found with the company
that oppose the truth, rather than with those who
are suffering for the truth's sake.

The spirit of persecution will not be excited
against those who have no connection with God,
and so have no moral strength. It will be aroused
against the faithful ones, who make no concessions
to the world, and will not be swayed by its opin-
ions, its favor, or its opposition. A religion that
bears a living testimony in favor of holiness, and
that rebukes pride, selfishness, avarice, and fash-
ionable sins, will be hated by the world and by
superficial Christians. Marvel not, then, my
youthful Christian friends, if the world hates you;
for it hated your Master before you. When you
suffer reproach and persecution, you are in excel-
lent company; for Jesus endured it all, and much
more. If you are faithful sentinels for God, these
things are a compliment to you. It is the heroic
souls, who will be true if they stand alone, who
will win the imperishable crown.

If you were of the world, you would enjoy its
approval; for the world will love its own. It is
because you do not partake of its spirit, because
by your blameless life and words of warning you
rebuke its wickedness, that Satan's wrath is stirred
up against you. But be not discouraged. It may
appear to you that those who are floating with the
current have a very pleasant time; for wide is the
gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction,
while the way to eternal life is strait and narrow,
and you will have to press through many difficul-

the life of the Christian soldier is one of ease and
rest, study the Pattern. Christ, the founder of
our faith, endured reproach; his life was one of
self-denial and self-sacrifice. And when you ac-
cept him, you accept the suffering part of religion;
you consent to share in his reproach, his self-de-
nial, and his self-sacrifice.

Christ told his disciples that in the world they
should have tribulation. They would be brought



ties; but by persevering effort you may win eternal life—the future, immortal inheritance. And the rest, the peace, the glory at the end of the journey, will a thousand times repay every exertion and sacrifice that you can make.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

DECORATION DAY.

NEARLY twenty-five years ago, a terrible war broke out in this country, and continued four years. Thousands of men left their homes to give up their lives for their country; and although quite a number of them returned in safety, a great many perished on the field of battle, or died in the horrible prison pens of the South. In order to keep the memory of these brave men fresh in mind, the thirtieth day of May has been set apart by the people of this nation, for decorating the graves of the soldiers.

On one pleasant decoration day, Mary Gibson, with her little brother and sister, went to the churchyard to decorate the grave of their brother, who had been a soldier in the war.

"Please, Mary," said Frank, as they were arranging the flowers around the tombstone, "tell us again about Harry, and how he was killed."

"Well," Mary began, "Harry was only eighteen when he marched out of the village with the rest of the boys one bright morning, and went away to war. Mother was very sad to think of parting with him; but she knew that the country was in danger, and needed every man who would go in its defense. So, as cheerfully as she could, she bade him good by."

"On the morning he went away, mother gave him a little Bible, and asked him to promise that he would read a chapter in it every day, and that every night he would pray to God before going to rest. Harry gave the promise, and was gone. Mother was very proud of him as he marched away in his uniform, but her pride was mingled with sorrow as she thought that perhaps she would never see him again."

"Harry had been gone three months, and every week brought a letter telling of the adventures of his new life; but these never contained a word of complaint about the hardships which he must have endured, exposed as he was to the rough men in his company. Better than all, they told that he had kept his promise about reading his Bible and praying, though at times his comrades would jeer at him about his piety. Once he had been in a battle; and for his bravery, he was made a lieutenant."

"At last came the terrible battle of Cold Harbor, and that week brought no letter from Harry. When the report of the battle came, his name was in the list of killed; but we heard no more about him until the close of the war. When the men came home, Captain Wilson, who had been with Harry all the time he was gone, and who had been his friend, told us about his last days on the battle field."

"It was the evening before the battle," said he, "and the Colonel, with several officers and myself, had met in his tent to consult about the next day's work, when we were attracted by a voice at a little distance from us. We were curious to know who it was, so we left the tent, and went softly toward the place from which the voice came. We had gone but a little way before I distinguished Harry's voice. He was praying, and the prayer that he made would have touched the hardest heart. Even the gruff old Colonel's eyes moistened, as he listened to the earnest words of prayer in behalf of the soldiers, many of whom were not to see the close of another day. When he had finished, he stole

quietly back to the tent, followed at a little distance by the officers."

"The battle began about nine o'clock the next morning. The enemy had planted a battery on our left, which had to be taken at all hazards, and the Colonel called for volunteers. It was a desperate undertaking, and could not be accomplished without great loss of life; but the first one to volunteer was Harry. The battery was taken, but Harry was mortally wounded. I saw him when he fell. He told me to take the little Bible from his pocket, and give it to his mother; and to tell her that he had kept his promise."

The children were very much interested in Mary's story, and when it was finished, Frank said, "I'm going to be a soldier and go to war, when I get to be a man."

"You can be a soldier before you get to be a man," answered Mary; "you can be a soldier now."

"Oh, may I?" cried he.

"You need not go away to the war to be a soldier," Mary replied. "Do n't you think you would have to do as a soldier does if you should keep from feeling cross when mother calls you from your play to go on an errand? Or when Gracie says things that you do not like, do n't you think that you would be quite a soldier if you should keep from getting angry and saying hasty words? Do n't you remember the verse that you learned at Sabbath-school?"

"Yes," said Frank slowly, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

EUGENE LELAND.

IF only we strive to be pure and true,
To each of us all there will come an hour
When the tree of life will burst into flower,
And rain at our feet the glorious dower
Of something grander than ever we knew.

THE FATAL DOOR.

THE Chevalier, Gerard De Kampis, was a very rich and a very proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, he wished to have a house-warming, and accordingly all his great neighbors were invited to a grand feast. At the conclusion of a sumptuous repast, his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies, and told that he was the most fortunate man alive. As the Chevalier loved flattery, we can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One among the guests, however, said nothing for a time. When each man had made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host:—

"Sir Knight, in order that your happiness should be complete, you require but one thing; but this is a very important item."

"And what thing is that?" demanded the knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be walled up," replied his guest.

At this strange rejoinder, several of the guests began to laugh, and Gerard himself looked as much as to say, "This man has gone mad." Wishing, however, to have the clew to this enigma, he continued,—

"But which door do you mean?"

"I mean that through which you will one day be carried to your grave," replied the other.

The words struck both guests and host, and made the latter reflect most seriously. The proud man remembered the vanity of all earthly things, and from henceforth he no longer thought only of the perishable treasures he had once gloried in. He was completely altered, and made good use of his riches.—*Christian Weekly.*

EDITOR'S CORNER.



WHEN we feel afraid, what a relief it is to be told by some one who has power to protect us, that no harm shall come near us. Most little children think father and mother can keep them from every danger, and so

long as they are near, they do not feel afraid. But we cannot always have our parents with us; and even if we could, a great many times it is not in their power to relieve us, although they would be glad to do so. If we want to be kept from every evil, we must trust in One who is "able to save to the uttermost."

David says, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." Ps. 56:3. He did not fear, because his trust was in the Lord. That agrees with Isa. 26:3: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." If we comply with the conditions revealed in the word of God, which is obedience to all his commandments, we, too, may safely trust in him, and be kept in perfect peace.

The following true incident is a beautiful illustration of that simple, childlike trust in God which we all may and should experience:—

Little Johnnie, aged four years, was sent by his parents in care of a friend to visit his grandparents, a distance of eighty miles. It being before the days of railroads, the journey was made by stage; and in order to make it by daylight, it was necessary to stop one night on the way.

Johnnie and his friend reached the home of an acquaintance in time for supper, after which Johnnie went to bed, with the understanding that he was to be left alone until it was time for his friend to retire. The chamber being cold, nothing was said to him about prayer until he was in bed, when he was asked if he wished to offer his prayer.

"Shall you leave the light?" asked Johnnie.

"What would your mother do about it?" asked his friend.

"Oh! she would not. She says little boys must go to sleep in the dark."

His friend thought so too, and as he saw that Johnnie was afraid, he waited. Soon Johnnie said, "I don't know as I can pray in this strange place."

"Did your father ask the Lord to bless you this morning?" his friend asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"And I think as soon as we were out of your mother's sight, she went to her room, and asked the Lord to take care of us on our journey."

"Yes, she said she should."

"And to-night they will pray for you again."

"Yes, I know."

"Now, do n't you want to pray yourself?"

Johnnie waited a moment, and then sprang up in bed. "Why, is it the same Lord here in Lexington that my father and mother pray to in Boston?"

"Yes, the same. The same who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'"

"Oh! I know him, and I love him. Why, I did n't know it was the same Lord!" And clasping his hands, he repeated, "Our Father," and, "Now I lay me," and then offered a few sentences expressing his own love and desire, as usual, after which he said,—

"You may take the light now; I am not afraid any more. I did n't know it was the same Lord here."

We, too, have the same Lord that Johnnie had. Let us trust "in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." M. J. C.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.

EVERY one has his own idea of what true politeness is. One little boy said it meant "making everybody feel satisfied," and another, that it was "doing the kindest thing in the kindest way."

I think good Queen Victoria understood and practiced it too, when she spoke so kindly to the old Duke of Wellington at the time the crown fell from his hands. It was on some grand occasion, and the whole court was in attendance. The duke, then quite an old man, carried the crown on the little cushion used for the purpose, when, backing out, according to court etiquette, he forgot the little step at the foot of the throne, stumbled, and in attempting to regain his foothold, dropped the massive crown. It came with great violence to the floor, and rolled quite across the hall, badly bruising the diadem, and scattering the costly jewels in every direction.

The old duke, accomplished courtier as he was, stood for a moment aghast at the injury inflicted on so precious an article, and then would have stooped to gather up the scattered jewels. But the Queen saw in an instant his evident distress as well as his embarrassment, and rightly judged that he would prefer to be left alone. So, with the genuine kindness of heart and quick thought for which she is so remarkable, she stepped gracefully forward, and offering her hand to the venerable statesman, as if to assist him in rising, said cordially, "I trust your grace is not hurt, and that you will have wholly recovered from the unpleasant shock by the morning." Then, without a glance at crown or jewels, and apparently quite unaware of the accident, she passed out, the court following; and the duke was left to recover himself, and collect the scattered jewels at his leisure.

How grateful he must have felt for this gentle consideration on the part of his sovereign; and how beautiful the model, not only of true politeness, but of genuine Christian forbearance, that we find in this little incident. It is by such acts of thoughtful kindness that England's gentle Queen has enthroned herself in the hearts of her subjects; and the traveler in England seldom hears the name of Victoria called by prince or peasant without being coupled with expressions of the highest veneration and warmest affection.—*Cottager and Artisan*.

A MERCHANT'S STORY.

A MEMBER of a large mercantile firm recently gave me a bit of his early experience. Said he, "I was seventeen years old when I left the country store where I had 'tended' for three years, and came to Boston in search of a place. Anxious, of course, to appear to the best advantage, I spent an unusual amount of time and solicitude upon my toilet; and when it was completed, I surveyed my reflection in the glass with no little satisfaction, glancing lastly and most approvingly upon a seal ring which embellished my little finger, and my cane, a very pretty affair, which I had purchased with direct reference to this occasion.

"My first day's experience was not encouraging. I traversed street after street, up one side and down the other, without success. I fancied toward the last that the clerks all knew my business the moment I opened the door, and that they winked ill-naturedly at my discomfiture, as I passed out. But nature had endowed me with a good degree of persistency, and the next day I started again. Toward noon I entered a store where an elderly gentleman stood talking with a lady at the door. I waited till the visitor had left, and then stated my errand. 'No, sir,' was the answer, given in a peculiarly crisp and decided manner. Possibly I looked the discouragement I was beginning to feel, for he added, in a kinder tone, 'Are you good at taking a hint?' 'I don't know,' I

answered, while my face flushed painfully. 'What I wish to say is this,' said he, smiling at my embarrassment; 'if I were in want of a clerk, I would not engage a young man who came seeking employment with a flashy ring upon his finger, and swinging a fancy cane.'

"For a moment, mortified vanity struggled against common sense, but sense got the victory, and I replied, with rather a shaky voice, I am afraid, 'I'm very much obliged to you,' and then beat a hasty retreat. As soon as I had got out of sight, I slipped the ring into my pocket, and walking rapidly to the Worcester depot, I left the cane in charge of the baggage master, 'till called for.' It is there now, for aught I know. At any rate, I never called for it. That afternoon I obtained a situation with the firm of which I am now a partner.

"How much my unfortunate finery had injured my prospects on the previous day I shall never know; but I never think of the old gentleman and his plain dealing without feeling, as I told him at the time, 'very much obliged' to him."—*Youth's Companion*.

The Sabbath-School.

FIRST SABBATH IN JUNE.

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 189.—PAUL SHIPWRECKED.

1. WHAT favorable circumstance induced the ship's company to set sail from Fair Havens? Acts 27:13.
2. What course did they pursue?
3. What did they soon have to encounter? Verse 14.
4. What were they obliged to do? Verse 15.
5. What island gave them some shelter from the storm? Verse 16.
6. What did they do to the ship? Verse 17.
7. Why did they strike sail?
8. What did the fury of the storm finally compel them to do? Verse 18.
9. What further steps were they obliged to take on the third day? Verse 19.
10. What caused them to lose all hope of being saved? Verse 20.
11. How did Paul at last reprove the masters of the ship? Verse 21.
12. Of what did he assure them? Verse 22.
13. How was Paul enabled to speak with such confidence? Verse 23.
14. What did the angel say to him? Verse 24.
15. How did Paul inspire hope and courage among the perishing seamen? Verse 25.
16. What did he predict with reference to the means by which they would be saved? Verse 26.
17. What discovery was made during the fourteenth night? Verses 27, 28.
18. What precaution did they take? Verse 29.
19. What deception was practiced by the sailors? Verse 30.
20. How was their stratagem detected? Verse 31.
21. How were they prevented from carrying out their purpose? Verse 32.
22. What did Paul beseech his companions to do? Verse 33.
23. How did he persuade them to follow his advice? Verse 34.
24. How were his suggestions carried out? Verses 35, 36.
25. How many persons were there in the ship? Verse 37.
26. How did they further lighten the ship?
27. What plan did they mature when daylight came on? Verse 39.
28. How did they carry out this plan? Verse 40.
29. Tell how the ship was wrecked. Verse 41.
30. What did the soldiers propose to do?
31. Why did the centurion forbid them? Verse 43.
32. What orders did he give?
33. How did Paul's predictions come to pass? Verse 44.

NOTES.

ACTS 27:13. When a south wind blew softly.—After passing Cape Matala, the extreme southern point of Crete, and only four or five miles to the west of Fair Havens, the coast turns suddenly to the north; and hence, for the rest of the way up to Phenice, a south wind was as favorable a one as they could desire.

It was somewhat less than forty miles from Fair Havens to Phenice. With a southern breeze, therefore, they could expect to reach their destination in a few hours.—*Hackett*.

Ver. 14. A tempestuous wind.—It appears that the gentle southern breeze with which they started changed suddenly to a violent north or northeast wind. Such a sudden change is a very common occurrence in those seas.—*Ibid*.

Ver. 16. Claudia.—This was a small island near the southwestern extremity of Crete.

Ver. 17. Undergirding the ship.—This method has been used, even in modern times. It is called frapping the ship. A stout cable is slipped under the vessel at the prow, which they can conduct to any part of the ship's keel; and then fasten the two ends on the deck, to keep the planks from starting. As many rounds as they please may be thus taken about the vessel.—*Clarke*. Into the quicksands (Rev. Ver., upon the Syrtis).—Syrtis Major is here meant, which was on the coast of Africa, southwest from Crete. The gulf was an object of great dread to mariners, on account of its dangerous shoals. The other Syrtis was too far to the west to have been the one to which they would feel exposed in their present situation.—*Hackett*.

Ver. 19. Tackling of the ship.—The anchors, sails, cables, baggage, etc. That is, they threw over everything that was not indispensable to its preservation, for it seems still that they retained some of their anchors on board.—*Barnes*.

Ver. 20. Neither sun nor stars.—The absence of the sun and stars increased their danger, since it deprived them of their only means of observation. The Greeks and Romans, in the most improved state of navigation among them, were reluctant to venture out to sea beyond the sight of land. During the day they kept the high lands on shore, or some island, in view, to direct them, and at night depended, for the same purpose, on the position, the rising and setting, of different stars.—*Hackett*.

Ver. 21. Long abstinence.—This abstinence was not owing to their want of provisions, but was the effect—in part, at least—of their fears and dejection of mind; and in part, also, to the difficulty of preparing food under such circumstances, and of the constant requisition made upon them for labor.—*Ibid*.

Ver. 27. In Adria.—In its restricted sense, the Adriatic was the sea between Italy and Greece; but in a wider sense it comprehended also the Ionian Sea around Sicily, near which was Melita.—*Ibid*.

Ver. 28. Twenty fathoms.—A fathom is six feet. We are told that to-day, in approaching Malta from the same direction, we find the same soundings.

Ver. 33. Take meat.—The word *meat* was formerly used to denote food of any kind.—*Barnes*.

Ver. 40. Loosed the rudder bands.—Most of the ancient vessels were furnished with two rudders. No sea-going vessel had less than two, although small boats and river-craft, such as those on the Nile, were sometimes steered by one. The rudders were more like oars or paddles than our modern helm. They were attached to the stern, one on each quarter, distinguished as the right and the left rudder. In the larger ships the extremities of the rudders were joined by a pole, which was moved by one man, and kept the rudders always parallel. When a vessel was anchored by the stern, as was the case here, it would be necessary to lift the rudders out of the water, and to secure them by bands.—*Hackett*.

Ver. 41. Where two seas met.—That is, a place which is washed on both sides by the sea. It is evident that this was not properly an *isthmus* that was above the waves, but was probably a long sandbank that stretched far out into the sea, and which they did not perceive.—*Barnes*.

For additional Notes, see S. S. Department in Review for May 27.

For Our Little Ones.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

MAMMA said: "Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea."
I knew I must n't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep!

I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call;
But I had n't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile,
That means she's loving you all the while.

I did n't make a speck of a noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And had afterward died—she told me so.

I went up close, and I did n't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
"Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea."
She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said, "Why, pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face."
She pointed right at the very place!

I never told her t' was only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea.
—Sydney Dayre.

BERTIE'S BAD HABITS.

BERTIE! Bertie! Get up right away!
Are you awake?"

That is what Bertie Martin heard his mother calling to him from the foot of the stairs one cold morning lately, and he answered, as he cuddled down still further into the warm bed,—

"Yes'm, in a minute."

And that was what Bertie always said, no matter what you asked him—"In a minute."

So this morning, when breakfast was ready, there was, as usual, no Bertie; and as he did not come, one of his sisters was sent to call him again. And when his mother was ready to clear the table, she must wait till the lazy boy had eaten his breakfast.

"Bertie," said grandma, "please run up to my room, and bring me the ball of red yarn that is on the table."

"In a minute," answered Bertie.

But his minutes were so long that grandma, who was waiting for the yarn, had to toil up stairs herself, and get it.

"Come, Bertie!" called Jennie, who was tying on her hood, "it's nearly school time."

"I'll be ready in a minute." And Bertie began to fly around for books and cap.

"I'm not going to wait for any of your old minutes," replied Jennie, marching off to school, while Bertie nearly ran his legs off to reach the door in time.

"Bertie," said his father, "I want you to mail this letter for me immediately."

"In a minute, papa," said Bertie, but his father saw to it that he started right off. But before he reached the post-office, he stopped at Willie Dean's house to invite him to spend the next afternoon with him, and by the time he had looked at Willie's rabbits, and climbed up to the pigeon loft, it was four o'clock, and too late for the important letter to go that afternoon.

That was the way all Bertie's days were spent, in putting each thing off till the wrong time, to the trouble and annoyance of every one around him. But one morning things were turned round.

"Bertie! Bertie! get up," called his mother that morning.

"Yes'm, in a minute."

But in exactly a minute his big brother Tom came into the room.

"What! not up? You're not keeping your word to mamma!" And Tom tugged away at the bed-clothes.

"Oh! Ow! let me a-l-o-n-e! Oh, I say, it's cold!" and Bertie clung with all his might to the covers.

"O-o-o-w!" he squealed, as Tom with a jerk landed him, covers and all, in the middle of the floor.

"Now," said Tom, "if you don't get dressed, it will be the worse for you."

And Bertie was too wretched and surprised at such treatment to say, "In a minute." He only shivered.

"Bertie, come to breakfast," called Sue presently.

"In a minute," answered Bertie, who was in bed again by this time. When he came loitering down after breakfast was over, what was his surprise to find everything cleared away, and Sue washing the dishes.

"I want my breakfast," he said.

"Then you must come in time for it," replied his mother. "Boys who never do anything at the right time may expect people to grow tired of their ways, and to-day I am going to let you see for yourself just how this bad habit of yours seems to others."

An hour later Bertie came running in.

"O mamma, may I go coasting on Fire-hill with the boys?"

Mrs. Martin was running a noisy machine.

"Wait a minute," she answered, "I want to finish this seam." And she rattled away, while Bertie screamed in vain that the boys were going right away. His mother finished her seam, smoothed it out, looked at the stitches, and at last she said, "What is it?"

Bertie told her again.

"I'm afraid it's too cold," answered Mrs. Martin, "But I will look at the thermometer in a minute, and if it is above 20° you may go."

So in about a quarter of an hour, when Mrs. Martin had finished her sewing, she looked at the thermometer, and gave Bertie the promised permission; but by that time the other boys had gone, and Bertie had to trudge through the snow alone. At dinner time he rushed in hungry as a hawk, and in a great hurry to eat and be off.

"Dinner will be ready in a minute," said Sue.

But it was n't for nearly an hour. And so it was all day long, whatever he asked, the answer was, "In a minute." Whatever he wanted, he must wait a very long minute, just as he had kept other people waiting. I think Bertie learned a lesson of prompt obedience from that uncomfortable day; and I never heard him say, "In a minute," afterward.—*The Household.*

HOW BIRDS USE THEIR BILLS.

THE birds do not have hands, but they have something that answers just as well. Their bills are as useful to them as your hands are to you.

They are not all made alike, or used in the same way. The duck has a very queer bill. It is made so because this bird has to find its food under water. It cannot see what it gets, and must feel instead.

So this bill is filled with nerves for the purpose. It has a row of little points, too, all around the edge, something like teeth. But how does the duck use it? Let us see.

When searching for food, it thrusts this bill down, and brings it up full of mud. Now in the mud are the very things the bird lives upon.

These little nerves tell it just what is good to

eat. What is not good is sent out through these queer points, just as if it were a sifter. The nerves in this funny sieve take very good care that nothing shall be lost that is worth eating.

You know all about the little birds that build nests with their bills, and what wonderful things they are. Some can sew very well with their beaks; of course they use their feet too.—*Our Little Ones.*

Better Budget.

ELLA AUSTIN, of Saginaw Co., Mich., says: "I am eight years old. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much. I go to Sabbath-school with my mother every Sabbath. I am trying to be a good girl, and hope to meet the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven."

VIRGINIA WALKER, writing from Steuben Co., N. Y., says she is eleven years old. She takes the INSTRUCTOR, and goes to Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath. She has five sisters and three brothers. She wants to meet the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven.

LINDA A. WHITE, of Windham Co., Vt., sends us a printed letter. She is seven years old. She goes to Sabbath-school, and learns lessons in Book No. 1. She has two little sisters, Ina and Lela. She is trying to be a good girl, and wants to meet the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth.

HALLIE J. LEACH, of Warren Co., Tenn., writes. She says: "I am nine years old. I have no brother or sister to play with me. I go to school alone. I am just learning to write. I can read the INSTRUCTOR and the Review. I have taken the INSTRUCTOR a year, and cannot do without it. I loan my papers to a little deaf boy, and he reads them all. I keep the Sabbath with papa and mamma. There are no other Sabbath-keepers in this county that we know of. My grandma stays with us a part of the time, but she has four other little grandchildren, with whom she stays sometimes, and then I am very lonesome. I have a little dog that plays with me. I call him Crow. He comes to my bed every morning to wake me up. I want to be a good girl."

We give you a letter from MINNIE LEE KINCAID, of Chicot Co., Arkansas, addressed to a member of the B. C. Rivulet Missionary Society. The letter was written in March. She says: "Your postal card received. I was glad to hear from the person who has been so kind as to send me the good little paper I have been receiving since my birthday, which was the 27th of last November. As the paper first came on that day, I thought some one who knew it had sent it as a birthday present. I have often wondered who that person could be. Though I am eight years old, I cannot write well enough to write a letter, so my pa writes this for me. I can read, and am so well pleased with the paper I will send some money in my next letter to pay a year's subscription, though we are not rich. I wish to thank you for your kind offer to send the paper free if I was not able to pay for it. I have three little sisters and one little brother; one sister and brother older than myself. We live in the overflowed district, and the water is two feet deep under our house, and we go boat-riding every day. There is no dry ground near us anywhere. My father is a bee-keeper, and now the bees are setting over two feet of water, but it cannot get into their hives. We have a nice Sabbath-school of about sixty scholars. On account of high water, it is postponed until the water falls. The water is going down now."

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