

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## THE BIRDS.

**B**RIBES of the air! whose favored race  
May wander through the realms of space,  
Free guests of earth and sky;  
In form, in plumage, and in song,  
What gifts of nature mark your throng,  
With bright variety!

Nor differ less your forms, your flight,  
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,  
And the wild haunts ye love;  
Birds of the gentle beak! how dear  
Your wood-note to the wanderer's ear,  
In shadowy vale or grove!

Far other scenes, remote, sublime,  
Where swain nor hunter may not climb,  
The mountain eagle seeks;  
Alone reigns he a monarch there,  
Scarce will the wild chamois' footstep dare  
Ascend his Alpine peaks.

Others there are, that make their home  
Where the white billows roar and foam  
Around the o'erhanging rock;  
Fearless they skim the angry wave,  
Or, sheltered in their sea-beat cave,  
The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,  
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,  
Parch'd by the blaze of day;  
The swan, where northern rivers glide  
Through the tall reeds that fringe their tide,  
Floats graceful on her way.

The condor, where the Andes tower,  
Spreads his broad wing of pride and power,  
And many a storm defies;  
Bright in the orient realms of morn,  
All beauty's richest hues adorn  
The bird of Paradise.

Some, amidst India's groves of palm,  
And spicy forests breathing balm,  
Weave soft their pendent nest;  
Some, deep in western wilds, display  
Their fairy form and plumage gay,  
In rainbow colors drest.

Others no varied song may pour  
May boast no eagle-plume to soar,  
No tints of light may wear;  
Yet, know, our heavenly Father guides  
The least of these, and well provides  
For each, with tenderest care.

Shall he not, then, thy guardian be?  
Will not his aid extend to thee?  
Oh! safely may'st thou rest!  
Trust in his love, and e'en should pain,  
Should sorrow tempt thee to complain,  
Know what he wills is best!—*Hemans.*

## THE HERON.

**I**N the picture we have a very good representation of a common English bird,—the heron. The American species of this bird has snowy white plumage, and the feathers of the train are so long that they hang over the tail, entirely concealing it. These long feathers are very much sought after, in order to

make them into brushes for dusting delicate pieces of furniture. The brushes bring a high price, because the bird is so wary that he is difficult to catch. The young of this bird are hatched about the end of June, and they go in flocks of twenty or thirty in number.

The heron was once one of the commonest of all

disabled. It has been known to eat young water-hens. The heron has power to disgorge its food; and it frequently does this when, after a day's fishing, it is chased by other birds.

When searching for something to eat, it stands motionless as stone, near the water's edge, with its head drawn in and resting between its shoulders.

It likes best to stand under overhanging boughs, where, on account of its slate-colored plumage, it is not very often seen by any one who is not familiar with its habits.

In flying, the heron extends its long neck and legs in a line, moving through the air in a grand and stately manner, its large wings enabling it to fly gracefully and rapidly.

The Nankeen night heron is a native of Australia, and is found all over that continent. It is not so graceful a bird as the English species. As its name implies, it is a night bird, and is therefore seldom seen. At the dawning of the morning, it flies away to the forests, perching up among the branches of the tall trees, where it remains all day, sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun, and seldom moving unless shot at. It sails through the air in a slow, flapping manner. It builds its nest in the branches of trees, or on the points of shelving rocks. The nest is large and flat, made of crooked sticks woven loosely together. It lays three eggs of a light-green color, about two and one-half inches long, and one and one-half broad. The full-grown birds are a beautiful cinnamon brown



English birds; but as the swampy lands have gradually been drained and converted into fertile ground fit for cultivation, the heron has disappeared, and is now rarely seen except in marshy places.

It lives principally on fish, and reptiles, mice and water-rats. It is also fond of eels, but it cannot swallow one of these wrigglers as easily as it can a fish, being first obliged to take it ashore, and batter it against the ground until it is

on the back, and white underneath. The young birds look so different from the old ones that they might easily be taken for another species.

The heron is usually a bird of solitary habits, only in the spring-time gathering together in any numbers. M'Lellan described very accurately the habits of the heron, when he wrote:—

“Far up some brook's still course, whose current streams  
The forests' blackened roots, and whose green marge  
Is seldom visited by human foot,



The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks  
The Sabbath-silence of the wilderness;  
And you may find her by some reedy pool,  
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,  
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake."

W. E. L.

### "ONLY TEN MINUTES."

CHARLOTTE BALLOU sat curled up on the sofa in the library, lost in thought. It was not such a very important matter that absorbed her mind either. She had been reading, but had stopped to consider whether she would not have acted differently under the circumstances in which the heroine of the story was placed.

Charlotte had one prominent fault, which unfortunately she could not be made to consider as of much consequence. She was always a little behind-hand, given to dilly-dallying. Tom had called her twice, saying the last time, "I shall be at the door with the horse in a jiffy, and if you want to ride you must be ready."

Presently she put away her book, and went up stairs, glancing at her watch. "Ten minutes of three! I'll be ready at three, and that will be soon enough; Tom need not be in such a fret."

As the hall clock chimed out the hour, she went down stairs. She could do things quickly when she once got at them. The trouble was, the habit of delay in starting was strong upon her. She opened the door, and stood upon the steps waiting for Tom. Just then the stable boy came around the corner.

"Where is Tom?" she asked.

"Gone to the city."

"Gone!"

"Yes'm; he said I was to tell you he could not wait any longer, as he had an engagement in the city, and must be there before banking hours were over."

"Bother!" said Charlotte, in a vexed tone. "He can't have been gone more than a minute or two!"

"No, ma'am; he only just went, but he said every minute was precious;" and here the boy stopped suddenly, which Charlotte noticed, and she insisted upon his finishing the sentence.

"Well, Miss Charlotte, it was nothing, only he said he had given you time enough to get ready."

Charlotte went slowly up stairs, and indulged in a hearty cry; she was disappointed, for she very much wanted to do some errands in the city, and now they must wait till Monday. "It was just horrid of Tom, anyway!"

Three hours later they met at the tea-table; some way the story leaked out, and Mrs. Ballou, seeing Charlotte's sober face, and knowing how great had been her disappointment, said gently,—

"Tom, dear, could n't you have waited for Charlotte this afternoon?"

"No, mother; I was obliged to be in the city at half-past three, and I told Charlotte to be ready at ten minutes of the hour, so as to allow for delays. And as it was, I did n't get away until almost the hour."

"You said ten minutes of three, and I was ready and down stairs at the door at three. I'm sure ten minutes is n't much to wait. I don't think that would have made much difference."

"I could tell you of a time when ten minutes saved a whole regiment," remarked Mr. Ballou, quietly. "We did n't know what we were saving up the minutes for, but we found out when we came to the river."

"Won't you tell us about it, sir?" asked Tom.

"It was during Colonel Grierson's expedition through Mississippi, in 1863. We were approaching the Pearl River, and we knew it was the season of high water, and consequently it would be impossible to ford the river. The bridge was our only hope. If the enemy succeeded in destroy-

ing the bridge before we reached it, we would be at their mercy. Every horse was urged to its utmost speed, and every man, anxious for his life, was on the lookout for the gleaming of the river. Before we caught sight of the waters, we heard the roar of the rushing flood, and above that sound came the crashing of the timbers which told us that the enemy were at the work of destruction. I tell you, Charlotte, ten minutes made all the difference to us between life and death, or at least between liberty and a Southern prison. The work of demolition was ended by a short encounter, and we passed over the bridge, on and beyond the reach of the coming army. That ten minutes might easily have been spent in getting started, if our commander had been like our Charlotte in thinking that a few moments more or less could make no difference."

"But, father," said Charlotte, "that was in war, and of course it was important to save up the minutes."

"My child, we did not know that ten minutes would make us too late, and you may come to a bridge, just a little too late, when you least expect it."

"I hate to be always hurrying!" pouted the young girl.

"There is no need of hurry. If you are always prompt to put the right work in the right time, you will never have to hurry. I'll venture to say that you hurried to get ready this afternoon, and were too late, after all, because you did not save the minutes in the first place. How long did you sit dreaming after Tom told you he was going to the city, and that you could go if you were ready?"

Charlotte's cheeks flushed, as she replied:—

"Well, I know it is a bad habit. Next time I'll be on hand!"

"Let it be not only next time, but *every time*!" responded Mr. Ballou. "For you can never foresee the exact spot where your ten minutes will make the difference."—*Faye Huntington.*

### EDITOR'S CORNER.



Y tears have been my meat, day and night, while they continually say unto me, where is thy God?" *Psa. 42: 3.* It is the general opinion that the forty-second psalm was not written by David, but by a descendant of Korah, during the Babylonish captivity, and used by the children of Israel as a means of consolation during their stay in Babylon. They were captives in a heathen country, deprived of sanctuary privileges, and sighing for the desolations which had come upon them. They remembered Zion in its prosperous days, when they could worship God in the sanctuary with the multitude that kept holy day. Now they were exiles; and, added to all their other griefs, were their feelings for the honor of God and his truth when those wicked idolaters would tauntingly ask, "Where is thy God?" thus insinuating that their God had forgotten them, and that their manner of worship was no better than that of the heathen about them.

Although many false gods were worshiped at that time, backsliding Israel had not wholly forsaken the true God, and there were those who from the heart sang, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

It is said that the hart is not only fond of feeding near some brook for the benefit of drinking, but when he is hard chased by dogs, and nearly hunted down, he will plunge into a stream of wa-

ter, and remain until he is revived. Thus the repentant ones panted for the living God, who could save them from spiritual and eternal death. And although in the depths of their sorrow they were at times forced to cry out, "Thy waves and thy billows have gone over me," yet their confidence in God was unbounded, that he "would command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song should be with them."

Many gods are still worshiped, even in this land of Bibles. Although many of you may never have seen a graven image, made to represent a deity, for worship, yet there are probably as many gods here as in heathen countries, for this is a nation of idolaters. Anything which takes your attention or your affections from the true God is an idol. It may be your dress, your good looks, your talents, some worldly possession; but whatever it may be, you cannot worship it and the true God at the same time; for the Saviour declares, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

When the Lord says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," he claims our undivided affections. Our actions will show what *we* worship—where *our* affections are placed. It is easy and quite common to place them upon some surrounding object. But we read of a class who will throw their idols to the moles and bats, by and by. If we worship the true God, he is able to deliver us; if false gods, we shall perish with them. Whom do you worship, dear youth? "Where is thy God?"

M. J. C.

### FOREIGN TRAVEL.—NO. 9.

FROM GENOA TO ROME.

ON leaving Genoa for Rome, our route lay for many miles beside the blue Mediterranean. Genoa lies upon the sea; and at this latitude the climate is warm, and the sides of the hills fronting the sea are covered with vineyards and groves of lemons, oranges, figs, and olives. The quantities of lemons hanging upon the trees were immense. These trees are generally quite small, being only from three or four to ten or twelve feet in height; but they seemed to be loaded down with the yellow fruit. At the time of our visit, the fig-trees were just putting forth their leaves. These are low, spreading trees, not particularly beautiful. On some trees the fruit seemed to be much in advance of the leaves, hanging all over the trees in clusters as large as small plums.

Our route along the seashore was very beautiful, when we were not inside the tunnels, which are very numerous, there being not less than eighty of them in a few hours' ride. However, these are quite necessary, because there are so many rocky promontories jutting out into the sea. So our ride is a constant succession of beautiful views of the sea, smiling valleys, groves of fruit trees, and tunnels. We could spare the latter, and not feel very bad about it; for it is not particularly pleasant, while beholding a beautiful scene of high, rocky headlands and the ocean, to have our train dash suddenly into a dark tunnel, where we must be shut in for a while with the smoke and darkness. It fitly illustrates this life, with its succession of lights and shadows, pleasant things and painful memories.

We pass many villages and towns, of which we cannot speak. We at length reach Pisa late in the evening, and stop off one train for an hour or two, that we may see the famous leaning tower by moonlight. We take a carriage, and cross the River Arno, and are soon at the cathedral tower, which lies at the outskirts of the city. The *campanile*, or clock tower, is one hundred and seventy-nine feet in height, and is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, so that it presents a very peculiar appearance. It is a beautiful building, eight



stories high. Its foundation, which is below the level of the street, corresponds with the incline of the tower. This structure was begun in 1174, and completed in 1350. No one can tell how it happened to be built in this peculiar style, whether from design, or whether the foundation settled on one side. The philosopher Galileo availed himself of the oblique position of the tower to make experiments with weights hanging from the top, in order to ascertain the laws of gravitation. No other building in the world would have answered his purpose so well.

The cathedral itself is a fine structure built in 1118. The baptistery connected with it is a beautiful circular structure built wholly of marble. Its octagonal front, where persons were immersed, furnishes the best of evidence that in the twelfth century the Catholic church immersed its candidates. This is not now used. At present there is dug out in the top of one of the stones, a hollow place holding a small quantity of water, with which the candidates are sprinkled, thus proving that it was quite late before baptism was changed to sprinkling, even in the Catholic church. Pisa is now but a small place of 26,000 people. It was founded before Christ, and was once a powerful city.

The country, in the approach to Rome, is not so well cultivated, nor so pleasant, as in some other portions of Italy. We cross the yellow, muddy Tiber, which resembles the Missouri in color more than any other river I ever saw. It is not a large stream. As we near the city, we see ruined portions of the old wall, and aqueducts, high above the ground, and supported by arches, these being built for the purpose of conveying water to the city from long distances. Ruins of old buildings are met with on every hand.

Soon we find ourselves in Rome. We can hardly realize that we are in a city some two thousand and five hundred years old,—the home of Julius Caesar, Augustus, Nero, and Titus; the place where the apostle Paul, for Christ's sake, suffered and died a martyr's death; where popes have held sway for ages over the church and the world, and have here issued their papal edicts causing the death of millions of the martyrs of Christ. But so it is. As we drive through the streets, we behold here and there the ruins of beautiful statues and fountains, ancient buildings, and ancient columns, monuments, and pillars, that are covered with hieroglyphics, and were brought here from Egypt nearly two thousand years ago. There are figures of lions and wild animals. There are many famous buildings; and in prominent places may be seen plenty of the Latin inscriptions of the popes, always closing with the imposing title of "Pontifex Maximus," the Supreme Pontiff, the self-styled head of the church of Christ on earth.

One's feelings are peculiar, as he thinks of the past, and remembers how prominently this city has figured in the history of the world. It has exerted an influence in the affairs of men which no other city has ever done. It styles itself the "Eternal City;" but the great space within the ancient limits now filled with crumbling ruins, and the general aspect of decay, show that its claims to the name "eternal" are very unreal. As we have but a day or two to stay, we are obliged to make very hasty visits to the different points of interest, some of which we will describe in our next article.

UNCLE IDE.

KEEP your face toward the Sun of Righteousness. Then the shadow of self will fall behind you, and not darken your way. Then you will have a sure guide whose brightness no false, delusive light can outshine.

#### EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not small things.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty-five days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy, who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In little deeds of kindness, repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, on the play-ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years!—*Selected.*

Do not talk too much. Somebody must listen, and it is well for us all to take our turn at it. It is a petty self-conceit to imagine that we have more ability than any one else to interest the circle of friends about us. It is the privilege of every one to share in a general conversation; but no one should try to have more than a proper share. By talking too much we prevent some one else from talking who has an equal right to speak, and who might possibly say something worth hearing. If we expect others to listen to us, we ought respectfully to listen to them.

### The Sabbath-School.

#### FIRST SABBATH IN JULY.

#### NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

##### LESSON 193.—REVIEW OF ACTS 26, 27, 28.

1. How did Paul begin his address? Acts 26:2, 3.
2. What did he say of his manner of life? Verses 4, 5.
3. What question did he ask Agrippa? Verse 8.
4. In what skillful manner did Paul introduce the story of his conversion? Verses 9-12.
5. How was he interrupted in his discourse? Verse 24.
6. What reply did Paul make? Verses 25-27.
7. What effect did Paul's words have upon Agrippa? Verse 28.
8. What courteous reply did Paul make? Verse 29.
9. What was Agrippa's decision after he had heard Paul's speech? Verses 31, 32.
10. Describe the route Paul took in going from Caesarea to Fair Havens. Acts 27:1-8.
11. What advice did Paul give the seamen? Verses 9, 10.
12. What course did they take? Verses 12, 13.
13. Relate their experience for the first three days after leaving Fair Havens. Verses 14-20.
14. When all hope had fled, how did Paul encourage his fellow-passengers? Verses 21-26.
15. Describe their shipwreck and escape. Verses 27-44.
16. To what island did they escape, and where is it situated? Chap. 28:1.
17. How were they received by the inhabitants? Verse 2.
18. What accident happened to Paul, and with what result? Verses 3-6.
19. What miracles were wrought by Paul? Verses 8, 9.
20. How was the journey to Rome continued? Verses 11-16.
21. How was Paul treated at Rome? Verse 16.
22. What was Paul's first act toward proclaiming the gospel? Verses 17-20.

23. How was his teaching received by the Jews? Verse 24.

24. What prophecy did Paul apply to them? Verses 26, 27.

25. How long did Paul dwell in his own hired house? Verses 30, 31.

26. How was he employed during this time?

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

#### "I BELONG."

I HAVE read of a certain minister, who, while on his way to attend a missionary meeting, overtook a little boy, and, after inquiring the way to the meeting, asked him where he was going. "Oh!" he replied, "I'm going to the meeting, to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister, "what do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said he, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and I always go to the meetings. I belong."

Is there not a lesson here for us all, both old and young, in regard to the Sabbath-school work, as well as the missionary work?

That boy, as "a part of the concern," felt a personal interest in the meetings and the work of the organization, which he would not have felt if he had not belonged to it. It is doubtless true that some who "belong" to the missionary society, and to the Sabbath-school, do not have all that interest in them that they ought to have; but is it not equally true that they will be likely to feel far more interest in them if they belong, than they would have if they did not belong?

It seems to be a law of our being that we will be interested in any enterprise, organization, or work with which we are personally connected; and, so far as this natural tendency is under the control of enlightened reason, and directed by the word and Spirit of God, it is right that it be allowed to have its legitimate influence on our lives.

Some may think that they are too old to belong to the Sabbath-school, and cannot learn the lessons; so they do not join a class, but put on a show of interest by attending the school, and sitting outside the class. This becomes monotonous after a time, and they think that, as they do not "belong" to the school, they would be better employed in reading at home, and so remain away. But let such once become members of the school, and take their places regularly in a class, even if they cannot learn the lesson as perfectly as they would like to, and how soon they come to feel in the school an interest which they had not before thought it possible for them to have, provided the school is conducted as it should be.

The same is true of young children. Let them know that they "belong" to the school, and are expected to be in their classes, and have the lesson, even if they are so young that mother or sister has to teach them the lesson by repeating it to them, and how eager they are to be in their places on time, and how interested they are in all that pertains to the school, that they are able to comprehend. How much easier are they kept under control during all the exercises of the school, than they were when they simply went with their parents, and felt that they had no part to bear, but only to look on. Children soon tire of being lookers-on, and become uneasy and restless, not enjoying the school themselves, and preventing those who have the care of them from enjoying it. How much better for them, and for all concerned, that the children feel that they are "part of the concern," as did the boy with his missionary box.

If there are any readers of the INSTRUCTOR who are so situated that they can be members of a Sabbath-school, but, for lack of interest, have not become such, let them try the experiment of joining the school. Have your names enrolled upon the class-book; study your lesson thoroughly, and go into your class regularly, and see how soon it will work a change in your interest in the Sabbath-school, and all connected with it. Then, when you talk with the superintendent, or the teacher, or any member of the school, you will not speak of it as *your* school, but as *our* school; and then you can join in singing, "with the spirit" and "with the understanding also,"—

"God bless *our* school, our Sabbath-school!  
God bless *our* school, we pray."

D. P. CURTIS.



## For Our Little Ones.

### TO THE BOYS.

**D**O N'T you be afraid, boys,  
To whistle loud and long,  
Although your quiet sisters  
Should call it rude or wrong.

Keep yourselves good-natured,  
And if smiling fails,  
Ask them if they ever saw  
Muzzles on the quails!

Or the lovely red rose  
Try to hide her flag,  
Or the June to smother all  
Her robins in a bag!

If they say the teaching  
Of nature is n't true,  
Get astride the fence, boys,  
And answer with a Whew!

I'll tell you what it is, boys,  
No water-wheel will spin,  
Unless you set a whistle  
At the head of every pin.

And never a kite flew skyward  
In triumph like a wing  
Without the glad vibration  
Of a whistle in the string.

And when the days are vanished  
For idleness and play,  
'T will make your labors lighter  
To whistle care away.

So do n't you be afraid, boys,  
In spite of bar and ban,  
To whistle,—it will help you each  
To make an honest man.

—Alice Cary.

### THE FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.



**H**HE twin's Sabbath-school lesson that afternoon had been "Paul's First Missionary Journey." They were so quiet at tea-time that Aunt Clara, fearing they were ill, sent them to bed quite early.

No sooner were they left alone than Hettie

exclaimed,—

"Nettie, let's you and me be missionaries."

"That will be fun," said Nettie. "Let's start right off to-morrow morning."

Hettie thought perhaps the fun would not be just of Nettie's sort, but she only said: "Where shall we go? Paul did n't have to go very far from home, did he?"

Nettie, a little troubled at this last idea, slowly said, "I don't know. But can't we be missionaries without going way off? I don't believe I want to go to Africa or Asia. Hettie," raising herself up on her elbow, "that's an awful ways off in the geography."

"That's so," replied Hettie; "but perhaps we won't have to stay away nights, anyway. We'll ask Aunt Clara."

"Yes; and if it's too far off, she won't let us go." And then they dropped to sleep.

Aunt Clara, who had returned for something, overheard what they had been saying. She smiled a queer little smile, nodded her head, and tiptoed away.

Now, the twins had a good many faults which Aunt Clara plainly saw. Rather willful and self-ish, they did not make themselves useful very cheerfully. They were always rushing headlong into plans, and then as quickly backing out when things went wrong. But their mamma was dead,

and so Aunt Clara patiently tried every way to improve them.

The next morning they told her, and she said they might be missionaries, and come home nights for a while. Then, what a busy morning! They had not thought of any place to go, but Hettie said, "We'll have to get ready first, anyway."

So they stowed away tracts, old books, toys, and garments; and Aunt Clara put in a feather duster, needle, thread, thimble, some liniment, and flowers. "Just as if we were going to work," whispered Nettie to her sister.

Afternoon came, but how it rained!

"We can't go missionarying to-day," cried both, dismally.

"As you are not expected anywhere to-day," said Aunt Clara, "you might play missionary, and visit the family."

Their faces brightened; and, a few minutes later, two little figures, bearing a basket, stood at grandma's door.

"We are missionaries," Hettie began. "How is your rheumatism to-day, ma'am?"

"Very bad, dear," replied grandma. "Now, if I only had some liniment, it might help me."

As Hettie pulled out the bottle, she remembered that she had frowned, when asked to go after it before dinner.

"Perhaps you'd like some tracts," said Nettie.

"So I would, dear; but my old eyes could not read them, and I get right lonesome here all alone, just thinking." Nettie blushed, for she always pouted when sent to read to grandma, and hastily broke in with, "Missionaries always read to people." And she read it aloud.

"Now, that has done me so much good," exclaimed grandma, while vainly trying to thread her needle. Hettie, who had been soberly watching her, and who usually called grandma's needle a bother, rose softly, took it and threaded it; while Nettie took out the flowers, which she remembered that grandma dearly loved, and placed them in a vase on the mantel.

"How your bright eyes have cheered me up! Come often, dearies," she said, as they left.

"Yes, ma'am," they replied, with faces uncomfortably flushed.

Brother Bob's room was next; and what a room! Bed unmade, ashes, brooms, shoes, and garments all over, and Bob in the midst, without jacket or stockings, wearing his shabbiest pair of trousers, and mending.

"How do you do!" exclaimed Bob, looking up at them, as they entered the room. "On a missionary trip are you? Why, of course, you can do something," he replied in answer to Hettie's question. "Here is my coat with a rip, and all my trousers want a button, and my socks—just look at them," said Bob, as he held a very ragged pair up to the light.

Hettie took the coat out of his hands; and Bob, fishing out a handful of buttons, piled them, with several pairs of trousers, into Nettie's lap.

"Just excuse the looks of my room," continued he; "for my sisters have gone missionarying among the heathens, and there is nobody to clean up."

The girls glanced at each other, as they remembered that they had not done their upstairs work that morning, and how often they refused to mend for Bob. Now they worked with a will, and soon straightened all things, finding Aunt Clara's contributions quite useful, and tucked the ragged garments in the basket. On leaving, Bob said, gratefully, "Tisn't every boy that's blessed with two sisters to missionary to him."

They laughed a little outside, and started for Aunt Clara's room. "Well, how do you like being missionaries?" she said.

"Its fun," cried Nettie; "and we did missionary some."

"Yes," broke in Hettie, "and I guess they missionaryed some to us, too. Aunt Clara," added she, "I guess we ought to stay home and be real home missionaries."

And Aunt Clara smiled that same queer smile, and replied, "That is the best kind of missionaries for little girls to be."—*The Well-Spring.*

THE more people do, the more they can do; he that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything; whilst we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

### Letter Budget.

ELLA TAGGART, of Clark Co., Ill., writes: "I am nine years old. I have two sisters and six brothers. We are all keeping the Sabbath except one brother and sister. I am reading the Bible through. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR. We love the truth, and are trying to live it out faithfully. This is the first time I have written for the Budget. May we all lay up treasures in heaven."

MAUD MILLER, of Dunn Co., Wis., says: "I am ten years old. I have two brothers and two sisters. I read in the fourth reader at school. We do not have any Sabbath-school. I visited my grandpa and grandma last fall. Where they live, there is a nice Sabbath-school in the forenoon and a children's prayer-meeting in the afternoon. I try to keep the Sabbath with my mother, sister, and grandma. My father and brother do not keep the Sabbath, but I hope they will sometime. My ma takes the INSTRUCTOR."

WILLIE PERRIN, of Jasper Co., Iowa, writes: "I have never seen but one letter in the INSTRUCTOR from this place. I wrote once before, but I did not see my letter in print, so I write again. I am nine years old. I have two brothers, younger than myself. I keep the Sabbath with my mother. Father does not keep it. He works seven miles from home, and does not come home every week. I go to day-school, and read in the third reader. I study in Lesson Book No. 2, at Sabbath-school, where I go nearly every Sabbath. I am trying to be a good boy, so I can meet the Saviour when he comes."

NORA B. WILSON writes from Jeff. Co., Iowa. She says: "We kept the Sabbath alone until last fall. Elds. McCoy and Hankins came here with their tent, and gave a course of lectures, and now we have a nice little company, who meet together every Sabbath for Sabbath-school and social-meeting. We have prayer-meeting every Wednesday night at private houses. I am twelve years old. I have a brother nineteen years old, and one nine years old. I want to live so I can meet the INSTRUCTOR family in the kingdom of God."

WE have letters written in March by three little girls,—Florence A. Johns, Auglaize Co., Ohio, aged seven years; Lela L. Gibson, Lorain Co., Ohio, eleven years old; and Anna Wilson, Sullivan Co., Ind., fourteen years old. They all attend Sabbath-school, and are trying to be Christians. Florence wants the INSTRUCTOR family to pray for her father, that he may keep the Sabbath with the rest of his family. Lela's father has been sick three years, unable to go to meeting with his family very often. Anna Wilson writes that they have Bible-readings once a week.

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