



Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE ANTIPODES.

Did you ever think, dear children,  
In the winter calm and still,  
When the snow drifts in the valley,  
Spreads its mantle o'er the hill,

When the merry chimes are ringing  
From the church-bell's iron mouth,  
How the children spend their Christ-  
mas

In the far-off, sunny South?

Where, instead of leafless branches  
Bending 'neath a weight of snow,  
Nature paints with lavish fingers  
Earth and sky in crimson glow;  
Where the gorgeous tiger lilies  
Flaunt their petals in the air,  
And the scarlet cactus blazes  
Like a fire-flame everywhere?

We may deck the church with pine  
boughs,

Holly branch, and berries red,  
While the gayly lighted fir-tree  
Will for each its treasures shed;  
Or may tuck the robes around us  
In the great old-fashioned sleigh,  
And merrily ride to grandpa's,  
"O'er the hills and far away."

They may pluck the fruits and flow-  
ers,

Chase the golden butterfly,  
Fish, and wade for shells and peb-  
bles

In the warm stream rippling by;  
But they cannot slide down hill-  
sides,

Build great forts of snow and ice;  
And I'm sure that without sleigh-  
rides,

Christmas is n't half so nice.

S. ISADORE MINER.

## TENDER AND TRUE.

BUT I can't," said Floss,  
shaking her brown,  
tangly curls, and  
puckering up her fore-  
head. Her teacher  
smiled.

"Where did you  
find that word, Floss? In the  
Bible?"

"You know what I mean,  
ma'am. You have to say po-  
lite things, sometimes, that are  
just a little tiny-bit not true."

"When, Flossy?" And Miss Merton stroked  
the puzzled, curly head.

"Why, if somebody comes to see you when  
you're just going out to play; or asks you if you  
think her dress is pretty when it's, oh! ever so  
homely."

"But can't you think of any way to be polite,  
and tell the truth at the same time, my little girl?"

I should be very sorry for you to be rude, because  
that generally means being unkind and thought-  
less; and I should be very sorry to think you were  
deceitful, too."

"Deceitful?" O Miss Merton!" and Floss looked  
very sober.

Flossy pondered a moment.

"Just remember that grown-up people and all,  
whether they are cross or pleasant, are Christ's  
little children. Think how he loves them; how  
you would pity them and perhaps love them, too,  
if you had to care for them and comfort them,—

even the disagreeable ones,—  
when they were crying about  
something, or had fallen down  
and were badly hurt, or very  
sick."

"And about—that horrid  
dress with yellow spots,  
ma'am!"

Miss Merton saw that she  
had a particular case in mind;  
but she said nothing, except  
that she would "leave that  
for Flossy to find out by her-  
self."

Floss walked home slowly  
from Sunday-school, thinking  
hard all the way.

The very next afternoon she  
was invited to take a ride at  
five o'clock with a lady who  
lived near by. At half-past  
four there was a loud ring at  
the front door-bell. Flossy's  
heart sank, as she glanced at  
the clock, and at her hat and  
sack lying on the sofa. Yes,  
it was Sue Marlowe, who was  
sure to stay an hour at least,  
and probably wanted to be in-  
vited to tea. Sue's own tea-  
table, Flossy happened to  
know, was not a particularly  
pleasant one. Still, it seemed  
as if she might have chosen  
some other afternoon.

Flossy started slowly down  
stairs, when all at once her  
lesson of the day before came  
into her mind.

"Oh, dear!" she said to  
herself, "what shall I do?"  
Then she remembered Miss  
Merton's suggestion, and be-  
gan to hurriedly think some-  
thing like this: "Oh, you  
poor girl! I'm so sorry you

don't have good times at home, and your father  
stops at the saloon on the corner, and is cross to  
you and—" there she was at the front door. By  
the time she was shaking hands with forlorn  
little Sue, Flossy had forgotten her own dis-  
appointment, and found herself saying, eagerly:—

"How do you do, Sue? Come right up stairs.  
I'm real glad to see you."





Sue started a little at the warmth of her reception, which, to tell the truth, was apt to be rather cool, and followed her hostess up to the sitting-room. Mrs. Rand, Flossy's mother, was sitting there with some sewing, and greeted the new-comer cordially. Within ten minutes, Sue looked up, and with a little pathetic hesitation in her voice, asked:—

"Do you like this dress, Mrs. Rand? Mother says it isn't fit to wear to school, but it's the best I have. So I wanted to ask you. Father bought it for me, most a year ago, before—before—he—had so much trouble."

Flossy swallowed hard, as she saw her school-mate's lip tremble when she spoke of her father. Then she waited to hear what her mother could say about that dress.

"The spots are a very pretty color," said Mrs. Rand, in her pleasant way. "I think God must like yellow, because he made sunshine that color, and so many pretty flowers, too,—dandelions and buttercups and daffodils, and lots of others, all yellow as gold. If this were mine, I should call it my 'sunshine dress.'"

How pleased she looked! Flossy had to admit that every word her mother had said was strictly true. But lest she should give a wrong impression, Mrs. Rand added:—

"Perhaps it would be better for school use if some of the sunshine was put out for a while. It's a little too bright for a school-room as it is now, though it's very nice for home. Let me see if I can fix it." And in two minutes she had one or two soft brown ribbons pinned and tied on, as bow and sash, in a way that quieted down the whole dress.

Flossy was delighted. "I see!" she said to herself. "If you've got to find fault with anything, you must try to make it right, right off, and then you can honest and truly say it's right."

It was easy to make resolutions, but hard to keep them. Still, Flossy did pretty well in her endeavor to be both "tender and true" that week. Her worst trial was when an elderly lady of her acquaintance met her at the gate one day, and began to criticise her manners, as she was always inclined to do. Then she reminded the little girl that the front of her mother's house needed painting, and the garden "didn't look very thrivin',—did it?" All the time she kept talking and talking in this unpleasant way. Flossy was longing to get off, and trying to tell the truth and not be rude, until it seemed as if she must break down altogether; when something saved her. What do you suppose it was? A glove. A rather rusty, dusty, rumpled glove, that dropped from the cross old lady's hand as she talked. And what touched Flossy's heart, just at the right moment, was that the glove was black. She glanced at the dingy bonnet and dress, and remembered that they were mourning, worn for an only son, who had died two years before, and for whom the old lady had shown the only tenderness of her life. In a flash, Flossy remembered the widow of Nain, and how Christ said, "Weep not,"—he always pitied people who cried!—and with the thought came a rush of tender feeling. As she picked up the shabby glove and restored it, she looked up with a light in her eyes that could not be mistaken, and said sincerely, "Do come in and rest a little while, you must be so tired. We shall be very glad to have you."

So that little fight was won, as all good fights are sure to be, if we keep on trying long enough. It was a very bright face which the little scholar presented to Miss Merton the following Sunday. And as she told of her conflicts during the week, she whispered, "I think I found the way to do it, ma'am; and—I'll try!"—*S. S. Times.*

#### CHRISTMAS DAY.



THE Christmas  
chimes are peal-  
ing high

Beneath the solemn Christ-  
mas sky,  
And blowing winds their notes  
prolong

Like echoes from an angel's

song;

Good will and peace, peace and good will,  
Ring out the carols glad and gay,  
Telling the heavenly message still,

That Christ the child was born to-day.

In lowly hut and palace hall  
Peasant and king keep festival,

And childhood wears a fairer guise,  
And tenderer shine all mother-eyes;

The aged man forgets his years,

The mirthful heart is doubly gay,

The sad are cheated of their tears,

For Christ the Lord was born to-day.

—Susan Coolidge.

#### BETTER BE SURE THAN SORRY.

"BETTER be sure than sorry," said a garden-worker, when his employer expressed a doubt whether it was necessary to cover a certain vegetation to protect it from the frost. "Better be sure than sorry!"

A man who is not sure is very likely to be sorry. He who takes things on trust will be quite likely to be cheated and disappointed at last. The business man who treads in uncertain paths, who is not sure of his course, is very likely to be sorry he has taken it.

Keep on the safe side. Be sure rather than sorry. Do not give yourself the benefit of every doubt. Be lenient to other's faults, but strict regarding your own. If there be an act which in your own mind is doubtful or questionable in its character, take the course of wisdom and prudence. It would be a terrible thing to be mistaken in the final day; it is better to be sure here than to be sorry at the judgment-seat of Christ.—*Exchange.*

#### A LITTLE RAG-PICKER.

A HEAP of little bits of calico and linen lay just ahead of Phenie's broom. It was a very cunning new broom, and it swept as clean as new brooms always do. The sitting-room had to be swept a good many times in the day, for Miss Poor, the dress-maker, was there, snipping and making all the litter she could—so Phenie thought. But she liked to sweep it up very well, indeed.

"I'd pick those pieces out and save them for paper rags," said Aunt Anna, coming in just that minute.

"There's such a little of 'em," said Phenie. "I don't believe it's a cent's worth. I want to sweep the veranda, too."

So Phenie fidgeted for a moment with her new broom, and when she found Aunt Anna didn't say any more, she left the bits of cotton in the corner of the wide brick hearth, and went out to sweep the veranda floor. When she went in again, the rags were all out of the way.

All through the summer there were a good many bits of cloth and paper to pick up; but Phenie didn't touch them very often. There was always such a little, and she didn't like to, anyway. But in the fall, a tin peddler drove up to the door in a shiny green cart, lettered with gold; and among other beautiful things, he had some little tin pails, painted and lettered, too.

"O Auntie!" cried Phenie, in the greatest delight, "can't I have one?"

"Thirty cents, only," said the peddler.

After one look at Aunt Anna's face, Phenie felt, with a dreadful sinking of her heart, that he might as well have said thirty dollars.

"I'll take rags," said the peddler, swinging one of the pails on his finger, "at four cents a pound." Aunt Anna's eyes began to laugh.

"Have you any rags, Phenie?" she asked.

"No'm," said Phenie, solemnly.

"If you had only saved them, Phenie."

"But there was such a little," said Phenie.

Aunt Anna laughed. Then she brought in from behind the shed door a bag stuffed full of rags.

"Here they are, Phenie," she said.

Phenie, opened her eyes, and the peddler began to laugh. In a minute he had weighed the rags.

"The pail's yours," he said, and two cents over. "Many a little makes a deal, little girl. Now I am coming around again next spring; can't you save some rags for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Phenie, hugging her pail with her two jingling coppers.—*Temperance Banner.*

#### EDITOR'S CORNER.



CHRISTMAS and New Years, and the days which come between them, are usually termed "the holidays," and are by many given up to pleasure. By the time the present number of the INSTRUCTOR shall

reach its readers, that season will have arrived.

Perhaps all do not know that the term "holiday" was at first written "holy-day," meaning a day set apart in honor of some person or event connected with religion. Upon such days, the most pious people abstained from labor, that they might devote their time to the worship of God; while those persons who had but little, if any, regard for religion, spent their time in seasons of gayety and amusement; and so the fashion began of calling all days of recreation holidays.

A holy-day is in one sense a holiday, since it is a period of rest from labor; but all holidays are not holy days. The Sabbath, the memorial of God's work of creation, was the first holy-day ever instituted; and if there had been no change to another day than that set apart by God, possibly it would have received more honor from the world than has ever been given the Sunday.

Nearly every country has its religious holidays, or festivals. These are most numerous in Roman Catholic countries, it being the custom of their church to consecrate certain days to departed saints whom they declare have entered heaven, and to honor the day upon which have occurred the most thrilling scenes in the life of Christ, such as his birth and resurrection.

It is supposed that Christmas, the day set apart in honor of the Saviour's birth, was instituted by Pope Lelesphorus, who died A. D. 138. But of all the holidays, its date was the most unsettled. During the first centuries, it was celebrated by the eastern churches, sometimes in April, and at other times in May; and not until the fourth century did they fix the date upon the 25th day of December.

Those Christians who separated themselves from the Romish church during the Great Reformation in the beginning of the 16th century, abolished the worship of saints and the observance of most of the holy days excepting Sunday, Christmas, and Easter. And the Pilgrims, in their efforts to



maintain primitive simplicity in their manner of worship, rejected all holy days save Sunday.

But after a time, Christmas gained favor even in the New England States, the home of the Pilgrims. It has been made a legal holiday in several of the States, and is now quite generally observed throughout the Union. Easter, too, is rapidly gaining in popularity as a holiday.

So much for the day claimed as the birth-day of our Lord. But were it indeed the veritable day of his nativity, what honor is attributed to him in the manner it is most commonly observed? With the larger class of persons, it is to have a good time merrymaking. Feasting, dancing, noise, and tumult—are these the tributes to offer the King of heaven for the gift of himself as the Saviour of the world? May we all have broader views of the cost of the infinite sacrifice than to offer any such homage.

Dear young friends, the event which Christmas is designed to commemorate, really happened; the angels' announcement, more than eighteen hundred years ago, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," was literally true. It was indeed a joyful message; and since it was for "all people," it is for you, it is for us all, and should occupy our first and best thoughts every day. If we shall observe the day that is called the anniversary of this event, Christmas, let us do it in a manner to give credit to the One whom we would honor. Instead of bestowing all our gifts upon one another, let us give, "as God hath prospered," to Him to whom so much is due; first, by offering a glad and thankful heart for all his benefits; by giving liberally of our means to spread the gospel of the kingdom through all the earth; and by considering and relieving the wants of the poor. Such duties, faithfully performed, will bring a truly merry Christmas.

M. J. C.

### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side of things! If you have not already formed that habit, try hard to form it without delay. Then you will be the owner of something which money cannot buy, and which no thief can rob you of. See the silvery lining to every dark cloud, and the streaks of light which show the morn is coming.

What is the use of always fretting? Of course, there are in life things hard to bear, but does fretting make the burden easier to be borne? A rainy day may spoil a pleasure-excursion, but will complaining make one drop of rain fall the less? The rain which spoils your plans makes the dry earth laugh, and gives to the farmer a bright vision of an abundant harvest. The August sun, which makes your head ache, softens the hard fruit upon the trees, and turns the acid into sweetness.

So try hard not to be selfish. That which may not suit you, may suit the rest of the world. Be generous, and take an interest in the welfare of others; in this way you will find happy thoughts nestling in your own soul, like a flock of cheerful singing-birds. Then you will have a smile on your face, and music in your voice; your path in life will be bright with Heaven's own light. But the selfish man must walk in the shadow; if nothing without makes him unhappy, there will be something within. He who seeks his own happiness only will surely miss it; but he who seeks the good of others will have his reward here and hereafter.

Be a true Christian. Like the divine Master, think of others, and do them what good you can, and you will surely have your reward. You will then find out how much brighter your lot is than that of many others; and, if trials come, this

thought will cheer you; they are like the clouds which darken but a little while, and then pass away.—*Selected.*

### CHRISTMAS SONG.

SILENT night! shadowy night!  
Purple dome, starry light!  
Pouring splendor of centuries down,  
Gold and purple, a glorious crown,  
Where the manger so rude and wild  
Cradles a sleeping child.  
  
Silent night! mystical night!  
Kings and seers sought thy light.  
Where the watch of the shepherds is kept,  
Heavenly hosts through the stillness have swept,  
Clear proclaiming a Saviour born!  
Singing the Christmas morn!  
  
Holy night—heralding dawn!  
Far and near breaks the morn!  
Breaks the day when the Saviour of men,  
Bringing pardon and healing again,  
"Holy, harmless, and undefiled,"  
Cometh a little child!

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

## The Sabbath - School.

### FIRST SABBATH IN JANUARY.

### IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

#### LESSON 26.—REVIEW.

[NOTE TO THE STUDENT.—Do not consider the lesson learned until you can give at least the substance of every text, with the correct reference for each. The references in black letters indicate those texts that should be committed to memory. A little diligent application each day will enable you to do this.]

1. For what purpose did God create man? **2 Cor. 5:4, 5.**
2. Why, then, are not all men immortal? **Rom. 5:12.**
3. As a pledge of immortality, what does God now give us? **2 Cor. 5:5.**
4. Why should we be careful not to grieve the Spirit of God? **Eph. 4:30.**
5. What does redemption include? **Eph. 1:14; Rom. 8:23.**
6. By what agency are the dead raised? **Rom. 8:11.**
7. When Adam fell, what did the Lord do to prevent sin from being perpetuated? **Gen. 3:22, 24.**
8. What is inseparably connected with sin? **Rom. 5:12; James 1:15.**
9. Are there any who have not sinned? **Rom. 3:23; 5:12.**
10. Then since death is inseparably connected with sin, how can anybody escape eternal death? **Matt. 1:21; 1 John 3:5.**
11. In order to escape eternal death and receive immortality, what must we now do?
12. Give proof that no unrighteous person can have immortality.
13. Explain 1 Peter 3:19.
14. Compare this passage with Isa. 42:7 and 61:1, and state what you learn.
15. What will be the portion of those who do not believe on Christ nor accept the gospel?
16. When and by what means will they receive their portion?
17. Where is the text which says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life"?
18. Explain the text. How do we now have everlasting life?
19. When will eternal life be realized by the believer? **Col. 3:3, 4.**
20. Give a brief account of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus.
21. Why was the parable given?
22. What does the word "hell" mean in this parable? Give proof.
23. Show the absurdity of the popular explanation of this parable.
24. Give a more consistent one.

There will be no paper next week; and that the Sabbath-school scholars may not be without a lesson, this paper contains two lessons.

### SECOND SABBATH IN JANUARY.

#### LESSON 27.—REVIEW.

[NOTE TO THE STUDENT.—Do not consider the lesson learned until you can give at least the substance of every text, with the correct reference for each. The references in black letters indicate those texts that should be committed to memory. A little diligent application each day will enable you to do this.]

1. WHEN will believers come into possession of immortality?
2. Do those who have died receive the reward of immortality before those who remain alive?
3. Describe the way in which all the righteous are taken to be with Christ.
4. Give the events connected with the appearing of Christ in the order presented by Paul in 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.
5. What event must take place before the children of God are made free from liability to die? **Luke 20:35, 36.**
6. If the dead are not now with Christ in heaven, where and in what condition are they?
7. How will Christ's followers be tested just before his second coming? **Matt. 24:24.**
8. To what extent will they be tested?
9. Who will be the author of these signs and wonders? **2 Thess. 2:9.**
10. How is the devil able to make himself appear? **2 Cor. 11:14.**
11. Why is it that people will be deceived by these lying wonders? **Verses 10-12.**
12. If they believe not the truth, what must they necessarily believe?
13. By what lie did Satan deceive Eve? **Gen. 3:4.**
14. What terrible delusion of both ancient and modern times has been built upon this lie?
15. How alone may we escape this delusion? **Isa. 8:19, 20.**

### REACHING ABSENT SCHOLARS.

So long as a scholar is regular in his attendance upon a Sabbath-school, so long as he is punctually in his class, week by week, he can be reasonably sure of attention from his teacher. There are few scholars who are openly neglected while they are face to face with their teachers. But when a scholar absents himself from his class and his school, then he is in danger of neglect from his teacher, if not indeed in danger of his teacher's forgetfulness. "Out of sight, out of mind," is an adage that has its too common application to the Sabbath-school scholar, as well as to those in every other sphere of life.

As a matter of fact, it is probable that more than one-half of all the scholars who are brought under the oversight of teachers in our Sabbath-schools, in city and in country, the whole world over, are lost to the Sabbath-school by the neglect of their teachers to follow them up when first they absent themselves from the school, or to keep a hold on them by correspondence when the teacher himself is away on vacation. And again, as a practical matter, it is probably true that wise and loving efforts to reach scholars who absent themselves from the school, or from whom, while at the school, the teacher has absented himself, have a power for good beyond the best efforts which are made to reach those same scholars while they and their teachers are together with never an interval of separation—on Sabbaths.

Work for a scholar in a scholar's absence, gives new power to the teacher; not only a new power over the scholar, but a new power to the teacher in the teacher's sphere of knowledge, of influence, and of affection. A teacher knows more of a scholar whom he has followed up during his absence from the class, and he is pretty sure to gain an added knowledge of wise methods in behalf of that scholar, and of scholars similarly circumstanced, by his seeing that scholar, and his doing for him, in this emergency. A teacher is himself more of a man for all his wise and loving doing for another; and a teacher is sure to love more dearly, and to be more dearly loved by, a scholar in whose behalf he has exerted himself, and has been privileged to do efficient service. A scholar's absence from his class opens up, in fact, a wide sphere of possibilities of good to both scholar and teacher; and no teacher can fairly fill his place without recognizing and occupying this sphere of hopeful endeavor.—*Teaching and Teachers.*



## For Our Little Ones.

### ROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE Christmas bells in many a clime  
 Their joyous peals are ringing,  
 And sweet in cot and palace chime  
 The childrens' voices singing.  
 While here we see the Christmas tree  
 Its gay fruit bending o'er us,  
 We, glad of heart, will bear our part,  
 And swell the Christmas chorus.

We bless his birth, who came to earth,  
 And in his cradle lowly  
 Received the earliest Christmas gifts,—  
 The Christ-child, pure and holy.  
 To him we raise our thanks and praise  
 For all the love he bore us;  
 For his dear sake our hymn we make,  
 And swell the Christmas chorus.

And while we strip these laden boughs  
 Of all their shining treasure,  
 He from above will look with love  
 Upon our harmless pleasure.  
 He gave our friends, our joys he sends,  
 He ever watches o'er us;  
 He bends his ear our song to hear,  
 And loves our Christmas chorus.

Still "Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
 The heavenly choirs are singing;  
 And, "Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
 Through earth to-night is ringing.  
 We catch the strain with sweet refrain  
 That angels sung before us,  
 And join the song with heart and tongue,  
 The holy Christmas chorus.

—Our Little Ones.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

### THE TEA-KETTLE AND ITS LESSON.

ALL day long the snow had fallen, covering the earth with a robe of white. Toward night the great flakes fell slower and slower, and finally stopped altogether, and the round moon shone out in the dark blue sky. The air was cold and keen.

Indoors, in the wide old fire-place, a great fire roared and crackled, and cast a cheerful glow over the room. The old iron tea-kettle, hanging from the crane, sung merrily. From the oven at the left of the fire-place came a tempting odor of pumpkin pies, the last of Grandma Mc Lane's baking. To-morrow was Christmas, and the children and grandchildren were all coming home to spend the day at the old farm-house.

Elsie stood at the window, watching the snow-birds that came to pick up the crumbs she had scattered for them. As the night drew on, and the shadows grew deeper in the corners of the room, she went over and stood by the fire, holding her little white kitten in her apron.

So busy did she become in watching the steam puffing out of the nozzle of the kettle, that she did not know when her grandmother entered the room. She did not even hear Uncle Hal stamp his feet, and shake the snow from his great coat as he came into the kitchen.

"Well, Elsie," said he, sitting down in the chair by the fire, and slapping his hands together to get them warm, "what is it now—a new steam-engine, or a flying machine?"

Elsie gave a start, and looked around. "O Uncle Hal!" she exclaimed, "I didn't know you were here. Did you get me a doll for Christmas?"

"Wait till morning and see," he laughingly replied, as he drew her toward him. "Maybe Santa Claus will fetch one down the chimney for you."

"There isn't any Santa Claus, I know, for grandpa said so," replied Elsie.

"I thought I heard a little girl talking about

him this morning," said he. "But anyway, what were you thinking about when I came in?"

"Oh, I was watching the tea-kettle puffing out steam, and every little while the cover would hop up and down, just as if it wanted to get away. What makes it do so, Uncle Hal?"

"A long time ago, a young boy asked the same question," he said; "but there was no one to answer it for him. He lived with his aunt. He was not a very strong boy, and he had to stay in the house a great deal. I expect his aunt used to scold him, because he was around under foot so much. One thing he used to do that annoyed her more than anything else,—he would often sit for hours watching the steam puff out of the tea-kettle, just as you watched it to-night. His aunt thought he was wasting his time, and would grow up to be a good-for-nothing man if he kept on in that way. He would hold a corn-cob up to the nozzle to make the cover dance, just as this cover will do now if I hold the tongs before the spout," and Uncle Hal picked up the tongs, and held them close to the nozzle.

"In this way," continued Uncle Hal, "the boy learned that there is more power in steam when it is shut up than when it is allowed to go free; and that the force of it when the nozzle of the tea-



kettle was stopped up, was enough to lift the heavy iron cover.

"He kept on thinking and watching; and when he grew to be a man, he put to good use all the things he had learned when he was sick, and could not go to school with other boys. If he had not been so watchful and thoughtful, he would not have been able to make such good engines as he afterward made. Every time you take a ride on the cars, you will remember that this boy was the one who made the first good engine. Every time you see a newspaper, you will think of the great engine run by steam, that moves the machinery used in printing it. You can hardly think of anything that is made now-a-days that does not need a steam engine to move the machinery."

"You didn't tell me what his name was," said Elsie, as he stopped talking.

"His name was James Watt," replied Uncle Hal, "and he lived in Greenock, in England, when he was a little boy."

Then Uncle Hal sang to Elsie a song of the tea-kettle, while the old one in the crane hummed a dreamy accompaniment. Elsie sat curled up on his knee. Lower and lower drooped the little head, and by the time he had ended his song, she was fast asleep, dreaming of tea-kettles and dolls, tongs and Christmas trees, all floating in a whirl around her head.

W. E. L.

### FROM THE OLD GERMAN.

HOW should the heart of a little child be?  
 As pure as the lily that blooms on the lea,  
 As clear as the dew from the heavens that fall,  
 As true as the mirror that hangs on the wall,  
 As fresh as the fountain, as gay as the lark  
 That trills out its song 'twixt the day and the dark,  
 As glad as the angels when, soaring, they fly  
 In the bright wings of love to their home in the sky.

### Letter Budget.

ANNA ELDER, writing from Washington Co., Kan., says she keeps the Sabbath with her parents, two brothers, and a sister, and they all go to Sabbath-school together. She likes to read the INSTRUCTOR, and she learns her lessons in it. She thinks the lessons are interesting now. She is thirteen years old. Yes, the lessons are interesting, and very important, too. Do n't you think so?

CARRIE L. WILD, of Cortland Co., N. Y., writes: "I am ten years old, and have a sister twelve years old. We have a Sabbath-school. I study in Lesson Book No. 1; for mamma wanted me to begin at the first, and go through them all. I go to the State Normal day school here. I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may be saved with you all in the new earth."

Should you go through all the Lesson Books, Carrie, having for your motto, "Not how much, but how well," you would be quite a little Bible scholar.

MARTHA VANDERKARR writes from Iroquois Co., Ill. She says: "I am seven years old. I live with my grandma. My ma died before I could talk. She was a Sabbath-keeper. We are all Sabbath-keepers here. Grandma taught me to pray, and I wish all the INSTRUCTOR family to pray with me that my pa may become a good Sabbath-keeper. Grandma is so kind to me! She taught me to read, so I read the INSTRUCTOR and many good books to her. She is sick, and we pray to the Lord to cure her. Will you all pray

for grandma to get well?"

We are glad Martha appreciates her pleasant home, and in turn carries sunshine into it by trying to make her grandmother happy. The INSTRUCTOR family will all be glad to remember your requests.

ANNA C. RASMUSSEN, of San Maeto Co., Cal., writes: "I send you some money for the INSTRUCTOR, which we have not had for about two weeks. We cannot be without it. I am twelve years old, and have three brothers and one sister, and we all like to read the paper very much. We live in the country, and there are no Sabbath-keepers about here except one brother and a sister, and we all live together. We have our Sabbath lessons at our home every Sabbath, in Lesson Books No's 1, 3, and 5. My oldest brother and I were baptized at the San Jose camp-meeting. We want to follow our Saviour, keeping all the commandments of God, that we may have eternal life. Kind love to all the INSTRUCTOR family."

If your little company are all faithful to do missionary work, Anna, it will not be very long till you can boast of a Sabbath-school.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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