

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 33.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., (PACIFIC COAST EDITION), MAY 6, 1885.

No. 16.

## THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud;  
Love gave it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where on thy dewy wing—  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

Ann; and a fourth, an exquisite picture of the Virgin Mother holding the infant Jesus in her arms. These paintings are largely sought, and long gazed upon, by all art-lovers who visit Spain, and are particularly admired by artists for their truthful beauty, delicate tints, and natural coloring.

But they are not Murillo's.

These noble paintings, the pride and glory of Seville to-day, were conceived and executed by a mulatto, Sebastian Gomèz, who was once the slave, then the pupil, and in time the peer of his illustrious and high-minded master.

The childhood of Sebastian Gomèz was one of servitude.

perhaps remark, after overhearing some quiet suggestion of the mulatto lad.

"Aye. One might think the slave a connoisseur," would laugh another.

"Truly, it is owing to a cunning hint of his that my St. Andrew's arm was improved in the foreshortening."

"It was Gomèz who detected first the harshness in my coloring of this St. Catherine's hands, and noted the false curve of the lower lip. The mulatto has the true eye for color, and in truth he seems to guess at form as readily as some of his betters."

Such were the remarks that often followed the lad's exit



O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamers that herald the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

—James Hogg.

## MURILLO'S MULATTO.

NEARLY three hundred years ago, in the city of Seville, lived one of the greatest of Spanish painters—Bartolomé Estèban Murillo.

Many beautiful pictures painted by this master adorn the palaces of the Old World, while a few may be found in the possession of wealthy art-lovers on this side of the water.

In the church of Seville, one may see four beautiful paintings, one, a picture of Christ bound to a column, St. Peter in a kneeling posture at his feet, as if imploring pardon; another, a superb painting of St. Joseph; one of St.

His duties were many and constant. He was required to grind and mix the colors used by the young seniors, who came at the early hour of six in the morning to take their lessons in drawing and painting in the studio of the great Murillo; to prepare and stretch canvas, run errands, and be ready at all times to answer the capricious demands of these high-born and imperious youths.

The poor mulatto boy had, however, in addition to a generous heart and amiable temper, a quick wit, bright intellect, and willing hands. His memory also was excellent; he was not without judgment, and, what was better than all, he was gifted with the power of application.

Intellect, wit, memory, judgment, are all good endowments, but none of these will lead to excellence if one has not a habit of industry and steady application.

Sebastian Gomèz, at the age of fifteen, found himself capable not only of admiring, but also of appreciating, the work of the pupils who wrought in his master's studio. At times he even fancied that he could detect errors and blemishes which they failed to note in their studies.

It chanced, sometimes, that he would drop a hint of his thoughts, when handling a maul-stick, or moving an easel for some artist student.

"How droll it is that the sly young rogue should be so nearly correct in his criticisms!" one of the pupils would

as the young seniors lightly commented upon his criticisms. There came a time, however, when the poor mulatto received from their lordly lips far other than light comment.

One day, a student who had been for a long time at work upon a "Descent from the Cross," and who, but the previous day, had effaced an unsatisfactory head of the Mater Dolorosa, was struck dumb with surprise at finding in its place a lovely sketch of the head and face he had so labored to perfect. The miracle—for miracle it seemed—was inquired into; and examination proved that this exquisite head, which Murillo himself owned that he would have been proud to paint, was the secret work of the little slave Sebastian. So closely had he listened to his great master's instructions to the pupils, so retentively stored them in his mind, and so industriously worked upon them while others slept,—his custom being to rise at three in the morning and paint until five,—that he, the servant of the young artists, had become, unconsciously to himself as to them, an artist also. Murillo, upon discovering the genius of Gomèz, was enraptured, and declared that the young mulatto should be in his sight no longer a slave, but a man, his pupil, and an artist.

"Other masters leave to posterity only pictures," exclaimed the glad master. "I shall bequeath to the world a painter! Your name, Sebastian, shall go down to pos-

terity only in company with mine; your fame shall complete mine; coming ages, when they name you, shall call you 'Murillo's mulatto'!"

He spoke truly. Throughout Spain to-day, that artist who, of all the great master's pupils, most nearly equals him in all his varied excellences, is best known, not as Sebastian Gómez alone, but as "Sebastian Gómez the mulatto of Murillo."

Murillo had Gómez made a free citizen of Spain, treated him as a son, and, when dying, left him part of his estate. But Gómez survived his illustrious master and friend only a few years, dying, it is said, about the year 1590.—*St. Nicholas*.

Written for the Instructor.

#### DIVING-BELLS.

DEEP down in the sea are hidden rich treasures of pearls, corals, and sponges. Men have always coveted this wealth, but it was once very much harder to get than at the present time. The most expert divers could remain under water hardly two or three minutes at a time. If you try to hold your breath for just one minute, you will readily see what hard work it is to stay under water. Two minutes would not give time enough to explore the richly laden ships that had been wrecked at sea, and bring away the cargo.

Sometimes it was necessary to build bridges across wide, deep streams, and to clear away dangerous rocks from narrow channels, so as to make a safe passage for ships. It was very difficult to do this work, because men could not go under water to fix the foundations. "Necessity," says the old proverb, "is the mother of invention;" and this necessity led to the invention of the diving-bell and the diving dress.

A very simple experiment will show the principle upon which the diving-bell is constructed. On plunging an inverted tumbler downward in the water, it will be found that at first the water does not rise up inside the tumbler,—that it remains empty and dry. As you plunge it down deeper, the water begins to rise a little. This is because the pressure of the water on the air that filled the glass, is so great that it condenses the air, and the water rushes in to fill the vacancy.

The first diving-bells were very simple,—nothing more



than a large, air-tight, bell-shaped, wooden structure, bound with iron hoops like a barrel, and containing seats for the divers. But they could not remain long under water; for as soon as the fresh air in the bell was exhausted, they had to return to the surface, or perish.

Dr. Halley, a member of the Royal Society, who took great interest in diving and divers, set his wits to work to remedy the difficulty. In the above picture, you can readily see how this diving-bell looked, and the method employed to keep up the supply of air. The bell, you remember, was made of wood; but the artist has very accommodatingly drawn it so that we can see inside. It was lighted by heavy glass windows.

Dr. Halley incased two barrels with lead so as to make them air-tight. Over a hole in the top of the barrel he screwed a leathern hose; and he made a bung-hole in the bottom, so that the water could rush in, as the barrel was lowered, and the air condensed. There were two of these barrels, so arranged that they could be lowered alternately, like buckets in a well. The hose could be brought around under the bell, and through it the fresh air rushed. From a stop-cock in the top of the bell the foul air escaped with such force as to make the surface of the water boil. So long as the bubbles rose to the surface, those above knew that all was right down below.

Sometimes a diver, having on his head a copper helmet

that has glass windows in front, went down with the bell. To his helmet was attached a leathern hose, extending up into the bell, so that he could be supplied with air.

Many improvements have been made in the diving-bell since Dr. Halley's time; yet the general plan is the same. The air is now supplied by a force-pump, and a long rubber hose conducts the air from the pump to the top of the bell.

A less expensive apparatus is the diving dress, shown



in the accompanying picture. The suit is made of India rubber, covered inside and out with tanned twill, to protect the rubber from injury. It is air-tight and water-tight. The helmet is made of tinned copper; the sleeves fit tight around the wrist, leaving the hands free; and to the soles of the shoes are attached heavy lead-weights. Air is supplied by a force-pump, through a tube connected with the back of the helmet. There is an escape valve in the top of the helmet, the same as in the diving-bell.

Arrayed in this garb, the diver seizes the life line, and is swung off into the sea. The heavy leaden soles on his shoes carry him straight down, and help him to keep his footing while at work below. This dress does not add to the beauty of the wearer, and will probably never become fashionable, but it enables him to be eminently useful.

Diving is said to be a very profitable business, but it is attended with great danger. If the valves in the helmet should become clogged, or some careless person on shipboard should tread across the air pipe, thus cutting off the supply of air, life in the diving dress would very soon cease. It is not unfrequent to find the diver dead when he is hauled to the surface. It takes great resolution and presence of mind to become a good diver. If it were not for these brave men, who are willing to incur these risks, we would have scant knowledge of the strange life under the sea. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

W. E. L.

#### HOW TO SAVE TIME.

WHEN people say they are doing this or that "to pass away the time," they forget that "time is the stuff life is made of."

Wasting time is the same thing as wasting life; and those who know how to economize time, have also learned the only possible way of lengthening their lives.

When you read the lives of famous persons, you will always find that they have been great workers. The celebrated Madame Roland was not only a politician and a scholar, but a housekeeper. In her "Appeal to Posterity," she says: "Those who know how to employ themselves always find leisure moments, while those who do nothing are in want of time for everything."

Mrs. Somerville, the famous astronomer, knew how to crowd a great deal into life. Young people are apt to suppose that one who was as learned as she was, must have spent all her life in hard study, and have had a very stupid time. But Mrs. Somerville learned to use her moments so carefully that she had time for many things besides her mathematics. She went into very brilliant society, read and wrote much, and—let me whisper to the girls—found time to make her own dresses and attend to many domestic duties, which some people would consider unworthy the attention of a great and learned mind. What helped her most, in all these varied employments, was that she had the power of so concentrating her attention upon what she was doing, that nothing going on around her could distract her thoughts.

It is true that all cannot do this, if they try ever so hard; but many who have not formed the habit of concentrating attention, cannot read to themselves or write an ordinary letter where others are talking.

Another good way of saving time is to learn to move

quickly, not forgetting, however, that there is a kind of "haste" which "makes waste." Try to acquire a dexterity in doing those common things which must be done very frequently. For instance, the operation of dressing has to be performed by all, many times in the course of a year; yet some people are always dressed at the appointed time, while others, who have been busy as long as they, are sure to be behindhand, because they have a habit of dawdling.

Whatever you have to do, learn first to do it in the best way, and then to be as short a time about it as is consistent with doing it properly. Those who take care of the moments find that the hours take care of themselves.

We waste more time in waiting for ourselves than we do in waiting for others; and after we have done one thing, we are often so long in deciding what to take up next, that when we have decided, the time is gone which we ought to have given to it. But those who are always ready to pass quickly from one occupation to another, will have accomplished all they had intended, while we have been thinking what to be at. If you have some definite idea in the morning of what you mean to do during the day, whether in work or play, you will do more than you will if you simply pass from one thing to another with no plan; and you will be more likely to do things at the proper time.

Another help to save time, is the habit of keeping things where they belong, so that you will not waste precious moments in looking for them. Have at least two books always in reading—one which does not require very close attention, for leisure moments, when you do not feel like doing much, and one solid one, which requires more continuous thought. I suppose this was the plan of the old lady who always sent to the library for "a sermon book and another book."

It is surprising how much can be acquired by giving a little time each day to systematic reading. The story is often told of the young man who read through Macaulay's History of England, and was surprised at its ending so soon, by a habit of reading a few pages each day, while he was waiting for his dinner. Of course, the same rule applies to other things, as well as to reading.

Do not imagine, after all this, that simply because you are always doing something, you are industrious. You may be worse than idle, if you are wasting not only time, but eye-sight and material. Work must be to some purpose to be worthy of the name. It may be better to be idle all day, than to be reading trash, or straining your eyes and nerves over some intricate and useless piece of needle-work. Many of these things are made only "to give away," because people are too indolent to think of any gift more useful or appropriate.

Perhaps you will say that all this advice is of no use to you, because you have all the time you want now; but you must not forget that there are a great many people in the world who find it hard work to crowd into a day all that it is necessary for them to do, and they would be very glad to have you give some of your leisure to them. Unemployed time is a sure indication of neglected duty. Even the ant, in the old nursery rhyme, says:—

"I always find something or other to do,  
If not for myself, for my neighbor."

When you have not enough to occupy you, look among your circle of acquaintances, and see who of them needs to have you "lend a hand."—*St. Nicholas*.

#### THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I HAVE a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road into town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitating.

"Now I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay field, where I had been at work since day-break. I was tired, dusty, and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash, and dress for singing-school.

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me; one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said. "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, and as he left, put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house, I saw a crowd of the farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father!" he said. "He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead.

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

And after all, it is such a little way that we can go together!—*Youth's Companion*.

The Sabbath - School.

THIRD SABBATH IN MAY.

IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

LESSON 43.—INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS.

[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. AFTER Abraham had obeyed the command to offer up Isaac, what did the Lord swear to do? Gen. 22:16-18.
2. How numerous did he say Abraham's seed should be? *Ib.*
3. Where have we found similar expressions? Gen. 13:16; 15:5.
4. What did the Lord say that Abraham's seed should possess? Gen. 22:17.
5. What is indicated by the statement that his seed should "possess the gate of his enemies"?
6. Then with what other scriptures already learned is this parallel? Gen. 12:3; 13:15; Rom. 4:13.
7. What further shows that the promise in Gen. 22:16-18 is the same as those previously learned? Gen. 22:18, compared with Gen. 12:3; 18:18.
8. Why did the Lord say that he would do this thing? Gen. 22:18, last clause.
9. And what have we before found was the condition on which the promise was based? Gen. 18:19.
10. What did Stephen say as to the fulfillment of the promise recorded in Gen. 13:15 and 17:8? Acts 7:5.
11. What do we concerning all of God's promises? 2 Cor. 1:20; 2 Pet. 3:9.
12. Then what must we conclude concerning these promises to Abraham?

NOTE.

"AND thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies." The gate of a city is the place where the people go in and out. Whoever, therefore, controls the gate, controls the movements of the people of the city. Then to say that one possesses the gate of any place, is to say that he possesses the place. So the text just quoted must indicate that Abraham's seed should conquer all their enemies, or, in other words, should have universal dominion in the earth. And this is just what the scripture affirms. Rom. 4:13. Abraham died without seeing the fulfillment of this promise. As Stephen says, he did not inherit enough land to set his foot on. But the promises of God are sure, and therefore we must conclude that this promise will yet in some way be fulfilled, and that not only Abraham's seed, but Abraham himself, will possess the land.

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS.

LOOKING at the teachings of Scripture, the example of the great Teacher and his apostles, and the ordinary experiences of Christian effort, we may venture to assert that as a rule, we have no right to expect conversion without previous conviction; nor conviction without impression; nor impression without attention; nor attention without interest. Conversely, therefore, the ability to secure the interest of a class of children is usually the first step toward becoming the means of their conversion to the love and service of the Redeemer.

Solomon has declared, in language which comes home to one's every-day life and business, "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct."

The figure is as striking as it is plain and familiar. It calls up the image of the ancient carpenter, endeavoring to impart the first rough outline to a shapeless block of wood. Blow after blow is struck with force and precision, yet apparently with little result. The workman "puts to more force," and wields his implement, until the strong arm is weary, and the sweat trickles off the furrowed brow. Yet how slowly the work goes on! The axe is blunt—wretchedly blunt—and the means of whetting its edge are not at hand.

Or we see another man similarly engaged. His strokes fall fast, and no little exertion seems to be employed. But the blows fall at random; now here, now there. The wood is chipped and scored in all directions, but we look in vain for definite form—the material is spoiled; and as for the axe, its edge is taken off by sheer misuse in unskillful hands. The axe has become blunted through ill-usage, and the result is as unsatisfactory as in the former instance.

The proverb is many-sided; but we are concerned with only one of its applications. Is not the blunted axe an object seen but too often in the hands of the Sabbath-school laborer? A teacher who fails to secure the interest and attention of his pupils, and whose apparently fruitless exertions we have compared to the strokes of a blunted axe, will be found in most cases to be at fault in one or both of these two respects,—his material is unsuitable, or he does not know how to use it. To put the statement in another form, his lesson preparation is faulty, either in respect to matter or to method—unfit in itself, or badly arranged. \* \* \*

A primary requisite for efficient preparation is restful-

ness. This is a jewel worn by few in these days of hurry and impatience; yet the effort to obtain it, if only for a while, will not be without its reward. Lessons thrown into shape under pressure generally bear marks of haste and crudity, and awaken only vexation, disappointment, and inattention, when delivered. Early commencement of preparation, solitude, meditation on the objects and responsibilities of the work, and prayer, will do much to promote calm, faithful, and earnest application to the solemn yet delightful task of searching the Scriptures, not only for personal profit, but for the enlightenment and sanctification of others.—Teacher's Cabinet.

Our Scrap-Book.

NOTHING IS LOST.

NOTHING is lost; the tiniest seed  
By wild birds borne or breezes blown  
Finds something suited to its need,  
Wherein 't is sown and grown.

So with our words, or harsh or kind;  
Uttered, they are not all forgot;  
They have their influence on the mind,  
Pass on, but perish not.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,  
They have their power scarce understood;  
Then let us use our better will  
To make them rife with good!

—Religious Telescope.

PROTOPLASM.

PROTOPLASM is a word not commonly understood by the young, but the growth of plants and animals is so dependent upon it, that it is an interesting subject for study. Here is what a writer in the *Treasure-Trove* says about it:—

"When one looks at a house, he sees it is built of bricks and mortar, or pieces of wood or stone; and no matter how many rooms, or how many stories high, or how beautiful the furniture, it is quite clear that the materials of this structure are either brick, wood, or stone. Now when a student looks at an animal, he wants to find out the component materials of which it is made. He studies over the matter a great deal, and cuts off sections, and puts them under a microscope, and by this means he finds that animals are made of cells. Now, I must stop and tell you that plants are made of cells also, and thus you will see there is a likeness between animals and plants.

"Cells in plants and animals somewhat resemble the cells in honey-combs, but most are round, though some are six-sided. Animals and plants are made up of cells; these cells are very small, indeed, and they are filled with a liquid. The cells of plants grow together, just as honey cells do; the side of one forms the side of another. The cells in animals are round like oranges; between them is a substance that connects them; in the center of each of the animal cells is a little spot called a nucleus.

"Scientists use the word *protoplasm* a great deal when talking about cells; it is a sort of a fluid which fills the cell, and has much to do with its growth. Now you must notice that as in a great city there are many workshops where curious things are made, so in the body of an animal there are thousands of cells where the work of the body is carried on. You eat beef, and flour, and potato; the cells take these substances, and make blood, bone, hair, flesh, nails, eyes, teeth, etc., from them. You see they must be very capable, indeed, and diligent—these cells. Beside this, the cells are constantly making new cells; the nucleus is the beginning of the new cell, and that new cell will have a nucleus in it. It is the protoplasm that seems to have the power to cause the cells to do their work. If you put a frog's foot under the microscope, you can see the blood, running like little rivers, and the cells, the nucleus, and the protoplasm."

THE TARIFF.

It may be that the most our little readers know about taxes is the hard times they experience when the taxes come due; for it is then that father says, "Johnnie, you must wait awhile for your books, for I have the taxes to pay soon." Mother says, "I would be glad to get what my daughter desires so much; but unless the taxes are paid promptly, we may lose our home." Possibly it may sometimes cost an effort to meet these demands, yet all wish to submit gracefully to the regulations of our good Government, which has made its laws according to its best light.

Some of our young readers may have heard their parents talking about the tariff, but did not understand very well the meaning of the word. The *St. Nicholas* says:—

"There are two kinds of taxes—direct and indirect. One species of indirect taxation is what is styled the 'Internal Revenue,' which taxes domestic evils, like the liquor trade, and yields the Government an immense sum.

"But its favorite and most profitable indirect device is the 'Tariff.' Upon certain products and manufactures brought to our shores from other lands, it lays a 'duty,' or tax, and that duty must be paid to the proper Government officials (called 'customs officers,' or 'custom-house officers') before the things can be sold in this country. On every pound of figs brought to this country, the Government, through its 'customs officers,' collects two cents. Slates and slate-pencils from abroad must pay thirty cents for every dollar they are worth. When you buy these things, remember you are paying much more than actual values. A part of the excess goes into the treasury of the United States as 'duty,' or 'indirect tax,' for, of course, the dealer who imports these articles includes this extra cost in the price charged the purchaser.

You little folks have perhaps no idea how much you contribute every year to defray the expenses of our grand republic! Dolls and toys not made in this country must pay thirty-five cents on every dollar of their value! Bonnets, hats, and hoods, for men, women, and children; canes and walking-sticks; brooms, combs, jewelry, precious stones, musical instruments of all kinds, playing cards, paintings, and statuary,—these are also roughly jostled by this uncouth law.

"I should state, however, that all articles from abroad are not taxed. There is what is known as the 'Free List,' on which are placed certain imports exempt from duty,

such as nux vomica, asafoetida, charcoal, divi-divi, dragon's blood, Bologna sausages, eggs, fossils, and other articles! But the great bulk of important staples used in every-day life does not come within this favored class. Chemical products; earthenware and glassware; metals; wood and woodenwares; sugar; tobacco; provisions; cotton and cotton goods; hemp, jute, and flax goods; wool and woollens; silk and silk goods; books, papers, etc.; and sundries—thus reads the Tariff List.

"This is what is called 'Protection.' That is, putting heavy duties on foreign articles and commodities raises the prices of those foreign articles, and compels people to buy, instead, those made and produced by American industry."

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

THE theory once so prevalent, that animals do not reason, and are governed in their habits only by instinct, is becoming less and less popular every year. It often seems as if some animals lacked only the gift of speech to make them as intelligent as men. Particularly is this true of the canine species. In the last number of the *INSTRUCTOR* a scrap was published, illustrating the strong attachment the dog has for his master; and here is something equally interesting, from the *Child's Companion*, displaying a remarkable degree of intelligence in this animal:—

"Once upon a time, not very long ago, a gentleman lost his dog in Piccadilly. There was such a hubbub of carriages and carts and horses and people, that his whistle could not be heard, and so at last he turned sadly away, and went home alone.

"As he lived a little way out of London, he thought there was no chance of Scotty's finding his way home, especially as he always went to town by train, and traveled many miles every week in hansom cabs.

"In about two hours a cab drove up to the door, and out jumped the dear old collie dog. The cabman rang the bell, and the gentleman went out and inquired where he had found his pet.

"'O sir,' said the cabman, 'I did n't find him, he found me! I was waiting in Piccadilly, looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog. I thought it was very impudent of him, so I shouted to him to get out. Then I got down and shook my whip at him, and tried to pull him out, but never a bit did he care. He just sat still and barked, as much as to say, "Drive on, please." I took hold of him by the collar to lift him out, and then I saw your name and address, so I thought I'd just drive him home. He seemed quite happy then, and I shut the doors, and he stood up on the seat, looking out as gravely as a judge, till we came to your house, and then he jumped out sharp.'

"You may suppose the gentleman gave the kind cabman a good reward, and loved his clever dog more than ever."

BOOKS IN OLDEN TIMES.

How literally the prophecy is now being fulfilled, that 'many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' If responsibilities have increased in the same ratio that books have multiplied during the last few centuries, this is a generation of whom much will be required. The editor of the *Ladies' Repository* has made some statements regarding the scarcity of books from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, inclusive, which may be of interest to our young friends:—

"Before the art of printing, books were so scarce that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome to buy one copy of Cicero's works, and another of Quintilian's, because a complete copy of these works was not to be found in all France. Albert Abot, of Gemblours, with incredible labor and expense, collected a library of one hundred and fifty volumes; and this was considered a wonder indeed. In 1494 the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained parts of seventeen books on various subjects; and, on borrowing a Bible from the Convent of Smithin, he had to give a heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, to return it uninjured. When a book was purchased, it was an affair of such importance that persons of distinction were called together as witnesses.

"Previous to the year 1300, the library of the University of Oxford consisted only of a few tracts, which were carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should escape; and at the beginning of the 13th century, the Royal Library of France contained only four classics, with a few doctrinal works."

THE ICE PALACE.

IN Greenland, the people sometimes live in houses made of ice. Does it not seem strange? But it is true. They have no timber, out of which to build, and tents made of animals' skins would be too cold. They pile up great blocks of ice, and cement them by pouring water over them.

These houses are round; and from a hole in the top the smoke ascends, and they put a sheet of clear ice in the wall for a window. In summer, of course, these houses all melt. Then they live in tents made of sealskins. In 1739, the Empress of Russia had built a grand palace of ice. It lasted till March, 1740. It was one story high, and had three rooms and a great hall. The outside was ornamented with statues carved in ice. The yard was inclosed with an ice balustrade. At the corners were ice pyramids, and between these were cannon carved out of ice, and ice dolphins mounted on pedestals. There was also an ice elephant, with a man upon his back. He had his trunk raised in the air, and spouted water out of it in the daytime and burning naphtha at night. The cannon could be loaded with real powder and fired. Lighted up with thousands of torches at night, the palace looked grand indeed, and it was surely a wonderful work.—*Selected.*

THE following are sixteen American inventions of world wide adoption,—the cotton gin, the planing machine, the grass mower and reaper, the rotary printing press, steam navigation, the hot air machine, the India rubber industry, the machine manufacture of horse-shoes, the sand blast for grading, the gauge lathe, the grain elevator, artificial ice making on a large scale, the electro-magnet in its practical application, and the telephone.—*The American.*

## For Our Little Ones.



### MIRACLES.

*An egg a chicken!* Don't tell me!  
For did n't I break an egg to see?  
There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,  
With a bit of mucilage 'round it all—  
Neither beak nor bill,  
Nor toe nor quill,  
Not even a feather  
To hold it together;  
Not a sign of life could any one see.  
An egg a chicken! You can't fool me!

*An egg a chicken!* Did n't I pick  
Up the very shell that had held the chick—  
So they said; and did n't I work half a day  
To pack him in where he could n't stay?  
Let me try as I please,  
With squeeze after squeeze,  
There is scarce space to meet  
His head and his feet.  
No room for any of the rest of him—so  
That egg never held a chicken, I know."

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,  
Felt his trouble, and helped him as mothers can!  
Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and round:  
"Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this sound?"  
Faint and low, tap, tap;  
Soft and slow, rap, rap;  
Sharp and quick,  
Like a prisoner's pick.  
"Hear it peep, inside there!" cried Tom with a shout;  
"How did it get in, and how can it get out?"

Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell.  
Mamma smiled, and said, "All's well that ends well;  
Be patient awhile yet, my boy." Click, Click,  
And out popped the bill of a dear little chick.  
No room had it lacked,  
Though snug it was packed;  
There it was all complete,  
From its head to its feet.  
The softest of down and the brightest of eyes,  
And so big—why, the shell was n't half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle. "Mamma, now I see  
That an egg is a chicken—though the *how* beats me;  
An egg is n't a chicken, that I know and declare,  
Yet an egg is a chicken—see the proof of it there.  
Nobody can tell  
How it came in that shell;  
Once out, all in vain  
Would I pack it again.  
I think 't is a miracle, mamma mine,  
As much as that of the water and wine."

Mamma kissed her boy. "It may be that we try  
Too much reasoning about things, sometimes, you  
and I;  
There are miracles wrought each day for our eyes,  
That we see without seeing and feeling surprise;  
And often we must  
Even take on trust  
What we cannot explain  
Very well again.  
But from the flower to the seed, from the seed to the  
flower,  
'T is a world of miracles every hour."  
—*Youth's Companion.*

### FOR HIM.

"MOTHER," said Edith Stanley, "the minister said this morning in his sermon that we could all do something for Christ; but I do n't see what I can do, do you?" And the child's dark eyes half filled with tears.

"Yes, daughter," the mother answered gently, "there is a great deal that a little girl can do. I sometimes think the little Christians do more for Him than older ones. Christ always knows when we are willing; and if we watch and wait, he will be sure to find something for us to do."

And so on Monday morning, Edith went back to her plays, and her studies, and her school friends, hopeful and happy, trying to remember all the time to "watch and wait" for the work God was going to give her to do for him. But the days passed one by one, and the little maiden's heart began to sink, for this week had been just like any other week, although she "had not forgotten, hardly a single time."

Another Sabbath evening came. Edith and her mother were again having a talk. As her mother spoke of the sermon preached the Sabbath before, Edith suddenly burst into tears, sobbing, "Mother, He has n't given me any work to do for Him yet, and it's a whole week that I have been waiting and watching as well as I know how."

Mrs. Stanley let her cry for awhile. But when she grew quiet, she asked, as if to change the subject,—

"Edith, what was the end of that trouble between your two friends at school that you were so anxious about all last week?"

The little girl brightened up in a moment.

"Oh, but it's all right now; did n't I tell you? Well, you know, somebody told Mollie something that May had said about her that did not sound a bit kind, and it made Mollie very angry. We all knew that she loved May better than almost anybody in the world, but she said if May could talk about her in that way, she would never like her any more. Then somebody had to go and tell May what Mollie said, and May said that she had never spoken unkindly of Mollie that she knew of, but if Mollie chose to get mad, she might. She thought she could live without Mollie.

"And so it went on, getting worse and worse, until they began to dislike each other so much that they had to ask the teacher to change their seats.

"But," added Edith, "I knew there must be something wrong about it; and so one day I told Mollie I did n't believe May had ever said it, and I meant to ask her.

"Mollie begged me not to. She said that May would think she had sent me to do it because she was sorry, and she was not one bit sorry.

"But I did ask May; and when I told her what Mollie had heard, she thought it did sound rather bad, and she did n't wonder at Mollie for getting mad if she heard it that way.

"Then she told me what she really had said, and how she happened to say it. I went back to Mollie then; and when she heard about it, she said, 'Why, that's no matter at all if that's what she meant, and I am sorry I made such a fuss over it. I don't care if you do tell May I said so.'

"So now, mother," added Edith brightly, "they are just as good friends as ever, and they are not going to change their seats at all, and I am as glad as I can be."

Mrs. Stanley was glad too, especially that her little daughter had acted as peacemaker.

"I think, Edith," she replied, "that in just such little things as these we may do our Father's will. 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' Jesus said. God is just as much pleased with us when we do the little things well, as he is when we do some great thing."—*Selected.*

### A STRANGE BIRD-HOUSE.

ONE warm spring day, long ago, two little sparrows flew into a busy London square, and lighted on a tree which stood in its fresh, green dress among the tall houses, and gave, with all its little, dancing leaves, a glad welcome to the small, brown strangers. They were looking for a good place in which to build a nest and set up housekeeping.

You would suppose they might have liked the country better, with its great stretch of blue sky and its miles of green grass.

But they were contented little birds, and did not think of leaving the noisy city.

There they sat among the leaves, chattering and glancing here and there and everywhere.

In the middle of the square stood a grand statue of the Duke of Wellington. Quietly he sat on his fine horse, and calmly he looked down on the rows of houses, on the waving trees, and the people streaming by.

Day and night, winter and summer, in sunlight and storms, there he sat, always the same, and very grand in his plumed hat and fine military dress.

He seemed to say, "Here I am above every one, and nothing can move me."

The sparrows cocked their little quick, bright eyes at him, and wondered why he remained so still.

"He can't be a live man on a live horse, or he would move a little," said Mr. Sparrow. "I mean to go over there, and have a good look at him."

"Oh, don't, my dear!" said Mrs. Sparrow, fluttering with fear; "he might shoot you, you know."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Sparrow, and he flew right across the street, and on to the statue.

He shook his wings, and chattered, and made little dives at the great man who towered above him; but his lordship looked straight ahead, and never even peeped out of the corner of one eye at the bold little fellow.

Then what should this saucy little sparrow do but fly on to the fine cocked hat, with its long plumes.

At this, Mrs. Sparrow, safe in her leafy bower, almost fainted away with fright. But finding that her little mate hopped, undisturbed, all over his lordship's head, she took courage, and skimmed across the street, too; and soon they both were peeping and peering and chattering harder than ever.

They grew bolder every minute, and at last found a small opening under one of the drooping plumes; and in they darted, full of curiosity.

The poor, grand duke and his horse were quite hollow and empty; and the little birds at once decided that here was a fine place for their home, warm and dry, and far from prowling cats.

So there they lived, and reared their young ones; and nothing ever harmed them.

By and by more birds came there, and built their nests, and a family of starlings settled there very comfortably. Soon the old duke's statue was full of the little, darting, noisy creatures.

At last, one day, some men came to take the grand duke and his horse away.

He was to be placed in another part of the city, where they thought he would look even finer.

What was their surprise when a large number of frightened birds flew out from under the duke's plumed hat.

The birds flew away into the tree-tops, scolding noisily, and fluttering with anger and surprise. For they really had come to think that the great man, in all his splendor, belonged to them, and had been put there merely for a bird-house. They have not yet got over their astonishment and anger.

To this day, you may hear them quarreling and scolding about it all over London.—*Christian Register.*

## Letter Budget.

LIZZIE WILLIAMS, of Allegan Co., Mich., a little girl ten years old, says she has two little sisters and a little brother, and they all keep the Sabbath with their mother. They have a family Sabbath-school of sixteen members, and her mother is superintendent.

We would like to know more of that family school.

ARTIE SPALDING, of Jackson Co., Mich., wrote in December: "I will be eight years old next January. I have two sisters, two brothers, and a little niece named Anna. We all think a great deal of Anna. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, writing, geography, arithmetic, music, and drawing. My average standing last term was 95. My papa has been very sick for a long time, but he is better now. One of my friends gave me a nice Oxford Bible for a Christmas present, because I like to read it so well. I tell the stories to my little brother June. I received other nice presents, but I like my Bible best of all. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR, 'Sunshine and Golden Grain Series,' and other good books and papers. At Sabbath-school I learn my lessons in Book No. 2. There are seven members in our class. I went to the Jackson camp-meeting, and attended most of the children's meetings. Bro. Van Horn told us a great many nice things from the Bible. I write this letter myself; please print it. I want to be a good boy, so that when Jesus comes, I can live with him in the new earth. I send my love to the INSTRUCTOR family."

It seems almost like having a visit from Artie himself to read his letter. His time must be pretty well occupied to carry along so many studies; surely he cannot have much time to plan mischief. Although it is well to improve one's time in reading and studying good books, yet there is sometimes danger of overtaxing the brain by applying the mind too closely. Good physical exercise is needed every day, that the body may grow with the mind.

Here we give the names of a host of waiting ones who are longing to see their letters in print. Some of these little boys and girls attend Sabbath-school, and some have none to attend. All read the INSTRUCTOR, and we hope all are faithful in the every-day duties of life, thus "laying up in store for themselves a good foundation," "that they may lay hold on eternal life." By and by you will write other letters for the INSTRUCTOR. Try to make them real interesting. Some day when some nice thing happens that you think the other boys and girls would like to know too, just lay it up for your letter to the INSTRUCTOR. "How shall I save it?" do you ask? By noting it down in that memorandum book you made for that purpose so long ago. Well, here are the names: Clara Atwater, Steele Co., Minn.; Bennie Smith, Isabella Co., Mich., wants help to be a good boy; Anna E. Oppe, White Co., Ind.; Annie Burlew, Ford Co., Ill.; C. E. Stimson, Dane Co., Wis.; Frances Harris, Monona Co., Iowa; Willie McKinney, Macon Co., Ill.; Anna Ward, Webster Co., Iowa; Jessie M. Bennet, Montcalm Co., Mich.; Effa M. Pond, Labette Co., Kan.; Blanche A. Cowles, Wexford Co., Mich.; Lotie Waller, Grant Co., Wis.; Effie M. Davidson, Auglaize Co., O.; Ina M. White, Windham Co., Vt., a neatly printed letter; Alice Valentine, Bates Co., Mo.; Nettie C. Warren, W. T.; Ruby A. Weeks, Macomb Co., Mich.; Floy Smith, Clinton Co., Mich.; Lillian Bolter, Hampshire Co., Mass.; Johnny E. Blake, Jackson Co., Wis.; Owen Bristow, no P. O. given; and Sadie Welton, no P. O. named.

Our letter box is not empty yet; but we do n't want you to stop writing. What we do want, is that you shall keep in mind when you are writing that you want to say something to interest or instruct somebody, and in a little time you will have made great improvement over your first letters.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

S. D. A. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. CHAPMAN, - - Editor.

Miss WINNIE LOUGHBOROUGH, Ass't Editor.

The INSTRUCTOR is an illustrated four-page sheet, especially adapted to the use of Sabbath-Schools. Terms always in advance.

Single copy, 75 cts. a year.  
5 copies to one address, 60 cts. each.  
10 or more copies to one address, 50 cts. each.

### SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER.

#### GOLDEN GRAIN SERIES.

For every new subscription, accompanied with 85 cents, we will give "The Golden Grain Series," consisting of a package of ten beautiful pamphlets of 32 pages each. These comprise a choice collection of sketches, stories, poems, etc., adapted to the wants of children, and contain more reading matter than can be found in many dollar books. Remember, the whole series, 320 pages, and the INSTRUCTOR for a year, for 85 cents.

Address, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,  
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,  
Or, PACIFIC PRESS, Oakland, California.