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CALL TO THE FLOWERS.

O DAFFODIL, open your balmy buds
In ruffles of vivid gold;
For softly the sweet rain-spirits sigh
For your blossoms to unfold;
O bravest bloom of the flow'ry throng,
The morn is here, though the night was long.

The cascade's silvery trumpet calls,
O violet sweet, awake!
'Neath your wind-built tent of dead, brown leaves,
Your long, deep slumber break;
In a bower of your own bright leaves arise,
With your chalice as blue as the summer skies.

O cowslip, lift your sunny head
From under its leafy hood;
The mellow music of south winds blows
In the depths of the budding wood;
And the breezy haunts of the bluebirds ring
With the first rejoicing songs of spring.

The beautiful May will soon be here;
The maples soon will burn
With scarlet bloom, where the shadbush shows
O'er shady banks of fern;
Then, darlings, awake from your winter dreams,
To the call of the wind, the rain, and the streams.

—*Selected.*

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

THE SAGE OF ROTTERDAM.

WHEN Dr. Luther, in his work of reform, attacked the errors of the Romish church, and the corrupt example of the priests and monks, all Germany was shaken to its center. Many of the learned men adopted his views, and many others became his bitterest enemies.

There were two men who did more, perhaps, than any others in preparing the way for the work that Luther had to do. One of these was Reuchlin, a gray-haired doctor of divinity when Luther was a young man. The only Bible then in use was the Latin Vulgate, a work translated by the monks of Rome, and full of errors; and in all the land there were only a few copies of these. Reuchlin was a good Hebrew and Greek scholar, and did very much to get the study of these languages introduced into the universities. He was the first man to publish in Germany a Hebrew dictionary, so that the learned men could find out for themselves what the Old Testament taught, without having to take the word of the priests and the pope for it. He also wrote a Greek grammar that was a great improvement over the one then in use.

The other man was Erasmus, whose picture is shown on this page. His real name was Gerard; but, according to the fashion of the times, he translated it into Latin and Greek, calling himself Desiderius Erasmus.

The father of Erasmus, yielding to the urgent entreaties of his relatives, deserted the boy's mother, and entered a monastery at Rome. So Erasmus never knew a father's care. When he was about four years old, his father returned to Holland, and placed him in a school. He was a bright boy, witty and clever, and made rapid progress in his studies. One day, when he had done unusually well, his teacher embraced him, exclaiming with rapture, "This child will attain the highest pinnacle of learning." The teacher's words were literally fulfilled, and the child was known in after years as "the sage of Rotterdam."

When he was thirteen years old, his mother died; and his father, bitterly repenting of his past course, and broken-hearted at the loss of his gentle Margaret, soon followed her. Erasmus was now thrown upon his own resources. His friends urged him to enter the cloister; but he had a great dislike for monastic life, probably remembering what sore trouble it had caused in his father's family. However, he studied for awhile in several monasteries, and at length worked his way to Paris, where he entered the university. He studied incessantly, and at last graduated with high honors. Pupils from all quarters trooped to him for instruction, and he was recognized as the foremost writer and scholar of his time.

Princes were eager to have this illustrious young man at their courts; but to all their invitations he had a never-ending supply of excuses. He preferred a more quiet life, and got his living from the sale of his many writings.

He was a fair little man, whose half-closed blue eyes keenly observed all that was passing, on whose lips was ever a slight sarcastic smile, whose manner was timid and embarrassed, and whom it seemed that a puff of wind would blow down." He was so afraid of dying that he took the most extraordinary care of his health, sparing no pains to remove from a place where a contagious disease was raging.

So you see he could not have made a very good reformer, because he did not have the courage to say always just what he thought. When people would ask him his opinion, he would give them an answer that could be taken both ways.

But he did some good with his pen. What Reuchlin did for the Old Testament, Erasmus did for the New, by writing a critical Greek text of the New Testament; for that part of the Bible, you will remember, was written in the Greek. "Would to God," said he, as he finished writing it, "that this work may bear as much fruit to Christianity as it has cost me toil and application."

This was his greatest work toward helping on the Reformation. Besides this book, he wrote countless works exposing the ignorance and vice of the monks. He was keen, witty, and bitingly sarcastic, and his words cut like a knife, when he chose to have them. But he stopped right here. He did not have Luther's grand courage, and so was unfitted for any work of reform. He would not study theology for fear of finding out the truth and being condemned as a heretic. He studied every way to avoid bringing on him the frowns of the church of Rome. "A disadvantageous peace," he was often heard to say, "is better than the most righteous war."

Erasmus knew that he was a coward, and very freely owned it. "If the corrupted morals of Rome," he wrote, "call for a prompt and vigorous remedy, that is no business of mine, nor of those who are like me. Let others aspire to martyrdom; I do not think myself worthy of such honor. I fear that if any disturbance should arise, I should imitate Peter in his fall." And that is just what he did.

When the great storm-cloud of the Reformation burst, Erasmus trembled at the tempest which he himself had been such a great means of causing. About this time, King Henry VIII. asked Erasmus to write a pamphlet against Luther and the work of the reformers. Erasmus was flattered at this notice from the king of England, and basely deserting Luther, who had been his friend, he wrote a very bitter and sarcastic pamphlet. Luther was very much incensed at his course, and taking up his pen, wrote a reply that in the minds of all candid persons refuted every argument that Erasmus brought forth.

Erasmus knew that Luther had the better of the argument, but he would not own it. Luther's reply so cut his pride that "he poured forth invectives with a broken voice and hoary hair." His medium course, as such a course always does, brought down upon him the displeasure of both parties; while he attempted to please all, he pleased none. How much more noble he would have appeared had he, like Luther, stood firmly for the truth, regardless of what might come!

W. E. L.

TWO SUBJECTS OF A KING.

"AMY, have you seen anything of my gold pen?" Edgar Trueman called, through his sister's closed door.

It was Sabbath morning, and she had just finished dressing for church. She opened the door and looked out.

"Why, no, I have not," she answered. "Have you lost it?"

"Of course I have, or I would n't be looking for it," he returned, crossly.

"Where did you have it last?"

"In my room."

"Have you looked everywhere?"

"Just about,"—going down stairs. She followed him.

"May be it's in the library," she suggested. "Sometimes you write there, and leave the pen there."

"I have n't written there lately, and I never forgot and left my pen."

Nevertheless, he went into the library, and searched diligently among his father's pens, and even in his mother's writing-desk.

"I believe it's been stolen, Amy," he said.

"Oh, impossible! No one has been in the house, and we all know that Mary is as honest as the day."

He closed the writing-desk with a snap. "It's very queer," he said.

"When did you have it last?"

"Yesterday morning."

"Oh, there's the last bell for church, and you are not ready to go!" Amy cried, as the solemn tolling of the bell sounded on the still, morning air.

"I'm not going. I'm going to search this house through for my pen, before I go out of it for anything."

"What! this morning?"

"Yes, this morning;" and he went up to his own room to look there again. He was still at work when the family came in from church.

"I am certain," he said at dinner, "that it is stolen. Can you think of any one, mother, who was in my room yesterday, besides the family and Mary?"

"The plumber and his boy were there fixing the gas pipe," returned Mrs. Trueman.

"Then the boy must have taken it," cried Edgar.

"Do n't judge too hastily," interposed his father.

"Who else? I am sure it is stolen, and we know Mary is honest."

"Suppose you find he has taken it, what then?" Mr. Trueman asked.

"I'll have him punished. Nevertheless, I'll look again this afternoon, so as to be sure it is gone."

Edgar wondered that his father said nothing about his absence from church that morning, as he was always very particular about his being there. He went to Sabbath-school that afternoon, and to church in the evening, but every moment between was spent in looking for the gold pen. He was up early the next morning, and before breakfast, visited the plumber's. Just as the family were sitting down, he returned very triumphant, and with the pen.

"Just what I thought!" he announced. "The boy had taken it."

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Trueman. "Are you quite sure, Edgar?"

"Why, certainly I am. It was found in his pocket. He is a hardened thief, I think."

"We'll be careful who goes into the bedrooms after this," said Mrs. Trueman.

"There'll be no more danger from him," Edgar replied, exultingly. "He'll be sent up for a year or two."

"Do you mean to say you had him arrested?" his father asked.

"On the spot."

"Oh, Edgar!" cried Amy.

"Was that best?" his mother asked.

"Well, I thought so," he replied.

"I wish to see you in the library before I go to the store," said Mr. Trueman to Edgar, as they left the breakfast table.

Edgar followed him there almost directly. "Well, father?"

"Come in, my son, and sit down," said his father. "I want to tell you a little story. There was once a very good king, who issued laws for the government of his people. The laws were few, only ten, in fact; but the man who kept them all would do his whole duty to the king and toward his neighbors. The first four of these laws related wholly to the subjects' duty to their king; the other six related to their duty to each other. The first four were, with the exception of the first, rather long; but the six were short. Well, there were two youths, subjects of this king. One of them had been brought up to know these laws and to love the king; the other knew little of the laws and less of the king. Each disobeyed a law. The poor, ignorant youth broke one which related to his fellow-subject—the other youth; and this youth broke one which related only to the king. This second one, the subject who had been brought up to love the king, never gave a thought to the law he had broken, but thought only of having his fellow-subject punished for the harm done to him—"

"Father, I understand what you mean. The plumber's boy and I are the subjects. What have I done to the King?"

"Have you been too careless even to know? What did you do yesterday?"

"Why—why, I looked for my pen almost all day."

"You broke one of the Lord's most important commandments,—'In it thou shalt not do any work.' Instead of obeying that, and keeping the day holy, you worked all day. You just as much broke the fourth commandment, as he broke the eighth. You sinned more against God than this boy sinned against you. The boy stole a pen from you; you stole a day from God. You seek to have him punished, forgetting all your own sin."

"Then you think I have done wrong in having him arrested?"

"You have been too hasty. You wish to punish him; are you willing to be thus punished for what you have done? In the Lord's sight it must be as great a sin to break one commandment as another. He must regard you as guilty as he does the plumber boy; but the plumber boy, for his sin, must have all his prospects in life ruined, while you will go free."

"What shall I do, father?" Edgar asked.

"I shall leave you to think that out by yourself," he replied, as he took up his hat and went out.

That evening Edgar again sought his father in the library.

"I have forgiven him as I wish to be forgiven, father," he said.

"I am glad to hear it, Edgar."

"It was his first offense, and he promises it shall be his last," he continued. "Mr. Potts will trust him, and take him back on trial. He will come to Sabbath-school with me next Sabbath, and, father, I wish you would talk to him. I'll ask him around here some evening this week, if you will."

"I should like to. We may be able to do something for him. Never forget that God requires us to forgive those who trespass against us, if we wish him to forgive us our trespasses against him."—*Christian at Work.*

CHUNG WAH.

HE is a bright little ten-year-old, who lives in a town away off west. You know by his name that he is Chinese. Let me tell you about him.

He is in the A class in Number Two, and in the school room his yellow face is almost always bright with soapsuds and joy, for he is a wonderfully happy boy, and smiles all the time he is happy. His little black eyes look like apple-seeds, and snap whenever he winks. He wears great, flapping, brown pantaloons, which are covered to the knee by his pink calico aprons; but on Wednesday, when he speaks his piece, he has on a white apron so stiffly starched that it rustles and cracks like paper. His low, cloth shoes have no heels, but long, pointed, turned-up toes. Chung Wah is very quick at his lessons, and neat in his slatework, so that when visitors come in, his slate is one of the first the teacher shows them.

He has always loved to study, but last May, when the days commenced to be warm and bright, he must have grown a little tired of school, for, alas! a great many times he was seen on the street the whole day long. When questioned the next morning, he told the teacher, "My fadder send me to school, an' I no come." I suppose he liked to pitch horseshoes with the other boys down in Chinatown—none of them had to go to school—or to follow old Sam Lee round the town as he gathered up the clothes for the wash-house. At any rate, he played truant many days, until his teacher sent him upstairs for the school superintendent to talk with him. Still the truancy was repeated, and he gave no excuse only, "I no likee come dat day." At last, one morning the superintendent whipped him for truancy, and poor little Chung Wah went down stairs with both fists in his eyes, and a very sore heart.

That very afternoon, just before the tardy bell rang, who should walk into the superintendent's room but Chung Wah, his face still downcast and troubled! He held a preserve-jar, covered with Chinese characters, in one hand, and in the other a bright silk handkerchief such as are sold in the Chinese shops. With an awkward little nod, just as if he were going to speak a piece in school, he said, "My fadder gib 'em to you. He say you heap good man. He likee you beat me ebly day I no go to school."

Brave little Mongolian! Do you think you white boys and girls could have carried such a hard message as that so honestly?

Somehow, after he had said the words, the lump in his throat seemed to grow easier, and, although the superintendent said some words not very comforting,—"Well, Chung Wah, tell your father I will punish you when you are truant from school,"—yet when the boy went down stairs this time, his face beamed as though it had never known a tear, and his little black cue bobbed merrily behind him.

A good many months have passed since then, and he has never deserved another whipping. I do not believe he will. His teacher says he has a wise father, and if there were more fathers like him, there would be more good boys in school; but I say, "Brave little Chung Wah!" The boy who can tell the truth when it is so hard to tell it has a clean side to his heart, though his face may be very yellow.—*Selected.*

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

THERE came to the freight-house quite early one morning,
Two youths who were looking for work.
Said one, "I'm intelligent, apt, sir, and surely
I'm fitted quite well for a clerk."
The truckers were wheeling their carts up the alleys.
Said the youth, "That is low work to do;
It is fit for coarse fellows." "Well, yes," said the master;
"But it's all I can offer to you."

The youth turned away with a haughty "Good morning,"
And passed through the great creaking gate.
"And now," said the master, addressing the other,
"I suppose you won't handle the freight."
"Indeed, sir, I will. 'T is the best that is offered;
It is work that is honest and true.
I despise not small sources, great rivers flow from them."
"Very well," said the master, "you'll do."

The honest young fellow worked faithfully, truly,
Was manly, and gentle, and true;
The truckers all liked his frank cheer and bright nature,
And nodded, "Young fellow, you'll do."
"You see," said the master, as higher he raised him,
"Promotion is not due to luck;
I can tell very nearly just what a man's made of
By the way that he handles his truck.

"And whate'er a man says of himself goes for little;
His words never make him my clerk;
But I put him at trucking, right down at the bottom,
And his future's foretold by his work."
And step after step rose the honest young fellow,
Doing well all the work at his hand;
And his fortunes increased, he was temperate and godly,
Well honored was he in the land.

So whatever shirks tell you of fortune or witchery,
A poor thing to lean on is luck.
Be faithful in little. Promotion won't fail you,
Even though you begin with a truck.
All over the earth, if you look, you will see it,
Naught ever is won by a shirk;
But the highest ambition has hope of fulfillment
To the one who has courage to work.

Oh, gather great thoughts, my brave lads and sweet lasses,
And banish the thoughts low and coarse;
For remember the river can never rise higher
Than the fount at the river's own source.
And do with your might all the work that is given;
Success is forever for such.
Be faithful in little, and here and hereafter,
You'll surely be masters of much.

FANNIE BOLTON.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

QUARTZ.

HAVE you ever noticed how very hard some pebbles and rocks are? Their variations in size, color, and form are almost infinite. Two just alike would be a natural curiosity indeed, unless they were shaped by art.

The white fragment which I hold in my hand, has many qualities in common with others in my cabinet made up of specimens gathered from field and roadside by schoolchildren. It is intensely hard,—so hard, indeed, that if I try to cut or scratch its surface with a knife, it leaves a dark line like that from a lead pencil. One of its sides, where broken off, has a pearly, almost glassy luster; and its sharp, broken edge scratches glass so deeply that it readily breaks to the line. If I strike this pebble sharp, quick blows with steel, it gives off flashes of electrical light. If, with a similar piece, I rub it briskly in a dark room, the same effect is produced. If rubbed vigorously on a woolen cloth, it acts as a magnet, drawing to itself iron filings, or bits of steel. What can it be? It is the commonest substance beneath our feet; for one-half of the earth's crust is made of *quartz*, so scientific men tell us.

As water occurs in various forms,—ice, snow, rain, vapor, so does quartz; and though rarely quite pure, the quality of great hardness is always present, with more or less of the light-producing or electrical power described. Quartz rocks, more than any others, yield gold. Even the sands and gravel yielding gold dust and nuggets of gold, are broken and worn remnants of ancient rocks of this class.

Sand, wherever found, in the dimpled brook, on the beach laved by the limpid waves of the lake, on the burning face of the desert, or the shore of the majestic ocean, is of this substance. It is also the chief ingredient of glass.

Besides sandstone, composed almost wholly of quartz, and granite, of which it forms nearly half, one author names eight other kinds of rock in which it is abundant. These include a large portion of the boulders, or large rounded stones strewn upon the surface of northern Europe, Canada, and portions of the United States. Quartz nearly pure occurs in masses somewhat like alum in appearance, or in beautiful crystals, varying much in size, form, and coloring. Three or six sided crystals, reflecting beautiful white light, are very abundant. These you will often find lining rock cavities.

The "pebble" of which choice spectacles are made, is cut from pure native quartz, found in the form of large crystals, faultlessly transparent. Other substances which combine with quartz give it great variety of colors, and even of names. An opaque variety of black, dull red, or yellow, is known as jasper. Another form, less common, but better known, is flint, from which were made the Indian arrow-heads now occasionally turned up by the plow. The electric light is not more beautiful than the sparks given off by striking flint with steel.

Quartz often assumes the form of translucent or half-transparent pebbles, varying in color from milky white to blue, green, yellow, brown, or even black. In this form it is known as chalcedony. Of the chrysoprase, an apple-green variety of chalcedony, it is said that a piece of sufficient size for mounting in a ring, is worth from fifty to a hundred dollars.

The agate, another form of quartz, and one very common in mineral collections from the West, is often very curious in its structure, including layers, one within another, of chalcedony, amethyst, common quartz, jasper, and flint.

In the coming springtime, hundreds of light-hearted boys and girls will ramble over hill and woodland, seeking the companionship of birds and flowers, the embodiments of joy and beauty. In our holiday rambles, we shall never think less of living things for having noticed the pebbles in the brook or for having examined the unsightly piles of rock in out-of-the-way places. For while the first class speaks of things that are passing away, the other teaches lessons of endurance; and they bring to mind the wonderful city, whose walls are of jasper and amethyst.

GEO. R. AVERY.

A LITTLE TALK WITH BOYS.

WHEN I meet you everywhere, boys,—on the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your homes, or at school,—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours.

But very often I find one great thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you.

Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not spring up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or, "Sit here, Annie," but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister, in the door-way from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Perhaps you say "the governor," in speaking of your father; and when he comes home at night, you forget to say, "Good evening, sir." Sometimes when mother has been shopping, and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother," but keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she has passed in.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts— which make gentlemen. I think the word *gentleman* is a beautiful word. First, *man*, and that means everything strong and brave and noble; and then *gentle*, and that means full of these little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman! Every boy may become one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy, I feel so glad and proud! I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.—*Selected.*

A WRITING LESSON.

THE eminent Dr. Potts, when a clerk in Philadelphia, took a bill to a Quaker, and had signed the receipt with one of those hieroglyphics sometimes seen on bank notes. The Quaker, taking up the paper, said blandly,—

"Friend, what is that at the bottom?"

"This, sir, is my name."

"What is thy name?"

"William S. Potts."

"Well, William, will thee please to write it down here plainly, so that a witness in court would know it."

William learned a lesson that day, and ever afterward he wrote his name so that it could be read. Would that some of our good friends could fall in with such a Quaker.

"GOOD language and good manners are intimately connected with good morals, and are indicative of the thorough good breeding of mind and heart. Once let the habit of using slang become fixed, and it is exceedingly difficult to eradicate.

The Sabbath-School

FOURTH SABBATH IN MAY.

IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

LESSON 44.—INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS.

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. ON what occasion did the Lord first appear to Abraham?
2. What promise did the Lord then make to him?
3. How many people were to be blessed through Abraham?
4. Prove that when this promise is fulfilled, all the people in the world will be keeping the law of God.
5. Then to what time does this promise have reference? **Matt. 6:10.**
6. When did the Lord next appear to Abraham?
7. Where do you find this circumstance recorded?
8. What did the Lord then say he would give to Abraham?
9. How much land was included in this promise?
10. To whom besides Abraham was it to be given?
11. Give the references which speak of the number of Abraham's descendants.
12. How long were they to possess the land?
13. On what conditions was this promise based?
14. What was the character of Abraham? **Gen. 26:5.**
15. Did he, then, fulfill the conditions of the promise?
16. And was the promise fulfilled to him?
17. What reason have we to suppose that it will ever be fulfilled to him?

THE IDEAL SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE ideal Sabbath-school teacher is a true Christian. He has the love of God shed abroad in his heart. He is an earnest follower of Christ. His practical life is consistent with his profession. He is an every-day Christian.

He loves the souls of men, and realizes their danger. He is in conscious sympathy with the mission of the Son of God, who came into the world "to seek and to save that which was lost." This is the motive that inspires his labors in the school.

He suffers nothing of a trivial character to interrupt his attendance. He will meet his class, if possible, *every Sabbath*. To do this, he will make many sacrifices, if need be; sacrifices of preference, of recreation, of convenience; and even if he is away from home on business, he will hasten back, if possible, before the Sabbath. He knows how repeated absences on his part will dishearten, disorganize, and at last break up his class.

He is in his place in the school in *good time*. The scholars require his example and prompting to encourage and instruct them in a proper participation in the opening services. Besides that, the spirit of promptness on his part will be felt, and impart a tone to the class which is very helpful to the great end in view.

He will take great pains to prepare beforehand the lesson for the day. His teaching is not perfunctory. He does not just go through a routine of questions in a book and receive such answers as the scholars may chance to give, but is ready to explain and enforce the teachings of Holy Scripture. To this end he resorts to such commentaries, Bible dictionaries, and other helps, as will enable him to communicate important information to his class.

He will strive, also, to enter into the spirit of the lesson. Otherwise he will not succeed in gaining the earnest attention of his class. If he is not interested, he will not interest them.

For this reason he will make it a point to pray for light and grace, that he may not only understand the text in the letter of it, but also enter into the spirit. No teacher ought ever to appear at the head of his class without special, earnest prayer before he leaves his room, that the Spirit of God may assist him in the duties of *that day*. No work for the Master is well done that is not done in prayer.

He will cultivate a personal concern for the salvation of each scholar in his class. He will pray for each by name. He will, if possible, show them attention outside of the class and during the week. If one is absent at any time, he will know the cause of it before the next Sabbath. He will study human nature, and especially the disposition of each one of his scholars, so that he may wisely adapt his efforts, and avoid such imprudent means as may do harm rather than good. But he will, as occasion may serve, urge upon each one a present acceptance of Christ. Especially will he take advantage of times of awakening in the church to lead them to the cross.

He will be careful to instruct them in the duties of the Christian life, as well as in the doctrines of salvation. They must be solemnly guarded against a mere formal service of God,—a mere affectation of the Christian life. They must learn that religion is the paramount object, that it is all-pervading in its claims, and demands the consecration of soul and body to God.

At the same time he will be careful to let them know that it is Christ alone who can save from sin. If he be indeed a converted man himself, he will cause them to see that the adorable Saviour is all in all, the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.

A school having such teachers will be the means of saving many souls.—*Selected.*

Our Scrap-Book.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LITTLE by little the time goes by—
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh;
Little by little—an hour, a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away;
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toiling are done!
Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way,
Little by little right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

A YOUNG ROMAN'S SACRIFICE.

How natural for the human heart to desire the best place, and the best things! It is so hard to esteem others better than ourselves, and to give them the preference. We should do this, however; indeed, we must do it, or we shall not reflect the image of Jesus; for this was always his way. There is now and then one who has such a tender regard for the feelings of others as to have self wholly eclipsed. Such a one is the noble youth you may read about in the following true story:—

"Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, when Rome was mistress of the world, and the Romans were braver and stronger than any one else, there lived a boy of thirteen, whose name is still remembered. Lucius Valerius was fond of his lessons, but most of all did he love poetry; so, though he was only thirteen years old, he made up his mind that he would try to win the golden medal and ivory lyre which were given every five years to the boy who should write the best poem.

"Lucius not only tried, but he succeeded; and one day, before all the school and a number of visitors, the prizes were presented to him. Now, besides the medal and the lyre, which every one who gained them valued very much, there was something else which they thought far grander. A statue of the prize-winner was placed in the school, and crowned with laurel.

"You may imagine how the boy's heart beat with joy as he saw the judge step forward to crown his statue. But just at that moment, Lucius caught sight of a young man who had also tried for the prize, and who looked most downcast and miserable.

"Lucius sprang forward, seized the laurel crown, and put it on the head of the poor fellow who had been unsuccessful.

"'You are more deserving of it than I am,' he said; 'I obtained it more on account of my youth than my merit, and rather as an encouragement than a reward.'

"Then the people gave a great shout of joy; for they knew that a noble heart was worth more than all the poems in the world; and they gave a new name to Lucius Valerius in memory of that day.

"So Lucius was always called Pudens, which means modest. And you may be sure that he valued his new title as much as he deserved it; for 'kind hearts are more than coronets.'"

IN TEHERAN.

IT is many times interesting to know the customs of heathen foreigners, although sometimes they are so disgusting and senseless as to excite only feelings of contempt. But so long as foolish and ridiculous fashions are not confined to the heathen, but many times crop out in our own civilized country, we should be as charitable as possible for those who know no better way. Of the Persians, the *Interior* says:—

"One of the most common sights in the streets of Teheran is a man seated on the pavement against a wall, while a barber shaves the crown of his head. The barber's trade is one of the most important in Persia. The customs enjoined by the Koran, or religious law, make it indispensable that barbers should abound in this country. The Koran makes it honorable for a man to wear a beard, but commands the shaving of the head. There are two great sects among the Mohammedans—the Sheas and the Sunnees. The latter are all Turks, and they shave the whole crown, excepting the tuft in the center, by which the archangel may draw them out of the grave. But the Persians are Sheas, and they shave the center of the head, from the forehead to the neck, leaving a long curl on each side. It is curious to see even little boys with their heads thus polished. The Persians consider it a great disgrace to lose their side curls. As they all wear turbans, or black, conical caps of Astrakhan lambskin, no one would suspect the head to be shaved, until the cap is taken off. Then, indeed, the appearance of the head is exceedingly grotesque.

"It is evident that the care of the hair is a very important question in Persia. But that is not all. One rarely sees a gray beard or gray locks in Teheran. Even the most venerable men have dark or red hair. The reason is because all, from the highest to the lowest, dye their hair. This is done first with henna, which gives it a reddish tint. Many prefer to leave it thus. But others add to the henna a second stain or indigo, and the combination of the two colors imparts to the hair a dark-brown hue. The tails and manes of horses are sometimes tinged with henna. Those of the royal stables are dyed a beautiful rose color.

"The use of red for curtains, awnings, and umbrellas, is forbidden. It is a color reserved, in such places, for the palace and the king alone. There are other remarkable restrictions in every Persian city. No Christian is allowed to enter one of the public baths. These baths are on the plan of what are called Turkish baths in America. The women bathe in the morning, and the men in the afternoon. After the bath, the bathers lounge in an outer room, and gossip and smoke. For the women, especially, the weekly visit to the bath is like resorting to a woman's club. They take their sewing and embroidery, and after the bath sit for hours chatting, sewing, and smoking the water pipe. When the woman returns home from the bath, she is full of the gossip of the neighborhood, and has plenty to talk about for a week to come. In Turkey, all sects can visit the bath, but the Persians allow no one to bathe with them but the faithful followers of the Prophet."

CURIOSITIES OF THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

WHEN more than four millions of letters reach the dead-letter office every year, most of them because proper care is not used in mailing them, it would seem as if a great many persons ought to learn careful habits. It is not often that a letter properly addressed and sufficiently stamped does not reach its destined P. O. There are instances, no doubt, where mistakes cannot be avoided, as when one's correct address cannot be found, or something similar. But if, as stated in the following from the *Interior*, so many are lost because of carelessness in mailing, no person should send out a letter without using the utmost precaution in penmanship, stamping, and in giving name, county, and State.

"A Washington dispatch to the *New York Evening Post* says: 'One of the rooms of the postoffice department building has recently been transformed into a museum for the exhibition of curiosities that have accumulated in the dead-letter office. The articles exhibited number several thousand, and embrace everything imaginable, from a postage stamp of the confederate States to snakes and horned toads. Among the relics is a record of all the valuable letters received during the early days of the postal service in the colonies of North America. This record is in the handwriting of Benjamin Franklin, and shows that during a period of eleven years only 365 letters containing valuables were sent to the dead-letter office.

"'The records of the department to-day exhibit at a glance the enormous difference between the postal service of the present and of the early days of the country's history. The number of letters received at the dead-letter office during the last year was 4,207,496, or more than 13,600 each working day. Of this vast number nearly 20,000 contained money to the aggregate value of upwards of $44,000; 25,000 contained checks, drafts, money orders, and other papers to the total value of about $2,000,000; while 52,000 had inclosures of postage stamps. This vast amount of matter was sent to the dead-letter office because three-fourths of the addresses could not be found; one-eighth were addressed to guests in hotels who departed without leaving addresses; nearly 300,000 were insufficiently prepaid, and as many more were either erroneously or improperly addressed. Eleven thousand bore no superscription whatever.

"'Wherever practicable, letters are forwarded to the parties addressed, if they can be reached in any manner. If they contain valuables, and the sender is known, they are returned; otherwise the valuables are sold, and the proceeds deposited in the United States treasury. If letter-writers would exercise an ordinary amount of care, the majority of the work of the dead-letter division would be dispensed with, and all the trouble and annoyance of losses by mail would be avoided. But the business of this branch of the postoffice department increases from year to year.'"

THREAD AND NEEDLE TREE.

THE luxury of a thread and needle tree! Who can estimate the comfort of such helpfulness at one's very door? Fancy the delight of matron or maiden dwelling under such overshadowing!

Odd as it may seem to us, there is upon Mexican plains just such a forest growth. Imagine a "sewing bee" gathered under such fair foliage! No need of spools forever rolling hither and thither. Is there a seam ready for busy fingers, or an appalling rent? Just step outside the door of the much-favored Mexican house mother, lay your hand upon a slender thorn-needle pushing itself persuasively from the tip of a rich, dark-green leaf, draw it carefully from its delicate sheath, slowly, slowly unwinding with your hand the thread, a strong, well-rounded fiber, already attached to the needle, and oh! so tenderly folded away by generous Mother Nature as to hold within itself possibilities of a long stretch of the cord.

Travelers are enthusiastic over the resources of the maguey-tree; and of its beauty no less, telling us of "clustering pyramids of flowers towering above dark coronals of leaves."

The roots, well prepared, are a most savory dish; with its leaves may be made a "thatching fit for a queen," and no prettier sight can be met than the cottages of Mexican peasants so exquisitely crowned. The rich leaves also afford material for paper, and from the juices is distilled a favorite beverage. From its heavier fibers the natives manufacture strong cords and coarse, strong cloth. No wonder the maguey-tree of tropical climates has attained world-wide fame!—*Selected.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S ADVICE.

OTHER boys may find the advice of Daniel Webster to his grandson of value to themselves. He wrote it about three years before his death.

"Two or three things I wish now to impress upon your mind. First, you cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you if you do not apply yourself with all your might. In the second place, be of good character and good behavior—a boy of strict truth and honor and conscience in all things. Have but one rule, and let that be to act right, and fear nothing but wrong-doing. Finally, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' You are old enough to know that God has made you, and given you a mind and faculties, and will surely call you to account. Honor and obey your parents, love your sister and brother, be gentle to all, avoid peevishness and fretfulness, be patient under restraint, look forward constantly to your approaching manhood, and put off every day, more and more, all that is frivolous and childish."—*Selected.*

For Our Little Ones.

A LITTLE ABOUT OXYGEN.

TO breathe is to live. Were the breath, that comes and goes every moment, to stop, we know that we should die. The body is like a machine, complete in all its parts. The contrivance by which we breathe is as the mainspring to the watch; all depends upon it.

Have you heard the mainspring snap when your father was winding his watch?

Then you knew that, for the time at least, the watch was useless. All its busy little wheels and springs ceased to act.

The watch could be repaired, and made to tick again, as it did before.

But if the breathing machine ceases to act, it can never be made to go on any more. All the springs and wheels of the busy life within are stopped. Then the body, which has been cherished with such care, becomes a piece of useless clay.

How important is the apparatus by which we breathe!

What do we breathe? What is the material, or air-food, that keeps our bodies alive?

This material is provided for us in the greatest abundance. The whole air, and earth, and sea, are filled with it. It is a gas; and it is called *ox-y-gen.*

Oxygen is the most important agent that exists. It enables the vast family of created beings to *live.* You cannot see it; for though it is heavier than the air, it has no color, and cannot be distinguished from it.

But you breathe oxygen every moment. Your lungs are filled with it, and then emptied again. This is what keeps you alive. It gives the blood its bright red color, and makes it bound healthfully through the veins. Till the blood has tasted oxygen, it is dull, and dark, and used up; there is no life nor nourishment in it. In the beautiful machine of the *lungs* blood and oxygen meet.

Then mark the change! The dark, sluggish stream loses its impurities. It is now a bright red, and courses along full of life. It carries health and vigor with it. But as it goes in its circuit through the human frame, carried by countles vessels—which are called, as you well know, veins and arte-ries—it begins to flag, or move more slowly. Its supply of oxygen gets used up. By the time it comes back to the lungs, it is dull and dark again and can give no more nourish ment. But its benefactor is waiting for it. A fresh supply of oxygen has rushed down through the mouth. This restores the color and life of the blood. Then on it bounds again, with renewed energy.

The union of oxygen with the blood takes place every moment. This is what makes us live.

But do we breathe pure oxygen?

No; for then we should breathe too quickly; the machine would wear out with overwork.

There is another gas in the air, which clogs the wheels of the machine, and, if we may use the expression, steadies it. This gas is *ni-tro-gen.*

If you had to give a stimulant to a person, and fancied that it would be too strong for him, you would mix it with water.

Our air-food is mixed with nitrogen. Nitrogen has no air-food in it. If an animal were put into pure nitrogen, it would die. Its lungs would get no food, and it would be suffocated.

There is more oxygen in the air than nitrogen; the air-food is none the worse for the mixture. It is made just the right strength for us.

Creatures that live in the sea need oxygen as much as we do; and oxygen is as busy in the sea as on the land. But as it had a partner in the air, so it has a partner in the water. This last-named partner, or associate, is a gas called *hy-dro-gen.*

Water is made up, for the most part, of these two gases —oxygen and hydrogen. There are other materials besides, as we know; but we need not speak of them here.

And I need not say much of hydrogen, except that it is the lightest substance known. It is lighter than air.

Now there is not so much oxygen in the water as on the land; and the breathing machine of the creature in the sea does not go on so quickly.

This breathing machine has also another name.

You have heard of the gills of fishes, have you not? They are the lungs of the creature,—the machine by which he breathes.

Sometimes you will hear the word "branchiæ." These are lungs as well, and belong to a vast tribe of ocean creatures. They are called by this name because they spread out in the water like leaves or branches. The great object to be attained is for the water to freely bathe all parts of the breathing machine, just as the air enters the lungs of an animal on the land. The oxygen in the water mixes with the blood, and makes it pure and healthy.

But the whole process is feeble and languid compared to what it is in land animals.

Indeed, in some creatures the spark of life is very low. The blood is neither red nor warm; and the supply of oxygen is so scanty that the creature will often come up to the surface of the water, and draw in a little air.

There are many beautiful contrivances to enable the creature in the sea to breathe under all circumstances. The machine is placed in different parts of the body, as may be necessary.

There is a fish which can go on breathing when half its body is buried in the body of some other fish it is devouring. Its machine is placed far back, so as to be out of its way.

I must say one more word about breathing.

We draw in oxygen to our lungs. What do we expel every other moment, when the lungs empty themselves like a pair of bellows?

I will tell you;—not fresh, pure air, like that which went in, but air mixed with poison. The poison is called *car bon-ic acid gas.*

Where does the poison come from?

You will be surprised to find that oxygen is its parent. It has another parent, called carbon.

Carbon exists in our bodies, and is in reality nothing but charcoal. You know what a burned, black-looking substance charcoal is? Carbon is pure charcoal, unmixed with anything.

The oxygen meets the carbon, unites with it, and there is formed a gas—carbonic acid gas.

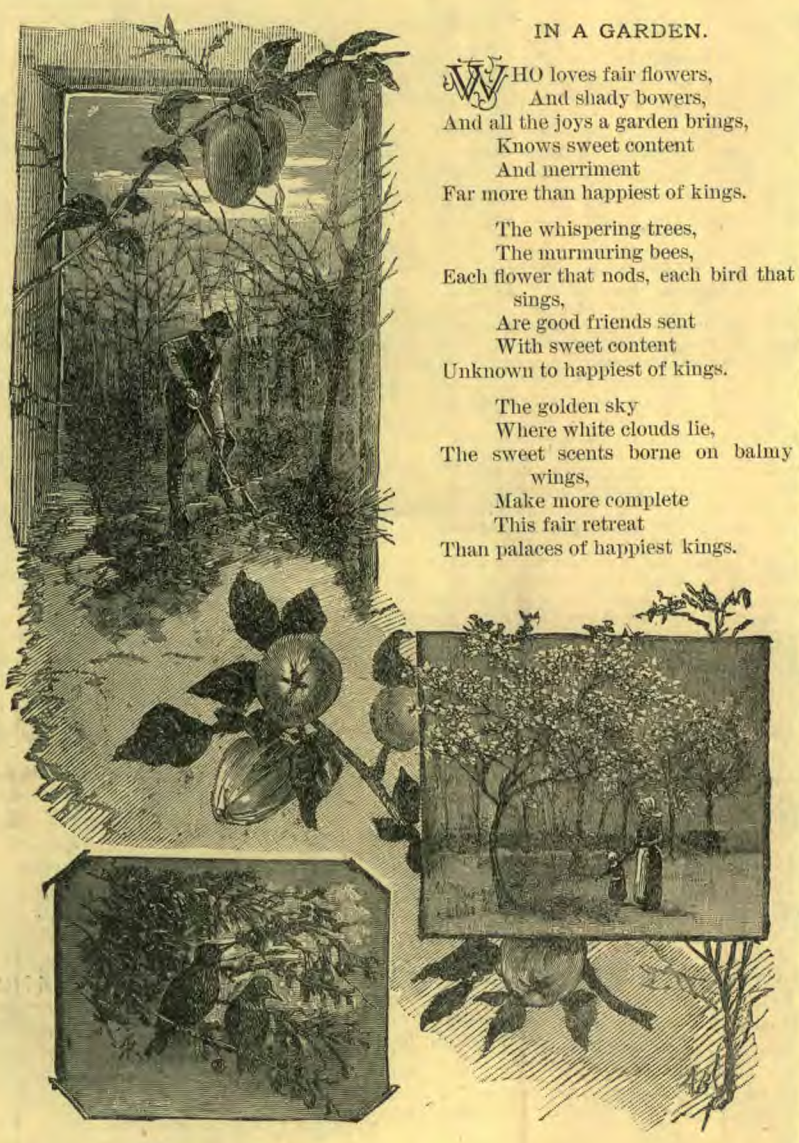
You will see how important it is not to keep breathing the same air over and over again. In hot, crowded rooms people do this, and feel ill and faint. They have been breathing poison.

In the course of the day, how much poisoned air must escape from the lungs! In crowded towns, this makes the air unwholesome.

Nature has provided a simple remedy. All the trees and plants are busy sucking the carbonic acid gas into their leaves. They take from us this load of poison. On the under side of the green leaves are tiny vessels, like so many little mouths, to suck it in. It is their food.

The trees and plants keep the carbon for their own use, and set the oxygen free. So they take in poison, and give out health.

How wonderful are the workings of Nature! The beautiful array of plants and grasses, which clothe the earth with green, purify the atmosphere, and render it fit for man to dwell in.—*The Sea and its Wonders.*



IN A GARDEN.

WHO loves fair flowers,
And shady bowers,
And all the joys a garden brings,
Knows sweet content
And merriment
Far more than happiest of kings.

The whispering trees,
The murmuring bees,
Each flower that nods, each bird that sings,
Are good friends sent
With sweet content
Unknown to happiest of kings.

The golden sky
Where white clouds lie,
The sweet scents borne on balmy wings,
Make more complete
This fair retreat
Than palaces of happiest kings.

Letter Budget.

A LITTLE girl ten years old, writing from Sanilac Co., Mich., says she has a sister Rachel, eight years old, and a little brother five years old; but the dear child forgot to give her own name. She will be sure to remember that the next time she writes.

MYRTLE and RENA MORRIS, of Van Wert Co., Ohio, ages nine and eleven years, both attend Sabbath-school, which is held on their own home lot. They have six brothers and four sisters, but Johnny, the baby, is the pet, of course. They request to be remembered by the INSTRUCTOR family, who, we hope, will not forget them.

CHARLIE E. ATTEBERRY, of Wayne Co., Ill., eleven years of age, says he has kept the Sabbath with his parents all his life, and has read the INSTRUCTOR ever since he learned to read. He attends Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and is trying to be a good boy.

Be as faithful in every good thing, Charlie. The truly faithful will see the inside of the city.

LENA C. KELLOGG writes from Peoria Co., Ill. She says: "I keep the Sabbath with my papa, mamma, three brothers and my little sister Annie. We are the only Sabbath-keepers in this great city. The nearest church is fifteen miles away. I don't have the pleasure of going to Sabbath-school, but we do have one at home every Sabbath. I am nine years old, and am trying to be a good girl, so as to meet the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven."

Lena's letter was written in February. Since that time she may have seen a lady in that city who observes the Sabbath.

LEONA TOWLE, of Androscoggin Co., Me., wrote a letter for the Budget last October, but it very mysteriously slipped out of sight. At that time there was a deaf mute stopping at her home. He was canvassing for the *Signs of the Times, Sabbath Sentinel,* and several different books. We think, with you, Lena, that it is very unfortunate to be deaf and dumb. But the tongue of the dumb shall be loosed in the new earth, and the lame shall walk. Did you succeed in canvassing during vacation?

ETHELLIND PEASE, of Turner Co., Dak. Ter., writes: "I am thirteen years old. I send you in this letter twenty-five cents for a canvasser's outfit for the INSTRUCTOR. I shall try to get fifteen new subscribers for the paper, so as to get 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.' I think the INSTRUCTOR is a very nice paper. I don't think I could get along without it. I have four brothers and three sisters. I have an aunt and uncle living in Battle Creek. We live five miles from Sabbath-school, and as we have no team, we cannot go very often. I am trying to read the Bible through. I think it is very interesting. Papa is teaching school this winter, nine miles from home. I am trying to be a good girl, so that when Jesus comes I may be numbered among the precious ones. I send love to all."

Ethellind's letter was written in the winter. Her sister Ida, nine years old, wrote at the same time. Ida is reading the New Testament through. She attends the same school and family Sabbath-school that her sister does. Ethellind has made choice of a valuable prize, which we hope she may succeed in earning.

BLANCHE REDOUTE writes from Douglas Co., Minn., saying that she is fourteen years old. There is no Sabbath-school nearer than fourteen miles, so they have a home school. She attended the Sauk Center camp-meeting last October, when thirty were baptized, and she with the rest. Since then, she is trying harder than ever to do right, and wants our prayers.

And you, too, Blanche, must pray much, that God will give you grace and wisdom to honor him every day, and then he will bless you abundantly.

We give the names of others whose letters were received a long time ago; and say to them, "Try, try again." Make that your motto always when your letters are not printed, and write just as much better than the first time as you can: Martha Lovisa Larson, Bennie Smith, Johnny E. Blake, Bertha Holmes, Madge Streman, Mary Royer, Eddie Sherman Knight, Jacob Hughes, Sadie Hayes, and Bertha Brower.

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