

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 33.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., (PACIFIC COAST EDITION,) SEPTEMBER 16, 1885.

No. 35.

## THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve  
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl  
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain  
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance—  
Her thin, pale fingers clasp'd within the hand  
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,  
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.

The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,  
And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,  
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,  
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily  
She turn'd upon her pillow. He was there—  
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she look'd

Into his face until her sight grew dim  
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a  
sigh  
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his  
name,  
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,  
And kiss'd it as she wept.

The old man sunk  
Upon his knees, and in the drapery  
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;  
And when the twilight fell, the silken  
folds  
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight  
hand he held  
Had ceased its pressure; and he could  
not hear,  
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath  
Came through her nostrils; and her tem-  
ples gave  
To his nice touch no pulse; and at her  
mouth  
He held the lightest curl that on her neck  
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze  
Ached with its deadly stillness.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was night—  
And softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,  
Danced the breeze-riden ripples to the  
shore.  
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the  
moon.  
The breaking waves play'd low upon the  
beach  
Their constant music, but the air beside  
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's  
voice,  
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,  
Seem'd like some just-born harmony in  
the air,  
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a  
rock,  
With the broad moonlight falling on his  
brow,  
He stood and taught the people.

At his feet  
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scal-  
lop-shell,  
And staff—for they had waited by the  
sea  
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and  
pray'd  
For his wont teachings as he came to  
land.  
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,  
And the long curls from off his shoulders  
fell,  
As he lean'd forward earnestly, and still  
The same calm cadence, passionless and  
deep—  
And in his looks the same mild majesty—  
And in his mien the sadness mix'd with power—  
Fill'd them with love and wonder.

Suddenly,  
As on his words entrancedly they hung,  
The crowd divided, and among them stood  
Jairus the Ruler. With his flowing robe  
Gather'd in haste about his loins, he came,  
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew  
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;  
And silently the people shrunk away,  
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst, alone.

A moment longer on the face  
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,  
And, as the twelve look'd on him, by the light  
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear  
Steal to his silver beard; and drawing high  
Upon the Saviour's feet, he took the hem  
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands  
Press'd it upon his lids, and murmured low,  
"Master! my daughter!"—

The same silvery light  
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,  
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,  
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in

Jesus and his disciples. All was still.  
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide  
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam  
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,  
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,  
As Jairus led them on.

With hushing steps  
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touch'd  
The latchet, from within a whisper came,  
"Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!"  
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,  
And his steps falter'd, and his broken voice  
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand  
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear

And round beneath the faintly tinted skin  
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;  
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,  
Matching the arches pencil'd on her brow;  
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose  
Upon her pillow, hid her small, round ears  
In curls of glossy blackness, and about  
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,  
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.  
'T was heavenly beautiful.

The Saviour raised  
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out  
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,  
"Maiden! Arise!"—and suddenly a flush  
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips  
And through her cheek the rallied color  
ran;  
And the still outline of her graceful form  
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she  
clasp'd  
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark  
eyes  
Full on his beaming countenance—arose!  
—N. P. Willis.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

## NAPLES.

WHILE traveling on the Continent last  
year, we had occasion to visit Naples.  
We were much interested in this old  
city, and thought the INSTRUCTOR read-  
ers might like to hear about it.

This city lies on the west coast of  
Italy, toward the southern part of the  
peninsula, and is about a seven hours'  
ride by railway from Rome.

It is nearly three thousand years old,  
having been founded by the Greeks be-  
fore Rome was ever heard of. It is now  
the most populous city of Italy, contain-  
ing nearly 500,000 people. It is beauti-  
fully situated on the Bay of Naples, in  
full sight of Mt. Vesuvius, which is con-  
stantly pouring forth its columns of  
smoke. But the city itself is not beauti-  
ful, and contains no great monuments of  
antiquity. In many respects it is a very  
disagreeable place to be in.

Nature has done as much for it as for  
any city in the world. Its situation is  
very beautiful, its climate very mild, and  
the surrounding country very fruitful.  
But the majority of the people look more  
degraded than any I have before seen on  
this journey. Many are debased in char-  
acter, utterly unreliable, ignorant, super-  
stitious, and besotted. They look like a  
run-out race. Of course there are many  
exceptions to this description; and I  
would not make such statements, had I  
not used my own observation, and had  
the testimony of natives of the place,  
and men of intelligence who have been  
long residents.

The streets are very noisy. Hawkers keep up almost a  
constant yelling, long into the night. Beggars are numer-  
ous and importunate; and vice has left its mark upon  
many faces. Many of the people are wretchedly dressed.  
The marketing is done mostly on the backs of diminutive  
donkeys, poor, wretched-looking creatures. In the course  
of a day, hundreds of these may be seen, loaded down with  
vegetables, fruits, and all sorts of things. Frequently they  
are covered from head to tail with a kind of matting,  
which hangs down nearly to the ground on both sides.  
The ends are gathered in some way into a great pouch on  
either side, into which are stowed vegetables and other  
things, so the animal is hardly visible. A man with a  
stick goes behind; and when he wants to turn around the  
corner, he gives the donkey's tail a vigorous pull. Their  
ways of doing things look very amusing to a Yankee.  
Some of their donkeys are so small that it seemed as if a  
strong man could almost shoulder them.

One night we went through the market street. Here  
was a stand, quite well patronized, where boiled snails



The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,  
"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

They pass'd in.  
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns  
Burn'd dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke  
Curl'd indolently on the chamber walls.  
The silken curtains slumber'd in their folds—  
Not even a tassel stirring in the air—  
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,  
And pray'd inaudibly, the Ruler heard  
The quickening division of his breath  
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came  
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;  
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved  
The silken curtains silently apart,  
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form  
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—  
The linen vesture folded on her breast,  
And over it her white, transparent hands,  
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails;  
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,  
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,  
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;

were dished out. There, another, where macaroni, the national dish of Naples, was being served rapidly to a dirty, half-starved looking company. In all directions these stands were to be seen. Fruit was plentiful,—oranges for a cent apiece, three large lemons for one cent, etc. The stands were out in the open street. All sorts of noises surrounded us, and such a looking crowd! I cannot describe the people.

Of course we visited Vesuvius. This is one of nature's most remarkable exhibitions. It lies partly across the bay, and is some five or six miles from the center of the city. As we rode out in the morning, we met all sorts of vehicles, donkeys, and pedestrians. We met many great carts containing from ten to sixteen persons by actual count, and all drawn by one poor horse or donkey. Many were going in to market their vegetables. We passed by immense quantities of macaroni, hanging out to dry on poles in front of the houses. Our route, as we neared the mountain, wound through vineyards and the most luxuriant groves of fruit trees.

As we began to ascend the mountain, we soon came to the beds of lava which had poured out of Vesuvius at different times in the past. This mountain is some four thousand feet in height, varying at times according to the effect of the different eruptions, and wholly destitute of vegetation. Sometimes it is two or three hundred feet higher than at other periods. It has often been inactive for many years; for the last three centuries, it has been an active volcano. About A. D. 79, the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried up by the lava and ashes which were thrown out of it, and the country was devastated far and wide.

It would be interesting to give an account of these eruptions, but we have not space. During the last three hundred and fifty years, there have been nine recorded eruptions. The one in October, 1872, was one of the greatest. At that time a stream of red-hot lava, three thousand feet wide and twenty feet deep, ran to a distance of three miles in twelve hours; amidst terrific thunderings, the crater poured forth huge volumes of smoke, mingled with red-hot stones and lava, to a height of four thousand feet; while clouds of ashes twice that height were carried as far as one hundred and forty miles. The lava emitted at that eruption covers an area of two square miles, at an average of thirteen feet deep. This will give our young readers some idea of the awful power which God can exert in nature.

Our route up the mountain-side passes through these lava beds, now cold and black, zig-zagging here and there to make the steep ascent. The whole side of the mountain is covered by these lava beds, in hollows and hummocks, twisted and warped in every shape, and utterly barren. How the lava must have looked when it was at white heat, and running like melted wax!

At last we reach that point where it is too steep for teams to ascend. An elevated railroad is now constructed, which runs up nearly to the top by means of an endless wire rope at an angle of from forty-three to sixty-three degrees. This road is nine hundred yards long, and the upper end thirteen hundred feet higher than the lower. Going up in the car, one cannot help thinking, What if the rope should break! From five to twenty persons go up in the car at once.

At the top, a short walk brings us to the summit and the crater. It is a wild-looking place. Smoke, smelling strongly of brimstone, issues out of cracks here and there, so that at times it is almost stifling. There is quite a large space on top, thrown up in all shapes, but the main portion is comparatively level. Here and there are openings two or three feet across, into which we can look down twenty or thirty feet. The air coming from these places is so hot it will cook eggs. The crater shifts from time to time to different parts of the mountain. It is changing more or less all the time. The old crater is now almost wholly filled up, and the present one is perhaps forty or fifty rods from it. From this huge opening, a dense cloud of sulphurous smoke was pouring forth with an ominous roar. The smoke was so dense that we could not look down into the crater, or see any fire at all. We could not tell the size of it, but it was immense, probably more than forty rods in diameter. Of course we could not judge of its depth. The edges are uneven, the ashes and melted stones constantly raising it here and there. On one side, red-hot stones were being thrown out constantly high in air, and falling to the surface. While these were soft, pieces of coin were pressed into some of them by guides and others, so that when, a few minutes after, the lava had cooled, the coin was firmly fastened in it. These are purchased and brought away as *souvenirs* of Vesuvius.

The top of this mountain is a place that fills one with awe, and makes him feel his own nothingness. What can man do in contending with such forces as are here at work? His power would seem less than that of the little ants at our feet; yet what is this, compared with the time when the hills and mountains will run down like wax at the presence of the Lord? The God we worship is a mighty God. I never felt so little in all my life before as when standing on the verge of this volcano.

We also paid a short visit to Pompeii, the city which was buried in A. D. 79 by a shower of ashes from Vesuvius. It is on the opposite side of the mountain from Naples. It once was a city of twenty or thirty thousand souls. Vesuvius had been quiet for centuries before this catastrophe. So this eruption was something wholly unexpected. It is supposed that two thousand persons perished; but most of the inhabitants had time to make their escape. Eighty-

seven skeletons of persons have been found, and those of three dogs and seven horses, while removing the mass which fell to the depth of about twenty feet. Quite a large space has been opened up down to the ancient pavement, and the lower parts of houses are found entire, the tops of most of them having crumbled away. This enables one to see in what sort of houses people lived anciently. Most of them were quite small. The curbstones and pavements were worn deep in places by the chariot wheels driving through Pompeii eighteen hundred years ago. Most of this time they have been covered by the ashes which poured forth from the bowels of the earth through the fiery crater of Vesuvius. Thirty thousand souls, with human feelings like ours to-day, with high hopes of happiness, doubtless, swarmed forth from these houses, and filled these very streets, when this volcano began to manifest signs of activity. All had been quiet before for many years. How little did they dream that all their earthly hopes were dashed from them forever! Their pleasant homes, inhabited from childhood, they would never more enjoy. Ruin and destruction engulfed them all forever. Terror seized every heart. Dear ones were forever separated. All hope forever fled. Cries to their heathen gods ascended, but all in vain. Pompeii disappeared from human view, and lay buried for many centuries. What a striking figure of the great day of destruction just before us; yet wholly insufficient to represent it! Then the heavens will pass away with a great noise. Every mountain and island will move out of their places. All the cities of the earth will go down in ruin. Every bondman and every free man will seek to hide himself in the dens and rocks of the mountains. Christ in his glory will appear. The wicked will flee in terror, and cry, "Rocks and mountains fall upon us, and hide us from the presence and glory of Christ." But his people will say, "This is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us." Dear reader, which company will you be in?

UNCLE IDE.

#### THE PAST IS PAST.

THE past is past beyond control,  
Leave it and go thy way;  
To-morrow gives no pledge to thee;  
Thy hope lies in to-day.

Even to-day is not all thine,  
Its ending none can tell.  
God gives the moments one by one;  
Take them and use them well.

—The Child's Paper.

#### THE FISHERMAN'S SUPPER.

AWAY across the Atlantic Ocean is a small country known as Holland, or Hollowland. When people first commenced to live there, they had to do something to keep the water from running over the land at high tides, and so they began to build dams, or dikes. These were at first very rudely constructed, but nowadays they build them high and strong, and spend millions of dollars every year to keep them in good order.

It was near one of these dikes that little Jan van Laan lived. His father was a good fisherman, good in two ways: he understood his business, having a long experience, but, better than that, he was a good Christian. Though his family was large, he had always been able to provide them with all the necessities of life, although it sometimes had been hard work to do it, for fish were not always plenty. At the time our story opens, Jan's father for the first time in all his life had spent his last cent. It was winter, and sickness and other circumstances had entirely exhausted his last summer's savings.

Yet, if you had entered his humble home at any time during this trying period of his life, you would have found the elder Jan as cheerful as if he had no trouble at all. He said: "My Lord will supply all my wants."

One afternoon, Jan van Laan sat reading his Bible, his wife by his side; the children were playing round the room, while little Jan and another were amusing themselves with some pictures. It seemed a happy home, and nobody would suspect that the last bit of food had been eaten for dinner that day, and that absolutely nothing was left for supper. Yet it was so.

"Well, Jan," said his wife, "I do n't suppose it is necessary for me to set the table for supper, seeing we have nothing to put on it."

"Yes, yes, Martje," said Jan; "set it as usual, and trust the Lord for the things to put on it. He has never deserted us yet."

"Just as you say, Jan," was Martje's answer, as she rose to do it.

About two miles away from the dike, surrounded by a small park and a wide ditch, or "gracht," is a gentleman's villa. The owner was a gentleman of ample means and of noble birth. Yet he and Jan were servants of the same Master; they both served and loved the meek and lowly Jesus. The baron not only professed to love him, but showed by his works that his was no empty profession; and if you want to find out about it, all you have to do is to inquire among the poor of yonder fishing village what they think of Baron van der Brink.

This afternoon the baron had been reading a book, when, about four o'clock, he arose, put on his hat and coat, and went out to his stable. Finding his coachman there, he said:—

"Hendrik, I want you to fill me up a basket with food, as usual, and drive me over to the village. Somehow, I feel as if there is some needy family waiting for this, al-

though I do not yet know where to go; however, the Lord will lead us."

"All right, sir!" was the answer.

This not being the first time they had gone out together on an errand of mercy, Hendrik knew just what to do. Pretty soon the hansom drove up to the door, and the baron sprang in. To Hendrik's inquiry as to where to go, he answered:—

"Drive to the village, and then follow the road on the dike."

With a cheerful, "Yes, sir," Hendrik started the horses. As soon as they reached the village, Hendrik, following the baron's orders, took the dike road. He drove very slowly, wondering who would be the recipient of the contents of the basket. As he was thus wondering, his master said:—

"Hark! Do you hear that singing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that must come from Jan van Laan's house. Wait awhile, and I will go in to see him; he might know of some one that is in need. And the baron walked down the dike road toward Jan's house.

In the meanwhile, Jan's wife had the table set, and the children had gathered around the board. As was his custom, he took down his psalm-book and first sung a psalm, his wife and the older children joining him. The psalm being sung, he read a chapter; and after the reading he offered his prayer. This time, however, instead of praying the Lord to bless the food that was before him, he asked the heavenly Father to supply the lack.

The baron had reached the house just as Jan commenced his prayer, in which, of course, he did not want to interfere; so he waited until Jan had finished, when he knocked. Upon the invitation to come in, he was astonished to find, instead of a large dish with steaming potatoes, as is the custom there, a family gathered around a table with nothing on it but dishes and knives and forks.

"How do you do, Jan?" said he, approaching Jan, who had left his seat; and taking him by the hand, he continued:—

"Jan, the Lord told me that some one in the village was in need of food; and so I came this way, not knowing where to go. Your singing drew my attention, and I thought you could, perhaps, tell me where to go. However, I do not think I need go any farther, need I, Jan?"

"My God shall supply all my wants!" was the only answer Jan could make, as with tears in his eyes he pressed the baron's hand. I shall not describe what followed. You can better imagine it than I could tell it.—*Well-Spring*.

#### BOY INVENTORS.

SOME of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve-motion to the steam engine was made by a mere boy.

Newcomen's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by hand.

He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valve-levers. Although this was not hard work, it required his constant attention.

As he was working the levers, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction to open and close the valves.

He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve-lever, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time afterward, the foreman came around, and found the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great a contrivance. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in practical form, and made the steam engine a self-working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never seen nor heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he got it all done, he with great enthusiasm showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith's to learn the trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw that he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits.

In about a year, the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he would bring home with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power-loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when this son was presented as the inventor, and the father was told that the loom was the same as the model he had kicked to pieces but a year ago.

Our patent office shows many ingenious and useful inventions made by youth. The above list of important inventions made by boys might be largely increased.—*Boston Budget*.

If you wish for God's kingdom, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it.—*Ruskin*.

The Sabbath School.

FOURTH SABBATH IN SEPTEMBER.

IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

LESSON 2.—THE PROPHET DANIEL.

[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. To what nation did Daniel belong?
2. In what condition was the Jewish nation at this time? 2 Chron. 36.
3. Whom did the king of Babylon set apart for a special purpose? Dan. 1:3.
4. What were to be their qualifications? Verse 4, first part.
5. What were they to be taught? Verse 4, last part.
6. What provision did he make for them? Verse 5.
7. What ones of this company were mentioned in verse 6?
8. Would they partake of the unlawful food that the king had provided?
9. What request did they make? Verse 12.
10. What was the result of their strict integrity in this matter? Verse 15.
11. When brought before the king, what were their attainments? Verse 20.
12. What special gift did God bestow upon Daniel? Verse 17.
13. Who was king of Babylon at this time?
14. What occurred to the king in the second year of his reign? Dan. 2:1.
15. On whom did he call for an explanation of his dream? Verse 2.
16. What were these people mentioned in this verse? (See note.)
17. What did the king require them to do? Verse 5.
18. Could they do this? Verse 10.
19. What decree did the king send forth? Verse 13.
20. What remonstrance did Daniel make when the king's captain came to slay him and his fellows? Verses 14, 15.
21. What request did Daniel make of the king? Verse 16.
22. How did he seek help, and from what source? Verses 17, 18.
23. In what way was the secret revealed unto Daniel? Verse 19.

NOTES.

DANIEL purposed not to defile himself with the king's meat, nor with his wine. Daniel had other reasons for this course than simply the effect of such a diet upon his physical system, though he would derive great advantage in this respect from the fare which he proposed to adopt. But it was generally the case that the meat used by the kings and princes of heathen nations, they being the high priests of their religion, was first offered in sacrifice to idols, and the wine they used poured out as a libation before them; and again, some of the meat of which they made use, was pronounced unclean by the Jewish law.—*Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation.*

THE magicians were such as practiced magic, using the term in its bad sense; that is, practiced the superstitious rites and ceremonies of fortune tellers, casters of nativities, etc. Astrologers were men who pretended to foretell future events by the study of the stars. The science, or superstition, of astrology was extensively cultivated by the eastern nations of antiquity. Sorcerers were such as pretended to hold communication with the dead. In this sense we believe it is always used in the Scriptures. Modern Spiritualism is simply ancient heathen sorcery revived. The Chaldeans here mentioned were a sect of philosophers similar to the magicians and astrologers, who made physic divinations, etc., their study. All these sects or professions abounded in Babylon. The end aimed at by each was the same; namely, the explaining of mysteries, and the foretelling of future events, the principal difference between them being the means by which they sought to accomplish their object.—*Ibid.*

PERSONAL OVERSIGHT.

THERE is a pastoral, personal care of the lambs to which the true teacher must come, if the results of teaching are to be largely multiplied.

Every teacher should look on the class as a little parish, and himself as intrusted with the curacy of souls—that is, a little congregation to be taught the truth, and to be kept track of by personal visitation. This is needful for the sake of the scholar and for the sake of the teacher. A certain personal contact is necessary in order to get insight into the individual needs of a scholar, and in order to obtain that personal acquaintance which both opens to the teacher the scholar's heart, and draws the scholar toward the teacher.

This is perfectly feasible. A class should not be so large that this personal oversight becomes impossible. Visits to the homes or places of employment need not be frequent; but they should be at least occasional. Many things may

be learned in this way which give the key to the inside heart and life. The atmosphere of home, or of the workshop; the associations, whether a help or a hindrance; the difficulties which lie in the way, and need to be removed;—all these and much more may be learned by the teacher who is actually determined to find the clue to the mazes of a scholar's heart, and to get at the secret life, where the touch of sympathy is most powerful to mold character and destiny. And it will be found that a true personal visit, conducted in a pastoral spirit, is often a more potent agency in conversion than a hundred public appeals. When individual members of a class become the subjects of daily prayer, and personal, direct effort, then look for some mighty force revolutionizing the whole life!

Shall this fall and winter be a season of spiritual harvest? Shall thousands of sheaves be gathered for the Lord? *It all depends upon us. God is always willing and waiting.* Let us put him to the proof!—*Westminster Teacher.*

Our Scrap-Book.

DOING GOOD.

ALONE amid life's griefs and perils,  
The stoutest soul may quail;  
Left to its own unaided efforts,  
The strongest arm may fail.

Then let us learn to help each other,  
Hoping unto the end;  
Who sees in every man a brother  
Shall find in each a friend.

THE VATICAN AT ROME.

You often hear about the Vatican at Rome, and only a few weeks ago were told where and what it was, so no doubt you will be interested in some further particulars about it. We clip the following from *Treasure Trove*:—

"It is a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length and 1,000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1160 Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterward, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., king of Arragon. In 1305 Clement V., at the instigation of the king of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, where the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome, an event which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually encircled it with antiquities, statues, pictures, and books, until it became the richest depository in the world.

"The library of the Vatican was commenced 1,400 years ago. It contains 40,000 MSS., among which are some of Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles of Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian, and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome, with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description. There have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, which fact will give some idea of the richness of the Vatican. It contains the masterpieces of the world's greatest artists."

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER.

THE oldest regular newspaper in England was published in 1622, and the first American newspaper was issued at Boston nearly two hundred years ago. Out of these very small beginnings the great newspaper press of Great Britain and the United States has grown to a position of power unexampled in other countries.

But the credit of inventing the newspaper belongs not to the English, or to the Americans, but to the Chinese. Seven hundred years before the first English newspaper appeared [in 911], a newspaper was published in Peking, and it is still in existence. It was called the "King Pau," or "Capital Sheet." It first came out only at irregular intervals; since the year 1351, however, it has been published weekly, and of uniform size.

Until its reorganization by imperial decree, it contained nothing but orders in council and court news, was published about midday, and cost two kesh, or something less than a halfpenny. Now, however, it appears in three editions daily. The first, issued early in the morning, and printed on yellow paper, is called "Hsing-Pau" ("Business Sheet"), and contains trade prices, exchange quotations, and commercial intelligence. Its circulation is a little over 8,000. The second edition, which comes out during the forenoon, also on yellow paper, is devoted to official announcements, fashionable intelligence, and general news. The third edition appears late in the afternoon, on red paper, and bears the name of "Tilani-Pau" ("Country Sheet"). It consists of extracts from the earliest editions, and is largely subscribed for in the provinces. All three issues of the "King Pau" are edited by six members of the Han-Lin Academy of Sciences, appointed and salaried by the Chinese State. The total number of copies printed daily varies between 13,000 and 14,000.—*Selected.*

LAKES OF RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

MR. WILL R. GUILFOYLE, director of the Botanic Gardens at Melbourne, Australia, writes as follows to a friend at Middleville, Conn., of a charming sight in Queensland:—

"I was delighted with the beauty of a series of small lakes which lay for some miles through the valley. They were literally covered with water-lilies of three distinct colors,—pink, blue, and white. I have often thought since that these lakes ought to be generally known as 'the lakes of the Red, White, and Blue.'"

"I must say that I never beheld a more beautiful sight in my life than those water-lilies. The growth of the pink species (*Nelumbium*) was very singular. The flowers,

nearly as large as a dinner-plate, stood about a foot above the surface of the water, while the massive leafage, green as emerald, was supported on long stalks far above the flowers, and standing parasol-like to shield the floral gems from the scorching sun.

"The blue water-plant (*Nymphaea*) was less fortunate, though quite as beautiful as its pink neighbor, by having its flowers and foliage lying flat on the surface; and it was remarkable that those flowers which shared the shade of the pink lily's leafage were of a much brighter blue. The white variety then came in to soften still more, or perhaps I should say to intensify, the brilliancy of the picture, for, like diamonds, they glitter among the sapphires and rubies."—*Golden Days.*

WHAT IS A "DYNAMO"?

WISE men formerly believed electricity to be a "fluid." Now they say: We do not know, certainly, what it is; but until we discover, we will call it a fluid. But if they do not know what it is, they know several ways of making it. The dynamo-electric machine is a new way. A short name for it is "dynamo." This machine produces electric forces much cheaper than does the galvanic battery; and the chief reason why there are a great number of new electric inventions is that within a few years electric force has become cheap, owing to this new machine.

The secret of the new machine is that when an iron rod, coated with some substance which will prevent its electricity from escaping, is moved to and fro near enough to a magnet to be influenced by its magnetism, waves of electricity will be produced in the iron. This is called "magnetic induction." Usually, in making a dynamo, the iron, after it has been coated, or "insulated," is bent into a ring, and mounted between the poles of a magnet, and connected with a steam-engine by contrivances which cause the ring—or "armature," as it is called—to rotate rapidly. As it revolves, each part comes in turn underneath the poles of the magnet. This creates electricity, which is kept in the ring by means of the insulating coat; and there is an odd device, called a "commutator," which leads it away to where it can be stored for use. What is called a "Gramme" machine is one form of dynamo.

For several years past, electricians have been bringing these dynamo machines more and more into use, and making them larger and larger. Wherever you see electric lights burning, you may be sure there is hidden somewhere near it a dynamo. Edison has lately made two, each of which cost about \$6,000, and was large enough to furnish electricity for a thousand lamps. Each has twelve immense magnets, and a great armature made of copper; and the steam-engine employed to turn the armature has to be one hundred and eighty horse power, or strong enough to drive a locomotive a mile a minute. The armature revolves three hundred and fifty times a minute. One of these dynamos was sent to Paris, to show Europeans what American inventors can do.

In reading modern accounts of electricity, you are almost sure to see mention of the dynamo. Remember that a dynamo is a newly invented machine for producing electricity by steam power, in large quantities and very cheaply.—*Treasure Trove.*

A CHEAP WATER-FILTER.

IT would hardly seem necessary that people should become sick from drinking impure water, when a water-filter can be made at so little expense. With a person of judgment to select the materials, an ingenious boy or girl twelve or fourteen years old could perform all the labor required in making one. The directions were published in *Farm and Fireside* as follows:—

"Place a piece of sponge in the hole of a flower-pot; next above this a layer of pebbles, then a layer of coarse sand, and above this a layer of pounded charcoal three or four inches in depth.

"Another layer of pebbles should be placed above the charcoal, to prevent it from stirring up when the water is poured in.

"The contents of the pot should be occasionally renewed. By a small addition to this, a cottage filter may be made, which, for practical use, is quite equal to the most expensive filter of corresponding size.

"It consists of two flower-pots, one above the other, the lower one fitted as above described, and the upper one with a sponge only. The upper pot should be the largest, and if the lower one is strong, the upper one may stand on it; or a piece of wood with a hole to receive the upper pot may rest on the brim of the lower one.

"The two pots thus arranged are placed upon a three-legged stool with a hole in it, through which the projecting part of the lower sponge passes, and the water drops into a jug placed below.

"The upper pot serves as a reservoir, and the sponge stops the coarser impurities, and thus the filtering layers of the lower one may be used for two or three years without being renewed, if the upper sponge be occasionally cleaned.

"Care must be taken to wedge in the upper sponge tightly enough to prevent the water's passing through the upper pot more rapidly than it can filter through the lower one."

WASHINGTON'S PROFILE IN ROCK.

ROCKS of fantastic form are found in many countries, and sometimes the rocks bear the names of the objects which they resemble. Near San Vincente, the principal town of the Cape Verde Islands, there is a bold ridge of dark gray volcanic rock, the crest of which forms a very good likeness of General George Washington, lying face upward as if in sleep or death. The hero's large features, the backward wave of the hair, the sweep of the massive shoulders, and the very frill of his shirt are all reproduced on a gigantic scale. Were the rock in the city of Washington, it would be visited by thousands of sight-seers every year.—*Selected.*

WATER-MELON SEEDS.

A CHINESE gentleman is proud of his long and pointed nails, which sometimes are allowed to grow an inch beyond the tip of the finger. They mark him as belonging to the aristocracy, who do no manual labor. Besides this distinguishing mark, he finds them useful in cracking water-melon seeds and extracting their atom of kernel.

The Chinese consider the seeds a delicacy. No feast is without them. Every wayside inn places them before its customers. If two friends meet to drink tea, the cup is accompanied by a plate of melon-seeds. A child spends his one "cash" for them, as our boys do their penny for candy.—*Selected.*

For Our Little Ones.

ALL HAVE WORK TO DO.

A CHILD went wandering through a wood  
Upon a summer day;  
She hoped to meet some pretty thing  
To join her in her play.

A honey-bee went humming by—  
"Stay, little bee!" she cried,  
"Oh, do come back and play with me."  
And thus the bee replied:—

"I cannot stay, I must away,  
And gather in my store;  
For winter drear will soon be here,  
When I can work no more."

She heard a pigeon cooing soft,  
High on a bough above—  
"Come down, and play awhile with me,  
My pretty, gentle dove."

"I cannot come and play with thee,  
For I must guard my nest,  
And keep my sleeping children warm  
Beneath my downy breast."

She saw a squirrel gathering nuts  
Upon a tall beech tree—  
"I love to see you bound and leap;  
Come down, and play with me."

"I dare not play, I must away,  
And quickly homeward hie;  
Were I to stay, my little ones  
For want of food must die."

She came unto a stream  
that leaped  
Between its rocky  
banks—  
"Stay, pretty stream, and  
play with me,  
And you shall have my  
thanks."

The stream replied, while  
in the pool  
A moment it stood still,  
"I cannot play, I must  
away  
And drive the village  
mill."

The child sat down upon  
a stone,  
And hung her little  
head;  
She wept awhile, and sob-  
bed awhile,  
Then to herself she said,

"The stream, the squir-  
rel, dove, and bee  
Have all got work to do;  
I must not play my hours  
away—  
I must be busy too."



Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

A FAMOUS TEA PARTY.

This tea party was held years and years ago. The people did not meet in somebody's glowing parlors, and have a pleasant chat while sipping their tea; no, indeed! they had far different business to attend to. This party was held out doors, and at night. Strangest of all, nobody even had a drink of the tea. This was how it happened.

It was in the early days of our country's history, before America had a president or a congress, but was ruled by governors appointed by the king of England. The governor did not always rule to please the people, and England often asked them to do things which they thought were unjust. The English needed a great deal of money to support the king and all his courtiers, besides carrying on the business of their government, and they thought they could get part of the money out of the Americans, or colonists, as they were then called.

There were a good many things, in those early days, that the colonists could not get or could not make in this country, such as tea, glass, paper, etc.; so they had to send over to England or some other place for them. The English thought that since these things could not be had in America, the colonists would be willing to pay a small sum of money on every pound of these articles, aside from their real cost, for the sake of having them to use. This extra money, called a tax, was to help support England.

The Americans, however, thought differently. They said England had no right to tax the colonists without asking them anything about it, and that they would not pay it. Then England took away the tax on everything but tea. They thought the colonists liked that so well that they would not mind paying a little for the sake of having tea to drink. But here they were very much mistaken. They were not so well acquainted with the Americans as they would have been if a wide ocean had not separated the two people. The colonists could very well pay the tax so far as money was concerned; for it was small. But if they paid tax on one thing, no doubt they would soon have to pay it on many other things. So they thought it wise not to begin to pay taxes at all; and they told the English so.

This made business very bad for England. The East India Tea Company, which had a great deal to do with the English government, found it hard work to sell all their tea; and soon they had seventeen million pounds packed in their English store-houses. The government lent them

a million and a half dollars, so that they could go on and do business. Then they set their wits to work to find a way for disposing of the tea. They arranged the prices, so that, even with the tax, tea would be cheaper in America than it was in England. Then the East India tea ships sailed for America with their cargoes. But I think they could not have understood the colonists very well, or they would never have done such a foolish thing.

When the Americans heard of it, they were very much excited. They called town meetings, and talked the matter over and over again. Indeed they would not drink taxed tea, they said; and the ladies all agreed with them. They cheerfully gathered clover blossoms and sage, which they made into fragrant drinks, and really I don't believe they suffered any from the change.

At last the prow of one tea ship foamed through the waters, and anchored in the harbor at Boston. A town meeting was at once called, and the people said the tea should be sent back in the same ship, and that no tax would be paid on it. Then they set watch over it, so that it could not be landed unless the people knew about it.

Pretty soon two more tea ships arrived. They were anchored beside the others, and the same watch set over them. The excitement was increasing. In just twenty days from the time the first ship entered the harbor, the collector would try to gather up the taxes. On the twentieth day another meeting was held in the old South Church in Boston. It was no longer a town meeting. The people came from all the country around. They would not allow the tea to be landed, and the governor placed war ships in the bay so that they could not sail

back to London. Almost all day the people waited, hoping the governor would let the ships go back. Toward evening a messenger came, saying that the governor would not grant a pass. "Then," said Samuel Adams, "we can do nothing to save the country." In the silence that followed, some one cried out, "Hurrah for Griffin's wharf!"

Out of the church poured the people, down the crooked streets of Boston, and toward the sea. Twenty young men, dressed as Indians, and with their faces covered with paint, so that no one could tell who they were, went on board the vessels, and in sight of all the people standing on the shore, tore open the chests, and poured the tea out into the silent waters of the harbor. Then, in the cold starlight of that winter night, the people quietly returned to their homes, and the famous tea party was over.

But the matter did not end here. There was sore trouble with England, and finally a long and bitter war, that gave to you and me the freedom we now enjoy in our own glorious America.

W. E. L.

"I AM."

LITTLE Pierre began to go to school when he was six years old. He learned so rapidly that it was only a few weeks before his teacher said to him one morning, during the opening exercises:—

"Come here, Pierre, and look on my Bible. I think you can read this verse; it looks as if it were meant for you."

The little fellow did his best, and hesitatingly read, "I am that bread of life."

Miss Sheldon told him those were the words of Jesus; that just as we need bread to keep us from being hungry and starving to death, so we need Christ's love and favor to keep us from suffering.

The school was reading in the Gospel of John, and each morning after that, when they came to a similar verse, Miss Sheldon would say, "There is another verse for Pierre," until the child had not only read, but learned seven verses or parts of verses, which the scholars called "Pierre's I Am's."

There was another little verse in the tenth chapter, which he liked very much; and the teacher said, "because that was so grand, they would always recite it last."

Are there not many little boys and girls who would be glad to know these "I Am's" that fell from the lips of Jesus when he was upon earth? Who will learn them and repeat them every day?

"I am that bread of life."  
"I am the light of the world."  
"I am the door of the sheep."  
"I am the good shepherd."  
"I am the resurrection and the life."  
"I am the way, the truth, and the life."  
"I am the true vine."  
"I and my Father are one."—Selected.

A GENTLEMAN.

LET no boy think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of all these things do it; and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly, and honorable; by keeping himself neat and respectable; by being civil and courteous; by respecting himself and respecting others; and finally, and above all, by fearing God.

Letter Budget.

BERTHA REED writes from Fulton Co., Ind. She says: "I have many times wanted to write a letter for the Budget. I am nine years old. I go to Sabbath-school. My teacher gave me two cards. I went to camp-meeting last fall. I have one sister, eighteen years old, but I have no brother."

Your letter is quite welcome, Bertha. Will you not write again sometime?

HERE is a letter from Montgomery Co., Kan., written by MARY DAVIS. She says: "I am twelve years old to-day. I keep the Sabbath with my parents, sisters, and brothers. We take the INSTRUCTOR, and like it much. We got four subscribers for it last spring. I wrote a letter to the Budget last summer, but it did not get printed. I hope you will print this. I want to gain a home in the new earth."

Thanks for your subscribers. Did you receive a prize?

EMERSON VAN DORN sends a printed letter from Woodbury Co., Iowa. He says: "As I have not seen a letter from this place, I thought I would write one. I am trying to be a good boy, so that I may meet Jesus when he comes to gather his children home. I want to hear it said to me, 'Well done!' Pray for me. I am twelve years old."

To have the "well done" said to us, will require that we shall do well. Are you trying in Jesus' strength to do his will?

OLIVE B. HAGLE, a little girl eight years old, writes from Shiawassee Co., Mich. She says: "We came to this place this summer from Memphis, Mich. There are no other Sabbath-keepers here. My uncle lives with us. He has begun to keep the Sabbath since we came here. We go six miles to meeting and Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I learn my lessons in Book No. 3. I have a nice teacher. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR. I am trying to be a good girl. I send my love to all."

We admire your perseverance in going so far to school, Olive. Such an effort will bring its own reward.

EDDIE L. SMITH, of Walworth Co., Wis., writes: "Dear INSTRUCTOR, as I have taken you about two months, I thought I would write you a letter. I have one brother. I am nine years old. Ours is the only family of Sabbath-keepers about here, so we do not have any Sabbath-school. We have Bible Readings every Sabbath. I like to read. I have read the "Story of the Bible" once, and partly through again. I get up early in the morning to read. A friend came out here last week to see me, and we had fine times playing in the sand and gathering apples. I like to help my father in the harvest-field, but he thinks I can help him more when I grow larger. I would like to see the INSTRUCTOR family together, to see how large a family it would make. I hope to meet them all in heaven."

The INSTRUCTOR family to-day stands more than thirteen thousand. A larger family than you have ever yet seen! But, oh, solemn thought! how many of them will be gathered in the harvest home? Only he that hath a pure heart!

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.  
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