

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vine that round the thatch-eaves run—
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core—
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel—to set budding, more
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease;
 For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who has not seen thee oft among thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed by the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 S pares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them—thou hast thy music too:
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue,—
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows borne aloft,
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft,
 The red-breast whistles from the garden croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

BABYLON.

PROMINENT among the acknowledged seven wonders of the world was the city of Babylon, the capital of the old Babylonian Empire. A writer once said that God has kept two histories of our race,—one, written, placed in the hands of man, watched over, strangely preserved, and handed down from generation to generation; the other, graven upon the tablets of now extinct nations. War has rolled over it, the foot of the barbarian has trampled it, and the elements have combined for its overthrow, and yet its story is easily read; and both histories unite in proclaiming the immutability of God's word.

In no instance is the handwriting of God on the ruins of nations more strongly marked than on this city of Babylon. It was situated in the fertile plain on both sides of the River Euphrates, in what is now the Asiatic division of Turkey, about two hundred and seventy-five miles northwest from the Persian Gulf.

According to Rollin, the foundations of this city were



laid by Semiramis, a queen of the old Assyrian Empire; but the work was completed and brought to its greatest perfection by Nebuchadnezzar, the most intelligent and powerful of all the Babylonian kings. In shape, this city was an exact square, fifteen miles on each side, or sixty miles in circumference. It was surrounded by walls eighty-seven feet thick, and three hundred and fifty feet high. These walls were built of brick made from the soil, which seemed well adapted for that purpose, and cemented with bitumen, a kind of slime arising from the earth, making a cement much stronger than lime, or the bricks which it joined. Surrounding this wall was an immense moat, or ditch, which was at all times filled with water from the Euphrates. The soil taken from this ditch was used in making the bricks for the walls of the city; and from the size of the walls may be determined the magnitude of the ditch.

The River Euphrates ran through the very center of the city, and the wall which surrounded the city was carried across on both banks of the river, so as to fully protect the city against any attack by water, thus dividing it into two parts. The city was entered by twenty-five gates of brass on each side, streets running from all of these gates across the whole length of the city, giving twenty-five principal streets each way, thus dividing it into six hundred and seventy-six squares. In size, Babylon was perhaps somewhat larger than Nineveh, but was never so thickly populated. The houses were set widely apart, the vacancies being used for gardening and farming purposes. And so prolific was the soil, that the inhabitants could be nearly, if not quite, maintained from the products of the soil inside the walls. This city could, therefore, maintain a siege of many years' duration without the danger of famine.

The most noted objects were the palaces, the temple of Belus, and the hanging gardens. The two divisions of the city were united by a bridge, at the ends of which were located the two palaces of the king. An underground passage, built when the river was dry, also connected the two palaces. The size of these palaces, as given by historians, is almost incredible. The old palace, on the east side of the river, was three miles and three quarters in circumference, and the new palace, on the other side, was seven miles and a half in circumference. On the eastern side, near the old palace, stood the temple of Belus, which is generally conceded to be the old tower of Babel, erected soon after the flood. According to Prideaux, this tower formed the center, around which the temple was built. The tower itself was one-eighth of a mile on each side at the base, and was ascended from the outside by eight rows of steps running around the whole structure, each round drawing in enough to give room for these steps, thus giving it the appearance of eight towers, one above the other. The whole height was about six hundred feet. The greatest pyramid of the world is only four hundred and eighty-one feet, thus falling one hundred and twenty feet short of this tower. This

tower was square, and not round, as represented in the ordinary prints. As proof of the antiquity of the tower, history states that in it were found astronomical observations dating back to one hundred and fifteen years after the flood, or fifteen years from the erection of the tower of Babel. In the new palace were the celebrated hanging gardens, made to represent mountain scenery, and built by Nebuchadnezzar, to please his Median wife. This miniature mountain was four hundred feet on each side, and three hundred and fifty feet high.

Outside the city the works carried forward were no less monumental. The greatest of these was an artificial lake forty miles square, and from thirty-five to seventy-five feet deep, into which the surplus water of the Euphrates could be thrown in time of flood, and from which it was drawn in time of drouth to irrigate the surrounding country. Canals were also cut from the Euphrates to the Tigris, in which to convey surplus water in time of flood, and thus to further protect the city. Cyrus, when besieging the city, dug an artificial channel for the river completely around the city; and into it he turned the Euphrates when he was ready to enter, which he did through the dried-up bed of the river. Even then, he could have accomplished nothing if the whole city had not been indulging in drunken revelry, and had left open the brazen gates which guarded the entrance from each side of the river.

From the time of the capture of this city by Cyrus, its decline was rapid. Cyrus removed his seat of government from Babylon to Susa, and the Babylonians soon after revolted. The Persian armies again captured it, and to prevent another revolt, took away the brazen gates, and reduced the height of the wall to about eighty feet. From this time its population decreased, and its buildings were destroyed by different powers, until its very location has been doubted. Some writers claim to have discovered the site of the temple of Belus, which is only a confused mass of broken brick, "fused and vitrified as by some intense heat, a marked monument of God's displeasure and judgment."

And at the present day, how literally is Isaiah's prophecy fulfilled! "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, and the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged." It is absolutely given over to the wild beasts and venomous reptiles, without a single inhabitant. And it is a singular fact that no Arabian can be induced to pitch his tent on the spot, or stay there a single night. So accurately are God's prophecies fulfilled.

J. E. WHITE.

THE LITTLE NUN.

Two hundred and thirty-four years ago, a company of little girls were playing together in an old convent in the south of France. They had no playthings such as children of their age are plentifully supplied with in these days; yet they managed to amuse themselves. Small chance for fun or frolic, one would say, in a convent, with its bare walls, stiff, scant furniture, and cold stone floors.

An unused cell, hung round with all sorts of cast-off stuff, seemed quite a treasure-house to these staid little women, who walked by rule, and talked by measure, under the watchful eyes of the nuns. In this room were broken lances, visors, and cuirasses, with other rusty evidences of warfare, which had been used years before in defense of the place during the dreadful war time, of which the children had heard terrible stories. There, too, were stored away embroidery frames and spindles, used by the nuns, who have always been famous for needlework and the manufacture of fine fabrics.

Having amused themselves with such things as were within easy reach, one of the older and more venturesome of the girls climbed up, and took from a wooden peg an old cutlass, which she drew from its shield with some difficulty, and began to flourish right and left, in supposed military style, exclaiming meantime, "Would n't I

like to be a brave knight, going about the country, rescuing fair ladies and doing the king's pleasure!"

"Would n't I slash the heretics though! O girls!" one cried out, "let us play martyrs."

Instantly a superstitious fear silenced the little company; for, be it known that the catechism, a history of the martyrs with fearful illustrations, and stories of the saints of the most miraculous kind, were the only books of which these little girls had any knowledge.

"I would not fear to be a martyr for God." Every eye was turned in the direction from which the words came with such startling distinctness.

In the doorway of the cell stood little Maria, the youngest girl in the convent, having been attracted thither by the sound of voices. She was dressed in the coarse habit of a nun, her little face nearly hidden under the hood of the order, her great black eyes wide open, and hands clasped tightly together.

The girls broke out in a mocking laugh, calling out, "Petite sainte," "petite sainte." They ridiculed her, however, to no purpose. Instead of running away, as they hoped, she declared herself able and willing to become a martyr.

Little Maria was only four years old, and thoughtful beyond her years. Being a great favorite with a pious lady living in the convent, as well as with the nuns, she had heard more of the merits of martyrdom than the other girls. At her own request she wore the dress of a nun, conformed to all the rules, and said her prayers with all reverence and punctuality.

Very naturally the other girls were not pleased that one so young should go so far ahead of them, and so the "little saint," as they called her, was not a favorite with them.

In the spirit of envy they resolved to test her courage, and humble her pride. With this object in view, they made her believe that God had suddenly and really called upon her to become a martyr. Giving her time to say her prayers, they proceeded to make preparations. After a whispered consultation, they spread a cloak upon the floor, upon which she was to kneel. When all was ready, they led her with all due solemnity to the spot, with every appearance of being in earnest. There was the cloth which was to receive her blood; while standing over her was the leading girl, with the great cutlass lifted, as if to cut off her head.

At this critical moment the poor child's courage failed. She cried out that she was not at liberty to die without her father's consent.

"Oh! that is just an excuse to escape," cried the heartless girls. Then telling her that God would not accept for a martyr one who had not the spirit of a martyr, they very willingly let her go.

The harsh treatment which she received, injured the sensitive child, since it made her feel that she had not been true to God. She did not then know that only in defense of truth, does death make martyrs.

Little Maria was a remarkable child, and had a wonderful life. Her father belonged to the nobility, and had lands and money. When a mere baby, two and a half years old, she was placed with her half sister, who was a nun of the Ursuline order. We cannot help thinking she had not a good, careful mother, else she would not have been sent from home at that tender age.

She did not remain long at the Benedictine convent, where our story finds her, but was taken home on account of poor health.

In her seventh year, she went back under the care of her faithful sister, who took great pains to improve her, both in mind and manners. But she was not so good a girl as formerly, and was in no danger of being called "petite sainte."

At ten she was taken home again, and after a short time was placed in a Dominican convent, under the immediate care of the prioress, who was her father's friend. Here, though sick much of the time, she acquired that knowledge which very likely influenced her whole after life. We are surprised to learn that this little girl, who sometimes thought herself very pious, had never seen a Bible.

Martin Luther found a Bible chained up in a convent; but little Maria found one in her own room, probably left there accidentally. Years afterward, she writes of this Bible, "I spent whole days in reading it, giving no attention to any other books or other subjects, from morning to night; and having great powers of recollection, I committed to memory the historical parts entirely."

How many little girls in this country read the Holy Book as carefully?

The church in which this child was born and trained up, did not, nor does it now, approve of the free use of the Sacred Scriptures, which we are commanded to search. Doubtless this providential acquaintance with the written word became the means of keeping the would-be nun from becoming a real one, when years afterward her spiritual advisers would have forced her into the retirement of convent life.

Our little nun, known to us as Madame Guyon, had a very eventful and useful life. She wrote books, and strove by every means in her power to promote true religion. For this she was persecuted, and finally shut up for years in the Bastille, the worst prison in France, and perhaps in the world. Afterward she was exiled for conscience's sake. Though not called upon to die, she yet did in a sense become a martyr.—*M. W. T., in Advocate and Guardian.*

LEISURE is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

WHILE WE MAY.

THE hands are such dear hands,
They are so full, they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about;
So many times they do
So many things for me, for you,
If their fond wills mistake,
We well may bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not slow, nor quick, nor out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours, feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace; if they mistake,
Or tread upon some flower we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave faults; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them; for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I,
Perhaps, remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.

Days change, so many things and hours
We see so differently in suns and showers;
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light,
We may be patient; for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—*Christian Advocate.*

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE sun shone out clear and pleasant in San Francisco on the tenth of last May. A little after two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the steamship Anstrafia left her moorings, and quietly steamed along the city front toward the Golden Gate. Our company stood on the promenade deck, watching familiar objects as they were passed, and bidding them one by one a silent adieu. These were shortly left behind, and our vessel was plowing her way through the ocean swells that rolled through the entrance to the bay. Suddenly the cry was heard, "See that whale!" and all ran to the side of the vessel in time to see, only a few rods away, a huge monster of the deep, as he lashed the water with his tail while slowly retreating beneath the foaming surface.

When fairly "outside," the warm sunshine of the harbor was cooled by a bleak north-west wind which was quite piercing. Then, too, the change from the smooth waters of the bay to the swelling waves of the ocean, gave the ship a peculiar motion, that was not very pleasant to some who were unaccustomed to sailing. Such very quietly retired to their rooms, presumably for a season of meditation, while others remained, and watched the receding shores of their native land till it was lost to view. Just at night-fall of the same day, the Farallone Islands were passed, which was the last land we saw for a week. These can hardly be called land, properly, as they are no more than two huge piles of rocks that lift their heads far out of the ocean, and are utilized by many thousands of sea birds as a resting place in their weary flights.

There is nothing in a long sea voyage of itself that is interesting, as little is seen from day to day except a trackless ocean meeting the sky at every point. Occasionally another vessel is seen, but generally at so great a distance as to afford no real satisfaction. I will, therefore, pass rapidly over the monotonous part of our journey, and speak more particularly of the places visited on the route.

The seventh day out, our eyes were greeted with the sight of land, which appeared in the distance like a dense cloud hanging over the horizon. It proved to be Molokai, a long, narrow island extending east and west, formed by a mountain ridge, which runs its whole length. This is one of the Hawaiian group of islands, which lie in a diagonal position from south-east to north-west, and nearly midway between the coasts of America and Japan. Hawaii, the most southerly of the group, has an area of 4,000 square miles, being two-thirds of the contents of the entire cluster. Next in order is the island of Maui, with the smaller islands of Lanai and Kahoolau on its west; then Molokai, and still farther to the north-west, Oahu. A hundred miles or more beyond Oahu is situated Kauai, with one of smaller dimensions a little to the west, named Niihau, which is the last in order of the greater islands of the group.

These islands are generally lofty; two of the peaks on Hawaii being each 14,000 feet in height, or about two and one half miles. The upland region of Kauai is said to have a uniform height above the sea of 4,000 feet. There are, however, grassy plains at the mountain-foot, which meet groves of palms and cocoa-nut, and the deeper green of the bread-fruit tree. Valuable timber trees grow in the forests on the flanks of the mountains. Some of these are a hard and heavy wood with a handsome grain. At one time sandal-wood abounded on the heights, but was lavishly cut down as an article of commerce, till the tree was nearly exterminated.

The great volcano of Kilauea is situated on the eastern ascent of Mauna Loa, in Hawaii. The crater is generally in activity; but as it never emits smoke, only its rarer moods of violence are observable from a distance. The crater is situated about 4,000 feet above the base of the mountain, and is approached through deep forests, and over rough ground formed of broken lava. Those who have visited the crater, describe it as a most frightful abyss in which is a sea of burning lava, rolling back from its inclosing walls of rock, and breaking like combers on a reef, but with an endless variety of forms. The form of the crater is oval, and by actual survey is three and a half miles long, and two and a half miles wide, giving it a circumference of nine miles. Its height above the sea level is about 6,000 feet.

The great harbor of the group is Honolulu, which is situated on the south side of Oahu. It is formed by an indentation of the coast, and is protected by a broad coral reef. A remarkable point of land bounds the eastern extremity of the bay. It is a long hill, which shows from the sea, as approached from the south-east, a straight detached ridge, a little elevated at its end. Passing this point, a pilot came on board, and in a short time our ship had safely passed the narrow entrance between the reefs, and was securely fastened to one of the extensive wharves before the city. Of this place and its surroundings I will speak more particularly in another letter.

J. O. CORLISS.

HODGE AND HIS MASTER.

"HODGE" was only a cat, but his name will go down to posterity because of his master's fame.

He was so fortunate as to belong to Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer, philosopher, and moralist; and a tender-hearted master the great man was. He would even go out himself and buy oysters for Hodge, for fear the servants would take a dislike to the animal from having to serve it!

And yet, as he once told a friend who complimented the cat the great man was caressing, "I have had cats which I liked better than this," instantly adding, however, lest Hodge might have his feelings hurt, "but Hodge is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed!"

No wonder Hodge was on intimate terms with such a master, and loved to scramble up his broad breast, lay his furry length across the great man's shoulders! Dr. Johnson's wisdom and fame was nothing to Hodge, but his thoughtful kindness was understood and appreciated.

Dr. Johnson loved children, and delighted in making them happy. He called them "little dears," and kept his pockets stuffed with sweetmeats for their pleasure. In the latter part of his life, he is said to have made it a practice to take an early walk in the quarters where the homeless little wanderers might be found asleep on the benches, or on the ground, and cautiously slip a little money into the open hand, so that they might find some provision for breakfast waiting them when they awoke.

He rejoiced greatly at one time, when he succeeded in getting an old-time school-master to give up the practice of appointing holiday tasks. The memory of his own sorrows as a school-boy made him tender of others.

Dr. Johnson seems to have loved anything that was sick, or young, or helpless. He was looked upon as a roaring lion by the rich and prosperous, but his great heart overflowed toward any body or any thing in trouble.

Once, while visiting in Wales, the gardener brought in a poor little rabbit that he had just caught in the garden.

"Take it to the cook," said his master, "and we will have it for dinner."

"Let me have it a moment," said Dr. Johnson, from the open window where he stood. The frightened creature was placed in his arms, and with a beaming face he put it out the window, shouting loudly after it to increase its speed.

During the later years of his life, his house was filled with odds and ends of humanity, to whom he gave hospitality and help, "because no one else would." They often took advantage of his kindness, complained of his dinners, quarreled among themselves, and caused him a world of trouble; but it seems never to have occurred to him that he might save himself all this annoyance by simply shutting up his heart.

When a boy, he was once asked by his father to take his place to sell books at a stall in the market, as the father was too ill to go out. Pride made him refuse. Fifty years from that very day, Dr. Johnson, being somewhere in the vicinity, went to the very place at the time of high business, and to atone for this sin of disobedience, stood bare-headed in the rain for an hour, before the stall which his father had used. This was the only time he was ever guilty of disobeying his father. And this sin he had carried in his tender heart for fifty long years.

Samuel Johnson had many faults. He was rough in his manner to an almost unbearable degree at times; but it is pleasant to know that his roughness was on the outside, and that the rugged case inclosed a heart as tender as a child's.—*S. S. Classmate.*

A LITTLE boy was deeply interested in reading "Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all real to him. One day he came to his grandmother, and said: "Grandma, which of the people do you like the best?" "Christian," was the reply. "Which do you like the best?" Looking up in her face, with some hesitation, he said slowly: "I like Christiana." "Why, my dear son?" "Because she took the children with her, grandma."—*Selected.*

For Our Little Ones.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

KEPT IN.

TWO little lads and a maiden gay,
Kept in from play
One August day,
Sit all in a row, and with surly looks,
Con over lessons from dog-eared books.
But Ernie's thoughts are far away
With the boys at play;
And I hear him say,
As he rubs his eyes, and thinks of "leap frog,"
Over and over, "d-a-w-g," dog!

Orvie is trying to catch a strange "bird,"
And battles unheard
Are fought with that word [an "i;"
Which he thinks should be spelled with a "u" not
If he was n't a man, he would give up and cry.

Wee Bessie sits by the open door,
Where the sunbeams pour
Aslant on the floor,
And wishes she was a sunbeam too,
With no lessons to learn and nothing to do.

Now, children, come here; a way I will tell
How you may spell
Every word well,
When you study, remember that one thing is true,—
The words that you don't catch, will always catch you.

Work away with a will. Do n't think of your play
Till lessons you say
And books put away.
You all may be sunbeams if patient and true,
But sunbeams, like children, have something to do.
S. ISADORE MINER.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

THE birds were making a great outcry the other morning, twittering, and scolding, and uttering shrill calls, till at last I went to the door to see what was the trouble.

"Why, Jack," I said to a little friend who was up in the tree, "what is the matter with the birds?"

"Oh, I was just having some fun to see them fly and make a noise. Here is the nest and the young ones; they think that I am going to hurt them. See how near they come to me. I could almost catch them."

"Yes, but see how badly they feel," I replied. "Poor little things; hear them cry! See how alarmed they are; they fear you are going to kill their little ones. They feel just as your mamma

would, if a big bear was about to carry off little Georgie. It may be fun for you, but it is very painful to them. You ought not to have fun that hurts any one else."

"Oh, does it hurt them?" he asked in wonder. "I did not think of that."

"Why, certainly it does, Jack, they would not act that way if they did not feel badly; besides, do n't you think the Lord sees those little birds, and cares for them, just as he does for you?"

"Why, the Lord care for the birds! I did not think he did," Jack replied thoughtfully.

"Well, who made the birds?" I asked.

"Why, I suppose the Lord did," he replied.

"Then do n't you think he would care for them?"

"Why do n't the Bible say so then?"

"I think it does, Jack. Come down here, and let us see what it does say about it. There, read that verse in Heb. 4:13."

So Jack read: "Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."

"I don't see that it says anything about birds," said Jack.

"No, but it says the Lord sees every creature, and a bird is one of them. But now read this verse: 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?'"

"I did not know that it read that way," said Jack.

"Well, you see, my boy, that the Lord thinks about even the little birds. Jesus says he does not forget one of them. I think, then, he saw you up in the tree, bothering those poor little birds. Now, if you will turn to Deut. 22:6, 7, you will read that the Lord cared even for a bird's nest; for he told the little boys in Moses' time that they should not be cruel to the old birds when they found a nest.

"Now read what he says about our being kind to animals, in Deut. 25:4. He says that you must be good to the ox, and let him have enough to eat when he is hard at work. In Prov. 12:10 it says that a good man will regard the life of his beast. That means that a man who will not do it, is not a good man."

"Well," said Jack, "I saw Tom Jones take a club, and strike his cow real hard, when she had not done anything;

then I guess he does not feed his horses very good, for they always look awful poor."

"Tom Jones is a cruel man, Jack, or he would never do that. Do you know that the Lord feeds all the animals? Now you turn to Ps. 104:27, 28, and you will find that the Bible says so; and here is another verse: "Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." You see that the Lord has made provision for every living thing, even for the little birds. They have feeling, and it is cruel to torment them in any way. Little children who take delight in killing and tormenting animals, will be cruel persons when they are grown up.

"I am sorry that I plagued the birds," said Jack with a thoughtful air, as he rose and gave me the book; and I did not know that the Lord cared about it. I will not do it again." D. M. CANRIGHT.

"ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

JOSEPHA was not in a very good humor that Sabbath, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sabbath birthday was a dull thing, she thought; and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not had a chance to get any little present ready for her. It is true that was only put off—the present was to come; but still Josepha felt out of sorts.

And when mamma called her to get her Bible verses, she pouted, and grumbled out that it was hard she could n't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table. "I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humor, daughter," she said, "so I will tell you a little story instead.

"Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father



every morning to keep him away from the bees; but instead of helping his father to keep him, he went straight out and played with their hives, and of course, they stung him again."

"Well, what next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All! why, I do n't call that a story."

"Yes, it is," answered mamma, "but it is a short one, and it has my little daughter for a moral.

"Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that?" exclaimed Josepha.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's Prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come'?"

"'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,'" repeated the little girl briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do his will just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I do n't know," said her listener, slowly.

"Of course we don't know exactly, but of some things we may feel confident; I am sure they do it promptly; I am sure they do it cheerfully; I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I do n't," answered Josepha, who felt as if she needed somehow to defend herself.

Her mother pointed to an illuminated text hanging on the nursery wall: "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time then.

"I won't give you any verses to get to-day," she said, gently, "but I give you this to think about. Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer."—The Churchman.

THE Creator is the great poet. All that is beautiful to eye, ear, or heart, is his handwriting. Whenever a bud opens, a rivulet slips along its pebbly path, or a leaf shadow dances in the sunshine, there he has written a poem which he meant should be read with delight by every passer-by.

Letter Budget.

HAVE you noticed, little friends, that for some weeks you have been given more space for the Letter Budget? Because you have a special interest in this department, we like to make it please you. But either you have not written much during vacation, or else because we have published so many letters each week, we are coming toward the bottom of the letter box, which means that somebody will need to write pretty soon. But with this hint, we have faith to believe you will keep us supplied with letters. What we want is, that your next letters shall show marked improvement. Take time to be sure that you have something to say, and then tell it the best you know how. Look over your little note books for the things you have saved up for the Budget, and then let us see if you can't have a letter department that everybody will like to read. You cannot have lived all this long, beautiful summer without having something to write. We have had many excellent letters in the past, and we want many more. The box is not entirely empty, as this Budget will show. The first is a letter from Nebraska.

LENA J. ADAMS, of Valley Co., Neb., writes: "I am a little girl nine years old. I keep the Sabbath with my parents. I used to go to Sabbath-school, and learned my lessons in Book No. 2; but we moved to this place, where there is no Sabbath-school. I have four brothers, but no sister. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR, and the letters in the Budget, although I have not written any before. I have a pet lamb, and I have lots of fun with it. I hope to meet you all in the earth made new."

We hope it may not be a very long time, Lena, before you can report a Sabbath-school in your new home.

CELIAN COLCORD writes from Greene Co., Iowa: "I have thought of writing for the INSTRUCTOR for some time. We take it, and it is a fine little paper. I have my lesson every Sabbath out of it. We have a good meeting and Sabbath-school. I have kept the Sabbath all my life. I am trying to do right. I am reading the 'Story of the Bible.' It is splendid, and helps me a great deal in my lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. We think of going to camping at Des Moines. I hope to meet you all in the new earth."

May Celian improve her many privileges wisely and well.

EDWARD W. SILSBEE, of Osborn Co., Kan., says: "This is the first letter I have written for the Budget. I am twelve years old. I keep the Sabbath, and take the INSTRUCTOR, which I like very well. I have four brothers and one sister. Last Thursday the church of this place had a picnic, and they all seemed to enjoy it very well. After the picnic broke up, we had a very heavy rain. A railroad is being built a few rods back of our house, and it is intended to have the cars running by the first of December. I send my love to all the INSTRUCTOR family."

Perhaps Edward will some time give the name of the new railroad that is being built so near his own home.

LILLIE FARRAND writes from Genesee Co., Mich. She says: "I am a little girl twelve years old. I keep the Sabbath with my parents. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I learn the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR, and like them very much. I wrote a letter for the Budget once before, but did not see it printed. I wish I could see this one printed in the paper next week. I am trying to be a good girl. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven."

We cannot always print the letters as soon as the writer desires, Lillie; but yours has not waited very long.

ORA I. REDBURN writes from Anderson Co., Kan. She says: "I am a little adopted girl, twelve years old. I have a little brother nine years of age. He takes the INSTRUCTOR, and we are so anxious to get it to read, we can hardly wait until our work is done. The nearest Sabbath-school is eight miles away, so we don't go very often. I do n't go to day school. My own father died when I was but three years old, and my mother kept me till about four months ago. We have been keeping the Sabbath since three years ago last March. I am trying to be a good girl, that I may meet the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven."

Eight miles is a long distance to drive every Sabbath, rain or shine. In the new earth, all the people will go up to Jerusalem every Sabbath to worship. What a long way some will have to travel! But they will not go at our slow rate of speed; neither will they tire from traveling long distances.

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