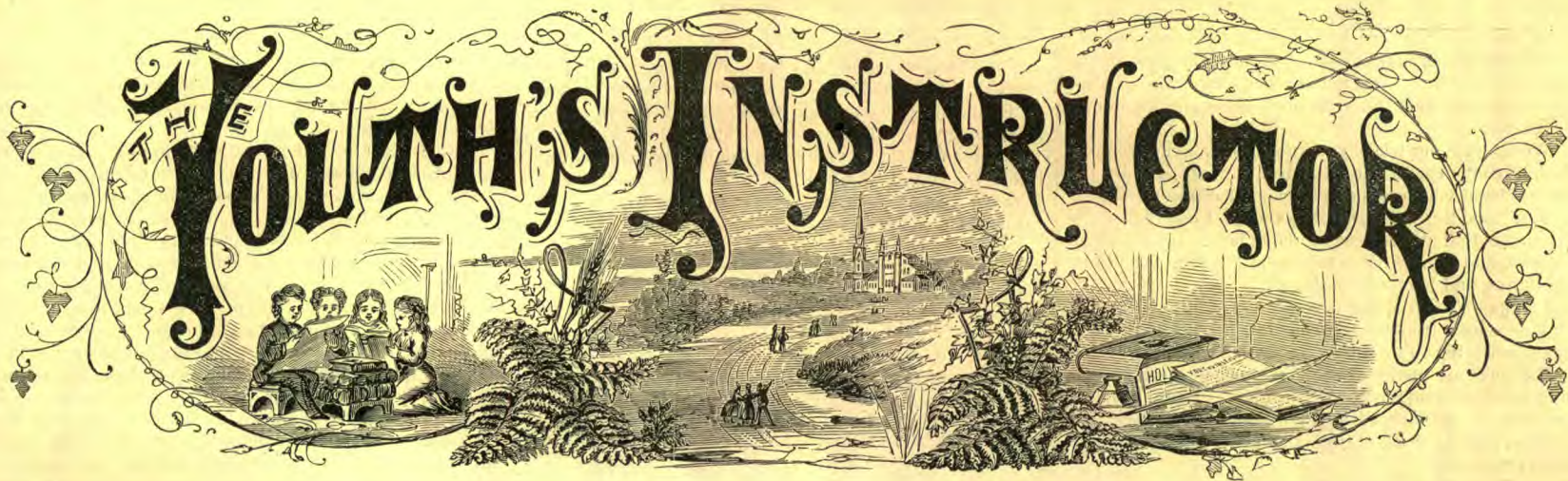


THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



VOL. 34.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JUNE 23, 1886.

No. 25.

A SONG.

SWEETLY she comes, the royal, royal June,
Rose-crowned and beautiful. Her lucent skies
Are calm and blue as ne'er were skies before;
And never did such glorious mornings rise
As these that hasten to behold her grace
And kiss the diamonds from her emerald robe,
While earth and air resound with voices glad,
To sing her praises round and round the globe.

If this poor world could only keep her Junes,
She might forget one-half her pain and fret;
Might feel the weight of years slip gently off,
And find her Eden had not vanished yet.
But, ah, the Junes, they pass so swift away!
We long to keep them, yet they disappear,
And we can only sigh and smile and say,
"There is one June in every circling year."

But never yet was one so fair as this!
No roses ever bloomed so wondrous sweet,
No lavish hand before has ever spread
Such pleasant pathways for our following feet:
And so we call this June the dearest yet,
And revel in her mornings fresh and clear;
We love her for her long, calm twilight hours,
"And crown her queen, and queen of all the year."
—*Christian Weekly.*

THE ONLY WAY.

MONDAY morning was always a busy time at the cottage. Susie got up early, and busied herself bringing tubs, pumping water, and putting out the line. There was usually a doubt about her getting to school. If everything went well, her mother tried hard to let her go, for it was a great trial to Susie to miss it.

The wash to-day was not a large one, and she hoped for the best. But before long she saw that her mother looked pale, and did not work with her accustomed quickness.

"Are you not well, mother?" she asked. "Not very, dear. I got up with a little headache, and thought I could work it off; but it does not seem to go."

Susie was unselfishly sorry for her mother, but she could not help a keen feeling of disappointment on her own account. She washed the breakfast things, got the younger children ready for school, and then went to her mother.

"Now, mother, you must stop. I'm ready to hang out the clothes and clean up."

"No, dear. I think I can finish by myself. You go—it is not too late yet, and I hate to have you lose your schooling."

"Come and lie down, mother," persisted Susie. "You know you are not fit to work."

And being thus urged, she was not sorry to be led away by such gentle hands.

"You are a dear comfort to me, my daughter," she said, as Susie laid a cool cloth over her aching head, and drew down the shades to keep out the light.

The loving words were very sweet to hear, and Susie fully appreciated them; but her face wore a woe-begone expression as she went back to her work.

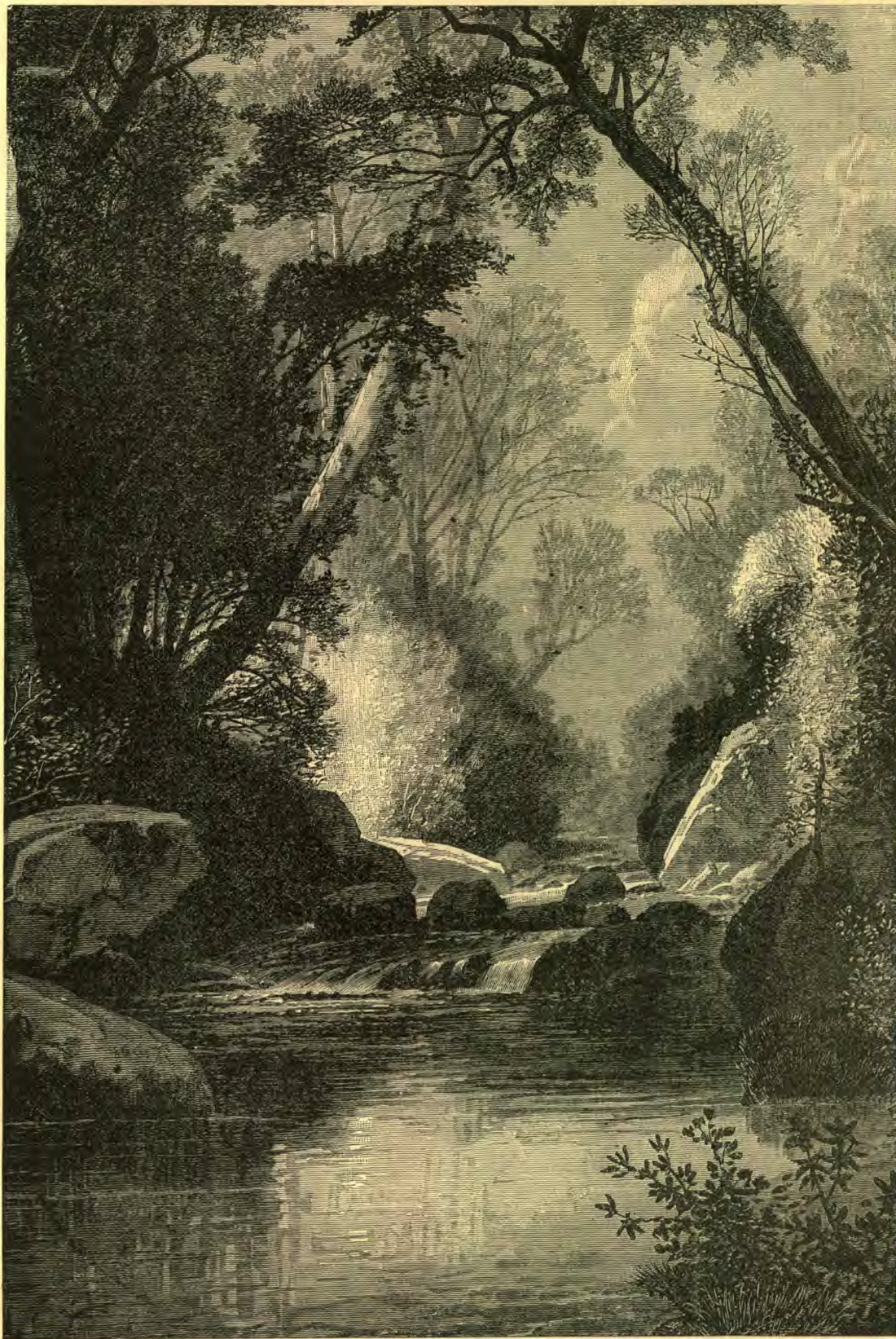
"It is n't the work I mind so much," she said to herself as she flew about, "but it's so hard staying out of school this way. It's so different with other girls. Some of them do n't have to do a single thing at home, and think they're very good to go to school and study. I'd like to live in a big house, and have a hired girl to do all the work. Some girls do n't even have to sweep their own rooms. I wonder why things are not fixed a little more evenly. Some folks have so much and other folks so little."

It was easy to see, as the hours wore on, that Susie thought she was one of those who have very little indeed. A dreary cloud obscured the sunshine with which the autumn day had opened, seeming to cast its reflection over the indoor sky, and its shadow deepened as a drizzling rain set in. The children came home to dinner in fretful moods which needed only a little home sunshine to dispel, but none was there, for mother was no better, and the certainty of being obliged to lose the afternoon session of school deepened the gloom on Susie's face. She returned their small petulances with frowns and fault-finding, sending them away at length in worse tempers than they had brought home. She waited on mother kindly but without the cheery word and smile which gives grace and beauty to the lightest service, and then went through the routine

of the afternoon work, with a heart doubly burthened with its weight of self-dissatisfaction.

"Who can that be?" she said to herself, as, after putting the room in order, she stood for a moment at the window,

"You out on such a day!" she exclaimed as she hastened to seize the dripping umbrella, and relieve the visitor of her rubber cloak and shoes. In a few moments she was seated by the fire as comfortably as if the day had been a



watching the rain which had now settled into a steady pour. "I do believe she is coming in."

A figure well fortified against the weather by rubber cloak and umbrella, had come along the splashy sidewalk, and as the umbrella was raised enough to bring a bright face into view, she recognized her Sabbath-school teacher.

fine one.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I like to get out in bad weather. I think people are gladder to see me when they don't go out themselves, and no one else comes. But I did not expect to see you for half an hour yet. Why are you not at school?"

Susie explained, and the doing so brought back all the clouds to her brow. And her teacher's face was so kind and sympathetic that she could not forbear pouring out all her troubles.

"We all have our trials, you know, dear. And we must try to be content with knowing that they are sent by the gracious hand which was cruelly wounded for our sakes."

"But," said Susie, "it seems as though I had to bear the very things that are hardest for me to bear. I want to go to school, and it hurts me so to have to stay out. And I like nice things, and I can't have them."

"I suppose," said Miss Vernon, "it is natural we should think our own troubles the heaviest, for we know their weight and sting as we cannot know that of others."

"But there are plenty of people who don't seem to have much trouble," said Susie. "Now there is Laura Randall. She lives in such a beautiful house and goes riding in a carriage, and she is the only child, and her mother indulges her in every way."

"Yes," said Miss Vernon, "I went in to see her to-day. I saw her looking out of the window with a face as doleful as yours," with a smile; "and when I got into the house, I really thought she had far better reason for looking doleful than you have. Her mother, you know, is a woman of fashion, and Laura sees very little of her. The big, handsome house was half darkened, and so quiet that every footfall and every word seemed to echo forlornly through it. Not a merry voice or a laugh or a child's step to be heard there. Laura said she had nothing to do, and nobody to speak to. I found it rather hard to cheer her up, you may be sure."

"Poor thing!" said Susie.

"I called to see Emily Grant, too," went on Miss Vernon.

"Oh, yes, she's another girl I think I'd like to change with," said Susie. "Her mother's always nice, and I'm sure her home is cheery enough. Emily hasn't been to school the last week," she added.

"No, and I do not know when she will go again, if she ever does."

"Why, Miss Vernon!" exclaimed Susie.

"She got hurt last winter on the ice—"

"Yes, I remember."

"It was thought little of at the time, but she has had occasional trouble with it since. She has become suddenly much worse, and it is now feared that she is threatened with hip disease, and may be a cripple for years—possibly for life."

Susie was shocked and surprised.

"That is a trouble!" she said, shaking her head soberly.

"What could you say to her, Miss Vernon?"

"Only what I say to you, dear—that the Master chooses all our sorrows for us, and that he chooses in tenderest love and in highest wisdom. It only remains for us to bow meekly to his blessed will for us."

"But don't you think," asked Susie, as after a short silence her mind drifted back to her burthens, and the thought of the undried clothes suggested the sorrowful prospect of another day out of school, "that some of us might bear other troubles better than the ones we have?"

"That is not for us to say, Susie. You will never have a chance of showing how you could bear the trials of others. Your own way may seem rough; but it is the way the Lord has laid out for you, and you will find that the opportunities you have of brightening the lives of others by your loving care and sweet ministrations, will surely make your way smooth."

The children were flocking in with their demands on Susie, and her friend arose to go, adding,—

"Don't spend time, dear, thinking how well you might have performed duties which have never fallen to you. The only way in which you can ever bless others and glorify God is by a life given cheerfully and heartily to the duties which surround you."—*Sydney Dayre*.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

THE CHRISTIAN LADY AND HER MISSIONARY-BOX.

MANY years ago a poor but godly widow was the keeper of a light-house on the Kentish coast. She obtained a missionary box, and resolved to devote to the cause of the Saviour all the money that should be given to her before twelve o'clock every Monday. The next Monday morning a gentleman visited the light-house, and seeing her in the attire of a widow, gave her a sovereign.

Now came a test to this good woman, as it has since come to many who have unexpectedly received money, whether to keep her resolution. A sovereign seemed a large sum to give, while present necessities and outstanding debts might almost appear to hold the first claim upon it. She asked advice of friends; one advised one way, another contrary. With a heart burdened with anxiety to do right, she sought help from God in humble prayer, and resolved to pay her vow and trust him for support.

In the course of the day a widow lady of high rank called with her daughter and attendants, to inspect the light-house. She made several inquiries of the poor widow; her heart was moved with sympathy, and before leaving, she placed in her hand a piece of gold.

Two days following this, the widow at the light-house received from the same lady a note expressing sympathy and interest for the family, and begging her to accept of one hundred twenty-five dollars from herself, and twenty-five dollars from her little daughter, who was also much concerned for their welfare.

Now who do our young readers think this noble woman

and benefactress could have been, and who was the free-hearted "little daughter"? The mother was the Duchess of Kent, and the daughter, then Princess Victoria, has been the Queen of England since June 20, 1837.

How many of the INSTRUCTOR family have a missionary box? Do you all think it safe to do right, and trust in Him who says, "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills"?

A. S. HUTCHINS.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

ONE day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.
One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme,
A good one to live by—
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knows only too well how long that can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks:
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! A burden too great
To be borne for two can be borne for one;
Who knows what will enter to-morrow's gate?
While we are speaking, all may be done.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set!

One day at a time! But a single day
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That according to each shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'T is the whole of life:
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein,
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign, sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme,
A good one to live by.
A day at a time.

—The Independent.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

THE MODERN POST-OFFICE.

In a previous article, we told you about the ancient post-offices; and in this we will try to give you some interesting facts concerning the post-office of to-day. Perhaps what we say may be of use to you sometime. Every little child knows that letters are carried to the post-office, and received from it. Henry knows that he gets a letter from Aunt Mary, in Boston, in answer to one he sent her; but how this is done he may not know so well.

You drop your letter into the box at the post-office. A little while before mail time, all these letters are gathered up, and put on a table, where they are arranged in order, and marked with a stamp which tells the place and day they were mailed. All the letters going to the same town, as to Chicago, Detroit, or Boston, are tied together in one bundle. These packages of letters are placed in a letter bag, and locked up. They are now given to the mail carrier, just in time for him to take them to the train. He gives them to another postmaster on the cars, who is called a mail agent. Every mail-train has a little post-office on it, and a postmaster in it. The mail agent has a lot of bags arranged along on hooks; he looks over his packages, and puts in one bag all the letters going to one place. When he comes to a town, he throws off the bag that has the mail for that place; and so on, to every town he passes. Here another carrier takes the letter bag, and carries it to the post-office, where it is opened, and all the mail assorted into three classes; (1) the letters; (2) the circulars; (3) the papers. Each letter is stamped on the back with the name of the town and the date at which it is received. The letters are distributed first, the circulars next, and the papers last.

You should be careful to stamp your letters. A large number of letters are every day dropped into the office without any stamp on them. Of course they cannot be sent. Others have not enough stamps on them; some have no address at all; and others have the State left off, or something of that kind. This makes bad work. About three million letters are every year put in the office without being stamped or properly directed. A good many people, you see, must be very careless. All these letters are sent to what is called the Dead Letter Office, at Washington. They are there opened, and, if possible, are sent back to the ones who wrote them. But in many cases this is impossible. The letters, every year, contain about \$3,000,000, much of which is lost to the senders. Great care should be taken in sending letters.

Drop letters are those to be taken out of the same office where they are put in. They require a stamp of one cent; those sent to other offices, two cents, for an ordinary letter. It is a crime, according to law, knowingly to put on a letter a stamp that has once been used. Matter that may be sent by mail is divided into four classes. (1) Anything that is written. This requires letter postage. (2) Periodicals and publications, such as newspapers, magazines, etc. The postage on this is much cheaper. (3) Miscellaneous printed matter, such as books, pamphlets, circulars, and the like. (4) Merchandise, such as little articles of groceries, knives, shoes, etc. Nothing weighing over four

pounds can be sent, excepting it be in one book. Some things cannot be sent by mail, such as lottery circulars, liquids, gun-powder, reptiles, poisons, and any article liable to injure the mail.

Postmasters are paid according to the amount of work done at their offices. Post-offices are divided into four classes, first class, second class, third class, and fourth class. The first class includes all offices where the business amounts to over three thousand dollars a year. These would be offices in cities of about twelve thousand and upwards in population. The second class includes all offices where the business is between two and three thousand dollars a year. This would be in towns of from probably six thousand up to twelve thousand population. Third class are those in which the business is from one to two thousand dollars per year. This would be in towns of from twelve hundred up to six thousand population. The fourth class, where the business is under one thousand dollars a year. In the first three classes, the postmaster is paid a salary, according to the business of his office. In the fourth class, the postmaster has a certain per cent of all he does. The work is not very hard, and the pay is pretty good; hence everybody is anxious to be postmaster. Postmasters of the first, second, and third classes are appointed by the President for a term of four years, and this appointment must be confirmed by the Senate. Those of the fourth class are appointed by the postmaster-general, without limit of time.

There are three ways of sending money by the mail. First, by registered letter. This will cost you ten cents for any amount. This is not the best way to send money, as the office will not repay you if it is lost. They simply take better care of a registered letter than of an ordinary letter. The second is by postal note. This will cost you three cents, and you can only send five dollars or less. This will not be repaid to you if it is lost. The third and safest way is by money order. You can send one hundred dollars, or less, at a time, and the fee is from eight cents for ten dollars, up to forty-five cents for one hundred dollars. Money sent this way is certain and sure, as the Government will pay it back if lost. There are about 52,000 post-offices in the United States, or about one to each one thousand population, on an average.

D. M. CANRIGHT.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

An old physician said, not long ago:—

"There is no study in human nature so difficult to me as a certain class of young girls. I spent a part of last summer with two specimens of this class. They had the usual amount of capacity for observing, understanding, and feeling. They had been educated at much cost to their parents; both were constant attendants at church.

"I saw nothing in their faces, manners, or bearing to argue that they were imbecile. Their mother was an invalid, nearing the grave. Nothing could be more touching than the patient, appealing gaze with which her eyes followed them, watching for some signal of affection. But they had eyes and thought for nothing but a gown they were making. They were used to her love, her illness, even to the thought of her death.

"I walked out with them through a great forest, under the solemn stars. They saw no beauty, no sublimity in them. They chattered incessantly of the new trimming of their bonnets. They were used to the meaning of the trees and stars. The only thing, apparently, to which they were not used were the changes in ribbons, puffs, and flounces.

"I went to church with them, and listened to the great 'Te Deum,' which has come down to us through many ages, and lifted the hearts of countless worshipers to God. They nudged each other while they sang it to look at a beaded cloak in the next pew.

"We physicians now test the temperature of a patient's body, and, if we find it below a certain degree, know that death is already in the heart. When I find so low a degree of temperature in the words, actions, and thoughts of a human body, I begin to fear that the soul within is cold and dead beyond recall."

Old John Bunyan taught us the same lesson in his picture of the man with the muck-rake, who incessantly scraped together the foul, perishable stuff, and kept his eyes bent on it, while the great world opened around him, and the winds blew, and the sun shone, and God waited for him behind them all.

Do we, too, use this rake; and what is it that we gather?

HAPPINESS.

THE idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook. Why should we keep our eyes fixed on the distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness may be the reason she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

The Sabbath-School.

SECOND SABBATH IN JULY.

IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

LESSON 12.—REDEEMED FROM UNDER THE LAW.

1. WHAT does Paul say of those who are led by the Spirit? Gal. 5:18.
2. Then what must be the condition of those who are not led by the Spirit?
3. What is directly contrary to the Spirit? Gal. 5:17.
4. Since those who are in opposition to the Spirit are under the law, and the flesh is also opposed to the Spirit, to what is being in the flesh equivalent?—*To being under the law.*
5. What are the works of the flesh? Gal. 5:19-21.
6. What are the fruits of the Spirit? Gal. 5:22, 23.
7. With what are the fruits of the Spirit in harmony? Gal. 5:23.
8. Then since the flesh and the Spirit are contrary to each other, of what must the works of the flesh be a transgression?
9. And since following the flesh is being "under the law," what is it to be under the law?
10. In another place what does Paul say of us when we were "children"? Gal. 4:3.
11. To what were we in bondage? Gal. 4:3.
12. To what does he say the Galatians were desirous of returning? Gal. 4:9.
13. While in that state of bondage, what had they done? Gal. 4:8.
14. Then what is meant by the elements of the world? Eph. 2:1, 2.
15. What did God do in the fullness of time? Gal. 4:4.
16. For what purpose was his Son sent? Gal. 4:5.
17. In order to redeem those under the law, how was Christ made? Gal. 4:4.
18. What does Paul elsewhere say Christ was made for us? 2 Cor. 5:21.
19. Why was he made to be sin for us? 2 Cor. 5:21, last part.
20. Being redeemed from under the law, what do we receive? Gal. 4:5.
21. Who alone are the sons of God? Rom. 8:14.
22. And with what are their works in harmony? Gal. 5:22, 23.
23. What is said of such? Rom. 8:1.

THE PRAYER OF INDOLENCE.

A TEACHER was heard to pray earnestly in a teachers' meeting that the Lord would teach him the next day's lesson, enlighten his mind, fill his heart with zeal, and thoroughly fit him for his class duties, in order that he should be able to bring the knowledge of the truth to the souls of his scholars. The prayer in itself was one to which every teacher could say, Amen. And yet, in the case of him who offered it, it was felt by some to be a waste of time and breath; for that teacher was one of those who habitually neglect the study of their lessons, and otherwise fail of preparation for their class work. He never visited his scholars at their homes. He took no more pains to become acquainted with his scholars than with his lesson. Why should his prayer be heard? It was the prayer of indolence, not of living, acting faith. Prayer is absolutely essential to a teacher's preparation; but hard work and faithful study are an essential evidence of that faith which makes prayer effectual.—*ScL.*

YOUNG Christians have many experiences of trial and perplexity in which a wise and sympathetic teacher can give invaluable help. Duties are hard, difficult questions continually arise, there are struggles with temper and tongue, old nature still is too strong for young discipleship, and thus the week-day life of these youthful Christians is in much tribulation. They need a good friend in these early days, just as much as they need lessons and sermons. The teacher who is alive to the full importance and responsibility of his work as a guide of young souls will make himself the confidential friend of each pupil, and will strive not only to teach the lesson well, but will also seek to be helpful in the personal life of each scholar.

TRUE fidelity involves constancy. Constancy demands continuous endeavor in the line of duty. An occasionally spouting geyser may be an instructive and entertaining phenomenon, but no one wants to depend on such a spasmodic source for his domestic water supply. A teacher may be an instructive and entertaining rhetorical phenomenon once a week; but no thirsty scholar wants his supply of living water restricted to times and seasons. A teacher ought to be his scholar's friend all the week through, and so, whether present or absent, he can be his scholar's teacher all the week through. A teacher who has no week-day interest in his scholars' week-days, will not be likely to win their Sabbath interest in his Sabbaths. Until a teacher can compel his scholars' week-day regard, he cannot expect their full Sabbath regard. Spiritual thirst is no more spasmodically intermittent than bodily thirst. The successful teacher is not the showman at the geyser, but the cup-man at the spring.—*S. S. Times.*

Our Scrap-Book.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

WE should fill the hour with sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs,
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

RESURRECTING THE SPHINX.

THE wonderful monument known as the sphinx, which has attracted the gaze of visitors for ages on account of its great size and strange shape, has been, as you know, gradually buried by the drifting sands, until now only the head is exposed to view. Neighboring cities which have been buried in this way have sometimes been resurrected, and so now it is reported that an effort will be made to remove the accumulated debris from this huge image, thus giving the traveler a chance to see for himself what before he only knew of it from the description given by those persons who saw it before the earth was allowed to gather about it.

Other sphinxes have been found in Egypt, and some in Assyria, Babylonia, and Phoenecia, but none others of any great size. This most remarkable one was carved from the rock, masonry sometimes being added to make the form complete. One writer has given its length as more than one hundred and seventy feet, and its height over fifty feet. The body is in the form of a lion, with wings attached to its sides, and it has the head of a man, with a face thirty feet long and fourteen feet broad. Its paws are said to be fifty feet long.

A writer in the *London Daily Telegraph* says, "No wonder that the Arabs know this mighty monster as Abou'l Hol (the father of terrors); or that the Greeks, to whom its symbolism was a mystery, named it the sphinx," the word meaning the "strangler," the "throttler."

The following paragraph from the same source gives one some idea of the great size of the sphinx:—

"Between the paws was erected a temple thirty-five feet long, while in front of the giant's breast was a small sanctuary, entered by a door-way divided into passages by a reclining lion. At the far end of the sanctuary was the tablet of Thothmes IV., and on either side other tablets covered with sculptured bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics, while in the court of the temple was an altar, which, with some fragments of the sphinx, is now in the British Museum. Here, for ages, troops of priests officiated. Upon the stately flight of steps, so arranged that the lordly proportions of the sphinx might be seen to advantage, endless troops of worshippers ascended, or prostrated themselves as the smoke of the burned sacrifice curled over the then fertile valley. Though the slabs with the dream of Thothmes and prayer of the sphinx to keep his statue clear of the sand which has since then overwhelmed it are no longer there, the outline of the temple and the flight of steps will be exposed to view when the sand is removed."

AN EXTINCT ANIMAL.

A FEW months ago there were discovered in Geneva, N. Y., the bones of an extinct animal—the mastodon. And we hear that Prof. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, is now there with a large force of men, digging for the bones of the animal. Fifty-four bones have been found, including a tusk eight feet long and two feet in circumference. Prof. Hitchcock expects to find all the bones and to mount them for the Amherst College Museum. The skeleton, when complete, will be twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet high.

The mastodon is a genus of extinct quadrupeds, the remains of which in a fossil state show that it was a pachydermatous animal allied to the elephant. It has the vaulted and cellular skull of the elephant with large tusks in the upper jaw, and a heavy form. From the character of the nasal bones and the shortness of the head and neck it has been concluded that it had a trunk.

Some of these animals were natives of the Old World, but by far the largest in size have been found on our continent. The skeleton of one, which is termed the *Mastodon giganteus*, has been exhibited in London under the name of the Missouri Leviathan. Of this particular one it is said, "About 1840 Mr. Koeh procured a rich collection of mastodon bones from the bank of the Missouri and put together a nondescript animal, when the so-called Missouriium drew crowds of visitors in New York and London, until from the mass of bones of several animals a tolerably complete skeleton was finally made by Prof. Owen." It is now in the British Museum, and is thought to exceed in its dimensions the largest elephant, except, perhaps, the late Jumbo.

In some parts of North America the fossil remains of this stupendous animal are abundant, particularly in the saline morasses popularly termed the Big-bone Lick, in the northern part of Kentucky. There are, however, no traces within the period of tradition or history of the existence of these animals as a living genus. Why and how they perished, is not known. "It is worthy of remark," says Maunder, "that the skeletons seem to have been unremoved since the death of the animal; some, in fact, which were found near the banks of the great rivers, appear in a vertical position as if they had sunk down, or been imbedded in the mud."

A few remains of the mastodon were discovered in North America as early as 1705, but not until 1801 was any thing like a complete skeleton obtained, when a tolerably perfect one was procured from the morasses of Orange County, N. Y. This was carried to London in 1802, but was soon returned to this country, where it occupied a prominent place in Pearl's Museum, Philadelphia, until 1849 or 1850, when it suddenly disappeared. It is said to have been imperfect, wanting a considerable part of the head, some vertebrae, ribs, and bones of the limbs. Specimens have been found in New York, New Jersey, Kentucky, Alabama, Missouri, Kansas, Texas, and other States. The food of

the mastodon is thought to have been entirely vegetable; and it doubtless resorted to marshy and boggy places like other proboscideans in search of plants, where it was often mired in the very place where its remains have been extracted during the present century.

Among the many curious traditions which were credited by the native Indians concerning this gigantic animal and its destruction is the following: "The Shawnee Indians believed that with these immense quadrupeds there existed men of proportionate dimensions, and that the Great Being destroyed both with thunder-bolts. The Indians of Virginia state that as a troop of these terrible creatures were destroying the deer, bison, and other animals created for their use, the Great Man slew them all with his thunder except the big bull, which, nothing daunted, presented his enormous forehead to the bolts and shook them off as they fell, till, at last, being wounded in the side, he fled toward the great lakes, where he is to this day.—*S. S. Classmate.*

SOMETHING ABOUT SALMON.

VERY young salmon cannot live in salt water, this is why the mother ascends the streams in the spring to deposit her eggs. By her determined effort to reach the head of the stream, it would seem that she understood the danger of the young fishes' floating out to sea. You were instructed a few months ago how they will jump falls of considerable height. This they do in their attempt to secure a safe place to spawn, or deposit their eggs. A writer in *Harper's Young People* says of the habits of the salmon:—

"It is now customary to place fish-stairs where there is a water-fall or a dam too high for the salmon to mount. These consist of a series of steps made of wood or stone, which divide the height into a succession of small falls. The salmon soon learn to leap from one step to another, and in this way they reach the top without difficulty.

"Salmon, it is said, have a leader on these journeys, and follow him in regular order. Having arrived at some suitable place, they hollow out nests in the bottom of the stream, and deposit their eggs, covering them with gravel, and then taking no further care of them.

"These fishes eat little or nothing while in fresh water, and they reach the spawning-ground bruised and exhausted by the hardships they have endured. They therefore rest awhile after the spawning process, which occupies eight or ten days, and then eagerly return to sea.

"The eggs left under the gravel finally hatch out, and the young fishes work their way slowly down the river, to make their first visit to the sea. These fishes increase but little in size while in fresh water, whereas in the ocean the rapidity of their growth is almost incredible."

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT LEAVES.

IN the article entitled "The Creator's Water-Works," in the last INSTRUCTOR, you remember it was stated that the leaves of plants act as evaporators, carrying moisture to the atmosphere, cooling and making it healthful, and that it is condensed into dew and rain to again water the earth. Also it was stated that in regions of country where there are no trees or other growing vegetation, there being no leaf evaporators, the ground soon becomes dry, and the atmosphere hot and unhealthful. But the leaves have still other uses, as you may learn in the following quotation from an exchange:—

"As is well known, a tree cannot grow without leaves. These are put forth every year, and are a contrivance for vastly increasing the surface. An oak tree of good size exposes several acres of surface to the air during the growing season. It has been estimated that the Washington elm at Cambridge, Mass., not a very large tree, exposed about five acres of foliage, if we include both sides of the leaves. Leaves are more nearly comparable to stomachs than lungs. A leaf is a laboratory for assimilating or manufacturing raw materials into plant fabric. The cellular structure of the leaves, wood, and bark of a tree is a complicated subject to treat in a popular way. It requires a vast surface of leaves to do a little work. By counting the leaves on a seedling oak, and estimating the surface of both sides of each, we can see how many inches are needed to build up the roots and stem for the first year. After the first year the old stem of the oak bears no leaves. It is dependent on the leaves of the branches, or its children, for support.

A tree is a sort of community, each part having its own duties to perform. The root hair takes up most of the nourishment. The young roots take this to the larger ones, and they in turn, like the branches of a river, pour the flood of crude sap into the trunk, which conveys it to the leaves. The assimilated or digested sap passes from the leaves to all growing parts of the plant, and a deposit is made where most needed. If a branch is much exposed to the winds, the base of it has a certain support or certain amount of nourishment. So with the trunk of a tree. If the base of a branch or the main trunk is much exposed to the winds and storms, a much thicker deposit of food is made there. The winds give a tree exercise, which seems good to help make it strong. Our toughest wood comes from trees growing in exposed places. The limbs of a tree are all the time striving with each other to see which shall have the most room and the most sunshine. While some perish in the attempt, or meet with only very indifferent success, the strongest of the strong buds survive."

THE GLACIER OF ALASKA.

AN exchange, describing one of the great glaciers of Alaska, represents it as "moving at the rate of a quarter of a mile per annum." And further: "The front presents a wall of ice five hundred feet in thickness; its breadth varies from three to ten miles, and its length is about a hundred and fifty miles. Almost every quarter of an hour hundreds of tons of ice in large blocks fall into the sea, which they agitate in a most violent manner. The waves are said to be such as to toss the largest vessels which approach the glacier, as if they were small boats.

"The ice is extremely pure and dazzling to the eye; it has tints of the lightest blue as well as of the deepest indigo. The top is very rough and broken, forming small hills and even chains of mountains in miniature. This immense mass of ice, said to be more than an average of a thousand feet thick, advances daily toward the sea. It is not necessary for Americans to cross the Atlantic to see glaciers; they have them at home, and grand enough for the wonder seeker."

For Our Little Ones.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

ONLY A CHILD.

ONLY a child; what can I do
That will be noble, grand, and true?
My hands are small, my voice is weak,
I have scarcely learned to think and speak.

Only a child, whose nimble feet
Have only trod 'mong grasses sweet,
They say that thorns and thistles wild
Will some day vex their little child.

Only a child,—and yet I know
How to lighten another's woe;
How to soften a hardened heart,
And bid the tear of repentance start.

Only a child, yet I can tell
Of Jesus' love for those who fell;
And how to ransom us he came
And bore the cross—despised the shame.

Only a child, yet Jesus said,
As to him a little child was led,
That in the bright and happy land
Where he shall reign, the children stand.

Only a child. O, in that day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
When sinners quake, mid ruin wild,
May I be Jesus' little child!

F. S. HAFFORD.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

AN ENVIOUS BOY.

ABOUT four thousand years before Christ was born, there lived a boy who was so very much like some boys we see now, that I think I will have to tell you about him. I do not believe he was a thoroughly good boy, because he made a bad man. This bad boy had a brother, who was very good.



If I should tell you that the name of the bad boy was Cain, and the good one was Abel, you would say right off, "Oh, yes; we know all about them; we learned it in our Sabbath-school lesson. They were the very first boys in the world." And then you would go on to tell that when Cain grew to be a man, he was a farmer and raised grains and fruits; and that his brother was a shepherd, and looked after the flocks.

You will remember that one day the Lord commanded them each to bring one of the firstlings of the flock and offer it for a burnt-offering; and that when the day came, Cain, instead of bringing a lamb, brought the fruits of the ground. No doubt Cain thought it was a great deal of trouble for him to go to the flocks and get a good lamb, and he did not see why the Lord needed to be so particular about what was brought for an offering, so long as an offering was made. I think Cain must have been selfish, and didn't want to put himself out of the way to please any body.

Abel took pains with his offering, and brought the best lamb he could find. God was pleased with it, sending fire down from heaven to burn it up. But Cain's offering stood unnoticed, just as he had brought it. This made him very angry indeed.

One day he was out in the field talking with Abel. I suspect that by this time Cain had begun to think he was a very much abused person, and that somehow Abel had not treated him quite right. At any rate, as they talked, Cain grew so angry that at last he forgot the great God was looking down from heaven and watching all that he did; and he rose up and killed his brother! Think how sad Adam and Eve must have felt when they saw their dead son,—the very first death in all the fair new earth!

Do you think Cain all at once grew wicked enough to kill his brother? It always seemed to me as if he must have begun when he was a little boy. May be at first he did not mind his mother the first time she spoke to him, thinking that some other time or some other way would do just as well; and at last he came not to mind her at all,

and thought he knew the best. Then it would be very easy to go a few steps farther, and disobey the great God.

And I do not suppose that the first time he grew angry, he would have killed any one. But instead of trying to put away all these wrong feelings, he carefully cherished them, and thought them over; and so his hatred and jealousy grew until it overmastered him.

So it always is; one little wrong makes it easier to do a greater one. And in the same way one good act makes the next good one easier. We cannot grow very good or very bad all at once. I hope the INSTRUCTOR boys and girls will remember this, and be very careful about the beginnings of things, to see that they are right; then it will be easy to have the whole right.

W. E. L.

PRUE'S MISSIONARY MONEY.

"O MAMMA, my potatoes are looking splendid, and papa thinks there will be at least six bushels; and if they are fifty cents a bushel, there will be three dollars. Only think! won't that be a good deal of money?" So saying, Phil Sanborn drew up to the dinner-table delighted.

"Yes, my son, that will be a good deal, indeed," said Mrs. Sanborn, as she smiled down upon her ten-year-old boy.

The spring previous some of the ladies of the Woman's Board of Missions had been in that town to tell of the grand work they were doing, and even the boys and girls were interested. Phil had been told that he might plant some potatoes, caring for them himself, and have their price for missions when these ladies came around.

Prue, Phil's nine-year-old sister, heard, and her large blue eyes grew sad, for she had nothing to give.

"Eat your dinner, Prue," said mamma; "I thought my little girl was fond of apple dumplings."

"So I am—I was thinking."

"Of what?" asked papa. "Any new disease attacked your dolly?"

"No, papa; but such wonderful things are to be done." "What wonderful things? Is Barnum coming up here with his museum?"

"Why, no, papa; but about missions; and you and mamma and auntie, and even Phil, have something to give, and I—I haven't anything." And Prue ended with a sob.

"Who ever expected girls could earn anything, I'd like to know? See here, Prue, I'll give you ten cents of my potato money," said Phil.

"I do not want it," returned Prue.

"I'll give you twenty-five cents," said papa.

"That would not be earning it myself, as the rest of you do! No, I do not want to give what is not my very own," she said.

After the dishes were washed, mamma sat down to her sewing, and auntie to her knitting, while Prue, with the kitten in her lap, was in a brown study.

"O mamma! I've got an idea," and Prue gave such a jump that the kitten went out of the window. "Auntie said I was very clever at making dolls' clothes. And I might make a few suits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Roberts's store. He will let me, if it is for missions, and then I'll have some money all my own to give."

"So you shall, dearie," said auntie. "Get your silks and merino, and your dolly, and we will begin. I will cut and fit, and you shall sew every stitch."

In November the missionary meetings were held again. Phil gave three dollars and seventy-nine cents—the dollars from potatoes, and the cents from chestnuts. Then happy little Prue brought her offering—four bright new silver dollars, with her eyes shining like stars.

That night, as they talked the meeting over by the fire at home, Phil said: "I have changed my mind about girls, since Prue earned so much. I do not know that many boys could have done better."

And Prue whispered to mamma: "Wasn't it work for Jesus, too, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, if you did it for the love of helping Him," replied mamma.

"It seemed to-day as though Jesus stood there and smiled at me, saying: 'Prue, I know you love me, for you gave up those pretty clothes for me.'"—*Canadian Missionary Link.*

NEVER SWEAR.

1. It is *mean*. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal as swear.

2. It is *vulgar*—altogether too low for a decent boy.

3. It is *cowardly*—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is *ungentlemanly*. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a *genteel man*—well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

5. It is *indecent*—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is *foolish*. "Want of decency is want of sense."

7. It is *abusive*—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is *venomous*—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers.

9. It is *contemptible*—forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is *wicked*—violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.—*Sel.*

Letter Budget.

THIS week's Budget contains extracts from many letters, which includes nearly all received up to January. You see it is necessary to make most of them very short, so that we can print some of the many other waiting ones. The editor has read every word, and sends happy greeting to each little penman. Nearly every one has said, "I want to be good," or, "I am trying to be good, so I may be saved." We think most all of you have been instructed how you may be saved, but are you all making the effort God requires of you,—to just live for Jesus, doing every thing to please him; living always as if he were by your side? You would be very careful of your words and actions then. But he sees and knows all you do, so if you really want to be saved, if you will make your ways and words please the Saviour, he will just as surely provide a place for you in his many mansions. How many of the little girls and boys whose names appear in this paper will enter the gate which gives right to the tree of life? The letters are as follows: First—

FOUR little girls, each nine years old,—BERTHA JONES, of Minnehaha Co., Dak., INA S. BRYANT, Franklin Co., Maine, LILLIE B. PARKS, Grand Isle Co., Vt., and EDITH M. GRIFFITH, De Kalb Co., Ind., wrote letters a long time ago for the Budget. They were all attending school and Sabbath-school but Edith, who says, "I have the whooping-cough so that I cannot go to school or Sabbath-school." Bertha writes, "Grandma lives with us now." Ina says, "I wash the dishes when I am home, but do not have time when I go to school. I had a wax doll given me last Christmas." Lillie writes, "Our Sabbath-school is at the house of a neighbor one Sabbath, and the next Sabbath at our home."

ANOTHER little girl nine years old, Louella Wilson, wrote ever so long ago, at which time she was interested in "Walks about Boston." She is the daughter of a farmer, and with her brothers and sisters lives with her parents. But she has two sisters and one brother who do not keep the Sabbath, and she wants you to pray for them and for her.

SOPHIA JOHNSON, aged seven years, wrote during the holidays from Douglas Co., Neb. She loves to study the Bible and her Sabbath-school lessons.

WE received a letter from Presque Isle, Maine, last October, written by a little girl eight years old; but the name of the writer was left off. She has a brother five years old. She was learning her Sabbath-school lessons in Book No. 2, and had begun to read the Bible through by course. Her father was teacher of a Bible class. Will she please give us her name?

CARRIE E. SNOW, of Aroostook Co., Maine, writes for the first time. She is ten years old. She has a brother attending school at South Lancaster.

GEO. POWERS sent a letter from St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. His mother and grandmother had been dead about a year. As his father did not keep house, he was living at Mr. Andrew Cobbs's. He attends Sabbath and day school, and wants to meet his mother with the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth.

WE have a letter from Marshall Co., Ind., written by VIOLA M. ALBERT. She is eight years old, and has a twin brother who goes with her to school and Sabbath-school. Then she has a little brother five years old. Her papa is superintendent of the Sabbath-school.

WITH the waiting letters is a short one each from WILHELM KINNEY, Monona Co., Iowa, MARY FROM, Wash. Co., Neb., and LYDIA JOHNSON, Shelby Co., Iowa. These love the INSTRUCTOR, and hope for a place in the new earth.

ALSO, we have a letter from SADIE HAYES, who lives at Huntington Co., Ind. Sadie gave a sketch of how their family came into the truth. We hope they are still firm in keeping God's commandments.

ANNA BIDWELL writes from Adams Co., Wis. She says: "I have two brothers and two sisters, and we are all members of our Sabbath-school, which is only half a mile from our house. I joined the Sabbath-school and church one year ago. One brother and I were baptized by Eld. Johnson last May. My older brother is teaching school. I shall be eleven the 17th of April. My sisters and I have each a sheep, bought with money an uncle gave us for that purpose. I paid my tithes yesterday. I hope all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR give to God his share of their money; and you know the Bible says the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. I am trying to live the life of a Christian."

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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