

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## THE PEACE OF THE SUMMER DAY.

Oh, the perfect peace and quiet  
Of the fair midsummer day,  
As up in the rippling waters  
Heaven's lights and shadows play.  
From the depths of distant woodlands  
Hear the robin's piping call,  
While the breezes through the tree-tops  
Croon a lullaby for all.

Far from city haunt and bustle  
Came we on a summer's morn;  
'Neath the shine of heaven's glory  
Lingering till the week was gone.  
Ah, could hearts grow cold and selfish  
Or forgetful of the "Best,"  
As in God's own grandest temples  
Heart and mind sought daily rest?

Life must have its winter season,  
Summer cannot last for aye;  
Storms must come, and storm clouds follow  
Brightest sunshine in the sky;  
But the peace that maketh perfect,  
Never-dying, gladsome rest,  
Only comes where there is cherished  
Love's sweet summer in each breast.

Love which goeth on forever,  
Hand in hand with charity;  
Love which wearies not, nor faileth  
In its gentle sympathy;  
Love which has its sweet beginning  
In the God whose name is Love:  
Then, indeed, will peace and gladness  
Make the bluest skies above.

—Mary D. Brine, in *Christian Weekly*.

## MATTY'S NEW HEART.

It was cool and pleasant in Matty's room upstairs, with the breeze stirring the white curtains at the windows, and gently lifting the brown curls of Matty herself, seated beside a little table on which were piled her school-books. This room was her own particular nook,—“den,” papa called it. There were pots of bright geraniums in one window, while a canary in his gilded cage occupied the other.

A pretty little room it was; but the occupant and owner took no note of the handsome carpet or the blue and white walls, not even of the knick-knacks, so dear to a girl's heart, scattered about. She did not hear the bird-notes, filling the air with melody; she did not feel the breeze; but, instead, she was hot and uncomfortable. She was, in truth, deep in a conversation. Her rhetoric lay open before her, several sheets of writing-paper lay spread on the table, but she was talking; and while so doing, the end of her pen-holder was nervously chewed. You see, Matty was talking to—Matty. The girl in the chair was the outside Matty, and the girl she was talking to was the inside Matty.

“I would n't do it,” says inside.  
“I am going to,” says outside.  
“O Matty, don't! Just think!” urges inside.

“I won't think! I'll make those girls open their eyes for once. Hateful things!”

“But, Matty, it will be just the same as stealing.”

“Stealing!” screams outside. “The idea! How can it be stealing just to write down something you find in an old newspaper, and read it in school? Why, I could write as good as that myself, any way!”

“But you know you'll say it's your composition, and it isn't.”

“I won't say a word about it. I'll just hand it in with the others, and I'm sure I can't help what teachers choose to think. Why, Professor Wright might make mistakes about lots of things, and it would be none of my business!”

“What would your Sabbath-school teacher think if she knew you—?”

“Has n't got anything to do with Sabbath-schools. This is a school composition.”

“How can you say your prayers,” still pleads inside, in a very faint voice, “if you—?”

“I said I was going to, and I am. So there! Won't those hateful girls stare? They won't know what half the words mean. I don't think I know what they all mean,” she added, dubiously; “but I can look them up in the dictionary!”

“But, Matty, it is so”—the voice sounded very far away—“wrong, and you know—” She took up the newspaper and dipped the pen in the ink. Then she carefully copied

she could not win their love, that they should at least envy her.

Every month the pupils in the school were required to write compositions. The most meritorious one was selected to be read, while the writer's name occupied the roll of honor. Not satisfied with her own efforts, Matty was finally tempted—and yielded—to do what we have just seen.

She was pretty busy, and the thought of what she had done did not trouble her. If it did creep in at some odd moment, she resolutely put it out of her mind. Not until the next morning, while looking over her lesson prepara-



word for word. Next she looked it over to see that the punctuation was correct, and that there was no mistake. The page was neatly folded, and across the top was written “Matty Matthews's Composition.”

When Matty was a wee little thing, her lips not yet able to form words, her baby ears had heard that she was a “bright” child; grown older, her elders had injudiciously praised her for aptness in learning, until the present time, when, fourteen years old, her vanity had become so awakened, that refused praise and adulation, Matty became vain, selfish, haughty, and overbearing; as a consequence, disliked by her school-fellows. Conscious of this, no longer receiving from them the flattery so dear to her, she resolved, if

tory to going to Sabbath-school, did she feel much concern. “Miss Lulu,” she reflected, “had such clear gray eyes, they just looked through one. Suppose Miss Lulu knew—” but she wouldn't think about such unpleasant things. How pretty her hair was! That shade of blue was very becoming, too.

That Sabbath the lesson was in Matthew, fifteenth chapter, and when they came to the verse about the heart, Miss Lulu, her teacher, drew such a picture of the heart when it is unregenerate, unrenewed, that all in the class were impressed. Then she told them that Christ could give them a new heart if they had faith in him. It was not in vain that Miss Lulu spent an hour in prayer that morning; not in vain that she pleaded with God during the week to





## For Our Little Ones.

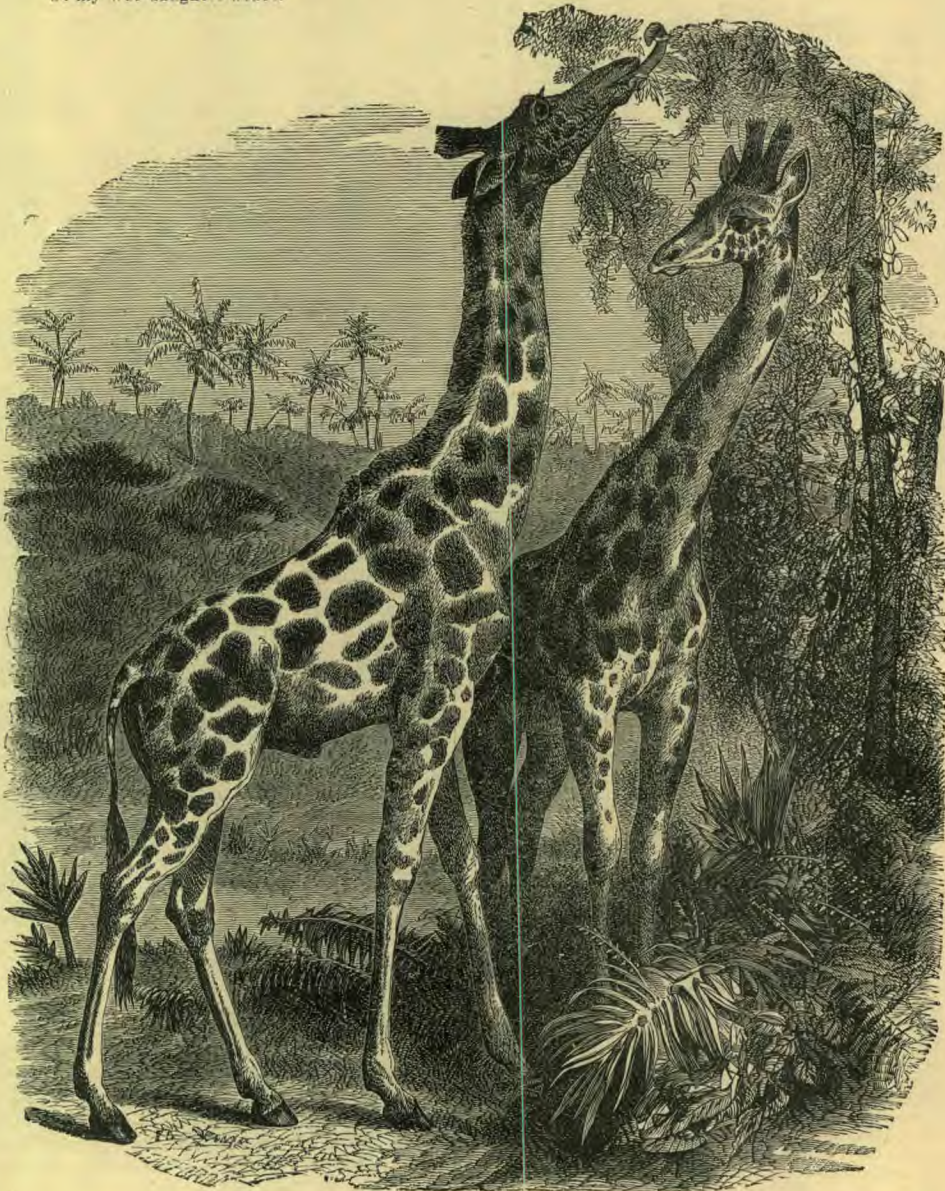
### A MASQUERADE.

A LITTLE old woman before me  
Went slowly down the street;  
Walking as if weary  
Were her feeble, tottering feet.

From under her old poke bonnet  
I caught a gleam of snow,  
And her waving cap-strings floated,  
Like a pennon, to and fro.

In the folds of her rusty mantle  
Sudden her footstep caught,  
And I sprang to keep her from falling,  
With a touch as quick as thought.

When under the old poke bonnet,  
I saw a winsome face,  
Framed in with the flaxen ringlets  
Of my wee daughter Grace.



Mantle and cape together  
Dropped off at my very feet;  
And there stood the little fairy,  
Beautiful, blushing, sweet!

Will it be like this, I wonder,  
When at last we come to stand  
On the golden, ringing pavement  
Of the blessed, blessed land?

Losing the rusty garments  
We wore in the years of Time,  
Will our better selves spring backward,  
Serene in a youth sublime?

Instead of the shapes that hid us,  
And made us old and gray,  
Shall we get our child-hearts back again,  
With a brightness that will stay?

I thought—but my little daughter  
Slipped her dimpled hand in mine;  
"I was only playing," she whispered,  
"That I was ninety-nine."

—Selected.

### THE GIRAFFE.

HERE is an animal whose long legs and high head are a wonder indeed! He is the tallest of all earthly dwellers, and crops his food with ease from the branches of the trees. Other animals are content to eat the grass at their feet, but the giraffe never stoops to any thing so low. He is ever looking upward; indeed, he cannot put his nose to the ground without much effort and straddling of his forelegs.

The male is often eighteen or twenty feet high, and if three tall men stood one on the head of the other, the highest would hardly reach the giraffe's nose. What a neck this would be to have a cold in! Just think of two or three yards of sore throat! A bed blanket would be required to wrap around it.

Not many years ago this animal was known only to a few travelers, whose accounts of it were scarcely believed. But at length four giraffes were trapped in Abyssinia, and were exhibited and became known to the world.

The giraffe resembles the leopard in color, having a sleek and spotted skin. The shoulders are high, giving it a tapering appearance from the head to the tail; but the hind legs are as long as those in front. Its tongue is often stretched out a foot or more from its mouth, and is used, like the trunk of the elephant, as a feeler, grasper, and an organ of taste. With it he picks out the best and tenderest of the leaves, rejecting all others instantly by the touch. When carried around for a show, he is quite inclined to reach up to the high seats and twist off the

flowers from the ladies' bonnets, and, as might be expected, he makes no little stir among them. Other mischief he does with this unruly member, which he can contract to a very small point.

His eyes are large and very beautiful, and so made that he looks in every direction without the trouble of turning his head; no enemy can approach undiscovered. He is fond of company, and is said to shed tears when separated from his mate.

His nostrils are protected, even down to the margin, by strong hair which shuts out the entrance of the fine sand, which the suffocating storms of the desert stir up. Thus God wonderfully adapts him to the place where he is to live.

He is swift of foot, and presents a singular appearance when running. His tail is curled up over his back, and he switches it to and fro so swiftly that it makes a hissing sound; his head moves with it in exact time, while his two hind feet at every leap strike far ahead and on either side of the front ones.

These animals are as gentle and inoffensive as deer, and when tamed, are playful and affectionate. The giraffe has some human traits of character, being very fond of attention, and often resorting to little tricks to gain the admiration of visitors.

Unlike most other animals, it is dumb, never expressing by a sound its pleasure or its pain; even when dying, no groan or sigh escapes it; but its great, lustrous, mild eyes tell what its tongue fails to articulate. Oh, who would wish to hurt or annoy so beautiful and helpless a creature!

When attacked by beasts of prey in their own native woods, the giraffes escape by flight, if possible; but if not, they let fly their nimble hind legs with such lightning-like velocity, that even lions are glad to beat a retreat. But if

the lion springs unperceived upon the giraffe, he soon overcomes it by his superior strength and terrible claws, and the poor creature yields to its fate, looking mildly and imploringly upon its foe.

In their own native woods, giraffes like company; they herd together in droves of twenty or more, and are led by an old experienced male. Hunters often mistake a drove for so many trees; or think the tall trees are the necks of the giraffe, and so creep up very slyly, only to laugh at their own mistake.

There is a peculiar and not unpleasant odor about these animals, which reminds one of the smell of balm honey; and the same is perceived in the flesh when cooked. This is supposed to be derived from the fragrant flowering shrubs on which they feed.

Hunters find it difficult to bring down these haughty monarchs with their rifles, and so resort to deep pit-falls, with an inside cross wall, not as high as the sides; and if a giraffe is so unfortunate as to fall in, his hind feet are on one side of the wall, while the forelegs are on the other. Thus hung, he is unable to touch the ground.

Surely a man must be cruelly hard-hearted to hunt for sport these noble and confiding creatures, and God will not hold him guiltless who wantonly torments and destroys them.—Selected.

## Letter Budget.

YOU will all be glad to read a letter from a little girl away in New Zealand. It came by the way of Eld. Haskell, who, you know, has recently returned from starting a mission there. Eld. Haskell says he "had the pleasure of baptizing her among the first few who were baptized, and she is now a member of the church." The letter is from MARGARET HARE, of Auckland, New Zealand. She writes: "As I have never written for the Budget, I thought I would write a few lines. I am a little girl eleven years old. I have one brother and four sisters. We have been keeping the Sabbath since Mr. Haskell came here first. There are a good many keeping the Sabbath in Kaeo. We go to Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath. I go to day school, but just now there is no school because the schoolmaster's daughter is sick."

ROSA JACKSON writes a letter from Tippecanoe Co., Ind. She says: "I am a member of the INSTRUCTOR family; so I will write a few lines for the Budget. I am ten years old. I go to Aunty Peret's Sabbath-school. We have just begun Book No. 2. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much. I have three brothers, and we all go to school. I go every day. There are about five hundred children in our school. At home we have chickens, geese, and cows. I like to help mamma take care of them. I would like to have my letter printed."

EVELINE VAN GUNDY, writing from Deer Lodge Co., Montana, says her arm that she hurt some time before, and which she had written about, is getting well. Her great grandma is now eighty years old. They had a young bear, but he became so unruly that they had to kill him. He was so fat his flesh looked like pork.

JESSIE MCNEAL and TENSA HOWELL write a letter from Sciota Co., Ohio. Jessie says: "Thinking you would like to hear from us away down in Southern Ohio, and as Tensa was making me a visit, we thought we would write to the Budget. I am the youngest of the family. I attend Sabbath-school, which is four miles away, with my parents, brother, and sister. There are fifteen scholars in the school and four classes. Papa is superintendent." Tensa says: "Jessie and I get our lessons in Book No. 3. My aunt is our teacher, and we like her very much, because she explains things so well to us. I go to Sabbath-school with mamma and my brother. My little sister Flora died last November with the diphtheria. We all miss her very much at the Sabbath-school. I am fourteen years old. My oldest brother and sister do not keep the Sabbath. We do not have preaching very often. We will close, hoping to see this letter printed."

GEORGIE PEAVY, of Harvey Co., Kan., says: "If you will let mamma write for me, I will send a letter to the Budget. I am seven years old. I help papa do the chores. I water the mule, feed and water the chickens, and help take care of my little brother Eddie, who is three years old. We both go to Sabbath-school. I study in Book No. 1. We have a good school. Eld. Cook preached here Monday night from Revelation 22. The house was full. I want to be a good boy, so I may be saved when the Lord comes."

ROSETTA HILL, writing from Mercer Co., Mo., says: "This is my first letter to the Budget. I am a little girl eleven years old. I have one sister and two little brothers. We go to Sabbath-school with our parents. I study in Book No. 4, and my brothers in No. 1. I love the Sabbath-school, and try to have good lessons. I give my teacher and school-mates at the day school some of my INSTRUCTORS to read, and they seem to like to read them very well. I am trying to do missionary work this way. Father says he will give me some ground for a missionary garden, and I am going to try to make a success of it. I hope to meet the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth."

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