

Youth's Instructor

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THE TWO DIMES.

MRS. SMITH had been complaining for a number of days about a pile of sawed wood, which was lying out of doors, instead of being piled up in the wood-shed where it belonged; and she "expected every day," she told her husband, "that they would have rain, and then she would n't have a dry stick to cook a meal of victuals with."

So Mr. Smith, who was a business man, and had n't time to attend to it himself, hailed two little boys whom he met on the street, and offered them a dime apiece if they would pile the wood up nicely in the shed.

The boys were Willie Hizerd and Fred Brown. They were bright, active little fellows about ten years of age, and were very glad of a chance of earning a few pennies.

They worked briskly and steadily. The wood was soon piled high and dry in the shed, and the boys felt themselves amply repaid for their labor by the glad words of Mrs. Smith, a piece of custard pie from her pantry, and a bright silver dime in the pocket-book of each.

"Now," said Willie, as they stepped into the street, "let's go down town and spend our money."

"I don't believe I care to," answered Fred. "What are you going to buy with yours?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Prize-boxes of candy, I guess. They have some nice ones down at Harley's. Come on; they'll give us two boxes for ten cents."

"No, I'm not going to spend my dime that way. In a few minutes the candy will be gone, and the money, too. Grandpa told me the other day that he'd give me old Topknot. She wants to set now, so I think I'll buy a dozen fresh eggs with my dime, and take Topknot home with me and set her. You buy your prize-boxes if you want to, but I'll invest in eggs. So good-by!"

And Willie bought and ate his prize candy, then played around the street until dinner time, when he went home with a sick headache. By night he had a high fever. In the morning he was no better. A physician was sent for; but in spite of all that could be done for him, he had a long spell of sickness, which lasted many days. The doctor pronounced the candy the prime cause of the whole trouble; and when he sent in his bill, amounting to over fifty dollars, Willie felt as though he had made a pretty poor investment of his ten cents.

But how was it with Fred all this time? Well, he followed up his first intentions—spent his dime for a dozen eggs (the farmer's wife giving him an extra one for good luck). He set them, and in three weeks eleven downy, fluffy little chicks were following proud Mrs. Topknot all about the yard.

Fred tended the promising brood carefully, and was rewarded by seeing them thrive and grow beyond his highest expectations. About the middle of June he was offered twenty-five cents apiece for them. It was a little higher than the usual price, but they were unusually large and nice.

He had lost but one out of the eleven, and he sold the remaining ten for \$2.50.

With two new, crisp dollar bills and a fifty-cent silver piece in his pocket-book, Fred felt that his dime had been well invested.

He stopped in to see Willie, who was still confined to his room, intending to show him the money, and do a little boasting; but the sight of Willie's pale face drove all such thoughts from his mind. He felt so sorry for him that he didn't even mention the subject.

No millionaire ever studied more over different modes of investing than did our Freddie that night. First, he resolved to put all of his money in chickens, and go into the business quite extensively.

This, however, he discarded as being rather risky. Cholera might put in an appearance, and he would lose them all. Then he was about determined to go halves with Jimmy Whitehall, and buy a calf; but the calf might die. It would n't do to venture his all where there was any possibility of a total loss.

He at last decided as to the investment of his money. In the first place he would write to Boston for a bracket-saw, which would cost one dollar. Then he would spend fifty cents for wood. With the remaining dollar he would buy Mr. Grinley's pig, which he had offered him for that sum. It was a little, sickly thing, but he thought if Fred kept it by itself, and nursed it up a little, it would come out all right, and he would make money out of it.

Now, Piggy continued to grow, until one day in November, when Fred was offered eight dollars for his pig. He sold him, and then opened his bank to count its contents. One dollar, two dollars, three dollars, and so on, were counted, until fourteen dollars and a half were taken from their snug retreat.

Fred looked at his pile of money with a proud heart. Twenty-two dollars and a half lay before him, and it all came from the wise investment of ten cents.

Just then Willie came in. He was strong and well enough now for Fred to conscientiously comment upon the different results of their expenditures the spring previous.

"Willie, do you remember buying candy with your dime that Mr. Smith gave you last March?"

"Yes, sir—e! Don't say candy to me. It makes me sick to think of it. I don't believe I shall ever like it again. I think that prize-package candy had poison in it. Do you know Doctor Bond says that it was really the cause of my long sickness?"

"Why, yes, I have heard so; but what I want to say is, do you remember I said I was going to buy some eggs with my dime?"

"Yes. Did you do it?"

"I did, and here is the result."

And Fred proudly counted out his twenty-two dollars and a half before the astonished gaze of his friend.

"Whew! You don't mean to say that that has all grown from your ten cents?"

"Yes, sir, I do. I've had to work some to help it along; but if I hadn't invested my ten cents as I did, I should n't have this pile of money to go to school with."

"Well," said Will, "if that does n't beat anything I ever heard of. Who would have thought it? Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents from one dime! I wonder if Mr. Smith has n't some more wood to pile up. I believe I'll try it over again."—*Golden Days.*

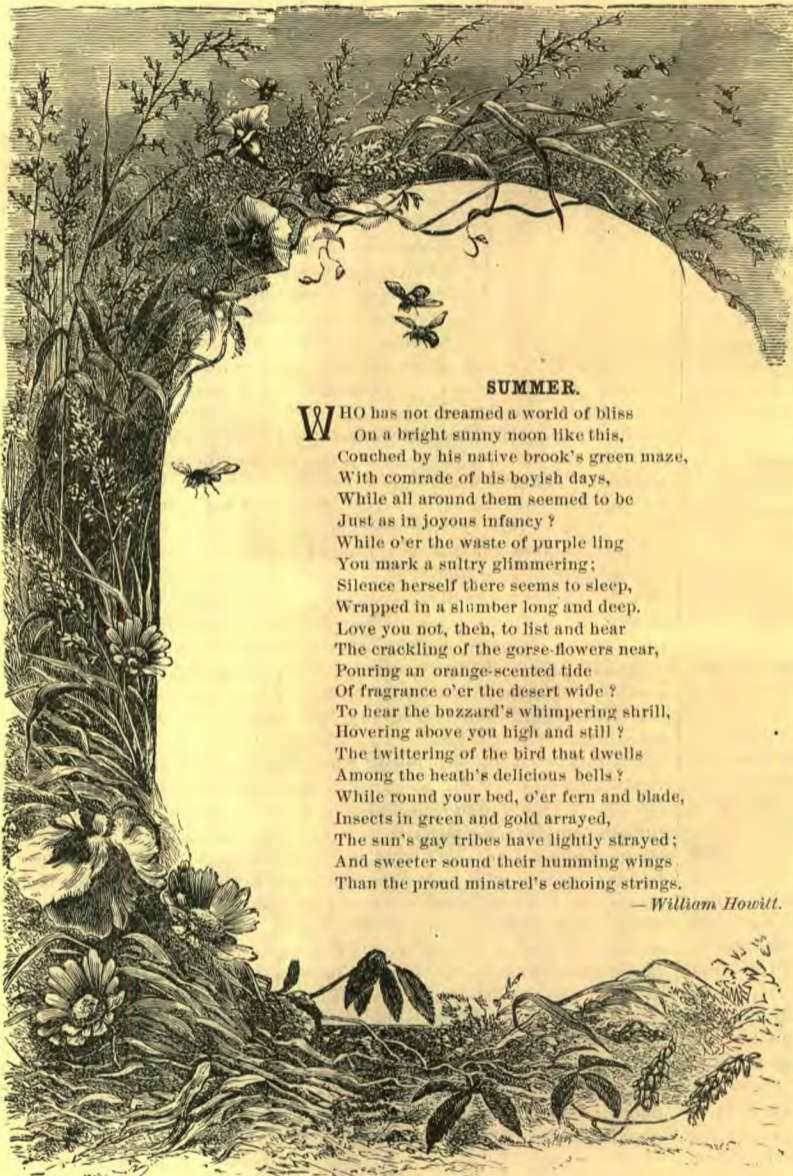
For the INSTRUCTOR.

ABOUT MONEY.

WHY is it that every body wants money? We can not eat it, nor wear it, nor drink it. Why is it so valuable? Simply because, as the Bible says, "Money answereth all things;" that is, money will buy anything that can be bought. But what is money? We mean by it, gold, silver, copper, or paper money. But many things at different times and places have been used as money. Tin was thus employed in ancient Britain; iron was used as money in Sparta, Greece; cattle were so used in Rome and Germany; indeed, the word *pecuniary*, relating to money, is derived from *pecus*, cattle. Leather was used as money among the Carthaginians, platinum in Russia, lead in Burmah, nails in Scotland, silk in China, tea in Tartary, slaves among the Anglo-Saxons, tobacco in Virginia, codfish in New Foundland, bullets in early Massachusetts, sugar in the West Indies, soap in Mexico, etc.

The term money, comes from the Roman temple, Juno Moneta, where there was a mint for coining money. Silver and gold are the articles most generally used; there are good reasons for this. These metals are valuable in themselves; they wear out very slowly; they are largely distributed over the globe, and yet are very scarce; they are of the same quality wherever found; and their value changes less than anything else in the world. Hence, they are the best standards of money. The first mention of their use as money is in Gen. 23: 16, where Abraham bought a piece of land.

But gold and silver were not at the first made into pieces of money as we now have them. They were in fine particles, or little pieces, in the form of lumps, buttons, wedges, and spikes. They had to be weighed, in trade. Thus we



SUMMER.

WHO has not dreamed a world of bliss
On a bright sunny noon like this,
Couched by his native brook's green maze,
With comrade of his boyish days,
While all around them seemed to be
Just as in joyous infancy?
While o'er the waste of purple ling
You mark a sultry glimmering;
Silence herself there seems to sleep,
Wrapped in a slumber long and deep.
Love you not, then, to list and hear
The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,
Pouring an orange-scented tide
Of fragrance o'er the desert wide?
To hear the buzzard's whimpering shrill,
Hovering above you high and still?
The twittering of the bird that dwells
Among the heath's delicious bells?
While round your bed, o'er fern and blade,
Insects in green and gold arrayed,
The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed;
And sweeter sound their humming wings
Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

—William Howitt.

The following night found Fred minus a cent of money, but with a letter on the way to Boston, containing a dollar and an order for a bracket-saw; also material sufficient, in the corner of his room, apparently to supply the whole country with brackets, work-boxes, and the like for a long time to come. Then, in a little pen, made by Fred himself, was the pig, properly fed and made comfortable, with a good, dry bed, and plenty of buttermilk. Piggy, of course, improved. He was soon entirely well, and grew rapidly.

In due time Fred's saw arrived, and when some of his handiwork began to appear, the orders for brackets and picture-frames, work-boxes and various articles came in faster than they could be filled. Fred was industrious, and stimulated by the encouragement he received, he sawed away with untiring energy.

The Sabbath-School.

SECOND SABBATH IN AUGUST.

IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

LESSON 17.—SANCTIFYING THE SABBATH.

1. In how many days were the heavens and the earth completed? Ex. 20:11.
2. What can you say of the seventh day?
3. After God had rested on the seventh day, what did he do?
4. Why did he hallow, or sanctify, the seventh day? Gen. 2:3.
5. When Moses, according to the Lord's instruction (Ex. 19:12), had set bounds about Mount Sinai, what did he say had been done to it? Ex. 19:23.
6. What did the children of Israel do with certain cities? Josh. 20:7, margin.
7. In what words did the Lord, through one of his prophets, command that a fast should be appointed? Joel 2:15.
8. From these instances, what must be the meaning of "sanctify"?—*To appoint; to set apart for a special use; to make sacred or holy.*
9. Then what is really meant by the expression, "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it"?—*That God appointed, or set apart, the seventh day for a special use; in short, that he commanded that the seventh day should be kept holy.*
10. Was any one living to whom such a command could have been given? Gen. 1:26, 27.
11. For whom did Jesus say the Sabbath was made? Mark 2:27.
12. In what sense is the word "man" here used?—*In the sense of "the human race; mankind; the totality of men."*—Webster.
13. Did the Saviour mean that the Sabbath belongs to man? Ex. 20:10.
14. Then is it proper to speak of the seventh day as the Sabbath of any particular class of people?—*Certainly not; it is God's own property.*
15. Did God bless the Sabbath institution or the Sabbath day? Ex. 20:11.
16. What is the great design of the Sabbath? Ezek. 20:12, 20.
17. How is the true God distinguished from false gods? Ps. 96:4, 5; Jer. 10:10-12.
18. From what may we learn the power and glory of God? Ps. 19:1; Rom. 1:19, 20.
19. Then how does the Sabbath serve as a sign to remind people of the true God? Gen. 2:1-3.
20. Does the Lord wish to be remembered by only a few? Ps. 33:8.
21. Then how extensively should the Sabbath be kept?

GAINS FROM ANY ENVIRONMENT.

THERE is often need for vigilance and for appreciation of what seem trivial gains on the part of those engaged in a high work. When a pastor notes the small number of accessions to his church, and longs despairingly for a call to some field where his services will be more productive; when a Sabbath-school teacher thinks of giving up her class because in a year's time she has only succeeded in teaching them a little about the Bible, and has not succeeded in persuading any one of them to come out publicly on the Lord's side; when any Christian becomes discontented with the success granted to him in a work of God's choosing, and seeks to turn aside to a work of his own choosing,—it is time to remember that the smallest gain in God's work is worthy of the largest sacrifice, and that no gain is too trivial to escape glad record in the book of God. Paul knew and acted upon this principle. He would have rejoiced if all men had listened to his message, and had turned in free surrender to the Saviour; but though such success did not follow his preaching, he knew that no effort must be relaxed on that account, and so he became all things to all men, that by all means he might save some. This is true thrift in Christian work; to keep to one's own divinely appointed field, however narrow it may be, and to count no opportunity too small or trivial to be utilized for Christ.

There are some men who are forever throwing the blame of their failures upon their environment. In the long run, it matters less what our environment is in itself than what we make out of it; as the tin of the Scilly Isles, dug out of the ground, was more valuable to the ancient world than the gold of California, not dug out, and as the barrenest hillside, beneath the hand of diligence, is worth more than the richest plain abandoned by sloth to luxuriant weeds. There is no environment, however poor, which is not rich enough to yield some reward to those who diligently seek it. The chief cause of failure among men is not the poverty of their environment, but the shiftlessness which fails to make anything out of any environment.—*S. S. Times.*

A MAN who had a fine flock of sheep, was asked by a friend how he succeeded in raising them. He replied: "By taking good care of the lambs."

Our Scrap-Book.

COMMONPLACE.

COMMONPLACE life, we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.
—*Christian Union.*

LITTLE FOLKS AMONG THE ZULUS.

THE inquiring mind is always entertained with facts in the history of other nations and peoples, particularly when these are separated by great seas, and located in a climate almost the extreme opposite of his own. Such is Zulu Land, away in the southeast of Africa. Here ice and snow are seldom seen, except back from the coast or up on the mountains, and the weather is so warm the little babe needs no clothing, which it never has except it be a cotton blanket to occasionally wrap it in upon a cool morning. The following little picture of Zulu life is an extract from an article furnished the *Presbyterian Observer*:

"The Zulu mother has no bed or crib in which to put her babe, and so she lays it on a mat, on the ground, where it sleeps sweetly. The mother has not much work to do in her hut. She has no clothes to make or wash or mend. She does not even wash the baby's blanket often, for she says it will wear it out to wash it, and I think it would wear holes in it if she should wash it clean. She has only one dish of food to cook at a meal. She sets that out in the middle of the floor, and the men gather around it, sitting on the ground, and eat with wooden spoons till they are satisfied. Then the women and children come and eat what they want, and if there is any left the dogs lap it out of the dish. So the woman has only one dish and a few spoons to wash, and only one room in her hut to sweep out, and no furniture to dust.

"But she does not expect to live in idleness, since her husband has paid ten head of cattle for her. She takes great pride in having a nice garden—as much so as your mothers in having a nice house. When the mother goes out into the garden to work, she ties the babe on her back with the blanket I have spoken of, and marches out with a great hoe on her shoulder, a dish of sour milk on her head to feed the babe with, and her hands full of ears of corn. Arriving, she scatters the corn broadcast and begins her digging, swinging back and forth with her little one on her back, thus rocking her babe to sleep. She then lays it on the soft grass in the shade of a tree, and although there are so many snakes all about there, we have never heard of their biting the little ones.

"When the baby wakes up, it cries just as white children do, and the mother throws down her hoe and runs to it just as fast as any of your mothers run for you when they hear you crying. She loves her child just as much as white mothers do theirs. It is hungry, and the mother feeds it with that sour milk she has brought on her head. She has a nice way of feeding her little one without cup or spoon. She puts her hand just under the babe's mouth and makes a tunnel, and pouring in the milk it runs right down the child's throat.

"The children are contented with plain food, and have but one kind of food at a meal. They never complain of a hard bed, though they sleep on a mat on the ground, often without even a blanket to cover them. They are just as happy as the goats they sleep with at night, or as the monkeys that come down from the tops of the trees to steal the corn as soon it is ripe. They are as cheerful as the baboons that come out from among the rocks to scratch up the corn the mother plants, if she does not remain in the garden all day and keep them out. They are very fond of play. One of their amusements consists in making oxen and cows and other animals of clay. They skip and jump about as happy and joyful as the animals about them. But there is a kind of happiness which you have and which they have not until some one goes and teaches them. And this is the happiness that comes through knowing Christ and obeying his precepts."

SOME THINGS FIRE AND WATER ARE DOING.

THE great internal fires of the earth are constantly at work, sometimes acting with shocks, and sometimes quietly and steadily changing the face of the earth. In India, seventy years ago, one of these sudden changes took place which was very remarkable. There was an earthquake shock, and a great piece of land fifty miles long and sixteen broad was suddenly lifted up ten feet higher than the country around, and there it has staid, with a straight wall around the edge called by the natives "Ullah Bund," or "God's Wall," from the mysterious way in which it arose. Without any earthquake shock or sudden movement, continents are in some places slowly sinking and in others as slowly rising. It might seem as if it were the waters which were rising or falling, but a moment's thinking will show you that this cannot be so. Water soon comes to a level, and as there is nearly the same quantity in the oceans all the while, it must be the land that is changing.

There was, a great many years ago, before Christ came into the world, a temple built on the Gulf of Baia near Naples. Three pillars are still standing of this temple, though they have seen many ups and downs since their building. The original pavement was of beautiful mosaic, and so well built that it still remains, though the earth on which it stands slowly sank for many years. About two hundred years after Christ a new floor was laid six feet above the old one, showing at that time how much the earth had sunk. Down, down the pillars went into the sea, till they had sunk twenty-six feet. Then came a terrible eruption of volcanic lava, and the temple was lifted bodily more than twenty feet, the pillars still standing upright. Twenty-six feet above the first pavement, and for twelve feet below that line, the pillars have been fairly pitted by some small sea animal which had burrowed into the marble when it was under the sea. The story of the temple's travels is written on the face of the pillars. Now the temple is again slowly sinking at the rate of an inch a year.

Our own continent is tilting up in some places and sinking down in others. The Florida coast is sinking; the North Carolina coast is rising. Near Boston the land is rising, and Greenland for six hundred miles is sinking so manifestly that the Greenlanders have learned not to build their huts close by the sea. An island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence is gradually tipping; its southern coast is dipping down and its northern rising into high bluffs.—*Harper's Young People.*

DISPOSING OF EGYPTIAN MUMMIES.

IN Miss Gordon Cummings's recent work on the land of the Pharaohs, she writes some interesting paragraphs about the modern Egyptian's manner of disposing of the mummies. They read as follows:—

"It is strange, indeed, to find a nation such as Egypt once was—the greatest and most civilized of all peoples—now so literally proving herself (as Ezekiel foretold she would become) 'the basest of the nations;' that, not content with converting the bones of thousands and tens of thousands of her ancestors into charcoal, to be used in refining sugar for their degenerate descendants and their foreign task-masters, she must needs actually make merchandise of her dead. These precious mummies, which in the days of her glory were accounted worthy of such exceeding honor that they were considered the very best security on which to lend money, inasmuch as the Egyptian who had been driven to pawn his deceased father or mother would sooner die than fail to redeem his pledge, now, in the hour of Egypt's degradation, are valued at so much per ton, and sold to strangers and aliens as a suitable manure for foreign soil. As you journey toward Memphis, you might very recently have chanced to meet long strings of camels, heavily laden with human bone-dust from the tombs. Here, too, from these old Alexandrian catacombs to the merchant vessels in the harbor, barges laden with brown dust ply to and fro. Their cargo is carried on board in baskets, and thrown into the hold; and the vessels deliver their choice goods in British ports at £6 10s per ton, to be mixed with the guano of Peru, and sold at a considerable profit. Several eye-witnesses have told us how they visited the ancient sepulchers while this work was going on, and saw pieces of human bone, small earthenware lamps, and tear glasses, among the dishonored dust of these myriad Egyptians, who were to be carried over the seas to fertilize English fields.

"The bones of by-gone generations of old Egyptians are not the only relics with which this present age has dealt ruthlessly. A gentleman told me that a few years ago he had ridden about seven miles into the plain to the east of Alexandria, a spot rarely visited, where, to his amazement, he found ruins of buildings, pillars and sepulchers carved in the rock, which he could only compare to those of Arabia Petrea. While he stood there, some workmen were employed in dragging forth a sarcophagus carved with intricate figures—a treasure for any museum. Its destination, however, was to be cast into a limekiln, as being the easiest way to obtain lime for building a mosque."

ARCHITECTURAL CROSSES.

THREE or four hundred years ago there were several kinds of crosses built all over England, the principal of which were memorial, market, boundary, preaching, and weeping crosses. To the last, the priests sent all those whom they thought needed discipline or punishment. Often they had to walk miles to reach them, and when there, were compelled to say many prayers.

Memorial crosses were erected by persons who had lost their friends. They also marked the scenes of battles, murders, and other events. Fifteen beautiful memorial crosses were built by King Edward I. at the places where the body of his queen, Eleanor, rested during that long journey from Grantham to London. Only three of these now remain, the most famous of which is the Gothic cross, at Waltham, which has been restored and carefully preserved. In Alpine regions, memorial crosses denote the most dangerous parts of the mountain road.

Market crosses were first used in market towns, for the priests went there on the great shopping days to preach. They were called by special names, as Butter and Poultry. They were built partly to afford shelter from the wet weather. They are still to be seen in many parts of England.

Boundary crosses marked the dividing line between different places. At preaching crosses, sermons were delivered and proclamations read. One of the latter stood in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, and here some of the Reformers preached the doctrines of the Reformation.

STORY OF A JACKDAW.

THE jackdaw is a native of Europe, and is the smallest specimen of the crow family. It has the name of being an impudent, noisy, and thievish fellow. An English exchange tells a curious story of one, as related to them by a little boy. It is as follows:—

"My aunt was some time since possessed of a jackdaw, which was the wonder of the village. He could sew well, putting the needle in and drawing it out with his bill, while he held the material down with his foot. He had a great partiality for keys and studs, hopping off and hiding them as often as he could; and he opened a pincushion, put his booty therein, and, incredible as it may seem, actually stitched it up again. He had another trick. Whenever he saw any persons in deep conversation, or engaged in reading, he very quietly gave them a dreadful peck on their ankle; yet, when the injured man looked up, 'Jack' was in some remote corner, either pluming himself or gazing about in the utmost innocence."

THE SIMPLEST PATENT ON RECORD.

THE officials in the Patent Office, Washington, tell many interesting anecdotes about that institution. One of them described to the writer, recently, the simplest patent on record. Some one conceived the idea of pasting a piece of thread under the flap of the envelope, the object being that the recipient of a letter, by taking hold of the end of the thread, could neatly tear the envelope open in an instant. The plan did not meet with much success, as the end of the thread was generally twisted out of place and hard to find, which fact led some genius to tie a knot in the end of the thread, and take out a separate patent on the knot.—*The Argonaut.*

For Our Little Ones.

A HERO.

WISH I could be a hero,"
A little boy said to me;
"And when I grow up, a hero
I really mean to be.
I mean to be brave," he told me,
While his face was all aglow;
"I'll do something grand and noble
That all the world shall know."

My little, unfledged hero,
I've something to say to you.
In the time when you're sorely tempted,
To your own self be true.
Do right, and let no one lead you
Into the ways of wrong,
And you'll be as true a hero
As e'er roused poet's song.

Be kind to the poor and needy
You'll meet with in the way;
Your life be a light to lead them
To loftier heights, I pray.

Be steadfast, and work in patience,
In all things do your best;
Be a man, my little fellow,
And you'll be all the rest.

—Eben E. Rexford.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

CHARLIE'S DOG.

WHEN Charlie was six years old, his uncle gave him a little black and white puppy. It was so bright and playful, and Charlie took such good care of it, that it soon became a great pet, and grew to be a large, fine dog. It was a shepherd dog, and was quite shaggy, and you can't guess what Charlie called him, although I've told his name already, as the old riddles say. Well, his name was Guess. Isn't that funny?

Charlie taught him a great many tricks. Of course he could shake hands, roll over, and stand up in the corner on his hind legs and beg. He would swim out into the water, and bring back sticks that Charlie had thrown in, and he thought it was rare sport; but he couldn't be coaxed to go after a stone when that was thrown in. He would shake his head, and wag his tail, as if to say, "I know better than that, sir."

But the cutest trick, he taught himself. One very rainy day the door-bell rang, and when Charlie's mamma went to the door, wondering who could be out in such a storm, whom do you think she found?—Guess. He had got tired of staying all alone, for it was too wet for his little master to play outdoors, and so he took this way to get in. He took into his mouth the knob attached to the bell-wire, and pulled it just as he had seen others do. At first, mamma would hardly believe it; but she shut him out again and watched, and so found out all about it. She thought this was so cute that she let him in; but after that he bothered her by ringing it so much that he had to be punished to break him of it.

When he was very thirsty, he used to turn the faucet in the kitchen sink; but as he could never turn it back, the water sometimes ran all over the kitchen floor; so he was soon taught that this was very wrong, and that he must ask when he wanted a drink. To do this, he would put his fore paws on the edge of the sink and whine.

Charlie said he would rather play with him than with a boy, and that they never quarreled. I suppose that was because Charlie could always have his own way. Guess would draw his sled in the winter, and his cart in the summer. He could catch a ball almost as good as anybody, but he could not throw it. He could play "teeter," too; and I must tell you what happened one day when Charlie did not mind his mother.

It was baking day, and mamma was almost ready to make a nice cake, when she found out that she did n't have any eggs. So she called Charlie, and giving him a little basket, told him to go over to the store and get her a dozen. "And don't stop to play, for I am in a great hurry," she said.

Charlie and Guess hurried along, Guess carrying the basket, and soon reached the store. The clerk counted out twelve large, white eggs, and back they started. The weather was warm, and Charlie was warm, and I think Guess was warm, too. Perhaps this was the reason they didn't walk quite as fast as before. They reached the low stone fence at the foot of the orchard safely at last; but alas, right under the first tree, in a shady nook, lay an

old barrel and a board! Now I hear you say, "What of that?" Why, do n't you know that a barrel and a board make the best kind of a teeter?

"Let's stop and teeter just a minute, Guess. We won't stay long, and then we'll hurry home all the faster," said Charlie.

Now he knew, just as well as you or I, that he ought not to stop; but then—he was just like some other little boys whom I know. Do you know of any?

He set the basket on the ground, and put the board over the barrel. Then Guess jumped on one end, and he got on the other, and what a nice time they did have!

"Teeter, tawter,
Bread and water,"

sang Charlie; but just then a tiny squirrel ran along the top of the stone wall, and quick as a flash, Guess sprang on to the wall after him, and sent Charlie sprawling on the ground. The fall was quite hard; but the worst of it all was that the basket was tipped over, and all but two of the white-shelled eggs were cracked, while three of them were broken outright.

It was a very sorry little boy that went home with the basket of broken eggs. How he wished he had minded his mother! But he was a brave little boy, too; for he did n't tell any wrong stories about it. He did n't say that



some big, bad Tom Jones did it, or that he stubbed his toe and fell down. No; he said, "Mamma, I have been real naughty. I stopped to play as you told me not to do, and so I broke nearly all the eggs; but forgive me, and I'll try to obey you after this."

Mamma forgave him, I'm sure, when she heard all about it; for I know she would rather he would break a dozen dozen eggs than to tell a lie. I think Charlie felt better than if he had told a lie; do n't you?

S. ISADORE MINER.

KIND AND GENTLE.

KIND and gentle I must be,
All from hate and envy free;
Slow to strive, quick to forgive—
Full of love as I can live.

Kind and gentle, I must pray
To be led in wisdom's way—
To be kept from every sin,
Hand without and heart within.

Kind and gentle, I must try
Jesus-like to live and die,
Doing good in every thing,
When I work, or pray, or sing.

Kind and gentle, I must learn
Right to do, and wrong to spurn,
Truth to seek, and error shun,
Fol y lost, and wisdom won.

Letter Budget.

RENA E. MILLER, of Berkshire Co., Mass., in ordering the INSTRUCTOR to a cousin, sends, at the same time, a letter to the Budget. She writes: "I love to read the letters so well I thought I would write one. Some kind friends send us the paper, and I have been saving my money to send it to one of my cousins. Perhaps she will like it so well that she will send it to some other little girl. I shall be nine years old the 10th of June. I keep the Sabbath with my mamma. We have been praying for those two little girls' papa ever since they wrote about praying for him. Will they please pray for my papa, that he may see the truth. He is a Christian, and a dear, good papa, but does not yet keep the Sabbath. I have several pets; first and best are my little baby sister and a little brother three and one half years old, Sadie and Harry. Then I have an old cat named Beauty, and two handsome kittens. When Beauty catches a squirrel, she brings it in for the baby to play with, and is so pleased to have her take it in her little hands. When she thinks baby has played with it long enough, she takes it away from her and eats it up. I have a pair of bantams. One of them was so tame last winter that he used to come into the house and fly up on to the foot of the baby's cradle and cuddle down, making a very contented little noise. Once he flew down right by the side of baby's head, and stood looking at her. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. The little girls in my class are trying to see how many new scholars they can get. I have got three. My teacher is a dear, good woman. We all love her very much. I am trying to do right, that I may live in the earth made new."

Who will start a wave in motion, as Rena has, by sending the INSTRUCTOR to another boy or girl, who, in turn, may furnish it to some one else, and thus extend the influence of the paper? One little knows the good that may be accomplished in this way.

WINNIE BOON, of Noble Co., Ohio, writes, "I like the INSTRUCTOR very much. A little friend in California sends it to me every week, and I send him our Sunday-school paper, the *Sunday-school Advocate*. I think it is nice to have friends so far away to write to us. We have never met each other, and do not know whether we ever shall or not, but if we never meet here, I hope we may meet on the other shore, with the rest of the INSTRUCTOR family. I am a little boy nine years old. I walk a mile and a half to Sabbath-school. We have our classes all named. My class is 'Busy Bees.' Our teacher takes up a penny collection every Sabbath, and our class comes out ahead nearly every time. I have one sister fourteen years old. We are raising sheep. I have three now, and my wool brought me over ten dollars. Sister has bought an organ with hers. She has five sheep now, and ten dollars left. There is much I would like to tell you, but I am afraid of the waste-basket. I send my love to all."

We should all be interested to hear how Winnie's class earned the name of "Busy Bees,"—what kind of work they did. It is a good name, and we trust they are busy in every good work.

GEO. W. MOORE, of San Benito Co., Cal., writes: "I am a little farmer's boy, nine years of age. We live eighteen miles from town, right in the mountains. There is a very large creek running through the land, and in the winter it is like a mad river. I have a saddle, and ride horseback. My sister and I walk a mile and a half to school. We all keep the Sabbath, but have no church within many miles. We used to live in Petaluma; then we attended church and Sabbath-school

regularly every Sabbath. This is my first letter to the Budget, and I hope to see it printed. I send my love to the INSTRUCTOR family, and hope to meet them all in the earth made new."

If you make the farm cheery with sunshine, you would hardly want to change your "mountain home, to dwell in any other," would you, George? It is well to enjoy it, at the same time keeping in mind that the glory of this world passes away, and that there is a brighter home in reserve for the willing and obedient.

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