

Youth's Instructor



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AUTUMN.

SWEET is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls,
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And, eddying, come and go
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn:
The merry partridge drums in hidden places;
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eye, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah! soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairest blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey lees
That linger in the last flowers of September;
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer, they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
The wild-fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar;
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar-trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

—Geo. Arnold.

AUNT MARGARET'S DEVICE.

WHAT a wonderfully clever person Aunt Margaret was! She came to take charge of a houseful of nieces and nephews, who had about two years before lost their mother. They were good children in most respects,—bright, generous, and affectionate. But every one knows that little girls and boys need careful overlooking to keep them just as they should be. Very few of them realize how necessary it is to have some one on the watch to say, "Do," and "Don't," and "Gently, dear," and "Hurry a little, my boy."

And, lacking these quiet little suggestions which are sometimes met in a spirit of impatience by young people who do not know how much they owe to them, Aunt Margaret found that, in spite of such care as their father could give, and of their loving desire to bear in tender remembrance their mother's teachings, ugly little habits were growing in the family she had come to look after.

It was not really to be wondered at, perhaps, that Lily had fallen into careless and, it must be confessed, slovenly ways. She always dressed in a hurry in the morning, and left her room "just as it was," to take up her round of an elder sister's duties. And by degrees the disorder spread into her closets and drawers, and all her belongings.

"No girl can grow up to be a lovely and attractive woman without habits of neatness and good order," was Aunt Margaret's gentle suggestion, as with a smile she first looked around Lily's room.

"Yes, I know that's so, Aunt Margaret," was Lily's frank response. "But somebody always calls on me for

something before I have time to set my things nice. I really have had so many things to see to that I have had to let neatness go."

"I know you have had a great deal to do for so young a girl, dear; but I hope to make things easier for you now, and I am sure you will pay more attention to keeping yourself and your room in good order. Why, a young girl like you ought to be as sweet and dainty and spotless as the flower whose pretty name you bear!"



"Indeed, I will do better, Aunt Margaret." And Lily intended to keep her word, but found, as we all do, that a bad habit once formed is hard to overcome. By fits and starts, she took a "cleaning-up struggle," as her brother Jack called it. She set things to rights in the room, sewed the buttons on her gloves and shoes, and spent more time in making sure that she was neatly dressed. But the mood would pass off, and the Lily appear wilted and neglected as before.

It did not take Aunt Margaret long to perceive the ill weeds which were fast taking root in other little heart-gardens under her care, threatening to choke the good seed she was so faithfully striving to plant. She must root them out, and yet how should she do it? Mild suggestions seemed to be of little avail.

"What a great big looking-glass!" all the children exclaimed one day on coming in from school. It was a big one, certainly,—not one of the tall, narrow sort, but one with a greater width than height, so that, as it hung slop-

ing over the mantle-piece of the sitting-room, it reflected the greater part of the room.

Aunt Margaret watched as each little lad and lassie paraded before it. Then there was a pulling straight of aprons and collars, and hands were raised to smooth down rough hair. And as, without the little urging which had always before been necessary, the young party filed away for the before-dinner wash, she looked after them with a smile and a nod all to herself.

The next morning Lily sat down to assist her aunt with the mending. They chatted pleasantly until the young girl chanced to raise her eyes to the glass, in which was reflected her full figure. Had Aunt Margaret arranged that she should sit there? However that may be, she did not interrupt the silence as Lily studied her own appearance.

There she was. Did she really look so for the greater part of the time? Right in the eyes of all who loved her, and of others whose respect, at least, she desired to possess? Hair half combed, with a very shabby ribbon tying the braid; collar and cuffs which seemed clamorous for a sight of the wash-tub, put on because they would do for this morning; white apron to match, a rip in the sleeve of her dress, which she knew had been there for a week, and a half-buttoned shoe peeping from under her skirt. What a picture it all made!

She turned and looked at Aunt Margaret, taking in every detail of her delicate neatness. Then her color rose, as a need of instruction in the sewing she was doing brought her own uncleaned nails into prominent view. She finished her work, and then went to her room. From that day the looking-glass silently gave the lesson which was becoming a weariness from Aunt Margaret's lips.

"Hurrah! I'm glad it's a holiday," Jack came in with a rush, and flung himself into the chair which Lily had left.

"Straighten up, dear. Don't put your hands in your pockets,"—these and other hints would have been in order. But Aunt Margaret waited, in quiet amusement, as he now and again caught sight of himself while telling her of his plans for the afternoon.

"We're going to have a grand time working at our mill-dam," he said, throwing back his shoulders, and pulling down his hunched-up coat. "But I think likely we'll get into a bit of a quarrel before night."

"How is that?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"Well, there's a couple of chaps that we won't let into our ring. And when we leave our dam for a game of ball, or such like, they sneak up and pull it to pieces."

"Could n't you make friends with them, and so put an end to the trouble?" asked his aunt.

"Perhaps so, if we wanted to."

"It is a pity to keep up a quarrel. Suppose you invite them all here some evening, and see if we can't make things pleasant."

"You're full of good plans," said Jack, bringing his long legs together with a jerk, and straightening himself again. In the course of two minutes more, however, he was resting his chin on his hands and his elbows on his knees; but another glance at the glass brought his feet around from their resting-place on either side of his chair, and he finally took a position becoming a gentlemanly boy, and managed to maintain it for some time.

"Auntie, can I go out to the woods with Lulu Wright?" asked little Netty, coming in soon after Jack had gone out.

"I think not, dear. It looks like rain."

Netty broke into her usual pout and whine.

"I don't think it's going to rain. I want to go. There's wild flowers and berries and—"

"Come out into the garden with me, Netty, and help me make some bouquets for the dinner-table."

"I do n't want to go to the garden. I want to go to the woods."

The whine grew into a howl as Aunt Margaret left the room, and Nettie threw herself into the chair in which she had been sitting.

"I'll ask papa—he'll let me, I know. I think Aunt Margaret's real mean. I want to go-o-o-o-o—"

The sound of the small rebel's voice was cut off with astonishing suddenness as she chanced to look into the glass. What a tangle of wrinkles and scowls and pouts her face was in! She had never seen it so before, and her amazement brought a very different expression upon it.

"I don't care—I do want to go!" She let the tangle come back, but partly because she wanted to see again what it looked like, it had gone so quickly before.

It did not look well at all. She tried it again, and liked it still less. It was rather funny to see the puckers and the knots, and before she knew it, she was beginning to laugh at them. And what a different thing that little face was when the dimples began to come, and the little white teeth showed between the rosy lips!

"That's exactly the kind of smile papa will want when you give him his buttonhole bouquet," said Aunt Margaret, peeping into the room.

In the course of time, the glass was hung up in the dining-room; and among all the guesses as to the why and wherefore of its being done, no suspicion ever arose that that designing Aunt Margaret was desirous of an improvement in the table manners of the family.

Dear girls and boys, does it ever occur to you that you do not carry your real, every-day face to your mirror? You look into it when dressing, or smoothing your hair, and it is your company face which you see there.

Go straight to it when you are angry or discontented, and study the flashing eye or the sullen frown. And go when you are looking slovenly and untidy.

And as you look, bear in mind that the good Lord has given you your bright eyes and pretty hair and rosy cheeks in order to make you lovely and attractive to those about you, and that no one has a better right to enjoy all that is best and sweetest in you than those who love you in your own home.—*Sydney Dayre, in S. S. Times.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

AUSTRALIAN CLIMATE.

THE climate of Australia is of the most varied nature, due mainly to the difference in latitude of the extreme portions of the continent. All the northern portion, embracing nearly one-half of its entire area, lies within the limits of the torrid zone, and therefore has an intensely heated atmosphere the greater portion of the year. The southern and south-eastern portions, however, have a temperature not unlike that of the different parts of the Pacific coast, and varies only in proportion to the distance from the sea shore.

During the summer months, or from November to April, little rain falls. The atmosphere is then quite clear and not disagreeable, except during the prevalence of the hot winds, which occur about four times each season, and blow for a period of from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. These winds, as felt in Melbourne and Adelaide, blow from the north, and in the brief time of their continuance, bring destruction to nearly all vegetation. The grass becomes parched, and the figs and grapes wither; the green leaves become seared and yellow, and fields of wheat and potatoes are sometimes laid waste. These sirocco winds have been popularly known in Melbourne as "brickfielders," probably from the red dust with which the air is filled during their passage. Their effect on a person is hard to describe; but one feels at such times a flow of blood to the head, experiences a difficulty in breathing, and finds relief by getting behind a building or high fence where the wind loses its force. Horses are caused to wear on their heads cloths saturated with water, and even then are sometimes overcome, and drop in the street.

The Australian winter is much like a wet English summer, or a Californian winter. There are some frosty nights; but in most places calla lilies, fuchsias, geraniums, and other flowers bloom without seeming to understand that it is the dull season of the year. At times, the rain falls in torrents, filling all the water-courses with inconceivable rapidity, swelling nearly dried-up brooks into deep and powerful rivers, and sometimes causing large tracts of country to become impassable till the water has subsided; even in the towns the streets become flooded, and impassable to footmen. Snow, as a rule, never falls in that part of the country bordering on the coast, but is quite frequent and plentiful in the higher regions; and some of the tallest mountain peaks are snow-capped the year round.

In some seasons, droughts prevail in all parts of the continent, but are less severe in the south-eastern portion than in any other. A few weeks ago we had occasion to visit the interior bordering on the Murray River, and found that no rain of any account had fallen there for many months, and the face of the country had become completely parched. Cattle in many instances had to be driven a long distance to water, and the water used for cooking purposes, even must be drawn from some stream if one could be found whose bed was not completely dry. In the north-west there are sections, it is said, where, in a few instances, no rain has fallen for a period of two or three years.

Thunder storms do not occur very often near Melbourne, but during the heat of summer, and in the highlands, they are very violent. The flashes of lightning accompanying these storms are so vivid, and follow each other in such rapid succession, that it almost seems as if the atmosphere were

on fire. The lurid glare of the fire, accompanied by the almost constant roar of the thunder, almost makes one feel that the entire artillery of heaven is let loose to "accomplish nature's dissolution." These storms are sometimes accompanied with hailstones of incredible size. What appears singular about these efforts of nature is that they seem to be confined to certain limits, and follow a direct course, not unlike the cyclone of America. Trees on their boundary have been entirely stripped of branches on one side, while the trunks have remained standing, with the branches of the other side uninjured.

What would doubtless seem very queer to most of the INSTRUCTOR readers, would be to have Christmas come in mid-summer. Yet that is the case in Australia. Christmas decorations here consist of the gayest and brightest of flowers, freshly plucked, in their fullest bloom, commingled with oak branches in full leaf and acorn. As the work of decoration proceeds, the men and boys engaged in it stop their work every few minutes to wipe the perspiration from their heated faces.

While this country may not in all respects be so attractive as our native land, yet there are some beautiful spots here. It matters little however, so far as this is concerned, if we are only so engaged that we have the approbation of Heaven. We know there is a land that "is fairer than day," which we see by faith, not "afar off." We hear that the beauties of that land and clime exceed anything our minds have ever conceived. Toward that country I will daily pitch my tent, trusting to meet many of the INSTRUCTOR family in that genial clime. J. O. CORLISS.
Melbourne, Australia.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE FOOLISH YOUNG MAN.

A LONG time ago, there lived, in an Eastern country, a young man who grew up without becoming a Christian. He had some bad habits which kept him from giving his heart to God. He believed in the Bible, and in Christ, and meant to be a Christian some time. The minister talked with him, and urged him to give his heart to God now; but he said, "No, not yet." He could not do it now, he had too many temptations; when he became older and stronger, he would give his heart to the Lord, break off his evil habits, and be a good man.

One day the minister took him out where an old man was clearing up some brush. The old man cut off a small limb, and then tried to pick it up and carry it away. But as it was rather heavy, and he did not try very hard, he let it lay on the ground. He took his ax and cut off another small limb, laying it on the first one. Then he undertook to lift it again, but it was heavier now than before. He did not try very hard this time. Then he cut another small limb and laid this on the two. And so every time he would try to lift it, he would cut another limb and put on it, and of course the load became heavier and heavier all the time.

The young man looked on in astonishment. "What a fool that old man is!" he exclaimed. "His load is getting heavier all the time. If he could not lift it the first time, of course he cannot now, and by and by it will be impossible to do it. Why don't he make a strong effort, and lift it before it gets so heavy?" "Young man," said the minister, "I brought you out here to show you that this is just what you are doing. I urge you to break away from your evil habits and live a good life now. But you tell me that you are not able to; by and by, when you are older, you will change your course. Look at that old man. His load gets heavier and heavier all the time. Just so with you. Every day you practice wrong, your habits become stronger and harder to break. If you cannot give them up now, there is little prospect that you will do it in after years."

The young man saw the force of the illustration and began a better life. This story illustrates in every case the foolishness, as well as the danger, of continuing habits in childhood and youth which we know are wrong. If it is hard to break off these habits, if it is harder to begin a Christian life now, it will be much harder the older we grow. Do not think that the time will come when it will be easy for you to change. That is not so.

Go with me into a nursery where small fruit trees are grown. You plant a seed, and after a few days it sprouts. At the first it is not larger than a stalk of wheat, and its roots are only two or three inches long. You can take hold with your thumb and finger and easily pull it up. But let that grow a whole season. In the fall it will be so strongly rooted that you will need a good hold to pull it up. The second year it will be so large and strongly rooted that you will have to put forth all the strength you have to bring it out. By the third year you cannot pull it up at all, and at last it will become a great tree, which a double team could not uproot.

So it is with habits, either good or bad. Every day you practice them, they become more firmly fixed, and you will be less and less able to change them. See that boy who now is cross, pettish, and fault-finding. He becomes angry at every little thing. He knows he ought not to do so, he knows that it makes him very disagreeable to everybody, but he thinks that by and by, when he gets to be a young man or a full grown man, he will do differently, he will be very pleasant and very kind and good. Will he? Oh, no. He will still be cross and peevish and quarrelsome. Follow him through manhood. When he comes to have a family, he will be cross to his wife, cross to his children, cross to his neighbors; and when he gets to be an old man,

nobody will like him. That little twig fretfulness, which started when he was a boy, has been growing for years, till now it is beyond his control; and it will grow on as long as he lives.

Children, be careful what habits you are forming. See that boy who now does not want to give of his money for the Sabbath-school, for the missionary work, or for a tithe. He thinks that he has so little now that he cannot afford to give any. When he gets older, and has more money, then he says he will give. Will he? Oh, no. The older he gets, the less inclined he will be to give anything. He will always think that he has no money to spare, he needs it all for his own selfish purposes. The child that will not give a penny to the Lord's work now will be too stingy to give a dollar when he is grown up.

If you want to be a benevolent Christian, learn when you are small to give a share of what the Lord gives you, back into his cause. If you have a few pennies, then give pennies; if you have dimes, then give dimes; and when you have dollars, it will come easy for you to give dollars. On the other hand, the children who squander their little change, pennies and nickles and dimes foolishly, for candies and nuts and thousands of other worthless things, will be quite likely to use their money foolishly when they get more of it by and by. The lesson I want to impress upon your minds is this: that the little things which the boy and the girl do now are shaping and molding the life of the man and woman by and by. It does not seem as though it would be so, they do not think it will be; but the experience of all the world shows that that is the way it generally comes out. Like boy, like youth; like youth, like man. Children, pull up the little twigs of evil habits while they are tender; put in their stead good fruit, and then it will be easy for you to be good when you are older.
D. M. CANRIGHT.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

MAORI FUNERALS.

THE Maoris make a difference between the funeral ceremonies of a chief and those of the common people. When a chief dies, his friends take his body and wind it up in an expensive rug, in such a manner that it can be placed in a sitting posture. Formerly they hung these dead bodies on trees, so that the birds and insects might eat off the flesh and not disturb the bones. After the flesh was all gone, they had a funeral. A man is tattooed, and set apart by them to carry these bones to the place of the funeral, and from there to the place of burial. This is his employment, or business. After placing the bones in a bag, he carries them on his back, no matter how great the distance. He is not allowed to let any one touch them. If he wishes to rest, he may sit down, but he must not take them off his back. On arriving at the place of the funeral, the skeleton is placed in a sitting posture, just as the chief used to sit while living, and the skeletons of all his family who have died about that time, are arranged around him, as they also used to sit when alive. All the natives far and near attend the funeral. After taking their seats around the skeletons, which are wrapped up in rugs, they spend some time in mourning. Then they get up and rub noses together, after which they sit down again and have a smoke. After awhile they do the same thing again. This ceremony is continued day after day for two weeks or more, and then comes the burial. They take up the bones, and also gather up all of the effects of the deceased, his implements of all kinds, household furniture, saddle, etc.; and after having dug a hole sufficiently large for them all, they lead his horse near it and shoot him so that he will fall into it, and bury all together.

In former times the implements were not buried, but placed around near the grave. These they considered very sacred, and they had many superstitious ideas concerning them. They thought that if any one should touch them, they would take the same disease that caused the death of the owner, for which there would be no remedy. This was so fully believed that no Maori would ever touch any thing of this kind. When these things had been stolen in the past, it was said that the persons who did it always died, and instances are given where this actually took place. But the Europeans, on settling there, would steal these articles, so then the Maoris buried them in the ground. Even then they were sometimes dug up and taken. The Maoris thought that the Great Spirit would not have any thing to do with them on account of their disregard for their superstitions in this and other things. The course which the white men pursued caused a feeling of hatred between them and the natives, and was one cause of war. After some trouble with the Europeans, the Maoris began the practice of digging up the bones of their friends, and after scraping them that no flesh might remain on them, of throwing them into some great cave. There are caves in that country of which the bottom is not known, the Europeans never having ascertained the depth. The natives say that they have no bottom. Some of these caves are so concealed that no Europeans have ever found them. The entrances to them are designedly kept secret by the natives. Since the white people have settled among them, their customs have greatly changed; but still they bury the bones of their dead in caves. Not infrequently at the present time they will secure some European in whom they have confidence, to attend the funeral and make some remarks. As they become civilized, they discard many of their former customs.
S. N. HASKELL.

The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH SABBATH IN SEPTEMBER.

IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

LESSON 23.—THE AUTHORITY FOR THE CHANGE OF THE SABBATH.

1. WHAT did Isaiah say of Christ's relation to the law of God? Isa. 42: 21.
2. What did Christ himself say of it? Matt. 5: 17, 18.
3. What have we found to be the practice of Christ and the apostles?
4. Did Sunday-keeping originate in the days of the apostles?—*Ans.* "We hear less than we used to about the apostolic origin of the present Sunday observance, and for the reason that while the Sabbath and Sabbath rest are woven into the warp and woof of Scripture, it is now seen, as it is admitted, that we must go to later than apostolic times for the establishment of Sunday observance."—*Christian at Work (Presbyterian), Feb. 18, 1886.*
5. Is there any direct command for this Sunday observance?—*Ans.* "The change from the seventh to the first day of the week appears to have been gradually and silently introduced, by example, rather than by express precept."—*Dr. Scott, Comment on Acts 20: 7.*
6. When and by whom was the first Sunday commandment given?—*Ans.* "Whatever may have been the opinion or practice of these early Christians, in regard to cessation from labor on Sunday, unquestionably the first law, either ecclesiastical or civil, by which the Sabbath observance of that day is known to have been ordained, is the edict of Constantine, A. D. 321."—*Chambers's Encyclopedia, art. "Sabbath."*
7. Did this edict require the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath?—*Ans.* "Let all the judges and town people, and the occupation of all trades, rest on the venerable day of the sun, but let those who are situated in the country, freely and at full liberty attend to the business of agriculture, because it often happens that no other day is so fit for sowing corn and planting vines."—*Part of the decree of Constantine.*
8. When and by what authority was abstinence from agricultural labor on Sunday first recommended?—*Ans.* "It was not till the year 538 that abstinence from agricultural labor on Sunday was recommended, rather than enjoined by an ecclesiastical authority (the third council of Orleans), and this expressly that the people might have more leisure to go to Church and say their prayers."—*Chambers's Encyc., art. "Sabbath."*
9. When was liberty to labor on Sunday fully taken away?—*Ans.* "Nor was it till about the end of the 9th century that the Emperor Leo, the philosopher, repealed the exemption which [agricultural labor] enjoyed under the edict of Constantine."—*Id.*
10. How did Paul describe the papacy? 2 Thess. 2: 3, 4.
11. How was it to exalt itself above God? Dan. 7: 25.
12. Does the Roman Catholic Church acknowledge this charge?—*Ans.* She does, and boasts of it. Thus:—
"Ques. Have you any other way of proving that the Church has power to institute festivals of precept?
"Ans. Had she not such power, she could not have done that in which all modern religionists agree with her; she could not have substituted the observance of Sunday, the first day of the week, for the observance of Saturday, the seventh day, a change for which there is no scriptural authority."—*From the Doctrinal Catechism.*
13. What does the Catholic Church claim as the proof of her authority?—*Ans.* "Ques. How prove you that the Church hath power to command feasts and holy days?
"Ans. By the very act of changing the Sabbath into Sunday, which Protestants allow of, and therefore they fondly contradict themselves by keeping Sunday strictly, and breaking most other feasts commanded by the same Church."—*From "Abridgment of Christian Doctrine."*
14. Upon what foundation do all festivals of the Church rest?—*Ans.* "Sundays and holy days all rest on the same foundation, namely, the authority of the Church."—*"Catholic Christian Instructed."*
15. Do professed Protestants concur in this statement?—*Ans.* "We rest the designation of Sunday on the Church's having set it apart of its own authority. The seventh-day rest was commanded in the fourth commandment. . . . The selection of Sunday, thus changing the particular day designated in the fourth commandment, was brought about by the gradual concurrence of the early Christian Church, and on this basis, and none other, does the Christian Sabbath, the first day of the week, rightly rest."—*Christian at Work, Jan. 8, 1885.*
16. What is the only position that the true follower of Christ can take on this question? Acts 5: 29.
17. What does God say? Ex. 20: 8-10; Ex. 23: 2, first clause.

HE who would always have fresh thought should turn frequently to the Bible for its inspiring suggestions. No man will say that he has turned to that source of intellectual stimulus, and been disappointed in his search. Herein in the wonder of that Book of books. Whoever goes to it inquiringly—and however often—finds something there that he has not seen before, and that is worth his finding.

Our Scrap-Book.

INCOMPLETENESS.

DEAL gently with us, ye who read;
Our largest hope is unfulfilled,
The promise still outruns the deed,
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

—O. W. Holmes.

THE EAGLE AS AN EMBLEM.

WHY the eagle is used as an emblem in our own country, as well as in some foreign lands, will be of interest to our young readers as explained in the following paragraph from the *Inter-Ocean*:—

"The eagle was called, in ancient mythology, the bird of Jove, and it was believed that it bore the souls of the dying to their abode on Mount Olympus. The bird was also sacred to Vishnu in the mythology of India, and is the bird of Wisdom in the mythology of the Scandinavians. The ancient Etruscans first took the eagle as a symbol of royal power, and bore its image upon their standards. The Romans adopted the same symbol in the year 87 before Christ, the second year of the consul Marius. A silver eagle, with expanded wings, poised on the top of a spear, with a thunderbolt held in its claws, was adopted as the military standard to be borne at the head of their legions. This image was made of silver until the time of Hadrian, after which it was made of gold. The standard adopted by the Byzantine Emperors was a two-headed eagle, as a symbol of their control of both the East and the West. From these early standards come all the eagles on the standards of modern Europe. The double-headed eagle of Russia was adopted on the marriage of Ivan I. with a Grecian princess of the Eastern empire; that of Austria was first used when the Emperor of Germany took the title of Roman Emperor. The national standard of Russia bears a black eagle, that of Poland a white one. Napoleon I. took a golden eagle for his standard, modeled of pure gold and bearing a thunderbolt, after the pattern of the eagle of Rome. This standard was disused under the Bourbons, but was restored by a decree of Louis Napoleon in 1852. The emblem used in the United States is the large bald-headed eagle. It was in favor here, no doubt, because of its connection with the Romans, those early champions of civil liberty. The design of an eagle was suggested for the National flag, but was abandoned for the simpler design of the stars and stripes. It has often been used on regimental flags. The eagle was first used on American coin in 1788, on cents and half-cents issued from the Massachusetts mint. It was adopted in the plan of a national coinage, as a design upon all gold coins and on the silver dollar, half-dollar, and quarter-dollar."

PLANTS AS BUILDERS.

THE following extract from *Harper's Young People*, showing the manner in which new soil is constantly being formed in some localities, will be found both entertaining and instructive. It reads:—

"In Virginia, near where Chesapeake Bay meets the Atlantic Ocean, lies a wonderful forest, different probably from anything you have ever seen. Tall tree trunks rise out of the dark water below, and stretch up and up till they are lost in the great matted bed of dark green leaves and boughs which seem as if they were the roof of a cavern above ground. It is always dim and dusky beneath this roof, even at noonday.

"Great coils of grape-vines bind together the tree trunks, and out of the water rise the cypress knees—trunks that have grown up and then turned suddenly back again into the water. These serve to steady the trees and keep them firm in the wet, insecure soil. Tall reeds and grasses grow up between the trunks of the trees, and hanging masses of solemn gray moss drape their boughs. Here and there the surface of the sullen water is broken by little tussocks of grass.

"The water is a dark coffee-color, but clear and sparkling, and sweet to the taste. Over all this wilderness of solemn trees and dark water reigns a death-like stillness, broken only by the humming of millions of mosquitoes, or the splash and rush through the water of some water-snake or venomous moccasin which has been sunning itself on a log, and drops into the water on your approach. Here in this Dismal Swamp the battle between land and water is going on. The land, aided by the plants, is continually gaining ground. Into the water the leaves are always falling, the dead boughs from the trees, the dripping gray moss and the juniper berries, making a solid mat and slowly filling up the pools.

"The water has the power of keeping the leaves from decaying as they would on land. This water is a very wonderful thing. Many years ago, when I was a child, I went out from Norfolk, Virginia, to see the old war ship 'Pennsylvania,' that was lying near the city. One of the ship's officers handed me a glass of what I took to be brown sherry wine. I tasted it, and found it was pure, sweet water. This was the coffee-colored water of the great Dismal Swamp, and it will keep sweet for twenty years, on account of the juniper berries that have colored it. I think the glass I drank had been something like that time in the hold of the ship.

"In some of the Louisiana swamps the surface of the water is covered for many thousands of acres with a growth of grass and plants, making what is called a floating prairie, where twenty years ago there was an expanse of clear water. The grass grows thicker and thicker every year. Sometimes, when this floating prairie gets heavy and water-soaked, it will all sink into the shallow water beneath. When this has happened often enough, the lake of the past will have been converted into a soggy swamp. Willow-trees seem to come up of themselves, and their roots bind more firmly together the slight soil and grass roots, and the land is born out of the water, gaining solidity and firmness year by year. These floating prairies, when the grass and roots and earth are only two feet thick, are strong enough to allow a man to walk about with ease, though they are floating on clear water several feet deep underneath.

"In some countries—Ireland, for instance, where there is a great deal of rain—moss and small plants growing on a soft muddy place make a deep coating. Each year's growth is packed closely down on the growth of the year

before. In this way a peat bog is formed. In the open air, when plants perish, they dry up and blow away, or decay, and so are lost; but in the peat bogs the water, like that of the Dismal Swamp, preserves things that drop into it. Bog oak, out of which ornaments are sometimes made, is oak that has been preserved in the water and turned black and hard with years, but is perfectly sound.

"About a hundred years ago the body of a woman was found deep down in an Irish peat bog almost perfectly preserved; even the hair and skin and nails were sound. She must have been there a long, long while, for on her feet were, not shoes, but ancient sandals, such as have not been worn for hundreds of years.

"The solid packings of moss forming peat are cut into squares and dried, and then used to burn, instead of wood or coal in many parts of Ireland. This peat is coal partly formed. When it is pressed very, very hard by machinery, it is made into a kind of coal which burns quite well. Some of the peat bogs in Europe were formed by the cutting down of the forests by the Romans. The trees were left lying where they fell, and often dammed up springs, and so a bog was formed which in the eighteen hundred years since has grown into a peat bog.

"In most bogs formed in this way the peat is not pure; it is mixed with mud and sand; but in some places, as in the swamps along the Mississippi, the water has been strained of its mud before it reaches the swamp, so the peat is made just of layers and layers of leaves packed together by the water, and is perfectly pure.

"Sometimes when solid continents or islands have sunk beneath the water, whole forests have gone down with them, the fallen trunks of trees and stumps in place; the dirt has sifted over these, till new land has formed above the old, new forests have grown up and fallen and been buried.

"In New Jersey there are great buried forests of cedar which have lain there for centuries uninjured. People actually mine for timber. Some of the tree trunks lie fifteen feet under ground. One of these trunks, which had lived for five hundred years, as shown by the yearly rings, was underneath another which had a thousand yearly rings.

"In Louisiana, where the timber grows heavily, great trees are often torn up and carried down stream by sudden and heavy floods. These get wedged, and dam the stream, so that though the water can filter through, everything which comes floating down the stream is stopped and packed together, and forms great natural rafts. About forty years ago the government had one of these removed, which measured ten miles long, seven hundred feet thick, and eight feet high. It was covered with plants, and even a few great trees sixty feet high were growing on the top."

THE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH PSALM.

THERE are some points of special interest in the word which God says "shall stand forever" which may be of interest to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. The one hundred and nineteenth is not only the longest of all the Psalms, but it is the longest chapter in the Bible, having one hundred and seventy-six verses. These are divided into groups of eight verses by the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. It is an acrostic, or alphabetical psalm, and like the others was poetry in the original Hebrew, and in translating, the words are so transposed that we lose the arrangement that begun each verse with the letter which forms the subject of that division.

It is supposed to have been written by Daniel, Nehemiah, or Ezra, one of the captive prophets, and is especially to teach the importance of God's commandments to purify the lives and hearts of those who understand and obey them. They are referred to under ten different names,—1. Testimonies; 2. Commandments; 3. Precepts, 4. Words; 5. Law; 6. Ways; 7. Truth; 8. Judgments; 9. Righteousness; 10. Statutes. Dr. Clarke says that to these some add,—1. Faithfulness; 2. Judgment; 3. Name. But these are not used in the sense of the other ten words. Though this psalm is so long, some one of the ten words occur in each verse except the 84th, 90th, 121st, 122d and 132d. After reading this, it seems as though any one must have a new interest to learn God's law, and to reverence it, and delight in it as the Psalmist did; for these commandments contain "the whole duty of man."

HELEN L. MORSE.

AFRICAN TELEGRAPHY.

THE *Scientific American* tells how the people on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea, West Africa, send news short distances by a system of sound telegraphy which is quite novel as well as interesting. The instrument by which it is done is thus described:—

"Take a log of hard wood, about two feet long and about a foot in diameter. Plane off one side longitudinally to a surface four or five inches wide. In the center of this surface mark off an elongated and somewhat distorted Greek cross. The longer arms are placed longitudinally, and occupy about one third of the plane surface. The transverse arms are three times as broad, and extend entirely across this surface. The natives dig out the wood within the outlines of the cross, and from there gradually hollow out the whole log. The sides, beginning at the center, are trimmed off laterally toward the ends which are rounded off. The instrument is now ready. It will be perceived that by the methods above described we have a hollow drum with four tongues in the center, each of a different thickness, so as to produce a different sound when struck.

"Two pieces of bamboo, the size of a man's wrist and about two feet long, are selected and stripped of the hard outside, which leaves the soft, pithy portion for use. This bamboo is of a peculiar kind, free from knots, and solid throughout. With these sticks, used in a proper manner on the four tongues of the drum, a combination of sounds is produced, which, in connection with time as used in music, forms a perfect telegraphic language, readily understood by the initiated, the air being the transmitter. With this simple instrument the natives of the Gulf of Guinea readily communicate with each other for a distance of a mile at least on land, and a much longer distance by water. Messages can be sent long distances in a short time by parties at different points passing them along from one to the other. The writer has seen canoes coming down a river from the bush markets, signaling people in the town, and giving and receiving general news, at a distance of fully three miles."



For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

OUT in the dawn of the morning,
When the sun rose smiling and warm,
Three boys trudged from the kitchen,
With dinner pails hung on one arm;
The other carried a fish pole,
Hook, line, sinker, and bait;
"We're off for a whole day's fishing,
And won't be back until late."

Robbie, the five-year old darling,
Looked after, with wistful eyes;
But he was only a baby,
While they were wonderful wise,
Poor Robbie's red lips quivered,
But only a teardrop fell,
As he rushed away to the nursery,
Where babies are wont to dwell.

But mamma soon heard such laughter,—
And she scarcely thought it true,—
When she heard the rogue's voice calling,
"O mamma, I'm fishing, too,"
And lo! from the latticed window
There peeped a curly head,
With a ball of string suspended—
But the fish was a cat instead!

Yet his sport was just as merry.
For it gave him no alarms,
Till tired of play he fell asleep
With his fish curled up in his arms.
At night three tired but wiser boys
Came home without a boast
For it seemed, for all of their hard day's work,
The baby had caught the most.

S. ISADORE MINER.

HOW RETTA GAINED A FRIEND.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments." This was what Retta Barnes read as she stood before her glass braiding her long brown hair. By the glass hung a calendar, with a verse for each day, and this was the one for Tuesday morning.

Now Retta did love Christ, and the first words, "If ye love me," made her think more about the text than she sometimes did.

"I do love Christ," she said. "Yes, I'm sure I do; but I neglect his commandments. Of course I don't lie or steal, or do anything like that, but I do lots of things I ought not to do. I'll try to-day to do whatever seems to be Christ's command." Then, knowing that it would be useless to try in her own strength, she asked God to show her what were his wishes, and help her to carry them out.

On her way to school she was joined by Mamie Willis

and Bessie Morrison. They chatted about their lessons until Mamie said: "Let's go slower girls. There's that new girl, and we will overtake her and have to walk with her if we hurry so."

"I wonder what she is like," Retta said; "I think I should not like her."

"So do I," said Mamie, "and I would rather not have anything to do with her. She can't be very bright, for she's a class behind us, and I'm sure she is older."

"It would be a bother to have to take her in," Bessie said.

"She looks different from the rest of the girls, and would make a sort of break."

Here some one else overtook them, and the subject was dropped.

During the morning prayers a troublesome problem kept coming into Retta's head, until her attention was arrested by the words, "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, even as I have loved you."

"That just fits my verse," she thought; and just then some movement of the "new girl" recalled the talk on the street. "We didn't sound very loving toward her," she said to herself. "But how can one love her without knowing her?"

"Whose fault is it if you don't know her?" Conscience asked. "She has been in school more than a week, and you have just barely said, 'Good morning,' or 'Good evening.' Talk and be friendly to her, and there will at least be some chance of loving her."

"I shouldn't like her anyway," Retta said to her conscience; "and she has such an awkward walk, and not a bit of style. I have friends enough, and she would just be in the way."

To this, Conscience replied: "Christ says you are to love 'even as I have loved you.' He loved you when you did not care for him, or try in any way to please him." And then that "If ye love me" came in again, and Retta saw plainly that if she wanted to carry out her morning prayer, her chance was here. So on her way to class she dropped the cluster of sweet peas she had worn, into the lap of the new comer, and as she returned to her seat, was met by a sweet though shy smile.

"I believe the poor girl has been lonely and homesick," she thought. "Well, I've made a beginning, and I think I'll like her better than I thought."

After that the way was not hard. At recess she talked to the stranger, whose name was Mary Bowen, and found that she had always lived in the country, where the school year was much shorter than in town.

"That accounts for her being somewhat behind," Retta thought. "She's not stupid, if she is n't stylish."

The next day she invited Mary to go to prayer-meeting with her, and from that time took pains to make her feel at home and happy.

Mary was a good girl, studious, ladylike, yet fond of fun. Gradually she and Retta were drawn closer and closer to gether; till at last they discovered that they were firm friends.

Many years have passed, and each year adds to the love they have for one another, and Retta likes to remember that she gained this dear friend because she loved Christ, and loving him, tried to keep his commandments.—*Youth's Evangelist.*

How many paths to ruin lead!
To shun them, oh, what care we need!
Though small at first, they touch the road
That's broad, and by the wicked trod.

THE GREAT LAMP.

A VENERABLE minister looked down on his congregation, composed of Sabbath-school boys and girls, and said: "Dear children, can you tell me what a lamp is?"

And they looked at him and at one another, and murmured some of them, confused answers, and hung their heads shyly.

"What! Does nobody know what a lamp is?" he exclaimed with surprise.

All at once he heard a voice: "Something to hold a light, sir."

"That's just right," was the minister's glad reply. "An empty lamp is of no use in the dark. Can you repeat a text which mentions the Bible as being like a lamp?"

Without waiting a moment, the same young voice rang out again: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

"Ah, yes," said the aged minister, "the Bible is a lamp giving light to the whole earth. And how about the light of children—where shall we find that?"

"In the Lord Jesus. He says, 'I am the Light of the world.' And again it was the same voice.

"One child answers well," said the minister, and he scanned the sea of faces to discover who it was.

A little girl told him it was blind Arthur.

Yes, it was blind Arthur Beatty who answered so correctly about God's glorious lamp and its still more glorious light. The minister told his little hearers never to try to go, even a few steps, on life's journey without their precious lamp, or they would stumble into trouble and sin. He asked them, as I also ask you, dear children, to learn all they possibly could of God's word, so that they might not at another time be so unready with their answers, and more than all, because the light shines brightest on the path of those who study the Lamp, and know it best.—*Leaves of Light.*

Letter Budget.

THE Letter Budget has at last passed through the big snow storms and is enjoying the birds and the sunshine. Soon we shall hasten through the summer months, to be ready for that big pile of letters telling what the harvest has been, and how much you have set apart to bring you sheaves in the final harvest. We begin the Budget with one from—

MINNIE HALLBERG, who writes from Stevens Co., W. T. She says: "I am only six years old, and cannot write very well myself, so please let mamma write for me. I go to school, where I am trying to learn to read and write. This year is the first I ever went to school. I have not been absent one day now for six weeks, nor tardy but twice; I have three fourths of a mile to go to school. I have four sisters and three brothers. My youngest sister, Pearly Eunice, is a very good baby, and we think much of her. I help mamma take care of her. Sometimes when I come home from school, I go with my other sisters to gather flowers on the hills. We had lots of melons and tomatoes last year, and they were so nice. Pretty soon mamma will plant more. We have no Sabbath-school here, and we do not know when we will have. I will try to be a good girl."

A. MATHER, of Cass Co., Mo., writes: "This is my first letter to the Budget, and as most of you give your ages, I guess you will like to know my age. I am forty-six, but I only know it by the years being in the past, as I do not feel old. I love and enjoy the Sabbath-school very much. We all go when the weather will admit. I take great interest in reading the Letter Budget, and I hope all the little writers are trying to be good. There are very many things that tempt us, so let us pray to our heavenly Father daily to help us guard against every appearance of evil; then we must do all we can to help answer our own prayers, for God is not going to make us leave off our idle, vain and foolish ways against our own wills. I would like to see all the INSTRUCTOR family together. I have about two thousand silk-worms that have hatched out to-day. Taking care of them is nice work."

MAY CROSKER, of Todd Co., Minn., says: "I am a little girl seven years old. I have no one to play with, for my only brother and sister sleep in Jesus. I want to be a good girl so I can meet them when the Lord brings them with him. I have kept the Sabbath with my parents all my life. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and have my lessons perfect every time. We have a neat little church building, which is only one mile and a half away. Papa gave me a little patch of cabbage last summer, and I sold it, and after taking out the tithe, put the rest into the missionary money. Papa and mamma pay their tithes, and they teach me to do the same. I feel glad to do it. I am going to have a missionary garden this summer. If it does not amount to much, it may help save some one. I have learned the Lord's prayer, which I think is nice to repeat."

TOMMY and GEORGIE DIVELEISS, GEORGE and MARY BARRETT and ALBERT BRITTEN write a company letter. They say: "As we have never seen a letter from this school, we thought it would be nice to write one. We are members of the same class, and will write our letters, but our teacher will combine them into one. We study Book No. 3. When we finished Book No. 2, we could repeat from memory all its contents as a story. Our present teacher has taught us for several years, so you may know how attached we are to her. Two of us, Tommy and Georgie, are going to leave for Arkansas, and may not have Sabbath-school privileges; but we hope to be faithful. We love the Lord, and hope to be saved with the INSTRUCTOR family."

SENA JOHNSON wrote a letter from Shelby Co., Iowa, saying, among other things, "Now spring is here, and the beautiful birds are flying from tree to tree, singing their sweet songs. They are very glad, for now they can build their nests and raise their young. I am a little girl nine years old. With my parents, brothers, and sisters, I attend the Sabbath-school. I learn my lessons in the INSTRUCTOR, which I like to read."

EDITH CORNFORTH, writing from York Co., Neb., says: "I am twelve years old, and the oldest of twelve children. Willie and I are going to raise a garden and some chickens. We do a good deal of work, but we are well and strong, and have a good time. I am much pleased with our good paper and the letters written for it. We have had so many storms we could not get to Sabbath-school."

MARTHA L. LARSON, of Dickinson Co., Iowa, writes. She says: "Not having seen any letter from this place, I will try to write one. I am fourteen years old, and have two sisters and one brother, all older than myself. Father and mother came from Norway. I can talk Norwegian too. I have relatives living in Norway, whom I have never seen. I see signs of spring everywhere, but I have not laid my plans to get missionary money. We have a nice willow grove around our house. The leaves are just coming out, and mother says it makes her think of the resurrection, when everything will be new and bright. I like to pick the pretty flowers. I got a Bible last fall, and I am now reading about Balaam and Balak. I hope that, like Balaam, I would not sin or do anything against the Lord for a house full of silver and gold."

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