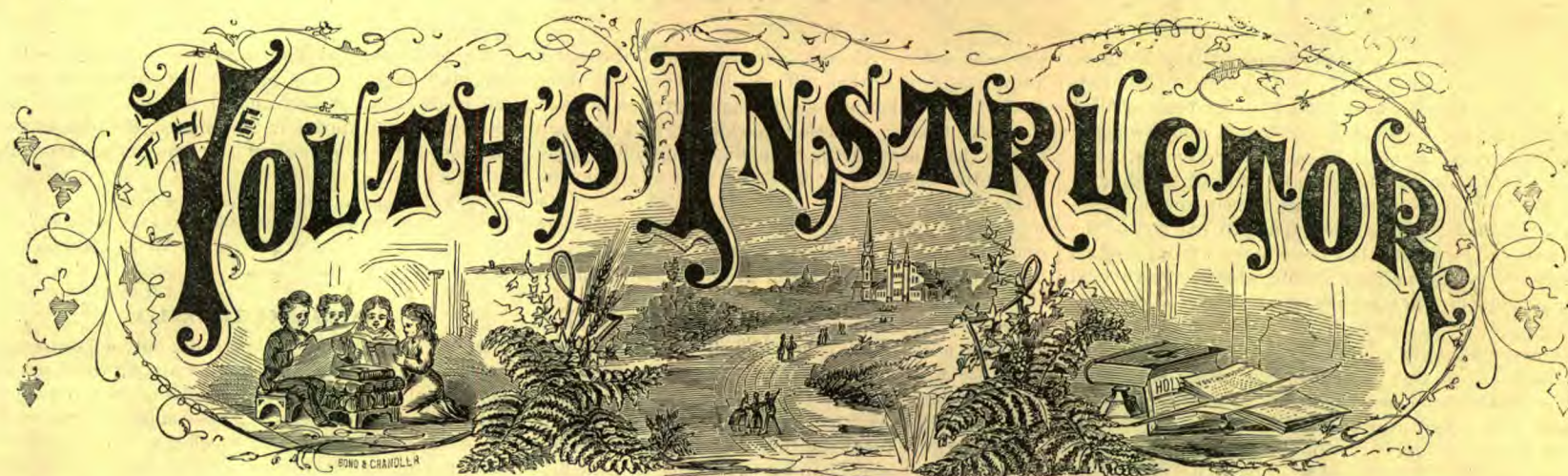


THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



OMENS.

THE cornsilk tassels on the ridge
 Are bronzing in the sun;
 The elderberries by the bridge
 And all along the run
 Grow purple through the golden days:
 Barberries by the wall
 Glow crimson in the silver haze
 That ushers in the fall.
 Old ocean dreams in slumbers deep
 Of wintry storms to come;
 In far-off mountain caverns sleep
 The winds; the brooks are dumb.
 The partridge, in lone country lanes,
 Whirs low a speckled wing;
 Silence through all the woodland reigns.
 The birds forget to sing.
 From yellow cornfields slowly pass
 The crows, with clanging cry;
 All day upon the orchard grass
 Ripe apples fall. A sigh
 Escapes the earth at thought of death
 For summer's life so brief,
 And, fluttering on that sigh's faint breath,
 Falls down the first red leaf.

—Annie M. Libby.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

"THE FATHER OF MISSIONARIES."

IN a lowly, thatched cottage in the central part of England was born, just one hundred and twenty-five years ago, a boy who was destined, when he became a man, to arouse the whole Christian world. His name was William Carey, and he has often been called the "father of missionaries." He was the first one to start a missionary society to send out missionaries to convert the heathen.

It is always pleasant to learn of the boyhood of these great men, and to see if they gave promise in their early days of future greatness. Not very much is told us of him; for I suppose no one dreamed that from these humble surroundings would come a man who was to do such good work in the world. But we can find enough in his early life so that we can tell something about him.

As you may guess from their living in a humble thatched cottage, his parents were poor. His father was parish clerk and school master in Paulerspury; so young Carey had a chance to get a good common education. He studied diligently, and never gave up when difficulties confronted him. What he began he always finished, no matter what trouble it cost him. And I think we may set it down as true that half the success that crowned his efforts in later years was due to his perseverance.

He was very fond of natural history, and we are told that every corner of his room was filled with insects so that he might watch their changes of life. Whenever he took a walk, no plant along the highway or hedge escaped his sharp eyes. He was also fond of drawing and painting the specimens that he found in his rambles. No tree was too high for him to scale if it held a bird's nest that he wanted to examine; and if he failed in his first attempt, he kept at it until he succeeded.

But this pleasant life could not last always; for, like the children of other English poor, he was early obliged to earn his own living, and we find him, at the age of fourteen, diligently working all day for a shoemaker, to whom he was bound out. After two years his master died, and Carey purchased his freedom of his widow. But as he had not had time to learn the trade perfectly, he could not at first do his work very well, and so he received low wages. This obliged him to work very hard.

At length we find him, through the influence of a fellow-workman, interested in religion, and occasion-

ally preaching to the little churches near home. But for all he had to work so hard and was so poor, he lost none of his love for learning; and knowing that where there was a will there was a way, he fastened his book before him, as you see in the picture, and pegged shoes and studied at the same time. In this way he mastered several difficult languages.

There is not room to tell you here of all the steps by which he was led into the ministry, nor how he worked for three years with almost nothing for sal-

fortnight, I go to a neighboring village in the evening. Once a month I go to another village on Tuesday evening. My school begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and continues till four o'clock in the winter, and five in summer. I have acted for this twelve month as secretary to the committee of Dissenters; and am now to be regularly appointed to that office, with a salary." So the busy life continued, for he never, till the day of his death, allowed himself leisure from study. When he was tired and overworked, he



ary, supporting his family part of the time by his trade and part of the time by teaching. You may be sure he did not waste the minutes; and that you may know how diligent he was, I will give you a short extract from a letter to his father: "On Monday I confine myself to the learned languages, and oblige myself to translate something. On Tuesday, to the study of science, history, composition, etc. On Wednesday, I preach a lecture, and have been for more than twelve months on the Book of Revelation. On Thursday I visit my friends. Friday and Saturday are spent in preparing for the Lord's day; and the Lord's day in preaching the word of God. Once a fortnight I preach three times at home; and once a

stole an hour for a ramble in the fields in his favorite study of nature.

The more he read his Bible, the more he became impressed with the idea that it was time for the gospel to be preached to the heathen; for, said he, God's kingdom cannot come till the gospel is preached as a witness to every nation. But when at a gathering this young man once ventured to ask the question, "Have the churches of Christ done all they could for the heathen?" the startled old minister who was leading the meeting jumped up and exclaimed excitedly, "Young man, sit down; when God pleases to convert the heathen world, he will do it without your help or mine either." This settled the question for

that time, but it in no wise dampened the ardor of William Carey. The more he thought of this God-given idea, the more his mind and heart became filled with the project, until all he could talk about was the mission to the heathen. He tried every means in his power to arouse an interest in the subject, pleading to his brother ministers with tears to help him do something about it. There is not space to tell you of the almost successes and then the apparent failures of his plans; of his strong faith in God, which never wavered for a moment, that success would finally crown his efforts; until at last his heart was overjoyed to see the first (Baptist) missionary society formed. Nor could I tell you how he and another good man, with their families, at last set sail for distant India, never again to see their dear native land.

In the right-hand corner of the picture you may see the company first gathered to draw up a constitution for the society, and in the left-hand corner the house in Kettering, where the meeting was held.

It would be interesting, too, to know what times they had in starting this work in a strange country, among the heathen, whose language was so difficult that we are told that six of the European languages could be mastered as easily as one of the dialects in this strange land! How they had to struggle through poverty and want, and discouragements of every sort, until God at last turned the tide and relieved their necessities. Nor how, with a readiness that is truly wonderful, Carey mastered one by one these languages. Before his death the Scriptures were here printed in forty different tongues!

I wish I could tell you how God prospered them, until they had a large printing house employed in printing the Scriptures for the heathen; and how Mr. Carey held a position as professor of the native languages in the Fort William college at Serampore, where he taught the English the languages of the natives, and tried in every way to raise up workers for the Master's vineyard; how he had no books to use in this work, and had to make grammars in the most important dialects, besides all his work in translating the Bible; and in one of them, the Bengali, he made a dictionary of three volumes.

Besides this incredible amount of work, he found time to cultivate a most delightful garden, where it is said he had every species of plants that could be grown in India. He sent every year to England for seeds and bulbs to plant. He took an intense interest in the study of botany, and was the founder of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India. But he never on this account neglected the work of translating and getting the ground ready for those who were to come after him.

And now I think we may discover another secret of his wonderful success—*he loved his work*. You have no idea how much more work a person can do, and how much easier it is to do it, when he puts his heart into it. I do not suppose you can imitate Dr. Carey in the amount of work you do; for God gave him an exceptionally good mind, sound health, and great powers of endurance; but in this one thing you may do as he did—work for the love of it, and work perseveringly. Dr. Carey once said to his nephew: "Eustace, if after my removal any one should think it worth his while to write my life, I will give you a criterion by which you may judge of its correctness. If he give me credit for being a *plodder*, he will describe me justly. . . . To this I owe everything." Yet we are sure, from what he has written, that he never for a moment lost sight of the truth that "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord be with the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Such was the character of the man who first thought to start a mission,—a thought, which, as one has said, "was a spark dropped from heaven, and has set the world in a blaze." W. E. L.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

SEA TALES.—NO. 2.

ABOUT ten o'clock one night the look-out sang out, "Sail, ho!" and at midnight the vessel, a full-rigged bark, had reached and passed us.

No one who has not seen such a vessel at sea, with every sail set, can form an idea of the beauty and actual grandeur of the picture. This one, passing us swiftly and silently, gliding rather than sailing,—for the sea was as void of motion and as level as a looking glass,—without a ripple stirring the water, its black outline and ghostly white sails revealed by the full, strong moon, looked canny and weird, and made me feel lenient toward a sailor's absurd belief in the "Flying Dutchman."

The next day we had a good, stiff, ten-knot breeze; so after breakfast I went to the bow to watch the porpoises which delight to play around a vessel when

she sails swiftly. Looking over, I found the water literally alive with them. There must have been three or four hundred in all, swimming in groups of from three to twenty; darting backward and forward across the bows; diving, tumbling, and rolling over in wanton sport, every now and then appearing on the crest of a huge wave, and leaping high out of the water, then descending head-first into the succeeding one; darting under the martingale, remaining there apparently motionless, yet in reality swimming faster than the fleetest steed could gallop; leaping away far to leeward, and returning almost before their absence had been noticed; playing merrily like a lot of kittens, made the watching of their gambols fascinating, notwithstanding the drenching from the towers of spray cast up by the bow.

Shortly after breakfast one of the sailors came aft, and touching his cap, handed me a flying fish, the first that had flown aboard. I took it to my room, and cut off its wings, or fins, which I dried and mounted. This one had come with such violence that both eyes had been knocked out when he struck the galley.

I had spent most of my time for several days watching large fish called albacore and bonitos chase flying fish. It is impossible to convey in words a conception of the intense excitement to which one will be wrought up in witnessing such a scene, when the fish, as was then the case, were plenty. Imagine, if you can, thousands of small fish, varying in length from four to ten inches, scudding through the water in schools of from twenty to five hundred or more, rising and flying through the air in every direction, as far as the eye could see, pursued by fish from two to five feet in length, which could be seen in scores in the sea, and leaping sometimes as high as ten feet out of the water, in pursuit of their prey, and a faint idea may be formed of the excitement among the lookers-on. Often the fish, large and small, would be so near the top of the water, that, in the heavy sea running, some huge wave would be filled with them; and as the fish emit a phosphorescent light, one could look through the wave as one would look into an aquarium.

Flying fish have the power to lift themselves out of the water by leaping; and, extending their wings or fins, they sail through the air like a bird. So long as the fins remain damp (the impetus given by the leap continuing), the fish can remain above the waves; but as soon as the fins become dry, they contract, and the fish again drops into the water, frequently into the jaws of the pursuing albacore or bonito. There is no motion to the fins, after they are once extended, as there is to the wing of a bird, hence the fish does not fly, but simply skims through the air, buoyed up by the fins and forced along by the leap from the wave.

At Barbadoes, the people make a business of catching these fish. They put out to sea at night in small boats, and then hoist a net or sail on one side of one of the boats the entire length of it, hanging a lamp in the center inside. The other boats then row around this one, and "scare up" the fish, which rise, and, attracted by the light, strike against the net, or sail, and drop into the boat. Very often a single school will fill a boat. The fishermen sell fifty fish, dressed, for an English shilling. This fish, in taste, is similar to a fresh-water perch.

For several days the vessel had been passing large masses of gulf weed, and finally entered within the Saragasso Sea, a large tract of floating gulf or sea weed of all conceivable shapes and varieties, and of the most brilliant and varied colors. This sea is a most remarkable natural phenomena, covering a space in the ocean equal to the area of the Mississippi Valley. It is not stationary, but is blown about by the winds. Sometimes vessels passing from the northern to the southern Atlantic do not encounter it, at other times the winds may have blown it into such a shape that a sailing vessel will be several days passing through it. It is always encountered, however, between 22° and 36° north latitude. Storms never disturb this sea, as the weed acts like oil upon the waves, and prevents them from forming caps or breaking over it. On this account it is made the home of countless numbers of peculiar fish, polyps, mollusks, crustaceans, etc.

Shortly after passing the Saragasso Sea, one night about midnight I was awakened by hearing Mr. Allen ask the captain if he had ever seen a rainbow at night. The captain replied that he had once, and only once, and that it was in the same region the vessel was then sailing. Mr. Stone said that he had crossed the line fifty-three times, and had never yet seen one. All of us hurried on deck, and sure enough there was a perfect rainbow from horizon to horizon, without a flaw, and standing boldly out from a dense mass of clouds. Its colors were blue and purple, there being no crimson or yellow tints, as in an ordinary rainbow in the daytime. The moon was up, but concealed by heavy clouds, and giving no light.

A rainbow is, of course, always found opposite the sun, and at night will appear therefore in the east, and show that the storm has passed; while in the morning it will appear in the west, and cautions the sailor that the wind has yet to come; hence the sailor's doggerel,—

"A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight,
But when in the morning, the sailors take warning."

W. S. CHAPMAN.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

ANIMALS OF AUSTRALIA.

OF the animals now in Australia, only a few are natives of the country. Prominent among those found here by the first settlers, is the kangaroo, of which there are many species. These singular creatures have very long hind legs, on which they stand upright, and in which position their short fore legs look like arms rather than legs. When they move about, it is by a succession of springs accomplished by the hind legs aided by the tail, which is very stout and powerful. In this way, the largest ones will spring twenty feet at a single bound, jumping over the short brushwood, clearing broad gullies, and are enabled, for a time, to outstrip the fleetest horse. Some are of great size, being as tall as a man when in his common erect position. Others are as small as the common hare, and somewhat resembles it in general appearance. It feeds on herbage, and some of the species chew the cud like the ox, camel, deer, etc.

The kangaroo has been much sought after for food, until it is scarcely seen except in the interior, away from the habitation of man. It is a timid and inoffensive animal, but will defend itself with great vigor when closely pursued. The common method of hunting it is to put three, and sometimes six, powerful greyhounds on its track. If water is near at hand, the kangaroo makes for it, and selecting the deepest part, awaits the approach of the dogs. If the pursuer comes near enough, the kangaroo seizes him with his fore arms, and holds him under water until he is drowned. Sometimes the kangaroo will take a position with his back against a tree, and as the dogs approach, tear them in a severe manner, with the long, sharp claws of his hind legs. Another species of this animal, but one which is little known on account of its scarcity, is called by the natives "bungaree." It is known by the few whites who have seen it as the climbing kangaroo, from its facility for climbing trees. None of these have ever been seen outside of Queensland, the extreme northern part of the continent.

The native bear or sloth is about the size of a poodle dog, with shaggy, brown-looking fur. It climbs trees, and feeds on their leaves. There are also flying squirrels in the country, of a beautiful slate color, and with delicate fur; also bandicoots and wombats, burrowing animals, feeding on grass and roots. Opossums are plentiful in some parts of the country, and are killed by scores, either for their furs, or to check their ravages among the growing grain.

Besides a number of smaller animals, such as the native cat, jerboa, ant-eater, etc., there is a most curious production of nature called the platypus. This creature has the body of an otter, with a bill like that of a duck, and lays eggs. It lives in creeks and rivers, and comes to the surface only for the purpose of breathing. It is very shy, and can be seen only with much difficulty. The natives spear and trap it for its fur, which is very soft, and beautifully shaded from black to silver-gray.

The dingo, or wild dog, is the only beast of prey known in the country. It is about the size of a common dog, and has many of the characteristics of both the dog and wolf. It has shaggy hair, a long, bushy tail, a large head with tapering nose, and short ears that stand upright. When among a flock of sheep, the dingo goes from one to another, biting a piece from every one he can seize, until twenty or thirty have fallen victims to his ferocity. The dingo rarely barks, but makes night hideous with the most dismal, unearthly yells. In a few cases they have been captured, and rendered tolerably tame, but upon escaping from confinement have immediately returned to their ferocious habits. Some parts of the country have been almost entirely rid of them by the different means used for their destruction. J. O. CORLISS.

Ballarat, Australia.

CHARACTER.

THE word "character" is derived from a Greek verb that means to cut into furrows, to engrave. Letters, figures, or signs were called characters because of their being engraved. Whatever is written upon the heart makes the man what he is, and is manifest in outward expression. Consider, then, how ineradicable it all is, how careless boys are as to what is written upon their inner being, and how often Satan is allowed to hold the graving-tool!

The Sabbath-School.

FIFTH SABBATH IN OCTOBER.

PARABLES OF CHRIST.

LESSON 5.—THE PARABLE OF THE RICH MAN, AND OTHER PARABLES.

1. On a certain occasion what request was presented to Jesus by one of the company who had gathered around him? Luke 12: 13.
2. How did Jesus answer him? Verse 14.
3. What warning did he then give to all? Verse 15.
4. Why should not men be too anxious to gain wealth? Same verse.
5. Who did Jesus then take as a subject of a parable? Verse 16.
6. What perplexed this man? Verse 17.
7. What did he decide to do? Verse 18.
8. How did he congratulate himself upon his wealth and prosperity? Verse 19.
9. Upon what was he evidently counting?—Upon many years to come.
10. How was he disappointed? Verse 20.
11. What question does God ask the foolish rich man? Same verse.
12. What conclusion does Jesus draw from the parable? Verse 21.
13. How may such a man become rich toward God? Matt. 19: 21.
14. What special instruction did Jesus give his disciples? Luke 12: 22.
15. Why is it not best to take too much thought for food and clothing? Verse 23.
16. How does Jesus illustrate the care which God has over his children? Verse 24.
17. What question did Jesus ask in order to show how vain is all our thought and anxiety without the help and providence of God? Verse 25.
18. How did he set home this lesson? Verse 26.
19. What other parable did he give for the purpose of inspiring implicit trust in God? Verse 27.
20. By what question did he deepen the impression of the truth he had taught? Verse 28.
21. What direct admonition did he then give them? Verse 29.
22. Why is it entirely safe to follow this precept? Verse 30.
23. What should be made the chief object in life? Verse 31.
24. What assurance with reference to temporal wants is given to those who follow this precept? Same verse.
25. Why should the children of God dismiss all fear? Verse 32.
26. How may this happy state be secured? 1 Jno. 4: 18.
27. Of what is love the fruit? Gal. 5: 22.
28. How is the spirit of God to be secured? Luke 11: 13.

HOME INFLUENCE.

THERE is no place like home as a help to Sabbath-school work. It helps most when all its members attend the school. All should attend, for all need to study the Bible. But attendance is not the only thing that is needed. There must be hearty co-operation between the family and the school. In many cases there is no co-operation, in some cases there is evident antagonism. By true co-operation the complaint against the school as lessening the sense of parental obligation, would be forever silenced.

The first element of this co-operation is a good understanding between parents and teachers. It should be distinctly recognized that they form a mutual-aid society, laboring for the same ends, and using, where possible, the same means. This co-operation should cover the matter of reading collateral scriptures at home, carefully preparing every lesson, examining children at home, both before and after recitation, securing a cheerful punctuality, advising teachers as to hopeful or discouraging symptoms in a scholar; in short, it should include every means whereby the parent can help the teacher, or the teacher can help the parent.—*Baptist Teacher.*

A QUESTION often has power far beyond the purpose or thought of the questioner. Thus it was with the question of the child-waif who found her way into a Sabbath-school, and asked the superintendent, who happened to meet her at the door: "Is this the way to heaven?" That question is said to have set the superintendent at thinking about his Sabbath-school; whether or not it were the way to heaven. A Sabbath-school ought to be the way to heaven; but is it so in

every case? Both superintendent and teacher can set scholars at thinking by wisely directed questions.—*Selected.*

Our Scrap-Book.

TO hide true worth from public view
Is burying diamonds in their mine;
"All is not gold that shines," 'tis true,
But all that is gold ought to shine.

—Bishop.

THE CHINESE TELEPHONE.

"THERE is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." These were the words of Solomon; and sometimes when one boasts of the great modern inventions and improvements, is it strange if the listener should query whether Solomon's words are not just as applicable in the nineteenth century as they were when first uttered? Such paragraphs as the following, from *Nature*, certainly suggest Solomon's inquiry. The quotation reads:—

"At the last meeting of the China Asiatic Society at Shanghai, an instrument, which was a species of primitive telephone, was presented for inspection by Dr. Macgowan, of Wenchow. It consisted of two bamboo cylinders, from one and a half to two inches in diameter, and four inches in length; one end of each was closed by a tympanum of pig bladder, which was perforated for the transmitting string, the latter being kept in place by being knotted. This rude instrument is called the 'listening tubes,' and is employed for amusement as a toy, conveying whispers forty to fifty feet. It is unknown in many parts of China, the provinces of Che-kiang, and Kiangsu being the only ones, so far as can be ascertained, where the listening tubes are employed. Besides this toy, Chinese ingenuity produced, about a century and a half ago, 'the thousand-mile speaker.' This instrument is described as 'a roll of copper, likened to a pipe, containing an artificial device; whispered into, and immediately closed, the confined message, however long, may be conveyed to any distance, and thus, in a battle, recent instructions may be conveniently communicated. It is a contrivance of extraordinary merit.' The inventor of the 'thousand-mile speaker,' one Chiang Shunhsin, of Huichou, flourished during the reign of Kang-hsi, during parts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He wrote on occult science, astronomy, and foreign physics, and the above description of his invention was copied from his works into a provincial encyclopedia. At the time the latter work was published—in the reign of Kien Long—there was no longer an instrument of this kind in the province, as the ingenious invention appears to have perished with the student who contrived it."

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH AND ITS BELLS.

ST. MICHAEL'S church, at Charleston, S. C., was made famous during the late civil war by some person's ascending the spire, amid the flame and smoke of shot and shell which the Union forces were sending from their batteries, and plucking from it a fire-brand which threatened its speedy destruction. And since it was feared that this "venerable edifice" had been ruined by the recent severe earthquake in that city, doubtless our readers will be interested in some facts concerning it and its sweet chime of bells. The editor of the *Christian Weekly* says of the church:—

"St. Michael's church was built in 1752 from designs by a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. Its tower is very fine, resembling the towers of St. Paul's and St. John's churches in this city [New York], and the situation of the church makes the spire, which rises nearly 200 feet, a conspicuous object far out at sea. The view from the belfry is magnificent, embracing the far stretch of sea and shore, the fortresses in the harbor, the shipping, and the city lying below.

"It was feared that the spire was hopelessly shattered by the recent earthquake shocks, but a careful examination shows that while the church suffered much injury, it will not have to be demolished, as was feared. It was found very much cracked inside, but the ease with which the doors were opened showed that the strain had not been uniformly severe. The bells were found to be in position and uninjured. The tower of the bell dome was found to be sound, with the exception that the copper was wrenched out of place a little on the shed outside. The foundation of the steeple is perfectly sound. The clock-works are perfectly sound and in good condition, but the clock stopped at the moment of the first shock, 9:55."

But the bells of St. Michael's have the most curious history, as you will see in the following paragraph from an exchange:—

"They were originally manufactured in England, and were a gift to the colony. When the British during the Revolutionary war captured the city, they took the bells, and on their evacuation they packed them up and sent them to England. After the treaty of peace had been consummated, negotiations were opened in London for the return of the bells by the first American Minister to Great Britain. He succeeded, and the bells were sent to Charleston, and upon their arrival were received with triumphant ovations,

and escorted by a large procession to the church, in the belfry of which they were replaced. During the late civil war the citizens of Charleston were desirous of protecting the bells from danger, and as the steeple of St. Michael's was made the target for the cannon of the besiegers, the bells were taken down and sent to Columbia for safe keeping. When Sheridan's army took Columbia, the sheds in the yard of the State House, in which the bells had been placed, and which also contained the marble friezes and other sculptures intended for the decoration of the Capitol, were broken in, and the sculptures and bells were smashed into fragments, and the sheds were set on fire. At the conclusion of the war the pieces of the bells were carefully gathered together, boxed and shipped to a commercial house in Liverpool, together with extracts from the records of St. Michael's showing where the bells were cast, and the proportions of the metals forming their component parts. Upon inquiry it was found that there was still in existence in England the firm of bell founders, unchanged in name, and consisting of the descendants of the proprietors at the time the bells were made. The records of this firm contained descriptions of the bells, and the proportions there given were found to correspond with those furnished from Charleston. The bells were made anew, therefore, of the same metal, and for the fifth time they were carried across the Atlantic, and arrived safely at Charleston. Their return was made the occasion of great rejoicing in the city."

A CLEVER HUMMING-BIRD.

INSTANCES are numerous which show that even the smallest animals sometimes possess a rare degree of intelligence. Humming-birds, you know, are very small, some of them about the size of a thimble, with heads not much larger than a good-sized pea; yet they hold some bright thoughts, for all that, as the following incident from the *St. Nicholas* will show:—

"I'll tell you how a clever humming-bird shielded her little ones from the rain. There they were, a nestful, and the rain beginning to fall. The people who had watched the nest out of their window were concerned about the young birds, but the mother-bird evidently was prepared for the emergency. Near the nest grew a large leaf,—it was a butternut tree,—and on one side of the nest a small twig stuck out. When the drops began to fall, she came quickly, and with many tugs pulled the leaf over the little nest, for a roof, and hooked it by the twig on the other side, which held it firmly. Thus the half-feathered babies were kept as dry under their green roof as if their house had been built by a carpenter, like the sparrow houses all around on the trees. When the rain was over, the mother came back and unhooked the leaf."

That little bird not only showed a mother's care for her little ones in danger, just the same as any human mother would, but she showed tact and good judgment in doing it. No doubt she planned for this when she built her little nest under that leaf. She said to herself, "I will fix it just that way if it should storm." Who says that birds do not think and reason and love? The fact is, their little heads and hearts are full of it. D. M. CANRIGHT.

A QUEER LIBRARY.

OF a queer collection of books on botany, in Warstein, Germany, the *London News* says:—

"At first sight the volumes appear like rough blocks of wood, but on closer examination it is found that each is a complete history of the particular tree which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space large enough to admit the scientific and the common name of the tree as a title.

"One side is formed entirely from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book, one finds the fruit, seeds, leaves, and other products of the tree, the moss which usually grows upon its trunk, and the insects which feed upon the various parts of the tree. To all this is added a well-printed description of the habits, usual location, and manner of growth of the tree."—*Golden Days.*

HOW WE LIVE.

THE total number of human beings on earth is now computed in round numbers at one thousand millions. They speak three thousand and sixty-four now known tongues, and in which upwards of eleven hundred religions or creeds are preached. The average term of life is thirty-three and one-third years. One-fourth of the born die before they reach the age of seven years, and the half before the seventeenth year. Out of one hundred persons, only six reach the age of sixty years and upwards, while only one in one thousand reaches the age of one hundred years. Out of five hundred only one attains eighty years. Out of the thousand million living persons, thirty-three million die annually, ninety-one million daily, three thousand seven hundred and thirty every hour, sixty every minute, consequently one in every second. The loss is, however, balanced by the gain in births. Tall men are supposed to live longer than short ones. Women are generally stronger than men until their fiftieth year; afterwards less so.—*Treasure-Trove.*

For Our Little Ones.

THE SETTING SUN.

MAMMA, if the sun is really setting,
Where's his nest, and what's it like?
Is it hid within some tree-top,
Or beyond a mountain pike?

Is it made all bright and yellow,
Just exactly like the sun?
And, if little boys go by it,
Does he hop off then and run?

And the eggs, too, are they golden,
Like the ones the old goose laid?
I should think the sun would burn them
If on the nest all night he stayed.

'Cause you know he's very fiery,
When he's sailing in the sky.
Are the little suns hatched daily?
And can I find them if I try?

—Our Little Ones.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

JOHNNIE'S EXPERIMENT.

JOHNNIE WORDEN sat on the little rustic bench underneath the south kitchen window one lovely morning in early autumn. The leaves on the woodbine that twined over the low shed room were just turning crimson, and one or two that Jack Frost's saucy fingers had loosened during the night fluttered at his feet.

But for all that nature seemed so smiling and happy, Johnnie looked rather sad. He was getting over a long, hard, sickness, and had just become able to walk about a little with the aid of crutches; but it would be some time before he could run and jump as he used to do.

It was very tiresome to an active boy like Johnnie to have to sit in the house all day, and only go out a little when it was very warm and pleasant. It seemed harder, too, when school opened again, and all his play-mates were off at school. He could hear their merry shouts from his window, and longed for the time when he could be among them once more. Then the nutting parties, and the rambles in the woods,—how hard it was to be shut indoors when there was so much to enjoy outside!

Johnnie sighed, but after all I think he was pretty patient; for his sighs never grew into words, and if he did complain a little in his heart, he took the best way to cure that.

"If I only had something to do," thought he. "I can't work, and I get so tired of reading all the time. Let me think."

He was a long time thinking, with eyes fixed steadily on the ground. A butterfly flitted up to him, and circled round the end of his crutch; but he didn't see it. At last he smiled to himself, and picking up his crutches, hobbled slowly into the house.

"Mother," he asked, "don't you think I could teach?" Then seeing she looked surprised, he added, "I mean very small children, too small to go to school, like Aunt Jennie's Georgie and Allie. I believe I could. I could have them in the back room for half a day, and I believe I could teach them a good deal. I do want to have something to do. I get so tired sitting around all day doing nothing, and I believe it would help me to study, too."

"We'll see what we can do, Johnnie," said his mother. "I don't know but what it is a good plan, and it can do no harm any way. But you can have them in the sitting-room, for it will be much pleasanter for you, and will interest them more."

So it came about that Johnnie's mother saw two or three of the neighbors; and as they were more than willing to have the little ones sent to Johnnie to be kept out of mischief for a few hours, he soon had a school of six or seven children, and these increased to a dozen or more as others came to know of it. Bright little things they were, too, and he patiently tried to teach them the things he had learned at school, though mamma sometimes had to help him out. They learned to read and spell easy words and to write instead of

print their letters, for Johnnie said he thought it was just as easy to learn to write first as it was to learn to print.

They learned to tell the time of day by the clock, and that the day was divided into hours, minutes, and seconds, and how many days made a week, month, and year.

Before long they knew that the earth was round, that the sun gave it light and heat, and the name of the country, State, county, and town in which they lived, and a great many other useful things which we older ones know but forget to teach the younger ones until they find out for themselves.

And Johnnie learned much that books could never have taught him—to be gentle and patient, to control himself, and to sympathize with even the very little ones. I think he made a better scholar himself, also, when at last he was able to throw aside his crutches and run off to school as brisk as any of them. But would you believe it, I really think he was somewhat sorry when the time came, he had been so busy and happy. The children were sorry, too, and when they began to go to school in earnest, Johnnie had not yet left, and often they would bring a large rosy apple or



bunch of grapes for their "teacher;" for in their eyes no one at school was quite as good or wise as Johnnie Worden.

S. ISADORE MINER.

Letter Budget.

ANOTHER week already gone! "Well," the little people say, "it brings us another INSTRUCTOR, which makes us glad." But what effect does the reading of all these good papers have upon your lives? How many of you know any more that is worth the knowing? or do anything better that is worth the doing? Any of you who are searching diligently after wisdom, purity, and gentleness, we hope may find good teachers of all these qualities in the INSTRUCTOR; and we urge you, one and all, to improve this chance to fit yourselves for the society of angels, with whom you hope to live one of these days. Now let us see what the Budget brings. First,—

AMELIA HOOKER, of Midland Co., Mich., writes that her papa is superintendent of their Sabbath-school in a church of fifty members. She has two sisters, and the whole family are keeping the commandments. They love the INSTRUCTOR and the Sabbath-school.

IRWIN MCFARLAND, of Nebraska, wrote last June. He says: "Not having seen a letter for some time, I thought I would write one. We have a good Sabbath-school of thirty members. Papa is superintendent. I have plowed about forty acres and done a good deal of other work besides. I will be twelve years old in October. I have four brothers and one sister, all younger than I am. I have a dear little baby brother six months old. We call him Archie. I want to be a good boy and be saved when Jesus comes."

HARRY FYOCK writes from Bedford Co., Pa. He says he has never seen a letter in the Budget from Pennsylvania; also, "I have one brother and one sister. I am the oldest of the three, and we all keep the Sabbath. Eld. Robinson brought the truth to our valley. A new church is built one mile from our home. Eld. Robinson has gone to attend camp-meeting, but we expect him back again in a few weeks. I am going to raise chickens to sell to get missionary money. I am twelve years old, and am trying to be a good boy so as to meet you all in the new earth."

ZELL SEEVERS, of Madison Co., Iowa, writes: "Seeing so many letters in the Budget, which I enjoy reading so much, I thought I would write. I have no brothers or sisters. With my mother I began to keep the Sabbath a year ago last March. My father is a lawyer of this place, and does not keep the Sabbath. We live close to the church and attend Sabbath-school and meeting regularly. I get lessons in Book No. 6, in a class of nine members. My teacher I like very well. Our State camp-meeting was held at Des Moines, and there was a very large attendance. I was twelve years old last February. Closing, I send my regards to all the INSTRUCTOR readers."

EDITH BRADFORD writes from Essex Co., Mass., that she likes the INSTRUCTOR. She has kept the truth a year with her parents. She says, too: "I have been selling tracts in this place, and like to do it. I am eight years old, and study in Book No. 1. My little brother has a dog. I send love to all."

HARVEY H. MORGAN, of Beaver Co., Pa., writes his first letter to the Budget. The Sabbath-school is held at his own home, as the school directors have closed the school-house against them. He has four sisters and a brother, and with his parents they are all thankful for the truth.

CLYDE B. WALDO, who had been taking the INSTRUCTOR for a year, says he likes the paper very much, and his parents had consented that he and his sister might take it another year. He is ten years old, and studies fifth reader, geography, spelling, writing, and arithmetic.

LENA NOURSE, of Rome, N. Y., says: "I used to live on a farm, but I like the city very much better. I am twelve years old. I have two brothers and one sister. My oldest brother goes to school. I go to Sabbath-school, and study in Book No. 3. I want to be a good girl."

ORWIN W. NYE, who is eleven years old, writes from Carrollton Co., W. T. He likes the INSTRUCTOR, and the Sabbath-school, which he attends with his parents, one brother, and two sisters. He attended school three months in the spring, and expected to go again in the fall. He wants to make good use of his time, so as to be ready for a home in the new earth.

Next we have letters from MARY J. and FREEMAN I. HARRIS, who write from Midland Co., Mich. Besides themselves, there are two sisters in the family. With a cousin, Freeman and Mary were baptized last fall. They live on five acres of land, but the father is away preaching most of the time. Freeman says: "I want to tell the INSTRUCTOR family that I am trying to be a good boy. I have begun to read the Bible through, and have got as far as the seventh chapter of Leviticus." Mary, too, is trying to be good.

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