

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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AUTUMN DAYS.

☞ AUNT shadows stretch along the hill;
Cold clouds drift slowly west;
Soft flocks of vagrant snow-flakes fill
The blue-bird's empty nest.

The wan sea moans on lonely shores;
Above the shelving sands,
Like skeletons the sycamores
Uplift their wasted hands.

The air is full of sounds of grief,
Weird voices touched with pain,—
The pathos of the falling leaf,
And murmurs of the rain.

—T. B. Aldrich.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

WHO ARE BLESSED.

"BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Those who have the blessing of the Lord are highly favored. If the Lord be taken as your counselor, you will have his grace to help you to do those things that are pleasing in his sight. Be sure, then, that you do not choose the ungodly as your companions, for they will influence you to do those very things that will displease God, and deprive you of his blessing. The ungodly serve a master of whom they should be ashamed. It is no honorable employment to be serving the Devil, obeying his suggestions, and following his counsel, which

is to serve the world and slavishly follow its customs. Ministering to your appetite and desiring selfish amusements is not a worthy life for youth to lead, and will never make a noble man or woman.

You should be very careful whom you serve, whom you choose as your captain. You need never be ashamed to serve your Lord. He who has given his precious life because he loved you, and wanted you to be happy, will be a captain who will always be mindful of your interest. He has paid a dear price for your service, and he has a right to command the use of all your powers. The service of the Lord, how precious it is! What an exalted position to be identified with one in whom is all perfection centered, who is indeed the Majesty of heaven, but who loved us, although fallen, so much that language cannot express it! He for our sakes laid aside his royal robe, stepped down from the throne in heaven, and condescended to clothe his divinity with humility, and became like one of us

except in sin, that his life and character should be a pattern for all to copy, that they might have the precious gift of eternal life. He has given every evidence that he loves you in that he died to save you from a life of sin and the punishment which all sinners must receive if they do not turn from a life of sin by repentance and faith in Jesus Christ.

The ungodly are those who do not love and obey the commandments of God, but go contrary to them. This is the class of counselors you are warned to shun,—the class which Satan uses to lead youth astray. Their counsel, their suggestions, are of a character to make light of sin, to ridicule righteousness. Their manners may be pleasant, and they may have intellect, which make them all the more successful in leading others astray. They are represented as standing in the way of sinners, always leading them out of the straight path of duty and obedience to God's commandments into paths of disobedience. If it were not for those persons who do wrong and tempt others to do wrong, many sinners might have chosen the path of duty, the life of purity and godliness.

When any open their minds and hearts to those who would advise them to do wrong in any way, then they are walking in the counsel of the ungodly; and in their turn they become the agents of Satan to tempt others to walk in the same path. They are standing in the

Every soul who takes these steps in the way of evil makes the angels of God weep. But there is one who rejoices,—the Devil is glad, because he claims all such evil workers as his property. He loves to make the hearts of God-fearing parents sad, and he loves to see Christ, his rival, slighted. He loves to taunt the angels of God that Christ has died for these deceived, deluded souls in ruin.

Will our youth please the Devil by thus choosing the counsel of the ungodly? or will they please the Saviour, who loves them and gave his life for them to redeem them from the power of Satan, and give them peace and righteousness and heaven? The privileges granted to the children of God are without limit,—to be connected with Jesus Christ, who, throughout the universe of heaven and worlds that have not fallen, is adored by every heart, and his praises sung by every tongue; to be children of God, to bear his name, to become a member of the royal family; to be ranged under the banner of Prince Immanuel, the King of kings and Lord of lords. His word is obeyed by the highest intelligences; his word marshals the hosts of heaven, whose servants are mighty angels, excelling in strength. "They do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word."

The lowliest service done for Jesus is the greatest honor mortals can enjoy. Angels, pure and holy, obey his word; and shall we be deceived and deluded into the service of Satan? Shall we refuse obedience to his requirements? Shall it not be said of us individually, "But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Here the divine blessing is pronounced upon the obedient. Now see the denunciation against the disobedient: "The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the Judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Psalms 1. Mrs. E. G. WHITE.

PROMPTNESS AND ENERGY.

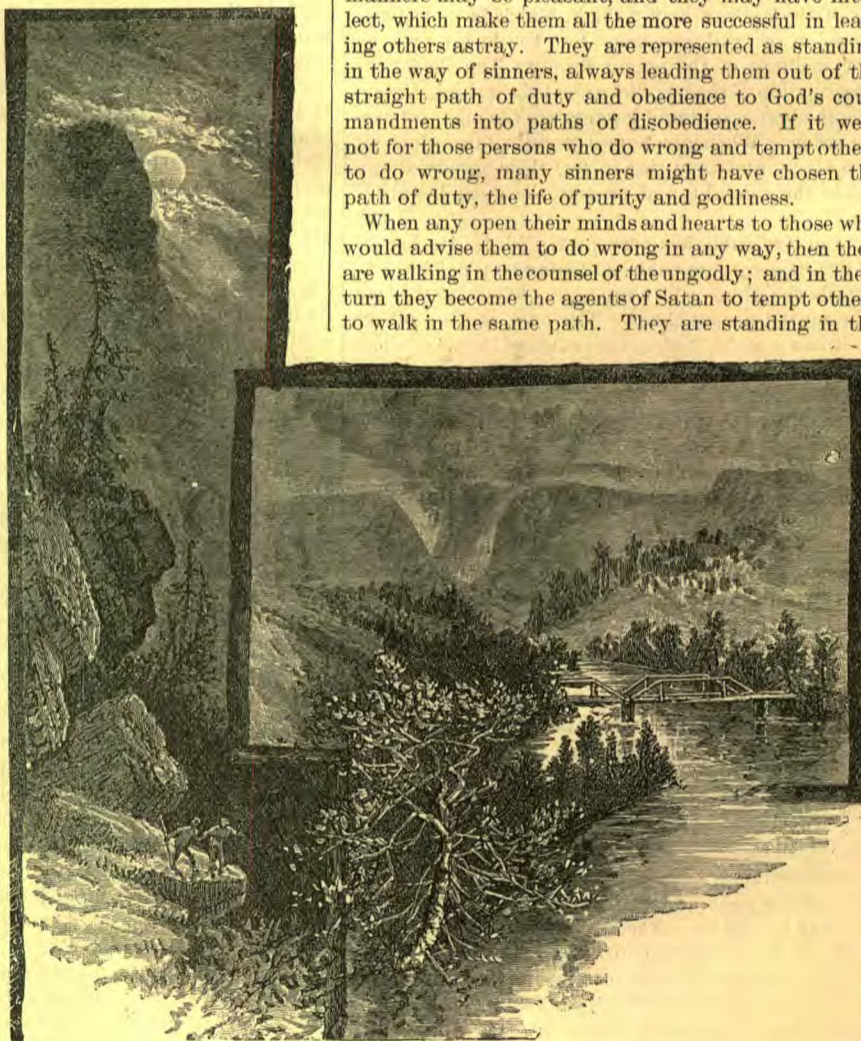
THERE was once a young man who was beginning life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him: "Now to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was an industrious young man, of great energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted with the superintendence of work like this. He made his arrangements the night before, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early the next day. He instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock in the morning. They set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock the master came in, and seeing the young man sitting in the counting-house, looked very angry at him, supposing the commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said he, "you were instructed to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

This one act made the young man's fortune. It fixed his character. It gave his employer a confidence in him that was never shaken. He found him to be a man of industry, a man of promptness, and he very soon found that he was one that could not be spared; he was necessary to the concerns of that establishment. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death-bed was able to leave his children an ample fortune.—*Sci.*



way of sinners, to turn the feet of sinners into false paths, which lead to perdition; and in the next step they will find themselves sitting in the seat of the scornful unconcerned. The ministrations of Christ are unheeded, the great salvation freely offered and dearly purchased is neglected. None can take this position without having it registered of them, in the books of heaven, "Walking in the counsel of the ungodly, standing in the way of sinners, sitting in the seat of the scornful." The message of mercy, of love, of peace, is scorned, and those who associate with this class will become like them, despisers of God's mercy. It is surprising to see how far the influence of one ungodly youth may extend; what a power he becomes in the hands of Satan for evil; how much his counsels are heeded; how much sorrow and sadness and grief he can bring into the hearts of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and grieve the Saviour, who valued all so highly that he gave his life for them!

For the INSTRUCTOR.

CENTRAL PARK.

This is the largest of any of the parks of New York, being two and one half miles long by one half a mile wide. Nature has done much for it in the way of rocks and ravines, but the landscape gardener has added greatly to its beauty by planting trees and shrubbery and laying out broad carriage drives and winding, shady walks. Far-stretching meadows, surrounded by wide-spreading oaks, may be seen on one side, with flocks of sheep grazing, and peacocks proudly strutting, spreading their gorgeous feathers to invite admiration; while on another side merry parties are playing ball, lawn tennis, and croquet.

One meadow is reserved for little children. Their bright dresses dotting the velvet lawn, and the baby carriages propelled by nurses in snowy muslin caps and aprons, form a picturesque scene.

Farther up the park is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Egyptian obelisk (which I have not space to tell you about now), and the great reservoir, into which millions of gallons of the sparkling Croton water are pumped daily for the use of the city, which, you know, is surrounded by salt water. One broad promenade, with benches on each side, where you may rest, runs from the carriage house to the lake and boat-house, and is called "the Mall." Placed at intervals back of the benches are statues of noted men in bronze, presented by different persons to the park.

Here, too, some enterprising individual has tiny open carriages drawn by goats, in shining harness and gilded horns, where for five cents the wee ones have the privilege of riding along to the lake and return under drooping elms, with a little coachman in blue cloth and brass buttons. Sometimes one of the passengers is allowed to drive, and that is considered by the fortunate one the crowning triumph. In another part, three or four patient little donkeys climb slowly up the slope, with a boy walking at their side to prevent any accident to the little riders.

But the crowning attraction for the children is the menagerie, where animals and birds from all parts of the world are on free exhibition. The houses for these animals are built in a circle, surrounding the superintendent's house, and facing it. Here are elephants, elks, camels, deer, etc. The bears are in a pit with high, rocky sides. An iron ladder is placed up one side, and it is comical to see Bruin coming down it backwards, as a person would. A white polar bear sits in his cage, with a stream of water pouring over him continually, to make him comfortable in the summer.

The prairie dogs froze last winter, but they have a new colony of them now. They sit on their haunches, eating the clover that is thrown to them, as contentedly as if they were on a Western prairie.

There are eagles, condors, parrots, and snakes; but where every one stops the longest is at the house for the monkeys. There are about one hundred of them. Nearly, if not quite all, are of different species. One, in particular, claims and receives the most attention. It is the chimpanzee, or ape. He is tailless, and when standing on his hind legs, is about four feet high. His hands are the size of a man's, are bare of hair, and have long fingers and finger-nails. The likeness of the hands and feet to those of a human being is almost startling at first. When he walks, he doubles his fingers under, and walks on the knuckles.

He was brought here from Liberia three years ago, and presented by a gentleman to the menagerie, provided they would pay the one hundred and twenty-five dollars duty on him, which they willingly did. The first winter he nearly died from pneumonia; his keeper nursed him faithfully, and became much attached to him on account of his intelligence and affection. He facetiously named him Mr. Remus Crowley, a name which has clung to him ever since, and is as well known to frequenters of the park as that of the superintendent himself.

Every day at dinner time he rings the bell for dinner, seats himself in a chair, places a napkin around his neck, and eats his porridge with a spoon and his other food with a fork. He has a large cage about ten feet square all to himself.

One day while I was there, he bit his keeper's finger, who immediately entered the cage, and boxed his ears severely. The chimpanzee squealed, and putting his arms around his keeper's neck, laid his face close up to him, professing great penitence. As soon as the man left the cage, "Mr. Crowley" peered cautiously around the bars to see if he was really gone, and then sat down on the floor and laughed with as natural a "ha-ha" as a child. It was so amusing that all the spectators joined him heartily in it.

The sea lions, or seals, have a large open tank outside, where they swim; occasionally they lift their heads to give a short, sharp bark like a dog. Some-

times they lie lazily sunning themselves on the rim of the tank.

All these animals, and many more that I might mention, furnish lessons in natural history to the children, who can watch them as long as they like, unmolested. There is a large new building, called the natural science rooms, in which are stuffed animals, skeletons, Indian relics, and minerals, that it would take all day to examine, and longer to describe. I hope some day each of you will have an opportunity to see them for yourselves. L. E. ORTON.

THE SUNSET OF THE YEAR.

GALE in her fading bowers the summer stands,
Like a new Niobe with clasped hands,
Silent above the flowers, her children lost,
Slain by the arrows of the early frost.
The clouded heaven above is pale and gray,
The misty earth below is wan and drear,
The baying winds chase all the leaves away,
As cruel hounds pursue the trembling deer;
It is a solemn time, the sunset of the year.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.

AMONG the native birds of Australia, the most numerous are those of the parrot tribe, comprising paroquets, cockatoos, lorries, and many others, most of which have very beautiful plumage. There are two distinct species of the cockatoos, black and white. The most common bird of this family is the yellow-crested, white cockatoo, which is very destructive to the crops. With his strong, hooked beak, he rips up the cobs of growing corn, destroying much more than he eats. These birds go in large droves, and while some are doing mischief to the crops, others perch themselves in the tops of high trees to warn the robbers of the approach of danger, which is done by a succession of loud screams. But the lorries are the most brilliant of the parrot family. The back and upper portion of their bodies are a bright shining blue, while the breast and under parts are the most intense rose color. When one comes upon a large flock of these birds, and they rise to fly, their gaudy wings flash in the sunlight, and present the most beautiful hues.

The native robin is a very pretty bird. Its breast is a bright geranium color, softening to a paler shade towards the wings, which are glossy black, with clear white marks across them. The back is also black, and it has a white spot on the crown of its head. The colors are so distinct, and so sharply defined that they look like different garments, fitted with the utmost care and precision. The lyre bird derives its name from the graceful form of the tail in the male, which resembles a lyre. It is a bird that is rarely seen, as it hardly ever approaches the abode of civilization. It frequents the most inaccessible ravines, those which are covered with tangled masses of vines, and wide-spreading shade trees. To get a sight of this strange bird, one must lie motionless on the ground, and let the bird approach, and even then, at the slightest move of the sportsman, it will disappear as if by magic.

There are eagles, hawks, falcons, and several kinds of owls in Australia. But the strangest bird of all is one that is called the laughing jackass. The name is said to be derived from the French *jacasser*, to chatter. The bird is an ugly, strange looking fellow. His color is black and gray, and he has an enormous head and beak, which are entirely out of proportion with his body. One can hardly listen to the noises of this bird without smiling. He will, perhaps, commence in a low, cackling sound, which is increased until it sounds like a hen in trouble. The next thing will likely be a prolonged bray like that of an ass, which is followed with what seems like some one addressing another in a jocular manner, the whole winding up with a suppressed chuckle, drawn out into an uproarious burst of laughter. Sometimes whole troops of them go on in this way together, which makes the forest echo with their coarse noise.

The brush turkey is about the size of a domestic turkey in America, with a blackish brown plumage. A very remarkable thing about the habits of this bird, is the manner in which it constructs its nests. Those who have informed themselves in the matter say that it collects together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter in which to deposit its eggs. For several weeks before the laying season the work of collecting is begun, and when completed, consists of a perfect pyramid, containing from two to four cart-loads of material. This is not the work of one pair of birds alone; but of quite a large number that combine in the effort. When a mound is once built, it is occupied for a succession of years; but fresh material is added just previous to each returning laying season.

The method by which this work is performed is also quite remarkable, and seems to show almost human reasoning. The bird never uses its bill, but grasps a

quantity of material in its foot, and throws it backward to a common center. In this way quite a large surface will be cleared of leaves, grass, etc. After the heap has been accumulated, time is allowed for a certain amount of heat to engender, after which the eggs are deposited, not altogether in one hole as one would suppose, but at a distance of from nine to twelve inches apart, and buried nearly an arm's length deep, perfectly upright, with the large end upward. Each egg is covered up as it is laid, and allowed to remain until it is hatched. The eggs when fresh are fine eating; hence the settlers often rob the mounds, which sometimes yield nearly a bushel from a single heap.

But the largest among the feathered tribes of Australia is the emu, or cassewary. This bird is of the ostrich group, and is found mostly in the southern part of the continent, though even here it is becoming very scarce. The emu stands from five to seven feet high, and is of a dark gray color. It has no wings, only little short fins where the wings should be, and is covered with a substance that is neither hair or feathers, but something between the two. The emu is very fleet of foot, and easily outruns the swiftest horse. The flesh of this bird is very coarse, and is scarcely ever eaten by white people, though the native blacks are said to be fond of it. Emu eggs, some of which measure twelve or thirteen inches around them, may be seen in many of the stores of Melbourne, where they are sold as curiosities to visitors from other countries. J. O. CORLISS.

*Ballarat, Australia.***THE IRON CROSS.**

If you had ever been among German soldiers, you would perhaps wonder why, here and there, one man among his fellows wore, fastened to his breast, a little plain black cross. It seemed a thing of no value. It was made of iron only; it had neither gold nor silver, pearl nor jewel in it; indeed, it hardly showed out at all against the dark uniform. Why did he wear it? If you asked him, you would see his eye flash with pride as he told you that it was the highest possible distinction that could be given to a soldier for courage on the battle field. His emperor had granted it to him for some brave deed which had singled him out among the rest for the great reward. His iron cross was the most precious thing that he possessed, and for nothing in this world would he part with it. True that such a cross meant facing pain and danger, but to the soldier it meant honor won.

Would you also be the winner of a cross? Listen to Jesus Christ. Such a cross he bore for our sakes. Such a cross he holds out to-day to you. What is the cross of the followers of Jesus?

From some it is the iron cross of poverty, of hard work done bravely day by day, of hunger borne patiently, of dreary homes and pinching want. You may know who are Christ's cross-bearers by their faith and courage and patience.

For others the iron cross is the ridicule of their companions, the taunts and jeers of those who make a mock at a steady, sober, honest life. You may know his cross-bearers by their quiet, unflinching steadfastness in doing what is right, and not caring for what the bad world says.

Christ's cross of honor is an iron one. Those who do not know its value, despise it. They say, "Shall we go through all this trouble, this ridicule, this pain, only to be a cross-bearer? Let's take our own way, and throw off the cross of Jesus." So the poverty makes them cowards, the want makes them dishonest, the hard work fills them with discontent. They have despised their cross of honor; they have branded their souls with shame.

We Christians say with joy and thankfulness, "The cross is hard to win, but we will bear it. By earthly shame comes heavenly honor; by danger and trial we gain the reward of victory."

Will you fight for the iron cross in to-day's battle? Christ holds it out to you, yea, he says, "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."—*Selected.*

LEISURE HOURS.

A BOY was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister "Goldsmith's History of Greece." This good man became greatly interested in him, and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times. Boys, it will pay to use your leisure hours well.—*Selected.*

The Sabbath-School.

FIRST SABBATH IN NOVEMBER.

PARABLES OF CHRIST.

LESSON 6.—PARABLES OF THE FIG-TREE, THE LOST SHEEP, AND THE LOST DRACHMA.

1. WHAT cruel act of punishment was related to Jesus? Luke 13:1.
2. What question did Jesus then ask? Verse 2.
3. Repeat his answer to his own question. Verse 3.
4. To what other sad instance did Jesus refer? Verse 4.
5. What similar question did he ask concerning this? Same verse.
6. How did he answer the question? Verse 5.
7. In what other way did our Saviour teach the same lesson?—*By the use of a parable.*
8. In this parable, by what object is the unrepentant sinner represented? Verse 6.
9. Who is represented by the dresser of the vineyard?
10. What is the owner of the vineyard represented as saying to him? Verse 7.
11. Who is the owner of the vineyard?
12. In what way does the parable illustrate the labors and pleadings of Christ and his followers for the salvation of sinners? Verse 8.
13. How does the parable illustrate the fate of those who persist in sin, and remain unfruitful? Verse 9.
14. What provoked the jealousy and ill-will of the Pharisees and the scribes? Luke 15:1.
15. What complaint did these men make? Verse 2.
16. By what two parables did Jesus show the inconsistency of their murmuring?—*By the parables of the lost sheep and the lost piece of money.*
17. What does the shepherd do when a sheep has strayed from the flock? Verse 4.
18. What is this meant to illustrate?
19. What did Jesus, at another time, say about his mission to earth? Luke 5:31, 32.
20. What called forth these remarks? Verse 30.
21. What does the shepherd do when he has found the lost sheep? Verse 5.
22. How does he manifest his joy on arriving at home? Verse 6.
23. What does this illustrate? Repeat verse 7.
24. Relate the parable of the lost piece of money. Verses 8 and 9.
25. What parallel did Jesus draw? Repeat verse 10.
26. What error do you think Jesus meant to correct when he gave the parable of the fig-tree?
27. What practical lesson may we draw from the last two parables given in this lesson?

Note.—The lesson-writer takes great pains not to make the lessons too hard; and if any should find them too short, it might be a good thing to spend some time in looking up parallel texts.

THE SCHOLAR'S PREPARATION.

TEACHERS are urged to make earnest and careful preparation of the lessons, in order to interest and instruct their classes. And this is all right. No teacher does his duty who does not take time to prepare; and no teacher, with all the study that it is possible to give, is in danger of being too well prepared. But how about the preparation of scholars? Must it be a one-sided affair? When the pastor preaches in the pulpit, he does not expect a response from the pews of answers to questions. But a teacher sits before his class for a different purpose. It is his duty not only to pour in, but also to pump out. But how can he gain any result if the pump be dry? In other words, how can he get responses from the class if the scholar has not prepared the lesson?

No pupil of our public schools would think of going into the class-room to recite a lesson in geography or grammar, without having made some preparation. Or if he made a practice of this, he would take his place at the foot of his class, or be graduated out of the back door. Yet how many come to Sabbath-school, Sabbath after Sabbath, not having looked at the lesson in the Scriptures? Is the Bible less important than arithmetic? Is it less interesting than secular studies?—*Advanced Quarterly.*

OVER and over again is the law of the universe. The sun rises and sets, the seasons circle, the vapor of water ascends to the sky and returns to the earth, over and over again. Over and over again is the law of the teacher's work. The same gentle influences brought to bear upon the pupil Sabbath after Sabbath, the same eternal truths taught and retaught, find by and by a permanent lodging-place in the soul

and heart. Do not fear that repetition is always idle repetition. Teach the truth, and teach it over and over again.—*Selected.*

Our Scrap-Book.

ARABIAN PROVERBS.

HE that knows not,
And knows not that he knows not,
Surely then
That man is but a fool—
To be avoided among men.

He that knows not,
And knowing that he knows not,
Does not care,
That man is but indifferent—
To be aided everywhere.

For him that knows,
And knows not that he knows,
'Tis not too late.
That man is but asleep; awake him
To success and happy fate.

But he that knows,
And knows he knows,
Is Fortune's man;
For, born to act, all men will follow him
Who leads the van.

—*Golden Days.*

SWEDEN'S MORA STONE.

In old Upsala and about the town are gathered most of the historical monuments of old Sweden. Here was the capital of the earliest Christian kings and queens, who were ruling nearly a thousand years ago; and here those earlier worthies, who were afterwards worshiped as divinities—Odin, Thor, and Freya—used to hold their court. The tombs of these heroes—great barrows, or mounds, much like the mounds which are found in our Western States—stand near the old town, and are objects of universal interest. But of a deeper interest than these memorials of mythological story is the spot where the coronation of kings took place in the earliest historic times.

This Mora Stone, as an English visitor describes it, is, in fact, eleven stones, which mark the place where the ancient kings were elected by the voice of the people. They are small and insignificant in size, rough stones, of no particular form or shape. They evidently belong to a very rude and barbarous age, and have runic inscriptions upon them.

They are arranged along the three sides of a small building, built purposely over them, which has the appearance of a little chapel from the road. Upon the ceiling of the building are inscribed the various elections of kings made at the Mora Stone; they are in all eight, from Sten Kil, 1060, to Christian, in 1457, besides Sten Sture, who, in 1512, was here chosen administrator of the kingdom.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE TELEPHONE OF 1664.

EVIDENCE accumulates showing that the telephonic system of transmitting sound was in existence hundreds of years ago. Here is what an exchange says of it two centuries ago:—

"A quotation from the works of Robert Hooke, published in 1664, would seem to show that the telephone is not such a modern invention as is generally thought. Hooke says: 'And as glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable but that there may be found many mechanical inventors to improve our other senses of hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching. 'Tis not impossible to hear a whisper a furlong's distance, it having been already done, and perhaps the nature of the thing would not make it more impossible though that furlong should be ten times multiplied. And though some famous authors have affirmed it impossible to hear through the thinnest plate of Muscovy glass, yet I know a way by which it is easy enough to hear one speak through a wall a yard thick. It has not yet been thoroughly examined how far octocousticons may be improved, nor what other ways there may be of quickening our hearing or conveying sound through other bodies than the air, for that is not the only medium. I can assure the reader that I have, by the help of a distended wire, propagated the sound to a considerable distance in an instant, or with as seemingly quick a motion as that of light, at least incomparably swifter than that which at the same time was propagated through the air, and this not only in a straight line or direct, but in one bended in many angles.'"

NATURAL BAROMETERS.

NATURE affords the most accurate weather barometers, as close observers of her laws frequently discover; and those persons who are guided by them soon get the name of being "good weather prophets." Some of these barometers are noticed in a late exchange, which says:—

"Mention is made of a curious stone found in the northern part of England which serves the inhabitants instead of a barometer. The stone, which they call Ilmakiur, turns black, or blackish gray, when it is going to rain, but on the approach of fine weather is

covered with white spots. Of a similar character is the Araucarian shell, the cast-off shell of a Chilian crab, which remains white in dry weather, but on the approach of moist weather shows small red spots, which grow as the moisture increases. By the time rain falls, the shell has become entirely red. This is simply a case of the change of color with the change in the amount of moisture absorbed, which is not infrequent and is well known to chemists. The barometric artificial flowers, which were the rage, especially in Paris, some years ago, are made on the same principle. The substances with which they are saturated change color with any change in the amount of moisture they contain.

"A curious natural barometer is found in the geometrical nets of certain spiders, and is also due to expansion and contraction from varying moisture. In this case, however, as in ropes, the absorption of water shortens, and its loss lengthens, the spider's cables. A century or so ago, it was studied by an entomologist named D'Isjonval, who was so enthusiastic over it that he thought it might serve to regulate the march of armies and the movements of fleets. He proposed that the appearance of these spiders in spring should be announced by the sound of trumpets. He announced that if the weather is to be stormy (that is wet) the main thread of the nets of these spiders will be too short; if fair weather is approaching, too long. Whenever either happens, the spider has to go over his work again and correct it. He is, therefore, more dependent on weather changes than are human beings. He ought to be a meteorologist, and must certainly be industrious."

QUEER CHINESE CUSTOMS.

"LAST week," writes an American from Peking, China, to a friend in Chicago, "there was a fire not very far from us—quite an unusual thing, I am told, for the buildings are of brick, with tile roofs. Several stores were burned. A strange custom in connection with any fire is, that the owner of the building where the fire breaks out is taken to the ya-min (place of public business, police court, etc.) and severely beaten, I suppose the idea being that he must have been careless to let it occur. Another strange thing is, that all the stores near for several days are obliged to sell their goods cheap, out of gratitude that they did not burn down, too."

FACTS OF INTEREST ABOUT PLANTS.

AN American would not think of trying to read by the light of a toadstool, but it is said that a late traveler in Australia "discovered two toadstools which at night gave out extremely curious light. One species was growing on the stump of a Banksia in Western Australia. When the plant was laid upon a newspaper, it emitted by night a phosphorescent light which enabled persons to read the words around it; and it continued to do so for several nights with gradually increasing intensity as the fungus dried up. The other species was detected some years afterward. The specimen measured sixteen inches in diameter, and weighed about five pounds. This plant was hung up to dry in the sitting-room, and on passing through the apartment in the dark it was observed to give out the same remarkable light."

Of certain species of moss it is said that in "Norway and Sweden accumulations of moss, often more than a foot thick, and half decomposed, serve to make paper and millboard as hard as wood, blocks of which, formed by the hydraulic press, may even be turned in the lathe and polished. This substance is said to possess the good qualities of wood without the defects, such as warping and splitting, so that it is suitable for making doors and windows. A factory has been started in Sweden for working up these deposits of a hitherto waste substance into a useful material."

PLANETARY VELOCITY.

It is difficult to comprehend that in addition to the earth's motion around the sun the latter is also moving through space at the rate of 160,000,000 miles in a year. The astronomers of the last century discovered that our solar system was flying through space in the direction of the constellation Hercules; in other words, if the spectator were to take a stationary point in the heavens, he would see our sun with its attending planets, passing through space at the rate of nearly 450,000 miles per day. Six thousand years ago, it is computed, our solar system was a million millions of miles farther from the stars of Hercules than it is to-day. The region in which we are entering is more thickly studded with stars—that is, with suns of other solar systems—than the heavenly regions we have left behind us. What a marvelous universe we live in! When we travel on a railway car at the rate of fifty miles an hour, it makes our head swim; but when we call to mind that the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours and around the sun, 92,000,000 miles distant, in 365 days, and that the sun is flying through space 160,000,000 miles in a year, human consciousness cannot comprehend the mad whirl of worlds by which we are surrounded.—*Anon.*

THE new bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company across the Susquehanna River at Havre-de-Grace, Md., is to be the longest bridge in the United States, and, with one exception, the longest in the world. It is 6315 feet in length, and river spans alone cover 3920 feet.

For Our Little Ones.

NUTTING-TIME.

WHEN from the trees
The autumn breeze
Brings down a rainbow shower,
And the ruthless frost
Each leaf has crossed
And blighted every flower;
When the song-birds gay
Have flown away,
And the crow and jay are calling,
Then nimble and brisk
The squirrels frisk
To the sound of ripe nuts falling,
Though brown and sere,
'Tis the time of year
The children greet with pleasure,
And their shouts resound
To the woods around
As they find some woodland treasure.
Then I pity the boys,
With their frolic and noise,
That live far away in the cities,
And the fun-loving girls,
With their laughter and curls—
The Annies, the Marys, and Kitties.
I wish that they all
Could come at my call

To take an October-day ramble,
And make the woods ring
As they laugh and sing,
Or romp through the bushes and
bramble.
Then, at even, with sacks
Of ripe nuts on their backs,
I could speed them each back to their
cities.
Oh! it would gladden my heart
Such joy to impart
To the city-bred Johnnies and Kit-
ties!

THE SISTERS.

AM sorry, girls, but I will be obliged to keep one of you at home. Kate must go home to take care of her sick sister, and with the work all on my hands and Willie fretful with his teething, I cannot get along alone."

Mrs. Holmes looked from one to the other of her daughters as she spoke, and as neither of them replied, she added:—

"I wish it were otherwise, for I much regret to keep you at home when you had counted so much on the day's enjoyment."

"I am not going to stay at home and drudge, when all the girls in my class have arranged to go," said Lucy, sharply, after her mother had left the room.

The hot blood rushed to Greta's face, and angry words were on her lips, for Lucy's selfishness had often deprived her of coveted enjoyment, but she only said quietly:—

"It will be as mother says, I suppose."

"I'm the older, and have the best right to go," replied Lucy, with a stamp of her foot. "And that is not all, for I am going to go. Mother need not have given Kate permission to go on the day of the picnic," and she went out to the kitchen to see to her lunch-basket, leaving Greta to think over her disappointment.

"Mother ought to decide," thought the unhappy Greta, "but if she should make Lucy remain, she would pout and scold all day, and this would cause mother pain, and she is not strong enough to bear any added burden. I will stay and try to do my best," she said cheerfully, as she brushed the tears from her eyes.

I think there was something else that helped her decide as she did. She had lately given her heart to Jesus, and she was afraid of offending him.

"I will stay, mother," she said, following her sister into the kitchen.

"Will you, dear?" was all her mother said, but her tone and looks spoke volumes.

"Give Willie to me and see if I cannot coax those blue eyes shut."

The baby hands were stretched to sister Greta without much trouble, and soon the little curly head was pillowed for a long sleep.

"Now, mother, let me help you while Willie takes his nap," Greta said pleasantly, after placing him in his crib.

"You are a great comfort, daughter, and God will not forget your labors of love," her mother replied tenderly.

Willie took a long sleep, and when he awoke the work was all done up, and Greta had time for a romp.

Towards evening her brother Tom, who was a regular college student, came in, and dropping a ticket into her lap, said:—

"There, Greta, is a bit of pasteboard that will take you into the concert to-night, that is, if Master Willie will consent for you to leave him for a couple of hours."

"Now, Tom, you are the best brother in the world. I have been wanting to go to hear the grand music, but it cost so much I could not bear to ask father to spare the money."

"Do you think it would give you as much pleasure as you could have got out of the picnic to day?"

"Oh, a great deal more, Tom. You know how I enjoy music," answered Greta.

"I am so glad, Tom, you thought of this little surprise," said their mother, who had come into the room in time to understand how things were progressing.

"I have eyes, mother, and I made up my mind this morning that a certain young lady should attend the concert to-night even if I was obliged to stay at home."



Lucy came home disgusted with the treatment she had received at the hands of the girls, and when she learned of Greta's good fortune, she declared that, if Tom had only told her of his good intention, she would have stayed at home too.—*Evangelist.*

Letter Budget.

IRWIN CORY, a little boy seven years old, sends a letter from Fresno Co., Cal. He writes: "This is my first letter to the Budget. My papa came to California one year ago last May. I came with my mother, one brother, and a sister in the fall afterward. I left two brothers and one sister in Michigan. That sister is married and has three children. We lived in Temperance Colony two months, when my mamma was taken sick and died. We then moved to Burnay Valley, and after awhile I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Loveland, where my brother lives. I like to live with these people, for I love them very much. Mrs. L. gave me a diary to teach me dates. I like to write in it when I am good, but I have to write in it when I am bad. I was going to hide my book so nobody could see it, but Mrs. L. said that would do no good, for there was a record book in heaven that I could not hide. I am going to ask God to help me to be a good boy. I have learned the books of the Bible since I came here, now I am going to learn how many chapters there are in a book. I went to Sabbath-school every Sabbath until so many moved out of the Valley they do not have a Sabbath-school here now. But brother and I will learn lessons every Sabbath. I have read the INSTRUCTOR two years, and like it very much. Papa and mamma have been Sabbath-keepers more than thirty years. Pray that I may be a good boy and meet mamma in the new earth."

Two little girls, LUELLA REED, aged ten years, and LIZZIE SORESEN, twelve years of age, write a letter from Multnomah Co., Oregon. The letter reads: "We both have the privilege of reading the INSTRUCTOR, which we think is the best little paper we have ever seen. We attend Sabbath-school, and we are both in one class, and study Book No. 4. We have a very kind teacher. After preaching, while the older ones are holding a social meeting in the church, the children are favored with an interesting Bible reading, or Bible talk, in the room adjoining the church, which was built partly for that purpose. Luella's papa and mamma have gone with Eld. Potter and wife to Albany with the tent, to hold meetings. We attended the East Portland camp-meeting, where we had several nice children's meetings conducted by Prof. Brownsberger. We try to live so we may meet the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven."

LAURA M. HUNT, writing from Franklin Co., Iowa, says: "I am in my fourteenth year. I have six brothers and one sister. All of my brothers are Baptists, and one is a Baptist preacher. My father is a Baptist preacher, also. My sister, who is nineteen years old, began to keep the Sabbath last October, and I began the following January, while we were away from home. When we came home, papa would not allow us to keep it. I have not been to Sabbath-school since May, because my papa would not let me. I give all the money I can earn to the cause, and am trying to show others the truth. I am trying to do as nearly right as I have the privilege to. I love the INSTRUCTOR very much, and I hope all its readers will pray that my parents and brothers may obey God's holy commandments."

LILLIE FARRAND sends a letter from Genesee Co., Mich. She says: "I will be fourteen years old in October. I am keeping the Sabbath with my parents. I have no brothers or sisters at home. I have a married brother, who lives at Chippewa Lake, 115 miles from here. He and his wife do not keep the Sabbath. I pray that he may soon. He is running a bolting saw, in a shingle mill, which is very dangerous business. He has been almost killed two or three times. They live on the banks of a lake. It may be I will visit them this fall; if I do, I will write about it next time. I was baptized in the spring, and am trying to be a good girl, so as to meet you all in the new earth."

CORA DAVIS, of Blue Earth Co., Minn., writes: "I am twelve years old, and have a brother eleven years old and a sister three years old. I attend the Franklin school, but it is now vacation until the first week in September. We have nine months of school. I am in the sixth grade. I keep the Sabbath with my parents, brother, and sister. We attend Sabbath-school, although it is a mile and a half from our house to the church. We have quite a nice church, and quite a number of members. I send my love to the INSTRUCTOR readers."

NELLIE I DEVEREAUX writes a letter from Turner Co., Dakota. She says: "I am twelve years old. I have lived in Dakota over eight years. I live one half mile from town, and just a little way from the Vermillion River. I attend Sabbath-school regularly and study Book No. 3. I have been taking music lessons. My parents and two sisters are attending camp-meeting at Huron. I want to be a good girl, that I may be saved in the new earth."

ARCHIE SANBORN writes from Allegan Co., Mich. He says: "I am ten years old. I attend Sabbath-school, and study book No. 5. I have a brother and sister. My parents are with the tent, and I stay at Mrs. Finch's to do chores and run on errands because two of the family are sick. I had a little chipmunk, but it died last night. I have a little chicken which I call Berney. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR, and would like to see this letter printed."

FRED E. JONES, of McDonald Co., Mo., in sending his first letter to the Budget, says: "I am eleven years old. I have read the INSTRUCTOR for several years, and like it much. We have a good Sabbath-school, with an average attendance of about thirty. Pa is gone from home most of the time, and I am plowing for corn now. I am trying to be a good boy, and hope to meet you all in heaven."

SAMMIE HAMMOND, of Solano Co., Cal., who is thirteen years old, keeps the Sabbath with his mother, brother, and two sisters, but does not have the privilege of a Sabbath-school, there being only four Sabbath-keepers there. He is learning the last chapter of the Revelation, and wants to be saved with the commandment-keepers when Jesus comes.

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