

Youth's Instructor

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For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

THE printing establishment in Basel, Switzerland, faces an extensive tract of land owned by the government; and here, directly before our eyes, the soldiers gather for military drill. Not only do grown men maneuver here, but youth and school boys have their uniforms and are trained to become soldiers. They come with instrumental music and drums. They are trained to do all kinds of service. Special ones have special work assigned them. Under command of officers they are drilled to set up and take down tents with quickness and precision, fold them up, and place them upon carts made for the purpose, and, fastening themselves to the carts, draw them away. They also have small, heavy carts, with small brass cannon mounted upon

and the knapsacks laid aside; then, at the word, the knapsacks are placed on the backs of the soldiers and the rifles restored to their former position. This maneuver is repeated again and again. Then comes a command to charge upon the enemy, the soldiers running in perfect order to take the desired fortification.

As I have watched the soldiers go through all this drilling and training, I have thought of the soldiers in Christ's army. If it is essential for the soldiers to go through so much drill to serve their country in a time of peril, how is it with the soldiers in Christ's service? Are they submitting themselves to be educated

The more responsible the task assigned to Christ's soldiers, the more the soul exults in the Saviour's love and approval. The soul realizes a freedom in the performance of the weightiest and most taxing duties.

But this doing the duty of a soldier means work. It is not always just such work as we would choose. Outward inconveniences, difficulties, and trials have to be borne by the soldiers of Jesus. There is a constant warfare to be maintained against the evils and inclinations of our own natural hearts. We must not pick and choose the work most agreeable to us; for we are Christ's soldiers, under his discipline, and we are not to study our own pleasure. We must fight the battles of the Lord manfully. We have enemies to conquer that would gain the control of all our powers. Self-will in us must die; Christ's will alone must be obeyed. The soldier in Christ's army must learn to endure hardness, deny self, take up the cross, and follow where his Captain leads the way. There are many things to do which are trying to human nature, and painful to flesh and blood. This work of self-subduing requires determined, continuous effort. In fighting the good fight of faith, obtaining precious victories, we are laying hold of eternal life. This warfare requires most strenuous effort, the exertion of all our powers. We are to crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts. I would that our youth would engage in this work which requires the exercise of every spiritual muscle, the strength of every power. And as they manifest faithfulness in any and every position of duty, they will be promoted, and positions of responsibility will be given them. The great work of saving souls is committed to them. They are to be laborers together with Christ; and this means a life-long service, a life of spiritual hardships and conflict, until the laborer's work ends with his life. There is no spiritual self-indulgence in a truly religious life.

Dear youth, do you think Christ requires too much when he calls you to earnestly exercise your ability, your tact, your intellect, all your powers, in his service? We dare not do otherwise than to faithfully present before you the conditions, just as they are. We dare not lower the standard to gain recruits under false pretenses. We would have each of you move understandingly, counting the cost. It is a noble work to serve Jesus Christ, who gave his own life, his riches, his glory, in order to rescue us from the power of Satan. We are toiling for a precious, glorious crown and an inheritance that is immortal. The reward is promised: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

Will you serve God or Satan? Our Captain presents to us a crown of glory, a kingdom, mansions of bliss, and eternal life. What does Satan propose to give?—a life of sinful pleasure,—sin and its wages—death. Jesus wants you to hate sin and to love righteousness. Will you become Christ's soldiers and wear his uniform, which is the pure robe of Christ's righteousness?

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

OLD JOE GREEN'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

ONE Christmas Eve, having coasted and skated till dark, Harry Lee, a merchant's son, and Tommy Hall, whose father was a grocer, were hurrying home, full of talk about the expected pleasures of the next day. Not far from their homes, in the alley, they passed old Joe Green's shanty.

"Old Joe has gone to bed already," said Harry. "I hope he will get his sleep made out."

"I wonder what he'll get for a Christmas present," was Tommy's query.



WINTER.

GLAS! how changed from that fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! My ear
Has grown familiar with your song.
I hear it in the opening year;
I listen, and it cheers me long.

—Longfellow.

and disciplined, thus fitting themselves to engage in warfare? This is a difficult work. The Christian warfare does not mean play; we are not engaged in mimic battles, fighting as one that beateth the air. We have a real but unseen foe to meet. To be a soldier of Christ means more than to be an idler, more than to be a seeker after selfish enjoyment.

In earnest, determined exercise as faithful soldiers, obeying the orders of the Captain of our salvation, there is genuine enjoyment such as can be obtained in no other employment. The peace of Christ will be in the heart of the faithful soldier. There is rest for the soul in wearing Christ's yoke, in lifting Christ's burdens. It seems a contradiction to say that there is no rest for the soul except that which is found in continuous and devoted service. But this is true. Happiness comes in willing, obedient service, where all the powers of our being are moving in happy, healthy, harmonious action in obeying our Captain's orders.

them. These mounted cannons are attached to another small cart containing a seat for the driver and another person, and a box for ammunition and the needed implements. The boys are taught to separate, then unite, then separate, these carts, and carry the mounted cannon to some part of the field, as if for immediate action.

Then, too, stretchers were brought on to the field, and those who were apparently wounded were carefully looked after, the arms and limbs supposed to be broken were bound up, and the patients carried away in the ambulance. Thus every part of the duties and maneuvers of war are gone through. In some parts of the season, hundreds are gathered every day in the open park before our windows.

At command, the guns are stacked with precision

"Say! let's play a joke on him,—hang up a stocking at his door."

"And fill it with snowballs to surprise him!" cried the other boy. So, while Harry went home for a stocking, Tommy went to his father's store for twine and wrapping-paper; and, having brought them, with a great deal of smothered laughter the boys tied up three solid snowballs, and put them in the stocking they had hung on the door-knob.

They were going to "fill it plump full," as Tommy said; but somebody was heard coming, so they ran on home.

"Old Joe will have something to think about, wondering who filled that stocking so nice for him," said Harry, giggling.

"Maybe he hadn't once thought it was Christmas Eve," was the answer; and these thoughtless boys "had not once thought" they had played a shabby trick on an infirm old man, who, as he crawled into his cold bed, where it was easier to keep warm than over his broken stove with so scanty fuel, had remembered with bitter sadness how once he had had a pleasant home, with a loving wife and little children, who had hung up their stockings, with a great deal of merriment, round a glowing fireplace, and, with still more of fun and glee, found them filled in the morning. The wife, children, and warm, pleasant home, were long since all gone; and, with a great aching at his heart, he had prayed, "Thy will be done" that night.

Next morning, Harry had been so taken up with his own well-filled stocking, and other things too large for it to contain, that he had not once thought of Joe Green, till at breakfast he heard his father say,—

"Laura, when I was coming home last night, about eleven o'clock, as I came through the alley past Joe Green's house (if you can call it a house), I saw a stocking hanging on his door. The moon made it light as day. It went all over me to think of that forlorn old man, in his second childhood, hanging up his stocking for a Christmas gift. I was determined he should not be disappointed in his expectation of the coming of the Christ-child; so I went back to Mr. Hall's store, where we had been talking for an hour, and together we fixed up enough substantial, in the shape of tea, coffee, sugar, clothing, and other comforts, to make him trust all winter in Him who hears the ravens' cry. When we came to fill the stocking, we found somebody had put in three or four hard snowballs, nicely tied up, so as to fool him."

"It was so good of you!" said Mrs. Lee, with tears in her eyes. "God does feed his own; and he is one of the Lord's poor, such as he said we were to have with us always. Charles, let us ask him to Christmas dinner, and invite others who will not be asked out, nor have much at home."

A list was soon made out,—Sally the washerwoman, and her four little boys; lame Peter, who mended baskets, and sawed wood; a little hunch-backed girl of fifteen, who had never walked; old Granny Darwin, who was "on the town;" and Joe Green, who came dressed in a warmer suit of clothes than he had worn for years.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Tommy came to help entertain, and it was a very hungry, happy, and appreciative tableful. The boys did their part in amusing the younger guests. They had confessed to their mothers their share in the Christmas gift. Old Joe knew nothing of that; but in his after-dinner speech he said,—

"I don't no who put it in the Lord's head to think to have somebody hang up that stocking, so somebody else would think to fill it; but I shall bless his name so long as I live, and pray for all the other ones, and hope the Lord will say to them all at last, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"*—The Well-Spring.*

A CHEAP SOUL.

SOME years ago I was sitting in a large dry goods store in Chicago, waiting for a friend. It was storming a little outside, and the clerks were not very busy. Not far from me stood a cash-boy, with his back against a pile of prints, and his elbows carelessly resting upon the same. I noticed his handsome face, set with dark hair and eyes, so expressive, his cheeks bespeaking perfect health. A lady at an opposite counter, while paying a bill, let fall some fractional currency, such as was then in circulation, that fluttered and fell to the floor, and was picked up by the gentlemanly clerk in attendance, except one, a twenty-five cent piece, which noiselessly skimmed along and fell near the cash-boy I have alluded to. Without changing his position, he set one foot upon the money, and seemed unconscious of everything except the sky-light, and stood gazing up into the open space while search was made for the money.

I watched him, with a sickening thought in my mind—"What will be the end?" I went swiftly to him, and

whispered in his ear: "Boy, will you sell your soul for a paltry twenty-five cents? Don't you know perfectly well that the money is under your foot? Restore it, and never, never, do such a thing again."

The boy turned pale, stooped and picked up the money. "Lady," he gasped, "don't tell on me, I pray—I beg—and I never will do so any more. Think of my mother."

I presume he thought I knew him. I did not then, but afterward found out who he was; and from the fact that he stayed with his employer several years, and was raised to a high position, I think the offense was never repeated.

Boys, the first theft is the longest step you take toward prison; the first glass of liquor takes you nearer a drunkard's grave than all you may swallow after; often the first oath clinches the habit of profanity. A stained soul is hard to purify. There are virtues you can lose, but once lost they are forever gone.—*Selected.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

JUBILANT bells their joyous peals are ringing,
In modern shrines and steeples old and gray;
Once more their brazen tongues with joy are singing
Of the Saviour's natal day.

Forth to the world they peal the clamorous story
That brings rejoicing to the sons of men;
That Christ, the Lord of life, the Prince of glory,
Was born in Bethlehem.

They seem to tell the story of the manger,
The life of love, of suffering, and of loss;
That Christ so high in heaven, on earth a stranger,
Hung bleeding on the cross.

The vail so rent, the riven rocks, seem speaking
Their thrilling story through your Christmas chimes;
The scoffing Jews, his anguished mother's weeping,
Echo from olden times.

The gates of death, the bars of hell, were riven
At great Jehovah's mastering command,
And the conqueror mounted up to heaven,
Death's fetter in his hand.

Ring out, O bells! Ring out your joyful chorus;
Tell to a listening world of sins forgiven;
And tell that Christ, whose love is brooding o'er us,
Keeps Christmas now in heaven.

L. D. SANTEE.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

WHAT GIFTS SHALL WE BRING?

THE custom of making presents is of very ancient origin. The Scriptures contain many instances of persons' bestowing gifts upon others, sometimes to gain their favor, and sometimes as a token of love or esteem. You remember Jacob's gift to appease the anger of his brother Esau? And when it was required of Jacob that he should send Benjamin with his brethren to Egypt or no corn should be given them, the father sent a present of the best things of his own land, hoping thereby to secure the good-will of the ruler, not only that they might be provided with food, but so as to insure Benjamin's safe return.

This act of Jacob brings to mind what the wise man said,—*"A man's gift maketh room for him;"* also that *"a gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it; whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth."*

It is not necessary to tell our young readers that "the holidays" are a special season for gift-making, for they know so well the story of the wise men's presenting gifts to the infant Saviour at the time of his birth as an expression of thankfulness for God's gift of his Son to man, and that from that circumstance originated the custom of making presents and offering acts of charity upon each anniversary of the event, as a token of our good-will.

It is a source of perplexity to those who enter largely into the spirit of gift-making; for to determine what will please the person to whom the present is to be made is usually a difficult matter, necessitating the expenditure of much time, if not of means, before the donor is satisfied that he has made a suitable selection.

Another unpleasant feature of holiday gift-making is that too often the gifts, instead of being made to the needy, are given to those who are already overstocked with everything that a fertile mind can think to procure. If, instead, the giver would follow the Scripture injunction, to give to those from whom we do not expect to receive in return, the danger of displeasing the Giver of every good gift would be materially lessened.

But considering how the custom originated,—in the giving of the Son of God, the gift of all others the most precious, to purchase for us eternal life, where should our Christmas gifts properly be bestowed? To whom are we indebted? While we undertake to commemo-

rate the birth of Christ by making presents, let us keep in mind to whom they are due. And just now, when so much is needed to carry the truth to souls for whom Christ has died, can we show our love and gratitude in any better way than by bringing ourselves, and giving liberally to the Lord?

Dear young friends, what gifts shall we bring to the Lord upon this Christmas occasion? Let us come with thankful hearts, presenting first ourselves, to be made all over new, having our sins made whiter than wool; and then, instead of spending our means for the gratification of self, let us, as freely as we have received, present our best gifts to God.

M. J. C.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

SEA TALES.—NO. 8.

ONE morning the man at the wheel sang out, "Wreck ahead, sir, on the lea bow." Going upon deck, I saw, about three miles away, what appeared like the hull of a vessel. The brig was put about and headed for it. This "putting about" so large a vessel as our brig is a pretty sight. Each man is at his post; the main-top-gallant staysail (the highest sail between the masts) is taken in, then at the word, the helm is put "hard a-lee," the yards of the square sails all come around at once, the jibs shake, then fill, and the big mainsail, with many a creak and groan, swings its huge boom to the lea side, and is made fast; the yards of canvas flap idly for a moment, as though catching a breath for renewed exertion, then swell out to the breeze, and away the vessel goes on her new course. In about an hour we were within a mile of the wreck, and could plainly see that it had been a large vessel of at least a thousand tons, and had been burned. It had evidently been in the water a long time, probably a year, and some captain had overhauled it, and stripped off its copper.

I thought how dangerous such a thing as this would be, should it be struck suddenly by vessels going, as ours was, at a good speed. The shock would certainly carry away the masts, and probably sink the vessel. I said as much to Mr. Allen.

"You are right, sir; there ought to be a law to compel captains to blow up all the wrecks they see. Why, sir, the western sea is full of them, and its dangerous for vessels now. I remember years ago I was in the captain's watch once, on the lookout one dark night, when I saw breakers ahead, and sang out to the mate, 'Breakers ahead, sir!'

"'Breakers!' said he. 'Don't you know better than to talk of breakers in the middle of the Bay of Biscay?'

"'All right, sir,' said I, and very soon I heard the breakers, and then, sir, I yelled to the man at the wheel,—

"'Hard up your wheel! Hard up your wheel, I tell you,' and away I went aft and took the wheel myself, and none too soon. We just grazed past a large wreck. One moment more, and none of us would have known what hurt us."

By the tenth of December we were near to the coast of New Zealand. Here we had thick weather, strong winds, and frequently several seas running, the wind shifting often. For days together, we had the royal and top-gallant in, and topsail reefed, and occasionally a reef in the mainsail. The coast of New Zealand is a dangerous one to approach; the gales of wind are furious and treacherous, shifting suddenly, and often boxing the compass. It made an anxious and trying time for the captain, as we were less than one hundred and fifty miles from our port, and the light from Tiara Head had been changed since he was last there from a fixed to a revolving light.

At seven P. M. the wind had lulled considerably, and by ten o'clock the reefs were shaken out of the mainsail, and the brig put about. Before midnight Mr. Allen came down and said to the Captain, "We are only loafing here now, sir. Can I skake out the reef in the top-sail, sir?" There had been three seas running, and no matter how the brig was headed, we always had a "head sea," and the vessel stood "on end," pitching with quick, short plunges that kept one's nerves constantly on the stretch, expecting to hear something give way. The captain had thought at supper time that he would have to fold up the foresail, but when Mr. Allen came down, it was lighting up all around, the barometer reported favorably, and so the reef was shaken out. At this point we were eighty miles from Nugget Point, which is sixty miles from Otago harbor, our destination. Although so near to our port, we had to come about and put to sea again, it being impossible to enter the harbors at night without a pilot. Just before breakfast the Middle Island came in view, and we were opposite Long Point, twenty miles from Nugget Point. Here we passed the steamer which plies between New Zealand ports and Melbourne, Australia. Two sailors were taking in the steamer's side lights. All vessels carry

a red light on the port side, and a green one on the starboard. Steamers in addition carry a white light at the mast head.

As the steamer disappeared, a diminutive tug boat came around the point, and at breakfast a stentorian hail of "Brig, ahoy!" brought the captain on deck. After considerable chaffing as to the price for towage (which was reduced from £20 to £10), the tug took us in tow. As we neared the land, the pilot boarded us, and soon after the custom house officers came alongside in a beautiful steam yacht. At 10:30 A. M. we dropped anchor in Otago harbor, opposite Port Chalmers, the port of entry to the city of Dunedin, ending a tedious passage of 124 days, after sailing 15,235 miles.

"But," I think I hear some little boy say, "Is this the end of your tales? Won't you tell us any more?"

Well, it does seem uncharitable to coax a boy, even in imagination, two thirds around the world, and then to leave him. So, if the INSTRUCTOR folks do not become impatient, I will, in fancy, carry you with me on a homeward journey. W. S. C.

KEEP your body sound and pure;
Fill your mind from wisdom's store;
Strengthen every virtue's hold;
Be for truth and justice bold.

The Sabbath-School.

SECOND SABBATH IN JANUARY.

PARABLES OF CHRIST.

LESSON 15.—THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

1. WHEN our Lord again spake to the people in parables, to what did he compare the kingdom of heaven? Matt. 22:1, 2.

2. In what sense does the Saviour mean to compare the kingdom of heaven to this king?—*As this king did in furnishing the feast with guests, so will the King of heaven do with those that receive the sweet invitations of the gospel.*

3. What did the king send forth his servants to do? Verse 3.

4. What had been previously done?—*The guests had been bidden.* See same verse.

5. How had the guests been bidden?—*By the word of God, as given by the prophets.*

6. How were they called to the wedding?—*By the preaching of John the Baptist, and by the apostles.*

7. When the first call had been refused, with what emphasis was the call repeated? Verse 4.

8. How did they treat this call? Verse 5.

9. What enormous cruelty did some of them practice? Verse 6.

10. Mention some of the disciples that were so treated.

11. How did the king punish the ungrateful people that rejected his call, and slew his servants? Verse 7.

12. To what people does this verse refer?—*To the Jews.*

13. How did Christ foretell this terrible punishment? Luke 11:49-51; Matt. 23:34-38.

14. How did he foretell the overthrow of their city? Matt. 24:2.

15. How was Jerusalem taken and the temple burned?—*By the Roman army under Titus, in A. D. 70.*

16. What did the king then say to his servants? Matt. 22:8, 9.

17. How was this part of the parable fulfilled? Acts 9:15; 10:14, 15; 22:17-21.

18. According to the parable, what did the king discover when the guests had assembled? Matt. 22:11.

19. What did the king say to this man? Verse 12.

20. How did the man plainly show that he had no good cause for appearing in the presence of the king clad in an unsuitable garb? Last part of the same verse.

21. What does this wedding garment represent?—*The righteousness of Christ.*

22. Why had the careless guest no excuse for not clothing himself in a wedding garment?—*Because such a garment was furnished by the king, free of cost, to every guest.*

23. How is it with the righteousness of Christ?—*It is offered free to all who will repent, believe in Christ, and strive with all the heart to obey him.*

24. What doom was pronounced upon the man who ventured into the king's presence without putting on a wedding garment? Matt. 22:13.

25. What statement does our Lord make in conclusion? Verse 14.

26. What do we understand by this?—*That the gospel call is to the whole world, but those alone will be chosen who have met its requirements.*

Our Scrap-Book.

THE USE OF FIRE IN DAMARALAND.

THE action taken by the late General Conference in sending missionaries to South Africa will, no doubt, beget in your minds an interest to become familiar with the habits and customs of the natives of that country. Should you examine your maps to trace out the missionaries' new field of labor, which will probably be Cape Colony at first, by looking a few degrees farther north you will discover a division called Damara, or Damaraland. One who has visited that part of Africa relates some things about the primitive use of fire among the natives, which we think may be of interest to you. He says:—

"The care of the fire is intrusted to the oldest unmarried daughter of the chief, or, if he has no such daughter, to the maiden nearest related to him. If, by any accident or misfortune, it is extinguished, it must not be relit from another fire, but must be made anew from the beginning. For this purpose two straight sticks of any readily burning wood are taken. A hollow is made in one of the sticks, in which the sharpened end of the other may be twirled, and some punk or half-rotten wood is put in a groove cut to hold it, to serve as tinder. This stick is held to the ground by the knees, while the other one is turned rapidly back and forth between the open hands. When a spark appears, it is directed upon the tinder, which is then readily blown into a flame. Thus, it is not the rubbed stick, but the tinder, that gives the flame. The natives dislike this work very much, and when on a journey, if they have no other fire apparatus, they take an ignited stick with them, the fire of which they skillfully keep glowing for a long time. At the present time, the Africans, far into the interior, are acquainted with the use of steel and flint and of matches; Jon-koping's paraffine-lighters have probably penetrated farther into the heart of Africa than any European explorer. There is no evidence that the people knew anything of the steel and flint before they became acquainted with Europeans; and I have never seen a fire-steel that was made by a native smith.

"Besides cooking food and warming and lighting the huts, fire is employed for the felling of large trees and the splitting of stones. In the former case the fire is built around the root of the tree, and kept burning till the tree falls. One man can attend a considerable number of such fires, so that the work, as a whole, may go on quite fast. Stones which it is desired to remove from the road are split by the aid of fire, and wells are bored through the rock sometimes to the depth of thirty feet or more."

SUNSET ON MONT BLANC.

THE *London Standard* says that a large audience recently listened to a lecture in that city by Mr. Leslie Stephen on "Among the Alpine Glaciers," from its notice of which we make the following extract:—

"Mr. Stephen said that a hundred years ago nobody seemed to look at the Alps for themselves until Rousseau and certain English poets made them fashionable. In 1856 Prof. Forbes and Mr. Ruskin wrote certain books about them which so fired the imagination of some young men that they determined to get to the top of these mountains. In 1857 they formed the Alpine club, and at the end of ten years they had got to the top of nearly every mountain in the chain. In 1861 an attempt was made to break down the monopoly instituted by the guides of Chamounix, and he (the lecturer) undertook the ascent with guides that he had brought with him from a distance. His party consisted of five Englishmen and three guides, and they determined to attempt the ascent by way of one of the largest glaciers instead of by the usual route. An accident to one of the party necessitated their return to the village.

"Another attempt was made as soon as possible, and this proved successful. He had ascended Mont Blanc four times altogether, and on the last occasion witnessed the sunset from the top of the mountain. The impression created on him by this spectacle was a lasting one. The first sign of the setting of the sun was that the mountains began to light up with that extraordinary Alpine glow which was like nothing else in the world, and which seemed to be a sort of mysterious solid fire gleaming along the whole range of glaciers; and between them and himself, as the evening mists rose, it seemed as if there were a great sea of some transparent, ethereal, bluish fluid. Then suddenly he became aware of a great dark triangle that was cut out of the twilight. At first he hardly knew how to account for this, but he soon saw that it was the great shadow of Mont Blanc itself that was gradually creeping down the valley, and seemed as though it would go the whole way to the distant horizon. Presently this shadow, by some curious effect, appeared to climb up into the sky. Then all the mountains disappeared, and the dark shadow sprang up and began to envelop the moon, rising pale and ghastly opposite the sun. The final spectacle was witnessed from a lower altitude. The immense range of snowy cliffs was turned livid and ghastly pale to the side against the sun, and on the other side was still glowing and ruddy against the dark night that was coming up, and far away beyond the Lake of Geneva there was a great orange bank of light brooding over France."

SOMETHING ABOUT CHINESE.

CHINESE is a queer language. All its words are only one syllable long. But the sounds in the Chinese language are not very many, some four hundred and sixty-five at most, and their written language contains about eighty thousand pictures, each picture representing a thing or idea. And these pictures must be committed to memory. This is hard work, and not even the wisest Chinese professor can learn them all. But now comes a difficulty. For, of course, where there are so many words and so few sounds, many different words have to be called by the same sound. How then are they to tell, when several different things have exactly the same name, which of them is meant?

We have such words. For instance, there is Bill, the name of a boy; and bill, the beak of a bird; there is bill, an old weapon, and bill, a piece of money; there is bill, an article over which legislatures debate, and bill, a claim for payment of money; besides bills of exchange, bills of lading, and so forth. But Chinese is full of such words of a single syllable, yen, for instance, which, like bill, means many very different things. So they chose a number of little pictures, and agreed that these should be used as "keys." Each "key" meant that the sign or signs near which it stood belonged to some large general set of things, like things of the vegetable, mineral, or animal kingdom, forests, mines, or seas, air, or water, or of persons, like gods or men. It was like the game called Throwing Light, in which you guess the article by narrowing down the field until certain what it is.

But there Chinese writing stopped short, thousands of years ago. There it is to-day. There are now two hundred and fourteen of these "keys," and, by intense application, Chinamen learn to use their method with surprising quickness and success.—*St. Nicholas.*

HISTORICAL RELICS FOUND.

A NUMBER of valuable Indian relics, among which are medals of Washington and Jackson, have been discovered in the hands of the Miami tribe in the Miami and adjoining counties in Indiana by relic hunters lately. The silver crucifix worn during her long life by Frances Slocum, the white woman who was taken captive at the Wyoming massacre, and who thereafter made her home with the Indians, is now the property of Gabriel Godfrey, a Miami chief. The cross is solid silver. A circular medal, measuring two and one-half inches in diameter, also of solid silver, is owned by Mr. Peconga. On one side is a pipe and tomahawk inclosed with the words, "Peace and Friendship, A. Jackson, President, 1829." On the reverse is an excellent medallion of Jackson, beneath which are two hands clasped. Another medal of silver, oblong in shape and measuring 7x5 inches, bears on one side the representation of an Indian handing a colonist a pipe of peace, while his tomahawk lies at his feet. In the background is seen a pioneer plowing. Above the figures are the words "George Washington, President." On the reverse side is the coat of arms of the United States. This medal was presented to the Wyandottes by Washington himself, and was produced by the Miamis from a Wyandotte chief. The owner has refused an offer of \$500 for the relics. Many other trinkets of historical interest have also been found by antiquarians, but the Indians, usually so ready to part for a mere song, with any of their belongings, resolutely decline to dispose of them.

"CAUGHT ON THE FLY."

MR. W. H. GIBSON, the artist and engraver, has been traveling in the south with a detective photograph camera under his arm. It was so arranged as to appear like a grip-sack, and so people were caught unaware and their pictures taken "on the fly." He has pictures of some of the old slaves on the wharves of New Orleans; and views of the cypress-cutters at work in the Louisiana swamps. Some of these photographs—which are taken at a flash—show the great trees in the act of falling, and some just going with a great splash into the water. No pen or pencil could begin to show such perfect pictures, and Mr. Gibson is just the artist to know how to use them.

A TOOTHLESS SAW.

IN the Central Hudson workshops at Greenbush, New York State, there is a Bessemer steel circular saw without teeth, which cuts a steel rail in two in about two minutes. It is revolved at a very high speed by an engine of ninety horse-power, and is kept cool by water dropping on it. Nevertheless a ring of flame surrounds it while in action. Such a saw will divide 3,000 rails before it is worn out. Steel rails after several years' use become battered at the ends, and the object of the saw is to cut off these ends and render the rest of the rail good for use in branch and switch lines.

SOMETHING of a novelty in clocks is a recently patented arrangement by which the metrical striking announces the hour without the necessity of counting the strokes. This is effected by applying the Morse system of intervals to the stroke of an ordinary clock. The ear at once detects the correct hour, even if the first strokes were not heard or counted. There will be little difficulty in learning the new system, and those who prefer can still count the strokes. The mechanism is stated to be inexpensive, and applicable to existing clocks.

For Our Little Ones.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

A PATTERN of feet on the chamber stairs,
A flutter of robes like a bird's soft wings;
An opening of doors, then a merry shout,
And this is the song the children sing:—

"Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children dear!
For Christ, once born in Bethlehem,
Is living now, and here!

"Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children sweet!
The way to find the holy child
Is lighted for your feet.

"Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children glad!
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord
As ever wise men had."

For the INSTRUCTOR.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

Carol singers, or waits, were known in England and Scotland many years ago. They had also to perform the duties of watchmen at night. I have heard my mother say that when she was quite a child, she well remembers the watchmen passing through the streets, and calling out, "Twelve o'clock! a stormy night!"

I am not going to speak of waits in the past, but of those in our day, now called Christmas waits, to which class the little folks in our picture belong. Can you not fancy that you hear their sweet young voices singing the old familiar strain, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night?"

The picture takes me in imagination to old England, where Christmas customs are much more observed than they are here. Our little friends belong to the village school; for the girls' bonnets and cloaks remind me of those worn by the little country lasses. The house is not good enough for that of the squire, but is probably the parsonage, or home of the clergyman.

How eagerly, and yet half timidly, the children look toward the window, but Harry stands with one hand in his pocket, as if he were quite unconcerned. Bashful Dick does not make so bold as to enter within the gates, but stands wistfully outside. Shall I tell you what I have heard waits sing before leaving a house?—

"I wish you a merry Christmas,
And plenty of good cheer,
A pocket full of money,
And a cellar full of beer."

Having been so generous in their wishes, they naturally expect some pence from those whose purses they had desired might be filled. I really think the little rogues may be thinking of singing these funny lines; and can you not see the young ladies looking smilingly out of the window? Just a moment more, and the longed for Christmas box will be theirs! for Father Christmas is a merry old man, and although he comes with snowy winter and sly Jack Frost, he has a magic key with which he unlocks most hearts.

The pure snow brings to our minds the prayer of the sweet singer of Israel, who said, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." May this be your real, heartfelt request, dear boys and girls, then listen to the Lord's kindness, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

M. P. VESEY.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

THEY were on their way to school one bright October morning, walking through the long drifts of golden and brown leaves that bordered the sidewalk, and talking busily about Clara Day, the new scholar, whose father had built a fine house in Mayville, and moved his family from New York.

"I suppose the house is a perfect palace inside," said Grace Richards, "and they keep four servants, and have the loveliest lace curtains at all the windows!"

"But, Grace, aren't her little pearl-ear-rings lovely?" exclaimed Milly Wright, "and oh, the embroidery on her white dresses!"

"She doesn't have her big sister's clothes made over for her," snapped Sage Carter, with a glance at her own garnet cashmere.

"And she has a gold pen with a pearl handle," continued Grace.

"And uses thick white note-paper to work her sums on," replied Sage.



"And yesterday," added Milly, "she had cream puffs for her luncheon."

"But I think the gray ponies are the best of all," said Grace. "Think of driving to and from school every day behind those ponies!"

"It makes me feel real cross!" pouted Milly.

"I wish I was in her place!" said Sage.

"Money will buy everything!" sighed Grace.

And by this time they were at the school-house.

"Well, Milly," said Sage, as they started from home that noon, "you seem to have been getting acquainted with the heiress."

"Yes," remarked Grace, "you and Miss Clara were talking quite cozily together when we came in from recess."

"O, girls!" exclaimed Milly, "I'm so sorry that I grumbled this morning. You know we were all envying that girl because she has so many lovely things. Well, I thought I would stay in from recess this morning to study my piece for Friday, and I noticed that Clara stayed too, but she had the lid of her desk up, and I could not see her face. Just as I began to study, I heard a sob from Clara, and so I walked over to her and asked if I could do anything, and she invited me to sit down, and told me that it was just a year ago her mother died. They have a housekeeper and a nurse for her little brother, but she says there is nobody to meet her at the door when she comes home

from school, and nobody to kiss her after she goes to bed, and nobody to help her with her lessons, and the house is so large and lonely, and O, girls," continued Milly, with a great choking in her throat, "I have just the blessedest mother that ever lived—"

"So have I," interrupted Sage.

"And I," echoed Grace.

"And she's worth more than all the fine clothes and gray ponies in the world," went on Milly, "and I'm going home to love her better than I ever did before."

"To think that I wished myself in Clara Day's place!" said Sage, regretfully.

"And to think I said that money can buy everything!" said Grace, as she caught a glimpse of a certain dear face at the window.—*Good Cheer.*

Letter Budget.

MARY FROM writes a letter from Wash. Co., Neb. She says: "I keep the Sabbath with my mother and go two miles every Sabbath to Sabbath-school. My brother and I expect to go to camp-meeting in the fall. Mamma visited in Calhoun in the spring, and had a pleasant time. I would like to see all the INSTRUCTOR family together."

MABEL BLOCHER sends a letter from Pettis Co., Mo. She says: "As Central Missouri has not had a letter in the Budget in some time, I thought it might be of interest to you to hear from us. We have a nice Sabbath-school of about forty members. Our teachers make our lessons interesting for us. Three of our scholars were baptized last quarterly meeting. Sabbath afternoons we have children's meetings, and sometimes Bible readings. At other times the hour is devoted to prayer and social meetings. I am ten years old, and have kept the Sabbath with my mamma and sister ever since I can remember. Papa does not keep it yet, but we hope and pray that he may. We have three Bible workers here that are doing a great deal of good. We need more help. I want to study the Bible, and be able to teach it to others."

We have a letter from Yolo Co., Cal., written by WATTIE V. DANIELLS. He says: "I thought perhaps the INSTRUCTOR family would like to hear from one who lives away back in the mountains. Our house is built between two steep, rocky mountains, in a long canyon called Putah Creek Canyon, because Putah Creek runs through it. There are many kinds of wild flowers here in the spring. If I live, I shall be twelve years old next New Year. I have three brothers and one sister. My oldest brother has the hip disease, and papa is going to take him to the Rural Health Retreat. I was baptized at the Woodland Camp-meeting. Pray that I may be faithful."

AUGUST and WILLIE J. JOHNSON send letters from Tama Co., Iowa. August writes: "I live with my parents on the farm. I have two brothers and two sisters. We live eight miles from the church, so cannot go very often. I study in Book No. 2. I have two little chickens, and when they get big, and lay eggs, I shall give the tenth to the Lord. We did not go to camp-meeting this year, but hope to go next year. I am fourteen years old. I want to be a good boy and meet you on the other shore."

Willie writes: "I am ten years old. I study in Book No. 2. I go to day school. I want to be a child of God, and see you all in heaven."

DELANAH BROCK, of Grenola, Kansas, says: "I like so well to read the letters the little girls and boys write for the Budget that I have often thought of writing for it. I am twelve years old. I have a little sister Ella. Papa is away laboring in the cause. Mamma is an invalid for life. We went to Battle Creek three years ago for mamma's health. We came back one year ago. We hold our Sabbath-school in the Christian church every Sabbath when it does not rain. Many members live so far away they cannot meet with us regularly. I recite in the INSTRUCTOR. I have acted as secretary the last two quarters. I have been taking music lessons all summer; now I am attending school. I often think of my stay in Battle Creek. There we could attend Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and we had maps to illustrate the lessons, which helped us understand them so much better. I am trying to overcome all my sins, that I may meet the dear readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the land God has promised the children in the fifth commandment."

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