

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 35.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH 2, 1887.

No. 9.

## THIS WAY NO MORE.

THIS is not as though you had to travel back  
The same old way; each step leads nearer Home;  
And soon along the rugged mountain-track  
Light from the ever-open door will come,  
And you shall see One standing at the gate,  
And hear him call: "Come in, my child! 'Tis late,  
And cold without,—the home-meal waits for you;  
And ah! your locks are wet with evening dew!  
But warmth and rest and comfort are within.  
Come in, my weary pilgrim child—come in!"  
And you will go so gladly, it shall be  
Small care of yours how rough the road did lie;  
Even the summer sunshine on the lea  
Shall pale before the radiance in His eye.  
And all things, good and ill alike, shall prove  
To have worked out for you a Father's love.

—Well-Spring.

## THE DIVING-BELL SPIDER.

UGH! you horrid, ugly creature!  
But wait, and come a little closer, and you will  
forget its repulsive looks while admiring its won-  
drously beautiful web. See how delicate each  
thread, finer than the finest silk, and how industri-  
ously the spider works until the web is finished.  
Quickly he drops himself down, then as speedily  
mounts, hand over hand, like a sailor climbing to  
the topmost rigging of the mast. The web sways to  
and fro with his weight, but the threads are strong  
and do not break, or slip from the wall to which he  
has attached them, when he pauses so suddenly, as if  
stopping to rest before darting off again. You re-  
member the verse in Proverbs, "The spider taketh  
hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces."

All this about the house spider. Now I wish to tell  
you about another kind, the diving-bell spider, and  
its curious home. Only think, its house is made of  
air, and built in the midst of the water; and this is  
the way she builds, for it seems to be the female that  
so skillfully plans and constructs the house where she  
may live under water without getting wet. First, she  
seeks for the leaf best adapted to her purpose, and  
when she has found one under water, she spins loose  
threads in various directions, fastening them firmly  
where she likes. Next, she covers these threads with  
a substance as clear as glass and as elastic as India  
rubber, so that a hole made in it would at once close  
up.

This done, she makes and fastens to herself a round  
ball of the same substance, and rises to the surface,  
where, by the curious machinery given her by the Cre-  
ator, she gets a bubble of air under this ball. By  
means of a hole with tiny bristles around it, she can  
draw in air and pump it out, thus keeping the ball  
stretched and in place. When she has expanded the  
ball until it spreads around her like a gauzy mantle,  
she plunges beneath the water, and pumps the bubble  
of air, under the roof of her house, then up she rises  
again to the surface for another, and as quickly de-  
scends. This she repeats for ten or twelve times, un-  
til under the roof of her crystal palace there is air  
enough to let her live comfortably.

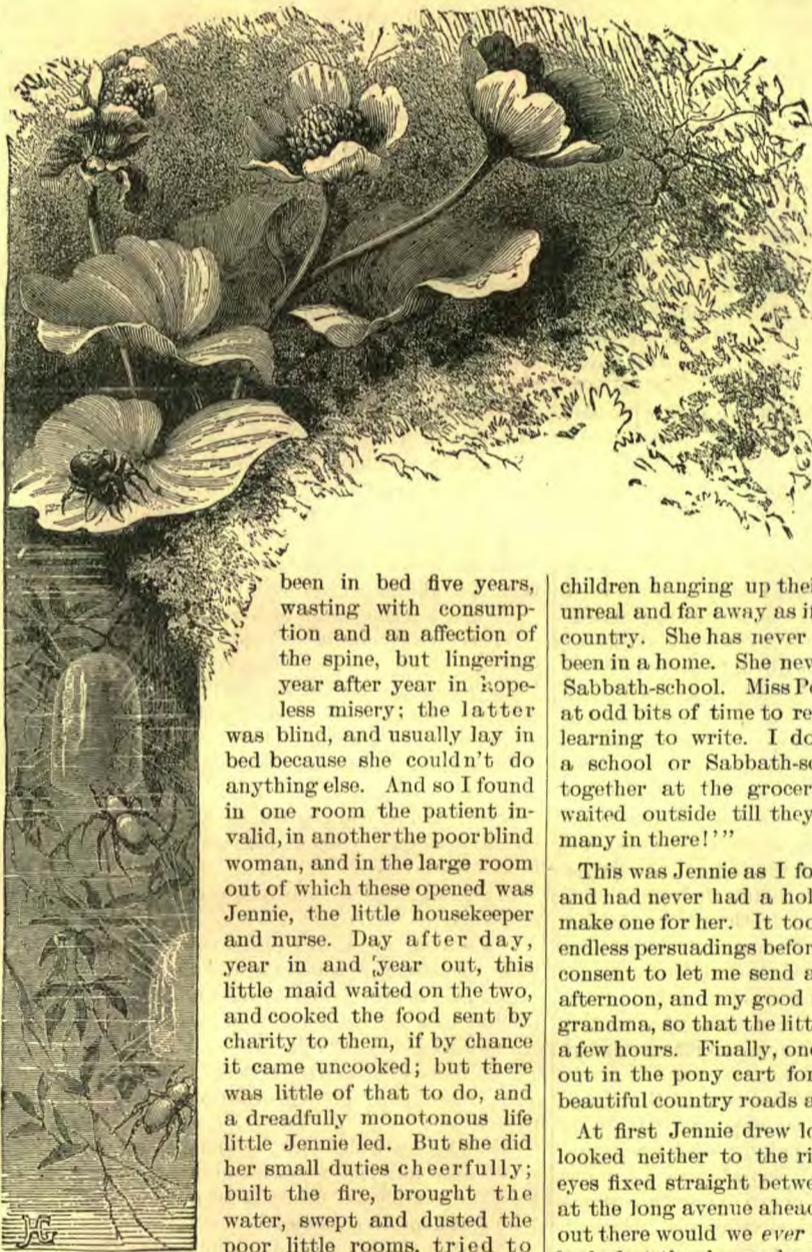
Here, safe and snug with her spider friends in their  
air-castles, she lives secure from the storms which lash  
the surface of the water into foam and spray, and  
from her feathered enemies, the birds. There she is  
ever in search of the bee, which comes to suck the  
honey from the water lilies; or the dragon-fly, dressed  
in coat of mail, darting hither and thither on wings  
of gauze, or the myriads of insects humming along  
their pathway, unconscious of the open bill, until,  
snap, and down they go to appease her hunger.

In autumn the diving-bell spider can be seen floating  
on the surface of the water, enjoying the warm sun-

beams and the rocking of the ripples, until hunger  
sends it ashore to hunt for insects, and when it has  
caught its prey, quickly it plunges to the bottom.—  
*Selected.*

## THE LITTLE GIRL WHO NEVER HAD A HOLIDAY.

WHEN I first knew Jennie Crawford she was twelve  
years old—a pale-faced, prematurely old child, living  
with her mother and grandmother. The former had



and bed clean and bright, always pulling the shade  
to let in the sunlight, and never forgetting to tell  
grandma whether the day was clear or dull. The  
good old soul always gave thanks, whatever the  
weather. If it was bright, she would say the sun  
was needed to-day for warmth, or to bring out the  
grass; and if it rained, that it must be needed to  
lay the dust. She had learned the great lesson  
that in whatever state she was, therewith to be con-  
tent, and never was the day so dark that she could  
not find something for which to give thanks.

When I first met and talked with her, I tried in a  
delicate way to condole with her over her blindness,  
but felt rebuked when she responded cheerily:—

"Yes, dearie, I've been blind this twenty years, get-  
ting every year more helpless, till I have to just lie in  
bed. But I bless God I can *hear* your sweet voice,  
and I *smell* some posies somewhere about you, and I  
can *feel* right smart. I know Miss Perkins and Miss  
Flynn by the *feel* of their hands when they do n't speak.  
Why, many an old woman like me is deaf as a post  
and can't smell nothing! And then I can *talk*. What  
would become of Jennie if I couldn't keep up her  
heart talking to her? How good God is to us in giv-  
ing us kind friends, who  
take care of us and keep  
us all together here, when  
we might be scattered—  
her mother in the hospi-  
tal, me in the poor-  
house, and she, poor  
child, in the asylum!"

When I said it was a  
hard life for so young a  
child, she said: "Well,  
not as hard as if she had  
ever known any easier  
one. She never had no  
'holiday' like I had when  
I was young; she don't  
know what it means.  
Her Christmas is like any  
other day, only some-  
body brings her some  
books or candies. She  
reads in the books about  
the Christmas trees, and

children hanging up their stockings, but it is all as  
unreal and far away as if it was going on in another  
country. She has never seen a family of children, or  
been in a home. She never could be spared to go to  
Sabbath-school. Miss Perkins learned her right here  
at odd bits of time to read and spell, and now she's  
learning to write. I don't know what she'd do in  
a school or Sabbath-school. She saw four girls  
together at the grocer's the other day, and she  
waited outside till they came out, "There were so  
many in there!"

This was Jennie as I found her. Twelve years old,  
and had never had a holiday! My first step was to  
make one for her. It took days of maneuvering and  
endless persuadings before I could gain the mother's  
consent to let me send a nurse to stay with her one  
afternoon, and my good sister to stay and look after  
grandma, so that the little prisoner might be free for  
a few hours. Finally, one bright August day, we set  
out in the pony cart for a long drive through the  
beautiful country roads and lanes.

At first Jennie drew long breaths of delight, but  
looked neither to the right nor left. She kept her  
eyes fixed straight between the pony's ears, looking  
at the long avenue ahead, and asked if we went way  
out there would we *ever* get back? After awhile she  
looked at the sky, and said, "There seems so much of  
it and nothing to hold it up." She thought she would  
feel safer if I would turn back, "where the houses kept  
up each side of us."

When we reached the country, and I told her we  
would get out and gather some flowers, her fear and  
astonishment knew no bounds. The grass was soft  
and springy, and she feared she would "sink in." By  
degrees I coaxed her up a bank by the roadside covered  
with daisies and clover, and she gradually took in the  
beauty of the day and the scene, and then she began  
to cry for very joy, and said: "O, this is like what  
grandma tells me about; like the places she saw and  
lived in when she was young. I couldn't think how it  
was. I never guessed any place was so big without

houses on it; the pictures in the books don't look so."

I tried to think what Jennie's feelings must be after living twelve years almost in one room, always in one street, her world bounded by a city square, to be suddenly taken out to this wide, wide field. My heart ached as I drove away after leaving her back in the old home with the heavy burden again on her young shoulders.

I "counted my mercies" over and over—and their name seemed Legion—and from that day to this, eighteen months to-morrow, I've counted among them the privilege I have had of giving this poor child many a bright holiday.—*The Christian Advocate.*

#### SNOW-FLAKES.

WHERE do they go,

The melting flakes of the bright, white snow?  
They go to nourish the April showers;  
They go to foster the Maytime flowers;  
Where the roots of the hidden grasses grow,  
There do they go.

How do they go?

Drop after drop, in a silent flow.  
When the warm rain falls, and the winds are loud,  
And the swallow sings in the rift of the cloud,  
Through the frozen veins of the earth below  
They softly go.

Why do they go?

Because Dame Nature will have it so!  
More than this, truly, I cannot tell:  
I am neither a seer nor an oracle!  
When all is answered, I only know  
That they come and go!

—*Wide-Awake.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### DAY DAWN IN NEW ZEALAND.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps on the sea, and rides upon the storm."

WE have now to tell you about a remarkable young man among the New Zealanders, who, by his energy and noble patriotism, did so much to open the way for the introduction of gospel light into this dark corner of the earth. All the New Zealanders were divided into nations, tribes, and families under chiefs, graded according to their birth in the royal line. Tuatara, the chief of Rangihō, had learned about other countries from the white men who had visited New Zealand shores. He had an intense desire to see King George of England. Nothing could deter him from making the effort; and accordingly in the year 1805, at the age of eighteen, he left his native country for this purpose. He worked his way as a common sailor on the ship *Anna*, and after four weary years reached the docks of London. He passed through many adventures, and suffered much hardship, but his mind was set to carry out the desire of his heart. Instead, however, of being allowed to see the king, he was defrauded of his wages, and not even permitted to go on shore, but was placed on board a ship which was leaving for Sydney.

At this time England banished all her criminals to New South Wales, of which Sydney was the capital. But this custom has long since been abandoned, for there was nothing reformatory in such a course. To rob a man of all society that would tend to elevate him and make him more virtuous, and place him among more hardened criminals than himself, in a distant country from which he would never return, and where he would be loaded with chains and placed under task-masters often more cruel than the criminals themselves, would be worse than death. To be chaplain of this class of men would require a spirit of genuine, disinterested benevolence.

There was on board this ship a man of this class, Samuel Marsden, who had been appointed the principal chaplain of the penal colony of New South Wales. He was a man of God, and possessed a noble and generous spirit, but he longed to reach a more hopeful class than the banished criminals. He had become acquainted with many of the natives of New Zealand, who had visited Sydney, and he had entertained them at his house. The acquaintance he had formed with some of the chiefs had so enlisted his sympathies for this people that in 1810 he induced three lay missionaries to accompany him to that colony to labor for the people. At this time cannibalism was at its height; and the latest news received from the island was that an entire crew had been captured and eaten in the harbor of Wangarora. As Mr. Marsden was about to sail to the island, the governor interfered and refused to permit him to expose his life and the lives of others to a race of savages.

Previous to this, Mr. Marsden made a voyage to England, after an absence of fourteen years, and providentially returned on the same ship with the

young chief Tuatara. On the fore-castle of this ship lay Tuatara, sick in body, crushed in spirit, and, to all human appearance, forsaken alike by God and man. After a few days' sailing Mr. Marsden discovered and kindly cared for him until he was restored to health. Arriving at Sydney, Tuatara stayed at the chaplain's house, and employed himself chiefly in learning agriculture. His acquaintance with the missionaries of Australia and what he had learned on his voyage to England gave him ideas of civilization which he readily grasped. He determined to carry some of these ideas into effect as soon as he should reach his native land. When he returned to New Zealand, he carried wheat with him, which he zealously endeavored to introduce among his countrymen. In a book "The Life of Marsden," the writer says of this young chief:—

"He was indeed a noble specimen of human nature in its savage state. His character was cast in the mold of heroes. At the period of his death, after as much hardship, danger, and privation as nature could well bear, his courage was unshaken, and his patriotism and ardor unabated." At the time of his death "he said to Mr. Marsden, with an air of triumph, 'I have now introduced wheat into New Zealand. It will become a great country. In two years more I shall be able to export wheat to Port Jackson (in Sydney) in exchange for hoes, axes, tea, and sugar.' He had laid plans for farming on a large scale, and had formed his plans for building a new town with regular streets, after the European mode." But he died without seeing his heart's desire for his native land.

Tuatara longed to see the gospel taught to his countrymen, and a very warm attachment existed between him and his friend Mr. Marsden. But though he did not live to see this hope fulfilled, through him the door was opened for the entrance of Christian missionaries among this benighted people.

S. N. HASKELL.

#### A SMART BOY.

THE impudence of American youth, though worn threadbare, is a subject which demands attention. If these impertinent young people could receive such a wholesome lesson as was taught to a lad in a village depot the other day, they might be effectually cured of their smartness.

The ladies' room was well filled with passengers, waiting for the train, while, between his puffs of smoke, the self-important youth in the ticket-office gave surly answers to the civil questions they asked.

A few minutes before the train was due, an elderly lady, evidently unaccustomed to traveling, came hurrying in, and, after depositing her bundles on a chair, turned to the smart lad with the inquiry,—

"When will that train be here?"

"There's a time-table behind you; if you can read, you can see for yourself," was the rude answer.

The woman consulted the card on the wall for a few minutes, and then, apparently satisfied, asked:—

"What time is it now?"

"Half-past the corner, or thereabouts," replied the bright boy, relighting his cigar.

"Sir," said an old gentleman, who had come in during the colloquy, "why don't you give the lady the information desired?"

"I do not keep an intelligence office," was the pert rejoinder.

"It is your business to answer all civil questions, notwithstanding," urged the stranger.

"I understand my business, sir. When I stand in need of your advice, I'll let you know."

"And what is your business, pray?"

"To make fools ask questions."

"The company pays you for your impertinence, I presume."

"Just so," drawled out the smart boy.

"It does not pay you for smoking, at any rate," said the gentleman, pointing to a poster that read: "No smoking allowed here."

"I'm not in there, by a jug-full," was the flippant retort.

"But your smoke is filling the room, and there are ladies here, to whom it is very offensive."

"It is to some," with a puff in the gentleman's face.

"It is to me; and if you do not throw that cigar away, I will report you to the agent who employed you," was the indignant response.

"Not so fast, daddy. If you don't like the way things are done here, just take yourself outside, where you belong. That room is for the accommodation of ladies, and you do not seem to belong to the women."

At this juncture the agent made his appearance, and taking the stranger by the hand, called him Mr. Mooney.

That cigar went out of the window in a hurry, and

the knowing boy's face underwent several changes during the greeting; for Mr. Mooney was superintendent of the road, and in a very few words gave him to understand that he was far too smart to be retained in the service of the company which he himself represented.—*S. S. Classmate.*

#### GETTING A GOOD PLACE.

I SAW a young man in the office of a western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in the city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and it paid well, besides being in line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his accuracy. He began as an errand boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time was used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did because he was sure it was just right. And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant look-out, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure his work is right, or if the cashier must run over the book-keeper's columns, he might as well do the work himself, as to employ another to do it in that way. It is certain that an employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as possible.

I knew such a young man. He had a good chance to do well, but he was so inaccurate and unreliable the people were afraid to trust him. If he wrote a deed, or a mortgage, or a contract, he was sure to leave out something or put in something to make it an imperfect paper. He was a lawyer without business, because he lacked the noble quality of accuracy. Just across the street from him was another young lawyer, who was proverbial for accuracy. He was famous for searching titles, and when he wrote out the history of a title to a piece of property, it was taken for granted it was just so. His aim was absolute accuracy in everything. If he copied a conveyance, cited a legal authority, or made a statement, he aimed to do it exactly. The consequence is he is having a valuable practice at the bar, and is universally esteemed.

"But," says some boy, "when I become a man, that is the way I shall do. I mean to be very accurate."

Perhaps so. I could tell better if I knew just how you do your work now. There are several ways of getting a lesson. One is, to get it "tolerably well," which does not cost much labor; the other way is to get it faultlessly well, which costs a great deal of labor. A boy can get a general idea of his lesson very soon, but to get it with accuracy is very hard, and requires both time and industry. If you, my boy, to-day are getting your lesson in the slipshod way, you will grow up a slipshod man; but if to-day your habit is to get every lesson with perfect accuracy, I will warrant you will do that way when you become a man. How is it?—*Selected.*

#### OUR THOUGHTS.

FOR from our thoughts our actions spring;  
So, if our thoughts are pure,  
Our words and deeds must blessings bring,  
For God's own word is sure.

If there's bitterness within,  
Words and deeds will show  
Some of that same bitterness,  
And no blessing know.

#### DARE TO DO RIGHT.

CHILDREN, did you ever know of a person who did right whom sensible people despised? If no one says, "You have done right," in words so we can hear it, the little voice we all carry within our minds will always say, "You did as you ought to."

When Athens was governed by thirty men, called "tyrants," they wanted a very rich man named Leon killed, so that they could have his riches. They wanted the great philosopher Socrates to help them; but he said, No; he would not engage in so great an "ill as to act unjustly." You see he did right with thirty rulers over him, and all cruel men, too.

Christ was a greater philosopher than Socrates, and he taught us to "do as we would be done by." If we follow that little rule, we shall always dare to do right. How much more of joy, and less of sorrow, there would be if everybody loved these words of the Saviour!

NEVER did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty, practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practitioner still more in love with the fair act.—*Shaftesbury.*

The Sabbath-School.

THIRD SABBATH IN MARCH.  
MARCH 19.

THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

LESSON 7.—THEY ARE ALWAYS PRESENT WITH US.

1. WHEN Hagar once fled from her mistress, where did she go? Gen. 16:6, 7.
2. Who found her there and talked with her? Verses 7-12.
3. What did Hagar say? Verse 13.
4. What may we infer from this?—*That angels often see us when we do not suspect it.*
5. What happened to Hagar at another time? Gen. 21:14-16.
6. Who heard the voice of her child? Verse 17.
7. How did God answer him? Verses 17, 18.
8. What may this and other passages lead us to conclude?—*That God generally employs angels in answering prayers.*
9. Relate another instance where an angel appeared to a servant of God. Gen. 22:9-12.
10. Where did Jacob once tarry alone all night? Gen. 28:10, 11.
11. What did he see in his dream? Verse 12.
12. Who stood above the ladder? Verse 13.
13. When Jacob awoke from his dream, what did he say? Verse 16.
14. What did he say of the sacredness of the place? Verse 17.
15. What made these solemn impressions on his mind?
16. In what place does the Lord always meet with his children? Matt. 18:20.
17. How does it seem that this must be done?—*By the ministry of the angels.*
18. Does not Paul, in his directions about proper conduct in meetings, refer to the presence of the angels in their assemblies? 1 Cor. 11:10.
19. If, then, these holy angels are always present where God is worshiped, how should it affect our feelings and conduct while there?
20. How did Paul recognize the oversight of angels? 1 Cor. 4:9.

NOTE.

We are made a spectacle.—The theater or amphitheater of the ancients was composed of an arena, or level floor, on which the combatants fought, and which was surrounded by circular seats rising above one another to a great height, and capable of containing many thousand spectators. Paul represents himself as on this arena or stage, contending with foes and destined to death. Around him and above him are an immense host of men and angels, looking on at the conflict and awaiting the issue. He is not alone or unobserved. He is made public, and the universe gazes on the struggle. Angels and men denote the universe as gazing on the conflicts and struggles of the apostles. It is a vain inquiry here whether he means good or bad angels. The expression means that he was public in his trials, and that this was exhibited to the universe. The whole verse is designed to convey the idea that God had, for wise purposes, appointed them in the sight of the universe, to pains, and trials, and persecutions, and poverty, and want, which would terminate only in their death.—*Barnes, on 1 Cor. 4:9.*

By some means an erroneous statement crept into lesson one on the ministration of angels. It was said that the angels were mentioned in every book of the Bible; but this is not so.

As much controversy has arisen over the lesson on the parable of the ten virgins, we propose to print in our next number a brief article from Eld. Smith, explaining some of the controverted points.

The Talmud tells us in one of those exquisite passages, which reveal the influence on Israel of the knowledge of God, that in a great drought the learned Rabbis prayed and wept for rain, but no rain came. At last one, not distinguished as a doctor of the law, prayed to Him who holds the winds in His hand, and who sends down the rain and the dew. The heavens became veiled with clouds, the precious rain soon abundantly fell. "Who is this?" they asked, "at whose prayer alone God has been propitious?" And the modest man replied, "I am a teacher of little children." May the teachers of children ever be those who have power with God.

Our Scrap-Book.

HOW THE INDIANS MADE SUGAR.

As the season for maple-sugar making arrives, it may be of interest to our young people to know how the first inhabitants of this country manufactured the article. Thomas Conant, an old resident of Canada, writes to the *Toronto Globe* what he knows about it. He says:—

"The Jesuit fathers, who were the first white men in this country among the Indians, tell us that the Indians made sugar regularly every spring by tapping the sugar-maple. They tapped the trees with their tomahawks, and inserted a spile in the incision to conduct the sap from the tree to their vessel beneath. Their spile was a piece of dry pine or cedar wood, grooved on its upper side for the sap to flow down. No doubt this process was extremely crude, still with all its crudities they succeeded in producing a considerable quantity of sugar each spring.

"Their buckets were made by taking a roll of birch bark, and sewing up the ends with deer sinews or roots. Thus they got a vessel capable of holding a pailful, and no doubt the sap caught in such vessels was just as sweet as that which we now gather in our bright tin-pails, at far greater expense and trouble.

"Gathering the sap from the birchen buckets, it was carried by the original red man to the boiling-place. At this boiling-place was a large cauldron made of large sheets of birch bark. Beside the cauldron, a fire was built, and in this fire was placed a lot of stones. As soon as the stones became heated to a red heat, they were dropped into the birchen cauldron, previously filled with sap. By taking out the cooled stones and putting in more hot ones, and repeating the process, even slow as it was, they got the sap to boiling. Once got to boiling, by reheating the extracted stones, they kept up the boiling, and so continued the process, until after a time they got the sap boiled down, and sugar was the result.

"That was making sugar without the aid of a kettle, nevertheless it is a fact that they manufactured it in this way; for my forefathers, who came to this province in the last century, have handed down in family traditions the story of the process just as I have narrated it. Indeed, they were eye-witnesses of the process themselves. With the advent of settlers, of course, the Indian soon learned better, and traded his furs with the fur-dealers for iron kettles, and then began making sugar much as the white man does now."

TELEGRAPHY.

WHEN the telegraph is mentioned, how naturally the mind reverts to the wire stretched from pole to pole, over which the electric current can, in a moment, flash a message to great distances. But Webster defines the telegraph as an apparatus, or a process, for communicating intelligence rapidly between distant points, especially by means of visible signs or signals which have been previously agreed to, as well as by words and signs sent by electro-magnetism. Some method of communicating by signals has nearly always been in use, especially for purposes of war and defense. There was the Green fire-pot telegraph, Enas telegraph, Bremner's torch, the Beacon of the Hill-top, Gen. Washington's flag, basket, and barrel signal, by which about fifty signals could be given; and still others might be named. Even the Indians had their fire and smoke signals. But it is understood that the most useful, by far, aside from electricity, is the semaphore, which, "aided by electricity, is used to the exclusion of all other methods on every line of railway in the world." The following interesting paragraphs about this particular method we copy from the *Christian Weekly*:—

"Lord Murray, in 1795, invented what were called the semaphore-shutter or Louvre telegraph. It possessed the disadvantage that messages could only be sent during the daytime by its aid, and even then a fog rendered it useless. Upon one occasion news of one of Wellington's victories was being telegraphed. It began, 'Wellington defeated,' when up rose a thick mist and put a stop to the signaling. In its mutilated form the message went up to London, a panic ensued upon the Stock Exchange, and everybody was in consternation, expecting the 'Corsican Ogre,' as he was invariably designated, to be the next moment knocking at their doors. The fog cleared, and the remainder of the message came, 'Wellington defeated the French.'

"By this system, forty thousand signals could be sent at the rate of sixty-four from London to Dover in ten minutes, and till very lately news of the arrival of the mail from America continued to be sent from Holyhead to Liverpool by this means."

"The honor of the invention of the practical semaphore belongs to two schoolboys. Two brothers in France, of the name of Chappé, were at different schools a mile and a half apart. They entertained a great affection for each other, and were inconsolable at not being able to communicate. Necessity, the mother of invention, set them at work, and they devised a method of talking with each other by means of pieces of wood exhibited at their respective back windows. By this means they were able to send 200 different messages.

"As they grew older, they improved the invention; but the French Revolution put an end, for a time, to their experiments. The ignorant revolutionists looked upon their invention as a part and parcel of the ill-doings of the aristocracy, destroyed the stations, smashed the semaphores, and the unfortunate inventors had to flee for their lives. This sort of thing happened more than once, but the persevering Chappés were lucky enough in 1793 to telegraph from the frontiers to Paris the news of a great victory.

"Forthwith they and their invention became the idols of the public, and telegraph stations were erected all over the Continent, England alone, with her hatred of everything French, refusing to countenance it. More than 80,000 signals could be sent by it, and a word could be telegraphed from Lille to Paris in two minutes. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia built a number of towers upon which to place the semaphores from the German frontier right through Warsaw to St. Petersburg. There were no less than 220 of these stations, with a service of more than 1300 men, and millions of pounds were spent in their construction. The entire line was only finished in 1858, and it was no sooner at work than the electric telegraph snuffed the whole arrangement out. There stand the towers at the present day, solitary and useless, except as a monument to the advancement of science."

FIERY COLUMNS IN THE SKY.

S. W. HALL, in the *St. Nicholas*, describes another beautiful scene "among the gas-wells," occasioned by the burning gas. He says:—

"Often in the winter there may be seen in the gas region, far up in the sky at night, one or more faint white streaks, six or eight feet long. They look like comets, and the one first seen was quite generally mistaken for a comet. Each one of these is caused by a burning gas-well. The light of the well shines upon the small ice-crystals which quite often are floating in the air, far above us, and is by them reflected, or thrown down again, so that we see it, though the gas-well may be many miles from us. Every well furnishes but one 'comet,'—as we may call it for want of a better name,—which always appears in the same place. When the lower air is also filled with ice-crystals, we do not see the comets, but great fiery streaks, the complete reflections, that reach from the points where the comets were, down across the sky to the horizon at the points where we see the glare of the distant gas-wells.

"We see something of the same kind below instead of above us, in the fiery belt which appears when we look across a wide, dark stream at a light upon the shore. But there is a unique strangeness and beauty about these fiery columns in the sky. They stand out boldly against the dark background, like great, fiery rods, a central bright streak, or spine, running through them, which shades off into a beautiful glowing red on each side. They are regular in shape, apparently about twenty inches wide, the sides straight, the top slightly rounded, and the bottom fading away, as it reaches the flame in the glare of the well.

"No description nor pictures of these comets and fiery columns can give a true idea of their strange beauty, which does not become commonplace by reason of a regular, every day—or rather, every night—appearance, as these phenomena are visible only under certain favorable conditions. Those still, chilly nights, when the sky has a hazy appearance, when a few scattering flakes of crisp, dry snow may be fluttering down, are the nights upon which the finest displays are seen; and several nights may intervene between these curious and beautiful exhibitions. Sometimes the comets will appear directly overhead, and the fiery columns often reach to a great height, depending, of course, on the distance of the observer from the source of illumination. Recently the top of one of these reflections was estimated to be six and a half miles above the burning well.

"As they stand thus in the sky, the effect is at first startling; indeed, there is a feeling akin to awe mingling with the sense of admiration as we look at them. We are reminded of the 'pillar of fire,' which led the Israelites out of Egypt; and if we stop to think of the great changes, the mighty forces, and the wonderful laws entering into the production of the strange scene before us, these modern pillars of fire will seem scarcely less remarkable to us than does the ancient miracle."

AILSA CRAIG.

AILSA CRAIG is a remarkable island rock rising sheer out of the sea, at the mouth of the Firth of Clyde, ten miles off the coast of Ayrshire, Scotland. It is two miles in circumference, and rises abruptly to the height of 1,180 feet, being accessible only at one point. It is of gray stone, arranged in lofty columnar rocks, far exceeding in dimensions those of the far-famed Staffa, although not so regular in shape. A peculiar cave exists on one side of the rock, with the remains of an ancient stronghold containing several vaulted chambers. Large flocks of solan-geese [sea-fowls allied to the pelican] and innumerable rabbits are the sole tenants of this wild and romantic spot.—*S. S. Classmate.*

AMONG the remarkable woods of South Africa is sneezewood (*pteroxylon utile*), which in durability is said to surpass even *lignum-vitæ*, producing machine bearings which have been known to outlast those of both brass and iron.

## For Our Little Ones.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

### GRACIE'S GOLD.

PAPA had some money all in gold,  
And he sent it far away to a land across the sea,  
To the poor, benighted heathen; and he told  
The children all about them as they clustered 'round his knee:  
How they bowed to wood and stone,  
How they knew not God's dear Son,  
How the little heathen children never went to Sabbath-school;  
But that gold would send them preachers,  
Bibles, Sabbath-schools, and teachers:  
Thus by sending his gold dollars, he obeyed the Saviour's rule.

Gracie listened to the story papa told,  
And her heart was filled with pity for the children 'cross the sea;  
And she thought if she could only find some gold,  
To send them books and Bibles, how happy she would be!  
And she wondered where it grew,  
For wee Gracie only knew  
That it was bright and yellow, and sparkled in the sun;  
And she pondered more and more  
If it was bought at the store;

If it was, she'd take her pennies, and surely buy her one.

"Children, children," mamma said,  
"It is time to go to bed."  
"Run away, then, baby gold-locks," said papa to little Bess;  
And a sudden, swift surprise  
Lit up Gracie's thoughtful eyes,  
For an answer to her questions she thought she now could guess.

Quick she slipped up to the stand,  
Something gleamed within her hand,  
As she crouched with eager fingers by her mother's rocking-chair,  
Where, in the firelight's ruddy glow,  
Bessie's curls swayed to and fro—  
Snip, snip, snip,—and on the floor lay shining threads of sunny hair.

At the scissors' snipping sound,  
Papa quickly turned him round,  
And the little frightened culprit through her tears lisped  
"Pleathe don't thcoid,  
And I'll truly tell the reathen—  
Wanted it to thend the heathen—  
For you know—I thought—you thaid—that Bethie's hair was made of gold."

S. ISADORE MINER.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

### A LADDER FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH.

HERE is a very interesting story in the Bible about how the angels once met Jacob out in the wilderness, all alone. You remember that Jacob was the son of Isaac and the grandson of Abraham. He had a twin brother named Esau. Now Jacob and Esau did not agree very well; so Jacob's parents thought best for him to leave home awhile, and go away off on a long journey to his uncle's. He must have felt very sad in thus having to leave father and mother, his good home, and all his acquaintances, and start off on a long journey in a strange country and through a wilderness.

He traveled all day alone; and when the sun went down and night came on, he found himself in the wilderness where there were no houses nor any persons. He had no place to sleep. So he looked around and gathered up some stones and made a pillow of them, and lay down on the bare ground to sleep. That was not a very soft bed, was it? But it was a warm country, and probably he was not cold. However, there were wild beasts around. But he had learned to fear God and to pray to him and trust him, so no doubt he prayed that evening as he laid down to sleep. He must have felt very lonely, for all that.

In his sleep, the Lord appeared to him, and showed "a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it." And behold, the Lord stood above it." Then the Lord told Jacob that he was his God and the God of his fathers. He told Jacob that he would some time give him that land, and make his children very numerous. The Lord promised to go with Jacob, and to keep him. Jacob was very much astonished to see that ladder reaching from the earth into heaven. On this he saw the angels of God coming down to the earth and going back again. That was to show to Jacob that these angels had an interest in him, and that they could readily come down from heaven to earth, and go from earth back to heaven, though he could not see how they did it.

When Jacob awoke, he said: "Surely the Lord is

in this place, and I knew it not." You see, Jacob, though he believed in God just as we do, had not realized very deeply that the Lord was always with him everywhere he went, and that he saw everything that he did, so he said: "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." Children, that is just the way it is with us. Whether we stop to think of it or not, the Lord is always present with us wherever we go.

And then Jacob cried, "This is the gate of heaven." Because he saw the angels thus coming from heaven to earth, Jacob was impressed that that must be the gate of heaven, where they all came out, and where they all went back. But the angels come just that way everywhere, even where we are. In the morning, Jacob built an altar and prayed to God. This vision of the angels helped Jacob very much to believe in God and trust him. And so it ought to inspire us with the same feeling of faith and devotion to our God; for those same angels come to earth now just as they did then.

D. M. CANRIGHT.

### ORDER.

"WHERE'S my hat?"  
"Who's seen my knife?"  
"Who turned my coat wrong side out, and flung it under the lounge?"

There you go, my boy!  
When you came home last evening, you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked them right and left, wrig-



gled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself on to a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.

Who cut those shoe-strings? You did it, to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped, and jumped out of your trousers. Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I'd rather fling my hat down than to hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place 'em in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it.

I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah, me! haven't I had to pay for it ten times over? Now, set your foot right down, and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can do with four. He can save an hour a day over the man who flings things helter-skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit.

An orderly man will be an accurate man: If he is a carpenter, every joint will fit. If he is a turner, his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant, his books will show neither blots nor errors. An orderly man is usually an economical man, and always a prudent one. If you ask me how to become rich, I answer, "Be orderly, be accurate."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Letter Budget.

IDA G. COLE, of Dakota Co., Neb., writes: "I am thirteen years old. This is my first letter to the Budget. I go to Sabbath-school, which is just three quarters of a mile from my home, and study in Book No. 2. Papa is my teacher. Our school has between seventy and eighty scholars, divided into four divisions. We live in the timber, in what is called 'St. John's Woods,' on a new farm. We have a new church, nearly finished, built in the timber. The soil here is called 'gumbo.' It sticks like wax in wet weather, but in a dry time, it is as hard as stone. We live on the Missouri River bottom. The water is good, but hard. We raise corn, potatoes, and all kinds of garden stuff. I am trying to be a good girl, and I hope all the little boys and girls will live so we may meet in the new earth."

What about your crops in time of drouth, Ida, when the soil dries so hard? Should think they would all dry up.

Next is a letter from MYRTLE A. ROBERTSON. She writes: "I am a little girl seven years old the second day of January. I have a large brother and sister, and one brother four years old, by the name of Floyd, and a baby sister three years old, named Maud. Papa and mamma are both trying to keep all of God's commandments. I go to Sabbath-school when I can, and study Book No. 1. I try to help mamma by waiting on little Maud. Last summer I used to ride horse for papa to cultivate the corn and potatoes. We had so much dry weather that our crops were very poor; but the year before, I had six missionary hills of melons, and got thirty-five cents for them. We have many Indians here. May be they will camp on our land next spring. If they do, I will try to tell you some thing about them. I cannot write, so I got mamma to write this for me."

It is only a little while until spring; don't forget to pick up all you can that is interesting about the Indians, so you can write it to the Budget.

LEWEN JACOBS writes a letter from Adair Co., Iowa. He says: "I want to get acquainted with the editors, and all the INSTRUCTOR family, so I thought I would write you a letter. I am ten years old, and love so much to read the letters. I am trying to be a good boy, that the Lord may be pleased with me. I love the Sabbath-school, and haven't missed going but three or four Sabbaths in the last five years. I hope we shall

all try to be good, and do all of God's commandments, that we may meet in the new earth. I have some chickens, and a blackberry patch. I pay tithes on all I raise. We have an artificial pond, with thousands of fish in it. Yesterday I went down where my uncle was cutting ice, and took out thirty little fish, which I put into a glass can. I feed them potatoes and bread. Should any of you ever come to this place, you must be sure to come and see us. My letter is all written with my left hand, as I have never learned to write with my right hand."

How long did your fish live in the can? Did they like the change? Grown persons can often write well with either hand. Your letter was well written for a left-handed boy; it is quite interesting, too; and we feel sure all would be glad to accept your kind invitation to visit you.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

S. D. A. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. CHAPMAN.

Miss WINNIE E. LOUGHBOROUGH.

EDITORS.

The INSTRUCTOR is an illustrated, four-page sheet, especially adapted to the use of Sabbath-schools. Terms always in advance.

Single copy, - - - - - 75 cts. a year.  
5 copies to one address, - - - 60 cts. each.  
10 or more copies to one address, 50 cts. each.

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YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Or, PACIFIC PRESS, Oakland, California.