

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Les Signes Des Temps
48 Weiherweg

VOL. 35.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY 25, 1887.

No. 21.

SPRING.

I SAW a maiden wondrous sweet,
She passed me with her dancing feet;
Her gown was green like the grassy hills;
Her hair was bound with daffodils;
She flung fresh violets on her way
To children in the fields at play,
And cowslips sprang where the children played,
As they chased the steps of the dancing maid.
Over the hillocks, with their dams

Bleating bounded the little lambs,
And bluebirds called from the far, blue air,
"O sweet, come follow the maiden fair!"
Through all the hours of the sunny day
She sang a song that was glad and gay;
And the blossoming trees on all the hills,
The rustling reeds and the meadow-rills,
And flowers and children, and lambs and
birds,
Knew that song with its unsung words;
And the waking world to its tune did ring,
And danced in the steps of the dancing
spring.

—Well-Spring.

MIRANDA'S SURPRISE.

THE new girl gave her name as M'randy Sayles. She was a short, stout little body, with a pair of shoulders that squared themselves determinedly, a round face profusely decorated with freckles, and a shock of yellow-red hair, ending in two tight braids at the back. She wore a faded green dress, a stiffly starched gingham apron that much soap and water had despoiled of its original color, and shoes that were undeniably patched. We girls looked at her as she marched into the school-room that first day, and then looked at each other.

"I don't like her!" telegraphed Helen Campbell, and, of course, that settled it; none of us liked her.

"She hasn't pretty hair," said Sue the minute we were together at recess.

"And I can't bear freckles," said Lizzie. "I mean so many of 'em," she hastily amended, for Sue's "tip-tilted" nose was not altogether spotless.

"And such an apron!" chimed Helen. "Anyway, she lives in that old house in the hollow."

Yet it was not her poverty that troubled us. Our little village school was too democratic for that, and most of us came from plain homes. It was only an unreasoning dislike, born of a childish whim, and persevered in with thoughtless selfishness. We did not mean to be cruel; we simply did not "choose" M'randy in our games, and at noon we frequently left her to eat her dinner alone, when we wandered away by twos and threes with our well-filled baskets. When we were starting in pursuit of wild flowers or berries, some one of us was sure to whisper: "Don't ask that M'randy Sayles." And so, as the weeks went by, she was left much to herself.

There was a wistful look in the honest gray eyes sometimes, and the good-natured face grew a trifle sober, but there was a sturdy independence about the little woman that could not be easily discouraged or overridden. She joined heartily in every pastime that offered her a chance, and she neither moped nor

sulked, but found what pleasure she could in looking on.

But one day she astonished us by suddenly taking the initiative. Right in among us she marched at the morning recess, and leaning back against a tree, announced abruptly:—

"I'm going to have a party."

Now a party, in our school-days, was a rare and wonderful event, one of the greatest delights that earth afforded, and we stared at M'randy with an

"Humph! I guess likely we won't want to come," said Lizzie, trying rather doubtfully to rally to the defense of first principles.

"It's for whoever'll come," repeated M'randy, turning away.

"Where'll it be?" one of the girls called after her.

"At a nice place, where there'll be lots of fun," answered M'randy. She had given her invitation, and would add nothing more.

There was a good deal of mysterious telegraphing between the desks that afternoon, and holding up of slates scribbled over with questions. The teacher intercepted one that bore the words:—

"Air you gowin?"

She admitted that airing one's gown might be a proper sanitary measure, and prevent moths, though she insisted that the garment was not correctly spelled. But the teacher had not been invited to the party, and did not know whereof she talked. We were all in a state of excitement, and discussed the matter at every available opportunity. We remembered, indeed, that the invitation came from M'randy Sayles, but then, a party was a party, and though a few affected indifference, and spoke of attendance as doubtful, each one of us was secretly eager to go, and determined upon it if leave could be obtained. How that point was managed in all the homes there is no record to show; but certain it is that when the appointed hour came, every one was at the trysting place—clean dresses, white aprons, and tempting baskets doing honor to the invitation.

Evidently M'randy had not expected so general a response, and her round face grew brighter and brighter, until it was as full of sunshine as a mortal face could be.

"All ready? Come on," she said.

"We followed through the grove and down the road to a little house at the edge of the meadow, and there our leader paused. We knew the place. Mrs. Burns took in plain sewing, quilting, even washing and ironing occasionally, for any one in the village who wanted such work done—anything by which she could provide for herself and Annie. Little Annie, delicate always, had attended school in an irregular fashion before the at-

tack of scarlet-fever which left her lame and helpless; but we had almost forgotten in the year that had passed, that she had ever been one of us.

"There? a party at Widow Burns's!" exclaimed some of the girls pausing in dismay and disappointment. But M'randy and those in advance had already been admitted, and, after a moment's irresolution, the others followed. The house was in its neatest order, and Mrs. Burns's quick welcome showed that she had expected us. "Though I didn't think there'd be so many," she said, laughing and nodding cheerily. "Annie is so pleased; just look at her!"

She was well worth looking at, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling with delightful surprise.

"Isn't this nice? How did you ever think of it?"



astonishment that began instantly to partake of respect.

"Who says so?" demanded Sue, with a touch of awe in her tone.

"I say so," answered M'randy with an emphatic nod of her head. "You see it's going to be a s'prise party," she continued, flushing a little under the unusual attention she had attracted, and vigorously twisting her sun-bonnet strings by way of aiding explanation. "It's going to be to-morrow afternoon, when there won't be any school, and everybody that comes must bring something to eat—anything they want to—down to the crooked pine at three o'clock. All you girls are invited,—everybody that wants to come."

Oh, mamma, isn't it nice?" she repeated, joyously; and the mother laughed, with tears in her eyes.

Such an afternoon as that was! M'randy took the lead naturally. "Her foot was on its native heath" here, and, indeed, Mrs. Burns and Annie appealed to her constantly. It was M'randy who thought of one game after another in which Annie could join, and who suggested adjourning to the yard, and carrying Annie's chair out to the porch, when the house grew too small for our merriment. Then she helped Mrs. Burns to construct a long table on the porch, when tea-time came, and to arrange upon it the contents of the baskets we had brought; and a tempting sight it was, with fruits and dainties enough to coax Annie's appetite for many a day after her guests had departed.

After that, in the pleasant twilight, Mrs. Burns asked us to sing. And as we sang our Sabbath-school hymns, our hearts grew hushed and tender, and more than one cheek flushed at the undeserved praise when the mother thanked us for coming, and said, as she bade us good night, "You don't know how much good you've done."

It had done us good, even though we were a rather quiet party as we walked homeward through the grove. When we reached the crooked pine, our parting-place, M'randy suddenly inquired:—

"Well, are you sorry you went?"

"No! No, indeed! We had a splendid time!" was answered in chorus. And then Lizzie asked, curiously:—

"M'randy, how did you come to think of it?"

"Well, I go there so much; and then, I—I kind of know how it feels to be lonesome," said M'randy, slowly. "But what made me think of it most of all was the last Sabbath-school lesson—about 'When thou makest a feast,' you know. He said what ones to do it for—that's all."

Brave, true-hearted little M'randy! She did not look poor or common to one of us as she turned away in the gray light that evening. We said not a word to each other of any change of feeling or purpose, but when she came into the school-yard the next morning, just as we were choosing for a game, Helen Campbell's voice rang out as eagerly as if the new comer were a nugget of gold:—

"I choose M'randy Sayles!"

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

ON the meadows green they're blooming,

Where the merry lambskins play,
And the ambient air perfuming
Where the lowing cattle stay;
By the brooklet softly flowing,
In the sweetness they are blowing,
Beauty to the earth bestowing,
Fair and fragrant flowers of May.

Winter scarce its leave had taken

Ere we saw the flowrets sweet
Smilingly to life awaken,
The returning spring to greet,
Gaily from the cold earth springing,
Diamonds to their petals clinging,
Promise of the summer bringing
In their beauty all complete.

Where it seems but yesterday

Glittering ice and snow-drift lay,
Ye are blooming in your pride,
Gemming vale and mountain side,
To the whispering zephyr bending,
To the air your perfume lending,
While the joyous feathered throng
Welcome you with bursts of song,
And poets also tune their lay
To hail you, beauteous flowers of May.

—Boston Courier.

WORKERS AND SHIRKERS.

SHIRKERS try how little they can do; workers how much. Shirkers seek easy jobs; workers take what comes. Shirkers want others to do for them; workers are glad to do for others. Shirkers lie abed and doze; workers are up and at it. Shirkers say, "Must I?" workers say, "May I?" Shirkers are out of sight when hard jobs are coming; workers are on hand when you need them. Shirkers are watching to see the sun go down; workers are toiling to get the work completed. Shirkers begin late and leave off early; workers begin early and work an honest day's work. Shirkers stand waiting for something to do; workers hunt up something and go about it. Shirkers try to keep themselves comfortable; workers seek to make themselves useful. Shirkers refuse to master trades, and grow up botchers and blunderers; workers master their business and then oversee the shirkers and make them do theirs. Shirkers are despised; workers are prized. Shirkers are discharged; workers are re-

tained. Shirkers are a good riddance; workers cannot be spared. Shirkers grow shiftless, vicious, and poor; workers become employers, and reliable, responsible people. Shirkers become vagabonds; workers do the business, and have the profit and the benefit of it when it is done.

The world is full of workers and shirkers. Which class do you belong to? People shirk study, shirk duty, shirk reproach, and shirk cross-bearing; but though they may be shirkers through this world, they cannot shirk death, judgment, or perdition. Be a worker, not a shirker.—*Little Christian*.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

TCHOUNG-KOUO.—NO. 1.

I HAVE very little doubt but that my young readers will find it difficult to pronounce the words that head this article, and I fancy they will be very much surprised to learn that this is the real name for the empire usually called China; for it is true that the words *China* and *Chinese* are not Chinese words.

Tchoung-kouo is the most ancient name, and the one most in use, and means "the Empire of the Center." Another designation adopted by the people is that of calling the empire after the reigning dynasty, this being more common in the seaport towns than it is in the interior or more northern portions.

In speaking, collectively, of a nation or people, the Chinese call them *jin*, meaning men, or man. The people of Europe they designate as *Si-yang-jin*, i. e., "Men of the Western Seas;" Englishmen, *Houng-mao-jin*, "Men of Red Hair;" etc.

The word *China* we obtain from the Malays. At the time they became acquainted with the Chinese, the name of the monarch of that empire was *Thsing-che-houang*; and so the Chinese called themselves *Thsing-jin*, or men of *Thsing*. As the Malay alphabet had no letters to express the same as the *hs* in *Thsing*, they substituted *ch*; and adding the letter *a*, and dropping the silent *g*, at the end, the word was metamorphosed into *Tchina*, being further corrupted into *China* by the Portuguese traders, and in this form it has come down to our own time.

Now my little readers will know better hereafter than to call the clever "washy" fellow who does up papa's collars and cuffs so nicely, a Chinaman, and will no doubt take pleasure in addressing him by his proper title *Tchoung-kouo-jin*, that is, "Man of the Central Empire."

My purpose in writing about this wonderful country, is not that I may describe the empire or the people, so much as it is that I may tell you of amusing and interesting facts concerning both.

What do you suppose is the first thing a stranger notices upon entering China? I do not think you could easily guess, for it is the very last thing you would be likely to think of; so I will tell you. It is the prodigious bustle and hurry of the people. *Tchoung-kouo* is the busiest country in the world. If you should ask papa or mamma what city of the world was the busiest, they would reply, naturally, London, England; and would probably put Paris next, and possibly New York as the third. What, then, will you say when I tell you that there is no city in the civilized portion of the world, or any two of them combined, in which there is as much business done daily, as there is in the center of this vast empire, at the city of *Han-keou*, "The Mouth of Commercial Marts," on the Blue river, where the three cities of *Han-yang*, *Ou-tchang-fou*, and *Han-keou*, face each other? By business I do not mean to compare the money value of the transactions, as values in *Tchoung-kouo* and Europe cannot be compared. In actual transfers of real property, visible sales, and purchases of commodities, the transactions of London, or Paris, or New York, seem simply boy's play. The Chinese are a trafficking people, born with this taste for traffic, and it grows with their growth. The first word a child speaks is "*tsien*," the principal coin of the country, made of copper and pewter. These are round, and have a square hole in the center, that they may be carried on a string. Foreigners call these coins "sapecks." Two hundred of them are equal to about twenty cents of American money. A Chinese would not hesitate to begin business at once, on acquiring that amount of capital.

One need never fear to send a child on an errand in that country. As soon as old enough to be trusted alone, he is thoroughly acquainted with the jargon, the tricks, and the frauds of the petty tradesmen, and cannot be cheated. The habit of trickery and fraud among petty traders is fashionable, and nobody thinks of being offended at it. On the other hand, the large commercial houses have a world-wide reputation for probity and good faith, and are most remarkable for the uprightness and integrity of their dealings.

But I began to tell you about *Han-keou*, *Han-yang*

and *Ou-tchang-fou* being really parts of the same city, the three lying in a triangle, separated by the Blue River and the *Yang-tse-ki-ang*, into which it empties. What will you think of a city with a population of about two million (women and children not estimated) where every man is a merchant, and every house a shop or store! Every commodity sold has a street, or quarter, particularly devoted to it. In this city are bought and sold everything coming from, or going into, eighteen vast provinces.

In every quarter of the vast empire, the whole country is like a continual fair, and one that lasts the whole year through; and all this vast internal trade passes into and out of *Han-keou*. Go where you will, in any street of this great city, at any hour of the day, and you will find the shops densely crowded, while the people on the streets will be packed so compactly together that one is forced, in order to move at all, to adopt the peculiar gymnastic step of the porters, and march in unison with their measured and monotonous cry, which is so shrill and sharp that it is heard above the din of traffic and dispute.

Books of travel will tell you that the streets of cities and villages in China are broad and perfectly straight. This, however, is the exception, the streets, generally, being narrow and winding. Most all the cities are built on the same plan, and surrounded by a high wall, with towers at intervals. The houses are low, and seldom have more than one story. A first-class house is built of brick or wood, and varnished on the outside, and roofed with gray tiles. Common houses are built of wood or clay, with thatched roofs. The edges of the roofs are turned up to form a gutter, and on the corners are placed dragons and other monstrosities carved out of wood. The shops are supported by square posts, or pilasters, which are ornamented with inscriptions on painted or varnished boards. As one looks up a business street, these gaily painted boards have a very pleasing effect.

W. S. C.

PURE IN HEART.

ALMOST every one appreciates the duty of governing the tongue, although few people dwell upon the necessity of controlling the thoughts. Right speaking is a recognized duty, but right thinking is too often classed among the impossibilities of life.

"It may be wicked to feel so, but I can't help my thoughts," apologetically says some detractor.

The excuse is a generally accepted one, but it has not sufficient foundation in fact.

Isolated thoughts cannot always be controlled. They flash into the mind like obstinate sprites, and the more one fixes the attention upon them in disapproval, the more impossible does it become to expel them.

It is, however, within the limits of human effort to control the tendency of the thoughts. When a malicious or frivolous member of the tribe starts into being, they can be best combated, not by out and out fighting, but by turning instantly to another class of valuable and interesting reflection.

The mind may be so thoroughly disciplined that its thoughts shall be drilled battalions of soldiers. They will doubtless be always raw troops, not marching according to strict military rule, and not in all cases sure to obey upon the moment, but they will steadily improve with practice, conforming themselves more and more to the true and the good.

Physiologists have a great deal to say about the force of habit. Dispose the brain toward a certain line of thought, and it will keep it with increasing steadiness, for purely physical reasons. It has its automatic action, as the fingers have theirs, when they so accustom themselves to seeking the keys of the piano that they find them without the aid of the eyes.

The discipline of the thoughts contributes to the intellectual as well as moral development. There are in all lives unoccupied intervals of time,—when one is riding to and from his place of business, or taking his "constitutional," for example. He cannot read or study to advantage at such moments, but instead of letting the mind drift whither it will, he can fix it upon the last poem he has read, or upon some truth from an author of value.

But, after all, intellectual development is of small value as compared with that of the moral nature. The study to which every one should lend the greatest energy is that of uprooting all evil from the heart and mind, denying shelter to whatsoever is not absolutely pure and true.—*Youth's Companion*.

God's holy day is like a little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where tired steps halt for refreshment and repose, and the traveler, tasting of calm, clear waters, recovers strength to start forth anew upon his journeyings.—*Selected*.

The Sabbath-School.

SECOND SABBATH IN JUNE.

JUNE 11.

OBEDIENCE.

LESSON 1.—GOD'S CLAIM UPON MANKIND.

1. Who is the father of the human family by right of creation? Mal. 2:10, first clause.
2. In what special way do we become Christ's? 1 Pet. 1:18, 19.
3. How should our bodies be presented to God? Rom. 12:1.
4. What special claim does the love of God have upon the human family? 1 Cor. 6:19, 20.
5. In what special sense does the church become the Lord's? Eph. 1:7.
6. Is it possible to conceive of a more sacred relation than is expressed in these texts?
7. In view of these things, what does God require of us? Luke 10:27, 28.
8. What does God set before his people? Deut. 11:26.
9. What are the conditions? Verses 27, 28.
10. What does the apostle say of those who despise the merits of Christ's blood? Heb. 10:29.
11. When God's people are brought to a test in the matter of obedience, what is his language to them? Josh. 24:15.
12. Prove from this text that God does not compel men to obey.
13. Why does the Lord require obedience? Jer. 7:23.
14. With what spirit must obedience be rendered? Isa. 1:19.
15. How should man obey the Lord? Rom. 6:17.
16. When a person possesses this willingness to obey, what will it lead him to do? 2. Cor. 8:3.
17. What should be the language of every heart? Jer. 42:6.
18. If God's people would obey his voice, what would be the result? Isa. 48:18.
19. What important lesson is taught by the above scriptures?

Our Scrap-Book.

CHARACTER.

THAT boy in worldly greatness grows,
And even here receives his due,
Who, when he says he knows—he knows,
And what he says he'll do—he'll do.

In conduct and in word correct,
His character he soon will find
A passport sure to gain respect
And confidence from all mankind.

—Golden Days.

ORIGIN OF CHEAP POSTAGE AND POSTAGE-STAMPS.

THE story of how cheap postage originated is not new, although it may be new to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. As given by a writer in *Harper's Young People*, it is as follows:—

"Fifty-one years ago, shortly before Queen Victoria came to the English throne, an English traveler in the north of England stopped to rest at a country tavern. While sitting on the bench before the door, the village letter-carrier came up with a letter for the landlady. She took it, looked at it attentively a few moments, asked the postage, which was two shillings, and then handed it back to the carrier, remarking that she could not pay all that postage. The traveler, on hearing her say this, insisted on paying for the letter, which she was very unwilling he should do; and when the letter-carrier had departed, she owned to him that there was nothing inside the letter. She and her brother lived far apart; both were too poor to pay heavy postage, and they had arranged a plan by which, by means of certain marks on the addresses of their letters, each could once in six months ascertain that the other was in good health and doing well. The traveler was a member of Parliament, Mr. Rowland Hill, who, a few weeks later, introduced his plan for cheap postage into the House of Commons.

"When the measure was adopted, the English government offered a prize for the best design for an envelope to carry it into effect. The prize was won by Mr. Mulready, a leading English artist. This prize composition, though artistic, proved so unsuited to its purpose that the English post-office was glad quietly to drop it, and to substitute an invention of one of their own post-office clerks—the present postage-stamp, which has since been adopted by all nations.

"The first postage-stamps in England were generally called Queen's Heads. The likeness of the young queen was excellent, and that likeness has been retained on Queen Victoria's coins and stamps in Eng-

land; though some postage-stamps in the colonies represent her as a widow and middle-aged.

"The first French postage-stamps were issued in 1849, during the brief days of the Republic which preceded the Second Empire. Turkey was the last nation in Europe to adopt postage-stamps and cheap postage. This she did in 1863.

"Stamps in general show artistic taste and skillful workmanship, but pre-eminent in this respect are those of our own country. Every statesman ever prominent in the United States has his likeness on the correspondence of his country. But sometimes an American postage-stamp has a historical scene, or addresses us in allegory. One bears a representation of the landing of Columbus; another has the signing of the Declaration of Independence engraved on it in miniature. Some bear a locomotive engine running at full speed, and some an ocean steamer. On one we see a letter-carrier with a well-filled pouch borne over seas, forests, and cities, his coat tails streaming out behind. These last, however, are the devices of private letter-delivering companies.

"On the Egyptian stamp a sphinx lies couchant at the foot of a pyramid; in China an imperial dragon expedites the correspondence. Turkey has a crescent on a dark ground. Persia has the head of its Shah [king or monarch], like any civilized and Christian people; but if the Persians had been orthodox Mohammedans, a portrait would not have been permitted. Cashmere has an inscription in Sanscrit; Japan covers its postage-stamps with national emblems.

"About 1860 the practice of collecting postage-stamps began, and very soon there were offices opened in the great cities for their barter. Nowadays there are 150 such places in Paris alone. One dealer boasts that he sells annually 2,000,000 stamps, and 30,000 stamp albums. A fine collection is said to cost from \$10,000 to \$50,000. There are, however, special collections worth a far larger sum. The finest in the world belongs to a Spanish nobleman, son of the Duchess de Galliera. He is said to have spent more than \$300,000 in postage-stamps. His collection has a library to itself in his Parisian residence in the Rue de Varennes. The stamps are contained in from two to three hundred volumes, but no stranger is permitted to see them, the owner having announced that he will not open his collection to the public until he considers it complete, which he hopes it will be in 1891.

"The next largest collection belongs to Mr. Arthur Rothschild, and is also valued at nearly \$300,000. It is contained in about one hundred beautifully bound volumes in his library, and is open at all times to the inspection of his friends. His collection, if not equal to M. de Galliera's, is on a par with that of Mr. Philbrick, the largest collector in England. There are other collections in Paris worth from thirty to a hundred thousand dollars."

There are many rare stamps, which bring fancy prices, but probably no young collector will ever be so fortunate as to find them; for they are quickly discovered by those persons through whose hands the letters pass, and are soon bargained for, or procured in some way.

A CELEBRATED BIBLE.

In the Congressional Library at Washington there is one book which, amid the myriad tomes of bibliographical lore that adorn the walls of the celebrated gathering, commands and receives the attention and admiration of those who pass through its spacious aisles. It is a Bible. To describe it literally, it is of size about 15 by 12 inches; its leaves are of parchment, and on every page are written two columns of sacred truth. At the head of every page as well as the beginning of every chapter, the initial letter is beautifully expressed by a large letter in colored inks, and within its compass is portrayed some figure or character illustrative of the chapter which follows. Not a stain or erasure is seen upon a single page; amid the long record of Bible truth, the words of Jehovah and the teachings of Jesus seem more strikingly grand and beautiful from the purity of the page, the beauty of their transcription.

Five years were exhausted in this toilsome work, and the result was a production unequalled in the handicraft of art and unexcelled in all the works of literature. The Book has its own keeping; within a glass receptacle its pages lie open for inspection, and when one more curious than another ventures to lift the lid of the case, it is only to find that every page is spotless and every letter perfect.

A beautiful legend is connected with this Book; that long years ago, in the fifteenth century, one who had immured himself in monastic life for certain great sins which he thought himself to have committed, sought by prayers and this system of penance to propitiate the divine favor.

Five years of patient, unremitting toil were given to the task. Day-dawn and night darkness found him ever and devotedly at his work, until at last the final page was written, the last word inscribed. He lifted the page and kissed it, and closing the leaves, turned from his labors for rest. The day was passing into darkness when he lay down to sleep. It was the peaceful repose of the weary and heavy laden; but the morning brought no awakening. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken, and the toiler had passed to his long rest. Beautiful, grandly beautiful, as was this magnificent transcription, it was not all that was needed to secure the Divine acceptance.

An easier path is opened to us, the whisperings of infinite love come falling upon our hearts, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The narrow way is

open, the pearly gates of heaven are ajar, and we who will may enter in, assured of the joys and rewards which are promised hereafter to the chosen people of God.—*Christian Weekly*.

BRASS-NAIL JEWELRY.

MISSIONARIES and explorers occupying portions of the great peninsula of Africa make some interesting discoveries in that country from time to time; and now that our Sabbath-schools are about establishing a mission there, the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will feel an interest in any facts concerning the natives of the "Dark Continent." A West African explorer, noticing the universal female passion for ornament, gives a sample as displayed at Gandiko, in the province of Nigritia. It is recorded in the "Narrative of the Niger Exploration" as follows:—

"The gentler sex here had a species of ornamentation which was quite novel to me, and not at all captivating; though perhaps, among men of artistic taste in their country, it might be styled 'delectable,' if there were such a word in the Gandiko language. It consisted of a brass nail in the nose! At about a quarter of an inch above the edge of the nostril, outside, the bright brass head glistened on the black skin. Its stem perforated the outer gristle of the nostril to the inside, and was then brought out with a curve toward the ear. The heads of the nails were flatter than our trunk brassnails; the stems longer, squarer, and more obtuse. They were evidently of native fabrication.

"As soon as we had completed dealings with a lady for a pair of these articles, which she exchanged with us for a small looking-glass, there was a regular dissolution of partnership between many noses and brass nails. The mirrors were a decided novelty to them. They had never seen their black faces in a looking-glass before."

WHAT ONE ABSTAINER DID.

WE often see figures which tell how much a man wastes if he smokes and drinks for a lifetime, and the amount which he might save by abstaining. Here is a practical and very forcible illustration of these facts.

A gentleman who lives in the small town of Poole, in England, has offered to give \$5,000 towards the establishment of a free library in the town, in honor of Queen Victoria's approaching "jubilee." He writes as follows to the mayor of Poole:—

"I have been a householder in the town of Poole about twenty-one years, and have abstained from the use of intoxicating liquors for a longer period. It is an established fact that the average expenditure in England on alcoholic drink is about \$22 per head per annum. During my married life my household has averaged six persons. The sum of \$22 per annum for each one of these persons for twenty-one years, with compound interest, amounts to about \$5,000, and with this sum I am very pleased to offer to erect a suitable building and present it to the town for the purpose of a free library, reading-room, and, if possible, a school of art. The town will thus benefit by my abstinence, and I am an additional gainer in being saved headaches and heartaches innumerable, which follow in the train of drink."

The question naturally arises, if one abstainer can do so much as this, what great results might not be gained by a nation who repudiated the evils caused by the liquor traffic?—*Golden Argosy*.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

No doubt our young readers see a great deal in the papers nowadays about "Ireland," and the "Irish question," and understand that it is a subject that involves perplexity, yet they haven't any idea what the fuss is all about. The following short paragraph from *Treasure-Trove* gives a pretty clear statement of the case for so few words, and in language that any can comprehend. It reads as follows:—

"In England great mass meetings are being held, at which Mr. Gladstone and others who believe as he does, are speaking against the measures which the party now in power want to use toward Ireland. The bill now before Parliament, if it should become a law, will give a legal right to some of the paid officials of the English Government to arrest and imprison an Irishman without any trial, or even without an accusation. And for certain offenses an Irishman will be taken to England, and tried there instead of in his own country. The chief crime of the Irish is that they can't pay a high rent. All the civilized nations in the world sympathize with Ireland, under the tyranny she has to endure from England; but this down-trodden people have no better friends or stancher champions anywhere than among the English people themselves, thousands of whom under the leadership of Gladstone, are combating their own government and making the Irish cause their own. An Englishman is sometimes slow to see just what fair play is; but when he sees it, he stands up for it with all his might."

THE *ignis fatuus*, or Will-o'-the-Wisp, flies from us when we run to meet it, because in running toward it we produce a current of air in front of ourselves that drives the light gas forward. It runs after us when we flee from it, because the current of air which is produced by us when we run attracts the light gas in the same course.

For Our Little Ones.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

OH, what can little children do to make the great world glad;
 For pain and sin are everywhere, and many a life is sad?—
 Our hearts must bloom with charity whenever sorrow lowers;
 For how could summer days be sweet without the little flowers?

Oh, what can little children do to make the dark world bright;
 For many a soul in shadow sits, and longs to see the light?—
 Oh, we must lift our lamps of love, and let them gleam afar;
 For how should night be beautiful without each little star?

Oh, what can little children do to bring some comfort sweet,
 For weary roads where men must climb with toiling, wayworn
 feet?—
 Our lives must ripple clear and fresh, that thirsty souls may
 sing;

Could robin pipe so merrily without the little spring?

All this may little children do, the saddened world to bless
 For God sends forth all loving souls to deeds of tenderness,
 That this poor earth may bloom and sing like his dear home
 above;

But all the work would fail and cease without the children's
 love.

—Well-Spring.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

ANNIE'S ROBIN.

IT was so hard to be shut in through all the beautiful spring weather! That was what Annie thought, as she looked out of her open window, and saw all the world growing green in the bright May-time.

"O dear!" she said to herself, "I want to go out so much!" and the great tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the happy times she had had on other spring days. While she was crying and making herself a very miserable little girl, a gay little robin red breast hopped in at the window and sang, "Cheer up, deary; cheer up, cheer up." At least, that was what Annie thought he must have said. She dried her tears to look at him.

Robin turned his little head this way and that, and looked at Annie with his bonny black eyes. Then he flew down on the coverlet and began picking at the fringe. But as soon as Annie stirred, he was up and off. She saw him fly into the pear tree near her window.

Annie asked the hired girl to bring her some shreds and ravelings and some crumbs. She put these on the window sill, and then waited for robin to come again.

Next morning Annie was awakened by a loud, "Dearest, dearest; sweet, sweet," and she saw robin and his mate breakfasting on the crumbs outside, and twittering earnestly over the bunch of ravelings. At last they took it to the tree. They were busy all day in bringing straw, dead grass, little sticks, and mud, with which to build their home.

"O mamma," said Annie excitedly, "do come and see what the robins have done! They've put in a lot of white rags, and left the ends dangling in the wind."

"I suppose the robins think it makes their home look more inviting," said mamma, taking her sewing and coming across the room to sit by Annie.

"Why don't they take more pains to weave in all the stuff?" asked Annie, after a pause.

"I don't know, I'm sure," her mamma replied. "It makes me think of a story I read when I was a little girl."

"Do tell it!" said Annie, without taking her eyes from the nest.

"As the story goes, the birds at first did not know how to build nests; but at length a few birds that were quicker witted than the others contrived to make some. All the other birds admired them, and were anxious to find out how it was done. So the nest builders set a day for them all to come and be taught how to build a home. When the day arrived, there were robins and swallows, sand pipers, storks, eagles, crows, and every other bird you can think of.

"The magpie began by telling them how to choose a safe place in the top of a tall tree. But one little sand martin, who was a conceited fellow, wanted the other birds to think he knew without being told. So at every pause the magpie made, the sand martin piped in, 'Certainly; of course—of course; anybody can see that!' The jackdaw was troubled in a good deal the same way, and would echo what the martin said, adding, 'I knew that before!'

"Some birds paid attention to the magpie, but the most of them grew so tired of the chatter of the sand martin and jackdaw, that the meeting broke up, and the birds all flew away. The sand martin had paid so little heed to the teaching that when he tried, he could not build a nest, and has always had to live in a hole in the sand. The foolish jackdaw can only throw a few loose sticks together; and most of the other birds have to live in houses without roofs, because they wouldn't wait to find out how to put one on.

"Now," continued mamma, "I must go and see to baby. In the story there is a nut to crack, but I shall leave you to find it for yourself."

Annie knew mamma's "nut to crack" always meant some moral or lesson for her to learn; and setting her wits to work, she soon found it. Can you tell what it was? W. E. L.

ONLY TONGUE-LOVE.

MARY MARSTON was always telling how much she loved her mother. Words were very cheap; and little Mary seemed to have a great number of them—so many that her mother got tired of hearing her talk.

Of course, you will expect me to tell you that Mary was a great comfort to her mother, and was always



glad to help her in every way possible. That was just what Uncle Ralph thought when he first heard his little niece's fine, loving words; but before his visit was half over, he found the little girl loved her mother with a love that was good for nothing at all.

One day the girl who did the work was taken sick, and baby Willie was very fretful; so the mother's hands were more than full. Mary kissed her mother when she saw how tired she was, and called her "Darling mamma," but did not offer to amuse the sick baby, or take Ann's breakfast to her room. Oh, no! she could not stop, for she was making her dollie a new hood for the winter. Uncle Ralph said to his sister,—

"What can I do to help? I see that your little daughter does not love you any, but I do."

Mary stopped knitting and rocking in her comfortable chair, and looked at her uncle in surprise.

"I do love mother," she said angrily.

"Oh, no, you don't!" her uncle said, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"I do." And here, I am sorry to say, one little foot went down on the floor very hard.

"You have plenty of tongue-love, I know; but that is like 'sounding brass,'—noisy only; it don't amount to anything."

Mary began to cry at this, and wonder what she could do.

"Ask mother, 'What shall I do?'" said her uncle.

Little Mary stopped crying, but looked very unhappy; for it seemed to her that she must sit in that very comfortable chair and knit dollie Jane's hood. But she might take care of baby, she very well knew.

"I will take baby out," said her uncle; "that will help."

Then Mary was easy again, for some one else was doing her duty for her.

"I wish your Mary loved you," said her uncle to his sister, as he put baby into his little carriage: "but she does not, I fear,—only tongue-love, no heart-love."

After knitting for quite awhile, Mary went softly into the dining-room, and set the table neatly for dinner, picked up baby's playthings in the sitting-room, and made his little crib-bed for his nap, besides taking care of her own room.

What kind of love did this show? Which kind have you for your mother?—*Sel.*

Letter Budget.

CECIL C. RULAFORD sends a letter from Spokane Co., Wash. Ter. The letter reads: "I like so well to have mamma read the little letters to me that I want her to write one for me. I am a little boy five years old. I live near a beautiful medical lake, where many sick people come during the summer month to bathe in its healing waters. I have taken the INSTRUCTOR over a year, and pay for it with my own money instead of buying candy. We have a Sabbath-school of twenty members, at our house. I recite in Book No. 1, and repeat a verse every Sabbath, besides the lesson. I have two brothers younger than myself. I take care of the baby while mamma does her work. She says she doesn't see how she could keep house without me. I want to be a good boy, so I may live in the new earth."

JOE HOSKING, writing from El Dorado Co., Cal., says: "I will be eleven years of age the 15th of next March. I attend Sabbath and day school, and am the only one that studies in Book No. 3. There are eleven members in the school. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR. I have one large sister and two little brothers. I have three guinea pigs. They live on grass and apples mostly, but they never drink any water. I let them run out in the winter, but in the summer I have to keep them in a pen, or else they will eat off the vegetables and my sister's flowers. It is lots of fun to catch them. Their legs are very short."

CLARIBEL TAYLOR, of Jackson Co., Mich., says: "I am eight years old. I have four brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister is married, and has a little girl four years old. I love her dearly. Two of my brothers are married, and one of them has a little boy three years old. I have kept the Sabbath with my parents and two brothers seven months. We went to Sabbath-school every Sabbath until I took the whooping cough. I am sorry to be absent, for I love the Sabbath-school. I have a perfect lesson nearly every Sabbath. I like to read the letters from the little boys and girls that write for the Budget, and I send my love to them."

The next is a letter from Kent Co., Del., written by GEORGE B. HARRINGTON, who says: "I have been reading the letters in the Budget, and was so much pleased that I thought I would write one. I am fourteen years old. I have three sisters and two brothers. My parents live on a small farm one mile and a half from town. My oldest sister and I are keeping the Sabbath. I am living with Mr. D. C. Babcock. I am canvassing for the "Marvel of Nations," and have taken over fifty orders. We have a flourishing little Sabbath-school here, and I study in Book No. 1."

AMY ETHEL and HERBERT I. SNIVELY send a letter from Larimer Co., Col. They attend Sabbath-school in a private house a mile and three-quarters from home. Ethel says: "I am nine years old. I learn my lessons in Book No. 1. I read in the second reader at day school. There are thirty-four members in our Sabbath-school. Pa wrote this for me. I am trying to be his good little girl, so I can meet all good little children in the new earth."

Herbert says: "I get my lessons in Book No. 3. One of my brothers is deaf and dumb. He is at the Institute, and I would like to see him. I read in the fourth reader at day school."

Two letters came in one envelope from Clark Co., O., written by DAISY GRANT and STELLA A. COCKRAN. Daisy is ten years old, and Stella six. Daisy says: "I keep the Sabbath with my mother. I have a little brother four years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and study my lesson in Book No. 4. I like my teacher, and I am trying to keep all the commandments, that I may be saved in the new earth."

Stella attends Sabbath and day school, and learns lessons in Book No. 1. She says: "I love to go to school, and love my teacher too. This is my first letter, and I would like to see it in print."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

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

Mrs. M. J. CHAPMAN. } EDITORS.
 Miss WINNIE E. LOUGHBOROUGH. }

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.

Address, **YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,**
 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
 Or, PACIFIC PRESS, Oakland, California.