

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



A SONG OF SEVEN.

YOU bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you, your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover,
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle and slept till the sunshiny weather:
O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head:
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

—Jean Ingelow.

HOOR BY HOOR.

"THAT'S just what would help me out, I do believe," said Rachel to herself, folding up the Sabbath-school paper she was reading and laying it carefully in her drawer. Then she sat thinking for awhile with a look on her face which told of too much care and worry for a girl of fourteen.

"Yes, if I could only try it and stick to it. But the boys are so teasing, and mother so hard to get along with, and there's so much to do—oh dear!"

With a sigh of weariness she took the paper out and read it over again. "It is only one hour at a time. Any one can bear a thing for one hour, you know. And the Master has promised strength for every hour as it comes."

"One hour at a time," said Rachel. "Yes, I s'pose folks can stand it that way. And with the help, too!—I mean to try it in the morning. I'll see how it helps with the work. And try how many hours I can get through without a single cross word to the boys or any one else."

And with a very earnest prayer to the One to whom prayer is never sent in vain, Rachel put out her tallow candle, and very soon closed her eyes in sleep.

"Rachel! Rachel!"

A fretful voice breaking in upon sound sleep was the next thing she knew.

"Yes—I'm coming," she cried, springing up.

"Do hurry, then. The fire's out, so you'll have to get some kindling."

"Yes," said Rachel again, and the fretful voice was heard calling up the boys, who made fretful answers.

Every one in the house had a fretful voice. Father fretted when he came home, because he always found others fretting. Mother (she was Rachel's step-mother) fretted because, poor soul, no one had ever shown her how to bear life's heavy burdens in any other spirit. Rachel fretted because she had a great deal of hard work to do, and little kindness or encouragement to help her in doing it. The children all fretted because the older ones fretted.

Rachel snatched a moment in which to lay her paper before her as she quickly dressed herself, and managed to take in a few of its words of good cheer; and then, with a prayer, she hastened down with ears less quick to hear sounds of offense, and lips less ready to add their share to the general fret.

Six o'clock. It was not an easy task to clean out from the stove the cinders and ashes which alone remained of the fire. Nor was it made any easier by the complaints of the two big boys who soon came down, grumbling at the prospect of a late breakfast.

"If you had got the kindling for me, it might have been earlier," was the reply that rose to Rachel's

"Don't stop to tend to him now, Rachel," said her mother, fretfully, looking out of the window. "You'd best run and put the line out. It looks as if it would rain by-and-by, and we ought to get the wash out early."

"Look here," said Jack, putting his head in the door again, "seems to me Rachel had better have a bit of breakfast herself. Can't some one bake some cakes for her?"

It was such an unusual thing for Jack to think of anybody but himself, that Rachel looked up in surprise, and gave him a smile which sent him off to his work with a warmer feeling in his heart than often came there.

"It's because I didn't scold," she said to herself as Billy, one of the younger boys, said: "I'll bake them. It isn't school-time yet."

"A quarter to eight! Dear me, my first hour was gone before I knew it, and another nearly gone! I really was too busy to notice the time."

The next hour was a trying one, for the washing utensils had to be gathered for use. They were sure to be always out of place and out of order, and little Dick followed her everywhere, getting into her way and tumbling over everything which could be tumbled over.

"Why didn't you tell Jack to take that boiler to be mended?" said her mother. "And why didn't you notice that the soap was so nearly gone?"

"I'm sorry," said Rachel; "we'll do the best we can with the boiler, and I guess I can make the soap hold out." "I won't say a cross word until nine o'clock," she added to herself.

At nine she was bending over the tub, turning every few minutes to take Dick away from some mischief. Her mother was doing the other work, and fretting at everything she touched. The boiler leaked badly, and Dick was caught putting clothes-pins into the stove. "I declare, it's no use to try," said mother, giving Dick a slap and sinking into a chair. "If you looked after things a little better, Rachel, things wouldn't be half so bad."

It was hard, after the efforts she had been making all the morning. But would she give up now? Into her mind came the words: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

"She only said again: 'I'm sorry, mother,' and after slipping a lump of sugar into Dick's hand to quiet his sobs, she went on with the washing. It was easier when mother took the baby away to put him to sleep—easier to work hard and look after Dick, than to hear constant fault-finding.

The hours went on. The leak in the boiler put the fire out, and kindling had to be brought to rebuild it.



lips. But she kept it down, only saying: "I'll hurry all I can."

And she brought such willing hands to it, that breakfast was on the table by the usual time.

"The buckwheat cakes are heavy," grumbled Jack. "Yes, because the fire went out, and they didn't rise," said Rachel, cheerily. "But never mind—I'll bring them to you hot, and you'll see they'll be good. I've made you a nice lot of gravy to put on them."

Rachel waited on the others until father and the boys were ready to go, then ran for the baby, whose cry was heard from the next room.

Mother came back and fretted at everything. Hour after hour Rachel watched the clock, and held bravely to her determination not to give way to ill temper or discouragement. "It is only one hour at a time," she reflected.

"The bread's all out," exclaimed her mother as the wearisome day drew to a close. "Not a bit for supper—and who's to go for any, I'd like to know? The boys never come home till six."

"Never mind," said Rachel. "Let me bake some drop-cakes for supper. The boys'll like them, and then they'll be good natured, and father'll be pleased, and perhaps we'll all be pleasant. It's so nice to be kind and pleasant about the house, mother," Rachel spoke in an appealing tone as she looked into her face.

"That's what you've been trying all day, I guess," said her mother in a low tone. "Everybody's been cross and ugly to you, and you haven't said a cross word back. If the rest of us were more like you, 't would be better for us all. No, child, you're just ready to drop, and you shall not go to baking after washing all day."

But Rachel had her way, so glad in her very heart that her forbearance had been heeded, that further work seemed light.

"Couldn't we all be kind if we tried, mother dear?" she ventured.

"Perhaps so," said her mother with a disheartened look. "But the days are so long, and the work so hard"—

"But it's only an hour at a time, mother. And when we ask him, Christ helps us through every moment."

"If it's he that helps you, Rachel, I'd like such help. And I'll try for it, too."—*Sydney Dayre.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

A VISIT TO MOUNT MAC GREGOR.

You have doubtless heard of this mountain, which several years ago suddenly grew into fame when our lamented General Grant sought its quiet, cooling shades in the hope of adding a few more days to his life. On its summit he fought the last of many battles, in which Death was the conqueror, and the General the conquered. Perhaps but comparatively few of the readers have been permitted to visit it, and therefore a description may be interesting to many.

Mount MacGregor is one of the peaks of the Adirondack Range, and is situated in a bend of the Hudson River, about ten miles north of the village of Saratoga Springs. It rises to a height of nearly 1,300 feet above the level of the sea, and is one of the largest peaks of this range. The foot ascent is most delightful. The pathway leading to the summit winds in and out among light and shade.

If the visitor be a lover of geology, he can satisfy himself to his heart's content, as he gazes upon the rocky strata piled one upon another all around him; and here may be found the Laurentian granite, gneiss, and syenite. But when the summit has at last been reached, one is held spell bound as he gazes upon the panorama spread out before him, while the cool, refreshing breezes sweep o'er his heated brow, the rustic seats scattered here and there inviting him to repose.

The Eastern outlook presents an enchanting view; here the eye wanders over the broad, beautiful valley of the Hudson, and if the day be very clear, descries in the distance the Green Mountains of Vermont; while in another direction may be seen the monument of General Burgoyne, looming up in the village of Schuylerville. Doubtless many of our little readers now studying history can readily recall the General's campaign in 1777.

Looking toward the west, we see two or three of the more westerly ranges of the Adirondacks; while quietly nestling in the valley below are the beautiful villages of Greenfield and Corinth.

As the visitor passes reverently through the Drexel Cottage, better known as General Grant's cottage, he feels as though he were indeed on sacred ground; for at each step, some token with which our beloved hero was familiar greets his eye, and so natural does it all seem, that one feels that the touch of some master hand only is needed to cause these silent objects to tell again the story of the hero of Vicksburg and of Corinth, of Petersburg and of Richmond.

If you have ascended the mountain on foot, you must, in order to complete your enjoyment, descend by means of the great mountain railroad, which was finished some time ago and opened to the public. This railroad is about 10½ miles in length, and starting from North Broadway, Saratoga Springs, it follows the base of the mountain range to the summit of Mount MacGregor. The visitor is whirled rapidly down the mountain side, and covers the distance of 1,300 feet in less time than it took him to ascend,

while a feeling half of delight and half of fear takes possession of him.

As he steps from the train at the station, and looks up at the mountains towering on all sides around him, so strong in their eternal calm, he recalls the sweet words of the poet, and inwardly exclaims, "Thanks be to God for the mountains."

LAURA LA DUE.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

AN ACROSTIC.

R—EMEMBER to hallow the Sabbath day;
E—arrestly seek to know the way.
M—emorial of creation, blest;
E—mblem of Jehovah's rest!
M—emento of a finished plan;
B—equathed unto the creature, man!
E—ternal land mark on the way!
R—emember to keep the Sabbath day!

T—each us, Lord, to do thy will;
H—elp us, keep us from all ill;
E—ver with us bide!

S—ave us by thy grace and might;
A—id us strive to do the right!
B—e our shield when sins allure;
B—e our stay and helper sure!
A—cept our efforts, Lord, we pray;
T—ake thy Spirit not away;
H—ear us, Lord, and save!

D—angers lurk where'er we go!
A—rm us, Lord, to meet the foe;
Y—et with us abide!

T—ake, O Lord, our helpless hand;
O—wn us, Master, help us stand!

K—eep us in thy care to-day;
E—ver near thee bid us stay!
E—ver comfort, cheer, and guide;
P—erils threaten on each side!

I—n thy strength we will rely,
T—hough the ills come e'er so nigh!

H—elp us, Lord, O, be thou near;
O—wn us now, and quell each fear!
L—ead us, till all ills are past;
Y—ea, receive us each at last!

M. B. DUFFIE.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

TCHOUNG-KOUO.—NO. 8.

POVERTY IN CHINA.

THE Chinese nation is one vast gambling house. Their games are numerous. They play principally with cards and dice, but they often play chess, draughts, and a game called *tsei-mei*. They delight to fight birds, and even crickets, grass-hoppers, etc., often pledging their homes, wives, and even the clothes on their backs, on the result of a combat between two crickets. Of all mournful facts concerning this wonderful nation, this one seems to be the most unreasonable and pitiful. In the northern provinces a common yet most pitiful sight is to see a gambler, after he has lost all his possessions, even to the greater part of his clothes, turned out in the cold to die. He will rush about like a mad man, trying to keep from freezing, while his late companions stand about in high glee, betting on the length of time he will survive. Often the poor wretch seeks to keep life in him by crouching down by one of the outside chimneys, yet invariably he sinks benumbed and dies, when the gamblers return to their play.

Nowhere in the world is pauperism so wide-spread, and begging reduced to so fine an art, as in China. It is no exaggeration to say that scores of paupers starve to death daily. They couch down at night about the courts or pagodas, or climb on the walls and build themselves little homes out of fragments of matting picked up in the roads.

Although the Chinese are very fond of banding together into societies for all sorts of purposes, such a thing as a benevolent society is unknown. Feelings of charity for unfortunates never enter the hearts of this people. They bestow alms to rid themselves of importunities, but to love the poor, or to feel true pity for their misfortune, exceeds the capabilities of a Chinese; hence the only organization looking towards the poor as an object of solicitude is one that provides cheap coffins for the impecunious dead, and this organization owes its existence to a selfish motive,—that of trying to mitigate the wrath of the souls of the dead, who otherwise, it is supposed, would wreak vengeance upon the people if the body were left unburied.

The poor, however, are banded together into a formidable army of mendicants, the terms of admission being simply the possession of some apparent deformity. They are formed into companies, regiments,

and battalions, under a chief called the "king of beggars;" the strangest part of all being that the government recognizes him as such, and he is held responsible for the acts of his subjects. On certain days he is permitted by law to send his marauding bands broadcast over the land soliciting alms. They descend, frequently, upon some isolated village, like a swarm of bees, and sweep everything before them. At such a time there is but one way of escape. The principal citizens meet the chief, and offer a certain sum to induce him to retire from the neighborhood. If the amount is accepted, the army marches on to some other point; if rejected, everything portable is stolen.

W. S. C.

FIX AN EYE ON HIM.

"THAT young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have an eye on him, and see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out of the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not afraid to show his colors. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did as he pleased on Sabbath, he was very glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to prayer meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said, "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer, "To prayer meeting." Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself, "He'll do. He is a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christians, others watch to see if you are true, if you'll do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The work is pleasant, and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through His strength, you have proved yourself true. Fix an eye on Him, and he will keep you in the way.—*Ongregationalist.*

ENERGY AND SELF HELP.

RICHES and ease, it is perfectly clear, are not necessary for man's highest culture, else had not the world been so largely indebted in all times to those who have sprung from the humbler ranks. An easy and luxurious existence does not train men to make effort or encounter with difficulty; nor does it awaken that consciousness of power which is so necessary for energetic and effective action in life. Indeed, so far from poverty's being a misfortune, it may, by vigorous self help, be converted even into a blessing; rousing a man to that struggle with the world in which, though some may purchase ease by degradation, the right-minded and true-hearted will find strength, confidence, and triumph. Bacon says: "Men seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength; of the former they believe greater things than they should; of the latter, much less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, to eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get his living, and carefully expend the good things committed to his trust."—*S. Smiles.*

THE GOLDEN RULE EXEMPLIFIED.

IN *The Heathen Woman's Friend* we find the following story told by an English missionary lady about a class of small children she was teaching in China:—

"The youngest of them had by hard study contrived to keep his place at the head so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed the word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next him, whose face expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, 'No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly.' That little act meant much self-denial, yet was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously from several lips came the quick remark, 'He do all the same as Jesus's Golden Rule.'"
—*S. S. Advocate.*

The Sabbath-School.

FIRST SABBATH IN AUGUST.

AUGUST 6.

SANCTIFICATION.

LESSON 3.—THE EXTENT OF SANCTIFICATION.

1. What is Paul's prayer respecting the sanctification of believers? 1 Thess. 5:23.
2. What desire does he express in regard to their preservation in this state? Same verse.
3. To what time does he refer? Last clause, same verse.
4. When must those here referred to be found living?—Just before the coming of the Saviour.
5. How much which pertains to the person does his prayer embrace?—Every mental and physical power and faculty, and every act of the life.
6. Give passages in which the word spirit manifestly refers to the mind. 1 Cor. 5:3; Col. 2:5.
7. Then what must the word "spirit" mean in 1 Thess. 5:23?—The mind.
8. What terms are used to express the conditions of the mind that lead to life or death? Rom. 8:5, 6.
9. What should the unrighteous man do if he would have his thoughts pleasing to God? Isa. 55:7.
10. What contrast is drawn between the thoughts of sinful man and those of God? Isa. 55:8, 9.
11. In what scriptures do the terms "soul" and "life" appear to be used interchangeably? Matt. 16:25, 26. (See note.)
12. In the work of conversion and sanctification, what change is wrought in the life? 2 Cor. 5:17; Eph. 2:10.
13. How may it be known that men have become new creatures in Christ Jesus? Matt. 7:20.
14. What are the fruits of the Spirit? Gal. 5:22, 23.
15. What are the works of the flesh? Gal. 5:19-21.
16. Why did the Saviour give himself for us? Tit. 2:14; 1 Pet. 2:9.
17. What influence does the blessed hope of the near coming of the Saviour have upon the heart and life of the believer? 1 John 3:1-3.
18. What encouraging words were spoken by Paul in his farewell address to the brethren at Miletus? Acts 20:32.
19. How does the apostle speak of the body and its members as sharing in the work of holiness? Rom. 12:1; 6:13, 19, last clause.
20. How does he elsewhere speak of the body? 1 Cor. 6:19, 20; Heb. 3:6.
21. What relation does temperance sustain to this work? 1 Cor. 9:25.
22. What example has Paul left us in overcoming? Verses 26, 27.
23. How does the apostle show that the appetite should be sanctified? 1 Cor. 10:31.

NOTE.

On Matt. 16:26, Dr. Adam Clarke says: "On what authority many here translate the word *psuche* in the 25th verse, *life*, and in this verse, *soul*, I know not, but am certain it means *life* in both places." This same word is rendered *life* forty times in the New Testament.

It is good to store away in our hearts, all along the bright years of youth, the precious truths of God's word. In visiting the Mammoth Cave they placed lamps in our hands before we entered. It seemed a very useless and needless thing to carry these pale lights while we walked in the full blaze of noonday. But we moved down the bank and entered the cavern's mouth. Quickly the splendor of daylight faded out, and then the lamp-flames began to shine brightly. We soon found how valuable they were, and how necessary. Without them we should have been lost in the thick gloom and in the inextricable mazes of the cave. So God's promises and comforts may not seem needful to us in the brightness of youth and in the days of health and gladness. They may then seem to shine with but a pale light. But as we move on, we shall pass into shadows—the shadows of sickness, of trial, of disappointment, of sorrow—and then their beauty and splendor will shine out and prove the very joy and strength of our souls.—Selected.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on these tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

Our Scrap-Book.

PURITY.

O H, youth, guard well thy purity!

It is the jewel of thy heart.

That priceless pearl once lost to thee,

No wealth of thine can re-impart.

—Rev. Philip Burroughs Strong.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

PROBABLY there are no more remarkable illustrations of the wonderful power of memory than those combined in the following quotation from the *Ladies' Repository*:—

"Seneca says of himself, that by the mere efforts of his natural memory he was able to repeat two thousand words upon once hearing them, each in its order, though they had no dependence or connection upon each other. After which he mentioned a friend of his, Pontius Latro, who retained in his memory all the orations he had ever spoken, and never found his memory fail him, even in a single word. He also mentions Cynæus, ambassador to the Romans from King Pyrrhus, who in one day so well learned the names of his spectators, that the next day he saluted the whole Senate, and all the populace assembled, each by his name. Pliny says that Cyrus knew every soldier in his army by name; and L. Scipio, all the people of Rome. Herveon Nieublin, the celebrated German scholar, was once a clerk in the bank of Copenhagen, in which capacity he gave proof of the miraculous power of memory by restoring, from recollection alone, the whole contents of a leaf in the bank ledger which had been lost by fraud or accident."

NEW ORLEANS CEMETERIES.

THE city of New Orleans, La., is so peculiarly situated on the Mississippi River that it is said the soil beneath the city is full of water. It may be of interest to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR to know how the citizens bury their dead. Their manner of doing this was given in the *Inter-Ocean* as follows:—

"As the soil in New Orleans is almost semi-fluid three feet below the surface there are no graves in the cemeteries, but the dead are all buried in tombs above ground. Some of these are costly and beautiful structures of marble, iron, etc., but the most are large vaults of masonry, consisting of rows of cells superimposed on each other, generally to the height of seven or eight feet. Each cell is barely large enough to admit the coffin, and is hermetically bricked up at its narrow entrance as soon as the funeral rites have been performed. In most cases a marble tablet appropriately inscribed is placed over the brickwork by which the tomb is closed. These tombs are locally called 'ovens.'

Visitors to the cemeteries of the city describe them as differing very greatly in appearance,—while some of the older ones are represented as gloomy and forlorn on account of their somber decorations, some of the newer ones are as attractive as Nature and Art can make them. A correspondent of the *Chicago Times* reports a visit recently made to these burial-places, and after describing one of the first class, he gives a more pleasing description of a neighboring one. Of the first, he writes:—

"Our first outside view of the cemetery was a white wall, gnarled oaks, with their sad funeral moss, glossy magnolia trees, with white buds scarcely showing in their tight calyx-wrappings of green. Then, through the open gate we walk into a place, level, green, moundless. It is one of the older cemeteries; an avenue of superb oaks conducts through its center. The spectral moss rocks back and forth across the shadowy way. It has no rustle, no sound. It seems a symbol of an old yet unforgetting grief; a sign of a sorrow for the dead after it has subsided from tears and sobs; when silent, clinging, shadowy, and soft it veils the world with a voiceless melancholy, like this strange twilight of filmy gray, unreal, enveloping stemless, verdureless, drooping above the tombs from year to year, never decaying, never budding, hanging between heaven and earth, rootless, living, yet dead. On the tombs in this cemetery are carved the old French names, with crosses or crests; and on projecting hooks fastened in the cement of the wall, hang remembrances so ugly that even loving sentiment cannot make them other than desecrations to the eye; those skeleton wreaths of black, wire-strung beads that shine with a mockery of mourning, or those chalky white ones that seem like clowns in a tragedy. How grotesque appears humanity's expression of deepest feeling beside the gray moss that mourns overhead and bright roses that smile from below; where sweet nature's Nymphy and consolation mingle in this place of bereavement, so tenderly, so tastefully.

"Out of this old cemetery we go to one dazzling as this one is somber. Here the moss, and the beads, and the foreign names serve to make one feel out of this world, in a lonesome place apart from one's own. But in the neighboring spot, death is beautiful, joyous—never a cemetery that seemed so brilliant, so clean, so clear. There is no sign of the ancient oak; all the trees are glossy of leaf and perfumed—magnolia

lias that rustle and shine, and break out anon into fairest and widest of flowers. The grass is not wrinkled with graves; it is smooth and clean, stretching out into the sunshine without flower or headstone. The walks are wide, weedless, formed of finely-pulverized white shells. Along these white roads, like dwellings along a street, are the family tombs, entirely above ground, each separate, in its own unfenced yard of green. The tombs are eight to ten feet apart, and six or eight from the edge of the road, each approached from the roadway by a narrow marble foot-walk. They are of white marble, and shaped like small dwellings. They are two or three stories in height—that is, about ten or twelve feet, and proportioned neatly; the roof, of marble, is turreted, gothic, domed, or pagoda shaped.

"The effect of these marble houses, close on either side the avenue, with the little spaces of green between them and the wide, unbroken lawn back of them, the tombs following the curves of the road, and leaving in one sheet the level ground between, give an order and a sense of breathing space such as our own graveyards can never have. The marble doors of the palaces of the dead shut with a spring lock, and bear the names of the dead within. In the little door-yards are always flowers of the choicest kinds, so that the white road, marked by the white structures at a uniform distance back from it, is so bordered along its edge by these adjoining flower plants as to make a continuous parterre of color—the only relief in the white and green of the large cemetery grounds. There are no flowers anywhere else. The effect is exquisite—the effect produced by separately massing colors; the curving road, white as untrodden snow, the long lines of brilliant flowers on either side, edged by the wide rows of glistening marble tombs, backed by the green grass and scattering trees, which make the center of the place a parklike expanse."

RELICS OF THE HOLY CITY.

CAPITALS POPULARLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

A VERY beautiful sculptured capital [head or top of a column] has just been received from the Holy City by the Palestine Exploration Fund, at London. It is white marble, and is a double capital, showing by this peculiarity of form that it surmounted a double column. It is 19½ inches long, 16¼ inches wide and 12¼ inches high. It is pure Byzantine in its style, having small volutes, as most Byzantine capitals have; below are leaves, very beautiful in form and exquisitely cut; the serrated edges of the leaves are enriched with a succession of holes, which have been drilled deeply. Although conventional in form, it may be supposed that the leaves represent those of the vine, for there are also represented at regular intervals bunches of grapes. The vine was an important decoration of the temple; the gate is described as having been decorated with one in gold, bearing clusters of grapes. This connection of the vine with the temple, as well as the scriptural symbolism attached to the "true vine," may, no doubt, have made it a favorite ornamentation with the early Christians of Jerusalem. From the size of the capital, and the columns which are assumed to have corresponded, it is supposed to have belonged to a cloister such as we are familiar with in connection with convents in many parts of Europe, where we find double columns supporting the arches. This supposition would justify the hope that other capitals of the same structure to which it belonged may yet be found. Canon Liddon discovered a small fragment of one, also in marble, when he visited the Harames-Sheriff; this he has had placed in the south aisle of the chancel of St. Paul's Cathedral, with an inscription in Latin, engraved on copper, stating that it belonged to Solomon's temple. This fragment has been inspected, and it turns out to be one of the volutes of a capital similar in every respect with the complete cathedral now to be seen at the office of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Prof. Hayter Lewis and Mr. R. P. Pullan—the latter gentleman being the author of a large work on Byzantine architecture—agree that the capital dates from about the eighth or ninth century, of the Christian era.—Exchange.

MEASURING THE EARTH.

ONE of the earliest attempts made at obtaining the actual length of the earth's meridian by a direct measurement of a portion of the same was made in the sixteenth century, by a French doctor. The means employed, although very ingenious, would be considered perfectly clumsy and inadequate by the modern scientist. There was in this early measurement no attempt at mathematical precision as understood in the present century, and, considering the simplicity of the method employed by the doctor, it is only to be wondered that no great error was obtained in the final result. The measurement consisted simply in driving from Paris to Amiens, and counting the revolutions of the wheels of the carriage, and from the number of revolutions of the wheels, obtaining the distance of the two cities, which served as a basis for calculating the length of the meridian. Of course this calculation could not by any means be considered accurate, but, taking into account the means employed, the result obtained has subsequently been found to be wonderfully precise.—Golden Censer.

THERE is no labor too great for industry and perseverance to accomplish; and it is not so much the tools we have to work with, as the spirit with which we use them, that gives us success.

For Our Little Ones.

THE BIRD THAT SINGS.

YOU dear little birdie, who taught you to sing
Among the green branches and blossoms of spring?
I wish you would tell me; for then, do n't you see,
I'd ask the same person to try to teach me.

"I wonder, whenever I hear you, if you
Have to sit in a tree for an hour or two
And practice your dear little twitter and trill.
When it is so dreadfully hard to keep still?"

"When you want to play in the sunshine all day,
Does somebody hold up a finger and say,
As solemnly: 'Now, little blue-bird, stay so,
And carefully practice your do, re, mi, do'?"

"Do you have to learn about octaves and thirds,
And chords and arpeggios and other hard words?
And those terrible scales! Why, of all that I do,
I think them the hardest to practice. Do you?"

"Well, however you do, I am sure of one thing,
That I have to practice before I can sing,
And with all I may learn, and the best I can do,
I never shall sing, little birdie, like you."

—The Independent.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

MOVING PLANTS.

WHEN night comes, many plants go to sleep, just as much as you do. If you look at the wood sorrel, or oxalis as it is called when set out in pots for house plants, you will see that about sunset the leaves all fold up and settle themselves for a comfortable night's rest. They move very slowly, as if they did not want to go to bed. Indeed, you can hardly see them move, but by and by they are fast asleep. The locust trees shut up their leaves, too, some of them folding their leaflets back, and some standing them stiffly upright.

The sensitive plant goes to sleep more quickly than others,—so quickly that you can see the plant send each of its little leaflets off to bed. They go early, and are up in the morning before sunrise.

But not alone at night does the sensitive plant move. If its leaflets are touched in the day-time, they fold up suddenly, and the leaf droops down on to the plant stalk just as if in a fit of sulks.

Many of our common garden plants move during the day. The sunflower turns its great yellow face from the east to the west in the course of the day, and many other flowers do the same; but they do this so slowly that you cannot see them move.

But there is one plant that acts almost as if it could think. At the end of the leaf is a curious little affair, looking almost like another leaf growing out of the end of the larger one. Long bristles cover its surface. When a fly brushes against one of these long hairs, the leaf shuts up suddenly, and holds the surprised fly a prisoner. It will do him no good to struggle to get away; for the more he tries, the tighter the leaf will close, until the poor fly is really crushed to death.

Then what do you suppose the leaf does? Instead of opening, and dropping the fly, it eats him! At any rate, when the leaf opens again, there is no fly to be seen. Sometimes the fly only brushes the hairs of this fly-trap, but does not get caught; then the leaf slowly opens again, ready for another victim.

It does not seem as if the plant really needed these flies for food, because it grows only in the rich bogs of North Carolina. It seems as if it must catch them for fun. Is it not wonderful that plants can move in this way?

W. E. L.

WILLINGNESS AND GOOD FIGURES.

"CAN you give me any work, please, sir?" said a neat but poorly clad boy of twelve years of age to a New York merchant.

"Got all the help I need," was the short and sharp reply of the busy city merchant.

"It's hard," replied the disappointed lad, "that a boy that is willing to work can't get a job in this large city."

"Why did you come to this city, my boy?" asked the merchant, glancing at the despondent lad.

"Because I want to earn enough to help support my mother and sister."

This reply, with the peculiar manner of the boy, somewhat moved the harsh merchant, and he asked:—"What are you willing to do?"

"Anything, sir. Anything in the world that I can do well."

"Well, go and take hold, and pile up the empty boxes and pick up the loose papers, etc., down in the cellar."

In less time than it takes to tell it, the boy was hard at work picking up the loose papers and cleaning up in general. During the day the merchant asked the foreman,—

"How is that strange lad working?"

"Like a beaver, sir. He is killing himself with work."

When night came, the work-worn lad was offered one whole dollar for that day's wages.

"No, sir!" said the boy; "give me one-half a dollar. It's all I think I've earned, and will buy a supper and a lodging."

This the merchant thought was uncommon honesty, and it pleased him so much that he told the lad to come next morning. He was there long before any one else was, and in that way showed his promptness. During the day, when the foreman was out, he marked the weight on some bundles that he had been weighing. The head of the firm happened to notice the figures, and as they were so well made, and in a strange hand, he inquired as to who made them.



THE FLY-TRAP.

When he learned that the new boy had made them, he sent for him to come down to the office. When he came into the office, he was asked to show a specimen of his writing by copying an article. His writing was so beautiful that he decided to hire him for an office clerk. So this boy, that was once very poor, obtained a good situation and good pay by his willingness to do any work that was given him to do; also, by taking pains with the figures and writing.

All boys that read this can take a lesson from it, by taking pains with everything they do. No matter whether the thing that you do is of much importance or not, do it as well as possible.—Methodist Protestant.

Letter Budget.

CORA GRANT, of Jeff. Co., Ill., says: "I am a little girl six years old. I can't write, so I got papa to write. I can read in the INSTRUCTOR, and love to read the letters. I keep the Sabbath with my papa and little brothers. I want to be a good girl, so I can be saved."

From Jeff. Co., Kan., ELIZA E. GARRETT writes: "I have two sisters and one brother. My little brother Grant died. I learn my lessons well at Sabbath-school. I go to day school too. My sister and I were baptized the third of January. I want to be a good girl, and do all I can to help in the Lord's work, and then have a place in the new earth."

DORA MIDGELY, writing from Lyon Co., Nevada, says: "Eld Colcord brought the truth here last summer. There were seven baptized, and mamma was one of them. There is no organized church here, but we have Sabbath-school in the court-house every Sabbath. I am twelve years old and have four sisters younger than myself. I hope to be among the saved."

MINNIE JOHNSON sends a letter from Clay Co., Iowa. She says: "We attend Sabbath-school at Trimello, five miles from our home. Our school consists of twenty-seven members, divided into three classes. My father is my teacher. I learn my lesson in the INSTRUCTOR, and always try to have a good lesson. I like the papers very much. I give some of them to my

school-mates, who like them too. I shall try to get some subscribers. I am thirteen years old, and have one sister and three brothers. We go to day school and every two weeks speak pieces, which we learn in the INSTRUCTOR. I am trying to be a good girl, that I may have a home in the new earth."

ALICE SUCH, a little girl twelve years old, writes from Jeff. Co., Wash. Territory. She says: "I was baptized with my mother and sister last June, and we are the only Sabbath-keepers in this place; but we hope there are others who will keep the Lord's commandments. I have two brothers older than I am, who, I hope, will obey the Lord soon. A friend has been sending me the INSTRUCTOR, but I am now taking it myself. I like to read the Budget much. I hope to see the INSTRUCTOR family in the earth made new."

JULIA SHEA, of St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., says: "As I have never seen a letter from this place, I thought I would write one. I am staying at Mr. H. H. Wilcox's. They have meetings and Sabbath-school held at their house. I get lessons every week in Book No. 3. I do not go to school, as the nearest school is two miles away. I have two sisters, and one brother. I had a little brother and sister die of scarlet fever two years ago, and I am trying to be a good girl so I can meet them in the resurrection. I am ten years old."

WALTER LOOP, of Jackson Co., Mich., says: "I am a little boy nine years old. I do not live at home. My papa was killed by the cars last spring. He was deaf, and while walking on the railroad track, was struck by the cars. My mamma could not take care of so many, and so I came to live with my uncle and aunt. They keep the Sabbath, and so I keep it with them. I go to Sabbath-school and study Book No. 2. I want you all to pray that my four brothers and sister may keep the Sabbath and be saved. I am trying to be a good boy."

The next letter was written by DANIE MILLER, of Osborn Co., Kan. He says: "This is my first letter to the Budget, which I like to read. I am eight years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and study Book No. 2. My parents keep the Sabbath. I want to be a good boy. I had a dear little sister, but she died. I want to meet her at the resurrection. She was all the sister I had. I have no brothers to play with. I am all alone. I go to school every day. I read in the third reader and have other studies. I would like to see this in print."

Next we have a letter from CARRIE STILSON, a little girl ten years old. She writes: "I go to Sabbath-school when I can, but we have eight miles to go, and since it has been so cold, we cannot go every time. I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than myself. Except my brother, we are all in the same class at Sabbath-school, and study Book No. 1. We have kept the Sabbath about five years, but had no Sabbath-school or meetings to attend until last fall, when a series of tent meetings were held at Sextonville, where they have since built a church. I have a grandma, two aunts, and four cousins living in Battle Creek, and I would like to go and see them. I hope you will pray for us."

Here is a letter from Washington, D. C. It is written by BIRDIE S. WATERS, who says: "I would like to tell you about our Sabbath-school. We began about eleven months ago with three children,—myself, and little brother aged ten, and my little sister aged seven. We have grown very fast, now numbering thirty-eight. My mamma and auntie began keeping the Sabbath the first Sabbath in June, 1886. My papa now keeps it, so we are united on it. My little sister is in Book No. 1; brother and I in Book No. 2. All our family except my two oldest brothers keep the Sabbath. I pray for them day and night that they may soon learn to keep it. I ask you to pray for them too. I hope to meet you all when Jesus comes."

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.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER. GOLDEN GRAIN SERIES.

For every new subscription, accompanied with 85 cents, we will give "The Golden Grain Series," consisting of a package of ten beautiful pamphlets of 32 pages each. These comprise a choice collection of sketches, stories, poems, etc., adapted to the wants of children, and contain more reading matter than can be found in many dollar books. Remember, the whole series, 320 pages, and the INSTRUCTOR for a year, for 85 cents.

Address, Youth's Instructor, Battle Creek, Mich.,
Or, Pacific Press, Oakland, Cal.