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#### SEPTEMBER.

THE golden rod is yellow;  
The corn is turning brown;  
The trees in apple-orchards  
With fruit are bending down.  
The gentian's bluest fringes  
Are curling in the sun;  
In dusty pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk has spun.  
The sedges flaunt their harvest  
In every meadow nook  
And asters by the brook-side  
Make asters in the brook.  
From dewy lanes at morning  
The grape's sweet odors rise;

At noon the roads all flutter  
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens  
September days are here,  
With summer's best of weather,  
And autumn's best of cheer.

—Scribner.

#### TEACHING THE BLIND.

MANY persons regard blindness as the greatest of physical misfortunes.

They are accustomed to contrast the loss of sight with the want of hearing and speech, and to say, "If I must be deprived of any sense, I would choose to give up speech and hearing." Yet the blind are more capable of receiving a general education than the deaf and dumb. The ear is a better avenue of instruction than the eye. By the experiments of Dr. S. G. Howe, the ability of the blind to acquire information of all kinds, to help themselves, and to make themselves useful, has been very clearly shown.

The blind, as a class, are quick to form correct ideas from descriptions, and some have even prosecuted scientific studies with great exactness, using the eyes of their friends instead of their own. Of this class, the Swiss Huber, to whose brilliant achievements in the study of the habits and culture of bees naturalists have not been able to add any considerable discovery, was a striking example.

By means of the various appliances for employing the sense of touch, the graduate from our State institutions for the blind is often made nearly or quite equal, in point of what may be acquired from text-books, to his seeing brother who goes out from the public high school. He can read an embossed book with rapidity; he has had a training in natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geology, physiology, rhetoric, English literature, and English history. He is often a mathematician whose powers one might envy, for he can solve the problems in higher algebra, or demonstrate the longest proposition from Euclid.

Besides these acquirements, if he has shown talent, or even interest, in music, he has been taught to play the piano, organ, and other instruments. Many persons, nevertheless, consider such a graduate incapable of filling a responsible position, and refuse to employ him to perform those things which may be done very well without sight.

To get an idea of how a blind child is educated, and of his life at school, let us go through a State institution.

In the primary room the little ones are working

over their primers, learning to recognize the letters by the sense of touch. Many of the methods of the Kindergarten are used with success in this department. We go to another room, where curious maps attract our attention. They are like ordinary maps, with this exception, that all bounding lines, rivers, and mountains are represented by cords of different sizes, the cities by different shaped tacks, the capitals by a tack surrounded with pins.

A bell announces the hour for recess, and the larger pupils go pushing, running, shouting, out to the play-ground. If

the writer, and he is told to trace the letters with a pencil until he gets the motion and form of a letter. Then the instructor takes his hand and guides the pencil in forming the letter a few times over the paper. A grooved card is placed underneath the paper to aid the writer in keeping the line.

Such writing can be used for correspondence with the seeing only. Various systems are used for correspondence between the blind. The most common one in the United States is "the Braille," invented by Mr. Braille, a blind pupil of the "Institut des jeunes Aveugles." Its signs consist of combinations of six dots. For writing, a frame is used, consisting of a grooved metal bed, and a guide, fitted to it by hinges. The paper is introduced between the two.

The instrument for writing is a small style, which carries a little cap of paper before it into the grooves of the bed, producing a series of points on the under side, from which side it is read. The reading is performed from the left to the right, consequently the writing is from the right to the left. The guide contains four rows of cells or oblongs. The writer is thus enabled to write four lines. He then shifts the frame down, and, after adjusting it to the paper, writes another four lines, and so on.

In the Braille system, the first ten letters are formed in the upper and middle grooves; the next ten, by adding one lower dot to each letter of the first series; the remainder are formed by adding two lower dots to each letter of the first series. Numerous contractions shorten the process of writing and reading. The first ten letters, when preceded by the sign for numbers, stand for the nine digits and the cipher.

The blind excel in music. The method of instruction differs little from that by which the seeing are taught. The music is written "in Braille" by means of certain characters, and without the use of the staff. Perhaps the most enjoyable event of a blind person's life in an institution is the concerts to which he is permitted to listen. Besides the musical recitals by the pupils, musicians of reputation are often engaged to give classical concerts in these institutions.

Many persons enter the institutions in middle life. In such cases the fingers are sometimes found unfit for reading. Accordingly, these persons are taught the various trades of broom and brush making, chair-repairing, carpet-weaving, turning, various trades in leather, and other useful arts.

Many surprising things attract the notice of visitors, and the inquiries of such visitors often show how little even well-informed people know about the blind.

Teachers are often asked, "What idea of color have the blind?" Different persons have different notions of color, but all conceive the eye to be variously affected by different colors, as the nose is by different





smells, or the ear by different sounds. Thus they conceived to be different from blue, as the sound of a trumpet is from that of a drum, or the smell of a rose from that of an apple-blossom.

In writing on this subject, a blind man has said, "We do, indeed, fancy a sort of analogy to exist between the sensations which light and color produce upon the eye and those which sounds produce upon the ear. With almost every property of bodies that may address itself to our hearing, smelling, and taste, we associate, as we have before remarked, some ideal quality of color; but what is most singular, these qualities seem to have a separate existence in the imagination, and may be formed by fancy into new and various combinations."

Statistics show that not far from one person in every thousand in the United States is blind. The State institutions care for and educate the most of these unfortunate persons. By interesting them, and leading their thoughts away from themselves, modern philanthropy has succeeded in making them comparatively happy. Placed among others of their sort, they find that they are not the only ones whose unfortunate lot it is to be forever shut out from the beauties of nature.

Numerous things are provided for their amusement and instruction. Well selected libraries in the raised print are open to the use of all. A firm in Philadelphia publishes a monthly magazine in raised print, containing scientific and literary articles, and a record of events. A publishing house in Louisville, Ky., prints the International Sunday-school lessons so that the Sunday-schools in the institutions have the opportunity of studying the same lessons as other schools.

So the blind are instructed. Their energies are called forth in every possible direction. In treating of education in general, Plato asks, "Is not that the best education which gives to the mind and to the body all the force, all the beauty, and all the perfection of which they are capable?"

Such a standard of education have the State institutions for the blind. The pupils are taught to be independent, to develop their physical powers, to cultivate their mental abilities, to strive for a noble character.—*Ira W. Davenport, in Youth's Companion.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### CAN BIRDS TALK?

The article with the above title, printed in a recent number of the INSTRUCTOR, reminded me of an incident that convinced me that birds do have a language by which they express to one another their thoughts and feelings in an intelligent manner.

One part of our wood-house has a floor, and is used for a summer kitchen. Over the center of the other part a few boards have been laid down, and others set up at the sides, forming a small chamber in which we dry nuts.

One morning, while doing up the work, we noticed an unusual stir among the swallows that were building nests under the rafters. By watching, we learned that the little builders could not agree upon a site; and so much at variance were they, that they had laid the foundations for four nests. As the season was advancing, it became evident that they must come to a speedy settlement; still each was unwilling to yield. They chattered and contended, with many earnest demonstrations.

At last my lady bird settled down into a pronounced fit of the sulks; and alighting on a joist about four feet from the nest her liege lord had chosen, cocked her little head as much as to say, "Talk, if you want to; it won't do any hurt." Sir Swallow harangued at great length, evidently bringing forward every argument he could command to convince her of his superior wisdom. She neither answered nor looked at him; but when he put his head into the nest, she peeped slyly around, betraying an evident interest in the matter.

Finally he flew off, and quick as a flash she darted into the nut chamber, where, although completely hidden from view, she could hear what was said. Soon in flew the swallow, with a brother counsellor, and the discussion that ensued would do justice to larger heads. The neighbor agreed with the swallow in everything, and they soon flew away.

Out flew Mrs. Swallow from her hiding place, and soon returned with her unmanageable partner, as angry and excited as ever. A genuine family broil ensued, and then both flew off. Three or four days passed, and no swallows, when to our surprise we found them cosily settled one morning on a spot over which they had not quarreled.

Birds often show an ingenuity in gaining a point, which would do credit to wiser heads. A neighbor told me of a well-authenticated incident that took

place in a town about eight miles from here. A number of squirrels living near a house had become so tame that they would enter the door and pick up crackers laid on the floor for them. One day a little squirrel came down for a cracker, and sat down on the ground to eat it. A blue jay saw him, and swooping down, tried to knock it out of his paws with its wings. The squirrel chattered and scolded to no purpose, and at last burying it in the snow, ran up a tree. As soon as he was gone, the blue jay flew down, dug the cracker up, and was off.

J. E. GREEN.

#### PASS IT ON.

HAVE you had a kindness shown?

'T was not given for thee alone—

Pass it on!

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears—

Pass it on!

Did you hear the loving word,

Like the singing of a bird?

Pass it on!

Let its music live and grow,

Let it cheer another's woe;

You have reaped what others sow—

Pass it on!

Was it the sunshine of a smile,

Staying but a little while?

Pass it on!

April beam, the little thing,

Still it wakes the flowers of spring,

Makes the silent birds to sing—

Pass it on!

Have you found the heavenly light?

Souls are groping in the night—

Daylight gone!

Hold thy lighted lamp on high;

Be a star in some one's sky;

He may live who else would die—

Pass it on!

Be not selfish in thy greed;

Look upon thy brother's need—

Pass it on!

Live for self, you live in vain;

Live for Christ, you live again;

Live for Him, with Him you reign—

Pass it on!

#### PATTY'S PATIENT-BOOK.

PATTY was making a long visit at her uncle's, and she found it very pleasant to be there.

On the morning after her arrival, her aunt and her cousins were gathering in the dining-room, when some one said, "Where is father's patient-book?"

Nobody seemed to know, and there was a quick hunt, every one appearing to think it must be found, no matter what else might be wanting. At last it came to light, and was laid beside Uncle Horace's plate just as he came in to breakfast.

"Papa's patient-book always has to be ready for him," remarked Patty's little cousin Elsie to her.

Patty looked curiously at the book to see what it might be which the whole family considered so important. But it was only a plain looking little book with red leather covers. Her uncle looked into it two or three times as he chatted and ate his breakfast.

"What is a patient-book?" Patty asked Elsie, as the two ran down the garden walk. "I never heard of such a thing before."

"Oh, it's the book papa keeps to write down what he has to do, so he'll be sure to remember. He writes it the night before, and then sometimes he leaves the book just where he is. So mamma always sees that it is found, for he wants to look it over at breakfast-time."

"But why does he call it his patient-book?" asked Patty.

But Elsie was stooping over a bed of pansies, and did not hear her.

"It must be to remind him of all he has to do and to tell him to be patient about it," said Patty to herself, for she was a quiet little girl, and more given to thinking than to asking questions. "I believe a patient-book would be a good thing for everybody to have. I often forget to do things I ought to do, and when I do think, dear me! I often forget all about being patient."

She found a little blue account book, which her father had given her before she left home; and she began writing a little in it every day, and in the morning took a peep at it to keep herself in mind of what she had to do.

She found it really was a help. Little things which she intended to do, and knew she ought to do, had a way of slipping from her mind because they might be done at any time; but when they were written down to be done at a certain hour, even if Elsie was calling

her to come and play, she found that she could not neglect them without an uncomfortable feeling that she was not doing her duty.

Patty had finished her breakfast, and was sitting on the front doorstep when Uncle Horace came through on his way out to the buggy, which waited at the gate. He always seemed in a hurry, but now he sat down beside Patty.

"What have you here, my little girl?"

"Oh, it's just my patient-book, Uncle Horace," she said, shyly, for she was a little afraid of him.

"Your patient-book?" he said, with a smile. "And what does a little girl like you want of a patient-book?"

"Why, sir, I thought it might be a good thing for a little girl as well as for a man."

"What do you put down in it?" he asked.

"Oh, not the same kind of things you do, of course, Uncle Horace, because you're so old, and I'm so little. But I put down the things I have to do, and want to be patient about them."

"Will you let me look in your book?" he asked so kindly that Patty did not mind showing him, although she wished the writing looked better.

He still smiled as he turned over the leaves, although a soberer look came on his face. On the first page was written, "*Let patience have her perfect work.*"

And these were some of the entries:—

"To remember about the chapter mamma told me to read, and not to hurry about it when Elsie wants me to go out and play.

"To be very patient with Elsie if she wants the biggest apple.

"To remember and speak softly to Cousin Ned when he teases me.

"To be patient with my sewing, and not take big stitches to get done sooner, and not to mind if I prick my finger.

"To be willing to take little Kitty when we wish to go for a walk, and to wait for her and be patient when she can't walk as fast as Elsie and me."

Would you tell me some of the things you have in your book, Uncle Horace?" Patty ventured to ask as he closed her book.

He took out the red covered one, and opened it. She could not read the writing, but he read a little of it to her:—

"To make an early call at Squire Hart's.

"To send prescription to No. 347 Grant St.

"To be at hospital at nine o'clock.

"To call at—." Here followed a long list of names and addresses.

"You see," said her uncle, "I could not remember all the patients I have to visit unless I put down their names."

"O-o-oh!" said Patty. "Then a patient-book is just to tell a doctor about visiting his patients."

"That's what mine is for," said Uncle Horace.

"Then a little girl doesn't want a patient-book," she said, looking half sorrowfully at her own.

"Yes, Patty, a patient-book is a very good thing for any one to have. Keep it, dear, and put down all your duties in it, never forgetting about the patience. Keep it all your life, and I am sure you will be a better little girl and grow up to be a better woman for it."—*Sydney Dayre.*

#### WORDS OF A MERCHANT PRINCE TO YOUNG MEN.

EDWARD EVERETT, being invited to address an association of young men, went to Abbot Lawrence, a prince among the merchants of the East, and asked him, "What shall I say to the young men?" The merchant replied, "Tell them that commerce is not a mercenary pursuit, but an honorable calling." In saying this, Mr. Lawrence gave expression to the principle which had guided his own splendid career; for, as Mr. Everett said of him after his death, "He built upon the adamant basis of probity; beyond reproach, beyond suspicion. His life gave a lofty meaning to the familiar line, and you felt in his presence that

"An honest man is the noblest work of God,"

It was an unquestioned fact that the steeds which drew Mr. Lawrence's mercantile chariot were Honor and Honesty.—*S. S. Classmate.*

#### ORDER.

It is such a little thing to keep your room in order—and such a great thing! It is such a little matter for you, and such a great one for your mother. It is such a little test of the resolution you make Sabbath, to live more as you know you ought this week, and it is such a great proof of that resolution. Try it, boys and girls. Rise early enough to say your prayer, and then spend five minutes, even three, in "picking up" your room. You have no idea what a pleasant keynote that will be to the whole day.



# The Sabbath-School.

## FIRST SABBATH IN OCTOBER.

OCTOBER 1.

### PRAYER.

#### LESSON 6.—OBJECTS OF PRAYER, Continued.

1. How does David claim to have sought the Lord? Ps. 119:10.
2. Even then, what does he seem to fear? Last part of the same verse.
3. What does he pray? Verse 35.
4. What does he fear may turn his heart away from the testimonies of God? Verse 36.
5. By what petition does he show the importance of a thorough understanding of the word of God? Verse 80.
6. What is implied by a sound heart in the statutes of God?—*Not only a knowledge of the word, but a fervent love for it, and a willing obedience thereto.*
7. Why does he need this soundness of heart? Last part of verse 80.
8. Where will the Christian have cause to be ashamed, if his heart is not sound in the statutes of God?—*When men shall ask him for a reason of the hope that is in him, and also before the tribunal of God.*
9. How should the Christian's steps be ordered? Verse 133.
10. For what may we well pray? Last part of the same verse.
11. Instead of feeling shy of the Lord, what should be the desire of every earnest Christian? Ps. 26:2.
12. How does David express the same desire in Ps. 139:23?
13. For what purpose does he desire to have all his thoughts and motives thus opened up before God? Verse 24.
14. Could he be fully led in the way everlasting as long as he cherished any wicked way?
15. How does the Psalmist further show his dependence upon God in discovering all his sins? Ps. 19:12.
16. How does he pray to be restrained from any hasty or rash action? Verse 13.
17. What should be the continual prayer of every Christian? Ps. 17:5.
18. How does David pray to be upheld? Ps. 51:12.
19. In what lies our only safety? Ps. 119:117.
20. How does the prophet Jeremiah show that it is not wholly in the power of man to direct his own steps? Jer. 10:23.
21. How is the same sentiment expressed in Proverbs 20:24?
22. What may be learned from Jeremiah 10:24?—*That instead of fearing correction, we should pray for it.*
23. How does the prophet pray to be corrected? Same verse.
24. What other examples have we of praying God to be pitiful in correcting for sin? Ps. 6:1; 38:1.
25. What is said of chastening in Heb. 12:11?
26. Why does God chasten his children? Verse 10.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY QUESTIONS.

(1) How did Job and David feel about drawing nigh to God? Ps. 42:1; 63:1-4; Job. 23:3-5. (2) Repeat some invitations to prayer. Phil. 4:6; Hosea 14:2; 1 Tim. 2:8. (3) How are we warned against neglect of prayer? Isa. 55:6; Prov. 1:28. (4) How are we admonished to constancy? 1 Chron. 16:11; Col. 4:2; 1 Thess. 5:17; Luke 18:1. (5) Against what will prayer shield us? Matt. 26:41; Luke 22:46. (6) When are watchfulness and prayer especially needed? Luke 22:46; 21:36; Mark 13:33; 1 Pet. 4:7.

#### NOTES.

The supplementary questions which first appear at the close of this lesson are intended for a short review, and are to be asked when the recitation of the regular lesson has been completed. They will be hailed with especial delight by all who cannot find enough to do to fill up the time, and will be found far better than wandering off on to new ground or discussing critical questions.

#### COMPENDIUM.

With the whole heart David sought the Lord that he might not wander from his commandments. Ps. 119:10. He claims to delight in those precepts, and prays that God may cause him to walk in the path which they mark out, and not allow his heart to be turned aside by covetousness. Verses 35, 36. He prays that his heart may be sound in the statutes of God, in order that he may not be ashamed (verse 80);

that his steps may be ordered according to the Scriptures; and that iniquity may have no dominion over him. Verse 133. Instead of drawing away and trying to hide his sins, he prays the Lord to examine him, to know his thoughts, and try him to see if there is any evil way in him, and lead him in the way everlasting. Ps. 26:2; 139:23, 24. He further shows his dependence upon God in discovering all his sins, and prays that God will keep him from any rash transgression. Ps. 19:12, 13. He also prays that God will hold up his goings in the path of duty, and sustain him by his free Spirit. Ps. 17:5; 51:12. All Christians may, with David, feel that their only safety lies in being thus sustained by the Divine power. Ps. 119:117; 127:1; 1 Pet. 1:5. Jeremiah and Job both realized that it is not wholly in the power of man to direct his own steps. Jer. 10:23; Job 20:24. It seems that holy men have not asked the Lord to exempt them from correction, but only that it should be administered compassionately. Jer. 10:24; Ps. 6:1. Although it may seem hard to bear, we may well be patient under the chastening of the Lord; for we know that he will not afflict willingly, nor chasten us except for our profit. Lam. 3:32, 33; Heb. 12:10, 11.

#### CONDENSED ANALYSIS.

1. David prays to be kept in the path of obedience to God's word. 2. He prays God to search his heart, discover to him his sins, and lead him in the way everlasting. 3. The Christian is not safe without the sustaining power of God. 4. We should not pray for the hand of correction to be removed; for God chastens only for our profit.

## Our Scrap-Book.

### SINGULAR SERIES OF SHIPWRECKS.

THE *Golden Days* for September 3, gives what is supposed to be the most remarkable series of shipwreck on record. It says:—

"It began, we believe, with the loss of the English merchantman, *Mermaid*, which was driven on to the rocks of Torres Straits in October, 1829. The officers and crew clung to the shattered vessel, which was held fast upon a sunken ledge, until, a few minutes before the doomed ship went to pieces, a passing frigate picked them up.

"The *Swiftsure*, as the latter craft was called, resumed her northward course, to be foundered in a terrific gale three days later. Her combined crews were saved by the war-ship *Governor Ready*, en voyage to India, May 18th, 1830. The last-named, overtaken by a storm, was stranded on a barren coast, her three crews to a man succeeding in reaching the shore.

"After staying a week on the inhospitable island, they were taken off by the revenue cutter *Comet*, which a few days later sprang a leak, and sank in spite of all efforts to save her. Fortunately, a rescue ship was again on hand, the four crews being saved by the *Jupiter*.

"Even then, however, the chain of disasters was not broken, for the *Jupiter*, just as she was entering the harbor of Port Raffle, turned turtle and went down with scarcely a moment's warning. Her crews barely escaped with their lives, to be picked up by boats sent to their aid.

Thus the crew of the *Mermaid* was wrecked five times in one voyage, that of the *Swiftsure* four times, of the *Governor Ready* three times, and the *Comet* twice. The rescues had been purely accidental in every case, none of the ships having been sailing as consorts or even to the same port. Though the weather had been tempestuous and the escapes barely made, not a life had been lost. We believe the record is without a parallel."

### THE COMPASS PLANT.

Long before men learned to poise a piece of magnetized iron on a pivot to indicate the north, there were natural compasses growing on the American prairies, and they still flourish in large numbers as a reliable guide to travelers across the American desert. They are a peculiar species of plant, called the compass plant, the pilot weed, or the polar plant, and have been known for generations to the western hunters, although the scientific world has known them but a short time. The edges of its leaves are said to be always pointed due north and south. An authority states: "Repeated observations upon the prairies, with measurements by the compass of the directions assumed by hundreds of leaves, especially of the radicle ones, have shown that as to prevalent position the popular belief has a certain foundation in the fact."

Captain Mayne Reid mentions it in one of his books as follows: "We had a guide to our direction unerring as the magnetic needle. We were traversing the region of the polar plant, the planes of whose leaves at almost every step pointed out our meridian. It grew upon our track, and was crushed under the hoofs of our horses as we rode onward." The traveler Burton also refers to it: "Whilst in the damper ground appeared the polar plant, that prairie compass, the plane of whose leaf ever turns toward the magnetic meridian." Another writer says: "Fortunately none go to the

prairies for the first time without being shown, in cases of mishaps, the groups of compass-weed which abound all over the plains, and the broad flat leaves of which point due north and south with an accuracy as unvarying as that of the magnetic needle itself."

Longfellow's "Evangeline" contains a beautiful mention of this curious provision of nature for guiding the wanderers who might easily be lost on the prairie:—

"Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow. See how its leaves all point to the north as true as the magnet; It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveler's journey Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert."

—Harper's Young People.

### MAKING GLASS EYES.

MEMBERS of the Rubbi family of Venice have been making glassware and glass eyes for three hundred and eighty-six years. The knack of making artificial eyes seems to be an inherited gift, as it is also a cultivated art, of the members of this family. Mr. Meriwether, having watched Signor Rubbi make a glass eye, describes the process in his "Tramp Trip through Europe":—

"Two small glass tubes, one held in each hand, are turned and twisted in a very hot flame. When at the proper temperature, the operator blows into one of the tubes, and forms a ball at the end the size of a plum, which ball is ultimately to be the eye.

"The other tube, a colored glass, is used in making the colored part of the eye. It is heated to the proper temperature, and incorporated in the ball of white glass at the spot where the pupil is to be.

"This done, and the white of the eye having assumed the proper creamy color, the delicate feat of making the veins is performed. In doing this, heated tubes of red-streaked glass are drawn very deftly over the white surface, leaving tiny reddish streaks behind—the veins.

"Common glass eyes, such as are made for the hospitals, require but a short time to manufacture, and cost about two dollars. But a fashionable young lady has half-a-dozen eyes made before she is satisfied, for some such ladies have lost one of their eyes, and are forced to have recourse to the art of the Rubbis.

"These fastidious people are more particular with their night than with their day eyes. A different eye is worn at night, as the pupil is much smaller in the daytime than at night, and a fashionable woman would not think of attending an evening party with the pupils of her eyes of different sizes.

"Distant customers sometimes have an artist paint a portrait of the eye, that the maker of the glass eye may study it. Rich customers, however, prefer to visit Signor Rubbi at Venice, that he may personally examine their eyes."

### AN ELEPHANT WEIGHED WITHOUT SCALES.

AN Indian writer relates an interesting anecdote concerning Shajee, the father of the first ruling prince of the Mahrattas of Hindostan, who lived at about the beginning of the seventeenth century. On one occasion a certain high official made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money; but the great difficulty that at first presented itself was the mode of ascertaining what this was; and all the learned and clever men of the court seemed to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant. At length it is said that Shajee came forward and suggested a plan which was simple, and yet ingenious in the highest degree. He caused the unwieldy animal to be conducted into a flat-bottomed boat; and then, having marked on the boat the height to which the water reached, after the elephant had weighed it down, the latter was taken out and stones substituted in sufficient quantity to load the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus, to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

### CAMEO CUTTING.

It is said that the stone from which cameos are cut—onyx and sardonyx—is so plentiful on the Uruguay River, in Brazil, that ships often take it away as ballast. Nevertheless, perfect pieces of large size are costly, a piece suitable for a large portrait costing as much as seventy-five dollars.

This stone is preferred for cameos because of its hardness and durability, and is suitable for such work owing to the fact that it comes in layers of contrasting color, as black and white, black and cream, or red and white.

When the cut figure is sunk into the stone instead of being raised, the cutting is called an intaglio. The cost of these gems is due to the time and skill required in the work. Formerly a small gem might occupy an artist for a year or more, but with modern appliances the work can be done much more rapidly. Still, the ancient work bears the palm for artistic excellence.

The cutting is now done by holding the stone against a revolving drill, whose soft, steel face is covered with diamond dust. No steel is hard enough to cut the stone. The utmost patience and caution and delicate handling are required, as the slightest slip may be fatal to the work.—*Sel.*



## For Our Little Ones.

## TWO WAYS OF "TAKING IT EASY."

"Come, Eddie, go get some wood. The box is empty," said his mother one day.

"O dear!" said Eddie, who was playing with his top, "I have to work all the while, and you just sit in the chair and take it easy."

"That isn't a very pretty way for boys to talk to mothers," she quietly replied.

"I do n't care; it's the truth," he persisted.

His mother concluded to fight it out on that line with such weapons as the boy could appreciate, so she said, "Who gets Eddie's dinner?"

"That's nothing, after I've brought in the wood and kindlings, and everything is in the pantry ready to cook," was the reply.

"Then it won't be anything if my little boy starts the fire for me while I am mending his

jacket—everything is so handy."

"Now, mother, I'd rather wear my jacket without mending."

"But, Eddie, I cannot allow that; it is my place to keep your clothes looking as well as possible. You cannot mend, but you can build a fire."

"Oh, dear! I know I can't make it burn, and I hope it won't. It is too bad to make a little boy like me build a fire!" And he whined, and slammed, and scolded, but the fire burned.

"Now, Eddie," said his mother, "I shall find more things for you to do till you can do what I tell you to cheerfully. You may fill the tea-kettle next."

"It will spill over on the stove and floor—there, I told you so!"

"It will soon dry on the stove, and you can get a cloth and wipe it from the floor, then try again."

"There's nothing else you can make me do any way!" said Eddie at last.

"You can wash the potatoes," replied the mother, knowing well that her work would grow harder for everything of the kind that the boy would do, but feeling that he needed the discipline.

"Now, mother!" he began; but, bethinking himself of his mother's unfailing resources, he hesitated, rolled up his sleeves, and did the best he could; then he offered to set the table for dinner, and finally received his furlough, to the great relief of his mother as well as himself.

I cannot say that Eddie was always cheerful after this, when required to leave his play for some light task; but the plan of having him do something more, whenever he grumbled at being called upon, worked well in his case, and finally broke up the foolish habit.

Two years later, we find him telling his mother that the "Smith boys don't amount to anything, anyway. Now there's Harry—his mother tells him she wants a pail of water, and he says, 'Let Joe get it.' Joe says, 'I don't want to. You told Harry.' So she waits awhile, and then gets it herself. I've seen her go after wood, too, and split it, and the boys loafing around. I'm glad you didn't bring me up so."

Eddie isn't quite "brought up" yet, but he has had a good start.—A. L. H., in the Boston Watchman.

## GOLDEN KEYS.

A BUNCH of golden keys is mine  
To make each day with gladness shine.

"Good morning!" that's the golden key  
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "Good-night!" I say,  
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "If you please"  
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,  
I'll use the little "Thank you!" key.

"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,  
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,  
With the "Forgive me" key I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind,  
This is its motto: "Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key,  
And then a polite child I'll be.

—Selected.

For the INSTRUCTOR.  
A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

A LONG, long while ago, over four thousand years ago, there lived on the other side of the world a woman whom I am sure we should remember gratefully. I do not suppose she was very handsome, with her

straight black hair, and little almond-shaped eyes. Her name was as odd as she was herself, for she was called Se-ling-chi. Now you will know she was a Chinese woman.

Her husband's name was Shin-nung. But I suppose he could get along very well with his name, since he was emperor, and could rule over such a vast country, and be called the "father of the people." He was truly a father to his subjects, and tried to make the country better.

I should not wonder but that, when walking under his mulberry trees, he had often seen greedy little worms munching the leaves, and spoiling the beautiful foliage. Perhaps he grew vexed with them at first, and then interested, as he watched them winding themselves up into little oblong rolls of rich, creamy threads, oh, so soft and fine!

"Ah! I must speak to my dear Se-ling-chi about these wonderful threads," he no doubt thought. "The women are really wonderfully handy about some things, and perhaps she will know of a use to which these threads can be put." So Se-ling-chi was shown the worms.

Then she caused her maids and the princesses to gather large quantities of the worms, and carry them to a place made on purpose for them, where she fed them every day with fresh mulberry leaves, and watched them so carefully, from the time when they hatched out of the tiny eggs till they turned to butterflies.

The little worms were very greedy, and munched and munched so many leaves, that at last they grew too fat to eat any more. Then they began to move about; they had been too hungry to think of that before. Se-ling-chi saw them, after they had found a convenient corner, throw off threads of silk, and fastening themselves securely, begin to wind the delicate threads around their body until they were completely hidden.

Now Se-ling-chi set her wits to work to learn how to unravel this long thread of silk. It would be interesting to know how many times she failed—for I have no doubt it was more than once—and just what way she found successful at last; but that, I suppose, we will never find out. That she did succeed at last, we know, not only finding a way to wind off the silk, but weaving the most beautiful fabrics.

Shin-nung guarded his secret well, and so did the emperors who ruled after he died; so that it was many, many years before any one outside of the Empire found out how to make silk, or could get the worms that spun such fine threads. But at last two cunning priests succeeded in carrying away a few silk worm's eggs in a hollow cane, and then the Chinese secret was a secret no longer. And that is how it came about that everywhere silk is made. But nobody, not even the Chinese, can now make such beautiful silks as came from the royal hands of Se-ling-chi.

W. E. L.

## Letter Budget.

ALICE HARRINGTON sends a letter from Sussex Co., Del. She writes: "I like the letters in the Budget so much that I thought I would write one. My brother and I are keeping the Sabbath. Our parents, as yet, have not embraced the truth, but we are hoping for them. We were baptized by Eld. Victor Thompson last April, and are now in the canvassing work. I took twenty-five orders the first week for 'Sunshine at Home.' I am making excellent deliveries. Not one person has failed. We are living in Mr. Babcock's family. I am trying to keep all the commandments so that I may be found among the faithful ones when Jesus comes."

WESLEY BRISTOW, aged thirteen years, writes a letter from Macon Co., Mo. He says: "I have a little brother and two little sisters younger than myself. I attend Sabbath-school with my parents, and study in Book No. 3. I can repeat the second book as a story. I go to day school, and have a good teacher. She opens her school with prayer, after reading a chapter in the Bible. I have been going to writing school. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR, and what the little folks write for it. I hope to meet them all in the new earth."

NETTIE WARREN, of Cowlitz Co., W. T., is a little girl ten years old. She writes: "I have been keeping the Sabbath with my parents all my life. All of our family have been baptized but one brother and myself. I want to be baptized at the next camp-meeting. We have a Sabbath-school with twenty-seven members. Mamma gave me four hens for missionary purposes. I put fifty cents into the foreign mission fund, and hope it may do good. I love to do this kind of work."

HORACE S. FENTON, of Lenawee Co., Mich., writes: "I go to school every day, and, until two weeks ago, never missed a day in my life. It was because I had the diphtheria that I could not go. I am better now. I enjoy reading the Budget very much. At Sabbath-school I am just going to begin Book No. 2. We have no church building; the meetings are mostly held at our house. My pa takes the Gospel Siekle for me this year. I am trying to be a good boy."

We have three letters from Multnomah Co., Oregon, written by LIZZIE SORENSON, LUELLA REED, and EDITH BROOKS. Lillie is thirteen years old, the others are each twelve years of age. They attend their denominational school at that place, and like their teacher. Lizzie and Luella study Book No. 4, and Edith, Book No. 5. Luella says: "My papa is away most of the time, working in the cause. Mamma was away with the tent last summer."

We have a letter from a little girl in Wapello Co., Iowa. She writes: "My name is BESSIE JONES. I am twelve years old. I live four miles from Sabbath-school, but I go when the walking is good. My mother teaches me to keep the commandments, but my father has but little regard for the Sabbath. I read the INSTRUCTOR, and find many valuable lessons in it. I send my love to the INSTRUCTOR family."

EMERSON LEWIS writes from Clinton Co., Mich. He says: "I am twelve years old. I am staying at my uncle's at present. I attend day school, and keep the Sabbath. I learn my lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. I think the lessons about the angels are very nice. I hope I shall be one of the happy ones who will see the angels in the kingdom."

MINNIE B. and CARRIE E. MARTIN write from Harlan Co., Neb. Minnie is twelve years old. She says: "I have two sisters and one brother. My little brother, four years old, and my little baby sister were very sick, but we treated them as directed in Dr. Kellogg's 'Home Hand Book,' and now they are getting better."

Carrie is eleven years old. She writes: "I keep the Sabbath with my parents. We have no Sabbath-school. I go to day school. My cousin visits us every summer. We have two horses, a colt, and eight head of cattle. I have a hen named Bird, and we have a puppy named Curley."

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