



VOL. 36.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., OCTOBER 10, 1888.

No. 41.

JENNIE'S COMMENCEMENT.

"I HANDED in my essay yesterday, for corrections, you know," said Jennie Lander, at the breakfast table, one morning late in May.

"And when do you graduate?" asked her father.

"Four weeks from to-day is Commencement."

"I wasn't thinking it was quite so soon," said her mother.

"Nor I, either," said Mr. Lander.

"Commencement!" I don't see what they call it a 'commencement' for, when it isn't the beginning but the ending," commented ten-year-old Marion.

Jennie did not answer. To her it was the "commencement"—a new, glad beginning of life in earnest, though all her life had been glad, and all its years had been new. Something in the name pleased her, as though there was coming an opportunity to take a fresh hold on fresh Christian privilege and service.

"I think," said the mother, "it is called so because it used to come later in the season. They conferred the degrees at the beginning of the school year, instead of at its close, didn't they?"

But no one seemed to know, and no one answered.

"I guess," said the father, "you'd better let Jennie get her fixings out of that money Cane paid me for the wood from the back lot—if there's enough left."

"Yes, I was keeping it for that, and I guess it will do."

"The girls are all going up to the city next week, together, to buy their dresses," put in Jennie, timidly. "They say they can get things enough cheaper to more than save the fare, and they see a better assortment to choose from."

"Well, you must do as your mother thinks best about that. If she's willing, I am," rejoined Mr. Lander, as he rose from the table and went out.

Said the mother,—but just recovered from a long illness, and still weak and thin,—"Run to my drawer and get that old wallet, dear, and we'll look it over."

"Yes," she went on, "here's just about enough, as I thought."

"But, mother," put in the daughter, "you were going to have a new spring dress out of that wood money, and you haven't anything even to wear to graduation."

"Well," was the reply, with a little sigh, "we can only have all there is, you know. The doctor's bill was so high, and your father had to have a coat; but I guess may be there'll be some other way to get the dress. I can manage, somehow."

To "manage somehow" meant, in all probability, to go without, as Jennie knew; and she thought remorsefully of her own dainty spring suit, not all new, to be sure, but constructed by her mother's weak hands during her convalescence. The money for the pretty new goods to add to the old, and the two or three dollars for the simple hat, she remembered, had come out of this same wood money; and now her mother had only a shiny black silk, years out of date, and her much worn black cashmere to choose from for a spring toilet.

She went about her work that morning with a sober face; the prospect of a new white cashmere, daintily

made, and set off with bits of embroidery, here and there, that you could hardly tell from the real flowers she was going to wear, did not rejoice her as she had thought it would.

Her mother was looking over some little dresses of Marion's.

"When you go upstairs, Jennie," she said, "I wish you'd go to that small trunk and get those things Aunt May sent us. There are two or three summer dresses of Cousin Lena's. I believe that mull was *her* graduating dress. I want to fix up some things for Marion."

dress in its wrappings, and laid it with the others at the head of the stairs, that she might see it when she went down, and went to set in order her own little room. It was yet early when it was done, and she sat down by the low window to "think it out." The white forehead was knitted in thought, and perhaps a few tears fell before the decision was made; but there was a little prayer sent up, right earnestly, and a haunting remembrance of the day's text: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

So it was with an unclouded face that she re-entered the sitting-room.

"See here, mother, this lovely mull! It will make a nice graduating dress, and I'm going to have it; and now you can have yours."

"But you wanted a cashmere."

"Well, this will do, and we'll make it as pretty as we can. That money will get your dress and my little things, too."

No one likes to wear a made-over dress for her graduation gown, and visions of the clinging cashmere she had renounced would sometimes dance before her eyes, but she resolutely turned away. It was hard not to go with the girls on their delightful shopping expedition; but she drove her mother down town in the low, old carriage, and forgot her disappointment in the pleasure of choosing her mother's dress of soft, fine wool, a dark gray, with silkenough to trim it and make a little bonnet; and when, after her little fineries had been chosen and paid for, there remained money enough for a pair of gray kids, to offset her own white ones, and some dainty ruching to match her own laces, she felt herself well repaid.

The mull gave no hint of previous service when its fresh, snowy folds were draped about Jennie's slender form. All her flowers were real ones, and she had nothing to regret or sigh for when she looked over to

where the little mother sat, Commencement Day, in her pretty gray dress, with such tender pride in her kind eyes. And the mother was thinking, as I do, that such an act of thoughtful, cheerful self-denial was not an inauspicious commencement of whatever graver and grander tasks lie beyond Commencement Day.—*Olive E. Dana.*

A KIND VOICE.

THERE is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind voice is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at



OCTOBER.

THE year grows old; summer's wild crown of roses
Has fallen and faded in the woodland ways;
On all the earth a tranquil light reposes,
Through the still, dreamy days.

The dew lies heavy in the early morn,
On grass and mosses sparkling crystal-fair;
And shining threads of gossamer are borne
Floating upon the air.

Across the leaf-strewn lanes, from bough to bough
Like tissues woven in a fairy loom;
And crimson berried bryony garlands glow
Through the leaf-tangled gloom.

The woods are still, but for the sudden fall
Of cypress acorns dropping to the ground,
Or rabbit plunging through the fern-stems tall,
Half-startled by the sound.

And from the garden-lawn comes, soft and clear,
The robin's warble from the leafless spray,—
The low, sweet Angelus of the dying year,
Passing in light away. —Selected.

So a few minutes later the young girl took from the trunk she had been sent to, a gingham somewhat worn, a light cambric, and, carefully wrapped in paper, a dress of fine white mull, made in the fashion of a few years before. It had evidently been worn only once or twice, for it was not soiled.

"My, what quantities of cloth there are in it! It is just as good as new, and so fine and pretty. If it was mull I wanted now!"

How swift was the thought that flashed through her mind,—yet it was not quite a welcome one,—"I could take this for graduation, and then mother could have *her* dress."

Her chin dropped into her hand, and she sat quite still. "If I don't, mother can't have a thing," and she knew how little her mother's wardrobe held, and she was ashamed to own to herself how hard it was to give up her own cherished plans. She replaced the

all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and griefs, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price; for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shames.—*Elihu Burritt.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

A MORNING STROLL IN NORWAY.

COME walk with me this beautiful morning up toward the mountains which you see yonder, dark with evergreen pines. Let us go by a back street in this old Norwegian town, so that we can see some of the dwellings in which the laboring class live. It is now only four o'clock, yet you see some of these people, poorly clad, coming out of these humble homes to go to their work. Each man has a little rusty pail and a roll of bread in his hand; that is his dinner for the day. They leave home thus early, and do not get back till night; they have to make a long day, and get only two kroner, or about 54 cents. No wonder they live in mere shanties, and that they are so miserably clad.

As we pass on, we see less desirable homes, even, than these. Just over that bridge are some poor old shanties that an American would not use to keep domestic animals in. Yet the men are coming out by scores; these are the only homes the world affords them. Are you not glad your home is so pleasant?

As we walk along, we cannot fail to notice the great stones lying on either side of the road. These were placed here to keep teams from driving off the street in the night. All along up the mountain, even where it seems wholly useless to have them, they will be found. Much greater care is taken here and in European countries than in America to protect the lives of the human family.

Down the mountain we see a company of women coming. They, too, carry little tin pails that hold about a pint, and they also have a loaf of bread, which they eat with their coffee for dinner. On their heads they wear little shawls, and some of them are worn almost to strings. These girls toil very hard all through a long day, to receive only a little over one kroner.

We are now nearly at the top of this mountain. Let us turn aside into this forest of green pines. Do you notice how, as we step off the road into the timber, the ground is softer than a carpet? This moss is so heavy that it has a downy appearance. It is the fifteenth of May, but just ahead of us lie great snowbanks. Much snow must have fallen here the past winter.

Climbing this high rock, we stand at the very top of the mountain. Above us stretches the blue sky. Around us stand tall trees, shutting us out from every eye save God's. And hark! do you hear the murmur of that stream among the rocky defiles down the mountain? The birds are singing; but there is not the rustle of a leaf, for all the trees are evergreens.

Following to its head the little stream that we heard below us, we see a large lake of pure, soft water. Large piles of wood lie by its margin, that were brought from the forests on the other side when the lake was frozen over. But now the lake is breaking up, and no more logs will be carried across until next winter.

We will follow the little stream on its way toward the city. Here we find a large dam that supplies water for the many manufacturing establishments you will see as you descend. A large building stands on the other side, with water dripping out of it nearly to the eaves. Water is gathered in this building, and from it, by means of a five-foot pipe, it is conveyed with great force to the mills below.

If we should go down this narrow path, beaten hard by the oft-repeated footsteps of many workmen, we would come to a cotton factory. Peeping into a back room, we see a stove covered with the same little pails that we saw when going up the mountain; there must be as many as a hundred of them. This is not much like the pleasant dinners you get around your cheerful tables at home, is it? Yet these poor people are not unhappy because they do not have the luxuries of life. There are many cheerful faces among them. But I hope our walk will lead us to better appreciate our happy and comfortable homes.

R. A. HART.

Christiana, Norway.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

IN Genesis the world was made;
In Exodus the march is told;
Leviticus contains the law;
In Numbers are the tribes enrolled.
In Deuteronomy again
We're urged to keep God's law alone;
And these five books of Moses make
The oldest writings that are known.
Brave Joshua to Canaan leads;
In Judges oft the Jews rebel;
We read of David's name in Ruth
And First and Second Samuel.
In First and Second Kings we read
How bad the Hebrew State became;
In First and Second Chronicles
Another history of the same.
In Ezra captive Jews return,
And Nehemiah builds the wall;
Queen Esther saves her race from death,
These books "historical" we call.
In Job we read of patient faith;
The Psalms are David's song of praise;
The Proverbs are to make us wise;
Ecclesiastes next portrays
How fleeting earthly pleasures are;
The Song of Solomon is all
About the love of Christ; and these
Five books "devotional" we call.
Isaiah tells of Christ to come;
While Jeremiah tells of woe,
And in his Lamentations mourns
The Holy City's overthrow;
Ezekiel speaks of mysteries,
And Daniel foretells kings of old;
Hosea calls men to repent;
In Joel blessings are foretold.
Amos tells of wrath; and Edom,
Obadiah's sent to warn;
While Jonah shows that Christ should die,
And Micah where he should be born.
In Nahum Nineveh is seen;
In Habakkuk Chaldean's guilt;
In Zephaniah Judah's sins;
In Haggai the temple's built.
Zechariah speaks of Christ,
And Malachi of John, his sign.
The prophets number seventeen.
And all the books are thirty-nine.
Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John
Tell what Christ did in every place;
Acts shows what the apostles did,
And Romans how we're saved by grace.
Corinthians instructs the church;
Galatians shows us faith alone;
Ephesians true love; and in
Philippians God's grace is shown.
Colossians tells us more of Christ,
And Thessalonians of the end;
In Timothy and Titus both
Are rules for pastors to attend.
Philemon Christian friendship shows;
Then Hebrews clearly tells how all
The Jewish law prefigured Christ;
And these epistles are by Paul.
James shows that faith by works must live,
And Peter urges steadfastness;
While John exhorts to Christian love,
For those who have it God will bless.
Jude shows the end of evil men,
And Revelation tells of heaven.
This ends the whole New Testament,
And all the books are twenty-seven.
—S. S. Times.

A BOY'S SACRIFICE.

He gave all he had! Did ever a saint do more? And yet Mortimer was not a saint; he was only a healthy, right-minded boy, with a conscience in good working order.

Mortimer was a minister's son who had listened to his father's sermons to some effect. You see there was the quiet preaching of every-day life, the tender, loving thoughtfulness in little things; the always putting God first, which means so much more than the most eloquent sermons ever can mean, and so it was not at all strange that the thoughtful boy very early in life put himself over into the hands of his father's and mother's God. Not that he was ever out of those merciful hands. O, no; but he chose for himself to live as though he knew and believed in his relationship to the great Father.

Now, while Mortimer was a conscientious, obedient

boy, he had one trait in his character which often troubled his parents very much. With every year of life this trait was growing stronger and stronger, and the watchful mother, who had faithfully warned and taught her boy, could only watch and pray and wait for the Lord himself to cure her darling's fault.

Do you wonder what the fault was? He loved money. He loved it dearly! From a very small child he had hoarded up his pennies, and as soon as he was able to earn small sums, he was ready to leave his play at any time and to do anything so that he might add a few pennies to his store.

Spend money for candies? Not Mortimer! It was all he could bear to give a cent of his hard-won money to the Lord, and he used to wonder in his secret heart why the Lord, who owned everything, "the gold and the silver, and the cattle on a thousand hills," his mother said, couldn't let a poor little boy keep his money until he grew rich enough to give something worth while!

Mortimer was about fourteen years of age when he gave his heart to the Lord, and it was nearly two years later when he began to listen with his heart to what he heard about giving up his own plans and ways of life and just depending wholly upon the heavenly Father's love and care and direction. Perhaps you think that is all very well for old people or sick people, but that for a boy to just give himself up to the Lord in that wholesale way would be a strange and unnatural thing.

But the truth is, there is no other right and natural way of life, and Mortimer was just beginning to see this. He had his plans and ambitions in life, and when he looked the matter of belonging entirely to the Lord full in the face, he saw that his darling plan in life was to be a rich man. He thought he could see just how to do it, and as he thought how much good he could do with his money, he said, "It cannot be the Lord wants me to give this up!" But light kept coming to him more and more clear, until he was able to see that this love of money was a worm eating at the very roots of his life, and with a great effort Mortimer gave it all up and said, "Here, Lord, I love thee more than I love my money or my plans. Thou shalt have all, and I give myself to thee to be guided in all things."

Then a great peace came into his boy-heart.

When the prayer-meeting came, Mortimer was in his place. At the right time he rose and simply told the story of his struggle and the peace that followed, and then he said, "Now I have given myself and my money to the Lord, and I have brought the money with me to-night to pass over to the church to use for the Lord's work. I do this gladly, because I love my Lord more than I love my money."

When the treasurer of the church came to count Mortimer's store, he found that it amounted to a little more than one hundred dollars! Mortimer had given his all to the Lord!

If he had been a millionaire, and had given all, how the world would have wondered! But was the sacrifice any less than if the sum had been far greater?

And now Mortimer is preparing to do the Lord's work, and is proving how the Lord can care for those who give all to him.—*S. S. Classmate.*

THE FORGOTTEN LETTERS.

The Scriptures forbid us to judge one another, and especially because few can judge others without condemning themselves; and few who have condemned others are afterwards willing to acknowledge their own faults. Here is a story of one man who was as ready to confess his own faults as to condemn another.

It is related of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston that one day in Utah, when his command was two days distant from a mailing station, he found that a captain had returned to the camp, forgetting to post a letter which the general had intrusted to him. But all the commander said was: "I can imagine no excuse for such carelessness, captain."

Not long after, the general himself discovered in a winter coat, which had been packed away, a letter which a long time before, he had received from the surgeon with the request that he post it. He had taken it to the station, forgotten to post it, and it had remained in the pocket for six months.

The conscientious general first apologized to the surgeon, and then he sent for the captain, and said, "I beg your pardon for reproving you for an offense in which I myself set the example."—*Sel.*

MOZART began composing at an earlier age than any body else on record. At four he was exhibited as an infant prodigy, and at five he composed concertos. When he was eleven, he wrote an *opéra-bouffe*.

The Sabbath-School

FOURTH SABBATH IN OCTOBER.
OCTOBER 27.

SECOND EPISTLE OF PETER.

LESSON 1.—2 PETER 1:1-4.

1. To whom did Peter address his second epistle? Verse 1.
2. How is this "precious faith" obtained? *Ib.*, last part.
3. What invocation did the apostle make in behalf of those whom he addressed? Verse 2.
4. What does grace do for those who accept it? Heb. 4:16; 2 Cor. 12:9; Titus 2:11.
5. Who alone have peace? Rom. 5:1; Isa. 48:18; 57:20, 21.
6. Then to what, in effect, is Peter's invocation in verse 2 equivalent? Phil. 1:9-11.
7. How are this grace and peace to be obtained? 2 Peter 1:2.
8. How much of that which is needful to the acquirement of life and godliness has God given to us? Verse 3.
9. How much does the apostle Paul say that God will do for us? Eph. 3:20.
10. How is this aid brought to us? 2 Peter 1:3, last part.
11. What else is given by his divine power? Verse 4, first part.
12. What may we gain by these "exceeding great and precious promises"?
13. What must we escape, in order to be made partakers of the divine nature?
14. Mention the greatest of these exceeding great and precious promises? 2 Cor. 6:17, 18.
15. What does Paul say that we should do, in view of these promises? 2 Cor. 7:1.
16. Having become sons of God, what other promise necessarily follows? Rom. 8:16, 17; 1 John 3:2.
17. What must follow if a man really has this hope in him? 1 John 3:3.
18. What is "the corruption that is in the world through lust"? 1 John 2:15, 16; Matt. 15:19, 20.
19. Then what change must take place to constitute one a "partaker of the divine nature," a son of God? Ps. 51:10; Eze. 36:26, 27.
20. What encouragement may we gain from a contemplation of the glory of God, which he will bestow upon his children? Eph. 3:16.
21. Then how greatly may grace and peace be multiplied to us "through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord"? Verses 16-19.

NOTES.

The marginal rendering of verse 1, the rendering given in the Revised Version, more nearly conforms to the Greek than does the text. While we may not use a marginal rendering as the basis of any doctrine, the absolute divinity of Christ is so well established by other scriptures, that we know that he is justly entitled to be called God as well as Saviour. For instance, Isaiah says of the Son to be given, that "his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Isa. 9:6. John says: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." John 1:1, 14. God the Father addresses the Son as follows: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever." Heb. 1:8. And when the redeemed shall see Jesus their Saviour coming in the clouds of heaven, they will say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us." Isa. 25:9. Let none, therefore, find fault with the rendering, "Our God and Saviour Jesus Christ," nor fear to worship as God, him whom all the angels are commanded to worship.

The stress which the apostle Peter lays upon a knowledge of God is quite noticeable. Twice in this lesson it is mentioned. He would evidently impress upon our minds the necessity of a personal acquaintance with God—of knowing him as we would an intimate friend—and of loving him not simply because of what he does, but because of what he is. "God is love," and "we love him because he first loved us." It is this perception of his character which first draws us to him,—the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." Rom. 2:4. By this we are made partakers of the divine nature, that is, adopted into the family of God. As sons of God, it necessarily follows that our acquaintance with him must become more and more intimate. It is this intimate acquaintance with God which multiplies peace to us. "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace." Job, 22:21. In Gal. 4:6-9 the apostle Paul makes a knowledge of God equivalent to a state of sonship. It is evident, therefore, that the knowledge of God, of which the apostles speak, is far more than the simple knowledge and belief that God exists as Creator of the world.

Our Scrap-Book

EARLY BOOK-BINDING.

The bindings of early manuscript books, before the invention of printing, were very magnificent, exceeding in richness and elaborate workmanship anything produced in modern times. In the old accounts of the wardrobe of Edward IV., for instance, it appears that Piers Banduyn was paid "for the binding, gilding, and dressing" of two books, twenty shillings each, and eighteen shillings each for four others. Twenty shillings in those days would have bought an ox. But even this price does not represent the whole cost. The binder had six yards of velvet, as many of silk, besides laces, tassels, copper and gilt clasps, and gilt nails, supplied to him.

Perhaps the finest collection of beautifully bound books ever formed was that which belonged to Corvinus, King of Hungary, who died at Buda in 1490. The volumes—thirty thousand in number, mostly, of course, MSS.—were "bound in brocade, with bosses and clasps in gold and silver." When the Turks took Buda in 1526, they very naturally tore off the covers of this noble collection.

One most exquisite specimen of binding is in the South Kensington Museum. It is a missal case, of small octavo size, of Italian work, about 1580. The binding is gold, ornamented with translucent ruby, emerald, and azure enamel. On one side is represented the creation of Eve, on the other the fountain of Fame, with figures, some drinking, others reclining. This missal was supposed to belong to Henrietta Maria, queen of the unhappy Charles I., and was purchased by the museum for the sum of £700.—*Sel.*

WHAT IS A TEAR?

The principal element of a tear is water. This water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth parts of the substance called mucus, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime, and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the peculiar epithet of "salt" at the hands of the Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at ours; "salt" is, however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries, the water evaporates and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, as seen through the microscope, array themselves along crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish bones. Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lachrymal gland," which is situated above the eyeball, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it on the under surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals that carry the tears into the eye. But tears do not flow only at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous; all day and all night, although less abundantly during sleep; they trickle softly from their slender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright enamel and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health. It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelids that effect the regular spreading of the tears, and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds, but also are carried away through two little drains called "lachrymal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose. Thus all tears, after leaving the eyelids, flow into the nostrils, and if the reader will assure himself of this, he has only to notice, unpoetic as the fact may be, that a person after crying much, is always obliged to make a two-fold use of his pocket-handkerchief.—*Chamber's Journal.*

PEACHES.

WHILE this delicious fruit is occupying the housewife so many hours of these late summer days in the various processes of canning, jellying, and preserving, it may be well to look at the history of the peach. Its Latin name, *Persica Fulgaris*, or, as some give it, *Amygdalus Persica*, hints at its probable origin. The first mention made of it, so far as we know, is by Columella, an ancient Roman rural economist, born at Cadiz, in Spain, about 30 A. D. He was a cultivator of the soil and a voluminous agricultural writer. He says that the peach was brought from Persia in the reign of Nero. It was early introduced into Greece, but at what period is uncertain.

The rose family has three sub-orders—the almond family, the rose family proper, and the pear family. The peach belongs to the almond family, which gives us the plum, the sloe, the cherry, the apricot. The peach, unlike its nearly related cousins, contains in its leaves, bark, and kernel hydrocyanic acid, a most deadly poison.

The United States and China produce the finest peaches in the world. In England the peach must have the protection of a brick wall or it fails to prove hardy, while in this country, where the thermometer registers 15 degrees below zero, orchards of peach-trees stand unprotected in the open field. Our hot, dry summer and fall months better ripen the young

shoots than the colder and moister climate of Britain.

The peach has been greatly improved since its first introduction to the Roman world. It was then, as it is now, in two varieties, free-stone and cling-stone, of each of which there are many varieties. The greater ease with which the free-stone variety yields to diverse culinary processes has made it the favorite, though in flavor the cling-stone is superior. But it is so much work to prepare cling-stones, and to eat them when they are served whole, that most cooks and most eaters prefer the free-stones. The nectarine is undoubtedly derived from the peach, and differs from it mainly in having a smooth skin, while the peach has a downy one. The greater part of the varieties of nectarine belong to the free-stones.

In their perfection peaches are as beautiful as though they existed only to be beautiful. What delight they give the eye with their full rounded outlines, their exquisite blending of mellow tints, their downy softness! What a pity to spoil such perfection ruthlessly with knife or teeth! And yet when a basket of these delicious beauties pass through the fire, or over it, and reappear in transparent jellies, translucent preserves, and rows of smiling cans, the beauty is all there, though transformed and blended with the beauty of utility.—*Christian Advocate.*

ABOUT TOADS.

The prejudices against toads have been of long standing, and are the result of superstition and ignorance. In addition to being venomous, it was once asserted that the toad had long and fearfully sharp teeth, and was disposed to use them on every possible occasion.

The statement is utterly groundless. A toad has no teeth and does not masticate his food, but swallows it whole; and it was owing to the discovery of this fact that his reputation was redeemed. On one occasion a naturalist, having killed a toad for the purpose of getting the skin for stuffing, out of mere curiosity began dissecting its digestive system. On turning the contents of the stomach into a basin of water, he found them to consist of an entire mass of worms and insects, many of them still actually alive. As entomology was his favorite study, he was saved many a careful search and weary day chasing after insects, for he had only to kill the first toad he met, and he was abundantly supplied by the contents of its stomach. There he would often find some rare specimens which he had hunted for in vain. The toad does his foraging mainly in the night, the only time when many kinds of insects come abroad, and therefore they can rarely be found by the naturalist. This discovery led to an entirely different treatment of the toad, for it was seen at once that he was a great benefactor to mankind in destroying so many noxious insects.—*Home and Abroad.*

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF.

THINK deliberately of the house you live in, your body. Make up your mind firmly not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it, wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. At the first signal of danger from any of the thousand enemies that surround you, defend yourself. Do not take cold, guard yourself against it; if you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. Take a vigorous walk or run, then guard against a sudden attack of perspiration. This is the only body you will ever have in this world. A large share of pleasure and pain of life will come through the use you make of it. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that should govern it, the pains and penalties that will surely follow a violation of every law of life or health.—*Oakland Tribune.*

ZUNI BLANKETS.

MR. CUSHING, by his arduous researches, has made us conversant with the Zuni Indians, the strangest tribe on the continent. They are what the Western people call "tame" Indians, and much more industrious than any other tribe.

Their chief article of manufacture is blankets, and they are well worth the money asked for them, far exceeding any made by white people.

The Zunis take the wool as it comes off the sheep, color it, spin it into threads, and then turn it over to the squaws, who make the blankets, everything being done by hand alone. The prices for blankets range from five dollars to fifty dollars.

To show how superior they are, it is only necessary to say that one can be tied by the corners, and thus hold a quantity of water for several days without letting a drop come through, or changing color in the least.—*Sel.*

It is not only a popular but a scientific belief that there is no spot on the earth's surface where plant life does not thrive; but the discovery of Mr. John Ball, the naturalist, will modify this belief. At Tocopilla, twenty-two degrees south of the equator, on the rainless west coast of South America, he found a region where absolutely nothing grew. Not so much as a lichen could be discovered on the rocks, even with the aid of a microscope!

For Our Little Ones.

"HO, FOR SLUMBERLAND!"

A LITTLE song for bedtime, when, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country, where the pretty dream-
flowers blow,
'Twill be the sunset and the sunrise,

"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

When the little ones get drowsy, and heavy lids droop down,
To hide blue eyes and black eyes, gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland are waiting in a row,
And the ferryman is calling.

"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland; and the dipping of the oar
In the Sea of Sleep makes music that the children only know,
When they answer to the boatman's

"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Oh! take a kiss, my darlings, ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that's waiting to bear you o'er the sea.
Take a kiss and give one, and then away you go
A-sailing into Dreamland.

"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

—Eben E. Rexford, in *St. Nicholas*.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

PERCY'S VACATION.

PERCY had never spent so delightful a vacation. He lived in a thrifty village. It had a good school, which was held three-fourths of the year, and Percy went to it. He never missed a day, for he liked the teacher, and he also liked to study.

Among all the merry children swinging their satchels of books on that balmy June afternoon when school closed, I think Percy's face was the only one that was clouded. He was really sorry vacation-time had come.

Percy's father was a market-gardener, and raised vegetables to sell in a neighboring town. I am afraid that the thoughts of the long forenoons when he would have to hoe in the garden instead of playing or reading, had something to do with making the vacation such a dread to the young boy.

But there was a pleasant surprise for Percy when he reached home. It was a letter his mother had got from her brother only two days before, and in it was an invitation for Percy to come and spend two whole months by the sea-shore! What was better still, Percy's father and mother had decided to let him go. Can you think how delighted he was? He had never been so far away from home before.

But I did not want to tell you about Percy's long journey to the sea all by himself, which was very much like all other boys' first journeys, nor to tell you what a beautiful place he found at his journey's end, nor of the little room his uncle gave him, with its hooded window looking out over the great ocean. But I wanted to tell you of a talk Percy and his uncle had near the close of vacation time.

There was one place in the house that Percy liked better than all the rest,—better, in fact, than all the beautiful world outside; it was the library. Every minute he could get when his cousins were not teasing him to go somewhere, he would spend in this cozy place, with its walls lined with shelves of books, and with globes, and atlases, and maps.

"You seem very fond of reading," said his uncle, as he came into the library one morning, and found Percy busily poring over a book.

"Yes, sir," replied Percy, looking up, "I like this place the best of any in the house."

"Well, what have you found to read that you liked?" asked his uncle, drawing a great easy-chair up to the table, and sitting down by the boy.

"Pretty much everything," Percy replied, with a laugh. "I didn't think it would make any difference where I began, so I have read most all the books on that shelf."

"That is quite a good many for only six weeks," his uncle replied; "there are twenty books in that row."

"Yes, sir," Percy replied, with some pride, "I read a great deal, and I can read very fast for a boy of my age. I mean to be a scholar some day."

"Ah!" said Uncle Peter, "that is a good mark for a boy to aim at. How old are you?"

"I am eleven—most twelve," Percy replied.

"You must indeed read fast," said his uncle; "you

have read more than I could well read myself in the same time."

Percy looked pleased; he thought his uncle meant that he was an unusually smart boy.

"Now," asked his uncle, "how much can you remember of what you have read?"

Percy puckered up his brows and tried to think; but there was only a confused mass of new things in his mind. Stories of the Reformers, legends of the Northland, and of Greece, the Tales of the Boy Travelers, Robinson Crusoe's adventures, and many other things were hopelessly mixed.

"It is rather a hard matter to straighten out, isn't it?" said his uncle, with an amused smile.

Percy only looked uncomfortably confused, and made no reply.

"I like your desire to be a scholar, and learn all you can," Uncle Peter replied soberly; "but I think you are making a mistake in the way you take to do it. A boy's mind must be treated in a good many respects like his body. You would not grow any taller or stronger if you should eat six meals a day instead of three comfortable ones, would you?"

"No," said Percy, "I should expect to get sick if I ate all the time."

"Well," continued his uncle, "that is what you



have been doing to your mind this summer. You have stuffed it so full of really good things that it cannot take care of any of them properly. You cannot remember anything you have read with certainty. How much good do you think such knowledge will do you?"

Percy looked thoughtful, but made no reply.

"Now I have been watching you for some time when you didn't know it," said Uncle Peter, "and I have thought of a plan that I think will help you."

"When you finish a chapter, shut the book up and see how much you can remember of what you have read. Do this at the end of every chapter of all the books you read that are worth remembering, and I am sure that you will know more at the end of the next two months' reading than you do at the end of this. But remember that reading a great many books will not make you a scholar, as you suppose; it lies in reading only good books, and remembering what they contain. It is not anything to be proud of that you are a very fast reader, but it is something to be satisfied with if you can keep what you do read."

These were all new ideas to Percy; and as he believed his Uncle Peter was a very wise man because he had so many books, he thought a great deal about what he had said, and you may be sure it helped him to grow stronger mentally when he had learned to do some thinking on his own account.

W. E. L.

SEWING-SONG.

BUSY little maidens, singing as we sew,
What is it we're learning? Would you like to know?
Stitch and fell and gather,—gather, stitch, and fell,—
Turn the edges neatly, 'tis not much to tell.

Stitches short and even, set so strong and fast,
Not a minute wasted, soon the time is past.
Neatness, care, and patience,—patience, neatness, care,
These are worth the learning, here and everywhere.

We will help each other, though our power is small,
As the dear Lord bids us, he who loves us all.
Kindness, love and service,—service, kindness, love,—
Make the golden stairway to the home above.

—E. H. Rockwell.

Better Budget.

ELIJAH DANFORTH writes from Los Angeles Co., Cal. He says: "I am a little boy ten years old, and study in Book No. 2. I have two brothers and three sisters. I belong to the Rivulet Missionary Society, and am trying to do what I can. We used to live on a place about seventy miles from here, where we could see a great many antelopes, deer, and all kinds of game. Sometimes there would come some 150 antelopes within a few rods of the house for water. If we kept real quiet, they would go clear up to the spring and get a drink. But the dog would scare them, and they soon got so timid they wouldn't come any more. A doctor who is nearly gone with consumption, and a little boy ten years old, lived with us. The doctor does not belong to any church, but the little boy wants to be an Adventist. He says he will be one, and would die for the truth. His home is in Tennessee, and his folks are Roman Catholics. The doctor is very cruel to him on account of his belief. The little boy has preached several sermons, and he longs to be free, that he may help spread the third angel's message. Pray for him and us that we may hold out faithful. This is my first letter."

Our next letter is from CORA DAVIS, of La Porte Co., Ind. She writes: "I have one brother and one sister. We are the only Sabbath-keepers about here. We often feel lonely, not having any meeting or Sabbath-school to attend. There are some people here who believe the seventh day is the Sabbath, but they do not keep it. I hope they will sometime. I expect to attend the Warsaw camp-meeting with my mother, sister, and brother. Pa. would like to go with us, but we cannot all leave for so long a time. After I have read the INSTRUCTOR, I often take it to my school-mates, who seem glad to get them. I am in the fifth grade at day school. There are so many temptations it is not so easy to be a Christian while going to school. For my pets I have a calf, dogs, four little kittens, and two missionary hens with chickens. I am thirteen years old. I am trying to be a faithful follower of Christ, that I may have a home with him when he comes."

The next is a letter from Polk Co., Minn. It is written by DORA E. A. VALSTAD, and reads: "I am a little girl ten years old. My papa died two years ago. We lived in Wisconsin, but now we have moved to Minnesota, and I have a step-papa. I have a sister two months old. I have a big doll. My little sister is my mamma's doll. Mamma thinks her doll is nicer than mine. I think so too. She is the nicest baby I have seen. I go to day school and read in fourth reader. I keep the Sabbath with my parents, but we have no Sabbath-school, for we are the only Sabbath-keepers in this part of the country. I have an old hen and eight little chickens that I am going to sell and give the money to the mission. Mamma takes the INSTRUCTOR for me. I like to read it very much, but like the Budget best. I am trying to be a good girl."

GRACE McLACHLIN writes a letter from Crawford Co., Pa. She says: "I am a little girl six years old, and with my mamma and adopted brother attend Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath. We have about twenty-three members, and also a church organized with eight members. I am nearly through with Book No. 1. I learn a text every Sabbath. My papa does not keep the Sabbath. I wish he would so that we might all be saved when Christ comes. I have a kitten. His name is Tiger; for he looks just like one. I attend day school and read in the third reader. I love to go to day school, and to Sabbath-school too."

OLIVE M. and HARLAN A. TYLER write letters from Dupage Co., Ill. Olive is twelve years old. She writes for the first time. She says: "I live in a very small town. It has only about one hundred inhabitants. I go to Sabbath-school when it does not storm, and study in Book No. 3. I also go to day school. My sister Cora has two canary birds, and one of them is a beautiful singer. At the time I write, Eld. Rothwell is here giving lectures every evening. We take the INSTRUCTOR and like it much."

Harlan says: "I am a little boy eight years old. I have three sisters. We all keep the Sabbath, and go to Sabbath-school almost every time. I study in Book No. 1. There is one family here who keeps the Sabbath besides ourselves. I also go to day school. We live very near the school-house."

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.

Address,

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Or, PACIFIC PRESS, Oakland, California.