

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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No. 3.

## THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

HERE were seven fishers with nets in their hands,  
And they walked and talked by the sea-side sands;  
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall  
The words they spake, though they spake so low,  
Across the long, dim centuries, flow,  
And we know them one and all,—  
Ay! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,  
And one was gentle, and one was bold,  
And they walked with downward eyes;  
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,  
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,  
And they knew not if he would rise,—  
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night, till the moon went out,  
In the drowning waters they bent about;  
Beat slow through the fog their way;  
And the sails drooped down with wringing wet,  
And no man drew but an empty net;  
And now 't was the break of the day,—  
The great, glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side!"  
( 'T was Je-us speaking across the tide; )  
And they cast and were dragging hard;  
But that disciple whom Jesus loved  
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved,—  
"It is our risen Lord;—  
Our Master, and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,  
Went over the nets and out of the boat,—  
Ay! first of them all was he;  
Repenting sore the denial past,  
He feared no longer his heart to cast  
Like an anchor into the sea,—  
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,  
In a little ship came after him,  
Dragging their net through the tide;  
And when they had gotten close to the land,  
They saw a fire of coals on the sand,  
And with arms of love so wide,  
Jesus, the crucified!

'T is long, and long, and long ago,  
Since the rosy lights began to flow  
O'er the hills of Galilee;  
And with eager eyes and lifted hands,  
The seven fishers saw on the sands  
The fire of coals by the sea,—  
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'T is long ago, yet faith in our souls  
Is kindled just by that fire of coals  
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea;  
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,  
Went over the nets and out of the boat,  
To answer, "Lovest thou me?"  
Thrice over, "Lovest thou me?"

—Alice Cary.

## ELSIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

"A WHOLE day to do just as I like!" said Elsie Dean, "and I've got this beautiful new Bible for a birthday present. I don't know how to thank you, mamma; it is just what I wanted most."

"I promised Cora I would spend a part of the day with her, and I've so many other things to do, that I really don't know where to begin!"

"Why not learn a verse from your new Bible?" said her mother. "That would be a good beginning."

"So I will, mamma. I am going to do that every day; and if I should live to be as old as you, and learn three hundred and sixty-five verses every year, how many I shall have laid up in my mind!"

"And if you hide them in your heart, and make

them the guide of your life, you will have nothing to fear in the future," said Mrs. Dean.

Elsie took up her pretty brown Bible with a thoughtful face, and this was the verse that met her eyes as she opened it:—

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

"I am sure that is easy to do," said Elsie. "I love everybody—except Joe Wood, and nobody can love him, he is so hateful. I can't forgive him, either, for drowning my kitten, and he is always calling me names besides. No; I am sure I can't love *him*, and there is no use in trying."

Then Elsie put away her Bible, and went over to see her dearest friend, Cora Allen.

"I am so glad you have come early," said Cora.

I will do it if mamma is willing, and I know she will be."

Half an hour after, Joe heard a low knock at the door, and then it was pushed open, and Elsie walked in.

"I am so sorry you have got hurt," she said, "and I thought you must be lonesome all alone. Mamma sent you this big basket of things,—oranges and grapes and everything nice,—and I've brought you my Christmas book; it is just full of pictures and stories, and I thought it might help you to forget the pain in your leg."

"You'd better take 'em all back," said Joe, in a husky voice. "I a'n't fit to have 'em. I thought everybody hated me, so I didn't care how I acted. I'm awful sorry I drowned your kitten."



"I've just got a lovely new tea-set that Aunt Hattie sent me, and Angelina, my Paris doll, is going to have a grand party. Mamma let me make some little cakes and tarts, and I've got everything arranged in the summer-house, and we will have a splendid time."

These two little girls were always happy together, and this was an unusually happy day; but it came to an end at last, as happy days always do, and when Elsie was ready to go home, Cora asked, suddenly,—

"Did you know Joe Wood had got hurt? He cut his leg when he was chopping wood, and his mother has to go out washing every day, so he has to lie in bed all day alone. They are so poor, you know; and now he can't work, they have a hard time of it. Miss Prince told mother she really pitied Joe, if he was such a bad boy."

"He can't expect to have many friends," said Elsie. "He never tried to make any."

"And he will have time to think about how bad he has been," said Cora. "I hope he will behave a little better when he gets well."

All the way home Elsie thought of Joe.

"May be I should n't be any better than he is," she said to herself, "if I hadn't any father, and we were so poor and everything. I have half a mind—yes,

"You must not feel bad about that any more," said Elsie. "I am sure you would not do it again."

"I know where there's a kitten,—a regular beauty,—and I'll get it for you as soon as ever I get on my feet again, see if I don't," said Joe. "You won't ever catch me acting so mean again—not if I know it."

"May be we haven't been very kind to you, Joe," said Elsie, with a queer choking in her throat. "But I'll be good and try to help you after this, and I am sure Cora and the others will, when I tell them. I must go home now, but I'll come and see you again soon."

Then Elsie hurried home with a very happy heart.

"I think now I've got my verse for to-day perfect," she said to her mother, "so I'm all ready for another to-morrow."—*The Well-Spring.*

## ONE PENNY LOST.

A LITTLE rosy-cheeked working girl in a street-car the other evening, on examining her pocket-book, found that she had lost one penny, so that she had only four cents with which to pay her five-cent car fare. On discovering her loss, she exclaimed, "I must get out; I have lost a penny!" and then blushed when she found she had given expression to it aloud.

The loss of a penny in this case involved much to her. It probably meant a walk of many miles. Fortunately, a kindly-disposed gentleman sitting beside her, handed her a nickle and received her four pennies in return. A smile and "Thank you" from that innocent little face amply repaid his kindness, and the transaction made both borrower and lender pleased.

The loan was a little thing, yet the cheer it gave to one who was just beginning to provide for her own support by honest labor, will probably leave a lasting impression for good. This want of a penny and its supply, in the busy whirl of life, simply illustrates that our pleasure and gratitude are oftener evoked by little things than otherwise.

It is the little things that enter into our life which make it bright and cheery, or sad and disappointing. A little act of kindness, a little smile, a little word of cheer,—what hope and joy they bring to those needing them; and who does not need them? This simple act to the child, the loaning of one penny, probably gave her a more exalted opinion and a better impression of humanity than thousands of larger or more momentous acts will likely do when her life is rounding up.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### THE FIJI ISLANDERS.

"You have just come in from school, haven't you, Genie?"

"Yes, mamma; and what do you think Julia Gregory said when we were studying our geography lesson to-day?"

"I don't know, dear; but if it was something to help you remember your lesson, I suspect it made you glad."

"It wasn't about the lesson we had to-day; but she says it will be in our lesson very soon, though, and I suppose I shall have to learn it, if it is ever so wicked."

"What do you mean, child?"

"Why, Julia says it is true that the natives in the Fijian Islands catch and eat people who go there. It isn't so, is it, mamma?"

"It is true, daughter, that the natives of those islands were guilty of that wicked and cruel practice. Fifty years ago there wasn't a Christian in all Fiji. The natives were savage cannibals; but now, it is claimed, there are no heathen. Other savage tribes, too, from an early period of the world's history, have been guilty of this barbarous sin.

"The people who eat human flesh are called cannibals; and cannibalism is a part of the religion of some savage tribes. The Fijians thought the gods delighted in human flesh.

"Some tribes partake of human flesh only when there is a scarcity of other meat; others feed upon it thinking it will make them ferocious and blood-thirsty. But the worst form of cannibalism is practiced by those who use human flesh as an article of food, the same as they do other meat. In trying to give the gospel to these tribes, many missionaries have lost their lives."

"Then, mamma, I don't think it is a very nice thing to go as a missionary to the heathen. Why, how can the Lord expect we will go and teach people who will, likely as any way, eat us all up?"

"Well, Genie, Christ gave his life for our sakes, so he expects we will risk our lives for his sake. When a person is truly converted, he wants every body else to have the peace, the joy, and the blessedness that comes through the Saviour. Christ dwells in his heart, and it makes him do as Christ did, even to laying down his life, if necessary.

"We know, Genie, that human life has been sacrificed in the attempt to introduce the gospel to the people of cannibal countries; but the efforts put forth have resulted in the conversion of many natives, who are now devoted and courageous Christians. Miss Gordon Cumming, in her book 'At Home in Fiji,' says the native Christians have a spirit of consecration, zeal, and self-denial that but few possess, even in Christian lands. Some of them come right forward and offer themselves as missionaries, even going to strange islands, where, to human appearance, there would be no escape from either the cannibals or the damaging influence of an unhealthful climate.

"At one time a number of native Fijian teachers, with their wives, offered themselves to go and open a mission in New Britain, a cannibal island a little way east from New Guinea, in the Pacific Ocean. The English Consul, seeing the dangers imminent to such an undertaking, tried to discourage them."

"Did they give it up, mamma?"

"No, indeed. They said decidedly, 'We know those islands. We know the danger. If we get killed, well; if we live, well. We are willing to go.' The wife of one teacher being asked if she intended to accompany her husband, said, 'I am like the outrigger of a canoe;

where the canoe goes, there you will surely find the outrigger.'

"These teachers gave up their salaries, and without knowing where their food would come from, they went, relying upon God's promises, to carry the gospel to those blood-thirsty savages. And though some of these teachers lost their lives by cannibals, the ranks were at once filled by others equally devoted and courageous."

"Do the Fijians keep the Sabbath, mamma?"

"They have not yet had light upon the Sabbath, but they are very strict in the observance of the day they think God set apart as the rest-day. We would do well to imitate their devotion. Miss Cumming says that not a canoe will put to sea upon Sunday unless it be to carry a teacher to a place of worship. As proof of their loyalty to God, Miss Cumming relates an interesting circumstance that happened when she was on the islands. It was occasioned by one of their most pleasing festivals happening upon Sunday, and was nearly as follows:—

"It was the feast of Bololo—the Bololo being a small sea worm, long and thin as ordinary vermicelli, which lives in the deep sea, and is greatly prized by the natives as an article of food. Only on two days of the whole year do these creatures come to the surface of the water. The first day is in October, which is hence called Little Bololo, when only few appear. After this no more are seen till the high tide of the full moon, which occurs between the 20th and 25th of November, which takes the name of Great Bololo. Then the worms rise to the surface in countless myriads, always before day-break. The natives know exactly when to expect them, and their appearance makes the merriest day of the year.

"About midnight the people go out in their canoes, carrying wicker baskets, in which to dip up the dainties of the sea. When the Bololo appear, all is sport and laughter, every one bailing them up, and trying who can most quickly fill his canoe, either by fair sport or stealing from his neighbor. As the day dawns, the mysterious creatures with one accord sink once more to their native depths, and by the moment of sunrise, not one remains on the surface; nor will another be seen for nearly a twelve month. All the canoes then return to land; the Bololo is wrapped in bread-fruit leaves, and cooked in ovens on the beach, and there is a great feast—a regular white-bait dinner. The supply generally lasts several days, and basketsful are sent to friends at a distance."

"The full-moon tide in November of that year happened upon Sunday. Don't you think it was a great temptation to Fijian Christians?"

"Did any of them go out to gather the Bololo, mamma?"

"Not a native Christian went out to secure this esteemed treasure of the sea. God's promises were more precious to them than any treasure gotten by dishonoring him.

"If there had not been some who had the spirit of Christ urging them to seek and save that which was lost, in the face of every danger, what would now be the condition of the inhabitants of those sea-girt isles? One cannot always tell where God's treasures lie until he has searched for them; it is his duty to hunt them wherever there is a possibility of finding any. Should he lose his life in the attempt, as the Fijian missionary said, 'It is well.' He that loseth his life for Christ's sake secures eternal life."

M. J. C.

#### ANIMAL TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

Did you ever read about the different kinds of trades the many outside dwellers are plying? They get about their work by day-break, when most of the children are sleeping sweetly and soundly on their snowy pillows. Wilson Flagg, in his book of birds, speaks of them as musicians. He calls the robin the clarinet player, the blue-bird the flageolet, the hair-bird the octave-flute, and the golden-robin the bugle. He says the serious part of the music begins very early—as if the musicians began the morning with their "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." At sunrise the bobolink begins his comic melody. He is the merriest of the birds, and there is never a plaintive strain in his music. He is a very jolly sort of musician. Wilson Flagg also tells us that if a discordant sound occurs in the musical performance, it disturbs the equanimity of the singers, and they all suddenly stop, and some minutes elapse before they start again. You might listen to their morning concerts, and find out for yourself about this statement he has made.

The birds are the musical characters. What are the wasps? They are paper-makers. They make paper out of material the paper mills could not use at all. Their nests are made of paper. If you ex-

amine one, you will see how curiously they are made; but look out for the wasps inside. The caterpillar is a silk-spinner. The mole is an engineer; he can form a tunnel quite as well as if he had taken an engineering course in one of our colleges. The bee, we are told, is a professor of geometry. He constructs his cells scientifically; all the great mathematicians in the world could not make them as the bee does. The nautilus is a navigator, hoisting and taking in his sails as he floats along the water, and casting anchor at pleasure. The kingfisher and the heron are fishermen. When you go to the ocean beach, watch them, and see how skillfully they fish. They do not often go away without fish, as I have many times seen the boys and girls go, with disappointed faces. One secret of their success may be that they keep very still and do not chatter to each other.

The beetle is a grave-digger. He goes about his work very solemnly, and it would be well worth while for you to watch him at his work. In the evening the lamp-lighters come out and light up the woods and gardens. They are the fire-fly and the glow-worm. The beavers are carpenters and masons. We might keep on enumerating the different trades of these busy little workers, but every boy and girl who has an opportunity of watching the busy life in the outside world of nature, will be surprised to find how much there is of importance going on, how much these little creatures God has made are capable of doing.—*S. T. Perry, in Evangelist.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### THE BIBLE.—NO. 1.

I WANT to talk with the INSTRUCTOR family about the Bible. I will try not to talk long at a time, and I will also try to talk in a plain, easy manner, using words we can all understand, because I want you to get well fixed in your minds the facts about God's book and what he says to us in it.

The Bible is a very common book, that is, it is found all over the world. There is no other book, unless it be the dictionary used in all our day schools, that is so scattered up and down the earth. Go to England, France, Germany, India, China, Japan, or to the islands of the sea, and you will find the Bible there the same as in America. People own more Bibles than any other one book.

Bible societies print millions of copies of it, amounting to tons in weight. The Bible is for this reason sold very cheap. You can buy a nice, good one for twenty-five cents, and a New Testament for five cents. If a person wants a Bible, and is too poor to buy it, the Bible society will give him one, so none need be without a Bible. This is a good plan, and we ought to be glad that very poor people can have it. The societies have Bibles of different styles and prices for sale in the cities and towns of this country. The places where these Bibles are kept are called *depositories*. In the city of London, eighty-four years ago, the large Bible society of England was formed. It is called "The British and Foreign Bible Society." Seventy-two years ago, in New York City, the "American Bible society" came into existence. Since then, these two societies have printed in several languages enough Bibles to fill many trains of cars.

Now where did this book, that has found a home everywhere, come from? We will let the Bible itself tell. It says: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." 2 Tim. 4:16. Also in the last verse of the first chapter of second Peter, we read, "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Then God by his Spirit inspired good men to give the Scriptures. They spoke the Lord's will,—what he would have them speak. He put it into their minds what to say, and they wrote it down, and it was kept and taught to the people. He also told these men to write what he had revealed to them. Thus Moses wrote in a book what the Lord told him. Deut. 31:9, 24.

The Lord told the prophet Habakkuk (pronounced *ha'-bak-ook*) to write what he had said to him, and had caused him to see. He told him to "write the vision and make it plain." Hab. 2:2. The reason was "that he may run that readeth it." That is, that whoever reads the words of the Lord that were written, might make haste to let others know of them.

A wicked ruler drove that good man, the Apostle John, to a wild and lonely island because he was a Christian and stood up for Jesus. While there, the Lord by his Spirit showed him many wonderful things, and told him to write them in a book for the different churches. Read Rev. 1:11, 19.

Thus we see that the Lord not only spoke to good men in the days of old, and caused them to see certain things, but told them to write them out for the people. In this way the Bible came from God.

N. J. BOWERS.

For Our Little Ones.

CONTENTMENT.

TELL me, little bird, why  
You stay when the snow is here?  
Have you not wings to fly  
To some happier atmosphere?  
"I love the wild dance of the snow,  
And the berries, frosty and red;  
Why should I hasten to go,  
When here is my daily bread?"  
"And if my notes are but few,  
When you think of the thrush and the jay,  
What can a little bird do  
But sing on through the storm as he may?"  
"Chickadee-dee-dee-dee,"  
Perhaps some one is glad to hear  
Just this frolic whistle from me  
In the songless time of the year."

—St. Nicholas.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

A LARGE CAT.

**D**ID you ever watch Mistress Pussy catch a bird? How quietly she waits, and how stealthily she creeps along until she gets near enough to be sure she will not make a mistake. Then she gives a spring, and the little songster's life is ended.

Mistress Pussy has a great many relatives. Some of them have unpleasant dispositions. We should not like to live with them; for they would do us harm.

In the picture is a very large cat. It has so many names that I hardly know what to call it by. It is the American Lion, the Panther, the Catamount, or as the hunters sometimes call it, the Painter. In your Natural History it is called the Puma. Its body is four feet and a half long, and its tail measures nearly two feet more. It has a tawny fur, without any of the stripes and blotches that you see on a leopard's skin.



Do you not see how quietly the puma is creeping around the roots of that old tree? He is so still that the timid deer does not hear him. Soon he will make a spring, and the pretty little creature will lie dying at his feet. When the lion springs on his prey, he gives a terrific roar; but when the puma springs, there is no sound except the crashing of the bushes. The puma can imitate the bleating of the forest deer so well that hunters, and even the deer themselves, are deceived by it.

The puma lives in both North and South America. It lives in Northern California, where the grizzly bear lives. The grizzly bear and the puma hate each other. When they fall to fighting, the puma usually conquers. Old grizzly does not like to be beaten, so he pays the puma back by killing all the puma kittens he can find.

If captured when young, the puma grows so tame that he will follow his master around like a dog.

W. E. L.

"DRATHERING."

MRS. PUTNAM stood looking out of the back window. The kitchen stove, which was heated to bake bread, made the air uncomfortably hot, while the pile of unwashed dishes gave a rather forlorn look to the usually tidy room, quite in contrast to the scene without.

Under the maple trees in the yard, two little girls were playing croquet. Dressed in their cool afternoon lawn dresses, they made a pleasant picture. The mother smiled, in spite of her aching head, to see them so happy. But nevertheless the game must be spoiled; for there was some brushing up and dusting to be done elsewhere, and the children must "do the dishes."

"Millie!"

The older little girl dropped her mallet, and ran at once to see what was wanted.

"Can you and Helen do the dishes for poor, tired mamma?"

"O mamma!" exclaimed Millie; for she knew that this was mamma's polite way of saying, "You and Helen must do the dishes," and a very decided frown puckered her forehead.

Sometimes it was almost more of a trouble for mamma to get any work out of Millie than to do it herself, and she was afraid it was going to be so this

afternoon. But, to her surprise, the cloud suddenly disappeared from the little girl's brow, and in a brisk, cheerful tone, she called out, "Come on, Helen, we're going to do the dishes for mamma."

The checked gingham aprons were soon buttoned on, and a few minutes later two sweet voices were heard singing over their work. The song was made up for the occasion, and ran thus:—

"Only a dishwiper, proudly I stand,  
Wiping the dishes at mamma's command;  
Watching if 'Rinse them' shall the order be,  
Standing by the table, serving faithfully."

And then came the chorus,—

"Surely my mamma may depend on me,  
Though but a dishwiper I may be."

"Bless their dear little hearts!" said mamma to herself.

A little later, mamma was resting in a darkened room, and the game of croquet was resumed.

That night, after the children were in bed, and little Helen was asleep, mamma sat on the side of Millie's bed to have the usual good-night talk. That night-talk gave the mother a stronger hold on her child's confidence than anything else could.

"You were a real help and comfort to me to-day, dear; but you know sometimes you do what I ask you to in such an ungracious way that I would rather do almost any amount of work than to ask you to help. What made you do it so nicely to-day?"

"Well, mamma, I'll just tell you. You looked so tired, and I remembered what you had told me about doing things to help other people, and all at once I just felt as if I'd drather do it than not."

And then she added, with a burst of thought: "And, mamma, isn't it funny how much difference drathering makes?"

"Yes, dear, it does make all the difference in the world. None of us can choose what we will do from day to day, but we can choose to do what is given us to do cheerfully and well; and, as you say, 'drathering' makes all the difference. Give me my kiss. Good-night."—Selected.

A BAD HABIT.

LITTLE Mattie was always getting into mischief because she would not heed what older and wiser people told her. She always wanted to see for herself if things were just as they were said to be.

One day she told her sister Amy, who was much younger, that she was going to get some honey out of the beehives.

"The bees will sting you," said Amy.

"I am going to see if they will," said Mattie; and she ran to the hive and overturned it.

Out swarmed the bees in great numbers. They were very angry at being disturbed, and lighted on Mattie's face, neck, and hands, stinging her so badly that she fell to the ground, screaming with pain.

The cook ran out of the kitchen and picked her up. She was sick in bed for several days, and you may be sure she never went near the beehives again.

But she was not cured of meddling. One day she leaned over the well-curb to see how deep the well was.

"Take care! you'll fall in," said Amy.

"No, I won't fall in," said Mattie; but just as she spoke, over she went.

The well was not very deep, and Mattie did not get hurt at all; but she had time to get very wet and to shed a great many tears before her papa came and drew her up in the well-bucket. She caught cold, too, and had to stay in the house for a week, and take very bitter medicine.

But she was just as meddling as ever, and it took a very severe lesson to cure her of her bad habit.

One day her brother Joe left his gun in the hall, while he went into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"Don't touch that gun, Mattie," he said; "it is loaded."

Mattie was playing with her dolls by the hall door; but as soon as Joe went away, she ran to the gun and stroked it with her hands.

She took hold of the gun, and tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. It fell to the floor, and went off with a loud noise. And Mattie fell, too, shot through the knee.

It was many weeks before she could play out-doors again, and then she had to walk with a crutch. But she had learned to let things alone. She was cured of her bad habit.—Our Little Ones.

HOW SILK IS MADE.

Do you ever think, children, when your pretty ribbons are tied on, that the glossy, beautiful silk is made by a worm? Some of you may have seen silk-worms, but many do not know what an interesting story their little life makes.

Last winter there was sent me a tiny package of what looked like little gray seeds, or beads. I had to keep them very cold until the mulberry leaves were well grown. Then I put the seeds in a warm place. In a day or two there were myriads of tiny little creatures crawling out from the seeds or eggs. At once they began to eat the leaves of the mulberry. Day after day they ate, and grew, until they were as large as my little finger, and longer. They ate so much that we were all kept busy feeding them. They would seize a leaf, and leave nothing but the veins in a few moments. If you ever saw a skeleton bouquet, you can imagine how they left the leaves.

But one morning they did not seem so hungry. They wandered about, and climbed up the bundles of straw I had set for them. In a little while many of them began to spin the most beautiful silken threads, very much as a spider does. Back and forth, over and over, in loops like a figure 8, went their queer "hooded" heads. By and by each one could be seen inside a beautiful

silken veil, or shell, about the size of a large peanut. The worm continued to spin until the veil was too thick for us to see through; but we could hear his little "click, click, click," as he worked. The worms have to be killed in the case. If they are allowed to live, they will break the delicate threads.

We did not kill them all, however. I wish you could have seen the room when we gathered the cocoons, which is the proper name for the peanut-shaped home of the silk-worm. All along the ceiling, behind the window-curtain, on papa's desk, in baby's rubber,—which she forgot to put away,—behind the pictures, on the cord, under the broom, on the floor, around the door-knobs—cocoons, cocoons, everywhere; countless numbers were also hung, like pretty birds' eggs, in the straws. From these, after a few days, came beautiful white moths, not at all like the ugly worms.

From the cocoons in which we killed the worms, we reeled the delicate threads from which all our silk is made. Is it not indeed a curious story?—Mrs. E. C. Smith.

PLAYING BROWNIE.

It was a very dismal, rainy day; and a very dismal little girl, with something that looked very much like a raindrop running over each cheek, stood at the sitting-room window, drumming drearily on the pane, through which there was nothing to be seen but a rubber-coated grocery boy, with a basket on his arm.

"What a horrid, horrid day!" pouted Alice Kent.

"What a little Miss Grumblekin!" exclaimed busy Aunt Julia, as she hurried through the room, clad in her gossamer waterproof, en route for market.

"But, auntie, I haven't anything to play with."

Aunt Julia stopped a moment. "I know a nice game that you can play all by yourself," she said.

"What is it?" asked Alice.

"Play you are a good brownie," replied her aunt. "Your mother has a great deal to attend to this morning."

"What do good brownies do, Aunt Julia?"

"Things to help people when nobody sees," was the reply,—"surprises, you know." Then she was gone.

Alice stood and watched the umbrella turn the corner; then her face brightened as she ran upstairs as fast as her feet would carry her.

As the family sat at the cozy tea-table that evening, mamma remarked, "I believe there has been a good

fairy around to-day. Somebody dusted my room, and put my work-basket to rights, and arranged my top drawer beautifully."

"Why, that is strange, Ellen," said grandma; "I had a similar experience. Somebody found my spectacles, and saved me the trouble of coming down after the morning paper."

"I wish you would notice the hall closet," interjected Aunt Julia. "You know it's a catch-all for the family."

"Yes," sighed mamma; "when everything else is in order, that closet rises up before me like a nightmare. I must straighten it out this evening."

"But it looks very nice to-night," continued Aunt Julia,—"shawls all folded on the shelves, hoods and hats and gloves and rubbers in their proper places. I could hardly believe my eyes."

"There is a certain little girl," said papa, "who often forgets to put my gown and slippers by the fire, but my fairy must have done it to-night. Have you had a dull day, Puss?"

"The pleasantest day I can remember," replied Alice.

No one thought her to be the child who had pouted at the rain that morning.—*S. S. Classmate.*

#### SHELLS OF AFRICA.

FAR away from here, on the wild, west coast of Africa, the sea-shore shines white like silver. When you stoop down and take up a handful of the shining sand, you find it is just little shells, ever so many, it would be impossible to count them. Many of them are broken into tiny bits of pearl that have been washed clean and smooth by the great waves breaking upon them day and night. That is why they glisten so brightly when the sun shines upon them.

I am going to tell you about the shell called the cowry, which the black people of Africa use for money. It is a beautiful little shell, covered with shining enamel, with yellow rings upon it. The young negro girls sometimes wear them round their neck on a string. When they want to buy anything, they have only to undo their necklace, and slip off one or two of the shells. Now, would you like to know how much they are worth? I will tell you.

If a cent could be cut up into thirty-six pieces, one piece would be worth one cowry. One cent is worth thirty-six cowries. But these shells are not to be picked up easily on the shore. They have to be searched for on reefs, and under rocks at low water. When these cowries have the real, live shell-fish in them, they move about a great deal from place to place.

Then there is the cone shell, smaller still, and prettier. These inhabit warm and shallow ponds inside coral reefs. The spout-shell is very curiously shaped and curly looking. Then there is the large one called the hungry shell, because it has such a big, open mouth, and is so very greedy, eating all day among the sea-weeds and sea-grasses that grow in the clefts of the rocks.

If you take these large shells, and hold them up to your ear and listen, you can hear a gentle, rushing sound, that is called the sound of the sea. It is just like the little waves in the distance breaking upon the shore. However long the shells have been away from their homes, they never forget it. Even if you have had them in your house for years, you can always hear them singing the song of their sea-homes, if you will only hold them up and listen for it.

Do not forget when you go to the beach in the summer months, to look for the large shells. Hold them up to your ear, and listen for the music of the sea.—*Selected.*

#### WHAT ROOTS ARE FOR.

ALL roots have little mouths in the fine fibers among their branches, where the food of the plant is taken in. They are so small that you could not see them with the naked eye. The more there are, the more likely the plant is to live.

These little mouths drink up a fluid from the ground, that goes to nourish every leaf and flower. Yes, and all the fruit you eat. And they choose just what they want, too. The apple-tree mouths know just what will make apples, and the strawberry mouths, just what will make strawberries.

We sometimes make mistakes about what we should eat, but the plants never do. There are so many different things in the ground for the plants to eat that they can all be supplied, and yet grow side by side. Isn't it wonderful? Some flowers will only grow in the swamps; they would not grow in any other ground, because the little mouths in the roots could not find the right kind of food there.—*Mrs. G. Hall.*

Youth should be a savings bank.

## The Sabbath-School.

### FIRST SABBATH IN FEBRUARY, FEBRUARY 2.

#### OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

##### LESSON 5.—GOD'S CARE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

**INTRODUCTION.**—Commencing with several review questions, the present lesson next considers the institution of the passover, and its significance as a type. A comparison is then instituted between the plagues that came upon Egypt, and the seven last plagues. The lesson closes with a consideration of the troubles during the infliction of those plagues, and the distinction that God will then show between his servants and the wicked.

#### QUESTIONS WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS.

1. TELL, in their order, what plagues were brought upon the land of Egypt, because Pharaoh would not let Israel go.

2. State the particulars of how God discriminated between his people and the Egyptians.

3. What was the last plague? Ex. 11:4-6.

4. How safe were the Israelites to be? Verse 7.

5. Before this plague was inflicted, what instruction did the Lord give his people? Ex. 12:1-10.

*This month shall be unto you the beginning of months.* Not only first in order, but highest in estimation; the chief and most excellent month of the year. This month had formerly been reckoned the seventh, but was henceforth to stand the first of the ecclesiastical year, while the civil year remained unaltered, commencing in Tisri, or September. . . . This alteration of style was the special appointment of God, whose prerogative Antichrist usurps when he thinks to change times and laws.—*Bush.*

In speaking of the slaying of the paschal lamb, the expression is, "The whole assembly of the congregation shall kill it." The meaning of this is that any member of the general congregation was authorized to kill the lamb; it was not necessary that special individuals should be selected to perform that act.

6. What was this feast declared to be? Verse 11.

7. What were they to do with the blood of the lamb? Verses 21, 22.

8. Why were they to do this? Verses 13, 23.

9. What did this simple act indicate? *Ans.*—Faith in God.

The sprinkling of the blood was typical. It was not enough that the blood of the lamb was shed, but it must be sprinkled, denoting the application of the merits of Christ's death to our souls; we must receive the atonement. Rom. 5:11. . . . It was to be sprinkled upon the door-posts, denoting the open profession we are to make of faith in Christ, and obedience to him, as those that are not ashamed to own our dependence upon him. . . . It was to be sprinkled upon the lintel and the side-posts, but not upon the threshold; which cautions us to take heed of trampling under foot the blood of the covenant. Heb. 10:29.—*Henry.*

10. What took place at midnight? Ex. 12:29, 30.

11. What part of the previous record warrants us in believing that the Egyptians might have availed themselves of the protection afforded the Israelites? Ex. 9:20, 21.

12. Of what was the lamb, whose sprinkled blood saved the Israelites from death, a type? 1 Cor. 5:7.

13. From what are we saved by His blood? Rom. 5:8, 9; Gal. 1:4.

14. Just before God's people are finally delivered from this evil world, what will come upon the earth? Rev. 15:1; 16:1.

15. Which of the seven last plagues will be similar to the plagues upon Egypt? See Rev. 16.

16. Mention some of the things that are said as to the trouble of that day. Dan. 12:1; Isa. 2:20, 21; 13:6, 7, 9; 24:1, 3-6, 17-21.

17. What distinction will God then put between his servants and the wicked? Ps. 91:1-10.

KNOWLEDGE has its value, but knowledge has its limitations; and a chief value of knowledge is in its suggestion of what is beyond its limitations, in possibility and in duty. He knows much and wisely, who knows that at the best he knows but little in comparison with what might be known. And he knows to a high purpose, who knows the need and the safety of trusting in the realm where he can never have absolute knowledge. Knowledge is good, but trust is better; and the more knowledge one has, the readier he will be to trust beyond the limits of knowledge. Knowledge and faith are by no means in conflict. Indeed, the man who lacks faith can never know as much as he could know if he had faith; and the knowledge that he has is of less value to him than if it showed him the superiority of faith. It is a great thing to know enough to trust those whom we ought to trust, whether we can ever know them fully or not.—*The Sunday-School Times.*

## Letter Budget.

HERE is a whole column of Budget for the boys and girls who enjoy reading it so well. It starts off with a letter from—

NORA DEE VAUGHN, of Dayton Co., Texas, who writes: "I am a little girl twelve years old. I have about three dozen chickens. I am to sell them this week, when I shall pay the tithes and send some to the mission. I have one brother and two sisters. We all keep the Sabbath together. It is seven miles to the nearest Sabbath-school, so we do not go very often. We take the INSTRUCTOR, and I love to read it very much, especially the Budget. We have one horse, and milk three cows. I do all the milking, draw the water, make the beds, sweep the floor, and help mamma all I can, as she is not very strong. I have a plenty of nice, good books to read. I send my love to all, and want you to pray that I may be saved with you in the new earth."

LULU I. BURGESS, a little girl eleven years old, sends a letter from DeKalb Co., Ind. She says: "There are no Sabbath-keepers here excepting us, but I learn my lesson every Sabbath in Book No. 6, and mamma hears me recite. We do not take the INSTRUCTOR, but sister Lamson sends it and the Review to us every week. My schoolmates often ask me to come and play with them on Saturday, but I tell them no, I cannot, because it is the Sabbath. I have had a number of talks with the children about the Sabbath. I have been giving away some of my INSTRUCTORS. I am trying to be a good girl, and I hope I may meet you all in heaven."

ABBIE DAIL writes from Jeff. Co., Kan. She says: "I am a little girl six years old. I love to read the stories in the INSTRUCTOR. I have never written a letter for it before. I have two brothers and two sisters, and we all keep the Sabbath with our parents. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I am trying to be a good girl. I want to be saved when Jesus comes."

CHARLES R. and DELLA C. DIMMICK send letters from Clarke Co., Wash. Ter. Charles is thirteen, and Della is ten years old. Charles says: "We take the INSTRUCTOR, and I like to read the Budget. There are eleven of us, and we are all Sabbath-keepers. We are trying to keep God's commandments. We live within ten feet of a nice little brook. We hope to meet you all in the new earth. I am trying to be a good boy."

Della says: "I have a little twin brother and sister named Luke and Eunice. They each have a jumper, which is a waist fastened to a spring pole overhead. They jump until they are tired, then they go to sleep. I don't have to hold them much. We have two cousins who attend our Sabbath-school sometimes. I am trying to be a good girl."

GRANVILL T. JOHNSTON writes from Clark Co., Dakota. He says: "I am seven years old. I live at Uncle William's. I am going home in the fall. I have a brother eight years old, and one two years old. My grandma is seventy-seven years old. She had her hand taken off last winter, because there was a cancer on it. I go to Sabbath-school with Gracie Osborn. We study in Book No. 1. I like to go to Sabbath-school. Our day school is out now. I study at home. I have a colt. I cannot write, so I get Aunt Susan to write for me. I composed this letter myself."

ALBERT N. MERRITT, of Henry Co., Ill., wrote a letter some time ago, in which he said he was going to try to raise some corn, so as to send a dollar to the London Mission. No doubt the readers of the Budget would all like to hear what success he had with his crop. He also said: "I am nine years old. I have one brother and two sisters. We all keep the Sabbath. My parents have kept it nearly thirty years. There is no Sabbath-school here except our own family Sabbath-school. I go to day school. We have a good school in this place. I hope to meet you all in the new earth."

NETTIE GREENMAN, of Potter Co., Pa., writes: "I cannot write yet, as I am but seven years old. I have printed my letter, and my mamma will copy it for me. I am keeping the Sabbath with my papa and mamma, and am trying to be good. I want to be saved when Jesus comes. I wash the dishes, feed the chickens, and help mamma all I can. I do not buy very much gum and candy, but save my pennies to put into the missionary box and the Sabbath-school. I want you all to pray for me."

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