

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## THE LITTLE BROWN BIRDS.

CHICKADEE! chickadee! Under the cedars  
The little brown birdies are crowding together;  
The snow-drifts are heaping, the wild winds are raving,  
But the little brown birds do not ruffle a feather,  
O chickadee, chickadee,  
Like you I fain would be,  
Brave and undaunted, let happen what weather.

Chickadee! chickadee! Haste, little maiden—  
Haste the birds' breakfast to lovingly scatter—  
See how they wait for you, trust you, are glad of you!  
How the birds' faith should the little maid flatter!  
O chickadee, chickadee,  
Like you I fain would be,  
Cheery and trustful, let happen what matter.

Chickadee, chickadee, under the cedars  
Hopping so merrily! God keeps the tally,  
Knows every birding, though cold be the winter,  
Fierce the rude blasts of the bitter storm's  
rally.  
O chickadee, chickadee,  
Like you I fain would be,  
Happy, though storms o'ersweep hill-side and  
valley.

—Harper's Young People.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

## THE USES OF COAL.

IT has been estimated that the steam produced by one pound of good coal will, when applied to an engine, do as much work in a day as a man. Reckoning 300 working days in a year for a man, and thirty years for his working life, we see that he works only about 9,000 days in all his life-time. If it be true that one pound of coal represents one day's work, then it requires only 9,000 pounds, or four and a half tons, of coal to represent the entire life-work of a laboring man. This seems almost too wonderful to believe, and yet we know that coal is a great labor-saver when used in producing steam.

But coal is used for another purpose, which we will notice; that is, for making gas with which to light streets and houses in our cities. Gas is produced by first placing the coal used in "retorts," or large ovens, strongly built, and lined with fire-clay. These ovens are built in rows, as shown in the lower left-hand corner of the picture on this page, and are heated from furnaces below, the flames surrounding them with an intense heat.

When the retorts are filled with coal, their projecting mouths are closed by iron covers screwed tight, and are plastered over with wet clay to make the ovens air-tight. At the end of every four hours, the retorts are opened, the old coal is raked out, and a supply of fresh coal is thrown in.

If we could look into one of these retorts when it is first opened, we would see that the coal put in four hours before is one fierce glowing mass, from which the gas has been extracted. The hot gas, having passed off through iron tubes connected with the retorts into what is called the "condenser."

The condenser may be seen in the picture at the right of the retorts. It consists of numerous upright pipes, joined at the top, and standing in pairs over a large cistern, into which the ends of the pipes are inserted. Connected with these upright pipes are others, which are kept cool by means of cold air or water. Through all these, from one to another, the gas is forced, until it becomes chilled, which separates from it all the liquid vapors it brought with it from the re-

torts. These, when separated from the gas, thicken and condense, and fall into the cistern below, from which they pass, through a pipe, into what is called the "tar-well."

The gas must then pass through a purifying process to relieve it from the presence of a most nauseous and unwholesome part called "sulphuretted hydrogen," before it is stored ready for use. The usual way of doing this is to conduct the gas through a pipe into a perforated iron cylinder, which is placed in water thickened with lime. The lime attracts to itself the obnoxious matter, while the purified gas to the top of the reservoir, and is passed into the gasometers, where it is stored until needed for lighting purposes. These are shown in the upper part of the cut.

cause no one could discern any difference in appearance between these bladders and those filled with common air.

The bishop's experiment was much talked of by some, and was indeed brought to the notice of the Royal Society. But that body did not consider it of enough importance to warrant their taking any definite action toward making it a useful discovery. There were those who even thought it possible to manufacture gas from coal on a grand enough scale to light houses, and perhaps the streets of towns; but the theory was laughed at by others, while scientific men opposed it on the ground that its use would be very dangerous.

J. O. C.

## THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

SUE flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's; and yet she could fry griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys, to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said, "I can't," and, "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden, and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country, she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

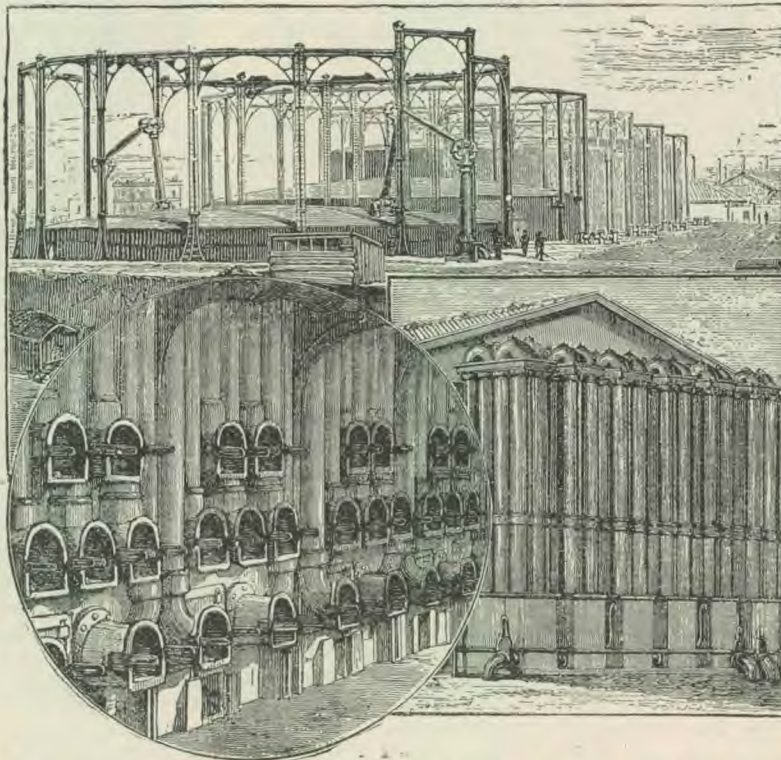
We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers, crimping pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead; and her flounces were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patchwork, and we dare say she could do an "over and over" seam as well as nine-tenths of the grown-up women do now-a-days.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pound out "The Maiden's Prayer," and "Silver Threads among the Gold," twenty times a day on the piano; but we have no doubt she made her family quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and house-keeping. We suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe, and our opinion is based on considerable experience and no small opportunity for observation, that when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripp-



All who have seen the large, boiler-shaped gas-holders which are connected with all gas factories, know that they are made of iron plates, firmly riveted together. The lower ends of these tanks are not closed, as at the top, with iron, but the tanks are in the form of an inverted tumbler, whose mouths set down into the water, thus shutting off the escape of gas.

When the gasometer is filled down into the water pit, like the nearest one in the cut, it is because it is empty, or nearly so, of gas. But as it fills with gas, it rises in the iron frame which surrounds it, and when its top is nearly even with the frame, it is full of gas. As the tank empties of gas, it lowers into the water, which takes the place that was before occupied by the gas. Then of course when the tank fills again with gas, it lifts out of the water to make room for the gas.

About two hundred years ago, Robert Clayton, of Cork, by experimenting with coal, learned how to extract the gas from it. His experiment was then looked upon by most people only as a curiosity. Afterward, in writing about his discovery, the bishop said: "I kept the spirit [gas] in bladders, and when I had a mind to divert strangers or friends, I have frequently taken one of the these, picked a hole therein with a pin, and compressing gently the bladder near the flame of a candle till it once took fire, it would continue flaming until all the spirit was compressed out of the bladder, which was the more surprising be-

ples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight. She went to bed in season, and said her prayers before she went, and slept the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may Heaven blessed and keep her, and raise up others like her.—*Selected.*

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

#### BIT AND BRIDLE.

"Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee," rapidly repeated Harry Vane, as he was brushing his hair, preparatory to going to Sabbath-school. "I don't see why she gave us that verse to learn; surely I am not like a horse, or a mule either. I can understand what I am told to do."

Mrs. Vane, who usually taught Harry his lessons carefully, had entirely neglected him this week. Baby Nell had been quite sick, and she felt weary after several nights of anxious watching.

"We have no time for a talk now, but your teacher will explain it to you," said Mrs. Vane, as she gave Harry a good-by kiss.

He went away not a little puzzled, but he very soon overtook some other boys, and the text was dismissed from his mind.

There were bright, cheerful faces in the class that morning. But it was with some difficulty that the restless hands and active brains were kept quiet during opening exercises. Mrs. Rue loved the children under her care, and was patiently trying to lead them to follow the teachings of the Saviour. She absorbed their interest so completely during the time allotted to recitation that there was no time for mischief; but during the opening and closing exercises she had been frequently annoyed by misbehavior in these past few weeks, during which the class had been hers.

"How many can repeat the verse for to-day?" asked Mrs. Rue, with her usual smile. Every hand went up.

"Well, Harry, let us hear you say it, plainly, that all may understand."

Then Harry repeated these words: "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." Ps. 32:9.

"Very well done. What lesson did you draw from these words? You know that, 'All Scripture is good for instruction.'"

"I didn't get any lesson; for I am sure that I can understand, and do not need a bit or a bridle to guide me," said Harry.

Roy Jones had been carefully taught, and at Harry's reply he put up his hand, anxious to tell what he knew.

"What have you to say, Roy?" asked Mrs. Rue.

"Mamma said that horses and mules go only when they are driven, and without bit and bridle we would not be able to guide them; and that some children do not do right unless they are compelled to do so by their parents."

"Yes, Roy, that is the thought exactly. Most children, if good, are so because from infancy they have had the watchful care of parents to keep them from the evils of the world. By nature you are no better than the bad street boys whom you do well to shun. How much you should love your kind parents, who are so zealous for your eternal interests!

"But when do we begin to break a horse? after it is old, and its habits are well fixed?"

"Papa said that we must break our colt next year, and she is only two years old," said Harry.

"Do you know why he begins when the horse is so young?" asked the teacher.

"Because then it is easier to teach him new ways," promptly replied Roy.

"Yes; and if you take a canary bird when it is young, you can teach it to hop out of the cage, and to sit on your finger, pick at your teeth, and to do many amusing things that an old bird never would learn. So also you may teach your dog and cat many tricks if you only begin when they are young."

The children were now fully awake, ready to appreciate deeper thoughts, so Mrs. Rue continued questioning.

"Why teach children the Bible? Why not wait

until they are old enough to read and understand it for themselves?"

"Because they would learn many wicked ways while they were growing up," replied one of the class.

"Yes," said Mrs. Rue; "and it is much easier for a child to change his ways than for a man to change who has been doing wrong for a long time."

"How many of you love the Lord?"

Every hand went up.

"Now, children, if you love the Lord, you must obey him; for he says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' Now if you do not steal because your parents and teachers watch you so closely that you have no chance, that is not keeping the eighth commandment. You are simply held in with bit and bridle lest you come near sin; you make no use of your understanding, and are thus like the horse and the mule, which have none. But if the opportunity presents itself, and you resist, then you are keeping the commandment in your heart. So, at home and at school, and wherever you are, you should do right because the eye of the Lord is upon you, and because you love him."

"You have no temptation to play when I am talking to you. You are interested, and love to hear me talk. My words are to you a bit and a bridle. But during general exercises the bit and the bridle are removed; and though you know what is right, you do not always do it. Now, may each one remember the lesson this verse contains. We have no time to talk longer on this text," concluded Mrs. Rue, "for our lesson is full of good thoughts."

That night, as Harry kneeled to say his prayers, he earnestly asked the Lord to help him to do right for Christ's sake.

J. F. C.

#### "IF."

If you were me, and I were you,  
And all the world was twisted too,  
What do you think that you would do,  
If you were me, and I were you?"

"If I were you, and you were me,  
I'd be as good as good could be;  
I'd never fret nor tease, you see,  
If I were you, and you were me."

"If you were me, and I were you,  
You think that you'd be good and true?  
Well, it's as easy a thing to do  
When I am I, and you are you."

"Since I'm not you, and you're not me,  
Suppose we try, each day, to be  
So good that nobody can see  
Which I is you, and which is me."

—The Pansy.

#### BILLY BRAGGIE AND KING CANUTE.

WILLY REYNOLDS had such a disagreeable habit of boasting that his schoolmates had nicknamed him "Billy Braggie."

His grown-up sister Fanny once said she thought Willy must carry a pair of lenses over his eyes that magnified everything he did and owned; for he certainly thought his sled could outslide, and his skates outrace, and his kite outfly, and his feet outrun and outclimb, those of any playmate; and he was so disagreeably prompt and loud-voiced and long-tongued in claiming first preference and praise for his possessions and exploits, it was not a bit strange that he was not a favorite at school or on the playground; and "Billy Braggie" seemed liable to cling to him all his lifetime.

Perhaps you know a boy who wears just such lenses, —a queer kind of glasses they are, too; for while they puff out, and spread out, and stretch out, into wonderful proportions, or as having wonderful qualities, everything that that boy owns, from a lead-pencil to a new pair of boots, and put a blaze of smartness about everything he does, from climbing a tree to writing an exercise on the blackboard, they dwarf and shrivel into pitiful smallness everything others possess or do.

Willy's mother did not wear any such glasses; so she could see very plainly this growing fault in her little boy, and it caused her many troubled thoughts. She talked with him very earnestly, telling him how foolish, and hateful, and sure to grow, was this habit of boasting.

"Great men and noble men are always humble, and do not claim the first places, or think themselves wiser and smarter than their companions," she said one day, when Willy had come racing in, eager to show a pocketful of quartz crystals he had gathered on a school excursion to the tip-top of a ledge-covered mountain near their home.

"All the boys went, and a tough scramble we had climbing the steep sides of old Bannock, but I got there first, mother; I beat every one of them—the teacher and all—in getting to the top first. And just

see these crystals, mother; aren't they beauties! I found a splendid ledge way up on the north side of the mountain, where the other boys wouldn't have thought of climbing, and we picked almost a bushel of crystals from it, but I got the biggest and best ones of all."

And so proud and sure was he of his superior No. 1 abilities and possessions as seen through those deceitful magnifying glasses, that he swallowed, as a deserved, big, sweet crumb of praise, Fanny's quiet remark, looking straight into the little braggart's eyes: "I am very glad my young brother is so much smarter and keener witted than his mates and teachers!"

When Willy came from school the next day, he found a dozen pretty pink-bordered handkerchiefs lying on the table in his room. In a corner of each, his name was stamped with the dainty flowered letters and scroll that he knew came from Fanny's new type-font; but in the opposite corner of each handkerchief was a bright pink picture, whose meaning he did not understand.

"George Washington," he thought at first, seeing the face of a noble, kingly man printed on the white cambric. But no. Who ever saw George Washington represented as sitting by the sea-shore in a great carved chair, with a retinue of officers, in plumes and coats-of-mail, crowding around him?

"Mamma, what does it mean?" he asked, carrying her one of the queer-pictured handkerchiefs.

Willy's mother stopped the click-clack of her sewing-machine to look at the gay pink figures indelibly stamped on the cambric.

"It must be a king, mamma. See! he wears a crown on his head, and a great fur-trimmed cloak, all beaded with pearls, and his chair is like a beautifully carved throne; but why does he sit in the edge of the ocean, with the great waves rolling up over his feet?"

"This is a picture of King Canute, Willy. He lived a long, long time ago, almost nine hundred years; for he died in 1035.

"He was king over England eighteen years, and his reign was the most peaceful and happy one that that country had seen, or again saw for many years. History tells us that he was not only a great and good and powerful king, loved by all his subjects, but that he was an exceedingly strong and large man, distinguished for uncommon beauty and talents.

"But, in spite of so much honor and flattery that he daily received, he did not become proud and boastful. One day his courtiers, excited and full of adoration over some new brilliant achievement or victory of their loved king, declared him the best and most powerful ruler on earth; that he was so wise and strong and god-like, that nothing could resist his commands.

"King Canute knew that such praise was all wrong. He knew that only one, God, was worthy of such worship; and to give his courtiers a lesson that they much needed, 'to make them observe and acknowledge that God alone was omnipotent,' he ordered his chair carried on to the sea-shore, while the tide was rising. As the waters approached, he commanded them to go back. Louder and louder he shouted to the creeping, lapping waves, telling them to obey the voice of him who was lord of the ocean, and then waited, pretending to expect the rushing waters would obey him, while his courtiers crowded near, wondering what it all meant.

"Not until the tide threatened to wash away both chair and king, did Canute retire from the shore; and thus his courtiers were made to acknowledge that only God is truly powerful."

Willy's eyes were shining with eager interest as he carefully studied each figure in the gay picture, while his mother told this old story from history; but they grew very thoughtful and full of conscious shame, when his mother said, gently, smoothing the tangled brown locks: "And if this brave old king, brought up as a pagan, rich, powerful, honored, and with thousands ready to obey his slightest commands, could be so humble and zealously careful to give God all first honors and praises, ought not my little boy to overcome this fault of boasting and claiming for himself the first place and the first word in everything? Will you not let this picture of the great but modest and humble old king, on the handkerchiefs that Fanny has given you, help you to overcome this fault that is making you not only unlovable but untruthful?"

Willy carefully folded the pink-bordered square of cambric with the brave, calm face of old King Canute uppermost, and said, with a new light in his eyes, as though those deceitful glasses of his had at last been cleared away, "I will try, mamma."—*S. S. Times.*

He is approved whom God commendeth.

For Our Little Ones.

LEARN TO SAY "NO."

"No" is a very little word,  
 In one short breath we say it.  
 Sometimes 't is wrong, but often right,  
 So let me justly weigh it.  
 "No," I must say when asked to swear,  
 And "No," when asked to gamble;  
 "No," when strong drink I'm asked to share,  
 "No," to a Sabbath ramble.  
 "No," though I'm tempted sore to lie,  
 Or steal, and then conceal it.  
 And "No," to sin when darkness hides,  
 And I alone should feel it.

Whenever sinners would entice  
 My feet from paths of duty,  
 "No," I'll unhesitating cry—  
 "No, not for price or booty."  
 God watches how this little word  
 By every one is spoken,  
 And knows those children as his own  
 By this one simple token.  
 Who promptly utters "No" to wrong,  
 Says "Yes" to right as surely,  
 That child has entered Wisdom's  
 ways,  
 And treads her paths securely.  
 —Union Signal.

For the Instructor.  
 SUSIE'S BIRTHDAY.

SUSIE GRAHAM awoke very early one beautiful June morning, and she began thinking, and thinking; and she thought:—

"It is my eleventh birthday to-day, and papa has promised us all a nice, long ride in honor of it. But mamma has so much to do she says may be she can't go. It will spoil all our pleasure to leave her at home to work while we are having nice times. Indeed, we should not have nice times at all without mamma, so I'll get right up, and see what I can do to help her get ready to go."

Susie was a little Christian girl, and tried always to be helpful; but rather than have any member of the family deprived of pleasure when anything she could do would prevent it, she would make extra efforts to take the hinderance out of the way. So this morning she arose much earlier than usual, made her toilet, offered her prayer to God, and went at once to mamma's room.

"How is this,—that my little daughter is up before mamma this morning?" said Mrs. Graham as Susie entered the room just at daybreak.

"I think, mamma, I can help you so much that you can ride too. We can't think of going without you. It would be no fun at all."

Seeing how earnest Susie was, Mrs. Graham arose at once, although it was much earlier than she was in the habit of getting up in the morning. She thought perhaps that by putting a little of Susie's zeal into her work, and with what help Susie and the other children would give, she could do all that it was strictly necessary should be done before Mr. Graham would be ready to go. She determined that, if possible, home cares should not bring disappointment upon her daughter's birthday, and so she hastened to the kitchen at that early hour.

Truly that was a busy morning at the Grahams,—breakfast to get and clear away, lunch-baskets to be provided for and packed (as they concluded to eat dinner in the woods), three children to dress, and the dozen and one little things that must always be looked after when one goes away.

But Susie flew around in her womanly way, making mamma's burdens light as possible, so she wouldn't be too tired to enjoy the occasion. Little hands did their part too, and it really proved true this time that "many hands make light work;" for they had everything done up half an hour before the time set for papa to call for them.

That no moments should go to waste, Susie caught up her work-basket to do a little mending while they

were waiting. Before she had taken the first stitch, however, there was a cry of distress from one of the children. She ran, basket in hand, in the direction the sound came from, when, to her surprise, she found her little six-year-old brother grieving over a rent in his best suit.

While they were waiting for papa, Willie thought the flowers should be watered before they went away, and that he could sprinkle them faster by using the larger watering-pot; but it was so heavy, that in trying to lift it, he tumbled over it into a rose bush, and scratched his hands some, and tore his clothes more. When his sister reached him, he said very pitifully,—

"O Susie, I had a big fall, and most made my hands bleed; but I don't care a bit only cause I've torn my new pants, and can't go riding, and 'll have to stay

in return, so she said she had asked the Lord to give her work to do for him every day. "And now, mamma," said Susie, "do you suppose he will do it?"

"My precious child," said Mrs. Graham, "the Lord is already giving you work every day, and in one of the best places in the world for little girls to work,—right in the home circle, with parents, brothers, and sisters. And he is helping you do the work, else you would not bear so cheerfully the duties which come along day by day. The Lord gives you a sweet, tender spirit, which is shining into other lives, and helps in making our home so pleasant.

"You were at work for the Lord to-day, when you bore kindly and willingly so many family burdens that your parents were left almost wholly free from care, to rest and be refreshed. And although everything in nature was what any one could desire to make him happy, our greatest pleasure arose from the efforts of one of Christ's little servants to do faithfully what her hands found to do.

"Your influence with the younger children is sweetening their lives, and they, too, are learning to love the dear Saviour. What a mission field for you right at home, Susie! And that is not all; for Christ's true followers will shine as lights to all who associate with them."

"I begin to understand it now, mamma," said Susie. "The Lord has work for us just where he puts us; and I shall be so happy now, because I know I am doing just what he wants me to do. And I know he will help me, because I shall be all the time trying to do my work to please him."  
 M. J. C.



HOW DOLL GOT THROUGH THE SNOW.

UNCLE FRANK had to go up to Bear Valley. He was building a dam there. This was to hold water for the farms in Redlands.

What I am going to tell happened in California. There is little rain in that country. Water is carried in ditches and pipes to the farms and gardens.

There was snow upon the mountains, but Uncle Frank thought that he and Doll could get through very nicely. Doll was the pony. She went like the wind when Uncle Frank sat in the saddle. She was very fond of him.

But the snow was deep, very deep, and soft. Doll pushed on with all her might, but it grew worse and worse. She began to puff and pant. Uncle Frank then

threw away his saddle.

Doll struggled on bravely, but she was so tired that she would lean against the trees and pant. Uncle Frank had to walk and lead her. He threw away his coat and his overcoat. When Doll leaned against the trees, he lay down by her side to get his breath.

They reached Bear Valley at last, almost tired out. Uncle Frank had to return home in a day or two. He went down from the mountain on snow-shoes.

But poor Doll had to be left behind. How she whinnied when her master left her! She was very lonesome, and she was hungry too. There was nothing for her to eat except some poor straw and crumbs from the bread which the men ate who worked on the dam.

"I know what I will do," cried one of the men, one day. "I will make Doll a pair of snow-shoes."

Everybody laughed at this. But Doll was a wise pony. I believe she could have worn spectacles.

They made her a pair of shoes from round pieces of board. They were a foot across. How Doll did look at them, and pick up her feet, and straddle, when they were first tied on! But she practiced a little every day, and soon she could walk upon the snow as well as a man.

So one day Uncle Frank was astonished to see his pet, Doll, come back to Redlands. She had marched down the mountain on her snow-shoes. She was very proud of it, I think.

Should you not like to see a pony walking on snow-

at home all alone, and not have any fun at all."

"Never mind, brother," said Susie; "I have a needle and thread right here, and can make that torn place look almost as well as new in just a few minutes."

"Before papa comes, can you, Susie? and can I go riding, too?"

"Yes, dear, if you will stand perfectly still a little while."

"You are a real nice sister, and I'll stand just as still; and I'll try not to bother you so much any more. See if I do."

After a few moment's delay caused by Willie's mishap, the family were comfortably seated in the big carriage, and borne swiftly over the smooth roads of their beautiful country. The air, made vocal with the warblings of myriads of birds, was also laden with the perfume of thousands of June flowers. It was one of June's most delightful days; and you who have spent one such in the fields and woods know what was in store for the Graham family upon Susie's birthday. Mr. Graham said afterward, "It was one of the happiest days of our lives."

But Mrs. Graham revealed what she thought was the principal secret of their happiness. This she did in conversation with Susie the evening after their ride. Susie was saying to her mamma that now she was eleven years old, she ought to be at work for the Lord. God's love had been made to look so precious to her that she wanted to be doing something to show hers

shoes? It is a funny sight, I can tell you. And Doll could not have done it if she had not tried.—*Our Little Ones.*

#### RAGGED JOE'S THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING was Freddy Ray's birthday. Fred, with his little sister Eunice, had just gone out to try his new sled, when his father called him to do an errand. "Leave Eunice to play with Rob Roy," he said (Rob Roy was the sled's name), "and return as soon as you can."

It is not pleasant to be sent away when about to try a new sled. But Fred did not allow such things to vex him. He ran off laughing, and in about ten minutes he came round the corner again, panting in his race. Then he saw something that made his heart thump.

There stood little Eunice, white with snow, and with the tears streaming down her rosy cheeks. By her side, holding the sled, was a boy; and such a ragged boy! He seemed to wear more holes than clothes. His bare toes peeped out of his shoes. He was pale and thin.

Fred ran up to him. "How dare you," he shouted, "push my sister into the snow, and take my new sled!" The boy began to cry. Then Fred noticed his pinched face. He drew back; he had learned to govern his temper.

"Oh, you didn't mean it, I think," he said.

"No, I didn't," cried the boy; "but I did want a coast so much. I never had a sled. And the little girl held on so that I pulled her over. Don't strike me, please! I didn't mean any harm, and I will drag her on the sled if you will let me."

This was too much for Fred. He pitied the poor, eager boy. "So you may drag her, and have a coast too, if you like!" he cried. And he ran into the house to report to his father.

Now Mrs. Ray had watched the whole scene. I will not tell you what she thought, or how she found out about ragged Joe, for that was the poor boy's name.

All is, at dinner Fred broke the wish-bone with his father. "I wish Joe had a sled too," he cried.

"And I wish," said his father, "that my Freddy may always act like a little man, as he did to-day."

And I must tell you that, after dinner, Fred found ragged Joe in the kitchen. He had a great basket of goodies, and Fred's old sled to draw them home with. It was a happy day for Joe when he first saw the Rob Roy. So it was for Fred, too, for he became more of a little man than ever.—*Our Little Ones.*

#### "DON'T! DON'T!"

"DON'T! don't!" a little voice seemed to say, clear and strong, in Harry's ear.

The two cents lay on the window-seat; some one had forgotten them. Two cents' worth of candy came right up before Harry's eyes, and in a moment he had put out his hand to take the cents.

But that "Don't! don't!" Who spoke?

He turned and looked. No one was in the room. The door was open, but no one was in the entry.

"Nobody can see," he said to himself.

"Thou God seest me," said the voice.

"Nobody will know where they've gone," said Harry.

"Thou shalt not steal," the voice said again.

Harry was frightened at himself, and ran away as fast as he could. He was saved from a great sin and trouble. If he had taken those two pennies, he would most likely have taken more another time, and not been so frightened about it, either.

I knew a boy who stole a ten-cent piece once. He felt very badly about it. He was so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Not long after, he had a chance to steal again. He did, and that time it was not half so hard. So he went on and on, and at sixteen years of age he was in prison.

What voice was that which said, "Don't! don't!"? That was conscience, God's voice in the soul. Always listen to the voice that bids you keep God's commandments.—*S. S. Classmate.*

#### "INTENDERS" AND "ATTENDERS."

FRANK was an "intender." He was always intending to be a better boy and stop doing the things which displeased his mother. He was always very sorry, and made promises to never, never do again the things for which she reproved him. But, some way, Frank did not seem to stay good very long, or to grow better very fast. Perhaps it was because he so soon forgot his promises, and was only an "intender."

Henry had a better memory than Frank, or else he was more in earnest when he made his promises. I think he was more in earnest, because I noticed that

he always tried to undo any mischief he had done, as far as he could, while Frank seemed to think that being sorry was enough. And he not only tried to make his wrongs right, but he remembered his promises; he was an "attender" instead of an "intender."—*Our Children.*

### The Sabbath-School.

#### FIRST SABBATH IN MARCH. MARCH 2.

#### OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

##### LESSON 9.—THE GIVING OF MANNA.

**INTRODUCTION.**—Continuing the narrative of the journey of the Israelites from Egypt, this lesson considers the miracle of the falling manna, by which they were supplied with food, and its bearing upon the law of God and the observance of the Sabbath.

#### QUESTIONS WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS.

1. What inconvenience did the children of Israel suffer soon after they crossed the Red Sea? Ex. 15:23.
2. How did they act? Verse 24.
3. How did the Lord give them relief? Verse 25.
4. What promise did the Lord then give the people? Verse 26.
5. When they came to the Wilderness of Sin, what wicked charge did they bring against Moses and Aaron? Ex. 16:1-3.

The purpose of God in allowing the Israelites to meet with difficulties which threatened them with physical suffering, was to test their faith in him. It is not probable that they had yet felt the actual pangs of hunger, but that their murmuring arose chiefly from their anxiety about the future, which, after such instances as had been given them of God's power and care for them, was not only foolish, but very sinful. And the same principle by which their course was condemned then, holds good to-day. Those who have real faith in God will not borrow trouble from the future in regard to their temporal wants, but will make them a matter secondary to those things which pertain to "the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

6. What did the Lord say he would do to satisfy their hunger? Verse 4.
7. What test did he say this would be for them? *Ib.*
8. When were they told that they should receive food? Verses 6-8, 12.
9. What kind of flesh did they have at even? Verse 13.

In the parts through which the Israelites were then passing, these birds were very common. Bush says: "They 'came up' from the Arabian coast, across which they fly in the spring in great numbers, and are often so fatigued after their passage, and fly so low, as to become an easy prey wherever they alight."

10. In the morning, when the dew was gone, what did they find? Verses 14, 15.
11. Describe the manna. Num. 11:7.
12. How did they prepare it, and how did it taste? Verse 8.
13. How much were they to gather for each person? Ex. 16:16.
14. How was it if some gathered too much or not enough? Verses 17, 18.
15. What practical lesson does the apostle Paul draw from this? 2 Cor. 8:13-15.

This equality in the camp of the Israelites in respect to the supply of manna must have been brought about by a redistribution of the manna after it had been gathered. The stronger and more active in the work gave to those less able than themselves to gather it, and thus there was an equal supply for all, while the spirit of generosity was encouraged in the camp. In the language of Paul the manna is compared to individual wealth. Some are better able to acquire it than others, and such should feel an obligation upon them to remember and provide for the wants of others.

16. What took place if they tried to keep the manna till the next day? Ex. 16:19, 20.
17. On the sixth day what did they do? Verse 22.
18. What instruction had they received on this point? Verse 5.
19. What did Moses say to them on that day? Verse 23.
20. Did any manna fall on the Sabbath? Verse 26.
21. How were they provided with food on that day? Verses 23, 24, 29.

The Lord is no less particular now in regard to his Sabbath, than when he gave the foregoing special directions to the children of Israel. He required them to bake that which they would bake, and seethe (that is, boil) that which they would seeth, on the sixth day, preparatory to the rest of the Sabbath. Those who neglect to prepare for the Sabbath on the sixth day, and who cook food upon the Sabbath, violate the fourth commandment, and are transgressors of God's law.—*Great Controversy, vol. 1, chap. 10.*

22. What did some of the people do on the seventh day? Verse 27.

23. What reproof did the Lord give them? Verse 28.

24. How long did the children of Israel eat the manna? Verse 35.

25. Show how they could not by any possibility have made a mistake in regard to the Sabbath in that time.

26. In giving the manna, what purpose did God effect besides supplying the children of Israel with food?

27. What does the psalmist say this manna was? Ps. 78:24, 25.

The expression "angel's food," says Barnes, "might be rendered here *food of nobles, or princes*; that is, food of richer quality, or of a more delicate nature, than common food, such as nobles or princes have on their tables." The Septuagint, however, the Latin Vulgate, and ancient versions generally, render it "food of angels." The meaning is doubtless that it was food prepared by angels, rather than that the angels ate it themselves.

28. Of what was it a type? John 6:48-51, 58.

### Letter Budget.

SUSIE HOLMES writes from Jones Co., Iowa. She says: "As I have not seen a letter from this place, I thought I would write one. I am thirteen years old. I have a sister living in Dakota. My mother and I were out there on a visit last summer. We saw lots of Indians. I would not like to live there all the time. I go to day-school and Sabbath-school, and study my S. S. lessons in Book No. 3. I have a little box to put my missionary money in. I am trying to be a good girl, and want to meet you all in the new earth."

The next letter is from VIOLA C. SMITH. It was written several months ago, but by accident was overlooked. It reads: "I want a place with the INSTRUCTOR children, so will write a letter for the Budget. I am eight years old. I read in the fourth reader at day school. I love my teacher. I have no sister, but I have five brothers. I love them all. I wish the INSTRUCTOR children could see them. They are good playmates. Our baby brother is the cutest little bright-eyed boy, and has such a sweet temper. We all love him dearly. We think the INSTRUCTOR is the best child's paper published. We have read it several years, through the kindness of Mrs. Mason, of Battle Creek. We do not have Sabbath-school. I wish we did. We learn Bible lessons, and recite them to mamma. Augustine Bourdeau's letter was so interesting. He spoke of Mrs. White's visiting them and going with them to the Mediterranean Sea. It is nice to read letters from all parts of the world."

KATIE L. BROWN writes a letter from Manitoba. She says: "I send \$2.60 to the cause, it being the amount I saved from my two missionary hens. I love the INSTRUCTOR, and would so much like to go to meeting and Sabbath-school. I have always kept the Sabbath, but have not been to meeting since I can remember. We are to have a railroad close to our house. The grading is done, and they are to finish it in the spring. We are having a lovely winter, so warm that some days we almost let the fire go out. It never rains here in the winter. There was a good deal of wheat frozen the last harvest, but we had some that was not frozen. I am ten years old, but we do not have school very regular, or at least not this winter, and it is so far away I cannot go in cold weather, so I cannot write very well yet. My mamma writes this for me. I have one sister and three brothers. My pa and all of us keep Sabbath. I hope we shall soon have some one in Manitoba preaching the truth. I send my love to the INSTRUCTOR family."

"NETTIE and CLEMMIE BURGE write from Henry Co., Iowa. Nettie, who is thirteen years of age, says: "I have not seen any letter in the Budget from this city, so I thought I would write. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much. I have three brothers and two sisters. My little brother two years old is a nice little fellow. I help do the work. We have eight in our family. I walk three miles to Sabbath-school. Mamma has kept the Sabbath three years; but papa does not keep it. I want to meet you all when Jesus comes."

CLEMMIE says: "I am a little girl ten years old. I go to Sabbath-school and study in Book No. 1. Mamma, sister Nettie, and my little brother keep the Sabbath, but papa, my two big brothers, and big sister do not keep it. I hope to meet you in the new earth."

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