

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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CROCUS.

THE dear, delightful sound
Of the drops that to the ground
From the eaves rejoicing run
In the February sun!
Drip, drip, drip, they slide and slip
From the icicle's bright tip,
Till they melt the sullen snow
On the garden bed below.

"Bless me! what is all this drum-
ming?"

Cries the crocus, "I am coming!
Pray do n't knock so long and
loud,

For I'm neither cross nor proud,
But a little sleepy still
With the winter's lingering chill.
Never mind! 'T's time to wake,
Through the dream at last to
break!"

'Tis as quickly done as said,
Up she thrusts her golden head,
Looks about with radiant eyes
In a kind of shy surprise,
Tries to say, in accents surly,

"Well! you called me very early!"
But she lights with such a smile
All the darksome place the while,
Every heart begins to stir
Joyfully at sight of her;
Every creature grows more gay
Looking in her face to-day.
She is greeted, "Welcome, dear!
Fresh smile of the hopeful year!
First bright print of Spring's
light feet,

Golden crocus, welcome, Sweet!"

And she whispers, looking up
From her richly glowing cup,
At the sunny eaves so high
Overhead against the sky,

"Now I've come, O sparkling drops,
All your clattering pattering
stops,

And I'm very glad I came;
And you're not the least to blame
That you hammered at the snow
Till you wakened me below
With your one incessant tune.
I'm not here a bit too soon!"

—Celia Thaxter.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

A FOUR-FOOTED FISHERMAN.

ONE would not think from the picture on this page that men and boys are the only fishermen. Well, we all know they are not. Some of the best fishers are found among the birds, among those four-footed animals that live partly in the water and partly on the land, and even among the fishes themselves.

The fisherman in the picture is the otter. He can dive and swim like a fish, or he can breathe the air and live on the land as we do. He cannot live under water all the time, so he builds his house high above it. To keep this house dry, and to keep out dogs and other animals that might disturb his home, he has a cunning way of building.

He chooses a place on a stream where the banks are high; then he dives down into the water and begins digging into the bank, low enough down to have the door always under water, that no land thief may enter it. After digging into the bank a little way, he digs up, and up, sometimes making rooms two and

three or more stories high, so that if the water should enter one room, he could move higher up. From the top of the highest room, he digs a little hole up to the surface of the ground, for ventilation. He manages in some way to line his rooms with reeds, grass, or rushes.

The otter eats only one meal a day, generally of fish, and that always at night, so he lies quietly in

to call him by name, when he would return to the boat at once.

One day when the man was away from home, his little boy thought he would take the otter and go fishing, as he had seen his father do. All worked well at first, and the otter jumped into the river just as he did for his father; but he did not bring him any fish, neither would he come back, although he called his name repeatedly. And worst of all, he had to go home without the animal.

The father grieved for his pet otter, not expecting ever to see him again. But several days afterward, as he was walking along by the old fishing-ground, he called his pet by name, when, to his great joy and surprise, the otter swam out of the water, and laid himself down at his master's feet.

The American otter amuses himself in sliding down hill, the same as boys do. In some of the Western countries, where the soil is slippery clay, there are what are called "otter-slides." The otter will go to the top of one of these, which is often so steep as to make it real hard to climb, and slide down as swiftly as a boy can. Once the celebrated naturalist Audubon saw two otters slide twenty-two times each down the bank of a stream that emptied into the Ohio River, before he disturbed them.

In the winter time they will climb to the top of the highest snowy hill, lie down upon their stomachs with their forepaws bent backward, and with their hind feet, steer themselves head foremost down to the stream below. They will play in this way until all tired out.

The otter is found in every part of the earth, but most plentifully in Europe and America. The European otter differs from the American in some particulars, but principally in size. While the European species is only two feet in length, the American is some four feet long.

It has two coats of fur, one short, fine, and thick, through which there grows a thinner coat, coarser and longer, and quite glossy in appearance. Its fur is brown, and skins of the common otter are of considerable value; but skins of the sea-otter, in Europe, are valued at prices ranging from thirty to sixty pounds.

The sea-otter is much larger even than the common otter of America, the great sea-otter weighing seventy or eighty pounds. It confines itself more closely to the water than do the other kinds. It sleeps in the water, lying upon its back, the mother otter in the meantime holding the baby otter in its forepaws.

The sea-otter is very playful. Hunters claim that they have watched it full half an hour as it lay upon its back in the water, tossing a bit of sea-weed from



his house or on the rocks all day. But when he goes into the stream after his supper, you may be sure he makes it pretty lively for the fishes. He is such a perfect fisherman that it is almost impossible for them to keep out of his way.

If this animal is caught when it is young, it may be tamed. It will then follow its owner about like a dog, coming at a whistle from him.

In some countries tame otters are taught to fish for their owners. A man in England had one that would go out with him in a boat on the river, when it would jump overboard, and bring fish back to him. This it would do until the man was satisfied. If at any time the otter remained away too long, the man had only

one paw to the other, seemingly taking great pleasure in catching it before it should fall. It spends hours, too, in playing with its young.

Otters are all very affectionate, and sometimes grieve themselves to death at the loss of their young.

M. J. C.

COURAGE, FALSE AND TRUE.

"It's a cowardly thing to do, Will; I'll have nothing to do with it."

"You're the coward, Tom," replied Will, angrily.

This was what Will's brother Howard heard, as he stood upon the roof of the piazza, sheltered by the vines that clambered up the corner of the house. He saw the two boys leave the orchard, Tom Jones turning toward his home, while Will walked alone toward the mill.

"Where are you going, Will?" he called.

Will hurried on with rapid steps, not even looking back as he answered, "Down the road a little way."

"I believe he has that box of torpedoes," said Howard. "He's planning some mischief;" and letting himself down lightly by the grape trellis, Howard followed his brother.

"What are you going to do with the torpedoes?" he asked, as he overtook him.

"I'm going to have a little fun," answered the boy, gruffly.

"Will," said Howard, "you're planning mischief; tell me what you're going to do, for I'm going with you to help you out of it."

"Well, then, I'm going to put these torpedoes on the track; it's nearly time for the express, and it will be fun to see them slow up the train and rush out to see what's the matter."

"I don't see the fun myself," replied Howard. "Where do you propose to stand?"

"I'm going to scatter them in the cut; they will make more noise there, and I'm going to stand on the rocks behind the bowlder."

"Don't do it, Will; they'll catch you."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid. If I were such a coward as you are, I suppose I shouldn't do it," replied Will, contemptuously.

Howard was not a daring boy; he never climbed a tree without looking carefully at the branches; he waited for the ice to be safe before venturing far upon it. His prudence and admonitions were a constant irritation to his reckless brother Willis, who never hesitated to place himself at the outposts of danger. The brothers had been too absorbed to give more than a passing glance to a little boy who was at play near a neighbor's house.

Little Jerry often toddled after his brothers, but now they failed to hear the little footsteps that seemed an echo of their own.

Willis divided the torpedoes about equally between the two tracks that were shut in by the narrow cut through the rocks, and Howard followed him up a winding path, unknown except to the boys who ventured upon the steep height.

"There's the whistle," said Will, as he stationed himself behind the bowlder.

Howard threw himself upon the ground near the brow, and looked down the dizzy height. In an instant he was upon his feet. Both boys at the same instant had seen little Jerry upon the track picking up the torpedoes. Both retreated from the rock—Willis to the shelter of the woods beyond, where he threw himself upon the ground with hands pressed closely over his ears; Howard to the path that led to the track the train was rapidly approaching. His feet tripped upon the rail as he caught the child, and as he fell, he saw a freight train approaching upon the other track.

He had only time to take Jerry in his arms, and straighten himself out in the narrow space between the two tracks. He closed his eyes and waited. The noise was terrific; the crackling of the torpedoes and the shrill shrieks of the two engines echoed from the high cliff on either side, and Howard lost consciousness. When he revived, he found himself surrounded by the passengers, who had rushed from the train, while engineers, conductors, and brakemen were carefully examining the track upon either side.

"It's no signal," said a brakeman, "see how they're scattered between the sleepers."

"Some boy's work," said another. "Here, boy," seizing Howard, "did you put these here?"

"No, sir!" said Howard, firmly.

"I believe that," said the engineer, who had seen him rescue the child. "A boy who has the courage to do what he has done is above such tricks."

Howard was too weak to attempt to go home; he sat down near the track, hoping Will would come and find him. He called, but his voice seemed to come back to him from the foot of the cliff.

Then he thought Will must have fainted, and, strengthened by this thought, he determined to go home and send some one to find him.

He walked slowly, leading little Jerry, who was still crying from fright. He found Will at home, looking troubled and unhappy.

"Jerry is all right," said Howard, answering the question he knew Will feared to ask; and in a few words he told the story of the escape.

Will was crying now.

"I am glad you are safe," he said, as he turned away to hide his tears. "You're the brave one, after all; I should n't have dared to do what you did, and I called you a coward!"

Poor Will! he now knew the difference, between false and true courage. His humility and gratitude wrought a change that surprised his friends, but no one guessed the secret Howard carefully guarded.—*Christian Union.*

A GENTLE WORD IS NEVER LOST.

A GENTLE word is never lost,
Oh, never then refuse one;
It cheers the heart when tempest-tossed,
And lulls the cares that bruise one;
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
And turns our thorns to roses;
It changes weary night to day,
And hope and love discloses.

A gentle word is never lost—
Thy fallen brother needs it;
How easy and how small the cost—
With peace and comfort speed it;
Then drive the shadow from thy cheek,
A smile can well replace it;
Our voice is music when we speak
With gentle words to grace it.

—Selected.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE MANY USEFUL THINGS PRODUCED FROM COAL.

GAS is the best known production from coal; yet a little search will show that many other things originate from the same source. Ammonia is one of these. It is first seen in liquid form, but when treated with chemicals, and slowly boiled, it will crystallize as it cools. In this form it is extensively used in dyeing cloth. Its name is said to be derived from *sal ammoniac*, a substance manufactured ages ago, in a district of Lydia where Jupiter Ammon was worshiped as the chief deity. Of course it was not then produced from coal, as that was long before coal was heard of. It was obtained by heating animal refuse, and also from the distillation of deer's horns, from which one preparation of it was called hartshorn.

From the coal-tar produced when making gas, the chemist makes naphtha, creosote oil, and the ordinary pitch used in asphalt pavements and the flat roofs of houses. Naphtha is put to several uses. It is often employed for lighting purposes, as well as in mixing paints. It is also used in making India-rubber and gutta-percha.

What is known as paraffine is another production from coal-tar. From paraffine two useful oils are distilled; one fit for burning in lamps, and the other of a thicker substance, suitable for oiling machinery.

All these and other articles followed in the wake of the discovery of gas-making. But very probably these would have remained unknown, had not the value of gas for lighting purposes been demonstrated.

For a long time after it was known that gas could be made from coal, nothing was done toward manufacturing it. It was not till 1792 that William Murdoch first made use of it for lighting his house and offices at Cornwall, England. He no doubt made many experiments before succeeding in his attempt. At best the apparatus used must have been very crude, compared with the perfected arrangements of the present day.

But Mr. Murdoch was as persevering as he was ingenious. An incident of his boyhood days shows how he overcame difficulties, and mounted the ladder of fame. He was very desirous of securing a place to work in a certain foundry. But he was told that if he went to make application, he ought to wear a "top" hat, instead of the cloth "bonnet" his poverty had always compelled him to wear. Here was a difficulty. He was not able to purchase a beaver, such as was commonly worn; so he concluded he would make a substitute. But he had nothing besides wood to make it of, and even then he saw no way to make such an article unless he had a turning lathe.

Nothing daunted, however, he applied himself to the task, and in due time had a lathe of his own make. To produce the hat after that was only a question of patient labor. It was soon made,—smooth, and hard, and round as a piece of metal

pipe. He colored it black, and started on his mission.

He was shown into the office of Mr. Boswell, one of the heads of the great firm. There he stood, hat in hand, an inexperienced, shabbily-dressed youth, timidly asking for a position.

"No vacancy, young man," hastily spoke the "iron king."

These words crushed the Scotch lad's last hope. He was so poor, and had been so expectant, after such earnest efforts; and yet all for nothing. As, with a heavy heart, he thought of all this, he seemed transfixed to the spot. He stood there so long, twirling his hat, that finally the stern business man turned in his chair, apparently to make his answer more decided. As he did so, his eye rested on the hat, which the young man was unconsciously twirling.

Instead of speaking harshly to the poor fellow, he held out his hand for the hat. Carefully examining it, he at last inquired of the youth where he procured the article.

Then followed a pitiful story of poverty, and the desire to appear at the foundry in a dress that would insure a position. All the difficulties of first being obliged to make a lathe and then turn the hat were recited before the now thoroughly interested man of business. He saw in the production evidence of useful talent, and in a short time decided to employ the young man on low wages.

Soon the young man was advanced to higher positions, until he finally became one of the leading partners of the firm. It was to one who could thus surmount difficulties by untiring effort and persevering industry, that the world to-day owes the honor of utilizing coal-gas for lighting purposes. J. O. C.

A LITTLE SEED AND A GREAT HARVEST.

MARY CANDER's life lasted just sixteen years. Most of that time was passed in bed, in acute pain. She had learned to read, and to cut out figures from paper with much skill; but there her knowledge and acquirements had necessarily stopped. Her family were generous Christian people, actively engaged in work for the poor. Poor little Mary! she wished to help also; but what could she do—herself ignorant, helpless, and crippled?

Her window overlooked a hovel, in which lived John Martin, an idle Irishman, with his wife and eleven children. Drunkenness, untruthfulness, and dishonesty were notorious faults of the Martins. They were all regarded as hopeless outcasts.

"I think," said Mary, "that if I could tell John how good the Lord has been to me, it would help him." But her father forbade the attempt.

"John's wife, then?" This was also forbidden.

"Let little Phil come, at least. He can do no harm."

Phil, a bright, mischievous urchin of ten or thereabouts, was allowed to visit her. She showed him pictures, cut marvelous groups in paper, and told him stories day after day, until she won his confidence. Then she taught him how her Friend, through hard lessons, was making her like himself.

Phil continued to be her faithful daily companion for three years, when she died. Her influence over him seemed to be even stronger when she was gone than it was before. He separated himself from his family, worked steadily, educated himself, and when he became a man, settled in Iowa, where he married. His children are now among the most influential men and women in a city of that State. They are honorable, generous Christians, serving God and their fellow-men with a peculiar heartiness and energy.

The little seed which the sick girl planted in faith, has grown to be a mighty tree, with wide-spread branches and much fruit.

Never neglect to do a good action or to speak a helpful word because "it is too small to be of use."

If the disciples had refused to distribute the five small loaves which the Master put into their hands, how would the great multitude have been fed?—*Youth's Companion.*

Yes, that was a bad mistake, but do not feel crushed by it. Never mind if you were ridiculous for the time. No one who is worth anything succeeds in life without many mistakes. This will be quickly forgotten by your friends, and you will be judged by your capacities, not by your failures.

"I would rather make four failures and only one success, than to make no success at all," said a good man.

The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.—*Buckminster.*

For Our Little Ones.

A HARD QUESTION.

YOU little boys and girls,
With straight hair or with curls,
Who go to school to study every day,
I have a question here,
That may sound very queer,
But a penny for its answer I will pay.

The cunning little squirrel,
Whose life is all a whirl
Of fun and frolic in the forest trees—
Why should he, wild or tame,
Have *squirrel* for his name?
I am waiting for an answer, if you please.

Oh, I know very well
That none of you can tell,
Because I've waited patiently and long;
So I'll have to read myself
From the old book on the shelf,
Where I found it when I hunted for a song.

Squirrel comes from two old words
(Don't tell it to the birds)
Which were put together years ago, and
made

One word, which means, to-day,
That this little creature gay,
Is one that travels with his tail for shade.

And if you go quite near,
Without either noise or fear,
You'll see a dark line down his back does
run,

Which must be what he shades
(For all the other fades)
With his tail all day from bleaching in the
sun.

—The Kindergarten.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

ONLY A SEED.

BERTIE WILLIAMS stood by the window ledge, sifting pumpkin seeds through his chubby fingers. He has a little basketful of them that he sometimes plays with. He is learning to count with them. He fences off make-believe pasture lands on the green felt of his auntie's writing stand, where he puts wonderful pumpkin-seed sheep and cows. It sometimes takes him quite a while to find out how many cattle he has in each field, and then how many there are in all the fields together. Aunt Huldah helps him.

This morning she was too busy to play with Bertie. She was writing letters. Bertie watched her swift pen fly over the paper until he was tired. Then he fell to eating the pumpkin-seeds. He is very fond of the sweet meats inside the stiff, white shells.

At length the last letter was ended. Aunt Huldah looked up while she sealed and stamped it, to see what Bertie was doing.

"Bertie Williams!" she exclaimed suddenly, "you have eaten a whole pumpkin vine!"

Bertie looked up in alarm, as if he expected soon to find a pumpkin vine trailing from his red lips.

Aunt Huldah laughed, and told him to bring two or three seeds to her. She carefully removed the outside skin.

"Now," she said, "you can see if it is not so." Then, with her penknife, she carefully split the seed in two parts.

"These two fat pieces, or meats, as you call them, are the pumpkin's first pair of leaves. This little pointed end makes the stem from which the root will grow. The old pumpkin vine lays up food in these two leaves for the little plant to live on until it can make a root, and start out on a hunt for food for itself."

Bertie's eyes opened wide in surprise. "Do plants eat?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed," his auntie replied. "They do not eat just as you do; but each plant sends out tiny roots that take in from water and earth just the things it needs to make it grow. Little plants do not have any roots when they first burst out from the seeds; so the parent plant gets them all ready beforehand, with something to live on until they can support themselves."

"I should like to see a plant grow from a seed," said Bertie; "I could plant some, and pull one up every day."

"I know a better way than that," replied Aunt

Huldah. "Come with me, and we will do it now."

They went to the large tin box in which Bertie's papa kept his garden seeds. They took out some peas and beans and oats and corn. Then they got four glass tumblers, and filled them nearly full of water. On top of the water Aunt Huldah placed a piece of cotton the size of the top of the tumbler. The cotton was not so thick but that water could easily soak through, yet it was thick enough to keep the seeds, when placed on top of it, from falling down to the bottom of the glass.

She placed the peas, beans, oats, and corn in separate glasses, and set them in a sunny window.

"Now, then," she said, "you can have something new to watch."

Bertie did watch. Every five minutes he ran to the

It was a crestfallen little boy that followed slowly behind her to the bean patch. She showed him how some seeds come up with the seed skins still covering the first pair of leaves; and that after a short time this covering falls off and lets the leaves out free. In some kinds the seeds stay under the ground, sending up to the surface bright green leaves from the start.

"The seeds know just which end to send up into the air, and which to send down into the earth," Aunt Huldah said, "and they never make a mistake about it."

Bertie's papa had to plant the bean patch over, of course. Bertie never forgot the lesson, especially as he had to wait several weeks longer in the season than usual before he could eat any of the string beans he loved so well.

W. E. L.

LITTLE FEET.

"SEE my new shoes," said little Mary; "this pair had to be bigger than my old ones. Some time my feet will grow as big as sister Susie's, and then they will be real useful feet and carry me to school. Mine aren't big enough yet; they don't do much but help me run and play about the house."

"But they can be useful feet, even if they cannot carry you as far as school yet," said her mother. "God gave you your little feet to be useful. He wants you to use them for him."

"Why, how can I, mother?" said Mary; but her mother had gone to the baby, and did not answer.

"How can I use my feet for God?" Mary repeated to herself. "I do walk to church on them; I wonder if that is what mother means."

"Mary!" called her father.

Mary sprang up and ran to meet him as he came in tired from his office. She always liked to wait while he took off his coat, and then she would go with him, hand in hand, into the sitting-room; but to-night he handed her a bundle.

"Here, girlie," he said, "run down to Hannah with this, and let her put it into the ice-chest."

Mary went very pleasantly, although she wished father had let her go into the sitting-room with him first, and see what pretty papers he had in his pocket. In the kitchen Hannah was standing, with a red and angry face.

"What am I to do now?" she was saying. "That cat of yours, Mary Allen, has drank every drop of milk

I had saved for your father's tea!"

"Please don't be angry with pussy," said poor little Mary, shielding her pet from a blow. "I am very sorry, Hannah, but she doesn't know any better."

"That doesn't help it," said the cook. "What am I to do for tea?"

"If you will give me a pitcher, Hannah," said Mary, "I can run across the street and ask Aunt Jane for some."

Hannah brought the pitcher, and Mary soon returned with the milk, walking very carefully so as not to spill it. At the supper-table grandma said the room was chilly, and in a minute Mary had slipped upstairs and brought her a soft shawl.

"Thanks, little pilgrim," said grandmother. "Your little feet make many journeys."

After the meal was finished, the baby wakened and began to cry again, and mother bade Mary amuse her next younger brother while the baby was having his supper. Eddy wanted Mary to be his horse, and enjoyed the game so much that after his mother had returned, he wanted Mary to keep on playing with him.

"No, Eddy," said mother, "Mary need not play with you any more; she wants to see the picture papers father brought home. Come and I will read to you."

Eddy began to cry. "No, no," he said, "I want Mary to run some more."

"I will play just a little longer with him, mother," said Mary; "he is so little, you know."

The mother smiled and nodded, and Mary let Eddy drive her up and down the hall for ten minutes more; by that time he was tired of it too.

"Mother," said Mary that night, when the dear mother came to tuck her in bed, "how can I use my feet for God?"



"Dear child," said her mother, "you have used them for him all day. When you took father's bundle so pleasantly down stairs, when you went for the milk, when you brought grandmother her shawl, and when you ran with Eddy, you were using your feet for God. It was because you love Jesus and want to please him that you did those things so cheerfully. God has taught you already how to use your feet for him."

Little Mary smiled. "I am going to give God my feet for always," she said.—*The Child's Paper.*

LITTLE CASIBIANCA.

MADGE was a little girl who was always faithful to any charge given her; and as she was a quiet, gentle child, she was very little care to her mother.

One day, when she was playing out in the front yard before her father's house, a woman came with a basket of clothes she had washed.

"Madge," said Mrs. Barclay, "go upstairs with old auntie, and stay there until I come. I will be up in a moment, and will then count the pieces."

Madge went with the woman at once. But Mrs. Barclay could not follow her as she had promised; for a lady called to see her, and she had to go into the parlor. It was over an hour before the visitor left, and then Mrs. Barclay had forgotten all about the clothes that had been brought home. As she was very busy, she did not miss Madge.

But she missed her at supper time, and wondered where she could be. She sent the nurse out to look for her; but she could not be found.

"Perhaps she has fallen asleep in the house somewhere," said Mr. Barclay; and he went from room to room, looking for her. When he opened the door of the room in the third story, to which the clothes had been taken, he found Madge quietly sitting in a chair.

"Why, Madge," he said, "what are you doing here in the dark? Have you been asleep?"

"No, papa," she answered, "I have been waiting for mamma. She told me she wanted me to stay here until she came."

"And have you been here three hours? O Madge, why didn't you come down?" cried her mother, who had run upstairs when she heard her child's voice.

"Because you told me to stay here until you came," replied Madge. "And you have often said that I must obey you without question, for you know best."

Her father laughed, and called her his Little Casibianca, as he put her on his shoulder, and carried her down stairs. And after supper he told her the story of the boy who lost his life rather than disobey his father's command.

For a long time Madge was called Little Casibianca by the family, who did not forget that she sat for three hours alone, and in the dark, rather than disobey her mother.—*The Sunlight.*

FINDING THE KEY.

WHEN Mary Simms was in the country last summer, she became acquainted with a little boy who lived next door.

Lawrence was slow to learn and rather lazy, and so no one had taken pains with him, and he had never learned to read. Mary, who could read very well, wondered that a boy so old as he did not know his letters, and she made up her mind to teach him.

It took a good deal of patience for Mary to do this, but she had been taught by her mamma to try to be useful. "Do all the good you can," mamma would often say, "in all the ways you can, to all the people you can, for Jesus' sake."

So Mary, without saying a word to any one about it, undertook to teach Lawrence to read. When Lawrence didn't feel like studying his lesson, Mary would coax him with a story. This is one of the stories she told him:—

"Once there was a great king who had two nice little boys. One day their father said to them, 'I have a large chest full of the most beautiful and precious things, and you may open it and have all the treasures in it if you will find the key. You must look two hours for it every day.' Eric was a good boy and did as his father wished, but Otho was a lazy boy and would not try. By and by Eric found the key, and then what treasures he had! Otho was angry when he saw his brother's good times, and sulked because he could not have them too; for, you see, he couldn't even get a look into the chest, because he hadn't found the key."

"He was foolish, wasn't he?" said Lawrence.

"Just as foolish as you will be if you don't learn your letters," said Mary. "This A B C is the key that will open all the beautiful books in the world, so that you can enjoy the treasures in them and call them your own."

"Oh, I will try, I will," said Lawrence. He began to study with all his might; and before Mary went home, he could read in words of three letters quite well.—*Sunbeam.*

The Sabbath-School.

FIFTH SABBATH IN MARCH.
MARCH 30.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 13.—SUGGESTIONS FOR QUARTERLY REVIEW.

1. How many plagues came upon Egypt because of Pharaoh's refusal to let the Israelites go?
2. How many of these were imitated by the magicians?
3. What effect did the work of the magicians have upon Pharaoh?
4. What similar thing will take place in the last days?
5. What power is behind all opposition to the truth? John 8:44.
6. What was the character and disposition of Pharaoh?
7. What effect did the plagues have upon him?
8. How was he confirmed in his obstinacy?
9. State the instances in which God showed his special care for his people.
10. When, how, and why was the passover instituted?
11. Of what was the deliverance from Egypt a type? Ans.—Of the deliverance of God's people from the bondage of sin and this wicked world, to the heavenly Canaan.
12. Show that Christ was the real leader of the Israelites.
13. Relate the circumstances of the giving of the law.
14. Why was the law given amid such terrible majesty?
15. What is the only other event that can compare with the giving of the ten commandments?
16. What great wickedness did the Israelites do while Moses was in the mount with God?
17. What was the nature of their idolatry?
18. What form of idolatry has from the earliest ages drawn men from the worship of God?

"I WOULD give a thousand dollars if I could play like that," said an attendant at a concert, after hearing a brilliant musician. But ten thousand dollars, or a million, or all the gold that has been coined since money was invented, would not have purchased the skill. The musician was not exceptionally great. The hearer had probably as good natural ability, but the success he coveted could only be won by months and years of arduous practice. All that money could do in this or other cases would be to furnish opportunities for instruction and leisure for practice. A certain great millionaire could not write a legible letter, could hardly write his own name. He would have given thousands of dollars late in life to buy the privilege, but the skill was not to be found in the market. As there is no royal road to learning, so there is no financial road to the same goal. When we hear a man say that he would give a large sum of money to be able to do a certain thing which is within his reach, if he would only take time and patience to acquire it, we doubt the genuineness of his desire. A young lady pupil in a Bible class was urged by the superintendent of the school, shortly after her conversion, to become the teacher of a class of young girls. "Oh, do not ask me to do that," she cried. "I haven't sufficient confidence in myself to be a success as a teacher. If I was as well equipped for such service as is the teacher of our Bible class, I would not hesitate for a moment. I would give much to be as gifted as she is." "Ah, but she was not thus gifted when she began to teach," replied the superintendent; "but she was willing to follow in a humble way, the leading of her Saviour, and year by year we are witnessing the glorious result in the winning of many souls for the Master. You say you have not sufficient confidence in yourself. It is not necessary that you should have. Self-confidence often results in a downfall. Have confidence in Christ—that is all that you need. Then take hold of the work in earnest, and leave the result with God. Do not give me your answer now. Think about it during the week, and pray for guidance, and I believe that the path of duty will be pointed out to you. The young lady did as requested, and the following Sabbath found her duly installed as a teacher in her Sabbath-school. And the outcome has been glorious indeed. Scores of zealous Christian workers to-day attribute to that teacher's faithful labors their awakening from sin, and their enlistment in Christ's army. To take hold of the work that lies close at hand—that is what the Master wants of each of his followers. He will see to it that no efforts which are made to advance his kingdom, shall fail of success.—*Baptist Teacher.*

Letter Budget.

JESSIE JUNE MITCHELL sends a letter from Webber Falls, Indian Territory, where she was stopping with her parents when she wrote. She says: "I am eight years old. One of my sisters takes the INSTRUCTOR, and we like it very much. I have three brothers and two sisters at home, and two sisters and one brother married, living in Nebraska. I have three little nieces that I have never seen. My papa has lung complaint. Sometimes he raises blood. We are here because the cold weather of Nebraska was too hard for him. We do not think we shall stay here long. Mamma is getting some of the people here to take some of the papers. She got a little Indian boy and girl to take the INSTRUCTOR. She says they are nice children. I hope they will get their paper, and like it as well as we do. Mamma is trying to get as many subscribers for the different papers as she can while she is here; but it rains so much it makes it so muddy she can hardly get around. We have no Sabbath-school here. We study our lessons at home, and mamma hears us recite them. I printed my letter, and mamma is going to copy it for me."

Jessie's mamma wrote a very encouraging letter to the editors of the INSTRUCTOR. She says it was by reading this paper that they became interested in the truth. This ought to encourage those who canvass for the INSTRUCTOR. You may not know how much good you do in this way until the sheaves are gathered; but how it would rejoice you to meet a score or more who had learned the truth by your work.

GRACIE M. GARRISON has sent a letter from Kalamazoo Co., Mich. She says: "I am a little girl eight years old. I have no brothers or sisters. My mamma and I keep the Sabbath together. I am sorry to say that my papa does not keep it. I kept it all alone one summer. The next winter I kept it with Mr. Chapman's family, who live about two miles from us. They talked the truth to mamma, and now she keeps the Sabbath with me. We go to Sabbath-school when I am well. It is held at Bro. Chapman's, as we have no church here. The first summer I kept the Sabbath, mamma hired me not to keep it, but to keep Sunday with her. She said I would not be like any of my folks. She went to Kalamazoo, and bought me a nice parasol. I thought I could keep Sunday for that; but when Sabbath came, I wore my old dress until noon, when I had to cry. I told mamma I did not feel right not to keep the Sabbath. She then said if I felt so bad as that I might keep it. I have a missionary box, and two little hens, and I am going to try to sell enough eggs to fill my box with money for the cause. I want to be a humble little Christian, and meet all the children in the earth made new."

NEVILLE HAMPTON, of Tehama Co., Cal., says: "I will be twelve years old next April. I have one brother almost six years old. His name is Frank. I have one little brother in the grave, whom I hope to meet when Jesus comes. I wrote a letter for the Budget about three years ago, but only my name was printed. I have been to day school but one year; that was in Topeka, Kansas. We live in a pretty valley; and now, in mid-winter, the fields are green, and the days are bright and sunny; but we can see snow-capped mountains nearly all around us, and Mount Shasta looks like a huge pile of snow the year round. I go to Sabbath-school regularly, and learn the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. We have a cat, a dog, and fifty chickens. We pay tithes on all the eggs. I worked out, and earned money for a Christmas offering. My pa works in the cause. He has not been home in more than three months, and is about three hundred miles away; but we are trying to be faithful so we can dwell together in the new earth."

The next is a letter from FRED SHALKHAM, of Erie Co., Pa. He says: "I am a boy thirteen years old. Before I heard of the S. D. Adventists, I was a Catholic; but I thank God that I know the truth now. Our family consists of papa, mamma, and myself. We have kept the Sabbath about two years now. We learned the truth of Eld. Hayward, in 1886. I was baptized in 1887. There are some Sabbath-keepers in the city besides our family, but there should be many more. When we have Sabbath-school, we have it at Sr. Biehler's, and papa generally teaches us. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR, especially the Letter Budget. The INSTRUCTOR is sent to me regularly, although I do not know who sends it. If this is printed, I will write again soon. I hope to meet all the little boys and girls who write to the Budget, and many more too, in the new earth. I send my love to all."

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