

Youth's Instructor

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THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BIRD of the heavens! whose matchless eye
Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
Ne'er from the sunlight turns away,
Whose ample wing was made to rise
Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,

On whose chill tops the winter skies,
Around thy nest, in tempests
speak—

What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king, with thee
compare?

Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast taken thy seat
alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne?

Bird of the sun! to thee—to thee
The earliest tints of dawn are
known;

And 'tis thy proud delight to see
The monarch mount his gorgeous
throne,

Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious
way,

And mounting up the radiant sky,
E'en what he is, the king of day!

Bird of Columbia! well art thou
An emblem of our native land;
With unbleached front and noble
brow,

Among the nations doomed to
stand,
Proud, like her mighty mountain
woods;

Like her own rivers, wandering
free;
And sending forth, from hills and
floods,

The joyous shout of liberty!

Like thee, majestic bird! like thee
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wings, untired and
strong,

That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests
blow.

—C. W. Thompson.

CHILDREN UNDER THE SNOW.

Far away up in the north,
On the shores of that
great frozen ocean lying
beyond Europe and Asia,
you may sometimes catch
sight (as I did once) of a
huge, gray, pointed thing,
standing all alone in the
midst of the snowy plain, just
like an immense pear, with the
stalk upward. I should have
been puzzled had I not seen a
thin curl of smoke creeping from the top of it; but
that let me into the secret. This queer looking thing
was a Samoiede tent!

The tent of a Samoiede is almost as simple an affair
as that of an Arab. All you have to do is to plant a
dozen long poles in the ground, slanted so as to let
their tops meet; cover this framework with reindeer
skins, leaving a hole at the top to let out the smoke;
pile the snow high up around the lower part to keep
off the wind—the "house" is complete.

But, outlandish as it looks, this little burrow is
worth something in a real Russian frost, which freezes
the very breath on one's moustache; so I go right up
to the door, which is simply a thick skin hanging
over a hole in the side, lift it, and step in.

The inside is certainly warm enough—rather too
warm, in fact, being almost as hot and choky as a

which most of the Samoiedes speak a little; and seat-
ing myself on a chest, I look about me.

As my eyes get used to the half-light, I see that the
group by the fire consists of a woman and two little
girls, muffled in skins from head to foot. Papa is
away somewhere with his sledge and his reindeer,
leaving mamma to mind the house and take care of

the children. Funny little
things they are, with great
round heads, and dark brown
skins, and small, restless
black eyes, and faces as flat
as if somebody had sat down
upon them; but, queer as
they look, they have learned
to make themselves useful al-
ready, for they are hard at
work stitching their own
clothes. They are not a bit
shy, and in another minute I
have them scrambling up into
my lap, and wondering at the
ticking of my watch, which I
take out to show them, while
they clap their hands and
shout "Pai, pai!" which is
their word for "good."

The tent is not a very large
one, but every inch of its space
has certainly been made the
most of. The floor is car-
peted with thick sheets of gray
felt, and littered with chests,
sacks, baskets, bark shoes,
and bits of harness; while
hanging from the tent poles,
or thrust into the folds of the
skins that cover them, are a
perfect museum of things of
every sort—caps, pouches,
fish-spears, knives, hatchets,
whips—and last, but certainly
not least, the face of a baby,
which has been thrust into a
kind of pocket in the skin, like
a knife into the sheath. I
stoop to stroke the little
brown face, while the round
eyes stare wonderingly at me
out of the folds of the skin.

Meanwhile the lady of the
house (or rather tent), hospita-
ble like all Samoiedes, has
tens to set before me some

black bread mixed with bark, and a lump of terrifi-
cally strong cheese, made of reindeer milk.

The reindeer supplies the Samoiedes with plenty of
other things besides cheese; indeed, almost everything
that they possess comes from it in some form or
other. They eat reindeer meat, they drink reindeer
milk; their fish-spears are tipped with reindeer horn;
their clothes, and the very tents in which they live,
are made of reindeer skin; the needles wherewith they
stitch them are of reindeer bone, and the thread of
reindeer sinew; and when they wish to move from
place to place, it is the reindeer that draws them
along. The Samoiede would be as badly off without
his reindeer as the Arab without his camel.—*Wide
Awake.*

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls,
and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet,
and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his
sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun
to use kind words in such abundance as they ought
to be used.—*Pascal.*



bake-house. There is a fire
burning in the middle, the
smoke going anywhere and
everywhere; and beside it
sat three things (one can
hardly call them human fig-
ures), one a deal larger than
the other two.

There being no light but
the glare of the fire, it is not
easy for me to see where I
am going; and the first
thing I do is to stumble over

something which seems like a skin bag, unusually
full. But it is not—it is a child, wrapped, or rather
tied up, in a huge cloak of deer-skin, and rolling about
the floor like a ball.

In these out-of-the-way places, where a man may go
for days without seeing a human face except his own,
people call upon each other without waiting to be in-
troduced, and my sudden entrance does not seem to
disturb my new friends in the least. They greet me
cordially enough, and bid me welcome in Russian,

For the INSTRUCTOR.

DOWN AT THE ROOTS.

LORA's amaryllis didn't seem to grow. Very persistently she kept water in the saucer, loosened the earth about the roots, searched for insects on the foliage, and sponged the long, slender leaves free from dust. Still the plant was little, if any, larger than when first she brought it from the greenhouse, and not the least indication could she see of the gorgeous blossom she had hoped for.

The interest of all the household had become aroused in behalf of the puny lily, about which Lora made such dubious complaints; and many were the suggestions offered regarding the possible cause of its failure to grow. Papa suggested that it received too much handling; mamma proposed a change of light; Nora, Lora's older half-sister, inquired if the needful charcoal had been put into the bottom of the jar; and little brother Ren developed such an interest in the culture of house-plants, as to read every paragraph on that subject he could find in the domestic department of the newspaper.

Meanwhile a more serious matter also claimed the attention of the family, causing them much concern; for Mrs. Eastman, whose headaches had long been a recognized feature of the home life, was now really ill; though not confined to bed, yet suffering much, and unable to endure the noise of the children or the care of the house.

As the physicians at home could not cure her, Mr. Eastman had proposed sending her to a sanitarium quite a distance from home. Mrs. Eastman dreaded this; for she much disliked to leave her little family. And her regrets were not only on account of leaving her own children, but her young step-daughter as well; for, contrary to what we often hear about step-mothers, Mrs. Eastman dearly loved the young girl, whose half-orphanage had been made much less grievous by the sympathetic interest of a good step-mother.

But now the lady's health was such that she could not be altogether a help to her family, and so she consented to take the journey. In order to meet the necessary expense, Mr. Eastman purposed to use the old carriage still, instead of the new one he meant to get; generous-hearted Ren emptied his savings-box into his mother's lap; Nora proposed to do without a new hat, wearing her old one another season; and Lora consented to forfeit the bird and cage which had been promised her for a birthday present. But Lora's contribution was offered with none of the cheerfulness which had prompted the others; and the mother, who had received them with loving regret at the sacrifice required, was quite unwilling to accept that which her little daughter so grudgingly offered. Still, Lora sullenly insisted that she would not have the bird; and thus the subject rested.

When ready for her journey, and giving good-bye messages to all, Mrs. Eastman said to the daughter, "Try to do just as Nora wants you to, dear, and be as pleasant as possible."

"Don't I always do what she tells me to, when you are away?" questioned Lora.

The only answer was to clasp the little face between loving hands, and turn it to receive a parting kiss. The mother dreaded this separation, fearing that the little people who had demanded so much of her attention, would be a severe trial to their sister, and also suffer the lack of experienced care.

However, Mr. Eastman proved to be good help in government, and occasional contested questions were referred to him for decision. Impulsive Ren sometimes rebelled against his sister, declaring, "You're not the boss of me!" but straightway he would grow sorry, and do his utmost to please.

Lora fulfilled her promise to do what she was told, for she had been carefully trained to that practice; but her mother's request that she would do as Nora wished—alas, that was often disregarded. Indeed, some of Nora's expressed wishes were fulfilled very ungraciously; and the little girl did not seem to consider herself under the least obligation to do anything she was not commanded to do.

One evening, when Lora again called attention to her drooping amaryllis, Ren exclaimed: "That does grow, 'cause I've been watching it; but it doesn't stay growed; that's the trouble." When they laughed at his queer speech, he explained that new leaves came occasionally; but they didn't live long, and thus the number failed to increase.

"Let us look at the roots, and see if something isn't wrong there," suggested Nora. Accordingly the earth about the bulb was removed, and the plant carefully drawn up. There, at the very heart of the cluster of fine roots was discovered the source of all the harm,—a horrid worm! While it had not been large enough to destroy all the roots, it had kept them so diminished that but a small supply of nour-

ishment could be sent up by them to the plant. After the children had killed the ugly intruder, and planned to heat some earth for the plant, and thus destroy any animal life that might exist there, Ren went to his room for the night, and papa called his little girl to him for a chat.

"Another of our plants," he said, "has appeared very much like yours."

"Why, which one, papa? I hadn't noticed it."

"One of the very choicest. I have been watching it for quite a time. It puts out some leaves; but, as Ren intimated, they lack strength. I fear the difficulty with this, also, is at the roots. Evidently some usurper is taking the life that should develop the plant."

"Why not get it out, as we did this one?" queried Lora.

"Won't you do it for us, my child?"

Lora consented. Then Mr. Eastman explained that an offensive creature called "self" was so claiming the strength of his little daughter's heart, that her life was losing much of its attractiveness; and such acts of goodness as did appear, lacked the vigor of loving, unselfish deeds.

And now Lora is learning to discern between unwilling obedience and happy service, and is trying to get rid of that disagreeable selfishness which used so often to prompt her to say: "I suppose I can if I must; but I don't like to."

MRS. ADA D. WELLMAN.

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

COME, children, and listen; I'll tell you in rhyme

A story of something that happened one time.

There was war in the land, and each brave heart beat high.

And many went forth for their country to die;

But words fail to tell of the fear and dismay

Which swept the small village of W— one day.

When the enemy's army marched into the street,

And their own valiant soldiers were forced to retreat;

Such hiding, surrendering, and trembling with fear!

When what in the midst of it all should appear

But Grandmother Gregory, feeble and old,

Coming out from her cottage, courageous and bold!

She faced the intruders who marched through the land,

Shaking at them the poker she held in her hand.

"How foolish!" her friends cried, provoked, it is true;

"Why, grandmother, what did you think you could do?"

"Not much," answered grandma; "but ere they were gone,

I wanted to show them which side I was on!"

Now, children, I've told this queer story to you,

To remind you of something the weakest can do—

There is always a fight 'twixt the right and the wrong,

And the heat of the battle is borne by the strong;

But no matter how small or unfit for the field,

Or how feeble or graceless the weapon you wield,

Oh, fail not, until the last enemy's gone,

To stand up and show them which side you are on.

—Anna R. Henderson, in *Our Youth*.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

TWO QUEER ANIMALS.

IN Abingdon Square, in the city of New York, in the stable of Mr. Taggart, a wealthy gentleman, stands a very funny horse, whose name is Yum Yum. This horse was born in the city of Hong Kong, in China, in 1883, and brought by a sea captain to Boston about a year since, where he was sold, and afterwards taken to New York, where the late Gen. Lee Yu Du purchased him. Upon the death of the General, Mr. Taggart came into possession of him, and keeps him for a saddle horse.

The head, neck, and body of this peculiar animal are of the size of a rather large horse; but his limbs, although stout and strong, are very short, and each one is double jointed, so that his gait, when in motion, is unlike that of any other animal. When turning a corner, his legs swing around like pivots, looking as though they were hung on hinges. The head is twenty-eight inches long, full, and well-formed; the neck eleven inches long and sixteen inches thick; height, forty-six inches; front legs twenty-nine, and the hind ones twenty-eight, inches; and the length of the body is just sixty inches. It is not known that there is another authentic instance of equal opposition in measurements to the laws of nature.

On the Courtlandt street ferry boats, which carry teams and passengers from Jersey City to New York City, every day may be seen a span of large and fine brown mules, hitched to a heavy truck loaded with tobacco stems. They are the property of Lorillard & Co., manufacturers of chewing tobacco and cigars, whose factory is in Jersey City. The tobacco stems are hauled to a snuff factory in New York City, to be ground up into snuff, which is then shipped to the Southern States, and purchased by men and women who have become addicted to the degrading habit of "dipping."

The team of mules have been in the service of this company for over eight years, and were early taught to chew tobacco, so that now they are inveterate users of the filthy weed. In the South, where tobacco is grown, no animal will even smell of the growing plant; but the tobacco merchant's mules have become so depraved that they crave the weed as much as could an inveterate tobacco drunkard. Every day, as soon as the team reaches the ferry boat, the driver takes a large bundle of stems and leaves from his load, and feeds both mules, they testifying their delight by loud whinnies and brays. Crowds of passengers always congregate to witness the unnatural performance, and the driver acts as though he felt as proud of their proficiency as he ought had he taught them some useful and sensible lesson.

W. S. C.

BREVITY AND DISPATCH.

I PICKED up one of the daily papers the other day, and read this item: "The Arounder dropped into the post-office yesterday to post a letter, and while buying his stamp, saw a boy slowly counting a sheet of two-cent stamps. Any ordinary person, to be sure the stamps were the right number, would have counted how many there were in the top row, counted the number of rows, multiplied, and got the result. Not so the boy. Patiently he told over every stamp on the sheet until he had ascertained there were just a hundred, when he sighed for relief, and trotted away."

Now, a boy who would waste time like that can never make his mark in this busy world. In doing any work, we all want to do it the best way, but we must learn next how to do it the best way in the least time. We must learn to use the multiplication table in everything we do.

One afternoon this week I got into a car on the elevated road going up-town. As I stepped into the car, I saw the top of a small felt hat between two of the cross-seats. I took one of the seats across the aisle. On his knees was a bright-eyed newsboy, about eleven or twelve years old. He was busily folding papers. Every paper was folded perfectly even, and carefully creased in the middle; after folding about two-thirds of what he had, he wrapped them in a piece of black oilcloth, but wrapped in such a way that he could easily get at them. The remainder were as carefully creased and folded, and laid in a pile outside of the others.

"Why do you not put them inside with the others?" I asked.

"'Cause then I could not reach them so fast. I don't want 'em all to get wet. I'll keep the rest dry till these are gone," and he left the car whistling, going out into the fog and rain.

Another thing I noticed. Before our train went out of the station, the down train came in, with the front platform covered with newsboys, who were pushing and elbowing one another, and left the train, yelling like young Comanches. The newsboy in our train looked up with a smile, and said, "Some of them fellows will get left."

"Why?" I asked.

"I'll sell most of my papers before them fellows gets them. I always get down early. Ye catch the fellows then that leave their up-town offices early."

I feel pretty sure that boy will be more than a newsboy before he is much older. He was careful, prompt, and alert. He would use the multiplication table in business instead of addition.—*Christian Union*.

THE PRAYING CORNER.

A MISSIONARY once preached the gospel to some negroes in Africa, and many became praying, believing Christians.

As they lived in huts, however, they could find no place for private prayer, and consequently each chose a spot in a little wood, where he could be alone and pray. In the course of time a path became worn to each of these spots, and when any one of them neglected his prayers, the others would remind him by saying, "Brother, the grass grows on your path."

I am afraid many boys and girls need reminding in the same way. It is a great help always to pray in the same place, even if it be only a particular corner of the room. The familiar spot brings to our minds the use we put it to, and serves in some measure to fix our wandering thoughts.—*Young Reaper*.

WHEN first withdrawn from the mine, the emerald is so soft as to crumble by friction, but it hardens on exposure to the air. It is so rarely perfect that "an emerald without a flaw" has passed into a proverb, and fine specimens are often worth from \$100 to \$200 the carat.

For Our Little Ones.

WHO TOLD?

'T WAS April, balmy, bright,
And men, from early morn
To night, had worked to turn the furrows
Ready for the corn.

And now 'twas planting time,
And Tim knew well indeed
His part would be in every hill
To drop a pumpkin seed.

Ah! how the crows did caw
That bright half holiday;
So free to fly the whole land over,
Near or far away;

While he must plod and stoop
Over his weary round,
Tucking the seeds, hill-top by hill-top,
Safely in the ground.

He sighed: "Who'd ever tell,
Or who would ever know,
If just so many seeds a'n't really
Planted in each row?"

No one! And so he dug
Out a great hollow space,
And heaped the whole field's future
pumpkins
Together in one place.

Who did tell? No one. But
When sun and sweet, warm rain
Had made the cornfield's long, brown
furrows
Green with growing grain,

In one far corner grew
A most amazing mass
Of stems and leaves, that told the
story
Only too well, alas!

Rank, twisted stems, and broad,
Coarse leaves in tangles grew;
And how they came there, who had
done it,
All the people knew.

They knew and laughed. To him
It was a dreadful spot;
And how even seeds can talk, he never
In all his life forgot.

—Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, in
Our Little Ones.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE GUINEA-PIG.

MAY be you will wonder if there is anything in a name when I tell you that here is an animal that is called a pig, when it is no pig at all; and is called *Guinea-Pig*, although its native home is thousands of miles from Guinea, which is a country in Africa.

The Guinea-Pig was brought from the northeastern part of South America, from that part of it known as Guiana, or Guyana (pronounced Ge-ā-nā); hence it would seem that it should have been called *Guiana-Pig* instead of *Guinea-Pig*.

I don't make out why it was called pig, though, unless because it squeals some like one; or else because its hair, although very fine, looks some like hog's bristles.

The Guinea-Pig belongs to the family of Rodents, which means animals that gnaw, like the squirrel, rat, rabbit, beaver, and many others. It lives wholly upon vegetables, and it is quite pleasing to see it sitting up like the squirrel to eat, holding its food in its forepaws. Pigs do not eat in this way.

You can always tell which animals are rodents, for between their front and side teeth there is a space in the jaw where there are no teeth. You who have pet squirrels, white mice, or rats, see if this is not so.

The Guinea-Pig is about the size of a large rat. It has a short tail, pretty brown eyes, and its skin is white, covered with orange and black spots of different sizes. Because it is pretty-looking and harmless, I suppose is the reason that many keep it as a pet. It is stupid, and so is easily tamed.

Here is what you may wish to remember about the Guinea-Pig:—

1. There was a mistake made when giving the animal a name.
2. It is a quadruped, because it has four feet.
3. It is a mammal, because the baby pigs feed on milk.

4. It is a rodent, because it gnaws like the rabbit, and has a "great toothless gap in each jaw." It sits upon its haunches, and holds its food in its forepaws, a thing pigs do not do.

Then you may like to know that it lies upon its stomach, and turns around two or three times before it settles down, like the dog; that it moves about like the rabbit; that when it fights, it rears up like a horse; and that it washes itself like the cat, and is a very cleanly animal.

M. J. C.

JOHNNY'S LOST DOLLAR.

By hook and crook, and many hard knocks, such as turning the grindstone, pulling cockle out of the wheat, and taking medicine when he was sick, Johnny Brown had picked up quite a fortune, as it seemed to

So he brushed away the chaff and straw with an old broom, and cleared him a fine space for rolling his precious dollar.

Poor Johnny! The floor was just a little bit shrunken by the long drought; and, the very first roll, the dollar ended by slipping through a crack the width of a straw.

His fortune was lost! Johnny was a beggar! His heart stopped beating; the tears blinded him; his hand shook like his grandfather's.

But the hardy spirit that helped him to earn the money soon braced him up to try to regain it. He fetched a crowbar, and pried up the heavy plank, and looked down into the blackness under the barn.

"Nothing but dark, dark, dark, and may be toads and snakes and things," thought Johnny. It was plain that he must have a light.

He ran to the house in a great hurry, for fear something might swallow his dollar while he was gone. Into the pantry he went, and took a tallow candle out of the candle-box, and a few matches from the safe.

As he went out of the kitchen door, his mother saw him, and asked what he was going to do with the candle.

Johnny very honestly told his mother all about his bad luck; and his mother shook him a little, then scolded him, and finally ended by pitying him.

Just then his father came in, and asked what ailed Johnny.

Mrs. Brown told him all about it.

Mr. Brown scolded some, of course; but he did not shake Johnny, nor pity him.

"Let's go to the barn, and see what can be done about it," he said to Johnny. "But you needn't bring that candle along; I can't have the barn burned up for a dollar!" So they went to the barn, and both of them got down upon their knees and peered into the dark, and got hay seed in their hair, and dust in their eyes, and cobwebs on their clothes. "No use," said Mr. Brown; "it's gone. Come, help me put back the plank."

But, instead of helping to replace the plank, Johnny cried so loudly that the school-teacher, who was walking down the road, heard him, and went up to the barn to see what was the matter.

"I had a dollar,—a—gold dollar, and it's lost," Johnny told him. And Mr. Brown ex-

plained the matter, and added that "it would not do to go down under the barn with a light, as there was so much dry litter about."

"You never studied natural philosophy, did you, Johnny?" said the schoolmaster. "Now I am going to give you a short lesson in practical optics, if you will go to the house, and borrow two looking-glasses of your mother."

Johnny went on the run, and soon came back with the little looking-glass from the spare bedroom under one arm, and the cracked one from the kitchen under the other.

The schoolmaster took them from Johnny, and going out in front of the open barn-door, leaned one of the mirrors at such an angle as to throw a dazzling beam of sunshine into the dusky barn. Securing the glass in position, he went into the barn, and standing near the opening in the floor, he held the other glass in such a way as to catch the beam of sunlight and throw it downward through the opening.

"Come, Johnny," he called; "now look for your dollar!"

And Johnny came, and dropped upon his knees, and looked intently.

"Please make your sun shine a little farther the other way," Johnny said; and the brilliant light moved slowly along.

"I see it! I see it! I see it!" cried Johnny, as loud as he could; and swift as a flash, forgetting all about "toads and snakes and things," he slipped under the



him when reckoned in cents; for he had *one whole dollar!*

Don't you think that much? Well, my dear little fellow, how much money did *you* ever earn and *lay up*? Johnny never had a cent given him in his life; he earned his money like a man. But I must now tell you the story of what became of Johnny's earnings.

Johnny poured his cents out of the little tin box which he used for a safe (he had no brazen frog to swallow his cents), counted them carefully, tumbled them into his trousers' pocket, with much unnecessary jingle, and walked into town, where he exchanged them at the bank for a gold dollar.

He could not but feel that he had made a poor trade, as he walked home through the dust and heat,—a pocketful of money for that little yellow scale of gold.

As he trudged along, every now and then he tossed his shining treasure a few feet ahead of himself in the most careless way in the world, and then, when about to step over it, would *accidentally* catch a glimpse of it, and seize it with great ado, and brush the dust off till it shone again, and stare at it, and study the very few words on it, and throw it up and catch it, and do all sorts of queer things, as most boys do with their first money.

When Johnny had got home, he had not seen quite enough of his dollar; and so, before he showed it to his folks, he thought he would have one nice little play with it on the threshing-floor of the big barn.

barn, and in a trice up popped his little brown fist, with a gleam of gold between the closed fingers, followed by a very happy face, in spite of its netting of cobwebs.

"I've got it! I've got it!" cried Johnny.

So, you see, it wasn't so bad a case, after all; and I think Johnny will want to study natural philosophy, and learn more about optics, after this.—*Lloyd Wyman.*

A GREAT TROUBLE.

"Oh dear, I have dreadful trouble!" sighed Dolly Sweet. "It seems as if I couldn't bear it. Nobody knows how I feel."

"What great wave of sorrow has rolled over you now, Puss?" asked brother Ben, looking up from his Latin. "Is your cake all dough?"

"You know I haven't any cake. You are laughing at me. You'd think it was trouble!" sobbed Dolly.

"Tell me all about it," said Ben. "Who knows but I may find a way out of it?"

"There isn't any way out of it," said the little girl. "You see mamma has got the idea that I am careless. 'Tisn't so; I'm just as careful, but some way my things get out of sight. Last week one of my rubber overshoes got lost, and then I couldn't find one of my new red mittens, and my handkerchiefs are always losing; and so mamma said if I lost any thing more, I should have to earn the money and pay for it. She said 't would teach me to be careful."

"Your mother is wise; it's a good plan," laughed Ben. "But I wouldn't cry yet."

"You don't know the worst," said Dolly. "This morning I borrowed mamma's pearl-handled pen-knife, and to-night I put it into my pocket just as careful, and 'tisn't there, and mamma says I'll have to pay a dollar."

"Did she know you borrowed it?" asked Ben. Dolly hung her head.

"I asked her if I could take it to sharpen my pencil," she said, very low; "but may be she didn't know how I wanted to take it to school."

"I should think not," said Ben. "But how will you earn the money? I've got a little I could lend you."

"Mamma says I've got to earn it," said Dolly. "She'll pay three cents every time I wipe the supper dishes, and four cents if I go without dessert for dinner. How long will it take to earn a dollar?"

"Just about two weeks," answered Ben, "if you don't miss any days."

There were signs of another tear-shower, which the kind brother hastened to avert.

"I don't see as I can wipe your dishes, or divide my pudding with you," he said, "for in that case I suppose you couldn't earn your money; but I'll do this: whenever you wipe the dishes clean and bright, without any tears or frowns, I'll give you a ride down the long hill on my 'Traverse.' Will that help any, Puss?"

"Oh goody!" cried Dolly, the tears giving place to smiles.

"And I'll give you the first one now," said Ben. "Put on your wraps, and we'll have a jolly ride."

When Dolly came back, her face was so bright you would not suppose she had ever had any trouble.

For two long weeks she wiped the supper dishes and went without dessert for dinner. It was hard, and they all pitied her; but there came a day at last when Dolly stood before her mother, with a bright face.

"There, mamma, I've earned the dollar to pay for the knife," she said, "and I'm so glad."

"I am glad, too," said mamma. "And I think, little daughter, that you are improving. You haven't lost anything for a week—have you?"

"No," said the little girl, "only a lead pencil; but I most lost a button off my cloak. Will you please sew it on? I put it into my pocket."

"I don't find it," said mamma, looking in all the pockets.

"I surely put it there," said Dolly.

"You said you put the knife into your pocket, but—why, here is a hole!"

Mrs. Sweet ripped a larger hole, and put her hand between the outside and lining, and took out two pencils, three chocolate creams, the missing button, and the lost knife.

"Oh! oh!" cried Dolly. "I did put it there, mamma, and now I've paid it besides."

"Well, dear," said mamma, "here is a little notebook I will give you, and you shall write it down whenever you lose anything, and, also, what you earn by extra work or self-denial, and we will balance accounts once a month. You will have a dollar on the credit side to begin with."

"How nice!" cried Dolly. "And will you pay me all the money that's left over?"

"Certainly I will," said mamma.

Dolly clapped her hands. "I'll have lots of money for next Christmas!" she said. "You just wait and see."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Sabbath-School.

THIRD SABBATH IN APRIL.
APRIL 20.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 16.—THE ARK—ITS USE AND SIGNIFICANCE.

INTRODUCTION.—This lesson is a direct continuation of the subject of the preceding.

QUESTIONS WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS.

1. NAME the articles of furniture that were in the tabernacle? Ex. 25:10, 23, 31; 30:1.
2. According to what were they fashioned? Ex. 25:40.
3. Of what were they representations? Heb. 9:21-23.
4. Have any of these articles been seen in the true tabernacle in heaven? Rev. 11:19; 1:12; 8:3.
5. Describe the ark? Ex. 25:10-12.
6. Tell what the covering of the ark was called, and describe it. Verses 17, 21, first part.
7. What was upon the mercy-seat, or cover of the ark? Verses 18-20.
8. In what part of this tabernacle was God's presence specially manifested? Verse 22; Num. 7:89; 8:1.
9. What do we read of the real throne of God? Ps. 11:4; 99:1; see also Eze. 1.
10. Since the tabernacle was a figure of the true sanctuary in heaven, what must have been signified by the ark with its covering, from which God spoke? Ans.—The throne of God in heaven.

The cover of this sacred chest [the ark] was the mercy-seat, made of solid gold. On each end of the mercy-seat was fixed a cherub of pure, solid gold. Their faces were turned towards each other, and were looking reverentially downward toward the mercy-seat; which represents all the heavenly angels looking with interest and reverence to the law of God deposited in the ark in the heavenly sanctuary. . . . The ark of the earthly sanctuary was the pattern of the true ark in heaven. There, beside the heavenly ark, stand living angels, at either end of the ark, each with one wing overshadowing the mercy-seat, and stretching forth on high, while the other wings are folded over their forms, in token of reverence and humility.—*Great Controversy*, vol. 1.

11. What was placed in the ark in the earthly sanctuary? Ex. 25:16, 21; Deut. 10:4, 5.
12. Remembering that everything about the earthly sanctuary was a representation of things in the heavens, what must we conclude from the fact that the tables containing the ten commandments were placed in the ark, from above which God spoke? Ans.—That the law of God—the ten commandments—is underneath the throne of God in heaven.
13. What statements have we to this effect? Ps. 89:14; 97:2.

In the Hebrew translation of the Old Testament scriptures, the most accurate, probably, of any translation of the original Hebrew, the words "prop" and "support" are used in place of the word "habitation" in the King James version. The Revised Version uses the word "foundation" in the same place. The language appears to be figurative rather than literal.

14. What are the commandments of God declared to be? Ps. 119:172.
15. Whose righteousness are they? Isa. 51:6, 7.
16. Since the law is the foundation of his throne, how enduring must it be? Ps. 36:5, 6; 111:7, 8; 119:160.
17. To what would the abolition of the law of God be equivalent? Ans.—To the overthrow of the government of God.
18. Then is it conceivable that the law can be abolished or changed?

It is absolutely inconceivable that the law of God should be abolished, or changed in the slightest particular. It is the righteousness of God, and that cannot be different from what it is. It is his will, and God changes not. It is the foundation of his throne, his government, and that cannot change, because he is "from everlasting to everlasting." There is just one thing that the Bible declares that God cannot do: "He cannot deny himself." He cannot be other than he is. And so it is absolutely impossible for the omnipotent God himself to change or abrogate his law, for in so doing he would deny himself; he would change his character, his will, and his government, and would cease to be God. But this is inconceivable; and so we repeat that it is absolutely inconceivable that the law of God should be abolished or changed.

Letter Budget.

DEAN BROWN, of Shasta Co., Cal., sends a letter so long that we can print but a part of it. He writes: "I am ten years old. I have two brothers and four sisters older than myself, and two sisters younger. My mother has been keeping the Sabbath twelve years, and has taught it to the children. There are only three Sabbath-keepers in the Valley besides our family. A Sabbath-school was organized at the Dana Hall last April. I love the school, and attend regularly. I try to earn something for the missions, and for the support of the Sabbath-school. We have two classes and ten members. Mother reads the INSTRUCTOR to me, and I like the letters very much. I can see by them that there are other little boys and girls who are trying to keep God's law, that they may have a home in the new earth. I am trying hard to be a good boy. My brother John killed a California lion on the mountain about three miles south of our house, last spring. It measured eight feet from the end of its tail to the tip of its nose, and weighed 125 pounds—a very large cat. My brother was hunting deer at the time, and killed the lion with one shot from his Winchester rifle. I got my mother to write this for me."

MAGGIE TAYLOR sends a letter from Texas Co., Texas. She says: "We hardly ever see a letter from this State, so I thought I would write one, and I hope you will print it. I am eleven years old. My home is in Corsicana, but I have been in Denton two weeks, at the State Depository. I help in wrapping books, etc., to send away, and I am glad to have the privilege, for I want to learn to be a worker in the cause. I have been doing some missionary work by sending out papers and writing letters. I believe there is something for children to do as well as for older ones. There are eight in our family at home, and we all keep the Sabbath. I go to Sabbath-school there, but we have none here, and I miss it. I learn lessons and recite them though, so as not to fall behind my class. We take the INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. It is both interesting and instructive. I am trying to be a good girl, because I know this will please my Saviour."

PETER COLE, of Dakota Co., Neb., writes: "I am eleven years old. I am not going to tell you that I am a little boy, as many do, because my age will tell you I am not very big. I am not going to tell you that I am a good little boy, because I am just as bad as most boys of my age; but I am trying to be good. I used to be the best scholar in my class, but the other scholars got excited, and study so hard that I have hard work to keep even. I am not ahead any more. I will try to get into the INSTRUCTOR class soon as I can. Our church is only forty rods from where we live. We live in the timber, on the Missouri River Bottom, a few miles from the little town of Jackson, after which our church was named. The river overflowed last spring, and because the water was nearly two feet deep around the church, we did not go to meeting one Sabbath. As soon as the water went down, we walked on the ice to church. It looked hard to see barrels, washtubs, etc., lying along the fences and in low places. I send my love to all the boys and girls of the Budget family, and hope we shall meet in heaven."

The next letter is from ORPHA MAY LOOP, of Oceana Co., Mich. She says: "As I have never written to the Budget, I thought I would like to do so. We have to go nearly five miles and a half to Sabbath-school, yet I go with my papa and mamma nearly every Sabbath. I have four missionary chickens, which will be big enough to lay next summer. When they lay, I shall sell the eggs and send the money to the mission fund. I went to camp-meeting a year ago. We wanted to go again last fall, but could not. I shall try to get money to send the INSTRUCTOR to one of my friends in California. We lived in that State almost two years once. It is a very nice country. If it is the Lord's will, papa intends to go back sometime. We went to camp-meeting when we were in California. I send love to all the INSTRUCTOR family."

OSCAR OLMSTEAD, of Shiawassee Co., Mich., sends a nicely printed letter. It reads: "I am a little boy past seven years old. I keep the Sabbath with papa and ma. I learn lessons in Book No. 2. There are four in my class. The little ones often choose a subject for a Bible reading, to be read in Sabbath-school. We read the texts ourselves, and any one in the school reads the answer. My papa works away from home most of the time, and when he is gone, I feed the cow and chickens. I go to school, and read in the third reader. I want to be a good boy, and be saved when Jesus comes."

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