

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 37.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL 17, 1889.

No. 16.

"YE ARE THE TEMPLE OF GOD."

WHEN the beautiful temple was builded,
No sound of the hammer was there,
For the timbers and stones were made ready
In the Lebanon mountains afar.

There were pillars of strength and of beauty,
Foundations of grandeur untold;
There were towers that shone in the sunlight,
And ceilings o'erlaid with pure gold.

But in silence the structure was builded;
No sound of the hammer was made,
Till with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it,"
In triumph its capstone was laid.

Do you know that the heavenly temple
In perfect proportions shall rise?
That each stone must be fitted and polished
To blaze from its niche in the skies?

Do you know that each lover of Jesus
A place in that temple shall share?
That the humblest and weakest disciple
Unspeakable glory shall wear?

But the process of grace must prepare us,
In secret, in silence, below,
Till, "made perfect through suffering" and sorrow,
To shine in that temple we go.

In that palace of heavenly beauty
No change nor decay shall we see;
For God is its light and its glory,
"Its Builder and Maker" is he.

Then we'll joyfully wait for his coming,
Each one in our own lowly place,
Redeemed by his perfect atonement,
Made faultless and fair by his grace.

—Christian Weekly.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

LEBANON.

FORMING the northern boundary of Palestine, is the region of territory known as Lebanon. It was given to the Israelites to possess, but was never completely conquered by them. It consists of the celebrated mountain ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, the former extending along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea from the Litany River (anciently called Leontes), on the south, to the Nahr el-Kebir on the north. Running parallel with this chain, a few miles farther to the east, is the Anti-Lebanon range, meaning the range opposite Lebanon proper.

In Scripture, the eastern range as well as the western is sometimes called by the general name, Lebanon, and once is called "Lebanon toward the sun-rising."

The original word for Lebanon means "to be white," and was given these mountains either, from the whiteness of the snow which lay upon their summits several months during the year, or else from the white color of the limestone cliffs and peaks. Good authors tell us that the highest mountains nearly always have a name meaning white; as for instance, Mt. Blanc, which means snowy; Ben Nevis, snowden; Alps, from alb, white, etc.

In height, these mountains range from 6,000 to 8,000 feet, the highest peak, however, being over 10,000 feet. Of the Anti-Lebanon Mountains, the celebrated Mt. Hermon is the highest peak.

Both these mountain ranges run from southwest to northeast, a distance of some eighty or ninety miles, and are separated by a deep, fertile valley, from five to eight miles wide, through which flow rivers, at some points forming the most magnificent scenery.

The central ridge of Lebanon is nearly barren, showing its limestone formation, from which jut now and then white points of rock of various shapes. Farther down, on a line of 6,000 feet, cultivation be-

gins, and although the surface of the soil is so broken by ragged and perpendicular rocks that the "tillage is carried on chiefly by means of terraces, built up with great labor, and covered above with soil," its cultivation is truly marvelous, every available space being put to the best use.

"When one looks upward from below, vegetation on these terraces is not seen, so that the whole mountain side appears as if composed of immense rugged masses of naked, whitish rock, severed by deep, wild ravines, running down precipitously to the plain." Some portions of the mountains are "covered with naked limestone, which time and the elements have chiseled into fantastic shapes."

of wealth in all the adjacent countries. Sometimes, too, it was conveyed long distances by water. You remember that it was from these forests that King Solomon obtained cedar for his palaces, as also cedar and stones for the temple. Please read the entertaining description of the building of the temple in Kings and Chronicles.

The glory of Lebanon has departed. And the holy and beautiful house, builded of its stones and cedars, with its worshipers—where are they? Let the Saviour answer—"Behold your house is left unto you desolate." Matt. 3:28. And again, as he viewed the temple in company with his disciples, he said, "Verily, I say unto you, There shall not be left here



Here the vine, the fig and olive trees, find nestling places, and by their luxuriance, add beauty and enchantment. "Villages are built amid labyrinths of rocks, and in some places cling like swallows' nests to the sides of the cliffs."

I have space to notice but a few of Lebanon's interesting features, yet must not pass by its forests of cedar, which were anciently its glory. So far as can be ascertained at the present time, this tree is confined to the valley of the Kedisha River, which enters the sea at the port of Tripoli; and although two or three centuries ago there could be counted 400 trees, the number is now reduced to less than a dozen. It is thought from the "size and general appearance of those that remain, that they existed in Biblical times." If this tree constituted Lebanon's chief glory, surely it is passing away.

The cedar is mentioned in many Scripture texts, but reference is not always to the cedar of Lebanon, which is esteemed above all others for its great durability, its commanding height, and a breadth many times even greater than its height, thus indicating great depth of root. And thus it is that the Scriptures so frequently compare the righteous to the cedar of Lebanon,—they are "fixed as the hills in strength."

The great durability of this wood adapts it to building purposes, and so it was sought for by men

one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." Matt. 24:2.

May we learn wisdom from the things others have suffered, lest we be left to grope our way in darkness.

M. J. C.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

SOME weeks ago we spoke of a little boy who said "Oh, dear!" every time anything went wrong with him; and now we want the children who say "I can't" to read what we now write. In the other article the name of Laura Bridgman was mentioned as an instance of what disabled persons can accomplish by patience and perseverance. We will now tell you something about her.

When Charles Dickens came to America, he happened to ramble into the vicinity of Harmony, New Hampshire, and there saw Laura, and learned her history. She was then about five years old. On his return to England, he wrote a book about our country, naming it "American Notes." In it he so touchingly told the history of Laura Bridgman that many good people became interested in her. Among these were Mr. Longfellow, the poet, and Dr. S. G. Howe, the director of the Perkins Institution and Massa-

chusetts School for the Blind. These, in company with others, visited Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman, and finally persuaded them to give the child into Dr. Howe's care, who carried her to the Institution. She was then eight years old.

Laura was born Dec. 21, 1829, and is now, therefore, about 60 years of age. She was a delicate child, subject to convulsions; but when eighteen months old, she grew stronger, and remained so for about seven months. Then all the children of the family were stricken down with scarlet fever. All died but Laura. As the result of this terrible fever, she lost her sight and hearing; and as though that was not enough, the sense of taste and smell forsook her. The poor little baby was left with only a wasted body and a wide-awake brain, and with none of the ordinary means of outward communication with the world. Almost any one would have believed it better for such a child to die, as she could be nothing but a burden upon others as long as she should live. The result has proved otherwise, however.

At five years of age her health had been restored, but she had but one sense left,—that of touch; and clinging always to her mother, resting her hand lightly on the hand of this devoted parent, she learned to detect all that it was desired she should do. In this way she learned to sew, knit, and braid. Pushing she learned meant "go;" pulling, "come;" a pat on the head, approval, on the elbow, error, and on the back, disapproval. This was her condition when she entered the Perkins Institute.

"The first lessons this child received were very interesting. Dr. Howe had the names of common household objects, such as 'knife,' 'spoon,' 'fork,' 'chair,' 'table,' etc., printed in raised letters, such as are used for the blind. Then he had the objects also labeled with the same names. First he gave her the word 'knife,' and made her feel it as the blind feel letters in reading. Then he gave her a knife, and let her feel the word labeled upon it. This he did with all the other articles, until he thought she knew the difference. Then, taking the labels from off all the articles, he would give her a label, and get her to put it on the article it designated, or, giving her the article, would get her to put it on the table. Then he would give her the word 'table.' He would let her work around until she would understand to put it on the table. In this way he taught her that objects had names, and how to apply them.

"When proficient in this practice, he had type made, and taught her to spell and form the words she had learned with them. She learned it readily and eagerly, and it was a great step in advancement. Yet Dr. Howe said that all this Laura learned as a dog learns tricks from his master. It was imitation without understanding. They undertook then to teach her the manual alphabet—commonly called the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. The teacher formed each letter, which Laura now knew from her type, with the fingers, but of one hand only. By resting her hand easily on the teacher's, Laura caught the movements, and so learned to use them herself. When she did right, they patted her head; when she did wrong, they knocked her elbow.

"Dr. Howe said he knew the very moment that Laura first understood, when being taught the manual alphabet, that by this means she could communicate with the world. He said the knowledge of understanding came in an instant, and her face filled with an unspeakable radiance that he could never forget. I think that look of—yes, heavenly happiness, repaid him for all his tender patience with his protégée. Can one imagine the delight Laura Bridgman must have felt when, in her sealed casket, she found by the movements of her fingers she could communicate with the world; that she could express the thoughts and ask the questions which had gathered there unanswered since her birth? Is it surprising that this hungry soul would eagerly grasp every new word and never forget it; and that she never tired of conversation? Her progress was marvelous, and she was soon able to read books for the blind and to write letters to her parents, whom she could not see or hear. Think what a pleasure it is to us to communicate with our friends who are very far away. Think, then, if we were among them and unable to see or hear or speak, what would be our rapture when we could communicate with them from a distance more terrible than all the miles we could count."

Laura is now almost sixty years of age. She is delicate and fragile, but enjoys perfect health. She always dresses herself, and with exquisite neatness. She has the primness of a dear little old maid. All the noted people who come to the White Mountains call upon her; even the Crown Prince of England did so, and many other distinguished foreigners. She makes a great deal of lace. A lady visitor describes

some she made for a customer who sent from California for it:—

"I took the lace from her outstretched hand, and examined it curiously. It was probably four inches deep, and made of No. 80 white cotton. The pattern was very difficult and pretty, and was done—as is all Laura's work—perfectly. It would require a very skillful woman, even with perfect sight, to make such lace.

"If she drops a stitch, and the matron puts it on, Laura can tell instantly if the thread is on right or wrong. What is hardly perceptible to the sight is very plain to her dainty touch.

"I expressed a desire to obtain a sample of her work, which was told her. She caught her breath with a little happy sound, and told the matron that she had none now, all having been sold, even this she was making. She makes samples of lace, which visitors are eager to buy as mementos of her skill. She has a great desire to be useful, and delights in the idea of earning money and accumulating it. She always gives her autograph with every mat she sells, with the price marked on it. To feel that, with her indescribable afflictions, she is useful and capable, is bliss to her.

"She sells her photographs to visitors, and asked if I cared to have one. I had hardly said 'yes,' when she went to get them, and trustfully handed me a package to select from. Thirty cents, she said, was the price. I gave her thirty-five cents. She felt the money, then with a little hurried noise informed the matron that I had given her five cents too much. She can tell money from the touch as quickly as I can by sight.

"Another rush from the room and upstairs. This time she had gone to her purse, and returned with the right change. She now offered to write her autograph for me, and for the purpose she brought from the next room a sheet of note paper and a covered pad. The pad she placed on her knee, and with a lead pencil wrote her name and 'a motto,' as she said. This pad has slight grooves in it, which keep her lines straight. She places two fingers on the groove and quickly makes the letters, pushing her fingers close to the pencil, so that she will not run one letter on to another. It did not require any more time for her to write her autograph than it does for any one else. After it was written, she tore the paper across, and gave me the part written on, which is here reproduced.

God is love
Laura G. Bridgman

"Her duties at the institution are not few, because she is desirous to be useful. She is never idle, though lacking little of sixty years. She rises early, when the others do. She does all the dusting in the Fisher cottage, where she is living this year. Every year she is changed from one cottage to another, so that the responsibility of those in charge—who must be her tongue—is equal. The matron says no one could dust better, and that Laura never knocks down any little bits of china which decorate the room, or any photographs. She attends to her wardrobe, knits lace, crochets mats and all sorts of such work. It is also her duty to assist in the workroom where the blind pupils are taught to sew. Her duty is to thread all the needles and to examine the work, which she does very carefully with her all-seeing fingers; and what one with sight would probably pass as 'pretty good' she carefully undoes, and makes the worker do it over until perfect. She threads the needles by placing the eye on her tongue and deftly rolling the thread into it.

"She is well educated, and is constantly thirsty for a knowledge of the doings of the world which she is in and yet so far removed from. She spends much of her time in reading the Bible and a dictionary, and likes to have books and magazines and newspapers read to her. Any subject that it is thought might bring her sadness by realizing her isolation, is carefully avoided. They all say that Laura does not realize what she has missed in life. She is always cheerful, happy, and affectionate to her nearest friends.

"Laura Bridgman's diary and all her writings, which are considered very valuable from a scientific point of view, are kept in the archives of the institution. Those who are interested in such studies as the human mind may be pleased to know that it is proven by Laura Bridgman's case—her now-told recollections of her early childhood—that she thought before conversation was possible. Another interesting fact was proven—that she had no innate idea of a God or a Supreme Being. She has dreams the same as any one else, but she never dreams that she can see

or hear or speak. If restless at night, she will talk in her sleep with her fingers."

Now, children, whenever tempted to say "I can't," stop; think of Laura Bridgman, and how she educated herself, became happy and useful, with but one out of the seven senses. Then say, "I'll try."

W. S. C.

EXPERIENCE.

WE aim, we hope, we strive, and then we fail,—

When, lo! the way to win we clearly see;

Why should we, then, our overthrow bewail?

Defeat gives us the key to victory!

When comes another chance, to-day, next year,

Shall we, successful, count experience dear?

—Youth's Companion.

THOSE THREE PENNIES.

A CLERGYMAN told this story about himself the other day, and it is true from beginning to end.

He said that when he was a little fellow, he was playing one winter day with some of his boy friends, when three pennies, belonging to one of them, suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try as they would, they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search, much to the disappointment of the one who owned them.

"The next day," said the clergyman who was telling us the story, "I happened to be going by the spot, when suddenly I spied the three coins we had been looking for. The snow which had covered them the day before had melted, and there they lay in full view. I seized them, and put them into my pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them; and when conscience would not keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of me, and above all what God thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie R— had given up thinking about his three pennies by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

"Well, to make my long story short, I spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then those three pennies would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They would come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me; and so I gave myself to him, and finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now perhaps you may think my trouble was over. But no; every now and then 'those three pennies' would come into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were 'those three pennies' right in the way.

"At last I saw what God had all along been trying to make me see—that I must tell Charlie R— that I had taken them! To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I; but no matter. God told me, as plainly as I am telling you now, that till I had done this, he could not bless me. So, then and there, I sat down and wrote to Charlie, inclosing in my note a shilling—the three pennies with interest. Since then I have had peace, and God has blessed me."

Boys and girls, a very little may come between you and God. What are your "three pennies"? God will show you, if he has not already. Never let any sin, however small, come between you and him. Confess it right away, and he will make you clean. You should try so to live that you may be always sure of the smile of Jesus. Then you will be happy, and then you can be blessed.—S. S. Advocate.

A WISE CHOICE.

A CHILD in Burmah was permitted by his parents to go to a mission school because they wished him to learn to read. By and by, they found he was losing faith in the idols. This made them feel very bad. So the father took him to one of the gayest of the temples, and showed him the idol covered with gold and silver ornaments, surrounded by flowers and candles and fragrant incense. "Here, said the father, 'is a god you can see, but the Christians cannot show you their God.'"

"Yes," said the child, "we can see your god, but he cannot see us. We cannot see the Christian's God, but he sees us all the time."—Selected.

It is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. Light-houses do not ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining—they just shine.

For Our Little Ones.

TO MY PET.

[In the Country in April.]

THOUGH the south wind roves about,
In the woods all warm and wet,
And the sun shines on my doubt,
I remember winter yet;
I'm too tired to go out,
You go for us both, my pet.

There's one growing in the wood
With a message of spring hope;
Go and find it! a pink bud
Growing on a southern slope.
All the winds of May would miss it,
If you plucked it for my sake;
Stoop down softly, dear, and kiss it,

Like a babe you would not wake!
Kiss it! you'll bring home, I think,
On your lips the May-flower's pink.

If a wee white violet,
In the edge of some gray thicket,
Smiles a timid smile, my Pet,
Smile again, but do not pick it.
Pass on then, and after-while
When you bring me such a smile,
Timid, wistful, guileless, tender,
I shall know who was the sender.

If you find a starry bluet,
Brave with looking at the sky,
With a mad March wind to woo it,
And a rock to shelter by,
Just nod blithely, boldly to it,
As you're passing by the place,
Just nod frank as if you knew it;
It will laugh up in your face.

Follow where the little rills
Run down singing from the hills;
In their glistening footprints follow
Down into the wooded hollow.
In some silent, sheltered place,
If you find a shadowy grace,
Like the ghost of last year's flower,
Come to haunt an April hour
With its starry, spirit face,
Leave the wind-flower's fragile gem
Trembling on its slender stem,
Pause and look, and leave it gleam-
ing;

Pass by softly, not too near it;
I shall know by your still seeming
You have seen a Blossom's spirit.

Go, dear, search in every thing
For the hidden news of spring!
Come back wondering and wise,
Happy secrets in your eyes,
And a whisper in your mouth,
Like the low wind of the south.
Come! whatever news you bring,
You're my Spirit of the Spring!

—St. Nicholas for April.

WATER-CRESSES.

"WILL you buy some water-
cresses, please?"

Aunt Rachel put on her spec-
tacles, and took a good look at
the little peddler on her doorstep.

"Why, Teddy Armstrong!" she exclaimed, in as-
tonishment.

"Yes, ma'am," said Teddy, soberly.

"Why are you peddling cresses, Ted?"

"Well, I broke a pane of glass because I played ball
when mother had forbidden me, and I've got to earn
the money to pay for it. That's the fiftieth time I've
told it. Everybody says, 'Why, Teddy Armstrong!'
and won't buy a cress till I tell 'em about it."

Aunt Rachel glanced sympathetically at the boy's
downcast, rosy face.

"Come in, Ted. I'll take two quarts every day
of you. I can't help thinking your mother is a wise
woman. Have a cookie? They're fresh from the
oven."

Ted was staring eagerly in the direction of a panful
of crisp cookies.

"Why, yes, Aunt Rachel, thank you; but I was
looking at those crutches. I didn't know you had
crutches!"

Aunt Rachel picked up a pair of crutches which
stood in a corner, and stroked the velvet arm-pads
tenderly.

"My Jem's," she said. "Dead this twelve years."

"And they're just the right length, with spring bot-
toms and everything! You see, Aunt Rachel, I know
a fellow who lives out where I go for cresses, and he's
lame. He has a pair of wooden crutches just like two

poles; but he's outgrown 'em, and his mother can't
get money enough to buy him a pair like those, and if
you do n't want them, why, you know, he might have
them."

Aunt Rachel surveyed the crutches thoughtfully.

"I'll sell 'em to you for a dollar, Ted," she said, at
length. Ted looked at her with a touch of scorn on
his frank face.

"But he's such a poor fellow, Aunt Rachel," he be-
gan.

"Yes," replied Aunt Rachel, "so I thought you
would be pleased to give him these crutches. Isn't
your cress business good?"

"Oh, I see!" said Ted, a little shamefacedly. "In-
deed I would! I'll pay you a dollar for them, and
call to get them to-morrow."

Poor Phil Austin found the new crutches almost
like a new life to him. They were so soft to lean

HOW SHE MADE HIM DO IT.

HARRY was standing in the road, on the way home
from school. There had been a heavy shower an hour
before, and there was a large puddle in the road. He
had a switch, and was switching the water from side
to side.

Nettie came along, and looked very cross at Harry.
"You stop that!" she said.

Harry did not like the way she spoke, nor the look
on her face.

"Say 'please,' and I will," he said.

"I'm not going to say 'please'!"

"Then I shall do it as long as I like."

"I can't get by till you stop."

"Yes, you can. I'm not hindering you."

"You are. I shall get all splashed."

"Then stay where you are. You can't make me
stop if you do want to."

Now, the truth was that
Harry did not care a bit about
switching the water any longer.
If Nettie had spoken pleasantly,
he would have stopped at once.
But now he felt as if he would
stay there all day just to spite
her.

"I shall tell your mother, you
mean boy, if you don't stop,"
went on Nettie.

Harry laughed louder as Net-
tie tried to run by. He gave a
harder switch and laughed
more loudly than ever as he
saw Nettie's white apron
spotted with mud. She scowled
back at him as she went on.

Nettie had just turned a cor-
ner when Ruthie came up.
Harry looked at her a little
sourly, for he did not feel half
so pleasant as he had before
Nettie came.

Do you wonder why? Was
it because Nettie had been
cross? Partly so; for no one
can speak or look cross with-
out leaving a shadow behind.
But Harry felt that he had
been wrong, too, and that is
worse than to suffer wrong
from others.

"Stop a minute, and let me
get by, Harry," said Ruthie.

"I don't have to stop,"
growled Harry.

"But I can't get home till
you let me pass."

"I don't care. You can't
make me stop."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Ruthie,
with a laugh.

"I should like to see you
try," said Harry, holding his
switch tighter than before,
while he looked at Ruthie.
"You're as big as I am; but
who cares for that?"

"I can, though," said Ruthie.

How do you think she did it?

She came nearer, still smiling, and said:—

"Harry, please let me pass. You wouldn't be ugly
to me, I know."

Harry had never thought of an attack of kind
words. If Ruthie had tried to take away his stick,
or to push him out of her way, he would have made a
good fight; but what could he do now?

He gave a little laugh as he stood back to let her
pass, saying:—

"Well, if that's the way you're going to make me,
I guess I'll have to give up."

Try it, little children. You have all seen how one
angry word or look will bring another, and how little
good they do, and how much harm. Try how much
power there is in a gentle word and a smile.—*Sydney*
Dayre.

BABY ELEPHANTS.

WILD elephants live in large herds. Seeing a herd
go by, we should at first think there were no young
ones among them. Looking closer, we might see the
babies trotting along between their mothers' fore-legs.

These strong beasts, that can kill a horse by a blow
of their trunks, are very gentle and kind to their
young. If a little one cries, the whole herd is excited;
if one is tired, the herd halts a few hours, that it may
rest.

Elephants are almost always on the march, not



upon, and jarred him so little. He could get about
in the warm, sweet, spring sunshine for hours every
day.

And Ted peddled cresses manfully till he had paid
for the glass and the crutches, besides interesting half
the town in Phil Austin. The girls carried books and
candy to him, and the boys invited him to all their
games, where he was always an enthusiastic specta-
tor.

Miss Netta Armstrong took him for a charming
phaeton ride, and the butcher whose glass had been
broken sent him three live chickens, for whom Ted
and his friends built a wonderful chicken-house.

When Aunt Rachel was paid for the crutches, she
put the dollar into her pocket, and took it straight
down to Phil as a donation for his chicken business.

"I wouldn't keep it for the world," she said, briskly.
"I only wanted to teach that careless boy a lesson."

"And you have," laughed Ted, popping from be-
hind a tree. "I've worn out a whole pair of shoes
peddling cresses, besides finding out what a good fel-
low Phil is, aren't you, Phil?" affectionately throw-
ing his arm across Phil's shoulder.

"I want you to come to tea to my house soon, both
of you," said Aunt Rachel, kindly. "It puts me so in
mind of my Jem."—*Youth's Companion.*

THERE is no revenge so complete as forgiveness.—
H. M. Shaw.

stopping for hills and rivers. The mothers and babies go before, the fathers come after, and are on the watch for danger. At the first alarm, they throw up their great tusks, and rush forward to protect the weaker ones, and drive off enemies.

When the marching elephants have to cross rocky or hilly places, the mothers lift or push the little ones, helping them up carefully. It is when they come to rivers that they need most attention. Though the water may be deep and swift, the babies plunge in with the old ones, and are not afraid.

They would be swept down stream if left alone. But their mothers and fathers are there. Those too young to swim well climb on the backs of the old ones and ride. Sometimes two are seen sitting astride one old fellow, whose back is all under water out of sight. The little ones look as if they were walking on the water.

The very youngest elephants neither swim nor ride. They are carried across, some grasped in the trunk of the mother, some borne on the tusks of the father, and held above the surface of the water, so they can not drown. Travelers in India see all this; we believe them when they tell us it is a curious sight.—*Our Little Ones.*

TRUANTS.

WHEN the sun was tired and slipped behind a cloud,
All the little rain-drops gathered in a crowd,
Whispering together, "He will never know.
Let us take a holiday. Let us fall below."

When the sun was rested and wandered out, he found
All the little rain-drops fallen to the ground.

"Well," he thought, "I'm sorry; but I'll try to smile,
That will bring them back again in a little while."

—*Companion.*

AUNT PATTY'S DAISY.

DAISY was Aunt Patty's cow. She gave rich milk, and was very gentle. Aunt Patty made a great pet of her, and always milked her herself.

By and by auntie felt too old to take care of her cow and hens and garden, and concluded to go and live in the village with her sister.

The cow was sold to a neighbor, who felt very much pleased to get such a good one as he knew Daisy to be.

But he changed his mind when he tried to milk her. She seemed a very cross cow, indeed. She put down her head, and shook her horns at him, kicked, and sent the pail across the yard. He tried again and again, but it was of no use. She would not let him come near her.

Away he went to Aunt Patty.

"I thought your cow was gentle," said he; "but I can do nothing with her."

Auntie was surprised to hear this of her pet. She thought a minute.

"I'll tell you what to do," she said. "Daisy is used to me, you know, and she does not like a change. Go home, and put on your wife's sun-bonnet and one of her skirts, and I think you will have no trouble."

"May be that is the matter," said the good man, and went home to try the experiment. Sure enough, when he came in sun-bonnet and print skirt, with the pail on his arm, Daisy made no objection. She was as quiet as she had been with Aunt Patty, and gave a pailful of rich, yellow milk.

This is a true story. Her new owner kept her for years, and liked her very much; but it would never do to forget the sun-bonnet.—*Mrs. Mary Johnson.*

DICK AND HIS BLIND FRIEND.

DUMB animals sometimes set us good examples. I will tell you a true story of two horses.

In the town of Cærnford there was a blind horse which one day last summer wandered into the river, and did not know how to get back to dry land.

Now, grazing near by, was a good horse, which the boys called Dick. He saw the blind horse swimming round in a circle in the river, and trying in vain to find the shore.

Dick must have thought to himself, "That poor horse can't see, or he would not act in that way. I will call to him; perhaps he will mind my voice."

So Dick began to neigh as loudly as he could, but still the blind horse did not know which way to turn. Perhaps he was deaf as well as blind; for though Dick would neigh quite loudly, the poor blind horse still could not find his way out of the river.

Then Dick must have thought, "That poor horse will get tired by and by, and sink and drown, if I do not help him."

Then Dick went down to the river, and swam out to where the blind horse was, and touched noses, as much as to say, "Follow me;" and then guided the blind horse safely to the shore.

This kind act was seen by a great many people on the shore, and they cheered loudly as Dick came up on the bank with the blind horse behind him.

I hope you will be as ready to help a friend in need as poor Dick was. We must learn to be kind to one another, for kind acts and kindly feelings will make us happy.—*Selected.*

The Sabbath-School.

FIRST SABBATH IN MAY.

MAY 4.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 18.—UNSANCTIFIED SERVICE, AND THE RESULT.

INTRODUCTION.—This lesson continues the subject of the preceding, bringing out in addition the result of engaging in the service of God without proper mental and physical preparation.

QUESTIONS WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS.

1. WHAT article of furniture was just before the veil of the most holy place in the sanctuary? Ex. 40: 26, 27.

2. How often was incense to be offered on it? Ex. 30: 7, 8.

3. What else was done at the same time? Ex. 29: 38, 39, 42.

4. What reference does David make to this custom? Ps. 141: 1, 2.

5. While the sacrifice and incense were being offered, what did the people do? Luke 1: 8-10.

6. What was signified by the incense? Rev. 5: 8, margin.

7. What commandment did the Lord make concerning the offering of incense upon the altar? Ex. 30: 9.

Special care was to be taken to make no confusion between the offerings belonging to the respective altars, of which the one kind was for *atonement*, the other for *acceptance* only. So when drawing nigh to God in prayer, we are not to bring the fervor of mere animal spirits, which may easily be mistaken for true devotion; but a broken and a contrite heart, which alone sends forth an odor that is well-pleasing to God. Nor are we to imagine that by our prayers, or by anything else that we can bring to God, we can *atone* for sin, or contribute in the least degree toward the efficacy of Christ's atonement. These must be kept quite distinct; and whilst our prayers are offered on the altar of incense, our pleas must be taken solely from the altar of burnt offering.—*Bush.*

8. Who violated this commandment? Lev. 10: 1.

9. How were they punished? Verse 2.

10. What special instruction did the Lord then give Aaron? Verses 8, 9.

11. From this what must we conclude was the cause of the error of Nadab and Abihu? *Ans.*—That they had been drinking wine, and did not fully realize what they were about.

12. Why was it that their perceptions should not be clouded by strong drink? Verse 10.

13. Can an intemperate man properly serve the Lord? 2 Peter 1: 5, 6; 1 Cor. 9: 25.

Selfish gratification, through the force of habit, has reigned almost supreme in the hearts of the human family since the fall of Adam. Satan has slain his thousands and tens of thousands, by causing them to think that God does not mean what he says. They venture to disobey, as did our first parents, and at last find the result is death. The Lord would garrison the hearts of the men of Israel in responsible positions, that they should preserve their reasoning powers, clear to discern between right and wrong in their dealings with the people, and this direct and solemn command was to reach from generation to generation to the close of time. Men who are instructing the people, and are in positions of trust, should ever be men of strictly temperate habits; unless they are, they will not be men of principle, for indulgence of the appetite perverts the senses.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

14. What other instance can you name, where God showed, in a special manner, the difference between holy and common things? 2 Sam. 6: 6, 7.

15. If God could make one portion of fire and one article of furniture holy, could he not also make one day holy above all others?

16. What day has God made holy? Ex. 20: 8-11.

17. Did the fact that Nadab and Abihu used the strange fire in the service of the Lord, make that fire holy?

18. Then can men, by devoting a certain day to religious uses, make it holy if God has not hallowed it? Lam. 3: 37.

19. What curse has God pronounced upon those who put no difference between common and holy things? Isa. 5: 20-24.

Letter Budget.

OUR first letter is from FLOYD L. JOHNSTON. She writes: "I have been taking the INSTRUCTOR five years, and like it very much. I attend Sabbath-school regularly. We have four classes in the school, and we children are trying to do missionary work. We have a children's society, which we have named 'Busy Workers.' We have a secretary and treasurer, and we meet once a week. We make comfortable to sell, sew carpet-rags, make woolen and silk ruches, and do many other kinds of work. When we earn a dollar, we tithe it, and divide the remainder,—one half to be used toward buying us good books to read, and the other half is used for missionary work. In the last quarter we have taken five copies of the *Signs*, which we send to people who will read them. In the last quarter too, we have earned \$18.40, and have paid out \$5.13. It will be a year in April since we began to work. At that time some of us will write to the Budget, and tell how much we have earned in the year, and what we have done with it. I am eleven years old, and have been to school three terms."

A letter from Marion Co., Oregon, written by IVAN CLELL YOUNG, reads: "I do not see many letters from our State, and would like to tell those of a colder climate what a fine place we live in. This morning I picked a nice bouquet of wild flowers, three or four different kinds, in our back yard. I picked them for the Sabbath-school, which is held at 2 o'clock. We live close to the church. I have a hen with twenty little chickens, for missionary work. I have sold eighty cents' worth of eggs. I have paid tithes, and have some left for Sabbath-school work. I am trying to be a good boy. I am learning to read the INSTRUCTOR, and would like to see this in print."

S. E. OLIVER writes from Wallow Co., Oregon. She says: "I thought I would write and let you know there are some little Sabbath-keepers here too. I have attended Sabbath-school several months. I am ten years old. I have five brothers and one sister. My sister and parents keep the Sabbath too, and have for eleven years; so I was raised to keep it. We have been here about five years, but there hasn't been a camp-meeting here yet. There have been two ministers here, but they did not stay long. We have a beautiful home, and can hear the birds sing all day. I help ma very much. I take care of baby most of the time. I love the INSTRUCTOR. Pray that I may meet its readers in the new earth."

MAUD RAINES writes from Croton Co., Iowa. She says: "I am ten years of age. I go to day school and Sabbath-school. I have my Sabbath-school lessons perfect. My teacher says she will give me a prize if I have twenty-five perfect lessons. I have twenty-three already. I hope my prize will be a Bible. I have a great-grandma, who is eighty-four years old. She is so lame she cannot walk at all; and she is blind, so I read to her. I like to read the letters in the Sabbath-school paper. I have a little sister sleeping in the grave till Jesus comes to wake her up. I send a little verse in remembrance of her. I want to be a good girl, so I can be saved."

We would be glad to print your pretty verse, Maud, if there was room.

Our next letter is from Du Page Co., Ill., and is written by HARLAN A. TYLER. He says: "I am a little boy nine years old. I thought perhaps you would like to know what I have been doing to get money to help build the ship to send missionaries to Pitcairn Island. My little sister helped me pop some corn. We made some of it into balls, and the rest we put into little paper sacks. I sold sixty cents' worth in two evenings after school. I thought I would write this, as it might encourage some other little boys to do the same thing."

STELLA McNUTT, of Garfield Co., Neb., writes: "We are the only Sabbath-keepers here but one who lives over the river. We have no Sabbath-school except one little class, which study in Book No. 1. We are almost through it. There was a camp-meeting at Grand Island in the fall. I did not attend it. Eld. Landon stopped here on his way from camp-meeting. I like to have him here. I am trying to be a good girl. I am twelve years of age."

GUY WOLFKILL, of Kitsap Co., Wash. Ter., tells his mamma to say for him: "I am a little boy about seven years old. I am trying to be a good boy. Sometimes it is kind of hard to be good, so I want all the little children to pray for me. I pray for them. I have a little sister. Lulu is her name."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

S. D. A. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. CHAPMAN,
Miss WINNIE E. LOUGHBOROUGH, } EDITORS.

The INSTRUCTOR is an illustrated, four-page sheet, especially adapted to the use of Sabbath-schools. Terms always in advance.

Single copy, - - - - - 60 cts. a year.
10 or more copies to one address, 50 cts. each.

Address, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.