

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"MORE BLESSED TO GIVE."

OF the proofs of this heavenly meaning
The world is as full as can be;
Oh, the manifold gifts of the Master
That come unto you and to me.
God poureth us out of his treasure
Such beauty and glory and joy;

He giveth an o'erflowing
measure,
Pure, precious, and free
from alloy.

The sky is so blue and so
shining,
Fresh verdure is spread
over earth,
The trees and the shrubs are
thick leafig,
And buds have their blos-
soming birth.

The songsters are trilling
their sweetest,
The bees hum a murmur-
ous tune;
They are hovering over the
roses,
And breathing the incense
of June.

The heart of the Master is
with us;
His wealth he delights to
bestow;
There scarcely is room to
receive it,
His love has such rich
overflow.

Shall I hold both hands for
the treasure,
Shall I open the door of
my heart
To take in God's wonderful
measure,
And then—neglect to im-
part?

The more we would know of
the blessing,
The more we must pour
upon men;
As stewards of manifold
bounties
We have but to give out
again.

—Selected.

THE BOY WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR.

In a little Italian vil-
lage, there once lived a
jolly stone-cutter named
Pisano. He was poor,
of course, or he would
not have been a stone-cutter; but he was full of good
humor, and everybody liked him.

There was one little boy, especially, who loved old
Pisano, and whom Pisano loved more than anybody
else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's
grandson, who had come to live with him because his
father was dead, and his mother had married a harsh
man, who was unkind to little Antonio. Antonio was
a frail little fellow, and his grandfather liked to have
him near him during his working hours.

While Pisano worked at stone-cutting, little Antonio
played at it, and amused himself with making clay
figures, drawing, and cutting into shape the small
pieces of rock which lay about the yard. The old
grandfather soon saw that the pale-faced little fellow

at his side was wonderfully skillful at such things.

As the boy grew older, he began to help in the shop
during the day, while in the evening his grandmother
told him stories or sang to him. All these things
were of great value to him; for, without his knowing
it, they were improving his taste, and awakening his
imagination.

The poor fellow whose business it was to put the
table in order was at his wit's end.

While every one was wondering what it would be
best to do, the little boy came forward, and said,—

"If you will let me try, I think I can make some-
thing that will do."

"You!" cried the servant; "and who are you?"

"I am Antonio Can-
nova, the grandson of Pi-
sano," answered the
pale-faced little fellow.

"And, pray, what can
you do?"

"I can make you
something that will do
for the middle of the
table," said the boy, "if
you will let me try."

The servant, not
knowing what else to
do, told Antonio that
he might try. Calling
for a large quantity of
butter, the boy quickly
molded a great crouch-
ing lion, which every-
body in the kitchen said
was beautiful, and which
the now rejoicing head-
servant placed carefully
upon the table.

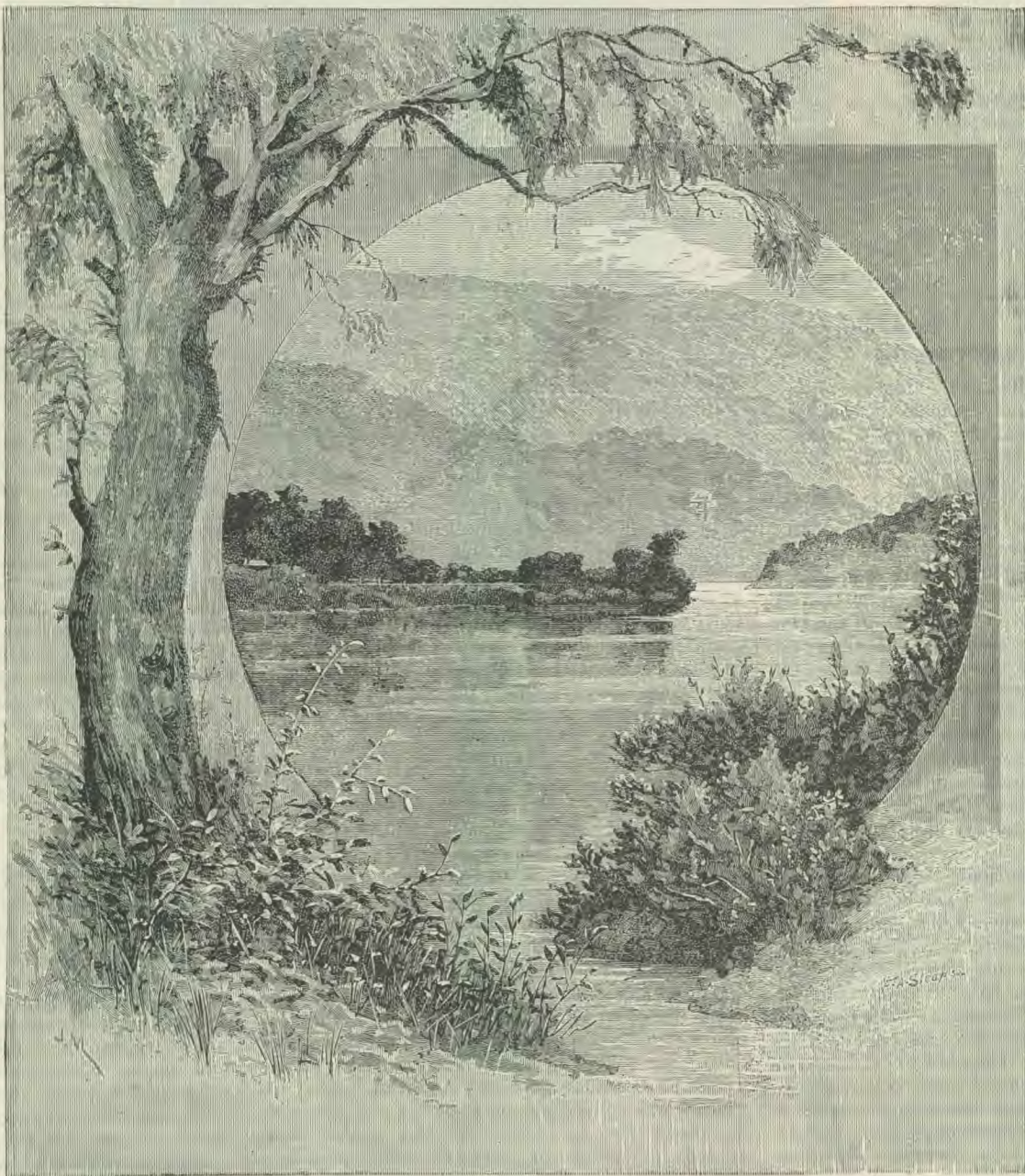
At the dinner that day
there were many of the
most noted men of Ven-
ice,—merchants, princes,
noblemen, and lovers of
art,—and among them
were many skilled critics
of art-work. When
these people came to the
table, their eyes fell upon
the butter lion, and they
forgot the purpose for
which they had entered
the dining-room. They
saw there something of
higher value in their
eyes than any dinner
could be, namely, a work
of genius.

They looked at the
lion long and carefully,
and then began praising
it, and asking Faliero
to tell them what great
sculptor he had per-
suaded to waste his skill
upon a work in butter,
that must quickly melt
away. But Signor

Faliero knew as little as they, and he had, in his turn,
to ask the chief servant. When the company learned
that the lion was the work of a boy, Faliero called the
boy into the dining-room, and the dinner became a
sort of feast in his honor.

But it was not enough to praise the lad. These
were men who knew that such genius as his belonged
to the world, not to a village, and nothing could
please them more than to aid in giving him an educa-
tion. Signor Faliero himself declared that he would
pay the lad's expenses, and place him under the in-
struction of the best masters.

The boy, whose highest wish had been to become a
village stone-cutter, and whose home had been in his
poor old grandfather's cottage, became at once a



It so happened that Signor Faliero, a man of great
wealth, and rare understanding in matters of art,
had a palace near Pisano's house, and at certain
times entertained many distinguished guests there.
When the palace was very full of visitors, old Pisano
was sometimes hired to help the servants with their
tasks; and Antonio sometimes did work there, for a
day or two, when some great feast was given.

At one time, when Signor Faliero was to entertain
a very large company at dinner, young Antonio was
at work among the pots and pans in the kitchen.
The head-servant came in, just before the dinner hour,
in great trouble. The man who had been at work
upon the large ornament for the table, sent word
that he had spoiled the piece. What was to be done?

member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace, having at his command everything that money could buy, and being daily instructed by the best masters in Venice.

But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his life. He was still the same simple, earnest, and faithful boy. He worked as hard to gain knowledge and skill in art as he had meant to work to become a good stone-cutter. Antonio Canova's course from the day on which he molded butter into a lion was steadily upward; and when he died, he was not only one of the greatest sculptors of his own time, but one of the greatest of all time.—*Geo. Cary Eggleston, in Harper's Fourth Reader.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

ANGEL MINISTRY.

SOVEREIGN angels ever near us
Watch our thoughts and feelings too;
They would strengthen, soothe, and cheer us,
Help us well our work to do.
They are glad to find us praying,
Trusting God with all the heart,
Always watchful, never straying,
Striving still for "that good part."

May my heart be meek and lowly,
All my thoughts and words be right;
May I be sincere and holy,
Walking in the heavenly light,
That I never may be grieving
The bright angel by my side;
But devout, firm, true, believing,
Live to Him who for me died.

Then my angel, at Christ's coming,
May escort me to my King,
O how sweet to hear his welcome,
And his praise with angels sing!
O my friends, what dear, strong helpers,
Have us constantly in sight!
Would we dwell with loving angels,
Let us love and do the right.

N. H. VINCENT.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

SOME THINGS ABOUT RUSSIA.

As many of the little readers of the INSTRUCTOR have been working diligently to save pennies to send to the Russian Mission, we thought they might like to know a little something about this great country, outside of what they find in their geographies.

Every child should know most about his own country; and that, I suppose, is what the geography-makers thought when they drew the maps of America; for those of the United States as a whole, and of the separate States, have been made so large that little people are apt to fall into the mistake of thinking the United States is the largest country in the world. It would be no mistake for them to think it the *best*, taken all in all; but it is not the largest.

Russia is more than twice as large as the United States, and it has also twice as many inhabitants. It has many rivers, some of them truly wonderful; it has vast prairies and great forests, and is rich in minerals. It is such a great power politically that all the other powers of the Old Country are suspicious and jealous of it.

But perhaps you can best understand what Russia is, by knowing what it is not. You can hardly imagine a country, can you, where you would not be allowed to say what you honestly think? In America, newspapers are allowed to print what they please, provided that what they please to print is not immoral. They are free to discuss the doings of the President and of Congress, and to approve or disapprove of the measures there proposed. If any law or custom needs making over, newspapers have a right to discuss both sides of the question, public speakers have a right to call meetings for the agitation of the subject, and private citizens have a right to the free expression of any opinion they may have concerning it. In this way the President and Congress become the servants of the people; the government is conducted for the best interests of the people; and the President has no right to conduct affairs solely as he shall see fit, if the voice of the people is against him.

Now imagine a condition of affairs exactly the opposite of this, and you will then have some notion of what Russia is. There the will of the Emperor is law; and the question asked concerning every movement is not, How will this affect the best interests and rights of the people? but, How will it affect the State?

The manner in which this law operates is illustrated by one incident concerning the building of a railroad. In our country, private parties unite their interests, and if their proposed plan does not grievously interfere with the good of the State and the people in gen-

eral, they are given the privilege of laying their road where they choose. When the road between Moscow, the old capital of Russia, and St. Petersburg, the present one, was surveyed, the Czar suspected that personal considerations on the part of the contractors were wielding too large an influence in the proposed plan. So when the Minister of State presented the plan to His Highness, explaining the advantages of having it take in this town and the other along the route, Nicholas suddenly took a rule, and laying it upon the paper, drew a straight line from one city to the other, saying in a tone that forbade all discussion, "You will construct the line *so!*"

Consequently the road, the straightest one in the world, was built as the crow flies, utterly regardless of the convenience of the passengers or of the people living along the route; so that in stopping at any town along the line, one is apt to find himself several miles from the place he supposes he has reached, and is obliged to finish his journey afoot or in any conveyance that may be at hand. Whether the road-builders really did not have a good plan, I do not know; but the story shows how uncomfortable affairs may be made when everything depends on one man's will or whim.

The restrictions that are put upon free speech are so annoying that in all Russia only six hundred periodicals are printed. That gives one paper to every 175,000 of the population. In the United States there is one paper for every 4,000 persons. And it has been said by good authority that "in Russia there are more than a thousand towns with more than a thousand population each, not one in ten of which has a periodical of any sort."

Now it would be interesting to know how Russia manages to control affairs in this manner; and to show how this is done, I will give you the words of a traveler who spent some time in Russia, having friends that had lived there, some twenty, and some, forty years, so that what he says may be relied upon as correct:—

"Most of the periodicals are under the management of officials. The difficulty of obtaining information is great. No reporter is ever allowed to enter the sanctum of any department, or to touch any official documents; and no Russian official will dare to give an outsider any information, even of the most innocent nature. Under such conditions the public at large can only learn the workings of the various Government wheels as the Government itself may please to divulge.

"Censors [inspectors] of periodicals and books are located in nine of the largest towns. Authors and publishers may be punished for 'harmless ideas,' or even '*tendencies*,' and that without any chance for the accused or condemned parties to defend themselves. Their books may be seized or destroyed, and the authors subjected to imprisonment or transportation to some distant part of the empire."

"In many places in Russia there are no papers; the governor is censor, and no editors could suit him.

"Books which discuss principles that would tend to overthrow the Russian autocracy are forbidden. No man dares to sell them, or to be found with them. Newspapers arriving by mail from foreign countries are examined in the post-office of delivery, and what is objected to concerning Russia is erased or covered with ink or some other preparation of a deep black color, which makes the words unintelligible. The only way to secure a newspaper from a foreign country in an un mutilated condition, is to have it sent to a Minister or Consul of one's own country, and go to him and get it. . . . Copies of the *London Times* and other papers sent to me while in Russia fell into the hands of the censor, and half a page was cut out of one. While in Russia, I did not dare to send letters to the address of the American paper with which I was corresponding, though I was then writing about other countries. The risk of their being opened and detained or destroyed was so great as to render their fate uncertain. I was advised by an official to address them, not to the paper, but to a private individual."

So you may imagine something how difficult it is for any advancement to be made in any line of work or thought in this great country. It is just as difficult and dangerous for any one to speak what he believes is true as it is for him to print it. Not only is it dangerous for him to speak against the government, but it is equally dangerous for him to speak against any of the practices of the State church. Russians are by law compelled to belong to the Greek Catholic church, which is a good deal like the Roman Catholic church; and whoever dares to speak against the customs and practices of that church, or to accept the doctrines of any other class of religious believers, is liable to heavy punishment. It is worse for those who

teach these different beliefs than it is for those who accept them; for the former may, according to law, be shut up in some convent or prison for life, or be exiled with his family to Siberia.

It is almost impossible for any missionary work to be done in this great empire. But this should not discourage you from working diligently to do what you can to help the missionaries who have dared to brave the perils awaiting them in their work. God is greater than any laws that were ever made under the sun; and when he wants people to learn to serve him more perfectly, and to study his word,—as of course he wants every one to do,—he can open the way for them to be taught what is in that Book, in spite of all that the laws can do to hinder it. And so you may believe that all the pennies you have brought to Sabbath-school for the last quarter to help the missionaries in this needy country are pennies well spent; and I hope you will not forget to pray every day for these people, that God will protect them when they worship him as they know the Bible teaches, and while they try to tell others about him.

Some other time we will tell you something about the curious and wonderful things to be seen in this country.

W. E. L.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

SOME VERY OLD HONEY.

In the city of Cathays, England, where the Taff Vale Railway Company have extensive repair shops, the workmen were cutting up a large elm tree that had been cut down in Gloucestershire and shipped there for car timber. It proved to be a "honey tree," and a gentleman writing to the *Public Opinion*, a newspaper of London, says of it:—

"Right in the very heart, a cavity measuring eight feet by seven and one half inches in diameter was discovered almost completely filled with the comb of the honey bee, together with a squirrel's skull. No means of access to the hollow was discoverable, neither was decay anywhere apparent, and around the cavity itself no less than fifty 'rings,' each ring denoting a year's growth, were counted, the outer bark being, too, without a flaw. The hollow was of uniform size throughout, and presented the appearance of having been bored with an auger; and, great though its dimensions were, it was practically filled with the comb, proving that the bees must have been in possession for several years. Empty combs of the queen bee also showed that they had swarmed. How the bees got there can only be guessed, but it is surmised that a squirrel once occupied a decayed hole in the tree, cleared away the decay, occupied the cavity as its own, and there died. Then the bees entered into possession, and filled the whole with comb, when, by some means, the entrance, which must have been small, became stopped, the large quantity of grub and fly being taken as demonstrative that the nest was not voluntarily deserted. Then for fifty years the growth of the timber went on. The entrance being absolutely obliterated, and the hole being hermetically sealed, the comb was preserved from decay for half a century, to be found at last in the way described. The find is of the greatest interest to naturalists."

W. S. C.

WATER SCENTERS.

A RECENT traveler in Buenos Ayres and Chili states that the cattle there will scent the water at a considerable distance, and are even sensible of the approach of rain. In the course of his progress from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza he observed this quality which the cattle possessed. They had been long without water, and he had sent the negroes to look out for a spring, when the cattle began to stretch out their necks and raise their heads toward the west, as if they would be certain of obtaining drink could they but raise themselves in the air. At that moment not a cloud or a breath of air was to be seen or felt; but in a few minutes the cattle began to move about as if mad, or possessed by some invisible spirit, snuffing the air with most violent eagerness, and gathering closer and closer to one another; and before we could form any rational conjecture as to what could occasion their simultaneous motion, the most tremendous storm came on of thunder and lightning, and the rain fell in perpendicular streams, as if all the fountains of heaven were suddenly broken loose, so that the cattle easily drank their fill at the spot on which they stood.—*Sel.*

In the sixteenth century it was customary to put on one side of the blades of table-knives the musical notes of the benediction or grace before meat, and on the other side the grace after meat.

For Our Little Ones.

BABYLAND.

HERE'S a wonderful country we all of us know,
Where the strangest things talk, and the queerest things
grow.

Where the Fairies and Brownies guard everything nice,
And delight the small children with charming advice;
Where there's nobody rich, yet there's nobody poor;
For all are content, light of heart, and secure;
And the name of this country, where all these things be,
Is innocent Babyland, land of the wee.

I lived in this Babyland long years ago
(We all of us live there at some time, you know),
But somebody kept me one morning from play,
And took me to school, as they called it, that day;
I sang as I went, for I guessed nothing then,
And thought myself wise with my book and my pen.
Ah! little I knew, as I danced on in glee,
That I had left Babyland, land of the wee.

They taught me to read, and they taught me to
write,

They filled my head so that it thought in the night;
I wanted to go back to Babyland then,
And have no more bother of thinking again;
But try as I would to remember the way,
'T was lost and forgotten forever that day;
For none may return, once they leave it, and see
Their innocent Babyland, land of the wee.

O little folks living in Babyland now,
Sing with the birds as they sing on the bough,
Dance with the blossoms that dance at your feet.
Laugh with each other whenever you meet.
Sleep, and in dreaming know naught of the care
Kept far away from your Babyland fair;
Know that your happiest hours must be
While you are at play in your land of the wee.

—Good Housekeeping.

THE BIBLE AND THE BIRDS.

THREE little girls sat on a sunny slope
that reached far up to Grandpa Shel-
den's large barn. It was a pleasant
day, and the robins were twittering in
the trees above them. "Robins are great
talkers," said one little girl to the other lit-
tle girls that sat beside her. "I think I like
them better than I do sparrows; but Christ
did not say anything about robins, and he
did about sparrows."

"Didn't he, Bessie?" said a pair of blue
eyes, as they looked from under a broad
hat into the black eyes beside them.

"Well, robins and sparrows both are nice,
I think, if their coats are plain," said black
eyes, in a quiet tone. Then suddenly turning toward
a little gray-eyed girl on the opposite bank, she ex-
claimed, "Carrie Randall! my mamma says it is not
in the Bible that 'fine feathers make fine birds.'
Mamma and papa smiled when I told them that
you said it was."

"Well, if it isn't in the Bible, fine feathers do make
fine birds," said gray eyes very decidedly. "Every-
thing that is true ought to be in the Bible, I am
sure."

"My father says that is not what the Bible teaches,"
said a small boy who had been whittling not far away,
and who now came toward the little girls, with stick
and jack-knife in hand. The boy's eyes were black as
Bessie's. Both children lived in the parsonage, not
far away. "Papa told us what Christ said about
birds, the sparrow and the raven," said John, "and
he read to us about God's sending the homely ravens
to feed the prophet Elijah."

"And, Johnnie, you know that we learned some
Bible verses by heart that morning," said Bessie, ris-
ing to her feet, and going toward her brother. "Let
us try to think what they are!"

"I know mine very well," said John, straightening
up as he continued whittling the stick in his hand.

"Say yours, Johnnie, and then perhaps I can think
of mine," pleaded Bessie.

John did not seem willing to do as his sister asked;
but with his eyes fixed upon the stick, that was fast
growing smaller, he replied, "What's the use of say-
ing Bible verses to such small girls? You couldn't
remember them if I did."

"Perhaps Johnnie has forgotten his verses," sug-
gested Anna, the little blue-eyed maid.

"I have not forgotten," was the prompt response.
"In the twelfth chapter of Luke, it says, 'Consider the
ravens; for they neither sow nor reap; which neither
have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them;
how much more are ye better than the fowls?'"

John sat down behind the girls, and continued to
whittle.

"My verses," said Bessie, twisting one corner of her
apron into a hard roll and growing a bit red in the
face, are somewhere in Matthew. It's where Christ
was sending out his disciples, and it says, 'Are not
two sparrows sold for a farthing? and—and—one of
them shall not fall to the ground without your Fa-
ther. But the very hairs of your head are all num-
bered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value
than many sparrows.' Isn't that nice?"

"You do not think the hairs of our heads are all
numbered, do you?" asked Carrie Randall, as she
ran her fingers somewhat doubtfully through the
heavy mass of hair that hung about her shoulders.

"Indeed they are, every one; I asked mamma that
question when I learned my verses," said Bessie.
"Mamma says Christ spoke that way to his disciples
because they had given themselves to him; and that
every one that does that—prays to him, and obeys
his commandments—may be his disciple now. If we
are Christ's, she says, we may be sure that God loves
us and knows all about us, and nothing can happen



to us only what he permits. Mamma says it is the
world's people that think and say, 'Fine feathers
make fine birds.' She had me learn that Bible verse
that says, 'The life is more than meat, and the body
more than raiment.' Papa said he feared many peo-
ple would want some other kind of bird than the
homely raven to bring them food if they were hungry.
God chose to feed Elijah that way, and so it was the
best way, papa says."

"I think I would have chosen an English robin or a
blue bird, if I had been Elijah," said Carrie.

"But a true Christian rather have God choose for
him, papa says; I guess you are not a Christian, are
you, Carrie?"

Carrie did not reply. Just then other little girls
joined them, and a merry group of children were soon
playing hide-and-seek around Grandpa Shelden's
large barn.—Adapted from S. S. Advocate.

A MUD-TURTLE'S LECTURE.

THERE has been great rejoicing in the house where
I belong, to-day. A little boy lives in the house, and
he says that he owns me, though why he does I do not
know, unless because he found me one day when I had
crawled out from under the sidewalk. I was just go-
ing to make myself comfortable in the sunshine when
a lot of boys came along. One of them spied me, and
pounced on me right away. He tried to hold me
down to the ground so that I could not crawl away,
and he put his knee on my shell and pressed so hard
that I expected every minute to hear my shell crack.

But another boy knew better how to manage me
than the first boy did. He took hold of my shell, and
picked me right up, and carried me along. The first
boy claimed me because he said he saw me first, and
the second boy bought me of him for a top, and a
knife with a broken blade. Then this second boy car-
ried me home, and put me in the back yard.

That is where I have been living ever since. He did
not think so, though. One day he could not find me,

and he cried because he thought I had run away.
But I had not. I had only made a little place for my-
self in the ground in a corner of the yard, and settled
myself to sleep through the winter as my folks always
do. I heard the little boy when he began to cry be-
cause he had lost me, and I had a great mind to come
out and tell him I was not lost; but I was too sleepy
to stir, and I did not make my appearance again un-
til to-day.

The little boy was greatly surprised when I appeared,
and almost all the family have been out to see me.
I feel quite proud because they were so glad to see me.
Almost all who have been to see me to-day have
said, "What a nice mud-turtle he is!" But I am not
a turtle; I am a tortoise. If I had been a turtle, I
should not have gone to sleep over winter, but I
should have been off at sea along with the other true
turtles.

If I were a turtle, I could not draw my head and
feet inside my shell as I can now, and as true tortoises
can. Not all of us can draw our feet and head in so
far as to shut our upper and lower shells
together, though, the way the Box Tortoise
does. He is perfectly protected by his shell.
But most persons do not care to remember
the difference between a turtle and a tor-
toise, and I expect some folks will go on call-
ing me a mud-turtle as long as they live.

But I think that if wise men can spend a
great deal of time studying us and learning
our habits, common folks might at least
learn our right names.

Why, I heard once of a very learned friend
of ours, a man named Agassiz, who had a
whole garden full of turtles and tortoises
near the city of Boston, and he used to walk
among these animals every day, and feed
them, and study their likes and dislikes, and
write about them. I should like to have
been one of those tortoises; for I am sure I
should have been treated well by such an
owner. I have always noticed that the wiser
a person is, the kinder he is toward animals.

I do not believe Agassiz would have been
unkind to my cousin, the Snapping Turtle,
even, although this tortoise is always ready
to bite any one that disturbs him, and
sometimes makes farmers very angry by
snapping at young ducks, and dragging
them under water to be eaten by himself.
He and his family do some good in the
Southern States, where they kill ever so
many little alligators.

Anyway, I think folks might be kind to us
tortoises, because we always have had to
look after ourselves, and never had any
older tortoises to take care of us. When

my brothers and sisters came out of a little heap
of tortoise eggs that had been buried just beneath
the surface of the ground, where the sun's heat would
keep them warm, we did not find any mother-tor-
toise waiting to greet us as we dug our way out.
No, indeed. We little tortoises were expected to look
out for ourselves, and earn our own living right
away. Big tortoises do not believe in helping little
tortoises at all.

Some of our family are made to help baby human
beings, though! My friend, the Trunk Turtle, who
lives in the Mediterranean Sea, and who wears an over-
coat of leathery skin over his shell, has to give up his
big shell to the little children about there, who use it
as a bath-tub. In old times, too, the Romans used
turtle-shells for their babies' cradles, and rich Romans
even inlaid their door-posts with tortoise-shell. The
soldiers, too, used to take turtle-shells to war, and
use them as shields. In fact, I think turtles generally
have a harder time than we tortoises do.

When you make us another visit, I will tell you
about other turtle friends of ours.—From My Land
and Water Friends.

A QUEER CONDUCTOR.

LITTLE Eddie Howard liked to ride in the open
horse-cars, and his mother used to take him out of
town almost every day when it was hot in the city.

One day as they were riding along, the whistle blew,
and the car stopped. The driver looked around, but
no one wanted to get out. "Why did you blow your
whistle?" he said to the conductor.

"I didn't whistle," said the conductor, and the car
went on again.

Pretty soon the whistle sounded again, and the
driver stopped the car again. But no one wanted to
get out. The driver was angry. "Don't you dare
to stop this car again," he said, "unless some one
wants to get out of it."

"I didn't stop the car," said the conductor. "I didn't blow the whistle once."

"Somebody did," said the driver.

"I don't know who it was," said the conductor.

The car went on again. Pretty soon the whistle blew again. Little Eddie Howard was sitting near the conductor. "He didn't blow it," he said to his mother; "for I was looking at his mouth all the time." The driver was very cross by that time.

"Hurry up! hurry up! hurry up!" was the next thing they heard, and then they found that the words came from a parrot in a big basket under one of the seats. He had whistled so much like the conductor that no one could tell the difference.

Then there was a great laugh in the horse-car, and no one laughed louder than the driver, who had been obeying the whistle of the queer conductor.—*Our Little Ones.*

"THERE'S A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY."

An old man used to say to his granddaughter, when she was out of temper or naughty in any way, "Mary, Mary, take care—there's a mouse in the pantry!" The little girl used often to cease crying at this, and stand wondering to herself what he meant, and then run to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap; but she never found one.

One day she said, "Grandpa, I don't know what you mean; I haven't any pantry, and there are no mice in mamma's, because I've looked so often."

Grandpa smiled, and said, "Come, and I will tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry; the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful. To keep them out you must set a trap—the trap of watchfulness."

That was certainly very excellent advice. The little mice must be looked after and destroyed or they will in time destroy us. Watchfulness over one's temper and conduct is very necessary to happiness. Of ourselves we are weak, but there is One who will give us strength in time of need.—*S. S. Classmate.*

A BIRD STORY.

MR. AND MRS. GOLDFINCH built their nest in a great shady tree. After awhile two little baby birds came. They couldn't do anything at first but open their mouths and cry for something to eat. By and by their feathers grew, and they were strong enough to begin to fly. Then Mr. and Mrs. Goldfinch took great pride in giving their children flying lessons each day.

But one day one of the little Goldfinches said, "I don't want to take my flying lesson to-day; I want to stay in the nest. I don't feel like flying just now." Mother Goldfinch looked at her baby and was almost ready to cry. What did the child mean by not wanting to do what its mother wanted it to? Why, such a thing was never heard in Birddom before. When Father Goldfinch came home from getting the evening meal, she told him about it, and asked him what it meant. He dropped his head, and thought, and thought, and then said, "I saw a little girl near our tree yesterday. May be our baby has heard her talking. I'll watch her."—*Little Teacher.*

The Sabbath-School.

**THIRD SABBATH IN JULY,
JULY 20.**

TITHES AND OFFERINGS.

LESSON 5.—THE GRACE OF CHRIST.

1. Is it necessary to have a living connection with Christ? John 15:4-6.
2. How was grace revealed in Christ's first advent? John 1:14.
3. By what are men saved? Eph. 2:8.
4. Unto how many has this grace appeared? Titus 2:11.
5. What does it teach men? Verses 12, 13.
6. How extensively is this grace bestowed? Ps. 84:11.
7. What condition of mind must men be in to profit by this grace? James 4:6.
8. What sustained the apostle Paul in his trials? 2 Cor. 12:9.
9. What will enable us to serve God acceptably? Heb. 12:28.
10. How will the grace of God affect the heart? Heb. 13:9.
11. How did it affect the churches of Macedonia? 2 Cor. 8:1, 2.

12. What did it do for them in affliction and poverty? Verses 3-5.

13. Wherein was the church at Corinth inferior to others? 2 Cor. 12:13.

14. In how many gifts did this church abound? 2 Cor. 8:7.

15. On what occasion was great grace poured out upon the apostles? Acts 4:32-34.

16. By what had they been redeemed? 1 Peter 1:18, 19.

17. To what does the apostle appeal to show the nature of the grace of giving? 2 Cor. 8:9.

18. Can any be saved without the manifestation of the fruits of the grace of Christ? Rom. 8:9; 1 John 3:16-18.

19. From the testimony of this lesson, what will be the effect of grace upon those who receive it? Acts 20:35.

GOD'S PROPERTY-RIGHTS.

"Oh, yes!" said an earnest Christian woman to the writer, a while ago; "I know what your belief is about giving one-tenth to the Lord, and I don't know but that on general principles you are right. But what would you say when a man is deeply in debt, and has a hard struggle to make his family comfortable,—would you think it right for him to give one-tenth of his earnings to the Lord before honest debts were paid?"

"If you thoroughly believed that one-tenth belonged—not, should be given, but *belonged*—to the Lord, would you think it right to take his money to pay anybody's debts with?" was the rejoinder.

This was looking at the subject from a different standpoint from the one from which she had been accustomed to view it, and new light was thrown on it thereby.

No doubt there is much misty thinking in regard to just what the teachings of Scripture are concerning the disposition of the money that comes into our possession.

Without entering into a discussion of the much discussed question as to whether the one-tenth of the Hebrew economy continues to be an obligation on the Christian of to-day, it may be safely said that it appears to be unquestionably true that God has not relinquished his claim to a certain proportion of the accumulations of all his children. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts;" and this is a fact now, just as certainly as it was in the days of the prophet Haggai.

Our Lord's reply to the young ruler, "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me" (Mark 10:21), implies a proprietary right to the possessions of that man; and we have nowhere any authority which warrants us in declaring that he has not the same right to ours.

A common quotation in times when the special blessing of the Lord is sought for a church or community is, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. 3:10).

No doubt the spiritual application of this passage is correct. And yet, what real right have we to limit it thus? Should we not rather apply it both literally and spiritually?

In a recent article in *The Sunday School Times*, by the Rev. George H. Hubbard, the writer says: "Men like to talk about consecrating 'themselves' and their 'time' and their 'talents' to the Lord, but they shudder when the word 'talent' is translated into the modern word 'dollars.'"

This is quite true, and just so men like to talk about bringing all the "tithes" into the storehouse, so long as no money value is placed on the "tithes."

A man's benevolence will depend largely on his view of this question. If he feels that his income belongs to him absolutely, and it happens to be something more than he thinks he needs for his own maintenance, possibly out of the largeness of his benevolent heart he will say to the Lord: "I think I can spare a part of this and still get along very comfortably myself." But if the income is meager and the expenses large; if debts have been contracted, and creditors are pressing, then he will very likely say, or, if he does not say, will think: "I am sorry, Lord, that I am not able to give anything; if I were only rich, like Mr. A., how much good I would be glad to do with my money!"

If, on the other hand, one believes that a certain proportion of his income belongs to the Lord, and that he is merely the Lord's steward to use it as shall seem most fitting under Divine guidance, how simple the problem becomes,—how many perplexing difficulties are solved!

The Christian who once gets this principle of God's property-rights firmly imbedded in his consciousness, and acts upon it, will in a short time recognize the fact that to a large extent what seems to be giving is merely appropriating trust funds.—*Sunday School Times.*

A LOVING spirit is its own reward. Its love may not be returned, but its love cannot be lost. The gain of loving and its reward is—in loving.

Letter Budget.

LIZZIE and JENNIE WILKINS write from Napa Co., Cal. Lizzie says: "I have been reading the *Youth's Instructor*, which my aunt sends us. We are very glad to read it. I have four sisters and one brother. We are all trying to walk in the right way, so we may meet the dear *Instructor* family in heaven. It is a long way to Sabbath-school, so we don't go very often. I have one sister older than myself; she is eighteen years old, and keeps the Sabbath too. My youngest sister is two years old, and tries to keep the Sabbath."

Jennie writes: "I have one brother and four sisters. We all try to do right, and hope to be saved. I have an old cat and five little kittens. I go to day school."

Our next is a letter from DOTTIE K. E. WILLEFORD, of Perry Co., Ill. She says: "I am a little girl nine years old. My mamma came into the truth last July, under the labors of Eld. Rogers. My papa and oldest brother embraced the truth in December. There are six of us in the family, and we all keep the Sabbath, and attend Sabbath-school regularly. There are nine little girls in my class, about my age. My mamma is our teacher. We study in Book No. 1. We take the *Instructor*. I love to read the letters from the little girls and boys. I want all of God's people to pray that I may be a good little girl, keep God's Sabbath, and be among the redeemed when Jesus comes. Mamma has been holding Bible readings for the children at our house every Saturday night. I will write again sometime if I see this in print."

DORA M. BROWN writes from Solana Co., Cal. She says: "I am twelve years old. I have one brother and one sister. My sister is fifteen years old. I am going to Sabbath-school now. We get pretty cards there. When we get four small cards, we get a large one. I like the *Instructor*. I do not take it, but our teacher does. I read the letters in it. I have a pet hen. My brother caught a little bird for me, but I let it go. I have learned some very pretty verses. One of them I will tell you:—

"Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hast thou died for me?
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.
Soon I hope in glory
By thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet thee
In that happy land."

I think the pieces in the *Instructor* are pretty. I have a garden, and I already have ripe peas and beans in it. When I am at home, I sometimes play with my dolls."

In the envelope with Dora's, came a letter from CHARLIE O. BROWN. He writes: "I am nine years old. I go to Sabbath-school. After we recite verses, we get a card, and when we get four little cards, we get a big one. I have a pet hen that lays eggs. I have a dog that chases a great many rabbits. I have a great many playmates. I like to go to school. The seventh of June we are going to have vacation for two months. Here is a verse I learned at Sabbath-school: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

LOTTIE WALLER and EVA EVERTS send letters in one envelope from Fresno, Cal. Lottie writes: "I have never seen a letter from this place, so I thought I would write. I am twelve years old. I attend Sabbath-school with my brother, sister, and parents. We have a pleasant school of 120 members. I study in Book No. 5. Eld Daniels has been holding revival meetings here. From this place he went to Oakland and baptized 200. I wish I had room to tell you of the good work done at the meetings. I am trying to be a good girl, and hope to meet you in the new earth."

Eva says: "I am thirteen years old. I have one brother and one sister. We all keep the Sabbath. I study in Book No. 5. I am trying to be a good girl, and hope to meet you all in the kingdom."

The next letter reads: "We are two little girls living in Humboldt Co., Cal. I am the oldest; my name is Lorena Skinner. I am twelve years old. Mabel is ten. We have always kept the Sabbath, but we have three sisters who never attended Sabbath-school until a year ago. Papa does not keep it. Pray for him."

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