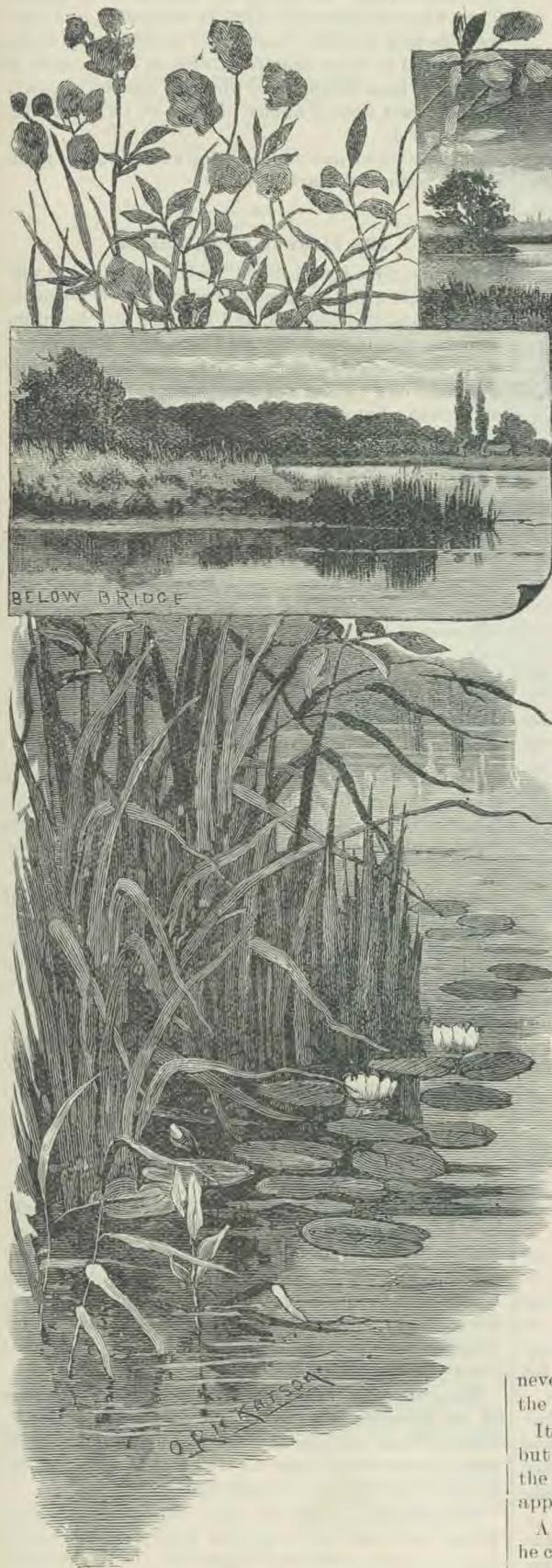




VOL. 37.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 4, 1889.

No. 36.



BELOW BRIDGE



ACOVE BRIDGE

BY THE RIVER.

Oh! to be idle one long day!
Before the summer's over;
When these great giants, gaunt and gray,
Are green: when roundhead clover
And purple thyme-tufts fill the air,
And fields are gay with daisies;
When, blushing, dies the hawthorn fair,
Just as your poet praises.
When overhead the lark's far song,
And thrushes in the hedgerows,
And hidden linnets piping long
Where rank the river sedge grows.
Oh! to be idle one sweet day,
To muse in wood or meadow;
Glide down this river, 'twixt the play
Of sun and trembling shadow!
I'd see all wonders 'neath the stream,
The pebbles and vest grasses;
I'd lean across the boat and dream,
As each scene slowly passes.
The tide should ripple welcomes low,
And dance the kingcups bravely,
And flags in purple stately bow,
And nod the tall reeds gravely.
I'd rest an hour the willows by,
And say a prayer in pity.
For all who stifle, groan, and die
This day in crowded city.

—Selected.

CONSIDERATE.

ONE simple method of oiling the machinery of life lies in doing promptly those little things, the delay of which causes hindrance or trouble to others.

"I always did like that boy," said an old lady of a departed summer visitor. "He never once forgot to wipe his feet when he came into the house, and that saved Mary a lot of trouble."

It was Mary's business to keep the floors clean, but she had profited daily by a care and attention, the lack of which would have increased her work appreciably.

A horse-car conductor was one day overheard, as he compared his present experience with that of past years.

"It's an easy route, mine is," said he. "Most of the passengers is workin' folks, and they have their change ready in their hands. Now last year I had the B Street car, and I used to think I never should get through collectin' my fares. It took some o' the women half an hour to find their pockets, and when they'd found 'em, they'd nothin' but five-dollar bills to give me."

Selected.

RESPONSIVE.

MOST the smiles you get from others
Are reflections of your own;
You may think the world at pleasure
With you, but when wiser grown,
You will find 'tis but responsive
To the giving you bestow.
So 'tis well to give your kindness,
If more kindness you would know.

The ladies in question would doubtless have returned that it was the conductor's business to wait for their fares, and so, indeed, it was. Still, there was no reason, except that of thoughtlessness, for trying his patience unnecessarily.

No one needs to be prompted to think of his own rights; self-preservation, even in matters of detail, has become instinctive. We elbow our neighbors merely because we have a right of passage in the path of life, and use wastefully those goods which we have "bought and paid for." We may not all be able to assert that "the world owes us a living," but most of us insist, with unwearied persistency, upon obtaining all our just dues.

Yet there are concessions owing to our neighbors, not, perhaps, under the fiat of justice, but through the law of love.

A gentleman living in a city "flat" was accustomed to arrange his fire for the night by putting on the coal piece by piece, with the tongs.

"Why do you do that so noiselessly?" asked a visitor one night.

"Oh, the people downstairs retire very early," was the answer, "and I try not to disturb their dreams."

It was, of course, nothing to him that his neighbors chose to go to bed at nine, while he preferred eleven; he had an undoubted right to rattle coal over their heads as long as he pleased, but he preferred to take such precautions as would leave their rest unbroken.

"What you *can* do you *may* do in fairyland," says an old story, but the fanciful axiom does not apply to real life.

"What you can do without disturbing others, that you may do," is an amendment better suited to daily living.—*Companion*.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

SPONGES.

HAVE you ever thought where sponges come from? They are so common that I am afraid most of us have used them all our lives without giving more than a passing thought to their curious structure or their home in the depths of the sea.

Until recent years, it was supposed that the sponge belonged to the vegetable creation; but it has been established now, beyond contradiction, that it belongs to the lowest order of living creatures, where the difference between the animal and vegetable is almost imperceptible.

The skeleton is the only part of the sponge that reaches us. The living creature is quite different. Although, strictly speaking, it has neither mouth nor stomach, it draws its food from the water into its numerous small pores, and sends out the refuse from the larger cavities, and grows and thrives on this meager nourishment.

Live sponges attach themselves to rocks at the bottom of the ocean. They consist of jelly-like bodies united in a mass, and supported by the frame-work which we see and handle in our common sponges. This flesh, or jelly, covering all parts of the skeleton, is about as thick as the white of an egg, but it decays immediately after the death of the sponge.

While it is alive, the flesh presents many beautiful colors, in different species being green, red, orange, yellow, etc. Their manner of producing their young is similar to that of the sea-anemone. Their eggs are furnished with fine threads at one end, which constantly wave to and fro like arms. As the sponge casts these eggs into the water, they are rowed about by these delicate threads until they finally sink, and

attaching themselves to some stone or shell in the bottom of the ocean, grow up into perfect sponges.

Some are cup-shaped, some round, and some are branched like a bush. I saw in a drug store recently a species of glass sponge called "Venus's flower basket." It was about six inches long, and horn-shaped, and looked like spun glass. It grows in the deep sea, near the Philippine Islands, and is exceedingly beautiful. Coarse varieties are found in comparatively shallow water off the coast of Florida, but the finest sponges come from the Mediterranean Sea and the Red Sea.

The Florida sponges are obtained by fishers, who go out in crews of from five to fifteen men, in vessels which have two or three small boats in tow. When they reach the "fishing ground," the men take the small boats and a water-glass—which is a long box with a glass in the lower end of it, that enables them to see down many feet under water, and search the bottom. Each sponger has a pole from twenty to thirty feet long, with three iron prongs fastened to the end of it, to tear the sponges from the rocks.

When a boat-load is gathered, they are placed roots down and eyes up, till they are dead. This part of the work is most disagreeable, as the bloody, slimy matter gives off an extremely offensive odor after the death of the animal. They are then taken ashore, and buried in the sand for a week, after which they are thoroughly washed, and strung for the market. About five hundred men are engaged in the business daily when the sea is calm.

The fine sponges are obtained by divers, who go down and carefully cut them from the rocks and cliffs; these are the kind used in delicate surgical operations, and always bring a high price. This industry is carried on mostly by the Turks, who employ four or five thousand men every year.

The value of the sponges collected annually is estimated at nearly a hundred thousand dollars. The demand has increased until it is feared the supply may give out, and some successful attempts have been made in southern seas to raise sponges artificially, by means of cuttings from full-grown sponges, taken and fastened to other rocks. It is a difficult operation, as pains must be taken not to bruise the flesh, nor at any time to lift the cutting out of the sea water.

There are many other varieties, that are of no use to mankind, in a commercial sense, but they awaken in us an admiring awe of God's skill and goodness as manifested in the works of his hands.

L. E. ORTON.

A SHORT SERMON ON ETIQUETTE.

ONE hardly likes to say the word "etiquette" when the question is that of being kind and lovely in one's own family. Yet if members of the same household used a little more ceremony toward each other, no harm would be done.

What true gentleman would treat his mother or his sisters with less courtesy than he would a chance acquaintance?

No one would greatly respect a boy whose custom it was to let his sister trot about on his errands—run upstairs for his handkerchief, fly hither and thither to bring his bat or his racket.

I well remember the surprise of a young lady, when, in a certain family, the brother sprang up to light the gas for his sister, and when the latter attempted to put some coal on the open fire, quickly took the hod from her hand, and did the work himself.

"You wouldn't catch my brother being so polite to me!" she said.

"So much the more shame to your brother!" I thought.

Every boy ought surely to feel a certain care over his sister, even if she be older than he. As a rule, he is physically stronger, and consequently better able to bear the burdens of life than she.

There is nothing more charming than the chivalrous protection which some boys (bless them!) lavish on their fortunate "women folk." And nothing is so attractive to other girls as to see a boy gentle and tender to his sister.

As for you, dear girls, you would never be so rude as to fail to acknowledge any courtesy which your brother paid you? If you would deem it extremely unlady-like not to thank any person who gave up his seat in the horse-car to you, or who helped you across an icy spot on the sidewalk, you would blush to be less grateful for a similar kindness on the part of your brother.

If he is ready to place a chair or to open a door for you, to make sure that you have an escort after dark, to take off his hat to you on the street, surely you are eager to please him. To sew on a stray button, or mend a rip in his gloves; to thank him for taking

pains to call for you, and bring you home from a friend's house; to bow as politely to him, and to accept him as a visitor with the same pleasant smile which you would have for some one else's brother.

A boy should learn the habit of easy politeness in all circumstances, but if there be one place on earth where one should use freely his very best manners, it is in his own home.—*Harper's Young People.*

"NOTHING TO LIVE FOR!"

NOTHING to live for? Soul, that cannot be,
Though when hearts break, the world seems emptiness;
But unto thee I bring, in thy distress,
A message, born of love and sympathy,
And may it prove, O soul, the golden key
To all things beautiful and good, and bless
Thy life, which looks to thee so comfortless!
This is the word: "Some one hath need of thee."

Some one—or who or where I do not know:
Knowest thou not? Then seek! make no delay!
And thou shalt find, in land of sun or snow,
Who waits thee, young child or pilgrim gray;
For, since God keeps thee in his world below,
Some one hath need of thee, somewhere, to-day.

—Emma C. Dowd.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

COMPARING SCRIPTURE WITH SCRIPTURE.

THERE are many reasons why children should early learn to love God's precious word. God has promised, "Those that seek me early shall find me," and the good Book contains much especially for children. Shall I tell you where to find some of these passages?

First there are the words of the dear Jesus, addressed to the children. Matt. 19:13. Please take your Bible, and turn to them: "Then were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and his disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them."

Now if yours is a reference Bible, there is a very small letter "l" before and a little above the first word of verse thirteenth, and in the margin you will see the same small letter "l," and after it, Mark 10:13. This is to show that Mark 10:13 has something on this same subject. Please turn to this passage, and read it carefully. It is a little more accurate than the account given by Matthew; for it says (verse 16), "And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

Just before verse 13 there is a small letter "g" referring to the margin. There, after a reference to the passage we have read in Matthew, is another, referring to Luke 18:15. Please turn to it, and read Luke's account of our Saviour's words to the children. In these three passages we have read all that is recorded in the Bible about this act of the Lord Jesus.

This is called comparing scripture with scripture, and its use is to find just what the Bible says on any given subject. I think, children, if you will try in this way to study God's Word, and will always ask him to help you understand, you will become much interested, and will soon learn to love the good Book and its teachings, and will at length become truly God's dear children and heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

MRS. A. W. HEALD.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

A BOY ten years old or thereabouts, pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and laths, taken from some demolished structure, was an every-day sight in one of our large cities.

One day, tired and exhausted, he halted under the shadow of a tree. His feet were sore and bruised; his clothes in rags; his face was pinched, and looking years older than it should. The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and the old hat fell from his head, and rolled on to the walk.

In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A laboring man—a queer old man, with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street, to rest a moment under the same shade. He glanced at the boy, and turned away; but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story.

He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then he took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat, the dinner he was to eat if he found work, and

laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carelessly away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight, as if he wanted to escape thanks for the deed he had done.

Men, women, and children had seen it all; and what a leveler it was! The human soul is ever kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it.

A man walked down from his steps, and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread.

A woman came along, and left a good hat in place of the old one.

A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest.

Pedestrians halted and whispered, and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece.

The pinched face suddenly awoke, and he sprang up as if he thought it were a crime to sleep there.

He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and he realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down, and covered his face with his hands, and sobbed. His heart was stirred by these manifestations of kindness as it never had been before; and when he went on his way, he was seized with a nobler impulse to be somebody in the world.

Oh, why do we not oftener bring sunshine and gladness to sorrowful hearts?—*Sel.*

THE PILOT IS AT THE HELM.

THE first time I went down the Hudson River, I was a very little girl, but I remember with how much interest I watched the new and strange and beautiful scenes through which we were passing. After going down into the cabin for a time, I came on deck while the boat was among the highlands; and I saw that we were in what appeared to be a lake, surrounded by high hills, before, behind, on either side; and so far as I could see, there was no way out.

I ran to my father, and cried out,—

"Father, father, what shall we do? There is no way for the boat to get out."

He smiled, and said, "You cannot see it, my daughter, but there is a way out. Do not be afraid; the pilot has been here before; he knows the way, and will steer the boat safely."

Oh, how many times through life have those words returned to me! When hemmed in by difficulties on every side, and there seemed "no way out,"—"Do not be afraid, my daughter; the Pilot has been here before," came in tones of love upon my ear.

Yes; the Saviour has the helm, and there is not a spot in life's pathway but he has been over it; there is not a temptation but he knows all about it. He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

And did you ever think, reader, of the childhood of Jesus?—that he was once a child? that he remembers how children feel, and how children suffer? that his heart has been grieved as only a child's heart can be grieved? that he was tried by his companions, and tempted to do wrong?

Yes; whatever trials you may have, Jesus has been here before you; he knows all about it. He can steer your little vessel in the roughest sea.—*Young Reaper.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

A CENTURY PLANT IN BLOOM.

IN Shaw's botanical gardens, St. Louis, Mo., may now be seen a rare sight,—something that has never been seen there before, although the garden has been kept up for many years. The proprietor, Mr. Henry Shaw, who is now more than eighty-nine years old, has spared neither money nor labor in collecting, arranging, and cultivating a very choice collection of trees and flowering plants.

The graceful, curving leaves of more than two score of the beautiful century plants adorn the grounds, but until now not one of them has deigned to lift its head, or attempt to add anything to the floral splendor by which they are surrounded.

The gate-keeper told me that the specimen now in bloom has been in the garden for thirty-five years, and is probably forty-five years old. It has recently pushed up from among its thick, narrow leaves a stiff green stalk about two and one-half inches in diameter at the base, without leaves, and about ten feet high. Branching out from about two feet of the upper portion of the stalk are sixteen bunches of light yellow flowers, which are a curiosity, not only for their rarity, but also for their beauty.

WM. EVANS.

For Our Little Ones.

"FIGS FROM THISTLES."

I'VE lately been doing some thinking—
Turning things round in my mind;
There are lots of things to think of,
When once you get at it, I find.
I've never been much of a thinker,
But what can a fellow do
Who's stuck a rusty nail in his foot,
And vacation not half through?
There are some of the Bible verses
That sound at the first real queer,
But when you just work them over,
The queerness will disappear.
Now 'bout "gathering figs from thistles,"
'Tis a curious kind of a sound;
But I've been thinking it over,
And the meaning is plain, I've found.
I don't know as I can tell it,
But it means that a thing won't grow
On or from something that's different—
The Lord has made it so.

You can't get plums from a peach-tree,
And a kitten will grow to a cat;
A puppy will surely be a dog,
And nobody wonders at that.

If we plant in the spring the grain of corn,
We know that it won't grow wheat,
And you can't, from the stalk of a rose-bush,
Expect something good to eat.
And so I carry it farther,
And surely I can see,
That an idle, useless, troublesome boy
Won't grow to the man for me.

"Whatsoever we sow, that shall we reap,
Is only saying the same;
If I sow "wild oats" in my springtime
I can only harvest shame.
I've got to be first a splendid boy—
From good boys grow such men;
It just as surely follows,
As the sun will rise again.

—Emily Baker Smith.

THE UMBRELLA BIRD.

Do you think he carries an umbrella, this bird from Australia, because he is called so? Oh, no! But he does carry over his head a sort of helmet of feathers, which answers for one. It is more than two inches in length when it is spread.

These pretty, hairy plumes, curved gracefully at the end, cover the head of this pretty bird all over, even going beyond the beak. Each one stands out, just as you have often seen the downy seeds of the dandelion.

This curious bird is as black as a raven in body. The edges of the wings are tipped with a glossy hue. He is only the size of the jay, but his wonderful crest makes him unlike any other bird, big or little.

Shouldn't you think any bird might be proud of such a royal covering? And yet the umbrella bird has another gift, in a sort of fan on his breast. A large, hanging tassel of feathers grows from a sort of quill of flesh. When this is spread, it is just like a fan, and covers the whole front of his body.

Did you ever hear of a bird before that carries a fan and umbrella all ready made for use?

These birds are seldom seen, because they live on the highest branches of the fruit trees where they get their living. But their cry is often heard. It has so deep a sound that the Indians call them "Trumpet Birds."—Mrs. G. Hall.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

ONE ROBIN REDBREAST.

How dared that little bird jump out of the nest? When its papa and mamma went away, didn't they tell it to be sure to stay at home till they came back?

But this little robin redbreast had been taking lessons in flying; and that morning he had done so well that his mamma praised him, and said if he kept trying, he would soon fly as well as she.

That made little robin feel very proud; and when his papa and mamma had been gone a little while, he became tired of staying in the evergreen tree, and decided he would fly around a little, and by the time they came back, surprise them by flying higher than ever before.

To be sure, any child would have known that no smart thing he might do would please his papa and mamma so much as for him to do as they said; but

this silly little bird did not seem to know that. At any rate, he was so foolish and naughty as to disobey and run away from home; or rather, he jumped away.

When he landed on the ground, he felt almost frightened at being all alone, with no one to tell him how to do; even his little brothers and sisters were still up in the nest.

Then something terrible happened! A little girl from a house near by came right toward him. She seemed very large to the tiny bird, and he was afraid of her. She came up near to the bird. She was very much pleased that she could get so close to it, but expected each moment that it would fly away.

Poor little robin! He would have been very glad to fly away; but he was so frightened that the best he could do was to hop along a little. How he did wish he had minded his papa and mamma!

But worse and worse things happened to him. He could hop fast enough to keep away from the little girl; but soon her papa noticed her tiptoeing about, and came to see what was the matter. She supposed that if she made a noise, the bird would fly away; so she only said to her papa, in a whisper, "Bird!"



He thought she would enjoy holding the robin redbreast in her hands a few minutes; so he went to catch it. Then it did fly a little, but alas! it stopped right above the cistern, and down, down it went, away into the water.

Poor birdie! and poor little girl! She had not thought of hurting it; she only meant to hold it a little while, and then let it go. She would not grieve its papa and mamma by stealing it away.

But now the poor little thing was in the cistern; and she expected it would drown. She felt very sorry, and wished she had not chased it.

Her papa got a pole, though, and put it into the cistern, and the birdie climbed on to the pole, and was drawn up. He had not sunk into the water, because his feathers kept him up.

Then the little girl took the wet robin in her hands, and wiped its feathers with her handkerchief, and pitied and loved it for quite a time; but the poor bird was frightened all the time, and would have been very glad to be home in his nest again.

Pretty soon her mamma thought it would be best to put it on the tree, where its papa and mamma could find it. It could not fly now, with its wet feathers; and if she should put it on the ground, the cat might catch it. So her papa put it into the tree, as near to the nest as he could reach.

And now, sometimes, that little girl sees a bird hopping about under the evergreen, and wonders if it is the same birdie; but I do not think it is, because that poor little robin had such a hard time when it ran away that it will not want to go again for a long while, unless its papa and mamma are with it.

MRS. ADA D. WELLMAN.

THE mind is a garden, and youth's sunny morn the season for planting.

THE LITTLE PREACHERS.

"You always remember the text, Uncle Charlie," said Harry. "I don't see how you do it. I try, and try, and say it over and over; but when I get home, it has gone."

"I can remember most always," said Julia, "but Harry is so little; when he can read in the Bible, he will remember better. I think the text is just the easiest part to remember. I don't always know what the minister says in the sermon—except some ministers," added Julia. "The one that preached last Sabbath was real easy all through."

"That was the best sermon I ever heard," said Master Harry. "I think he is just the greatest preacher that ever lived. I know his text; it was, 'God is love.'"

"Some texts are easier to remember than others," said Uncle Charlie, "because we understand them better. Then there are some texts you can see, and these are the easiest to remember of all."

"How can you see a text, Uncle Charlie?" cried both the children at once.

"I will show you one," he answered, "which was preached upon by the greatest of all preachers eighteen hundred years ago, in a land far away from this."

"It must have been Jesus," said Julia softly; "but I did not know that he preached sermons with texts to them, like the ministers."

"Look around you now, Julia," said her uncle, "and tell me if you do not see the text of one of our Saviour's sermons."

They were in the garden, and close by them was a lovely bed of lilies in full bloom. The spikes were bending over, laden with pure blossoms. Uncle Charlie raised one of the drooping sprays, and pointed to the velvety petals and the rich yellow stamens within.

"O, I remember," said Julia, looking up into his face. "Jesus said, 'Consider the lilies of the field.' Was that a text? I never thought of that."

"The lily was a text," said her uncle. "Now think what the sermon was. Even the little children around understood."

Julia thought a moment, and then repeated: "They toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"That was a very short sermon, uncle," said Harry; "anybody could remember that."

"It was a very long sermon to come from one text, Harry; for the lilies have been preaching it ever since. All these hundreds of years the lilies—white, red, and yellow—have been calling upon us to consider their beauty, and remember

how God cares for them, and how much more he cares for us. Every time one of God's children sees a lily, he has before his eye the same text from which Jesus taught that beautiful lesson, and his heart must go up in love and trustfulness to him."

"I like the lilies better than ever, Uncle Charlie," said Julia. "It is nice to think that Jesus loved to look at them, and that he should make them a text for a sermon."

"He told us to consider them—to think about them, and admire their beauty; and then, when our hearts were full of their loveliness, to remember that they were made by the hand of our Father. Is it not pleasant to say, 'My Father made them all?'"

Sweet lily of the field, by thee

This lesson I am taught:—

"God cares for little flowers like me;

Take, then, no anxious thought."

—Selected.

A QUEER FOUNTAIN.

SOME people who go to Europe write about the palaces, and the grand people that live in them; but I think I enjoyed seeing the children of those far countries better than any thing else; and I would rather have the love of a child than the love of a king.

I was in St. Petersburg last year. That is a long name; but it is the name of a great city, the capital of Russia, one of the largest and most powerful countries in the world. In front of my hotel in St. Petersburg was a large public garden, and in the afternoons I used to walk through it to watch the crowds of children at play.

In one part of this garden was a little shed, with trees all about it; and I used to see many children go to the door of it, and buy glasses of something to drink. One day I said to myself, "I will go and see what it is that these children get to drink at that old

shed." So I walked up to the door; and what do you suppose I saw?

Was it a soda fountain?—No. Was it a great bowl of lemonade?—No. Was it a spruce-beer fountain?—Oh, no indeed! It was something much better than any of these. There was a cow in the shed, with a woman in charge of her; and when the children came for a drink, the woman would sell them a glass of milk, drawn fresh from the fountain in the cow's bag.

I drank a glass of it myself, for which I paid five kreutzers, or about three cents; and I thought, "How nice it would be for the children in New York, if there were a cow-fountain in Central Park! and how nice it would be for the children in Boston, and Chicago, and other large cities, if they could get pure milk in the parks when they go to play in them!"—*The Nursery.*

CLEANING DAY.

HEAR those earth-folks there complain
'Bout the gray clouds and the rain;
We should think they would have seen
That we're making the world clean.
We have got to bathe the ground,
Wash the flowers, and sprinkle round
All the grasses. Course we're gray;
Can't wear white on cleaning day.

—*Julia M. Lippenann.*

SMALL DUTIES.

"I WANT you to pile a little wood, boys," said papa. "I don't like to pile wood," said Don.

"It will only be a small pile for each of you," said papa. "Come out to the shed, and I will show you how I want it done."

He showed them how to pile it, and told them not to leave it until it was done.

"Uncle Roy said he'd come and take us riding this afternoon," said Don, with a scowl. "I don't believe we shall be done."

"I guess we shall, if we hurry," said Dick.

Dick went on as fast as he could, but Don spent ten minutes fretting before he began.

"Now," he said at last, "you will see that I shall be done as soon as you."

He went on piling very fast, and soon Dick said,—

"But you are not piling it evenly, as papa showed us how to do it."

"That's no matter," said Don; "it will do."

"I wish you'd help me lift up this stick," said Dick; "it is a very heavy one."

"I haven't time," said Don. "If I stop, I sha'n't be done in time. You would better leave the big ones on the ground."

"No," said Dick, "I am going to do it all, if I can."

He tugged and tugged till he got the big stick up. Just then Don said,—

"I've done mine. I told you I'd be done first."

But just as he said it, the wood went over with a crash. He had piled it so carelessly that it would not stand, while Dick's pile was firm and steady.

There is a faithful way of doing every duty. And there is an unfaithful, careless way. Have you ever read what the Bible says about being faithful in a few things? That means that Jesus wishes his little ones to try to please their parents in doing very small duties. In doing so, they please him. That is the best reason for doing our best in all we are told to do. Another good reason is that when we do a thing poorly, it is pretty certain to give us more trouble than it would to do it well.

I think Don must have thought so when he saw his wood lying on the floor of the shed; don't you? Just then Dick cried out, "There comes Uncle Roy."

The tears came into Don's eyes, and he said,—

"Now I can't go."

He knew that his papa would expect him to have the wood piled before he left it.

Uncle Roy came round to the shed to find the boys.

"Are you ready?" he said.

"We were a minute ago," said Dick, "but Don's pile has fallen down."

"How long will it take to pile it up again?"

"Oh, half an hour, I guess."

"Then I'm afraid I can't wait," said Uncle Roy. "Come, Dick."

"No," said Dick. "I am going to stay and help Don. You must go without either of us, Uncle Roy."

"Oh, well," said Uncle Roy, "if you are going to help, I guess I can wait; for it won't take such willing hands long to do it. I'll give a little help myself, too."

And in less than fifteen minutes they were off behind the two prancing horses.

Don't you think Dick enjoyed that ride? Try, little ones, to do a kindness for some one, and see how much sweeter it will make any pleasure.—*Sydney Dayre.*

The Sabbath-School.

THIRD SABBATH IN SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER 21.

TITHES AND OFFERINGS.

LESSON 12.—TITHING.

(Concluded.)

1. What portion of a man's time does the Lord claim as his? Ex. 31:15-17.
2. What portion of a man's substance has God reserved as his? Lev. 27:30. See note.
3. Can a man dispose of that which is the Lord's as he chooses? Verse 26.
4. What class of offerings connected with the tithe went to the priest? Neh. 10:37.
5. What does God say of those who withhold tithes and offerings from his treasury? Mal. 3:8, 9.
6. What promise does he make to his people if they bring their tithes and offerings into the storehouse? Verses 10, 11.
7. If, while passing the flock under the rod to be tithed, the owner, for any cause, sought to exchange the tenth for some other, what direction did God give? Lev. 27:27, 32, 33.
8. Could the tithe be given to the poor? Why not? Prov. 19:17. See note.
9. Could a covetous man sacredly regard God's claim in the tithe and offerings?
10. Would it not, then, be reasonable to conclude that God's reservation of the tenth was to guard the heart from covetousness?
11. To whom, and for what purpose, was all the tithe appropriated? Num. 18:21, 24.
12. What portion of the tithe were the Levites to give? Verses 26-28.
13. What other offering went to the priest who served at the altar? Verses 7, 11-13.
14. Is it a duty of those who receive the blessing of the gospel to contribute for its support? Gal. 6:6.
15. How does the apostle enjoin this duty? 1 Cor. 9:6-11.
16. How does the apostle show that the ministry should be supported? Verses 13, 14.
17. Does not the apostle show from this that it is just as important to support the worthy laborer in the gospel as it was formerly to support the priesthood?

NOTES.

In a certain sense everything we have and are belongs to God; but there are some things that belong to him in a special sense. Those things which he has never given to man for his own use are God's, and his alone. The Sabbath, the tithe, and the first-fruits in the former dispensation, illustrate this fact. God has also permitted men to make gifts to him, and to consecrate a portion of their substance, their talents, or their time, especially to his service. This the Lord also accepts, and it becomes consecrated and holy. In the former dispensation, after men had consecrated a portion of their substance, if in any way they wished to change it, the Lord would have them add one-fifth to it, that they might realize the sacredness of his claims. When men realize and acknowledge the importance of God's claims, he has promised to let a special blessing rest upon them. The payment of the tithe also secured the heart from covetousness; for continual giving serves to cultivate the spirit of benevolence, which is a part of the grace of Christ.

The Levitical priesthood received the tithe from the people, and they gave a tithe of what they received to the ones who had special charge of the work of God. Another tithe was taken for the poor. Thus there were two tithes, one going to the priests and the other going to the poor. The apostle, in 1 Cor. 9, teaches the duty of those who have received the gospel to support the same. He appeals to the law, and then applies it to the gospel. Men cannot give the tithe as a *donation*, because it never was theirs; but God has permitted them to handle the tithe, and then return it to God, that it may cultivate in them that spirit of liberality which was manifest in Christ's coming to this earth to die. The tithing system, therefore, is one of the greatest blessings to man.

THE best work for any man to do is the work that is just before him, by the ordering of God's providence. If he neglects that work, in the hope of finding something better suited to his abilities, there are two things in which he is practically a failure,—the work to which God has set him, and the work which he has picked out for himself. Doing what he has to do is better for any man than doing what he wants to do. If, indeed, what a man has to do happens to be what he wants to do, there is no objection to that.—*Sel.*

Better Budget.

PAULINE E. NELSON has sent a letter from Columbia Co., Ark. It reads: "Perhaps the Budget family have forgotten the little Arkansas girl, as it has been about four years since I wrote to the INSTRUCTOR. Since then, by the blessing of God, I have become almost a woman in size, and also in years. Through all this time I have been a constant reader of the good INSTRUCTOR, it being sent me and my sister younger by a kind Christian lady. May God bless her for her goodness and kind remembrance of many other children besides ourselves. She also sends the *Review* and many good books, tracts, and papers to papa and mamma. Eld. Henderson made us a visit about a month ago. He gave us more light upon the faith and practice of the S. D. A. church than we ever had before. He left a sample of 'Sunshine at Home' with me, with the request that I canvass for it. I went right to work. I visited our small village, and at a saw-mill, and in two or three hours I obtained ten subscribers. On account of sickness in our family, and an abundance of rain, I have not been able to canvass regularly. I intend to keep trying, and accomplish what good I can for the cause of truth; and I hope you will pray that my efforts may prove a success. Perhaps you have all forgotten that I wrote you my papa was a cripple, and could not walk at all. My mother has lung trouble, and is otherwise in very feeble health, so that we have a hard time. I have no brothers, and only one sister. I would love to correspond with some one who lives in the orange groves of Florida. Much love to you all."

The next letter is from Boone Co., Ill., written by ORA ANDREWS. It reads: "I am a little girl seven years old. I go to Sabbath-school with my mamma, two sisters, and baby brother, most every week, and study in Book No. 1 with five other little girls. Our teacher gives us a small card every week, and when we have four, we return them and receive a large card instead. My mamma teaches me the verse on the card, and she also reads the letters in the INSTRUCTOR to me, which I like very much. My Sabbath-school teacher writes this for me. I don't know how to write, for I have never been to school; but I hope to go next term. I picked strawberries this summer, and earned almost one dollar. I put a part of it into the Sabbath-school contributions each week. I had a pet kitten once, but it died; and I had a little dog, too, but it killed chickens, so papa had to shoot it. I am the oldest girl, and have to help mamma all I can by washing dishes and taking care of my brother Charlie. I am learning the ten commandments, and expect to be an Adventist when I am old enough. I send my best wishes to all the INSTRUCTOR children."

HEPZIBAH IVES sends a letter from London, Eng. It reads: "I have never written to the Budget before, so I thought I would write a few lines, to tell you how I long for the Saviour's coming, when we shall be caught up to meet him in the air, and all our trials and troubles be at an end. I have a little brother nine years old, and he is in the choir singing God's praises. My father and mother have been brought to the knowledge of the truth about ten years. I have a grandma very religious. She was baptized when she was about eighteen years of age. I am sixteen. I take the INSTRUCTOR every week, and like it very much, and like to read the letters in the Budget. God bless you, and take care of you, and I hope to meet you all in heaven."

LAURA STONE sends a letter from Marshall Co., Ind. She says: "I am thirteen years old. I have never written a letter to the Budget, so I thought I would write now. We all keep the Sabbath, and go to Sabbath-school when we can. We have to go nearly seven miles. I have three brothers and two sisters. My father and mother have kept the Sabbath thirteen years. One brother says he would write a letter to the Budget if he could write good enough. We take the INSTRUCTOR, and I like to read the letters. I have a box to put my first-day offerings into. I do not always have money to put into it. I think if I ask my father for it, it would not be my giving it. I have given away twelve or thirteen papers. I want you all to pray that I may gain a home in heaven."

EDDIE E. MYERS, of Howard Co., Ind., says: "I am eight years old, and have a little sister five years old, and a brother ten years old. We have Sabbath-school at our house. I love to learn my lessons in Book No. 1. I am writing by a natural gas fire. It is very nice when the weather is cold. I want to be a good boy so I can be saved when Jesus comes."

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.