

Youth's Instructor

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THE SINGER'S ALMS.

IN Lyons, on the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman leading a fair child
Craved a small alms of one, who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance, and smiled
To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.
His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good;
So, as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face, and sang his best.
The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce, where the singer stood, was
filled;
And many paused, and, listening, paused
again
To hear the voice that through and through
them thrilled.
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity, woven in a song.
The hat of its stamped brood was emptied
soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with
tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her
fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly
thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed was
wrought."
But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide
throng,
And flowers rained on him; naught could as-
suage
The tumult of the welcome, save the song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face
For the two beggars in the market-place.
—Henry Abbey.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

A HARVEST SCENE.

ONE need not go back half a century
to learn that harvesting is con-
ducted very differently now than
in years gone by, modern ma-
chinery having superseded the early
method of gathering grain with the
sickle and the scythe. None of us ques-
tion the advantages gained by the change, but we
may well doubt the power of machinery to impart the
fascination that usually attended an old-time harvest
scene, such as, indeed, your parents were familiar
with in their early days, or as others have witnessed
in this and foreign lands. One who was forty-five
years a missionary in Palestine and Syria was particu-
larly impressed with some such harvest exhibitions
there. Upon one occasion he said:—
"No description can produce such a tableau as I
witnessed in riding, in early harvest time, through the
fertile fields from Ramleh to Ludd. A thousand reap-
ers and gleaners were abroad and busy when the
morning sun shot his first rays down through the
olive-trees, which half hid, half revealed the merry
harvesters,—men, women, and children,—the first
reaping, the second gleaning, and the children at
play or watching the flocks and herds which were
allowed to follow the gleaners."
In witnessing a similar scene he says that "all
seemed to be in good humor, enjoying the cool air of
the morning. There was singing alone and in chorus,

incessant talking, and laughing long and loud."
"Hundreds of men, women, and children were
reaping, gleaning, and carrying the grain to the
great threshing-floors. Long lines of camels, carry-
ing on their backs burdens of unthreshed wheat
larger than themselves, were slowly converging to
the villages from every part of the plain, and the
grain lay on the threshing-floors in heaps mountain
high."

Instead of binding the grain in sheaves, the Syrian
method is to gather it in large bundles. "Two of
these, secured in a network of rope, are placed a few
feet apart." A camel is made to kneel down between
them, the bundles are fastened to his pack-saddle,
and at a signal from his driver up rises the patient

stranger, the fatherless, and the widow." The Israel-
ites were also commanded to leave a portion of their
fruit unpicked in time of grape and olive harvests.
What was so left belonged to the poor, and they had
a right to take it away from the fields. It was be-
cause of this provision that Ruth so freely entered the
fields of Boaz to glean.

After a time it was decided by law that the portion
of the corners of a field equalled about a sixtieth
part of the crop in the whole field, so that thereafter
the owner might reap all the grain, and separate
a sixtieth part for the poor.

I suspect many of our readers have gleaned after
the reapers the scattering grain in their father's har-
vest fields. I well remember the first sheaf of my own



beast, and marches off toward the threshing-floor
near the village. Arrived there, he kneels down
again, and is relieved of his awkward load only to
repeat the same operation all day long, and for many
weeks together; for in some places there the harvest
extends through at least two months."

The missionary saw that the women did the glean-
ing; but they were paid wages for it, as were the men
for reaping. Anciently the custom differed in that
instead of gleaners' receiving wages for their work,
they were entitled to what they gathered, as evi-
dently were the misses shown in the accompanying
engraving. This custom was introduced for the ben-
efit of the poor, by the Lord himself away back in the
days of Moses. His instructions to the Israelites were:—

"When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou
shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field;"
"neither shalt thou gather any gleaning of thy har-
vest. Thou shalt leave them unto the poor, and to
the stranger." Also, "when thou cuttest down thy
harvest in the field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field,
thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the

gleaning, in a neighbor's field; and I have but to re-
vert to it in thought now to experience something of
the same pleasure that the picking up of those heads
of wheat gave me upon that occasion.

But there is a broader field in which we may all
work. Our heavenly Father invites us to labor in his
great harvest-field, which is the world. Both reapers
and gleaners are wanted; for every precious head of
wheat must be garnered. What is unavoidably
missed by the reaper, must be picked up by the
gleaner. The work of the latter is just as necessary
as that of the former, and as the lighter work of
gleaning belongs to children, here "is something for
children to do."

In every way that you help to carry the light of
truth to others, either by sacrifice or labor, you may
consider yourselves gleaners; and if you gather all
the sheaves you can, according to your several abil-
ity, you may by and by come rejoicing, bringing your
sheaves with you. Who will begin work to-day as
never before for the Master? Who?

M. J. G.

HOW COTTON CLOTH IS MADE.

I WONDER how many boys and girls have any idea of how cloth is made; or how many ever went into a big factory where it is woven?

Take the print or cambric, for instance, from which your shirt-waists or dresses are made. It has to go through a multitude of processes before it gets from the cotton, as it is picked and bought by the great cotton factories, to be the pretty printed cloth you see. The first thing they do, in a great cotton factory, is to spin the cotton into thread for warp and woof, or "filling," as the latter is sometimes called. Possibly some of you may have seen your grandmother spin wool, or even weave the yarn into cloth. If so, you will understand better what has to be done.

In a factory the cotton is passed through several machines, which pick it to pieces and throw out the seeds and other foreign substances. From each one of these machines it comes out a little finer than before, until, at last, it is fine enough to spin. The spinning is done in another room, on a machine called a "mule" or a "Jenny." Then this fine thread is taken to another floor, and woven in the brisk and busy looms into unbleached cotton cloth. But it is not then ready for market. Even if it is to be sold as unbleached cloth, it has to go through the process of singeing. That is, it is passed over a big cylinder, close to a row of gas-jets, which scorch off the fuzzy lint which makes the cloth rough. This, of course, is a delicate operation, and after it, if the cloth is to be sold as brown sheeting, it is ready to be done up in great bales for the stores. If it is to become bleached cloth, however, it has to be passed through a solution of chloride of lime and other ingredients, and take several baths. This takes some time, but is a very necessary process, just the same. When it is over, the cloth is ready to be sold and made up into under-clothing, sheets, and pillow-cases.

The most interesting thing about a big cotton-mill is the printing department. Every mill has its own designers. They have a pleasant room at the top of the building, with plenty of light, and they make their designs with water-colors. Of course one must be something of an artist to be a successful designer. One must also have very careful and exact training, as the designs have to fit perfectly the cylinders upon which the cloth is printed. The variation of a design one hair's breadth from the requirements of the cylinder renders it useless. Colors must be prepared from dye-stuffs in immense vats, to color prints which do not have a light background. Then dyes must be prepared to match every tint in the design. Copper sheets are also stamped with the design, and fastened upon great cylinders in such a way that, when the cloth is pulled through, the figures are printed upon the cloth like the original designs. Sometimes the cloth has to go through this process many times, in order to receive all the colors necessary to the pattern.

After it is printed, the cloth is ready to be measured off into "cuts" of forty or fifty yards, and packed into boxes for the wholesale dealers. Even then it has to pass through several hands before you ever see it. What should you say if I were to tell you that it has probably taken over a hundred people to make your shirt-waist, my boy; or that all those hundred people worked for days to make your print apron, my girl? If ever you get an opportunity to go through a great cotton-mill, from the engine up through to the designer's room (where, by the way, very few people are admitted), do n't refuse it. —*The Interior.*

THE ELECTRIC PLANT.

In the forests of India a strange plant has been discovered. It possesses to a high degree magnetic power, and conceals within its leaf and flower many mysteries and botanical problems. *Nature* thus describes it:—

"The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil.

"At a distance of six meters a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near.

"The energy of this singular influence varies with the hour of the day. All-powerful about two o'clock in the afternoon, it is annulled during the night.

"At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb, and bends its head during a thunder shower; it remains there without force or virtue even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves, and the needle is unaffected beside it.

"One never by any chance sees a bird or insect alight on the electric plant; an instinct seems to

warn them that they would find a sudden death. It is also important to remark that where it grows none of the magnetic metals are found, neither iron, nor cobalt, nor nickel; an undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant."—*Youth's Companion.*

A SMILING FACE.

DOES any one like a drizzling rain

As well as a sunny sky?

Does any one turn to a frowning face

If a pleasant one is nigh?

Oh, give to us all the look that springs

From a kindly nature's grace!

We do not care if he's dark or fair—

The boy with a smiling face.

Does any one like a lowering cloud

As well as the shining light?

Does a peevish word have power to please,

Like a laugh that is sweet and bright?

Oh, the girl that is gloomy with fretful scowls,

Though she dresses in silk and lace,

Hath never such art to charm the heart

As the girl with smiling face.

Dear boys and girls, remember this,—

You are apt to meet with loss,

No matter what thing you undertake,

When you're sullen, and sour, and cross.

Dear girls and boys, I would say it thrice,

'T will help you in every case;

If you'd win success and the world would bless,

You must wear a smiling face.

—*Golden Days.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

REVERENCE FOR THE AGED.

It was a cold, stormy day in December. In the night, when all was still, flakes of beautiful snow had fallen to the earth, slowly and gently at first, but gradually thicker and faster, until the earth was robed in a mantle of white. The full moon peeped from under a cloud, and witnessed the wonderful work of God. The angels of heaven beheld it, and worshiped him.

In the morning, the village children started for school as usual, full of mirth and glee. For an hour and a half, all were busily engaged with lessons; and when at last the kind old teacher gave the order to put books away, every care was thrown off, and marching out in soldierly fashion, they entered upon their sports as only children can.

There were about sixty boys and girls, ranging in years from six to sixteen. Charlie Long, the eldest, was leader in all games and adventures of the pupils. Having a disposition to tease, he often caused much trouble in the school.

While they were all merrily at work making a snow man, Charlie looked up, and exclaimed,—

"O, boys, look at that old saint coming down the road! Let's play a trick on her. She walks as though she were afraid to step on the ground for fear of going through to China. Come, George, get on the sled with me, and we will ride down the path. I'll take my whistle along, and so be sure to make her hear."

"Why, Charlie Long, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. That may be a very good woman, that we ought to help. Mother has always taught me to be kind to the aged and feeble," replied George.

He was the only one in the school who dared speak so to Charlie, and when he made this reply, sneers and jeers met his ear from every side.

But George had a brave heart. Having been taught to pray, he silently lifted his heart to God, asking wisdom to do just the best thing. He then left his companions, and walked towards the old lady, with the intention of offering her help.

The boys, half ashamed, half angry, called after him, but he did not heed them. When he had once made a good resolution, not one of them could turn him aside.

"Please, ma'am, may I assist you home?" asked George, after greeting her with a cheery "Good morning."

"Thank you, my dear boy," she replied, struggling to keep back the tears. "May God bless you for your willingness to aid the feeble;" and she caught hold of his strong arm.

"It is quite wintery to-day, and the walks are so slippery, I thought it might be hard walking for you."

"It has only been a year since I could walk nearly as well as you; but my dear husband died of fever, and then I was stricken, but the dear Lord saw fit to spare my life, and I can still trust him."

"Where do you live now?" asked George.

"In the small white house yonder," said she. "It is

all I have left, and I am afraid I shall have to give that up to buy something to eat."

They were now at the door, and with a "God bless you" following him from the old lady's lips, George sped back to the school.

The teacher had witnessed the whole scene from the window, and when George returned, he called the school to order, related to them the story, and then dismissed all except George.

Turning to him, the teacher said,—

"George, you have done a very brave deed, both in answering Charlie as you did, and in assisting Mrs. Barton.

"As I saw it, tears of joy, mingled with those of sadness, came to my eyes,—tears of joy because you so tenderly helped her,—tears of sadness because I remembered how, upon a morning similar to this, I spoke an unkind word to my own dear mother, and before I reached home in the evening, she was dead. Always do *right*. Never show any disrespect to the aged, and you will develop into a noble man. Nor should you forget that the angels are pleased with you, and what you have done is made known in heaven."

We all have opportunities every day for doing good, and should improve them for Christ's sake. We may not be rewarded here on earth, but angels record it in the books of heaven, where we *shall* receive our reward by and by.

The poet has beautifully expressed the sentiment of filial love, in the following lines:—

"And can'st thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! Where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age."

L. M. S.

DOING ANOTHER'S DUTY.

THE true lady shows her training in every word and gesture, but the pretender is too often found napping. A little girl, shopping with her mother one day, was sitting contentedly on a counter-stool, and watching the people as they came and went.

Presently she saw a lady elegantly dressed, who stopped at their counter, and handed a waterproof and umbrella to the young girl in charge.

"Take care of these things till I call for them," she said in an autocratic tone, and sailed away.

The bright eyes of the child followed her. The little face wore a look of distress.

"Why, mamma," she whispered, "she didn't even say 'please.'"

Sooner than she expected, the lady returned.

"I will take my things," she said.

There was some little delay in finding them.

"I hope you haven't lost or misplaced them," she said to the young girl in a severe tone.

Neither misfortune had occurred; the articles were found, and taking them without a word, the lady walked out. This was more than the child could bear. Leaning over, so that her sweet face came close to that of the clerk, she said, graciously, "Thank you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

ONE STITCH AT A TIME.

"WHAT is the secret by which you do your work so beautifully?" The questioner held in her hand an exquisite piece of crochet work, wrought by the lady to whom the question was addressed.

"There is no *secret* about it," replied the lady; "I only make every stitch as perfect as I can, and am careful to put it in exactly the right place. There isn't one wrong or careless stitch in all that work. If I make a mistake, I ravel it out and correct it."

One perfect stitch at a time! So the marvelous fabrics of lace at fabulous prices are made. So the intricate and exquisite embroideries are wrought. So the costly garments of men and women are put together. One perfect stitch at a time.

The noblest lives are lived—one moment at a time. No moments wasted; no moments carelessly spent; no moments viciously spent. Wrong stitches in crochet can be raveled out and made right. Wrong stitches in garments can be picked out, and put in again right. But who can reverse the tide of time, and undo a wrong act, and make it right?

For Our Little Ones.

DON'T GIVE UP.

If you tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.
Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.
Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.
If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!
There's the magic in the power
Of an unbended will,
That makes us stronger every hour

For greater efforts still;
Then banish from you every "can't,"
And show yourself a man,
And nothing will your purpose daunt,
Led by the brave "I can."
—Eliza Cook.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

TEASING TOM AND THE PARROT.

NETTIE and Dolly and Tom and Ned had never been away from their quiet country home. One summer Cousin Frank came there on a visit. He lived in the city. The children thought he knew everything, because he lived in town, and went to college. Nettie and Dolly very much admired him, and Tom and Ned imitated him as far as they could.

Mr. Frank liked his small cousins, and told them all he could think of about his city home. The children listened in open-mouthed wonder. It seemed like a tale of fairy land. They were sorry when the visit came to an end; but Mr. Frank promised to come again next summer.

When summer came, however, Mr. Frank was too busy to leave home, so he sent Aunt Fannie in his place. She brought several strange-looking parcels with her, which she set down on the table, while she went out to tea, with the children's mother.

Dolly and Tom were anxious to know if Cousin Frank had sent anything to them, and they waited impatiently for Aunt Fannie to get a little rested from the journey.

While they were wandering around, they heard a strange noise in one of the parcels. It came from a square package tied up in a spotted cloth.

"What is that?" said Tom; "did you hear it, Dolly?"

"Yes," said Dolly. "There it is again. I wonder what it can be."

"Oh, dear!" a voice seemed to say. It sounded as if it came from the parcel.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Tom, "it's something alive! Let's look and see."

"I daren't," said Dolly in an awe-stricken voice.

"You need not feel afraid," said Aunt Fannie, coming into the room; and the children gathered around the table. They quickly uncovered the bundle. It was a parrot in a cage. The children had never before seen a bird that could talk.

Polly sat with ruffled feathers and angry eyes, in one corner on the perch; she was very cross; the long journey on the cars had not agreed with her.

"I'm mad!" she croaked, hopping from one side of the perch to the other.

"Get out! get out!" she cried, flying at Tom, as he thrust his fingers through the bars of the cage to touch her feathers.

"Polly has lost her temper entirely," said Aunt Fannie, laughing to see Tom start back from the cross bird. "This is Frank's present to you, Tom, and he said he hoped you would be kind to her. We will hang her cage up now, and let her rest; for she has been teased all the way out here."

Tom was very much delighted, and eagerly promised to take the best kind of care of Miss Polly.

Polly had a fit of sulks after she was hung up, and would not talk any more that night. But in a few days she seemed to have become used to her new home, and the saucy speeches that fell from her tongue filled the children with delight.

Tom especially liked to tease, and if his cat and dog could have talked, they would have told many things that he had done to vex them and make them uncomfortable.

His soon found out that Polly was afraid of the cat. Whenever Grimalkin came into the room, Polly would cry out, "Scat! scat!" or, with ruffled feathers, sit on the perch trembling with fear, repeating, "I'm scared!"

This amused Tom, and he coaxed the cat into the house very often. Aunt Fannie told him he must be careful not to frighten Polly, and make her angry, for it would make her a cross, disagreeable bird, and he might frighten her so much that she would die. Tom laughed at the thought of Polly's dying of fright,—just a bird like that!



Not many days afterward, Tom heard a great noise from Polly's corner. She was screaming and scolding, her feathers were ruffled up; she was so angry she had forgotten how to talk. Looking around, Tom discovered the cat sitting on the floor, intently watching Polly. An evil spirit possessed him. He held Grimalkin up by the cage, and laughed to see how frightened Polly became. The poor bird trembled so that she fell from the perch.

Then it was Tom's turn to be frightened, for he remembered what Aunt Fannie had said. He put the cat out, and tried to soothe the bird, putting her back onto the perch again.

But it was too late. Tom had teased Polly once too many times. She sat dumptily in the corner of her cage a few minutes, and soon died.

Then Tom had to tell Aunt Fannie what he had done. She talked to him a long while about kindness, and told him what a cruel man he would grow up to be if he allowed himself to tease and vex the animals that depended on him for their happiness. With Polly's dead body lying before him, Tom felt very sorry, and promised not to be so thoughtless again. It would seem that he has remembered; for Towzer and Grimalkin wear a more contented look, and do not run when they see him coming round the house.

W. E. L.

JENNIE AND JIM.

JENNIE and Jim are twins. They walk to and from school together, they play together, they pore over the same lessons at night. Both rejoice in this close companionship, and neither dreams of giving it up.

"Come, Jim, come along with us," called one of the boys, as they came out from school on a snowy afternoon. "Don't hang around there waiting for Jennie. She can take care of herself."

"Perhaps she can," said Jim, stoutly; "but she shan't so long as I've got an umbrella and she hasn't."

"Then leave it for her, and come along with us. I'd be ashamed to go round with a girl under an umbrella!"

"I say, Jim," said another, "I should think you'd get awfully tired of that sister of yours!"

Jim had been growing more and more crimson. He seemed to consider whether he should resort to words or blows.

"I tell you what, fellows," he burst forth, at length, "I am not tired of her, and I should n't be if the days were twice as long, and there were two of her instead of one!"—Selected.

REAL POOR.

"ANNIE," called Aunt Grace from her seat by the window, "do you know the little girl that is by the road?"

"Yes; that is Bessie Lane. See how old-fashioned she looks in that print dress and sun-bonnet! Her grandma is real poor."

"What is real poor?" asked her aunt, looking at the child again.

"Oh, she wears cotton dresses, and sun-bonnets, and big-sleeved aprons; and they don't have any parlor, nor any white spreads on the beds, nor any china dishes, nor any—door-bell!"

When Annie stopped, Aunt Grace was laughing, but she quickly smoothed her face, and asked:—

"Well, what do they have?"

"Why, nothing much. There isn't anybody but her grandmother and Bessie, and the big cat. They have patchwork quilts on the beds, and old blue dishes, and a big knocker with horns on the door. Bessie says it was her grandfather's ever so long ago."

"Does Bessie go to school?"

"Yes; and she knows lots; but she never has anything nice to eat or wear."

"What does she know lots about?" asked Aunt Grace, looking quite sober.

"Oh, she's got the oddest room you ever saw. There are some shelves fastened up with strings and spools, and they've got the strangest things on them—stones, and nests, and eggs, and all sorts of things. I guess she can tell about them all."

"What is she picking in the grass?"

"Something she calls 'poor man's coffee.' It is white, and grows all over the side of the road."

"Let's go and see some," said Aunt Grace, rising.

When they reached Bessie, a very neat little face looked out of the blue sun-bonnet.

"Aunt Grace wants to see some of your coffee," began Annie, without thinking of Bessie's feelings.

A quick flush spread over the child's face, but she said politely:—

"It is this little plant," holding up a white, wooly growth, a few inches in height. "It makes very good coffee. If we don't buy such things, I can have more books."

"Why do you want books so much?"

"Because I must learn a great deal, so I can teach school. We are so poor we can't have nice things."

Miss Grayton followed Bessie's eyes from the flying ribbons on Annie's dress to her own plain but carefully-made print.

"What books have you bought, Bessie, that you wanted?" she asked.

"My school-books, and a book about birds and butterflies. When the berries come, I am going to buy a book about flowers. I have ever so many in an old book. There was a man here last summer that said if I would press them very smoothly, he would buy those that were hard to find."

"You ought to see them!" exclaimed Annie. "They are just as queer as can be. Bessie goes everywhere after them."

"If you will bring me a cup of 'poor man's coffee,' I will tell you about the name of the plant," remarked Miss Grayton, as they turned toward home.

"Shall I get you some liberty tea, too?" asked Bessie.

"I should be very glad to see some. I never heard the name."

The next morning Bessie came over with her hand full of flowers.

"It is a marsh bouquet," said she, timidly.

The coffee was in one of the "old blue dishes," of which Annie had spoken so scornfully. Miss Grayton saw at a glance that it was ancient and valuable.

"Here is the liberty tea," said Bessie, selecting some stalks of delicate flowers. They had slender, pointed leaves and tall racemes of golden yellow flowers, streaked with dark lines. A short distance away

they seemed to be spikes of little golden stars set among the green leaves.

"They are pretty in the marshes!" exclaimed Bessie. "The stems of the flowers are so small they look as if they were growing on nothing."

"It is loosestrife," said her friend, smiling at the earnest face. "Its botanical name is *Lysimachia stricta*."

As Bessie looked hopeless, she added:—

"You can remember the word loosestrife. What makes you call it liberty tea?"

"Grandma says the Americans used it when the English wanted to sell them stamped tea. She says her mother used to see them pick and dry it. They steeped it to drink, and called it liberty tea."

"Doubtless the flavor was very fine on that account. It must have tasted strongly of independence," remarked Aunt Grace, laughing.

"This coffee-plant is low cudweed, or *Gnaphalium religiosum*. When you get your botany, you will learn more about them."

"I mean to study as fast as possible, Miss Grayton. Grandma says people won't notice my dress if I learn all I ought."

"Poor in knowledge is a great deal worse than poor in money, Bessie; and if you study carefully, you will never be that. Here are some wild iris blossoms in your bouquet. They are a pretty blue. It is the wild variety of the national flower of France, the *fleur-de-lis*."

"They were all dew this morning," said Bessie, "and the sun shone on the drops so bright that it made my eyes twinkle."

"Perhaps the dewdrops had caught sunbeams," said Miss Grayton, smiling. "They must have looked very beautiful."

"There were lots of other things, too!" exclaimed Bessie; "and the green leaves were shining, and the water was pretty besides."

Bessie's eyes shone as she described her treasures, while Annie sat looking at her with a sudden feeling that there might be other riches than those she valued most.—*The Well-Spring*.

LITTLE STITCHES.

"Must I sew to-day, mamma?" asked Elsie.

"Yes, dear; you must do a little sewing every day."

"But I don't like to sew."

"You do not expect to go through life doing only the things you like, do you?"

"This is a very long hem."

"But you need sew for only half an hour on it."

"It looks dreadfully long," said Elsie, holding the handkerchief up, and looking dismally at it. "I believe it will take—O, a hundred stitches."

"More than that, I think," said mamma, with a smile.

"A hundred stitches is a great many."

"But you do not have to take them all at once. The hemming of a handkerchief is one of the things which must be done little by little."

"One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the longest tear is mended."

Elsie threaded her needle, put the thimble on her tiny finger, and laid the hem over another finger. Then she said:—

"Tell me some more of the littles, mamma."

"Some time ago I saw a little snow-flake in the air. Then the boys and girls clapped their hands, and said, 'Now we shall have coasting!' Could they coast on that one flake?"

"How funny you are, mamma! They kept coming and coming, millions and millions of them, till everything was covered with white. And then the snow grew deep, there were so many."

"In the spring, after old Jack Frost had been having his own way all through the winter, the ground was bare. We wanted to see it green, and then came a blade of grass—"

"A blade of grass, mamma! Why, they covered all the ground."

"There were trees and bushes, too. They couldn't get along with one leaf, could they?"

"O, no. God gave them beautiful leaves—millions of them. And they make the shade for us to play and sit in."

"Yes. In the summer it was very dry, and all the flowers were withering. Even the trees and grass seemed wilting. I wished I could take a great watering-pot, and give all the poor thirsty things a cool drink; but a greater Hand than mine saw what they wanted. Did he send one drop for them?"

"He sent rain—more drops than any one could count. It poured and poured. What else, mamma?"

"Plenty more. Our lives are made up of days, and

the days are made of little minutes. Our Father makes up many of his great things of little things, as you see, and he has ordered that we, his children, are to do the same. You cannot learn very much in any one day at school, but must learn one little lesson at a time. We cannot do our duties all in one great lump, but must do them little by little, day after day.

Our lives should be full of little sweetnesses, little kind words, little kind deeds, little faithful, willing services for the dear Saviour's sake."

Mamma went away, and Elsie kept on putting in careful little stitches, until her half hour of sewing-time was gone.

"There," she said, "in three or four days all the stitches will be made, and then papa will think he has a dear little girl to hem his handkerchief so nicely."

Then she folded up her work, and went out to play, singing:—

"One stitch and then another,
And the longest seam is ended."

—*Sydney Dayre*.

The Sabbath-School.

THIRD SABBATH IN DECEMBER.
DECEMBER 21.

LETTER TO THE HEBREWS

LESSON 12.—HEBREWS 7:4-14.

1. UNTO whom was Melchizedek like in his priesthood?
2. Will Christ have any successor in his priestly office? See Heb. 5:6.
3. How was the greatness of Melchizedek proved? Heb. 7:4.
4. Who took tithes in the Mosaic dispensation? Verse 5.
5. From whom did the priests descend? *Ib.*
6. Who confers a blessing, the less or the greater? Verse 7.
7. Who conferred the blessing according to Gen. 14:19, 20?
8. Who, then, was accounted the greater? See note.
9. What is the intention of the entire argument in Heb. 7:4-10? *Ans.*—To magnify the order of priesthood after which Christ was called.
10. If perfection had been by the Levitical priesthood, would any other order have been required? Verse 11.
11. When was the change made from the Aaronic to the Melchizedek priesthood? Verse 12. See Col. 2:14; also note on chap. 6:20, on the beginning of the priesthood of Christ.
12. What else had to be changed on the change of the priesthood? Heb. 7:12.
13. Does the law of ten commandments say anything about the priesthood?
14. Would the ten commandments, or any one of them, need to be changed on the change of the priesthood?
15. Was there any law concerning the priesthood? Ex. 28:1; 40:13.
16. What would have been the consequence if any but the sons of Aaron had tried to act as priest? Num. 3:10.
17. Did any one not a Levite try to act as priest? 2 Chron. 26:1, 16-18.
18. What was the result of his presumption? Verses 19, 20.
19. Of what tribe was king Uzziah?
20. Of what tribe was our Lord Jesus Christ? Heb. 7:14.
21. If the priesthood was so strictly given to Aaron, how could Christ be accepted as priest? Verse 12.
22. If that law (Num. 3:10, etc.) confining the priesthood to Aaron and his sons, had continued in force, could Christ have acted as priest?
23. What law, then, had to be changed in order to have a change of priesthood?
24. Was there ever a priest before Christ of the tribe of Judah? Heb. 7:13, 14.

NOTE.

We are led, by all the Scriptures, to believe that Melchizedek was greater than Abraham only in respect to his position or office as priest-king. Abraham was not a king; he was only a stranger and pilgrim in the land. The priesthood of Melchizedek and of Aaron were both typical of that of Christ; but as a type the former stood highest, because Aaron had no kingship connected with his priesthood. It is this fact that gives the priesthood of Melchizedek superiority over that of Aaron. Inasmuch as Aaron had no kingship, were it not for Melchizedek, we should have but a limited and a very imperfect type of the priesthood of Christ. In other respects, Abraham doubtless was not inferior to Melchizedek.

A GODLY man's comforts and guidances are alike hid from the world.—*Taylor*.

Letter Budget.

HERE are two letters from Madison Co., Ark. The first, from AMERICA FRITTS, reads: "We take the INSTRUCTOR, and I love to read the letters. I thought I would try to write one. I am a little girl twelve years old. I have four brothers and one baby sister. I have been keeping the Sabbath about six years. We have a Sabbath-school of thirty-eight members, and a church of thirteen members. My mamma is the secretary, and is our teacher too. I study in Book No. 2. My mamma is the clerk in the church. We have Sabbath-school at grandpa's. We haven't any church house. I have three little goslings."

The second letter, written by ILVEN A. FRITTS, reads: "I have never written a letter to the Budget, but will try to write a few lines now. I love all little Sabbath-keepers, and love to read their letters. I take the INSTRUCTOR, and have been keeping the Sabbath about two years. I shall soon study my lessons in Book No. 2. I love my teacher and all of the scholars. I am paying tithes on all my eggs, and on everything I make. I try to read one or two chapters in the Bible each day, and study the other books and papers all I can. Let us all who write letters for the INSTRUCTOR study our Bibles, keep the commandments, and try to be prepared to meet our dear Saviour and live together in the earth made new."

Our next letter is from Coshocton Co., Ohio, and it is written by JESSIE C. DORSEY. It reads: "I so seldom see a letter from Ohio that I thought I would write one to-day; and also to send an answer to Ada Berry's question. You will find it in Eccl. 3:17. I go to day school, and have not been absent or tardy in two years. I am in the A grammar, and take music lessons. We have a Sabbath-school of four members. Mamma is superintendent, I am secretary, Gertie is treasurer, and Effie pianist, as we have no organ. We are the only Adventists in this county. We often wish sister Haight was back, so as to have an addition to our Sabbath-school. We attended the camp-meeting at Mt. Vernon. We would like to have it here next year. Last fall sisters Stewart and Haight were canvassing here, but met with little success, there were so many other agents here before them. I should like to correspond with some one in California, Florida, England, or any other place. You can get my address by sending to the *Review and Herald* office. I send my love to all."

The next letter is from Bureau Co., Ill. It reads: "I have been an interested reader of the INSTRUCTOR for the last four years, through the kindness of Mrs. Loyd, who brought it to me every week. I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a mamma and a sister named Lucy. I had two brothers, but one died when I was two years old. We have just begun to keep the Sabbath with Mrs. Loyd and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Olsen. There are no Sabbath-keepers in the county besides us. We have a nice little Sabbath-school by ourselves. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR letters, and hear from the little girls and boys in different parts of the world. I would like to visit Maria Hare in her Florida home, and go out in the orchard and look for split oranges, and see the beautiful oleanders as they grow there. But best of all I would enjoy a ride on the bay. I wonder if Maria has a fine collection of shells? I wish she would come and slide and have some sleigh rides with me in winter. I send my love to the INSTRUCTOR family, and hope to meet them all in the new earth."

ELIZABETH J. LARK wrote from El Dorado Co., Cal., some time ago. She said: "I am twelve years old, and study in Book No. 4. My mother is dead, and I live with a lady who keeps the Sabbath. Mamma has been dead seven years. I have a little sister seven years old. We all keep the Sabbath but papa. I hope he will keep it soon. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR. I love all the INSTRUCTOR family. We have not been keeping the Sabbath very long. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth."

WILHELMINA R. GIBSON, of Jeffersonville Co., Ky., says: "I am a little girl eleven years old. This is my first letter, and I have never seen one from this place, so I thought I would begin now to write one. I go to Sabbath-school, and study in Book No. 2. I am trying to keep the Sabbath, and to be a good girl. I send my love to all."

BERTIE MCBRIDE writes from Cass Co., Mo. He says: "I am a little boy thirteen years old. I keep the Sabbath with my parents. We go six miles to Sabbath-school. I study in Book No. 2. We have a Sabbath-school of twenty-eight scholars."

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