

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 37.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER 18, 1889.

No. 51.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE THRUSH.

WITH what keen pleasure we welcome the first return of the migratory birds! While the indications of spring seem yet a long way off, we come unexpectedly across some forerunner of the feathered tribe, in a sheltered nook, contentedly pecking the seeds from the weeds the snow has not covered, and telling us in a friendly twitter that spring is on the way. Perhaps days, or even weeks, pass by before we see him again. This time he has others with him. Soon all the birds have returned,—the robins, the blue-birds, the little chattering sparrows,—and the air is full of melody.

A small grove close by our dwelling is a favorite retreat for those birds who love civilized ways, yet are not so audacious as to build under the very eaves. Chiefest among these feathered tenants is a beautiful thrush, that has been a visitant for several summers. Attracted one morning by an unusually melodious voice among the feathered choir,—a seeming prima-donna among the singers,—two of us provided ourselves with opera-glasses, and sauntered out to get sight of the musician. Guided by the sound, we directed our glasses to the top of a tall oak that stood apart from the other trees. There, on the topmost slender twig, sat a thrush, the morning sunlight falling full on his mottled breast, giving to the reddish brown and fawn tints of his feathers an indescribable richness of color. Bending, quivering in the ecstasy of song, he was all unconscious of the admiring eyes fastened on him, or of the appreciative listeners that drank in the rich melody he showered down.

Suddenly he stopped, cocking his little head this side and that. He had caught sight of the opera-glasses ranged at him. Possibly they were a new kind of shot-gun. He dropped down behind a dead branch, and disappeared. Soon we heard his song in another part of the grove. Then followed a game of hide-and-seek; for each time the thrush discovered that he was observed, he took flight to less conspicuous quarters.

Going by the place later in the day, we observed him hopping up and down among some dead leaves, tussling with a bug or a flat morsel of some kind; for even thrushes feel obliged to pay regard to the cravings of nature.

The thrush family embraces some of our most pleasing songsters, the oriole, the cat-bird, the mocking-bird, and the robin finding classification under

this head. Prominent among these musicians is the song thrush, which is shown in the engraving on this page. In describing this bird, the Rev. J. G. Wood says:—

"It is plentifully found in most parts of England, and favors us with its vocal efforts throughout a considerable portion of the year. The song of the thrush is peculiarly rich, mellow, and sustained, and is remarkable for the full purity of its intonation and the variety of its notes. The thrush begins to sing as soon as incubation commences, and continues its song from the beginning of spring until the middle



THE BIRDS OF HEAVEN.

ARK to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven!

Every bush and tufted tree

Warbles sweet philosophy:

"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;

God provideth for the morrow.

"Say, have kings more wholesome fare

Than we, poor citizens of air?

Barns nor hoarded grain have we,

Yet we carol merrily.

Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;

God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, who, Lord of all,

Keeps our feathers lest they fall:

Pass we blithely, then, the time,

Fearless of the snare and lime,

Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:

God provideth for the morrow."

—Bishop Heber.

of autumn, or even as late as the first of December.

The nest of the thrush is rather large, and is shaped like a basin. The shell of the nest is composed of roots and mosses, inside of which is worked a rather thin but wonderfully compact layer of cowdung and decayed wood, so strongly kneaded that when dry, it will hold water almost as well as an earthenware vessel. There are usually five eggs, of a beautiful blue, spotted with black. The spots are small, round, and well marked, and are extremely variable in size and number; they are always gathered toward the larger end of the egg.

"The food of the thrush is mostly of an animal character, and consists largely of worms, snails, slugs, and similar creatures. In eating snails it is very dextrous, taking them in its bill, battering them against a stone until the shells are entirely crushed, and then swallowing the inclosed molusc.

"The thrush does not, however, confine itself wholly to this kind of diet, but in the autumn months feeds largely on berries and different fruits, being fond of cherries, and often working great havoc in an orchard or fruit garden. But in spite of its occasional inroads upon the gardens, it deserves the gratitude of the agriculturist on account of its service in destroying the snails and other garden pests, and may well be allowed to take its autumnal toll of a few of the fruits of which it has been such an efficient preserver."

W. E. L.

STRIKING FOR INDEPENDENCE.

"I AM not going to be a slave for anybody. I am tired to death with this everlasting, 'Dan, do this, and, Dan, do that.'"

"Who wants to make a slave of you, sir? You were simply asked by your mistress to carry a bucket of coal up-stairs," answered Mr. Reed, eying the boy sharply.

"That is more than I bargained for. You employed me to run errands for the store, and I do not propose to wait on the women-folks, and take care of the baby besides."

"Very well, I must have a boy who is willing to make himself useful, so you can go at the end of the week," replied his master, a little stiffly.

So Dan was out of a place again. He had tried several in Easton, and Mr. Reed did not wonder now why his former employers had dismissed him so soon.

"People a'n't going to ride over me, and the sooner they understand that fact the better," Dan muttered aloud, as he lay tossing on his bed that night. How his mother was to manage without his weekly allowance, he did not know; with half-a-dozen children and an invalid husband to support, she needed all the help he could give. "I'll go to the city," he mused. "Yes, go I will, even if I have to foot every step of the road. This little stingy town is no place for a fellow who wants to get on in the world."

"Let him go," said his father, when his mother objected to the journey. "A few days in the city without friends will cure him of this spirit of discontent."

"Have a seat in the cart, Dan;" asked Neighbor Brown after the lad informed him that he was on his way to the station.

"No, thank you, I don't care about riding, but if you don't mind, I'll give you my grip and coat," answered Dan, as he deposited the load in the wagon. "Just leave them at Grim's store, and I'll get them."

"All right," said Mr. Brown, cheerfully, "I am glad to be able to give you a lift, be it ever so small. I hope you will succeed in finding a good place."

"I am not the least uneasy about that," answered Dan. "I never had any trouble in getting a place."

"And in losing it, too," muttered the old gentleman under his breath.

A few minutes later Dan stopped to chat a bit with Jack Frisbee, farmer Green's bound-boy. The men had gone into the barn with a load of hay, and Jack was busy raking up the grass that had been scattered near the gap.

"Good-by," called Dan, "I'm off to the city to try my luck. Throw down your rake and come along."

"I'd like to go first-rate, but I can't," answered Jack, coming up to the gate.

"Why can't you? I would not let a man like old Green stop me. I'd strike for independence, I'm sure," exclaimed Dan, with a flourish of his hand.

"I'm sure I might get into a worse place, Dan," said Jack, "besides, in honor I'm bound to stay with Mr. Green until I'm fifteen, and that will be a long time yet."

"Honor, fiddlesticks! What does he care for you, except to get as much work out of you as possible. Mr. Reed tried to come that game on me, but he found he had gotten hold of the wrong fellow. I believe in standing up for one's rights, Jack, and I have struck for liberty. If I get you a good place, will you come?"

"If Mr. Green will consent—"

"There it is again! always Mr. Green. I have no patience with such girl-boys, and will waste no more breath," interrupted Dan haughtily, as he hurried away.

After stepping around awhile, the sign, "Boy Wanted," caught his eye, in a shop window. In walked Dan, and presented himself to the proprietor.

"Are you acquainted with the city?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir, that is—not much," Dan stammered (this was his first visit).

"No good here, then," was the only reply.

Dan walked out with a great show of dignity. After looking about for some time, he entered another place that had a sign of "Boy Wanted," tacked up in the window.

"Where was your last place?" was the question this time.

"At Easton, sir."

"Got a recommendation?"

"No, sir, but I can get one," was the hesitating reply.

"I can't spare time to send there for a character. I shall have a score of boys in during the day to choose from. Good day, my lad."

So passed the rest of that day, and the next, and the next. By this time Dan's money was all gone, and his independence was beginning to lose its backbone. He was hungry, tired, and sleepy, and without money found it impossible to obtain either board or lodging. At last, worn-out with his wanderings, he crept under a set of old-fashioned steps, and in spite of his forlorn condition, was soon fast asleep.

When he awoke, it was morning, and strange pains in his head and limbs made him think longingly of his good mother, and the cozy, old-fashioned home he had left. He crawled out of his hiding-place, and tried to walk away, but his feet refused to obey his will, and he was obliged to sit down on the sidewalk. Presently a policeman came along, and finding out how ill he really was, called an ambulance, and had poor Dan conveyed to the Howard Hospital. Here he lay for a long time, passing through all the stages of rheumatic fever. When able to walk around once more, he gladly accepted the kind offer of a gentleman to pay his way home. His return cheered the hearts of his father and mother greatly; for they had received no word from him since he started for the city, and feared that some dreadful misfortune had overtaken him. Mr. Reed, hearing of the lesson he had learned, took him back to his old place. He fills it yet, and tries each day to do better work than he performed the day before, and no one is ever annoyed by his constant talk of "striking for independence."—*The Youth's Evangelist.*

REFORMED BY A PICTURE.

A STRIKING incident that goes far to prove that good pictures sometimes have more influence than sermons, is told in the Cincinnati *Times-Star* by Mr. Clark, the manager of Munkacsy's famous painting, "Christ before Pilate."

"People sometimes ask," said Mr. Clark, the manager of the great painting, "whether the exposition of a work of art like this does any good. I can say most emphatically that it does. We had the painting in Hamilton, Canada, last fall, and one day it happened that my wife was alone at the door. A rough, rude man came walking up, evidently a sailor from one of the lake boats. 'Is Christ here?' he asked, roughly. Mrs. Clark was so taken back by the rude, blunt question, that she was speechless for a moment. 'How much to see Christ?' he demanded. She told him that the admission fee was a quarter. 'Well, I guess I'll have to pay it,' he growled, and putting down a piece of silver, he brushed past her. He sat down in front of the great picture, and studied it for a moment or two; then, by and by, off came his hat. He studied it a little longer, then, leaning down, he picked up the descriptive catalogue, which he had let fall as he took his seat. He read it over, studied the painting anew, dropping his face into his hands at intervals. And so he stayed there for a full hour. When he came out, there were tears in his eyes, and with a voice full of sobs, he said to Mrs. Clark: 'Madam, I came here to see Christ because my mother asked me to. I am a rough man, sailing on the lakes, and before I went on this cruise, my mother wanted me to see this picture, and I came in

to please her. I never believed in any such thing, but the man who could paint a picture like that, he must have believed in it. There is something in it that makes me believe it, too. Madam, God helping me, I am a changed man from to-day.'—*Selected.*

BENEATH MY ROOF-TREE.

ONE dewy morn, when waking birds
Their first low notes were trilling,
And perfume from each hawthorn hedge
The wandering wind was filling,
I saw serene Contentment pass,
With step that scarcely swayed the grass.

So wondrous sweet and fair beyond
All other friends I thought her,
That every day through woodland way
And flowery field I sought her,
And called and called again her name,—
But never answering whisper came.

Then, vexed that she would not reply,
I cried in accents fretful.

"Contentment, where thou listest, go;
Nor will I be regretful;
I fain would have thee with me dwell,
But, since thou wilt not, fare thee well."

I sought my cot, where needlecraft,
The spinning-wheel's swift whirling,
And housewife cares, gave wings to time,
And kept the life-tide stirring;
Forgot were whimpering burn and fell,
The sunlit mead and dusky dell.

A light footfall; a gentle knock;
A snowy kirtle fluttering
Within my door; a longed-for voice
My name in soft tones uttering;
And lo! beneath my own roof-tree
The long-sought one stood seeking me."

—S. S. Times.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE RAG-PICKERS OF PARIS.

THE rag-pickers of any large city are a curious and interesting study, but notably so are those of Paris. They live through collecting the sweepings and refuse thrown out from houses, offices, and stores. All cities have laws compelling the citizens to deposit this rubbish in receptacles on the sidewalks by certain hours, that the "garbage" carts can collect it daily, and carry it off. The rag-pickers overhaul these places, collecting from the refuse every article that has a marketable value.

The city of Paris throws out yearly 300,000 tons of refuse, from which the rag-picker obtains and sells substance, to the value of 25,000,000 francs or nearly \$5,000,000. The daily sales average nearly \$14,000, but this is shared in by over 40,000 men and women, so that each earns an average of only about one franc, seventy-five centimes, or less than thirty-five cents. A rag-picker working all night can earn only from forty to sixty cents, because two hundred pounds of waste paper is worth but two francs, woolen rags five cents a pound, cotton three cents; and bones rarely over thirty-five cents per hundred weight, while all the pickers are bound, under severe penalties, to deposit, at the nearest police-station, any valuables found. Each has a card or license, with a number, and a corresponding number is attached to his "find," and share in any reward offered.

The rag-pickers of Paris are, singularly enough, noted for their honesty and industry. A year ago a jeweler of that city lost a fine pearl weighing 125 grains, and valued at \$8,000. In a few days a poor woman, a rag-picker, deposited the pearl with the chief of police, having found it in a heap of rubbish, and was handed the reward advertised for its recovery.

Sorting the rubbish has to be done on the return of the pickers home in the morning. Some sell their entire collection to a boss, or *trieur* (sorter), who does nothing but sort and sell material.

Rag-pickers, as a rule, live to a good old age, and often become well-to-do. A story is told of one by the name of Lion, nicknamed Loup, who died recently at the age of eighty-eight. He had acquired property and a most wonderful collection of curios. A gentleman, a collector of bric-a-brac, became acquainted with Lion, and afterwards they grew attached to each other. He tells the following of the old rag-picker:—

"I used to shake hands with the rag-picker, and stroke the donkey's nose; for it it well to have friends in every social condition of life.

"The old man's 'finds' were commensurate with the little knowledge possessed in those days by even

French people of fashion and the utter ignorance of the middle class respecting the value of certain articles of *virtu*, which, when damaged or broken, were committed to the rubbish heap at the street door. Often in those heaps were to be found china plates, and dishes, chipped crockery, statuettes that had lost one or more of their limbs, rust-eaten bronzes, old door-locks wherein no key would turn, ornaments that had fallen to the floor and got smashed for want of a saving nail, time-worn Gobelins tapestry, faded miniatures,—in fact, every kind of object that was thought cumbersome and consequently discarded by the treasure-blind.

"My old rag-picker, who had a sharp eye for such wanton waste, first set about selling what he found, but possessed, as he was, of a virtuoso's instinct, he soon began to lay aside some of the more precious articles, and ere long became well informed on the subject of antiquities, especially those relating to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

"I once saw Lion make over to a willing purchaser, in the presence of M. Ridet, the Notary, for a consideration of \$300, a half-toothless ivory comb, whereon figured some handsomely-carved salamanders. To judge from the emblems it bore, this article of a lady's toilet had unmistakably been worn at the court of King Francis the First."

"One day Lion said to me: 'We don't live in a palace, my donkey and I, but if you like to call on us, we shall be glad to see you.' The donkey seemed to be of one mind with his master.

"There are some invitations which a man cannot readily decline. So, the following day, at about twelve o'clock, the hour at which, under the Second Empire, rag-pickers awoke, I directed my steps toward the Rue de Longchamp, and knocked at the door of a ramshackle tenement. He unbarred the door, and I entered a rather spacious place that answered the twofold purpose of a stable and a bedroom. On one side was a couch, and a litter of straw on the other, for master and donkey were inseparable. Theirs was a friendship which death alone could sever.

"Soon as I made my appearance, the donkey brayed out a lusty 'Good morning!' and Lion ushered me up a steep staircase to his first-floor sanctum, which was strewn with what made up his fortune. In one corner was to be seen all sorts of old scrap iron artistically fashioned; on another side were precious articles in crockery, Sevres biscuit, and porcelain. To the left hung large patches of splendid old Gobelins tapestry, while on the right stood a table with its glittering show of small paintings, miniatures, medals, antique coins, bronzes, and even jewelry.

"I bought of him that day a watch, style Louis XIII., most delicately chased.

"On my expressing astonishment at the sight of so many dainty articles, carefully repaired, Lion showed me his work-table near the window; it was covered with all manner of tools, such as are used by locksmiths, watchmakers, and sculptors. In his spare hours the rag-picker had learned half a dozen trades, in order properly to restore his works of art. He had not yet drawn up a catalogue, because he couldn't write; but he gave an excellent description of his valuables."—W. S. C.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

ELIOT MACDONALD had been to the post-office. He held in his hand an open letter in which these words were written: "Your actual value in God's world is what you do."

Eliot read the words over and over again. They were like a light, revealing to him a new purpose in life. Wishing and dreaming of doing great things is of no use, he thought. I must seek an education to fit myself for some definite work. How can I best do that?

He entered the school-room more quiet and thoughtful than usual. His teacher was talking to a group of boys, and Eliot heard him say,—

"Boys, don't depend upon your teacher to do your work. Rely upon yourselves. When you go out into the world, you will have no teacher at your side to direct and help you. Begin now. Take hold of the first lesson that comes, and master it. Don't imagine that it is of little consequence whether you do to-day's work thoroughly and faithfully or not. Your to-morrows depend upon your to-days, and your future lies folded in your own efforts. Aim to make the most of every faculty you possess, and to reach the highest possible manhood, then you will be fitted for whatever work God has waiting for you to do."

Eliot felt that his question was answered.—*Sabbath Visitor.*

For Our Little Ones.

OUT IN THE STORM.

SHRILL shriek the winter winds,
And through the hemlocks sigh;
Swift, in a wild and merry dance,
The snow-flakes whirl across the sky.
The trees with icy boughs
Stand crackling in the gale;
Low from his kennel, snug and warm,
Echoes old Carlo's mournful wail.
Heap high the blazing grate,
And fill the house with cheer;
In cozy circle clustered round,
No storms we happy children fear.

Though the loud whistling blasts
O'er land and ocean roam,
We laugh and sing without a care,
Safe in our own dear sheltering home.

But listen! "Tap, tap, tap,"
Upon the window-pane,
You roughish wind, we love you not:
Pray fly away, nor come again!
Ah, look! A tiny beak!
A shrewd and sparkling eye!
'Tis Master Snow-bird's plulative chirp:
"Feed me, kind friends, nor let me die!"
Hasten! the choicest crumbs
Pour on the window-sill.

Welcome, lone wanderers in the gale;
Come, snow-birds all, and take your
fill.

He darts away in fright;
Quick, close the sash, and wait!
See, he returns on fluttering wing,
And, joyful, calls his gentle mate.

How sweet, amid the storm,
Their twitters of delight!
And, while we watch their eager joy
How our own hearts grow warm and
light!

Only two miles of birds,
Two specks on the gray sky;
Yet not one pang nor joy they feel,
Escapes the heavenly Father's eye.
—Our Little Ones.

FIGHTING FOR JESUS.

A SERMON FOR THE NURSERY.

THE children had the whoop-
ing-cough: Hugh and Alice
and Jenny and the twins. You
can imagine what a racket
they made; for when Alice left off
coughing, Hugh or Jenny were
sure to be just beginning, and the
twins coughed, as they did every-
thing else, both together. Of
course they could not go to church
and that was how Aunt Ruth hap-
pened to think of preaching them
a sermon. The rest of the family
went to hear the minister, and
Aunt Ruth arranged her congrega-
tion on the sofa, and gave
them some lumps of sugar with
cough medicine dropped on them.
Hugh and Alice liked the medi-
cine, and the twins would have
swallowed any kind of dose for the sake of a lump of
sugar. Then Aunt Ruth began.

"My text is a very short one. It has only four
words, and it is about fighting."

"I know," said Alice, looking at the boys: "Thou
shalt not fight."

"H'm," said Hugh, "that's no text."

"The congregation mustn't interrupt," said Aunt
Ruth. "My text is about fighting, and it is this:
Fight the good fight. You may all say it with me.
If I were a minister, I should always have my people
repeat the text." They all repeated it together, and
Aunt Ruth went on:—

"The first thing I want to say about my text is
this: There is a fight going on in this world; not just
a battle that comes to an end because one side or the
other is beaten, but a regular war, that goes on and
on, day after day, and year after year, and never
really comes to an end. It is a fight between all the
good and all the bad,—a fight between everything
that is true and pure and noble and lovely, and every-
thing that is untrue and impure and dishonorable
and unlovely.

"The second thing is: Everybody is wanted for it.

"In most wars this is not so. If the old men come,
and say, 'We want to join the army, take us,' they

tell them, 'Oh, no! you are too old; we want only
strong men.' And if the women or the girls should
say, 'We want to join the army, take us,' they would
say, 'Oh, no! you are only women; you cannot
fight; we must have strong men.' And if the boys
say, 'Take us,' they tell them, 'Oh, no! you are too
young; only strong men can fight.' But in this fight
everybody is wanted,—young and old, weak and
strong, and, most of all, the children.

"The third thing is: Everybody is in it.

"No one can stand on one side, and say, 'I am not
going to join either army;' for every one is enrolled
on one side or the other, and helping either the good
or the bad to win. Satan does not wait till we come
and say: 'Put me down on your side; I am going
to fight in your army.' No, indeed, most people

"And Jesus Christ, the great Captain of the other
army, has his camps, too,—in the homes, and the
churches, and the Sabbath-schools, where children are
taught how to march, and stand guard, and use their
weapons."

"What do they fight with, auntie?" asked Hugh.

"The Book of Instructions tells all about that; you
learned it not long ago, Alice."

"Oh, yes! I remember. 'Wherefore take unto you
the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to with-
stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.
Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with
truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness,
and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel
of peace: above all, taking the shield of faith, where-
with ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of
the wicked, and take the helmet
of salvation, and the sword of
the Spirit, which is the word of
God.'"

"Thank you, Alice; that was
exactly right; and then it says
we are to pray always, and to
watch with all perseverance. But
I was going to tell you one thing
more about this fight. All the
soldiers in Christ's army fight
under the very eye of their leader,
and he is always at hand to see
their brave deeds, and send them
help when they need it. You
know it sometimes happens in
battles, that a soldier, or a com-
pany of soldiers, will be sur-
rounded by the enemy, and find
themselves in great danger, with
no way to send for reinforce-
ments, and are cut to pieces be-
fore any help can get to them.
But in this fight, Christ's soldiers
have only to say: 'Lord, be thou
my helper,' and the commander
answers: 'Fear not, for I am
with thee: I will deliver thee.'"

"Another thing is that every
faithful soldier is sure of promo-
tion, whether he does little or
much, if he only obeys orders,
and does his best. In other
armies, thousands of brave men
die and are never heard of, or go
away maimed and crippled and
poor, while the great officers get
all the glory. But Christ re-
wards every one of his soldiers,
and gives them all crowns and
honors. He says, only 'Fight
the good fight,' and promises
that, 'He that overcometh shall
inherit all things.'"

"I am going to fight in that
army," said Jenny.

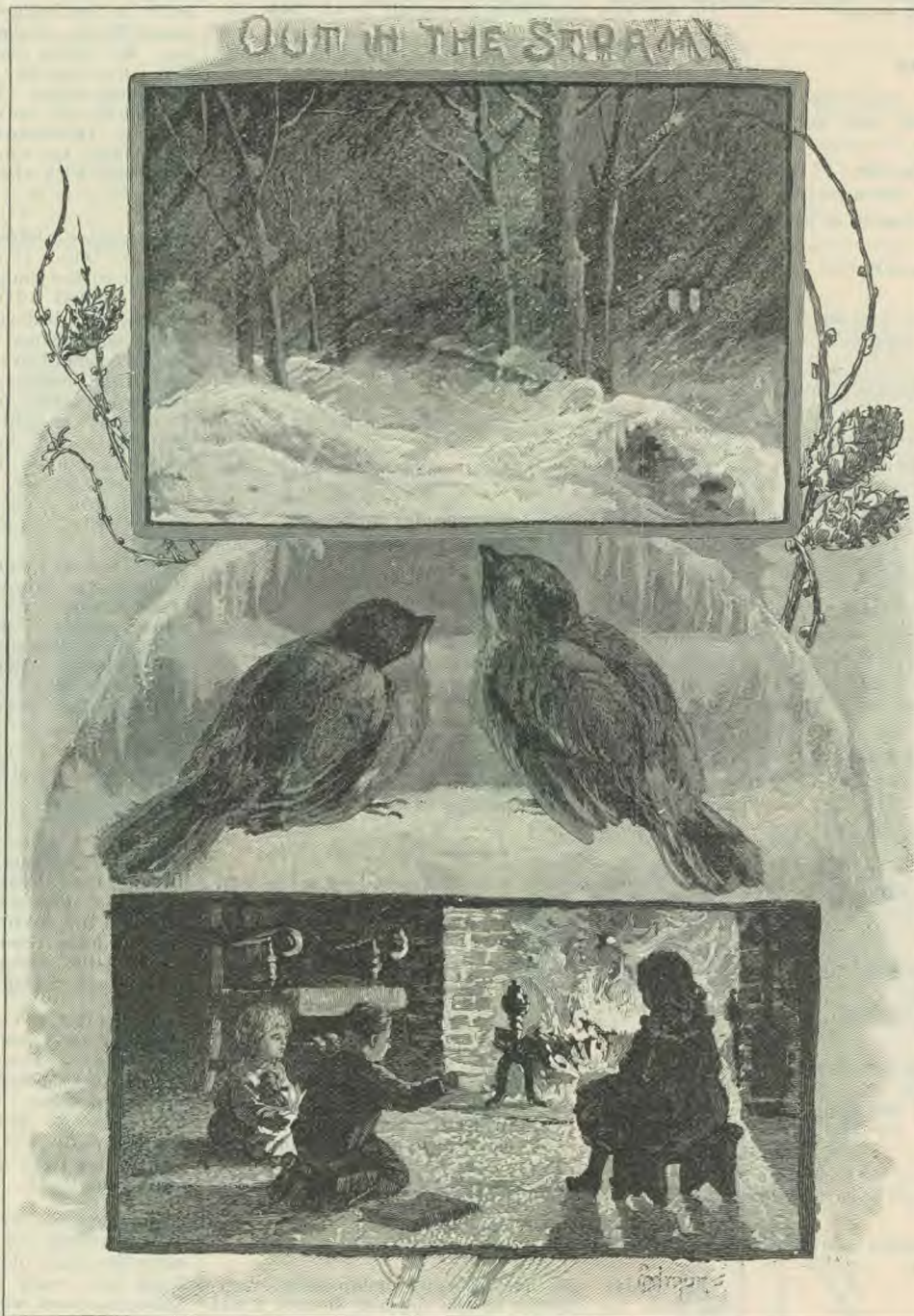
"So am I," said Hugh; "only it
sounds nice to talk about, but I
never could quite see what a fel-
low was to fight."

"I think my sermon needs an
application," said Aunt Ruth.
"because that is the trouble with
all of us; we are expecting to
meet some terrible enemy, and

have an out-and-out fight with him. Now I can tell
you, children, some of the ways you will have to
fight. Some of these cold mornings, when the ris-
ing-bell breaks right into the middle of a nice dream,
and the bed feels so warm and soft, you'll hardly
suspect that you have a chance for fighting by jump-
ing bravely up and obeying orders. And some morn-
ing when everything goes wrong, and your hair
is all tangles, and your shoe-strings get into hard
knots, and you have something for breakfast that
you don't like at all, you may never think you
have a chance for very brave fighting by just calling
on your Captain for help, and being pleasant and
patient in spite of all.

"And when you have hard lessons to learn that
you don't feel very much interest in, and can't really
see the use of, you may not think that if you try to
shirk them, instead of faithfully doing your best, you
have lost a chance for a good fight.

"And when you are tempted to break a rule of
school, or play some funny trick, or take a mean ad-
vantage in a game, or cheat a little in play, or neg-
lect work that you ought to do, or say a teasing
thing to make some one else angry, or say an unkind
thing, or repeat an evil story, or tell an untruth,—
you may not think it,—but these are all battles to be



fought and won in the name of Jesus, and he is just as ready to help us win them as he was to help Paul or Stephen."

Hugh and Alice and Jenny looked very thoughtful, but the twins began to wriggle about, and Lonny, who sat next the end, had been slyly dangling a string over the old cat's head for some time. So Aunt Ruth closed her sermon, and dismissed the congregation; but Alice leaned upon her shoulder to whisper:—

"Auntie, if a girl tried not to be so careless about tearing her clothes, and leaving things out of place, would that be fighting?"

"Certainly it would," said auntie.

"And would Jesus help us about such things as that?"

"Indeed, he will, my darling."

"Then I know one way for me to fight," said Alice, kissing her auntie.—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

It was a holiday, and the weather was delightful. The children wanted to go out and pick berries. There were plenty ripe on the hillside.

"Let's get our lessons first," said Mattie. "'Duty before pleasure,' is mamma's rule. Then we shall have nothing to worry us, and we'll have a better time."

"Oh, no! do let's go now; we can study this afternoon," coaxed Sadie.

"But we shall feel hot and tired then, and not a bit like studying; let's get our lessons done now, while we feel bright."

"Yes, we'd better," chimed in little Lottie. "Mattie knows the good way."

And so she did. Mattie was the eldest, and always tried to do right and to lead her little sisters in the right way.

"She's a dear child; she helps me so much with the others," her mother often said.

Sadie was easily persuaded. They took their books and slates, and went out under the great pear-tree in the garden. There they studied and ciphered away till their lessons for Monday were all learned. Then they went out into the woods and had a nice time. They brought home a good basket of blackberries for the next day's dinner, and they felt very happy.

"Mother's rule is a good rule, I am sure," said Sadie, as she was eating her bread and milk for supper. "I am glad I haven't got my lessons to learn now, I'm so tired."

"'Duty before pleasure,' I'll always remember that," said little Lottie.—*Selected.*

THE WORLD—A CATECHISM.

(For Christmas Exercises.)

BY G. B. STARR.

1. INTO how many grand divisions is the world upon which we live divided?

Six: Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America, and Oceania.

2. How many distinct races of people live upon the earth?

Five: the Caucasian, or white race; the Mongolian, or yellow; the African, or black; the Malay, or brown; and the Indians, or red men.

3. Give the distinguishing features of the Caucasian race, and state what principal parts of the earth they inhabit.

4. What can you say of the Mongolian race?

5. What of the Ethiopian?

6. What of the Malay?

7. What of the Indian race?

8. How do these people compare in numbers?

The white, it is estimated, number 565 million; the yellow, 535 million; the black, 186 million; the brown, 55 million; the red, 15 million.

9. How are all these races related by creation?

"God that made the world and all things therein, . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Acts 17: 24-26.

10. Does God regard any one of these races more highly than another?

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Acts 10: 34, 35.

11. How much has God said he loved this world?

"For God so loved THE WORLD, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

12. Did Jesus die for the sins of other nations as well as ours?

"He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of THE WHOLE WORLD." 1 John 2: 2. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of THE WORLD." John 1: 29.

13. To how many of these nations did Jesus command his disciples and ministers to preach the gospel?

"Go ye therefore, and teach ALL NATIONS, . . . teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 19, 20.

14. To how many of these nations will the last message of mercy be sent?

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to EVERY NATION, AND KINDRED, AND TONGUE, AND PEOPLE; . . . and there FOLLOWED another angel; . . . and the third angel FOLLOWED them." Rev. 14: 6-9.

[NOTE.—The definition of the Greek word is, "to follow, go after, or WITH."—*Liddell and Scott.* Referring more to place than time.]

15. If God and Christ and the angels are interested in every nation upon earth, and love each one, should not we also be interested?

16. Are you interested personally in all these nations? Do you give them a place in your heart and your prayers? and are you willing to assist in carrying the light of truth to them?

17. Name some of the first missionaries sent by the Seventh-day Adventists of America to other countries.

18. Name as many as you can of those now laboring in Germany; in Denmark; in Norway; in Sweden; in Russia; in Switzerland; in France; in South Africa; in Australia; in New Zealand; in China.

19. Can you name any one who is preparing to go on a mission to heathen countries?

20. What member of the General Conference Committee is now visiting Madagascar?

21. What other countries will he visit?

22. What are you helping to do for the people of Oceania?

23. Can you name any missionaries in South America?

24. What will our Sabbath-schools do for missions in that country?

25. How are our foreign missions supported?

26. Will you help to make the Christmas offerings this year larger than those of last year?

NOTES.

The Caucasian race is distinguished by a white skin, straight or curling hair, oval face, the vertical position of the teeth, and an active and graceful figure. This race inhabits southwestern Asia, the greater part of Europe, large portions of North and South America, and Australia. The leading nations of the world, those who have reached the highest state of civilization, belong to this race. It is decidedly the most active and enterprising of the races. It numbers 565 million.

The Ethiopian race is distinguished by a black or dark brown skin, short, thick, woolly hair, broad, flat nose, upturned lips, and flat feet. The body is active and muscular. The race occupies tropical and southern Africa, and certain portions of North America, into which this people were originally brought as slaves. It numbers 186 million.

The Mongolian race is known by a yellow or olive complexion, straight, coarse black hair, large and projecting ears, small and obliquely-set eyes, a narrow forehead, and projecting cheek bones. It occupies northern and eastern Asia. The Finns and Laplanders of Europe, and the Esquimaux of America belong to this race. The Chinese and Japanese are the most highly civilized portions of the Mongolian race. It numbers 535 million.

The Malay race has a brown complexion, varying from the lightest to the darkest shades, a flat face, with projecting cheek bones, and black, curly hair. This race inhabits the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, the Australian continent, the Malay Peninsula, the island of Madagascar, and the Sandwich Islands. It has made little or no progress in civilization. The most advanced in science and art are the natives of Java. This people numbers 55 million.

The Indian race is known by a red copper color, black eyes of an indolent, passive expression, large, aquiline nose, large mouth, coarse, black, straight hair, and lean, muscular figure. These were the original inhabitants of North America, but were supposed to have crossed over from Asia some centuries before the discovery of America by European explorers. The race numbers some 15 million.

A ship is to be built immediately, costing about twelve thousand dollars, which is to go from island to island in the Pacific Ocean, to carry the light of truth. Bro. Tay, although an aged man, will probably be one of its crew. This ship is to be supported by private donations, a portion of the Christmas offerings, and the Sabbath-school donations for the first six months of next year, 1890.

The Sabbath-school donations for the last six months of the year 1890 are to be devoted toward opening the work in South America.

Letter Budget.

LIBBY MABEL JACKSON sends a letter from Mower Co., Minn. It reads: "I am so interested in the Budget I thought I would write too. First I will tell you that we have a Sabbath-school six miles from our place, but we cannot go very often, because we have no team; but we all attended the camp-meeting at Austin, and had a good time. I have a twin brother and sister a year and a half old. I have two brothers besides, one six and the other four years old, and I am eight years old. I have not been to school much yet, as I have had to help mamma watch the babies. I can tell which is the shortest verse in the Bible. I send my love to all."

ALBERT ROY CUTTS has sent a letter from Hyde Co., South Dakota. He writes: "I have never written a letter to the Budget, though I have often thought I would like to. I shall be eleven years old next December. My father died two weeks ago, so my mother and I live together now. I go to school, and read in the fourth reader. I have two little colts to take care of. We live in town, and are the only Sabbath-keepers here. It is very lonely without pa, but we are trying to keep the commandments of God, and hope to meet him with the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth."

The next is a letter from GERTIE DORSEY, of Coshoc-ton Co., Ohio. It reads: "I take great pleasure in writing to the Budget, and of informing them that I am a colored Adventist. I do not belong to the church, but I believe in it. My age is thirteen, and I study my lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. We have a Sabbath-school of our own, and I was secretary the first three months, my sister Jessie was treasurer, Effie was pianist, and mamma was superintendent. I was much delighted to read Daisy Mitchell's interesting letter. I only wish the Ohio boys and girls would take more interest in the Budget, and would write for it oftener. I would like ever so much to see a letter from Nellie Underwood. Why don't Frank Dysert write? Good-by."

FRANK and ARCHIE BROWN have sent letters from Madison Co., Iowa. The first reads: "I am a boy nine years old. I go to day school, and read in the second reader. I do not go to Sabbath-school very often, for we live so far away; but Archie and I study in Book No. 1. I save all my pennies for the contribution box. I have a goat, which I hitch to my cart, and have lots of fun. I helped pa gather corn this fall. My brother wrote two letters to the Budget. We never saw them printed. I hope mine will be. I want to be a good boy, so I can be saved when Jesus comes."

Archie's letter reads: "As my brother was writing, I thought I would write too. I am a little boy six years old. I cannot read, but I like to hear papa and mamma read the stories and letters in the INSTRUCTOR. Papa and mamma have kept the Sabbath nineteen years. I am saving my pennies for Christmas offerings. I have three brothers and three sisters. My oldest sister is married. She has three sweet little girls. I am trying to be a good boy."

ROY ALLEN, of Calhoun Co., Mich., writes: "I am a little boy six years old, and this is my first letter to the Budget. For pets I have a kitten and a white rat. I keep the Sabbath with my parents, two brothers, and a sister. I go to Sabbath-school, and study in Book No. 1. My father had his arm taken off on the railroad. We take the Review and INSTRUCTOR. I am trying to be a good boy so I can live with Jesus on the new earth. My brother writes this for me."

CLARENCE SHORTRIDGE, of Henry Co., Ind., says: "I am a little boy seven years old. I have a little sister five years old. We both go to school to papa. I am now ready for the second reader. We go to Sabbath-school with papa and mamma, and I study in Book No. 1. Mamma, sister, and I staid at home this summer while papa went with the tent three months. I drove the cow, and papa gave me some money for the Sabbath-school. I want to be a good boy, so I can live in the new earth. I wrote this letter myself."

NELLIE LOVEREEO, of Humboldt Co., Cal., writes: "I am nine years old. Have been attending Sabbath-school about two months. I love to read the letters in the INSTRUCTOR. I have seen so many is the reason I wanted to write one. I study in Book No. 2. I have one brother, five years old. I am trying to be a good girl, so as to meet you 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.