

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 38.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JANUARY 8, 1890.

No. 2.

## PRAYER.

If, when I kneel to pray,  
With eager lips, I say:  
"Lord, give me all the things that I desire,  
Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave heart, religious  
fire,  
And strength for mighty works to banish ill,"  
In such a prayer as this,  
The blessing I must miss.  
Or if I only dare  
To raise this fainting prayer:  
"Thou seest, Lord, that I am poor and  
weak,  
And cannot tell what things I ought to  
seek;  
I therefore do not ask at all, but still  
I trust thy bounty all my wants to fill,"  
My lips shall thus grow dumb;  
How shall the blessing come?  
But if I lowly fall,  
And thus in faith I call:  
"Through Christ, O Lord, I pray thee give  
to me  
Not what I would, but what seems best  
to thee,  
Of life, of health, of service, and of  
strength,  
Until to thy full joy I come at length,"  
My prayer shall then avail,  
The blessing shall not fail.  
Being perplexed, I say:  
"Lord, make it right!  
Night is as day to thee,  
Darkness as light.  
I am afraid to touch  
Things that involve so much;  
My trembling hand may shake,  
My skillful hand may break;  
Thine can make no mistake."  
Being in doubt, I say:  
"Lord, make it plain  
Which is the true, safe way,  
Which would be vain;  
I am not wise to know,  
Nor sure of foot to go;  
My blind eyes cannot see  
What is so plain to thee—  
Lord, make it clear to me."

—Selected.

## STANLEY.

THE following article, taken from the *Gospel in All Lands*, will prove interesting to our youthful readers as giving in brief form the history of this intrepid explorer's adventures in the Dark Continent. Mr. Stanley has but just returned to England, from a long and difficult journey into the heart of Africa, and all await with interest his account of the undertaking, and its effect in helping to solve the problem of the civilization of the African races.

The name of Stanley is a proud one in English history. And when this name is mentioned to-day, all minds turn to him to whom God has, through strange leadings, assigned so prominent a part in the deliverance of Africa from its thralldom.

It is now well known that his original name was John Rowlands, and that his parents had so little means that he was sent when three years old to the poor-house at St. Asaph to be brought up, whence at the age of thirteen he was turned loose on the world to shift for himself. He was born near Denbigh, Wales, in 1840, the very year that Livingstone, aged twenty-three, first entered Africa as a missionary.

When about fourteen, he found his way to New Orleans from Liverpool as cabin boy of a sailing vessel, and there a kind merchant named Stanley, little knowing what he did, adopted him. But Mr. Stanley died before Henry came of age, leaving no will, and the lad was again thrown on his own resources.

On the breaking out of the rebellion in the United States in 1861, young Stanley went into the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner by the Federal forces, and, being allowed his liberty, he volunteered

*Herald*, was at this time in Paris, and telegraphed Stanley to meet him there, which, with his customary promptitude, he immediately did. On his arrival, he was confronted with the startling and wholly unexpected question, "Will you go to Africa and find Livingstone?" After a moment's reflection he answered "I will," and the agreement was at once concluded.

The 21st of March, 1871, found Stanley at Zanzibar, with a caravan of 192 followers, ready for the great expedition. On the 24th of October at Ujiji, on

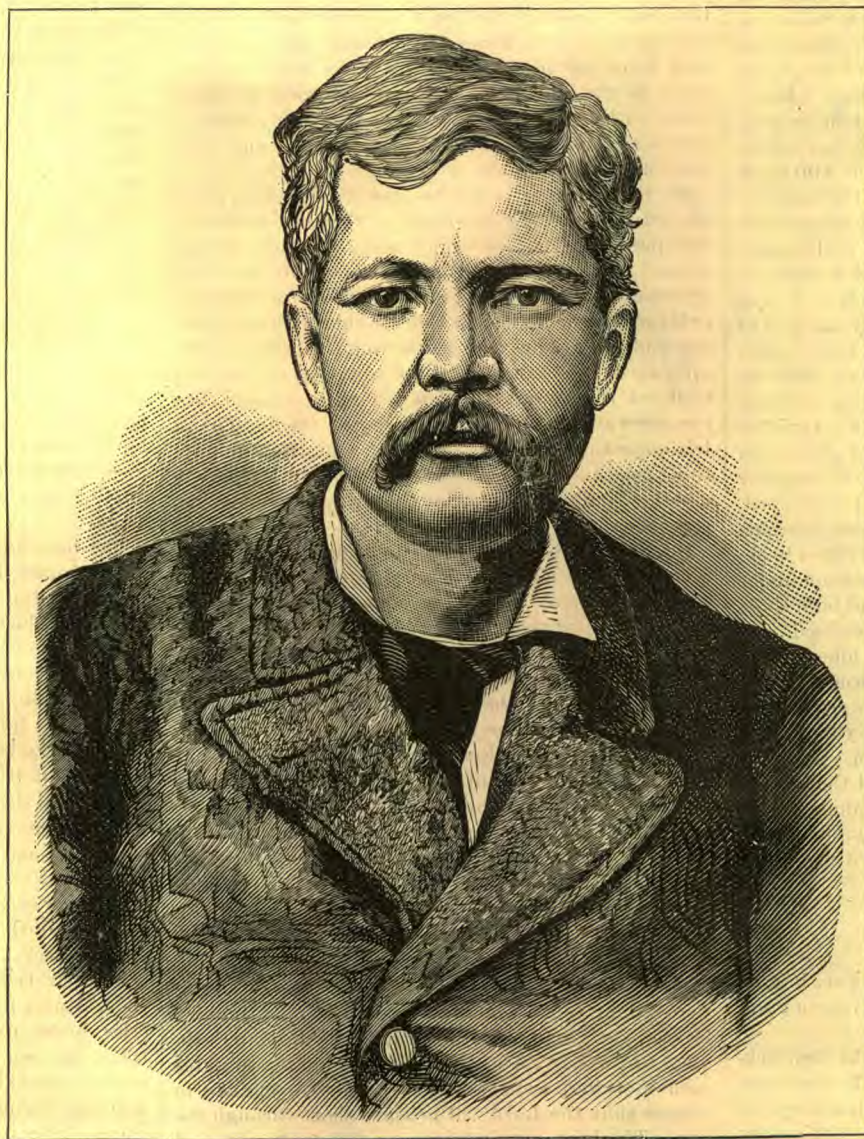
the shores of Lake Tanganyika, he first met the famous missionary who was so powerful to influence all of his after life. They remained together till March 14, 1872, the younger man drinking in the spirit of the elder, and becoming, as he often declares, converted by him. The Rev. David Charters, of the Congo Mission, reported Stanley saying, "If Dr. Livingstone were alive to-day, I would take all the honors, all the praise that men have showered upon me, I would lay them at his feet and say, 'Here you are, old man; they are all yours!'"

Two years later, in the spring of 1874, when the remains of Livingstone were carried back to England in one of the Queen's ships, for burial in Westminster Abbey, Stanley was one of those who bore him to his grave. It was then, he tells us, that he vowed he would clear up the mystery of the Dark Continent, and the real course of the great river, or, if God should so will, be the next martyr to the cause of geographical science.

The outlet of Lake Tanganyika was as yet undiscovered; the secret sources of the Nile were unknown, and even the then famous Victoria Nyanza was only imperfectly sketched on the maps. Discussing such matters one day with the editor of the *London Daily Telegraph*, Stanley was asked whether he could settle these questions if commissioned to go to Africa. He said, "While I live, there will be something done. If I survive the time required to perform the work, all shall be done." The proprietor of the *Telegraph* cabled Bennett, asking if he would join the new expedition. "Yes, Bennett" was the answer.

speedily flashed back under the sea, and the thing was determined. Stanley left England in August, 1874, attended by only three white men, and at Zanzibar the party was increased by porters and others, mostly Arabs and blacks, to the number of 224 persons, some of the men taking their wives with them; and on the 13th of November the column boldly advanced into the heart of the Dark Continent, having for its twofold object to explore the great Nile lakes, and, striking the great Lualaba where Livingstone left it, to follow wherever it might lead. It has been rightly called "an undertaking which, for grandeur of conception, and for sagacity, vigor, and completeness of execution, must ever rank among the marches of the greatest generals, and the triumphs of the greatest discoverers of history." August 9, 1887, Stanley emerged at the Congo's mouth, and "a new world had been discovered by a new Columbus in a canoe."

On his return to England, he found an embassy



in the Federal navy, being already fond of seafaring and adventure. In course of time he was promoted to be acting ensign on the ironclad *Ticonderoga*. When the war was over, his love of adventure led him to travel, and he went to Asia Minor, saw many strange countries, wrote letters to the American newspapers, and even then was making for himself a name and fame. Returning to the United States, he was sent by Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, to Abyssinia in 1868, a war having broken out between the British and the king of that country. There Stanley got his first taste of African adventure.

In the autumn of 1869, the world was beginning to wonder whether Dr. Livingstone, the devoted Christian missionary and African explorer, was alive or dead. More than twenty months had passed since his last letter was written, and the world began to believe he had died in the heart of the Dark Continent. James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the *New York*



from the king of the Belgians, who had been planning an expedition to open up the Congo country to trade, and who wanted Stanley to take command. With great reluctance he undertook the management of the International Association, as the new organization was called, and returned to Africa in 1879, where he remained nearly six years, hard at work, doing more than any other man to found the Congo Free State south of the great bend of the Congo River, having an area of 1,508,000 square miles, and a population of probably fifty millions. In obtaining the concessions of over 400 native chiefs, not one shot was fired. It was a grand victory over barbarism without the guilt of bloodshed that too often has stained such triumphs.

While Stanley was in this country, during the winter of 1886-7, he was called back to Europe once more to take command of an African expedition, the one for the rescue of Emin Pasha. June 28, with 389 officers and men, Stanley left Yambungo, below Falls Station, not far from the mouth of the Aruwhimi, and marched east at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day, amid great opposition from the natives and terrible sufferings due to the nature of the country, which consisted of gloomy and almost impenetrable forests. When they reached Iburi, 126 miles from the Albert Nyanza, November 12, the party had become reduced, by desertion and death, to 174, and the most of those that survived were mere skeletons. Here, finding food and rest, they started on again November 24, and in another week had emerged from the deadly forest which came so near swallowing them up. December 13 they sighted the Nyanza, and soon were encamped upon its banks; but Emin was not there, as they had hoped he might be. They were too weak to march to Wadelai, its capital, far to the north; the natives would not let them have a boat; Stanley's conscience would not permit him to seize one by force; there were no trees of sufficient size to make one, and his own boat had been left 190 miles in the rear, at Kilonga Longa, through the inability of the men to bring it. So there was nothing to do but go back for the boat. This was done, and in spite of Stanley's severe illness, which required a month's careful nursing, the force, or what was left of it, was back again in the vicinity of the lake by the last of April. Here they were rejoiced to find a note awaiting them from Emin, to whom rumors of their arrival had penetrated, and who begged them to tarry till he could make further communications. April 29, Emin himself arrived in his steamer, and great was the rejoicing. The two heroes remained together until May 25, when Stanley, rested and re-inforced, started back to Fort Bodo, where he had left men and supplies. From this he pushed still farther back, hoping to meet the other half of the expedition under Major Bartelott. But alas, the Major had been shot, and the rear column, thoroughly demoralized, had gone to pieces, believing that Stanley himself was dead, as had been reported. Stanley, though sorely disappointed and crippled by these untoward events, determined to go back again to the Nyanza by a shorter route and again unite with Emin. And now the news comes to the waiting world that the two heroes are returning in company to the realms of civilization. And soon the wonderful story, some premonitions of which have already reached us, will be unfolded.

#### AN ARGUMENT.

THERE were three boys on the street-car, bright, handsome fellows, chatting together, having a good time.

The conductor halted before them to take their tickets, and twang his bell-punch for each. Two of them had passed up their tickets, when the watchful eye of the conductor saw a man running and motioning; and pulling the bell to stop the car, he went to help the man, and his wife, and a little girl, and a baby, and three bundles, to get on.

When all were settled, he went back to his punching. "Did I take up your tickets," he said to the boys, looking sharply at them.

"Yes, sir," said two of the boys in a breath; the other said not a word. The conductor eyed them thoughtfully for a moment, then passed on.

The silent boy nudged the one next him, slyly held up his ticket, covering it with the other hand, and chuckled, "See that? I'll get a free ride one of these days."

"That's stealing," said the boy, gravely.

"It isn't stealing, either. Isn't the ticket mine?"

"No, it's his; you've had your ride, and that ought to be given up to pay for it."

"Why didn't he take it, then? I didn't ask him to go on and let me keep it?"

"That's lying," said the third boy, gravely.

"No it isn't lying. I didn't open my lips. He didn't ask me a question; he looked right at you."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the second boy.

"Fudge!" said the third boy.

Then they all kept quiet. After a little the second and third boys began to talk together in low tones; but the first boy had nothing to say; all the pleasure had gone out of his face. His ride seemed to be spoiled. What do you suppose spoiled it?—*Pansy*.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### ROUND THE WORLD.—2.

A VISIT TO THE EMERALD ISLE.

EVERYTHING in Ireland has a free and easy style about it. The inhabitants are for the most part as poor as church mice; yet there seems to be more contentment among them than will usually be found in the palace of a New York nabob. We were surrounded on the jetty at our arrival by a host of good men and women inviting us to come and stop at their hotels; but we were bound for the metropolis, and could not stay. At this they would express great regret, saying they had such "purty" (pretty) rooms, that they knew "our honors" would be pleased.

A special train was waiting to take the mails, and we were soon comfortably ensconced in one of the curious little compartments, and were whirling along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, toward the city of Dublin. Our journey was almost half completed, and we were congratulating ourselves that our travels for awhile would soon be over, when at a wayside depot the engineer and fireman declared themselves too tired to run any further, and alighting from their engine, went to their respective homes, and no doubt were soon lost in slumber. There we stood on the track in the darkness, with an Irish rain drizzling down to help enliven the scene. After more than an hour's delay, other officials were secured, and once more a start was made.

As the morning began to dawn, there was good opportunity to view the country through which we were passing. The land is undulating, and covered with a most verdant growth of grass. There are beautiful trees and hedgerows, with quaint little straw-thatched cottages, at the doors of which the characteristic Irish pig and her young were besporting themselves. We afterwards learned that these quadrupeds are not confined to the outside of a peasant's domain, but are generally admitted to the parlor itself. To an Irishman there is more money in a pig than in anything else, and he reasons, with native wit, "Who has a better right to the parlor than the gentleman that pays the rent?"

Dublin City is not a very inviting-looking place; the streets are narrow and dirty, and business seems to be paralyzed. There are some fine public buildings, but all of them are on a small scale, a feature which immediately attracts the attention of an American. In the aristocratic part of the city there are beautiful gardens, where lovely flowers bloom during the greater part of the year.

We did not spend a long time at the metropolis, but took a trip into the interior. Here the people are nearly all of the Roman Catholic creed, and are kept in a dire state of ignorance by the priests, who are opposed to education in any form, unless it be the dogmas of the church. One morning about nine o'clock we had occasion to enter a large clothier's establishment, and while there, were surprised to see them closing the doors, and drawing the curtains in the windows. At first we did not know but that we were going to be made prisoners; but on inquiry learned that it is a custom among the Roman Catholics to close up their establishments for ten minutes each morning, while all their employees engage in prayer that the Lord will prosper them through the day. The Irish are certainly a religious people, and there is a frank cordiality among them which the stranger finds very pleasant.

The conveyances in the country are curious and primitive, chief among them being the "Jaunting Car." This is a two-wheeled vehicle, with seats for four. These seats are so arranged that their occupants are placed back to back, with their faces looking towards the side of the road, while the feet hang out over the wheels, and rest on a board for that purpose. Little donkeys do most of the farm work; modern machinery is almost unknown, the greater part of the labor being performed by hand.

The country residences of the landlords are jovial homes; every one appears happy and abounding in health and spirits, the utmost good-nature prevails, and the main object of all seems to be to get all the good out of this life that is possible. An Irishman loves his horses and hounds almost as dearly as his nearest relatives; and riding, hunting, and many other manly and health-giving sports are indulged in to a

great extent. As a rule, the Irishman detests the yoke of England, and longs for the day when he will be master of his own soil; they are a very patriotic people, and have an intense love for their fatherland. For the past eight years there has been an active agitation in the British Parliament on the part of the Irish members to obtain a separation, and it is thought probable that in time they will carry their point.

P. T. M.

#### A LITTLE GIRL'S COMPLIMENT.

THE accuracy with which children judge character is well illustrated in the following anecdote from the *Christian*:—

One wet, foggy, muddy day a little girl was standing on one side of the street in London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet and mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, hansoms, omnibuses, and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a Babel as that. So she walked up and down, and looked into the faces of those who passed by. Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste; and she did not find the one she sought until at length an aged man, rather tall and spare, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street; and when he afterward told the story, he said: "That little girl's trust is the greatest compliment I ever had in my life."

That man was Lord Shaftesbury. He received honors at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe; he received honors conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when that little unknown girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.

#### THE LION'S RIDE.

THE following incident is one which, African hunters tell us, frequently occurs. Toward evening, the king of the desert, wandering through his wide domain, comes to a dark lagoon, where he lies in ambush among the rushes, knowing that at this hour gazelles and giraffes are in the habit of coming to drink.

The lion has not long to wait. Soon a stately giraffe comes through the desert to cool her hot, dry tongue in the brackish waters of the lagoon. Kneeling down, she stretches out her long neck toward the dark, shallow pond. Suddenly there is a stir among the reeds and rushes; with a loud roar the lion springs upon the neck of his victim.

Here is a horse to ride upon! Not more splendid steeds are to be seen in royal stables than that which the king of beasts now bestrides. He greedily fixes his teeth in the muscles of the poor giraffe's neck; his yellow mane waves round her shoulders; with a sharp cry of pain she springs up, and rushes onward in agony; with light steps she passes over the moonlit plain; her eyes look as if they would start from their sockets; dark drops of blood flow down her beautiful spotted neck.

In their track they leave a yellow cloud of sand; the vultures arouse from their nests, and, with shrill cries, hover over them in the air; hyenas and panthers, leaving their lairs, follow the blood-stained path of their king. They see their ruler sitting upon a living throne, which he is tearing with his sharp claws. Ever onward, till strength fails her, the giraffe must carry him; no rearing or kicking can rid her of such a rider. At last, on the outskirts of the desert, she falls down and expires, and then is devoured by the ruthless rider.—*Young Reaper*.

#### DO YOUR DUTY.

ALL you have to do is simply your duty. I stood in a factory a short time ago, and learned a deep lesson. As I entered, all seemed confusion—the buzz of machinery, the whirl of everything, dazed me. But I soon saw that all was right, and that each one was doing the task assigned to her. I stood and looked at a young girl whose work was to untie knots in the threads as they were passing over the wheel. All day long she simply untied knots. Now if she had said, "This is such a little thing to do, and I get so tired of it, I think I will try to do what the girl next to me is doing," she would have damaged the whole work. The simple thing of untying the knots had to do with the beauty and finish of this whole design.—*Set*.



## For Our Little Ones.

### THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

SAID the child to the youthful year:

"What hast thou in store for me?  
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,  
What joy, dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring  
Their treasures: the winter's snows,  
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,  
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,  
Dear child,—but the last and best  
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,  
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?  
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,  
A peace of mind which the soul can lift  
To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage, and love  
If thou unto me canst bring,  
I will set thee all earth's ills above,  
O child, and crown thee a king!"

—St. Nicholas.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

### ANNIE'S PONY.

WHEN Annie's mamma died, Annie went to live with her grandpa on his large farm. She had nobody to play with, and she missed her mamma very much.

Grandpa felt sorry for his little girl, and he gave her some pets to take care of. She had four old hens for her very own, and twelve little chickens. Annie took such good care of them that the chickens grew sleek and fat, and would follow her all around the yard.

Then there was a little wee lamb, which grandpa brought up to the house one cold spring day, because it was too weak and sick to stay with the rest of the flock. With grandma's help, Annie wrapped it in warm blankets, and put it by the fire. She fed it warm milk with a spoon. It was a great deal of work for Annie to feed the lamb, and she soon forgot to be homesick. The lamb was grateful for Annie's kindness, and soon learned to follow her about, and come when she called its name.

Annie has another pet that she loves better than any other. It is a pretty little brown and white pony, which she calls Ned. He is a knowing little pony, and has learned several tricks.

When he was a little colt, grandpa came to the house one day, and said, "I think I shall have to shoot the colt."

"Why," exclaimed grandma, "what is the matter with it?"

"It's ankles are badly hurt," said grandpa, "and I do not think it will ever walk."

"Oh, it's too bad to put such a pretty creature to death. Let us see if we cannot do something more for it," she replied. So she went with grandpa down to the barn. The little colt looked at them so wistfully that grandpa felt sorry he had thought of killing it.

"I believe we can save him," grandma said; and they all at once began to doctor him. Grandpa had to lift him in his arms like a baby. The colt seemed to know what grandpa was doing for it, and tried his best to get well. After a time he could stand on his feet, and soon all signs of lameness had disappeared.

He was so grateful for grandpa's care that he would follow him all over the farm like a dog. Even at dinner-time he would come up to the door, and wait around outside until grandpa was done eating.

One day Ned walked into the woodshed, where grandpa was washing his hands and face for dinner. Ned looked interested in the proceedings, and for fun grandpa washed Ned's face, and wiped it on an old towel.

Ned seemed to enjoy the joke as much as any one. The next day grandpa played the joke over again; and almost every day after that, Ned would walk into the woodshed at dinner-time to have his face washed.

He is very fond of apples, and has learned to put his nose up the sleeve of Annie's jacket to find the apples she gives him when he has been good.

Annie takes long rides on Ned's back. He is very gentle with his little friend. He acts as if he tried to be grateful for the kindness shown to him.

W. E. L.

EVEN a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

### A LESSON FOR THE BOYS.

"CAN'T we have the boat to-day, papa?" asked Harry.

"No; the boat is not ready. The paint is not dry."

"Can we to-day?" he asked the next day.

"No, not for several days, I think."

"Dear me," said Tom. "It's dreadfully hard to wait so long."

"You have the whole summer before you for boating," said papa.

"Yes; but I want to go now. Can we go to-morrow?"

"No; I will let you know when you can go. These spring winds are too high. The lake gets very rough."

"Where's papa?" the boys asked the next evening, when he did not come out to the lakeside cottage at the usual time.

"I have just had a message from him," said mamma. "He has been called away from home for a few days."

"How provoking," said Tom, as the two went down to the boat-house.

"See," said Harry, "the paint's as dry as an old bone. We might take her out just as well as not."

The boys had been allowed to row about near home by themselves last summer. They looked longingly at the boat as she now lay in the water in the boat-house.

"Don't she look like a daisy in her new paint?"



"Splendid. Here are the ours."

"I don't believe 't would be a bit of harm just to go out for a little while, do you?"

"Not a bit," said Tom. "The lake's as smooth as glass."

"If papa were here, I'm sure he'd let us."

"Course he would."

"He didn't tell us we mustn't go till he came home."

"No; he only said wait till the paint is dry."

Into the boat they got, and had soon shoved it out of the small building. How delightfully she glided over the smooth water! The year before, the boys had laughed and shouted as they pushed out into the glow of the sunset for their first row. But they were still now until Tom said,—

"It's jolly, isn't it?"

"Ever so jolly," said Harry.

But they did not row up in the direction of the house, calling mamma to look at them, as they remembered doing last year. They rowed about below the boat-house until a dark cloud covered the sun.

"Feel these little puffs of wind," said Tom.

"Yes, and they're getting harder. Let's go back."

"Course we will. We're always as careful as we can be."

The puffs of wind grew fresher as they pulled toward the boat-house.

"See, the door's blown shut," said Harry.

"I don't believe we can open it," said Tom. "It's stuck tight. What shall we do?"

"Why can't we tie the boat at the dock, just as we always did last summer?"

"To be sure," said Tom.

They drew the boat well up and left it, feeling quite sure everything was safe.

"No harm done in our coming out," said Tom.

"No," said Harry. "But somehow I don't think boating's quite so nice as it was last summer."

"Ho! papa's come home," cried Tom, as he looked out of the window the next morning. "He's down at the dock."

The boys went out as soon as they were dressed.

"It wasn't any harm, our taking out the boat, was it, papa?" asked Tom, looking a little doubtfully at his father's grave face. "Nothing happened to us, you see."

"I see," said his father.

Old Jimmy Wright, who built and mended boats, came up at this moment.

"Didn't have your boat out such a night as last night, did you, sir?" he asked, looking at it; "why, it blew a hurricane ever since dark."

"Yes, the boat has been out," said their father.

The pretty lake was still showing plenty of "white caps" in the strong wind, and as he spoke, the boat gave a little dash on the shore, and Tom and Harry saw that she was half full of water.

"If she's been dashing and grinding on them rocks all night, I would not give much for her," said Jimmy.

The two men drew the boat on shore and turned her over. Then the boys stared in dismay at the cracks and splinters and bruises made by the rough stones.

"We used to tie her here last summer," said Harry, dolefully. "Why didn't it break her then?"

"The lake is much higher this season," said his father. "I was intending to have the dock fixed before the boat was taken out."

"She's too badly stove up to do anything with," said Jimmy, after examining the abused boat.

Harry and Tom stole quietly away, wishing with all their hearts that they had obeyed in the spirit and letter also. A few days later they went to their father with very meek faces.

"What are we to do about a boat, papa?" said Tom.

"We're very sorry we disobeyed," said Harry.

"I'm sorry, too, on more accounts than one," said the father. "Sorry that I cannot trust you, and sorry that you will lose so much of your summer's pleasure."

"How, papa?" asked Tom.

"It will be a month or more before Jimmy Wright can have a new boat ready for you."

"Can't any one else make one?"

"Yes; but he does very safe, good work, and I prefer to let him do it."

Whether or not the father thought the waiting would be a good lesson for the boys, they never knew, but certain it is that they had a good chance of learning that straightforward, unquestioning obedience is much the best for all boys.—Sydney Dayre.

### TOMMY AND THE DOG-CHURN.

TOMMY was spending a month at grandpa's farm.

One day the family went to a funeral. Billy, the boy who did the chores, was staying at home with Tommy. Billy was mending a fence.

"I declare," said Billy, "I can't finish this fence without more nails. Will you watch the calf, while I ride old Sam to the village and get some?"

"Yes, I will," said Tommy.

"Be sure you don't let him get through this hole in the fence to the missus's flowers."

"No, I won't," said Tommy.

So Billy led out old Sam, and trotted away to the village.

Tommy watched very well for a while. Every time the calf even turned his face toward the hole, he would chase him to the further corner of the back yard. But before long he grew tired. He had never been left alone before.

The dog-churn was standing in the back porch. Tommy wished Carlo was there to churn in it. He always thought it very funny to see him walking and walking without ever getting any farther.

He stood by it, and tried to make it go, but it was fastened. He ran and drove the calf away from the hole, and then came back to the churn.

Grandpa always said, "Don't touch the churn, Tommy!" But he was so tired waiting for Billy that he thought he would just step in where Carlo always stood. The rope which went around Carlo's neck was there. He put it around his own neck, and went tramp, tramp, tramp, just as Carlo did.

Click! Tommy had to tramp, tramp, tramp, in good earnest. Something had become unfastened, and the churn was moving.

"Oh, my!" said Tommy. "I guess I'd better get out, 'cause grandpa don't want me in the churn."



But he could not get out. The rope was around his neck, and the harder he tried to get it off, the tighter he pulled it.

"Never mind," said Tommy; "it's fun, anyway."

But he soon grew tired of the tramp, tramp, tramp.

"Billy! Billy!" he screamed with all his might. But Billy did not come.

"There's that calf!" he cried. He pulled again at the rope as the calf went through the hole in the fence, but it was of no use. He saw it feeding on grandma's pansies. Then it took a nip at the geraniums and white lilies, and nibbled at Aunt Susy's rosebuds.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! He grew hot and dizzy.

His legs ached, but round and round that churn went, and he could not stop.

"Billy! Billy! BILLY!" he screamed again. Some one was coming, but not Billy. The calf had just got to the balsams when grandpa drove into the yard.

Grandpa and Uncle Ned stopped to laugh a moment at sight of the funny little figure, sobbing, rubbing its eyes, and churning with all its might. But Aunt Susy said, "Poor little fellow!" and hurried up and fastened the churn, and took Tommy out.

Don't you think he was very much ashamed of himself when he saw how sorry everybody was about the flowers?

"You said you'd watch that calf," said Billy when he got home.

"I did," said Tommy, hanging down his head. "I was watching him all the time."—*Our Little Ones.*

REMEMBER now that being good  
Ourselves throughout each day  
Is doing good in just the best,  
Most true, and happy way.  
We'll ask the Lord to help us walk  
This New Year near his side,  
To take our hand in his, and be  
Our Guard, our Strength, our Guide.

#### THE FATE OF A SQUASH PIE.

POLLIE had come to grandma's for Thanksgiving! In New York, where Pollie lived, there was no Thanksgiving,—at least Pollie supposed not,—else why should they have come to grandma's for it?

"Pollie was glad they had come, though; for grandma was the dearest old lady, with snow-white hair, and the kindest smile! Soon after they arrived, she took Pollie into a delicious-smelling pantry, and showed her a tiny pie upon the lower shelf.

"There, Pollie," said she, "grandma made that for you, herself!"

"What is it, grandma?" asked Pollie, timidly.

"Bless the child!" exclaimed grandma. "Has she never seen a pie before? It's a squash pie, dearie, and you shall eat it to-morrow. There are plenty more for the grown people, but this little one is all for you, and Betsy shall set it by your plate at dinner." Too happy to speak, Pollie squeezed grandma's hand silently.

After tea, grandma sat talking with mamma while Pollie was going to bed. "Uncle Jack will be here to-night," she said. "I'm glad I've made so many squash pies. Last Thanksgiving he ate all I had, and begged for more. He said nothing tasted so good as mother's squash pies."

When they had gone down-stairs, Pollie lay awake, thinking. So Uncle Jack wanted to eat all the squash pies! She was sure he wouldn't take the dear saucer-pie if he knew it was Pollie's. But suppose he should eat it before grandma could tell him! Pollie resolved to put it in a safe place until she could explain. Pulling on her little slippers, she crept down-stairs.

No one saw her, and she easily found the pantry, and returned in triumph with the pie. She remembered hearing her mamma say that she always kept her watch under the pillow for safety. Lifting her little white pillow, Pollie tucked the precious pie carefully underneath, and jumping into bed, was soon sound asleep.

The next morning Pollie quite forgot the pie; but while mamma was dressing her, grandma came in to say good-morning, and, as she stood by the little bed, happened to lift the pillow!

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, "what is this?"

Pollie gave a little gasp as she saw the ruins of her treasure. "My squash pie!" she faltered.

"Squash pie, I should say!" said grandma, smiling in spite of her dismay. "How came it here?"

Pollie explained through tears of disappointment.

"There, never mind!" said grandma, patting the curly head gently. "There's plenty of time to make another before dinner."

So Pollie had her pie after all, and thought she never had tasted anything half so good. But she never again put a squash pie under her pillow "for safety."—*A. M. Keith.*

#### TEN MINUTES WITH A TREE-TOAD.

WHILE walking on a country road one cool morning in June, I noticed, on the edge of a board fence, a small object which excited my curiosity. The object was about two inches long, and looked like a piece of putty which had been pinched on to the board, or perhaps more like the light gray fungous growth seen on decayed trees.

I approached cautiously, having a strong feeling that it might be a thing of life, although there was nothing about it to indicate that it was such. When near enough to touch it, I felt confident that it was a tree-toad, even though I had never before seen one. Its little head and rump were drawn down and partially under, and its legs and feet were drawn up and folded so closely to the body as to make an almost symmetrical figure, the lines where the limbs touched the body being almost imperceptible. With a feeling of joy I closed my hand over it, and removed it from the fence.

To the sensitive palm of the hand its touch was cool, but not moist or "clammy," as in the case of its cousins, the common toad and the frog. Its skin felt smooth and silky.

For fear of smothering the little fellow, I made a pouch of my handkerchief, putting a stone in the bottom of it to make it roomy, and in that way brought him home for a closer acquaintance.

When placed on the center of the library table, he sat for a moment as if to collect his thoughts, and then sprang, blindly, as it seemed, over the table's edge, and caught with one toe on an object which he was passing, and which he could not have seen from where he started. Although going with great swiftness, the strength of that single slender toe, rounded on the end with its curious little sucker, was sufficient to enable him to stop and draw himself up in good form. He then hopped on to the round of a chair, and to give him a good opportunity to display his wonderful agility, I tipped the chair on one leg, and revolved it slowly, he hopping from round to round, up, down, and across, seemingly enjoying it as much as his audience did.

At first when touched he appeared startled, and would jump. In one of these jumps he landed on the surface of the pier-glass, on which he moved up or down with a sort of half shuffle and half hop. Soon he evinced no fear on being touched, and on being stroked gently on the back would turn his head with a knowing wink in that direction.

Having given us such an interesting entertainment, I considered that he deserved his freedom again. Taking him in my hand, I held him up about three feet from an old apple-tree at the side of the house. He seemed in no hurry to take his departure, but crawled leisurely up on the tips of my fingers, his little toes clasped firmly around them, surveyed for a moment the group surrounding him, and the next instant alighted on the bark of the tree.

We waited for some time, curious to see his next movement, but he made none. I watched closely for any change of color in his coat, for I had read that tree-toads, like chameleons, change their color, and so render themselves almost undistinguishable from their surroundings; there was none, and he was perfectly plain to the sight of those who saw him gain the position; but another person joining the group could not discern him for some time, although his location was pointed out.

After awhile, our attention for a moment being drawn elsewhere, he had disappeared completely, and the sharpest pair of eyes could not trace him, nor had he left the tree. This would tend to prove that whether or not he could adapt his color to match his surroundings, he certainly possessed the faculty of getting onto places most like his coat in appearance.

The more marked points of difference noted between the tree and the common toad are: the color, which in the tree-toad might be described as that of wood ashes on the back and sides, the under parts being white tinged with bright yellow on the edges; the structure, which is slimmer and more graceful than that of the common variety, the limbs being round, slender, and at the same time muscular, the toes ending in the little round, flat suckers; and the habit of turning their toes outward in order the more firmly to grasp the tree trunk—this characteristic being more marked with the toes of the forefeet, and almost the reverse of those of the common toad or frog; the skin smooth, thin, and free from lumps or warty corrugations.—*Harper's Young People.*

"I MET Mrs. L., and she said good-morning to me," said a child, "and it made me feel happy and sunshiny all through." That's the kind of good-morning we ought to give; something to carry cheer with it to weary, burdened hearts.

#### Letter Budget.

This week the mail brings to our Budget two letters from our little Indian friends in Indian Territory. Their names are CALVIN J. and EMMA HANKS. Their nicely written letters are very welcome, and we hope they will write again.

Calvin says: "I am a little Cherokee boy. I have one little niece. I made a trip to town to-day. I have four sisters, and one of them is visiting friends in Texas. I have a favorite pony, and his name is Steve. I also have several calves, and a flock of geese, and chickens, and pigs too numerous to tell, with one more pet, and that is a trundle-bed dog. I am quite a little farmer; for I have raised my own pop-corn, honey, potatoes, and pease. If Santa Claus pays me a visit, my wishes will all be complete."

Emma says: "I am a little girl twelve years old. I have a little niece ten months old, and her name is Emma Nora. I have three sisters and one brother. My mother is a widow woman. We live on the bank of the Arkansas River. We have two churches here. We have five canary birds. I have got a little pony; his name is Charley. I would like to hear from Jessie June. I am going to school next spring, my sister Daisy and myself. My papa has been dead eleven years. I was just one year old when he died. I take your paper, and love to read it. That is all I can say this time."

W. ROSCOE DAVIS, of Lagrange Co., Ind., says: "I will try to write a few lines again to the Budget. I am sorry I did not see my other letter in print. Our subscription ran out before it was printed. I hope papa will send for the paper again, so I can see this one in print. He says he will. I like to hear the stories in it, and the Letter Budget. I wrote you that my brother Johnny and I had a missionary hen, and now we send you a quarter each, and wish you to put it in the cause where it is most needed. We hope to have more money to send you sometime. We do not have any Sabbath-school; for there is only one lady besides ourselves keeping the Sabbath near us. I learn my lessons, and papa, mamma, or sister Bertha hears me recite it. Sister Gertie stays with her aunt who keeps the Sabbath at Wolcottville. She is going to school there."

EFFIE E. BIGELOW writes from Clark Co., Ill. She says: "I once wrote a letter to the Budget, but as I did not see it printed, I thought I would write again. I have a brother Charlie. I have no other brother living, and I have no sisters living. Mamma and I are the only Sabbath-keepers in this place, and there is no church or Sabbath-school nearer than thirteen miles. They have many things in this place I would like to attend if they were upon some other day of the week. I like to go to school. I am nine years old. For my pets, I have an old cat, three little kittens, and a little bird. I would like to go to Sabbath-school very much. I am striving to be a good girl. Pray for papa and brother, that they may keep the Sabbath."

POLLY CHAMBERLAIN writes from Rock Co., Wis.: "I am thirteen years old. I have three brothers older than myself, and one brother and sister younger. We all keep the Sabbath but my two oldest brothers, but I pray that they may soon keep it. My younger brother and I study in Book No. 3, and my little sister is in Book No. 1. There are six in her class, and mamma is the teacher. I was baptized a year ago at the Beaver Dam camp-meeting. I am trying to serve the Lord, so that I may be saved when Jesus comes."

MAUDIE DORTCH writes from Henry Co., Tenn.: "I am a little girl eight years old. I keep the Sabbath with papa and mamma. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and study Book No. 4. I have one little sister and one little brother. My papa is State secretary, and has lots of writing to do. I want to be a good girl, so I can be saved with God's people."

In the same envelope with Maudie's letter came one from ANNIE WILSON, who says: "I am thirteen years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and study Book No. 4. My parents, brothers, and I keep the Sabbath, but I have a sister who does not keep it. She never has heard of it yet. I go to day school, and read in the fifth reader. I want to live so that I can be gathered home with God's people."

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

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

WINNIE E. LOUGHBOROUGH, Editor.  
MRS. M. J. CHAPMAN, PERCY T. MEGAN,  
J. O. CORLISS, FANNIE BOLTON,  
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

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.