

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## THE STRANGE DOINGS OF THE KIWI.

ALMOST anything might be expected of so absurd a creature as the apteryx; but, really, it is surprising that it should be so foolish as to put its babies in prison. And perhaps, to be very correct, it does not do so, but what is almost as bad, it runs the risk of having its little ones imprisoned as soon as they come out of their shells.

Kiwi-kiwi is the creature's real name, but scientific men call it apteryx, which is a Greek word meaning wingless, because, though a bird, it has no wings. That is absurd enough, but it does not satisfy the kiwi, who seems to have tried to be as unbirdlike as possible, and in order to be so, has gone to very ridiculous extremes.

It not only has no wings, but it has no tail—not even so much as an apology for one. And, as if that were not enough, it has no feathers worthy of the name. Its quills are covered with soft down for about one third of their length, and then are fringed with hair-like webs out to the ends, which are sharply pointed. It is only as large as a common domestic fowl, but it has much stronger and stouter legs and bigger feet.

Of course you cannot be surprised to learn that such a bird looks at first sight like a quadruped. It carries its head low, and hobbles along in a most uncouth fashion, moving so swiftly when pursued, however, that it is very difficult to capture this ridiculous bird.

When it sleeps in the daytime—for naturally it is odd enough to choose the wrong time for sleeping—it rests its long bill on the ground, and so makes itself look like a strange sort of three-legged stool. Most other birds use their beaks or their wings or their spurs to fight with, but it would be foolish to expect any such natural proceeding from the kiwi; and, in fact, its plan of fighting is to kick. It is very fond of earth-worms; and one of its ways of procuring them is worthy of so odd a bird. It thumps the earth with its big feet, and if there are any worms in the vicinity, up they come to discover what is the matter.

It would hardly be in keeping with the rest of its habits for this absurd bird to live in an ordinary place; therefore it should not surprise us to know that it is found only in New Zealand. When it was first described, naturalists refused to believe in its existence, and who can blame them? But after awhile, a stuffed specimen of the apteryx was taken to England, and later, several living ones, so that the learned gentlemen were forced to acknowledge its reality.

It is a cousin of the ostrich, and though its plumage has no such value for us as its large relative's has, it

is very highly valued by the natives of New Zealand. The kiwi has a very tough skin, which, when it is properly dressed, makes good leather. The bird is so small that it takes many skins to make a kiwi cloak, and, as it is very rare and hard to capture, it is a difficult matter for a man to obtain skins enough for a garment. In former times only chiefs were permitted to wear kiwi cloaks, and the happy possessor of such a treasure would not part with it for any consideration.

All this may seem like wandering from the subject

and remains there, warming one end of the egg with her back, while the decomposing moss and leaves above produce heat enough to keep the rest of the egg warm. Papa kiwi takes turns with mamma kiwi at this curious sort of brooding, and neither of them appears to be at all aware of the peculiar danger to which their little birds may be exposed. For even city children must have noticed how in the spring the trees throw out roots and branches in a wonderfully short time. And it is not at all unusual to see even the heavy flag-stones lifted out of place by the vigorously growing roots. Is it astonishing, then, that sometimes the trees selected by the kiwis should throw out roots which grow over the eggs laid at their feet? It takes the egg six weeks to hatch, and during that time the roots have ample time to become so stout that the poor little kiwis, after breaking their shells, find themselves securely hemmed in, able to look out, but unable to get out? It is thus the baby kiwis are imprisoned.—*St. Nicholas.*

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## A BIT OF A SUGGESTION.

"How is your Latin class getting along, Herbert?" asked his father at the breakfast-table.

"Oh, tolerably, sir," said Herbert, with a half scowl which was becoming very familiar with his face. "I don't like Latin much myself. And some of the boys are such bad scholars they keep the whole school back. I wish I was in some other class."

"Will you have some more potatoes, Herbert?" asked his mother.

"No, I don't believe I want any. I don't think this is a very good way to cook potatoes; we used to have them a great deal nicer."

"Can you spare a quarter of an hour after breakfast, to help me with my examples, Herbert?" asked his sister.

"Oh, I suppose so. I did want to stop and speak to Jack Lee about that book of mine he borrowed and hasn't returned. I wish folks wouldn't borrow; but if they will borrow, I wish they would

return things. What are your examples?"

"In the least common multiple."

"That's easy enough, I'm sure. I wonder if you're bright at arithmetic, Lill? But of course I'll show you. Seems to me this steak is tough."

"We'll have to be looking after the wood supply soon," suggested mother.

"And then there'll be more piling for me, of course," remarked Herbert. "Bridget must burn a lot of wood in the kitchen."

"While you are helping your sister with the examples, Herbert," said his mother, "I'll put a stitch into that necktie if you'll hand it to me. Something about it seems to be wrong."



"These all wait upon Thee; that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine hand, and they are filled with good."

of how the baby kiwi is imprisoned, but if you did not know how consistently absurd the kiwi is, how could you believe the crowning piece of absurdity?

Most birds sit on their eggs; but though the kiwi lays but one, she sits under it. Yes, she lays only one egg, but such an egg! The kiwi weighs about four pounds, and her egg weighs about one pound—one-quarter of the weight of the bird. Usually this monstrous egg is laid among the roots of a tree and covered with leaves and moss. Then mamma kiwi digs under the egg, so that one end of it protrudes through the roof of the tunnel she has made. Having accomplished this, she squeezes herself into the tunnel

"It's a miserable fitting thing, scarcely worth mending. I wore it last night, and it bothered me all the evening."

"By the way, did you have a pleasant time last night?"

"Oh, rather. But I expected to hear something finer. I could have done nearly as well myself."

Herbert's father folded up the newspaper he had been reading, laid it beside his plate, and turning toward the boy, gazed at him so fixedly and so critically that at length Herbert asked,—

"Well, what is it, father?"

"Herbert, do you know that we all love you?"

"Why," exclaimed Herbert, greatly astonished at the question, "I suppose you do."

"Are you not sure of it?"

"Yes," said Herbert, laughing a little, "I am quite sure of it."

"You are sure that you, with your sister, are the object of the most constant, loving care and solicitude on the part of your mother and myself?"

"Yes, father," said Herbert, more thoughtfully, "but why do you ask?"

"You are sure that your best and highest welfare is the thing most earnestly sought by us?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that there is nothing in the world so precious to us at this table as just we four?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a bright boy,—yes, bright as the average, perhaps a little brighter, although my thinking so may come of my being slightly partial to you,—well-looking, too, well-kept, and healthy. You are able to take in the full delights of out-door boy life; and you enjoy your school in a general way, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are fairly happy in your surroundings?"

"Yes, father, in everything. But will you please tell me what all this means?"

"Yes, I've come to that now. You wake in the morning in the full enjoyment of every earthly blessing. You come to the table surrounded by those to whom your happiness is dear."

Herbert looked into his father's eyes, waiting to hear more, as he made a slight pause.

"It seems as if a boy in your condition of life ought to find happiness in everything. But instead of this, everything, to your own showing, seems to bear a thorn for you. Of the half dozen things touched upon within the last fifteen minutes, some pertaining to your studies, some to your amusements, some to your small duties to others, everything has been met by you with either a direct or indirect complaint or fault-finding. I am really afraid, my boy, that life is becoming a burdensome, unhappy thing to you."

"Oh, you are mistaken, father," said Herbert, with rising color. "I really don't mean to keep up a scowl and a growl about things. I don't think of it half the time."

"Then," said his father, with the half-jesting expression of his face giving place to one wholly serious, "isn't it time you were thinking of making dear to you the happiness of those to whom your happiness is dear? Do you ever reflect how a spirit of fault-finding casts a shadow about you upon those who are entitled to something better than shadows from you, how a complaining voice and a scowling face take away all the sweetness and beauty from the hours which should be highly prized,—hours in which we who love each other are together?"

"Indeed, father, I never took it to heart before; but I will."

There are many such boys in the homes all over the world. Wouldn't they do well to take it to heart?—*American Messenger.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### ROUND THE WORLD.—8.

We have now traveled over a considerable portion of South Africa, but have not as yet met with any adventures such as most travelers on this continent relate. However, we have learned something about the wild men and animals that inhabit some parts of the country.

The "darkies" are very numerous all through Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal.

The various tribes differ vastly from one another. In the vicinity of Cape Town they are mostly Malays and Kaffers. The former were originally brought here as slaves by the Dutch, and are as a rule more intelligent than their colored brethren. They come from the East Indies, Java, Sumatra, and other islands. They are nearly all Mohammedans, and observe Friday as a day of rest, because on that day God created man. They are good tradesmen, but adhere closely to their religion, so that all the efforts that have been put forth to Christianize them have had but little effect. They are the only colored tribe that do not partake of the white man's "fire water," and the result is manifest, in that they are the only tribe, that, as they mingle and become associated with the whites, do not rapidly die out. They are also to some extent hygienists, and will not eat pork, nor even enter a butcher's shop where it is vended.

The Kaffers, Griquas, and Zulus are usually employed to perform all the hard manual labor, and also as domestics in families. The Europeans and the English in the Colony, having always been brought up with a whole train of "darkies" to wait on them, are seemingly unable to do anything for themselves. Many of these native servants are said to have been converted. True, they have renounced their idols, and believe in the true God, but, after all,

Bushmen do, it might be thought that many of them would suffer death from the bites and stings. But in order to guard against this catastrophe, a very singular method is adopted. When a man is bitten, a native doctor is sent for, and he prescribes a cup of poison which has been extracted from a snake of the same or of a similar character. This poison has the effect of throwing the patient into a state of intoxication, and when he comes out from under the spell, he is cured of the sting, and moreover in the future is proof against the snakes. It is even stated that when a snake draws near a person that has drank of this poison, it seems to become aware of it, and will retire without attempting to harm him.

There is another kind of snake called the "boom-slang," or "tree snake." These partly wind themselves on the boughs of trees, and when a man or an animal comes underneath, the snake stoops down and bites. It is claimed that these snake bites are not as deadly as some others. Another kind of snake seems to have the power of mesmerizing its victim, so that he is powerless to move or get away from it. By firing a shot, or by another person's walking between the two, the spell may be broken. But the most deadly and most common of all is the "puff adder." It is the color of an old dry log, and lies on the ground in a stupid condition. As long as one is in front of them, they cannot bite; but when their back or tail is stepped on, they will throw their heads back and bite.

P. T. M.

#### "BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

TINY STRONG and her friend Rachel were sitting in the parlor of the boarding-school where they were pupils, talking very earnestly over their work. They had chosen a quiet corner in the large room, quite apart from the merry groups of girls scattered here and there.

"I want to do and be something better than I have been!" said Tiny, soberly, pushing back the soft hair from her face. "I don't feel a bit satisfied with living just as I used to! It seems as if a Christian girl ought to be about the King's business," she said softly.

"And one has such chances here," said Rachel, "to be kind and thoughtful, and to do a great deal for others."

"Yes; and the girls are always watching, when we never dream of it, to see whether Christian girls are, after all, any different from other people."

"There's only one thing to be done about it, and that is to begin right away to do better," said practical Rachel. "If we start together, we can help each other."

Tiny was silent for a moment; she was asking for God's help. Then she smiled brightly, as she answered:—

"Let us begin now, dear. There is Helen Rogers all alone over there. Suppose we go."

A moment later Tiny's arm had stolen around Helen, and the warm squeeze she gave her brought a loving light into her dull face.

"We wanted you," said Rachel, in answer to her wondering look; for she was not a favorite with the girls. "Didn't you want us?"

"Oh, yes!" was the quick response. "I was thinking of mother, and feeling so lonely."

"Whenever you feel that way, come and find us," said Tiny. "You may always be sure of a welcome."

"Oh, thank you! I shall be so glad to have some friends," was the fervent reply.

"Suppose we go and sit with Laura Stevens a little while. It must be forlorn enough up there," said Rachel. "She has been sick all this holiday week. I feel so sorry for her."

"Wait a minute. I have some fresh flowers which mother sent me to-day; let me carry them."

Already the "King's business" was spreading, and there was work for three pairs of hands instead of two.

"It is a great deal pleasanter than trying to please ourselves; why haven't we begun before?" whispered Tiny in Rachel's ear, as they waited for Helen at the door.

Days followed, filled with kind words, looks, thoughts, and deeds done by these two simple, every-day girls. One and another felt the influence of their kindness, and sought to emulate it; and the angels carried the record of it to heaven.—*The Well-Spring.*



they do not hesitate to steal and lie, often more than they did before. The reason ascribed for this is that when they are converted, they also receive in the mission schools some degree of education, and so learn the value of money; they then have more of a desire to possess it, and will resort to almost any means in order to obtain it. The government of the Colony has done much to educate them and to instruct them in various trades; but although in many cases they seem to make good workmen, they have not the least particle of ability to plan, engineer, or construct anything for themselves. They must always work under a "boss."

The Kaffers and other natives live in round huts, something like a large bee-hive. These huts are called *kraals*, and are made of wattles, plastered on the outside with mud. Their furniture is of the crudest description. They do, however, go so far as to have pianos, but it would be impossible to describe them so as to give a correct idea of their appearance. The accompanying is a picture of one of these *kraals*.

The most dreaded enemy with whom the pioneers had to contend was the Bushmen. These are a race of dwarfs of a dirty yellow color, with spindling legs and arms, and the hair growing only in patches over their heads. They are so degraded that none of the other tribes will claim any relationship to them. They build no houses, but dwell in holes in the ground. Their sole weapon, and indeed the only thing that they have ever been known to invent, is a bow, from which they send, with unerring aim, poisoned arrows, bringing certain death to the man or beast at whom they are aimed. They received the name of "Bushmen" from the fact that when they go to battle, they usually cover their heads with bushes, and then crawl on the ground like four-footed animals.

The country inhabited by them, the Zulus, and the Kaffers has been, and is to a great extent, infested with venomous snakes and other reptiles. A single sting from these snakes means certain death to a white man. Living among them as the Zulus and

For Our Little Ones.

BONNIE'S PRAYER.

DEAR little Bonnie, four years old,  
Thoughtful as child of her age could be,  
Said her prayers as her mother told,  
Nightly kneeling beside her knee.

But she said one night, this quaint little elf,  
"I've a wish, my mamma, so good and true,  
Let me kneel by the bedside, all by myself,  
And make my prayers as the big folks do."

So we were quiet as mice could be,  
While Bonnie, robed in her night-gown white,  
Stole on tip-toe, and bent her knee,  
All alone for her prayers that night.

Only a moment the wee head bowed,  
Then the face came up with a smile most fair;  
While the other children laughed aloud  
At the wondrous shortness of Bonnie's prayer.

Then came a little flush of dismay  
Over the radiant face so small,  
"I couldn't think of much to say,  
So I said, 'Lord keep me,' and that was all."

Papa kissed her gravely and smiled,  
"That was the best of prayers, my dear;  
It was all you needed to say, my child,  
You could ask no more if you prayed a year."  
—Ladies' Home Journal.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

INDIAN FISHERS.

FISHING with bows and arrows! Isn't that an odd thing to do? That is the way the Indians in the picture are fishing, and I suspect it is the way Indians have always fished until they lived among civilized folks, and could buy Yankee fish-hooks in the stores. There are still a good many Indians who fish with bows and arrows and spears. I will tell you about them.

Away up in the northwestern part of North America is a very interesting country, called Alaska. Can you find it on your map? It belongs to the United States. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, all put together, would only fill up a corner of Alaska. Alaska is nine times as large as the New England States.

The winters there are long and cold. But in the ocean, along the coast of this great country, there flows a river of warm water. This river of water warms the cold air that blows from the land, and makes the atmosphere mild and pleasant. Beautiful forests cover the slopes of the mountains, and dashing cascades and waterfalls tumble down the rocks. Great rivers come rushing and roaring down, to empty their waters into the ocean.

In this beautiful country a great many Indians live. They have dwelt here ever since we have known anything about their country. The Alaskan Indians are sailors and fishers. They live near the coast, and along the great rivers.

Have you ever eaten that delicious fish called salmon? Up in Alaska these fish live in great numbers. It is the greatest salmon country in the world. There are always plenty of fish in the Alaskan rivers. But at certain seasons of the year, they swarm in the waters in great numbers. They are going up the streams to find a safe place to raise their families, where the great fishes that live in the sea will not find the little salmon and eat them up.

At such seasons the waters are so full of fish that it would be useless to try to catch them with a hook and line. They often crowd one another on to the river banks.

Then the Indians in the villages leave their homes, and every one goes fishing. They pitch their tents, or build little huts of bark, all along the banks of the streams. They catch the fish with spears or with bows and arrows. Often the fish are so thick that the Indians can shovel them ashore with the paddles of their canoes. Is that too great a "fish story" to believe? It is true. The great silver-backed fishes leap and play in the water in a way that is enough to drive an angler crazy if he cannot catch them.

The Indians dry these fish with salt, or smoke them. This is to be their food during the long winter months when everything is frozen up, and covered deep with snow.

But other people live in the salmon country besides the Indians. In many places the traveler sees great buildings by the banks of the river; and lots of little bark houses in which Indians live. These large

buildings are salmon canning factories. Indians and Chinamen live in the little bark huts, and work for the white men who run the factories. They pack thousands of cases of salmon every year, and send them all over the country. They take great pains to have everything clean and neat about the works. In the rivers near the factories, the salmon are not so plentiful as in the other streams farther north, because so many are caught every year. The Indians catch them with nets also.

Would you not like to go fishing in such streams as these? Sometime I will tell you more about this part of our great country. W. E. L.

GRANDMOTHER MUDGE.

AUNT LOUISE TENDALL had been keeping house for Papa Tendall and Annie three weeks, because mamma was away taking care of Grandma Sapperfield, who was very sick. It would be a long time before she would be able to travel, and then she was coming home with mamma.

This was what made Miss Louise think so hard, and look so soberly at Annie. For Annie was a little household tyrant, and a tyrant is apt to make things pretty uncomfortable for everybody, and especially for grandmas.

So Miss Louise thought and thought, and finally she decided to make a surprise for Annie's birthday. The little girl, so soon to be six years old, was not

Annie ran forward, and picked up the new arrival to inspect her more closely.

"Gently, gently, Annie," cautioned Miss Louise. "That is Grandmother Mudge."

"Grandmuvver Mudge! What a funny name!" cried Annie, as Miss Louise took the doll, and held it out at arm's length.

"Grandmother Mudge is an old lady," said Miss Louise. "See her quiet gray dress, with the kerchief pinned across her breast. See her gray hair fastened up with a silver pin. See her spectacles with silver bows."

"Let me take her! Let me take her! Quick, auntie," cried Annie.

"Well, just this once, to get acquainted with her. She is not meant to be held. She must sit in her nice rocking-chair."

"Why?" asked Annie.

"Because she is old," said Miss Louise solemnly.

"Old! why, I thought she was new."

"She is new, and yet she is old. Look at your other dolls. They are all young. There is the baby in its cradle. There are the little boys, and the little girls, and the young ladies, and the young gentlemen. But Grandmother Mudge is old. You must teach all the rest to be very polite to her."

"How? how?" demanded Annie, who liked to play at teaching.

"They must never take her chair," said Miss Louise



long in finding out that something was being kept from her, and one afternoon she slipped away from her nurse, and ran to her auntie's door. In answer to her rap, Miss Louise peeped out with a queer smile, and said, in a low tone: "Run away, Annie. Auntie is very busy preparing a surprise for your birthday."

Annie returned to her nurse. "Why, auntie's making a supwise for my birthday," she said. "We mustn't any of us bovver her."

The birthday came, and very early in the morning Annie ran down-stairs, where papa caught her, and gave her six hugs, and six kisses, and six loving little pats.

Then he set her down that she might see her presents. Oh, so many presents! Presents from everybody! But Annie only glanced at them carelessly, and ran to her aunt, who just then entered the room.

"Where's that supwise you was a-making?" she demanded.

"It isn't time for that," answered Miss Louise, with a kiss. "You must wait till after breakfast."

"Don't want to wait forever and ever," said Annie, with a pout.

"Oh!" cried auntie. "A pout on your birthday! I wouldn't allow a pout to come to my birthday. I'd say, 'You ugly little pout, a birthday is a nice day, and you are not a bit nice, and you can't come.'"

"Pout, go away! Go away!" commanded Annie.

"Pout's gone, auntie."

"That's good," said Miss Louise; "but you must watch, or Pout will come back."

Breakfast over, and papa gone, Miss Louise and Annie set out, hand in hand, to view the surprise. Up the stairs and along the hall they went, till they came to auntie's room. The door was flung open, and the child gazed at the pretty sight before her.

"Oh, what a lovely supwise!" she cried. "See the pretty new dresses on my dollies!" Then, as her eyes spied a stranger in the group, "What a funny doll that is in the new wocking-chair. Where did you get that doll, auntie?"

impressively, as she put Grandmother Mudge back again.

"They never s'all."

"They must never dispute her."

"No."

"They may kiss her hand, and sometimes lay an arm gently about her neck."

"That's nice."

"They must never act cross when she asks them to do anything."

"No."

"And in every way you must teach them to be respectful to Grandmother Mudge, because she is old."

"My dollies s'all be 'spec'ful to Grandmuvver Mudge, 'cause she's old," said Annie.

And the child began at once her lessons to the dolls in politeness to the aged.

Every day Grandmother Mudge grew in favor with Annie, who quickly learned to love her more than she did all the others, and every day the young dolls learned to behave better and better.

It was two months after Annie's birthday, when a carriage drove up, from which Mrs. Tendall and her mother alighted.

"O auntie, auntie!" cried Annie, "here comes a twuly Grandmuvver Mudge!"

"No, darling. That is your dear Grandma Sapperfield. But you must always treat her just as your dollies treat Grandmother Mudge."

"Louise," said Mrs. Tendall, a few days later, "Annie's ways toward mother are just lovely. Where did she learn to be so prettily attentive and respectful?"

"I think she learned from Grandmother Mudge," answered Miss Louise, with a smile.—The Christian Weekly.

HOWEVER good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and however slight they may be, you would better make some patient and earnest efforts to overcome them.

### THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

THERE are many kinds of thistles. There is the thistle which the people of France and Germany use for a barometer. This is called the Caroline thistle, and is very large. The people hang it out beside the door. When the thistle closes, it is sure to rain soon. When it opens, then the storm is about to cease, and the sun to shine.

Then there is the thistle called the "wind-witch." This grows on the plains of Tartary. It is said to be so large that the Tartars build their huts in its shade. In the autumn, the stem decays; the flower dries into a ball as light as a feather, and falling off, goes flying over the plains before the wind. It flies so fast that nobody has ever been known to catch one.

But, after all, there is no thistle so interesting as the common purple thistle of Scotland. To be sure, it is neither a handsome nor an agreeable flower in itself. But it is the national flower of Scotland, and we must honor it for that reason. And this is how it chanced to become the national flower of Scotland:—

Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, the Danes made war upon the Scots, and invaded their country. The Danes did not believe in making an attack upon an enemy in the night. But upon this occasion, they turned aside from their usual custom, and dearly did they pay for it. As they were creeping, noiselessly and unseen in the dark, one of their number stepped upon a thistle; its sharp prickles pierced his bare foot, and made him cry out with pain.

His cry awoke the soldiers of the Scotch army. They sprang to their arms, and drove back the Danes with a great slaughter, and so saved Scotland. From that time the thistle has been the national flower of Scotland.

The motto which goes with the thistle reads, *Nemo me impune lacessit*. It is Latin, and means, in simple words, *Touch me who dares*. There is an ancient order of Scotch knights, the "Order of the Thistle," and this is their motto.

Over the gate of the now ruined Palace of Linlithgow, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was born, the thistle with this motto is engraved. You will see it in many other places in Scotland.

The earliest mention of the thistle, as the badge of Scotland, is found in an old poem called, "The Thistle and the Rose."—*Fannie A. Deane*.

### WHAT THE WORD MEANT.

THE afternoon spelling-class was called; there was a shuffling of little feet, a hasty putting down of desk-lids, a frantic effort to take one more peep at the long column of words, and then the line of small boys and girls stood as still as small boys and girls can stand; which is not very still, after all.

"Magnanimity," said Miss Bryan. The question was Addie McLelland's, and she was about the middle of the class. "M-a-g," began Addie, hesitatingly,—"m-a-g," and then shook her head.

"Next," said Miss Bryan, but "next" thought if Addie could not spell it, of course the one below her could not; and so the word passed down the whole class, and Miss Bryan came back to Harvey Wise, who had been head-boy for a week.

"Magnanimity, Harvey," said Miss Bryan, "Come! I'm tired of this word."

Now Harvey had been intently watching a centipede that was making its way along the chair-board; he had not heard a word for two minutes, and when he found that Miss Bryan was looking at him, he said, "Ma'am?" in a startled tone.

"Next," said Miss Bryan severely; and Dilsy Hamatt spelled the much-traveled word, giving out every letter.

"Right!" said Miss Bryan. "Go up, Dilsy."

"I don't want to go up, please, Miss Bryan. I know Harvey could have spelled it."

"Go up at once," said Miss Bryan firmly; and Dilsy was obliged to take the head, but her face was all in a pucker, and she looked just ready to cry.

Harvey tried to look as if it did not matter, but every little speller in the line knew that his father had promised him a new knife, if he kept the head-place two weeks. Dilsy would willingly have missed a word on purpose to let Harvey get back to his place, but she was a straightforward little girl, and did not know any tricky ways.

"O it's raining! it's raining!" cried a chorus of little voices as the children crowded about the door after school; "and I didn't bring any umbrella." "Nor I," "Nor I," said some. "Nor I," said Dilsy, mournfully regarding her new hat.

But Harvey had an umbrella. He stood hesitating a moment; she had turned him down in the class, but

never mind. "Here, Dilsy," he called out, "my umbrella is big enough for us both."

"Ah, Harvey," said Miss Bryan, "you may not know how to *spell* magnanimity, but you know how to practice it."

"What does she mean, Dilsy?" he asked, as the rain pattered noisily on the umbrella overhead.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she said merrily.

Can our boys and girls tell?—*Elizabeth P. Allan*.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

### BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW and Mark are first to speak.

Luke and John the same repeat,

And Acts of the apostles teach.

Paul here begins the truth to sound

To the Romans and Corinthians;

Galatians and Ephesians then,

Philippians and Colossians;

Thessalonians we count by two,

And Timothy the same we view;

Titus, Philemon, and Hebrews then,

And Paul's epistles here do end.

James and Peter too we find,

And John's three will come in rhyme;

Jude and Revelation told

Conclude this latter mine of gold.

GEO. W. CONNER.

### HOW SOME BIRDS KEEP WARM.

IT was as snowy a morning as could be desired. There had been a two-days' storm, and all the fences were covered, the roofs were piled, and all the eaves hung low with snow wreaths.

In the yard little paths had been cut through the deep snow to the well, the barn, and the corn-crib, but the road lay all white and untrodden, and the fir-trees looked like great white, airy plumes.

Dilly and Joe shouted with delight as they pelted each other with huge, soft snow-balls, and tumbled about in the white drifts.

It was a mile over to Aunt Tib's house, but not more than half that distance "across lots" through the firs.

Dilly and Joe proposed going across, as the road would not be broken out before night.

Mamma agreed, and donning their odd little snow-shoes, they started off merrily over the smooth, white fields and on into the woods.

Whir-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr!

All at once a rumble and roar almost under Dilly's very snow-shoes made her jump back, and tumble clumsily over her own feet deep into a drift.

"Oh, oh! [Puff, puff.] What's that, Joe?" cried Dilly, struggling to clear the snow from her eyes and mouth.

"Keep still, Dill! Don't holler so!" whispered Joe, standing Dilly on her feet. "'T was a partridge! See, there are more of 'em! Those little black knobs are their heads, sticking up through the snow. Cunning things! You see they dove into the snow last night to keep warm."

"O Joe, do you s'pose we could catch one?"

"I don't know. Foxes do sometimes, and sometimes a rain comes, making a hard crust on the snow, and they can't get out. Let's go up still now."

Dilly and Joe sidled cautiously up toward the black spots in the snow, in each of which sharp little eyes were watching narrowly; yet the birds sat quite still till the children were almost near enough to touch them; then, with a great whirr and rumble and rush, they shook themselves free from the snow, and flew off into the deep fir woods, leaving the children to gaze longingly after them, wishing they could have captured just one to take to Aunt Tib.—*Selected*.

### NOT AFRAID IN THE DARK.

THE little ones were playing happily in the nursery, one evening, all by themselves, but they were not afraid, for the room was brightly lighted. It looked just like daylight in there. By and by Albert wished for a toy he had left down-stairs, but was afraid to go after it. There were those long stairs and a dark hall to go through, and he could not bring up his courage to run such a "risk."

It would have been hard to tell what he was afraid of in that quiet, orderly house, but I suppose it was just the "dark." Did you ever hear that the dark hurt any one?

Albert would not go, but he kept on wishing for the toy more than for all the other things that he had.

"I'll go," said three-year-old Louie, bravely; "I'll get it, Albert."

So he stepped out resolutely into the hall, and the children listened at the door to the patter of his little feet as he trotted down the steps, and they heard him say, softly, over and over again, "Lord, are you

here?" "Lord, are you here?" He came back through the silent hall with the treasure, and said, sweetly, "I wasn't afraid, for the Lord was there."

That was the way Louie kept up his courage. If he had been sixty years old, he could not have done better.—*Child's Paper*.

### Letter Budget.

CLARENCE BLOUNT, who lives in Oswego Co., N. Y., says: "I am twelve years old. I go to day school, but it has closed for vacation. I am in the sixth grade next term. I hope this letter will escape the paper bag. Here is an answer to Blanche De Spelder's question: The shortest chapter in the Bible is Psalms 117, and the longest verse is Esther 8:9. I want to be a good boy, so I can meet the INSTRUCTOR family in heaven."

Here is a letter from Mason Co., Mich. It reads: "I am a little girl nine years old. My name is ELSIE HUBBARD. My papa is dead, and I live with my mamma and two brothers. Their names are Olney and Joseph. I love to read the letters in the Budget, and love to go to Sabbath-school. I am in Book No. 1, but I am going into Book 2 pretty soon. I am in the third reader. I have no pets. My sister is in Battle Creek, and her name is Minerva. I am trying to be a good girl."

BERTHA E. ALLEN writes from Noble Co., Ind.: "I am a little girl nine years old. I have a little brother six years old. His name is Charlie Ellis. He goes to school, and I am very lonesome to-day, so I thought I would write a letter to the Budget. I have two pet kittens; one of them is white, and the other is black. I keep the Sabbath with my mamma and little brother. I take the INSTRUCTOR, and love to read it very much. I live five miles from the Sabbath-school, so we cannot go; but mamma teaches me at home. Mamma and I hope to go to Battle Creek in a few weeks to see Aunt Emma. I want to meet you all in the new earth. I send my love to the INSTRUCTOR family."

WILLIS CROWELL writes from Winnebago Co., Wis.: "I am a little boy nine years old, and live on a farm with my papa and mamma and two sisters. For a pet I have a dog named Ned. I go to Sabbath-school every week when I can, and am in Book No. 3. I go to day school also, but our school does not keep this week, as our teacher is sick. My youngest sister and mamma have gone up to Poy Sippi to the State meeting. I have a pair of skates, and skate on the ditches of the cranberry marsh, which is about half a mile from here. I am trying to be a good boy, so folks will love me. We have an organ, and both of my sisters play on it. If this letter is printed, I will write again."

It is pleasant to have people like us, Willis; but don't you think it would be a better reason for being good if we should try to do right because Jesus loves us, and wants us to be like him? We cannot be good when we try just by ourselves; but if we ask Jesus to help us, he will do it, and then we shall not fail.

SALLIE H. BROWN writes from Lawrence Co., Pa. She says: "I am a little girl seven years old. I go to day school every day. I am in the spelling, second reader, arithmetic, and geography classes. I keep the Sabbath with mamma and papa and my brother Silas. I get my lessons in Book No. 1. I am studying about Jacob and Esau when they met each other. I am trying to be a good girl, so that when the Lord comes, I can go to heaven with him."

Sallie sends answers to Blanche De Spelder's questions, as do several other little letter writers; but as these answers have been already printed, we will not give them again. We hope those who have not had their letters printed will write again, and tell us something interesting. A good many little people tell us about their Sabbath-school, and how many brother and sisters they have. Of course we are glad to have them tell those things; but you see if everybody should tell us just that and nothing else, how much your letters would all be alike, and you would grow tired yourselves of reading them. Do not be discouraged when your letters are not printed; try again, and make them just as interesting as you can.

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