

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 38.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH 19, 1890.

No. 12.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

## THE BETTER WAY.

COME hither, little sad-eyed maid,  
And to my ear explain  
Why trembles on thy lash a tear,  
Why quivers thy round chin.  
Thou mournest all thy lack of grace,  
Of feature fine and fair?  
Thou longest for a daintier garb,  
And ornaments to wear?  
My child, thy cravings are not strange;  
Thy mind is sensitive;  
But for these lacks a substitute

Thou mayst in time receive,  
Continued culture of the mind,  
And training of the heart,  
Will give a finer, truer grace  
Than mere beauty can impart.  
A love for all that's beautiful,  
And pure, and good, and true  
Will leave its trace upon thy  
face,  
And bring real charms to view.  
Then bravely chase the tears  
away,  
And make the best of life,  
And care not but to make thy  
part  
With useful labors rife.

My little, nickle-plated clock  
Ticks gaily on the shelf;  
It lingers not about its work,  
Nor sighs unto itself  
The great mistake its maker  
made  
In giving it no charm,  
No sparkling jewels on its breast,  
Nor beauty rare in form.  
Its hands point out the hour as  
true  
As though 't were cased in  
gold,  
And full as oft we seek its face  
This virtue to behold.  
Oh, could we all as cheerfully  
Perform our humble task,  
And not complain of faces plain,  
Nor useless honors ask!

IDA IDEN HOLLY.



For the INSTRUCTOR.

## THE ARK AT BETH-SHEMESH.

IT was the time of the wheat harvest. The broad fields of bending grain invited the reaper's hand. Every fruitful hill and valley seemed responsive to the goodness of the Creator. From man's heart alone no thankfulness welled up. Grief, shame, and rebellion against the dealings of God, held sway; for this was in the time when judges ruled in Israel, and the people had departed from God. And so far had they turned away from the right, and so stubbornly had they persisted in their rebellion, that the Lord had allowed their enemies to prevail against them.

A little more than half a year had gone by since the fateful day when Israel, without inquiring of the Lord, went in their own strength to conquer the Philistines, and in the first battle were defeated and four thousand of them slain. Angry at the just rebuke of God, they hardened their hearts still more, and most presumptuously carried the ark from the tabernacle at Shiloh to the battle-field. Then the Lord allowed it to be taken by their enemies, and thus the visible evidence of his presence departed from Israel.

The Philistines rejoiced greatly when the ark came among them, thinking, no doubt, that the power of

the Israelite's God would go with it, and make them victorious over all their foes. But in this they judged wrongfully. The God of Israel was not as the gods of wood and stone. His name was to be feared. Wherever the ark went among the Philistines, sickness and death followed, until at the end of seven months they were anxious to send it home.

One day a Beth-shemite named Joshua went with his men into the fields to reap the grain. Undoubtedly it was with heavy hearts they thrust in their sickles, while they spoke to one another of the departed glory of Israel. While they were talking, they looked up, and saw a strange sight; for ap-

with a great slaughter." And they cried, "Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God?" Then they sent for the men of Kirjath-jearim, and they took the ark to the house of Abinadab, a Levite, where it remained for twenty years.

Now these things that happened were examples unto us, and were written out for our instruction. What a lesson this brief experience of the Israelites contains! How careful we should be to render prompt obedience from the heart to all God requires, and to treat with reverence the things he has made holy. God says he does not change; and if he was so careful then to teach people reverence for his law and place of worship, do you think he now lightly regards irreverence in his house, and unfaithfulness in his service?

W. E. L.

## THE INFLUENCE OF A KIND ACT.

"WHAT a dreadful day!"  
"I'm fairly blown to pieces."  
"I'm glad we caught this car, if we did have to run for it," and the three rosy, breathless girls sank into the seat as the car moved on.

After they had arranged their hair and ribbons and dresses, with which the boisterous wind had taken most daring liberties, they began to talk again. They talked very fast, and sometimes all at once, in voices that were not as subdued as is becoming in a street-car. At times it sounded as though a small flock of magpies had taken possession of that end of the car.

The car gradually filled up, and although their tongues were busy, their eyes were free to scan every new-comer. The handsomely dressed ladies were inspected with critical eyes; then the three heads were drawn close together, and the three voices were mingled in loudly whispered comments.

At the crossing of a fashionable street the car stopped, and a young girl, about the age of the three, entered. She was richly though plainly dressed, and, in spite of the wind, not a fold of her neat toilet appeared to be displaced. She was so sweet, so modest, so unassuming, and yet so evidently aristocratic, that many admiring eyes followed her as she took her seat.

"There's Gertrude Eastman," said Maud Haven.  
"How awfully proud and stuck-up she is," said Clara Denton. "She'll hardly speak to common folks."

"I'd be proud, too, if my father was as rich as hers, and I lived in as fine a house," replied May Travis, looking admiringly at the trim little figure.

"I do n't care if she is rich," said Clara, who envied Gertrude her luxurious life; "she need n't snub other folks just because they are poor. It isn't money always that makes people worthy of notice."

"What a lovely dress she has on," said Maud.  
"Oh dear, I wish I could afford to have such nice clothes, and have them made so beautifully," and

proaching the field where they were reaping, came two lowing kine, drawing a new cart, and in the cart was the ark of God. Unguided by human hands, the kine came "into the field of Joshua, a Beth-shemite, and stood there, where there was a great stone; and the men of Beth-shemesh offered burnt-offerings, and sacrificed sacrifices the same day unto the Lord." And they rejoiced that God had not wholly turned away his face from Israel.

But it is safe to infer that their prayers were not of the right sort, and contained no heart-felt repentance for the sins that had divorced them from God's favor; for while the ark was in the field, curiosity so far took possession of them that they forgot, or at least disregarded, the careful instructions they had had concerning the sacredness of the ark,—that ark so sacred that even the priests dared not remove its coverings, but only the high-priest beheld it when he went into the most holy place once a year; they forgot all this, blinded their eyes to the fearful judgments that had already been visited upon them for disobeying, and, removing the coverings, they looked in upon the tables of the law. And God "smote the men of Beth-shemesh, because they had looked into the ark of the Lord, even his servants of the people fifty thousand and three-score and ten men; and the people lamented, because the Lord had smitten the people



Maud cast her eyes over her home-made dress, which, notwithstanding much fancy trimming, lacked the artistic elegance of Gertrude's plainer made gown.

All this time the subject of their remarks sat quietly looking out of the window, unconscious of the interest she was creating in the minds of the three girls in the corner of the car.

How the wind did blow! It seemed to rise higher and blow more fiercely every moment.

Again the car stopped, and an old woman, bent and feeble, entered. The wind had handled her very roughly. Her shawl was twisted, her thin gray hair was scattered loosely over her forehead, and her bonnet was all awry. She trembled as she stood for a moment casting her eye down the length of the already filled seats; then a clear young voice at her side said, "Please take my seat," and a steady hand was reached out to help her.

"Thank you, my dear," replied the old lady, looking up into Gertrude's fresh young face as she sank into the seat. "That wind most tuckered me clean to death."

She drew a long breath as she leaned back in the seat, but in doing so she touched her head lightly against the window, which set her bonnet more crooked than ever. She reached up her thin, white hands to set it straight, but in her helplessness only made a bad matter worse; and as the three thoughtless girls in the corner watched her, a smile passed over their faces, and a suppressed titter was heard in that direction.

It was not audible to the old lady, who was a little deaf, but Gertrude heard it, and she looked coldly toward them for an instant, with the expression that Clara Denton thought "so proud and stuck up." Then, turning to the old lady, who was still struggling with her bonnet, she said, with a smile that was neither cold nor proud,—

"Won't you let me fix it for you?"

"Oh, thank you, deary," replied the old lady, looking at her in grateful surprise, "I wish you would."

Then, to the amazement of the girls, the aristocratic Gertrude Eastman stopped and untied the worn ribbons, straightened the bonnet, setting it firmly on her head, and tied them again with her own daintily gloved hands. Then she gently smoothed back the ruffled gray hair, and smiled on the wrinkled old face, as she reached up to take hold of the strap again.

"Thank you so much, deary," said the old lady. "That does feel a powerful sight better. Do you know you put me in mind of my little granddaughter, who died only a few weeks ago? She was just such a dear, sweet girl as you are, and she was careful to have her old grandmother fixed up all right; but she's gone now, and I have to do the best I can for myself."

"I am very glad that I have been allowed to take her place even once," said Gertrude gently, as she signaled the conductor to stop the car; and turning to leave, she smiled, and said, "Good-by, grandmother." Then she tripped out of sight, and the car went on its way.

There was silence in the corner. The three tongues that had been running so fast a short time before were still, and the other passengers did not seem to be nearly so amusing as they had been. At last Maud Haven spoke, and this time in a quiet tone.

"Well, girls," she said, looking from one to the other, "she is a thorough lady, anyhow."

"I think she is perfectly lovely," said May Travis, enthusiastically. "I'll never call her proud again. I tell you what it is, girls, I don't believe one of us would have dared to do what she did, for fear of being laughed at."

"She just did it to show off," said Clara Denton, spitefully, who could not forget the look in the flashing eyes as they rested a moment on her.

There was silence again for a moment; then Maud spoke in the same manner as before, and this time there was a slight quiver in her voice.

"Girls," she said, "I'll tell you what I think. I believe it wasn't so much because Gertrude Eastman is a born lady that she did that, as because she is trying to be a Christian. Don't you know she joined the church a little while ago?"

"Well," said May, soberly and thoughtfully, "if it's that that makes her so lovely, I wish I was one, too."

"So do I," answered Maud softly; and Clara said nothing as they rose and left the car.

Gertrude Eastman went on her way, little dreaming of the seed she had sown by the way-side that afternoon, nor how quickly it was to bear fruit; happy only in the thought that she had been permitted to do a little act of kindness to the lonely old lady.

But months afterward, when she greeted Maud Haven and May Travis as they became members of

the same church with herself, they told her how this little act of hers had opened their eyes to see the beauty of a Christian life, and made them desire to live one too.—*Nellie Helm.*

#### WANTED.

##### WANTED:

Smiling, gentle little lasses,  
With loving words to say,  
With traps to catch the sunbeams bright  
And drive the clouds away,  
Whose willing hands and sunny hearts  
Will cheer and help each day.

##### Wanted:

Laddies whose hearts are strong and brave,  
Though kind and tender quite,  
Who'll never be ashamed to stand  
Up nobly for the right,  
But will go forth in Jesus' name  
The false and wrong to fight.

Does some one say, "Too young to prove  
Mighty against the foe"?  
God put his grand and noble oaks  
In acorns small, you know;  
His heavy golden grain-crops all  
In tiny seed-bags grow.

And to each little child he says,  
"The Lord hath need of thee;"  
In each young heart begins a work  
That by and by may be  
An honor to his name on earth  
And through eternity.

—*Susan Teall Perry.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### THE SOD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I THINK I see some of the dainty little children who go to school in the large brick school-houses in town, or even in the pretty little school-houses we see here and there in the country, look up in wonder, and I hear them say in surprise, "A sod school-house! Did any one ever go to school in it?" I will tell you of one in which a lady once taught about twenty-four boys and girls, ranging in age from four to fifteen years. They learned very fast in their sod school-house, although they did not have many of the fine maps, charts, and globes we see in nicer school-rooms. They learned about many things out of the great book of nature, that were not in their school-books.

But first I will tell you about the house. It was fourteen or fifteen feet square, and not more than six feet high at the sides or eaves. The walls were made of strips of sod cut about three feet long, one foot wide, and three inches thick, piled up so as to make a solid wall as thick as the length of the sods. A row of posts, perhaps nine or ten feet high, ran through the center of the room, and a large beam was laid across the posts at the top. Willow poles were laid close together from the sides up to this center beam, and then came a thick layer of willow branches, and outside of this an abundant covering of prairie grass, or wild hay. There were three half-windows, one on each of three sides, the door being in the fourth side. The floor was just rough boards laid down loosely, with wide cracks between.

What do you think of such a school-house? "Rather dark," says one. "How gloomy, with only three little half-windows, set in that deep, black wall!" exclaims another. Well, sometimes it did seem a little gloomy on rainy or cloudy days, but at such times all tried the harder to help make sunshine inside the house.

But I must tell you of some of the little pets, and also of the pests, about the school-house. The pets the children liked best were the pretty little striped squirrels, or pocket-gophers. They were very numerous. At night teacher and scholars left behind them the crumbs from their dinner baskets. The squirrels soon learned to find the crumbs, and before long became so tame that they would venture about at recess and noon when teacher and pupils were near. The teacher told the children not to frighten them, and she very quietly tossed these tiny visitors bread and butter. It was amusing to watch them sit up on their hind feet, and taking the bread in their two front paws, turn it round and round, nibbling off the butter and then the bread. At first, if any one moved, they would drop the bread, and with a shrill little whistle, scud to the nearest hole, which was not far away; for sometimes they dug through the sod walls. But they always came back in a little while, and soon grew so tame that when the teacher sat down on the ground, they would come up and eat crumbs from her hand. How cunning they were! but one night some bad boys, who did not go to school, came and killed them all. Was not that cruel? The squirrels were not afraid; for the poor little things did not know these were not the same boys who had been taught to be kind to

them. The teacher and scholars felt very bad when they came the next day and found their pets dead.

But I must tell you about the pests too. The worst one of these pests was—what do you think?—just little fleas! But how they bite! You know that after sod gets old and dry, as it does inside of such a house, these insects get all through the dust, and come out and hop about. The teacher used to see them hopping on her desk, or, rather, little old table; for she had only a rough, square table, and a kitchen chair, that one of her patrons had loaned her for the term. One day when the teacher had called school, and sat down by the table, she happened to glance up in the corner over the table, and what do you think she saw there? A snake about two feet long, coiled up. The teacher jumped right into the middle of the floor. That frightened the snake, and he uncoiled, dropped down behind the table, and went through a crack and under the floor. Well, the teacher sat down to go on with her work, and in about a minute the snake thrust his head through another crack in the floor, right under her dress at her feet. A few whisks from the broom soon sent his snakeship out-of-doors.

Now, I suppose you are thinking that school under such disadvantages as these could not be worth much to anybody. But though the work was done under difficulties, that teacher looks back to the term as a very bright spot in her memory, and she has reason to think many of her pupils view it in the same way, though she afterward taught that school for several terms in a nice new school-house.

"Where there is a will there is a way," and a good education does not depend altogether upon advantages. Every opportunity lost is lost forever. Every moment of our time is so much of a God-given talent, which, if wasted, is talent hidden, for which we must one day give account. Let us see to it that we have a good account to render of our time. A. E. W.

#### YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

THERE is a story of a colored man who came to a watch-maker, and gave him the two hands of a clock, saying,—

"I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jes doan keep no mo' kerec time fur mo' den six munfs."

"Where is the clock?" asked the watch-maker.

"Out at de house on Injun Creek."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock, 'ceptin' de hands, and I done brought 'em to you? You jess want de clock so you can tinker wid it, an' charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's." And so saying, he went off to find some reasonable watch-maker.

Foolish as he was, his action was very like that of those who try to regulate their conduct without being made right on the inside. They know no more of the need of a change in their spiritual condition than the poor negro did the works of his clock. They are unwilling to give themselves over into the hands of the great Artificer, who will set the works right, so they may keep time with the great clock of the universe, and no longer attempt to set themselves according to the incorrect time of the world. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hands of the Lord is very similar to the reason the colored man gave. They say: "We only wish to avoid this or that bad habit." But the great Clock-maker says: "I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the clock. I must have the clock."—*Young People's Magazine.*

In Cincinnati, the other day, an English sparrow became entangled in a net-work of telegraph and electric light wires, and was instantly killed, though it did not fall at once to the ground. Shortly after, sparrows came flocking from all directions to the scene of disaster, until there seemed to be thousands of sympathetic mourners. They hovered about for nearly three hours, apparently discussing the cause of the accident, and then flew away. This recalls what an English writer says of the rapidity with which birds learn to avoid telegraph wires. The first winter after the lines were stretched along the coast, in a certain locality in Scotland, he frequently found numbers of starlings in the early morning, lying dead or wounded by the road-side. But, strange to say, throughout the following and succeeding winters hardly a death occurred among the starlings on their arrival. It would thus appear that the birds were deeply impressed, and understood the cause of the accidents among their fellow-travelers the previous year, and carefully avoided the telegraph wires. That young birds steer clear of the wires without having had any individual experience is easily explained by the fact that older ones always lead the way among birds which fly in flocks or convoys.—*Congregationalist.*



For Our Little Ones.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

A LITTLE maid upon my knee  
Sighs wearily, sighs wearily  
"I'm tired of dressin' dolls  
And havin' stories read," says she.  
"There is a book, if I could see,  
I should be happy, pufftly!  
My mamma keeps it on a shelf—  
"But that you cannot have," says she!"  
"But here's your 'Old Man of the Sea,'  
And 'Jack the Giant'!" (Lovingly  
I tried the little maid to soothe.)  
"The interestin' one," says she.  
"Is that high-up one!—seems to me  
The fings you want just has to be  
Somefing you hasn't got; and that's  
The interestin' one!" says she.

—St. Nicholas.

HOW DISHES ARE MADE.

ONE day Jennie went with her papa to see how dishes were made. She was very much delighted with the visit, and when she came home, she wrote out a story about what she had learned. This is what she wrote:—

Papa took me to a pottery, where they make all kinds of dishes. First the man took us through the dressing-room. There I saw piles of dishes, and men and women hammering at them. But we did not stop there; we went out into the yard. I looked into one part of the building where it was all dark, with three great chimneys, broad on the ground and narrow high up.

There wasn't anything to see in the yard but horses and carts hauling clay, and great heaps of it on the ground. Papa said it was kaolin, not exactly dirt, but clay. He spelled it for me.

There was another of those chimneys in the yard. That is where they dry the clay. Then the man led us to a little door in the side of the house, and we went in. That brought us into a little room where they were getting the clay ready.

The clay was first sieved through a sand-screen. Then it was weighed and put into bins. It looked like fine, dark flour.

A little way from the bins was a big, deep box. They were mixing clay and water in it, and making a paste.

At the end of the box they had a pump working, and it was pumping the paste into what is called a press. I could n't half understand it. It looks something like a baby crib, only it has slats across the top, and they're close together. They have a lot of bags in between the slats, and the clay gets into the bags and gets pressed flat, so that most of the water is squeezed out. When they take it out of the bags, it looks something like a sheet of short-cake before it's cut or baked. A lot of them are rolled together, and that's what dishes are made of. They call it biscuit.

After the little room comes one big room, where they don't make much of anything. It is like a large shed, for it is dark and has no floor. We went through it, and over to one side, and up the stairs to the second floor.

This is in one large room, with ever so many windows. All around the sides, and down the middle, and crossways, and out in the wings are shelves piled full of new dishes. All along the walls are tables on which they make them.

I saw two boys throwing up a great lump of clay and catching it, then cutting it with a string and putting the pieces together again, then throwing it up again, until it made me dizzy to look at them. I asked the man what they were doing, and he said, "Wedging the clay." That means taking the air out. They keep on doing that until there are no air-bubbles in it.

We stopped and talked to a man who was making a sugar-bowl, and he told us how he did it. All the men have on the table in front of them a lump of clay, a wheel, some molds, a sharp knife, a bucket of water with a sponge in it, and something like a round slab of plaster of Paris to work on.

Do you know what the potter's wheel is? It looks as if it was made of hard, smooth, baked white clay,

and is something like a grindstone, only not half as thick. The grindstone stands up, but this lies flat, with its round side turned up, like the head of a barrel, and is set on a pivot.

The molds are of plaster of Paris. They are round on the outside, and have the shape of what the man wants to make on the inside, and are in two pieces. Little things like cups are made in one mold, but large things like pitchers are made in two or three pieces, in two or three molds, and then put together. Handles and spouts and such things are made separately in little molds, and put on afterward.

This is the way it is done. First the man cuts off a piece of the biscuit, and kneads it on the plaster of Paris slab. Then he takes one piece of the mold, fixes the clay in nicely, shaves off what he don't want, then puts on the other piece of the mold, and sets it on the wheel. He gives it a shove and sets it spinning. It stops itself after awhile; then he opens the mold, and there is the dish. The clay keeps the same thickness all through, and fills both pieces of the mold.

Then the man takes it out and sponges it. If it isn't just the right shape, all he has to do is to wet it, and it will come right. Then he puts on the handle, or puts the pieces together, fixing them just so with his fingers and knife. Then they're ready to be burnt the first time.

We walked all around, and saw here one man mak-

turned white, just like the ones we have on the table every day.

There is nothing more done to them except dressing. We had now gone all around, and were at the dressing-room, where we started. Dressing is nothing but knocking off any rough lumps with a chisel. Every time I look at dishes, I think there are ever so many things we use every day that we don't know anything about.—Adapted from *Wonder Stories of Science*.

POOR LITTLE BLUEBIRD.

"WHERE did you get that rubber gun, Harry?" said his mother.

"I traded my kite and some marbles to Tom Pratt for it," said Harry.

"I don't like to have you have it. I will give you five cents for it."

He wanted the five cents, but he liked the gun very much.

"Why don't you want me to have it, mamma? You think I might shoot birds with it, because some of the other boys do. But I wouldn't. I wouldn't shoot a little bird for anything."

"I don't believe you would, dear. But I always think that when a little boy has a gun in his hands, he is in danger of doing more than he intends, so I think it would be safer for you to give it to me at once."

Harry grumbled a little, but gave up the gun, and took his five cents.

An hour later he came into the room again. The gun was still lying on the table. His mother had intended to burn it when she went down to the kitchen.

Harry took it up, and snapped it several times, thinking it a great pity that a boy could not have such a nice toy.

Then he stepped outside the door, and, picking up some pebbles from the gravel walk, tried to see how often he could hit the fence post.

He knew very well that he was doing wrong. His mother had bought the gun, and he had no right to use it.

"But I'm not doing a bit of harm," he said to himself. "I'm just having a little fun, and it doesn't hurt the post. Ah, there you are, you little bluebird. You may come near. I won't hurt you."

The pretty bird flew about, twittering as if it enjoyed the bright sunshine and the sweet summer air.

"I wonder how near I could come without hitting it," said Harry. "I just want to scare him a little."

He aimed at one side of the bird, and even then held the rubber back, not half meaning to shoot. Then the rubber seemed to snap almost of itself. There was a faint, pitiful little chirp, a flash of blue in the sunlight, and the pretty songster lay at the foot of the tree.

Harry ran and picked it up. It fluttered a moment, and then lay quiet in his hand.

Who can tell how Harry felt? He walked slowly in to his mother.

"O mamma, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to. You know I didn't."

"Yes, I know it. But you disobeyed, and this is what comes of it. The birds are God's little creatures. He made them to give us pleasure by their sweet songs, and he will surely be angry with any one who hurts them. You have taken away a life which you can never give back. And I suppose it has some young birds."

"Yes," said Harry, "there is a nest in the tree."

He climbed up and fed the young birds, hoping they would live. But the poor little things missed the warmth of their mother's wing, and died one after another.

In all his life there will be a pain at Harry's heart whenever he sees a bluebird.—*Sidney Dayre*.

A TEACHER was explaining to her class the words concerning God's angels, "ministers of his who do his pleasure," and asked: "How do the angels carry out God's will?" Many answers followed. One said, "They do it directly;" another, "They do it with all their heart;" a third, "They do it well;" and after a pause a quiet little girl added: "They do it without asking any questions."

"To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly toward another is best of all."



ing cups, another tureens, another bird-baths, and everything you could think of. Then we went downstairs, through the dark rooms, into where the tall chimneys are. Then I found out they call them kilns. They have at the bottom a large furnace, and over that a huge oven, where they put the dishes in to bake.

But they don't put them in just as they are. On the high shelves all around are a lot of things called saggars. They look something like handboxes made of fire-brick. The soft dishes are put into them, the lids are put on, and they are piled up in the oven. Then the men build a big fire in the furnace, and let it burn for several days. When it goes out, they let several more days go by for the kiln to cool, and then take out the saggars. When the dishes are taken out, they are hard and rough and of a yellowish white. The fire is built up after the dishes are put in, and the kiln is allowed to cool off before the dishes are taken out, because the men have to go in and out of the big ovens.

Wouldn't you think a pile of soft plates and saucers would burn all together and stick fast to each other? But they don't. There are little things made of hard clay with three bars and three feet, and they put them in between dishes, so that one plate has one in it, and the next sets on top of that, so that they can't stick together. Did you ever see three little dark spots on the bottom of a saucer? This is what makes them.

We next went into the room back of the kilns. It had shelves all around, too, and there were piles of dishes after the first burning. A lot of women sat on stools on the floor, and they were brushing the fire-cracks with some stuff out of little bottles. This was to fill them up so that the glazing would n't run in.

In another room at one side of the first, they did the glazing. They called it dipping. There was a large tank in the middle of the room, with a deep red liquid in it. The men dipped the dishes in, and they came out a beautiful pink. Then they stood them up on the shelves around the room, and by and by they



**OUTDOOR GAMES AND SPORTS OF CHINESE BOYS.**

The Chinese boy has been usually represented by writers on China as a prodigy of obedience, fully invested with the attributes of dignity and seriousness of demeanor.

The truth of the matter is that, as in many statements about the Chinese, what has been observed among a few, and at certain times only, is represented to be true of all and at all times. The average boy of the country on the other side of the globe, and directly under us, is, I assure you, astonishingly like boys of more enlightened climes. He, too, is compounded of naughtiness and goodness, obedience and rebelliousness, love of play and thirst for knowledge, wearisome curiosity and wholesome respect for his elders. It must be owned, however, that children in China from their earliest days are taught to obey implicitly, never to question the propriety of commands laid upon them by their superiors, and never to contradict. They are trained to remain silent even when unjustly punished, and to make no complaint when beaten by their elders. In the house they must not sit unless bidden, and are not expected to talk unless questioned. Outside, the same deference to their seniors must be shown. On no account should a boy walk side by side with his father, an older brother, or an uncle,—and still less precede them. He should show his respect by always following in their footsteps.

Under a pernicious system of restraint, fear controls the young instead of love, and deceit is often resorted to where truth should be told. The boy's frank, impulsive, and spontaneous nature is restrained and bound down, and its development checked at the outset. It becomes like the dwarfed trees for which Chinese gardeners are famous,—which are cut, and trimmed, and bent over, and held down by wire frames, to make them resemble some fabulous monster or other.

Such being the method of molding his character, and so little freedom being accorded him, it possibly would be inferred that the Chinese boy becomes a model of deportment; that he puts away childish things, with all the games and sports of boyhood, as soon as he reaches his teens, and that he is a man at an age when American boys are still playing marbles and spinning tops. Not so. Before his superiors he is as quiet, studious, and grave as you please; but out of their sight and among his comrades, he is a different being altogether. Remember he has been acting a part; may be his mother promised him a mango or a moon-cake if he would be good; or perhaps his teacher is a ferocious tyrant, ready to use the rattan whip or walnut ruler on all occasions. Our boy abstains from play, frolic, and fun only so long as he is watched. Out in the back yard, where none but indulgent mothers or sympathizing sisters are about, or at the street corners, you will find the Chinese boy lively and frolicsome.

Of innocent amusements the Chinese boy cannot be said to be entirely deprived. He does not play marbles, but he tosses pennies instead. He plays tip-cat with great enjoyment, but knows nothing of lawn-tennis, base-ball, foot-ball, coasting, skating, or tobogganing. The game of battledoor and shuttlecock satisfies his lofty ambition to be a high kicker. This game is played without other battledoors than those of nature's make,—his own feet. The player has to assume various queer attitudes in trying, with his feet, to keep the shuttlecock in the air as long as possible. A defeat must be confessed when he permits the feathered toy to reach the ground.

The flying of kites, indulged in at all times, but especially on the "ninth day of the ninth moon," when everybody takes part except women and girls, gives him an opportunity to run and expand the lungs. As the large paper kite, with concave wings, round, painted body, and long tail, soars into the pendent clouds, and emits weird sounds from the musical bow fastened on top, reproducing the music of the Æolian harp, and suggesting a message from another planet, is there a youngster who would not be enchanted with the sport? A paper butterfly, measuring two feet from wing to wing, and gorgeously painted, is sometimes sent up along the string. The wind carries it up, up, until it reaches the kite, when, its message being delivered (a spring being touched by the force of the concussion), its wings collapse, and down it comes by its own weight.

When there are other kites buzzing in the upper air, a battle-royal generally ensues,—every one disputing the supremacy of the skies with every other, and attempting to dislodge all rivals by cutting string with string. The kite with the toughest cord is likeliest to come out ahead, though a little skill may prolong the ethereal existence of those with weaker cords. The discomfited kites are carried by the four winds of heaven into unknown regions, to be heard of no more. In this sort of contest, where might and not right

comes off conqueror, it is not deemed disgraceful to beat a retreat.

The Chinese boy enjoys his games of running and jumping, and he can hop on one leg as long as the nimblest of American lads. But to be carried on somebody's shoulders and play horseback-riding is great fun for him. To wear a mask and "make believe" that he is some great hero—to frighten the girls—that is the small boy's summit of felicity.

Our small boys have a substitute for base-ball—a sorry apology, it must be admitted, for the national game of the Americans. Some yarn is wound around bits of snake-skin, and the ball thus made is as elastic as one made of rubber. The game consists of making the ball bound as many times as possible. Sometimes the ball is made to strike against a wall, and then under one leg of the player, before it is again struck with the palm. This game is too simple to elicit anything but scorn from a Yankee lad. It would not be a bad idea for some young base-ball enthusiast to go to China, and teach the boys there the American game.—*Yan Phou Lee, in St. Nicholas.*

**A WONDERFUL MAGNET.**

PROBABLY the largest and stongest magnet in the world is at Willett's Point, New York. It came to be made by accident. Major King happened to see two large, fifteen-inch Dahlgren guns lying unused side by side on the dock. He immediately conceived the idea that a magnet of enormous power could be constructed by means of these cannon, with submarine cable wound about them. Electricity was brought into use, the cannon being wound with cable, and they were converted into a huge permanent magnet. An idea of its power may be gathered from the following description in a New York paper:—

"The magnet, which stands about ten feet from the ground, is eighteen feet long, and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the guns. It takes a force of 25,000 pounds to pull off the armature. A crowbar applied to the magnet required the combined force of four strong men to tear it away. A seemingly impossible experiment was performed with some fifteen-inch cannon balls. They were solid, and as much as a strong man could lift; yet the magnet held several of them suspended in the air, one under the other.

The most interesting experiment was the test made of an American non-magnetic watch. Ever since the great railroads of the country have compelled their employees to provide themselves with time-pieces that would not be affected by the magnetism generated by the car-trucks, there has been much speculation as to whether such a watch could be made, and a sharp rivalry has been going on between the American and Swiss manufacturers. The test was highly satisfactory. The magnet was so powerful that an ordinary watch was stopped stock-still as soon as it came within three feet of it, while an American non-magnetic watch was for ten minutes held in front of the magnet, and it did not vary the hundredth part of a second.

An amusing experiment was made with a sledgehammer. When one tried to wield it in a direction opposite to the magnet, he felt as though he were trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind. The simple experiment takes the conceit out of a strong man. Another amazing test was made with a number of carpenters' spikes. A spike was put lengthwise on the end of the magnet, then another spike was attached to the first, and so on, until a line of them stood straight out from the magnet at least four feet in length.—*Treasure Trove.*

**HOW SAVAGES MAKE FIRE.**

It is rather difficult for us to imagine people who know nothing about fire, and as a matter of fact, there are no people now on the face of the earth, no matter how barbarous, who do not know how to make fire. We make it easily enough by striking a match, but years ago our ancestors were compelled to resort to flint, steel, and tinder.

The forest-dwelling peoples of the farther East have an odd instrument for making fire. Near the coast every man carries a bit of crockery in the box of bamboo slung at his waist, a chip off a plate, and a handful of dry fungus. Holding this tinder under his thumb upon the fragment of earthenware, he strikes the side of the box sharply, and it takes fire.

But this method can only be used by tribes which have such communication with the foreigner as supplies them with European goods. The inland peoples use a more singular process. They carry a short cylinder of lead, hollowed roughly to a cup-like form at one end, which fits a joint of bamboo. Placing this cylinder in the palm of the left hand, they fill the cup with tinder, adjust the bamboo over it, strike sharply, remove the covering quickly, and the tinder is alight.

**Letter Budget.**

This week brings us two letters from Todd Co., Minn. They are written by Dudley and Ivy Wilson. Dudley says: "I am eleven. I have three sisters and one brother. My sister Ivy and I go two and a half miles to school through the woods. My sister Anna is not strong enough to walk so far, so she stays with a friend in Sauk Center, and goes to school there. The nearest church is sixteen miles away; so we have Sabbath-school at home. I study in Book 3. We have learned the commandments, the books of the Bible, the twenty-third psalm, and are studying the sermon on the mount. I am very sorry Albert Cutts's papa is dead. We knew him when we lived in Dakota. I want to be a good boy, and meet the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth."

Ivy says: "I like to read the letters in the Budget. I live in the big woods, where we can hear the wolves howl almost every night, and once we heard a lynx. I like to go to school. I read in the fourth reader, and study arithmetic, geography, language, physiology, and spelling. I study Bible lessons in Book No. 2. My Aunt Susie and Cousin Willie are the only Sabbath-keepers who live near enough to come to our Sabbath-school. I miss my sister Annie, and will be very glad when she comes home again. I have a baby sister two years old. Her name is Katie Fern. She can sing all the tunes she hears us sing. I am nine years old. I want to be a good girl, so I can see the INSTRUCTOR family in the new earth."

Here is another letter from our nation's capital. It is written by David Waters, Jr., who says: "I saw so many interesting letters in the Budget that I thought I would contribute one. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and sometimes stay to church. I like the sermons very much, but I go to sleep so often that I get discouraged. My mamma keeps the Sabbath, and so do all of us. We were the first Sabbath-school scholars in Washington. I suppose you all know they are trying to pass a Sunday law, and our people are its opponents. I am nearly fourteen years old, and am in the seventh grade at day school. I take music and French lessons, and will soon take up Latin and Greek, as papa wants me to be able to read the Bible in the original Greek. Once in awhile I take a lesson on the type-writer from a friend of mine. I have a puppy and a kitten, both of which are very playful. Our teacher in Sabbath-school has just been obliged to leave the city for her health, and we miss her very much. I want to be a good boy, but it is sometimes very hard to do right. I hope to meet you in the new earth."

STELLA L. COUNTS writes from Grant Co., Indiana: "I have written before, but did not see my letter printed. I am eleven years old. My mamma died six years ago. I have another mamma and a little half brother now, but I do not live with them. I am living with my grandmother, where I have been nearly ever since my own mamma died. Mamma and papa keep the Sabbath, and so does my grandmother. I have been reading about the missionary work, and have been trying to be a homemissionary. I brought eight new scholars into Sabbath-school last month. Our camp-meeting was at Kokomo, and I was baptized by Bro. Rees. I wish all the INSTRUCTOR family could see natural gas; our city is heated and lighted by it. Love to all."

EUGENIA R. BARBER writes from Cowlitz Co., Washington: "I am ten years old. I take the INSTRUCTOR, and pay for it myself. I like the paper very much. After I read it, I send it away for others to read. I go to Sabbath-school, and study in Book No. 4. I will tell you some of the ways I earn money. I picked blackberries and sold them, and packed shingles, and picked potatoes. I have a missionary hen, and sell her eggs. Once my hen got sick. I prayed for her, and God made her get well. I give God one tenth of all I earn, and I give some to help buy the missionary ship, and some first-day offerings. I have no brothers or sisters. I live with my papa, mamma, and grand-ma. I want to be saved when Jesus comes."

LIZZIE DARIER, of Hillsborough Co., N. H., says: "This is my first letter to the Budget. I am ten years old. My mother is an invalid; she cannot walk or talk. I go to school every day, and go to Sabbath-school with my father. There are nine members in our school. Father is the superintendent. I am the only little girl that goes. I want the Lord to help me to be good, so that I may be of some use in the world. Pray for me that I may meet you in the new earth."

**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.