

Youth's Instructor

VOL. 38.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL 9, 1890.

No. 15.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

JUST to leave in His dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,—
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best:
Secret of a happy day—
Secret of a promised rest.

—Francis R. Havergal.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

GOOD many years ago, I cannot say exactly how many, a company of young people were making merry over a new poem by a certain young poet. The poem was called "The September Gale," and the title certainly has a sober air, although the poem is an exceedingly merry poem.

That young poet was Oliver Wendell Holmes, and since that time he has written many merry poems to make people laugh, as well as some pathetic ones. "The Last Leaf," which is both merry and sad, was a favorite with our beloved President, Abraham Lincoln.

Dr. Holmes (for he is a physician as well as a poet, essayist, and story-teller) was born in Cambridge, Mass., in an old house with a gambrel roof, which is still standing on the college grounds. Not long since, I walked around it; its lilac hedges were just coming into leaf.

In a little, old almanac, still in existence, this entry is made, dated August 29, 1809: "Son b.," which means "Son born," and it was written by his father, and that is the date of the son's birth.

He is sometimes called our patriotic poet, because he has written so many patriotic poems and songs. The poem that first made him famous is a patriotic poem. Every American school-boy has, sometime, to "speak" that poem; it is called "The Old Constitution," and it begins this way:—

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar,—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more."

The Government had made up its mind to take in pieces the *Constitution*, but the people said, "No! we cannot have the gallant old frigate torn in pieces," and Dr. Holmes, then a young man, said so too in his fine verses, which were printed far and wide, and the Government changed its mind.

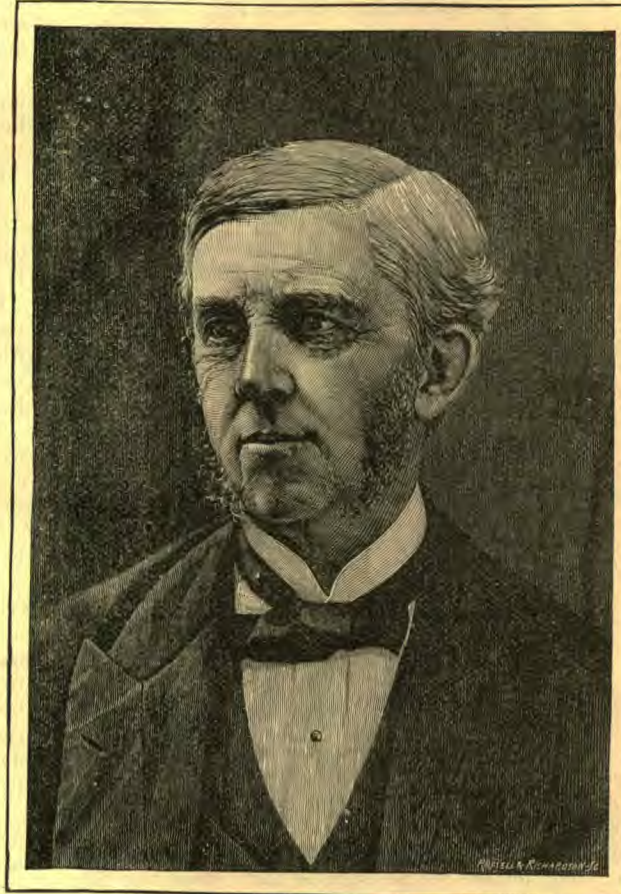
Dr. Holmes tells us that he wrote this poem in the white chamber of the old gambrel-roofed house, *Stans pede in uno*, which is Latin for "standing on one foot." The verses are very stirring, and it is not to be wondered at that the boys like to "speak" them. It is a poem that everybody likes.

To this old gambrel-roofed house was attached an old-fashioned flower-garden, that is, a garden that had cinnamon roses, and blush roses, and garden lilies, and hollyhocks, and such old-fashioned plants. In course of time these plants disappeared, and the garden became grass-grown. And when the boy Oliver became a man, he remembered the old garden, and thought he should like to have it back again.

So he had the old-fashioned things planted over again. He remembered that when he was a boy, a row of sunflowers grew in this garden, that the yellow-birds visited, and so he had a row of sunflowers planted, to see if the yellow-birds would come back again. And, lo! when the sunflowers had grown and blossomed, there were the yellow-birds! And they flew as merrily and gracefully about the great rayed flowers as did the yellow-birds of his young days.

In 1847 Dr. Holmes was appointed Professor of Anatomy in the Medical School of Harvard University, where he remained until a few years ago.

He has written many books of interest to grown



people, besides many poems which children will like, although not written especially for them. The history of a "One Hoss Shay" is as "diverting" as was "John Gilpin;" the "One Hoss Shay,"—

"That was made in such a wonderful way
That it ran a hundred years to a day."

Dr. Holmes lives in Boston, on Beacon Street, in a pleasant house which looks out upon Charles River.—
Frances A. Humphrey.

DEAD TO SELF.

A YOUNG monk came one day to his father superior, and asked, "Father, what is it to be dead to self?" The father replied: "I cannot explain it now, but I have a duty for you to perform. Brother Martin died last week, and is buried in the church-yard of our order. Go to his grave, and, standing close beside it, repeat, in a loud, clear voice, all the good things you ever heard about him. After this, say all the flattering things you can invent, and attribute to him every saintly grace and virtue, without regard to truth, and report the result to me."

The young monk went away to do his bidding, wondering what all this could mean. Soon he returned, and the father asked him what had transpired.

"Why, nothing," replied the young man. "I did as you told me, and that was all."

"Did Brother Martin make no reply?" asked the superior.

"Of course he did not; for he was dead," said the monk.

The elder shook his head thoughtfully, saying, "That is very strange. Go again to-morrow at the same hour, and repeat at the grave-side all the evil you ever heard concerning Brother Martin. Add to that the worst slander and calumny your mind can imagine, and report the result to me."

Again the young man obeyed, and brought back the same report. He had heaped unlimited abuse on the head of Brother Martin and yet had received no reply.

"From Brother Martin you may learn," said the father, "what it is to be dead to self. Neither flattery nor abuse has moved him, for he is dead. So the disciple who is dead to self will be insensible to these things. Neither voice nor hand will ever be lifted in self-defense or retaliation; but all personal feeling will be lost in the service of Christ."

The lesson of Brother Martin should be learned by every young Christian. "Dead to self" is the true Christian ideal. We are often exhorted to consecrate our time, our talents, our money to the service of Christ. We must add one thing more, if the work is to be complete; we must consecrate our feelings to Christ.—*Rev. G. H. Hubbard.*

A BOY IN THE WELL!

A boy in the well! This was the cry which sounded through the streets on a bright summer's evening.

The sun had gone down in purple and gold, the busy workmen rested after their day's labor. Some asked "whose boy it was," others, "whether the lid had not been laid over the well opening," or "whether it had been taken off."

But a young man sprang quickly forward, threw off his coat, and asked help of the bystanders in these words: "Never a word about the cause of the mishap, but let us see how we can save the child. That is the question."

"That's it," was the answer of a dozen voices, while the well winch was set going, and many pale faces peeped over the edge of the well. One

after another called out to the child; some asked if he was frightened; but to all the advices and questions no answer was heard, not a sound came forth.

"The weather has been dry, and there is little or no water in the well," said one.

"Oh, dear," said the boy's mother, "it was only yesterday that I grumbled because there was so little water."

"Let us have a lantern," said the first man, and a lantern was lighted and brought there. But at the same moment the boy's father was seen pushing his way through the crowd. A way was made for him. He had been at work at a neighboring farm, and returning at dusk to his home, was surprised to find the room empty, the street deserted, and all the people gathered round the well.

When he heard what had taken place, and saw his wife wringing her hands, he turned very pale. But recovering himself as much as possible, he said,—

"Stand back! Leave the child to me!" Then he carefully examined the winch and rope, and tied to the latter a couple of sacks rolled up hard. Having done this, he let it down till he felt it touch the bottom of the well.

"Now be still," he said, looking around. And lying

down with his face to the well opening, he called out softly and distinctly: "John, take hold of the rope."

This time a faint pull was felt on the rope.

"Pull up, men," said the man. "Steady, mates, steady."

And leaning over the well, he said down into the dark,—

"Hold fast, my child."

All the time the winch was wound, but the well was deep, and it seemed a very long while.

At last there sounded forth a cheer. "He is saved," said the crowd.

"Thank you, men," cried the father, as he lifted the boy in his arms, and carried him down the street.

The child was saved. The father's voice had reached him. He had learned to obey, and when the well-known voice had told him to take hold of the rope, the child understood, and did it. The command was a plain one, and brought salvation to the child.

Our heavenly Father has sent his only begotten Son down to this dark world. He has given a way of salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This is his command. If you obey, you are saved. Will you do as the little boy in the well? Will you take hold of the rope "to-day"?—*Rays of Light.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

CHIEF among the many wonderful inventions of the last few years stands the phonograph. Perhaps some of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR wish to know what it is like. Although rather complicated, consisting of three hundred and thirty-six parts, it is in principle so very simple that the thought suggests itself, Why did not some one invent it before? Mr. Edison, it is said, caught the idea by accident. A telegraphic needle, while in operation, entered his finger. It was a very small occurrence, but one which led to mighty results. The inventor felt the vibration of the needle in the wound, and the thought occurred to him that if he could feel such vibrations in his finger, why could he not produce them on wax or some soft substance. The result was the phonograph; it was not a very perfect instrument at first, but Mr. Edison has improved on it several times, until his last patent is wonderful indeed.

One of the most important parts of the phonograph is a small round drum about two inches in diameter. Inside this drum is a very delicate and sensitive diaphragm made of silk or gold beater's skin, and in the latest improvement, I believe, of glass. To this diaphragm is attached a fine needle. The point, or other end, of this needle touches a small horizontal wax cylinder, about two inches in diameter and six inches long. When in operation, this cylinder is made to revolve by an electric motor, and at the same time to pass slowly from right to left; thus the needle will in time pass over the whole surface of the cylinder, so that if it touched all the time, it would leave a spiral scratch round and round it, like a fine screw. These are the main parts of the phonograph.

In order to make the phonograph work, we place a funnel, like a large speaking-tube, into the drum, with its mouth outward to collect the sound. Then we address it in a becoming manner. The sound-wave enters the funnel, goes into the drum, passes over the diaphragm, and causes it to vibrate; the needle of course vibrates also. As a consequence, the needle pricks little holes in the wax cylinder, just as the vibrations of the diaphragm make it, and just as the telegraphic needle vibrated in Edison's finger. You can talk into the machine till the cylinder is covered with little dots, round and round, from one end to the other. Then the cylinder can be removed, and a new one put in its place if desired.

We have now "taken a record." The "record" is on the cylinder. This cylinder can be sent anywhere, or kept for years, and used many times over. It will always produce that which is pricked on it. All kinds of records can be taken,—a speech, a cornet solo, a bugle call, a piano entertainment.

A number of sounds can also be put on the same record; thus a full band can be recorded, and every instrument and sound produced, with all the harmonies. A cornet duet is a very pretty record. One person may sneeze, another talk, another cough, and another squeak, all together, and the phonograph makes a faithful record of all, and produces it altogether. Perhaps this is one of the difficulties in its way. It is too faithful. For example, suppose a speech was to be taken down; the phonograph would not only reproduce the talk, but every other sound it heard,—the buzzing of some insect near, coughing,

rustling of a dress, moving the feet,—all this would come out mixed up with the speech.

To make the phonograph talk, we place our "record" (the cylinder with the needle dots made on it while we were talking), and set the motor going. The cylinder revolves, the needle enters again into the little holes, making the diaphragm vibrate just as it did before. The vibration of the diaphragm causes the air in the drum to vibrate as it did when it came in, and thus forms the same sound-wave, which rolls up the funnel, and out comes the same sound exactly that went in, sometimes, as in the case of the cornet solo, so loud that it can be plainly heard over a large hall. Thus in talking, the phonograph just reverses, and throws your words back at you. If it has done nothing else, it certainly demonstrates the truth of the sound-wave theory.

Wonderful as this invention is, Mr. Edison is working on another, which appears as incredible to us as the idea of a speaking-machine would have been to people fifty years ago. It is a far-sight machine, by which things can be seen that are happening miles and miles away, I should not like to say how far.

FRANK HOPE.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble, beauty lies unseen;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand,

Let not the music that is in us die;

Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,

Hidden and lost, thy form within us die.

Spare not the stroke! Do with us as thou wilt;

Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;

Complete thy purpose, that we may become

Thy perfect; thou, our God and Lord.

—Selected.

"PLAYING FOR KEEPS."

It was marble season, and the Rocky Fork boys seemed to be possessed with a mania for playing for keeps. Miss Dane, the teacher, was troubled about the matter, and after considerable study over the best methods to stop the dangerous practice, wrote out a pledge, and asked the boys to sign it. It read:—

"We, the undersigned, do hereby promise not to play marbles for keeps, or in any other way encourage gambling in our games."

"Think the matter over carefully, boys, and then use your own judgment about entering into such a contract," said Miss Dane, after reading the pledge.

"Those who wish to sign may remain a few minutes after school closes."

A shade of disappointment was visible on the teacher's face as several of her largest and most influential scholars filed out. When the room was again quiet, she looked at the little fellows who remained, and with a smile asked them to step up and write their names.

"Are you sure you can keep it, Robbie?" she asked, as a bright little chap, who had an enviable reputation as a marble-player, took up the pen.

"Of course I can," he answered proudly, as he wrote with a fine flourish, "Robert P. Raymond." Miss Dane looked wistfully after him as he turned away with an air of offended dignity. She understood his weak point, and wondered if he would be able to deny himself the pleasure he had deliberately signed away.

Dan Howard was waiting outside to satisfy himself how many little cowards there were, but he was sly enough to say nothing to them just then.

"Some of them may hold out fair enough," he said to Jim Reynolds, after the pledge-boys were out of hearing; "but Rob Raymond will break his promise before he is a day older. Do you think he would let me keep these handsome marbles I won from him this morning?" displaying a handful of coveted beauties. "They were a present from his uncle, and he cannot get them back unless he wins them fairly as I did."

The next day, while an exciting game was in progress, Dan edged up to Robbie, and in a half whisper asked:—

"Don't you want a chance to win back those 'flints' and 'potteries' I took the other day?"

"No, I do not," answered Bobby. "I've signed, and unless you will sell them to me, you will get a chance to keep them, I suppose."

"All right, that's just what I wanted. I wouldn't sell them for any amount of money, but seeing that your uncle had given them to you, I thought it fair to allow you a chance to win them back," said Dan, pushing his hands farther into the depths of his capacious pockets.

"I wish I had won them back before I signed the

pledge. What if Uncle John should ask me about them? He said he would play a game with me sometime," soliloquized Bobby.

"Better take a hand," urged Dan, observing Bobby's woeful look. "Father laughed when I told him about your queer notion. He does not think there is any harm in playing for keeps."

"But the promise, you know," said Bobby, beginning to weaken.

"It is better to break a bad promise than to keep it," insisted Dan. "But mind you, I'm not anxious to have you win back the beauties. They are by all odds the finest potteries I ever laid my eyes upon. I am only giving you a chance because they belonged to you. I did not venture one of them while playing with the other fellows."

He did not explain, however, that he had made a wager to break his promise, and poor, weak, unsuspecting Bobby, took his seat without an effort to shut the tempter out of his heart.

As soon as the bell rang for recess, he went to Miss Dane, and told her he would like to have his name taken off the pledge.

"Why, Bobby, so soon! and you were so sure of keeping it," said the teacher, in astonishment.

"I thought I wanted to sign, but I have changed my mind. You see Dan Reynolds won all the marbles Uncle John brought me from New York, and I can easily win them back if my name is taken off the pledge," insisted Bobby.

"But, my child, taking your name off will not release you from your promise," answered Miss Dane, gravely.

"I am going to play, and do wish you would take my name off. I do not think there is anything wrong in playing for keeps. All the fellows play that way, and I put my name down before I thought much about the matter."

Miss Dane took from her desk the little book in which the names were written, and placing it before Bobby, said,—

"If your name must be erased, do it yourself."

Bobby took a pen, and dipping it in the ink, drew a heavy black line across the name.

"You see you cannot take the promise away. The ugly black mark breaks it, but it cannot rub it out. It will always remain a broken pledge."

Bobby did not answer, he did not even look at the teacher; instead, he hurried out of the door, and when he came in, flushed and excited after recess, those city marbles were all back in his pocket, and Dan was jubilant over his wager.

That night Uncle John played an interesting game with him, and when they were through, he playfully counted the marbles and expressed surprise that half the flints had not been lost in playing for keeps.

"Bobbie does not gamble, Brother John," Mrs. Raymond said proudly.

Just at that moment Bobby would have sold himself for a song. He had been guilty of several crimes, not only of gambling and pledge-breaking, but of acting a lie as well. He thought of all this after he went to bed, and could not sleep until he had made a clean breast of the whole matter to his mother. Of course she forgave him, and so did the teacher the next day when he repeated the story of his failure and repentance.

"I cannot ask you to put my name on the pledge again. The broken promise is still there to testify against me, but I mean to try to keep my word all the same," said Bobby earnestly, after he had explained how he had changed his mind again.

A few days later Miss Dane rewrote the pledge, and all the boys signed it over again. Then Bobby's heart was made glad; for the old one was committed to the flames, and the broken promise was blotted out forever.—*Selected.*

NEXT to godliness there is nothing like cheerfulness for the making of a happy home. Clouds of fretfulness and fault-finding are easily dissipated by the member of the household who enters the breakfast-room with a smiling face, a cheery "Good morning," and words of wholesome mirth. Dreaded tasks look less difficult, and burdens of care press less heavily in the presence of such people. They radiate hope as naturally as the sun sends forth his rays. To grumblers and despondent ones who complain that there is no bright side to their lot, they have the ready reply, "Then polish up the dark one." In the atmosphere of cheerful homes are found boys and girls like Clive Newcome, of whom Thackeray says, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant." Suppose this should be said of every member of every family in which this paper is read, during every hour of every day of the present year, what an amount of warmth and sunshine would be diffused throughout our land!—*Selected.*

For Our Little Ones.

THE ROBIN.

THERE'S a Red-breast in the tree-top,
And why does he sing so loud?
Why, he sees the crest, in the darkening west,
Of a rising thunder cloud.
He has left his weaving and building,
And flown with glad, light wing,
As if to say, "Ah, rain to-day!
Now is my time to sing!"

Whether he likes the lightning,
Or likes the wind to blow,
The gusty dash and the drenching splash,
I'm sure I do not know.
But always before a shower,
He seeks some topmost limb,
And clear and long pours forth the song
I call his rainbow-hymn.

Perhaps he knows how a sprinkle
Will bring on the apple boughs
A rosy screen and a budding green
To cover his own small house.
So, "Hide it! hide it! hide it!"
He calls to the rain and the tree,
"Of all things best I love that nest
For robins that are to be!"

—Clara Doty Bates.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

BIRDS OF PREY.

THERE are a great many kinds of birds. They differ not only in the color of their feathers and in their size but also in their habits of living, just as a white man differs from an Indian in the way he lives.

We call those people who spend their time studying the habits of birds and animals naturalists. In order to study and talk more easily about the animals and birds, naturalists have divided them into groups, or classes, putting those that are most alike on account of their habits and form into one group, and others into another, and so on. There are the perching or singing birds, like the bluebirds, and robins, and swallows; the climbers, like the parrots, wrens, and woodpeckers; the swimmers, like the ducks and swans; and many more.

The birds of prey take the same place among birds that lions and tigers do among wild animals. They are fierce and strong. Instead of living on seeds and insects, they devour small animals and birds. Some of them eat animals that have been dead a long time. The eagles and buzzards and hawks, the vultures, and the owls belong to the birds of prey.

Our picture shows a hawk carrying off a poor little field-mouse for his breakfast. The sparrow-hawk is the one we oftenest see. Perhaps you have seen these birds sitting erect on some fence-stake, or broken tree, or the corner of the barn, watching for a mole, or a mouse, or a grass-hopper.

The blue-jay does not love the sparrow-hawk, and follows him, mocking his cries. The sparrow-hawk often pays the teasing blue-jay back by falling on him and eating him.

The goshawk is the largest of the hawks. Its body is about two feet long. Its flight is very rapid. It catches squirrels and rabbits with ease. It flies along the margins of fields, through the woods, or along the edges of rivers, and swoops down upon its prey. It is almost always on the wing, except when it stops to devour its food.

The goshawk builds its nest in the trees. It is one of the handsomest of the birds of prey. Its head is black, its back bluish slate color, and the rest of the feathers pure white, with bars of slate color upon them.

A long time ago, hawks were trained by English sportsmen to go with them in hunting wild-fowl. The hawks were often fond of their owners, and showed great affection for them.

W. E. L.

WHAT LIZZIE THOUGHT.

"Oh, dear," said Lizzie, twisting a piece of string around her small fingers. Jennie was busy with a story-book, and did not look up.

"Oh, dear! I wish I could make a cat's-cradle!" said little Lizzie, again. "I wish somebody would help me."

Jennie did want to finish that story, but in a minute she said, pleasantly, "Well, bring the string here, then." It seemed a little thing to do.

No one but the dear heavenly Father saw the effort it cost, unless it was little Lizzie. That evening, when mamma asked who remembered the morning verse, Lizzie said, softly, "Even Christ pleased not himself." But, mamma, I don't believe I'd have remembered it if Jennie had not made me think of it when she gave up her story to play cat's-cradle with me."

Was not that a good thought to give a little sister? —Our Little Ones.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"TELL us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" asked Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee, and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.



"Once, when I was a little boy," began Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said, Yes; so we went and had a good deal of sport.

"After a while I took a shingle for a boat, and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me.

"He almost always did what I told him to, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran towards home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"O Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Just then Roy turned, and it struck him right over his eye."

"O Uncle Phil!" said Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry, and lay down on the ground.

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it, I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down stream, but no men were near to help me.

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me, and dragged me towards shore. And when I was safe on the bank, I saw it was Roy. He had saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the poor fellow's neck, and cried, and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, Bow, wow, wow!"

"Why, who was Roy, any way?" asked Rob, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil, "the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or any other animal since, and I hope you never will be." —Our Little Ones.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

EVA'S FAULT.

LITTLE Eva Lotts lived in a quiet country home. She had no brothers or sisters to play with, nor any kind mother to whom she could go with her childish troubles. Her father was a busy farmer, and the house-work was left to a servant girl, so Eva's training was left almost wholly to her Sabbath-school teacher.

Eva was a pretty good little girl, but of course she had her faults, and the worst one was that she sometimes took things that did not belong to her. She often got into trouble by yielding to her peculiar temptation. Then she would make up her mind not to do so again, and again she would fail. Yet when she really learned how wicked it was, she stopped.

One Monday morning, Eva started for school a little earlier than usual. When the teacher came, she found her sitting on the steps of the school-house, waiting to be let in.

"Good morning, Eva," said the teacher heartily.

"Good morning," responded Eva, in her usual winning way.

As the teacher carried her lunch-basket on her arm, Eva thought she noticed something nicely done up in paper in the top of the basket.

"I wonder what that is," thought Eva to herself.

Just then some of her schoolmates came, and called to her to play, and she forgot all about the bundle until the school-bell had rung, and she had taken her seat. Then she thought of the basket again.

"It looked kind of round, and might be an apple," thought Eva.

She knew very well she ought not to think about it; for the more we trifle with temptation, the harder it is to get rid of.

At recess the teacher left the room, and took a seat under a tree, to watch the children at their play.

"Now I will just peep into the teacher's basket, and see what that is," thought Eva.

"You ought not to pry into things," said Conscience.

"Surely there is nothing wrong in just looking into it," replied Eva.

"But remember how you have yielded to temptation before, and if what is in the basket should be very tempting, you might want to take it," still urged Conscience.

"Oh, no!" said Eva, confidently, "I wouldn't do that."

So in she ran, and to be certain that no one was near, she took a searching look out of the window.

No one was coming, so she opened the bundle. What do you think she saw? Not an apple at all, but two big oranges.

"Oh dear!" sighed Eva, "I wish I had an orange, too. If I should ask the teacher for it, I know she would let me have it, and besides, she doesn't care half so much for oranges as I do; so why can't I take it without asking her?" Eva held one of them in her hand a little while, turned it over and over, and finally slipped it into her pocket. Then she put the basket down, and ran out to join the other children at their play.

But somehow she didn't enjoy herself nearly so well as before. The orange made her pocket stick out in such a way that she thought everybody could see it.

It was a very unhappy little girl that sat in the school-room all the rest of the day. She several times tried to quiet her conscience by saying that the loss of one orange surely could n't be much to the teacher.

Just before school was out, the teacher said she had a little story to tell them. She told them of a little sick girl that she knew who was hardly able to eat anything. She said that on her way to school that morning she had gone to the village, about a mile

out of the way, to get some oranges for the sick child. Then she asked who among all her boys and girls could have done such a naughty thing as to go into her basket, and take one of them. Yet some one must have done it.

School was then dismissed, and among the little folks who turned their steps homeward that evening, there was not a heavier heart nor two heavier little feet than those belonging to Eva Lotts.

Eva took out the orange several times and looked at it.

"How I wish it was back again in the basket!" thought she. "What if the little girl should die, just because she didn't have oranges enough to eat. I wonder if she is very, very sick. I almost think I will tell teacher about it to-morrow."

But she didn't. She kept the orange several days, thinking that at some convenient time she would eat it, but it annoyed her so much that, instead of eating it, she finally threw it away.

Sabbath came around, and Eva went to Sabbath-school. She had been attending for nearly a year, but through all this time, Eva's teacher thought she had never seen the little girl's face so clouded as it was this particular Sabbath. The lesson for the day was about the irreverent children of Bethel, who were punished for mocking the prophet Elisha. When Sabbath-school was out, the teacher drew Eva to her, and asked, pleasantly,—

"What ails my little girl?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied Eva; "only," she continued after a pause, "you said in class to-day that you thought it was just as wicked for children to do anything wrong now as it was for those children to mock the prophet. Do you think it is real wicked to take an apple or an orange away from some one when they don't see you do it?"

"Yes," said the teacher, "I think it would be displeasing to God."

With a little questioning, she soon had the whole story. When Eva had finished, she burst out crying. "Oh, dear! dear!" she sobbed, "I have been so unhappy ever since! I want to make it all right again, but I don't dare to tell my teacher that I took it."

"But, my dear," said the teacher, "we ought to fear God rather than man. It will not do for us to shrink from what we know to be duty, for fear of punishment."

For some time Eva was silent, but she finally spoke up firmly, saying, "I am going to do right this time."

"Then," added the teacher, "when you have told your teacher about it, and asked her to forgive you, you must not forget to ask God to forgive you; for you must remember you have sinned against God as well as against your teacher."

It was with a very resolute face that Eva entered the school-house the following Monday. She marched at once up to the teacher's desk, and made her confession. Of course the teacher forgave her; and Eva, then, with childish faith, asked God's forgiveness. All the rest of the day Eva wore a very happy face. Her unpleasant experience with the orange proved sufficient to cure her of her desire to take things that did not belong to her.

ANNA NELSON.

"SHE WILL COME."

A LADY went out one afternoon, leaving her little boy at his grandma's, and saying she would call for him when she returned home, which she expected would be by six o'clock.

The time passed till it was nearly six, and his grandma said perhaps his mother would not come for him that night.

"Yes, she will," replied the boy.

Six o'clock came, and grandma said,—

"Well, I guess your mother will not come for you to-night."

"I know she will," said the boy, confidently; and he watched patiently for her.

It was getting towards bed-time, and grandma was pretty sure his mother would not come, and he would stay all night with her.

"Well, I know she will come," was still his confident reply.

"Why, what makes you so positive?" asked his grandmother.

"Because," said the boy, "she said if she was not here by six o'clock, she would certainly come, and my mother never told me a lie."

In a few minutes his mother came and took him home.

What a lesson for mothers is the faith of this child. And what a lesson for doubting Christians to whom the Lord seems "slack concerning his promise." Our Saviour never told us a lie.—*Sel.*

ANCIENT LIBRARIES.

THE discovery of the art of printing wrought many curious changes; but in no respect was the transformation more striking, perhaps, than in the appearance of library interiors. So long as books were written by scribes upon leaves of parchment, it followed of necessity that matter which might now be compressed into a small duodecimo filled what is called a folio,—a book of the shape and size of a huge ledger.

So heavy were these folios, that the wits of the day asserted that ladies read books which they could not lift.

It was customary to ornament only the upper cover, and in order to show the carving, chasing, and enamel work, the book was invariably laid upon its side.

To protect the work of the silversmith or carver, the book was usually encased in a thin leather cover, called its "fares," the edges of which met in front of the book, where they were tied together by leather thongs, so that all dust and dirt might be excluded.

To distinguish one book from another, the title was written upon a parchment tag which was fastened to the thongs of the fares or to the metal clasps often made use of. It was not unusual, also, to inscribe the title upon the clasp itself, or even upon the front edges of the book.

From what has been said, it will occur to the reader that the first thing to meet the eye upon entering one of these old book-rooms was line upon line of books, lying flat upon the shelves, with their front edges turned outward,—a very different sight from that presented by a modern library, with its shelves of books all standing on end, with their backs brilliantly ornamented.

But the makers of these old folios did attempt to beautify the edges of their books. This process was termed "gauffering." The book was placed in a press, and the edges were gilded, after which a delicate tracery was worked upon the edge by indenting it with a steel die struck by a small hammer. In other cases, symbols and verses were painted in bright colors upon the front edges; so that, after all, the appearance of one of these old libraries was not quite so dreary as might at first be supposed.—*The Youth's Companion.*

INTERESTING GEOGRAPHICAL COMPARISONS.

THE following, clipped from an exchange, contains some interesting geographical comparisons. It would be a good exercise for our young geographers to find out if the statements below are all true:—

When we learn from astronomers that the sun is twice as large in circumference as the circle made by the moon in passing around the earth, we are inclined to draw a long breath; yet we have on "dry land," and by actual measurement, some comparisons of sizes, which are, to say the least, quite interesting.

Asia is more than four times as large as Europe, and considerably larger than North and South America together. The United States and Europe are almost equal in area; British India is more than half as large as the United States; and Canada is nearly equal in area to this country, including Alaska. Ireland and Indiana are about the same size. England and Michigan are about the same size. You could take enough land from Texas to make England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Denmark, and still have enough left to make Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, New Jersey, Maryland, and Indiana. California is the second largest State. Nebraska is more than twice the size of Indiana. The island of Cuba and the State of Tennessee are equal in area. Brazil is nearly as large as the United States; but the population of the latter is seven times that of the former. If all the people of Canada and the United States were placed in the State of Texas, the number of persons to the square mile would be fewer than at present in China. Colorado is as large as New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey together. It would take ten States as large as Massachusetts to make a State as large as Kansas. There are twenty-seven States or Territories, each larger than New York. Oregon is equal in area to New York and Pennsylvania. Massachusetts is smaller than either New Hampshire or Vermont. Minnesota is twice the size of Ohio. The three States bordering on the Pacific are larger than the thirteen bordering on the Atlantic. Montana is thirty times larger than Connecticut. Iowa is five times as large as Belgium, and four times as large as Denmark. Maryland and Switzerland are about the same size. London is as large as New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Cincinnati together. There are twice as many people to the square mile in England as in Rhode Island, the most densely populated State in the Union. Japan is

equal in area to Montana, and supports more than half as many people as there are now in the whole of the United States. Ireland had double the population in 1841 that she has at present.

Better Budget.

IDA VERHELST writes from Beadle Co., South Dakota: "I am eight years old, and I have a little brother six years old; we both go to day school. I am pretty near through the third reader. We all keep the Sabbath,—papa, mamma, and my little brother Eddie. We have so far to go to Sabbath-school that we cannot attend very often. It is held at Lakeside, fifteen miles north of us. My papa gave me some money to send for the INSTRUCTOR. I like it very much. We have a bank for me and my little brother, and every Sunday we put a few cents in it for first-day offerings. We have four horses, two cows, three calves, one dog, and about twenty-five chickens. We didn't raise very large crops last season. The people are poor in Dakota this year. I like to be a good girl, and I love every Sabbath-keeper, and I hope to meet them all in the new earth. I will try to keep the commandments of God. I have a grandpa and grandma living in Wisconsin. Grandpa is the leader of the church where he lives. If this letter is printed, I will write again."

BLOSSOM WILCOX sends a letter from Alameda Co., Cal., in which she says: "I wrote a letter nearly a year ago, but mamma did not send it because she thought it was not written nice enough. But I can write a little better now, for I go to school. I study reading, spelling, writing, and numbers. I am now seven years old. We came from New York to Oakland a little over a year ago. It is pleasant here, and I like it, only I have been sick so much. I have had typhoid fever, measles, diphtheria, tonsilitis, la grippe, and some other sick spells. I have a little brother two years old. I go to Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath. We have a good teacher and a pleasant school. I have been making pin cushions to sell to help buy the missionary ship; besides, mamma said she would pay me ten cents a week if I would not ask for sugar, butter, or any kind of meat. I have now one dollar, and hope I will get more soon. I want to overcome all my sins, so that I may have a home in God's kingdom."

MILES VAN VLACK writes from Multnomah Co., Oregon: "I am nine years old. I do not go to school, but get my lessons at home. When I have learned them all, I go out and help my papa roll logs, and see him cut down trees. The big ones we burn down. The way to burn them down is first to bore a hole into the tree, then bore another hole down slanting till it reaches the other hole. Then we drop a few coals down into the hole, and take a pair of bellows and give it a few puffs, and it will catch fire, and burn down the largest tree in Oregon. The nearest Sabbath-school is eighteen miles away, so we do not go. We take the INSTRUCTOR. I am very much interested in the trip 'Around the World.' If this letter is printed, I will tell you next time about Mt. Hood. We live thirty-five miles from it. I am trying to be a good boy, so I may be saved when Jesus comes."

SAIDA KITTLE sends this letter from Lapeer Co., Mich.: "I am a little girl nine years old. I keep the Sabbath. I put money into the Sabbath-school box and the missionary box. I want to do God's will, and do just as ma wants me to. I go to day school, and am in the third grade. I have two white rats for pets. I have three brothers and two sisters. I will be glad when the missionary ship is done, so that everybody may have the truth. I would like to have the ship named the 'Third Angel's Message.' I love to hear the letters read in the INSTRUCTOR."

DUDLEY and WILLIE CARRIER, who live in Hall Co., Nebraska, send their first letters to the Budget. Dudley writes: "I am eleven years old. At school I read in the fourth reader, and at Sabbath-school I study in Book No. 3. Mother is my teacher. I have no pets. I have one sister, named Jessie, and one brother, Willie. My father is away most of the time canvassing for 'Bible Readings for the Home Circle.' I am trying to be good."

Willie says: "I am eight years old. I go to day school, and read in the second reader. I also go to Sabbath-school, and study in Book No. 2. I am trying to be good, so that I may meet the INSTRUCTOR family 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. MAGAN,
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.