

# Youth's Instructor

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## SLEEP.

While children sleep,  
They know not that their father toils;  
They know not that their mother prays,  
Bending in blessing o'er their beds,  
Imploping grace for after days.

While children sleep,  
They never dream that others work  
That they may have their daily bread;  
When morning comes, they rise and eat,  
And never ask how they are fed.

While children sleep,  
They do not see the shining sun,  
They do not know the gracious dew,  
In daily miracle of love,  
Is ever making all things new.

Do we not sleep?  
And know not that our Father works  
With watchful care about our way?  
He bends in blessing from above—  
His love broods o'er us day by day.

Do we not sleep?  
And never dream that others work,  
Reaping the sheaves that might be ours?  
We see not how the shadows fall  
That mark the swift-departing hours.

Ah, still we sleep!  
Our drowsy eyes see not the light,  
See not the hands stretched out to bless,  
See not that waiting for us stands  
God's kingdom and his righteousness.  
—Good Words.

## For the INSTRUCTOR. CHAPEL OF HENRY VII.

THE beautiful chapel, or hall, shown in our engraving, was erected by Henry the Seventh, a sovereign of England, in 1503, and is a part of the noble old pile of buildings known as Westminster Abbey, in London. Henry VII. was one of the most wicked kings that ever swayed a royal scepter. His throne was established in blood, and his power was maintained at the sacrifice of many a noble life.

Entering the abbey from the west, we pace the long nave, with its vaulted passages, somber and still in their ancient splendor, past the tombs of England's most honored sons, till at last we reach the eastern end, and stand before the entrance to the magnificent chapel of Henry the Seventh. "A flight of steps leads up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent, arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchers.

"On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrusting with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

"Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and

swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with their armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold gray fret-work of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulcher of its founder,—his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing."

Irving continues: "There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementoes which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feel-

tant lands, some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets,—all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors, the melancholy reward of a monument."

Thus the world's great men strive to make themselves a name that they may not be forgotten by those who shall live after them. Perishable honors! Monuments to fame oft crumble to dust, and the hardest stone is ground to powder by the wear of ages.

There are beautiful buildings in this world, erected by proud and powerful monarchs; but did you never think how much more beautiful will be the dwellings in the city of God? The beauty of earth we can

know, for we have words by which to describe all the loveliness ever seen by man; but the golden city is beyond description. The heart of man cannot conceive the beauty of that place. We may lay the precious stones side by side, and reflect them in a golden mirror, but the life, the soul, of the picture is not there. "The glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

This is the home for which we are looking, and it is almost here. The years of waiting are nearly run, and the great, glad eternity is soon to burst upon us. Are we ready to change our earthly home, however beautiful, for the glorious one prepared for us in heaven?

MARY STEWARD.

## A STRIKE.

"I'm going to strike, mother," said Tom. "And I," said Ned.

"Strike what?" asked mother.

"Why, strike—strike work, you know. Strikes are all the fashion now. Ned and I have been holding a caucus about it, and we have made up our minds to try one. The White boys struck, and had a splendid time of it. They didn't do a thing for a week, and then their mother made proposals for them to go on. She offered them a rise on their pocket money. That's the way strikes always end."

"Not always," said mother, looking rather amused. "Now, mother," said Tom, impressively, "you're to remember that if you want us to do anything specially for you, we're ready to do it. This strike doesn't apply to anything of that sort."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said mother.

"But," said Ned, "if Bridget wants any wood brought, or any kindlings cut, she's got to make special terms. And if father wants the garden worked, he must make special terms."

"I understand," said mother. "I dare say a strike is a very good thing sometimes, and serves a very useful purpose in showing how much people depend on one another. When does the strike begin?"

"This morning."

"Well, you must notify Bridget of what is going on."

The boys skipped off to the kitchen, and informed the maid-of-all-work that they had "struck," and then rushed off to school full of joy over the new state of things. An hour later, mother received a note from father stating that he had been suddenly called out of town, and might not be able to return for two or three days.

"Ah," she said, smiling, "this will help out the strike very well."



ing of loneliness than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land, glittering with the splendor of jeweled rank and military array, alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place, interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds which had found their way into the chapel and built their nests among its friezes and pendants,—sure signs of solitariness and desertion. When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world, some tossing upon distant seas, some under arms in dis-



For the INSTRUCTOR.

## STEPS ON THE WAY OF LIFE.

JUST as I am, by sin defiled,  
I come to Thee, a weary child,  
With beauty lost, with duty marred,  
With God-given image sadly scarred;  
Lost and undone, to Thee alone  
Who only can for me atone,  
I come, I come, dear Jesus.

Garnestly, Lord, I do repent,  
And all my wanderings lament  
With godly sorrow, grieving still  
That I've rebelled against thy will.  
That I have caused thee grief unknown,  
To thee who only can atone,  
I come, I come, dear Jesus.

Such as I have to restore again,  
I'll render to my fellow-men;  
With humble, broken heart will go,  
And seek to make wrongs right below.  
I lift my heart to thee alone,  
Who only can for me atone;  
Oh, plead for me, dear Jesus!

Utterly helpless, to thy breast  
I come, O Christ, for promised rest.  
Though scarlet sin has stained, I know  
That thou can'st make me white as snow;  
My helpless soul trusts thee alone,  
Trusts thee for all my sin to atone.  
I come to thee, dear Jesus!

Saved through thy blood by faith in thee,  
Thy Spirit works thy will in me;  
My sin-stained robes I've cast aside,  
And in thy robes of light I hide;  
Clothed with thy righteousness alone,  
So shall I stand before the throne,  
Complete in thee, my Saviour.

Peace, perfect peace, with God on high,  
We Father, Abba Father, cry;  
In Christ, the Son, the Father sees us,  
And we're accepted now in Jesus.  
Faith brings the vital power in,  
And we're no more the slaves of sin;  
The righteous law is our delight,  
We'll walk, and keep our garments white.  
Through Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

FANNIE BOLTON.

## MENDING HIS NETS.

MANY centuries ago an old man and his sons sat mending their nets in a boat upon a little inland sea in Asia. Their boat was anchored near the shore; other boats were near them, their crews hauling in fish. The old man, it is likely, was in haste to mend the nets, and go on with the day's work.

A Man came down the beach. He called to them, and bade them lay down their nets, give up their fishing, and follow him. When they heard him, something told them in their hearts that this call meant that they should forsake the life to which they had always been used,—fishing, eating, sleeping, surrounded by neighbors and friends,—and that they should begin a different work for the people who were strangers to them.

Here were their nets, their own boats, the blue waters filled with fish, the peaceful hills along the coast, the calm little valleys between; here were home, and comfort, and security.

Yonder was the Man on the shore, calling to them to follow him—it might be to hunger, to pain, possibly to death.

But each man heard God speaking in his soul in that voice.

The fisherman's sons arose, and followed Him who had called. But their father sat still, and mended his nets.

These two young men, during the rest of their lives, wandered homeless; they suffered persecution, privation, and pain, and one, at least, perished as a martyr to his faith. But they have helped to bring truth into the world; they have lifted millions of souls out of barbarism up to light and freedom and love.

Of their father we do not even know that he mended his fishing-nets securely.

Possibly to the reader of this article has come, or some day will come, the same Voice, saying, "Follow me."

You will know that it means, Do not any longer give up your life to the work of fishing or trading or earning money in any way merely to buy necessities and luxuries. Follow Me. Help your fellow-men to come nearer to God. Do it in your business, in your daily life. Bring truth and order and love into the world. Be ready to sacrifice yourself. It may cost you comfort, it may cost you friends, possibly life itself. *Do it.*

Have you heard the Voice?—*Youth's Companion.*

She had a little talk with Bridget in the kitchen, and then went to make a few calls among her friends.

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom, as he rushed into the house on his return from school at noon. "I'm as hungry as a bear, mother!"

No answer came to his calls.

"What's to pay?" said Ned, who had come in more slowly. "Bridget! Where in the world is she?"

But silence seemed to reign where the clatter of pans and dishes usually made music in the ears of the hungry boys.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Tom, as he flung open the kitchen door.

The shades were drawn down, the stove cold, the table bare and clean, and everything in apple-pie order.

"Doesn't look much like dinner," said Tom, fretfully.

"Looks like the fairy story where everything went to sleep for a hundred years," said Ned. "I wish Bridget would come and wake things up. Where can she be?"

"Or mother?"

"Or father?"

But as the noon hour wore away, and neither mother, father, nor Bridget appeared, the boys hunted about for what they could get to eat, and, feeling much abused at the cold, comfortless lunch, went back to school.

Mother sat in the window when they returned home in the afternoon.

"Mother, here are Phil and Harry Graham," said Tom, ushering the two boys into the room. Mother gave them a cordial greeting, after which Tom took them out to see the rabbits, while Ned lingered to talk a little.

"They're jolly nice boys that have just moved here," he explained, "and they're going to stay for tea. But, mother, where's Bridget? There wasn't a soul here when we came home at noon," he added, waxing a little indignant at the remembrance of the injuries put upon them.

"Oh, when I told Bridget you were going to strike, she said she thought it would be a good time for her to strike, too; so she's gone."

"H'm," said Ned, discontentedly, "I don't see why women want to strike."

He went out to see his friends, and the four had a merry time at play.

"Seems to me it ought to be supper-time," said Tom, as the darkness began to close in. "Come in, boys, the tea-bell will ring in a minute, I know."

But the bell did not ring, and before long, Tom made his way to the kitchen. Darkness and quiet still reigned there.

"Dear me! I forgot all about the strike!" he said, looking about him in great dismay.

He went to his mother's room, to find that she had again gone out. Greatly mortified at the inhospitable state of things, Tom and Ned did their best to find something fit to set before their visitors. But it was easy to see that no one had thought of setting a lunch, and when the Graham boys at length said "Good-by," our strikers felt that the visit had been a sad failure. They groped around for a lamp, and went to their room.

"Look at the bed!" exclaimed Ned.

"Look at the whole room!" said Tom.

It was indeed in pitiful contrast to its usual neatness.

Pillows and sheets lay exactly as the two had left them after the morning frolic which usually accompanied their toilet.

"There's not a drop of water in the pitcher!"

"And I can't find my night-shirt. Oh, there it is in the corner, where I slung it this morning."

"I wonder where mother is?" grumbled Ned, as he lay down on the unmade bed.

Mother came in a little later, smiled as she kissed the sleeping boys, patting their heads, as she said, "Poor, silly little men!"

"Is mother on a strike, too, I'd like to know?" said Tom, the next morning.

A heavy scowl settled on his face as, going to her room, he saw that she had been there during the night, but had now gone out again. No bell had aroused them, and they had slept late. No pleasant warmth and stir in the kitchen gave promise of a comfortable breakfast. Bread and butter and cold meat seemed most unappetizing in the chill of the spring morning.

"I say, Ned," said Tom, with energy, "don't let's allow ourselves to be beaten out so. Let's cook breakfast ourselves, and have something comfortable. Let's make an omelet. They're splendid, and nothing at all to make."

"How do you do it?"

"I know how. I saw Bridget doing it once, and it was just as easy. You take eggs and milk and flour. You make the fire while I get the things."

The fire-making was a brilliant success.

"I'd like to see if we can't look out for ourselves," said Tom, his spirits rising at the sound of the cheerful crackle.

He began to separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs, finding it a more difficult performance than it had appeared under Bridget's skillful fingers.

"I don't see what makes this flour so lumpy," said Tom, as he stirred it into the eggs. "But I guess it'll all come right in the cooking. Now, Ned, bring the spider."

The two watched eagerly as the omelet began to cook. But the lumpy mixture failed woefully in taking on the puffy appearance always assumed by Bridget's omelets.

"It's time to turn it," said Ned.

"It won't turn," said Tom, trying his best with knife and spoon. "It's all stuck to the pan. Oh—I forgot to put any butter in it!"

"Take it off, and we'll eat it without turning. It'll taste good any way, if it doesn't look right."

"Bah!" exclaimed Ned in great disgust, as he took a liberal mouthful. "It's all burnt, and there's something else the matter with it."

"I guess I forgot the salt," said Tom meekly, as he went out-of-doors to relieve himself of the first taste of the omelet.

"Look here!" said Ned, when Tom came back. "I'm getting tired of strikes. I move we have another caucus, and let the strike go. I wish mother was here, so we could tell her."

Tom felt like holding out a little longer, but when at noon he stood again by the kitchen table, he agreed that he had had enough of it.

"There's mother!" said Ned, joyfully, as he heard an approaching step.

Mother came in and looked about the kitchen with a smile, as if things were going on in the most agreeable manner possible.

"Where have you been all these days, mother?" asked Ned.

"Why, on the day your strike began, I chanced to call on Mrs. Alton, and learned that her little Agnes was very ill with whooping-cough and other troubles. Mrs. Alton herself is not well; so she thought it very neighborly when I told her I would take care of Agnes. As you were on a strike, and father away, I knew I should not be needed at home."

"Not, eh?" grumbled Tom. "Well, mother, the strike's over. So I hope little Agnes is better."

"She is," said mother, "but that need not interfere with your strike. I want you fully to realize how important your work is here. I don't want you to do anything but what you think you get fair pay for."

"Important—ho! ho!" laughed Ned. "Mother, if you'll get things running again just as they used to, I'll put my work into the business, and never say strike again. No breakfast, no dinner, no supper, but what you have to scratch for; everything mean and miserable and hateful."

"Then you are sure that things go a little better when each member of a family does his best to co-operate willingly and cheerfully in the work in which all share the benefit?"

"Yes, I'm sure," said Tom. "If only you'll come back, and get Bridget back, I'll never grumble about chores again."

Bridget was there at tea-time, the kitchen was clean, a good supper cooking, and everything running smoothly in the old groove.

"I guess," said Tom to Ned, as the one sawed and the other split wood in the shed, "the less we say about what we amount to on this place, the better. It could run itself without us a great deal better than we could run ourselves without it."

Mother chanced to be within hearing, and she smiled lovingly into the bright boy faces as she said:—

"That is just as it should be, my dears. It is father's and mother's place to 'run,' as you call it, a home principally for the benefit of the younger ones. But these younger ones have their own duties as well, and in performing them faithfully are fitting themselves for the graver duties which will one day come to them."—*Congregationalist.*

It is not so much the length or the variety of our opportunities as the way in which we use them that will decide how much they will benefit us.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others?



## For Our Little Ones.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

### BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTIFUL feet are those that go  
On loving ministries to and fro.

Beautiful arms are those that bear  
Burdens for those who are pressed with care.

Beautiful hands are those that give  
Blessings to those who in poverty live

Beautiful lips are those that speak  
Words to comfort the sad and weak.

Beautiful brows are those that wear  
Virtue's signet engraven there.

Beautiful deeds are those that tell  
That the spirit of Christ in the heart doth dwell.

Beautiful lives are those that shine  
With love for the holy, the pure, divine.

Beautiful angels such beauties see,  
And chant them over the jasper sea.

Beautiful mansions the Lord will give  
To those who beautiful lives will live.

J. M. HOPKINS.

### THE "COMMODORE."

"MAMMA TERRY, I've  
most smashed my  
thumb! Oh! oh, dear!"  
cried Winfred, bursting  
into the sitting-room like a  
small tornado.

"Oh, hush, Win! If you  
haven't been blown to pieces  
by a dynamite bomb, run over  
by an engine, or fallen out of a  
seventh-story window, there is  
no reason for howling so," said  
Thad, his big brother, looking  
up from his Greek.

"Do be quiet, Winny," said  
sister Ruth, "or you'll have a  
policeman and all the neighbors  
in here to know who is being  
killed."

"But it hurts awfully!" cried  
Winfred. "I guess you'd cry!"

At that moment the bewitch-  
ing strains of a hand-organ were  
heard in the street. Winfred  
ran to the window, and was  
perfectly quiet until the monkey  
and organ moved on; then he  
took up his doleful crying where  
he left off.

"Winfred," said his mother,  
trying very hard to speak pa-  
tiently, "what is the trouble  
now?"

"I hurt my finger," said the  
little boy.

"Come here and let me see it."

Winfred held up his fat little  
fingers, and looked at them  
with a puzzled expression on his  
face.

"I s'pose it was this finger—  
or else, may be, it was my thumb.  
I've most forgot which,"  
he said, looking somewhat  
ashamed.

"The injury must have been very slight, Winfred,"  
said Mrs. Terry, "or you would not have forgotten  
so soon. You have a very bad habit of crying over  
every trifle, and it makes it very unpleasant for all of  
us. Besides, dear, habits, like threads, can be easily  
broken when they are little, but they grow stronger  
year by year, until they are like huge cables. How  
sad it would be, when you are a man, if you should  
cry every time you stubbed your toe, or got a sliver  
in your finger."

Winfred's face grew very hot with shame.

"Course I sha'n't cry when I'm a man," he said.

"I fear you will, unless you break yourself of the  
habit now," said his mother. You used to be a brave  
little boy, but for the last year you have grown more  
and more babyish. I really feel ashamed of you,  
Winfred."

"May be I sha'n't cry any more," said the little  
boy, with his arms round his mother's neck.

Nevertheless, he had three more "crying spells"  
before bed-time.

The next day there was great rejoicing in the house,  
for Uncle Chester came home.

Uncle Chester was a sailor, and had been away on a

long voyage. Every one liked the kind, jolly sailor,  
but Winfred thought him the greatest hero in the  
world.

Uncle Chester brought them all presents from dis-  
tant lands—shells and rare curiosities, but to Winfred  
he brought a beautiful green parrot, with brilliant  
red feathers around his neck.

Winfred was so delighted that he was nearly wild  
with joy.

"You are the dearest, jolliest uncle in the world!"  
cried Winfred, hugging him till he cried for mercy.

"How could you know just what I wanted most?"

"I thought you would like it," said Uncle Chester.  
"It is a fine bird and quite young, so it cannot talk  
very well yet; but you can teach him, if you are pa-  
tient. This species is very teachable. There is one  
thing, perhaps, which I ought to mention. The  
Commodore dislikes very much to hear any one cry."



"BEAUTIFUL FEET ARE THOSE THAT GO ON LOVING MINISTRIES TO AND FRO."

Winfred's face grew red as he saw Ruth and Thad  
smiling. He would not have had Uncle Chester know  
he cried, for a bank full of money; and in all the fort-  
night he stayed, Winfred did not once cry.

But the door had no sooner closed after Uncle Ches-  
ter than he cried harder than ever.

The parrot was his constant companion, and rode  
on his shoulder or followed him from room to room.

He would say "Commodore" quite plainly when  
asked his name, and when the others were laughing,  
he joined with a gruff "Ha! ha!" but the moment  
Winfred began to cry, the bird cried out: "What a  
baby! Ha! ha! What a baby! What a baby! Ha!  
ha! What a baby!" Winfred stopped instantly, so  
surprised that it almost took his breath away, and it  
was several days before he cried again. But whenever  
the boy began to cry, the parrot screamed, in a mock-  
ing tone, "What a baby! Ha! ha!" and very soon  
Winfred did not dare to cry any more.

"That parrot is worth his weight in gold," said  
Thad one day. "Win has not had a good cry for  
weeks, but what bothers me is to know who taught  
the Commodore that phrase that has such a wonder-  
ful effect."

"It is my opinion," said Ruth, "that mamma and  
Uncle Chester know more about it than they are will-  
ing to tell."

What do you think?—*Youth's Companion.*

### THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF GERMANY.

THE young emperor of Germany, William II., has  
five little boys. The oldest is seven years old. He is  
the Crown Prince, and the heir to the throne. He will  
some day be emperor of Germany. He is a fine,  
manly little fellow.

Germany is a very military country, and Emperor  
William is such a thorough soldier that strict mil-  
itary discipline is the order of the day in the nurs-  
eries of his little people. As soon as petticoats are  
left off, the tiny boys are dressed in baby uniforms,  
and the young Crown Prince looks quite like a little  
soldier in this costume.

When their father visits them  
in their own quarters (as I sup-  
pose I ought to call such a mili-  
tary nursery), the Crown Prince  
commands his smaller brothers  
to "fall in." Then Frederick  
and Albert, who are scarcely  
more than babies, "fall in."  
Little Prince Albert is such a  
mite that he is not able to keep  
his position for long, and he  
soon trots away to his nurse's  
side. But the Crown Prince and  
Prince Frederick stay stiff and  
starched like real soldiers, till  
their father returns their salute  
in proper fashion.

When the little Crown Prince  
was six years old, he was given  
a bed-room to himself, instead  
of sleeping in the nursery with  
the others. He was very  
pleased, and said, "Oh, that  
is nice; now I need not be with  
the children any more."

In the summer of 1888 all five  
boys had a charming holiday  
with their mother, at the beau-  
tiful castle of Oberhof, in the for-  
est of Thuringia. Their father  
was away. A little fort was  
built for them in the corner of  
the gardens, with a tent and  
two small cannon. The eldest  
three, dressed in officers' uni-  
form, paraded in front of the  
fort. Then while the Crown  
Prince beat the drum, an old  
soldier showed the other two  
how to attack and defend the  
fort. Little Prince Augustus  
William, who was only a year  
and a half old, was dressed in  
white, and wore a tiny helmet.  
He looked on and clapped his  
hands.

In Germany every boy,  
whether he is the son of the  
emperor or of a peasant, has,  
some day, to be a soldier.

The emperor is very fond of  
his five boys. Almost his first  
question is, when he returns  
home, "How are the boys?"—  
*Little Men and Women.*

### AN AWFUL STORY.

THERE was once an awful little girl who had an  
"awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house,  
on an awful street, in an awful village, which was an  
awful distance from every other awful place. She  
went to an awful school, where she had an awful  
teacher who gave her awful lessons out of awful  
books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she  
ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful  
healthy. Her hat was awful small, and her feet were  
awful large. When she took an awful walk, she  
climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired, she  
sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In sum-  
mer she was awful hot, and in winter awful cold.  
When it didn't rain, there was an awful drouth, and  
when the awful drouth was over, there was an awful  
rain. If this little girl doesn't get rid of this vulgar  
way of saying "awful" about everything, I am afraid  
she will come to an awful end.—*Sel.*

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God  
is always looking at him.—*Plato.*



## A VISIT FROM TWO HUMMING BIRDS.

ONE day while I sat reading by the window of a little cottage, the only dwelling upon an island in the sea, I was startled by the appearance of a humming bird, which came close to my face, and then rose and wheeled about my head. I waited, sitting perfectly still, to see what was the intention of the little creature. But he only wheeled and wheeled about my head, giving now and then a touch of his vibrating wings to my hair. At length I reached out my right hand and closed the window. This startled the bird, and he flew rapidly around the room, brushing his delicate wings now and again against the ceiling. Believing that hunger had driven him to me, I ran out to put some sugar in a glass, with a little water. On my return the bird came again to me, and wheeled as before about my head. I tasted the liquid to test its sweetness, when he made a little dart and thrust his tongue, that is like a fine coiled wire when not in use, between my lips; finding the sweet water which I had not swallowed, he persisted in sipping, to my great inconvenience.

I dipped my finger in the glass, and put it before my mouth, and on finding that sweet too, the little creature was content to feed upon it. I did not like to have my fingers so sticky, and I placed a spoon in the hollow of my hand, from which Bright Feathers, for this was the name I gave him, could sip more to his pleasure and my convenience. It was a very pretty sight to see him hover over the spoon, always on wing, and sip his food.

When he had quite enough, he flew to a picture on the wall and tried to alight, but it did not suit his feet. He could not cling upon it as upon a bough.

I went out and cut some shrubs, and bringing them in, placed them in the window, which he noticed at once, and accepted as suited to his needs. On one of the boughs he took a little nap, while I sat down again to read.

The next day another humming-bird came, but not to the same window, and I went into the adjoining room, and caught it with but little trouble. Then I fed it in my hand. It was very feeble, and quite willing to sit on my palm.

It was very funny to see how jealous Bright Feathers became at this. His behavior was not to his credit. When I fed the new visitor, he flew about, and with a sudden dart struck at her head, but, fortunately, he hit my fingers, which I closed over her little body, thus hiding her tenderly in the hollow of my hand.

To satisfy Bright Feathers that he would have his part, I gave him his food, always, first; and when he had enough, he left the new visitor in peace.

In a few days they understood my call, and would come to me to be fed. When Bright Feathers finished, he went to his bough in the window, and when Yellow Love, the new visitor, had completed her repast, she sought the hollow of my hand.

Before the sun rose at the peep of dawn, they came and wheeled about my head and face, touching my forehead with their soft wings, and awakening me; and as I arose, each made little cries of joy—a soft, short, crisp note, a mere whisper compared with the chirp of a sparrow. Their joy was occasioned by the fact that breakfast was coming; for they knew where was kept the honey that I had sent into a far city to feed them with.

For two weeks we had a very pleasant time together. When I had been absent an hour or two, they welcomed me with their soft little notes, and approaching, Bright Feathers perched upon the braid of hair about my head, and Yellow Love beneath my chin upon a ruffle at my throat. This happy welcome was very like that of sweet children to their mother coming home.

There never was a very good feeling on the part of Bright Feathers toward Yellow Love. He could not quite forgive her for coming. Often I had to scold him, and even to threaten him with a stick; for he had the cruelty of a sparrow-hawk in his little down-covered heart. The safest place for Yellow Love, and the one she sought while I was reading, was in the hollow of my hand.

It was Yellow Love that gave me the pretty intimation that she wished to bathe, while she heard me splashing with the water at the bowl, by putting up her wings and shaking them, as the canaries dry their feathers. Taking the hint, they were supplied with a small glass, in which, very funnily, they took their bath. They were very little mites when wet.

One day a great storm came, and anxious about some friends upon the sea, I absented myself some time from my room, while making inquiries of a party of sailors as to the probable length of the storm. On my return, the little visitors had taken flight, and I saw them no more. The great wind through the win-

dow had perhaps frightened them, and they had sought shelter in the depths of the pine woods not far from the cottage.—*Wide Awake*.

## THE BISHOP'S NEPHEW.

SOMETHING less than seventy years ago, a gawky boy of twelve arrived at a country academy in Ohio. He had been three months on the road, having come all the way from New Hampshire. In those days there were no railways, and it is doubtful if he could have used one, for he was very poor. His father was dead, and his uncle—away off in the Ohio wilderness, as it was then,—had offered to give him a home if he would come for it, and he had accepted the offer. His uncle was a pioneer bishop, who kept a school, and at the same time carried on a farm.

Salmon, for that was the boy's queer name, was given the chores to do, and on holidays and vacation time he worked upon the farm. One of his school-mates says that at that time he was about as awkward a boy as was ever seen in that place. He was very near-sighted; he stammered; and he was so stoop-shouldered, shambling, and slouchy in his appearance and gait that he was a general laughing-stock, and worse; for his stooping habit had cramped his lungs, and he was already feeble and consumptive.

One day he was shambling along the country road in his usual manner. A rail-splitter by the roadside stopped his work to speak with him. The boy shuffled along in his absent-minded way, his eyes on the ground, seeing nothing. "What fool is that?" asked the man of another boy a moment after. "That's the bishop's nephew," was the reply. Salmon heard the uncomplimentary remark, and it roused him. He determined that no rail-splitter should be able to speak of him in that way again, if he could help it.

To improve his personal appearance, he began a course of gymnastic training, and he kept up the training until he gained the physical foundation at least of the noble bearing for which he was noted in later life. The same plucky determination which enabled him to improve his figure and gait, served him equally well in working his way through school and college.

His early life, however, was marked by many failures. Finally he appealed to another uncle, a senator in Washington, where he had been teaching school, to get him a petty clerkship in the treasury. His uncle said, "I once got a position for a nephew in the treasury, and it proved his ruin. I'll give you half a dollar to buy a spade and go out and dig for a living; but I will not give you a place under the government."

Salmon said he would not trouble him for the half dollar, and rose, choking with anger, to take his leave. "You think me harsh," said the Senator, as they parted at the door; "but you will live to see that this is the best advice I could give you." Salmon did not believe it, but it was true, as events proved. He did not get a place in the treasury then, but he got one many years after, as its *chief officer*!

Meantime he had risen to eminence as a jurist, and had served his State grandly as its governor. He was known before he died as Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States Superior Court. Few of those who were familiar with his noble character and splendid figure in mature life ever suspected what an unpromising subject he was in youth.—*Golden Days*.

## USE OF CAT'S WHISKERS.

EVERY one must have observed what are usually called whiskers on a cat's upper lip. The use of them in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of these long and stiff hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side in the lion as well as in the common cat; so that from point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustle of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass through too close to a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads (the retractile claws never coming in contact with the ground), they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness greater even than that of the snake that glides along the grass, and is not perceived till it is coiled around its prey.—*Boston Budget*.

## Letter Budget.

NELLIE JOHNSON sends a letter from San Diego Co., Cal. She says: "I am a little girl six years old. I live in San Pasqual valley, where Joey and Wiley Ross live. I have four brothers—one is a baby—and a baby sister; for we have twins. They are five months old, and are named Jessie and Roy. They make a good deal of trouble. I have to wash the dishes. I like to sing, and hear my mamma read the stories in the INSTRUCTOR. I have a lot of pretty cards. We have some pretty flowers in our front yard. Mamma told me how to spell the hard words. You can have this card if you will print this letter."

The card you sent, Nellie, is very pretty, and the editor thanks you for it; she is much pleased with the letter you have taken so much pains to print nicely.

ORA STUBLEFIELD writes from Cass Co., Mo.: "I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a farm six miles from town. I don't go to Sabbath-school, but I study in Book No. 1. I go to day school, and study geography, arithmetic, writing, and spelling. I have two sisters and a baby brother. We keep the Sabbath with mamma; papa does not keep it. We pray that he may do so sometime. I am trying to be a good girl, so that I can meet you all when Jesus comes with his holy angels."

JAMES A. CLARK writes from Hampden Co., Mass.: "I am a little boy ten years old. I go to day school, and read in the fourth reader. I expect to go to the grammar school after the summer vacation. I begun to go to Sabbath-school November last, but father and mother did not commence to keep the Sabbath until the first of January. There are but few that keep the Sabbath in this place, so our school is small. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR very much."

EDNA MILLES, of Jefferson Co., Iowa, says: "I would like to write for the Budget. I love the INSTRUCTOR and the little letter-writers. I am nine years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and learn lessons in Book No. 4. Papa and mamma do not keep the Sabbath, so you see I cannot keep it so well as other little girls. I have no brothers or sisters. I would like to correspond with some little girl of the Budget. Pray for me that I may do right."

From Polk Co., Oregon, comes this letter. It reads: "My name is CLIFFORD ROBERTS. I am thirteen years old. I have three brothers and five sisters. Papa built us a study in the yard. We have our own teacher. We keep the Sabbath. We don't go to Sabbath-school, because we live so far away. We study in Books No. 1 and 2, and mamma hears our lessons. Good-bye."

IVA M. KROMER writes from St. Joseph Co., Mich.: "I am a little girl nine years old. I have a brother eleven years old, and I love him dearly. We go to Sabbath-school, and we will soon learn lessons in Book No. 4. Mamma keeps the Sabbath, but papa does not, but I hope he will soon. I want to be a good girl, and meet the INSTRUCTOR family when Jesus comes."

WINNIE KEELER writes from McKean Co., Pa.: "I am a little girl eight years old. I go to Sabbath-school sometimes. I study in Book No. 1. I have two sisters and one brother younger than myself. For pets I have a little bird and a little kitten. I do not go to school. Mamma teaches me at home. I would like to see this printed. I try to be a good girl."

EVA and HENRY FIELDS write from Coffey Co., Kansas. Eva says: "I wrote once to the Budget, but did not see my letter printed. I gather up the eggs every evening. I have nine little chicks. I keep the Sabbath with papa and mamma. I want to be a good girl, so I can be saved when Jesus comes."

BERTIE MCBRIDE writes from Cass Co., Mo.: "I am fourteen years old. I go to day school, and study reading, spelling, geography, and arithmetic. I have a colt and a hog. I don't eat any pork since I began to keep the Sabbath. I am trying to be good."

Henry says: "I am seven years old. I cannot write, but mamma writes for me. We all keep the Sabbath. There are five of us children, and we all take part with mamma at time of worship. I want to be a good boy. Pray for me."

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