

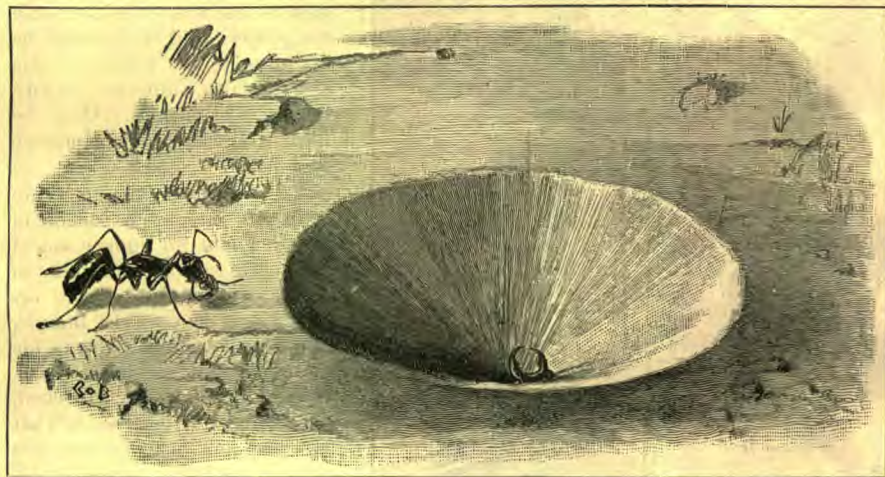
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No. 24.

BE HIS THE PRAISE.

ONCE more the sunny colt's-foot shoots
Rare blossoms from its knotted roots,
And the small wrens, with cheerful lay,
Make music to the dawning day.
Tamed by the frost, the rough, brown land
Thrills to the Master's shaping hand,
And earth and air one chorus raise—
Be His the praise! Be His the praise!



The Word, in old time charged with awe,
Quickens in Nature's tireless law;
New forces wake, new pulses beat
With odor, color, movement, heat:
In endless forms, through endless voices,
She laughs, exults, expands, rejoices,
Till hearts their answering homage raise—
Be His the praise! Be His the praise!
—The Congregationalist.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

LACE WINGS.

LACE WINGS is the name of the little insect shown in the picture on this page. He is often called the ant-lion, or, if a more scientific name is wished, Myrmeleon. The ant-lion, in its perfect state, much resembles a small dragon-fly, and has good power of flight. It goes through all the changes incident to insect life, from the egg, the pupa, and the larva, to the perfect insect.

It is while in the larva stage that the habits of the ant-lion attract the most attention, for it has a singular way of gaining a livelihood. As it has feeble powers of locomotion, it resorts to artifice to capture its prey. The ant-lion deftly digs a pit, two inches in diameter and one inch deep, first striking a circle and then throwing the sand from the center, always far enough out to avoid making a ridge around the edge of the pit. This he is enabled to do by means of his flat head and jaws, which he pushes under several grains of sand, and jerking backward, throws them into the air.

When the pit is finished, the ant-lion stations himself at the bottom, entirely concealing himself, except his jaws, as is shown in the picture, and there he awaits some unwary insect. The sides of the pit have been made as steep as sand can be piled up, and the slightest movement at the top sends a small avalanche of sand down to notify the ant-lion of an intruder.

The ant-lion at once begins to throw out sand and deepen the pit, thus blinding the insect, and causing it to slide down the steep walls to meet grim fate. The captor seizes it, and holding it above his head, sucks out its blood; then, throwing the dead body out of its hole, it seeks to repair damages.

A naturalist gives the following account of the habits of an ant-lion which he had in captivity:—

"After eating, he became more timid, and sometimes would not take a second insect. If, however, several were put into the pit at once, he would bite one after another until all were killed, before deciding on which to begin. I fed him two or three times a week, usually with house-flies, cutting their wings off, and letting him take them in his own way. In October, having

occasion to travel some distance, I put him in an ounce bottle half filled with sand, corked him up, and carried him with me in my bag. In about a week I gave him a large house-fly, which he did not catch, not having room enough to make a pit-fall. I gave him no more food till the next March. . . .

About the first of March, when flies began to be plenty, I commenced to

feed him again. He found it rather awkward to catch insects in the bottle, as there was not room enough to make a pitfall, and his inability to move forward made it hard for him to seize an insect, unless he met it directly between his jaws. He soon, however, made pitfalls half an inch in diameter, which answered the purpose.

"Sometimes he lay on the surface of the sand, with a few grains scattered over his back to conceal him from notice, and his jaws extended on the surface. If a fly was put into the bottle, it would circle around it, close to the glass, and usually run over the ant-lion's back. He would jerk up his head and attempt to seize it, which he seldom succeeded in doing the first time. If he caught a leg or a wing, he was unable to move nearer, and shorten his hold, and the fly escaped. He would often throw up the sand, and try to undermine the fly. He would sometimes work an hour in these ways before the fly would get into a favorable position. I fed him every day or two until May 15th, when he spun a spherical cocoon around him, and remained inclosed until June 26th, a very hot day, when he came partly out, and leaving the pupa skin half in the cocoon, appeared as a perfect fly, but did not spread his wings completely."

W. L. K.

HARRY'S TRUST.

"DING-DONG! ding-dong!" sounded the bell from the door of our village school-house.

The boys rushed in, glowing with exercise, and resumed their places at their studies.

"Where is Harry?" asked the teacher, as his eye fell upon the vacant seat. None of them could answer; but little Johnnie Lee, who came in panting at this moment, exclaimed, "Harry is in the woods, sir.

We were playing 'deer,' and I was the 'hound,' and I've chased Harry so far into the woods I'm 'fraid he's lost."

The boys all laughed at Johnnie's excited manner, and the teacher dispatched two of the larger boys to capture the stray "deer." Harry had indeed become bewildered, and lost his way in the woods; and when, a full hour later, the boys returned, giving an account of a fruitless search, the teacher was himself alarmed; for the body of woods that joined the play-ground was miles in extent, and a little boy might easily go astray in them.

The teacher immediately dismissed the school, and the children, scattering in every direction, commenced their shouts of "Harry! Harry!" while Mr. Long took the heavy bell that he used for calling the school together, and going into the thickest of the woods, sent its peals echoing far and wide. The search party was soon joined by the neighbors, but no little Harry could they find.

Where was Harry all this time? For awhile he had gone springing through the woods with great agility, fancying the "hound" was close upon his track; but he suddenly became conscious that the voices of his schoolfellows had died away in the distance, and that he was alone in the great forest.

Bewildered and frightened, he turned in every direction, but he knew not which was the right way to seek for home. All the anxious hours his friends were seeking for him, he was wandering farther and farther from them. No path in all the dense woods appeared to help him out. After much weary wandering, he found himself in a deep hollow, where, disheartened and hopeless, he sank down upon the dry leaves, and began to cry; for the long night was coming on, and it was dreadful



to think of passing it alone there in the darkness and cold. But he soon regained courage; for the thought came to him, "God is in the woods as well as at home, and I will ask him to show me the way out." So he knelt upon the dry leaves, and prayed to the heavenly Father, asking him to guide him through the woods, and permit him to see his home again.

He arose from his knees and looked around on all sides of the hollow. It was one mass of tanglewood;

but "God will show me," he kept saying, "God will show me," and pushing up one side through the thick underbrush, he suddenly struck a path. How happy he was now! and still more so, when, on following it a short distance, it led him into a well-defined wood road. He traveled on cheerily for three miles through the thick woods. His prayer, he felt sure, had gained a hearing, and his trust was strong. Suddenly the road merged into the wide country road, and the welcome sight of a friendly village greeted him. He had often been there before, and knew that another mile would bring him to the railroad station. He hastened on, and reached the station just as a train was ready to start. When he told his story to the conductor, he kindly allowed him a seat in the car, and Harry was soon on his way back to his home and his anxious friends.

Do you ever think, dear children, that in passing through this world there is much danger of getting into blind paths that lead us into the deep tanglewood of sin? Oh, how sad it is to get one side from the path of life; but unto every one who does so, the kind Father saith, "Call upon me in the day of trouble;" and again, "I will show you the path of life." And when we have called upon him, we may trust to his friendly hand to lead us into "ways of pleasantness" and "paths of peace."—*L. F. Bourne.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

ROUND THE WORLD.—16.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO CEYLON.

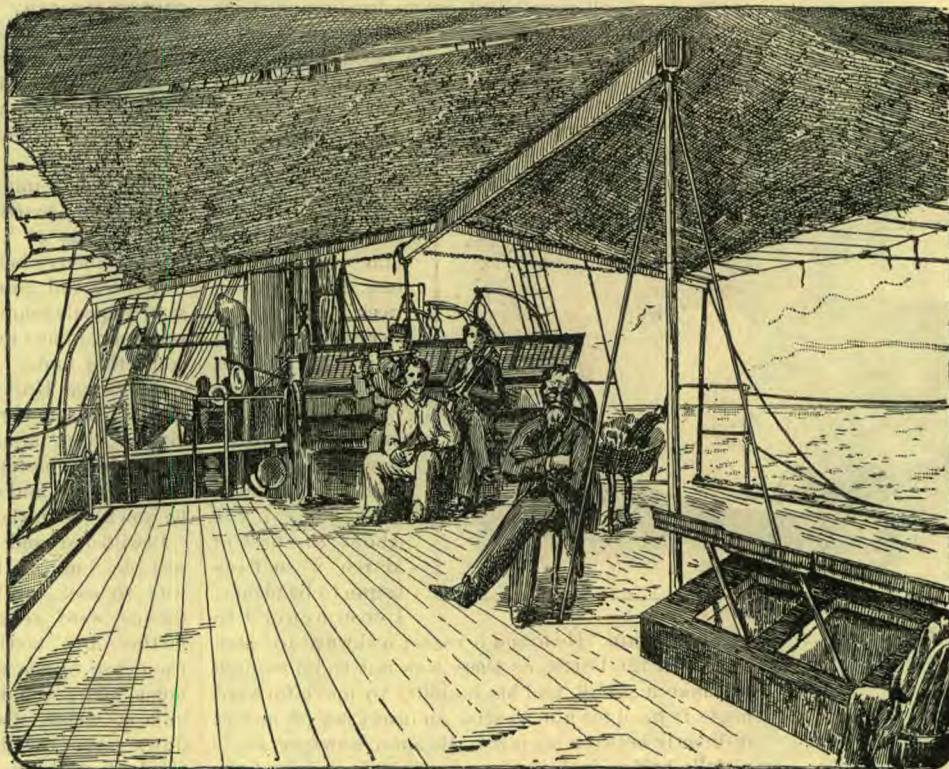
At Port Durban, Natal, on the 11th of January, the steam is hissing through the valves from the engine-room of the steamship *Umtata*. Her cables are hauled in and coiled on the windlasses, and all is ready for sea. She is bound for Calcutta, the great metropolis of India. Her hull stands high out of the water, as she goes in ballast, having no cargo, only a little sand to hold her steady in the water. The owner expects her to come back in three months, freighted with coolies, to supply the demand for labor in the growing colony. The captain mounts the bridge, and the pilot comes aboard. A few minutes later, and the tale-teller rings out, "Stand by," and almost immediately after, "Half speed ahead." The steam hisses louder than before, but the cylinders do not move, and the propeller refuses to turn.

"What is the matter?" is the question on every lip; but nobody seems to know, when the chief engineer comes on deck, and informs the managers that there is something in the high pressure cylinder, and that they will have to "lie by" till morning. The order is given to make fast, and all not on duty soon "turn in" to their bunks, wondering if the "old kettles," as a sailor derisively terms the boilers, will blow up; for mariners of the old school, accustomed to set the white wings of their craft, and go as the breezes will blow them, look down with a sort of conservative pride and lordly disdain upon the science of modern days, which sends ships through the water, whether Neptune wills it or not. But there is nothing to break the stillness of the dark watches save the sound of the engineers' and firemen's hammers, as they labor patiently to take the cylinder to pieces and rectify the defect.

At early dawn we are awakened by the grating of the cables, as they are drawn through the hawse pipes. Then there is a trembling vibration, and the ship quivers from deck to keel; the water is stirred into a thick foam at the stern, for the screw is in motion, and the good ship is off. The sun is just rising, and the vessels anchor as yet show no signs of life. It would be hard to realize anything more sleepy looking than a number of vessels in port at early dawn, before the stevedores have commenced their labors. The *Umtata* glides quickly down the Bluff Channel, past the great white light-house, and out to the anchorage. The tale-teller rings once again, steam is shut off, and the pilot descends a rope ladder into his boat, and with a "Good-by," and "Wish you a pleasant voyage," his men bend to their oars, and the *Umtata* puts to sea. When well away from the land, which soon fades in the distance, her head is turned, and a straight course is steered to the northward, up the Mozambique Channel.

Life at sea varies almost as much as on land, according to the place and the people. It is almost like being in two different spheres, to take a trip on a large ocean "liner," and then another in a tramp boat, built for freight and not passengers. In the one the cold, stiff rules of society prevail almost as much as ashore, excepting that as people grow seasick, they generally become confidential. In this class of boats there are many passengers who have never been to sea before, or away from their native land,—young men just starting out in life to seek a home and fortune in foreign climes. But those who travel in vessels of the latter description are mostly men who have seen the world, and are as much at home afloat as ashore, and know how to make themselves comfortable and to pass away time on board.

There were only two passengers on the *Umtata* besides the doctor and his assistant, who were going out to take charge of the coolies on the home trip. Head winds and heavy seas made slow running for a few days, but as the ship neared the head of the channel, the weather moderated. On January 19, we passed between two small islands known on the marine charts as Joanna and Mayotta. There are no inhabitants on them, save some black fishermen.



"UMTATA" QUARTER DECK IN THE TROPICS.

Once past them, we are in the Indian Ocean. There are many of these islands in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, some of them having no inhabitants at all. On many of them the British government has placed goats, and in a cave with a conspicuous landmark, left provisions, so that if a vessel is wrecked or cast ashore, her seamen will not perish.

For the greater part of the voyage, the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond. It looked like one great sheet of glass, more smooth than many of the little lakes that dot the surface of North America. After leaving the land, we passed but one ship; that was on January 22, and she was at quite a distance from us. A sail in the offing causes great excitement at sea, when one has not been sighted for a long time. Every one is on the bridge, and telescopes and opera glasses are in demand. Four flags were run up her main mast halyard, which were made out to be M S N J. This was the official number of her name, which we found to be the *Malba*. We ran up our's, and then watched to see if they would speak us again. Up went three more flags, B W F, which means, "Any news?" But as we did not happen to have the morning papers, we put D on our halyards, which means "no."

One day we lay to for awhile, to clean the salt out of the boilers, and while thus delayed, amused ourselves fishing for sharks. One came alongside, and a piece of fat pork on a grappling hook was let down for his dinner. But he was too wary, and would not bite, although he kept swimming around it. The weather is delightful. Under the awnings one can lie at ease, and enjoy the cool, crisping breezes which hover around the bosom of the ocean, and as they dance along, seem to keep music with their invisible feet. Glowing and varied are the hues which the waves take from the rosy clouds, while the sunsets are of that perfect nature read of in books, but seldom witnessed except in these seas. On a moonlight night

it is pleasant to sit on deck, and often the question goes round, "Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?"

When it rains in the tropics, the water comes down in sheets; a black line is seen on the horizon, and before there is time to do anything but run from the deck to the cabin, the squall is down. This is the unpleasant part of traveling in these seas, as all the ports and skylights must be kept closed, and the heat is almost suffocating. In hot weather, when it is dry, no one thinks of sleeping below; a hammock or a cushion on the deck is all that is necessary to make life comfortable.

As the ship passed directly under the sun, we can say that there has been a time in our lives when we have been without a shadow. On the last day of January the skipper said he could smell the spices blowing off from the coast of Ceylon, but the rest of us failed to detect anything unusual. In the night, however, we awakened, rubbed our eyes, and beheld in the distance the light-house, which was the beacon or the small port of Point de Galle. P. T. M.

BERNARD PALISSY'S CHOICE.

The fame of Palissy the potter cannot outshine the honor of Palissy the Huguenot. After the long years of labor in which he won the secret of his art, the products of his genius were held in such regard that in the massacre of St. Bartholomew his life was protected; slay the potter, and there could be no more of his pottery. His sturdy faith, however, made him many enemies. Once he narrowly escaped imprisonment and death.

At last there came a time when the artificer's friends in power could no longer shield him. He was an old man of seventy-six when he was arrested and sent to the Bastille, and the last four years of his life were spent within its walls. King Henry III., "starched, frilled, and curled," used to visit him there. Two fair young girls shared the latter period of his imprisonment.

"My good man," said the king, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and massacres.

Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you; and they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted."

"Sire," answered the old man, "you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

The girls were executed a few months later, and Palissy died in the Bastille.

TO TAME A BIRD.

No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird, says Olive Thorne Miller. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any bird, and without starving him or making him think he has mastered you. Simply talk to him a good deal. Place his cage near you on your desk or work-table, and retain his choicest dainty to give to him with your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing unless he takes it from you, and he will soon learn, if you are patient, and do not disconcert him by fixing your eyes upon him. After this he will more readily take it from your lips; and then when you let him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you, especially if you have a call you have accustomed him to, and accept the dainty from you while free. As soon as he becomes really convinced that you will not hurt him, or try to catch him, or interfere in any way with his liberty, he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you; he will pull your hair, pick at your eyes, and give you as much of his company as you desire.

For Our Little Ones.



THE RUNAWAY GOOSIE.

ONE day, out in the clover,
That the sun was glancing over,
From mother and from brothers and from sisters in
their play,
Through a hole or broken paling,
Where the pretty vines were trailing,
A little baby goosie in the summer-time did stray.

It was big with thought and feeling,
And the freedom it was stealing
Sent a tingle to its wing-tips and its little yellow toes;
It marched as brave and steady
As an army when it's ready,
And it seemed to say, "Oh, come and see where little
goosie goes!"

Where the tallest grass is bending,
Its onward course was tending,
Leaving funny little foot-prints in the yellow, dusty
road.

It caught both bugs and beetles,
From weeds that looked like steeples;
But its heart grew very heavy, as if it bore a load.

When the night-wind sighed and quivered,
The little goosie shivered,
And it said, "I want my mamma, and I want to see
them all."

But it could not bring them over
All the dewy grass and clover,
So it hunted till it found the hole within the garden-
wall.

It knew its mamma missed it,
For she smoothed it, and she kissed it
In a way that only Mamma Geese know how to do,
I know.

But if Master Fox had found him
When the night-time closed around him,
His pretty toes and wing-tips had been scattered
high and low.

—Our Little Ones.

JOHNNY BEGINS TO STUDY BOTANY.

JOHNNY is an imitative little fellow. Whenever he sees any one doing anything, he is very apt to want to do it, too. He came the other day to my summer study-room—in the hay barn on the hill, where the air is always fresh and cool, and found me busy with a lot of plants that I had gathered in the woods that morning. He looked on curiously for a little while, then asked what I was doing that for.

"Doing what?"

"Why, picking all those weeds to pieces, and putting them away in those big books."

"I'm afraid you haven't been looking sharp," I replied. "I don't put away those I pick to pieces."

Johnny was still again for two or three minutes, then he broke out with, "What do you pick them to pieces for?"

I told him they were plants that were new to me, and I was studying them to learn what they were like and what their relations were.

"Relations!—Do plants have relations?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"That's queer! And is that the way you learn so much about them?"

"Chiefly."

"I wish I could do that," he said, after another period of silent watching.

"So you can."

"When?"

"Any time; now if you want to."

"Will you show me how?"

"With pleasure."

"Right away?"

"Right away."

"Well," said Johnny, after waiting awhile, "I'm ready."

"So am I."

"But I don't know what to do," said Johnny.

"You must get your plants first," said I.

"Where?"

"Anywhere—out in the garden, if you like."

Johnny ran to the garden, and was soon back again, with his hands full of leaves and stems.

"Will these do?" he asked.

"Suppose you wanted to study animals, and I

should give you the ear of a dog, the tail of a cat, the foot of a hen, a cow's horn, and a piece of sheep-skin, to begin

with. Do you think they would help you much?"

Johnny laughed at the idea of such a funny mess, and said he thought a whole dog would be better.

"A good deal better, and one whole plant would be better than all these pieces."

"Can't you tell me what the names are from the pieces?"

"I could, but names are not what you are to study. You are to study plants."

"Of course," said Johnny, not knowing what else to say.

"I will go with you," I said, "and show you how to get something to study."

When we reached the garden, I stooped to dig up a weed that few boys in the country do not know something about—purslain, or, as it is commonly called, *pusley*.

"What is the use of taking that?" inquired Johnny. "Everybody knows what that is."

"We'll take it, for all that. Perhaps we may learn something about it that you never noticed before."

"That's catnip," said Johnny, as I began to dig up another plant that stood near the first. "You aren't a-going to take that, are you?"

"Why not?"

"'Cause I've known catnip ever since I can remember."

"Shut your eyes," said I. "Now tell me what kind of stalk catnip has."

"Why," said Johnny, hesitating, "it's just like—any other stalk."

"Like *pusley*?"

"No; *pusley* hasn't any stalk; it just sprawls on the ground."

"Like mullein stalk?"

"No, not like that."

"Like corn stalk or thistle?"

"Not like them, either," said Johnny. "It's like—I guess I don't remember exactly what it is like."

"So you don't know catnip so well as you thought?"

"These two will be enough to begin with," I continued. "Study them carefully, and when I have finished with my plants, I will come to see how you get on."

Johnny soon tired of studying by himself, or may be he did not find very much to learn; at any rate it was but a little while before he stood at my table, plants in hand.

"Well," I said, as I put away my work, "what have you discovered?"

"Catnip stalk is square," said the young botanist.

"Good; anything more?"

"It smells," said Johnny.

"What like?"

"Like—like catnip tea," said Johnny.

"Very like, indeed. What else have you learned?" Johnny hesitated.

"Is the *pusley* stem anything like catnip?" I asked.

"Do you call those stems, when they don't stand up?" was Johnny's questioning reply.

"Yes, those are stems."

"They're round," said Johnny, "and smooth. Catnip is fuzzy a little, and the stems are straight."

"Anything more?"

"The leaves are bigger than *pusley* leaves, and thinner, and softer," said Johnny, comparing them.

"We haven't finished with the stalk yet. Can you tell me anything more about it?"

"That's all I know," said Johnny.

"How about the color?"

"It's green."

"Is the *pusley* stem green?"

"Some of it, and some of it's almost white; and some is almost red; queer, isn't it?" he went on, spreading the plant out, as it grew in the garden. "The under side of the stem is pale, and the upper side is red—tanned, I guess, in the sun."

"It looks like it," I said. "What is the color inside?"

"Shall I break it?"

"Certainly."

Johnny bent the *pusley* stem with both hands, and to his surprise, it snapped short off.

"Oh," he cried, "how brittle it is! I didn't think it would break so sudden."

"Try the catnip stem."

"It won't break."

"Cut it with my knife."

"It's tough," said Johnny, "and woody, and hollow. The stalk is square, but the hole is round."

I took the knife, cut the stem across at a joint, and said, "I don't see any hole here."

Johnny was puzzled.

"See," I said, splitting the stalk lengthwise, "the hollow is closed up at the joints, where the branches begin."

"I shouldn't have thought of that," said Johnny. "What a lot of things there is to learn about one stem."

"We've scarcely made a beginning yet. But before we go further, let us recall what we have already found out:—

"The catnip stalk is square; stands up straight; has a strong odor; is slightly fuzzy; is green; is rough and woody; will not break easily; is hollow, except at the joints; and—"

"That's all I can think of," said Johnny.

"And the *pusley* stem is round; lies flat on the ground; is smooth; brittle; pale green below, and red on top; solid—are you sure of that?"

Johnny split a *pusley* stem its whole length, and said there was no sign of a hole in it, adding, meditatively, a moment after, "It takes a great deal of study to find out all about a plant, don't it? if it is a weed."

"A very great deal."

"I think I know all about these now," said he.

"Oh, no!" said I, "not nearly. You haven't learned anything about the roots yet, nor the branches, nor how they grow, nor about the flowers, nor the seeds, nor when they come up in the spring, nor when they die in the fall, nor what things eat them, nor what they are good for, nor what their relations are, nor—"

"I'll never be able to learn all that!" cried Johnny, fairly frightened by the greatness of the task he had undertaken. "And there are such a lot of plants."

"It would be a terrible task, indeed, if you had to learn it all at once. But you haven't. Just keep your eyes open, and take notice of the different plants you see, and you will get better and better acquainted with them every year. The older you grow, the faster you will learn, and the more you will enjoy it. In a few years it will be pleasanter than play to you."

"I hope so," said Johnny, resolutely; "for I've got to learn them all. I'll try, anyhow."—*Selected.*

THE CACTUS OF MEXICO.

A LONG time before Columbus discovered America, the Aztecs, or ancient Mexicans, were looking about for a place in which to build their houses, and settle down.

These Aztecs came from a country far to the north of what is now Mexico.

In their wanderings they came first to the Great Salt Lake, in Utah. Here they stopped a while to rest. Then they moved on to a place near the river Gila.

They wandered in this way from place to place for about one hundred and thirty years, when they came to the shores of Lake Texcoco.

A wise man had told the Aztecs that when they came to a spot where an eagle was perched upon a rock, in that place they must build their city.

As they drew near Lake Texcoco, they saw an eagle perched upon a branch of the nopal cactus, which grew out of a crevice in a rock. The eagle held a serpent in its beak.

Then they knew that this was the place where they were to build their city. They built it on the little islands of the lake, and called it a name which meant "nopal on a stone."

This old story is the origin of the Mexican coat of arms, which is an eagle perched upon a cactus stem, and holding a serpent in his beak. This coat of arms is stamped upon the coin of Mexico, and painted upon her flags.

The Mexican flag has three bars of equal width

across it—green, white, and red. The central one is white, and upon it is the old coat of arms.

And the Mexicans have taken the nopal cactus for their national flower. The nopal cactus is also called the prickly-pear. It often grows several feet in height. It has leaf-like joints, which spread out in such a way they look like large rabbit's ears.

It is covered with sharp thorns, of an orange color. Its blossom is bright yellow, and its fruit is smooth and red, and good to eat.

The name of the city the Aztecs built was afterward changed to Mexico, and such it is called to this day. It grew in time into a very beautiful city, and looked, it is said, more like the work of fairies than of human beings. But in the sixteenth century, the Spanish conqueror, Cortez, seized it and destroyed a good deal of it, and it has never been so beautiful since.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

BY THE WAYSIDE.

THE train from the East had just steamed into one of the great Chicago depots.

Mrs. Vance and Marguerite, with Aunt Fanny, had secured a carriage, in which they were waiting for the trunks to be brought from the baggage-car.

It was not tiresome waiting, however, for there was so much of interest in the busy scene before them. It seemed as if confusion reigned supreme, yet there was a wonderful order and system that put inquiring travelers where they belonged, one in this cab, another in that, directed Mr. Flurry and soothed Miss Worry all in a breath. The coolness and good nature of the officials was something marvelous, considering how they were beset on all sides.

In the background, kept apart by themselves, was a company of emigrants. There were anxious ones among them also, but to any questioning they were made to understand that they must wait quietly where they were for a later train, which would bear them still farther from the native land, already so many, many miles away.

Marguerite was greatly interested in noticing the queer costumes of these poor people. She wondered how the women could be comfortable this warm day, dressed in such heavy short skirts, and with shawls or kerchiefs fastened over the head, while others who were bareheaded looked nearly as uncomfortable, with the sun's rays beating down upon them. Most of them were very light-complexioned, with yellowish hair, and many of the children had hair that either had never had any color, or else had been thoroughly bleached.

Bundles of every shape and size, luncheon boxes, great packs of bedding tied with rope, and a medley of other things composed their baggage.

They looked tired and disconsolate. Some leaned against the building, some sat upon their bundles, while others had seated themselves upon the sidewalk. Those who were restless or more wide-awake, paced up and down, their eager talk being easily overheard but not understood, and Marguerite wished so much that she knew what the queer-sounding words meant.

Her attention was soon especially drawn toward a group a little apart from the rest. On the ground sat a woman, a baby asleep on her lap, two small children leaning against her, and behind her stood a man, his hands deeply buried in his pockets, a troubled frown knitting his brows. The woman looked very pale and tired, but what troubled Marguerite was a sight of the tears trickling over the thin cheeks, dropping upon the sleeping child. The mother made no effort to wipe them away, but gazed steadily before her, noticing nothing that went on about her.

"O mamma, auntie, do look!" whispered Marguerite. "What do you think is the matter with her?"

"Poor creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Vance. "How homesick and discouraged she does look. 'A stranger in a strange land'!"

"How I wish I could ask her what troubles her, and cheer her up a little. But of course she can not understand a word I might say," said Aunt Fanny.

Marguerite looked down at the pretty basket she was carrying. In it were some luscious grapes and peaches. She had bought them with her own money, and was taking them home to her papa, a return present, after her absence of several weeks. Of course he could have fruit whenever he chose to buy it, but she knew this would taste much nicer to him because his little girl's love had shown itself by giving it to him. Now, should she go to him empty-handed, after all? They were almost home, and her money was all spent, so she could not take him any more as her own gift. But wouldn't it be nice to make that

poor woman look pleased, and give those children a treat?

"Mamma, may I?" she asked, holding up the basket.

Mamma understood.

"If you like, dear," was her answer.

In a moment Marguerite sprang from the carriage, ran across the sidewalk, and placing the basket upon the woman's lap, she said, gently,—

"I am sorry you feel bad. Here is some fruit for you."

The words had no meaning to the poor emigrant, but the soft voice and kind look, the pretty basket with its fragrant contents, needed no interpretation. There was a quick, grateful glance, some foreign words of thanks, and, as she quickly regained her seat in the carriage, Marguerite was delighted to see that the mother, while dividing the fruit, looked less sad, and really smiled while urging the man to take a share. They all looked smilingly at Marguerite, and waved their hands when the carriage was driven away.

"Why, I feel real well acquainted with them," said Marguerite, looking back.

That evening, as she sat upon her father's knee, and told him the incident, she asked, a little anxiously:—

"Do you care, papa, because I gave away your grapes?"

"No, indeed, dear! I am only too glad that you gave a 'cup of cold water' to one of God's poor, sorrowing ones," was the reply.—*The Well-Spring.*

A KING'S REWARD FOR FAITHFULNESS TO PARENTS.

It is related of Gustavus, king of Sweden, that in one of his journeys he stopped at a little cottage to ask for a drink. A peasant girl came out, and without knowing who he was, attended at once to his request. She answered the king so pleasantly, and served him so readily, that he resolved to confer a favor upon her, and said that if she would come to Stockholm, he would find her a very comfortable situation. To his surprise, the girl was unwilling to leave her home. The reason was soon given.

"My mother is ill," she said, "and there is no one to attend to her but myself."

The king then went in to see the girl's mother. The poor woman was lying on a bed of straw. She was in great pain.

"I am very sorry," said the king, "to see you in this sad state."

"Alas, sir!" she cried, "I should be sad indeed, were it not for the kindness and attention of that dear, good girl. She labors to support me, and does everything she can for my comfort. May God remember it to her for good."

The king was deeply affected. He at once slipped a purse of gold into the daughter's hand, and said,—

"Stay where you are, and continue to take care of your mother. You are in your right place, and I would not for a moment persuade you to come away."

When the king got back to Stockholm, he ordered a sum of money to be paid to the poor woman as long as she lived, and took special care that after her death her daughter should continue to receive it. The king, you see, was considerate as well as sympathetic. He thought of how he could best serve this suffering woman and her loving child.

As the king of Sweden took notice of and rewarded the faithfulness of a little girl to her mother, so does Jesus observe the kindness and devotion of children to their parents now, and he will certainly reward it, both in this life and in the life to come.

A SHEPHERD'S STORY ABOUT SHEEP.

MR. BLANE (late of South Africa) relates: "I remember a dear old fellow-workman for the Lord, who had long been a shepherd on the Westmoorland Hills. He told me a peculiar thing about sheep. When a sheep went astray, it always went against the storm. Right in the teeth of the wind, blinded by the rain or snow, tearing itself on thorns, stumbling over stones or against jagged rocks, on it would totter, until, exhausted, it would sink down to die or be found by its rescuer. Of course the shepherd knew the course the sheep would be likely to take, and throughout all the weary night he would seek it, glad if at last he found it in time to save it. So we, poor sinners, in straying away from Christ have our faces against the storm. On we struggle through temptation and sin, until, unable to battle longer, we succumb, and let sin gather around us and upon us. We should be utterly lost if Jesus, the Good Shepherd, did not seek us. O weary ones, hear the voice of Jesus as he calls

you. Give one cry for help, and he will come to you and save you."—*Selected.*

Letter Budget.

CHARLES G. BELLAH writes from Butler Co., Mo., saying: "I live about one mile from Sabbath-school, where I go every Sabbath, and get the INSTRUCTOR. I like to read it very much, and when I have done using my papers, I give them to a friend. Sabbath-school has been held at this place a little over a year. I go early in the morning, and build fires. I am in the Bible class, and try to learn my lessons well. I have read the Bible about half through, and mean to read it through several times. We live near a large bottom, where the water overflows, and washes peoples' fences down. Near by is a large lake, on which I sometimes take boat-rides. There are a great many ducks on the lake. We do not have day school now. It is held only four months in the year; but they are going to try to have six months next time. I am half through the arithmetic. There are but few scholars in the district. Sometimes only five a day come to school. We take the *Review and Herald*. I like to read the letters in the INSTRUCTOR very much."

ALTIE M. BLUNCK writes from Bellevue, but she does not tell in what State she lives. She says: "We live in a very pleasant place. I keep the Sabbath with my parents. I have two sisters and two brothers, all younger than I am. I am ten years old. My sister and I go to day school, and we go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. My ma's aunt is living with us. She is an old lady, and four years ago she was paralyzed so she cannot walk. I try to be good to her. Pa got her an invalid's rolling chair. Pa is canvassing for 'Great Controversy.' West of our house are some red mountains of rock. We can see men to work getting out rocks and loading them on cars. Then the engine comes and takes the loaded cars along. I want to be a good girl, so I can meet all the Budget family in the new earth."

ELLEN THOMSON, of Bay Co., Mich., says: "I wrote a letter before, and I did not see it printed, so I thought I would write again. I am ten years old. I have two brothers. We came here from Scotland one year ago. We had very stormy weather, and were thirteen days on our voyage. We were glad when we got to port. My mamma was the sickest in our family, my brother was not sick at all, and papa not very much. We go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I am trying to be a good girl, so as to meet you all in the new earth."

ELSIE JENNINGS writes from Monroe Co., Wis.: "I am twelve years old. I did not attend school very regularly this winter. I go to Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath, and study in Book No. 4. I like to read the letters in the Budget, and so I thought I would write one. I have three brothers and no sisters. I have a step-mother. My own mother died when I was nine years old. I have two hens. My grandpa has been sick about a year; he cannot stand on his feet. He has to stay abed nearly all the time. I want to be a good girl, and meet you all in the earth made new."

MYRTLE ROBINSON writes from Monroe Co., Wis.: "I am ten years old. I go to Sabbath-school when I can. I have one half brother and sister that are married, and one little brother eight years old, and one little sister six years old. We live on a farm. I have one cat, one calf, a bird, and two hens. I could not go to school this winter. Mamma raises birds to sell. Indians camped a little ways from our house last fall. Mamma is not very well, so I help her all I can. I am trying to be a good girl. Pray for me that I may be saved."

EMMA MCBRIDE writes from Wood Co., W. Va.: "I wrote once before, but did not see my letter printed. I am twelve years old. I have four brothers and two sisters. My oldest brother and I were baptized this winter by Bro. Wilson. He has gone to Georgia now; we were all sorry to see him go. We all keep the Sabbath but papa, and we hope he will soon. Pray for him. Good-by."

CHARLES BROWN writes from Madison Co., N. Y.: "I am a little boy ten years old. I love to read the letters in the Budget. I have a brother and a sister younger than I am. We have two calves and one lamb. The lamb had its leg broken. We have five cows and fifty hens. We live with grandma on the farm."

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