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For the INSTRUCTOR.

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK."

BLESSED are the meek, who have that spirit
That breathes from all things fair in earth and heaven!
The sunshine pours again the blessing given
In meekness on the fields. It asks no merit;
No praise exalts it, and no censure pains,
But like God's love it pours upon the plains.

The rose grows sweet, with meekness bending lowly,
Blushes to find its praises spoken so,
Yet breathes as sweet, with incense rare and holy,
When 'neath our feet 'tis crushed and trodden low.
So with the lily, lighting up with beauty,
It calmly lives for God in stainless duty.

These are but types of our exalted Saviour,
Forgetful of himself, he lived for others,
And lived before us Heaven's high behavior,
And poured his love as fragrance for his brothers.
Tempted like them to grieve o'er life's sad woes,
He only was the Lily and the Rose.

O, may our days be sweet as holy petals,
Not odorless, but precious with love's bloom;
Not dry and thorny and like noisome nettles,
Malignant with sharp words and looks of gloom,
But, like the sunshine and the lily holy,
Bloom sweet for God and man in meekness lowly.

FANNIE BOLTON.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

ROUND THE WORLD.—33.

THE PARSEES.

IT is a proverb among travelers that when Arctic explorers discover the North Pole, they will find a Scotchman sitting on top, waving aloft the flag of his country. This adage has arisen from the peculiar propensity of that nation to be found always on the frontier of unsettled territories, battling with the savages, and establishing law and civilization. They are the *bona fide* pioneers of the British nation. To this adage an Anglo-Indian will invariably add another, "And also a Parsee's shop." One might properly designate the Parsees as a race of store-keepers. They do not seem to turn their attention very much to the practice of law, or to becoming physicians, but as a rule enter business as merchants, traders, etc. They are keen in business, but, taken together, are perhaps at the same time more honest than any other race on earth.

The native population in Bombay is numbered at between one and two million, and the British at about fifteen thousand, but the Parsees attract the most attention from the visitor. The more their history is studied, the more interesting they become.

Their former home was in Persia, and the founder of the religion which they profess was named Zoroaster, who lived contemporaneously with Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher. After the battle of Thermopylae, the Persian Empire began to decline, till at last their armies suffered disastrous defeat at the battle of Arbela, in 331 B. C. After this the Mohammedans began to persecute the followers of Zoroaster, slaying them by the thousands. They were indeed given their choice as to whether they would turn Mohammedan or suffer death. Many relinquished their faith, but others preferred to sacrifice their lives rather than to deny the religion they held so dear.

They remained in their native land for a considerable time, but little by little it became evident to them that, in order to exist as a people, it would be necessary for them to go elsewhere. Accordingly, in

the year 600 A. D., the remnant of the Parsee people, consisting of about 12,000 souls, men, women, and children, left their native land in small sailing ships for India. The voyage was stormy, and their ships badly foundered, so that six hundred were drowned en route during a gale which wrecked several of the fleet. The remainder finally landed at Saugur, on the western coast of India, and there made a treaty with the Hindoo king. The chief stipulations of this treaty were that,—

1. They must assist him in time of war.
2. That they were not to eat beef or pork.
3. On occasions of marriage or death they were to give alms to the Brahmins.

them those of the women, and nearest the center the little children. Little drains cut into the stone divide up the whole space into lots just large enough to contain one body. No sooner have the bearers left the towers than the vultures, who are ever to be seen sitting on the wall, come down and pick the flesh till nothing remains but the bones, which are washed down into the well in the center by the rains, and carried off to sea. Thus the tower is being continually rid of the dead, so that other bodies can be put in their places.

They believe in one God as the Creator and all-powerful being, but have no faith in Christ as the world's Redeemer. Formerly there were twenty-one



PARSEE GROUP.

4. They were never to take part in any discussion concerning the Hindoo religion.

Shortly after this treaty was effected, four hundred of them were killed while fighting for the Hindoo monarch. This left only two hundred, of whom only ten were women. Tradition says that some of the men intermarried with the Hindoos, and so influenced their wives that they forsook the faith of their fathers, and became devout Parsees.

When a Parsee dies, it is one of the tenets of their creed that his body must remain exposed to the rays of the sun, without touching the soil, or he cannot go to heaven. The outcome of this belief is the "towers of silence," which were represented in the cut accompanying the last article. At Bombay they are large circular buildings, situated on rising ground. One doorway about half-way up leads into them, and on a level with this inside is a stone floor sloping inwards toward a large hole in the center, from the bottom of which are pipes leading to the sea. On that part of the floor next the outer wall, the corpses of the men are laid, without any coffin, next below

books setting forth the doctrines of their religion, but at present there is only one, as all the others were burned by the Arabs. No Europeans are permitted to enter their temples, where fire is kept ever burning on the altar. It is frequently stated that they are worshipers of the sun, moon, stars, and water, but this they deny. They say that the sun, moon, stars, sea, etc., are the greatest of God's creative works, and that when they stand with their faces toward any of them, it is that their minds may be called away from the little things in their own lives to the magnitude of the power of God.

Many times in the evening I have watched them coming down to the sea-shore to pray. They come, men and women, and stand facing the mighty ocean, with their eyes upturned to the sky, praying frequently for half an hour at a time. But before commencing their adorations and supplications, a very curious ceremony is performed. Around the waist every Parsee has a cord, called the "Kusti." This is made of pure white lamb's wool, and is composed of seventy-two distinct strands, denoting sev-

enty-two doctrines of religion, while the material and color signify the character of the people professing such a religion.

Their morality and uprightness in deal exceed that of the English-speaking races. Nearly all of them are wealthy. The national love existing between them is very strong, and they never allow one of their own name to come to want. They support a large number of hospitals, homes for the friendless, and other kindred institutions. As a rule, they are well educated, not only speaking their own language, but also English and Hindoo. They mix but little with Europeans except on business, and neither race knows much of the domestic life of the other. To become the theme of public comment or conversation they especially abhor, and it was with difficulty that I obtained the accompanying photograph, as they absolutely forbid the artists to sell their pictures to outsiders. They always marry among themselves, and consider it a disgrace to do otherwise.

Their dress, especially the hats of the men, is peculiar, as will be noticed in the cut. These have something the appearance of what is known in America as a plug hat, with the back sliced obliquely off. The legend is that many years ago one of their high priests was attacked, the would-be murderer making a vigorous blow at the skull. But as soon as the sword struck the hat worn by the priest, it glanced, and instead of cleaving the head, merely cut off the back of the hat.

The gospel of Christ has made little headway among the Parsees, who now number about 100,000 in India. They say that they do not see that the lives of those professing Christianity are as moral or as upright as those of their own people, and therefore they see no need of forsaking the doctrines of Zoroaster and accepting those of the Christian's Bible. The basis of their reasoning is only too true. Those who profess the name of Christ, who fight, or profess to fight, beneath the blood-stained banner of Calvary, need to have their lives molded more closely after that of the Great Pattern, ere they can hope to convert such a people as the Parsees. This thought should stimulate all who really love their Saviour to let their light shine that others may see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven.

P. T. M.

"THEE NEEDS A LITTLE SWEETENING."

"THEE needs a little sweetening. Vinegar never catches flies, Rachel," said a dear, gentle lady to a beautiful young girl, who was, at thirteen, sour in disposition and sharp-tongued.

Rachel called herself a follower of Christ. She truly desired to do his bidding.

She denied herself pleasures that she might give to others, and read the Bible daily, yet there was something lacking.

The children attending the mission-school were not interested in any work of hers.

Young girls of her own age turned away from her. In the home circle no one sought her society, while freckled-faced sister Mollie, a merry, laughing girl, was in demand at all times.

To her good, far-seeing Aunt Love she confided her disappointment and desire to work for the Master.

"I—I—need sweetening, auntie," said Rachel wonderingly, as they sat upon the river-bank in the shade of a monster elm upon a hot morning.

"I said it, Rachel," replied Martha Love placidly.

"And you, too, auntie, believe in sweet words and deceits. I did think you would advise me to be true and speak truthfully. I don't want to be sugary sweet, and gloss over things."

"Stay, Rachel—thou can be kind, and yet follow Jesus. You are seldom kind. No! I must speak plainly, though I wound thee; it is for thy good. Jesus was always tender and kind, even when dealing with the wicked and those who despitefully used him. He taught us truth, yes, but that does not mean that we are to speak out the disagreeable things that come into our mind. When people went to him for comfort, no matter how much he suffered, he spoke to them kindly. Thee prides thyself upon thy frankness, and boasts of speaking out thy mind, and that thee harbors no deceit. Dear child, I have seen thy companions look as if they had received a blow after thee had said something particularly insulting.

"Yes, insulting, Rachel.

"Those who know thee best excuse thy speeches by saying, 'It is the child's way; she means nothing by it. How is thee going to win souls to Christ if thee continues to drive away, with sharp words and unkind treatment, those whom thee would attract?

"I think Christ's smile must have been rarely sweet

and his voice loving and soft when he pleaded, 'Come, and be saved.'

Unless thee tries now, before habit is firmly fixed upon thee for life, thy voice will grow more shrill and petulant. How can thee nurse the sick, and woo them back to health, if thee still clings to thy fretful manners?

"That we are all full of faults, and there are many wrongs in the world, all will admit; but Rachel, what of the beam in thine own eye?

"There have been many earnest and devoted men and women, anxious to comfort the sick and distressed, and tell them of Jesus and his great love for the weak and suffering; but a sharp, commanding manner prevented their reaching the 'real heart.' The harvest will be 'nothing but leaves,' or a very few 'sheaves.'

"Pray over it, and for more love and charity. The more thee fills thy heart with these, the less thee will incline to say and do that which will provoke and wound. Leave all probing for the surgeon, and bear in mind the bruised in heart, weary and sick, or the distrustful and soured, need the balm of hope, oil of gladness, and tender compassion for their healing. Fill thy soul full of the sweetness of the love that Christ will give thee. The Lord's handmaidens will receive full measure."—*The Well-Spring.*

TWO OR THREE RULES.

You are old enough, dear, to think for yourself about your relations to other people, and to behave in such a manner that your friends will enjoy being with you. Half the annoyances which fret us in our homes are caused by the thoughtlessness of those who would be very pleasant companions if they would be mindful of two or three very easy and simple rules.

Let me mention some of the rules which are among the more important, and which are observed by well-bred people the world over. Politeness springs from kindness of heart, and polite ladies and gentlemen avoid rudeness for the reason that it wounds others, and is the cause of friction in every-day life. Nobody can afford to be in the least rude. Mark what I say—in the least. And so it is a good thing to know what is proper in society, and what, on the other hand, is boorish.

Except at the door of a room which is intended for the common use of the household, as, for instance, the door of the drawing-room or the family sitting-room or the dining-room, one should always knock. If papa is in his library, the well-bred little son or daughter will tap gently for admission, not rush in like a small whirlwind. If mamma is in her own room, even though the dear lady allows it to be regarded as a free-and-easy camping-ground for the whole family, it is right that you should knock, and await consent to come in before you enter. Sisters and brothers should observe this formality, and not take for granted their right to interrupt whatever the possessor of an apartment may be doing. Above all things, do not fly unannounced and uninvited into any one's room in a house where you happen to be a guest. The hostess may take no notice of your intrusion, but all the same she will reflect that your mother did not train you rightly, or you would not be a little social Goth or Vandal. Set this down as a rule which you intend to keep:—

"I will always knock at the doors of other people's rooms."

Intimate friends sometimes fall into an unceremonious way of running into the private rooms of a house without special invitation. This is sometimes admissible, as, for instance, at my friend Jack Hillyer's. Jack has a charming apartment, in which he keeps collections of several kinds—his books and papers, his tools and fishing-rods, and the various treasures which an only son gathers around him, particularly when he has indulgent parents who gratify his tastes so far as they can. "The fellows," as Jack calls his friends, know that they are welcome here at almost any hour, and that Jack likes to find them seated beside his big bay window or before his fire. It is understood that Frank, Hal, and Charley are to be sent to Jack's den whenever they ring the front-door bell.

But Jack's sister Helen has given no such permission to her girl friends, and she does not want them to come to her chamber until or unless she sends for them. She was prepared to be very fond of a certain new neighbor, until Lily put it quite out of the question by presenting herself at seven o'clock in the morning, work in hand, saying:—

"Why, haven't you had breakfast yet? Ours was over some time ago. Papa has to catch the train, you know. Never mind me; I'll sit here and make myself at home while you finish dressing."

Never make yourself at home in such a fashion as this. Let another rule be:—

"I will always wait to be invited before going into the private sitting-room of a friend."

There is another unwritten law which you are old enough to observe, and that is one which concerns other people's books. If you have borrowed a book, you are not at liberty to lend it again, nor to pass it from hand to hand among the neighbors. It was lent to you, and you should read and return it in as good order as you can. Two persons cannot comfortably and conveniently read the same book at the same time, so when the monthly magazines or papers come, the thing to do is to take turns. One should wait for another in this world, and so I come to my last bit of advice here, which I would have you write down, if you like it, in this way:—

"I will be very considerate about other people's books, and will always wait until my turn comes before reading a book which belongs to the family."—*Aunt Majorie Precept, in Harper's Young People.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

A BIBLE PICTURE.

At one time the children of Israel forsook the Lord, and began to serve Baalim and Ashtaroth and the gods of the heathen nations around them. Then the Lord left them to their enemies, and the Philistines and the Amorites came to make war upon them.

The Israelites were greatly distressed, and they cried unto the Lord, and confessed their sin in forsaking the one true God and serving idols. They put away the false gods, and prayed God for deliverance.

Then the Lord was grieved for the misery of his people; he heard their prayers, and freely forgave them, and raised up a great commander to deliver them from the enemy. When the Spirit of the Lord came upon this "mighty man of valor," he went over Jordan to fight against the Amorites, and the Lord delivered them into his hand, and he smote them with a great slaughter, entirely subduing them, and capturing twenty of their cities.

And then the brave warrior returned home at the head of his victorious army. There were great rejoicings, and, according to the custom of those ancient times, a band of singing women came forth from the city to greet the triumphal procession with music and the dance. As this band of maidens approached nearer, the brave commander, who never quailed before the enemy, was suddenly overcome with terror. His cheeks were blanched; he rent his garments, and cries out in anguish, "Alas, . . . thou hast brought me very low!"

Who was this mighty warrior? Why did he rend his garments? and why were the shouts of victory so quickly changed to mourning? Who can find the chapter in the Bible that will tell the rest of the story?

MRS. A. W. HEALD.

A POTATO.

"I CAN'T afford it," John Hale, the rich farmer, answered, when asked to give to missions.

Harry, his grandson, was grieved.

"But the poor heathen; is it not too bad that they cannot have churches and school-houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen? Would you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it."

"If you do not feel able to give money, will you give a potato?"

"A potato!" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces in four years?"

"O, yes," setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen; these the following season became a peck; the next season, seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, the potatoes had increased to seventy bushels, and when sold, the amount realized was, with a glad heart, put into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed,—

"Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered."

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home?—*Gospel in All Lands.*

He who hath lost God hath nothing more to lose; he hath lost all. But he that hath gained God hath nothing more to gain; he hath got all.—*Swinnoek.*

For Our Little Ones.



"Oh, see that pretty moss! It is like a star."

It was clinging to a rock by the sea-shore. It was not moss, but an animal.

"It is a sea-star, Nellie, or a star-fish, as some call it. Take it in your hand. You will not be hurt."

"Why, Uncle John! he is all legs. Where are his eyes and nose?"

"The sea-star has neither eyes, nose, nor ears, Nellie. In fact, he has no head at all. Those little feelers on what you call his legs are really all the legs and arms he has. His mouth and stomach are all the same."

"Oh, how funny!"

"Yes, he is a curious animal. When he has finished one meal, some of those little arms sweep his stomach clean, and then he is ready for another."

"And what does he have to eat?"

"Well, Miss Nellie, he is as fond of oysters as you are. Though he seems so feeble, the strongest shell-fish cannot escape him. He sends a poisonous juice through the valves of the oyster, which makes him open his shell. Then the sea-star has a fine feast."

"The wicked creature."

"Yes, the oyster fishermen are no friends of the star-fish. But it makes a pretty ornament when dried. Do you want to take him home?"

"I am afraid of being poisoned."

"I will tell you what to do. Place him in this little wooden box. I will bore some holes in it. Then put him down over an ant's nest. They will prepare him nicely for you. His poison does not harm the ants. Perhaps there are ant doctors who cure them."—*Selected.*

JOHNNY BURNS HIMSELF WITHOUT ANY FIRE.

JOHNNY found a big brass button one day, and set to work to make it shine by rubbing it on a piece of cloth.

"Isn't it bright?" he said, admiringly, after working a while. "Just like gold."

Then he rubbed away again as hard as he could. Finally, to brush off some chalk dust that clung to the button,—for I had told him to chalk the cloth to make it brighten the button quicker,—he rubbed the button on the back of his hand.

"Ow!" he cried, dropping the button.

"What's the matter?" asked Fanny, who was looking on.

"It burnt me."

"You're fooling," said Fanny.

"No, I'm not," Johnny replied. "It was hot."

"Hot!" echoed Fanny. "How could it be hot?"

"I don't know," said Johnny. "Any how, it burnt me."

"Nonsense! it's as cold as anything," said Fanny, picking up the button.

"It may be cold now; but it was hot,—very warm, any way."

"What a silly boy! You just imagined it. One day you thought the gate-latch was hot, and it was freezing cold."

Seeing that they were likely to do as a great many older people have done, dispute about what neither understood, I took the button, rubbed it smartly on my coat-sleeve, and then put it to Fannie's cheek.

"There!" exclaimed Johnny, as Fannie cried "O!" and put her hand to her cheek.

"I should not have thought your arm could make it so warm," she said.

I rubbed the button on the carpet, and placed it once more against her cheek, saying,—

"It could n't have been my arm *that* time."

"Of course not," said Johnny.

"What *did* warm it?" Fanny asked, her interest fully roused.

"That's a good puzzle for you to work at," I replied. And they did work at it a long time, rubbing the button on a great number of things, and finding that it always got warm.

"May be the heat comes out of our fingers," Johnny suggested at last.

I thrust a stick through the eye of the button, so that it could be held without its touching the hand, rubbed it on the carpet, and soon it was hotter than ever before.

"I can't understand it," said Fanny.

"I guess it's just the rubbing that heats it," said Johnny.

"A very good guess indeed!" said I; "that is precisely where the heat comes from."

"How?" Fanny asked.

"That is not so easy to explain to little people like you. Perhaps it will be enough for you to remember, just now, that rubbing causes heat. When you are older, I'll try to make it clear to you."

"So there are two ways to get heat," said Johnny, "fire and rubbing."

"And from the sun, too!" suggested Fanny.

"And that's all," observed Johnny, very positively.

"How do you keep warm in the night, and away from the fire, then?" I asked.

"The bed-clothes keep me warm," said Johnny.

"Is the bed warm when you first get into it?" I asked.

"Bur-r-r!" cried Johnny, with a shiver. "Not in weather like this."

"Then you must warm the bed."

"That's so!" assented Johnny. "But where does the heat come from? and how does it get into me?"

"That's another thing that you'll have to wait till you're bigger before you can understand. Your little body can get heat out of bread and butter just as well as the stove can out of burning coal; but how it does it I couldn't make clear to you if I tried."

"I thought heat always came from fire," said Fanny.

"Don't you remember the day when the workmen made mortar for the new house over the way? They poured water over quick-lime, that hissed, and sent up great clouds of steam. Here is an oyster-shell which I burned in the stove for quick-lime to use in making some cement. See, when I pour water on it, the lime drinks up the water, and grows hot."

"But who'd have thought of water setting anything afire!" said Fanny.

"Very great heat comes from mixing things sometimes," I said. "Bring me a glass of water, and I'll show you one way."

While Fanny was gone for the ice-water, I took from a closet a bottle of watery-looking stuff, poured a little into another bottle, and gave the bottle to Johnny to hold.

"Is it warm?" I asked.

"No; quite cold," was the reply.

"How does it feel when I pour in this ice-water?"

"Warm—warmer—hot! Take it quick, somebody. I can't hold it."

Neither Fred nor Fanny would believe that adding ice-water to anything could heat it, until they tried; but they were soon satisfied that the mixture was hot—too hot to allow them to hold it long in their hands.

"That's just magic," said Fred. "But what was in the bottle first?"

"Sulphuric acid. Run and ask Mary for a piece of ice," I added, "and I'll show you something more wonderful than that."

When Mary came with the ice, I took from my cabinet a small vial with a small bead of metal at the bottom, covered with naphtha.

"Is it lead?" Johnny asked when I showed it to him.

"It is potassium," I replied, "and I'm going to set the ice afire with it."

I thought that would surprise Johnny, but it didn't. He looked on as coolly as if I had said I should light a match.

"Stand back! all of you: there may be a small explosion."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" Mary cried.

"Splendid!" said Fannie.

"It beats the magicians!" said Fred.

And Johnny said?—not a word for two minutes, then he turned to me, and remarked admiringly,—

"You can do anything, can't you?"

Really, Johnny's confidence in my ability to do things is positively frightful. I believe if I were to tell him that I'd bring down the moon some day to make him a skating-rink, he'd expect me to do it!

"No, Johnny, there are very few things that I can do, as you will find out in course of time. But now that we are talking of heat, let me show you another way of warming things. Please fetch me a flat-iron, Mary, while Johnny brings me his little hammer. Thank you! Now watch me when I pound this piece of lead, and put your finger on it when I stop."

Johnny was quick with his finger, and as quick to take it away, and put it into his mouth.

"Awful hot!" he said, as soon as he could speak.

"Did the hammering heat it?" Mary asked.

"Yes; I've seen a blacksmith pound a piece of cold iron, until it was hot enough to set wood afire."

"I've read of savages making fire by rubbing sticks together," said Fred. "I tried it once, but couldn't do it at all."

"An Indian showed me how to do it long ago. He took a stick of hard wood, and plowed it up and down in a groove in a piece of soft wood in this way," I said, rubbing the end of a pen-holder up and down a groove in a piece of soft pine. "I never could do it just right; but when he did it, the fine wood-dust at the bottom of the groove soon began to turn black and smoke, and finally took fire. I have done better with the fire-drill that other savages use. There is one that was brought from Australia, I believe. When I press the spindle against a piece of soft, dry wood, and make it spin rapidly,—so,—the spot first smokes, as you see, then takes fire. But that is too tiresome a way when one can buy a bunch of matches for a penny."

"I understand now," said Fred, "what it was that set a teamster's wagon-hub on fire one day in the country. He said it got hot because it wasn't well greased. How could grease prevent fire?"

"Grease would have lessened the friction, and so kept the hub from heating."

"I didn't think of that," said Fred.

"We get fire, too, by rubbing, don't we, when we scratch a match?" Mary asked.

"Certainly; the secret of friction matches is to have their points charged with something that takes fire easily, or at a low heat."

"What is it on them?" Johnny asked.

"Phosphorus, mixed with something to keep it from lighting too easily. Here is some pure phosphorus in this bottle. You rub the button, Johnny, while I take some of it out on the point of my knife. See! the button is hot enough to set the phosphorus afire. We might kindle our fires that way, but it is easier and safer to put the phosphorus on the end of bits of wood, mixed, of course, with what will prevent its taking fire when we do not want it to." Then all we have to do is to rub our match on some rough surface, the friction heats it, the end burns, and our light is ready.

"I read a good story once about a traveler who was stopped somewhere in Asia by a barbarous people who knew nothing of matches. They would not let him go through their country, and set a guard to watch him, while the chiefs debated whether they should kill him or send him back."

"While waiting for their decision, he thought he would take a smoke. He filled his pipe, and taking a match from his pocket, he struck it on the sole of his boot, lighted his pipe, and thought no more about it. To his surprise, the people who were watching him ran off in great haste, and soon there was a great commotion in the village."

He had not long to wait before the chief men came back to him, this time paying him the utmost reverence. Slaves brought him food and fresh horses, and the chiefs begged him most politely to pursue his journey in peace."

"What was the reason?"

"They had seen him, as they thought, draw fire from his foot with his finger, and they feared that such a great conjuror might burn them all up if they offended him."

"That was a lucky match for the traveler," said Fred.—*Eyes Right.*

WHAT MARY GAVE.

SHE gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth.

She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing.

She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother, while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have

seen them very often if our Mary had not offered to attend the door while she was away.

But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face.

She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, and gave patient attention to a long story by her grandmother, and when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss.

Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent.—*The Little Ones.*

ANGEL AND IMP.

ONE is a little angel—
An angel full of grace—
For he makes almost beautiful
A homely, care-worn face.
The other is an imp perverse
Who keeps an evil vow
To make as ugly as he can
The smoothest, whitest brow.

You know the angel and the imp,—
You know them both so well.
Their dictionary names it seems
Superfluous to tell!
And yet to make my riddle clear,
I'm forced to write them down:
The angel is a smile, of course,
The little imp, a frown!

—St. Nicholas.

JASMINE'S VISIT.

"I don't like to be poor!" said Jasmine, with a frown on her dimpled face. "'Tisn't nice at all, and I don't like it."

"Why," said mamma, "I think we are rich."

"Mamma Ferry! we are as poor as we can be, almost. I wish you could see the beautiful things at Pauline Carleton's. Lace curtains and carpets that your feet sink into just as they do in the green moss in the woods; and pictures, and a whole room full of flowers, and the nicest things to eat, and—everything you can think of."

"Those things are pleasant to have," said mamma, with a smile.

"Oh, if you could see Pauline's room, mamma!" said Jasmine. "It is just like a bit of fairy-land; and she has a play-room full of dolls and playthings and toys; and one doll is most as big as she is. It can talk and walk, and it has such beautiful dresses. If I had such beautiful things as Pauline has, I know I should be happy all day long."

"Do you think so?" asked mamma, still smiling. "Well, perhaps so; but I think, dear, we are richer than the Carletons."

"Why, what do mean?" said Jasmine. "They have *everything*, but if there was anything more they wanted, they could buy it; for Pauline says her papa is the richest man in town. He's got piles and piles of money. Why, there is the Carleton carriage stopping at our door!"

Mrs. Ferry answered the door-bell, and found the coachman with a letter.

"It is a note from Pauline's Aunt Sarah," said mamma. "She writes that Pauline has a slight cold, and would like to have you come and stay a few days, as she is lonesome. Do you want to go, dear?"

"Oh, yes, mamma!" cried Jasmine, delighted. "Please get me ready. I'm so glad Pauline wants me. How long am I to stay, mamma?"

"You may stay as long as Pauline wants you, if you like," mamma answered. "Remember, dear, that you are a guest, and try to be polite and lady-like. If you are homesick, you can come back at any time."

"Of course I shan't be homesick there," said the happy little girl. "Good-by, mamma, dear."

Jasmine rode gaily away in the fine carriage, throwing a kiss from the window to her mamma, who watched her from her cottage door.

But the Carleton carriage stopped again at the small house the very next afternoon, and a little girl with a sober face rushed into her mother's arms.

"I'm so glad to be home!" she cried. "O mamma, it seems so good to hug you!"

"I'm glad to have you back again," said mamma. "Papa and I were very lonesome last evening, without our little girl. But I did not expect you so soon. Did you enjoy your visit?"

"No, mamma," said Jasmine. "I tried to do as you said, but I couldn't please Pauline any way—nobody could. I did everything just as she wanted it, and then she said I didn't do anything right. She stamped her foot at the nurse, and talked cross to

Aunt Sarah until I was almost frightened. And mamma, because Aunt Sarah wouldn't give her five kinds of frosted cake to play party with, she threw her beautiful tea-set on the floor, and broke ever so many of the dishes. I couldn't help crying."

"That is very sad," said mamma.

"I'm glad Mr. Carlton isn't my papa," said Jasmine. "Some men brought him home in the evening, and I thought he was sick, he talked so queer and couldn't walk, but Pauline said it was because he drank so much wine. Wasn't it dreadful, mamma?"

"Very dreadful," said Mrs. Ferry.

"Then when we went to bed, Pauline didn't know a single prayer—nobody had told her about it. And no mamma came to kiss us. I cried myself to sleep."

"How very strange," said mamma. "When they have so much money, why couldn't Pauline have sent the nurse to buy her a sweet temper, and a nice papa, who would not drink too much wine? Why didn't she ask Aunt Sarah, or some one, to buy her a dear new mamma, to kiss her at night and love her always?"

Jasmine hid her face on mamma's shoulder.

"Mamma Ferry!" she cried, "I'd rather have you and papa, and my Clarabel, with her arm broken and the paint rubbed off her nose, and our little house, with no carpets or pictures hardly, than all the beautiful things at Pauline's. I had, truly."

Mamma smiled, and said, "I told you so, dear. We are rich—richer than the Carletons."—*Golden Rule.*

BECAUSE I ASKED JESUS.

"MAMMA, is you very sick, and does you think you will die?" asked a little boy of his mother, who had been taken suddenly ill with violent pains in her side.

"I am very sick, but I hope I will not die just now," said the mother.

"You feels too sick to pray, does you?" continued the prattler.

"Yes; couldn't you pray for me?" his mamma said.

"Yes, mamma, I will."

Kissing her good-night, he went to his room, and kneeling, repeated these words first, as was his usual custom:—

"Now I lay me," then, "God bless mamma and papa;" then came the words slowly:—

"Dear Jesus, my mamma is very, very sick. She has such a bad pain in her side, I is afraid she will die if it don't go away, and I don't want my mamma to die. Dear Jesus, take the pain away, and let her be well in the morning. Amen."

Sobs had choked his utterance, but he ended his prayer, and, still crying, went to bed.

His mother, worn out with pain, at last slept, and was awakened by a slight touch, surprised to find it morning, and her little boy beside her.

"Is you well, mamma?"

Drawing a long breath, she found the pain gone.

"I surely am," the happy mother made answer.

"I knew you would be," said the delighted child, "because I asked Jesus."—*Selected.*

DOING ERRANDS FOR CHRIST.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have done something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of fellow as you are have done for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face, and said: "Why, mother, I could have run on all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor old Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them instead, and so do an errand for the Saviour; for when upon earth, he said: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"

So remember, children, whenever you do any kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on the earth, and you were doing it for him.—*The Illustrator.*

I SWEEP UNDER THE MATS.

You have all heard the saying, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." But there are a great many people who do not try to do things the very best. A young woman once came to Mr. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, and asked to be admitted into his church. She was employed in one

of the families of his church. "What evidence can you give that you have been converted?" Mr. Spurgeon asked. She answered, "I now sweep under the mats." That was indeed a very good proof. There are so many persons who do things indifferently, making no conscience of taking pay which they have not earned. Religion must make people industrious and honest. It must make them faithful in all they do, whether working for other people or serving themselves.—*Selected.*

Letter Budget.

FRED McALLISTER writes from Sullivan Co., Ind.: "I am nine years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and keep the Sabbath. We take the INSTRUCTOR. I have a kitten named Pearl and a dog named Bounce, that is just as old as I am. My brother caught four red birds in a trap. At Sabbath-school I study in Book No 1."

ALICE STILSON sends a letter from Ingham Co., Mich., in which she says: "I read the letters in the Budget with interest. I am trying to live so that I may be numbered with those who are saved in God's kingdom. I keep the Sabbath with my mother, two sisters, and two brothers. My father does not keep the Sabbath, but we hope that he will yet do so. Pray for him."

MABEL STOLL writes from Passic Co., N. J., as follows: "I am nine years old. I have one brother and one sister. We all keep the Sabbath except papa. I hope you will all pray for him. I read in the second reader in day school, and at Sabbath-school I study Book No. 4. I have a dog, a cat, and a bird, and my papa has two horses. I would like to see all the Seventh-day Adventist boys and girls in a crowd, and I hope I shall meet them all in the new earth. Last summer there was not any one in this place who kept the Sabbath. Now we have a school of twenty-seven members."

Here are three letters from Coffey Co., Kansas, written by HENRY, EVA, and FANNIE FIELDS. Henry says: "This is my second letter to the Budget. I have been to Sabbath-school only once yet. While the canvassing company is here, I want to go as often as I can. I love to hear the word of God. I want to be a good boy. Pray for me."

Eva says: "I am ten years old. We will go to Sabbath-school as long as the company is here. I never went to one before, so I am in Book No. 1. We have peaches ripe enough now (July) to make pies of. I want to be a good girl."

The next letter reads: "My name is Fannie Fields. I am five years old. I have fourteen little chicks. My mamma made me a nice little bonnet. I have two sisters older than I am. I am trying to be a good girl."

We hope Fannie always keeps the little face under the nice bonnet pleasant and smiling, and never, never lets a frown spoil it.

HERE comes a letter written by BESSIE TYLER, who lives in Fulton. Bessie should remember that there are twenty-four places, in twenty-four different States, each by the name of Fulton; so the editor cannot tell after all where she lives. Little letter-writers should know that every letter ought to have in it the name of the town and of the State where the writer lives, with the date of writing, and should be signed by the full name of the writer. It should also contain, either at the heading or at the bottom, the name and address of the one to whom it is sent; then if any accident happens to the envelope, the letter can still be sent on its way.

Bessie says: "I am a little girl eight years old. I take the INSTRUCTOR and the new paper which is called *Our Little Friend*. We have sold our missionary chickens, and sent the money to help build the ship. Papa bought me two little bantams. They are very tame and pretty. We have lots of little chickens and a cow and calf. We have a nice little dog. I hope that this will be printed soon. I am trying to be a good girl, so that I can live with Jesus when he comes."

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