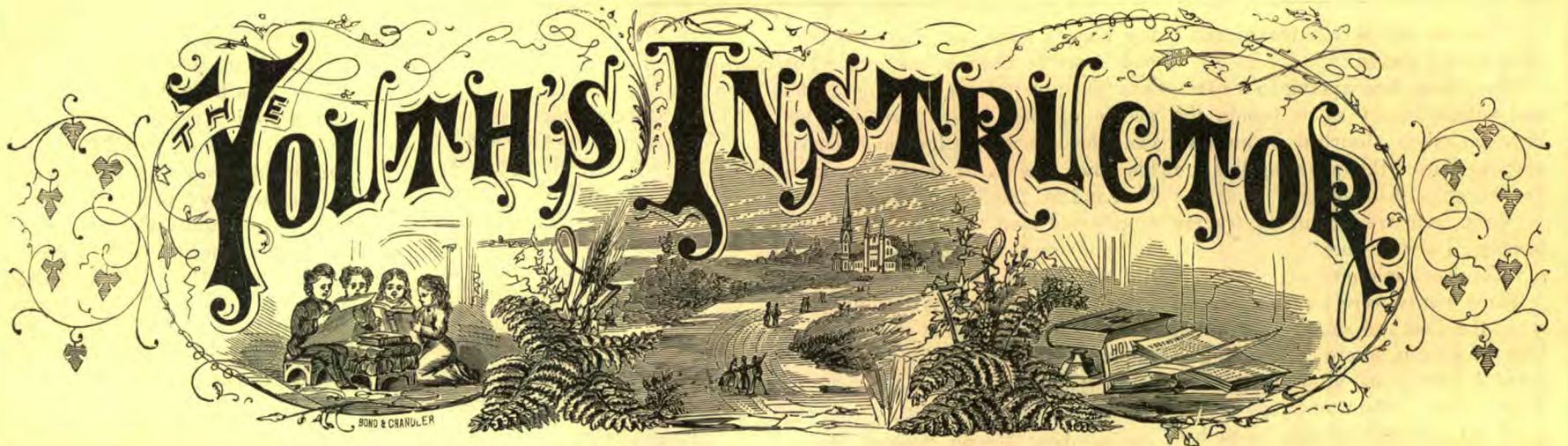


THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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No. 27.

NATURE'S HYMN.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring;
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours the sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,—
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept, earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

—Whittier.

ANCIENT BRITAIN.—NO. 9.

AS we look at the Saxon conquest of Britain, there is one thing that strikes us at once: the new England thus formed was the only purely German nation that rose upon the wreck of Rome. In other lands, in Spain, or Gaul (France), or Italy, though they too were conquered by German peoples, religion, social life, and administrative order, still remained Roman. In Britain alone, Rome died into a vague tradition of the past. The whole organization of government and society disappeared with the people who used it. The villas, the mosaics, the coins which we dig up in our fields, are no relics of our English fathers, but of a Roman world which our fathers' sword swept utterly away.

When the Saxons had completely conquered the Britons, being thus released from the pressure of war with a common foe, they turned their energies to combat with one another. There was a long struggle for overlordship, which only ended at last in the establishment of a real national

of the gates are still standing. In the borough of Southampton are three of these ancient gates. With this article we present to our readers a picture of the last gate that existed in London. It was taken down a few years since, having become so old that it was in danger of falling. This gate was



unity. Over the North and West was Æthelfrith. There arose against him at last, in the eastern portion of Britain, a powerful rival in the person of Æthelberht. These pushed their conquests from east to west, taking and re-taking London, which, being then as now the largest city in England and a point of commercial interest, was an object of plunder and possession.

At the time of these wars, strong stone walls, with gates and towers, were constructed around the cities of England, as a means of protection. Some of these ancient walls and many

called "Temple Bar." This view is as it looked in the time of the Stuarts. The passage-way through the arch of this gate is at least twenty-five feet. Over the gate is a large room. These rooms were used for courts of justice. Our readers can thus see how it was that in ancient Bible cities the elders could sit in the gates, and how the reprovers of wrong were found in the gates. That room over the gate was the place where they met to deliberate over the evils committed in the city. See Lam. 5:14; Amos 5:10; Isa. 29:21. In Southampton, over what is called "The Bar Gate," the

largest of the three gates, there is a criminal court (Justice's court) now held each day, at eleven o'clock.

By the side of these gates there were originally constructed tall towers which were sometimes continued to a great height. I saw a few days since, in Bâle, Switzerland, some of these ancient gates with their massive towers. The principal gate, called "Spalenthor" (St. Paul's Tower), has towers on either side of the gateway, each of these being about one hundred and twenty feet in height. These high towers were not only points from which to observe the approach of a foe (2 Sam. 18:24-27), but there is standing place on the top of each tower for about forty men. As I looked at them, I could readily comprehend the case recorded in Judges 9:51-54, where a piece of a millstone was thrown down by a woman upon the head of Abimelech.

To adapt these towers to modern warfare, there are narrow openings in the sides of the towers, through which guns can be fired upon a foe. There were massive iron gates for the passage-ways. These were closed at night or on the approach of an enemy.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

RESISTED.

FOUR young men, clerks and students, while on a summer vacation tramp through Northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic forest waterfall, a boy named Forrest Graves. Forrest was a fine, athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains; and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength.

After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

"Thank you, I have my own lunch;" and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called.

"You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I shall insist upon it."

"You can do as you please, and I shall do as I please."

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of the other.

"Now you are bound to try my brandy; I always rule."

"You can't rule me."

These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream, where the clinking of glass betrayed its utter destruction. Then a clear, defiant tone rang out:—

"I did it in self-defense. You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honorable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I would n't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise."

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I were as brave as you: I shall never forget you, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error, apologized frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink; and, alas, how many men and women! Who dares tempt them? Let it not be you nor I.—*Youth's Companion.*

EVERY little floweret
Which growing up you see,
Every little pink shell
You've gathered from the sea,
Every little thing that lives,
In earth, or sea, or air,
God has made and watches over
With his loving care.

LOT'S WIFE.

IN traveling over the Rocky Mountains we see rocks, and mountains of rocks, many of which look as though they had been carved by a very skillful artist, as indeed they were; for they are natural curiosities. One in particular of which I wish to speak is a limestone, standing erect, five or six feet high, and resembling what we might imagine Lot's wife to look like after turning to salt; therefore somebody has given it the name of "Lot's wife."

As I was riding through there on the cars, I heard the conductor talking to a man about the Bible and saying many harsh things against it. He said he was not foolish enough to believe it. Soon we came to this rock, and the man to whom he was talking announced "Lot's wife." The conductor said to him, "Who was the author of that story of Lot's wife?" The gentleman whom he addressed did not know; but after some talk upon the subject, they concluded it was Shakespeare. This circumstance told one reason why they were not Bible believers; they knew not what was in it. People cannot intelligently believe what they know nothing about. They had not read the story of how two angels came to Lot's house just before the destruction of Sodom, warn-

ing him to leave the place, for they had come to destroy the city. Lot was the only just man among all the people of that large town, and because he believed the Lord and obeyed his voice, the Lord desired to save him, and his family with him; so the angels told them to flee for their lives, and not stop to look back. Lot's wife did not do just as she was told, but looked back to see the burning city, and the result was that she became a pillar of salt.

As the children read the different events recorded in the Bible, and the stories about Joseph, Samuel, Moses, and the deliverance of the children of Israel; of the childhood of Jesus, his mission to the world, and why it was necessary, they will love to believe it to be God's word. It will teach them that its Author is also the Maker of the natural beauties around us; and that we can read his love in the grass of the field, in every flower and shrub, and in the birds that fly in the air; for he cares for even the sparrows, and much more for those who are made in his own image.

NETTIE T. HOLT.

ABIDETH FOREVER.

WHEN the great traveler, Baron Humboldt, was journeying in South America, there came one day a sudden stillness in the air, which seemed like a hush over all nature. But that was followed by a fearful convulsion of the earth, which made all hearts quake. And Humboldt tells us that the earthquake within his soul was as great as that in the world without. All his old views of the safety of the earth were destroyed in a moment. Should he fly to the hills for help? The mountains were reeling like drunken men. The houses were no refuge, for they were crumbling and falling. The trees were overthrown; and then his thoughts turned to the sea, but lo, it had fled. Ships, which just before were floating securely on its surface, were now left rocking in the sands. Being thus at his wit's end, he tells us he "looked up, and observed that the heavens alone were calm and unshaken."

There are times in every one's life when all earthly help seems to fail. Beloved friends, though so near and willing, cannot take away pain and sickness, which seem to overwhelm us. Often, too, the very friends we have leaned upon leave us; and we are without human help or sympathy. But whatever the trouble, we may always look up and find above, a help that never changes. Our kind and loving Saviour can more than make up for all our present losses and troubles. If we can see him looking down with love upon us, even pain and death will lose their terrors.

A momentary shock of an earthquake can make the strongest tremble; but in that day when "the earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard and shall be removed," how will those rejoice who can calmly look up, knowing that they have a home in the heavens which standeth fast forever.

—J. E. M.

DUTY.

THE path of duty is so plain
That we may never seek in vain
To find its Heaven-directed course.
All true success derives its source
From honest purpose. In all we do
Let us to our best selves be true,
To duty true!

Although it be a lowly way
In which we labor day by day,
Though we possess not wealth nor fame,
We still may hold life's highest aim.
We will, in all we say or do,
Unto our better thoughts be true,
To best things true.

—Selected.

PATIENCE AND CHARITY.

"OH, don't I wish there was a patience shop; would n't I just buy some," said Susan, somewhat excitedly.

"Well, I think you ought to be a profitable customer," sarcastically exclaimed her brother Arthur.

"You're a mean fellow," responded Susan, "and if there was only a charity store, you ought to spend all your money there."

Mrs. Miles heard these remarks, and, instead of upbraiding her children, suggested that possibly an investment in both patience and charity might be good for each, and expressed the belief that she knew where both might be secured.

The young folks were eager to know what mother meant, and Susan, who had been greatly troubled by a self-imposed task of work, and had lost her stock of patience over it, begged her mother to tell her where she might obtain a fresh supply.

Her mother said something about a certain great man named Paul, who once wrote on the subject. He said that tribulation worketh patience; and she proceeded to show her children that trials and troubles, vexations and annoyances, were permitted by God in order that his people might learn to exercise patience. No amount of money would buy patience; but if all our perplexities and difficulties were committed to God in prayer, we should find that as each storm serves to make the trees take firmer root-hold, so all unpleasant circumstances would serve to make the grace of patience take stronger hold in the heart. Patience, moreover, is not an earthly possession. She said, "It must come from him who is called the God of patience, and who will give this and everything else that is good, to those who ask him in sincerity."

Much more was said about patience, and Arthur and Susan read, at their mother's request, all the verses in the New Testament that contained the word, and they profited by the exercise. At the close, Susan said she felt as though she had a little more patience now, and she proposed to ask God to help her to take care of it. Then some conversation was held about charity, of its preciousness in God's sight as shown in the thirteenth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, which was read. The children also hunted up some verses from the first epistle of St. John, about loving our brethren, and Arthur decided that he would seek the gift of charity.

As the mother was called away to

other duties, and the young people were left alone, they said almost in the same breath: "Well, I really do believe there is a patience and a charity store after all, only God keeps it."

This incident occurred so recently that I cannot say how far Susan and Arthur have improved in these respects; but I know that their resolutions were made heartily, and I trust they may so be kept.—*New York Observer.*

FIVE CENTS.

"WELL, my boy," said John's employer, holding out his hand for the change, "did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes, sir," said John; "and here is the change, but I do n't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two change, and there's only seventeen."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money?"

"No, sir; I counted it over in the hall, to be sure it was all right."

"Then perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you change?"

But John shook his head: "No, sir; I counted that too. Father said we must always count our change before leaving a store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks grew red, but his voice was firm: "I do n't account for it, sir; I can't. All I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that five-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat sleeve?"

John looked down quickly and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are!" "Now it is all right. I could n't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I knew I had it when I started from the store."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said, with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—two important things for an errand-boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking any farther."

At this, John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said, in a low voice, "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you did n't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; "and if you had done it, you would have lost the situation; that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."—*Pansy.*

ENGRAVE upon your heart, "Whatever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord;" and then take up, piece by piece, the work he lays before you, and do it thoroughly. It may look little and insignificant all the way, but at the end the golden grains will have made a shining mountain.

The Sabbath-School.

THIRD Sabbath in July.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

LESSON 24.—HEALING THE PARALYTIC, AND CALLING MATTHEW.

AFTER Jesus had gone over Galilee, visiting all the principal places, he returned to Capernaum. As soon as the people knew that he had returned, they crowded into the house where he was; and when they had filled the house till no more could get in, they gathered around it in great numbers, hoping to hear some precious words, or to see some wonderful miracle performed.

Among others there came four men bearing one who was sick of the palsy; but they could not come nigh the Saviour because of the crowd, so they went up on the house-top and took up a part of the roof. Then they let the man down on his bed through the roof, and when Jesus saw their faith, he said, "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee." The scribes and the Pharisees who were present began to reason among themselves, saying, "Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God alone?" But Jesus knew their thoughts, and said, "What reason ye in your hearts? Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Rise up and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins (he said unto the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go unto thine house. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God." When the people saw this, they were all amazed, and glorified God; yet they were filled with fear, and said, "We have seen strange things to-day."

After these things, Jesus went forth, and as he was going down to the sea, he saw a publican named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom; and he said unto him, "Follow me." Then Levi, leaving his business, rose up at once and followed Jesus. A publican was a man who gathered taxes for the Roman government, and Levi, who was sometimes called Matthew, was a Jew, employed by the Romans to receive taxes in Capernaum. Now the Jews did not like to pay taxes to the Romans, and so did not like the publicans very well, especially since they sometimes gathered more taxes than the government required. But a Jew who would consent to collect taxes for the Romans was despised above all others. So Levi must have been greatly surprised when the Saviour called him. As one means of showing his gratitude, he made a great feast for Jesus and his disciples. "And there was a great company of publicans and of others that sat down with them. But their scribes and Pharisees murmured against his disciples, saying, Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners? And Jesus answering said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

QUESTIONS.

1. To what place did Jesus return after going over all Galilee, and visiting the principal places? Mark 2:1.
2. What did the people do as soon as they knew that he had returned?
3. Why did they crowd around him in this way?
4. Who came among others?
5. When they could not come nigh the Saviour because of the crowd, what did they do?
6. After having taken up a part of the roof, how did they get the sick man into the presence of Jesus?

7. When Jesus saw their faith, what did he say? Luke 5:20.
8. Who found fault with these words?
9. What did they say?
10. Did Jesus hear their words?
11. How did he know their thoughts?
12. What did he say to them?
13. How did he then show them that he had power on earth to forgive sins?
14. How did the people feel when they saw this wonderful miracle?
15. What did they say?
16. When Jesus went forth, whom did he notice as he was going down towards the sea? Mark 2:14; Luke 5:27.
17. What was Levi doing?
18. By what other name was he sometimes called? Matt. 9:9.
19. Why was he called a publican?
20. How did the Jews feel towards the publicans?
21. What cause had they for disliking these tax-gatherers?
22. Why was Matthew especially liable to be despised?
23. What must have been his feelings when Jesus called him?
24. How did he try to show his gratitude?
25. Who sat down at the feast with Jesus and his disciples?
26. What complaint did the scribes and Pharisees make?
27. What did Jesus say to them?

NOTE.—The houses of Palestine are very different from those in our country. Some of them are now built with rounded domes as roofs, but they mostly have flat roofs, made of sticks or tiles, covered with brush and gravel. These roofs or portions of them can be easily taken up, as was the case when the man was let down through to the feet of the Saviour. It is said that the peasants who live there now often take up parts of the roof in this way to let their bundles of grain down through into the house, which is frequently used for both house and barn, and has usually a low narrow door, which one must stoop to enter. In INSTRUCTOR No 8, of this volume, is an article entitled "Oriental Houses," which will give a fuller description of these Eastern houses. We hope all who study these lessons on "Scenes in the Life of Christ" will look up this paper and study the article; then you will be able to better understand the lesson of this week, and also to tell your teacher and classmates all about these houses. We wonder who of all the children who study these lessons will be able to give the best description of these houses next Sabbath.

NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 37.—REVIEW.

1. WHERE was Jesus teaching when he spoke the parable of the sower?
2. Relate the parable.
3. Tell its meaning as Christ explained it to his disciples.
4. What reason did our Lord give for teaching the people in parables?
5. Did he teach in that way to conceal the truth from them, or was it to make the truth plainer and more easily remembered?
6. What important truth did he teach under the figure of a lighted candle?
7. By what remark did he show the folly of trying to conceal our wicked deeds or motives?
8. What admonition did he then give?
9. Relate the parable of the wheat and the tares.
10. Give its interpretation as explained to the disciples.
11. What other illustration did he draw from the sowing and reaping of grain?
12. Relate the parable of the mustard seed.
13. How did he illustrate the kingdom under the figure of leaven?
14. Is it the kingdom of glory, or the kingdom of grace, that is here referred to?
15. What characteristic, or manifestation, of the kingdom is brought out in the parables last noticed?
16. By what two figures did he show that it is more important to secure the kingdom of heaven than all things else?

17. By what figure did he illustrate the separation of the wicked from the righteous in the Day of Judgment?
18. How did he explain the figure?
19. Relate the circumstances attending the miracle of stilling the tempest on the sea.
20. In what direction was Jesus crossing the lake at this time?
21. Into what country did he come when he reached the land?
22. What fierce man did he encounter?
23. Relate the conversation that took place at that time.
24. Give something of the history of these men, especially of the one most fully described.
25. Why did the people urge Jesus to leave their country at once?
26. Why would not Jesus suffer the man who had been healed to follow him?
27. What practical lessons may we learn from this miracle and the circumstances attending it?
28. Review the fifth chapter of Matthew.

LEARNING THE SYNOPSIS.

NOT many weeks ago, I had the pleasure of spending a Sabbath in the country. Friday evening all were busy in studying the Sabbath-school lesson for the next day. One of the children, a girl about ten years of age, seemed to be working very faithfully at hers. I asked her if she would not like to study the lesson with me. She seemed very willing, and I asked her to read the synopsis aloud. This done, I asked her some questions on the lesson, most of which she answered quite readily. Finding that she had but little idea of the country in which the scenes described in the lesson occurred, I told her something about it, and finally drew a rude outline of Palestine on a piece of paper, and put in dots for some of the principal places. The lesson was, I think, about the passover which Jesus and his disciples attended soon after the marriage at Cana of Galilee, where Jesus had made the water wine. So we located Nazareth, Cana, Capernaum, Jerusalem, etc., and marked out the road which they would be likely to take in going to the passover, meanwhile giving some description of the different places and the country passed through on the way. The child became very much interested, and leaned forward eagerly, catching every word. "Why," said she, "you make it seem as if it really happened." And that is just what we want to do. As a prominent and successful Sunday-school worker said at a recent convention: "Make the children feel that these were *real* places, and *real* persons, who lived on this same earth on which we live. If we can do this, we shall have accomplished no small good."

I then asked the child if she would not tell me the synopsis. "Oh, no," said she, "I could never do that; I have tried, but I cannot learn it." On questioning her, I found that she had tried to learn the synopsis word for word as it is in the paper; and the dear child supposed that this was what *learning a synopsis* meant. So I began reciting it myself, telling the story of the lesson in a simple way, keeping the events in their order, yet using my own words. The child's face brightened as I proceeded; and when I had finished, she said, "Is that reciting the synopsis? I believe I could tell it that way." So she tried, and with a very little help she succeeded in telling the story of her lesson quite well; and after trying a few times, she could tell it nicely, and the next day, to the surprise of her classmates, she was able to give that dreaded "synopsis" in the Sabbath-school, apparently with little effort.

Sabbath afternoon she got her paper and asked me to study with her again, and soon she had learned her lesson for the next Sabbath. Afterwards I saw her, with her pencil and paper, drawing a map for herself and putting in the places, mean-

while telling over to herself what she could remember of what I had told her about the different places. And it did not stop here. The next afternoon one of her classmates came to see her. After awhile I saw the little girls out doors together; and the one who had already learned her lesson was teaching it to the other, drawing the map, etc, just as I had done for her.

A few days ago I saw a lady who has been for a time a member of the family; and she said to me, "Oh, I must tell you, Etta has learned and recited the synopsis every week since you were there. She is very much interested in her lessons, and says she never knew how to get her lesson until you showed her; but now it is real easy." I was so much pleased with the results that I could scarcely keep the tears back; and though it may seem a simple story, I wanted to write it out for the encouragement of others. What this little girl has done, *any* child can do, if he will, at least with a little help and encouragement from some older friend. And one child who is thus thoroughly aroused may do much good in a Sabbath-school; for children are much more easily influenced by their mates than by those who are older; and a little leaven *may* leaven the whole lump.

E. B.

TRAINING THEM TO GIVE.

It is not at all difficult to interest little people in almost any enterprise, if only we are interested ourselves. I have noticed that my class are very likely to be interested in whatever interests their teacher sufficiently to prompt her to bring the subject prominently before them. And, dear teacher, you will find it so. If your own heart is alive with interest in the cause of giving, you will find the interest growing in your class, and the contributions will increase.

I find that the children fancy the idea of having a "mite-box" all their own, in which to save their pennies from week to week for missionary purposes. Not long since I heard a little seven-year-old talking largely of his "income" and his "tithes." And if our children begin now to give conscientiously and religiously their tenths, holding, at least, that portion as sacred, we may hope that they will do no less when they are grown up. Be careful to explain to the little ones what you mean by tithes, for to some of them it may be a new word, as I found not long since. And the interest that was awakened by the simple explanation of the word, and reference to a few places where it is commanded to pay tithes or tenths into the treasury of the Lord, was no small matter. Depend upon it, the mite-boxes will fill up, if once the children catch the spirit of giving.

I grow more and more to believe that the rewards of cheerful and systematic giving are sure, and that they are worth our consideration. And I feel that it is an important part of Christian training, and that it cannot commence too early. That mother had the right idea, who always put her money for the contribution box into the hand of her little child, before the child could speak, so that the habit of dropping something into the box might date from babyhood, and so be firmly established. Let us train the children into habits of giving to the Lord. Let us study the best methods for our own classes. Right giving is cheerful, systematic, self-denying, and prayerful giving. So we should teach the little ones to ask God's blessing upon their offerings; and thus they may feel that they, young as they are, may be doing the Lord's work.—*Faye Huntington, in the Primary S. S. Teacher.*

THERE are more than 300 Sunday-schools in New York City.

A WALLED LAKE.

ONE of the wonders of Iowa is the "Walled Lake," about one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque City. The lake is from two to three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and five feet at the top.

Another interesting thing is the size of the stones used in construction, which vary in weight from three tons down to one hundred pounds. Stones are abundant in Wright county, but surrounding the lake to the extent of five or ten miles there are none.

No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot, or who constructed the wall. Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland half a mile in length, composed of oak; with this exception, the country is a rolling prairie. The trees must have been planted there at the time of the building of the wall. In the spring of the year 1856 there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in the vicinity were obliged to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of two thousand eight hundred acres; depth of water as great as twenty-five feet. The water is clear and cold; soil, sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from nor where it goes, yet it is always clear and fresh.—*Kind Words*.

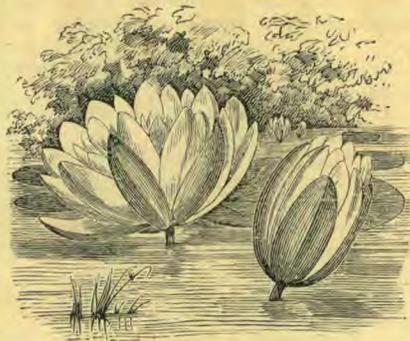
TRUE POLITENESS.

A BOY who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinion of those friends who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, Cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home,—in the sitting-room and the kitchen as well as in the parlor,—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A MOTHER, with her three children, was clinging to the wreck of the steamer *Bohemia*, when the mother said she must let go and be drowned. Her little girl replied, "Hold on a little longer, mother. Jesus walked upon the water and saved Peter, and perhaps he will save us." The little girl's words so strengthened her mother that she held on a few moments more, when a boat was sent to their rescue.

The Children's Corner.



WHEN THE LILIES GO TO SLEEP.

WHEN the shadows softly creep
Over meadow grasses deep,
Water-lilies go to sleep.

In the sunlight all the day,
Tired little folks are they;
Now the shadows they obey.

Wrap them close in mantles queer,
And shut their eyes without a fear,
Knowing God is very near.

Sunny-hearted flowerets white,
Sleeping sweetly through the night,
Till the coming of the light!

When the lilies go to sleep,
God will through the shadows deep,
Little children safely keep.

—*Christian Weekly*.

HOW CLINTON CELEBRATED THE FOURTH.

FOR many long weeks Clinton Holkins had been saving up every penny he could get to celebrate the Fourth. Nothing else had been talked of at Elm-tree Corners for a month. It was usually a very quiet, sleepy little place, where there was little going on, but this year the young men had decided to have a brass band, and a procession, with a company of soldiers in uniform, flags flying, drums beating, a speech from the platform of the village hotel, with rockets and other fireworks in the evening. The boys, for their part of the frolic, had resolved to set off as many packs of fire-crackers as they could possibly obtain, and each one had pledged himself to buy all that he could.

Pennies did not abound in Clinton's pocket, nor in his mother's house. She had been obliged to work very hard to bring up her family, since the summer, four years ago, when her husband had been taken from her, dying, though so long after it, from the effects of hardship and exposure endured during the war. Besides Clinton, who was her eldest child, she had three others, of whom two were little girls at school, and one was a helpless invalid, sick with a spinal malady.

Clinton earned a penny here, and a penny there, by carrying baskets home from the train, holding horses, going to the mill, and running on errands for the summer boarders at the hotel. The day before the Fourth, he counted the money in his little box, and it amounted to twenty-five cents, which he considered a fortune.

Elsie's cot was drawn close to the window. She was very pale, and her sister Blanche was fanning her.

"If you could only eat something,

dear," said her mother, "you would feel better. Can you think of nothing you would like?"

"I could eat a saucer of strawberries if I had them," said the little girl, languidly.

But strawberries ripened very late in that hill-country. It would be a month, at least, before they were plentiful. Mrs. Holkins sighed, and went on with her work. She could get no berries for Elsie, she was sure.

Clinton heard the question and answer as he went whistling out of the house. He knew where he could buy some berries. The rich lady staying at the hotel had ordered some, and she would sell him a few, if—well! if he could go without fire-crackers, and spend his money in giving his sister a treat.

It was a real struggle which the boy fought out as he stood before the window of the store, but it was ended nobly and soon. He purchased the berries, giving their owner no hint of the sacrifice he was making, and only saying that he wanted them for a sick sister. Elsie enjoyed them; and his mother gave him such a tender kiss that, though he had no crackers, he celebrated the Fourth very happily indeed. Standing by the bars that evening, as he watched the rockets soaring up to the sky, he did not regret that he had been self-denying. The flower called heart's-ease was blooming in his bosom.—*Child's World*.

SHE COULD BE TRUSTED.

"I CAN trust my little daughter; I know she tells me everything," said the mother, holding up the bright, gentle face, and looking down upon it fondly.

"Yes, mamma," was on the little girl's lips, but her eyes dropped suddenly, and her cheeks were crimsoned in a moment. A kiss on the pretty lips, and the mother was turning away.

"Mamma," said the little husky voice, "let me whisper in your ear."

"Mamma, you trust me, I must tell you everything," and her voice was so low that only the mother heard it. As she bent over to catch the hurried words, she felt the little heart fluttering under her fingers, she saw the face flush and pale; she knew, too, by the quiver of the lips the struggle of the moment.

She would have kissed the lips, the face, and hushed the heart; she would have stopped the trying story, but she knew that a fault confessed was a fault half conquered, and so waited to the end.

It was a strange, new thoughtlessness the little girl recounted, of a sad step aside from the narrow path of right. She knew better. She had been more than half unhappy on account of it for several days, especially as she could not gather courage to confess it, and only the words of trust brought about that confession. Could she say, "Yes, mamma," knowing that at that very moment she was covering a little corner of the heart where she had hidden a fault she wished no eyes to see. Could she take praise which was not hers by right?—kiss the lips that said, "I know she tells

me everything"? Could she add deceit to her first fault, and so double it? With the quick impulse of right she turned and told the fault, waiting with her bowed head to be forgiven.

The mother, sorry for the child's trial, yet glad of her victory for right, was still sad in thinking of the fault. It was such a new, unexpected fault. Other children might have done the same thing—other children might have done worse—but her own fair-faced child! she could have wept before her as she stood both in gladness and in sorrow—sorrow for the fault, gladness that she was true; too true to receive praise unworthily, too strong for the right to allow the hardness of the confession to overcome her.

She stooped and folded her in her arms, saying, "Kiss me, Kathrina; your fault would break my heart, but that I believe this hour you have conquered; you have done well—now I know, better than I knew before, that I can trust my little daughter."—*Christian Union*.

THE hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high.

LETTER BUDGET.

Sarah Troxel says: "I love the INSTRUCTOR very much. We have no Sabbath-school here, although we would like to have. My father is poor and almost helpless because of a large fever sore. I am eleven years old."

Here is a letter from Wallace Brigham, of Mannsville, New York. It is very much like many others already printed, but we use it because it is so neatly written, and not a word in it misspelled. He says:—

"I am a reader of the INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. I am keeping the Sabbath with my father and mother. I have three brothers and one sister who are keeping the Sabbath. We live five miles from any Sabbath-school. I am trying to keep all of the commandments and be a good boy that I may be saved when Jesus comes to take his children home. I hope you will print this. Pray for me."

Orpha Drake, of Breedsville, Mich., writes: "I have read your paper, and like it very much. My sister takes it, and is trying to be a good girl. We have two little brothers dead, but we hope to meet them. My father and mother are not Christians, but we hope they will be some day. I was very glad when the INSTRUCTOR came, for it has helped me to be a good girl. I am not good now, but am trying to be."

We are glad to hear from Orpha, and to know that she and her sister are trying all alone to be good. We hope the INSTRUCTOR may help all the children who read it to be better and wiser.

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