

Youth's Instructor

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THE BIBLE.

WE search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll;
From old flower-fields of the soul,
And weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from the quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the book our mothers read:
And all our treasures of old thought
In his harmonious fullness wrought,
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

— Whittier.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

GIRLS, what do you think? We are to have a new scholar!" said Florence McFairland, entering the school room in a somewhat excited manner.

"How have you heard the news, Flo?" asked Georgie Converse. "I hope it is to be some one we shall all like."

"I can't say for certain, but just as I had finished practicing and was coming out of the music-room, I overheard Miss Walker and Mrs. Easley talking about the new scholar that was soon to be here and what classes they should put her in. They said something about her being delicate and not much advanced in her studies."

"Oh! I should not wonder if it is Ida Bowman," exclaimed Susie Reed.

"Ida Bowman? Who is she?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Why, haven't you heard of the Bowmans who have recently come here?"

"Do you mean the new-comers who have bought the Miller property and forwarded for it such elegant furniture from Boston?"

"Yes. Some of the family came on last week. They passed us on their way to church and looked quite stylish. Mother says there is an only daughter about my age, but she is in rather delicate health and did not come on with them, as she is still under the doctor's care, and they wished to get settled first."

"The Miller mansion," as it was called, was indeed an elegant house, set back upon a high knoll and surrounded by fine old trees. There was a broad carriage-drive up to the house, encircling a smoothly mown lawn, with here and there a few choice blooming shrubs. It was upon this lawn that Susie Reed first saw the young girl of whom they had been talking.

"Girls, she has come! Ida Bowman has come! I saw her on my way to school, and she is just lovely. She was in a wheel-chair on the lawn. Her lap was full of flowers and a splendid Newfoundland dog seemed to be on guard. Once or twice he actually went behind her chair and pushed it as she directed him. They made a beautiful picture, for Ida has long golden curls, and she was dressed in light blue silk or something of the kind."

"I wonder if she is a cripple?" said Georgie Converse. "Well, we must pet and make much of her, for it will be just splendid to have a rich and aristocratic girl in our school. We've had so many poor, ill-dressed ones of late that I declare it makes the school room actually look dingy."

"So, Georgie, you are for having only bright butterflies of fashion about you?" said a pleasant voice near the group of girls.

Georgie looked up and felt somewhat abashed as she found Miss Walker had, unnoticed, entered the

room, where a few who usually went together were already assembled.

"Don't you think beauty and wealth attractive, Miss Walker?" asked Florence McFairland.

"Certainly, in some respects. But you must remember 'handsome is that handsome does.' I have noticed of late, and with regret, little cliques among you,

rang and they turned to take their seats. "Well, anyhow, I don't mean to associate with all sorts of people in or out of school."

Florence laughed, but Georgie looked sober. She was thinking of what Miss Walker had just said, and was wondering if she had not of late somewhat slighted a few of the scholars. But Susie Reed, Flo McFair-



"THE BOOK OUR MOTHERS READ."

and that some plainly-dressed but otherwise bright scholars are receiving the cold shoulder. I should be extremely sorry if Ida Bowman's coming adds to this feeling of exclusiveness simply because her father happens to be blessed with a larger share of this world's wealth."

"Quite a lecture," whispered Susie Reed, as the bell

land, and Kate Bryant did have such a way of making others follow in their lead. She saw, though, that she was becoming too greatly influenced by them for one who had already professed a desire to become a follower of the lowly Jesus.

A new influence, however, was to come among them. Ida Bowman, in her wheel-chair, propelled by a pleas-

ant-looking attendant and headed by the stately Newfoundland dog, daily made her appearance at the school room door, where she was left for a few recitations.

She was not exactly a cripple, but had fallen out of a high swing and hurt her thigh. The fright had also given a shock to her nervous system, so she was very ill for many months, and when once more able to be about, appeared very weak and delicate and still suffered pain in her thigh. The doctor objected to her walking about much until her general health improved and she grew stronger; so she spent much of her time out of doors in a wheel-chair with Nero for her companion. Study had been neglected for nearly two years, so she was much behind those of her own age and anxious now to make up for lost time.

Susie Reed, as near neighbor, was almost officiously polite to the little stranger on her way to school. Florence McFairland, too, tried to make herself of importance to the new scholar. But somehow, though gentle and polite to all, Ida seemed to more readily accept kindnesses from the poorer children. To their surprise, the very ones whom they had slighted as almost beneath their notice Ida would gather around her at recess, tell them stories, or share with them her fruits, nuts, or knickknacks.

"Why, she is not the least bit proud or stuck up, like some of the girls," said one.

"No, indeed!" added another, "she talked just as sweetly to me yesterday as though I was dressed in silk. I don't believe she would hurt our feelings by calling us, as Susie Reed has, 'the calico girls,' just because we can't dress as fine as they do."

"She is just a dear little lady," said another, "and mother says no true lady is ever proud or stuck up."

"That's so," responded Bessie Clark. "And I believe she is a true Christian, too, for she is gentle and patient even when in pain. And she never gets angry as some of the girls do, and she looked so sorry the other day when one of them became excited about something and almost struck her school-mate. I overheard Ida very gently say to them as she tried to make peace, 'Jesus tells us that we must love one another.'"

Ida Bowman was indeed a mystery and a study to them all; but it was not long before her influence for good was felt in the school, and the proud, haughty girls found that if they would make friends with her it must be in a different way than the exclusive one they had devised and talked over. Mrs. Ensley and Miss Walker noticed with pleasure the greater harmony among their pupils, and remarked,—

"How true it is a little leaven leaveneth the whole. Ida Bowman shows us this by almost unconsciously scattering about her good seeds that are beginning to bear rich fruits."—*The Christian Weekly*.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

SEA TALES.—NO. 4.

The fact that a day is apparently lost or gained, as the case may be, in sailing around the world is well known, but the reason is not understood by all who are familiar with the fact.

Longitude represents, and to the navigator practically is, time. To explain this would consume too much space, and is not really necessary to my present purpose, so I will not now attempt it. Navigators, also those whose professions require accurate time, measure it from the longitude of Greenwich, England, because this place is exactly on the 0, or no degree. Now in traveling east or west of Greenwich, every degree of longitude passed over makes a difference of four minutes from the time at Greenwich. For instance, in going east forty-five degrees, the variation would be four times forty-five, or one hundred and eighty minutes, or three hours; half way around the globe, or one hundred and eighty degrees, twelve hours. If, therefore, it were possible to travel one hundred and eighty degrees in a flash, and one should leave Greenwich at noon of a Sunday and go west, he would arrive at his destination, apparently, at midnight of the previous day, or twelve hours before he started. And should the journey continue, and the party leave the point one hundred and eighty degrees from Greenwich at midnight and go east, he would arrive at the latter place at noon of the same day, or twelve hours before he left. Sea captains, therefore, in making the circuit of the world, in order to reach port the day they arrive, duplicate the day upon which they pass 180°. Our vessel passed that point on January 14th. Now the captain, instead of calling the next day the fifteenth, set it down as January fourteenth. Had he kept counting the day of the month right along, when he reached London his count would have made it April second, when in reality at that place it would be but April first. In other words, we would have reached our port twenty-four hours be-

fore we arrived. A failure to understand how this variation occurs, is what has given rise to the ridiculous arguments and twaddle one hears occasionally in reference to the "lost time question." Only a few years ago, a German bishop gravely asserted that if twins traveled around the world in opposite directions, when they met at the point of departure, there would be a difference of one day in their ages!

The gain or loss of time is fictitious. It is simply the difference between the time at Greenwich (or the standard of time) and the local time at any given point. There is no actual loss of time. To illustrate this: Suppose a captain sails from New York, carrying with him a watch that does not vary in the least from keeping the correct time, and that before sailing, he sets his watch by a regulator at New York, which also never varies, he will, on his return home, find that his watch agrees perfectly with the regulator, and that he has neither lost nor gained a second of time, although he found a variation at every port he stopped at, this being the difference between New York time and the local time at the ports entered. If, however, he should sell his vessel, and remain at some foreign port, then he would have to change his time-piece to agree with the local time of his new place of residence, and allow four minutes of time for every degree of latitude passed over between New York and the new location.

W. S. C.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

As some of the Sabbath-school donations had been given to the Australian Mission a few years ago, we thought that the readers of the INSTRUCTOR would be interested in a short account of the great earthquake that visited a portion of this mission field, in the country of New Zealand. A friend sent us papers from that country, containing accounts of it, and from them and from letters received from there, we gather the following facts. The earthquake occurred in Rotomahana, in the district of Auckland, corresponding very nearly to a county. This is what is known as the hot-lake district of the North Island. In this section there are some remarkable geysers. The mineral deposit contained in the water thrown out by some of the boiling springs, has left incrustations on the sloping ground in the form of terraces, and gives the appearance of a plunging cataract turned into stone. One of these contains boiling water, or rather mud, of a pink color, and has received the name of the "pink terrace." Another near by, containing a grayish white mud, is called the "white terrace."

In all this district, for many years, steam has issued from the crevices of the earth; and the natives living here have cooked their food by placing their kettles in these crevices of hot mud and water. They have become so accustomed to earth tremors and subterranean rumblings, and in the breaking out in new places of boiling springs, that at first they were not disturbed by the steam and sulphurous odors that issued from the crater. It was on the morning of the tenth of June that this island was shaken from center to circumference by the most violent earthquake that has been known in this country for many years. Those who first noticed it saw flames issuing from the top and sides of the mountain. The people thought danger had actually come, for the two mountains belched forth fire and smoke, and a deafening noise was heard all the time. An immense black cloud hung over the scene, and through it the lightning played all night, accompanied by heavy peals of thunder. The mud deposit of the terraces, where the eruption took place, covers an area of six miles, yet a shower of ashes, or volcanic dust, extended for many miles over a valuable tract of country. A friend sent me some of the dust which fell fifty miles from the place of the eruption, and covered the ground at that distance two inches deep. The stench of the sulphurous fumes and the continual quaking of the earth caused terror beyond description among the inhabitants. Many fled, panic stricken and half dressed, from their homes, and forsook the country.

The telegraphic communication was broken up, so that no messages could be sent; but we learn that from twelve to fifteen Europeans were killed at Wairoa, a native settlement, and that the natives estimate their dead to be about ninety-five.

For a number of days before the earthquake there were indications of trouble. It was with great difficulty excursionists could persuade the Maori guides to conduct them around the terraces; they seemed to feel that something terrible was impending. A well-known guide named Sophia remarked to one party, "I have never seen anything like this before! I don't like to go on; the whole place has changed!" But still people continued to visit it up to the time of the eruption.

There were certain scientists who came on the ground

to get stones and portions of the debris, to learn what they could from them; and while visiting a nativesettlement, Mr. Pope was accosted by a chief after this fashion: "We hear that a new and great doctor has come up who knows all about what goes on in the earth. What does he say?" "Oh," replied Mr. Pope, "he has taken stones to Wellington; then he will tell you what has happened. The earth is like a boiling kettle with its mouth sealed up. If you keep it on the fire, it will explode." "Is that all he can tell us," responded the sagacious Maori. "We do not want to know that it has exploded already; what we want to know is what is going to happen—whether it will explode again." This question remaining unanswered, the chief turned away disgusted at the wisdom of the "great doctor," and evidently set him down as a humbug.

The country presents a very different appearance from what it did before the eruption. New craters, new boiling springs, etc., have been formed. The pink terrace, the wonder of the world and the delight of tourists, has, beyond all reasonable doubt, been driven into dust and ashes. The white terrace shared the fate of its beautiful sister. A small river was buried beneath thirty feet of hot ashes and mud, and forced its way through the ashes, forming a new channel.

Nothing has ever occurred in the islands of Australia or New Zealand that caused so much destruction and suffering as this catastrophe. A number of very singular incidents might be related concerning this calamity. Next week we will tell you some.

S. N. HASKELL.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SELF-CONTROL.

We are standing, as it were, upon the borders of the eternal world; and if there ever was a time when all should strive most earnestly to live a holy life, it is now. All sensual, carnal pleasures should be abandoned, and Satan find nothing in us to assail. The apostle prayed: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." What a prayer is this! It would not have been inspired of God and written in his holy word if it had been impossible for us to reach these high attainments; and yet how content and at ease we are in retaining very objectionable traits of character!

One class have come up without self-control; they have not bridled the temper or the tongue; and some of these claim to be Christ's followers, but they are not. Jesus has set them no such example. When they have the meekness and lowliness of the Saviour, they will not act out the promptings of the natural heart, for this is of Satan. Some are nervous, and if they begin to lose self-control in word or spirit under provocation, they are as much intoxicated with wrath as the inebriate is with liquor. They are unreasonable, and not easily persuaded or convinced. They are not sane; Satan for the time has full control. Every one of these exhibitions of wrath weakens the nervous system and the moral powers, and makes it difficult to restrain anger on another provocation. With this class there is only one remedy,—positive self-control under all circumstances. The effort to get into a favorable place, where self will not be annoyed, may succeed for a time; but Satan knows where to find these poor souls, and will assail them in their weak points again and again. They will be continually troubled so long as they think so much of self. They carry the heaviest load a mortal can lift, that is self, unsanctified and unsubdued. But there is hope for them. Let this life, so stormy with conflicts and worries, be brought into connection with Christ, and then self will no longer clamor for the supremacy.

Why life with many is such a hard struggle is because it is apart from Christ; through self-delusion the battle is waged blindly with circumstances. With many youth wrong feelings have been shown, and unchristian words have been spoken. At such times they should humble themselves, saying frankly, "I have done wrong. Will you forgive me? For God has said we must not let the sun go down upon our wrath." This is the only safe path toward overcoming. Many look at things on their darkest side; they magnify their supposed grievances, nurse their wrath, and are filled with revengful, hateful feelings, when in truth they had no real cause for these feelings. Shall we cut ourselves loose from the rest of humanity, remaining solitary and alone, because everything in our association with others does not move smoothly? No, indeed; the change must take place in your own soul. Resist these wrong feelings, and you will experience a great change in your association with your fellowmen. Your good will, your unselfish acts, will not be to a favored few, but to all with whom you

associate. Thus you will form friends and attachments that are dear and lasting; your own deeds will be reflected back on yourself.

Our relations to God and one another can never be severed. We may ignore them, not answering to the claims of one of them; yet we are really bound by them as long as time shall last. Souls must be saved, and we are to have a part in the great work. Let not the youth falter, but stand in defense of the truth.

If the truth of God be not deep-rooted in the heart, you cannot stand the test of temptation. There is only one power that can keep us steadfast under the most trying circumstances,—the grace of God in truth. The ungodly are lynx-eyed to mark every inconsistency, and prompt to pour contempt on the weak and halting ones. Let the youth make their mark high. Let them seek in humble prayer for that help which Christ has promised, that they may exert an influence upon others that they will not be ashamed to meet in the great day of final settlement and rewards. Those who have exemplified the loftiest Christian principles in every department of business and religious life will have the inexpressible advantage, for they will enter the paradise of God as conquerors. They loved Jesus here in this life, were constrained by his love to make the most of their God-given powers in improving every opportunity to win souls to Jesus Christ. Thus they built up their Redeemer's kingdom, and advanced his glory, and will receive the commendation, "Well done," from his divine lips.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH SABBATH IN NOVEMBER.

PARABLES OF CHRIST.

LESSON 9.—THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

1. How does our Saviour introduce the parable of the rich man and Lazarus? Luke 16:19.
2. How does he bring in the second character of the parable? Verse 20.
3. What did Lazarus desire in his destitute condition? Verse 21.
4. How did even the animals have compassion on him? Same verse.
5. What change came to both these men? Verse 22.
6. What is the meaning of the word "hell," as found in verse 23?—*It means the grave.*
7. Repeat a passage of scripture in which the same original word is translated "grave." 1 Cor. 15:55.
8. Could it be true that a dead man literally cried out in the grave?
9. What must we conclude, then, with reference to the language of this passage?—*That it is a figure of personification, or prosopopæia.*
10. What is Dr. Webster's definition of the last-named figure?—*"A figure, by which things are represented as persons, or by which things inanimate are spoken of as animated beings, or by which an absent person is introduced as speaking, or a deceased person is represented as alive and present. It includes personification, but is more extensive in its significance."*
11. What is the rich man represented by this figure as seeing? Verse 23.
12. How is he represented as addressing Abraham? Verse 24.
13. What favor did he ask? Same verse.
14. What did Abraham ask him to remember? Verse 25.
15. What great change had taken place? Last part of same verse.
16. How did he show that it was impossible to grant the favor which the rich man desired? Verse 26.
17. On what errand did the rich man want to have Lazarus sent? Verse 27.
18. Why did he make this petition? Verse 28.
19. How is Abraham represented as answering him? Verse 29.
20. How did the rich man continue to urge his request? Verse 30.
21. What did Abraham then say to him? Verse 31.
22. What important truths are illustrated by this parable?
23. How may we be sure that those who are represented as conversing in this parable are not disembodied spirits, but personified dead men?—*Because Lazarus could not return to warn the rich man's brethren without being first raised from the dead.* See verses 30, 31.
24. How does God sometimes speak of things? Rom. 4:17, last part of the verse.
25. How can it be said, as in Luke 20:38, of Abraham

and other dead saints, that they all live unto God?—*For the reason that in his purpose they are all to live again.*

NOTE.

What the parable teaches.—"By this parable our Lord illustrates several great truths.—1. The folly and vanity of riches. 2. The worth of true piety, though attended by the deepest poverty. 3. The importance of that great lesson inculcated in the previous parable,—to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Luke 16:9; 1 Tim. 6:17-19. The rich man had neglected this, wasting all on himself, although wretched, suffering Lazarus lay at his gate. The folly of this criminal neglect is shown in that part of the parable in which the rich man, in his distress, as if remembering the past, is represented as asking of Lazarus the water that could be brought on the tip of his finger, and even this is denied. 4. The certainty of future recompense, and the great contrast that it will make with the present state of things. 5. The sufficiency of the Scriptures to instruct and warn mankind.—*J. N. Andrews.*

Our Scrap-Book.

WHAT A LITTLE BOOK DID.

ONE scripture says, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." It is upon this principle that those persons act who are always waiting for favorable opportunities before attempting any good thing, and so accomplish but little. The missionary in the following narrative acted differently; for there was but little in appearances to indicate that it would be of use to try to save the infidel with whom he had come in contact. Yet, regardless of discouragements, he wisely dropped a seed, which grew, and prospered, and we trust bore fruit unto eternal life. Would we have a bountiful harvest we must sow the seed both morning and evening, unmindful of wind or clouds; for we cannot tell "whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." May the readers of the INSTRUCTOR plant liberally, asking God to give a proportional increase. The story referred to above reads:—

"Mr. S. A. Blackwood relates that he was traveling on the top of a coach from London to Croydon, and, after discussing the topics of the day with one who sat beside him, he turned the conversation to the things of heaven, to the disgust of another passenger sitting near, who talked of 'canting hypocrites,' etc., and when the coach stopped, left his seat. In descending, the pocket of his coat opened, and Mr. Blackwood dropped in a little book entitled 'Eternal Life.' When the gentleman reached home and emptied his pockets, he found, among other things, a small book that he knew nothing of, and, reading its title, he at once guessed who put it there, and in his rage he tore it to pieces, and threw it inside the fender. When he returned from town next day, his ire was increased by finding the pieces on his toilet table. He immediately rang the bell, and asked the servant why they had not been destroyed. And when she replied that in gathering them up she had seen the word 'eternity,' and did not like to burn them, she was angrily ordered from his presence. When the servant had gone, he began to look for the word that had so arrested her attention, and then he sought to connect sentences by strips of paper that one buys around stamps, and managed in this way to fasten the book together, and became converted through reading it.

"One day when Mr. Blackwood was walking in Cheapside, he was startled by the exclamation, 'You are the man!' and a ragged book was held up to his astonished gaze. He disclaimed all knowledge of that particular book, and was then informed of the circumstances related above, and of the spiritual change in the heart of the gentleman that had taken place by means of it."

LONDON WINDOW-GARDENS.

WITHOUT even a garden plat, one's home can be made beautiful and attractive by successfully managed window-gardens, which can be very tastefully arranged at little expense. In some countries a great deal of care is bestowed upon them, and considerable strife exists between those who indulge in them. This is true of the city of London, where, perhaps, they are fully as popular as in any other city in the world. An exchange, in describing them, says:—

"For twenty years societies have existed in London for the promotion of window-gardening, which annually distribute prizes to the most successful competitors. At a recent anniversary of one of these more than a thousand window-gardens, filled chiefly with geraniums and fuchsias, were examined by the committee, who awarded small sums of money to the proprietors, varying in amount from one shilling to seven shillings and sixpence.

"A large number of children competed. Some of them were members of infant schools and of the youngest class in Sunday-schools. There were special

prizes for children, and several of them were awarded to little ones under seven years of age. For many years the prizes were distributed by the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who took great interest in the society. This year, Lady Burdett-Coutts performed the duty, and the Dean of Westminster presided over the anniversary exercises.

"The effect produced in many London streets by the window-gardens is most pleasing, and particularly so in the squares. The profusion of flowers, so neatly arranged in their boxes, and all blooming in the greatest luxuriance, converts a scene of dull monotony into vistas of brilliant color and graceful form. Little books on the subject, containing minute directions for the window-gardeners, young and old, are sold by the society for two pence each.

"The English climate favors this elegant pursuit. In New York, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, the burning heat of the summer sun renders it difficult, if not impossible, but in cities farther north, such as Quebec, Montreal, and Halifax, we have seen lovely window-gardens, extending sometimes over the tops of bay windows and over the vestibules protecting front doors.

"Halifax was noted for the beauty of its window-gardens in the time when the garrison was more numerous than it now is. During recent summers Boston has displayed some very pretty boxes of window flowers in the summer season."

FEATHERBONE.

IT being a query with many what featherbone is,—the material which is now so much used as a substitute for whalebone,—the following clipping from *Treasure-Trove* may both edify and instruct the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

"The scarcity of whalebone and its high price, led Mr. E. H. Warren to invent 'featherbone,' a substance prepared from quills of geese and turkeys. The factory is located at Three Oaks, Mich., and in the short space of two years, the enterprise has grown to a large industry. The first process strips the plumage from quills. A set of revolving knives next divides the quills in halves, when rapidly-revolving sand-paper rollers remove the pith. The quills are then passed to a system of interlocking knives which reduces them to a fiber. These fibers are then fed to a machine that twists them into a fine cord wrapped with thread. Another machine wraps four of these cords with thread and forms them into a flat tape. A sewing-machine places a row of stitches between each cord, and the whole is then passed between two large rollers, which give it a uniform thickness, and make it ready for market. The article is said to be unbreakable, and, if bent double, will retain its strength and elasticity. In dressmaking it possesses the advantage over whalebone of being lighter, cheaper, more durable, and needs no casings, as it is sewed to the goods."

A SINGULAR INDUSTRY.

SUCH of our readers as live in a region where cat-tail flags abound may be interested to know they are being put to a good use. Should the industry grow, eventually a market will be established, affording an opportunity for those who have any in their possession to dispose of them. In the meantime those who have access to these flags may find them valuable in their own home use. The following paragraphs are clipped from *Golden Days*:—

"There is a New Jersey industry, quite limited in extent, which is a source of considerable revenue to those engaged in it. It is the gathering of the fiber from the brown heads of the cat-tail flags. The New Jersey swamps abound with this reed, and, in the fall, large quantities of the fiber are gathered by men and boys to be sold in the New York market for upholstering purposes.

"Its chief use is as a substitute for feathers in the manufacture of pillows, the finest fiber bringing often as much as sixty dollars per ton.

"The collector, as he should be called, goes into the field or swamp, armed with a large bag. At his side he carries a little, pronged instrument, by means of which the fluffy mass of fibrous material, or down, is stripped from the stalk as the operator passes the head of the reed through it.

"The heads must be fully mature, and then the material comes off without trouble, falling into the open mouth of the bag as the operator walks along.

"A fiber is also produced from the stalk of this flag."

THE magnificent white diamond which Messrs. Ochs Bros., of Hatton Garden, England, had the honor of submitting to the Queen a few days ago, has in cutting turned out a magnificent brilliant, weighing in its present perfect shape 180 carats, of the finest water, free from flaws and imperfections, and of great brilliancy. It is said that it surpasses in weight and quality all the historical diamonds on record. Some idea of its value can be gathered from the fact that a little piece sliced off the end to improve its shape produced a brilliant of 19 carats and was at once sold for about £4,000 to a merchant. It is the property of a syndicate.—*London Times.*

IT is estimated that the amount of wealth taken from the mines of Mexico is already more than \$4,000,000,000. The prospect of sometime finding in that country all varieties of agricultural products lies in the fact that it embraces every degree of climate needed for the purpose.

For Our Little Ones.

THE RAIN-DROPS.

PITTER-patter, pitter-patter,
On the window-pane!
Oh, where do you come from,
You little drops of rain?
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
All the rainy day;
Tell me, little rain-drops,
Is this the way you play?
I sit here at the window;
I've nothing else to do;
Oh, how I'd like to play,
This rainy day, with you!
The little rain-drops cannot talk;
But, "Pitter-patter, pat"
Means, "We will play on this side,
But you must play on that."

"Well," returned Eva, with a toss of her head, "I don't care if she does. I wouldn't play with a thief!"

"With a thief!" echoed Lottie, every ribbon on her straw sun hat quivering with horror, at the idea.

"Yes; with a thief," said Eva boldly. "She stole the teacher's beautiful pearl penknife. Now what do you think of that for anybody that makes believe she's so good?"

"I just don't believe it, at all," said Lottie; "and I'd like to know how you knew it."

"Well, I was behind the entry door; and I heard Miss Gray ask Jennie Hallen if she had seen anything of her knife; and Jennie said, 'No'; and Miss Gray said she was very sorry to lose it, for it was a birthday present; and the last time she used it was at her desk when Lucy came to sharpen her pencil. And so of course she took it," concluded Eva.

"I do n't think that proves any thing," said Lottie; "nobody saw her take it."

though she could not find out what it was. But one day she happened to overhear Lottie and Eva talking under the window. "Ah!" said Miss Gray, with a sigh of relief, "this explains matters." So when school was done, and the books put away for the night, she said she would tell them a story. There was a little rustle of satisfaction, for Miss Gray's stories were delightful. But this one didn't begin as they usually did. She only told them of two old women she knew, who lived in the same door yard for ten years, and never spoke a pleasant word together in all that time, because one of them had said some hard things about the other one; and how this old woman who had such an unruly tongue had made so much trouble between this neighbor and a very dear friend that it had ended in a lawsuit. And then Miss Gray dismissed them without saying any more.

As Eva passed her teacher to say "good night," she saw that she had her pretty penknife in her hand. Then she guessed why Miss Gray had told them about the two old women. Miss Gray noticed Eva's flushed face, and asked her to stay after the rest went home. Then she talked to her kindly, and Eva told her all about the matter.

"I am very sorry," said Miss Gray, when Eva had ceased sobbing, "that you have been so hasty in judging Lucy; and if I were you, I would own my wrong to the others and ask Lucy's forgiveness."

Eva promised she would do it the next morning; and Miss Gray said, as she rose to go, "There is one verse in the Bible it would do us all good to remember; 'A whisperer separateth chief friends'" W. E. L.

Letter Budget.

LENA MAY ROBBINS and MAMIE C. ANDERSON, two little girls, each ten years old, write letters from Lake Co., Cal. Mamie says: "I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. Our Sabbath-school is small, but it is real good. I am doing what missionary work I can with the children around here. I keep the Sabbath with my mother, who is a widow. Will you remember us?"

Lena attends the same Sabbath-school, studies in Book No. 2, and likes her teacher, superintendent, and also the INSTRUCTOR. She has three sisters and two brothers. Her papa does not yet see the truth. She wants us all to remember them.

Mamie's way, of helping those right around her, is the right one. Our time to work is now, and we must do the work at hand. Will you remember Lena's and Mamie's request?

The next letter reads: "We are two little girls claiming a place in the circle. We are ADA and JENNIE MARVIN, aged ten and eight years. We have two little brothers, five and three years old, and we had a baby sister, but it died of whooping cough when it was only four weeks old. We loved it dearly, and want to live so we may enjoy its company in the earth made new. Mamma is our teacher in Sabbath-school. We study Book No. 2, and she has a small blackboard on which she makes the lessons plainer and easier. Papa is a carpenter. He knows the seventh day is the Sabbath, although he does not keep it. We hope he will yet stand on the Lord's side. Mamma's health has been very poor, and we have to help her do the work. We are keeping our little aunt, six years old, at our house, because her mamma is dead. She is a sweet little girl. Mamma says if we are kind and good to her it will be the same as being kind to the Saviour. We love the INSTRUCTOR, with its interesting contents every week, and we would like to see our letter in print, if mamma did write it for us. We want to be good little girls, and have eternal life when Jesus comes."

You, little girls, have a mission right at home, with the sweet little girl that has come to live with you. What she shall be when she is older will depend very much upon how you live before her; so you must never let her see any but good, pleasant actions, nor hear any but sweet words.



For the INSTRUCTOR.
HOW THE STORY GREW.

SUCH a pleasant walk as Lottie and Eva had, going to the little red school-house on the hill! The path ran down the road past a rambling old white farm-house, then across a meadow lot and through a strip of woods. They liked best the place where the meadow lot and the woods met, for on either side of the path lay a large old stone that made a fine seat; and here they stopped to rest one beautiful day in late October. Eva threw her little dog-eared spelling book down in the grass, and leaning her elbows on her knees, said in an earnest tone, "I shouldn't think, Lottie Brown, you'd go with Lucy Miner any more. If you knew all about her that I know"—and Eva paused to see what effect her words were having.

"Why, Eva Stone," said Lottie in surprise, "Lucy is just exactly as good a girl as you are, and my mamma lets me play with her, too."

"Well," said Eva, stooping over to pick up her spelling book, before going on her way to school, "you need n't believe it if you don't want to. But I am not going to play with a thief or any body that goes with one," and she walked on alone toward the school-house.

Now Lottie was much distressed at the thought of having Eva angry at her, for Eva was a favorite at school, and Lottie was anxious to have her for a friend. So, like some older folks, she forsook Lucy, and ran to overtake Eva and make up.

At recess she went off to play with some of the other girls, and would not notice Lucy at all. There was a great deal of whispering, with sly nods toward Lucy, who could not for a moment imagine what had happened. Things went on this way for nearly a week, and she was left out of all the games and merry-making.

The teacher noticed that something was wrong,

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