

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Mary J. Parmenter

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WHEN WE WENT A-MAYING.

FRESH the breezes from the hills,
Soft and low, soft and low!
Sweet the thoughts they bring to us
From the Long Ago!
Green the wood and fair the field
Where our feet were straying;
Beautiful was all the world
When we went a-Maying!
How the streamlets rushed along,
Dancing in their glee,
Whirling o'er their pebbly bed,
Glad and gay as we!

And I think the very trees
Something sweet were saying,
As they bent to kiss the breeze,
When we went a-Maying!
Ah, that little song of life,
Soft and low, soft and low!
Echoes still through all the years
From the Long Ago!
From the flowery-scented hedges
Where our feet were straying,
When the world was beautiful,
And we went a-Maying!

—Youth's Companion.

ROB'S FIERY FURNACE.

It was the first night of the fall term. The boy had been busy all the evening unpacking and putting things to rights. Now they were telling each other of the happenings of vacation, and planning what they would do this term.

But all the evening Rob had been troubled in spirit and sore perplexed. There had been one happening of the vacation that he had not mentioned to Will. He had sought and found his Saviour; he had chosen Christ for his master, and promised to own and serve him henceforward and forever. But oh, how could he take his Bible, read his chapter, and then kneel down to pray before Will! Haven't some of you boys an idea how hard a thing it seemed to this young soldier to do?

"It would not do me the least bit of good, I know," he argued to himself. "I shouldn't know a word I was reading, and I am sure that I could not think to pray. It would be much better to do it by myself. I'll tell Will about it when I get a good chance, and of course I will try to have him see from my actions that I have changed."

But all the time there was something kept whispering in Rob's ear, "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

"It isn't denying," he pleaded impatiently with himself. "I wouldn't do that, of course, and I am sure the Bible itself says that we should not pray to be seen of men, but go into our closet and shut the door."

But the little voice would not be silenced, and Rob's face grew more and more perplexed and troubled, as he sat there listening to Will, watching the hands of the clock as they moved steadily along towards nine. There were only ten minutes left before the bell would ring. He must decide then one way or the other. It seemed to him that Will might almost hear his heart beat. If only something or somebody would call Will out of the room, or if he would only go to bed and fall directly asleep; but no one came, and there Will sat as contentedly as could be.

"It seems good enough to see you again," he said. "But somehow it seems to me you're soberer than common. Anything the matter, old fellow?"

It certainly seemed to Rob that his heart stood still for a minute. If he only could tell Will all about it! But somehow he could not get the words out.

"Well," said Will, sitting up, "there goes the bell, and I am ready for it, for I am tired from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I do believe;" and Rob's chance to explain was gone.

What should he do? How could he go to his trunk and get out his Bible, and what would Will say and do? It seemed as if it would be easier if there were others in the room. He would not feel quite so much as if Will were just watching him.

"You won't get to bed to-night, Rob," said Will at last, as Rob pattered about, doing this thing and that.

The light was almost out, and Will, with his eyes half shut, was sleepily wondering if Rob could be homesick or what, when all at once the light shone bright as ever, and Rob marched over to his trunk, took out his Bible, and sat down. It seemed to him that he had never felt so mean in all his life as he had in those few minutes of indecision. He remembered how only a few weeks ago in Sabbath-school he had been so strong and bitter in his condemnation of Peter for his denial, how he had been unwilling to find any excuse for him. He remembered also how earnestly Miss Mason had cautioned them to watch and

pray, lest they, too, should fall in the same way. He had almost felt hurt at her doing so; at any rate he would never be such a mean, ungrateful coward as that. He fancied that he would have done just as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego had done, and chosen the fiery furnace rather than deny his Master. And now to think how near he had come to doing just that! He thought, with a hot flush of shame, how he had said, the Sabbath they had that lesson, that he wished he could have such an opportunity to own Christ. "The harder it was, the happier I would be," he had said.

When he rose from his knees, he found Will watching him.

"What's up, old fellow? This is a new wrinkle, isn't it?"

"O Will," he said, speaking hurriedly lest his courage should give out, "I've been such a coward, and I'm so ashamed! I gave myself to Christ this vacation, and I do mean to serve him faithfully, though I almost denied him to-night."

Rob's breath gave out then. He had a feeling that he was right in the midst of his fiery furnace, and that the flames would consume him in an instant; but to his surprise, like the three of old he escaped unhurt. Will, whatever he thought, lay down and closed his eyes without a word.

But the next night it was his turn to be troubled in spirit, and Rob's to be perplexed. Finally, when Rob took up his Bible, Will spoke from the window where he had stood for five or ten minutes gazing out into the darkness. "If you don't mind, and had just as soon—I—don't care if you read out loud."

"O Will!" was all that Rob could say, but his face looked the rest.

"I've been thinking a long time," continued Will, "but I didn't suppose you had. I tried to make an excuse of you, but that won't work any longer, and I've about made up my mind, if you don't mind, that we'll pull together."

And for the second time all that Rob could say was, "O Will!" but it meant a great deal, and Will knew it.—*Kate S. Gates.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

MILK FOR BABES.

NEVER, till during the great blizzard of March, did New York realize how much of its comfort was due to the farmers. One may have fine raiment and princely homes, but food is more needful than all.

The twin cities of New York and Brooklyn consume more than seven hundred and fifty thousand quarts of milk daily; and to supply this demand, long trains of cars are employed solely to carry this milk from the surrounding counties to the city. When the deep snow blockaded the highways and by-ways and railroads for three days, a wail went up from thousands of babies for their accustomed diet. And many of these little innocents are to-day sleeping under the violets, in consequence of the deprivation. However, I am not going to tell you about these sad things, but about how the milk reaches us.

The greater part of it is brought by railroad to Jersey City, and the milkmen have to cross the ferries to bring it to these island cities.

About 11 o'clock in the evening, they gather, with their covered wagons, from every direction at the ferry, and filling the great boat, steam across the river. They then proceed to the depot to await their in-coming freight. But the milkmen are not the only ones waiting. What are these they see sitting, or walking restlessly about on the long platform? One, two, three, yes, eleven cats, waiting for the sweet country milk! They know by experience that in the hurry of unloading, some will be spilled; and these wise Grimalkins "never cry over spilt milk," but hurry to eat it up as fast as possible, keeping one eye on the lookout in the meantime for any stray dog who might interrupt their feast and cause them to finish in an undignified manner.

Soon the long trains of white cars come rumbling into the station, and the cats scamper away in great haste around the corner of the building, only to return at their leisure, when they hear the clanking of the heavy cans as they are lifted from the cars.

The men get their load, and recross the ferry about 2 o'clock in the morning, and go rattling, at great speed, through the streets of the sleeping city, supplying the pails and pitchers that are set out by their customers, in the basement areas the night before.

As it grows later, and they serve the people personally at the door, they save time by giving warning of their approach by a loud "ki-ooop" with rising inflection and prolonged emphasis on the last syllable.

Some of the wagons have pretty names printed on them, suggestive of pleasant country haunts, such as "Echo Farm," "Cloverdale," and "Sylvan Glen."

Before noon they are all through with their delivery, and go home to sleep the rest of the day, in order to be ready for the next night's work.

L. E. ORTON.

"GOD CAN TURN IT INTO GOLD."

THIS cent for God is truly gold,

My bestest cent," cried Baby Lu.

"O, no, the mission cent you hold

Just looks like gold," said Sister Sue.

"O, that's too bad!" Lulu replied,

But back the gates of sunlight rolled

As gleefully the darling cried,

"But God can turn it into gold."

Ah, child, you're wiser than us all;

How great the truth that you unfold!

The widow's mite, however small,

Our God can turn it into gold.

The weakest prayer that's raised toward heaven,

The smallest deed or sacrifice,

If these are all that can be given,

They will be golden to God's eyes.

—Alice M. Douglas.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE OLD FAMILY CLOCK.

"Tick, tock; tick, tock; tick, tock," says the old family clock, as it stands on the shelf in its new home. Each sound of this old-time friend has a deep meaning to me. About one year before my birth this old clock came into our family, away over in Canada West. For some ten years it accurately measured off the moments, hours, and days in that, our native land; and when, in the autumn of '56 we emigrated to the State of Minnesota, this faithful old friend was taken with us.

By one tick at a time, one hour at a time, one day at a time, it has numbered the thirty-one years of our sojourn here. How often I have seen my good old mother wind the clock the last thing before retiring; and in obedience to her will, and the law of nature, those inanimate hands have gone round and round the dial,—have outlived her and father. When father died, this old family friend was given to me. And now, as in the stillness of the midnight I listen to the tick, tock; tick, tock; tick, tock, of the old clock on the shelf,—

My heart is filled with sadness,
And my eyes are filled with tears,
As I think of home and kindred
In those long eventful years;
And like father and my mother,
In those hours of midnight calm,
I lie waiting for the morning,
With its cool, refreshing balm.

I note the slow, measured beat of the hammer as it strikes the passing hours, and I wonder if I, too, shall be survived by this old family monitor. With its continuous tick, tick, like heart beats, it seems some animate and conscious thing. If it could speak, what a history it could give of hopes and fears, heart-aches and heart-rejoicings! But the history has not gone unobserved; for there is One whose unerring pen has more faithfully written that record than could those hands on the clock dial measure off the years.

J. M. HOPKINS.

BOYS AND MOTHERS.

SOMETIMES boys think mothers are in the way—that they would have more liberty if it were not for their mothers. Mothers have such searching eyes—eyes that seem to look right into the heart, especially if there is anything hiding there that mothers should know about; and this is troublesome. If boys would only understand that it is love that makes the mother's eyes so keen, her voice so anxious, her questions so searching—love that knows all the temptations that may come to a boy, and the trouble if there is no wise confidante about! It is not the anxiety of a Paul Pry, but the loving guardianship of a mother. A wise man said, "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers." God may seem far off to us sometimes, but there is mother near, who will lead us back. The wisest and best men have honored their mothers. Few men who have accomplished a special work in the world do not give credit to their mother for the help and inspiration that made their work possible. In giving this credit to their mothers, they have honored themselves; for it proves that as boys they honored her instructions, were guided by her advice, and made a confidante of her in their hopes and desires. When the late President Garfield was inaugurated, the first person he saluted was his mother, showing plainly the place she held in his heart and his life.

The world honors and respects the man who honors and respects his mother. The neglect of a mother stamps a man or boy as heartless, ungrateful, if,

not cruel. The truly great men have never forgotten those to whom they were most deeply indebted. Many letters have been written about mothers, but few that show the sorrow that comes if the full measure of a mother's love has received no return until too late to make it. The poet Gray, in 1765, wrote the following letter to a friend:—

"It is long since I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness, and the same letter informed me she was recovered; otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this obvious and (what you call) a trite observation. . . . You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and it seems but as yesterday, and every day I live, it sinks deeper into my heart."

Mothers cannot force boys to see their worth. Just stop and think what your life would be without your mother; then remember to give in return love, courtesy, and obedience. If you treat your mother in such a way that you show your love and respect for her, you will acquire the habit of treating every woman courteously, and earn the title of gentleman.—*Christian Union.*

EVERY-DAY WORK.

ONE of the most singular legends in China is that of Nang Tso, a boy who was the son of a poor rice farmer under the Ming dynasty. At twelve years of age, Tso said, "Father, let me learn to be a soldier, and do great deeds." But his father answered, "Who, then, will till the rice? For I am a cripple, and thou hast six brothers and sisters younger than thou."

The boy remained and tilled the fields, and fed his brothers and sisters until the famine came and swept them all away. When he was a man of twenty-four, he said again to his father, "There is yet time for me to serve the Emperor, and to do mighty deeds." But his father said, "Thy mother is bed-ridden. Who, then, shall cook her rice, or watch by her at night?"

Then Tso, without a fretful word, remained, and tended his mother for ten years. When she was dead, he spoke no more of his heart's wish, but until he was a man of sixty, tilled the farm, carrying his father on his back to the fields in the morning, and back to the house at night, that they might not be separated a moment.

When he was a gray-haired man, the Emperor sent to him the medal of merit which is given to those officers who have been bravest in war, and caused proclamation to be made:—

"No soldier has served me more faithfully than he who has taught filial piety to my people."

Confucius taught that the highest heroism may be shown through the most commonplace actions. "The divine Gautama," says the proverb, "once in the shape of a donkey, drew a cart."

There is hardly any one who does not need to learn this lesson. Every young man or woman of high nature longs like the Chinese Tso for the chance to show the noble impulses which fire the soul, in some great action. But, for one hero whom the world recognizes, there are thousands of obscure men plodding through their whole lives in work-shops, farms, or offices, and women busy from childhood to old age, in sewing, nursing, or washing dishes. They think their lives are lost; for their labor is only to earn the means of life. They should remember that Christ was about his father's business when he was subject unto his mother and the carpenter Joseph, as much as when he stood upon the mount of transfiguration. His whole teaching was to show us how to illumine poor, bare, commonplace lives with a divine meaning.

"We need no great opportunities to live nobly," says a German writer. "As the tiniest dew-drop reflects the splendor of the whole heavens, so the most trifling word or action may be filled with the truth and love of God." "Even in short measures," says Ben Jonson, "life may perfect be."

It is true that no emperor now sends a golden medal to the gray-haired drudge in the work-shop, or to the woman bending over a sewing-machine, who are giving their lives to some unselfish, pure purpose. Nor are they held up like Tso to the admiration of the nation. But "God," says a homely German proverb, "does not pay all his wages on Saturday night."—*Youth's Companion.*

It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues on the housetop.—*South.*

Our Scrap-Book.

SIGHT AND TOUCH.

THOSE who have always had the senses of sight and touch cannot appreciate how much depends on the association of the two. This union of sight and feeling is so familiar to the most of us that we never stop to reason it out. It is by cases where persons, born blind, have received sight in later years, that we have learned from their descriptions of impressions, how dissimilar the two senses are.

A case occurred a few years ago where an operation was performed upon a young woman who had been born blind, and though an attempt had been made in early years to cure her, that attempt had failed. She was able just to distinguish large objects, the general shadow, as it were, of large objects, without any distinct perception of form, and to distinguish light from darkness. She could work well with her needle by the touch, and could use her scissors and bodkin and other implements by the training of her hand, so to speak, alone. A surgeon saw her; he examined her eyes, and told her that he thought he could get her sight restored; at any rate it was worth a trial. The operation succeeded. There was one little incident which will give an idea of the education which is required for what seems a very simple thing. She could not distinguish by sight the things that she was perfectly familiar with by the touch, at least, when they were first presented to her eyes. She could not even recognize a pair of scissors.

It would have been supposed that a pair of scissors, of all things in the world, having been continually used by her, and their form having become perfectly familiar to her hands, would have been most readily recognized by her sight; and yet she did not know what they were; she had not an idea until she was told, and then she laughed, as she said, at her own stupidity.

No stupidity at all; she had never learned it, and it was one of those things which she could not know without learning.

Another instance. Cheselden relates how a youth in this condition had been accustomed to play with a cat and a dog; but for some time after he attained his sight, he never could tell which was which, and used to be continually making mistakes. One day, being rather ashamed of himself for having called the cat the dog, he took the cat up in his arms and looked at her very attentively for some time, stroking her all the while; and in this way he associated the impression derived from the sight of the cat with the impression derived from the touch, and made himself master, so to speak, of the whole idea of the animal. He then put the cat down, saying, "Now, puss, I shall know you another time."—*Companion*.

IMPLANTATION OF TEETH.

If it is true, as medical men assert, that one can have teeth replanted which have been accidentally removed, it may be of use to some reader, sometime, to know their statements regarding the matter. These are from a paper on this subject read by Dr. Abbott, of New York, before the New York Academy of Medicine, and printed in the *Medical Record*:—

"Teeth, which had long been out of the mouth, have been inserted into artificial sockets made in the jaw, and have become, to all appearance, good, healthy, and servicable teeth. Into the socket from which a decayed tooth has been extracted, a sound tooth, taken from another jaw, has been inserted, and, being held in for a time with ligatures, has united fully with the tissues of the socket. This has occasionally been done for two centuries, and possibly much longer. Ambroise Paré says in his work published in 1561:—

"I have heard it represented by a credible person that he saw a lady of the prime nobility, who, instead of a rotten tooth she drew, made a sound tooth—drawn from one of her waiting-maids at the same time—to be substituted and inserted; which tooth, in process of time, as it were taking root, grew so firm as that she could chew upon it as well as upon any of the rest."

"The great Hunter recommends replanting a tooth when extracted by mistake, or knocked out by accident. A tooth inserted by him into the comb of a cock fully grew to the comb. In more modern times teeth have been extracted to favor difficult operations,—as in abscesses,—and subsequently replanted.

"Three or four years ago Dr. Younger attempted, for the first time, to insert teeth into artificial sockets made for the purpose in the jawbone. Since then he has done it forty or fifty times, in the majority of cases with marked success. Whether a union takes place between the periosteum of the tooth and the tissues of the bone is not certain, those who have undergone the operation not being disposed to have the tooth again extracted to determine the question. A post mortem, of course, would settle it; but the implanted tooth seems to be as firmly fixed as the others.

"Dr. Tonner, who had had two teeth implanted six months before, was present at the meeting of the medical society when these facts were recited. The inserted teeth had been extracted from the jaws of their owners eight years before. The teeth were seen

to be firmly set, and they gave no inconvenience. In answer to an assertion by a French doctor that such teeth would dissolve in two years, Dr. Tonner said that he would prefer to have the operation repeated every two years to wearing a plate."

The Sabbath-School.

FIRST SABBATH IN JUNE.

JUNE 2.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 22.—THE BONDAGE IN EGYPT.

INTRODUCTION.—Continuing a relation of scenes in the life of Joseph, the present lesson details the return of his brethren to Canaan, the emigration of the entire family to Egypt, their settlement in the land of Goshen, their prosperity, the deaths of Jacob and Joseph, the enslavement of the Israelites, and the birth of Moses. The events related occurred between the years B. C. 1706 and 1571—a period of 135 years.

1. WHEN Joseph had made himself known to his brethren, what did he tell them to do? Gen. 45:9-11.
2. What liberal offer did Pharaoh make? Verses 17-20.
3. What timely caution did Joseph give his brethren? Verse 24.
4. How did Jacob feel when his sons returned with this story? Verses 25, 26.
5. What finally induced him to consent to go? Verses 27, 28.
6. When he started, what encouragement did the Lord give him? Gen. 46:1-4.
7. How many were there who went down into Egypt? Acts 7:14.
8. How long did they live there in peace? Compare Gen. 41:46; 45:11; 50:26.
9. How did the children of Israel prosper in Egypt? Ex. 1:7.
10. What took place some time after Joseph's death? Verse 8.
11. What did this king say to his people? Verses 9, 10.
12. What did they do to the Israelites? Verse 11.
13. How did this affect them? Verse 13.
14. What did the children of Israel have to suffer at the hands of the Egyptians? Verses 13, 14.
15. Of what prophecy was this a fulfillment? Gen. 15:13.
16. What cruel order did the king of Egypt make? Ex. 1:22.
17. Relate the story of one child who was saved from the king's decree. Ex. 2:1-10.
18. What led the parents of Moses to do as they did? Heb. 11:23.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The scene that ensued when Joseph made himself known to his brethren can be better imagined than described or pictured. His greatest anxiety now was that they should hasten back to the land of Canaan, a distance of 300 miles, and bring hither their father, and his entire family—children and grand-children. In order that they might know beforehand for a surety that they would not be without a region of country to dwell in, he promised them the land of Goshen, a small but very fertile district between the eastern channel of the Nile and the desert, the modern province of *es Shurkiyeh*, still the richest in the land of Egypt. The distance from the Egyptian capital, where Joseph was, to Goshen, is about 80 miles.

Joseph promised his father's family a goodly land to dwell in, and Pharaoh supplemented this generous provision with a promise that they should be liberally provided with household utensils, agricultural implements, or other articles, so that they need not bring anything of this kind with them.

Joseph gave his brethren a timely exhortation as they departed—"See that ye fall not out by the way." "It would be natural for this company, during so interesting a journey, to converse freely concerning their conduct in selling Joseph, and the manner in which they should relate the particulars to Jacob; and as some of them had been much more criminal than others, . . . these passions might easily produce altercations, and even quarrels of fatal consequence. But as, after all, Joseph forgave and loved them, so he required them to forgive and love one another."—*Scott*.

For 22 years Jacob had supposed that Joseph was dead, and no wonder that he at first disbelieved the report his sons gave him regarding their brother; no wonder he fainted. As they related the circumstances of finding their brother in Egypt, it is reasonable to suppose that they confessed the evil they committed at the time Joseph was sold. Their sin had finally found them out. Num. 32:23. The sight of the

wagons (which could not have been other than two-wheeled carts) convinced Jacob of the truthfulness of his sons' statements; and hastily collecting his entire family and the families of his children—seventy-six souls in all—he set out on the journey to Egypt, being assured by the Lord that he was moving right. It need not be thought strange that Jacob had some misgivings about leaving the land of promise and going to Egypt in a time of famine. His father Isaac had been forbidden to take such a course. Gen. 26:1-3. Besides, it is not improbable that he had had some intimations of the prophecy given to his grandfather Abraham, that his seed should be afflicted in Egypt. Chap. 15:13, 14. Might he not reason that this step of his would lead to that bondage? Again, he knew that Canaan, not Egypt, was to be the inheritance of his posterity. Chap. 12. No wonder he needed positive assurance from God before starting. By the expression, "Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes" (Chap. 46:4), the Lord informed Jacob that Joseph would be with him at the end of his life, and close his eyes in death—an office of love and affection greatly prized.

A difficulty is encountered in harmonizing Gen. 46:27 with Acts 7:14, regarding the number of Jacob's family that settled in Egypt. The former text makes the number seventy, while the latter gives it as seventy-five. The apparent discrepancy may be explained as follows: The number given in Gen. 46:27 is obtained by counting the children, grand-children, and great grand-children as named in chapter 46:8-24,—sixty-six in all—and adding to them Jacob, Joseph, and Joseph's two sons—Ephraim and Manasseh. The number as stated in Acts 7:14 is obtained by adding the nine living wives of the brethren to the sixty-six children, grand-children, and great grand-children. Judah's wife was dead (chap. 38:12), and Simeon's also, as may be inferred from chap. 46:10, which states that his youngest son, Shaul, was by a Canaanitess, probably not his wife. Acts 7:14 states that Joseph sent "and called his father Jacob unto him, and all his kindred, three-score and fifteen souls." Let the "three-score and fifteen souls" refer to the "kindred," including the wives of the brethren, and the matter is made clear.

Eighteen years after Jacob emigrated to Egypt, he died, aged 147 years, with Joseph at his bedside, as the Lord had promised. This event was followed by funeral ceremonies of a most imposing character, and the burial of the patriarch in the cave at Machpelah, before Mamre, in the land of Canaan. Fifty-three years later, Joseph died, and was embalmed and placed in a coffin.

The rapid increase in population of Jacob's posterity in Egypt bordered on the marvelous. Beginning with about eighty souls when they settled in Egypt, they multiplied to that extent that in about two hundred and fifteen years they numbered upwards of 600,000, independently of old men, women, and children.

But soon after Joseph's death, a king arose who disapproved of the system of government instituted by Joseph, and haughtily refused to acknowledge the obligations under which the whole land of Egypt was laid to this eminent prime minister of one of his predecessors. Manetho, an Egyptian historian of the third century, relates that anciently Egypt had suffered terrible oppressions from the shepherd-kings; and we may conclude that Pharaoh reasoned that as the children of Israel were of the same occupation, *i. e.*, shepherds; and that as they were foreigners, and multiplying with wonderful rapidity, his country was really in danger from them; and as he stated "That when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us." Gen. 1:10. Thus it came about that Jacob's posterity were brought into the bondage prophesied of in Gen. 15:13.

"The Egyptians contrived a variety of ways to afflict the Israelites; for they enjoined them to cut a great number of channels for the river, and to build walls for their cities and ramparts, that they might restrain the river, and hinder its waters from stagnating upon its overrunning its own banks; they set them also to build pyramids, and wore them out, and forced them to learn all sorts of mechanic arts, and to accustom themselves to hard labor."—*Josephus*.

Pharaoh ordered that the male children born to the Israelites should be cast into the river. "As the Nile, which is here intended, was a sacred river among the Egyptians, it is not unlikely that Pharaoh intended the young Hebrews as an offering to his god, having two objects in view. 1. To increase the fertility of the country by thus procuring, as he might suppose, a proper and sufficient inundation; and 2. To prevent an increase of population among the Israelites, and in process of time procure their entire extermination."—*Clarke*.

One hundred and thirty-five years after Jacob and his family settled in Egypt, the birth of Moses occurred, which is the closing incident of the lesson.

For Our Little Ones.

THANKS BE TO GOD.

ONLY this morning
I heard such a blending
Of happy bird-voices
Arise from the grove,
It seemed like a chorus
Of praises ascending
From God's happy creatures,
To tell of his love.

Out in the sunshine
The children are skipping,
Singing and shouting
I hear them go by;
The bee, busy rover,
His nectar is sipping,
The spring blossoms open
Their eyes to the sky.

"Thanks be to God,"
All nature is singing,
Clothed in her mantle
So golden and green.
"Thanks be to God,"

The joy-bells are ringing
In your heart and mine,
At the beautiful scene.

Wild were the winds
As the snow shroud descended,
But the ice-reign is over,
Earth's children are free;
Thanks be to God,
The winter is ended,
Sweet are the breezes
Of spring-time to me.

—Selected.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

BERTHA'S MINUTES.

"COME, Bertha, come!" said Mrs. Gray, one morning, "put up your story book, and dust the room."

"Yes, mamma, in just one minute; when I finish this page." But Bertha kept on reading; she turned one, two, three pages; she finished the chapter.

"Bertha!" called Mrs. Gray from the kitchen, where she had gone to do the morning's baking; "Bertha, run to the shed and get an armful of wood."

"Yes'm," said Bertha again, "I'll go right off." She glanced along the pages to see how the story would end. Mrs. Gray waited until the fire was most out, and then she washed the dough off her hands, and went for the wood herself.

Bertha at length closed her book, and began to do the dusting. But before she finished two chairs, the little French clock on the mantel chimed the half hour, and there was only time enough for her to comb her hair before the school-bell rang. Bertha flirted the duster over the tops of the other chairs, and ran to get ready.

That was the great fault with Bertha; she was always going to do things in just a minute more. She made herself and other people, too, a great deal of trouble by this bad habit.

Bertha had a beautiful yellow canary in a pretty brass cage. Her Aunt Helen had given it to her on her last birthday. The cage stood on a table before a sunny window. Dick soon learned to know Bertha, and would come close up to the wires of his cage whenever she came near. "Tweet! tweet!" he would call, and Bertha would answer him, "Sweet! Sweet!"

Sometimes Bertha did not answer back, then Dick would grow restless, and hop nervously from his swing to his perch until she noticed him.

It was Bertha's duty every morning to give Dick some fresh seeds and some clean water for a bath. But, would you believe it? she sometimes forgot to give her little pet the seeds, and would let his water cup get dry!

"Bertha!" her mother would ask, "have you fed Dick this morning?" And Bertha would say, "No, mamma; but I will in just a minute." Then she would play with her dolly until she forgot all about Dick, and mamma would have to feed him at last. It would seem as if Bertha must grow tired of being told over and over again to do her work, and I am sure Mrs. Gray grew tired of telling her.

But one day Bertha learned a lesson she did not forget. She had put Dick down on the table to bathe.

"Is the door shut?" her mamma called from the kitchen.

"I'll shut it in a minute," said Bertha, who was busy making her dolly a bonnet, and didn't want to get up. Then she shirred up the silk, and put on the lace, and as usual forgot to do what mamma said.

Thud! crash! Bertha looked up just in time to see an old black and white cat tip over the cage and seize poor Dick in his claws.

"Oh! oh! oh! you wicked cat!" cried Bertha, flinging her scissors at him. And Grimalkin dropped his plunder, and slipped out of the door.

Bertha put the cage back on the table, and picked up poor Dick. But it was too late to save him. Pussy's claws had struck in deep, and the red blood trickled over his pretty yellow breast. He gasped a minute in Bertha's hand, and then the bright eyes closed. Dick was dead.

Mrs. Gray heard the noise, and came in. "O mamma! mamma!" sobbed Bertha, "I forgot to shut the door, and Dick is dead! It's all my own fault, too!" Then Bertha's head went down into



mamma's lap, and she cried as if her heart would break.

Mamma stroked her hair, and when Bertha grew calm, she said, "I hope, my dear child, you will learn a lesson from this, and never need anything more severe to help you break this bad habit of putting things off till it is one minute too late.

"There are some mistakes we can never make right, no matter how sorry we may be that we have made them. And all your tears will never put life and happiness into little Dick's cold form. The best way is to try very hard not to make mistakes.

"I shall leave the empty cage on the table in the window, so that you may remember not to put off things for one minute more."

The sight of the empty cage has done Bertha good; for she very seldom says now, "in just a minute." Sometimes when she thinks she has conquered the bad habit, she grows careless and falls back into her old ways. But she has tried so hard that I should not wonder if on her next birthday she would find a little yellow and brown canary singing in the cage.

W. E. L.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

BEN WILDER came running home one day, in great joy, and called his brother Rob.

"Rob, I have found out how we can earn the money to buy our bicycle!"

"Good!" exclaimed Rob. "How can we?"

"There's a man up at Frost's store who says he'll pay us ten cents for every quart of berries we'll pick. And you know the pastures and swamps are full of blackberries."

"Hurrah!" And Rob threw up his old hat in answer. "We'll do it!"

"Yes. Come up to Frost's with me, and we'll settle where to deliver them."

"All right." Away the two went, and were soon deep in the trade with the man from the city. The

arrangements were made, and the boys turned away to begin their picking.

Ben stopped for a last question:—

"What'll you do with all those berries?"

"Make wine of them; wines, and other liquors. I belong to a wholesale liquor firm," answered the man.

"Hum—yes, sir. We just wanted to know."

The boys walked away. But they looked at each other soberly, and soon stopped.

"Rob," said Ben, "we can't do it. We don't want to help make drunkards. Let's go back."

They went back and told the man they could not sell their berries for that purpose. He was angry, and called them names; but the boys stood firm.

They have not yet saved enough to buy the bicycle, but they have never regretted their decision.—*Ex.*

Letter Budget.

OLIVER G. DAVEY, of Oceana Co., Mich., writes: "Mother has just read so many nice letters to me from the INSTRUCTOR that I thought I would write one too. I am eight years old. We attend meeting and Sabbath-school at Shelby. I learn my lesson in Book No. 2, and I have a perfect lesson and a Bible verse each Sabbath. Father gave me some money, Christmas, which I gave to the South African Mission. We live on a farm, and draw saw-logs to the saw-mill in the winter, and make maple sugar in the spring. I have missed only one day from school this winter. I have nineteen head marks. I have committed alphabet rhymes to memory to speak the last day. The snow is very deep here now."

BLANCHE BENSON sends a letter from King Co., Wash. Ter. She says: "I am nine years old. I have a sister three years old, and one fourteen years old. She wrote twice to the Budget, but her letters were not printed, so I thought I would write. You must have many letters, and you have some real good ones. I am trying every day to be a Christian; for I want to be saved. We have our Sabbath-school at home. I am in Book No. 3, sister Laura is in No. 1, and my big sister is in the INSTRUCTOR class. I am almost ready to go into fourth reader at the day school. I take music lessons of mamma. She is a music teacher. Papa is away almost all the time doing missionary work, and canvassing for "Facts for the Times," "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," and giving Bible readings. Good-bye to you all."

Two letters came in one envelope from Stevens Co., Wash. Ter. One is from ELMER R. HALLBERG, and reads: "As I wrote once, and have not seen it printed, I thought I would write again. I am twelve years old. I have five sisters and two brothers. One of my sisters has the INSTRUCTOR. Her name is Alice. I have kept the Sabbath since I was four years old, but we have no Sabbath-school here. We have 115 chickens. Here the grass is green all over the hills, and there are four kinds of flowers in bloom. Pray for me, that I may meet you all in the new earth."

The second letter reads: "As my brother is writing, I may just as well write too. My name is ABEL R. HALLBERG. I am thirteen years old. My youngest brother, Abner, broke his left leg last fall, but he is well now. He was able to attend school three months this winter. He suffered a great deal the first week after the accident. We have good schools here in the winter time; but we have no Sabbath-school nor church of any denomination. Nearly five years ago we lived in Minnesota, where there were churches of nearly every denomination. This is a lonesome place; otherwise it is a good country. The climate is healthful. We are almost through seeding, and mamma has started her garden. I hope I will meet you all when Jesus comes."

MARY BEATON writes from Cameron Co., Pa. She says: "I am a little girl eleven years old. I have four cousins. Mamma and papa do not keep the Sabbath, but I keep it with my auntie. I go to day school. I am learning the commandments. I read in Book No. 4. I have a pet lamb and two canary birds. I send the Sabbath-school paper to my little brother."

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