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THE TEN LITTLE SONGSTERS.

SEVEN wee birds on the limb of a tree
Were singing and swinging as gay as could be;
Singing and swinging, flitting and fluttering,
Chatting and spitting, twittering, sputtering,
All in the best of good nature, of course,
Till it seemed as though each little throat would get hoarse.

Now, when the gay frolic was about at its height,
Three strangers appeared, and prepared to alight;
Three demure little strangers with sorrow-
ful faces.

Who sighed as they sat in the pleasantest
places.

"I am grieved," said the eldest, with a sort of
wail

Of distress, and a sad little shake of his
tail—

"I am grieved to hear singing, see gladness
and mirth,

When there's sorrow and trouble all over the
earth;

When through the wide world there is
hardly a nation

Where some are not dying of thirst or
starvation."

These words on the seven produced quite a
shock,

When up spoke the tiniest bird in the flock:
"If people are suffering, and times are so bad,

We should try to make every one cheerful
and glad,

Sing more and sing louder, it appears to
me.

So together! chirrup, chirrup, chir-e-e-e!"
All joined with a will, and their glad some
singing

Set woods and hills and valleys a-ringing,
Till the sound reached a lonely old woman
in bed.

"After all, life is still worth the living," she
said,

"While the sun is so bright, and the birds so
gay:"

And their glad music cheered her for many
a day.

When the chorus began, the new-comers de-
parted.

And they seemed, as before, very sad and
downhearted;

But, strange to relate, ere they flew out of
sight,

The three were a-singing with all of their
might.

—The Christian Union.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

GLIMPSSES OF SWITZERLAND.—NO. 1.

TO the child who has scarcely ever
been away from his early home, his
township is of considerable consequence, his
county is large, its villages are wonderful, and
the dimensions of his State reach the limits of his com-
prehension, and he cannot imagine how any spot can
be equal to his home.

The idea of the Swiss concerning their country is
much the same; their school training even,—their
text-books abounding as they do with minute his-
torical and descriptive accounts of the home land, the
doings of its heroes and heroines,—being well calcu-
lated to inspire and cultivate Swiss patriotism. And
although, with their keen appreciation of the grand,
beautiful, and good, they, on leaving Switzerland, en-
joy and admire the enjoyable and admirable in the
scenery and people of other lands, oftentimes their
hearts turn back to their own *belle Suisse*, their
schöne Schweiz, with the unsatisfied longings of a
homesick child. Nor is one who has visited their

country and become acquainted with its people, much
inclined to pronounce them narrow-minded on this
account, but rather to think that were they less pa-
triotic, it might well be questioned whether they had
a proper appreciation of their rare blessings.

I have often thought it is as though the wonder-
fully grand mountain scenery, the great lakes and
rivers with their falls and cascades, the plateaus,
prairies, and valleys of the 3,547,390 square miles

ence is due principally to the difference in elevation,
and proximity of mountains, lakes, and rivers.

It is interesting to notice their classification of ele-
vation, thus: First, Region of the vine. In round
numbers, this extends to the height of 1,800 feet
above the sea level. In this region grapes are cul-
tivated upon the sunny slopes of even the highest
hills. The oak, beech, fir, and fruit trees flourish
here, also wheat and vegetables, and the meadows
yield two crops yearly. Second, Re-
gion of nuts, between 1,800 and 2,800
feet in elevation. Still two mowings
are afforded, but the vine prospers no
more. Oats, rye, and barley are
grown, but wheat only with difficulty.
Third, Region of the beech, from 2,800
to 4,000 feet. The oak and some kinds
of fruit-trees are found in the midst
of this region. Forests and pasturages
abound; rye, oats, and potatoes are
still cultivated, but ripen slowly and
late in the season. Fourth, Region
of the fir, from 4,000 to 6,000 feet ele-
vation. Here only cone trees are found,
and there are only two seasons; the
summer affords excellent pastures, but
it is short, as the winter lasts eight or
nine months. Fifth, region of pastures,
between 6,000 and 8,200 feet elevation.
During five or six weeks in the midst
of the short summer, good pastures invite
flocks of hungry goats up the mount-
ain sides. Aside from grass, nothing
grows here except *la rose des Alpes*, or
rhododendron.* Sixth, Region of per-
petual ice and snow of the high Alps, at
an elevation of 8,200 to 14,300 feet.

Here I find myself wishing it possible
to give such a word picture as would
convey to others something of the same
impressions made upon my own mind
while gazing upon the lovely, the
grand, and the awe-inspiring views I
have seen in these different regions.
Some of them are ineffably en-
graved, and hung away in memory's
chambers, and I enjoy looking them
over occasionally. I will give as best
I can in English an excellent descrip-
tion by Toeppler, of a wild and roman-
tic spot in the south of Switzerland,
away up in the fifth of these regions, a
section of which appears in the illus-
tration, the gorge of,—

LA VIA MALA.

Beyond Añleer opens the famous de-
file of *La Via Mala*. It is difficult to
give an idea of the horrors and beauties of the place.
It is composed of two gorges, or rather, two deep
fissures, at the bottom of which roars the Rhine,
and between which there is a little grassy valley, fresh
and green, placed there as if to give to the traveler the
most vivid impressions of the contrast. In this fissure,
the route winds about, here crowded against the rocky
wall, there crossing a shadowy abyss, the lowest depths
of which escape the eye, and from which, in places, the
noise of the river, foaming and dashing among the
rocks, never reaches the ear. Majestic trees shoot up
from every spot where there is a little soil, and the gorge
is so narrow that their interlacing branches form an
archway through which but a pale reflection of light
enters. A little farther on, there is but the glimmer of



LA VIA MALA.

of the United States were all concentrated within the
15,912 square miles of this charming little country;
for here they are in miniature, and one needs not to
travel thousands of miles to find all these, nor is he
wearied with monotonous views, as he travels in
Switzerland. Its forest-clad mountain chain in the
west (the Jura), the Lower Alps in the north and
east, with range upon range of the ice and snow-
crowned Bernese Alps in the south, surround its one
plateau of about 1,000 square miles area, extending
from the southeast to the southwest through the
center, and varying in elevation from 1,100 feet to
6,000 feet above the sea. While in latitude this
plateau corresponds with that of the extreme north
of the great plateau of the United States, as Minne-
sota and Dakota, its climate is much milder, corres-
ponding more nearly with that of Colorado and Mis-
souri seven hundred miles farther south. The differ-

* Concerning this, Tschudi, a German writer, says:—
"Charming flower which upon the mountain blows,
Uniting myrtle green to the carmine of the rose."

a subterranean passage, and the silence is succeeded by the infernal din of the bounding and rushing of the invisible waters, tearing through the caverns and over the rocks below. It seems as if one is thousands of miles from the haunts of men, and he cannot rid himself of an inward horror.

On leaving the second part of the gorge, the traveler passes at the foot of a wall of rocks, above which he sees the *chateau of Bärenburg* (castle of the bears). Just beyond this spot opens a green and fertile valley, and the change is sudden from Tartarus to the Elysian Fields.

Some additional points I quote from Ebel. This long gorge (9 kilom, or about six miles), extending between Mts. Beverin and Mütterhorn, is one of the most remarkable and frightful in Switzerland. The overhanging walls are covered with firs, which add to the horror and obscurity. The highway, cut as a cornice in the rock, is about a yard wide and from 185 feet to 370 feet above the river. . . . Soon after entering the gorge, the route passes through a rock; and a few hundred feet farther on, a second bridge, no less hazardous than the first, conducts the traveler to the left bank again. This bridge of one single arch is 37 feet long, spanning a chasm 460 feet deep. A little way from here is a fall of the Rhine, where there is a very beautiful rainbow when the sun shines. Half an hour later, one crosses a third bridge, to the right bank of the river, and soon after enters a smiling valley at the end of the gorge.

To the west of this is another of Switzerland's noted defiles, *la gorge du Trient*, in the valley of the Rhone. Some of its remarkable features, however, are quite in contrast to those of *Via Mala*. Its winding route is down so near the river that in June and July the cold, clay be-clouded Rhone, swelled to a mad torrent by the melting snows of the lower spurs of the Alps, seems to threaten to engulf the traveler as he crosses the frail-looking wooden bridges from side to side. The rocky walls, too, are nearly bare, and frequently there are such combinations of crevices and projections in the sculpturing as to present from a little distance the appearance of faces; of grey-bearded old fathers, smiling down upon the puny mites of humanity come to spy out their eternal abodes, or of grim monsters, peering suspiciously from dark corners.

But we must not linger longer now among these fascinating scenes. ADDIE S. BOWEN.

THE AXE AND THE WEDGE.

A BOY sat in the corner of a deserted school-room, apparently poring over a book. Through the open window came cheery shouts of laughter from the play-ground. Presently the master walked into the room—a kind man loved by all the boys, but also wise and firm.

"Still studying, Will?" he said, as he passed by.

"The boy started and looked away, but not before Mr. Owen had noted the mist of tears that effectually blotted out the printed page. Laying his hand gently on the boy's head, he said,—

"Run out awhile, my boy, and you will feel better after; you are tired now."

"Oh! it is not that, Mr. Owen; but I'm afraid I must give it all up. What Harry says is perfectly true. I have no talent; it is merely by constant grinding that I manage to keep up with him, and yet he never appears to study."

"Notwithstanding your want of 'talent,' as Harry calls it, he may possibly find himself in the back-ground one of these days. Perseverance is worth much more than so-called talent without it. It is simply the old story of the blunt wedge and sharp axe. I must tell it to you:—

"A wedge and an axe lay side by side in a box of tools.

"Of what use are you, I should like to know?" said the axe sharply to the wedge. "A blunt thing like you! Why, you could not cut even the smallest branch. The master likes to use me. Just look at my edge; did you ever see anything so keen and bright? I come down with a crash, and everything is scattered right and left. Ah! I am sharp!"

"I am a poor, dull thing, I know," said the wedge, humbly.

"Just then the master opened the box and ended the conversation.

"As he took out the axe, it gave a last triumphant gleam at the modest wedge. It was a large block of wood on which the axe came down, and, in spite of its boasting, it made little impression. Much to its disgust it was thrown aside, and the master took up the despised wedge, inserted it in the slit, brought a few hard blows to bear on it, and—crash!—the block was in two.

"Ah, ah!" said the master, "a blunt wedge will sometimes do what a sharp axe will not."

"That is the story, Will. Call the blunt wedge perseverance, and go on using it, even though the sharp axe should say a few cutting words." The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.—*Selected.*

"KEEP THYSELF PURE."

EARS of mine, hear not
What should be forgot;
Ne'er listen to the jest or song
Which could defile an angel's tongue;
Oh, ears of mine, now flee
From all impurity.

Eyes of mine, see not
What should be forgot;
Look ne'er on evil, lest the stain
Upon my spirit should remain;
Oh, eyes of mine, now flee
From all impurity.

Hands of mine, touch not
What should be forgot;
Hold back from every secret sin,
Remember Him who looks within;
Oh, hands of mine, now flee
From all impurity.

Lips of mine, speak not
What should be forgot;
Keep the tongue clean for Jesus' praise,
For words of gentleness and grace;
Oh, lips of mine, now flee
From all impurity.

Heart of mine, think not
What should be forgot;
For thoughts unholly lead to sin;
Harbor no filthiness within;
Oh, heart of mine, now flee
From all impurity.

—Mrs. H. E. Brown.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

A LETTER FROM HONOLULU.

PLEASANT for situation are the Hawaiian, or Sandwich Islands, situated as they are in a tropical belt. We arrived here from America on the bark "Sonoma" the middle of June, and have found the climate as nearly perfect as it could well be on this sin-cursed earth. The weather is never very hot or very cold, the thermometer varying not more than fifteen or twenty degrees during the year. Last year the greatest heat in August at 2 P. M. was 84.58, while the lowest point reached at the same hour of the day was 75.36 in February.

The islands of this group are twelve in number, four of which are but barren rock, while of the remaining eight, only four are of much importance. This group forms an independent kingdom, the present ruler, King Kalakana, being a native of the islands.

The Sandwich Islands were discovered by Gaetano about 1542. They were rediscovered in 1778 by Captain Cook, the great navigator, who met a most unfortunate death in this locality in February of the following year. The superstitious natives, encouraged by Captain Cook, had come to believe him a god, and he was the more willing that they should hold to this opinion, since it gave him a powerful influence over them; and for a time he wickedly allowed them to worship him. Once when he had started to leave the islands, a severe storm damaged his vessel, and he was obliged to return to make repairs. He entered one of the consecrated mud temples to perform the work, whereupon the natives began to doubt his divinity; for a god, they thought, should know better than so to pollute a temple dedicated to him. To test his claims, they struck a spear into his back; and when he cried with pain, they exclaimed, "See! this is no god; he cries like one of us!" Then the natives, angry at the deception, fell upon him and killed him.

At that time, and for many years afterwards, these were ruled by different chiefs, each island constituting a separate kingdom. Finally a powerful chief came from the largest island, Hawaii, to Oahu, with a great many warriors, and taking the people of Oahu, by surprise, drove them like a flock of sheep up a great gorge between two high mountains. This gorge grows gradually narrower and narrower till it terminates at the top of a fearful precipice, with the steep mountains close on either side. There was no possible way of escape, and forty thousand of the Oahuans were crowded off the precipice, only to be dashed to pieces on the rocks a thousand feet below.

Two days ago, I visited the place, and with feelings difficult to describe, I looked down from the giddy height upon the rocks where so many met a fearful death. Up the gorge where the men, women, and children were driven, a wagon road has been constructed to the precipice. It has become a place of public re-

sort, and none who visit Honolulu to remain for a few days think of leaving without seeing this historic locality.

Ever since this battle, the islands have been consolidated into one kingdom. The first palace was built on the battle-field soon after the conflict, and nothing now remains of it save the stone walls. The present palace is a more imposing structure, and stands four miles from the ancient site.

In 1823, these islands had a population of 142,050. This number was so reduced by war and pestilence, that in 1872 there were only 56,987 people in the kingdom. The population at the present time numbers 80,578, while the natives number only 40,014. They, like the American Indians, are fast disappearing; but this decrease is due largely to their immoral and intemperate habits.

In some respects, the white people who have come to the islands have been a benefit to these simple-minded natives. They have brought to them a knowledge of the Christian religion, and have helped them in the establishment of schools; and all this tends toward civilization. But with these blessings, so many evils and vices have been introduced that it is quite evident the condition of the natives is, on the whole, worse than before the white man came. The natives are naturally inclined to be religious; and had they been taught the pure religion of Christ, without the introduction of crime and vice, they would have become noble specimens of humanity. But they are easily influenced, and unable to withstand temptation.

The largest church building in Honolulu was built by the natives, and services are held here every week in the native, or Hanaka, language. The church will seat 8,000 people. It is built of stone, and all the material was carried quite long distances on the strong shoulders of the natives.

They seem to have great faith in prayer. When any one in a community becomes so troublesome that the people consider it would be beneficial to dispose of him, they decide to *pray him to death*. The victim is accordingly notified, and relinquishes all hope of living. He straightens up his worldly business, goes to bed, gets sick at once, and actually dies in a short time. This shows the powerful effect the mind has upon the body. They do not seem to fear death, and being fond of display, sometimes decide to die just for the sake of having a funeral. The person so deciding, lies down, refuses to eat, gets sick, and soon dies. They think it a great honor to be the chief object of attraction, and to be followed by so many people; and so they will sacrifice their own lives for the sake of being conspicuous for a short time. A. J. CUDNEY.

WITH GOD EACH MORNING.

A TRAVELER visiting at Aix-la-Chapelle noticed one morning a number of boys and girls on their way to school. On their backs were their book knapsacks, secured after the German fashion. They were young soldiers in the great school army, moving forward to attack and carry such formidable heights as arithmetic, grammar, geography. The traveler noticed that these warriors of peace entered a roomy church. He followed them into the house of God; and was it hushed and silent?—No. A great throng of children had gathered there. Hundreds were present. On one side of the church were boys, and on the other were girls. They knelt, and their voices were blended in devout prayer. Then, birdlike, they warbled together a cheerful hymn. No teacher seemed to be there to oversee them, no clergyman to guide them in worship. It seemed to be a voluntary act of child worship, not on any special day, but as a fitting preface of their daily tasks. Was it any wonder that the visitor was deeply impressed by this scene?

How many of our young people are particular to begin each day with a look into God's word and then a look in prayer up to God himself? The school-world has its temptations; prayer fights them down. It has its duties; prayer helps us climb those steps of obligation. You need not visit a church each morning to prepare yourself, but you should withdraw to the stillness of some chamber of devotion, and there, alone with God, begin the day.—S. S. Classmate.

I DON'T SEE THE USE OF IT.

No, of course not. Why *should* you see the use of it? Do the school children see the use of all they are set to do? Do the grown-ups see the use of half of their cares and trials?

The point is, whether you are willing to do your allotted duty and let some one else see the "use." If you are, you are submitting to the discipline that will lead to generalship some day.

The Sabbath-School.

FIRST SABBATH IN NOVEMBER.
NOVEMBER 3.

SECOND EPISTLE OF PETER.

LESSON 2.—2 PETER 1:5-7.

1. WHAT is done for us through the great promises of God? 2 Peter 1:4.
2. Because of this, what are we to do? Verses 5-7.
3. What is the foundation of all graces? Verse 5.
4. What is the first thing that faith accomplishes for us? Rom. 5:1.
5. Being justified by faith, what do we become? Gal. 3:26.
6. Having become children of God, may we settle down in self-satisfaction? Eph. 5:1.
7. What must we do? Verse 2.
8. Whose example are we to follow? Verse 2; 1 John 2:6; 1 Peter 2:21.
9. Could we without faith do the things that God requires? Heb. 11:6; Rom. 14:23, last part.
10. Having been justified, how alone can we remain in that state? Hab. 2:4.
11. What does the true faith always do? Gal. 5:6, last clause.
12. How alone can faith be shown to be perfect? James 2:21, 22.
13. What is said of a faith from which no works proceed? James 2:17, 26.
14. What is to be added to faith?
15. And what to virtue?
16. What knowledge must be added? Col. 1:9, 10.
17. What is the nature of this knowledge? James 3:17.
18. What will be the result if we do not obtain this knowledge? Hosea 4:6, first clause.
19. What must be added to knowledge?
20. In what respect must we be temperate? 1 Cor. 9:25.
21. What is the meaning of temperance? *Ans.*—Mastery of self; self-control. See 1 Cor. 9:27.
22. Does religion have anything to do with one's eating and drinking? 1 Cor. 10:31.
23. If a man eats and drinks simply for the gratification of his appetite, what does he worship? Phil. 3:18, 19.
24. What great commandment does he break? Ex. 20:3; Matt. 22:37, 38.
25. How are we to glorify God? 1 Cor. 6:20.
26. What will be the fate of those who give themselves up to indulgence in appetite? Luke 21:34. See also Phil. 3:18, 19.

NOTES.

"AND beside this giving all diligence, add to your faith," etc. A literal rendering of the words translated "and beside this," would be, "and for this cause," which is equivalent to "wherefore." The reference may be to the divine power that hath given us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, or to the exceeding great and precious promises, or to the divine nature of which we are made partakers. Because of this power, because we are sons of God, we should use all diligence to add the Christian graces.

The idea of the apostle is not that any one grace cannot be obtained until the one preceding it has been perfected, as, for instance, that we cannot have any godliness until we are perfect in faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, and patience; for all these things are a part of godliness. But he means that we should possess them all and daily add to each. It may, however, be observed that there seems to be a definite relation, in point of order, especially between temperance and patience; for it is utterly impossible for an intemperate man to be a patient man. Indeed, temperance is, in a sense, patience; for temperance is self-control, and patience is the controlling of one's self under trying circumstances. All the graces are, in fact, interwoven, but faith is the foundation of all. It must precede every other good thing.

On the word "virtue" Dr Barnes says:—

"The word here rendered *virtue* is the same which is used in verse 3. . . . All the things which the apostle specifies, unless *knowledge* be an exception, are *virtues* in the sense in which that word is commonly used, and it can hardly be supposed that the apostle here meant to use a general term which would include all of the others. The probability is, therefore, that by the word here he has reference to the common meaning of the Greek word, as referring to manliness, courage, vigor, energy; and the sense is that he wished them to evince whatever firmness or courage might be necessary in maintaining the principles of their religion, and in enduring the trials to which their faith might be subjected. True virtue is not a tame and passive thing.

It requires great energy and boldness; for its very essence is firmness, manliness, and independence."

By a comparison of Phil. 3:19 and Ex. 20:3, we learn that intemperance is a violation of the first commandment. But one who violates the first commandment is an idolater. Therefore it is utterly impossible that an intemperate man should be a Christian. A man who is given to surfeiting has his mind so beclouded that he cannot appreciate divine things, or if he dimly realizes them, he is unable to give them his full attention, and so the great day of God comes and finds him unprepared.

Our Scrap-Book.

RAILROADS IN CHINA.

THE Emperor of China, Kuang Hsü, who is now seventeen years old, has a train of cars of his own, as well as a special railway to run them upon. The cars have been made for him in France, and were lately taken to Shanghai by steamer from Marseilles, addressed to Li-Hung-Chang, Viceroy of Pechili, the province in which Pekin is situated. The train was constructed at Lyons. It consists of six cars, three of which are for the use of the Emperor and his mandarins, two for the guards, and one for baggage. These cars are made to run upon a railroad less than five miles long, which has been built by French engineers, in the neighborhood of Pekin, in order to give the Chinese Emperor an idea of railways, and to induce him, if possible, to favor their introduction into China. The exterior of the first car, containing the Imperial saloon, is painted blue, with trimmings of gilt. Four panels, copied from Chinese tapestries, represent the five-clawed dragon of the Emperor, which is also reproduced in gilded bronze upon the two doors. Two other panels bear the arms of the City of Lyons. The steps and the metal of the platforms are of nicked steel. The next two cars are painted red with a trimming of gilt, and each bears the Imperial dragon. The interior decorations and furnishings of all the cars are magnificent, those of the first in particular, and a great deal of attention has been paid, it is said, to making them at once Chinese and artistic.

It is to be hoped that the Emperor of China will like his train, and that it will lead to a much more general introduction of railways into China. There are now no railroads in operation in that country. One was built by the English, some time since, between Shanghai and Wusung, a distance of nine miles, but after it had been in successful operation for six months, the Chinese authorities bought up and destroyed it. The Chinese people were fond of riding on it, and it is believed that the authorities regarded it as a dangerous innovation, likely to make the Chinese people take to Western ways.

As it is, the highways and interior water-ways of China are in a wretched condition, and do not betoken a civilized country. The country is intersected by two thousand Imperial highways, which were once magnificent roads, sometimes even tunneled through the mountains; but they are now almost everywhere out of repair. The Grand Canal, too, upon which Pekin largely depends for its supplies, is in such a ruinous state that boats cannot pass through, and have to be taken out and dragged around the obstructions, the freight being unshipped and reshipped further on.

The plans have already been prepared by English engineers for main railway lines from Tientsin to Pekin, from Shanghai to Foo-chow and Hangchow-fu, and from Canton to Nanking; and abundant capital, English, French, and American, will be ready when the government gives authorization to build. These railways, if permitted, will no doubt do more to change the country than anything else has ever done.—*Companion.*

A MONSTER TREASURE VAULT.

UNCLE SAM deals in such colossal sums of money that monster vaults have to be constructed to hold them. For instance, there is one at Washington that holds a hundred million dollars. It is described by an eye-witness as follows:—

"Descending into the depths of the massive foundations of the Treasury, about thirty feet below the surface of the public thoroughfares outside, and crossing a dingy, dimly-lighted, bare apartment, a great square of steel, standing partly open in a steel casement, suggests the entrance to the new vault. The door, about eight feet high and six feet wide, is six inches thick, and weighs five thousand pounds, or two and one-half net tons. To move it on its tracks into its steel casing, requires the desperate exertions of five men. A mechanical device is now being constructed to lessen the demand for this amount of muscle in handling the ponderous portal. A lock one foot in diameter, resembling the highly-polished bottom of a dish-pan, and operated through a combination of the most delicate and intricate mechanical appliances by means of a key, throws the powerful bolts into the slots in the frame, and a time-lock holds them there against anything short of blowing up the building from the foundation until the hour fixed for the morning rounds of the official custodian of the vaults.

"Passing through the jaws of this monster of human contrivance against burglarious attempts, the chill, damp air and inky darkness suggest the strength and isolation of this vast treasure-box. It is 85 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 12 feet high, surrounded by massive walls of masonry and brick five feet thick. In the dim light of a candle, the weird lattice-work of interlacing bars of steel, which form the sixteen cells, each ten by twenty feet, may be vaguely seen. Around the inner cage leads a narrow corridor, where the custodian of the vault may make his rounds of inspection. Upon a transverse central corridor the cells open. Each door is fitted with an ingenious device for fastening, which will not catch until the door is entirely shut, and the key removed.

"Each of these cells will hold six and a half million dollars, or two hundred tons of silver dollars, or a grand total of 3,500 net tons, equal to \$100,000,000 silver dollars. If the corridors were used for storage, this aggregate could be increased to \$128,000,000.

"Some practical idea of the extent of this treasure may be formed when it is realized that to transport it would require at least eighteen hundred wagons, which would extend in a continuous line about fifteen miles, or, if loaded on cars, would make a train nearly four miles long!"

THE FLOWER SPIDER.

THE flower spider of Virginia is not a weaver of webs, but a regular sybarite, loving ease and luxury. He selects a flower full of sweetness and beauty for his home. There he nestles among the petals, with his lobster-like legs extended to catch insect intruders. And so cunningly does he arrange his body, that he seems a part of the flower, his delicate shades of cream and green color completing the deception. His kingdom is constantly invaded by swarming robbers; therefore he neither waits nor exerts himself, for his game comes to his hands, and, with the relish of an epicure, he feasts upon the best. The only exertion he ever makes is to drag the remains of his victim to the top of his castle: and, dropping them to the ground, he gazes complacently down upon his catacomb of winged mummies, then glides back to his retreat, to be rocked to sleep by the summer winds. Too indolent to be aggressive, he avoids danger by a slow, backward movement until hidden from view.

Socially, he is selfish and exclusive, abiding alone in his exquisite home, the even tenor of his way never disturbed except by the buzzing of a bee. Then he instantly drops beneath the nectary (that part of a flower containing the honey), wherefrom his keen eyes watch with wondering surprise the operations of the bee, as he extracts the coveted sweets. When the rich stores of his present dwelling have all been collected by the busy bee, then the spider quickly forsakes his lovely abode, on a single line of web, to one newer and perhaps more beautiful. In this way he migrates from flower to flower until summer and autumn are ended. It is then he works for the first time in his lazy existence, making a winter house, like the cocoon of a silkworm, soft and white as down, wherein he lies safe and warm, until his flower-houses bloom in the spring.

This little spider is the mystery of the fly-trap or catchfly, classed by botanists with sensitive plants, as it is supposed to close upon insects that enter its cup, whereas it only closes to protect its honey from rain and dew. This flower grows in the open ground in clusters, and it is heavily freighted with honey, the attraction which draws so many flies within its fatal calyx, for those who enter never come out again. The little honey guard, concealed but watchful, kills them indiscriminately. The fly-trap is among the first of "the beauteous sisterhood" to unfold its leaves to the warm rays of the rising sun. At that time, a close observer can see within its heart, like a small pearl in a setting of garnet, the little death-dealer enjoying his morning repose in the most innocent manner imaginable.—*Selected.*

WASTE OF STEAM IN WHISTLING.

A WELL-POSTED railway man says that the obligatory tooting of a locomotive on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford railroad, on an ordinary day's run, involves a waste of steam requiring the consumption of two hundred and eighty pounds of coal to renew. He estimates the whistling expenses of that particular railway at fifteen thousand dollars per year. There is a similar waste in the blowing of the whistles of stationary and steamboat engines. It is a matter worth the serious study of practical railroad men, whether they cannot devise a cheaper noise with which to give notice of approach of trains to stations and grade crossings.—*Popular Science News.*

THE earwig is a harmless, though much abused, little insect. Its name, earwig, or earwing, comes from a very curious pair of wings, which, when open, look like human ears. It used to be said that the name came from a fancy the insect had of getting into people's ears. But this is not so. These wings, which are delicate and beautiful, are folded up and packed away in a very small space when not in use. To aid her in folding them, the earwig is provided with a pair of forceps at the end of the tail. This little insect feeds entirely upon the eggs of other insects, which, if they were hatched, would destroy our melons and other fruits.—*Well-Spring.*

For Our Little Ones.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

CATS IN GLOVES.

KITTY, how you love to prink,—
As much as any city belle!
You're well aware a bow of pink
Sets off your downy, white coat well.
With much complacency and pride
You view your image in the glass;
What if a fluttering bird you spied?
What if a mouse should try to pass?
Ah, ha! You prick your ears at that.
"I'd catch it quick!" you seem to say:

But let me tell you, Mistress Cat,
You'd find your ribbon in the way:—
Rumpled and soiled, scratched full of
holes;
I fear your pride would have a fall,
Especially if, while hunting moles,
It swung you from some reed-stall
tall.

Some people fall, I have been told,
Because their tastes are overnice;
Remember, 'tis a saying old,
That cats in gloves can catch no mice.
SARAH ISADORE MINER.

"GREAT I AND LITTLE YOU."

HOW do you like that little
new neighbor of yours?"
asked Herbert Greene's
older brother Wallace, who
had seen the two little boys play-
ing together in the yard.

"Oh, you mean Georgie Worth-
man," said Herbie. "Why, I
don't know. I like him, and I
don't like him."

Wallace laughed. "Then you
quarrel a little sometimes," said
he. "Is that it?"

"No, we don't quarrel," said
Herbie. "I don't let him know
when I'm mad with him."

"What does he do to make
you mad with him?" asked
Wallace.

"Oh, he says things," said
Herbie.

"Such as what?"

"Well, he looks at my marbles,
and says, 'Is that all you've
got? I have five times as many
as that,—splendid ones, too.
They'd knock those all to
smash.'"

"Ah, I see!" said Wallace. "It
is a clear case of 'great I and
little you.'"

"What do you mean by that?"
said Herbie.

"Well, if you don't find out by
Saturday night, I'll tell you,"
said Wallace. This was on Mon-
day.

On Wednesday afternoon
Herbie was out at play, and presently Georgie Worth-
man came out. Wallace was in his room, reading,
with the windows open, and could hear all that was
said.

Georgie brought his kite with him, and asked Herbie
if he would go to the common with him to fly his kite.

"Oh, yes! if mother is willing," said Herbie. "But
where did you get that kite?—made it yourself, did n't
you? I've got one ever so much bigger than that,
with yards and yards of tail, and when we let it out,
it goes out of sight quick, now, I tell you!"

"This isn't the best I can make," said Georgie;
"but if I had a bigger one, I could n't pitch it, or hold
it after it was up."

"Pooh! I could hold one that pulled like ten
horses," said Herbie; and he ran in to ask his mother
if he could go with Georgie to the common.

His mother was willing if Wallace would go too;
and so, after a little good-natured bothering, Wallace
took his hat, and Herbie got his kite and twine, and
the three boys set off for the common.

Georgie's kite was pitched first, and went up in fine
style. Then Herbie's went off, and soon passed it, for
it had a longer string; and both were far up in the
sky.

"There now!" said Herbie, "didn't I tell you my
kite would beat yours all to nothing? I bet there

isn't another kite in town that will begin to be a
match for it!"

"How is this? How is this?" said Wallace. "Seems
to me 'great I and little you' are around here pretty
thick."

"What do you mean by that?" said both the little
boys.

"Why, when a fellow says that he has got the best
marbles, and the best kite, and the swiftest sled, and
the handsomest velocipede, and the most knowing
dog, anywhere in town, we say his talk is all 'great I
and little you.'"

Herbie looked at Georgie, and both blushed a little.
The boys had great fun with their kites; and when

ple; one of young people, who study the INSTRUCTOR;
in my class are four girls, and we study Book No. 2;
one class of little boys, who study Book No. 1. My
brother Charlie teaches them. There is also a Danish
class. We like our lessons very much; and every Sab-
bath we each, old and young, learn a verse from the
Bible. Next Sabbath and Sunday we expect Eld.
Porter and his wife to be with us. We enjoy his
visits. We call him our 'Light Bearer;' for he gave
us light and understanding on so many things we did
not see before. They seem so plain and clear now
that we wonder we did not see them ourselves. But I
believe the reason is that we were not keeping the
commandments; for David says, 'A good under-
standing have all they that do his commandments.'
Psa. 111:10. I have a dear auntie at the Sanitari-
um, and my brother. I hope some day to see Battle
Creek. My father is trying to
sell his farm, and ma has prom-
ised when he does, she will send
Charlie and me to the Battle
Creek College. Charlie would like
to fit himself for a canvasser.
He is now seventeen years old. I
have one sister named Eva, and
to-day is our birthday; she is
five, and I am thirteen. Pa
wants to get his property in
shape to do something for the
cause. We do not want to be
clinging to our farm when Jesus
comes. We have a tract and
missionary society organized,
and they scatter tracts far and
near. Some of the members
hold Bible Readings in their
neighborhoods. I hope to meet
the INSTRUCTOR family when
Jesus comes, and walk with them
the streets of the New Jerusalem."

RACHEL P. EVRAED, of Menom-
inee Co., Mich., writes: "Last
fall mamma gave us each a hen
to do missionary work with, and
after we had paid our tithes, we
got some names from boys and
girls, to whom we sent IN-
STRUCTORS, Reviews, and tracts.
After awhile we wrote to these
persons, and they all said they
liked what we sent them very
much. The first one who wrote
sent me her picture, and others
sent me some pretty cards. We
have now used up all our mis-
sionary money. I was twelve
years old last November. I have
three brothers and three sisters
younger than I. My ten-year-old
sister is taller than I am. I have
done nearly all mamma's sewing
this winter, and my sister next
to me helps me darn the stock-
ings and mittens. My papa is
chopping cord-wood. He is an
old fisherman, and a good
hunter. If you would like to
hear something about deer, I
will write again and tell you what
I know about them."

EFFIE NORWOOD sends a letter
from Penobscot Co., Me. She
says: "As I have never seen a
letter in the Budget from this
place, and as I had written once
and did not see the letter in
print, I thought I would try it
again. I am a little girl almost
eleven years old, and am a mem-
ber of the S. D. A. Sabbath-

school. All of my class love our teacher dearly; and
our pastor everybody likes, even those who do not be-
long to his church. I have a little brother six years
old who attends Sabbath-school with me. I also
have a sister four years old, and a baby sister ten
months old. We had a very nice camp-meeting. I
did not camp out, but I attended two of the meetings
and all of the children's meetings. I have kept the
Sabbath seven months. Papa and mamma do not
belong to the church, but they attend some of the
meetings. I hope you will pray with me that they
may see the truth. I hope to see all the Sabbath-
keepers in the new earth."



they got home, and Wallace and Herbie went upstairs
to put away the kite, Herbie said, "Well, my kite did
beat Georgie's, just as I told him it would."

"That is true," said Wallace, "but you said the
other day that you liked Georgie, and didn't like him,
because he was always telling how much bigger and
better his things were than yours; and now, to-day,
you are making yourself disagreeable to him by brag-
ging about your kite. Now, if you want the boys to
like you, my lad, you must give up talking 'great I
and little you,' for it is not sensible nor kind."

So Herbie found out what Wallace meant, and he
said to himself, "I do n't mean to let the fellows hear
me talking, 'great I and little you' any more."—*Our
Dumb Animals.*

Letter Budget.

HATTIE E. STUTSON, writing from Buchanan Co.,
Iowa, says: "Two years ago there were but few
Sabbath-keepers here, and those were Danish people,
and but little known by us. In June of 1886, Elds.
Porter and Wakeham pitched their tent in Winthrop,
a few miles from here, and preached their views, gath-
ering quite a company, which is called the Winthrop
S. D. A. church. My parents and eldest brother are
members. We have an interesting Sabbath-school,
consisting of five classes,—one class of married peo-

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