

Youth's Instructor

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No. 4.

WINTER.

DEAD white upon the pasture lies the snow;
The shivering flocks are gathered into fold;
The meadow brook is frozen still and cold,
And no sound lives, save now and then the bold,
Loud voice of winds that through the tree-tops blow,
Or fall of ax beyond the empty fold,
Or woodman's voice heard through the sleety cold,
Across some pathless fields of heaping snow.
The dead owl lies wrapt in his frozen shroud;
The rabbit dreams far from the misty cloud
Of falling flakes—all warm within some low,
Dark fastness of the fields. To the dull ear
Nature seems dead, save that we lovers
know
Those throbs, half heard, are her heart's
answering cheer.

—Arthur's Magazine.

WINGED WARRIORS.

THE quiet little village of Holzmengen, in Transylvania, was all in an uproar one bright summer afternoon, long ago; for its Saxon inhabitants were fighting for their lives against terrible odds, as they had fought many a time before. The whole slope of the hill, on the brow of which it stood, was one great crowd of wild-looking men, with dark, fierce faces and white turbans and strangely-fastened armor—those dreaded Turkish soldiers, the memory of whose fierceness is still preserved in our saying, that any man of savage temper is "a regular Turk."

And all this time, while the air was rent with the din of battle, and Death was gaping to devour the village and all within it, a little girl, barely ten years old, with long, fair hair, and eyes as blue and bright as the sky overhead, was at work in her little garden just behind the village church, as quietly as though no enemy were within a hundred miles of her.

But this was not so strange as it looked. Little Lizzie was the daughter of the sexton who had charge of the church, which, as the largest and safest building in the place, was always used as a hospital in time of war; and the work upon which the little woman was so busy was the preparing of bandages for the wounded who were now being brought in, thick and fast.

But in the midst of all this uproar and agony and death, the sun shone as brightly as ever, and the trees of the tiny garden rustled, and around the twelve neat hives that stood ranged in a row, the bees were humming blithely as they hovered among the flowers; and any one who had shut his ears to the frightful din below, might have thought this spot the most peaceful in the whole world.

And now Lizzie, catching up a whole armful of bandages, hurried away into the church, where she was soon so busy among the wounded men that she hardly noticed that the noise of the battle was growing louder, seeming to roll nearer and nearer every moment.

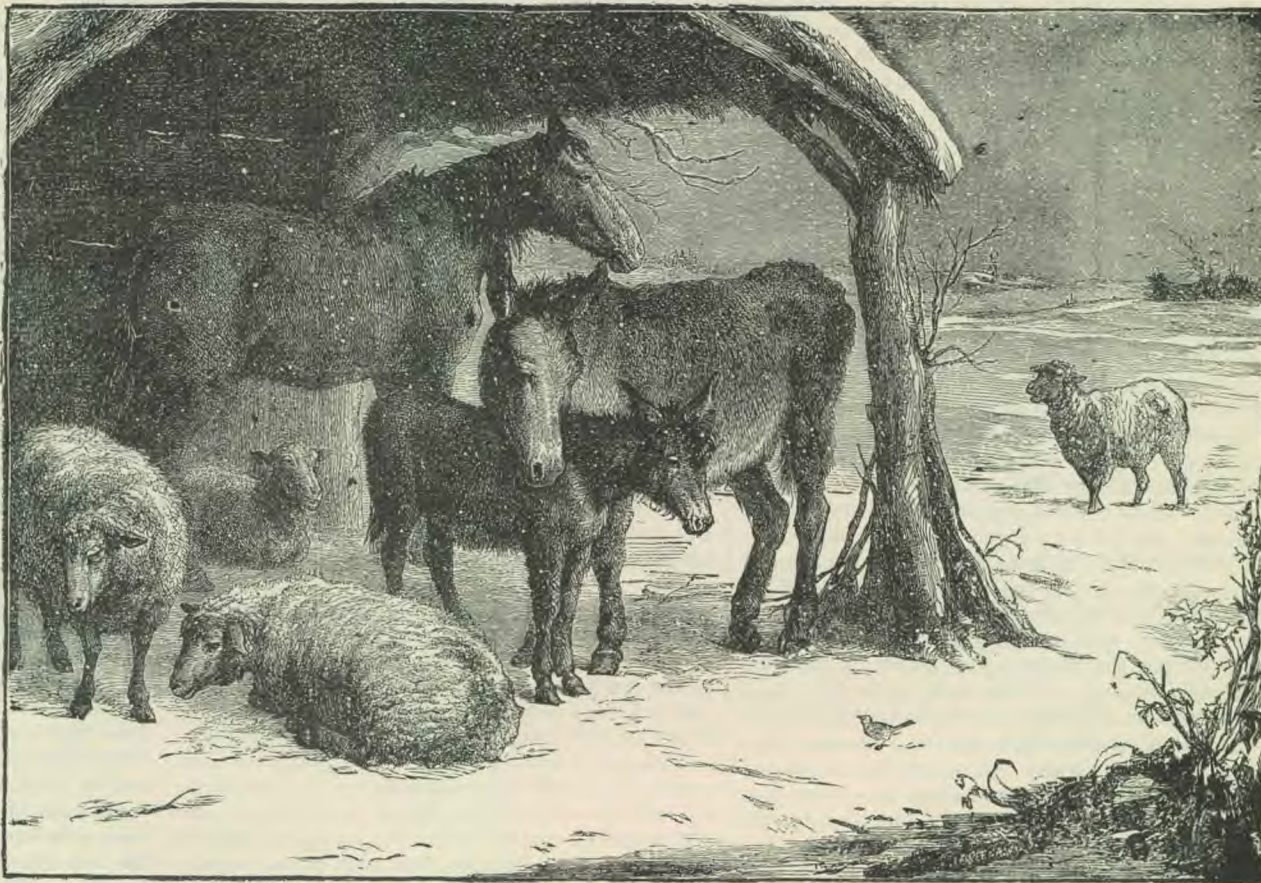
But suddenly a fearful cry from without made her look up, and through the nearest window she saw the Germans crowding wildly into the one small gate of the church-yard wall, while behind them the dark Turkish faces and snow-white turbans were eddying

like a flood among the houses. The Turks had taken the village, and were coming on to attack the church itself!

Luckily it could only be attacked on one side; for on the other the rock was so steep and slippery that no man alive could have scaled it. So the brave village bailiff, though bleeding from several wounds, ranged his men along the side of the wall that faced the enemy, and encouraged them to stand firm and fight it out to the last.

On came the Turks, with hoarse yells of triumph, and in a moment the whole space outside of the

more fiercely the more the bewildered Turks tried to beat them off. There was no more thought of battle or assault; for who could wield a sword or climb a wall with his head covered with a perfect nose-bag of enraged bees, and every exposed inch of his body smarting as if pierced by a thousand red-hot needles? Away flew the enemy, and away flew the bees after them, while the yells of pain of the discomfited Turks were answered by the uproarious laughter of the triumphant Saxons, who might well laugh to see a whole Turkish army put to flight by the device of one little girl.—*Harper's Young People.*



church-yard wall was a sea of grim faces and flashing steel.

And now the swarming assailants made a third charge, which brought them right up to the foot of the wall that sheltered all who were left of the defenders; and while some thundered upon the gate with axes, others planted ladders against the wall, or tried to clamber up it on one another's shoulders.

Another moment, and all would have been over; but just then Lizzie, struck with a bright idea (which came to her from an old story she had heard one winter evening), darted back into her little garden, seized two of the beehives, one in each hand, and springing upon the low wall, hurled them among the swarming assailants. Two more instantly followed, and then other two, until the whole dozen hives had been flung down upon the heads of the clambering Turks.

The bees, enraged to madness, at being sent whirling through the air so unceremoniously, fell like fury upon the shaven heads and bare arms of the Turkish soldiers, and gave them such a pricking that the Saxon arrows, which had been falling so thick among them, seemed as mere nothing in comparison.

Every man in the front ranks was literally black with the infuriated insects, which kept stinging the

"FINISH IT."

WHEN Samuel F. B. Morse, afterwards famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, was a young painter studying in London, he made a drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules, intending to offer it to Benjamin West as an example of his work.

Being very anxious for the favorable opinion of the master, he spent a fortnight upon the drawing, and thought he had made it perfect.

When Mr. West saw the drawing, he examined it critically, commended it in this and that particular, then handed it back, saying, "Very well, sir, very well; go on and finish it."

"But it is finished," said the young artist.

"O no!" said Mr. West; "look here, and here, and here," and he put his finger upon various unfinished places.

Mr. Morse saw the defects, now that they were pointed out to him, and devoted another week to remedying them. Then he carried the drawing again to the master. Mr. West was evidently much pleased, and lavished praises upon the work; but at the end he handed it back, and said, as before, "Very well, indeed, sir; go on, and finish it."

"Is it not finished?" asked Mr. Morse, by this time all but discouraged.

"Not yet; you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulations of the finger-joints."

The student once more took the drawing home, and spent several days in retouching it. He would have it done this time.

But the critic was not yet satisfied. The work was good, "very good indeed; remarkably clever;" but it needed to be "finished."

"I cannot finish it," said Mr. Morse, in despair.

"Well," answered Mr. West, "I have tried you long enough. You have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half-finished drawings. It is not numerous drawings, but the character of one, that makes a thorough draughtsman. Finish one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

It was a good lesson. One principal part of a teacher's business is to keep his pupil from being too easily satisfied.—*Exchange.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE BIBLE.—NO. 2.

I TOLD you in the first number of this article of the tons of Bibles that are printed and sent everywhere; that the poor can have them without cost; and that God inspired or directed holy men to speak and write what he had revealed to them.

The Bible is called a revelation, because God has revealed, uncovered, brought to light, things we could not otherwise know. We should be thankful for this revelation, and prize it very highly.

The men who wrote the Bible did not write it in English, as we now have it. There was not a person in the world, when these men lived, who could speak and write our language. These men talked and wrote in their own language. Those who wrote the Old Testament wrote in the Hebrew language. Those who wrote the New Testament wrote in the Greek language. The Hebrew language was that used by the ancient Hebrews, or Jews.

Moses and Joshua and Samuel and others spoke this language. About five hundred years before Christ was born, this language became changed by being mixed with another, the Chaldee (pronounced *Kal-dee*). The Chaldee language was that spoken by the people of the great city of Babylon, where Daniel was taken a prisoner, and where he was thrown into the den of lions. The mixed language was called the Aramaic, or the language of Aram, a country north-east of Palestine. It is said that the Pharisees, those proud and deceitful Jews who lived in the time of Christ, spoke this language.

The Greek language was spoken by people of Greece. In the days of Christ and the apostles the Jews spoke this language almost altogether. Jesus, it is likely, spoke it. Many of the Jews could not speak their old language. By living among so many different people they would naturally drop their own language and adopt the one spoken by the people around them. The Greeks spread themselves over Palestine, the Jews' country, and in the course of years their language became the common one spoken by nearly all the people. Indeed, as I said, many of the Jews could speak no other. But the learned could speak Hebrew.

The Jews divided the Bible (the Old Testament) into twenty-two books, which corresponded in number to the letters of their alphabet. There were thirty-nine books in all, the same as we have, but they counted several sets of them as one. Ruth and Judges they counted as one, and Ezra and Nehemiah as another, and twelve of the smaller books of the prophets as another, and so on.

The long Psalm, the one hundred and nineteenth,—the longest chapter in the Bible,—is divided into twenty-two parts of eight verses each. These divisions are the same in number as the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each part begins in the Hebrew Bible with each separate letter in order. In the English reference Bibles the names of these letters are printed all through the Psalm at the head of the different divisions. This long Psalm has much to say about the law and commandments, and in it we learn much about them,—how holy they are, and how they reach out everywhere, pointing to our every duty. We would do well to read and study it every day.

In the days when the Bible was written, the people did not have paper, but used other material to write upon. The best was called parchment, which was prepared from fine skins of animals, and what was written could be blotted out. Wood, the broad leaves of plants, and tables covered with wax, were used also. Parchment books were not made of leaves bound together, as is common among us, but of long strips or sheets which were fastened to rollers and rolled and unrolled like a map. When one column or page was read, it was rolled under and another was ready for reading.

N. J. BOWERS.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

GLIMPSES OF SWITZERLAND.—NO. 9.

A RIDE of about an hour brought us from Berne to Fribourg. Here I had planned to stop off, as it was nearly time for the Sunday vesper service, to see and hear the immense organ, whose pipes welcome the repairer or interested visitor to walk among them as in a small forest, as they occupy a large space in the cathedral there. This organ is capable of producing a grade of music, which in volume, richness, and wondrous combinations, is excelled by none in the world. A friend who had listened to its peals and crashes and soft, sweet refrains while a skillful musician executed the "Thunder Storm" upon it, was enthusiastic in its praise, and had advised me to see this famous instrument if possible; but previous arrangements beyond my control deprived me of this privilege, and I went directly on to Lausanne.

Here, from a high lookout station above the city, we obtained a most beautiful view off at the east and south. At the foot of the high from which we looked lay Lake Léman (or Geneva), with its wondrous shadings of blue reflecting its immediate surroundings, the mountains, villages, and the stately castle of Chillon, all made especially delightful by the lovely tints of the sunset glow of that bright June day; while beyond were the outposts of the Alps, *Dent du Midi*, and the *Jumelles* (tooth, or peak, of the south, and the twins), and from a street in descending to the city, the king of the southern view, *Mont Blanc*, claimed our willing admiration. All this combined to make as charming and picturesque a landscape as ever I was privileged to behold, or ever expect to see in this sin-marred world. I doubt whether there is a more beautiful sheet of water on the face of the earth than Lake Léman. It carried my mind over to the pure river of water of life, and the glories of the earth renewed, as I drank in the loveliness of this scene.

Byron, Hugo, and others have, under the influence of poetical inspiration, chanted its praises. Of it Voltaire says, "My lake stands the first;" and Oliver, whose earliest recollections were of the lovely scenes on its shores, in maturity, when far separated from his beloved home, wrote thus:—

"O blue Léman, ever grand, ever beautiful,
May I on thy shore at least find burial."

Transferring the couplet to the English somewhat mars the rhyme, but the idea remains to illustrate the inspiration of scenery to the Swiss poets, instances of which abound in their writings. Who finds evidence of such inspiration and real patriotism in the productions of American poets?

Whoever can contemplate the wondrous beauty and grandeur of the creation of God, as it appears in these parts, without being drawn nearer the Infinite One, and having all the good and holy aspirations quickened, is not affected by these views as they influenced me.

I might mention many items concerning visits, in company with friends from Lausanne, to Montreux, at the head of the lake, one of the most interesting points to tourists, going up the mountain railroad *funiculaire de Territet-Glion*, and then clambering up higher on foot, into the sweetest perfumed air any of us had ever breathed; of visiting Chillon, the most noted of Switzerland's remaining castles; then going out into the valley of the Rhone to St. Maurice, one of the oldest towns of the country and near the foot of the snow-clad *Dent du Midi*; of rides on the calm lake back and forth and to Geneva in the lake steamers; then a visit to Lake Neuchâtel and several towns along its borders, with views from there of Mt. Blanc and the Alps, seventy-five miles distant; then of Bienne, one of the leading towns in the watch-making business, its fortifications almost two thousand years old, its *funiculaire* railway inaugurated while I was there; the sublime sunset view from there of Jungfrau, Finsteraarhorn, etc., the only view I ever had of the Alps in their sunset shadings and glows, and which proved to be my last glimpse of Switzerland's grandest attraction. But I would not weary the reader with further details of this two weeks' vacation, and I refrain. Of Chillon, however, I will say a word. It is built up from the bottom of Lake Léman, and some of its towers are used as dwellings; and others, with dungeons below the level of the lake (as is the old tower mentioned at Bienne), are still used as prisons. Only a few weeks since, a young lady from Scotland was arrested while pursuing her work as a Salvationist, and condemned to one hundred

*A railroad up an almost perpendicular ascent, whose two trains consist of two cars attached at opposite extremities to a large cable, and of which the propelling force is in themselves. One ascends by the force of the other in descending, and in case the descending car has passengers, a huge tank underneath is filled with water to add weight, and this is drawn off on reaching the foot of the mountain.

days' confinement in the gloomy prison of Chillon. To me, this little tour in Suisse was full of interest, pleasure, and profit, and it is always with grateful recollections that I think of it.

ADDIE S. BOWEN.

THE DRY TORTUGAS.

"O UNCLE CAP! I read in the paper this morning that a large ocean steamer was ashore on the Dry Tortugas. Will you please tell me where and what they are?" asked one of the Gordon boys, after the children had gathered in the library for their evening talk.

"Let us look at the atlas," said Uncle Cap; and when it was brought, he pointed out, on the map of the United States, some black dots in the Gulf of Mexico, about a hundred miles southwest of the southern extremity of Florida. These the children, looking over his shoulders, saw were named "Tortugas Islands." Between them and Key West, seventy miles away on the east, they noticed another group of small islands marked "Marquesas."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Jack. "I always thought the Marquesas were islands of the South Pacific."

"While I," said Bryce, "should have said that the Tortugas were islands of the West Indies."

"And both of you would have been right," laughed Uncle Cap; "for there is a group called Marquesas in the South Pacific, forming part of the Mendona Archipelago, and in the West Indies there is an island of Tortuga, lying just north of Hayti. Our own islands, which are commonly known as the 'Dry Tortugas,' are, however, so much more important than any others of the name, that they are the ones referred to, usually."

"What makes them important, uncle?"

"Their position at the main entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, and the fact that they mark the southern extremity of the United States. They lie at the western end of the great Florida reef that extends its treacherous length for more than two hundred miles to the eastward and northward of them, and nearly all shipping entering the Gulf must pass them. They are a group of six low, sandy islets, built by coral insects, and surrounded by a far-spreading network of the most dangerous reefs and shoals. These seemingly insignificant islets inclose a superb deep-water harbor nearly nine miles in circumference, and only to be gained by three narrow and very crooked channels through the reefs. To protect this harbor, which, in case of war with a foreign nation, would become a very important one, our Government has erected on Garden Key, the largest of the Tortugas, a magnificent work called Fort Jefferson, which is only exceeded in size in this country by Fortress Monroe. This great fort cost over thirty millions of dollars, and covers about ten acres of ground. Within its walls, the coarse white sand of the Key has been buried several feet beneath a layer of rich, black soil, brought in hundreds of schooner loads from the main land, and in it now grow many tropical trees and flowering shrubs.

"Just outside its massive gateway is one of the funniest little houses you can imagine. It is built of the gilded and gaily-painted wood of scores of wrecks, and is ornamented and adorned with ships' figure-heads and bits of carving. In this quaint cabin lives a full-blooded Pequot Indian, who claims to be the last of his tribe, and whose name is Calvin Nedson, though he is always called 'Chief.' He was making a voyage in a Connecticut schooner, when a boy, many years ago, and was wrecked on the Tortugas, where he has remained ever since."

"Do any other people live there?" asked one of the children.

"Yes; there is a sergeant in charge of the fort, and a keeper of the light that rises above its eastern wall. There are also several people on Loggerhead Key, two miles west of this one, and the uppermost point of land. On it stands a fine brick light-house, one hundred and fifty-two feet high, bearing a superb, first-order light. There is always other company in this out-of-the-way corner of the world besides these; for, in spite of the warning lights, wrecks are still so frequent on the Tortugas that one or more small wrecking vessels are constantly hovering about the islands, looking for them."—*Harper's Young People.*

If an ostrich-feather is held upright, it is at once seen to be perfectly even and equal on both sides, the stem dividing it exactly in the center; whereas the stems of other feathers are all more or less on one side. Perhaps this is the reason why the ancient Egyptians chose the ostrich-feather as the sacred emblem of truth and justice, setting it upon the head of Ma, Goddess of Truth.

For Our Little Ones.

THREE LITTLE SAILORS.

YOU have heard of the three wise Gotham men
Who went to sea in a bowl? But then,
Nobody knows where they found a port,
For the bowl was weak, and the story short.

But one little chick, and two little chicks,
Soft and yellow, and plump as ticks,
Sailed away, one April day,
On the funniest boat that was ever afloat
Upon any sea or bay.

It was off in a land of wooden shoes,
On a river's bank; and the water rose
From the melting snows,
Till it reached their house and wet their toes;
It was late to choose
What ship to take, you may well suppose!

Close by the door was a wooden shoe,
And they hopped on that, the one, and the two,
For nobody knew what else to do—
Not even the bragging "Coo-ca-doo,"

Who sprang to the roof, and seemed to say,
In his pompous way,—

"You silly birds, see! as I do, do *you*!"
Some old folks think that their babies may.

Adrift, adrift, now slow, now swift,
The little scared sailors go,
Ever and ever adown the river
Along the overflow,
Till by and by they are high and dry
In a garden far below!

A little miss found them there alone,
And she took them in to be her own,
Made them a bed, and gave them bread;
And, "Little chicks, what have you seen?" she
said;

"You have traveled so far I am sure you are
As wise as owls!" But, poor little fowls,
They had traveled and traveled, and knew no
more
Than they did before!

—George S. Burleigh.

THE LITTLE COTTON-PICKERS.

MOTHER had been very sick, and could
not work. There was hardly anything
in the house to eat.

"Minnie, you and I can pick cotton," said Charlie.
"John Travers told me he had earned five dollars
this season. We must try to help mamma."

Minnie was very glad to do something. Their
mother was willing they should try to earn some
money. They took their school-bags, and went off in
search of a good field.

This was in one of the States where they raise cot-
ton. The seeds are planted in the spring. The plant
grows all summer, and becomes a bush. It buds and
blossoms like other plants. When the bud opens,
like a rosebud, the flower is a bunch of cotton. An
apple grows from a blossom on the tree. In the ap-
ple are the seeds. If these seeds are planted in the
ground, little plants will come up, and after many
years grow into apple-trees. The cotton seeds are in
the bunch of cotton.

Charlie and Minnie found a large field, in which a
great many men and women, boys and girls, both
black and white, were picking off the cotton. The
plants do not all blossom at the same time, and each
field has to be picked over several times. The first
picking is the best; for there is more cotton then.
The two children went to work. When their bags
were full, they took them to a man who weighed the
cotton they had picked. He put the weight on tick-
ets, which he tied to their bags. They worked hard
till night, and then their tickets showed that they had
picked fifty pounds. The man paid them twenty-five
cents for their work.

At night all the cotton that had been picked was
put into great baskets, from two and a half to four
feet high. The negro men and women carry these
baskets on their heads to a great shed, where it is
stored, ready for "ginning." The cotton is full of
large seeds. "Ginning" is getting the seeds out of the
cotton. They do it with a machine called a cotton-
gin. After the seeds are taken out, the cotton is sold.
In the great mills of England and America, it is made
into cotton cloth, calico, thread, and other goods we
wear or use every day.

This is a true story, and perhaps some of the cot-
ton Charlie and Minnie picked may be in the dress
worn by our little reader in San Francisco, Chicago,
New York, London, or Paris.

Mamma was very glad to get the money the little
ones earned. She bought food with it. The next day

and every day during the season, Charlie and Minnie
picked cotton. After a few days' work, they learned
to pick quite fast. When Christmas came, they had
earned money enough to buy some clothes, and a
turkey for dinner. Their mother was quite well then,
and was able to take care of them.—*Ruth Argyle.*

TINTO, THE FERRY-HOUSE PARROT.

TINTO was a beauty, dressed in green and crimson,
with here and there a dash of gold. He could talk
very well, and was fond of doing so. He lived at a
ferry-house, on a river in Alabama.

Tinto's master kept a refreshment room. His cage
used to hang at the door, where the people passed in
going to and from the boats. This parrot was in the
advertising business. He was quick in picking up
words and short sentences.

"Hot coffee, sir?" "Have a bite?" "Here's the
place!" "Come in, all!" He kept using these phrases,
and brought in many customers to his master.

Tinto not only said what he was taught, but he
would imitate many sounds he heard. He could



whistle to the dogs he saw, and they would run all
about to find their masters. He tried to crow like
the old rooster in his master's yard; but this was al-
most the only thing he could not do.

Tinto was a very noisy bird. He used to scream
very loud, and chatter, as though he were laughing.
He seemed to take an interest in everything that was
going on near the ferry.

One day he played a sad trick upon a poor horse.
Dobbin was a good horse, and always obeyed his
driver. He used to draw loads, brought across the
river in the boats, up to the town. When Dobbin's
master went to dinner, he used to leave his horse by
the ferry-house.

The wagon was backed down the gangway, ready
to take in a load. Tinto saw the horse every day,
and heard what was said to Dobbin. I don't know
whether the parrot meant to be naughty or not, but
he cried out, as loud as he could, "Back up, Dobbin!
Back up, Dobbin! Back up, sir!"

Dobbin had backed down the gangway hundreds of
times before when he heard the order. He did so this
time. Tinto kept saying the same words, and Dobbin
kept backing. He backed the wagon off the gang-
way, and then went over into the river himself.

A boy saw all this, and called Dobbin's master.
After some hard work, the poor horse and the wagon
were taken out of the water. Tinto was kept in the
attic a month for this trick. Perhaps he wished he
had done nothing but the advertising business.—*Ruth
Argyle.*

A GUEST IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

"WHAT is a guest?" asked a little boy.
"Don't you know?" said his sister. "When we go
to grandma's, we are her guests."
"Oh, yes; and when grandma comes here, she is our
guest."

"Guest and visitor are just the same thing, you
know."

One day a guest entered a large school-room. Fifty
boys and girls were all seated there. None of them
saw the guest. The teacher was trying to give the
scholars a new lesson. It was a lesson in drawing.

"Look at the copy," said she. "Now, children,
where you see a line, make one like it. No matter if
it is not just the same. 'Do your best, and leave the
rest.'"

Some of the children tried, and drew the little pict-

ure. Some fretted, and made bad lines. Some did
not try at all.

"Why do you not try?" asked the teacher.

"I can't," said one boy, and "I can't," said an-
other, and "I tried, but I can't," said a third.

"My dear children," said the kind teacher, "we have
a bad visitor here to-day."

The children looked about, but could not see any
one.

"This guest makes me very unhappy. He will
make you unhappy all your lives. You may not see
him, but he is here. Before we go on with our lesson,
we will decide what we shall do with him. Are you
willing to have a visitor in our pleasant room, who
will spoil our lessons, make us weak and naughty,
and follow us like a shadow all our lives?"

"No, no, no, ma'am," said the children.

"He is a wicked enemy. Shall we drive him out,
and shut the door? Shall we tell him he must never
come in again?"

"Yes, yes, yes, ma'am," said the scholars.

"The name of this guest is 'I CAN'T.' I will open
the door wide. You shall send him away. We will
not let him get into our hearts, or touch
our lips. He does not like books or any
good thing. Shall we banish him for
ever?"

Then all the children said, "Yes,
ma'am," over and over.

The teacher opened the door, and the
children sang this little song. No one ever
saw it printed until now.

"Leave our school-room,
Bad 'I Can't';
Leave it now forever!
We will try, and try again,
And listen to you never.

"Leave us, leave us,
Bad 'I Can't';
You have naughty brothers,—
'Will,' and 'Shall,' and 'Won't,'
and 'Sha'n't,'
And too many others.

"Good by, good by,
Bad 'I Can't';
Shut the door behind you;
In this school-room nevermore
Shall our teacher find you."

The teacher then closed the door. The scholars
clapped their hands, and the drawing lesson went on.

Each one read the lesson, and spelled the words, or
counted the numbers, every day. The kind, patient
teacher had a smile and a pleasant word for them all.

"I Can't" does not visit that school-room now.
Perhaps he has gone to another school. Who can
tell?—*Our Little Ones.*

STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL WHO BUILT A CHURCH.

A NEW church was needed in a certain place, so a
good man who loved to work for the Lord went about
among the people, asking them to give the money
with which to buy the materials and pay the work-
men. But one man said, "No." Another said, "I can
not." Another said, "I am too poor." Somehow or
other, every one found some excuse for himself, and
not one cent was raised. At last he applied to a
member of the church who was poor of purse, but
large of heart; possibly he might help him.

"No," said the church-member; "I have my wife
and children to support, and this year I can do no
more."

"But," urged the good man, "if you put down your
name, others may, perhaps, follow your example; if
you refuse me, I must give up, discouraged."

"Father," said a little voice by his side, and the
bright eyes of his little daughter looked up into his
face; "father, if you will only put down your name, I
will earn the money by picking berries and selling
them. Honest and true I will. Please don't say no,
father."

The bright eyes were very earnest. The father could
not resist his little girl's pleading, so he promised to
pay a certain sum. The discouraged worker again
took heart, and went once more among the people,
telling them of the love and zeal of this little girl.
Many were touched by the story, and one after an-
other put his name on the paper, till there was an
abundance of money. Then the stone-masons came,
and the carpenters, and the bricklayers, and after a
time, a beautiful new church was built; and the peo-
ple always said that it was all owing to one little girl.
—*Selected.*

THE wings of youth are strong and fleet;
Far and fast they fly;
The dreams of youth are bright and sweet,
Keep them pure and high.

—*Selected.*

The Sabbath-School.

SECOND SABBATH IN FEBRUARY.
FEBRUARY 9.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 6.—HARDENING PHARAOH'S HEART.

INTRODUCTION.—This lesson dwells almost exclusively upon the character of Pharaoh, the manner in which he was affected by the miracles and plagues that were manifested previous to the exodus of the Israelites, and the reasons why he was so affected. There are many lessons of great value to be drawn from the present exercise.

QUESTIONS WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS.

1. WHEN the Lord sent Moses to Egypt, what did he say that he knew of Pharaoh? Ex. 3:19, margin.

If it be argued from Ex. 3:19 that it was predestined that Pharaoh should do as he did, and therefore he could not do otherwise, and was, consequently, not responsible for his actions, the following statement from McClintock and Strong's Cyclopedia will be helpful in clearing away the apparent objection:—

"Free actions foreknown will not, therefore, cease to be contingent. . . . The certainty of a necessary action foreknown, does not result from a knowledge of the action, but from the operation of the necessitating cause, and, in like manner, the certainty of a free action does not result from the knowledge of it, which is no cause at all, but from the voluntary cause—that is, the determination of the will. It alters not the case in the least to say that the voluntary action might have been otherwise. Had it been otherwise, the knowledge of it would have been otherwise; but as the will, which gives birth to the action, is not dependent upon the previous knowledge of God, but the knowledge of the action upon foresight of the choice of the will, neither the will nor the act is controlled by the knowledge, and the action, though foreseen, is still free or contingent. The foreknowledge of God has, then, no influence upon either the freedom or the certainty of actions, for this plain reason, that it is knowledge, and not influence; and actions may be certainly foreknown without their being rendered necessary by that foreknowledge."

2. What did he say he would have to do before Pharaoh would relent? Verse 20.

3. Then what was Pharaoh's natural disposition? Ans.—Stubborn and self-willed; hard and unyielding.

4. Afterward, what did the Lord tell Moses he would do to Pharaoh? Ex. 7:3.

As in chapter 4:21, the Lord again, in the present instance, announces to Moses that his message to Pharaoh would be the *occasion*—not the *cause*—whereby his heart would be hardened. It was the voluntary use that Pharaoh made of the *occasion* that hardened his heart.

5. What did he say that Pharaoh's stubbornness would give him an opportunity to do? Verses 4, 5.

6. What first tended to harden Pharaoh's heart? Verses 10-13.

7. What again confirmed him in his stubbornness? Verses 20-22.

The apparent imitation, on the part of the magicians and astrologers, of the miracles in which the rod was turned into a serpent and water changed into blood, was seized upon by Pharaoh, and construed as evidence that there was nothing in the work of Moses and Aaron that was superior to that of the magicians, save in its extent. He chose to regard Moses and Aaron simply as magicians of a somewhat superior order.

8. Through whose power did the magicians resist the truth, and strengthen the king's evil purpose?

9. What first caused Pharaoh's determination to weaken? Ex. 8:8.

10. When the Lord granted him this favor, what was the result? Verses 12-15.

11. Did the next plague have any effect on the king? Verses 17-19.

12. When the plague of flies came, how was he affected? Verses 24-28.

13. When favor was again shown him, what was the result? Verses 30-32.

14. How was Pharaoh affected by the next two plagues? Ex. 9:6, 7, 10-12.

15. After Pharaoh had so often hardened his heart, what did the Lord do? Verse 12.

16. What was the seventh plague? Verses 23-25.

17. How did this terrible plague affect the king? Verses 27, 28.

18. Was his request granted? Verse 33.

19. What did this favor lead Pharaoh to manifest still more? Verses 34, 35.

20. When the terrible plague of locusts was sent, what request, confession, and promise did the king make? Ex. 10:16, 17.

21. Did the Lord grant his request? Verse 19.

22. What did the Lord again do to Pharaoh, even by this act of kindness? Verse 20.

23. In all this record, what special thing is it that had the effect of hardening Pharaoh's heart? Ans.—The rejection of light from God.

God knows the hearts of all men (Acts 15:8; John 2:25), and so he knew the full stubbornness of Pharaoh's nature before he sent Moses to him. Nevertheless he gave Pharaoh ample opportunity to receive the knowledge of God. At first, God manifested his power to Pharaoh by simple miracles. But the king rejected this evidence, and not only allowed but invited the Devil to destroy its force. Then the Lord began to bring judgments upon Pharaoh, and made himself known in a more marked manner; but still the king's stubborn heart willfully rejected light, even after his magicians—the agents of the Devil—had confessed their own impotence, and the power of God. By this means Pharaoh hardened his own heart so much that it was impossible for him to see light. He was in the condition of those of whom Paul speaks, when he says: "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." 2 Cor. 4:3, 4.

Then God proceeded to harden his heart still more. Paul says of the heathen in general, who were wholly corrupt, that, "even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a mind void of judgment, to do those things that are not convenient." Rom. 1:28, margin. So of those in the last days who willfully reject light, he says that, "for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." 2 Thess. 2:11, 12.

God always lets men have just what they are determined to have. If they hunger and thirst after righteousness, he will fill them with it; but if they fortify themselves in stubbornness, resist the strivings of his Spirit, and are bound to have their own evil way, then his Spirit ceases to strive with them, and he lets them have darkness to the full. Of those who hate knowledge, and despise God's reproof, he says: "Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them." Prov. 1:31, 32.

24. Repeat the scripture that Pharaoh's course illustrated the truthfulness of. Isa. 26:10.

25. What is it that makes wicked persons more settled in their determination to sin? Eccl. 8:11.

26. After the sixth plague, what did the Lord say was the reason he had preserved Pharaoh for so long a time? Ex. 9:15, 16.

Providence ordered it so, that Moses should have a man of such a fierce and stubborn spirit as he [Pharaoh] was, to deal with; and everything was so managed in this transaction, as to make it a most signal and memorable instance of the power God has to humble and bring down the proudest of his enemies. Everything concurred to signalize this, that God's name, that is, his incontestable sovereignty, his irresistible power, and his inflexible justice, might be declared throughout all the earth, not only to all places, but through all ages while the earth remains.—Henry.

27. When God's judgments are in the land, for what purpose is it? Isa. 26:9.

The bearing of this lesson upon the doctrine of a future probation is obvious. In this life, God gives to every man ample opportunity to know him, and to accept his salvation. The true Light "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." John 1:9. The rejection of this light leaves the man in darkness. The light tends to soften and subdue his heart; the rejection of it hardens his heart. After a man has deliberately rejected light, and hardened his heart, additional light and favor only harden his heart the more. So then if, after this life, God should grant man another probation, it would tend, not to his salvation, but to increase his wickedness, and would thus be useless. So it is that if favor be shown to the wicked, his wickedness will not depart from him; and yet in the favor of God there is life, and it is his goodness that leads to repentance all who do repent. The same thing which saves some destroys others, according to the way in which they receive it, just as the same sun which melts wax hardens clay.

EARNESTNESS is power. Yet no man will gain in earnestness by seeking to be in earnest, nor will he be convince others that he is in earnest, by saying that he is in earnest. In order to show earnestness, a man must be in earnest; and the man who is in earnest cannot help showing it. Earnestness is of the man's self, and it is drawn out by the cause that can draw it out. When it is drawn out, every one who sees and hears the man knows that his earnestness is real. If, therefore, a man is in earnest in behalf of anything he undertakes, he may know that he has power in that direction; but if he lacks earnestness, it is of no use for him to try to seem in earnest.—Selected.

Letter Budget

WALTER GIBBS sends a letter from Crystal Springs, Cal., in which he says: "I am six years old. I like the INSTRUCTOR. I have been asking mamma for a long time to write for me, so I could send a letter to the Budget. I haven't any missionary hen. We have only one hen and she is too lazy to lay. I won't be lazy. Lazy children can't go with Jesus and the angels when they come. I haven't any brother or sister to play with. I help mamma wash dishes and carry in the wood."

Our next letter is from Jackson Co., Mo. It reads: "We, a group of boys and girls, thought we would write a letter to the Budget. Our ages range all the way from five to fifteen years. We all love to read the INSTRUCTOR, or hear it read. We have children's meetings at the mission every Sabbath, and hope to be able to continue them. At our last meeting, each one, down to the smallest, expressed a desire to be good. We all go to both Sabbath and day school. We try to learn our lessons well. Four of the girls were baptized about a month ago. We live in a very large and wicked city, but we hope to be shining lights to those around us. We are trying to make a 'scripture quilt' to place on the bed of the sick. We wish you all a Happy New Year. Our names are, Clara Hildreth, Sylva and Thurman Wallace, Sylva, Daisy, and Ada Piepmeier, Valerie and Joseph Bain, and Della and Stella Cochran."

ADA BERRY, of Lake Co., Cal., writes: "As I was renewing my subscription to the INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write to the Budget. I have taken the paper one year, and I like it very much. I have a little missionary bank, and when I get some money, I put it into my bank. Mother gave me a hen with sixteen little chickens. When I sell them, I will give the money to the church. I am eleven years old. I have two sisters and one brother. We are not near enough to any Sabbath-school to attend, although we would much like to. Our public school has just closed. I like school very much. I am trying to be a good girl. I want to see Jesus when he comes."

TOMMY C. BREITENTEN, of Clarke Co., W. T., writes: "I am a little boy nearly seven years old. I have a little brother nearly five years old. I keep the Sabbath with my mamma. She learned the truth two years ago by reading the 'Great Controversy.' She was then the only Sabbath-keeper in town, but now we have a church of thirty-nine members. We have our Sabbath-school at our house until our new church is finished. It is nearly done. Eld. Boyd first brought the truth to this city. My papa believes the seventh day is the Sabbath, but he does not keep it yet. My mamma is my teacher at Sabbath-school, and at home she teaches us our every-day lessons. My brother and I each put a penny a week into the free-will offering box, and papa puts in ten cents. Papa often gives us a nickel, and we give part of it to send papers to the London Mission. I am trying to do right. We hope to meet you all in the new earth. Pray for my papa, that he may live there, too. Good bye."

EDITH GRAY, a little girl eleven years old, sends a letter from San Benito Co., Cal. She says: "I have two brothers, one six years old, and one fourteen years old. My mamma died three years ago, which left us without a mother. It was very hard to think of giving her up. All we can do is to try to be prepared to meet her in the new earth. My mamma was a good woman, and I think ready to meet her Judge. My grandma is a Sabbath-keeper, and has been for fourteen years. I attended the camp-meeting with grandma at Oakland. I enjoyed it very well, and would like to go again if they hold it there next fall. I am a reader of the INSTRUCTOR, and like the stories so much. I want to meet in the new earth all the little boys and girls who read the INSTRUCTOR."

BERT COOL sends a letter from Allegheny Co., Pa. He says: "I am nine years old, and have a little sister Blanche six years old. We keep the Sabbath with papa and mamma. Elds. Fero and Russell brought the truth to us in 1884. We have two and a half miles to go to our church. I am the only one in my Sabbath-school class, and I study in Book No. 7. I go to day school. This is my second term. My little sister does not go to school, but she can read in the first reader, and can spell. I have some turkeys, and I intend to sell them to get some money to put into the missionary box. I want to meet you all in the new earth."

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