

Youth's Instructor

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For the INSTRUCTOR.

THE NUT-HATCH.

"COME into the depths of the forest,
Alone, alone with me,
Under the sweet and swaying boughs
Of the honeyed linden-tree.
"Far and wide the green trees wave,
Like waters wide and free;
Meseems we look up to the lofty sun
Through the depths of the clear green sea.

"Tae, tae, tae, tae!—In the stillness
How weird those accents seem!
They hold us silent and spell-bound,
Entranced in a woodland dream.

"Is it a wood-nymph pining
In the heart of her hollow tree?
Rending the woods with her fairy hand
Because she would fain be free?

"Tae, tae, tae, tae! 'tis a nut-hatch!
Hunting for grubs is he!
How he digs and digs, and hammers away,
Tip in that old sorb tree!"

Over the boughs of the trees he runs in every direction, often hanging with his head directly downward. At first glance, he might be mistaken for a woodpecker, but closer observation will reveal many differences between the two. His tail, instead of being stiff and unmovable, is flexible, thus giving the nut-hatch an ease and freedom of movement never seen in the woodpecker.

The nut-hatch has hooked claws, like a woodpecker, enabling him to cling tenaciously to the perpendicular trunk of a tree or to the underside of its branches, while he delves for grubs and larvæ.

His awl-shaped bill, smooth and hard, enables him to pierce through nutshells, whence his name nut-hatch, or in older English, nut-hack. These birds are very clever in wedging nuts in the crevices of bark or wood, where they remain as firm as if fixed in a vice, affording the bird opportunity to pick and chip away at the nut with ease.

According to one naturalist, "the head, back, and tail of the male nut-hatch are of a fine ash-blue color; its throat and cheeks are whitish; its breast and stomach orange colored; its wings brown, with dark gray edges." Other authorities state that considerable variation of coloring exists between the nut-hatches of northern and southern latitudes.

The nut-hatch builds its nest in a hollow branch; and if the opening is too large, he plasters it up with small pebbles and mud, leaving only sufficient room for entrance and exit. The nest is simply a bed of dry leaves, or the fine inner bark of the fir tree or cedar. The eggs are five or six, grayish, with russet-colored spots. As soon as the young ones become strong enough to shift for themselves, the family, which is always a happy one, breaks up, and meet afterwards as total strangers.

The nut-hatch is distributed over quite an extent of country, being found in the Old World as well as in North America, though it is nowhere a very common bird.

W. E. L.

I CAN understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's losing by trusting too much to him.—Charles Kingsley.

IN A FEW THINGS.

"CAN I depend upon you to see to the chores while I am gone, Harvey?" asked his father.

"Yes, sir; to be sure you can."

Harvey meant exactly what he said, and his father knew it; but the knowing it did not cause him to feel half so sure about it as Harvey did.

"Do not forget about the wood and the coal."

"No, sir."

"Or the kindling."

Harvey was full of good intentions; but that fact never seemed to stand in the way of a great deal of trouble to any one who was obliged to depend for comfort on his carrying them out. Susan, the girl, was full of good nature, and did not like to complain of him; but even her patience often came to an end, when not only the kindling with which he was expected to keep her supplied, but the wood to keep her cook-stove going, was wanting, and she was obliged to handle the ax herself.

Half an hour of each day faithfully devoted to his small duties would have saved every one a great deal of annoyance. Himself, too; for it was not at all pleasant to be reminded of neglected duties at a time when he was intent on something else.

"There is a special blessing pronounced upon him who is faithful in a few things," his mother said, when he put off until after school the errand which he should have done before school, and then forgot it.

"Well, mother, dear, you know I mean to be faithful," said Harvey.

"But there isn't a word said about those who mean to be faithful, dear," she said, with a smile. "No blessing is promised to them."

"Mother, you see if you ever have to say 'wood' or 'coal' to me again, or if I put off your errands any more," protested Harvey, as he ran off to school.

It was Monday morning when his father went away, and for three days Harvey kept things about the place well up. He made Susan's face shine by cutting two days' supply of kindling ahead, a thing before unheard of in the family. And he performed every errand "with neatness and dispatch," as he himself declared.

But on Wednesday morning it began to snow. It was very late in the season, and no more heavy snows had been looked for.

"Hurrah!" cried the boys, as the white flakes came thicker and faster, while they made their way to school. "More coasting! More snow-balling!"

For hours and hours it fell, driven in the wind with an energy which seemed to suggest that old winter, when half way on his journey toward the region of perpetual snow and ice, had been struck by a sudden fear that he had not done his duty by the temperate zone, and had turned back to show his good-will in a vigorous farewell.

Harry rejoiced with the others.

"Let's have the biggest sort of a snow-ball fight up in the vacant lots," cried one of the school boys.

"Yes, yes," shouted others, "we'll all be there."

But as Harvey reached home, plowing his way through the snow, his face suddenly fell.

"Pshaw! I didn't think of that old sidewalk. I wish it hadn't snowed. I wish we didn't have such an everlasting long sidewalk to shovel."

He forgot the pleasure he took in the large yard all through the long summer, as he hunted out the snow-shovel which he had stored away, grumbling at the paths which now were to be dug. Those inside the fence, around the house, had to be done first, and just as he carried his shovel out to the sidewalk, a merry



troop of boys came along, on their way out to the vacant lots for the snowball frolic.

"Halloo, Harvey! Come along!"

"I can't come just yet. I must clear this walk first."

"Ho! it'll take you till dark."

"Yes, I suppose it will," said Harvey, giving a very discontented glance at its length and width.

"Leave it till to-morrow morning," suggested one of the boys.

"I can't. Father always expects me to do it at once."

The boys moved on, and Harvey could soon hear their shouts as the sport began.

"I declare, it's too bad for me to miss all the fun. It's the last big snow we'll have, and it will be gone soon."

He dug away for a few minutes, and then leaned on his shovel.

"I believe I'll just give a little dig through the middle, and let the rest go for to-day. This snow's heavy, and it will take me hours and hours to clear the whole walk. I'll get up early in the morning and finish it."

Hastily making a very poor semblance of a path through the middle of the walk, he stuck his shovel into a snow-drift inside the fence, and with a lively whoop rushed off to join his companions, trying to forget that troublesome little text about being faithful in a few things.

The tussle in the snow was such a grand one, such an enticing demand upon all the powers of active young limbs, that more than one member of the jolly crowd slept late the next morning, Harvey being among the number. Hurrying out after breakfast, he made an attempt at removing the now tightly packed snow, but he had scarcely made more than a good beginning when the first bell rang for school.

"It doesn't matter much," he said, "the people are tracking it well enough. The sun's coming out warm, and it will all be melted off long before father comes home."

But alas for Harvey's calculations! With her well-known fickleness, Madam April was about to bring them all to dire confusion.

When he returned home from school in the afternoon, the weather was warm, and it was raining fast. The snow was reduced to a mass of soft slush about six inches deep, and Harvey, as he looked from the window, could not help feeling ashamed as he saw people trying to work their way along the almost impassable walk.

Then came two nights of sharp frost. Many a time during the day which came between, Harvey looked longingly up at the sun, wondering if it were really going to fail him in the clearing of that walk.

But it was with a sinking heart that he took a comprehensive look at it on Saturday morning.

"Two or three inches of solid ice, all honey-combed with foot-tracks. An inch or two of water on top of that. Serves me right, I s'pose. It will be a tug to get it up, I should say. But I wouldn't have father see it this way if I have to work my hands off to clear it."

He went and attended to other chores which came on Saturday, and about ten o'clock began work on the walk.

"Hi, Harvey, I was just looking for you."

He turned around at sound of the voice of one of his friends.

"Mr. Hardy has managed to get that electricity man to give us a little exhibition in the school-room this afternoon. He's to have no end of queer machines and things there, and it'll be tip-top. We're all to be there by two o'clock."

"Good-by! I'll be there," said Harvey. He was keenly interested in such things, and felt sure it would be a rare treat. With vigor he began his work. But it did not take long for him to form a pretty correct idea of the task which lay before him. His shovel made no impression on the ice. It must be broken foot by foot with a crowbar; and in some places along the edge, nothing short of chopping with an ax would move it.

A quarter of the length had not been accomplished by dinner time. At two o'clock the boys passed on their way to the entertainment, but Harvey only shook his head as they spoke to him. As the day grew warmer, the snow melted rapidly, the watersplashing upon him with every stroke of the ax. His back ached, and his head swam with stooping, while his hands were cramped and blistered. But he worked bravely on, and two or three hours after gas-light shone upon him, straightened his stiffened back, and looked from one end to the other of the well-cleaned walk.

"Well," he said to himself, "if every stroke I've put on this walk has been hammering a lesson into me, it

must be pretty well driven in. I hope it will stick well,—and I guess it will. If any other simpleton ever put in such a lot of work for nothing, I'd like to take a look at him, and see if he looks like me."

"Things look well," said father, with an approving glance about the next morning. "Here's the dollar."

Harvey had intended to say nothing about the manner in which he had done his work; but he had had time to do a great deal of thinking the day before, and now handed back the dollar, saying,—

"I haven't fairly earned it, sir," following with an account of his yesterday's experience, which made his father laugh.

"Keep the money," he said. "If you have found out that the blessing upon the faithful performance of small duties works in more than one direction, it will be worth far more than a dollar to all of us."—*Sydney Dayre.*

For the INSTRUCTOR.

TWO CUPS OF LOVE.

BEFORE kings, princes, potentates,
Before the multitude,
As one who meets with his death fate,
The great Reformer stood.
Through hours of agony and prayer,
His soul was strengthened to be there.

His humble garb could not disguise
His kingly heart within;
His spirit flashed from out his eyes,
And marked his lofty kin.
And there, as face to face with death,
He spoke for truth with his last breath.

The moment had its strength divine,
Uplifting his great soul;
He little recked how fierce did shine
Foreboding looks of dole,
But as a conqueror he broke
From off his soul the papal yoke.

But when the Diet's strife was done,
He sat a man apart;
He felt he stood for God alone,
A target for hell's dart.
Then came a courier to his door,
Who high a silver pitcher bore.

"My master begs to bless thee
With this refreshing draught."
"Who is your lord?" asked Luther,
As he the beverage quaffed;
"Who graciously remembers me
In my last struggling agony?"

"Duke Eric, sire, of Brunswick,
One of the papacy."
"As he in my last struggle
In love remembers me,
So may my Lord, in his last throes
Of agony, give comfort so!"

Not long, and good Duke Eric
Came to his dying bed.
A page, at his low whisper,
From Christ's sweet gospel read:
"Whoever gives a cup to mine
Shall have reward of me divine."

And that sweet word of Heaven
Came like a draught divine;
It seemed as if an angel
Beside his bed did shine;
As if his Lord stooped from above,
And poured for him a cup of love.

O mighty love! sustaining
With everlasting arms,
When wild the tempest rages,
And shields from earth's alarms!
O tender love! that brings the Lord
To give for every cup reward!

FRANCES E. BOLTON.

MOTHER SPIDER.

MOTHER love among spiders is a fleeting passion, but while it lasts, it is terribly strong. One insect, the *Olios leucosus*, spins no web, but lays her eggs in some out-of-the-way corner, and wraps about them a large cocoon. This she fastens, by a mass of fine threads, to some secure resting-place, but if she is alarmed, holds it close to her body with two of her legs.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says that he once advanced to examine such a cocoon, which was fastened to a door; but on his approach the mother spider hastened to cut the fastening threads with her mandibles, clasped the precious burden to her body, and hurried away with it. After roaming about for a while, she took refuge on a window curtain, and for fifteen days remained there motionless.

When the eggs were ready to hatch, she cut the

edge of the cocoon, and out poured the young, swarming about her. They remained with her only a few days, and not until they disappeared, did she find food and rest.

The *Lycosæ* are tigers among spiders, and when the eggs are inclosed in their sac, attach the precious parcel to the abdomen, and carry it about with them. During the season of maternity, they are exceedingly fierce, and consider any evidence of curiosity on the part of an observer as a direct challenge to attack.

When the young are hatched, they swarm out over the mother, and she carries them about with her for several days. So voracious is their appetite, that she frequently falls a victim to it; for they have no compunction whatever in devouring her.

One of the *Epeiræ* hangs her cocoons across her web, and when she has eaten an insect, incases his body in a like cocoon, and suspends it beside her precious eggs. Owing to these deceptive signs, mingled with dust, straw, and other *débris*, it becomes impossible to distinguish the cocoons containing the eggs from the others.

The mother, having thus fortified her young, retires to a cozy corner of her web, and remains there, watching for insects.

During the summer, if an observer sees a few threads across the top of a thistle, wild carrot, or golden-rod, he has only to separate the blossoms to find within a spider's nest, containing yellow or white eggs. A small mother spider is in charge of them, and, at any intrusion, she will rise on her hind legs, and advance to the attack, only leaving her eggs when persistently brushed away.—*Companion.*

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I AM my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to dissuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked the friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he will fail."

"Well!"

"To be master of yourself, you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should surely fail if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under God's direction. When he is master, all goes right."—*Dr. Bacon.*

THE TERRIBLE LOCOMOTIVE.

It is well-known that, when Stephenson predicted that his locomotive would draw a train of "wagons" at the rate of twelve miles an hour, there were men of science in England who declared that no passengers could travel at such a rate of speed and "keep their heads."

A similar prediction, made by the Royal College of Physicians of Bavaria in 1835, is now on record in the archives of the Nuremberg and Fürth railway in that country. When it was proposed to build this line, the physicians of the country met and formally protested against it.

"Locomotion by the aid of any kind of steam machines whatever," the Bavarian physicians declared, "should be prohibited in the interest of the public health. The rapid movements cannot fail to produce in the passengers the mental ailment called *delirium furiosum*."

"Even admitting," the protest went on, "that travelers will consent to run the risk, the State can do no less than protect the by-standers. The sight alone of a locomotive passing at full speed suffices to produce this frightful malady of the brain. It is at any rate indispensable that a barrier at least six feet high should be erected on both sides of the track."

But even the slow-going Bavarians of the ancient city of Nuremberg became accustomed in a very short time to the terrible rushing of the railway trains; and so far from being afflicted with *delirium furiosum*, they smoke their pipes as calmly as ever.

No being has lived as long as God has, but any being may live as long as God will.

For Our Little Ones.

A TWENTY MINUTE SOCIETY.

“HERE are you going, mamma?” said Lulu. “Down to Mrs. Ray’s to give her these embroideries to wash.” “May I go with you?” “Yes, if you wish.”

Lulu skipped along at her mother’s side. She was not old enough to have very much to do, and, during the long vacation, sometimes found it rather hard to know how to keep her little self busy.

Before they reached Mrs. Ray’s cottage, they heard the fretting, wailing sound of a baby’s voice, and inside the door they found the baby himself lying in a cradle, while his mother stood at a wash-tub.

“Is the baby sick?” asked Lulu’s mother, turning toward him after she had spoken about the work. “He doesn’t look well.”

“Well, ma’am, he’s rather weakly, I’m afraid,” said his mother. “He frets and frets all the time to be took up, but there’s no one to take him, so he has to fret on.”

“Poor little fellow!”

Mrs. Bell raised him very tenderly, for she had not long before laid a little one in the grave, and while knowing that he could never more fret or suffer, her heart was very sore with the pain of the parting.

“He ought to be out in the fresh air,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am, I know he ought, but you see there’s nobody to watch him and see that he doesn’t get into harm.”

The air of the little house was heavy and damp with the bad smelling soap-suds, and Mrs. Bell looked as though she did not like to lay the baby back in his cradle.

“Mamma,” said Lulu, eagerly, “couldn’t I watch him for a while? Couldn’t Mrs. Ray carry the cradle out into a corner of the meadow under the trees? I’ll stay there with him.”

Mrs. Ray was glad enough to do it. She carried the cradle, while Mrs. Bell carried the baby, and he was soon in the pleasant shade of the trees, where the soft wind fanned his hot little cheeks, and the sunshine peeped at him through the branches. He looked a little inclined to cry, as his mother left him to go back to her washing, but no baby of any sense would have cried at being left in the care of such a bright-eyed little lassie as Lulu. Very soon Jamie began to smile as Lulu played bo-peep from behind a tree-trunk, and was soon laughing as merrily as though he had always lived in the sunshine. The birds came and chirped at him, and a squirrel chattered up among the branches. Butterflies came, too, almost alighting on the cradle. Lulu brought daisies and buttercups to Jamie, and played with him until, on coming to him with a fresh handful, she found that the pretty head had sunk back upon the pillow, and the great blue eyes were closed. As she sat quietly beside him, she saw two little girls, whom she knew, coming into the meadow.

“That’s Elsie and May,” she said. She beckoned for them to come to her, making motions that they were not to awaken the baby.

“What are you doing here?” Elsie asked.

“I came out here to watch Jamie,” said Lulu. “But I’ve thought of a splendid thing, girls. The poor little fellow has to stay all day in the room where his mother washes, and it smells horrid, and mamma says that’s what makes him look so pale. Now I’m going to spend my twenty minutes every day in taking care of Jamie.”

The little girls had formed a twenty-minute society—that is, a little society of which every member promised to spend twenty minutes every day in doing something to help somebody else.

“Twenty minutes isn’t long to take care of a baby,” said Elsie.

“But I can stay longer than that, and I mean to.” “I tell you what, girls,” said May, after another look at the pale little face on the pillow, “if some more of us should come for twenty minutes every day, it would keep Jamie out a long time.”

“So it would,” said Elsie. “Some of the other girls would like to come, too, I know.”

So it came that on every fine morning Jamie would be carried out to his place under the trees, and little girls came and went, each giving him at least twenty minutes, and many of them more. Mrs. Bell came one morning, and talked to them about the blessed privilege which each little child may enjoy, in being able to show, through loving care for the little ones whom Christ has placed in our midst, love for Christ himself, and the small girls came to look upon all

sleepy little boy, and so he nestled his curly head against her shoulder with a satisfied look. She rocked to and fro, and sang softly to him.

“Tell me yat ’tory,” he said impatiently, though hardly able to lift his eyelids.

“Once upon a time, a good many years ago,” began patient little Ethel, but Robbie interrupted her with,—

“Mamma don’t begin her ’tories yat way.”

“Doesn’t she?” asked Ethel, in a low, cooing voice.

“Tell me a ’tory ’bout a pony,” Robbie said.

“There was a little boy had a pony,” began Ethel.

“What was his name?” asked Robbie.

“The boy’s name?”

“No, the pony’s,” Robbie replied, with an impatient kick with both chubby feet.

“Prince,” Ethel promptly said.

“Yat was a nice name,” declared Robbie. “Did he have a ’tar (star) on his forehead?”

“No, Robbie; but the boy put one on.”

“With paste?”

“No; with chalk,” Ethel said. “The pony was black as a coal. The boy got a piece of chalk, and made a star on his forehead. It took some time; for the hair wouldn’t stay down, and the wind blew the chalk away. But he rubbed, and he rubbed, and he rubbed—”

She said it two dozen times over, all the time rubbing Robbie’s forehead in a steady, soothing, round-and-round movement. He closed his eyes, and began to breathe heavily. A smile of triumph came to Ethel’s lips at the success of her trick. But she smiled a little too soon; for Robbie kicked, and opened his eyes.

“And he rubbed, and he rubbed, and he rubbed,” quickly resumed Ethel, in a drawling tone, over which she almost fell asleep herself, her soft fingers again moving over his forehead.

She looked at him after a little time, and found he was sound asleep at last, and then she staggered to his crib with him; for he was heavy, and she wasn’t very strong.

“I hope he’ll sleep until mamma comes,” she thought. “Poor little fellow! I wonder if he’ll ever ask for the rest of that ’tory?”

She felt that she had been rewarded for her patience.

She swept the porches, and swept them well, and still had time to play with her doll.—*Frank H. Stauffer.*

A LITTLE HELPER.

“Oh, how heavy this bucket is, and only half-full, too, so I must go again. Jenny and Annie can’t do anything, it’s only poor me. I wish we could take turns being the oldest. Joe’s crying; seems to me he’s always crying and making his face dirty. Wish we had a brother so small we couldn’t be trusted with him, or big enough to bring water. I don’t like boys his age. ‘Nettie, Nettie,’ wish my name was something else.”

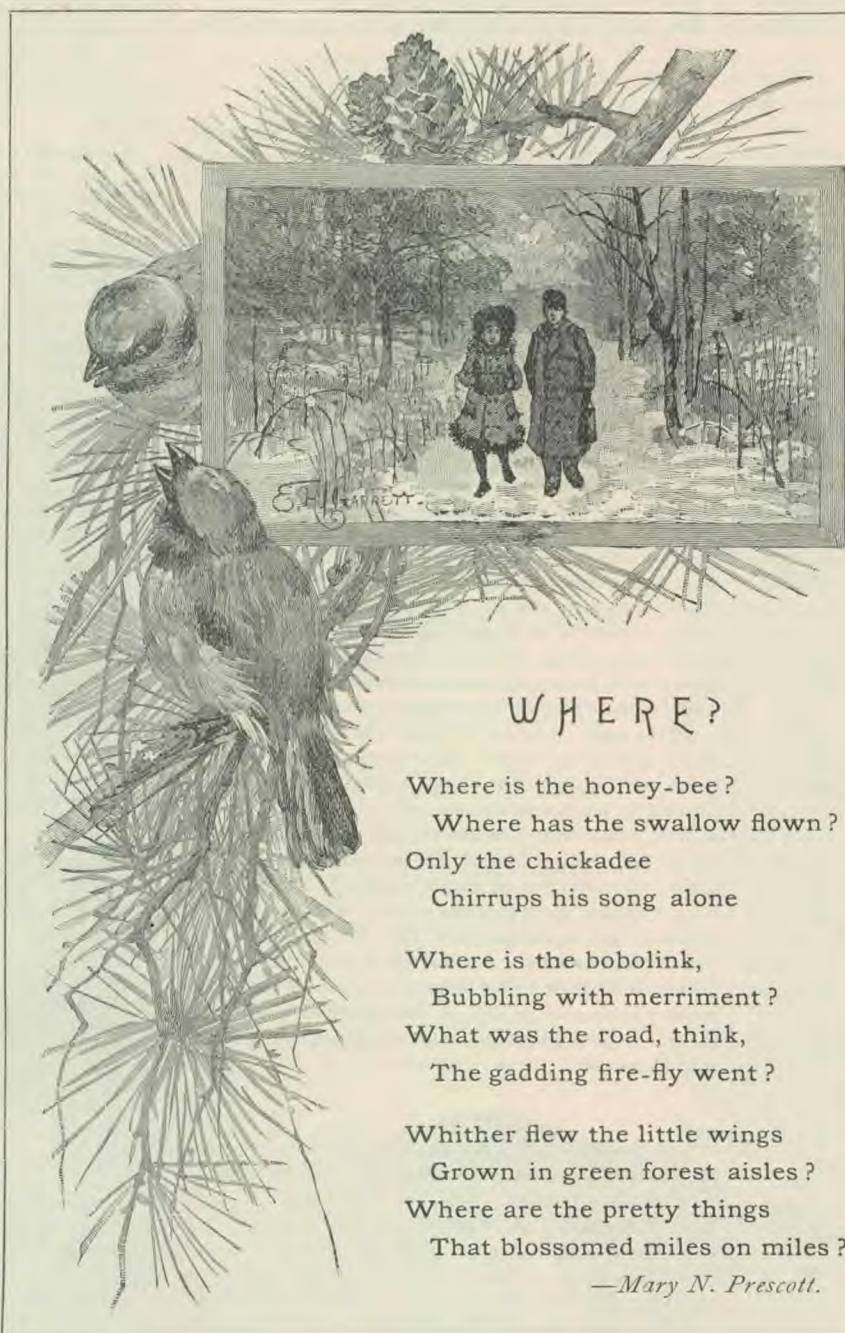
“Yes, mother,” answered Nettie, setting down the bucket, and brightening a little at her mother’s cheery voice.

Four children, indeed were a great care, but little hands could help too. Now Nettie saw how much good even half a bucket of water could do.

Mother filled a kettle, and set it over the bright fire, where it soon began to sing, as if eager to do something for the family. Jenny gave Dick, the bird, fresh water, which he sipped with funny little quirks of head and tail, and then burst into such a song that Joe forgot to cry. Annie brought him a drink, and washed his tear-stained face. She sprinkled the rose geranium in the window. Then the sun shone into the clean kitchen, and all Nettie’s dark thoughts flew away.

She laid the table for breakfast, and fed kitty, who was purring for milk.

But she stopped at Joe’s cradle to give him a kiss and hug, and tell him he was the dearest baby in the world, if he did cry.



WHERE?

Where is the honey-bee?

Where has the swallow flown?

Only the chickadee

Chirrup his song alone

Where is the bobolink,

Bubbling with merriment?

What was the road, think,

The gadding fire-fly went?

Whither flew the little wings

Grown in green forest aisles?

Where are the pretty things

That blossomed miles on miles?

—*Mary N. Prescott.*

they did for Jamie as being, in very truth, giving to the Lord who gave himself for them.—*The Interior.*

THE STAR ON THE PONY'S FOREHEAD.

“I’s dreffully s’leepy!” is what little Robbie said, as he thrust his knuckles into his eyes.

Yes, he was sleepy. It would have been true, too, had he added, “an’ dreffully cross.”

Mamma was away, and Ethel, his little sister, did not know how to keep him quiet that long, long afternoon.

She had promised mamma to sweep the porches, and she wanted to dress her doll, but there was not much chance of her doing either so long as Robbie was fretful. She sighed, and then said, in a kind, patient tone, for she was very fond of him: “Come, sit on Ethel’s lap.”

“Your yap a’n’t like mamma’s,” he said.

“And I’ll tell you a story,” she added.

“All yite,” Robbie said, brightening up a little.

He clambered into her lap by tugging at the sleeves of her dress, not much of her visible after he had fixed himself.

It was quite a comfortable lap, after all, for a very

Mother smiled, and called her a little helper and her dear Nettie. And Nettie thought it just the sweetest name in the world.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

PRETTY FACES AND PRETTY HEARTS.

It was recess at the Union school. The boys and girls came pouring out, all intent on enjoying the recess hour.

Some engaged in sports, others clustered around in groups, perhaps to talk over some important plan for the coming days, while still others walked as they talked over something, perhaps, very near to their hearts.

Three or four pretty, bright-eyed little girls came tripping along past my window, chatting merrily. Just then they met two little boys, carrying a bucket of water towards the school-house. As they passed, one of the brightest of the little girls turned quickly after them, and said:—

"Teacher told me if I saw you, to tell you to hurry up. She said, too, she was going to give you the hardest whipping, for staying so long."

The little fellows, alarmed, took to their heels, and the little miss, with a laugh, turned to her companions, saying:—

"Teacher didn't say anything about them, I just wanted to see the boys scared."

And she had told a falsehood, just to have the fun of seeing two of her little schoolmates in trouble. What do you think of such acts in a pretty little girl!

Her face didn't look so pretty to me after I heard her confess that lie just to make others unhappy. She had made two great sin-stains on her soul.

A beautiful soul is far better than a beautiful face. Little girls and boys with pretty faces should keep their souls pure and sweet. If you would do this, you must be ever true, loving, and kind to every one.

When Jesus lived on earth, he was loving and true, even to his enemies. He spoke kindly, and helped the meanest beggar as well as the finest, richest lord. From his home up in heaven, he still looks down, well pleased to see his children—best of all his little children—acting as he taught them when he lived down here. How sorry he is to see those whom he loved, false and cruel to their fellow beings!

Little words and acts show what kind of souls we have. Then guard these and keep them pure, even more than you watch to keep your hands and face clean and sweet.

Keep your faces beautiful if God has made them so. All pleasant, good-natured boys and girls have pleasant faces. But, most of all, keep your soul beautiful; keep it filled with pure, loving thoughts, then there will be no room for wicked, sinful thoughts to steal in and spoil God's workmanship within. If we think and feel aright, our words and acts will be pure and loving.—*Youth's Evangelist.*

The Sabbath-School.

FIRST SABBATH IN DECEMBER.
DECEMBER 7.

LETTER TO THE HEBREWS.

LESSON 10.—HEBREWS 6:9-18.

1. What was the condition of the people to whom Paul wrote this letter?
2. In what words did he give them a most solemn warning? Heb. 6:8.
3. How did he express his hope of them? Heb. 6:9.
4. For what did he commend them? Verse 10.
5. How does the Lord regard his erring people? *Ib.* Rev. 3:19.
6. Does this give any warrant to presume on his mercy? Ps. 85:5-8; Num. 14:18, 19.
7. What was his desire in regard to them? Heb. 6:11.
8. What should the Christian not be? Verse 12.
9. Whom should they follow? *Ib.*
10. Who was most remarkable for faith and patience? Verse 13. Compare Rom. 4:16-22.
11. What did God say to Abraham? Heb. 6:14.
12. What is the meaning of this form of promise: "Blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee"? *Ib.* See note.
13. How greatly was his seed to be multiplied? Gen. 13:16; 15:5; 22:17.
14. Did he obtain the promise? Heb. 6:15.
15. Did his seed become as numerous as the dust of the earth?
16. How, then, did he obtain the promise? *Ans.*—After his long and patient waiting, he received the son in whom the promise was to be fulfilled. His faith embraced the promise in its fullness.

17. By whom do men swear? Verse 16.
18. Why did God swear by himself? Verse 13.
19. Would an oath by an inferior object be solemn, and expressive of obligation?
20. Of what is God willing that we should have full proof? Verse 17. Compare Mal. 3:10.
21. Who proved the Lord, and were still unbelieving? Heb. 3:9, 11, 19.
22. Have we not reason to believe that many are doing the same thing even in this day?
23. What two immutable things are referred to in Heb. 6:18?
24. To whom is this intended to give assurance? Verse 17.
25. Who have the privilege of laying hold of it? Verse 18.
26. Of what do we lay hold? *Ib.* See note.
27. Where is this hope set? Verse 18.
28. Does hope ever look back to the past? See Rom. 8:24.

NOTES.

HEB. 6:14 is an intensive form of expression not uncommon in the Hebrew. It denotes certainty. Two instances are found in Genesis 2. Verse 16 reads: "Of every tree of the garden, eating thou shalt eat." It is translated, "Thou mayest freely eat." Verse 17 reads: "In the day that thou eatest thereof, dying thou shalt die." Rendered, "Thou shalt surely die." These translations are literally correct, the words freely and surely representing the certainty contained in the form of the original. Again, in Ex. 3:7, the Lord said: "Seeing I have seen the affliction of my people." Stephen, quoting this (Acts 7:34), expressed the intensive of the original by a repetition: "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people." And, indeed, duplication is another method of expressing intensiveness in the Hebrew, as "good, good," for very good. Our version very correctly translates Ex. 1:7, "I have surely seen."

As faith rests only on the word of God (Rom. 10:17), so hope rests only on the promise of God. Where God has not spoken, there can be no faith. There may be opinion, or conjecture, or strong feeling, and even much confidence, but no faith. So where there is no promise of God, there may be feeling, and strong self-confidence, but no hope. And a promise fulfilled is no longer a promise—it is a matter of the past. Hope can no longer rest upon it; for "hope that is seen is not hope." Once received, it is no longer hoped for. Losing sight of this evident truth, many have been led to indulge false hopes. They will profess to hope in God, while there is not a promise within their reach. For all the promises of God rest on conditions, and if we neglect the conditions, we cannot rightfully claim the promises. Claiming God's promises without fulfilling their conditions is not an indication of faith but of presumption. But if indeed we have fled for refuge to Christ, and laid hold upon the hope set before us, what a strong consolation we have in the sure promise of God confirmed by his oath, brought near by the blood and intercession of our high priest in the heavens!

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Two immutable things are referred to in verse 18; one, the promise of God, and the other, the oath by which he confirmed it. In Num. 14:21, Isa. 49:18, and Eze. 5:11, oaths of this nature are recorded. Such an oath well shows the certainty of the promise. Had God sworn by the heavens and the earth, it might have been said that these would pass away, and with them the oath which he had made; but having sworn by his own great name, which abides forever, God's confirmation of the promise becomes absolutely immutable.

The same verse affirms that it is "impossible for God to lie." "This impossibility," says Barnes, "is a moral impossibility, and the use of the word here explains the sense in which the words 'impossible,' 'cannot,' etc., are often used in the Scriptures. The meaning here is, that such was the love of God for truth, such his holiness of character, that he could not speak falsely."

Although God has thus abundantly manifested the immutability of his counsel and purpose toward the heirs of the promise made to Abraham, there are many, who, in the face of all this proof, are still unbelieving. These are admonished to remember the cases of those, who, after having proved God, fell in the wilderness. They tempted God, and manifested their unbelief by saying, Is the Lord among us or not? It is possible to do the same thing to-day, and we have reason to believe that many are, in this age of the world, imitating their example.

WORK is the language of the hands,—the outward expression of the bodily activities. Any one who is engaged in Christ's work, truly for Christ's sake, expresses his desires by the energies of his hands and feet, as well as by the impulses of his heart. A cause that is worth praying for is worth working for.

Letter Budget.

CORA M. DANN writes from Blue Earth Co., Minn. She says: "As I have read so many interesting letters in the Budget I thought I would try to write one myself. My parents, brother and sister, and I have been keeping the Sabbath some three years. I attended the camp-meeting at Minneapolis this summer, and we all enjoyed it very much. We live four miles from the church, but have the privilege of attending Sabbath-school when it is not stormy. I have written to the Budget before, but I could not write very well then, so I have tried again."

ALICE A. VESSEY wrote a letter from Stutzman Co., Dak., in which she says: "I am nine years old. I never tried to write to the Budget before. I go to Sunday-school; we have no Sabbath-school. I have an aunt and two cousins in Tampa, Florida. They keep the Sabbath, and we would like to see them very much, but we do not expect we shall until the earth is made new. My sister Esther, seventeen years old, died, and we are very lonely without her. I like to go to school. I hope to meet you all, with my sister, in the new earth."

NANNIE MAY JOHNSON sent a letter from Loudoun Co., Va. She said: "I have been keeping the Sabbath with my parents six years. I have four sisters and one brother. Three of my sisters, a brother-in-law, and I were baptized a year ago last April. I am fifteen years old. A Sabbath-school was organized here nearly two years ago. I have not missed attending it any Sabbath, and hope I may not. I study my lessons in the Instructor. I do not think we could do without the paper. I want to do better, and I ask an interest in your prayers."

NELSON J. SHELDON sent a letter from Van Buren Co., Mich. It is so long we will print but a part of it. He says: "I am trying to keep God's commandments, and to be a good boy. Although I make a good many mistakes, I try not to do so. I am twelve years old. My ma, sister, and myself keep the Sabbath. We all go to Sabbath-school, and I study in Book No. 3. My sister Hattie May studies in Book No. 1. My friend, Earl Woodworth, is dead, and cannot write any more letters to the Budget. He was a nice little boy, and was loved by all who knew him. He was my schoolmate, and so was his little brother Bat. They both died of diphtheria. Bat died the next day after his brother Earl. I got my mother to write my letter for me. Pray for us, that we all can meet in the new earth."

BIRDIE HEALEY and SUSIE CUMMINS sent letters together from San Diego, Cal. Birdie is twelve years old. She says: "I like to read the stories in the Instructor. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and study in Book No. 7. I belong to the Rivulet Missionary Society. While one of our ministers was speaking in the plaza a few evenings since, the crows came to hear him. Love to all the Instructor family."

Susie says: "I am a little girl ten years old. I have four brothers and two sisters. I keep the Sabbath with papa, one brother, and two sisters. My mamma has been dead five years. I hope to see her in the new earth. I have a pet pigeon named Snow-drop. A lady who lives in the same house as we do, gives Bible readings. She reads the stories to me. I hope to meet the Instructor family in the new earth."

EDDIE JOHNSON, FLORA JOHNSON, and MABEL HITCHMAN write from Meeker Co., Minn. Eddie is eleven, Flora seven, and Mabel five years old. Eddie says: "I keep the Sabbath with my mother and sister. We have a good Sabbath-school, but there are very few to attend. I study in Book No. 2. I learned about Pharaoh, that he would not let the children of Israel go, and so the plagues fell upon him. I want to be a good boy, so that the last plagues shall not fall upon me."

Flora says: "As my brother Eddie has been writing, I thought I would write a little. My mamma has to help us; for we cannot write ourselves. I have not missed going to Sabbath-school once this summer. I like to have a good lesson, and to be a good girl."

Mabel's letter reads: "I am a little girl five years old, and as I am too small to write myself, I got Flora's mamma to write for me. We are all living in one house. My mamma has gone to visit grandma. I go to Sabbath-school, and am trying to be a good girl, so I may meet in heaven all the little boys and girls who write for the Budget."

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