

# Youth's Instructor

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## IT IS TIME.

It is time to be brave; it is time to be true;  
It is time to be finding the thing you can do;  
It is time to put by the dream and the sigh,  
And work for the cause that is holy and high.  
  
It is time to be kind; it is time to be sweet;  
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet.  
It is time to be sowing; it is time to be growing;  
It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.  
  
It is time to be lowly and humble of heart;  
It is time for the lilies of meekness to start;  
For the heart to be white, and the steps to be  
right,  
And the hands to be weaving a garment of  
light.

—Selected.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

## ST. AUGUSTINE.

**W**ASHED by the waters of the Gulf of Mexico on the south and west, and by the Atlantic Ocean on the east, there lies in the extreme southern part of the United States a most interesting region of country. Its peculiar shape—that of a long, narrow peninsula on the east, and a long, narrow stretch of territory from east to west on the north, gives it a greater extent of seacoast than any other division of the Union excepting Alaska.

Unless, as some claim, that John and Sebastian Cabot's explorations in America in 1497 extended to this peninsula, it was first visited by an old Spaniard, one Juan Ponce de Leon, who sailed from Porto Rico for the Bahama Islands in 1512, in pursuit of a fountain whose waters would restore to the aged the bloom and vigor of youth.

Not realizing his expectations there, Leon, with his expedition, sailed in a northwesterly direction until he reached the eastern coast of the peninsula, where he landed at what is now St. Augustine, in the month of April, upon Easter Sunday. This day being called by the Spaniards *Pascua Florida*, and because he saw the land everywhere dotted with wild-flowers, he gave to the newly-formed territory the name of Florida.

Here Leon industriously pursued the same *ignis fatuus*,—the rejuvenating fountain, or the elixir of life,—suffering all kinds of hardships as he traveled southward by land and water the whole length of the peninsula on the east, even to the Tortugas Islands in the Gulf of Mexico. But after all his toil and perplexity, being unsuccessful in his Utopian enterprise, he returned to Spain a disappointed man.

Although Leon's hopes regarding the fountain were blasted, he did not yield to despondency, and we find that a few years afterward the king of Spain made him king of Florida, provided he would plant a colony there. This he undertook, bringing with him a party of emigrants to locate in these wilds, and to render such assistance as was needed to get possession of the territory.

The efforts of this expedition to subjugate the Indians was of short duration; for the men were soon driven back to their ships, and Leon received a wound

from which he shortly afterwards died upon the island of Cuba, whither the expedition had fled.

During the years that immediately followed, the Spaniards made other unsuccessful attempts at subduing the Indians and gaining a foothold in the territory, until in 1565, they succeeded, under one Don Pedro Menendez, in founding St. Augustine. This occurred fifty-five years before the Pilgrims landed at

swords of the Spaniards or the clubs of the Indians.

And thus this ancient town, which was at the beginning baptized with the blood of martyrs, has been drenched with blood for three centuries; "for it has been watered with its own blood more than any other city, and its inhabitants have acknowledged more foreign rulers and various flags than any other city."

St. Augustine is built upon a narrow peninsula, formed by the Matanzas River on the east and the St. Sebastian on the south and west. It was built as a military town, and was protected on the north by a wall which stretched across the peninsula. This wall is now in ruins, but the old entrance through it, or the old famous City Gate, has been remarkably preserved. A view of it is given in the lower part of our engraving. "With its lofty, ornamented towers and sentry boxes, it is a picturesque and imposing edifice." Between St. Augustine's harbor and the ocean lies the Anastasia Island, upon which is located a light-house.

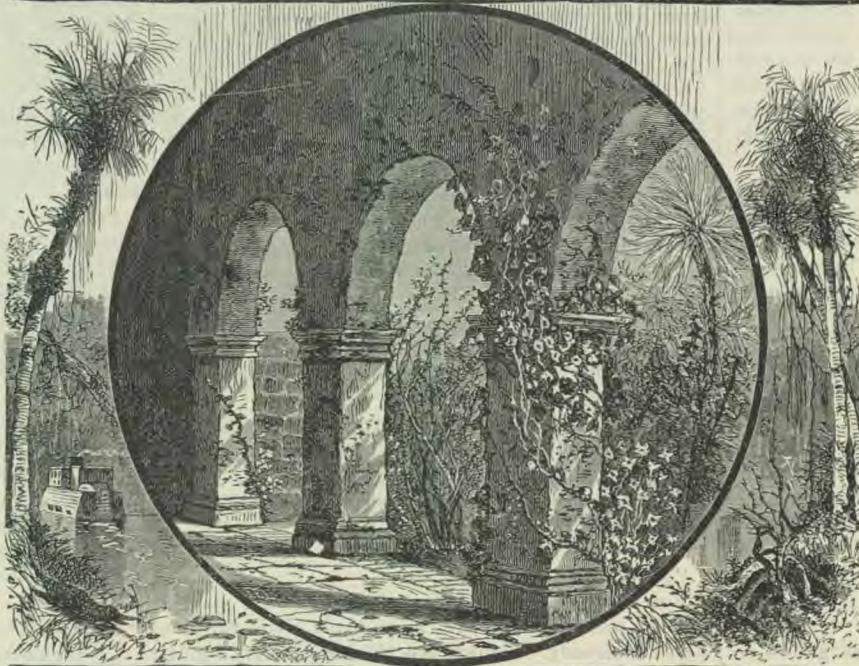
One familiar with the city, after an extended acquaintance from personal observation, says that "its appearance is as quaint and peculiar as its history is bloody and remarkable. Nothing like it is seen in this country, and having been built by a people so entirely different in manners and customs than our own, it has been surrounded with an interest not shared by any other city in the land." However, "the large influx of wealthy settlers from the North has greatly altered the character of the place within a few years, but the smart modern villas still have the air of foreign intruders, and the quaint, romantic old city retains at once its individuality and unlikeness to anything else in America."

"Its principal building material is a unique conglomerate of fine shells and sand, known as coquina rock, found in large quantities on Anastasia Island. It is easily cut in blocks to be laid in courses, and is perhaps covered over with stucco.

"The streets are quite narrow; one which is nearly a mile long being but fifteen feet wide, and one on which a principal hotel stands being but twelve feet, while the widest is but twenty-five feet. An advantage of

these narrow streets in this warm climate is, that they give shade, and increase the draft of air through them as through a flue. Indeed, some of the streets seem almost like a flue, rather than an open way; for many of the houses, with high roof and dormer windows, have, along their second stories, hanging balconies, which seem almost to touch each other over the narrow street; and the families sitting in these of a warm evening can chat confidentially, or even shake hands with their over-the-way neighbor."

"The principal streets were formerly well paved or floored with shell concrete, portions of which are still to be seen above the shifting sand; and this flooring was so carefully swept, that the dark-eyed maids of old Castile, who then led in society here, could pass and repass without soiling their satin slippers. No rumbling wheels were permitted to crush



Plymouth Rock, making this the oldest town in the United States.

But to accomplish his purpose, Menendez was guilty of the most fiendish cruelty. A party of Huguenots who had been given permission to come from France had planted a colony, building a fort near St. Augustine. During a heavy thunder shower, Menendez entered their fort upon the land side, which they had left unguarded, thinking there was no danger from the enemy except by way of the sea, and there, while the occupants were peacefully sleeping, this monster murdered them in cold blood. A few made their escape to the woods.

However, retribution soon followed this diabolical act, and although Menendez escaped with his own life, and ruled St. Augustine some twelve years thereafter, many of his own men were as cruelly killed by the



the firm road-bed, or to whirl the dust into the airy verandas, where, in indolent repose, sat the Spanish dous and dames."

"In the buildings of the town are some remains of elegance, as well as of much antiquity. The cathedral is unique, with its belfry in the form of a section of a bell-shaped pyramid, its chime of four bells in separate niches, and its clock, together forming a cross. The oldest of these bells is marked 1682.

"The 'Plaza de la Constitution' is a fine public square in the center of the town, on which stand the ancient markets, and which is faced by the cathedral, the old palace, the convent, and other fine structures. In the center of the plaza stands a monument erected in 1812 in honor of the Spanish Liberal Constitution; and "on the eastern side is a soldier's monument, erected in 1872 by the Ladies' Memorial Association in memory of those who gave their lives in defense of the Confederate States."

The most interesting features of old St. Augustine are "the Sea Wall and Ft. Marion. The wall is built of coquina, with a granite coping four feet wide, and is nearly a mile in length, protecting the entire ocean front of the city. It furnishes a delightful promenade, and is usually thronged on moonlight evenings. Near its south end are the old United States Barracks. At its north end, commanding the sea front, is old Ft. Marion, probably the most picturesque structure in America. Like the Sea Wall and most other edifices in St. Augustine, it is built of the coquina quarried on Anastasia Island, and the construction of it occupied one hundred and sixty-four years, having been commenced in 1592 and completed in 1756. The labor of building it was performed almost entirely by negro slaves, Indians, and prisoners of war; and every stone of it was cemented with the sweat of toiling sufferers."

"While in the possession of the British, this was said to be the prettiest fort in the king's dominions; and with its esplanade, moats, barbicans, draw-bridges, massive arched entrance, dark passages, vaulted casements, ornate sentry-boxes, frowning bastions, and mysterious dungeons—in which were found, in 1835, two skeletons in cages, victims probably of some inquisitorial cruelty—it is still a strangely attractive and interesting spot. For modern warfare it is quite useless, and not being kept up for military purposes, it is fast crumbling to decay."

Much more of interest might be told of St. Augustine, the city so much visited by northern invalids; but its chief attractive feature is its nearly perfect climate the greater part of the year. Taken all together, it is a city that one reluctantly leaves after forming an extended acquaintance with it.

M. J. C.

For the INSTRUCTOR.

#### RAISINS.

I suppose about all the young readers of the INSTRUCTOR know what raisins are. They have no doubt often gone to the store, and bought their nickel's worth or dime's worth of this toothsome delicacy. But how many have seen them grow by the acre as luscious grapes before they were dried into raisins? Only a few, comparatively, I think; so I thought I would tell you something about it.

Out here in California the raisin grape grows to perfection. Not every kind of grape will make raisins. The "muscat" is the one used for this purpose. It is a rather white grape; at least it is not purple or black, like the grape used for wine.

Here in the San Joaquin (pronounced San-walk'-een) valley, where I live, both the wine and the raisin grape are grown to perfection. It needs a hot sun and a dry climate to make raisins. In this valley rain does not fall from May till September or October. The last two months named are the raisin months. The sun pours down its floods of light and heat, just what the raisin-maker needs to aid him in his business. The grapes are picked, and laid in long, shallow wooden trays, which are placed between the rows of vines in the vineyard. They are dried here, and should they get wet, as they sometimes do toward the end of the season, the raisins are injured if they cannot be dried by the fire.

When dried, they are taken to the "packing-house," and packed into boxes such as you have seen in stores. They are sometimes put into the box in "clusters," or bunches, and sometimes with the stems off. A machine called a "stemmer" takes the raisins, and frees them from the stem.

Boys, girls, and women work in the packing-house. As many as three hundred and more work in one house. They are paid so much a box for their work. There are the "sorters," the "packers," and the "facers." The first separate the large and small raisins by means of a sieve. The second pack them in

boxes and bags. The third place upon the surface of the raisins packed in each box, one layer of raisins made flat by the thumb and finger. These flattened raisins are placed nicely in rows, and the box is then ready to be nailed up and shipped to market. These boxes hold about twenty pounds each. Smaller boxes, containing raisins packed and faced with especial care, and handsomely decorated with illuminated paper, are called "cartoons." These are used in the trade as samples.

The grape vineyards vary from a few acres up to hundreds of acres. For instance, Mr. Robt. Barton, of Fresno City, Fresno Co., has one of six hundred and forty acres. Think of it! A square mile of vineyard! Mr. A. B. Butler, Col. Forsyth, and others have each a large acreage of vines. This county is the raisin center of the world. Here the finest varieties are produced.

Raisins, as you might suppose, are quite cheap where grapes grow so plentifully. They can be bought from the packing houses before boxing at five cents a pound. Grape land brings large sums of money. It will surprise you when I tell you that some of it sells for a thousand dollars an acre. Land for this price is set out in good, well-bearing vines. Men who own large vineyards are very rich, their yearly profits being very great.

N. J. BOWERS.

#### "BRICK-TOP."

"BRICK-TOP! Brick-top!" cried the boys as the school let out.

The new boy, who, unfortunately for him, had to tell his name that day, "Tommy Brick, marm," pulled his cap down over his ears in vain attempt to cover every lock of his hair. The fact that it was very red, together with his unusual name, had troubled him ever since he could remember, and he had dreaded the first day at the new school. His legs soon took him far away from his teasing companions, however, and soon he had reached a large brick house, standing somewhat back from the village street. Opening the iron gate, he ran up the steps, pushed the screen-door back, and walked in.

"How's Naneen to-day?" he said. "Oh! I forgot; How do you do, Mrs. Dimon? Mother's well—I always forget to say that and take off my cap," added he, blushing.

"Go right up and see Naneen," said Grandma Dimon pleasantly. "She's had one of her bad spells to-day, but she'll want to see you."

Tommy tip-toed with his squeaky boots up the winding stairs.

"Hallo!" he said softly, as he came in where the little girl lay. "Do you like kittens, Naneen?"

"O Tommy!" was all she said, but looked with longing eyes at the huge pockets of his ulster.

"It's too bad I couldn't bring it with me. I thought of taking it in my pocket, but I had to go to school to-day. I'll bring it over after supper."

"I'm so glad. I have wanted a little kittie so much," said Naneen.

"This one is all black, not a speck of white on it."

"How nice!"

For a few minutes neither of the children spoke. Naneen was thinking of the much-loved kittie, for she loved it already. Tommy was thinking soberly about his first day at school.

"I wish I could change my name," he said at last.

"What makes you want to change it?" asked Naneen.

"Why, you see—don't you see—my hair, you know; and then 'Brick' is such a name, and the fellows call me names."

"Well, I'd just as soon have my name 'Brick' as 'Stone.' There's Jack Stone, his hair is as red as yours."

"Is it, honest?" asked Tommy in grateful surprise.

"Of course it is."

"But then, the fellows wouldn't think of calling him 'Stone-top.'"

Naneen thought a moment. "Do they—do they call you 'Brick-top'?" she asked gently.

"Yes!" burst out Tommy.

"I wouldn't care, anyway," said Naneen sympathetically.

"Do you ever call any names back?"

"I haven't yet. Mother told me not to mind 'em, and I try not to, but I've thought of lots and lots of names I could call them," he added honestly.

"Of course, it's easy enough to think of names to call anybody, but what good does it do? Would you feel a bit better now if you'd called back any amount of horrid names when they called you 'Brick-top'?"

"No, I don't think I would."

"Then you see the trouble is if everybody called back names to whom names were called, it would be

nothing but calling names all over the world, and just think how silly that would be."

"There wouldn't be much time left for anything else, I reckon," said Tommy.

"I guess there wouldn't. Why, Tommy, some of the best people in the world have been called names. I remembered hearing grandpa tell how Gen. Jackson was called 'Old Hickory' by the soldiers, and there's your favorite, Gen. Grant. Grandpa was telling me a story the other day how he was called 'Useless Grant' just because his name was Ulysses! Supposing he'd got mad and called names back?"

"He was a hero, and knew too much."

"Grandpa said when Gen. Grant heard that he was called that, he just laughed, and kept straight on doing brave things and being a great, good man until he died. He didn't stop to call names, and so everybody loved and respected him."

"That's just like him," said Tommy with decision, as he buttoned up his ulster. "I'm awful glad I haven't called any names back, and I don't mean to. I might have, though, if you hadn't told me about 'Old Hickory,' and 'Useless Grant.' I'm so glad I've got you to tell things to, 'cause you seem to know just how a fellow feels,—and—and you have such excellent judgment!"

Tommy said the last few words with great importance, peculiar to him at times when he had relieved his feelings.

"It isn't my judgment that makes the difference," said Naneen with a bright smile; then in a gentle, tender voice the little girl added, "But Tommy, there's a greater, grander Hero who was called cruel names—the worst and cruelest names—and yet He never called names back. It was so hard, too, for He was perfect, and so full of love for those who treated Him so."

Tommy hastily brushed his chapped hand across his eyes.

"I know whom you mean, Naneen. It makes a fellow feel different when he thinks of him. He don't feel like calling names any longer." Then with a hearty "good by" the boy was gone.—*Little Christian.*

#### RICHES.

"I just wish I were rich! I know what I'd do!" said a little boy one day, and he gave his head a knowing nod, as if he thought a great deal more than he chose to tell.

Poor child," I said, "you don't know everything yet; you'll be a great deal wiser when you are older."

"Let me tell you the story of the Duke of Brunswick and his diamonds. He had more than two million dollars' worth of diamonds, and they made a prisoner of him. He never dared to leave home even for a night, lest some one should steal them. He lived in a house built so that he couldn't take any comfort in it. It was much like a prison, it was made so thick and strong, with the doors and windows barred and bolted. A very thick, high wall was built outside the house all around it, and on the top of the wall was an iron railing tipped off with sharp points that would cut like a knife, and so contrived that if a person touched one of them, a chime of bells would instantly ring. This railing cost a great deal of money, what would seem a large fortune to us.

"He kept his diamonds in a safe built in a thick wall in his bedroom, where he could look at them whenever he wished. And his bed was placed against this wall, so that no thief could get at them without waking or killing him. The safe was very strong, made of stone and iron. If any one should try to pry it open, a number of guns would go off that would kill the person at once, and at the same time bells would be set ringing in every room in the house.

"He had but one window in his bedroom, and that so high up he could not see out, and no one could get in. The door was made of the stoutest iron, and no one could get in without understanding the very curious lock. Besides all this, he kept a case of pistols, all loaded, on his table."

What a room! What comfort could that man take, although he was so rich? Poor man! Poor rich man! He didn't have half the enjoyment in life that you children have, who have no diamonds to take care of, and can run in and out and play as you have a mind to.

You see it is not money that makes a person happy. No, indeed. The Bible says: "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith," and that "godliness with contentment is great gain." It tells us also to lay up for ourselves "treasures in heaven, where thieves do not break through and steal."—*The Child's Paper.*

A good deed adorns him who performs it, while it pleases him who beholds it.



## For Our Little Ones.

### THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

AS I went down the street to-day,  
I saw a little lad  
Whose face was just the kind of face  
To make a person glad.  
It was so plump and rosy-cheeked,  
So cheerful and so bright,  
It made me think of apple-time,  
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,  
While, blithe as blackbird's song,  
His merry, mellow whistle ran  
The pleasant street along.  
"O, that's the kind of lad I like!"  
I thought as I passed by;  
"These busy, cheery, whistling boys  
Make grand men by-and-by."

Just then a playmate came along,  
And leaned across the gate—  
A plan that promised lots of fun  
And frolic to relate.  
"The boys are waiting for us now,  
So hurry up!" he cried;

My little whistler shook his head,  
And, "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?"  
What hinders?" asked the other.  
"Why, do n't you see?" came the reply,  
"I'm busy helping mother.  
She's lots to do, and so I like  
To help her all I can;  
So I've no time for fun just now,"  
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"  
I told the little lad;  
"Help mother all you can, and make  
Her kind heart light and glad."  
It does me good to think of him,  
And know that there are others,  
Who, like this manly little boy,  
Take hold and help their mothers.

—Eben E. Rexford, in *Golden Days*.

### THE TWO GOATS.

TOBY had a brown and white goat, of which he was very fond. He had a little cart also, and used to drive out with his goat. Tommy was Toby's playmate, and lived not far away. He liked very much to ride after Toby's goat.

Tommy's birthday came in December, and what do you think his papa gave him for a present? Why, it was a little goat; and this one was all white, and had black horns. It was called Snowball. Tommy was very happy, and thought he would go at once and make a call on Toby. There was snow upon the ground, and so Tommy put Snowball to his little red sled. He set out in fine style. Oh, how proud he was of his handsome team!

As Tommy turned the corner, he saw Toby coming in his goat cart. Toby shouted with surprise when he saw Tommy's goat. The boys hurried to meet each other. The path was wide, and Tommy tried to turn out, and make room for Toby. But Snowball would not turn. He wanted to have his own way. Tommy pulled first one rein and then the other. It was of no use. Snowball went straight ahead.

"You must turn out, Toby," shouted Tommy.  
"I can't," answered Toby, "my goat will not mind me!"

In fact, both goats wanted to do as they pleased. They began to run, with their horns pointed out ahead.

"Whoa! whoa! whoa!" shouted the two boys. It was of no use. The goats would not obey.

Bump, they went against each other with all their might. Over went the sled. Over went the cart. Toby and Tommy tumbled headlong into the snow; but, after all, nobody was hurt.

It is a bad thing for goats and boys always to have their own way.—*Penn Andineck*.

### LITTLE PUT-OFF.

"I THINK you would better study your lesson before you go to out play, Mollie"

"O, mamma, I want to play a little first."

"Your lesson takes you only about fifteen minutes."

"I want to go and play a little while with Carrie Brooks, mamma, and then I'll come and study."

"And you must not forget the reading of your chapter to grandma."

"No, mamma, I'll come very soon."

"Carrie is not at home," said Carrie's mother. "She has gone over to Lulu Rand's."

"Then I think I'll go and see Kitty Morton," said Mollie to herself.

She thought of the unlearned lesson at home, but did not feel any more like going to it than she had before.

"Kitty is gone to Lulu Rand's," said Mrs. Morton. "How is it that you are not there? Lulu has a little party this afternoon."

It was a great surprise to hear this. Lulu was her dearest friend. How could she be having a party, and she not invited? Very mournfully Mollie went home. If all the other girls had gone to Lulu's, it was of no use going to see any of them. She lingered in the garden for awhile, and then went to grandma's room.

"I have been waiting almost all the afternoon for the dear little eyes," said grandma. And Mollie felt ashamed and sorry that she had not come sooner, when grandma could see to read very little for herself.

It was almost tea-time when she went downstairs, and tea was over before she went to look for her

dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling *man*," he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John had turned to Bob.

"Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bobbie stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came, we'd clear them off. But Jo, he—"

"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket; the next minute the skates were on Jo's knee.

"The spelling-match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize."

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered gravely, "we've been spelling *man*, not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think it over, boys, and see."—*The Child's Paper*.



### ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

TEDDY MARCH went to school that morning without any breakfast. Perhaps if you had been hungry, you would have been cross; at any rate Teddy was cross, and he felt that he had a right to be. To be sure, he might have had hasty-pudding, which was what the others ate; but Teddy did not like hasty-pudding, and as there was nothing else, he put his hands into his pockets, and scowled fiercely at his empty plate, as if scowling might fill it.

When the teacher spoke to him for shuffling with his heavy shoes across the schoolroom floor, he looked more sour and surly than ever, and got a bad mark in deportment for his rudeness. This did not improve matters; and when he went into the spelling-class and missed two words in succession, he exclaimed aloud, "Well, I don't care, anyway!" which meant, you know, that he did care a great deal.

The teacher did not know what to make of it. Teddy was generally a good boy, and he did not like to

punish him; but something must be done.

She looked thoughtful for a moment, and then calling Teddy to her, she wrote a little note for him to take to his mother. Perhaps she could have done nothing which would have seemed so severe a punishment to poor Teddy.

"I wouldn't have minded a whipping," he said to himself, as he trudged slowly homeward; "any fellow that isn't a baby can stand a whipping." But to be sent home in disgrace, with the story of his wrong doing written out in the teacher's clearest, neatest hand, seemed almost more than he could bear. He pulled his cap down over his eyes, but he could not shut out the sound of the birds singing in the trees, or help catching a glimpse now and then of the bright June sunshine.

"Everybody and everything has a good time except me," said Teddy.

He felt as if he were the most abused boy in the world, and he was naughty enough just at that moment to wish that there was somebody he could fight.

"I should just like to pitch into somebody," he said, half aloud.

But luckily for Teddy there was no one to fight, and I don't believe that he was really half as bad as he imagined; for just then, as he was passing an open field, he noticed a dog running about under the trees, and behaving in such a strange manner that he forgot for the time his own special grievances; for it was evident that the dog was torturing something. He would toss it into the air, then jump after it, knock it down with his paw, let it go for a moment, and then dash after it again. Now he would pretend to take it in his mouth, and then as the poor thing struggled to get free, he would hit it with his paw, and bark and snap.

Teddy leaped over the fence.

"Why," he exclaimed, after he had taken a few steps, "it's a bird! It's a robin!"

book to study the long-neglected spelling lesson.

"What's this?" she said, as a note fell from it.

"It's a note Lulu Rand gave me after dinner to give to you," said her brother Jack. "I slipped it into your book, so you'd be sure to find it."

Poor Mollie gave a woeful wail.

"It's the invitation to Lulu's party," she said. "If I had studied my lesson at first, I could have gone. O, dear, I'll never put off things again."—*Sydney Dayre*.

### A SPELLING BEE.

"I'm going to have a spelling-bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy that can best spell *man*."

The children turned, and stared into each other's eyes.

"Best spell *man*, Uncle John? Why, there's only one way!" they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John.

"I'll leave you to think of it awhile," and he buttoned up his coat and went away.

"What does he mean?" asked Bob.

"I think it's a joke," said Harry thoughtfully; "and when Uncle John asks me, I'm going to say, Why, m-a-n, of course."

"It's a conundrum, I know," said Jo, and he leaned his head on his hand, and settled down to think. Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after-supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came too, with a shiny skate runner peeping out of his great coat pocket.

Uncle John did not delay; he sat down and looked straight into Harry's eyes.

"Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes, n-o," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes



Walking slowly towards the dog, whistling and talking to him in a way that every dog in town knew and liked, he finally approached so close that he could pat him on the head.

"Doggie, this will never do," said Ted, stooping down and taking the bird from between his feet. To his great astonishment, the bird, though trembling with fright, was uninjured. Teddy unbuttoned his jacket and put the little creature inside, the dog meanwhile watching the proceedings with a shamefaced air.

Teddy smiled. He forgot that he was hungry; and as he placed his hand over the tiny creature that nestled against his breast and looked up at him with soft, round eyes, a warm feeling sprang up in his heart which almost made him forget the little note which he carried in his pocket. But when he saw his mother, he remembered it, and decided not to give it to her till after dinner. Pretty soon she came to the door to call him. He brought the bird in his hand, and told her how he had found him; but the robin had recovered his courage now, and did not seem inclined to make new acquaintances.

"Let him go," said Teddy's mother; "he would not be happy in the house. But you must come in, dear," she added, laying her hand on his shoulder; "I have such a nice dinner for you, and such good news. Your father has found regular work again, and you won't have to go to school hungry any more."

A lump rose in Teddy's throat, but he swallowed it bravely, and hastily pulled the note from his pocket.

"I didn't mean to give it to you till after dinner," he said; "but you might as well know the worst of me now. And, oh, mother dear," he added brokenly, "I never will be so cross and hateful again. When I saw that young robin struggling to get away from the dog, I said to myself, 'There's somebody having a harder time than you are, Ted March. Go and help him.'"

Teddy's mother did not scold him; did you think she would? No; she only said, "God sent you the bird to teach you a lesson, dear, and I don't think you will forget it."

As for the robin, he remained in the neighborhood all summer, coming sometimes at Ted's whistle to perch upon the fence, and to glance at him with the same bright eyes that had first looked up at him from under the folds of his jacket. And whenever Teddy saw his little friend, and remembered that day when everything seemed to go so wrong, and then when all at once everything went right again, he said to himself,—

"Well, there's always one way out of it when you're in trouble; give somebody else a lift."—*Every Other Sunday.*

#### A WISH.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

WIFE'S up-hill path, dear girls and boys,  
Your faltering feet must press;  
May God, who sends both pain and joys,  
Be ever near to bless.

Confide your wants and griefs to him;  
He'll ne'er your trust betray;  
And should your eyes with tears be dim,  
He'll kiss them all away.

Improve the moments as you go;  
Youth's years are quickly past,  
May all your journeyings here below  
Lead home to heaven at last.

L. E. ORTON.

### The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH SABBATH IN DECEMBER.  
DECEMBER 28.

#### LETTER TO THE HEBREWS.

LESSON 13.—HEBREWS 7:15-26.

1. To whom was the priesthood given in the law of Moses?
2. How strict was the law on this subject?
3. How, then, could Christ become a priest?
4. How were the first priests said to be made? Heb. 7:16.
5. What is meant by a carnal commandment? See notes.
6. How was Christ made a priest? *Ib.*
7. Why was the former commandment disannulled? Verse 18.
8. Why was it unprofitable? Verse 19, first part.
9. What was brought in when that was disannulled? Verse 19. See note.
10. How did the Father declare the priesthood of his Son? Verses 20, 21.

11. What did this indicate? *Ans.*—The oath of God, from which he would not turn, indicated the honor and dignity of the priesthood of Christ, to show which is, indeed, the object of this entire chapter.

12. Of what did he become surety? Verse 22.

13. What is meant by his becoming surety of a covenant? See note.

14. Why were there many priests under the old covenant? Verse 23.

15. Why is the priesthood of Christ perpetual? Verse 24. *Perpetual*, not transferred from one to another, gives a better idea of the fact stated than the word *unchangeable*.

16. What further assurance does this give to us? Verse 25. See note.

17. How is it that such a high priest became us? Verse 26. This means that he is a high priest in every way suited or fitted to our wants. The Aaronic priests could not meet our necessities—could not take away sin.

18. What is the character of our high priest? *Ib.*

19. Did any of the Levitical priests resemble him in this respect? *Ans.*—The laws concerning the purity, in both person and character, of the high priests, were very strict. But no man ever bore the character here described.

20. What is meant by his being higher than the heavens? See Eph. 1:18, 22; 1 Peter 3:22.

#### NOTES.

CARNAL means fleshly; a carnal commandment means a commandment pertaining to the flesh. Carnal does not always nor necessarily mean sinful or evil. The Levitical system was not spiritual; perfection was not by nor in it. The word seems here to have reference to the frailty and mutability of mortal priests. This is rendered quite certain by the contrast. They were made priests by a carnal commandment; he after the power of an endless life.

Of course the commandment that is disannulled is the same as the law of Heb. 7:12. There was a disannulling of the entire ecclesiastical law of that dispensation, of which the priesthood was the center. Verse 19 is obscured by the common rendering. The first clause should certainly be in parentheses. "For there was verily a disannulling of the preceding commandment, for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof (for the law made nothing perfect), but [there was] the bringing in of a better hope by which we draw nigh unto God." The actual contrast in the passage is destroyed by the introduction of the word "did" in our version. There was a disannulling of the one, and there was a bringing in of the other. The first made nothing perfect; by the second we draw nigh unto God. The first had to be taken away, that the second might have place. There is a force to the expression "by which we draw nigh unto God," that is generally overlooked. Thus it is said that Moses drew nigh unto God, while the people stood afar off. Ex. 20:21; 24:1. And so the priests drew nigh unto God in his sanctuary, even into his presence, but it was death to the people to come near. But under the intercession of our high priest we are all said to draw nigh unto God. See the same contrast presented in 2 Cor. 3:12-18. What gracious privileges are conferred through the gospel of Christ!

Becoming the surety of the covenant is a strange expression; such an idea is nowhere else found in the Scriptures. Jesus is not only the mediator of the better covenant, but he becomes surety—he seems to assume the responsibility of seeing that the object of the covenant shall be accomplished. This is an additional assurance to those who place their cases in his hands. But in this word, or in this transaction, there is no room given for presumption. It may not be said, I will do nothing, or, I have nothing to do; Jesus is my surety, and he will do all in my behalf. In any transaction no one would become surety for another who made no effort to be just. The first covenant had no surety; for the priests could not insure perfection, either in obedience, or by virtue of their offerings. How great reason have we to be thankful; for, with such a high priest as we have, there can be no failure in this covenant, unless it be through our own neglect or willfulness.

Because Christ has unending life and a perpetual priesthood, he is able to save completely—to the uttermost—them that come to him. No case can be forgotten or neglected in the transfer of office from one to another, or by reason of the infirmity and inefficiency of the advocate. Everything connected with his priesthood is calculated to give encouragement and assurance to those who put their trust in him.

UNLESS a man does that which he thinks to be right, he falls in duty as he sees his duty. Unless a man knows what is right, his best purposes may fail to enable him to do what he ought to do. In the one case his failure would be a failure of right purpose; in the other case it would be a failure of right performance. In both cases it would be a failure. It is every man's duty to do right. In order to do right deliberately, a man needs to know what is right. Finding out what is right is, therefore, an essential prerequisite of right-doing.—*Selected.*

### Better Budget.

OSSIA BEVERLY sends a letter from Atlanta, Ga. It reads: "I am a little boy nine years old. I go to day school, and am in the third grade. I go with mamma and grandma to Sabbath-school. I study in Book No. 1. Bro. Curtis is my teacher, and I think so much of him. Our school is not so large since some have moved away. I am my mamma's only child. I have no papa. I wish I had a little sister to play with me, I get so lonely sometimes. But I have a large dog that I hitch to a little gig, and he pulls me just as nicely as he can. He pays for his food by standing on his feet like a man. I wish all the little Budget boys and girls could see him. I think he is the nicest dog in the world. His name is Rock. I love to work as well as play. I help grandma. I cut wood and get water for her, and bring in coal. I go on errands, too, for a lady, and she pays me. I hope to meet you all in the earth when it is made new."

MABEL F. HOLLAND sends a letter from Oakland Co., Mich. She writes: "I am a little girl twelve years old last summer. Mrs. Elliott moved near us, and she showed me the many truths of the third angel's message, which I was glad to accept. I went home, and began to search the Bible. I got a Book No. 1 from Mrs. Elliott to learn, but grandma made me send it home, and forbade my going there again. I still keep the Sabbath as well as I can; but they hold services at Mrs. Elliott's, and I would like to go very much, but I dare not. Oh, how I want to be baptized! Will you pray for me and my grandparents, that they may accept the truth? Mrs. Elliott has lent me a few copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I like them very much, so I thought I would write for the Budget. I hope to meet all Sabbath-keepers in the kingdom of heaven."

We must all remember Mabel's request to pray for her and her grandparents; and let us pray in faith, and earnestly, that our prayers may be answered.

Our next letter is from Winnebago Co., Wis., and is written by MAY CLARK. It reads: "I have never written to the Budget, but I have seen so many interesting letters that I thought I would try to write one now. I am nearly fourteen years old. I keep the Sabbath all alone in a family of five. I am pretty well off as to nice, good books to read. I have two Bibles, a Testimony, Sabbath Readings for the Home Circle, my Sabbath-school books, and I get lessons in Book No. 3. Sometimes I get a *Sabbath Herald* to read, and when I go to Sabbath-school, I get my INSTRUCTOR. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR. It is full of such nice stories that when it does not come, I miss it so much. I have one brother, seventeen years old. I have a little free-will offering box, and I pay tithes. I was baptized last summer. I would like to correspond with some little girl of the Budget, of about my own age. I hope to be saved when the Saviour comes."

EDNA BELL, of Marshall Co., Ind., writes: "As I have never written to the Budget, I thought I would now. Papa, mamma, and I are the only ones that stay at home. All of my relation do not live at home. I attend the Sabbath-school here. Mr. Hibbard is my teacher. His scholars are all girls, and his class is very large, for there are sixteen members in it. When all are at Sunday-school, there are about two hundred members present. Our Sunday-school is only half a mile from our house. I have a black hen and a black cat for my pets. I could tell you lots of other things, but I am afraid my letter will be too long. I hope to meet all of God's people in the new earth."

The next is a letter from ELSIE BROWN, of Le Sueur Co., Minn. She says: "I like to read the Budget, so I thought I would write for it. I have one brother and two sisters, but one is married. We keep the Sabbath with mamma. We are all the Sabbath-keepers in this place, so it makes it harder work to keep it. I am thirteen years old. I have two canaries. Their names are Fred and Vic. My brother has a black kitten that he thinks the world of. We have not had the INSTRUCTOR for a year, but we would be glad of it; for we all love it. Pray that we may all meet in the earth made new."

ERNEST W. PIPER, of Essex Co., Mass., writes: "As I have never seen a letter from this place, I thought I would write. I keep the Sabbath with my sisters, and expect to be baptized and unite with the church soon. I am fourteen years old. I belong to the tract and missionary society, and take the *Good Health* and the INSTRUCTOR."

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