

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

"I love them that love Me: and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

VOL. VIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MAY, 1860.

NO. 5.

For the Instructor.

THE LAST DAY.

THINK, O my soul! that dreadful day!
When bursting thunder's sound;
And lightnings gleaming through the skies,
Light up the gloom profound.

When from on high, Jehovah speaks,
And sinners stand and gaze,
To view the earth's foundations shake,
With terror and amaze.

None can that awful scene describe,
Nor yet my feeble pen,
Can paint the horrors of that day—
The dire confusion then.

Earthquakes and fire and hail and storm,
Proclaim the end is come,—
So long foretold by ancient seers,
To seal the sinner's doom.

What would he give in that dread day,
To shun his direful fate?
His cries and tears will not be heard,
For then 't will be too late.

O hasten now, while mercy pleads,
For lo! the time draws near,
When seated on the great white throne,
The Saviour will appear.

S. ELMER.

For the Instructor.

"YIELD A LITTLE!"

YES, young reader, yield a little! Don't be too certain,—you may be mistaken. "Yielding," says the wise man, "pacifieth great offences." It is far better to acknowledge that you may be wrong, or mistaken, now, than by and by to be compelled to give up,—compelled to confess your error.

Many little children are often too confident in their expressions; too much certainty is mixed with their opinions. This shows a lack of respect for the judgment of others. And a great lack too when they contradict those older than themselves.

"Concession in little things," says one, "is the golden rule exemplified." A lack of this sometimes produces unkind feelings which may lead to hard words, and even blows among bad children. Be gentle. Don't state your belief with too great positiveness. If you say, "I know a thing is so and so," perhaps some one is ready to say, "I know better!" Here is a dispute which is very wrong, and especially for

those who are trying to overcome and be prepared for Heaven.

Now let this evil be nipped in the bud. Yield a little,—speak softly. "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." Prov. xv, 1. "Pleasant words are as an honey comb."

I have just read a pleasant fable of two neighbors, Self and Will, who attempted to cross a stream from opposite sides, upon a foot-bridge so narrow as to allow of but a single footman at the same time. They met about midway of the stream, when each insisted that the other should turn back and give the right of way. Each claimed to be first on the bridge, and maintained his ground as a prior right. Neither would yield. Self could not in conscience. Will would not. Their feelings soon broke out in angry words, which led to blows and a struggle to maintain each other's rights, in which both fell together into the stream. Each with much difficulty gained the shore, exhausted and shivering from a cold bath.

Love and Kindness, soon met upon the same bridge, under similar circumstances. It was a pleasing meeting. They exchanged cheerful and happy greetings, and each insisted on yielding the right of way to the other. Each was anxious to be first in the concession, and to carry out each other's principles, both twice crossed the bridge together. Both were ready to yield. Both enjoyed the friendly interview. Their love to each other was increased, while Self and Will parted bitter enemies.

Dear Children, heed the injunction of the Apostle, "*Be kindly affectioned one to another.*" Cultivate the good spirit. Don't be set, rigid, nor unyielding in your feelings or manners. Small concessions are often better than great confessions. Let the seeds of gentleness and kindness be early sown in all of your little hearts, and they will spring up and bear a rich harvest. You may be happy here, and have eternal life hereafter.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

For the Instructor.

LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE EACH OTHER.

A CHILD was once asked, why everybody loved her? She artlessly replied, Because I love everybody. And so it is, if you wish others to be kind and obliging to you, the best way is first to set the example by seeking op-

opportunities to do acts of kindness yourself. It is a lovely sight to see children of sweet dispositions, unite in their innocent glee, each trying to make their playmates as happy as themselves; but if selfishness and an angry temper rules, how sad indeed it is. It is not only for your pleasure and benefit that you love one another, but it is pleasing to God and your friends. God notices the little child that has a meek, gentle spirit. Although he is so exalted a being, yet he looks with approbation upon you, if you try to be kind and good. Jesus was once a little child, he was always mild and kind. He was never disobedient. If you cherish in your hearts a principle of love when you are a child, it will grow with your growth and strengthen with your strength, and not leave room for the poisonous weeds of vice and folly to grow in your minds. If you would be loved, be lovely.

R. A. SPERRY.

For the Instructor.

A LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Happy indeed am I in being permitted to address you through the columns of the *Youth's Instructor*, a name suggestive of itself. I have been instructed, comforted, and blessed in reading this little paper, and feel desirous to cast in my mite into this department of the Lord's treasury.

The most important subject that presents itself to my mind now is prayer. If it were not for the consolation I derive from pouring out my soul to God, telling him my sorrows, my wants, and casting my care upon Him who has promised to care for me, I should be of all mankind most miserable.

I know that God hears and answers prayer. I know also that he is pleased when we put the most implicit faith in his promises, and praised be his name! in that rich mine of truth, the Bible, those that seek for it as for hid treasure, putting their entire trust in the Lord, will always find under any and every circumstance that which is far more precious than silver—namely, knowledge and understanding. "He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous." "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not," and "when wisdom entereth into thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee." There is a price put into our hands to gain wisdom with, and we are responsible to God how we lay it out. Christ has said, "Occupy till I come," therefore let us take heed that we do not bury our Lord's money, but make such an investment that at the final reckoning, we may return that which was committed to us with usury.

And to the dear "little ones," that read this

paper,—the tender lambs of the flock who are the especial charge of the tender Shepherd of Israel,—I would say in the name of Him who while upon earth took little children in his arms and blessed them, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not,"—that if you love this blessed Saviour, with all your hearts—love to pray to him—love to keep the Sabbath of which he is Lord (*not Sunday, of which the Pope is lord*)—love to keep all of his Father's Commands which he came to establish, that by and by in his own good time and pleasure, which according to the signs of the times "will not tarry" long, you may expect to be taken home to the kingdom, where all the good children of every age and clime will be gathered together.

Hasten on the happy time, O Lord, and may the writer not fail of having a part in this everlasting inheritance, purchased for us all by the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. * * *

Battle Creek, Mich.

For the Instructor.

SPRING.

SPRINGTIME has come again, and with it all its pleasant associations, such as the music of the birds, gurgling streams, opening buds, refreshing showers, and warm, healthful breezes, which seem to impart new life and vigor to all. And as the winter frosts pass away and the Spring bursts in upon us, what does its thousand cheerful voices say to us? What is seemingly written upon the many varied objects which meet our gaze?

"God is good," seems impressed upon them all. God is good in bestowing such bounteous blessings. His mercies cannot be reckoned up in order unto him. He is good in sparing our lives, and in protecting us from danger.

But this is not all the gentle voices of Spring say to us. They tell us that our seasons are fast revolving away, and that soon the last one will come. Soon these peaceful days will pass and more fearful ones will come in their stead. As the budding trees and shooting leaves tell us that "Summer dawns o'er the land," so does each returning season show tokens of the return of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

We are admonished to be ready and waiting for this decisive day, to anticipate its near approach, and hope and toil and wait and pray until Jesus appears in his beauty.

Then when the approving words from him go forth, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," what rapture will fill our souls.

The long winter of life is passed, and its chilling blasts are silenced by the appearing of the Prince of Peace; the Spring of Immortality bursts upon those who have been firm soldiers of the cross, and oh! will our names be

found registered in the Lamb's book of life?

When the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory is shed upon the righteous, and the final rest for the weary is given to them, when sorrow and sighing flee away, and angels are sent to gather home the redeemed, shall we participate in such blessedness? Shall we have salvation like this? It is possible, and we may attain to it. Then will there be a never-ending season of repose, and eternal, unalloyed bliss.

M. D. BYINGTON.

For the Instructor.

ADOPTED CHILDREN.

SUCH children are those who have been taken into families to share the comforts of a paternal home, and to be treated as own children. Generally such are unfortunate ones who at an early age have lost father or mother, or both. Sometimes, however, children of the very poor are taken into the families of those in better circumstances, receiving support and education at the hands of their benefactors.

Perhaps some of the readers of the *Instructor* may occupy just the position of which I speak. Having been early called to part with your parents, you are left in the hands of those who care for your wants and interests. As you realize that want and suffering might have been your portion, you of course love and respect those who have kindly cared for you. The greater the contrast between your present condition and what it once was, the greater should be your love to those who care for you.

But that of which I was about to speak is the kindness the Lord bestows upon us in adopting us into the family of heaven, and calling us "the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." The Apostle says, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" You would probably think it a fine thing to be adopted as sons into the family of some great earthly monarch, especially if you had before you the prospect that you would finally be an heir of his kingdom.

The Lord has been pleased to introduce a plan by which we may be adopted into his family, and finally become possessors of the kingdom. We should always feel grateful for the love that has been manifested for us. If you would think it a great privilege to be son of an earthly king, I hope you will, like Moses, esteem it "greater riches," to be adopted among the "sons of God." If we are obedient to the Commands which our heavenly Father has placed before us, we shall finally become **KINGS** as well as king's sons. May this tend to purify the heart.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER in Heaven, thy name we love,
Thy name we would adore;
Help us with angel throngs above,
To praise Thee evermore.

Give us this day our daily bread,
From thy rich bounty give;
'Tis by thy hand we must be fed,
Oh! feed, that we may live!

Forgive each trespass here below,
Teach us the way of truth,
Help us true wisdom's paths to know;
Oh! guide our early youth!

Oh! keep us from the tempter's wiles,
And from the ways of sin,
Safe in the sunlight of thy smiles—
The glory thine,—Amen.

For the Instructor.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

DEAR CHILDREN: Three-score years of my life are passed. I have but a little time left to work. Whether Jesus soon comes, or I fall asleep in death, in either case the time is short.

I have sometimes resolved I would put a few thoughts on paper and send them to the *Instructor*, hoping they might do some one a little good.

How important that all the youth and children that read the *Instructor* are converted, and love and obey the truth. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." I thought when quite young I must be a Christian. At the age of fourteen, and for some four years after that time, I felt that I had a carnal mind that was not subject to the law of God. In the Spring of 1816, when in my eighteenth year, while sitting by the fire side in my father's house in Vermont, I resolved if there was mercy for me, mercy I would seek. We had no Sabbath or Sunday Schools at that time. I began to read my Bible for the express purpose to learn what I must do to be saved. I resolved to pray three times in secret every day, and many times when alone in prayer this thought would come into my mind, **Do you believe the Lord will now bless you?**

There was a Methodist Camp-meeting that Fall at St. Alban's Point, forty-five miles from our house. I thought I would go to it in hope I might there be converted. There was much noise, and what looked to me like confusion, in the meeting, and I was on the point of getting my horse unknown to any one and leave for home. But I resisted the temptation, went into the praying circle, kneeled down with others, and besought the Lord to pity and save me a poor sinner. And then, for the first time, a degree of freedom and peace was granted to my troubled mind.

JOHN BYINGTON.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY, 1860.

THUNDER STORMS.

THE season for thunder and lightning has again returned. And we shall doubtless witness a great many terrific storms. The heavens will become black, the thunders will roll, the lightnings glare, buildings and trees will be struck and consumed, and many persons will lose their lives.

Children are often dreadfully afraid of thunder storms, and especially bad ones: for lightning is an agent God often employs to summon wicked people to their accounts. And then again, a violent thunder storm is a lively type of the judgment day, when the Lord will be revealed from heaven in "flaming fire" and destroy all those who have lived ungodly.

When I was small I used to be very much afraid of thunder and lightning. There was nothing that I dreaded so much as a storm accompanied with lightning and thunder. Many a time when I used to go "hunting the cows," have I left my pocket knife at home, or hid it in a stump or fence for fear the steel would attract the electrical bolt too near. And I find now a great many children have similar fears.

But why do we fear the lightning or dread the wild tornado? These are only the agents which the Lord employs to fulfill his purposes in the world. And we should dread them only as we feel our distance from God. "Perfect love," says the Apostle, "casteth out fear." "If our heart condemn us not," we shall never be afraid of thunder-storms, hurricanes, cholera or plague, or the solemn hour and article of death. "Perfect love" will remove all this fear, and more wonderful yet, it will give us "boldness in the day of judgment!"

Children give your hearts to God, and then in place of a "spirit of fear" you will have the "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

G. W. A.

LEARNING TO SWEAR!

It was on a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the Summer about eight years ago, that a circumstance occurred which is painful to relate. The bells had just rung the hour of meeting, the little birds were singing sweetly, and as my custom was, I started for the usual place of worship. It was in the little village of E—a, Ohio. I was passing along the walk alone, and in a thoughtful mood, when my ears were suddenly disturbed with words which I hope will never break on them again.

I was just then passing a fine nice house which stood a few feet from the walk, in front of which were some children, two or three men, and as many women, and a little child hardly two years old. One of them who was the little child's father was giving it a morning lesson—and what do you think it was?

He was teaching it HOW TO SWEAR! I was so shocked as I heard the little child trying to lisp the dreadful oaths of its parent, that I stood still mute with astonishment, but recollecting myself in a moment I passed on. But as I went forward my conscience soon began to smite me. I thought of the scripture, that if we see our neighbor sin a sin and refuse to reprove him, we shall have to bear the wrong, and so powerfully was I wrought upon that before I had gone many steps I turned back on the walk.

Said I to the man on approaching him, "I can't go to meeting this morning without first telling you that you are doing very wrong in teaching that little child to take God's name in vain." But although it was spoken kindly, the man flew in a passion and vented his rage upon me in a shower of words which I will not repeat. He was dreadful angry, and bid me tend to my own business and pass on.

Being but a young disciple, and feeling that I could then do him no good, I passed on to the meeting. Since that time I have often seen pious parents teaching their little children to pray, and as often am I reminded of the circumstance of the wicked father teaching his little child TO SWEAR!

G. W. A.

For the Instructor.

THE INSTRUCTOR.

WE have just got the April number of the *Instructor*, and have read it very much delighted for several reasons.

We do not worship the *Instructor*, but we feel glad to see so many pens at work, even the little ones. It is also pleasing to see that there is an effort on the part of the young to pay for their little paper. One is intending to pick berries next Summer and sell them for this purpose. Now I do hope the berries will be plenty, and the price good, so that the little girl will have enough and abundantly sufficient to answer her expectations, and I hope she will in the new earth cull the rich fruits of Paradise. Another little girl has sold her candy heart, and looking-glass, and staid at home from the show, and saved her pennies, until she sends her dollar for the paper. I pray that she may in the kingdom of God have a rich reward for her little self-denials here. She is just as well off without the toys; and as for the show, if she is faithful, she will soon view the grandest exhibition of Jehovah's power ever seen upon the earth, and all the glories of heaven; its cities, its wealth, its mansions of silver and gold, its rich fruits and flowers and trees, its celestial inhabitants, and more than all, the Creator of heaven and earth; and every self-denial, every good act is carefully registered, and will there meet its reward in that heavenly land.

It is encouraging to see the young at work for themselves—a column of short letters. Now dear children and youth, let us all live out what we

write, perfectly, and rather let our lives be even better than our resolutions, if possible. Then there is the interesting narration of Bro. Bates so full of life and information, and there are William Miller's ideas of the Bible, and original articles and poetry and a pretty piece of music which I hope all will learn to sing.

What makes a child's letter interesting, is to write just as he thinks, without any help from any one. If he gets help in putting the words together, it then becomes somebody's else letter, not the letter of a child. I have read those letters on the 31st page over and over and all of them seem new, and I must read them again, believing that they are from honest hearts, and written with clean hands and stayed up with a spotless life.

Children and youth let us start anew for the kingdom, and let each one of the readers of the *Instructor* resolve, and carry out the resolution, that the angels shall have a better report to carry to heaven every day, and every month concerning the readers of this little paper, that each one is getting ready to meet the Lord, all are pure in word and deed and thought, that all abhor lying and deceit, all obey their parents, all are faithful in their little labors and studies, informing and improving their minds, all are happy and cheerful and respectful to each other and to all, and may God bless you is my prayer.

JOS. CLARKE.

For the Instructor

REST IN HEAVEN.

WHEN clouds and darkness gather over our way, hope that once cheered us fails, and seemingly every earthly joy is crushed by the bitterness of disappointment, we still have the solace left, "There's rest for all in heaven."

When to the weary and heavy laden, life presents but few attractions, the future seems enshrouded with gloom, until despair almost takes the supremacy of hope, it is then the heart realizes more fully that all earthly scenes are transient, and aspires to that more enduring substance in the heavens. When "sickness pales the cheek and dims the eye," until even life to which we cling with such a tenacious grasp, seems scarcely desirable, it is then that we obtain comfort and support in contemplating the rest that awaits the people of God. Though dark and gloomy be our pathway, let us remember that our home will be the brighter when life's burdens cease, and our bark is safely moored, beyond this fading world of sorrow.

Pilgrim in the narrow way, is thy way obscured, and have dark shadows gathered o'er thy mind? Turn thou away from earthly things, "there's rest for thee in heaven." Has discouragement taken the place of hope, and does the way to Mount Zion seem a rough and thorny way? Hope thou in God. Toil on a little longer; thy reward awaits thee. We soon shall rest.

EMMA A. HASTINGS.

For the Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—No. 17.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

Allowance of Water—Casting cargo into the Sea—Allowance of Provisions—Dreadful Storm—Gulf Stream—Dead Calm and rushing Hurricane—Silent Agony—Wallowing between the Seas.



OUR heavy cargo of iron and prevailing westerly gales caused our ship to labor so incessantly that she began to leak very freely. We got up about twenty tons of iron and secured it on the upper deck. This eased her laboring some, but still the westerly gales prevailed, and we gained westward but slowly. At length said Capt. Hitch, "We must come on an allowance of water;" and asked how much I thought we should begin with? I answered, "Two quarts per day." "Two quarts of water per day!" said he, "why, I never drank two quarts of water a day in my life. I drink two cups of coffee in the morning, and two cups of tea at night, and two or three glasses of grog during the day (temperance societies were not known then), and that is about all I drink." Said he, "I have been following the sea for about thirty years and never have yet been put on an allowance." I had not been so fortunate, but had been on an allowance of food five years, and several months on a short allowance of water. I said to Capt. H., "The very idea of being on an allowance of water will increase your desire for more." Well he knew nothing about that, but said, "We will wait a little longer, for I don't believe I ever drank two quarts a day."

As we were still hindered in our progress, and the ship increasing her leak, Capt. H. said, "It is your morning watch to-morrow, I think you had better begin and measure out the water, and fasten up the water casks." Very well sir," said I, "but how much shall I measure for each man?" "Well, begin with two quarts." This was done, and the Captain's two quarts taken to the cabin. As I was walking the deck about seven o'clock in the evening, the after hatchway being open, I heard Capt. H. in the dark say in a loud whisper, "Lem! you got any water?" (Lemuel T. was a nephew of Capt. H., and messed in the steerage) "Yes sir." "Give me a drink will you?" In a few moments I heard the Captain gurgling the water down out of "Lem's bottle" as though he was very thirsty, and yet it was but twelve hours since his two quarts had been measured out. At the breakfast table next morning, said I, "Capt. Hitch, how did you make out for water last night?" He smiled and acknowledged

he was mistaken. "The thought of being on an allowance (as you said) makes one feel thirsty. I never tried it before."

After encountering another heavy gale, Capt. H. became seriously alarmed, fearing the Frances was too deeply laden to cross the Atlantic in safety. A counsel was held which decided to relieve the ship of part of her burden by casting the twenty tons of iron overboard. In a few hours this work was accomplished, and the long bars of iron were gliding swiftly to their resting place some five or nine miles below us, into what the sailors call "Davy Jones's Locker."

Twenty tons more were taken on deck. This change relieved the ship very perceptibly, and enabled her to make better progress. But still the Captain was fearful of carrying a press of sail for fear her leak would increase and carry us all down to the bottom.

Our stock of provisions getting low we came on a stated allowance of beef and bread, our small stores being about exhausted. We all began to feel anxious to get to our destined haven. When the Captain was asleep we would venture sometimes to crowd on a little more sail. After a westerly storm the wind had come round to the east during the night. To improve this favorable wind, by the time the morning watch was called we had all the reefs out of the top-sails, top-mast and lower studding sails set with a good top-gallant breeze, but rather a heavy head-beat sea. Capt. H. came on deck and looked around a few moments and said, "Mr. Bates, you had better take in the main top-gallant-sail. Also the lower and topmast studding sails. Now we will double and single reef the top-sails." This done he concluded the ship would get along much easier and almost as fast.

At length the winds favored us and we were making rapid progress. The last three days the wind had been increasing from the south east, and according to our reckoning if it continued we should reach New Belfast in three days more, making our passage in seventy days from Gottenburgh. In this we were sadly disappointed, for by the third day at midnight the gale had increased to a dreadful height. The raging elements seemed to set at defiance every living creature that moved above the surface of the sea. In all my experience I had never witnessed such portentous signs of a dreadful devastating storm in the heavens. The sea had risen to such an awful height, it seemed sometimes that it would rush over our mast-heads, before our heavy laden ship would rise to receive its towering, foaming top, and the howling, raging wind above it, straining every stitch of sail we dared to show, and then dash us headlong again into the awful gulf below. All the canvas we dared to show was a close reefed maintopsail and reefed foresail. We needed more to hurry the ship off before the foaming sea, but were in great fear that the heavy gusts of wind

would wrench them from the bolt-ropes, and leave us in the power of the next sea to be overwhelmed and sink with our iron cargo to the bottom of the sea.

We charged the watch that were going below not to lay off any of their clothing, but be ready at a moment's warning. We considered ourselves in the eastern edge of the Gulf stream, one of the most dreaded places for continual storms on the American coast, or any other coast in the world. Cross it somewhere we must to reach our home.

I entered the cabin for a moment to inform Capt. H. of the increasing storm. He was unwilling to see it, but said, "Mr. Bates, keep the ship dead before the sea!" That was our only hope. Our tiller had been broken off within four feet from the rudder-head, a short time previous by a violent sea that struck us on the bow. We had spliced it, and now with tiller-ropes and relieving tackles it required four experienced men, with our utmost skill in "cunning" them, to manage the helm to keep the ship running directly before the foaming, mountainous seas. Our continual work was something like the following: "Starboard your helm!" "Starboard, sir," was the reply. "Steady, here comes another dreadful sea!" "Steady," was the reply. "How do you head now?" "N. W.," was the reply. "Steady, keep her head just so. That was well done!" If the ship had not answered her helm as she did, it appeared that that fearful sea would have rushed over our quarter and swept us all by the board. "Port your helm! here comes another on the larboard side! Steady now, the sea is square on our stern," &c.

With the dawn of the morning the rain came down upon us in such torrents that it was with much difficulty that we could see the shape of the sea until it was rushing upon us. This rain was ominous of a change more dreadful (if possible) than our present situation. My short experience had taught me that the Gulf stream* was more dangerous for navigators on this account than any other navigable sea.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, as sudden as a moment, the wind struck us from the opposite quarter, and our sails were struck against the mast. The simultaneous cry was uttered, "*The ship's aback!*" "Hard aport your helm!" "Quick! quick!" It seemed as though I touched the deck but twice in getting some thirty feet to the mainmast where the weather forebraces were belayed, and whirled them from the pins and shouted, "All hands on deck in a moment!" Descending from the top of the sea the ship answered her helm; her

* The Gulf stream is composed of a large body of water issuing from the gulf of Mexico, flowing north-easterly from the S. E. point of the coast of Florida, in some places passing close in with the land, widening as it flows onward by our northern coast, where it branches off towards the banks of Newfoundland, where it is sometimes found to be several hundred miles in width, narrowing and widening as influenced by the heavy winds. This current sweeps along our southern coast sometimes at the rate of three miles per hour. In passing from, or approaching the coast of the United States, mariners always find the water much warmer in this stream than on either side of it. Also changeable, impetuous, stormy weather, such as is not found elsewhere.

head paid off the N. E. The foresail filled again, or we should inevitably have gone down stern foremost from the overpowering rush of the next sea. The wind came furiously from the west for a few moments, and suddenly died away, leaving us in a *dead calm*. "Lash your helm to the starboard!" "Call the captain, one of you!" "Clew up the main-topsail!" "Haul up the foresail!" "All hands aloft now, and furl the main-topsail." "Make haste, men, and secure it to the yard as fast as you can!"

The ship was now *unmanageable*. The sea described above, now on our lea beam, and seemed as though it would either run over our mast-heads or roll us bottom upwards to windward. As the captain came up from the cabin and saw our situation he cried out, "*O my grief!*" and for a while was silent. The ship was now writhing and wrenching some like a person in perfect agony. Her tumbling in such a tumultuous and violent manner made it very difficult for the men to get aloft. Before they reached the topsail-yard, the wind came rushing upon us like a tornado from the W. S. W. This was what we feared, and why we hurried to save our storm-sails if we could. It was some time before the men could secure the sails. When this was done, and the ship pumped after a manner, the crew were all clustered on the quarter deck, except Lemuel T., and George H., the captain's nephew and son, who, by the captain's orders, were fastened below for fear they would be swept from the deck; also one passenger. Said the captain, "Cook, can you pray with us?" The cook knelt down where he could secure himself, the rest of us holding on upon our feet, and prayed most fervently for God to protect and save us from the dreadful, raging storm. This was the first prayer that I ever heard uttered in a storm upon the ocean. Sinners as we were, I believe it was remembered by him whose ear is not closed to the distressed mariner's cry; for the Scriptures testify that "he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses." Ps. cxii, 25-28.

We seemed to be placed in the very position the Psalmist speaks of. After we had done all we could to save our lives from the raging elements of the past night, until our ship was rendered unmanageable, our sails secured and the helm lashed a-lee, then we were at our "wit's end," and prayed to the Lord for help, and secured ourselves to the mizen rigging and quarter deck, there in deep contemplation and utter silence to wait the issue of our case. Capt. H. doubtless felt that he had neglected his duty in commending us to God daily, during our long

voyage, and now in this perilous hour, when we were at our "wit's end," his confidence failed him. Himself and the cook were the only professors of religion on board. They both belonged to the Close Communion Baptist church, in New Bedford, Mass. The cook was the only colored man on board. I have always believed that the Lord specially regarded his prayer. Once only during the voyage I heard the captain pray. I had become almost exhausted from extreme labor in some of the storms I have before mentioned, and was losing two hours of my evening watch to get some rest, when I overheard Capt. H. in a dark part of the cabin praying the Lord to raise me to health and strength. In saying this I mean no disrespect to Capt. H., for he was a gentlemanly, good-hearted man, and treated his officers and men with kindness and respect.

After the cook's prayer I secured myself to the weather foremost mizen shroud, to watch the furious, raging storm. Capt. H. was next behind me, the second mate and crew all ranged along the weather side of the quarter deck, waiting in silence the decision of our case. The wind was so unabating in its fury that it would whirl the top of the contending seas over us, and drench us like pouring rain from the clouds. The labor of the ship seemed to be more than she could long endure. The marvel was that she had held together so long. It seemed sometimes when she was rushing from the top of some of those mountain seas, broadside foremost, that she would either turn clear over or rush down with such impetuosity that she never would rise again. After a while the sea became furious from the west, and the two seas would rush together like enemies contending for victory. We had remained in silence about three hours, when I said, "Our ship can stand this but a little longer." "So I think," replied the captain. I said, "It appears to me that our only hope is to loose the wings of the foresail, and drive her between these two seas on a N. E. course." "Let us try it," said Capt. H.

Soon our good old ship was making her way through between these two tumbling mountains, being most severely buffeted, first on the right and then on the left. And when our hearts would almost sink for fear of her being overwhelmed, she would seem to rise again above it all, and shake herself as though some unseen hand was girding her from beneath, and with her *two little outstretched wings*, filled to overflowing with the howling, raging wind, she would seem to move onward again with more than mortal energy. Thus she wallowed along until midnight between these tumbling seas, wreaking, tumbling, wrenching and groaning with her heavy iron load and precious living souls that she was laboring to preserve in answer to the poor negro sailor's prayer, that had passed from her upper deck, away from amidst the *distracting hurricane and dreadful storm* to the peaceful mansions of the GOVERNOR OF HEAVEN, AND EARTH, AND SEAS.

For the Instructor.
THE REWARD.

"Verily there is a reward for the righteous."—DAVID.

O WHAT a glorious promise is this! What an exceeding great and precious promise, that the righteous shall be rewarded!

Are you striving dear youth for this reward? To secure for yourselves treasures that shall endure, when all else shall fail and pass away? Or are you still engaged in the vain pursuit of the follies and pleasures of this life, that swiftly pass like a phantom? Are you putting far off the evil day with the thought, "My Lord delayeth his coming?" Are you still seeking enjoyment among the assemblies of the ungodly, and does the society of the mirthful and gay, afford more happiness than the company of the upright? Does the Sabbath School and the "assembly of the saints" no more interest you? Are you cherishing thoughts of a long life of enjoyment here, for a name enrolled among the learned and the great of earth, the ambitious and aspiring?

If this has been your condition in the past, and if at present your aims be for the laurels of earth, be entreated to forbear. Stop at once and ponder the question in your heart, *Whither are my steps tending?* O haste and make the good resolve, with the help of God, to engage in a better pursuit, and seek for those treasures that shall abide the burning day, and for a name enrolled in the book of life. O how beautiful and lovely for children and youth, to be engaged in such a work. How high and holy such aspirings. Are not the promises great, the inducements to righteousness many?

Certainly there is a reward for the righteous. Which then will you choose? a life of selfishness and sin with death for your wages, or a "well ordered life," spent in doing good, with eternal life for your reward? If you desire something substantial, come, partake of those pure, heavenly joys that can only be found in the service of the King of heaven, and drink of the fountain of salvation, that flows for you. Drink of the healing stream, and live forever.

Seek no longer then for the applause or friendship of the world, but follow this noble and heavenly calling. Try with your whole soul, to do the will of God from the heart, and rest assured that the reward of the righteous shall be yours. "But there shall be no reward to the evil man; the candle of the wicked shall be put out." If you would claim the reward then, forsake your former gay and thoughtless companions, be kind and courteous to all; loving and obedient to your parents; ever treat them with due reverence and respect; let but their slightest wish suffice, and wait not for a command to enforce you to obey. When consistent, always be found cheerfully at your post in Sabbath School, and if you do not possess a teachable spirit, try to cultivate one. Be often found in secret prayer, and study your Bible with interest; let it be your daily companion and guide, and as you there read the life, the sufferings and death of Jesus, try to follow his example.

By coming to him the weary can find rest. His yoke is easy, his service delightful, and his work is honorable and glorious. Strive, then, for the victory over sin; through Christ you can obtain it, and be enabled at last to say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith;" and

thus having finished your course with joy, the inheritance will be gained, the crown of life given. How rich, how full, how sweet the reward!

M. S. AVERY.

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