

# YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. VIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JUNE, 1860.

NO. 6.

For the Instructor.

## THE BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR.

O'er eastern hilltops at the close of day,  
The queen of night hath shed her silver ray;  
And gentle stars do lend their feebler light,  
As o'er their flocks the shepherds watch by night.

A swift-winged angel from the realms of light,  
To earth descends arrayed in glory bright.  
Sweet music strikes the shepherd's listening ear,  
And suddenly the heavenly hosts appear.

Melodious voices o'er the valleys ring;  
Glory to God on high! the angels sing:  
In Bethlehem, as prophets have foretold,  
Is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

With joy they leave their flocks and haste away,  
A star their guide to where the infant lay;  
Within a manger where the oxen fed,  
In humble garb the heavenly babe was laid.

Filled with joy at what they saw and heard,  
Praising the Lord these holy men returned;  
The child in wisdom and in stature grew,  
And to his parents rendered honor due.

This heavenly babe, that we might live, did die,  
And for our sins now pleads his blood on high;  
And in his name before the Father's throne,  
The little children he invites to come.

S. M. SWAN.

For the Instructor.

## THE LITTLE TRUANT.

N—— is a beautiful town in Massachusetts. Its streets are neat, its houses good and well built, its farms highly cultivated, its school-houses and other public buildings are built in the most approved style. The noble Connecticut river winds gracefully through thousands of acres of beautiful meadows, while in the distance Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke rear their rugged heads; in fact, if there is a pretty town in Massachusetts, N—— is one.

A good many years ago a little boy was attending his lessons in the town above described, when, at recess, he was plied by an older boy in a very flattering way to run away from school in the afternoon, and go hunting bird's nests in the meadows.

Now the river meadows in the town of N. are so overflowed in the spring by the floods of water which make their way to the ocean, that fences would be swept away, so the whole are enclosed in one, and the roads passing through are intersected by gates which are closed after every passing vehicle or traveler.

This foolish little boy thought he could not refuse so pleasant an offer to go and see the beautiful fields and hills and river and meadow, especially as the birds sang a sweet song, and the sun shone so brightly, and nature looked so inviting; so away they went, some large and some small boys, some bad and some not yet so bad. They passed the meadow gate into the broad open meadow, and some skipped about in the grass, some climbed the trees, and some hunted for bird's nests; but for all the rest were so merry, this little boy was unhappy—he wished himself back in school, but he dared not say so.

Things were thus going on finely when some one of the truant company cried out, "Here is a bird's nest!" and all ran to see; and as they were all looking down into the ground-sparrow's nest this little boy was startled by hearing his own father call him in most authoritative tones. He looked up and saw his father riding slowly along the road, and at every few steps of his horse, he would call out his son's name.

This naughty boy was dreadfully terrified to see his father there, and yet was glad inwardly to get away from his bad companions. And as he was marched back to school and delivered to his teacher, no tongue can tell his confusion and mortification; to be led away, to be discovered, to be brought back, trotting down the dusty road by the side of the old family horse, and his father so silent, yet so solemn, and then the teacher so mild and forgiving. But it taught him a lesson; he ever afterwards avoided those bad boys. This little boy tried to do right after this lesson; he ever remembered it, and a most severe punishment it was to be so exposed and so forgiven.

His parents with their family soon afterwards removed to another State, where the sons, some of them grew up to manhood, and their little boy (now a man) lived to see the one who had led him to go a truantiing, become an inmate of the prison, and he thanked God for separating him from such companions at an early date.

This silly boy who was so unfortunate as to be led away from school, and then so very fortunate as to be led back to school again, is now trying to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and he thinks the restraints of early life were most salutary. Children and

youth, be very thankful if your parents are strict and careful and watchful. This is your safety to give good heed to instruction. J. C.

#### THE CONVERTED NEGRO.

[The religion of the Bible is exactly suited to the wants of all classes. And its effects are always the same, whether among the poor or rich, black or white, old or young. God is no respecter of persons, but in every place those who do his will are accepted of him.]

CAMBO, a negro, in one of the Southern States, being desired to give some account of his conversion, said, "While in my own country (Guinea), me had no knowledge of the being of God; me thought me should die like the beasts. After me was brought to America and sold as a slave, as me and another servant by the name of Bess were working in the field, me began to sing one of my old country songs, 'It is time to go home,' when Bess say to me, 'Cambo, why you sing so for?' Me say, 'Me no sick, me no sorry; why me sing?' Bess say, 'You better pray to your blessed Lord and Massa, to have mercy on your soul.' Me look 'round, me look up, me see no one to pray to, but the words sound in my ears, 'Better pray to your Lord and Massa!' Bye-and-bye, me feel bad; sun shine sorry, birds sing sorry, land look sorry, but Cambo sorrier than them. Then me cry out, 'Mercy, mercy, Lord on poor Cambo!' Bye-and-bye, water come in my eyes, and glad come in my heart; then sun look gay, woods look gay, birds sing gay, land look gay, but poor Cambo gladder than them all. Me love my Massa some; me want to love him more.'

For the Instructor.

#### THE STORY OF REDEMPTION. DOMINION GIVEN TO ADAM.

THE earth was not always in the same condition that it now is, for it now is under the curse of God. It was once very beautiful, so much so that God, whose knowledge is greater than that of all other beings, pronounced it *good*. Beautiful trees and flowers were caused to grow on the earth, till it was a paradise. At that time there were no ravenous beasts to hurt or destroy, for man had power over all living things, that lived on the earth. Also the Lord made a very beautiful place in the earth, for a kind of capital. In this capital, or garden as it was called, he caused every tree that was beautiful to look upon, and which bore fruit good for food to grow, and among them was the *Tree of Life*, whose fruit would cause man to live always.

Thus we see that provision was made for man that he might live for ever. Here was a beautiful place indeed for man to live and

reign, for he had power over all living things that were upon the earth. And his happiness far exceeded that of the kings of this world, for he was not compelled to leave his dominion to another by death, nor did he have any rebellious subjects as the kings of earth now have. One man would not tyrannize over another, for they would love each other just as God designed all his creatures should.

But man could not reign over the earth independent of God. The earth really belonged to God, for he made it. The Holy Spirit has told us by the mouth of David, that "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." But God gave man the dominion over the earth on certain *conditions*. To illustrate this, we will suppose that a man comes to the State of New York, from England. If he expects to stay in the State of New York, he must keep the laws of that State. If he breaks the laws of New York, he must expect to suffer the penalty for the broken law. But if he keeps the law, he will have liberty to live in the State in peace and happiness. Thus the conditions of his living unmolested in New York, is obedience to its laws.

Now God made the earth, and all the living creatures upon it, and last of all he made man in his own image, and made him ruler over it. Man was to rule the earth, and God who made all the worlds, was to rule man. A king cannot govern a country without laws, and God does not govern the world without laws, and as he is perfect in wisdom, we might expect that his laws would be wise and good. We have seen that man was to have dominion over the earth if he obeyed God's law, so it would be right for God to take the dominion away from him if he broke this law. God's law, or covenant as it is often called, is the ten commandments. Read Deut. iv, 13. Sin is the transgression of this law. 1 John iii, 4. If Adam should break one of these commandments, he would lose right to the tree of life in the beautiful garden, and die and return back to dust, for there is nothing to perpetuate life and prevent disease.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

(To be Continued.)

#### "IF I HAD TO SWIM THERE!"

A LITTLE New Zealand girl was once sent to England to receive an education. She was ignorant and a pagan. While there she learned to love and serve the Saviour. At last the time came for her to return, and her school-mates begged her to stay. One of them said: "Why go back? You love our shady lanes and daisy-decked fields. You have found the Saviour. If you return you may be drowned, or your own people may kill and eat you."

"What!" said the little convert, "do you think that I could keep the *Good News* to my-

self? Do you think I could be content with having pardon, peace, and eternal life myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they may get these blessings too? No! *I would go if I had to swim there!*"

For the Instructor.

"I'LL COME AGAIN."

"I'll come again,  
The very same,  
As when I went away.  
My signs I'll show,  
That you may know,  
The nearness of that day.

The sun so bright,  
Shall not give light,  
The moon shall darkened be;  
The stars shall all,  
Like green figs fall,  
When shaken from the tree.

Now no one need  
To be deceived,  
By those who falsely cry:  
"Lo, Christ has come!  
I am the one,"  
For they these truths deny.

I come not in  
The desert lone,  
Nor in the secret chamber;  
As lightnings flash  
Forth from the east,  
I'll come your Lord and Saviour.

Now if you heed  
What I have said,  
The signs which I have given,  
When I shall come  
I'll take you home,  
To dwell with me in heaven.

No sorrow there,  
No woe nor care,  
Shall mar thy perfect bliss;  
But joys unfold  
Shall fill thy soul,  
In brighter worlds than this.

L. J. R.

For the Instructor.

A LITTLE BOY'S ARGUMENT.

DEAR Readers of the *Instructor*: I shall be twelve years old next July. I have been a reader of the *Instructor* a little more than two years, and I feel as though it is the youth's instructor in very deed, to instruct us to do good and keep the commands of God, and obey our parents in all things in the Lord [Eph. vi, 1], for this is right and well pleasing in his sight. Col. iii, 20; Prov. xxiii, 22. It instructs us to honor our father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise. Eph. vi, 2. It instructs us to keep God's holy Sabbath which is the seventh day, as spoken from Mt. Sinai [Ex. xx, 10], and has commanded us to keep it. Deut. iv, 13. We also remember that Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my com-

mandments" [John xiv, 15], and he spoke not his own words but the commandments of his Father [John xii, 49], and we dare not break them, nor one of the least of them. If we should, and teach men so, we should be called the least in the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v, 19. I feel that we are living in perilous times, when evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse. 2 Tim. iii, 13. I want to keep in the narrow way that leads to life, where there will be no more pain, nor sorrow, nor death.

JOSEPH B. WOOD.

Spring Grove, Wis.

For the Instructor.

"WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP."

Most highly do we prize the sympathy of dear friends in the hour of deep affliction. It is then we value their kind words and acts and sympathetic tears. When the closest and strongest ties on earth are severed, when called to part with the nearest and dearest friends, how highly do we esteem the circle of dear friends, who gather to weep and mourn with the afflicted. How precious the look, the tear and voice of sympathy then.

"Weep with them that weep." Divine command! Blessed injunction! When earthly prospects and hopes fade and flee, when severe trials beset the pathway of the poor pilgrim, and he mourns the loss of loved ones, let us with him drop a tear, let our sympathy mingle with his.

"Give me to feel my brother's woe,  
I have not much to bear;  
My soul can take a part I know,  
Can of his trials share."

Dear little children: Do you want your hearts tender, kind and quick to feel for others' sorrows? Seek the melting, loving Spirit of Jesus. Yes, seek for it earnestly and perseveringly. Seek till you obtain it. Jesus will be found of you, if you seek him with your whole heart.

He "went about doing good." His life was spent in usefulness. He mingled his tears and grief with those that mourned. He healed the sick, raised the dead, preached the gospel and forgave the sins of the penitent. Jesus feels the tenderest sympathy for us in all our afflictions. He has also the power to help us in every time of need. In him are blended both sympathy and power to aid and sustain us in every trial and conflict through life's toilsome journey, and finally to gather us home to glory, with the ransomed of the Lord. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. iv, 16.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

BAD boys, unless God's grace changes their hearts, will become bad men.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JUNE, 1860.

## ABOUT JESUS CHRIST.

I AM going to tell you, little reader, something about the life and history of the Saviour, who died for our sins; how he came into this world and preached to the people, and how the Jews and Romans cruelly put him to death.

You have all heard why God sent his Son into our world to die for us, for we have all broken his holy law. Jesus lived in heaven before he lived on the earth; and the angels of God loved him, for he made this world, and all the stars in the sky. After Adam had sinned, Jesus said he would come down to the earth and die for the world, so that all who would believe on him might live again. For if Jesus had not died on the cross, when people once died they would have remained dead forever. But I will tell you why this is so.

When God made man he put him in the beautiful Garden of Eden, and told him he might eat the fruit of every tree except one, but if he ate of that he would become a sinner, and so he and every body else would die. But Satan tempted Adam and he ate of the tree, and so death has been in the world ever since, just as God said. And good people die, too. But because Jesus died, God promised that everybody should live again, and this will take place at the resurrection in the last day. At the resurrection those who have believed on Jesus will be made like the angels, and they will live forever; while all the wicked will be punished for their sins, and die again and remain dead forevermore. You now understand why Jesus died. It was that we might believe on him and be saved in his kingdom.

God told Adam that Jesus Christ would come into the world and die, because he had broken his holy Law. And when the time had fully come Jesus appeared on the earth. He was first a helpless little child, and then a youth, and at last a man. And although he came from heaven, he ate, and drank, and walked, and slept, just as other people do. Jesus always pleased his Father in heaven. And the Bible says, "The child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him."

While Jesus was young he always obeyed his parents, and did that which was right. On one occasion when he was twelve years old, he went into the temple at Jerusalem, and talked with the doctors and scribes, and all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. He afterwards lived in Nazareth, a city despised by the Jews, and he "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

But the time drew on when Jesus should go out and preach to the people. And when he was about thirty years old, he was baptized in the river Jordan, and the Spirit of God came down in the form

of a dove and rested upon him. And while the people wondered, they heard a voice from the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear him. Then Jesus went forth and began to teach the multitudes, and told them to repent, for the kingdom of heaven was at hand. And while he preached to the people, he healed those who were sick, and had palsied and broken limbs.

Jesus often reproved the priests and Pharisees, who though they appeared very holy and good, were very vile and wicked at heart. The Jews did not like this, for they hated to be told of their sins, and so they often tried to kill him. At one time they took stones to throw at Jesus, but he escaped from their hands. And again they tried to throw him down a steep hill, and dash him in pieces on the rocks, but God prevented them, for the time had not come for him to die.

The Lord often did many miracles to convince the people that he came from heaven, and although some heard and believed, many reviled and mocked at the Saviour. At one time he fed many thousand people with the food that only a little boy carried. Jesus could do all things, for he made the world and all that grows upon it. And so he could feed the great multitude with only three loaves and a few little fishes. He did many other things. He raised the dead, gave sight to the blind, caused the deaf to hear, made the lame to walk, and those who were tormented by Satan he delivered. But the time now drew nigh when Jesus was to be crucified, and so he went to Jerusalem where he was put to death.

In the next number of the INSTRUCTOR I will tell you something of his sufferings, and how the Jews and Romans mocked him and then nailed him to the cross.

G. W. A.

## SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

IN another column will be seen an interesting report from the Monterey Sabbath-School. And while it bespeaks a commendable interest in that place, it opens the way to make some suggestions. Now a few words to parents and guardians.

Dear Brethren: Is it not a duty enjoined by heaven to look attentively after the spiritual interests of the young? And is there a more valuable auxiliary in securing this end than Sabbath-School instruction? Has not God already smiled on efforts put forth in this direction? The time has come when the people of God should quicken their pace, and in this matter show a Bible zeal. Our opportunities for doing good are fast leaving us. The night is coming, and in the stirring language of the prophet, "The end is come upon the four corners of the land," "the day of trouble is near, and not the sounding again of the mountains!" Here is a good chance for strong young men and women to put on the gospel armor, and labor for Him who died for them. Will you do it? Will you work for

God? We will call attention to one or two points and close.

1. Will not the superintendents of the various Sabbath-Schools now in operation, prepare a brief report and send it for publication in the INSTRUCTOR? These reports will not only be very gratifying to the friends of Bible education, but will also show the numerical strength of the Sabbath-School enterprise.

2. Will not some proper persons who live in the vicinity of children and youth, organize a Sabbath-School, commence operations, and after having held three or four schools, send in the report? They may want advice, or have suggestions to make which would be very proper for the INSTRUCTOR.

Who will reply to these questions?

G. W. A.

WRITING FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

ONE word to those who write for these columns. I have thought for some time that a few remarks might greatly assist those who contribute to the INSTRUCTOR. It is a source of much encouragement to witness the interest in behalf of this sheet. And that this interest may never abate, but live and increase, is what all fondly wish. But how shall we write? Let me say,

1. That in general articles should be short. As a usual thing they should not exceed a column. This is a youth's paper, and children like short stories. A page and a half of common writing paper, closely written, will make full a column of printed matter. We make this statement for the good of contributors.

2. Articles for children should not be of the sermon style. Children naturally dislike religion, and especially when it is couched in theological terms. A child will listen much more attentively to a moral truth somehow connected with a story about a fox or crow, than to dry, theoretical teaching. Therefore all articles should be sprightly and attractive, yet religiously instructive.

3. The use of Scripture. Never quote more scripture than is strictly necessary to your purpose. It does no good to quote numerous passages of Bible which are not relevant to the point. The caution of the apostle Paul should be remembered—"Rightly dividing the word of truth." May the Lord give wisdom to use his word with dexterity and success.

Let no one infer from these remarks that we lightly esteem their articles. This is not the case. We kindly appreciate the intentions of our correspondents, and throw out these necessary hints for the good of the INSTRUCTOR.

G. W. A.

For the Instructor.

CHARLEY'S IDEA ABOUT THUNDER.

"CHARLEY, are you afraid of thunder and lightning?" "Yes, it makes me run." "What makes you run?" "Cause, I'm 'fraid." "Charley, would

you be afraid of your father if he should fire off a gun?" "No sir, cause I know he wouldn't shoot me." "Well, if you are a good boy, and love God, and do right, God will take care of you." "Yes, if I was up there, where God is, he wouldn't hurt me, but down here it might hit me." "But, Charley, God is here, he is everywhere." "What, down here on the ground?" "Yes, God is present by his Spirit in every place, and he can take care of Charley as well here, as if he was up in heaven where God lives."

Charley should be good, and when he is afraid of the thunder he should think of God, and pray to him, and not be afraid any more than he would be afraid of his father, if he had a gun and should fire it off. God is our good Father, and he will take good care of all those who love and obey him. Even little boys and girls are safe when they love God, and do as their parents tell them. And children must often pray to God to keep them from all harm.

J. C.

For the Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.---No. 18.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

*Singular Coincidence in relation to Prayer—More respecting the Gale—Leak Increasing—Supply of Provisions and Water—Council—Bear up for the West Indies—Reported—Safe Arrival in the West Indies.*



My wife was visiting one of our relatives a few miles distant from home, where a Methodist minister called in to visit the family. He asked why she appeared so sober? He was told that the ship her husband sailed in was out of time, and much fear was entertained for her safety, and particularly at that time as there was a violent raging storm. Said the minister, "I want to pray for that ship's company." His prayer was so fervent and made so deep an impression on my wife that

she noted down the time. When the ship came home, her log-book was examined which proved it was the same storm.

Somewhere about midnight as the wind had veered round to the north and west, and the furious sea from that quarter had become very dangerous, and was continuing to subdue and overpower the one that had been so dangerous from the S. E., we deemed it for our safety to still bear away and head the ship on to the S. E. sea, and give her the whole of her reefed foresail to drive her from the irregular furious cross sea, that was raging from the west. Thus for four days, by the furious hurricane we were driven onwards to save ourselves from what we considered a more dangerous position than laying too under bare poles, exposing the ship to the irregular cross seas that might render her unmanageable and wrench her in pieces. First steering N. W. before a most violent S. E. gale, and in a moment of time our sails all aback with

the gale from the N. W., then in a few moments a dead calm for about fifteen minutes rendering the ship unmanageable; and then a raging hurricane from the W. S. W., veering in four days round by the N. to the E., our course being N. E. between the seas; then E. and S. E., south and S. W. In this manner in four days we run three-quarters of the way round the compass, some hundreds of miles further from home, than we were at the height of the storm. This was the most peculiar and trying storm in all my experience; neither have I read of the like in its nature and duration. The marvel with us was that our good old ship had weathered this most trying time. Her leak however had increased to twelve thousand strokes of the pump in twenty-four hours.

Again we unanimously decided and launched another twenty tons of our iron cargo into the sea. We endeavored to steer in for a southern port, but the westerly winds continued to check our progress westward. Winter had now fairly commenced and our provisions and water were getting so low that we were about to reduce our allowance, while our constant labor at the pumps was also reducing our strength. We saw vessels occasionally, but at too great a distance to approach them. We made an extra effort and sailed for one until night-fall, and then to induce her to approach us we rigged a spar over our stern, on which we fastened a barrel with tar and fired it to make them believe we were on fire and come to our relief, but to no purpose.

Soon after this when things began to look more dubious, just at the close of a gale of wind about midnight, we saw a vessel directly ahead steering toward us. She soon answered our signal by hoisting her "lanthorn," and soon we met within speaking distance. "Where are you from?" "New York," was the reply. "Where are you bound?" "South America." "Can you spare us some provisions?" "Yes as much as you want; I am loaded with them." "Lay by us and we will send our boat." "Very well."

Capt. Hitch's heart began to fail him as we began to clear away our small boat. Said he, "The swell is so high the boat will be swamped and I dare not have you go, Mr. Bates. To lose some of the crew now would be very discouraging, and how could the ship be saved in her leaky, sinking condition." "But, Capt. Hitch, we are in want of provisions and can now get a supply." He still declared himself unwilling to command any one to attempt it. Said I, "Allow me then to call for volunteers." He continued irresolute. Fearing we should miss this opportunity, I enquired, "Who among you will volunteer to go with me in the boat?" "I will go for one sir." "I will go;" "and I will go," said another. "That will do," said I, "three is enough." In a few moments we were almost out of sight of our ship steering for the signal light. One sea boarded us and about half filled the boat. With one hand bailing out the water and the other two at the oars we reached the brig. On account of the rough sea we could carry but a few barrels of bread and flour. I gave the captain a draft on our owners in New Bedford. "Your name is Bates," said he, "are you related to Doct. Bates of Barre, Mass?" "He is my brother." "Well I am his near neighbor; I left there a few weeks ago: Don't you want some more?" "No sir. Only if you will fill away now and tow us up to the windward of our ship we will be much obliged." This done we reached the ship in safety, and soon had our supply of bread and flour safely landed on deck.

Our boat was stowed away and each vessel filled away on their course. Capt. H. was almost overjoyed at our safe return and supply of provisions to carry us into port. The westerly winds however, prevailed, and our ship's bottom had become so foul with grass and barnacles that she moved very slowly. We prepared a scraper with which we were enabled in a calm to scrape some of it off. Bushels of barnacles as large as thimbles, and green grass two feet long would rise under our stern as we hauled the scraper under her bottom, all of which had accumulated during our passage. Again we met with a vessel from the West Indies which supplied us with three casks of water; after which a ship from Portland supplied us with potatoes from her cargo. These were very acceptable not only for a change of diet, but also to check the scurvy which is common with those seamen who are obliged to subsist on salted provisions. In a few weeks we obtained another short supply, and were animated with the hope of reaching some port on the coast in a few days. But our buoyant hopes would sink again with the increasing westerly gales, and we would wish that we had taken a larger supply of provisions. Thus we continued to toil on, gaining sometimes a considerable distance westward, and then in one gale lose almost as much distance as we gained in a week before.

Three times after this we obtained a supply of what could be spared from different vessels we met with, making in all seven different times. And it had become a common saying with us that the very time we needed relief, it came. Wicked as we still were we could but acknowledge the hand of a merciful God in it all. Finally we began to despair, contending with the almost continual westerly winds in our disabled condition, and called all hands in "council" to determine whether in our perilous position to preserve our lives, we should change the voyage and run for a port in distress. It was decided unanimously that we bear up for the West Indies. After running about two days south, the wind headed us from that quarter. As the ship was now heading westward, Capt. H. concluded he could reach a southern port in the United States. But the wind changed again which cut off this prospect. Capt. H. now regretted that he had taken it upon him to deviate from the decision of the council, and wished me to call another and see if it would be decided for us to bear up again for the West Indies. The whole crew expressed themselves in favor of adhering to our previous decision to steer for the West Indies, but what was the use in deciding? Capt. H. would turn back again as soon as the wind came fair to steer westward. I stated if he did I should oppose him and insist on abiding by the decision we then made in council. It was a unanimous vote to bear up in distress for the West Indies. Capt. H. was not present.\*

Shortly after we changed our course we met a schooner from the West Indies bound to New York. We requested him to report the ship Frances Hitch, one hundred and twenty-two days from Gottenburgh in Sweden bound to St. Thomas' in the West Indies in distress.

As letters had reached our friends advising them of our sailing from Gottenburgh for New Bedford some four months previous, one third of the time

\*Whenever a deviation from a policy of insurance is made in a vessel's voyage it is required to be done by the majority or whole crew in council, that they do so for the preservation of lives, or vessel and cargo. This transaction being recorded in the daily journal or log book of said vessel, that the owners may lawfully recover their insurance if a loss occurs at or deviation. The same is required when casting cargo overboard to preserve life, &c.]

being sufficient for a common passage, various conjectures were afloat respecting our destiny. Few, if any, believed that we were numbered among the living.

As the New York packet was leaving the wharf for New Bedford and Fairhaven, the schooner arrived and reported us. In about twenty-four hours the N. Y. packet touched at Fairhaven wharf with the report, one day in advance of the mail. My wife, father, mother and sisters were on a social visit at my sister's, near the wharf. Mr. B., my sister's husband, left them a few moments and was standing on the wharf with other citizens of F. when the first item of intelligence from the packet as she touched the wharf, was that a schooner had arrived in New York from the West Indies which had fallen in with the ship *Frances Hitch*, in Lat. — and Long. — one hundred and twenty-two days from *Gottenburgh*, bound to *St. Thomas* "in distress." With this unexpected item of news Mr. B. hurried back to the family circle declaring that the ship *Frances* was still afloat bound to the West Indies. In a moment the scene was changed, and the news spread throughout the village to gladden other hearts, for there were other husbands and sons on board the long looked for missing ship. On the arrival of the mail the next day the news was confirmed. No piece of intelligence for many years had caused such universal joy in F. The principal owner of the ship and cargo (*Wm. Roach*, of New Bedford), said it gave him more joy to hear that the crew was all alive, than all his interest in the ship and cargo. Owners and friends were exceeding anxious to hear particulars how we had been sustained such a length of time with only provisions and water for about half said time, also what had caused our delay.

We had a successful run and passage to *St. Thomas*, one of the *Virgin Islands* in the West Indies belonging to Denmark. The night preceding our arrival, a schooner came in company with us, bound on the same course. By request of *Capt. H.* she consented to keep our company during the night, as he professed to be well acquainted with that region. The night was delightful, with a fair wind. The schooner took in all her sail except her top-sail lowered on the cap. We were under a cloud of sail, lower, topmast, and top gallant steering sails, all drawing and filled with the pleasant gale. (See the ship.) The *Capt.* of the schooner seemed out of all patience with us because we did not sail fast enough to keep up with him. About midnight he sheered up within speaking distance, and cried out, "Ship, a'ho!" "Hallo!" replied *Capt. H.* "Do you know what I would do with that ship if I commanded her?" "No," was the reply. "Well sir," said he, "if I had charge of that ship, I would scuttle her and send her to the bottom with all hands on board!" Our ship's bottom was so full of grass and barnacles that she sailed only half her speed with a clean bottom.

We arrived however the next day, and thought we felt thankful to God for preserving and sustaining us through the perilous scenes we had experienced. Even when our ship was safely anchored and our sails all furled, for a while we could hardly realize that we were safe in the harbor of *St. Thomas*. Careening our ship to clean the bottom, it was wonderful to behold the quantity of green grass from two to three feet long, and large barnacles on the bottom. The "survey" decided that the ship could be repaired to proceed to the United States.

*Gaines, Mich.*

For the Instructor.

DEATH OF LITTLE CORA.

OUR dear little Cora in silence is sleeping,  
In yon quiet grave-yard, so lonely and deep;  
Though we for our darling in sadness are weeping,  
We know that we cannot awake her from sleep.

She was gentle and pure as the zephyrs that meet us,  
On a bright May morning, perfumed by the flowers,  
And sweet as the roses which everywhere greet us,  
That blossom in beauty amid the green bowers.

Yes, she was our idol, how dearly we loved her,  
How little we thought while she sat by our side,  
That ere the Spring came with its beauty and splendor,  
Our darling so soon would have sickened and died?

O lonely indeed, and sad was the morning,  
When they from our home our little one bore,  
How cheerless our home when we found on returning,  
That our darling had gone to return never more.

But she now sweetly sleeps, free from trouble and  
Sorrow;

May bright holy angels watch over her bed,  
And keep in remembrance our dear little Cora,  
Till the last trump shall sound to awaken the dead.

O then may we meet her, the innocent-hearted,  
Forever to dwell in that bright happy home,  
No fears will we have of again being parted,  
For in that healthful clime pain and death never  
come.

M. M. S.

For the Instructor

OUR SABBATH SCHOOL.

A BRIEF account of the Sabbath School in *Monterey* may be interesting to the readers of the *Instructor*. It numbers about thirty scholars between the ages of four and fifteen. Our Superintendent, *Bro. H. M. Kenyon*, takes unwearied pains to impress the minds of the children with the importance of not only committing scriptures to memory, but to understand their meaning. The school commences after the morning service, first with singing a hymn out of the little book compiled by *Anna White*, which is so adapted to the spirit of their wants that they can with safety adopt every word they sing. Then prayer. The school is divided into classes. All that are old enough to commit to memory have one lesson, which after they have recited to their teachers, the Superintendent asks questions upon. If any question cannot be answered by scholars the brethren are called upon. The question is decided, and often light thrown upon it. Then the ten commandments are repeated in concert both by parents and children. Questions are asked from the commandments. I believe in future questions are to be asked from the *Chart* on the visions of *Daniel* and *John*.

One thing that helps this school is the interest the parents take in it. With a very few exceptions they all stay until the school closes. The children in *Monterey* are highly favored in point of privilege. In addition to their Sabbath-school they have an excellent day school kept by *Bro. Coventry*, who after a thorough investigation of present truth, has embraced it apparently with all his heart.

A word to parents. What we do for our children must be done quickly. I think that Sabbath Schools will be blessed of God. It certainly is a very profitable way of spending a part of his holy day. Let those who have not had a Sabbath School try it.

P. M. BATES.

*Monterey, Mich.*

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JUNE, 1860.

For the Instructor.

## TO THE INSTRUCTOR FAMILY.

DEAR CHILDREN: It is a long time since I wrote to you through the *Instructor*; but it is not for want of an interest in your salvation, or the prosperity of your little paper, that I have not spoken to you through its columns. I hope the paper will still be continued, and that it may increase in usefulness; and, above all, that you may be prepared for salvation in the day of the Lord which is just before us.

I am trying to publish the good news of salvation to young and old. Sometimes I talk with little boys or girls about obeying the gospel who think they are too young to be Christians. This has led me to ask a number of children lately, whether they thought they were old enough to be Christians. Some boys and girls of eleven years and older have told me that they thought they were old enough. I once saw a little girl of nine years baptized to show her faith in Jesus. She was buried in the water as Christ was buried in the grave, and as he was raised from the dead, so she was raised out of the watery grave to live the new life of obedience to God. Some thought she was too young to be a Christian, or to know what baptism meant; but I thought, though I was at that time almost as young as she, that she was old enough to understand it, and to be a Christian.

Now, my young friend, let me ask you, Are you old enough to be a Christian? Think of it and decide in your own mind whether you are or not. Are you old enough to want to be saved? Do you believe that Christ died and rose again that you might be saved from sin and wrath through him? Are you willing to forsake your sins and keep the commandments of God? Are you willing to confess your faith in Christ, and to live a praying, holy life as Jesus lived? Then you have the right and privilege to be a Christian.

R. F. C.

For the Instructor.

## WHAT I LIKE AND DISLIKE.

I *like* to see children behave well.

I *dislike* to see them misbehave.

I *like* to see them treat their parents and teachers with respect and affection.

I *dislike* to see them flippant, pert and vain.

I *like* to see them behave with reverence in the house of God.

I *dislike* to see them gazing idly around—especially when the door opens—staring at strangers—whispering, and running in and out.

I *like* to see children conform to the customs of their elders with whom they worship, in kneeling and standing, providing a proper example is set in these respects.

I *like* to see order in all that pertains to God's worship.

I *dislike* to see anything that is disorderly and inattentive.

L. M. H.

☞ We have several communications on hand which are necessarily laid over until next No. for want of room. Also the same may be said of articles. Hope the children will remember previous remarks in the *INSTRUCTOR* about their writing. We have half a dozen letters from the little folks, which we are sorry cannot be printed in this number. Most of them are from children of nine or ten years, who write for the first time, and who seem to feel what they say. How many will be on hand for the July *INSTRUCTOR*?

☞ Our readers will perceive that this No. comes to hand later than usual. It is the result of a press of work in the Office.

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