

# YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

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## THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

My Saviour, at thy glorious throne  
I bend a willing knee;  
O never leave my soul alone,  
But keep it near to thee.

Through all my childhood's sunny years  
I've found my wants supplied;  
And thou, amidst life's thousand snares,  
Hast ever been my guide.

Still keep my wayward spirit right;  
Each wicked thought subdue;  
Cause me to live with heaven in sight,  
With thee, my God, in view.

From the Child's Paper.

## THE DROWNED GOD.

We print the following beautiful story to please our little readers. How strange it would look to us to see men, women and children worshiping an old wooden, ugly looking creature called a god. But thousands do it while you are reading this. More than one half of mankind bow down to idols. I trust children you all feel thankful that you were born in a Christian land, where you can receive an education, and worship "the God who made heaven and earth," who gives us life and breath and all things.

G. W. A.

In the valley of Godovey, in India, there lived a little heathen boy called Tookaram. Tookaram was quite religious in his way. His father and mother were dead, and they left him to a poor widow who took pity on him and called him her son. This woman was a devotee. A devotee is one who thinks the performance of rites and ceremonies will save the soul. She spent her time in visiting holy places, praying to a great many idols, and lived by begging. The Hindoos are fond of giving to such beggars, because they expect to be paid in prayers. Little Tookaram went with his mother, and, as I said was quite a religious little boy in his way.

A missionary one day met Tookaram, and asked him to come to his school and learn to read. That pleased the little fellow very much, for he wanted to learn to read. So early the next day with a loaf of bread on his head, for it was some distance, he started off for the missionary's school. On his way he came to the

bank of a river, where many people were collected, and they seemed to be in great trouble. What was the matter? Had somebody that could not swim fallen in? Was anybody drowned? The river was swollen by a night rain, and was very high and angry. Yes, somebody had. Oh, poor fellow, who? Why, it was a god that had tumbled in, and he could not swim any better than a stone; so half the village had turned out to fish him up. They had got a rope round his neck, and were pulling and shouting with all their might, but to no purpose. They could not save him any more than he could save them. They must leave him to his fate, or wait till the river went down, and then drag him out with oxen.

Little Tookaram stopped and looked at this strange sight with wonder. He then stripped off his clothes, piled them on his head, plunged boldly into the stream, and swam to the other side where the missionary's school was. How much more power he had in the water than the god! The little stranger was kindly welcomed at the school. After his bashfulness wore off, and he became acquainted with the scholars, he told them about the drowned god.

"Oh," said the little boys at school, "he is not a god; he is an idol. He is a made god: he has eyes, but he sees not: he has ears, but he hears not; he has a mouth, but he speaks not; he knows nothing, and he can't help those who pray to him any better than he can help himself. He is a dead god. He is not our God; our God is the living God;" for the Hindoo Children of the missionary school had learned to worship the Christian's God, the Lord of heaven and earth.

"Who is your God?" asked little Tookaram. "Jehovah," answered the children, "the Maker and Father of everything." "Where does he live?" asked Tookaram. "He is a Spirit," answered the children, "he lives in heaven, he sees everybody, he knows everything." Little Tookaram was filled with amazement. A drowned god did not indeed seem like a God to worship and pray to. His poor little brain was full of painful and puzzling ideas; but a great, new thought had got lodged there; a living God instead of the dead gods, idols of wood and stone which he had before worshiped. Then he learned that God so loved this world that he sent his dear Son to save us from our sins, and that he died on

the cruel cross to do it. Tookaram tore the beads from his neck and declared himself a Christian. He began to pray to God and the Holy Spirit enlightened his mind and melted his heart, and he became a heartfelt believer in Bible truth.

By and by his adopted mother hears of it, and comes to the school very angry. She is determined to take Tookaram away. But the lovely Christian spirit of the missionary and his household quiets her. The tale of her little son, too, has a strange pleasantness in it. It is Tookaram, and it is not Tookaram. Christian Tookaram is not the heathen Tookaram. She stays and stays to hear more, and the Holy Spirit, little by little, opens her blinded eyes to see the blessed truth, and at last she finds in Jesus Christ all she has been ever seeking for among the idols of her own land; the burden of her sins rolled away; pardon and peace came to her poor heart.

Some months after this, Tookaram and his mother stood up with five others, in a small Christian congregation in India, and publicly professed their faith in Jesus Christ.

For the Youth's Instructor.

#### "GREAT IS THE LORD!"

**DEAR CHILDREN:** Did you ever wander in some shady forest, or by the side of some gently gliding stream, or in some grassy meadow, and wonder at the wisdom of that Being who causes all things to exist? Did you ever look out upon the mighty rolling ocean, or view some highly elevated mountain, or gaze up into the starry firmament, or witness a fearful tempest, and pause in meditation upon the greatness and goodness of God?

You have all, no doubt, seen a thunder shower when the flashes of lightning and peals of thunder would cause you to start with fear and fill your hearts with terror; yet in beholding the dark fearful clouds have you not thought of the supreme greatness of God? This is but the discharging of electricity in the atmosphere above us; but we learn from the word of God that when he speaks audibly to men, his voice is like tones of thunder. When God gave the ten commandments to Moses, and descended upon Mt. Sinai, bounds were set about the mount that no one should touch it lest they die. And his glory was so great that they shrank from his presence. In the psalms of David we read, "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth! The voice of the Lord is full of majesty!"

The Lord is far above out of our sight, yet all his creatures are the objects of his care, and this is very wonderful, is it not?

When Elijah, weary and faint without anything to eat, sat down under a juniper tree and

wished to die, the Lord sent ravens (birds) to feed him. Once when a large multitude went out to hear Jesus preach, he took only five loaves and a few small fishes and fed them all, and had some left.

In many instances the Lord of heaven and earth has healed the sick and raised the dead to life. There is scarce one in this sinful world who has not upon his countenance the traces of sickness: and how often we all feel and say, "I'm sick." But this great God has said that there will be a land where the inhabitants will no more say, I'm sick. Think of it. A world full of people and not one sick one among them! All perfectly capable of enjoying all its immeasurable bliss.

Oh do you not now pant for the healing leaves of that tree of life, and thirst for the cooling water from the crystal stream, and never or never hunger or thirst again? Such is the Christian's hope. Dear children, be little Christians.

M. D. B.

For the Youth's Instructor.

#### THE LAND OF GOLD.

Oh how many have lost life, how many have lost all by going to California, all to dig a little gold-dust. They work many a weary month in the mud and water, hoping for a little gold; yet often in vain. Many a little child has lost its father by his going after gold-dust.

Lotty's father has been out there for three or four years, and now Lotty says, "Tell pa to come home whether he has got any gold or not." She wants him to come home and keep the Sabbath. Lotty's father writes home how he wants to see his little pet, and Lotty prays that pa may come home, and that pa and ma may keep the Sabbath, and all the commandments, and not break one, and both have new hearts. And if God should answer Lotty's prayer, we will tell you about it.

Your friend.

J. C.

For the Youth's Instructor.

#### THE STORY OF REDEMPTION.

##### GOD'S MERCY TO REBELS.

MANY hundred years ago there was a powerful kingdom in Asia, called the Medo-Persian empire. It extended over a hundred and twenty-seven provinces. This was indeed a very great kingdom. But what would we think of a kingdom that covered all the earth; a kingdom so large that the great Medo-Persian empire is only a little province of it? If it is hard for you to comprehend the greatness of such a kingdom, how can you comprehend the greatness of God's kingdom which extends over all the worlds, the sun, moon and all the stars, which astronomers tell us are worlds many times larger than our own. If we were

able to imagine such a kingdom, we would see that this world is only a small province of God's kingdom.

Perhaps if one province of the Medo-Persian kingdom had rebelled against the authority of the king, and had broken his law, he would have sent one of his great men or generals with an army to subdue the rebels. If the king delighted in war, he would cause his army to kill all of the rebels, and let other subjects that are obedient take their place. If the people of the rebellious province were poor and ignorant, and had been deceived by some very crafty and subtle men, who had induced them by their craftiness to rebel, perhaps the king might show them mercy. If the king was a good man, and one that loved his people and delighted in mercy, he would have told his general to first offer mercy to all the poor deceived rebels, and all that would repent of their rebellious deeds and obey the law, he would forgive and take them back into favor once more.

Now God is the ruler of the universe, and this world is only a small province of his empire. The world is in a state of rebellion, for man has broken God's holy law. Satan has caused the rebellion, for his knowledge is much greater than man's; and he has succeeded by his craftiness in causing man to rebel. The earth has been the scene of wild uproar and confusion since man rebelled; but Christ is the one to subdue it, and bring it back into subjection to God, so that his law may be loved and obeyed as it was before man sinned. We all know that God is merciful, that he is a God of mercy, and that he delights in mercy. Also we are told in the Bible that he is good and wise, and that he delights not in the death of the wicked or rebellious, therefore we would expect that he would instruct his Son to offer pardon to the rebels if they would repent of their evils, and return to obedience to his law. We would expect too that his Son would inform the rebels that if they would return to obedience to God, they should have a right to the tree of life, and that their province, or the world should become peaceful again, and that they might live and enjoy its pleasures forevermore.

It would look very strange indeed for the inhabitants of one little province of the great Medo-Persian empire to remain long in rebellion when such a powerful king was against them, especially if he offered pardon to the rebellious. It seems to me that they would run quickly over to the king's army if they believed that he would pardon them, and keep his laws. If they did not return it would look as though they did not believe what he said; or that he was telling a falsehood; thus their actions would seem to accuse the king of telling them a lie. Is it not much stranger to see people con-

tinue in rebellion against God, the ruler of the universe, when he has offered them pardon and eternal life if they will desert the army of rebels and come over to the Lord's side? And if the rebels will not come and get life, does it not look very much as though they did not believe God would keep his promise, and so they by their actions seem to accuse the great God of telling a lie? O how dreadful to accuse God of such a crime.

O young friends, flee to the Lord's side lest your actions accuse him of falsehood. He has offered pardon to all that flee to Jesus. Only a little time is left; flee, flee for your life and God will save you. E. B. SAUNDERS.

*(To be Continued.)*

#### THE PRAYER.

'TWAS a dark and rainy evening,  
And the wind was moaning wild,  
While a-near a bright fire sitting,  
Were I and our darling child.

"Dear mamma," she sweetly asked me,  
Looking up with earnest eye,  
"May I kneel and thank 'Our Father'  
For this home so warm and dry ?

"May I tell him, too, and thank him  
That I'm no poor orphan child?  
Do you think that he can hear me  
Through the rain and wind so wild?"

"Yes," I answered, "and will love thee  
For that thankful little heart;  
Ever be thus, truly grateful—  
Choosing, sweet, the 'better part.'

"And remember, too, when kneeling,  
To entreat 'Our Father' kind,  
For all homeless, friendless children,  
Shelterless from rain and wind :

"Who, through poverty and sorrow,  
With grim want all stark and pale,  
Tread a thorny, weary pathway,  
Where temptations oft prevail.

"Ask him, from his bounteous storehouse,  
To supply each needy one,  
Kindly feeding, shelt'ring, guiding—  
And then say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Then our darling knelt beside me,  
With her small hands on my knee,  
Raising her blue eyes to heaven,  
A sweet bud of piety.

#### SEASONS OF PRAYER.

All night. Luke vi, 12.

Night and day. 1 Thess. iii, 10.

Seven times a day. Ps. cxix, 164.

A great while before day. Mark i, 35.

In the night watches. Ps. lxiii, 6,

About the sixth hour. Acts x, 9.

The ninth hour. Acts iii, 1.

At the eventide. Gen. xxiv, 63.

By night. Ps. cxxxiv, 1.

At midnight. Ps. cxix, 62; Acts xvi, 25.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER, 1860.

## HAPPY TIME!

I MEAN the resurrection day, when we shall see all the good people that have ever lived. What a moment that will be when we shall see the skies all brilliant with the glory of the coming Saviour, as he comes down to the earth! And the angels, thousands of them, are coming with him too. I never saw an angel, neither have any of my little readers, but we shall see them pretty soon, and if we are good, we shall talk with them, and live with them for ever! What thousands of wonderful things the angels could tell us about God's vast creation, and his glorious home up in heaven. They could tell us all about Adam and Eve, who were driven out of the garden of Eden, and the flood when every body was drowned in the world but a few in the ark, and how God took Enoch and Elijah to heaven alive, and how the Jews killed the Saviour, and the wicked Catholics his followers; and they could tell us the particulars of every wonderful thing we read of in the Bible. O how I want to see the angels, for I know they will tell us all about these things. But we have got to be very good. No bad folks will ever talk with the angels, and such when they think of their wicked deeds would be ashamed to look them in the face. But all those who keep the ten commandments, will see the angels. Now children I advise you by all means to be good. But this is not all, we are going to see Jesus himself, and we shall talk with him just as folks talk together here. Jesus died because we had sinned, so that we might believe on him and live in heaven. O how we want to see Jesus. I hope he will come very soon; and he will, for the signs are nearly all fulfilled.

But there is another thought. We are going to see all those old gray-headed people that lived way back when God made the world, those who lived till they were most a thousand years old! Perhaps we shall see old father Adam, who will tell us how bad he felt when he was driven out of the Garden, and how he wished he had been more watchful, and not sinned. And Noah, too, he will tell us how he told the people day after day, that there was a dreadful storm coming, but they only laughed at him, and called him a simple old man; and when the flood came how they gathered round the ark and cried for him to let them in. And there is Moses, he can tell all about the children of Israel's wandering in the wilderness, and how they got the law from God and finally passed into the promised land. And there is good old Elijah, the man who would not do as wicked king Ahab did, but served the Lord just as we should, and was at last taken to heaven alive. And there is Daniel who was put into a den of savage lions, he can tell us how God sent a holy angel who

would not let them hurt him. And there are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and all the apostles, and Paul, who said, "Children obey your parents in the Lord," we shall see all them, for they are going to live again never to die any more. And we shall see thousands of little children who were killed because their fathers and mothers loved Christ, and all those good people who suffered for the truth in what we call the "dark ages."

And then there is Martin Luther, and Melanthon who were not afraid to preach the Bible if it did make the pope mad, and Wickliffe, who first translated it into English, that his countrymen might have it to read; we shall see them, for they are going to have a resurrection and shine as the stars forever and ever. And there are the Wesleys and Mr. Fletcher, and David Brainerd Taylor, and Harlan Page, who did so much good in the world, and loved Christ so well; we shall see them and live together in the city of God. And then there is good old father Miller, who preached the Advent doctrine, and told the world the Lord was coming, who now sleeps in Jesus; we shall meet him and be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and be caught up together to meet the Lord, and go to heaven together! And then there are all our brethren and sisters who are every week dying in hope, because they keep the commandments of God, we shall see them again, for as the prophet says, "the earth shall cast out the dead," and they will come forth shouting, "O death where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"

Truly all this, and ten thousand other things will make the resurrection a "Happy Time." When this day overtakes us, if we are good, we shall never sin again—we shall never be sick again—we shall never die again—we shall never feel tired, cold, weary, hungry, thirsty, or in any way feel bad, and all this will last forever and ever and ever, world without end, through the never ceasing rounds of eternity!

O children, will you not serve God, weed the little roots of sin out of your hearts, and be ready for the great day of the resurrection!

G. W. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

## THE BIBLE.

THE Bible, 'tis a book divine,  
What truth doth from its pages shine;  
It is a lamp to guide our feet,  
For good instruction 'tis complete.

Then let us daily read it o'er,  
No other book affords us more  
Useful instruction, and we'll find  
All other books are far behind.

And, if we heed its heavenly truth,  
'Twill be a guide unto our youth;  
'Twill keep us from the paths of sin,  
Then through life's gate we'll enter in.

V. O. EDSON.

Palermo, N. Y.

For the Youth's Instructor.

## THE LITTLE PREACHER.

"GRANDMOTHER," said a little black-eyed girl of four Summers, "why don't uncle S— keep the Sabbath?" (He had recently come on a visit to her grandfather's, and did not believe in resting on the seventh day.) "Because," replied the grandmother, "he keeps Sunday," and here she tried to explain to the child the difference between Sunday and the Sabbath, concluding her remarks by saying, "We keep the Sabbath, the Lord's day, while uncle S. keeps Sunday, the Pope's day." Here the child raised her eyes full of wonder and said, "Hasn't uncle S— got any L-o-r-d?" A few Sabbaths after as he was doing something the child was not accustomed to see being done on *that day*, she administered the following sharp rebuke: "Uncle S—, if you don't keep the Lord's Sabbath you will be burnt up!" Some Sundays after, being alone with her grandmother, she proposed to her to play that Sunday was the true Sabbath that God made. Her grandmother replied that she didn't know how. "Why," said she, "we'll dress up, and have a meeting, and play that it is on the Sabbath;" and here the child was interrupted by the sudden appearance of company, and was thus prevented from having her mock celebration.

But are there not numbers of grown-up persons that *play* Sabbath every Sunday? some calling it a seventh part of time, others—that although God's own voice proclaimed from mount Sinai amid awful thunders and lightnings that the seventh day was the Sabbath, yet they think because Jesus rose from the dead on the first day, that they will change the day set apart by the eternal Law-giver, without any command to that effect,—no precept nor example from Christ or his apostles! Do not such persons *play* that they are keeping the Sabbath? No doubt however that many play sincerely, thinking that the golden image around which they so merrily dance, is really a true God, and able to bring them into the promised land! And many, very many have died in the faith of keeping Sunday for the Sabbath of the fourth commandment, who are numbered with the righteous dead, but in these last days when knowledge is increased and the true light is shining more and more unto the perfect day—if "*any man*" with the Bible at his hand, understandingly chooses to *play* Sabbath on Sunday, he must drink of the wine of the wrath of God. Rev. xiv, 10.

And is there not a way in which children of Sabbath-keepers can play keep the Sabbath? Alas! there is. When its forms are gone through with, automaton-like, merely from habit or associations, is it not *playing* a part! Oh! let us see to it, one and all, that we keep the Sabbath according to the commandment, worshiping the great Creator of the heavens and the earth in spirit and in truth.

M. H. LYON.

Battle Creek.

For the Youth's Instructor.

## INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE---NO. 21.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

*Who the Stranger was—Black List—Salt Shoeling—Peak of Pi-co—Voyage Ended—Visit my Family—Voyage to S. America—Trade Winds—Sea Fish—Rio Janeiro—Desperate Situation—Monte Video—Returning North.*



THIS man was the ship's corporal or constable in the opposite watch from me, and was captain of those unfortunate ones called "Black List Men," subjected to perform the scavenger work of the ship, and also to scour the brass, copper, and iron where and whenever it was called for. In this work he appeared delighted to honor the king. The ratan in his hand looked to me like the same one that he used to switch

about some of those unfortunate men. I have before narrated, in part, how the first Lieutenant (Campbell), threatened me with an unmerciful whipping if I did not move to suit him wherever I was stationed, because I had attempted to swim away from the St. Salvador del Mondo, a few days before I was introduced on board the Rodney, as I have before shown. After watching me for more than a year to execute his threat, he was one day told there was a pair of trowsers between the mainmast head and heel of the topmast. I acknowledged they were mine, for which offense he kept me in the "black list" for six months.

We had about two hours in a week to scrub and wash clothes in salt water; sometimes a few quarts of fresh water, if one could get it before the two hours closed. And no clothes to be dried at any other time, except our hammocks, when required to scrub them. Every morning in the warm season we were required to muster with clean frocks and trowsers; if reported not clean, the penalty was the "black list." If I could have obtained from the purser out of the slop chest the clothes I absolutely needed, I should never have been put to my wits end, as I was to avoid the "black list." I had at different times stated to the officer of our division how destitute I was in comparison with others, and begged of him to give me an order for clothing to muster in, so I failed because my old clothes were too much worn to be decent. I never knew any other reason for thus requiring me, as it were, to "make bricks without stubble or straw," than my first offense to swim away from their service. It was a government gain to serve clothes out to us, for they were charged to us at their own price, and deducted out of our scanty allowance of wages. I had an opportunity to know that it was not because I lived in ignorance of my duty as many others did.

For the same Mr. Campbell promoted me more than once to higher stations, and I was told that my wages were increased in proportion. This corporal never used his ratan on me, but the way he "honored" me then, was to turn me out of my hammock (if I was so fortunate as to get into it after doing duty on deck from the midnight hour), and set me at work with the "black list" gang, until it was time for me to take my station in my watch on deck again, and no more liberty for sleep until the night watch was set. In this way I sometimes got the privilege of about five hours for sleep below, and oftener but four hours out of the twenty four! I was well satisfied he could have favored me in this matter if he pleased; but we obeyed, knowing well if he reported us slack or disobedient, our task would have been made still harder and more degrading. And all this for attempting to dry a pair of trowsers that our name may appear on the clean list!

Without gratifying his curiosity as to who I was, I learned from him the whereabouts of many of the officers and crew, a great many of whom I felt a strong attachment for. I employed two sturdy looking Irishmen to shovel our salt out of the salt scows into the "ballast port," a hole in the ship's side. While progressing in their work I saw them leaning over their salt shovels. Said I, "What is the matter?" "Matter enough, sir, your men don't shovel it away as fast as we shovel it in!" Some seven or eight men were shoveling it away from them into the ship's hole. Said I, "What is the matter, men? are you not able to shovel the salt away as fast as these two men shovel it in?" They replied they were not. Said one of the Irishmen who was listening at the ballast port, "If we had as much meat to eat as you, then we would give you as much again salt." "Why," said one of my sailors, who seemed much troubled about this matter, "Don't you have any meat to eat?" "No," said they, "we have not had any this fortnight." "What do you eat then?" said the sailor. "Potatoes, sure," was the reply. My sailors were then living on all the varieties that good boarding houses afford in Liverpool. Many are of the opinion that meat imparts superior strength to the laboring class. Here then was one proof to the contrary.

On account of prevailing westerly winds on our homeward passage we came into the neighborhood of the Western Islands. Here we saw the towering Peak of Pico mingling with the clouds. By our observations at noon we learned that we were eighty miles north of it. By running towards it sixty miles we should probably have discovered its base. We arrived safely in Alexandria, District of Columbia, in the fall of 1820. As no business offered for the ship, I returned to my family in New England, having been absent some sixteen months.

Early in the spring of 1821 I sailed again for Al-

exandria, and took charge of the Talbot again, to perform a voyage to South America. The bulk of our cargo was flour. My position was more responsible now than before, for the whole cargo as well as the ship was now confided to me for sales and returns. My compensation for services this voyage was more than doubled. My brother F. was my chief mate. We cleared for Rio Janeiro, in the Brazils. With a fair wind, a few hours' sail from Alexandria, and we are passing ex President Washington's plantation at Mount Vernon. Sailors say that it was customary with some commanders to lower their topmast sails as a token of respect when they passed his silent tomb. About one hundred and fifty miles from Washington, and the variegated and pleasant scenery of the Potomac is passed, by entering the Chesapeake bay. We had an experienced and skillful pilot; but his thirst for strong drink requiring the steward to fix him gin toddy and brandy sling so frequently, awakened our fears for the safe navigation of the ship so that we deemed it necessary to put him on an allowance of three glasses of grog per day, until he had piloted the ship outside of the capes of Virginia.

From the capes of Virginia we shaped our course east southerly for cape de Verde Islands (as is usual) to meet the N. E. trade winds to carry us clear of the north-eastern promontory of the Brazils, or South America down to the equator of the earth where we meet the trade winds coming more southerly. In running down these N. E. trades one is struck with the brilliant pathway, the ship keeps rolling up in her onward course during the darkness of the night. The night is so brilliant, I have been tempted to read by it at the midnight hour, by holding my book open facing the shining track. But for the continual caving or tumbling of the sea to fill up the chasm under the stern of the ship which blends the letters in the book, one could read common print by it in the darkest night. Some who have examined this phenomenon, tell us it is because the sea, particularly there, is filled with living animals, or little shining fish, called animalcula. Undoubtedly these are food for larger fish. Further south we meet with another species of slender fish about a foot long, furnished with little wings. All of a sudden a large school of them rises out of the sea, wheel sometimes clear round, and then drop into their element again. The cause of this when seen sometimes, is a dolphin with all the colors of the rainbow, darting along like a streak of light, in pursuit of his prey that has eluded his grasp by rising out of their element and taking an opposite course. In the night time they frequently fly on board the ship, affording the mariner a delicious breakfast.

On our arrival off the capacious harbor and city of Rio Janeiro we were struck with admiration while viewing the antique, cloud-capped, ragged mountains, and especially the towering sugar loaf

that makes one side of the entrance to the harbor. Here we disposed of a large portion of our cargo and sailed for Monte Video at the entrance to the river La Plata. A few days before our arrival we encountered a most terrific gale and storm; at the close of which we were drifting on to a rock-bound, uninhabited part of the coast. The wind died away to a dead calm, the sea and current setting us on to the rocks. Our only resort was to clinch our cables and drop our anchors. Fortunately for us they held the ship. With my spy glass I ascended the mast head to survey the rocky shore. After a while I decided on the place if we should break from our anchors and could get our ship headed for the shore, that we would plunge her, and if not overwhelmed with the surf escape to the shore. After thus deciding, we made every necessary preparation in case that the wind should come on again in the night, to cut our cables and make a desperate effort to clear the rocks under our lee. After about thirty hours' anxious suspense the wind began to rise again from the sea; we raised our anchors and before midnight we considered ourselves out of danger from that quarter. Soon after this event we arrived at Monte Video, and disposed of the balance of our cargo, and returned again to Rio Janeiro. I invested our funds in hides and coffee, and cleared and sailed for Bahia or St. Salvador. On the Abrolhos banks we fell in with the ship Balena, Capt. Gardiner, of New Bedford, trying out a sperm whale which they had harpooned the day before. Capt. G. was recently from New Bedford, on a whaling voyage in the Pacific ocean. He gave us news from home, and left with me his letters for the States.

Monterey, Aug. 15, 1860.

#### FROM A LITTLE FOREIGNER.

The following extract is clipped from the letter of a boy who writes from Crawford Co., Wis. We hope our little friend from the land of Gog and Magog will persevere till he finds the Saviour. Perhaps God sent his parents over here to America so they might keep his commandments. Hear him:

"Dear Young Friends: This is the first time I have written for the *Instructor*. As I read in a copy which was given me by a kind friend about 'I shall want to kiss my mother,' and many other pretty pieces, I thought I should like the paper. I suppose many of you have Sabbath-Schools to go to, but I can sympathize with those who have none. I want the *Instructor* very much. I am working out now, but I cannot get the money until in October. Please send me the paper as soon as you can. I am twelve years old. I was born in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, the 15th of June, 1848: but my father and mother are natives of Sweden.

"Now dear young friends, my heart is hard, but I trust through the mercy of God that he will make it tender, that I may be able to meet you all in the New Jerusalem made without hands."

#### HEAR THIS!

ALL who love the truth and little children, will take pleasure in reading the following. It is the substance of a letter which came to this Office containing one dollar, which was appropriated as directed.

"In the *Instructor*, Nos. 4 and 7, I noticed that E. M. H. of Lunenberg, Vt. and J. A. P. of Jamaica, Vt., have not the means to pay for their papers. One thinks of picking berries, the other thinks of selling her two lambs. Tell those little girls that sister Love of Wisconsin, one whom they never saw nor heard of, feels it a privilege to pay for their papers for them. They appear to be anxious to help themselves.

"Let the precious little sheet go forward, and we will thank the Lord for it. It is just what we all need."

For the Youth's Instructor.

#### THE INSTRUCTOR.

THIS little sheet is one of the blessings from our heavenly Father, conferred on the children and youth. Its columns are free from poisonous error, and the light, flashy reading that so much abounds in the papers devoted to the wants of the youth in our day. It goes forth as a reprobation of sin, and a teacher of righteousness, to lead young minds to God and the heavenly country to which we are bending our weary steps, where we hope at last to dwell and spend an eternity of immortal youth.

There is an interest and zeal manifested by those who seek the prosperity of this little sheet that the Lord approbates, and he is making it a source of comfort and entertainment to many young hearts. In these days of ungodliness and irreligion the young are especially in danger of being drawn away from the love of God. A thousand snares beset our path to allure the mind from heaven and eternal glory. The eye meets attractions at every step, which would direct us from the truth of God's word, and cause us to stumble and fall from the narrow way, forget what God has done and is doing for us, and make us ungrateful for the mercies we are daily receiving from him.

We who believe in the soon coming of our Lord, and the closing up of these earthly scenes, need admonishing, reproving, counseling and exhorting, lest we fail of the grace of God. We are sinners by nature, and much more so by practice, and must pass through the refining process, and I hope all will come forth purified as gold. The reward of the faithful is of such magnitude and glory that it cannot be conceived of by mortals. The enjoyment of those whom the Lord redeems cannot be expressed. That I may be numbered with them is my earnest desire and daily prayer.

W.M. HALL.

In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER, 1860.

## DYING.

Most people, children in particular, are very much afraid of death. There is a sting in death which makes it a dread to every living creature. That sting is not the real pain felt in dying, for many people die very easily, but it is the reproach of conscience, or the remembrance of having *done wrong*.

Very few persons like to say much about death, it is not a welcome subject, from the fact they know they are unprepared. But when we remember that as often as the clock ticks a person dies, and that one-quarter of the people born into the world die before they are seven years old, this becomes a reason why children should often stop and think of dying. We sometimes meet with those in the prime of life, "stout-hearted," and "far from righteousness," who treat it as a silly weakness to be much troubled with the thoughts of their final change. These remind us of the case of a pious king and his wicked brother. The king one day seeming very thoughtful and sad, his brother who was a gay young courtier, inquired the cause. "O brother," said the king, "I have been a great sinner, and know not how to appear in judgment before God!" His brother made a jest of it and tried to pass it off. The king made no immediate reply. It was a custom in that country, that if an executioner sounded a trumpet at any man's door he was presently led to execution. The king in the dead of night caused the trumpet to be sounded at his brother's door, who, hearing it and seeing the messenger of death, immediately sprang into the presence of the king, imploring him to say in what he had offended. "Alas, brother!" said the king, "you have never offended me; and if the sight of my executioner is so dreadful to you, how shall I feel to be brought before the judgment seat of Christ?"

This was a good test, and well calculated to show the *real* condition of the young courtier's mind. Had his heart been right with God, the death-notes of the trumpet would have caused no uneasiness in his feelings. But, children and youth, remember that the sentence of death has passed upon all mankind, and that it is the height of earthly wisdom to be always ready for our final change, for we know not the hour we may be called hence.

May dying scenes so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

G. W. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

## MARY'S TWO PRAYERS.

SOME years ago a preacher was traveling in a lonely part of Scotland, and being benighted was obliged to stay at a house some distance from any village. At the hour of prayer he asked if all were present. "All," was the answer, "except Mary

the servant girl; but she is such a poor creature that we should never think of asking her in." At the preacher's request, however, Mary was told to come in. Before he left he talked with her and found that she was very ignorant, and knew but little about God. He talked to her about him and his Son Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners, and she promised him that she would say a short prayer of four words every morning and evening, which he told her. It was this: "Lord, show me myself."

On his return he stayed at the same house again, and soon missed Mary. He inquired where she was. "Oh," said the mistress of the house, "she has scarcely done anything but cry since you left, and now she is sick." He went to see her and found her on a sick bed, and asked her if she had kept her promise. "Yes sir, yes sir, and he has shown me myself. Oh! what shall I do?" He told her now another prayer of four words, to say as often as she chose. It was this: "Lord, show me thyself." In a little while God answered this prayer also.

A few words in close. Can you say yes to the following question; Should death overtake me now should I be prepared to die? If you cannot you are not safe, because you cannot boast of the morrow. Then let me entreat of you, whose sins are not forgiven, that you will lose no time, but that you will come to God now; and depend upon it, that if you are sincere, and seek him with all your heart, he will hear and answer your prayer as he did Mary's.

A. COVENTRY.

Monterey, Mich.

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