

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

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"YOUTH IS THE TIME."

Go when the heart is warm with youth;
Go when the soul is free from care,
Kneel at the throne of heav'nly truth,
And ask for guidance there.

Oh! wait not till the bright days pass,
And cares come thronging round thy way;
This pleasant morn will flee, alas!
And he who finds must seek to-day.

Thrice happy and thrice blest is he
"Who hears religion's warning voice."
Who seeks in youth "bright wisdom's tree,"
Whose fruit will make his soul rejoice.

For the Youth's Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—No. 23.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

Crossing the Pampas of Buenos Ayres—Preparation for the Pacific Ocean—Resolved never to drink wine—Aspect of the starry heavens—Alarming position off Cape Horn—Double the Cape—Island of Juan Fernandez—Mountains of Peru—Arrival at Callao—Voyage to Pisco.



WHILE at Ensenado our communications for business with Buenos Ayres required us to cross the Pampas, or vast prairies lying on the south of that province. To do this, and also protect ourselves from highway robbers, we united in bands and armed ourselves for defense. Our way was first about twenty miles across the prairie, and then twenty miles further over the "loomas," or high lands, to the city. Once out on this vast prairie without a guide, is next to being on the vast ocean without a compass. Not a tree, nor a shrub, nor anything but reeds and tall wild grass to be seen as far as the eye can extend. About the only thing to attract attention and relieve the mind while passing through the deep and dangerous muddy reed bogs,—and still miry marshes, fording creeks and running streams,—was occasionally flocks of sheep, herds of swine, horned cattle, and horses, all quietly feeding in their own organized order. On the two last mentioned might be seen large and small birds quietly perching on their backs, having no other resting place. Mounted on our hired, half-

wild horses, stationing our well-paid postillion ahead, we thus passed over this twenty-mile prairie rank and file, following in the cattle's miry mud tracks, part of the time our arms around the horses' necks, fearing lest we should be thrown into a mud-hole among the reeds, or left to swim in the stream.

After some four hours' journeying the "loomas" would appear ahead, then a farm house, and then the half-way home, or tavern for dinner, and change of horses. Soon a herd of one hundred or more horses were driven out from the prairies into a "carrall," or yard, and set going with full speed around the yard, while the men with their lassos, or long hide ropes with a noose at the end, in a most dextrous manner would throw their noose over their heads and bring them up to the post, then, wild or not, they were held until the rider mounted, when they would start rank and file again after the postillion, and soon follow the leading horse without turning, as they had learned to go with the herds on the prairie. The same order is observed on returning back to Ensenado. During our stay here the numerous arrivals from the United States overstocked the market, and opened the way for me to purchase a cargo for the Pacific on reasonable terms. The Chatsworth was now loaded and cleared for Lima, in Peru.

As I had resolved on my previous voyage never more to use ardent spirits only for medicinal purposes, so now on leaving Buenos Ayres, I also resolved that I would never drink another glass of wine. In this work of reform I found myself entirely alone, and exposed to the jeering remarks of those with whom I afterwards became associated, especially when I declined drinking with them. Yet after all their comments, that it was not improper or dangerous to drink moderately, &c., they were constrained to admit that my course was perfectly safe!

Passing from the northern into the southern hemisphere, one is struck with the remarkable change in the starry heavens. Before reaching the equator the well-known north star is apparently setting in the northern horizon, and a great portion of the well-known stars in the northern hemisphere are receding from the mariner's view. But this loss is supplied by the splendid, new and varied scenery in the southern heavens as he sails onward towards the southern polar regions. Here away in the south-western heavens, in the track of the milky way, every star-light night can be seen

two small stationary white clouds, called by sailors the "Magallanic clouds." Ferguson says, "By the aid of the telescope they appear to be a mixture of small clouds and stars." But the most remarkable of all the *cloudy stars* he says, "is that in the middle of Orion's sword, where seven stars (three of which are very close together) seem to shine through a cloud. It looks like a *gap in the sky*, through which one may see as it were a part of a much brighter region. Although most of these spaces are but a few minutes of a degree in breadth, yet since they are among the fixed stars they must be spaces larger than what is occupied by our solar system; and in which there seems to be a *perpetual, uninterrupted day among numberless worlds which no human art ever can discover.*"

This gap or place in the sky is undoubtedly the same that is spoken of in the Scriptures. See John i, 51; Rev. xix, 11. The center of this constellation (Orion) is midway between the poles of heaven, and directly over the equator of the earth, and comes to the meridian about the twenty-third of January, at 9 o'clock in the evening. Inspiration testifies that "the worlds were framed by the word of God." Heb. xi, 3. "He hangeth the earth upon nothing." "By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens." Job xxvi, 7, 13.

On our passage from Buenos Ayres towards Cape Horn, we arrived in the vicinity of Falkland Islands between three and four hundred miles north-east of the Cape. Here we endeavored to make a harbor during a storm by beating up into Falkland Sound, but the increasing gale obliged us to bear up and continue our southern course. On arriving off Cape Horn, about July and August, the coldest and most stormy season of the year, for about thirty days we were contending with prevailing westerly gales, and floating islands of ice from the polar regions, trying (as sailors say) to double Cape Horn. While lying to under a balanced reefed try-sail off the Cape in a heavy westerly gale, a heavy cross sea boarded us on our larboard side which stove in our bulwarks and stantions, and ripped up the plankshire, and washed them up against the mast from near the windlass to the cabin gangway. In this exposed and perilous condition, liable to be filled with water and sink immediately, we set the close-reefed main top-sail and put the vessel before the wind; and to keep her still more steady we packed on also a reefed foresail which increased her speed so furiously that it prevented her from rolling the open space under water only occasionally. Fortunately we had a new main-hatch tarpaulin at hand. With strips of this all hands were now engaged as opportunity offered to get it over the open spaces, and drive a nail to secure it, and rush back to our holding-on places until the ship rolled again to leeward. In about two hours we secured in this way, temporarily, the open space—took in our main top-sail and fore-sail, and hove to again on the same tack under a balanced

reefed try-sail or strain-sail. Then after pumping out the water and clearing away the wreck we had time to reflect on our narrow escape from utter destruction, and how God in kindness had opened the way for us to save ourselves in this trying hour. After the gale abated next day, we repaired damages more thoroughly, and at the expiration of some thirty days' struggling off Cape Horn against westerly gales and driving snow-storms, we were enabled to double the Cape and shape our course for the island of Juan Fernandez, some fourteen hundred miles north of us. The westerly winds were now in our favor, so that in a few days we changed our climate and were passing along in sight of this far-famed island, once the whole world to Robinson Crusoe. After sailing north some twenty-six hundred miles from the stormy Cape, the towering mountains of Peru could be distinctly seen, though some eighty miles distant from the coast. Passing onward we cast our anchor in the spacious bay of Callao, about six miles west of the celebrated city of Lima. North American produce was in good demand. Some of my first sales of flour were over thirty dollars per barrel. A few cargoes arriving soon after us, reduced the price to thirty dollars. Here I chartered the Chatsworth to a Spanish merchant for a voyage to Pisco, some one hundred miles further south, with the privilege of disposing of my cargo and returning with his.

Soon after our arrival here, the chief mate and two of the men went up to the village (about three miles from the harbor) to procure beef and vegetables for dinner. The men soon returned with the statement that the patriot soldiers had descended from the mountains, and besieged the village, and pillaged the store where some of our cargo was exposed for sale, and had driven the mate out on one side of the village to shoot him, and also declared that they were coming down to take our vessel and dispose of me because of the Spanish merchant we had brought there from Lima. The mate soon appeared on the beach. After the boat brought him on board he said that the soldiers on learning that he was the mate of the Chatsworth, drove him on one side of the village to shoot him. On arriving at the place one of the soldiers persuaded the others not to kill him. They then concluded to let him go, but beat him most unmercifully with their swords. We made preparations to defend ourselves, but our enemies thought best not to expose themselves within reach of our cannon balls. Notwithstanding our opposing foes who continued to threaten us, we disposed of all our cargo here at better prices than was offered at Callao, and returned to Callao with the Spanish merchant's cargo.

While at Callao a whale made his appearance in the bay. A Nantucket whale-ship there at the time followed him with her boats and harpooned him. The whale rushed in among the shipping with the boat in tow like a streak through the foaming water, and dashed down directly under the bottom of

a large English brig, giving her pursuers but a moment's warning to chop off their line and save their lives—something like leaving her compliments with her unknown foes, saying, "If you follow me here you will never harpoon another poor whale." The whale rushed through the fleet of shipping to the head of the bay in shoal water. The boat followed and fastened to her again, when she came streaming out of the bay, and in a little while we could but just discern the boat as the sun was setting, in the offing, with her wake flying, signifying the whale was dead.

Battle Creek, Oct., 1860.

For the Youth's Instructor.

SIN.

THIS is a little word of only three letters, yet who can count all the evil it has wrought? Who is able to comprehend a thousandth part of the misery it has caused? In comparison, it has, like a small rivulet in its onward course, been increasing until at length it has become a mighty ocean, which cannot be fathomed nor crossed. We go back to creation, or to the time when our sun that now gives light to a sinful and benighted earth, cast its radiant beams on the peaceful abode of our first parents. What a delightful spot must that have been which was planted by the Lord himself? On that fertile soil grew every tree that was pleasant to the sight. There waved the lofty cedars and stately palms, the pine, the fir and myrtle tree, and so down to the smaller ones which composed and formed their beautiful bowers; while in those shady groves were heard the melodious songsters that all day long carolled songs of praise to their Creator. There, too, were the crystal rivulets, whose waters as they glided gently along in softest murmurs, clearly reflected the beams of the sun day by day, and of the silvery moon by night, gave splendor to the scenery around, watering and replenishing the garden of Eden; while on every side grew the fairest flowers from the lilies of the valleys down to the smallest violet that glistens in the dew-drops. Here, free from every anxious care, unacquainted with sorrow, dwelt the happy pair,

'Mid spicy groves and shady bowers
They spent the live-long day;
And oft did friendly calls receive
From angels far away.

And as they were without sin, they would ever have enjoyed uninterrupted happiness had it not been for their arch-enemy, who being filled with envy, malice and hate, despising the government of Jehovah, envying their happiness devised a plan to ensnare and ruin them. Now came the test of their obedience. In the midst of the garden was placed the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, with a special command from their Creator that while they ate of every tree of the garden, of that they should not partake; for says God, "In the day

thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." One day as Eve was lingering around this tree the enemy came to her in the shape of a serpent telling her that what the Lord had said was not true, and if she would partake of the fruit she would become much wiser. Eve listened, took, ate, and then gave to her husband who also partook with her. From that moment sin was introduced into the world. What a change! Earth grows drear, joy vanishes, man mourns, Satan triumphs, angels weep, as they behold the fair works of God thus marred and defaced, and realize that man who was made in the image of God was now subject to toil and suffering, sickness and death. What must have been the feelings of Adam and Eve when driven from Eden as they cast their eyes around and beheld the change that was manifested everywhere by their disobedience? Dark clouds gathered over their once beautiful Eden, winds went moaning through the woods, laying low their most stately trees, the beasts that were once so mild and harmless now went howling through the forest, thirsting for blood in search of their prey, the trees decayed, the flowers faded, the plants withered, while instead sprang up thorns and thistles and many a noxious weed.

S. ELMER.

For The Youth's Instructor.

CHILDREN.

Do you love God? I don't know, says one. Do you love to see the sun rise after the long dark night? Yes, says a little smiling boy, I love to have morning come. Do you love to see warm Spring come after the cold Winter? Oh yes, says a little girl, I love the Spring, and to see the charming flowers, and hear the lambs bleat in the pastures, and see them frolic about, and to see the plough-man making his long straight furrows in the ground, and to see the garden beds all so fresh, and the trees and bushes all covered with green leaves, and pretty white and red and many colored blossoms and so many pretty things in Spring. Do you love to see Autumn come? Oh yes, in Fall we have so many beautiful fruits, and fields all covered with precious treasures, the corn on its strong high stalks, the buckwheat all on its branching stems, the trees loaded with fruit, the woods with yellow leaves and ripe nuts, the hickory, the walnut, the chestnut, and so many good things for Winter.

Who made all these things my child? God made them all, says one. He made the sun, and moon, and stars; he made Summer, and Winter, and Spring, and Fall. Is God very good to give us so many good things? He is to give us so many beautiful fruits and flowers, and warm sun, and bright light. Who gave you your home and friends? God gave me my sweet home, and good parents, and kind friends. Will God do any more for you? Yes, if I pray to him he will give me a sweet home in heaven, a delightful home. Will you have any pain there? No sir, there we shall be so happy that pain cannot come.

J. C.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1860.

A LOVELY SIGHT.

It was during the Conference lately held at Battle Creek that a little circumstance occurred which I will mention for the good of the children. It is well worth relating.

The meeting-house was crowded with people, and at the hour of service the minister of God knelt down to pray. Did the people kneel with him? No, the house was so filled with worshipers that there was no chance, and they bowed their minds but not their bodies.

But not so with one little girl near the door where I was standing, whose head had scarcely seen eight or ten summers. When the man of God bowed in prayer before the multitude, this little girl who barely had a sitting place, bent her little frame and there reverently worshiped the God of her fathers. Angels no doubt looked on that tender little child, pleased to see such humility and such devotion in one so young. As for me I could scarcely keep the tears from my eyes while I looked on this sweet bud of piety. It was indeed a lovely sight, and one which I hope I may live to behold again.

Now may the great God in heaven who noticed this very little thing, bless the cross-bearing, dutiful little girl—and grant the young readers of the INSTRUCTOR to be like her, for I am sure "of such is the kingdom of heaven." G. W. A.

RATHER MORTIFYING.

As I was returning to my work this afternoon to arrange and prepare the articles for the INSTRUCTOR, a little circumstance happened which ought to be printed for the boys of this generation.

As I touched the side-walk my attention was arrested by the noise of a wagon drawn by a fine span of horses, and driven by a blunt, good natured looking farmer. Just at this moment a boy of a dozen years came running along and very coolly bounced into the wagon, and in rather unceremonious style began to clamber over the high seat to get along with the driver. I suppose by the time this feat was accomplished he actually thought he was nearly a man, for such is the spirit of "Young America." But alas for his dignity! presently there seemed to be a sort of reaction; for just as the lad got well seated, the countryman reined up his steeds and made some pointed inquiries of this forward youth, and then with much parade stopped his team and told his passenger that he might hop out, for he never carried boys that didn't have manners enough to ask when they wanted to ride!

Young America felt hurt—but it was no use to demur—the farmer meant what he said—and so,

much crest-fallen, he descended to the ground to trot along afoot! Just then I turned on my heel to notice the bearing of the youth, and the fallen countenance, the biting of nails, and the sauntering step showed how pride was hurt and how meanly he must have felt. I felt very much edified with the sensible proceedings of the farmer, and passed on to the Office feeling more than ever that "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." G. W. A.

"I'M 'FRAID."

How often we hear little children when told to do something in the evening, say, I'm 'fraid. Many are so fearful that they dare not go up stairs or down cellar in the night. And I have heard of some who were so timid that all the gold in California would not tempt them to go into a strange room alone in the night. This is a very silly habit, and those who have got it should try very hard to get rid of it. There is no use in being scared at every little trifling thing, and it is a curious fact that good children are seldom of this kind. Here is a little conversation said to have taken place between some little folks about being afraid:

"Are you not afraid sissy, to go to bed in the dark?" one of the children asked little Emma Gray. "I no 'fraid," answered the little child, shaking her head, "I no 'fraid. God takes care of sissy and he's bigger than dark. In dark night papa sleep, mama sleep, all sleep; God take care of sissy all night; he never sleep."

"But God has so many people to take care of, may be he will forget sissy."

The child shook her head, "God made sissy—God never forget sissy; sissy forget God, but God not forget sissy."

"Will sissy forget God?" "Sissy sometimes not think of God; then she think, then she look up in the sky and try to see God."

"And does sissy see God?" "See God?" she asked, "See God? God here," she said, putting her little hand to her heart, "God in the sky, and God here; sissy loves God and sissy don't want to be naughty."

Oh yes, this is the way to get rid of being afraid. It is to be good. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion." Children give your hearts to God. Love him and do his will and the fear of death and every evil will be removed far from you. G. W. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS.

THE little readers of the *Instructor* should not think they must wait to be older before they can perform acts of love and kindness, for none of you are too young to do many little kind and benevolent acts, speak gentle and sympathetic words, &c. You can show every day that you love what is

good and dislike what is bad and naughty. You can manifest this to all with whom you meet, especially if you have a good heart and sweet spirit, and if you have not you should pray to the Lord to give you the good Spirit.

One loving little boy often prays, "O Lord take away the naughty spirit and give the good Spirit; help me to be a good boy," &c. He has much love and sympathy for good people. A brother whom he loved dearly, was sorely afflicted with the loss of his dear companion. As soon as this little child (of six summers) learned of her death, he said to his mother, "You write to Bro.—to come and live with us, he will be so lonesome."

Yesterday, while riding out of town, I could not but notice the difference there is in small children. We met a pleasant little boy, he gently bowed (but few make the passer-by a bow), and pleasantly said, "How do you do?" We drove on, and soon met with several boys in a village. As we passed them one doubled up his fists, and shaking them at us muttered over something. The first of these boys we loved, but of the other we almost involuntarily said, He is a saucy fellow. His mother or some other one should teach him how to behave."

Let me say then to all of the little readers of the *Instructor* if you would have all love you who know you, and be loved of holy angels, and of the Son of God, and of God himself, be good, though you can perform but some small acts of benevolence.

Said a good man, "I see in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery; now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."

Children be pleasant, good and kind,
Share God's love, have a peaceful mind.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

For the Youth's Instructor.

WITHOUT FAULT.

DEAR CHILDREN: I would love to call you around me and talk with you awhile. I fancy I see you all start as I speak about it, but my medium must be the *Instructor*. And dearly do I love this little paper. I love its kind and gentle instructions, so full of hope and gladness. I love the way it points out for even the smallest lamb of the fold to enter the haven of eternal rest. I love it because it tells of Him who once gathered little children near him and blessed them (may his followers imitate his example); because it tells of his coming again, and of a people who will stand before him without fault, with no guile in their mouths, that is, without deceit.

Without fault! How many little faults cling to little children. Some of them speak bad words and

are impatient and fretful. I have heard little boys in the street even use oaths, or take the name of God in vain. But I hope none who read the *Instructor* are guilty of this. I cannot believe any one who reads so much about God, and heaven, and Jesus, and the heavenly city would ever think of doing so. But when I think of those whose hearts gladden and eyes sparkle at the sight of a new *Instructor* it seems like a flock of good boys and girls who have learned better than to speak out unhappy sinful words, though they come into their minds.

We heard not long ago in the Sabbath-School that the little children might each be a window to reflect light around them. Well now how gloomy would our dwellings be without windows. They would be dark and cheerless, and we should not have the light of the sun in them. You know the Saviour said that his children are the light of the world.

What an animating thought, that among the redeemed saints will be a crowd of little children, who through the aid of parents and friends, the Sabbath-School, the *Instructor*, and many other means of grace, will be overcomers and without fault before the throne of God! I have seen some little boys who I thought tried to do just right. One proof of it was that they respected their parents' wishes in their absence, and would not act contrary to them though some pleasing temptation was placed before them. Such children keep God's commandments and he notices it, and it may be it's all written in the book of his remembrance. It is the little *heart-actions* he looks upon. There are many little by-paths of sin for the feet of the children. May they shun them always, choosing the path of peace, though many little sacrifices may be made, yet they are so many offerings to God, and will bring a reward by and by.

May the Lord bless you all, dear children, guide you in the way of his commandments, and give you finally beautiful dazzling crowns in his kingdom.

M. D. B.

For the Youth's Instructor.

A BEAUTIFUL CHAPTER.

AN EXPOSITION OF ECCL. XII, 1-6.

If there is a chapter in the whole Bible that emphatically speaks to youth and children, it is this. The first verse is as simple as it is impressive and beautiful. But further on it contains "things hard to be understood," which like a riddle or enigma needs only to be explained to make them very interesting. I will therefore make an application of the first six verses, mainly repeating the ideas of others, which I am sure will very much divert the mass of our young readers. We will begin with the chapter.

Verse 1. *Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*] Remember God. He is your Creator. He made you that you might be happy; but you

can be happy only in him. In youth the powers of body and mind are active and vigorous; and it will be easier for you to believe, hope, pray, love, obey, and bear your cross, than it can be in old age and decrepitude.

Verse 2. *While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened.*] That is, in the spring TIME, youth, and prosperity of life.

Nor the clouds return.] The infirmities of old age, of which Winter is a proper emblem, as Spring is of youth.

Verse 3. *In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble.*] The body of man is here compared to a house, notice the propriety of the figures used.

1. *The keepers shall tremble*—the hands become paralytic as is the case in old age.

2. *The strong men shall bow*—the limbs become feeble, and hardly able to sustain the weight of the body.

3. *The grinders cease because they are few*—the teeth decay and fall out, and the few that remain are incapable of properly chewing the food.

4. *And those that look out of the windows*—the optic nerves which receive impressions through the medium of the different humors of the eye—they are darkened; the humors become thick, flat, and turbid, and so are capable no longer of transmitting those images in that clear, distinct manner as formerly.

Verse 4. *And the doors shall be shut in the streets.*]

1. *The doors*—the lips, which are the doors by which the mouth is closed.

2. *Be shut in the streets*—the cavities of the cheeks and jaws, through which the food may be said to travel before it is fitted by mastication to pass into the stomach. The doors or lips are now shut to prevent the food from falling out, as the teeth are lost.

3. *The sound of the grinding is low*—little noise is now made in eating, because the teeth are either lost, or become so infirm as not to suffer their being pressed together; and the mouth being shut to keep the food from dropping out, the sound in eating is scarcely heard.

4. *He shall rise up at the voice of the bird*—his sleep is not sound as it used to be; he slumbers rather than sleeps, and the crowing of the chanticleer awakes him. The chirping of the sparrow disturbs him.

5. *The daughters of music shall be brought low*—the voice, that wonderful instrument, almost endless in the strength and variety of its tones, becomes feeble and squeaking. The tones emitted are of the mournful kind.

Verse 5. *They shall be afraid of that which is high.*]

1. Being so feeble they are afraid to trust themselves to ascend steps, stairs, &c., without help. And when they look down, their heads turn giddy and they are ready to fall.

2. *Fears shall be in the way*—they dislike to walk abroad lest they meet some danger which they have

not strength to repel, nor agility to escape—a second childhood has taken place.

3. *The almond tree shall flourish* (more properly FALL OFF)—the hair begins to change, first gray, then white. The almond tree bears white flowers, and so becomes a most fitting emblem of a hoary head.

4. *The grasshopper shall be a burden*—even such a little thing as a locust or a grasshopper shall be burdensome to them, their strength is so diminished. In cases of gout, especially with *old men*, the shadow of a person passing by puts them in acute pain!

5. *Desire shall fail*—all relish and appetite for food, even the most delicate, now fails. The teeth have dropped out, the digestive organs are impaired, and appetite and relish for food has fled.

6. *Because man goeth to his long home*—the grave, the house appointed for all the living: where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

7. *The mourners go about the streets*—either literal or figurative; if literal, all know what it means; if figurative, it must be understood of the long hollow groans and throat rattlings which are the sure precursors of speedy death.

Verse 6. *Or ever the silver cord be loosed.*] We have now had all the external evidences of old age, next follow what takes place in the body in order to produce what is called DEATH.

1. *The silver cord*—by this is meant the spinal marrow, called by physicians the *medulla oblongata*, but more commonly the pith of the back bone. This is termed a cord, from its exact similitude to one; and a *silver cord*, from its color, for its appearance is silver gray, and from its *preciousness*. All the nerves in the body proceed from this spinal cord, and itself comes from the brain. This is said to be *loosed*, as the whole nervous system becomes a little before, and at the article of death, wholly debilitated. The last *loosing* is the falling of the under jaw, the invariable and never-failing symptom of immediate dissolution.

2. *The golden bowl be broken*—the brain contained in the cranium, or skull, here called a *bowl* from its likeness to such a vessel (the container being put for the contained), and *golden*, because of its color and *preciousness*. It is *broken*, that is, rendered unfit to perform its offices, neither supplying nor distributing any nervous energy.

3. *Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain*—the *vena cava*, or great passage which brings the blood back to the right ventricle of the heart, here called the *fountain*, the spring where the water gushes up; the heart by its *systole* and *diastole* action (contraction and expansion) sends out and afterwards receives back the blood; for all the blood flows from, and returns back to, the heart.

4. *Or the wheel broken at the cistern*—the great *aorta*, which receives the blood from the "cistern," the left ventricle of the heart, and distributes it

through the different parts of the system. This is said, as in the case of the brain above, to be *broken*, i. e., rendered useless. At the hour of death the whole nervous system is completely relaxed, and then the heart becomes incapable of dilation and contraction, so that the blood on its return to the *right* ventricle of the heart is not *received*, nor that already contained in the ventricles propelled into the great aorta, and thence through the body. The *wheel* is used in allusion to the Asiatic wheels, by which they raise water from their wells, and tanks, and deep cisterns, for domestic purposes or to irrigate the ground. Thus, then, the blood becomes stagnant, the lungs cease to respire, all motion, voluntary and involuntary ceases, life takes its flight, and the man D—I—E—S!

So ends this affecting, yet elegant and finished picture of OLD AGE and DEATH. Young reader, may God incline your hearts to the study of his Word, and teach you to so number your days that you may apply your hearts unto wisdom.

G. W. A.

AUNT HAGAR ON THE ROCK OF AGES.

OUR readers will appreciate the following selection, sent by some one who probably takes an interest in the INSTRUCTOR. It contains a little sprinkling of error which a few texts of scripture will set all right. Its style may be a little strange to children, but its ideas are simple enough, and will no doubt interest the INSTRUCTOR family.

G. W. A.

I'se had a great many trials in my day, Miss Lizzie, and if it had n't been for de Lord Jesus, no tellin' where Aunt Hagar'd a been now. I'se seen a heap o' troubles, such as you nebber 'spected on, and it took a good many on 'em to bring me to de Lord's feet. I felt no how reconciled to de breakin' up of my family—husband sold to de Orleans market, an' my young handsome boys, an' bright girls, all torn from me. I'se often spent whole nights on de damp ground, prayin' de Lord to strike me dead, nebber carin' for what might come after, till my heart seemed dead, an' I could n't cry out no more from faintness.

One time a missus from way up North came to stay with my missus awhile, an' she used to be on our south piazza steps in de cool of de evening, and would sing to de children. One night she sung dis yer hymn you love so much. I was by de door of my cabin, an' wonderin' why de Lord made people to suffer, an' what comfort he could 'spect such poor folks as me to take in this world, husban' an' chil'en all gone, when all at once she sang louder, an' soon I heard de words. Dey made me wonder more an' more. I crept 'long to de steps, an' after she'd done singin', seein' nobody near by but little massa Tommy, 'sleep in her lap, I said, Miss Lucy, can you tell Aunt Hagar what dat hymn mean? Can you 'xplain what dat Rock of Ages is?

She made me sit down on de steps at her feet, an' tole me all about de Lord, an' how he was a chile once, an' live wid his mother, an' how she loved him, an' 'bout his teachin' de great doctors when he was n't only twelve years old, an' den all 'bout de wicked Jews, an' how dey hated him, an' how cruel dey were, an' how dey killed him—an' while I could n't see for de tears, she went on an' tole me how de Saviour came into de world to save sinners, an' how he died, an' dat he came again to life, an' went up to heaven, an' dat he lives in dat happy place now, to bless all dat love him, and if folks would be sorry for dar sins, an' would ask him to be dar Saviour, he would make 'em feel happy.

' Pears like I could n't understand dis, I was in such trouble, an' den Miss Lucy said:

"Aunt Hagar, I'll go to your cabin any night, an' read this to you;" an' she did go, but my heart was so big with my own troubles, I could n't no way believe on de Lord, till one night after she had read an' talked a long while, she said: "I'll pray with you, Aunt Hagar." An' O! how she *did* pray, an' beg de Lord to look on poor Hagar, an' take away her sins, an' make her his chile; an' right in de middle of her prayers, I cried out, "Yes, Miss Lucy, I does love de Lord," an' from dat day to dis I'se always loved him.

I'se seen a heap o' troubles, but he's been *such* a comfort in 'em all. I'se old now, an' most home, but as long as I live, I'se got work to do for him. When he calls me home to mansions in the skies, I'll be berry glad to go, an' see my heavenly Master, an' sing wid de angels. All de work I'se got now to do, is only patient waiting.

And here Aunt Hagar sighed deeply, and was silent a long while. The grey dawn was breaking ere she again spoke.

I'se often sick, Miss Lizzie, but I'se nebber troubled 'bout it. Ebery night 'fore I go to sleep, I say the little chil'en's prayer Miss Lucy made me learn, an' if de good Lord does take my soul in de lamp of de night, 'pears like I'd go right home to glory, an' de dear Saviour 'll wipe away all de tears I'se been weeping so many years.

I learned to sing dis "Rock of Ages" of Miss Lucy, an' I loves it for her sake; an' many times when ebery ting looks dark, I goes an' prays, an' den sings dat hymn, an' den de blessed Lord seems berry near to me, an' I'se willin' to do anything for him. An' now, Miss Lizzie, if you loves dis good Lord, don't neber be 'fraid to tell him all your heart, an' if oder friends ain't nigh, *he'll be your friend*, an' give you patience to bear, an' grace to trust him.

BUSY MARY.

MARY never idle sits;
She cleans the house, or sews, or knits;
Hard she labors all the week,
With cheerful looks and rosy cheek.

And on the Sabbath Mary goes
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,
Prays to God—her constant rule—
And hastens to the Sabbath School.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me.

PERHAPS an apology is due for our lengthy article in this No. as it crowds out other pieces, and don't very well agree with what we've before said on this subject. But patience a little—circumstances alter cases, and four weeks soon fly around.

Remember the price of the INSTRUCTOR is now *reduced!* See the favorable terms below. Putting it down to 25 cents places it in the reach of everybody who takes any interest in such reading. More about this hereafter.

Another year is just upon us. One more No. and Vol. viii is closed. We want to see a general effort to give the INSTRUCTOR a greater circulation. Also our contributors, we want them to bestir themselves, and make ready for the campaign of 1861! Who'll be on the Lord's side? Who?

Thanks to those who have responded to our appeals in behalf of the little ones. The little children must have aliment in the INSTRUCTOR. Hope others will come up to their high-calling, never to backslide from it.

For the Youth's Instructor.

TELLING THE LORD.

As a mother comforteth her child, so the Lord comforteth them that fear him. Did you ever think, dear children, what a beautiful promise this is? Doubtless most of the readers of the *Instructor* know by blest experience what it is to be comforted by their mothers—know how ready and willing she is to sympathize with them in all their griefs.

I heard of a little girl who was saying, "Our Father," kneeling by her mother's side, when she came to "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," she suddenly stopped and burst into tears. Her mother tenderly inquired the reason. She said she could not say that—she couldn't forgive that little girl who broke her beautiful dolly's face. "Well," said the mother, "God can help you, my child; I'll ask him." And as soon as the mother closed her fervent petition that her little girl might have grace to forgive, the child looked up and smiled, clasping her little hands together slowly and solemnly finished her prayer, commencing with "forgive," and she was comforted.

Now, dear children, if you ever feel unhappy concerning the treatment of your playmates, instead of cherishing angry, resentful feelings, and saying bad, naughty words to those around you, get into the habit of *telling the Lord about it*, and ask him to help you to forgive even as you want to be forgiven. Little children are not apt to keep their troubles to themselves if they have a kind, sympathetic mother. Neither let us who are older, when we have such a kind Father in heaven, who has promised to comfort us as a mother comforteth her child.

Battle Creek, Nov., 1860.

M. H. L.

For the Youth's Instructor.

AUTUMN.

TIME in its ever rapid flight,
Hath numbered in the past,
The sunny months of Summer bright,
And Autumn comes at last.

The opening bur, the yellow leaf,
Proclaimeth, Winter's near;
While hoary frost hath sought to leave,
A blight o'er all that's here.

The foliage falling from the tree,
Conveys a solemn thought;
It plainly speaks, to you and me,
What sin for us hath brought.

On all that here our eyes behold,
The curse of God we see;
For man by sin hath ruined all,
But must this ever be?

Nay, soon the earth will bloom again
In more than Eden hue;
And in one bright, perennial Spring,
Bid all decay adieu.

Come, youthful friends, then let us strive
To gain that world so bright;
There's no more death, but all shall live
Forever, free from blight.

Palermo, Wis.

V. O. EDSON.

RECEIPTS.

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