

# YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

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For the Instructor.

## PRAISE.

BLESSED in his holy word,  
Blessed is the Lord our God,  
Glorious in his works and ways,  
Joyful sing aloud his praise.

Glory to his heavenly name,  
May we ever feel the flame,  
Sweet, reviving, precious boon,—  
Let it not depart too soon.

Holy, holy is the Lord,  
Angels swell the glad accord ;  
Praises to the Father bring,  
Praises to our Saviour sing.

He, the rugged cross has borne,  
Fainting, bleeding, weak and worn,  
As he climbed the steep ascent,  
With its weight his form was bent.

But far heavier the load  
For which he this pathway trode ;  
Cruel sins that nailed him there,  
This was grief beyond compare.

Will this melt the heart of stone ?  
Does it put the question home ?  
Can I all things here forsake ?  
Can I of his griefs partake ?

Let, O let such matchless love  
To our souls a blessing prove ;  
Never dare put him to shame,  
By our carelessness again.

Gladly let us suffer here,  
Patient take the world's cold cheer ;  
By and by our labors done,  
By and by the kingdom won.

Then in that glad land we'll raise  
Songs immortal to his praise ;  
To the Lamb for us who died,  
Praises to the crucified.

A. M. LINDSLEY.

Oswego, N. Y.

For the Instructor.

## THE CURIOUS DISH—A TEST.

You have often read in your Bibles how that God gave to Adam and Eve a right to all the trees of the garden, save one. These trees were pleasant to the sight, and their fruit was good for food. Without that particular tree—which was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—Adam and Eve had all that they needed for comfort and support. This one tree, perhaps, was not much different from the rest—it might be no more pleasant to behold,

and its fruit not more delicious to the taste ; but it was the *test-tree*. That is, eating of its fruit or letting it alone decided their characters, whether they were obedient or not—whether they were good or bad. You all know how unhappily our first parents were deceived—how they forfeited their beautiful paradise home and became sinners. I once read a story which seems to be a fitting illustration of the manner in which God dealt with our first parents in the garden of Eden. I will relate it.

A man once had several children who seemed to be very obedient and obliging when in his presence. He always found them ready to obey him, but still he was not fully satisfied. He wished to know if they were as dutiful in his absence as when he was with them. To accomplish this purpose he at last hit upon a plan by which to test them.

He caught a little mouse and put it under a basin or dish in the center of the table, and then placed on the table fruits, candies, sweet-meats, &c., of every description, and all that they could wish. He then took his children into the room and told them the contents of the table were all theirs, but that they must not disturb or even touch a particular dish—the one that contained the mouse. To this they all consented, and the father left them alone while they gathered around the table to enjoy the repast. Great indeed was their pleasure for a while, for they had everything that their hearts could wish. After they had fully satisfied themselves with the fruits and nice things on the table, they began to wonder what was in that curious dish which their father had commanded them not to touch. And they all began to reason like this: "Why is it that father don't want us to move that dish? I don't see what harm there could be in just lifting it up?" Pretty soon their curiosity was wrought up to such a pitch that they thought, "Well, it really won't do any hurt just to peep under the edge, and besides, father will never know it." But ah! they forgot that *that* would be disobeying their good father who had commanded them to let it alone. Pretty soon they lifted the edge of the dish, when, lo, out jumped the little mouse and ran off while they were left standing with their disobedience and unfaithfulness fully exposed.

Now, dear young friends, you will readily see what I mean. Adam and Eve in the gar-

den had their table full of sweets. Yes! a garden full, but they also had their dish with the mouse under it, by which the Lord might test them in his apparent absence whether they were faithful or not. The "tree of knowledge of good and evil" was their dish with the mouse under it. It surely could do no harm to lift the dish, and perhaps it looked strange that that tree was not as free of access as the rest, but God had forbidden it. This they seemed for a time not to realize, and they venture to raise the dish; but instead of an innocent mouse jumping out, sorrow, disease and death, with all its terrors, were entailed upon the race of man. You see at once that the Lord by this means placed a test before man, and although man in the hour of temptation fell, yet God is merciful, and even now he places a similar test before us, to see if we, with Adam's example before us, will do any better than he. Temptation and sin are before us, and the question now to be decided by us is, whether or not we will touch the dish, whether we will fall under temptation and thus raise the dish and be victims to the second death, or obey our heavenly Father and live. The Lord help us to be faithful and keep free from the path of sin.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

For the Instructor.  
**GIVE ME JESUS.**

It is Sabbath evening, and the last moments of the closing day of labor brings joy to the heart. The return of these Sabbath hours brings with it something so soothing and peaceful—something so hallowed. In my meditations I have been thinking of him who has bought this privilege for me. I have been reading of Jesus, and oh! how I long to love him as I should—to really love Jesus. New thoughts of my Saviour seemed to open before me and with my whole heart I thirsted for that channel of purity through which his whole life flowed. It did not seem a mere phantom or shadow, but a reality—something I might enjoy. I desired to partake more freely of his Spirit, and arm myself with his mind.

He was generous, forgiving, mild, amiable, and noble, abundant in good works, in acts of mercy and deeds of love—without sin yet meeting all the hate and scorn of a sinful world. He was tempted in all points as we are, a stranger here, with only a few to receive him into their hearts and believe on him as the Son of God; finally suffering on the cross that sinful men might be saved. And he bids me follow him. One so unworthy of his notice, and though my sins against him have often been repeated, yet his merits are sufficient to erase them all. And I may so partake of his purity and holiness that he will own me as his

child and save me in his kingdom. My heart glows with gratitude at such love as this. I long to adore him and hold him as my all. I would take the place of Mary at his feet, and learn there of his will, and listen to the words of instruction that fell from his lips.

But the natural heart shrinks from suffering; yet his was a whole life of sorrow. And shall I shrink? If the way to him was beset with keenest trials and disappointments, shall I complain? He did not. But may I have grace to endure? He has promised it. Can I when self would fain leave the path he trod, so bend my will to his that I shall not go astray? Jesus will aid me. Then give me Jesus. Let me tread in his footsteps, and share in his sufferings. He has promised an unfading and immortal crown to those who love him. He also insures his children a place with him beyond the reach of sorrow and grief. Here death often seizes upon the fondest objects of our affections and takes them from our embrace. There such will bloom again in immortal vigor, and there may we ever enjoy the genial sunshine of heaven. Oh give me Jesus, all else adieu, give me Jesus. M. D. BYINGTON.

*Ceresco, Mich.*

For the Instructor.  
**THE BIBLE.**

OF all the books that I study, I love the Bible best. It tells me of the Saviour, how he dwelt here below, and how he has gone into heaven to prepare a place for his people. He has not left us alone in the darkness of this world, but he has left us an example that we should follow in his steps.

Dear young friends, as I am writing these words it arises in my mind, Are all the little readers of the *Instructor* striving to follow that holy example from day to day? Have they all given their little hearts to him that judgeth righteously, to purify and to cleanse them from all sin? I have no doubt but that every one of you have a Bible to study, and learn how Jesus came here below. How thankful we ought to be for the precious privilege of reading his holy word which tells how to get ready for his glorious appearing.

There are many little boys and girls that have not this privilege of reading the holy Bible. I often think of the little boy in the city of Montreal who was going along the streets with a Bible under his arm, and met a priest who told him, "My child, show me what you have got under your arm." The little boy, without thinking, handed him the Bible. As the priest took it he said, "My child, come home with me." As they entered the house he opened the stove and put the holy book in the fire. But the little boy with sorrow could not help but smile in thinking that the priest could not burn up the ten chapters that he had

learned by heart. The priest, turning to the little boy, said, "What are you laughing at?" "O," said he, "you cannot burn up the ten chapters that I have learned by heart!"

Dear little readers, let us study our Bibles prayerfully; let us not lay it aside for any other book. I do feel thankful for what the Lord has done for me. I was thirteen years of age before I had the privilege of reading the holy Bible. I feel to praise the Lord that I am now numbered with the little company that are striving to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. They love the Bible.

LUCETTA DAIGNEAU.

*Battle Creek, Mich.*

NOTE.—The person who writes the above, was brought up a Catholic, and with her parents was kept in ignorance of the Bible by wicked priests till they embraced the religion of Protestants. Thus they left the mother of ignorance and superstition. They have now taken another step, and are rejoicing in the undisturbed light which emanates from the Word of God.

G. W. A.

For the Instructor.

#### OUR BLESSED PATTERN.

FOR even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps. 1 Pet. ii, 21. Verily, verily I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. John xiii, 15-17.

Dear young friends, if we know these things, if we know Jesus' example, his humble footsteps, the humble pathway he has marked out for us, happy are we; and more happy if we walk in them. Our blessed Saviour came into this world, lived a life of sorrow, subject to pain, sickness and death, was persecuted, tempted by the devil, taken by a mob of sinful men, tried, buffeted, struck by wicked men, spit upon, derided, insulted in every way possible, and last of all, condemned and nailed to the shameful cross. His Father's presence seemed withdrawn from him, insomuch that he cried in the most lamentable manner, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" What horror, solemnity and gloom filled those hours in which he hung upon the cross! The veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, darkness covered the land, the earth quaked, the rocks rent, insomuch that his enemies feared greatly, and said, Truly this man was the Son of God.

But how did Jesus *live*? Was he a friend to the friendless, a father to the orphan, a supporter to the weak, a comforter of those who

were in distress? Did he weep with those who wept, mourn with those who mourned, and rejoiced with those who rejoiced? Yes, all this he did. We find him taking upon himself our natures, conforming to our lot, and going about doing good. He was a friend to all. We find him at the bier of the widow's son, comforting his disconsolate mother in her trouble; we see him at the grave of Lazarus, weeping with those dear sisters who had lost their only brother, and in him they found a friend most precious.

Young friends, are we willing to take up the cross and follow him, suffer with him, become anything for his sake? Are we seeking a perfect conformity to him? Are we striving each day to add to our list of faults and sins overcome? If we are, I am sure we need not fear. I have heard some say, "It is hard to be a Christian." But it is not if we "strive lawfully." When we yield our wills wholly to God, then it is easy to be a Christian. God himself will work for us, and help us overcome. I feel thankful for what the Lord is doing here. The young brethren and sisters are waking up to their high calling and duty, and seem determined to go through to the kingdom. For one I am determined to keep all the commandments that I may enter through the gates into the city, see the tree of life, eat and live forever.

HENRY F. PHELPS.

*Mauston, Wis.*

For the Instructor.

#### OUR HOPE.

WE are living in a world of sorrow, subject to sickness, pain and death. Sad indeed were our condition had we not a hope beyond this world. Says Paul, [1 Cor. xv, 19,] "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we should be of all men most miserable." There is no real, lasting happiness to be enjoyed in the things of this world. All is transient and fleeting as the morning dew; and O, what need that we secure a treasure on high where no sorrow is.

"O happy day of joys complete,  
When all our sorrows end;  
'Tis there we'll gain a blest retreat,  
An eternity to spend."

Blessed thought, that heaven may be our home. Yes, the glorious reward that awaits the finally faithful will more than compensate for all our trials here. It is this hope that oft buoys up the spirits of the lonely ones. Though called to pass through trials and afflictions he has a strong arm to lean upon with filial trust. This hope, though yet in the future, is soon to be realized. Yes, that day hastens on when

"Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight and prayer to praise."

That this hope may be ours, is the prayer and sincere desire of your friend.

S. A. RICHMOND.

*Ashfield, Mass.*

## YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1860.

### RUNNING RACES.

YOUNG children, especially boys, are often fond of running races. And running is a very healthy exercise. The young racer has plenty of air, exercise, and generally a good appetite. This exercise strengthens the lungs, limbs, and invigorates the whole body. When I was about a dozen years old, I used to run a great deal, and I now think it is a much more harmless sport than many others that boys in these days enter in. But you will all engage sufficiently often in the games of "goal," "fox and geese," and "pom pom pull away," if you don't have anything on that point in the INSTRUCTOR. It was not with the intention of speaking particularly about boyish foot-races that I began this piece. No, I have another object, of greater importance in view.

In the days of the Apostles, in New Testament times, there used to be games celebrated called the "Olympic Games," that *men* engaged in. They were instituted in honor of heathen gods, and for the purpose of making young men active, vigorous and expert in war. In those days before the invention of gun powder, victory was often decided by hand to hand contests which required great muscular strength, hence they had these public games to manifest the courage and strength of the nation. The most popular game of all was the "race," the one of which I now speak. There are several fine allusions to this in the writings of the Apostle Paul. Before contesting in these races they had to undergo a thorough course of preparatory training which required nearly a year, and during this time the strictest temperance was enjoined upon all. The race course, called the *stadium*, was about six hundred feet in length, and fitted up with the greatest care.

When the day arrived on which they were to run, an eager multitude from all parts of the country lined the sides of the course to witness the performance. Among them might be found statesmen, poets, military men, and persons of the highest rank, who thought it an honor to be present, and who often engaged in the race. At the further end of the stadium, or course, in a conspicuous situation, was placed the prize, which greatly animated the competitors by being in their sight. The signal being given, amid the shouts and applause of the multitude, the racers bounded forward with the swiftness of the wind, and the one that first reached the prize at the end of the stadium was victorious and obtained the reward. The judge at the end of the course placed a wreath of laurel upon his brow, and a palm branch in his hand, as a token of victorious courage and perseverance. A herald proclaimed his name and country aloud, while he, preceded by a man with a trumpet, was conducted through the

stadium amid the shouts and acclamations of the throng. He was then taken home in a triumphal chariot, and entered his city, not by the gates, but through a breach made in the walls. By this they meant to express that a city which was the residence of so extraordinary a man was perfectly safe with no walls. We will now notice the likeness between the Olympic and the Christian races, as expressed by the apostle Paul.

In the Olympic race the persons who ran took care to lay off every unnecessary article of clothing and whatever would in any way hinder or impede their flight. In the Christian race we must "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us." Heb. xii, 1.

In the Olympic race the prize was in the hands of the judge, who himself had been triumphant in the race; and the sight of the reward would stimulate the runners to be victorious. In the Christian race we run, "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith," who has also been victorious, and who holds out a crown to those who overcome. Heb. xii, 2. And Paul says, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. iii, 14.

In the Olympic race they were treated with the greatest ignominy and disgrace if they did not contend according to the rules. And Paul says, "If a man also strive for masteries, yet he is not crowned except he strive lawfully." So in the Christian race, those who run must do so according to the directions of the Bible, "which is the only rule of faith and practice." If they depart from this their end will be in perdition, "with weeping and gnashing of teeth." Matt. xxv, 70.

The Olympic racers ran for a crown of laurel, or a garland of flowers which was "corruptible" and would soon fade and go to dust. Not so with the Christian. We shall have an "incorruptible crown," even "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." 1 Cor. ix, 25; 1 Pet. i, 4.

In the Olympic race the course was fully in their sight, and the sides were crowded by a gazing multitude of spectators. In the Christian journey "the race is set before" us, and while we run we are made "a gazing stock" to the myriads of unbelievers.

But there was also one important point of dissimilarity. In the Olympic race, only the most active and vigorous run, while but *one* obtained the prize. Not so in the Christian race; here *any* one and *every* one may run and *all* receive the prize—the reward of everlasting life. Let us be thankful for this, and ever "with patience run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus" who will surely help us if we wish to go through.

Young friends, press on in the great foot race to mount Zion.

G. W. A.

☞ If God be for us, who can injure us? If God be against us, who can benefit us?

HAPPINESS.

EVERYBODY in this world loves to be happy; and it is a fact that every one, some way or other, is trying to be happy. Some seek it in one way, and some in another—all seem bent on being happy. Well, we like to see folks happy—like to feel happy ourselves; and it is the earnest wish of our heart that everybody might be happy. We will now say a few words on happiness.

There are two kinds of happiness in this world—one is produced by serving God, the other by serving the Devil; one is lasting, the other is only for a moment; one is true, the other is false; one lasts through time, the other through eternity. We see then that people can be happy in two ways—a right way and a wrong way. Every one can take a sort of comfort in the pleasures of this world, but in serving God alone is where we find happiness that is real and true. The Bible—which is the best book in the world—tells us that happiness consists in loving God, keeping his law, and getting heavenly wisdom. We read—

“Happy is that people whose God is the Lord,”

“Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,”

“Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,”

“Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he,”

“Happy is the man that feareth always,”

“He that keepeth the law, happy is he,” and

“Happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing that he alloweth.”

Now, young friends, I want you all to be happy, and to be happy the *right* way. I want you to be happy now and hereafter, to-day and to-morrow, in time and through eternity. And the scriptures that I have just quoted tell us how it may be done. It isn't like trying to work out some puzzling example in arithmetic, that you are not sure you ever can do, and perhaps you never can. No, no, the way is perfectly plain. Everybody that wants to be happy may be. Still more, if they do what God and the Bible and conscience bid, they can't help it—it will come right along—they will be happy. Those who obey God will be happy from morning till night, week in and week out, the year round. Such are really happy. Children, I want you to be happy, and so does the great God. Well, I must close; but I will do so by wishing that more of that holy, happiness-giving Spirit may rest upon the little readers of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*.

G. W. A.

ACROSTIC.

For the Instructor.

Six days the great Creator was employed,  
 And on the seventh a sacred rest enjoyed,  
 Beheld his works and there pronounced them good,  
 Blessed then the Sabbath-day, and firm it stood,  
 And Jesus said when here he dwelt below,  
 'T was made for man; then sure it must be so,  
 Hence it is sacred now as it was then.

And we will keep the holy precepts ten.

S. E.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE,---No. 14.

For the Instructor.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

*Banks of Newfoundland—Perils of the ocean—Threatened mutiny—Islands of ice—Mutiny on the high seas—Speak an American ship—Joyful news, land in sight—A prize taken—Safe arrival at New London, Ct.,—Sail again for Boston.*



As we approached the eastern edge of the banks of Newfoundland, about two-thirds of the distance across the Atlantic Ocean, I found we were in the place where I was shipwrecked by the ice several years before as shown in No. 2. As this perilous place became the topic of conversation, we learned that a number among us had experienced like difficulties in passing over these banks in the spring season of the

year. Capt. Carr said he had made fifteen voyages to Newfoundland and never had seen any ice, and he did not believe there was any in our way. In the p. m. we saw a large patch of sheet-ice. We asked the Captain what he called that? He acknowledged that it was ice. As the night set in the wind increased to a gale from the east. Captain Carr, unmindful of all that had been said to him respecting the danger of ice in our track, still kept the ship scudding before the gale under a close-reefed maintop-sail and foresails, determined to have his own way rather than lay by until morning, as suggested by some of the prisoners. Some thirty of us, unwilling to trust to the captain's judgment, took our position on the bow and bowsprit of the ship to look out for ice. At midnight the ship was driving furiously before the gale and storm, evidently without any hope of our having time to avoid ice if we should see it; and in danger of being dashed in pieces without a moment's warning. We also felt a marked change in the air. In this dilemma we decided to take the ship from the captain and leave her to. We found him on the quarter deck conning the ship. We briefly stated our dangerous position and told him that about three hundred souls were at the mercy of his will; and now, if he did not round his ship to, *we would do it for him*. Seeing our determination to act in this matter immediately, he cried out to his crew, “Round in the larboard main brace! Put the helm a-starboard!” This laid the main-topsail to the mast, and let the ship come by the wind.

This being done, the onward progress of the ship was stayed until the dawn of the morning, which showed us how narrowly we had escaped with our lives. Large islands of ice lay right in our track, and if we had continued to run before the gale we

should have been in the midst of them, in instant danger of being dashed in pieces. The willfulness of Capt. Carr was now evident to all, and the course we pursued in requiring him to heave the ship to until daylight was also justifiable. And after the ship was again turned on her onward course and passing these huge islands of ice, we were all stirred to watch until we had passed the banks and were again safe in the fathomless ocean. These bodies of ice had the appearance of large cities in the distance, and had it not been for our forethought would in all probability have been the cause of our immediate destruction.

Moreover a large majority of us were satisfied that this was the best time to take the ship from the captain and proceed to New York or Boston, from whence we could more readily reach our homes. For we had decided, and declared, as before stated to Capt. Carr, that his ship should never take us to City Point, Va., where his charter party required him to land us. Having passed beyond all danger from ice, the most difficult point with us to decide was, which of the two ports we should steer for, if we took the ship. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, one of our company placed himself amid-ships upon the main hatchway, and with a stentorian voice cried out, "All you that are for New York go on the starboard side of the ship, and all that are for Boston go on the larboard side!" Sides were immediately taken, when it was declared that the greatest number were on the starboard side; hence the ship was for New York. Capt. Carr stood in our midst near by the man at the wheel, gazing at this unlooked for and strange movement, when suddenly one of our number took the wheel from the helmsman. Capt. Carr demanded that he should leave it immediately, and ordered his man to take the helm again. A number of us also urged Capt. Carr's sailor to take the helm and we would protect him. At this Capt. C. became very much enraged, saying what he would do with us if he had a crew able to cope with us. But he saw that resistance was vain; we had taken possession of the helm, the ship therefore would no longer be steered by his direction. Seeing what was done he called us a "rabble," "roughally," &c., for taking his ship from him on the high seas, and wished to know what we were going to do with her, and who was to be the captain? Captain Conner of Philadelphia was lifted up by those who stood near him, and placed with his feet on the head of the capstan, (a cylinder four feet high, with levers to weigh the anchors, &c.) "There is our captain!" cried the multitude. Said Capt. Carr, "Are you going to take charge of my ship, Capt. Conner?" "No sir," was the reply. "Yes you shall!" was the unanimous cry. "I don't want anything to do with her," said Capt. Conner. "You shall," was the loud cry, "or we will throw you overboard!" "You hear what they say Capt. Carr. What shall I do?" "Take her, take her, Capt Conner," said the English command-

er. This being settled, Capt. Carr began to call us hard names again. Some that stood near him advised him to cease and get down into his cabin as soon as possible out of the way of danger. He did so, and order was soon restored. Capt. Conner took charge of the ship and named three officers for mates. A number of us volunteered as sailors to man the ship, and we were divided into three watches, that every advantage might be taken to urge our ship onward for the port of New York, under all the sail she could bear.

Capt. Carr and crew had their liberty and were treated kindly, but not allowed to interfere with the sailing of the ship. He declared that if the vessel ever arrived in the States he would have us all arraigned before the United States court for taking his ship from him on the high seas. The idea of being deprived of our liberty and arraigned before our country for trial in this case, on our arrival, troubled us some, nevertheless we were resolved to keep charge until we arrived.

A ship was seen bearing down toward us with American colors flying. We hoisted English colors. It was a rare sight to see one of our own country's ships with the stripes and stars floating at her peak. As she came riding triumphantly within speaking distance by our side, the cry was given, "What ship is that?" "Where are you from?" and "where bound to?" Answer. "From the United States, bound to Europe." "What ship is that?" &c. Answer. "The Mary Ann of London, a cartel with American prisoners from Dartmoor, England, bound to the United States." A few more inquiries, and as each ship filed away for their onward voyage, we gave them three loud cheers, so glad were we to see the face of some one from our native country afloat on the wide ocean.

About ten days after the revolution, or time we took the ship, we saw the land looming in the distance before us. As we drew near the coast we learned to our great joy that it was Block Island, R. I., about forty miles from our home. Sail boats were now pushing out from the land to get the first chance for piloting us in. Some of our number thought this would be a rare chance for them to go on shore in their boats, and so got up their hammocks and bags, waiting to jump aboard when they should come along. A heavy squall was now rising out of the north-west, so the topsails were clewed down, and many hands were on the yards reefing them. As the boats came sheering up to our side, the men on the topsail yards cried out, "Don't you come here! for we have got the plague on board!" The men that were in waiting for them declared that we had nothing of the kind, and bid them come along side. A multitude of voices from the topsail yards was again saying, "Yes we have got the plague on board too! Don't you come here!" The boats immediately hauled their wind, and steered for the land. Nothing that we had

would induce one of them to come on board, for they knew that a bare report of their doing so would subject them to a tedious quarantine. The *plague* we had on board was this: we were expecting that Capt. Carr would (as he had threatened) have us arraigned before the United States Circuit Court for piracy on the high seas. Therefore we were unwilling to part with them until we learned more about the matter.

The wind died away during the night, and the next morning we perceived that a heavy swell and current was setting us in between the east end of Long Island and Block Island into Long Island Sound. We now concluded if we could get a pilot we would pass up the sound to N. Y. From some one of the many fishing smacks in sight we hoped to find one. At length one of the smacks was induced to come along side. In less than five minutes she was taken possession of, while the captain and crew retreated away to the stern in amazement at the strange work that was going on. We judged that nearly one hundred of our company began throwing their bags and hammocks on board of her, and themselves after them in quick succession. They then cast off from the ship, gave us three cheers, and bore away for Newport, R. I. before we could learn their object. They had no idea of being brought to trial for piracy by Capt. Carr.

As the wind was now unfavorable to proceed to New York, we concluded to go to New London, Ct., at which port we arrived the next A. M., and anchored off the wharf before the town, six weeks from Plymouth in England. A great number of us now crowded aloft for the purpose of furling all the sails at the same time. We then stood on our feet on the yards, and gave three cheers to the gazing multitude on the wharfs in New London. In a few moments more, boat loads of our joyous company, with their bags and hammocks were crowding for the shore, leaving their captured ship and Capt. Carr to find his way from thence for his load of tobacco at City Point, Va., as best he could, or even to find us the next twenty-four hours, if he still felt disposed to prosecute us for our so-called piratical proceedings on the ocean. Doubtless he was so wonderfully relieved at the departure of such a rebellious crew that he had no particular desire to come in collision with them again.

The good people on the land seemed about as glad to see and welcome us on shore as Capt. Carr was to get rid of us. But neither party were half as glad as we were. It seemed almost too much to believe that we were actually on our own native soil once more as freemen, free from British war-ships and their gloomy, dismal prisons. After our joyful feelings in a measure subsided, we were inquiring our ways home. Within twenty-four hours a great portion of our company took passage in a packet for New York city. Four of us by fair promises, without money, chartered a fishing smack at ten dollars per head to carry twenty-two of us around Cape Cod into Boston, Mass. This placed us beyond the reach of Capt. Carr, or ever hearing from him again.

Otsego, Mich.

For the Instructor.

#### A DEATH SCENE.

NOT long since I was called to witness a scene so sad and mournful that, as my mind reverts to it, a feeling of deep sadness steals over me. It was the death of a fair young girl, cut down by the destroyer in the full bloom of life. It was sad to behold the anguish of the grief-stricken family. They were without the comfort of the blessed hope, without the Saviour to strengthen them in their hour of sorrow. That pale, lifeless form with her white hands folded on her pulseless breast, lay all unconscious of the bitter tears shed over her. She *loved* life, and all through her painful sickness cherished the fond hope that she should recover. She *could not* bear to think of death. There was no light for her to penetrate the dark portals of the tomb. But death would not stay for this: he clasped her in his icy arms, and bore her away from all she fondly loved, to rest under the cold clods of the tomb.

As I gazed on this scene of sorrow, I was led to contrast the lot of the wicked with the lot of the righteous. O how brightly beamed the lamp of life and light, amidst that moral darkness. "The righteous hath hope in his death." The grave is not a place of dread to the Christian, racked on a bed of pain. He looks forward to it as a place of *rest*. The bright hope of the resurrection eclipses the darkness and gloom that enshrouds it. Happy in Jesus he can peacefully resign himself to the sleep of death, feeling that he will slumber but a little while ere the graves will yield up their precious trust, and death will be swallowed up in victory. O that *all* could feel and know the consolations of the Christian's hope. It is a hope glorious with immortality, and full of comfort. It robs death of its gloom and darkness, it dries the tear of the mourner, and scatters away the shadows from the despairing mind. It points beyond this life of woe and suffering, to the blest mansions that our kind Saviour is preparing for those who love him. O blessed thought! No sickness is there prostrating its victims on beds of pain and languishing. No death can enter there, scattering blight and misery in his track.

The weary there shall find repose  
A ransom from all earth's cares and woes,  
No more in a world of pain to roam,  
Safe with Jesus, forever at home.

My dear young friends, may none of us who have started for the heavenly kingdom be disappointed of an entrance there. We know it will cost a mighty struggle, but let us remember that the crown lies at the end of the race. When the victory is gained, it will repay us for all our toil and suffering here. Indeed, the trials we here endure are not worthy to be compared with the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

S. A. HASTINGS.

Claremont, H. N.

## YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1860.

☞ We have several communications on hand which will surely find a place in the next INSTRUCTOR. We make this statement because some might infer from a little delay that their letters were rejected. No, not so—these little documents we regard as precious treasures, and we gladly welcome them to a place in our columns.

☞ SOME of our readers are beginning to feel anxious lest those interesting articles from the pen of Bro. Bates will soon close. We would say to such and to all, have no fears yet awhile. Bro. Bates is an aged man, and of great experience, and it would probably take several volumes of the INSTRUCTOR to fully complete what he has begun,—at any rate we are sure of 1860.

For the Instructor.

## A DYING EXHORTATION.

THE following affecting letter should be read thoughtfully by all. The caption is our addition, and a recent obituary shows that the letter is really what it purports to be—a dying exhortation. The writer of it was not mistaken in her prediction—her pulse has stopped, the silver cord has been loosened, and she now rests in her narrow home beneath the clods of the valley. We would repeat it again, listen to her dying admonition, embrace the hope that she cherished, and then if it should be yours also to “walk through the valley and shadow of death,” fear not—for the Life-giver is coming, and “those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

G. W. A.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: This is the first time that I have written any communication for the *Instructor*, and in all human probability it will be the last. I expect that before these lines are read by you I shall be laid away in the cold and silent grave, there to rest until the morning of the resurrection. And while my strength remains I want to spend it in warning others not to do as I have done.

While in health I lived all for this world. I wanted its honors and pleasures. But oftentimes the good Spirit of the Lord would strive with me; still I would resist and put it away until a more convenient season. But the Lord in mercy sent sickness upon me, and I feel that it has been for my good. I can truly say with the psalmist David, “Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word.”

I feel thankful that my lot has been cast among commandment-keepers. I believe them to be the children of God. I have many kind friends that are near and dear to me, and that do all in their power to make me comfortable; and yet I am willing to leave them all and rest for a little season, for Jesus has sweetened the grave. I feel that my sins are all forgiven, and I have a hope (O it is a blessed

hope!) that I shall meet all my friends that are faithful, on the other side of Jordan, in the sweet fields of Eden, where the tree of life is blooming, and Jesus will be there.

My prayer is that I may meet all the readers of the *Instructor* there, especially those who have felt so deep an interest for my salvation. Be encouraged to persevere in the way of well doing, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. My dear young friends, are you preparing your hearts daily that you may be ready for the coming of the Saviour? O, do be entreated by one that loves you, to give up the poor, vain pleasures of this world, and strive with all your might to gain an entrance through the gates into the city.

From your dying friend, yet one who expects to live forever.

HARRIET N. CLOUGH.

West Charleston, Vt.

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