

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. VIII.

BATTLE CREEK, APRIL, 1860.

NO. 4.

GLADNESS.

TUNE—"Shining Shore."

I'm glad that on this sinful earth,
I may not dwell for ever;
But that there is a heavenly home,
Prepared by Christ my Saviour.

For Jesus says, he'll come again,
His people to deliver: [fair,
They then will share those mansions
And with him dwell for ever.

I'm glad I have his holy word,
Which shows the way to heaven:
To teach me all his just commands,
Which he to man has given.

That word I gladly will obey,
And keep its precepts holy,
I love the straight and narrow way,
That leads to endless glory.

I'm glad the day is drawing near,
When he will come in glory:
O may I in his sight appear,
Cleansed from all sin, and holy.

For Jesus says he'll come again,
His people to deliver: [fair,
They then will share those mansions
And with him dwell for ever.

Orwell, Ohio.

SARAH M. SWAN.

FLOWERS.

For the Instructor.

THE bright rosy flowers, who does not love them? As summer-time comes, and their little petals begin to open, how eagerly little eyes watch them, day after day, until bright, beautiful flowers, hang fresh from the stems.

And little hands, too, pluck with care the hurtful weeds around them, lest they impede their tender growth, as they surely would. Then the brilliant colors and fragrant odors reflect gladness on the countenances of the little ones at home, and shed happiness all around. They really seem to produce cheerfulness, and cause young hearts to be light with joy. It is not wrong to love the flowers and cultivate the fresh opening buds. It is good employ, when the wintry winds and snow are passed away, to enjoy the genial air and sunshine of Spring in tilling and arranging the pretty flower beds.

They are nature's sweetest ornaments around the cottage doors and windows. God has made them for our gratification and good, and in

them may be seen much of the wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father. Said the Saviour, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, *That even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.*"

But there are also other flowers which need careful cultivation beside those in the garden beds. These are flowers of the mind, namely, Meekness, Patience, Love, Gentleness, Kindness, Gratitude, and a great variety which I need not mention. These, like others, if left among weeds, soon get over-run and their beauty is gone. Not merely in the Spring and Summer should these be watched and trained, but all the year round. Such need constant care, and then though death may sometimes nip the plant, yet they will bloom again, to die no more. They will blossom perennially in the paradise of God.

M. D. BYINGTON.

Ceresco, Mich.

For the Instructor.

THE EYE-SERVANT

IS one who does not care how little he does for his employer, if he can only please. Instead of keeping his eyes upon his work, he is constantly looking about for his employer, and when he discovers him, he plies his work very briskly; but soon as he is alone again he slackens his gait, and perhaps stops altogether.

Among the young, there are some who are eye-servants. Yes, I am sorry to say it, eye-servants. Sometimes young people get a distaste for work, and do constantly try to avoid it all they can.

Such youth, are constantly on the watch to see where their parents are, in order to evade the tasks which they are set to do; and it is their constant study to avoid the labors required of them. If you set them at their books, they will study well while you watch them—so busy, so studious; but leave them a minute or two, and your fond hopes are blighted. The youth of whom you had such a high opinion, is at play, or idling away his time; but soon as he sees his teacher is watching him, oh how busy he is again! You would suppose he was a very good boy.

Now, boys and girls, let me say to you that this eye-service is a very low, wretched kind

of service. It is degrading in the eyes of men, and wicked in the sight of God.

God will not have one eye-servant in heaven—NOT ONE! Now if there is one little girl or boy, or one youth who reads this who is sensible that he tries harder to please his parents when they are looking at him, than when he is alone, that person is an eye-servant and he would serve God in the same way. But remember God will prove us all, and he will have no eye-servants in heaven.

JOS. CLARKE.

Portage, Ohio.

For the Instructor.

I AM STRONG IN HIM.

"I AM strong in Him said a lovely child,
With a feeble voice and a visage mild,
Tho' on his brow was the seal of death,
And he soon must yield his vital breath."

How many of you, dear children, can look up and with humble confidence say, even in health and prosperity, I am strong in the Lord? This is confidence which I fear too few children possess in these days of peril. But amidst trials and deep afflictions, happy indeed must be the one who can from the heart say, "I am strong in Him." There is something lovely in the very words when expressed by those who can feel their meaning. I have no doubt but many of you have experienced times when you could say this from the heart, but presume you would all like to be in a place where you could breathe this sentiment in your lives. Well, I can tell you how you can do this. Give your hearts wholly and unreservedly to the Lord, subdue the carnal mind, and when tempted to sin, resist temptation before yielding to it, and if we are truly "strong in Him" we shall necessarily feel our own weakness enough to esteem others better than ourselves.

Your friend,
L. S. CARPENTER.
Hanover, Mich.

For the Instructor.

THE LORD'S FAMILY.

"I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. vi, 18.

DEAR CHILDREN: Did you ever consider what an honor it is to be a son, or a daughter, of the Creator of all things? If you were the child of an earthly monarch, you would probably consider yourself very fortunate and happy. But however humble your station in life may be, you may have the privilege of becoming a child of God, an heir to a far richer treasure than any earthly monarch ever possessed. A treasure which shall never fade away. You may be exalted to be a companion of angels, a joint-heir with the lovely Jesus, the future King of the whole earth. And will not every one of you readily avail yourself of this exalted privilege? The glorious promise which is here

given is *conditional*. It is on condition that we "come out and separate ourselves from the world;" that we be "a peculiar people;" that we obey God "in all things." Then he has promised to be a Father unto us, and accept us as his sons and daughters. The family of the "Lord Almighty" is a harmonious family: the home to which he will gather his children is a place of perfect harmony; not a disobedient child there.

Dear young friends, do you wish to be adopted into that glorious family, who are going to inhabit the new earth, and range for ever the bright fields of immortal beauty? Strive then to overcome every sin. Ask God for his holy Spirit to help you to conquer that hasty temper; to overcome that spirit of lightness and vanity, to put away those evil propensities, to make you meek, humble and obedient, and fit you to dwell with holy angels. Keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and God will be a Father unto you, and will soon gather you with all his dear children to his heavenly home.

SARAH M. SWAN.

Orwell, Ohio.

For the Instructor.

THE SABBATH.

Blessed sacred day of rest! After six days of labor how sweet to cast aside all worldly thoughts and think of God and heaven. My heart often flows out with gratitude to God for this blessed institution. It was made for man, that he might remember his Creator and call to mind the great Being that made the world in six days and rested on the seventh. Men may say it makes no difference which day we keep, but God has said, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," and he has commanded us to keep it holy.

The hours of the Sabbath are holy, sacred hours. The great God who created the heavens and the earth and rested upon this day, blessed and sanctified it, and this blessing will still rest upon those that keep it holy. The Sabbath, to the true child of God, is a delightful day. He dwells upon things high and lofty, and holds sweet communion with the God he loves, and feasts upon the joys of the better land. He shuts the door of his heart against every worldly thought and care, and is shut in with God.

But we lose this blessedness when we suffer our minds to wander here and there upon this sacred day. Our thoughts should be sanctified to God; we cannot keep the Sabbath holy while they are roving here and there upon the vanities of earth. Our thoughts should be brought into subjection to the will of God.

Dear young friends, do you love the holy Sabbath? Do you hail its return with joy? Do you love to think of God and heaven? Is

the Sabbath a delight? or do its hours pass slowly and heavily away? Is it a tiresome day to you? O that each one would answer these questions for themselves in the fear of God, and if you find your heart opposed to this holy rest-day, strive to get nearer to God. Get more of his love, then you can "call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable."

L. J. RICHMOND.

Ashfield, Mass.

For the Instructor.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY CHILDREN.

How dreary was earth and how lonely my heart,
When call'd from my dearly loved children to part:
As dim grew the eye, and fainter each breath,
And I felt it, alas! yes, I knew it was death.

But the grief that I felt, as I bade them farewell,
There is none but a fond dotting parent can tell;
How vacant the cabin, how lonely each spot,
As these thoughts came across me, "My children
are not."

No more will they hasten their parents to meet,
Nor brother nor sister these children shall greet;
They'll come in my memory again and again,
But we list to the sound of their footsteps in vain.

But time passed away and years since have fled,
And I mourn for the living far more than the dead;
For they are surrounded by many a snare,
While the dead are unconscious of sorrow and care.

And now far away these five children do rest,
Beyond the dark billows in the wilds of the West;
No stone is erected to point to each tomb,
But the tall trees wave round them and the wild
flowers bloom.

But I would not recall them though ever so dear,
They are free from life's sorrows whilst I'm toiling
here,—

In that glorious morn that disperses all gloom,
In beauty immortal they'll wake from the tomb.

Yes the Life-Giver's coming! he soon will appear,
To comfort the mourner and dry every tear;
Then his saints will arise and triumphantly sing,
"O grave where's thy victory! O death where's thy
sting!"

SUSAN ELMER.

Ashfield, Mass.

THE BIBLE.

THE following beautiful extract is from the graphic pen of Wm. Miller, a name which is as widely known as the stirring truths that he taught. This paragraph is a standing monument of his high regard for the Bible. On page 107 of his "Memoirs," in a letter to a friend, he pays the following tribute to the word of the Lord.

G. W. A.

"O may the Bible be to us a rock, a pillar, a compass, a chart, a statute, a directory, a polar star, a traveler's guide, a pilgrim's companion, a shield of faith, a ground of hope, a his-

tory, a chronology, an armory, a store-house, a mirror, a toilet, a closet, a prayer-book, an epistle, a love letter, a friend, a foe, a revenue, a treasury, a bank, a fountain, a cistern, a garden, a lodge, a field, a haven, a sun, a moon, a star, a door, a window, a light, a lamp, a luminary, a morning, a noon, an evening, an hour-glass, a daysman, a servant, an handmaid. It is meat, food, drink, raiment, shelter, warmth, heat, a feast, fruit, apples, pictures, wine, milk, honey, bread, butter, oil, refreshment, rest, strength, stability, wisdom, life, eyes, ears, hands, feet, breath; it is a help to hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, smelling, understanding, forgiving, loving, hoping, enjoying, adoring, and saving; it teaches salvation, justification, sanctification, redemption and glorification; it declares condemnation, destruction, and desolation; it tells what we were, are, and shall be; begins with the beginning, carries us through the intermediate, and ends only with the end; it is past, present and to come; it discovers the first great cause, the cause of all effects, and the effects of all causes; it speaks of life, death, and judgment, body, soul and spirit, heaven, earth, and hell; it makes use of all nature as figures to sum up the value of the gospel, and declares itself to be the word of God. And your friend and brother believes it."

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

"SEE, mother, see my little sword,
And here's my wooden gun;
When I am grown a taller boy,
I'll have a bigger one.
And oh, I'll be a soldier brave,
With buttons new and bright,
And, mother, to the wars I'll go,
And there I'll learn to fight.

A tear-drop kissed the ruddy hands
Of the delighted boy;
His mother thought upon the words,
And wept—but not for joy.
Deeply her pious heart deplored
Such seeds of sorrow sown,
In the new furrows where so oft
Had seeds of grace been thrown.

She laid the fatal playthings by—
The tiny sword and gun—
"Far other than such arms as these.
Be thine, my only son.
There is another warfare boy,
And other foes to slay,
Than where, to spill their fellows' blood,
Men throw their own away.

"It is a warfare fierce and long;
The foes are all within;
And there they battle and are strong—
This conflict is with sin.
But to the soldiers all are given
Bright arms and conquering skill;
Such is the warfare he approves,
Who saith, "Thou shalt not kill."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL, 1860.

THE LAST DAY.

CHILDREN, do you often stop for a while and think of the last day—The day when Jesus will come again? Some of you no doubt think of this event a great deal, while others try to crowd such thoughts from their minds. Those who are trying to do right can think of the Saviour's return with joy, while such as the careless and impenitent try to force these thoughts far from them. It is a sure sign that one loves the Saviour when they love to talk about him and his coming. I hope you will all try hard to obey the Lord, and then you will not be afraid to think of "the end of all things."

The Bible tells us a great deal about the last day, and we all know it will be a notable event. The Son of man in the clouds with thousands of angels will strike terror among the wicked. What a time that will be! Just for a moment think of it! Jesus will come to the earth in power and glory—the trumpet will sound—the graves will open—the dead will arise—we shall then be made immortal—friend will meet friend—the wicked will all be destroyed—the righteous will be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air—they will then ascend to the city above—and so be forever with the Lord.

Children prepare for the last great day, for it is near, "even at the door." G. W. A.

"ON THE ROAD TO RUIN."

It was on a clear bright morning in October, that I had occasion to go to the little village of W., in Iowa. While within a half mile of the town at the side of the track which run through a piece of prairie, I saw a sight that was most sickening to my eyes—a sight which I shall never forget. *It was nothing less than two little boys, of the ages of ten and twelve, seated at the side of the road engaged in playing cards!* There, at this early hour of the day, at the rising of the sun, had they assembled to take lessons in vice. I instinctively reined up my horse with the intention of addressing them on the sinfulness of such amusements; but when I saw the determination and earnestness that these little sinners manifested, my heart sickened and I rode on, but not without some reflections.

These lads, thought I, either have no pious fathers and mothers to instruct them properly, or they have stolen away from Christian restraint to gratify their young tastes in a most vicious amusement. And what will be the end? They will go on from card-playing, to betting, to lying (if not already there), to stealing, drunkenness, and perhaps all manner of wretchedness and vice; and as the road to ruin is a broad road, and a downward grade, where will they end? Echo answers, WHERE! But the word of God assures us that "the end of these things is death." Little children, remember the

words of the Apostle, and "keep yourselves from idols." G. W. A.

KINDNESS.

"Be ye kind one to another," were the words of the Apostle. How many families of children are nearly ruined from a neglect of these words. And how unpleasant it is to see children lacking in this particular. Those who are unkind to each other will be loved by no one. For a lack of kindness is a lack of nearly everything that is good. Kindness is a most essential grace and those who are without it are very defective in the sight of God. Children be kind to each other. Be obliging and Christian-like in all your intercourse with your little friends. This is very pleasing to God. Those who fret and get angry are always unhappy, and they tend to make others unhappy around them. Children, there is a better way to get along. Assist your little brother or sister when they wish it. Be very affectionate and tender to them. Then God will bless you and you will be happy in doing right. O how much better it is to do as the apostle said, "*Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you!*" G. W. A.

A REQUEST.

WE hope that the *little* readers of the INSTRUCTOR will carefully attend to what we say under this head. In view of the fact that the communication page has great interest with a large portion of our young readers, and in view of the fact that such are encouraged by speaking "often to each other," we propose—that every one of our little friends sit down, with thoughts collected, and address a short communication to the INSTRUCTOR. This suggestion is intended especially for the *small* and *young*—those who are older, will of course know it is their privilege to speak as they have occasion. But the little folks we cordially invite to comply with our request. We want about two columns of every No. filled with the honest out-spoken intentions of little children ten or twelve years old. G. W. A.

ANOTHER REQUEST.

EVERY body knows how much more interesting it is to have an original paper than a selected one. We take as much again pains to read a newly written article as we do an old selection,—and every one knows it contributes far more to the interest of a publication. Now that I have to say is this—Remember the wants of that little paper published at Battle Creek, Michigan. Let those strong minded young people, who have well digested thoughts to communicate, remember what we are now writing. It is the imperative duty of young and old, to labor to make the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR a saving instrument to the youth of these last days. May the Lord give wisdom and willingness, competence and discretion, in a work so responsible and so arduous as this. G. W. A.

For the Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—No. 16.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

The Criterion in distress—Wrecked in a snow storm—Visit to Baltimore—On board the C. again—Cargo saved—Another voyage—Hurricane—Voyage ended—Married—Another voyage—Captain reefing topsails in his sleep.



By keeping away from the hot fire until the frost came out of my body, I was the only one that escaped from frozen limbs and protracted sickness. Many years after this I fell in with "Tom," in South America. He told me how much he had, and was still suffering, since that perilous night.

Capt. Merica and his companion (for this was the name of our kind friends), provided us with a warm meal, and very kindly welcomed us to their home and table. After sunrise, by the aid of a spy-glass, we saw the *Criterion* was afloat, drifting in the ice down the bay towards us, showing a signal of distress, (colors flying half mast.) It was not possible however for any human being to approach them while they were in the floating ice. We expected they were in a sinking condition, as she was cut through with the ice before we were separated from her. As the *Criterion* passed within four miles of the shore where we were, we could see the captain and pilot pacing the deck, watching to see what would be their destiny. We hoisted a signal on the cliff, but they appeared not to notice it. We saw that the *Criterion* was careened over to starboard, which kept the holes made by the ice on her larboard side out of the water. Before night the *Criterion* passed us again, drifting up the bay with the flood tide, and so continued to drift about for two days, until in a violent north-east snow storm she was driven to her final destination and burying-place.

When the storm abated, with the aid of a spy-glass, we saw the *Criterion* lying on Lone Point, on the east side of the Chesapeake bay, distant about twelve miles. As there was no communication with the sufferers only by the way of Baltimore, and thence around the head of the bay, across the Susquehanna, I decided to proceed to Baltimore and inform the consignees and shippers of her situation. Capt. Merica said it was about thirty miles distant, and a good part of the way through the woods, and bad roads, especially then, as the snow was about one foot deep. Said he, if you decide to go I will lend you my horse; said his companion, I will lend you a dollar for your expenses. After a fatiguing journey from morning until about nine in the even-

ing, I reached Baltimore. The consignees furnished me with money to pay our board on shore as long as we were obliged to stay, and orders to merchants in Annapolis for cables and anchors if we needed them to get the *Criterion* afloat again.

Some two weeks from the time we were separated from the *Criterion* the weather moderated and became more mild, and the drifting ice much broken, Capt. Merica with some of his slaves, assisted us to cut our boat out of the ice and repair her. With our crew somewhat recovered, and two stout slaves of Capt. M.'s, we run our boat on the ice until we broke through into deep water, and climbed into her. Then with our oars and borrowed sail we steered through the broken ice towards the *Criterion*. As we drew near her we saw that she was heeled in towards the shore, and a strong current was hurrying us past her into a dangerous place, unless we could get hold of a rope to hold us. We hailed, but no one answered. I said to the men, "Shout loud enough to be heard!" The two slaves, fearing we were in danger of being fastened in the ice, set up such a hideous noise that the cook showed his head at the upper, or weather side, and disappeared immediately. We caught a hanging rope as we were passing her bow, which held us safely. The captain and pilot, in consternation, came rushing towards us, as I leaped on the deck of the *Criterion* to meet them. "Why," said Capt. Coffin, as we grasped each other's hand, "where did you come from, Mr. Bates?" "From the western shore of Maryland," I replied. "Why," said he, "I expected all of you were at the bottom of the Chesapeake bay! I buried you that night you passed out of our sight; not supposing it possible for you to live through the night."

The *Criterion* had parted her cables and lost her anchors in the violent storm that drove her to the shore. Her cargo was yet undamaged. The captain and pilot consented for me to take part of the crew and return back and procure cables and anchors from the city of Annapolis, which we accomplished, but were prevented from returning for several days on account of another driving storm, in which the *Criterion* bilged and filled with water, and those on board abandoned her in time to save their lives.

During the winter, with a gang of hired slaves, (our men were on the sick list), we saved nearly all the cargo in a damaged state. The men that were chosen to survey the *Criterion*, judged there was one hundred and seventy tons of ice on her hull and rigging, caused by the rushing of the sea over her and freezing solid. After stripping her in the spring, she was sold for twenty dollars!

I returned to Baltimore and commenced another voyage as chief mate of the brig *Frances F. Johnson*, of Baltimore, for South America. Our crew were all black men, the captain's peculiar choice. I often regretted that we two were the only white

men on board, for we were sometimes placed in peculiar circumstances in consequence of being the minority.

With the exception of some dry goods we disposed of our cargo in Maranham and Para. The last mentioned place lies about one hundred miles up from the mouth of the river Amazon, the mouth of the river being on the equator. Here we took in a return cargo for Baltimore. On our homeward voyage we stopped at the French island of Martinico. After taking our place among the shipping near the shore, and remaining a few days, the captain and myself were unexpectedly ordered on board by the commodore, who reprimanded us because we had failed to comply with a trifling point in his orders, for which he ordered us to leave the place in the morning. We considered this ungenerous and severe, and without precedent; but we obeyed, and had but scarcely cleared ourselves from the island when a dreadful hurricane commenced (which is common in the West Indies about the autumnal equinox) which caused such devastation among the shipping and seamen that about one hundred vessels in a few hours were dashed in pieces and sunk with their crews at their moorings, and some driven to sea in a helpless condition, leaving but two vessels saved in the harbor in the morning!

It was with much difficulty we cleared ourselves from the island during the day, because of the sudden changing of the wind from almost every quarter of the compass. We were pretty well satisfied that a violent storm was at hand, and made what preparation we deemed necessary to meet it. We fortunately escaped from the most violent part of it, with but little damage, and arrived safe at St. Domingo. A sloop from New York city came in a few days after us, the captain of which stated what I have already related respecting the storm and disaster at Martinico. Said he, "We arrived off the harbor of Martinico at the commencement of the hurricane, and as we were driven at the mercy of the storm, in the darkness of the night, while we were endeavoring to hold ourselves to the deck around our boat which was lying bottom upwards, strongly lashed to ring-bolts in the deck, she was taken by the violence of the wind from our midst, and not one of us knew when, or how, or where she had gone." The miracle with them was that they survived the storm. But still more wonderful with us that we, while attending to our lawful business, should in such an unexpected and unprecedented manner be driven from the place where none but the Omniscient eye of Jehovah, could tell of the terrible destruction that in a few hours was to come upon those we left behind. Surely, through his saving mercy, and providential care we were hurried out of that harbor just in time to be left still numbered among the living.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Capt. Sylvester here gave me the command of the F. F. Johnson to proceed to Baltimore with the homeward cargo, while he remained in St. Domingo to dispose of the balance of the outward cargo. At the time of sailing I was sick, and fearing my disease was the yellow fever, I had my bed brought upon the quarter deck, and remained exposed to the open day and night air, and soon recovered my health. We arrived safely in Baltimore the beginning of Jan. 1818. From thence I returned to my father's in Fairhaven, Mass., having been absent some two years and a half. Feb. 15, 1818, I was united in marriage to Miss Prudence M., daughter of Capt. Obed Nye, my present wife.

Six weeks subsequent to this I sailed on another voyage, chief mate of the ship *Frances Hitch*, of New Bedford. We proceeded to Baltimore, Md., where we loaded with tobacco for Bremen, in Europe. From thence we proceeded to Gottenberg in Sweden, where we loaded again with bar iron for New Bedford, Mass.

I will here relate an incident which occurred on our passage from Bremen to Gottenberg, to show how persons are wrought upon sometimes in their sleep. We were passing what is called "the Scaw," up the Cattegat, not a very safe place in a gale, in company with a large convoy of British merchantmen bound into the Baltic sea. Capt. H., unusual for him, remained on deck until midnight, at which time the larboard watch was called. The night was uncommonly light, pleasant and clear, with a good, wholesale flowing breeze,—all the convoy sailing onward in regular order. Capt. H. requested me to follow a certain large ship, and be particular to keep about so far astern of her, and if we saw her in difficulty we could alter our course in time to avoid the same. Before my four hours' watch was out, captain H. came up to the gangway, saying, "Mr. Bates, what are you about, carrying sail in this way? Clew down the topsails and reef them! Where is that ship?" "Yonder," said I, "about the distance she was when you went down below!" I saw his eyes were wide open, but still I could not believe he was in his right mind in addressing me in the peremptory manner he did. Said I, "Capt. Hitch, you are asleep!" "Asleep!" said he! "I never was wider awake in my life! Clew the topsails down and reef them!" I felt provoked at this unusual arbitrary treatment without the least cause, and cried out at the top of my voice, "Forward there! Call all hands to reef the topsails!" This waked up the captain, inquiring, "What's the matter?" Said I, "You have been giving orders to reef the topsails!" "Have I?" "I did not know it. Stop them from doing so, and I will go down again out of the way."

As Capt. H. was part owner of the ship, with the prospect of making a few thousand dollars with a cargo of iron, he loaded the ship very deep, but did not seem to apprehend any particular danger until we encountered a snow-storm as we entered the North Sea, which determined us to go "north about," and brought us in the vicinity of "Rockal" in a violent storm in the night, [see No. 15] which aroused our feelings and caused deep anxiety until we were satisfied we were passed all danger from it.

Monterey, Mich.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"Better is a poor and a wise child, than an old and foolish king."

[The following list comprises only "extracts" from letters. A multiplicity of communications compels us to trim up pretty closely, and give only the bare pith of each.]

An aged correspondent (S. M. Butterfield) writes from Andover, Vt: "Dear Children, though I am old enough to be grandmother to many of you, I too read the little paper, and feel an interest in your welfare. I have been young but now am old, and though I am very forgetful, I can call to mind many of the scenes of my childhood and youth. Children, make it the great concern of your lives to seek the salvation of your souls. Read the Bible, watch and pray, and the Lord will lead you to his kingdom."

Emerson Edson of Ashfield, Mass., says: "It is about two months since I made up my mind to go to Mt. Zion.

The Lord has blessed me in trying to serve him. I feel to thank him for it. Let us try to be faithful to the end that we may receive a crown of life."

Emeline M. Elmer of Ashfield, Mass., says: "For the first time I attempt to address you through the *Instructor*. I have taken it ever since it was published, and esteem it highly. I have of late been trying to serve the Lord, but regret that I have not served him better. I want to be among the number that he will own as his. O how I long to be redeemed and see Jesus as he is."

Ellen Chaffee of Gilbert's Mills, N. Y., says: "I have lately started to serve the Lord, and I hope the rest of the youth are doing the same. I want to be found in the narrow way that ends in life. I am glad I have started and don't mean that the Adversary shall turn me back."

Mary E. Armstrong of Almena, (no State given), says: "The *Instructor* is a welcome messenger to me. It is laden with precious truths from God's word. I feel to thank the Lord that I have been led to embrace the truth. Let us study the Bible carefully and prayerfully that we be not overcome by the Enemy."

Lovina Wood of Gilbert's Mills, N. Y., says: "I am trying to serve the Lord in my weak way. He is able to strengthen me if I put my trust in him. I want to do my whole duty, and the Lord helping me, I will."

Allen Havirland of Sumner, Wis., says: "For the first time I will try to write to the *Instructor*. Although but a little boy, nine years old, yet I can say that I love the Lord. It has been one year and five months since I with my parents commenced to keep the Sabbath of the Lord our God. I love to read the *Instructor*, and I feel glad that I can have it to read to my dear little friends. Let us not be ashamed to write if we can only say a few words, if we can only say that we love the Lord."

Ella M. Harris of Lunenburg, Vt., says: "I prize the *Instructor* highly. I am eleven years old and do not have many ways to get money, so I have borrowed 36 cts. to pay for my paper, hoping I can pick berries next Summer to pay it. I want to say to the readers of the *Instructor* that I mean to go through with you to Mt. Zion. I mean to keep all the commandments of God and try to overcome daily. I want to be saved when Jesus comes."

Martha A. Tilden of Appleton, Wis., says: "It was from reading the *Youth's Instructor* that I began to pray." She also says, "I never heard any of the Sabbath-keepers preach. I want to hear them, I wish I lived where I could go to meeting."

Mary E. Emans of Gilboa, Ohio, says: "Dear Young Friends—For the first time I take my pen to address you. I have been a reader of the *Instructor* for two years. I love to read the letters and exhortations that it contains. I feel grateful to the Lord that he has been so good as to send the truth here. I am striving to serve the Lord, and keep all his commandments."

Little Emma E. Decker of Hammondsport, N. Y., says: "I want to do all I can for the cause of truth. I send you one dollar, and I will tell you how I got it. My uncle gave me a candy heart for a Christmas present. I sold it for a shilling. My cousin gave me a little looking-glass on Christmas, and I sold it for two shillings. I had ten cents given me to go to a 'show,' but I did not go. My ma gave me ten cents, and I have pennies given me now and then which makes up the dollar."

For the Instructor.

THE LIAR.

SATAN is called the father of liars. Why? Because he told the first lie ever told in this world; and by means of that lie, he deceived our first parents, and had them driven from Eden. He could not bear to see others happy; because he was miserable, he wished others to be so too.

Only think of the consequences of that lie! Before Satan deceived Eve with smooth words, our first parents were perfectly happy. This world was a universal paradise. There was no disease, no pain, no sorrow,—no thorns nor thistles nor poisonous weeds marred the fair earth;—but that one falsehood disturbed the world, and earth became a wilderness.

Adam and Eve could no more ramble delighted amidst the beauties of Paradise, unstained, unpoluted with sin. No: sorrow, disease and death, now hover near, to annoy and distress mankind. Pain and woe are common to all; dangers and enemies stand on every side to harass and dismay.

This world is full of trouble, both borrowed and real; for Satan the father of liars, is always busy to forward his work, and take as many as possible with him down the broad way; and he only mourns that he cannot take all.

Children and Youth—Paul says that "whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are whom ye obey." Now if you deceive any one, you obey Satan, the father of liars, and become his servant. Alas, what a master! Will you serve him? His wages! will you accept such a master, and such wages? Death!

No! no! say you. We will not serve so vile, so cruel a monster! He is a venomous serpent, a deadly viper, an anaconda, we will avoid him as the pestilence. No deceitful words shall soil our mouths, nor guile find home within us. J. C.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

T'WAS when the sea's tempestuous roar
A little bark assailed;
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed—
Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who fearless viewed the storm;
And playful, with composure smiled
On danger's threatening form.

"Why sportive thus," a seaman cried,
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm?"
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replied,
"My father's at the helm!"
Despairing saint, from thence he taught,
How groundless is thy fear;
Think on what wonders Christ has wrought,
And he is always near.

Safe in His hands, whom seas obey,
When swelling billows rise;
Who turns the darkest night to day,
And brightens lowering skies.
Then upwards look, how'er distressed,
For He will guide thee home,
To that blest port of endless rest,
Where storms can never come.

Selected for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

The Union Band.

Words by Wm. Hunter.

Moderate Time.



1 O yes, I'll join the union band, My heart's already there; And travel with them to that land, Forever bright and fair.

CHORUS.



O hail! hail! hail! I come to join the union band, O hail! hail! hail! I'm on my journey home.

2 I'm tired of sin and sinful mirth,
And senseless frantic joys;
How empty all the things of earth!
At best but gaudy toys.
CHORUS. O hail! hail! &c.

3 I'll join the band whose hearts are one,
In grief, and joy, and love;
Whose hopes mount up and seize the throne,
Reserved for them above.
CHORUS. O hail! hail! &c.

4 They freely weep with those who weep,
And joy with those who joy;
A common fund of love they keep,
Which yields them sigh for sigh.
CHORUS. O hail! hail! &c.

5 O, yes, I'll join the union band,
I come, my friends, I come;
Here is my willing heart and hand,
To travel with you home.
CHORUS. O hail! hail! &c.

6 'Tis here my better friends I meet,
Friends of my heart and soul;
With them in heavenly places sit,
With them my name enrol.
CHORUS. O hail! hail! &c.

7 There, in the register of love,
For ever let it stand,
Until transcribed to that above,
By Christ's own wounded hand.
CHORUS. O hail! hail! &c.

A SURPRISING FACT.

From the "Statistical Report" of Eld. D. T. Taylor, we learn that the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is the only youth's "sheet that is now printed" whose leading topic is the coming of the Lord and a preparation therefor. There have been published certain juvenile advent papers, as "The Children's Advent Herald," "The Youth's Guide," and "The Children's Friend," but they now are all suspended.

We are unfeignedly thankful that while its little literary cotemporaries have foundered or deceased, the INSTRUCTOR survives, and serves as a beacon to light young pilgrims on the road to Mt. Zion. May it still live in the hearts of the friends, while it goes forth on its mission of love, beseeching sinful youth "in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God."

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY

AT THE REVIEW AND HERALD OFFICE:

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

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